

Personal History Highlights  
of  
Jay C. Newman  
&  
Geneve Jacobs Newman

(Note of Explanation: Like so many good intentions, both Geneve and I did not get around to actually/our <sup>writing</sup> personal histories before she passed away July 16, 1978. We discussed the matter a number of times; were aware of the importance of doing so and even made a few notes, but just didn't get going. Inasmuch as our lives were so entwined with nearly fifty-three years of married life together, I am taking the literary license of putting the two histories together. I am sure Geneve could do a much better job in writing her own and for this reason apologize for not being able to do justice to her very interesting and productive life. JCN)

FAMILY BACKGROUND AND EARLY LIFE OF JAY C. NEWMAN

I was born in Holladay, Salt Lake County, Utah, December 1, 1899, the youngest child of Thomas Samuel Newman and Caroline Mariah Wayman Newman. Father was born in England of English ancestry May 5, 1852, and was brought to the Salt Lake Valley by his parents when he was sixteen months old. His parents were LDS converts. Mother was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 25, 1857. Her father of English descent was born in England. Her mother, of Scotch ancestry, was born in the Orkney Islands of Scotland. My brothers and sisters in the order of their ages were: Samuel Reuben, Joseph Emanuel, Thomas William, Albert James, Robert Howell, Elizabeth Mariah, Margaret Ann, Ethel Cecilia and Florence and Gertrude, twins, who died at birth.

For clarification purposes, I wish to state, that although the births in the State of Utah were not recorded prior to the year 1904, I was at birth given the name "Clarence Jay Newman". I was also baptized and confirmed with this name. However, since grammar school days I have almost invariably been known as "Jay C. Newman" and this is my true and correct name with respect to my official and business records. This inconsistency in life-style on my part "plagued" me off and on for years. Finally, on May 2, 1974, I had an ~~an~~ affidavit drawn up and duly notarized clarifying the matter. This document is among my records. There must be some lesson tucked away in this confession. How about, "'tis best to let well enough alone"?

My first recollection of the world about me/<sup>was</sup> when I was about four years old. Possibly a year or two before, the family had moved from the adobe house where I was born, which had been built by father and his brother, my uncle Jim, at about 6000 South, Holladay Boulevard, to a lovely eleven room red brick home built by father at 4559 South, Holladay Boulevard. This is now the Carriage Lane Condominium Complex. I remember playing in a pile of sand in the backyard of this new house and of wearing a coat having several pockets. We had about nine acres of land here running from Holladay Boulevard on the west to 23rd East, with an excellent view of Mount Olympus. Father later purchased an additional piece of farm land consisting of about twenty three acres. It was located a half mile or so away and was always referred to as the Larson Place, it having been purchased from a man by this name. Entrance to it was on twenty-third east at about 4300 South.

The above mentioned new house was the family home during my growing-up years and I have only fond memories of my goodly parents and of their exemplary lives and teachings. My brothers and sisters were good to me and most helpful.~~during-my-growing-up-years.~~ Being the youngest child I probably received more attention than I deserved. My two eldest brothers, whom the rest of us called "Rube" and "Joe", were married and moved to homes of their own, when I was about seven years old. My brother "Will", followed suit a couple of years later.

My father, although not of large build, was very strong and a tireless worker. In addition to his farm work, he had hauled ore, by wagon and team, from mines in Big Cottonwood Canyon to a nearby smelter on the west side of the valley. During the winters he worked some lead-silver mining claims he and two of his brothers had filed on in this canyon. Father was always up early and worked late. Although he became put-out at times when I would do something I ought not to have done, I do not recall his having physically corrected me. In fact, as I recall, he left most of the correction to mother, who would have a good talk with me about my misdeeds and advise me that father expected better performance from me. Father filled a mission in Great England before I was born and was very active in our Holladay Ward. I recall being a pupil in a Sunday school class he taught. He was also very active in community affairs, particularly in developing and preserving the valley's water resources.

Mother was the type of mother everyone should have. The world would be a much better place if this were so. She was an ideal wife for father, sharing his problems and tirelessly taking care of the home, seeing to the needs of family members and being a good neighbor. She also performed many outside tasks, including the planting and care of a flower garden that was truly a show-place.



Early in life I learned a very important lesson from mother. I was about eleven years old and was supposed to be herding some cows of ours that were grazing along the side of the road a block or so from home. I guess I was distracted from my responsibility by a playmate and let one or two of the critters wander onto the front lawn of a neighbor lady, who promptly informed mother. When I arrived home I observed that mother was mopping the linoleumed kitchen floor. She had a dirty wet cloth in one hand and a bucket of dirty soap-suds nearby. She confronted me with the neighbor's allegation and before I had heard all the message, I talked back to her. The reaction was startling. Without arising from a kneeling position she threw that soggy, dirty cloth and hit me right in the face. Up to that time I hadn't known mother to possess the potential of a baseball player.

Having been born and raised on a farm, I was soon assigned chores and given responsibilities, such as herding the cows, helping to harness the work horses, feeding the hogs, assisting in taking care of the chickens and helping with the garden and farm work. It seems to me now that I was always trying to figure out easier ways to do assignments. For example, in the summertime it got pretty monotonous walking and driving the cows each day from home to the Larson Place to pasture and returning them. One of the cows we called "Brownie" was the largest and bossiest. Not having a horse to ride at that time I decided Brownie might make a good substitute. I was probably ten or twelve years old. Brownie didn't like the idea at first and promptly bucked me off a couple of times or so. Not having a saddle, I found it rather difficult to stay on. I finally won out and noted that neighbors and passersby were quite amused seeing a whistling kid riding a cow on a public road.

Like most farm boys, I had some pigeons, some rabbits, a dog and eventually, father let me call a black horse named "Doc" my own. One day I was riding Doc bareback, without a bridle. As he galloped down the field toward the hay-barn and stable I was holding on to his mane, as I had done on previous occasions. Instead of his running around the barn to the stable, he unexpectedly ran through a walk-way opening into the barn. Unfortunately, the entrance was not high enough for both of us and I didn't have time to jump or fall off. I ducked my head and the back of my neck and the upper part of my shoulders hit the top wooden support of the entrance. Needless to say, I was knocked unconcious. At that time the seriousness of the injury was not realized and neuro-surgical assistance was unknown and unavailable in these parts. . I survived, and mention this incident only because in later years considerable spinal problems developed resulting in pinched nerves and necessary operations. Then too, there

must be some lesson hidden in this narrative?

I attended the Irving Elementary School in Holladay, which was conveniently located three or four blocks from home. I liked most of the subjects, particularly reading and spelling. The field of mathematics had little appeal. For some reason or other I was selected to give the eighth grade graduation talk. I'm sure I wasn't the best student.

This school period was quite a fun time as well as a development experience. A couple of things occurred which possibly <sup>I</sup> should <sup>not</sup> mention, but I will. When I was in about the fourth grade the class was given a brief afternoon recess. Another boy, Vaughn Driggs, and I decided that our absence might not be missed if we went home instead of returning to the classroom. We did so and the next morning the teacher informed us that the principal wanted to see us. Needless to say, we knew the reason and didn't have to ask. The principal was a tall, strict, deep-voiced disciplinarian, who drove to school in a shiny new buggy drawn by a spirited black horse. The principal didn't ask us to sit down but sternly inquired if it were true that we had left school the day before without permission. There was no way out of it, we both replied affirmatively. He then got up from his chair, walked over briskly to a clothes closet and returned with a new black buggywhip which he promptly demonstrated over our heads a couple of times then asked if we intended to do anything like <sup>that</sup> / again. You can guess our answer. Ironically, I met him one day many years later after he had retired from the teaching profession. I asked him what he was then doing. His reply didn't particularly surprise me. He said he was working part-time as a jailor in the Salt Lake County Jail.

unmistakable conviction in the innermost recesses of my mind that the Book of Mormon is truly the word of God. I felt like I was walking on air and that life was really meaningful.

The other incident alluded to occurred when I was in the Seventh Grade. My teacher was Emily McDonald, who was a tall, stately person, who spoke with authority and was most business-like in manner. Apparently the class was preparing to participate in some school dance activity. In the practice routine which was being arranged, Miss McDonald instructed me to participate. I should have but didn't want to and so told ~~her~~ her. Action was fast and furious. She instructed me to go down to the second grade. I had heard of bright students skipping a grade or two but going back five grades was ridiculous. However, it was considered wise to do what she said this time. Ironically, my sister, Elizabeth, taught the second grade. It was obviously why Emily had designated this grade. Elizabeth was surprised to see me. When I explained the reason for my arrival she ~~was~~ looked around and was a bit puzzled where she was going to have me sit, as the desks were too small. She finally provided a chair and suggested that I make myself at home. She went on with class instruction which sounded to me like the story of the three bears. In a few minutes a student of my seventh grade class appeared and informed me that Miss McDonald wanted me to return to class. Although I did not particularly care for dancing, it would have been the smart thing for me to have done on this occasion. Incidentally, by the time I returned to class, the dance was over and I didn't have to.

After completing grade school, I attended Granite High School, located at 5th East and 33rd South, in Salt Lake County. I mention the location inasmuch as walking and a street car, the latter operated by an overhead electric trolley, played an important part in my getting to and from. I caught the street car at the end of the Holladay Line, which was at 48th South and Holladay Boulevard, about 2½ blocks from home. Like other Granite students from this area I rode to 33rd South and walked from 11th East to 5th East.

It was during my High School days that I received my first real testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel. I was baptized and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the age of eight and was active in auxiliary and Aaronic Priesthood duties. This is the way I was brought up and sort of took religious matters for granted. Something happened to give me a new insight. My father, whom I considered very religious, urged me quite often, it seemed, to read the Book of Mormon. No doubt mother had something to do with this as she was most desirous that I stay on the straight and narrow path. The urgings sort of went unheeded until the right climate came along. It wasn't long in doing so. During a Christmas vacation period I was helping my brother Joe haul some large logs on a bob-sled from Holladay to Lehi, Utah, where he then had some unimproved property. In unloading the logs one of the top ones got out of control and crashed onto one of my feet crushing two toes badly. I had to stay out of school and remain in bed for quite some time. About this time father again mentioned the matter. I believe his exact words were, "Now you don't have anything else to do, why don't you read the Book of Mormon?" I did so in the days ahead but didn't want my parents to know I had succumbed to their wishes. When I would hear anyone approaching my room I would hurriedly put the book under my pillow. As I progressed in my reading, the book became so interesting that I could scarcely put it down. By the time I completed it, the condition of my foot had improved so that I was able to move around. I decided to try the formula outlined in the 4th verse of the 10th chapter of Moroni. I was in a very humble frame of mind. I locked the door to my room, knelt in prayer, and asked my Heavenly Father for a witness that what I had read was true. I don't know just what I expected. Possibly some one patting me on the head saying I had been a good boy and that what I had read was true. It didn't happen that way. However, as soon as I had finished praying, a calm, comforting spirit came over me and I received that



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For church record purposes, I wish to state that I was blessed by my father, February 4, 1900; baptised, January 4, 1908/ confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, January 5, 1908, by Joseph Y. Larson; ordained a Deacon, October 31, 1911, by Wilford Walker; Teacher, January 31, 1915, by Joseph Y. Larson; Priest, December 23, 1917; Elder, February 14, 1922, by Frank A. Olsen, and High Priest, by Rudger Clawson, July 10, 1927.

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When I was about seven or eight years old my father was badly injured in a gun accident. It was in the spring or summer. Preparatory to his mowing hay on the Larson Place, I had harnessed the team of horses he was using. I took them around the road to the 23 acre farm and hooked them to the hay mower. Walking, he took the usual cut-off through the fields. The alfalfa patch he was cutting was rather rough ground due to furrow irrigation. There were quite a few pheasants in the field and on this occasion father had a shotgun on the mower. I remember it very well. It was a Belgium 12 gauge double barrelled, double hammer gun. As soon as he had commenced mowing, I returned home through the fields. A short time after I returned home I was in the back yard & observed three men approaching the house from the direction of the Larson Place. The man in the center was being helped along by the others. My brother Joe, one of the helpers, called out that father had been shot. Mother came rushing out of the house and directed the men in taking father into his bedroom. A Doctor Fairby (phoentic) of Murray, about three miles away was summoned and eventually arrived by horse and buggy, which was the customary travel of the day. Due to the great loss of blood, the good doctor gave father little chance of survival. Father, a very determined man reportedly insisted otherwise. We children were not permitted to see him for a long time. It was learned from father that as he was mowing hay, the shotgun, due to the rough terrain, became dislodged and slipped down through the mower with the barrels pointed toward him. One of the hammers became accidentally engaged and the gun discharged opening up a hole in his body and putting bird-shot a sixteenth of an inch from his heart. It is incredible that after being shot, he was able to bring the team under control, tie them up, put a fist in the wound and walk a half mile or so before getting aid. He was truly quite a man.

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Following High School, I attended the Utah State University for a period of time. It was then known as the Utah State Agricultural College. Most of my subjects were along agricultural lines. This college is located in Logan, about 90 miles north of Salt Lake City. While there I had private living quarters in a home owned by a Mrs. Stevens, who was a widow. I had two room-mates, namely, Laval Morris, who eventually became a Professor there, and Frank Lemmon, whose folks had a sizeable cattle spread in Emery County, Utah. Morris was born and grew up in the East Millcreek area of Salt Lake County, just north of Holladay. He and I became very good friends.

Although I usually spent summertime working on the family farm in Holladay, I would occasionally become wanderlust. On one of these occasions, with the permission of my parents, I went to Idaho, with George Gould, a friend who lived in Holladay. George was a happy-go-lucky/<sup>fellow</sup> a year younger than I. We barely had enough money between us to travel by train to Ucon, a very small town north of Idaho Falls. Our goal was my Aunt Mary Ann Godfrey's ranch, a couple of miles from Ucon. She was my mother's sister, a good-natured woman who had a house full of boys and girls, some of comparable ages to us. I had been there before and knew we would be welcomed. George and I walked out to the two hundred acre ranch and as we approached the large well-built home were startled to/<sup>see</sup> a large notice posted in the front window. It read, "QUARANTINED - SMALL-POX." For a minute the bottom dropped out/<sup>of our</sup> dreams as neither one of us, to our recollection, had had the disease or been vaccinated. Undaunted, we knocked and Aunt Mary Ann came to the door. From a distance she greeted us warmly and was momentarily puzzled as to what to do with us. As she had plenty of work for us on the ranch, she finally decided that if we would get vaccinated she would let us stay. The younger family members came to the door and showed us their vaccinations of recent date which were reportedly working alright. As we had no money, she gave each of us \$2.00 for the vaccination and the keys to the family buick automobile to drive to Rigby, a small town five miles or so north. She also gave us the name of the doctor who had vaccinated the others. We were soon on our way.

Perhaps for the sake of posterity, I should leave out the rest of this narrative. Be that as it may, I'll put it in. On our way to Rigby, George and I decided that we could make better use of the \$4.00 than the doctor could. So, upon arriving there we went to a drug store, purchased a couple of band-aids, a needle and a small bottle of iodine and got back in the car. I pricked his arm until it bled then put on a band-aid. He did the same to me. We then got something to eat in a cafe, saw a movie in the town theater and returned to the ranch. Aunt Mary Ann and the girls of the family had an upstairs room fixed up for us and we started working as ranch hands. A couple of days later when we reported for breakfast Aunt Mary Ann had<sup>roll</sup> up our shirt sleeves so she could examine the vaccinations. She commented that mine was working fine but that George's apparently hadn't taken and suggested that he should possibly return to the doctor for another one. He declined to follow out her suggestion and indicated he would be alright.

About thirty years after the above incident at a time Aunt Mary Ann was residing in Salt Lake City, I confessed my deception to her. She tried to hit me, but missed and said laughingly that she wasn't at all surprized.

Mowing, raking and stacking alfalfa hay at the ranch kept us pretty busy. Aunt Mary Ann supervised everything. She coined a new expression as far as I knew. When the kids became too noisy she didn't tell them to stop or shut-up but ordered that they "cease their clack!" Everyone definately knew what that meant. There were dairy cows, chickens and hogs on the ranch. The meals were super. There were several practical jokers in the family. For instance, the first time the girls did our washing and ironing they also did our sewing. They sewed up our underwear on the sewing machine, legs and all. George and I retaliated by locking them out of their rooms so they couldn't get in when they returned from a date.

While George Gould and I were working on Mary Ann's ranch, I received a letter from Martin Pedersen of Holladay, inquiring as to the possibility of his obtaining a job with us. He was about our age and he and I had worked together one summer help<sup>ing</sup> to build a State road up Lambs Canyon, which leads off Parley's Canyon, east of Salt Lake City. Martin was a general laborer. I was the Powder Monkey's Helper, having previously had some experience with dynamite while working in my folk's lead-silver mine in Big Cottonwood Canyon. We sent word to Martin to join us. He arrived in a few days.

Toward the end of summer we had completed our ranch work at Aunt Mary Ann's and taken a job with her son-in-law, "Buzz" Rounds, who was married to my cousin, Marg Godfrey. Buzz and his brother had a large dry-farm in an isolated area in the hills about ten miles north of Iona, Idaho. There were only five of us and coyotes in the whole country. The latter seemed to howl all night, every night. We headed, hauled and threshed dry-farm wheat until snowfall, about the latter part of October. That ended our Idaho employment. We spent a short time in Idaho Falls and then headed for home by freight train. I recall that it was bitterly cold and that our empty coal car provided little protection. About midnight when the train stopped in a little town near Garland, in northern Utah, our mode of travel was interrupted by a one-armed town marshal, who carried a billy club. I suspect that he was some sort of employment agent for the Garland Sugar-beet factory, about three miles away. He informed us that with World War I, in full swing, the factory was badly in need of help and offered to transport us there. We accepted and were immediately put to work. I was given a job operating a white sugar spinner. George and Martin had jobs elsewhere in the plant. We worked here for a couple of weeks and then returned to our homes in Holladay by respectable means of transportation.

These were very unsettled years for everyone. On August 1, 1914, Germany invaded the bordering small country of Luxemburg and four days later, invaded Belgium. Several other countries suffered a similar fate. It was quite apparent that Adolph Hitler intended for Germany to dominate the world. On April 6, 1917, the United States declared war on Germany, and all males 18 and older had to register for the army draft which was instituted. Along with others I registered but preferred to enlist<sup>in the Navy</sup> rather than be drafted in<sup>to</sup> the army. However, by the time I got around to inquiring, the Navy had discontinued accepting enlistments. I turned 18 and registered for the draft December 1, 1917. The first part of November, 1918, I received notice from my draft board to report for physical examination and possible induction into the army. On November 11, 1918, Germany, totally defeated in the west, signed an Armistice and the war was over. On about November fifteenth I received a notice from my draft board cancelling it's previous instructions to me. Happy day.

During the years that followed, when not in school, I helped out on the family farm, worked for a tree nursery, and helped my father haul supplies to a lead-silver mine in Big Cottonwood Canyon. I also worked in this mine at intervals with my brothers Bert and Joe. This mine was located a mile or <sup>so</sup> beyond the old Maxfield Mine. The family had done assessment work each year to maintain control of this public land property, but had not gotten the mining claims patented. This property was originally staked out by my father and two of his brothers, James and Joseph, possibly around about 1880, when they discovered a small out-cropping of lead-silver ore. After working the claim at intervals to keep up the assessment, Uncle Joe dropped out and a few years later Uncle Jim withdrew. In the twenties, my Cousin, Leroy Newman (Uncle Jim's eldest son) did some assessment work on the property, unknown to our family members. Unfortunately, this was a year we had failed to do our assessment. As a result, Leroy filed a claim on the property. We took the matter to court and lost. Leroy was successful in getting the claims patented and he and a younger brother, David, commenced hand-drilling operations in the mine. Shortly after Leroy had taken over the mine, he accidentally hit an unexploded dynamite cap and was blinded by the resulting explosion. Sightless, he continued to work the mine alone or with limited help until his death a few years ago. Incidentally, the mine never produced paying ore and as far as I know, has not been worked since Leroy's death.

On one of my early trips to this mine with my father, he informed me, that when he and his brothers first discovered the small out-cropping of ore, they commenced a shaft at an angle following the small seam of ore. However, the seam didn't increase in size and the sinking of the shaft soon became extremely difficult. In view of this, he and his brother James, who were then working together, took some estimated measurements, went down the mountain some distance and started a ground-level tunnel, hoping to run into the main body of ore. After they outlined the mouth of the tunnel, Uncle James commenced digging the entrance while father returned to the cabin to prepare supper. Shortly, James came to the cabin and excitedly informed father that a few minutes before that three old men had appeared to him and one had stated that unless the ~~tunnel~~ entrance was lowered six feet, it would not be possible to tunnel into the mountain. Father said that James seemed to be sincere; that he stuck to his story and added that the men disappeared after verbally delivering the message. Be that as it may, James and father returned to the new mine site, right after dinner, and lowered the tunnel entrance six feet. Strangely, several years later and a hundred or so feet into the mountain, an area in the top of the tunnel was encountered where <sup>the</sup> quartz rock is so hard as to defy penetration with ordinary hand-mining tools of that day.

As of possible interest, I should like to mention that some time before we lost legal title to this mine, A.G. McIntyre, who owned and operated the Royal Tailor establishment in Salt Lake City, became interested in the venture, put up a little money and got the mine incorporated under the laws of Utah, as the Big Cottonwood Monarch Mining Company. Shares of stock, in lieu of wages, were issued to family members who had worked the mine, and McIntyre was arranging with a financial friend in New York to promote sale of stock. This friend died before the speculation got off the ground, and, a short time later, through a court decision, we lost claim to the mine. Do you <sup>happen to</sup> know of anyone who would like to buy my 34,466 shares of this worthless mining stock, certificate number 362, issued to me August 17, 1926?



One afternoon early in 1922, the Bishop of the Holladay First Ward, Granite Stake, of which our family were members, called at our home and engaged in a private conference with my father. The good bishop was Brother Frank Quist. I was called into the conference and immediately sensed why. It was a mission call. The folks having already financially supported six missions by family members, I was about to give a negative answer when the wise Bishop interrupted by saying that he did not want the answer at that time; that I was to think and pray about the matter and give him the answer in a week. You can pretty well guess the answer. It was in the affirmative. Under date of February 20, 1922, a letter was directed to me and personally signed by President Heber J. Grant, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, calling me to labor in the Southern States Mission. I was endowed in the Salt Lake Temple March 21, 1922; was set apart at the Church Offices in Salt Lake City April 11, 1922 and the same date was issued Minister's Certificate No. 12225, signed by the First Presidency, Heber J. Grant, Charles W. Penrose and Anthony W. Ivins. The following day, April 12, 1922, I left by train for Atlanta, Georgia, headquarters of the Southern States Mission.

There were four or five of us going to the same mission. We arrived in Atlanta on a Sunday evening. The Mission Secretary met us at the train depot, and without letting us get cleaned up, took us directly to a Sacrament meeting then in progress at the Mission Office Building. The Mission President, Charles A. Callis, a stocky Belfast born Irishman, who had been a prosecuting attorney at Coalville, Utah, who was conducting the meeting, announced that we were not Deputy Sheriffs but Mormon missionaries who had just arrived in the field. No doubt about it, we were a motley crew. President Callis had each of us speak. That was quite an introduction to missionary work. I recall that one of the first things we did after getting straightened around in a boarding house was to buy a whole bunch of bananas for about 70¢ and hang them to the chandler in our room. On April 20, 1922, President Callis gave me my letter of appointment to the North Carolina Conference. I was very happy with the appointment.

A mission is filled with interesting happenings and faith promoting incidents too numerous to dwell on. I shall only mention a few.

From mission headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia, I traveled by train to Wilmington, North Carolina and reported to Conference President S.E. Tangren. He had me accompany him and two older missionaries to Harkers Island, located off the east coast near Cape Lookout. There were a hundred or so people on this small island. Possibly a dozen were members. In telling something about the history of the island the conference president mentioned that the church had built a small one-room chapel here several years ago but that a mob had burned it down and forced the missionaries to leave. We arrived on a Saturday evening and took up our residence with a Lewis family who were wonderful, staunch members. It was just getting dark when we heard a noise at the back door. Upon investigating we found a hand-printed note addressed to the newly arrived Mormon Elders giving us a few hours to leave the island. We discussed the situation with the Lord in prayer and then among ourselves. Our decision was to spread word over the island that the next morning, Sunday, at 10:00 o'clock, the Mormon missionaries would hold an open-air meeting on the Church lot, and that everyone was cordially invited. We held the meeting as planned, without incident. As a matter of possible interest, I, being the newest, was the first speaker. Incidentally, in a recent conversation with members from North Carolina I was informed that practically all the present residents of Harkers Island are Mormons.

Another incident that comes rather vividly to mind happened in 1923, when I had been in the mission field about a year. It took place in the Blue Ridge Mountain area of western North Carolina. In those days there were very few roads in that beautifully wooded hill-billy country. Towns were few and far between and travel was principally by horse-back, mule or shanks-pony (walking) along paths or trails. On the way back into the hills my junior companion and I had located a member of the church in a small mountain town who had indicated an interest in our holding a meeting there on a particular Sunday morning three weeks from then. We agreed to do so. He was to make the necessary arrangements. The evening before the appointed date found my companion in bed at a member's home much too sick to keep the appointment about ten miles away. Unfortunately, there was no means of communication. After praying for guidance as to what to do, I informed my companion that I felt I should keep the appointment.



After making sure that my companion would be comfortable, I left before day-break that Sunday morning and found the hike through the woods quite stimulating and a bit frightening at times. The moon cast peculiar shaped shadows across the somewhat dense forest trail and every once in a while an owl or other creature of the night would make a startling noise. Then too, I would occasionally smell the smoke coming from a not-too-distant moonshine still. Upon arriving in the town where the appointment had been made, I was unable to locate our member, the only one we had in that area. Inquiry of town loafers disclosed that the only meeting of the day was a religious revival then in progress in a frame protestant church building nearby. I walked in and sat on a bench in the rear, in what appeared to be the only unoccupied seat. There were possibly a hundred persons present, including four Ministers, a Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and one who described himself as a Holiness Preacher. Each took turns expounding the scriptures. While the last was elucidating, I went outside and asked one of the hangers-on as to the owner of a vacant lot next door. He pointed to a pipe-smoking fellow nearby. I introduced myself to him as a Mormon missionary and asked his permission to conduct an open-air meeting on his property as soon as the present meeting was over. With a smile and a deep southern drawl he "allowed as how it possibly wouldn't hurt the property none" and told me to go ahead. I returned to my seat inside the church and as the Minister was finishing his sermon, I scribbled a note on a piece of paper requesting that an announcement be made that a Mormon Missionary would conduct an open-air meeting at the close of this one. I got a young boy next to me to take it up to the Minister who had charge of the meeting. He did so and this Clergyman, after reading it, handed it to the speaker. This one interrupted his sermon long enough to read the note and then announce to the audience that he had been informed that the Mormons were contemplating a meeting in town and that it was his recommendation that no one attend. He added that he could tell them plenty about the Mormons but he didn't have the time. As the people commenced leaving the church, I sang one verse of one of our missionary hymns, offered a brief prayer and then commenced my talk on the restoration of the gospel, by stating that I knew a lot about the Mormons; that I was a Mormon missionary and had the time to tell them. A fair sized group listened attentively, possibly due principally to curiosity. Upon concluding the talk, I offered a short prayer, distributed the mission tracts I brought along and sold a copy of the Book of Mormon. Later in the day, at the invitation of the Holiness Preacher, I delivered a gospel talk before a small audience in his church a short distance from town. I then wended my way back over the Blue Ridge Mountain trail to my ill companion, most grateful for the sustaining help of my Heavenly Father.

Prior to the above experience, and when I had been in the mission field about six months, President Callis conducted a conference at Wilmington for saints and missionaries in North Carolina, at the conclusion of which he personally interviewed each missionary. At the close of my interview he instructed the Conference President to assign me a good territory and give me a junior companion. I was assigned the Goldsboro section and David Earl Love, a six-foot cowboy from Nutrioso (phonetic), Arizona, was assigned as my junior companion. He had just arrived in the field and looked it. He turned out to be a fine companion and friend.

When we had been in our new territory three or four months, working out of Greenleaf, near Goldsboro, we were traveling on foot contacting people and distributing church tracts, in a rather remote sparsely settled section about five miles away. Quite suddenly one of my feet began paining severely. I took off my shoe to determine, if possible, the cause. My big toe was swollen appreciably and the area around it puffed up to such an extent that I couldn't get my shoe back on. There wasn't anything else to do but hobble back to Greenleaf, where we were staying with a wonderful family named "Gwaltney". The mother and children were members of the church. The father, although not a member, was most friendly and

cordial. I shall always be grateful to them for their helpfulness and genuine concern. Home remedies, elevation, prayer, and what have you, were utilized to reduce the pain and swelling in my foot but to no avail. Finally, with my companion, Elder Love, I went to the office of a medical doctor and surgeon in Goldsboro. While we both looked on, the doctor lanced my foot and drained off a cup of puss, which brought some relief to the stricken area. However, while the operation was going on, the doctor and I heard a "thud" sound back of us. It was Elder Love. After he had been revived, by the doctor, the operation was concluded. Unfortunately, the foot did not heal. X-rays, according to the doctor, disclosed a disease of the bone or the cartilage around the bone in my big toe. He was desirous of futher operation or possible amputation. I didn't agree and that evening telephoned President Callis at mission headquarters in Atlanta and discussed the problem. Upon his instruction, I left my companion with other missionaries in Wilmington and went by train to Atlanta. There I was treated for two or three weeks by President Callis' personal physician. The condition cleared up and I returned to my field of labor, thanks to the sustaining help of my Heavenly Father, the excellence of a fine Physician and the understanding of a wonderful Mission President. Due to the kindness of President Callis, I was permitted to spend a week at Christmas in 1922, with my sister and brother-in-law, Ethel and Parley Eccles in Washington, D.C. That truly was one of my mission high-lights.

Under date of November 8, 1923, a letter was received by the North Carolina missionaries, from President Callis, advising that Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, would hold a conference at Durham, November 12th and 13th. All missionaries were to attend and all saints and investigators were invited to do so. The announcement received quite a bit of publicity and the missionaries were looking forward to the occasion with excitement and no doubt some trepidation, as each would be called on to talk. Then ~~to~~, a new Conference President was to be appointed. I believe I was the last missionary speaker the second day and, surprisingly, as President Callis was bringing the conference to a close, he announced that I had been selected as the new Conference President of North Carolina. I was set apart and given a Letter of Appointment dated November 13, 1923, signed by Chas. A. Callis, President of the Southern States Mission.

The appointment letter pretty well pointed what would be expected of me; that it would be my duty to direct the labors of the Elders associated with me; that I should keep in close touch with them at all times. I was especially counseled to read and reread section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants, and let verses 37 and 39 be indelibly impressed upon my heart; adding, "Remember, you cannot exercise unjust control, dominion, or compulsion in any degree of unrightness without grieving the Spirit of the Lord, and if it be withdrawn, it means amen to my Priesthood." In connection with my new calling, I was also made custodian of the Conference records and must see that they are properly kept and carefully guarded. This new assignment provided challenges, administrative and supervisory experience, travel, public speaking and required a great deal of humility and prayer.

Each Conference President was required to submit a weekly report to Mission Headquarters, showing the accomplishments of each missionary. President Callis would frequently return a report with a personal note such as this on a March 14, 1924 report: "Dear President Newman, these six Books of Mormon testify that Jesus is the Christ and the meetings show that the message is being delivered. Those books and tracts are spiritual food, and the gospel conversations benefit both the listener and the talker".

When I was designated ~~President of the~~ <sup>President Callis</sup> North Carolina Conference, we had about sixteen Elders. Almost immediately <sup>young</sup> / ~~sent us two~~/ lady missionaries, the first to work in the State. They were May Douglas of Salt Lake City and Blanche Lefevor of central Utah. As of possible interest, I am quoting from a letter dated February 14, 1924, to all missionaries in the mission, from President Callis, showing the results of proselyting activities in the various states then comprising the Southern States Mission; for the year 1923: "901 baptisms as follows: Alabama 96, E. Kentucky 48, E. Tennessee 33, Florida 160, Georgia 90, Kentucky 46, M. Tennessee 28, Mississippi 44, North Carolina 162, Ohio 35, South Carolina 113, Virginia 46. You see that North Carolina led the missions in baptisms".

I was honorably released from my mission upon receipt of the following letter from President Charles A. Callis:

**CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS**

**SOUTHERN STATES MISSION**

**P. O. BOX 852**

**ATLANTA, GA.**

May 26th, 1924.

President Jay C. Newman,  
North Carolina Conference.

Dear President Newman:

In the North Carolina Conference you have labored and presided with marked success. You have rendered honorable and praiseworthy service. You are now honorably released from the presidency of the North Carolina Conference to return home to your loved ones. Under your presidency the work of the Lord has made substantial progress in your field of labor. The Lord, our Heavenly Father, is a good paymaster, and He will fill up your life with blessings if you hold fast to the Iron Rod, which is the word of God.

In your missionary labors you have succeeded because your soul was filled with the spirit of service. Often times you have worked against your self interests, that is to say, against your personal convenience and comfort, to serve your fellowmen. And this is the kind of service that counts the most with the Lord. The more we keep ourselves in the background, and work for others the more will the Lord be pleased with us.

You have never shrunk from declaring your message. Opposition has not daunted you. Fear of men has not had any effect upon you: you feared God and was proud to be in His service. And you have shown a becoming humility, for you have humbled yourself before the Lord and God has given you grace and strength. He will bless you abundantly.

The Lord has blessed your labors for you have worked with a willing and obedient spirit. You have sought to mold yourself so that you could be a ready servant to execute the will of the Father. And in the performance of your duties you have pleased the Lord. And it is beautiful and consoling to bring to pass the purposes of the Almighty.

I pray God to bless you, dear President Newman, may He fill up your life with blessings that will be of the most use to you in working for Eternal Life. Be prayerful and work in harmony with your brethren and sisters to bring to pass the purposes of the Almighty.

I commend you for your loyalty to the Cause and to all your missionary companions, among whom I am pleased to be numbered.

With best wishes, I remain

Your brother in the Gospel,

*Chas. A. Callis*



After bidding my missionary companions and faithful saints adieu, I departed by train for home, visiting the following places enroute: Richmond, Virginia, Washington, D.C., New York City, Niagra Falls and Chicago, Illinois. In the latter city I had my first ride on a double-decker bus. I wanted to see Lincoln Park and asked the bus driver to let me off when we came to it. He looked at me like I was really from "the sticks", and asked where I wanted to get off, adding that the park was two or three miles long. I was glad to get out of Chicago as I might have been arrested for awkward-gawkery (gazing at tall buildings).

It was good to be home and with my folks again. I shall be eternally grateful to my good parents for their example and guidance and for making it financially possible for me to fill this mission.

It is difficult to estimate the value of a conversion or baptism in the mission field. In this regard, I should like to mention that thirty seven years after I completed my mission and was serving as Public Safety Commissioner for the State of Utah, a nice looking young man came to see me. With a southern accent he introduced himself as Edward Joseph Waters, a Trooper with the Virginia Highway Patrol, residing at Emporia, Virginia, where he was Branch President; that while I was a missionary in North Carolina, I baptised his Uncle, Bently Turner, who was the first member of his family to join the church; that as a result of that baptism, Waters' mother, who is Turner's sister, and other family members were baptised, accounting for a total of thirty five new members. Brother Waters was in Salt Lake City for the purpose of attending a general conference of the Church.

The highlight of my association with my Mission President, Charles A. Callis, during his declining years, when he was a Member of the Quorum of the Twelve, was when he visited my office and presented to me a copy of his book, "Fundamentals of Religion", in which he had inscribed, "To my esteemed missionary companion, friend and brother, Jay C. Newman, with all good wishes. Contemplation about our ministry in the Southern States Mission is sweet and comforting. Charles A. Callis - September 1945." He was the greatest.

Although I had gone out with several girls before leaving on my mission, I had made no commitment and left home a free agent. Upon returning, I still played the field but not too seriously. Answering a newspaper ad, as I recall, I got a job with the A.Y. Stirling Plumbing Supply Company in Salt Lake City. This was a small outfit just starting out. I was clerk, bookkeeper and handyman. Knowing very little about accounting, I was fortunate in having occasionally as my instructor a Mr. Parsons, who had a financial interest in the company and was Chief Accountant for the Kennecott Copper Company. He set up our minor system and helped me appreciably. I lived at home and helped with the farm work during this period of time. As soon as I was able to do so, I purchased, on time contract, my first automobile, a 1924 ~~Ford six-cylinder~~ <sup>Touring car.</sup> Oldsmobile. Inasmuch as I was associating with quite a number of young people, both male and female, the car got quite a work-out.

Easter Sunday in the spring of 1925, was my lucky day. I had been going rather steady with a Lavon Ferguson, who was a clerk in a J.C Penney store in Salt Lake city. Someone had arranged an outing for that day at the home of Etta Woodruff, a mutual friend, who lived on Highland Drive at about 5200 South. Lavon and a girl friend, who was also a clerk at Penney's, whom I had not met, were to be at Etta's, and Orrin Drage, who was going steady with Etta, was also to be there and I was to bring a young fellow, Shirley Jensen along for the blind date. Sounds interesting, doesn't it? Well, when I arrived at Etta's and took one look at Jensen's blind date, I knew she was for me. It was love at first sight. She was Geneve Jacobs.

This unexpected event created quite a problem. Fortunately, Lavon and I were just good friends and no serious intentions had been expressed. On the other hand, Geneve had been going steady with a good-looking fellow named Waterman from Missouri, who worked at Penney's. I believe his first name was Henry. Apparently he was dead-set on marrying the girl and taking her back to Missouri. Tune in next week for the conclusion. Never mind, I'll continue now. I ended up Easter Sunday by taking Lavon and Geneve to their homes, although a little clumsy, Lavon first. She and I gradually quit going together and I would date Geneve when I could get a date. In the ensuing days, I met her splendid parents, Ernest and Annie Jacobs and other family members. It didn't take me long to memorize the address in Salt Lake City, namely, 1551 South Third East. I knew I had the upper hand over Waterman, as he was not a Mormon, and Geneve's <sup>parents</sup> were strong members and the family closely-knit. Fortunately for me, Geneve soon broke off her engagement with this Waterman fellow and we started going steady.

Inasmuch as we had never had Patriarchal Blessings, we decided to take advantage of the opportunity. We made an appointment with Church Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith. Here are the blessings:

April 26th, 1926.

A BLESSING GIVEN BY HYRUM G. SMITH, Patriarch, upon the head of CLARENCE JAY NEWMAN, son of Thomas Samuel Newman and Caroline (Wayman) Newman, born December 1st, 1899, at Holliday, Salt Lake County, Utah.

BROTHER C. JAY NEWMAN: In the authority of the Holy Priesthood I place my hands upon thy head, and in humility give unto thee thy Patriarchal blessing which I pray the Lord to direct, that it may be a guide, a comfort and a benefit unto thee throughout this life because of thy faithfulness. Thou art of the lineage of Ephraim and have need to be grateful for thy birth-right blessings, for thou hast been honored with the Holy Priesthood and with precious privileges to labor, and to enjoy the gifts and powers of the Everlasting Gospel, and to enjoy also the powers of the Holy Priesthood. And if thou wilt continue to magnify them, to honor them, they will be multiplied and increased for good in thy hands for thy protection and guidance and enjoyment. And thou shalt also stand as a savior upon Mount Zion and a watchman upon the tower thereof, and thy ministry will be a joy unto thee and a blessing unto others.

Therefore, profit by the experiences already received for they will be as stepping stones to future responsibilities and labors. Continue to hold sacred thy covenants; keep thyself humble and pure and worthy of the blessings in store for thee as a chosen son in Zion; and thou shalt be further magnified in the powers of the Holy Priesthood, and be called into positions of leadership and trust and enjoy further of the preserving, protecting and providing care of the Lord, and shall be strengthened also in testimony and in faith. And in answer to thy prayers thou shalt be guided in the performance of thy duties and in the ways of safety and success.

And if thou wilt hearken unto those sweet and peaceful promptings they also will be thy guide to enable thee to decide upon matters of importance pertaining to thy mission, thy safety and thy success, in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. Thou shalt rejoice also in the blessings of honorable fatherhood, and be comforted and strengthened in the responsibilities that shall come to thee through hearkening unto those sweet and peaceful promptings that will be thy guide and enable thee to triumph over the agencies of evil and destruction and discouragement, which are all tricks of the Adversary to destroy the faith and usefulness of the sons and daughters of men.

Therefore, look always upon the brighter side of life; be humble, pure and determined in thy efforts to do good; forget not the Giver of thy blessings but acknowledge His hand in all things pertaining to thy welfare, and thy gifts and powers will all be multiplied and magnified in thy sight and in thy possession for the accomplishment of the mission which was given thee at thy birth. For thy name and teachings will live to bless others even after thy mortal mission is finished. Thou shalt also enjoy ~~the~~ the spirit and gifts of thy ministry as a bearer of the Priesthood, a teacher of the Truth, at home and abroad wherever it has been and will be thy ministry to labor. And in answer to prayer thy faith will be strengthened and thy heart be comforted.

I seal these blessings upon thy head through thy faithfulness. And I seal thee up even unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection - a savior upon Mount Zion with thy kindred and many friends, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

HYRUM G. SMITH (Signed)



April 26th, 1926.

A BLESSING GIVEN BY HYRUM G. SMITH, PÆRIARCH, upon the head of ANNIE GENEVE JACOBS, daughter of Ernest Eugene Jacobs and Annie (Brown) Jacobs. Born July 3rd, 1904, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

SISTER GENEVE JACOBS: According to thy desire and by virtue and authority of the Holy Priesthood I place my hands upon thy head and give unto thee thy Patriarchal blessing and pray the Lord to direct it for thy comfort and benefit throughout this life because of thy faithfulness and obedience. Thou art of the lineage of Ephraim who was the chosen son of Joseph who was sold by his brothers. Thou art born of goodly parents and have need to be grateful for their teachings and counsels. And if thou wilt honor them the Lord will remember His promises and not withhold His blessings; and thy life shall be spared to live and fulfil a worthy mission in the earth, to rejoice in the blessings which have been promised unto the faithful according to the New and the Everlasting Covenant.

And as the honor and respect which thou hast rendered thy parents, it will be multiplied for thee and returned in the lives of thy children and thy friends and thy loved ones. For thou shalt be blessed with the happy privilege of teaching and defending the principles of the Everlasting Gospel in thy home and circle. For thou shalt be called to stand as a teacher and as an exemplar. Thou shalt also rejoice in the blessings of peace and comfort that shall come to thee in answer to thy prayers, for thy faith will prevail for good with the Lord.

Continue, therefore, to keep thyself humble and pure and worthy of the blessings which are in store for thee as a chosen daughter in Zion. And thou shalt rejoice in the blessings and comforts of a happy home where peace and plenty will abound. And thou shalt also be comforted in the blessings of the House of the Lord; for thou shalt be permitted to secure thy blessings and to labor therein for kindred and for friends who will bless thee for thy labors and interest in their behalf. Thou shalt also be blessed in body and in mind to live and enjoy the usefulness of thy gifts and talents; the fruitfulness of the labor of thy hands will bring thee joy and satisfaction. Therefore, cultivate and use thy talents and acknowledge the hand of the Lord therein and thou shalt be remembered in mercy and shall be comforted in the blessings of honorable motherhood.

Thou shalt also be strengthened in faith through a variety of important experiences, and shall enjoy such gifts and powers as will make thee equal to the great labors that devolve upon thee in order to fulfil thy mission. And if thou wilt hearken unto those sweet and peaceful promptings they will guide and direct thee in the paths of duty and safety and success. And if thou wilt observe the laws of Nature and the Word of Wisdom as they have been taught unto thee thou shalt enjoy the preserving, protecting and providing care of the Lord, and need not at any time lack for friends nor suffer want for the necessities of life, but shall have power to overcome difficulties and trials and obstacles and even the ills of this life and the powers of the Destroyer, even until thy mission in the earth is fully accomplished.

I seal these blessings upon thy head through thy faithfulness. And I seal thee up against the powers of the Destroyer to live and fill up the full measure of thy mission and creation in the earth, to enjoy the great privilege of seeing thy sons and daughters grow up in the service of the Lord in obedience to thy teachings and fulfil a worthy mission in the earth and come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, with thy kindred and many friends; which blessings I seal upon thy head through thy faithfulness, by virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Approved:

HYRUM G. SMITH (Signed)



The summer of 1925 seem<sup>ed</sup> to pass quickly. Geneve and I went to ward dances, Saltair, to shows, and with several other young people, went on a camping trip to Brighton, in Big Cottonwood Canyon. Those were the days.

By now, I had pretty well decided that I wanted to study law. Elmer Pratt, a young returned missionary, who lived nearby and with whom I had palled around, got a clerical job in Washington, D.C., through Parley Eccles, my brother-in-law, who was then Secretary to U.S. Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah. The possibility somewhat appealed to me. I took an evening class in typing at the LDS Business College for a short time, and with the encouragement of Parley and Ethel, who were home on a vacation, I bid goodbye to Geneve and the folks and left for Washington in September. Parley was driving a large, roomy Wills-Saint Claire (phoenic) automobile, that had a flying goose emblem on the hood. Besides the three of us, I believe Jack Cannon and Emerson Willey of Salt Lake City, who were a little older than I, went along. I shall never forget an incident that occurred just before I left. Father came over to the car and asked if I would climb up a long ladder we used and pick the pears in the top of a tall tree nearby. He said he felt a little unsteady up so high. Of course I picked the pears and was glad to do so. Father was seventy six years old at that time. His health deteriorated rapidly and he died December 5, 1925. This incident has caused me considerable reflection as to whether I had helped<sup>out</sup> enough down through the years to show appreciation for all he had done for me. That was a long trip to Washington. The highways were unpaved and the roads dusty. The towns through which we traveled were small and there were no motels. I recall that we stopped one night in a hotel in the mid-west. Much to our discomfort the trains seemed to be ~~be~~ running right through the hotel. Although dead tired, we could stand it no longer and checked out of the hotel in the middle of the night.

Upon arriving in Washington, D.C. I took up my residence with Parley and Ethel, who had a large apartment at or about 1656 Eculid Street. It was near the Swedish Embassy. Jack Connon, who had been a reporter for the Deseret News in Salt Lake City, got a similar job on the Washington Post. Emerson Willey got a job with the Bureau of Railway Economics. We all attended church services in the Washington Branch. I joined the Utah Club and attended social functions with Parley and Ethel. The latter was Editor of the club's news publication. I soon met Ervin Erickson, who was engaged to a girl friend of Geneve's, who was then living on Kensington Avenue about a block from the Jacobs' residence. "Erv", who was a clean-cut, good looking fellow, from the lower millcreek area of Salt Lake County, had a job in Washington at the Veterans Administration. We immediately became pals. Shortly, we commenced an evening class in shorthand and typing, from a private tutor, Genevieve Robinson Pratt, the wife of Elmer Pratt. Genevieve, an excellent instructor, had formerly taught at the LDS Business College in Salt Lake City.

My brother-in-law, Parley Eccles, who was Secretary to U.S. Senator Reed Smoot, was acquainted with many department and bureau heads by reason of Senator Smoot's being head of the powerful Senate Finance Committee. Parley was acquainted with J. Edgar Hoover, who as a young attorney had been appointed by the U.S. Attorney General, the year before as Director of the Division of Investigation of that Department. Parley introduced me to Mr. Hoover and the latter afforded me a personal interview in his office in the Department of Justice Building. I informed him of my intention to study law and that I would like, if possible, to be employed in his Bureau. Although very business-like, he was cordial, asked questions about my background and furnished me an application form, explaining that I did not have the necessary qualifications for the position of Special Agent at that time but indicating that there were other positions in the Bureau. Within the next day or so, I filled out the application and turned it in. The Bureau, through its Salt Lake City Office, investigated my background, submitted a report to the Bureau, and, delightedly, I received a letter from the Bureau appointing me as a Special Employee, effective October 5, 1925, with a starting/ <sup>yearly</sup> salary of \$2100. I shall always be grateful for Parley's help. I was assigned to the Bureau's Washington Field Office; received a per diem allowance for meals and lodging when away from headquarters and my transportation expenses were defrayed by the federal government. I was furnished an identification card signed by the Director and was assigned a desk in the Field Office. I recall that I could hardly wait to apprise my folks and Geneve of my good fortune, which I did by letter.

The Bureau of Investigation of the U.S. Department of Justice, was created by an act of Congress in 1924. It was charged with the investigation of a wide variety of federal crimes, not specifically assigned to other governmental agencies. It did not investigate counterfeiting, liquor matters or narcotic violations. Among the types of cases most frequently handled by the Bureau were the interstate transportation of stolen motor vehicles, white slave traffic, impersonation of federal officers, crimes on Indian and other federal government reservations, crimes on the high seas, thefts from inter/<sup>state</sup> shipments, thefts of federal government property, antitrust, mail and bankruptcy frauds. Later, as bank robberies and kidnappings increased, Congress widened the Bureau's investigative jurisdiction and changed its name to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, more commonly known as the "FBI".

The Washington Field Office, to which I was assigned, comprised the District of Columbia and surrounding states. For the first couple of weeks I was kept busy familiarizing myself with the Bureau's rules and regulations and learning the elements involved in the various offenses within its jurisdiction.

My first investigative assignments were quite routine -- checking government records on leads received from other field offices and the like. I did handle a white slave traffic act case and recall doing some work in Baltimore, Maryland.

Some-time the latter part of November 1925, word was received from home that father was seriously ill and that the end was near. The matter was discussed with the Director who kindly gave me a transfer to the San Francisco Field Office, with permission to stop-over a few days in Salt Lake City. I arrived home December 4th. Unfortunately, father was not conscious and passed away the following day. It was a very sad time for all family members. As he was so well known and liked in the Holladay area, the funeral was well-attended and the tributes paid him were well earned.

I remained home with mother a few days and spent as much time as I could with Geneve. We had long discussions as to our future plans which included, I believe, our becoming engaged as soon as I could get situated in California. There was absolutely no question about it, we were in love.

After reporting to the San Francisco Bureau Office, I located and rented a two-room apartment at 1516 Fell Street, over-looking the pan-handle of Golden Gate Park. The owners, -~~a~~ Mr. and Mrs. Batseire, french catholics, and their daughter Loretta, about five years old, lived in the back rooms of the large apartment and owned and operated a laundry in San Francisco. My apartment was just one block from 1649 Hayes Street, the headquarters of the San Francisco Conference of the California Mission. With the encouragement of Sister Reeder, the mission mother there, I made arrangements to take my morning and evening meals with the missionaries and even ended up with my helping out with street meetings in the tough mission street district of the city, when my work activities would permit.

At the San Francisco Field Office, located in the Federal Building just off Market Street, I reported to the Special Agent in Charge, was introduced to Agent and Clerical personnel and assigned a desk. As I recall, there were eight or ten Agents and the investigative area extended to Fresno on the south, to the Oregon State line on the north and to Lovelock, Nevada on the east. The Pacific Ocean on the west provided some interesting maritime investigations, including crimes on the high seas. I was immediately assigned general criminal investigative cases within the Bureau's jurisdiction. This/required the investigation of the offense or matter involved; the location and interviewing of potential witnesses and subjects involved; the presenting of cases to the United States Attorney; the filing of criminal complaints before the United States Commissioner and the preparation of investigative and summary reports. It was also necessary, to testify before Federal Grand Juries, and as a prosecution witness in Federal Court trials. I was busy, particularly in the learning process. Realizing that I would be unable to attend law school on a regular basis, I took in a few evening law discussions at the Golden Gate College in San Francisco, and pursued



home study of a very infor<sup>m</sup>ative law book entitled, "Legal Reasoning and Briefing", which I found very beneficial.

After working-hours and on off-days, I visited quite frequently with Geneve's brother Eugene, who lived and worked across the bay in Oakland. He was as fine a man as I ever met. We had some long talks and good times together. I also spent quite a bit of time with the missionaries. The Batseires', where I resided in San Fransico, although devout catholic and knowing I was a mormon, were most friendly and treated me like a family member. Rather frequently when I returned home in the evening their five year old daughter, Loretta, would be waiting for me and we would take long walks in Golden Gate Park. She was a cute tyke.

I feel it would be quite inappropriate in this highlight history to spend much time on my investigative exploits. However, this first one of note might be of possible interest. However, I should first like to mention that during the first years of the Bureau it's personnel, although authorized to conduct investigations, were not empowered to make arrests <sup>later</sup> or carry firearms. This authority was granted by Congress. In the meantime the Bureau was dependent on local police agencies for cooperation in making the ar<sup>r</sup>est after the wanted person was located. In the above mentioned investigation, which involved the interstate transportation of a stolen automobile from Denver to San Francisco, I had identified the subject as a young Italian fellow and learned that he was to meet a friend on a particular street corner in the city at a certain time of day. I obtained the cooperation of a couple of plain-clothes police detectives who were to conceal themselves close by and make the arrest. Unfortunately, the wiley subject, who at one time had sold newspapers in front of the St. Francis Hotel in the city, recognized the officers and fled before they could arrest him. This presented a problem as I had been unable to learn where he wa living. Through futher investigation I learned, however, that the subject had an American Express package, shipped from Denver, waiting for him at the local express office. I discussed my strategy with the Special Agent in Charge; talked him out of a .38 revolver he kept in his desk; obtained the cooperation of the express people in letting me put on a sun visor and sitting at the counter with their other employees. When the subject came in to pick up his package I had him accompany me down to the basement to identify it. There I covered him with my borrowed gun, identified myself and <sup>searched and</sup> detained him until a traffic officer on the corner could be summoned to arrest and take him to jail. Incidentally, the officer later informed me that this incident helped him get a promotion. My Special Agent in Charge, bless his heart, submitted a favorable effi<sup>ciency</sup> report to the Bureau on my work in general. As a result, I received a letter from the Director, enclosing a letter from U.S. Attorney General William D. Mitchell, dated March 20, 1926, changing my designation from Special Employee to Special Agent, effective April 1, 1926. A little later an increase in salary was forthcoming. My written credentials now read, "Special Agent", as well as my new badge.

With good behavior, I was able to get a few days off work in the early spring of 1926. Preparatory, I had made the acquaintance of a friendly jeweler, on Market Street near the office, who helped me select a nice diamond ring, for which I completed payment just before my brief leave of absence. After a short visit with mother, upon arriving home, I called at the Jacobs' residence in the evening and proposed marriage to Geneve. She was agreeable, but as was customary, said that I would have to obtain permission from her father. Having had a good rapport with the family, I felt confident but a little timid. However, I boldly asked him for his daughter's hand in marriage. Preliminary to the answer, he told me of Geneve's sterling qualities, all of which I was fully aware, and then continued his recitation. When he had finished, I rather timidly said, "Brother Jacobs, my mother thinks a lot of me, too." Fortunately, we both laughed and he gave his permission. I then returned to the front room where I had left Geneve, placed the diamond on her ring finger and we were engaged to be married. That was a happy day, for sure. No wedding date was set. Geneve, who was cashiering and doing some modeling work, for Penneys, wanted to continue there a while longer and get her ward-robe completed. I wanted to become a little better established in my work in San Francisco, and to improve my financial status. Then too, Geneve's sister, Lucile, just older than she, was to marry Kenneth Erickson in June.

After I returned to San Francisco, Geneve and I exchanged considerable correspondence discussing our work, social activities, future plans and the like. Finally, August 3, 1926, was selected as our marriage date. I arranged with my friendly jeweler for a suitable wedding ring to match the engagement ring, obtained a few days leave and returned to Salt Lake City. I had previously determined that I would have to obtain our marriage license from the Salt Lake County Clerk's Office and that William Tanner, who lived in Geneve's Ward, and was a good friend of the Jacobs family, worked in the Clerk's Office. We were not acquainted at that time. Feeling in a happy mood, I went directly to the Clerk's Office and asked for Mr. Tanner. I identified myself as a Government Agent; stated that I had learned that he was acquainted with the Jacobs family, and accordingly, commenced asking him as to the reputation and character of individual members. After he got through telling what a wonderful girl Geneve was, I thanked him for his cooperation and informed that I wished to obtain a license to marry her. I thought for a moment he was going to climb over the counter but he didn't. From then on, it was a subject of conversation whenever we met.

This was a glorious but rather hectic time, particularly for Geneve and her family. Her father, who was working for Harry Madsen, owner of the Madsen Furniture Company in Salt Lake City, was given the use of Harry's Pierce Arrow automobile. Inasmuch as the Salt Lake LDS Temple was closed for temple work at that particular time, we drove to Logan, where Geneve obtained her endowment. I had previously obtained mine before going on my mission.

The following announcements appeared in the society columns of the two Salt Lake City Newspapers: "Miss Geneve Jacobs, a bride-elect will be guest of honor at a dinner at the Hotel Utah, to be given Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. H. Harry Madsen. Miss Jacobs will be married to Jay C. Newman in the Salt Lake Temple, Tuesday Morning. After the wedding a reception will be held at the Judge Clayton home for the two immediate families. Wednesday morning ~~morning~~ the young couple will leave for San Francisco to live." "Mr. and Mrs. H. Harry Madsen will entertain Monday evening at a dancing party on the roof garden of the Hotel Utah, in honor of Miss Geneve Jacobs, whose marriage takes place Tuesday to Jay C. Newman. Miss Jacobs is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E.E. Jacobs of 1551 South Third East street", The dinner-dance on the roof garden of the Hotel Utah, was a gala affair. The Madsens had invited quite a number of their influential friends and we received a lot of fine ~~expresents,~~ <sup>as</sup> we also did at the reception following the wedding. By special permission of the Church Authorities, <sup>Geneve and I</sup> ~~we~~ were married in the Salt Lake Temple August 3, 1926, by Elder George F. Richards, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. That was a most inspiring ceremony. I have always contended that the smartest thing I ever did in my whole life was to marry this choice, lovely girl, who was <sup>to be</sup> my adorable wife and companion for nearly fifty-three years.

Our wedding reception was a joyous, get-acquainted affair. What happened right afterward, though, was rather hectic. Geneve's brother, Clarence, had avowed that he and his pals were going to kidnap the bride. They did a good job in soaping and daubing up my brother Bert's Chevrolet car I had borrowed for the occasion. By a ruse of some sort Geneve and I made it to our car and started toward town, with Clarence and his buddies right after us in another car. By a stroke of luck, we cut-distanced them on Capitol Hill, drove into a darkened drive-way, turned off our lights <sup>car</sup> and watched them go by. When we considered it safe to do so, we parked our <sup>then</sup> on the street near fifth east and south temple streets, took a cab to the rear of the Hotel Utah; <sup>operator</sup> tipped the freight elevator to take us to the floor on which I had previously rented a nice room under an assumed name. We then called it a day.

A day or so after our marriage, we packed our belongings, bid goodby to our folks and left by pullman for San Francisco.



FAMILY BACKGROUND AND EARLY LIFE OF GENEVE JACOBS NEWMAN

Geneve was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, July 3, 1904, the daughter of Ernest Eugene Jacobs and Annie Eliza Brown Jacobs.. She was blessed September 2, 1904, by George Burbidge, and given the name, Annie Geneve Jacobs. She was baptised May 3, 1913, by George Osguthorpe and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Dau Saints May 4, 1913, by Jacob Mauss. She was the middle of the family. Older, were Eugene Brown, born May 4, 1899, Lucile Brown, born January 5, 1900, and Lawrence Brown, born August 9, 1902. Lawrence died when he was about a year old. Younger than Geneve, were Clarence Brown, born September 19, 1905, Frances Eliza, born October 18, 1908, and Margaret Brown, born February 13, 1913. From hisorical notes she left and from conversations we had down through the years, concerning her early life, the following interesting facts evolved:

She stated that she came into the world, not as a healthy baby, but one who needed much care; that a couple of years earlier her brother Lawrence had died from what they believed might possibly have been cholera and they believed she might possibly have the same ailment. This is not very likely, however, as this disease, according to medical books, was pretty well confined to south-east Asia. Geneve's parents were greatly concerned and gave her the best attention they could. Her grandmother on her mothers side, Eliza Lester Brown, who was married to James Stephens Brown, also assisted in taking care of her during this crucial period. This was a most difficult time for Mother and Father Jacobs. They had lost Lawrence; another baby, Clarence, was born fourteen months after Geneve and about this time Father Jacobs came down with typhoid fever. Consequently, Grandmother Brown took Geneve to her home until she was about four years old. During this time Geneve was taken home daily to see her folks. Her health finally improved and she returned home to live. Many times Geneve expressed to me and others the great love she had for her parents for bringing her into the world and, in spite of all the health problems she caused them, showing her their deep love and affection. She also expressed her gratitude and sincere love for her Grandmother Brown and for Aunt Ada, who helped to take care of her during this trying period.

When Geneve was four years old, her father commenced building the house at 1551 South third East. For about a year before the family could move in, they rented one on Bryan Avenue between fourth and fifth east. When the kitchen, bedroom and back-porch of the new frame home were finished, the family moved in. The floors were not down in the living and dining rooms until a while later. She recalled that at age five she and her brother, Clarence, fourteen months younger, helped in moving things from the rented house to the new one. Their mother would fill up a large wicker baby buggy with things to be moved. They would push and pull it a block and a half to the new home where their Dad would unload it and send them back for another load. They thought that was great fun. All the children in the family slept on the screened-in back porch, summer and winter. During the latter they would take warm bricks to bed which added to their comfort.

Snow presented a little problem to this screened-porch sleeping as it would blow in on the bed occupants. However, they would pull the covers up around their faces tighter, and go to sleep.

In addition to building the new house, Geneve's father also built, and for many years, operated a grocery store on this same lot, which was just across the street from the Whittier Grade School.

When school commenced in the fall, Geneve and Clarence started together in kindergarten. She vividly recalled that first day, as the students were required to lie down on the floor. She was inwardly indignant as she was wearing a beautiful new dress and thought she shouldn't have been requested to do that. Later on, she became ill again and had to be kept out of school the rest of the year. She was able to return the next year and attend regularly until she graduated. She recalled that her sixth grade teacher was Miss Crab, who was not at all like her name. She liked her very much, also, a Miss Tyree, who taught one of her other grades. Geneve's Uncle, Mark Brown, was Principal of this school.

From the Whittier School, Geneve attended the West High School. While here she made some very fine, lasting friends.

In discussing ~~our~~ early life activities, it was readily apparent that the most enjoyable were those engaged in with her closely-knit family. She spoke of the fun-times they had when her Dad would hitch the horse to the delivery wagon and they would go on a picnic to Liberty Park or some other local place of interest. She particularly mentioned their summer visits to the three-acre fruit farm of her Uncle "Zem" Brown and Aunt "Em" and Geneve's Cousins, located on thirty-third South at Eleventh East, just in front of the big "Brick Yard". She also fondly recalled their visits to the home of her Aunt Ada and Uncle Harold Grant, located on Fourteenth East, near Thirteenth South, and their sleigh rides down the hill in the winter-time. She was particularly fond of Aunt Ada, who was her Mother's sister. She also mentioned affectionately her early-life contacts with Aunt Emma Brown, who lived with the Grants and who had taught school for years.

In discussing together our early-life experiences, it was obvious that I had too many trial and error situations. In disgust, I asked Geneve if at some time she had not done something which knowingly and absolutely was wrong. She replied, after a moment's thought, that she and her brother, Clarence, when they were about six and five years old, respectively, had found some matches and decided to make a bonfire. They got some paper and sticks of wood and lit a match but the wind put it out. They then moved their base of operations -- paper, sticks and all to a location under the house at a point where the building work had not been completed. Here, they were successful in getting the fire started and as it blazed up they were interrupted by a passer-by, who observed the operation, extinguished the fire and informed their father, who was busy elsewhere in the yard. He, promptly, not only took away their candy allowance, but gave each of them a whack or two. Although this recitation made me feel a little better, I still

had to face the fact that this occurred before Geneve had reached the age of accountability, which is eight years.

When she reached age sixteen, she started to work at the J.C. Penney Store, which at that time, was located in down-town Salt Lake City, on State Street. At first, she just clerked there on Saturdays and after school. Later, she worked full time. She didn't like clerking and one incident made her dislike it more. She was waiting on a rather stylishly dressed, somewhat demanding sort of woman, and had made a mistake of cutting a piece of material a little longer than was requested. The woman made such a fuss over the matter that the department manager had to come over and calm her down. That was the final straw. The store manager, without criticizing Geneve, put her in as store cashier. Years later, when she and I were dating, I introduced her to my family members. Much to her horror, <sup>she recognized</sup> Miranda, a sister-in-law, my brother Rube's wife, as the woman with whom she had had the confrontation. Geneve wondered what type of family she was getting in, but said nothing. Like most of us, Miranda had her faults, but as we got better acquainted with her, Geneve and I found out that she possessed some sterling qualities too, foremost of which were her tireless working ability and her helpfulness to others.

Geneve demonstrated a great deal of respect and love toward her father and he toward her. When she would get through work late at night, he would meet her at the street-car stop on fifth east to make sure she got home safe and sound. She had close affinity with her wonderful mother, and was one of those present who witnessed the following healing incident recorded in the book entitled, "Modern Miracles", compiled by Jeremiah Stokes:

"Sister Annie Brown Jacobs, wife of Ernest E. Jacobs, a splendid woman and mother of a grown family, had been sick for eight or nine months with high blood pressure which brought on other ailments and a nervous breakdown.

She is an exceptionally faithful woman, having devoted most of her later years to Relief Society work. At the time she was taken ill, she was first counselor to the President of the Relief Society of the Whittier Ward, in Salt Lake City, but on account of her poor state of health, she had to be released. During all the time of her illness, her eldest daughter took the responsibility of the housework, Sister Jacobs being unable to attend to these duties herself. For weeks at a time she would be in bed, suffering intensely and often going into a partial coma.

The Elders were called in frequently and administered to her. This always brought temporary relief. A week before the 31st day of January, 1926, Sister Jacobs became worse than she had ever been before. The doctors said they had done everything they could for her and gave the family no hopes of her recovery.

<sup>had</sup>  
The family/decided to hold a special fast day and, at the suggestion of Brother Thomas T. Larrabee, the ward bishopric decided to cooperate with



them and hold a special fast day service for her recovery. And, on the day appointed, which was on Sunday at 2 o'clock p.m. the meeting was held at the home of Sister Jacobs.

There were present: (Here the Compiler lists 39 friends and relatives. For the sake of brevity, I shall name only a few: Bishop and Mrs. Thomas E. Towler, William C. Tanner and Clara Tanner, Fred W. Schwendiman, Patriarch Harrison Sperry and his wife, Bishop Jacob Mauss and Mrs. Mauss, 4 of Sister Jacobs' sisters, her husband and 5 of their children, namely, Lucile, Geneve, Clarence, Frances and Margaret.)

The people were assembled in two rooms that opened into one, and Mrs. Jacobs was confined to her bed at one end of the room. Bishop Thomas E. Towler had charge of the meeting. After singing, "I know That My Redeemer Lives," the opening prayer was offered by Bishop Mauss. Bishop Towler then commented upon the faithfulness of the Jacobs family and of their good works, after which, the song, "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire," was sung. It was then announced that the time would be given over to testimony bearing.

Nearly every one present bore a testimony of instances wherein the Spirit of the Lord had been made manifest. It was a wonderful meeting, a spiritual feast, the like of which we had never before witnessed.

Patriarch Harrison Sperry, then 94 years of age, having been baptized 86 years before at Nauvoo, Illinois, spoke near the beginning of the meeting. He related how he, when thirteen years old, saw the Prophet Joseph Smith, shook hands with him, felt his arms around his <sup>sad</sup> shoulders and his fingers running through his hair; and how he remembered the/day of the martyrdom.

He told of the incident wherein Elijah Fordham was instantly raised from his sick bed by the Prophet and immediately went with him to administer to others who were afflicted. He also related the circumstance of his being present when the mantle of Joseph fell upon Brigham Young and of the wonderful spirit that was present on that memorable occasion.

After all had spoken, Sister Jacob's bed was moved to the center of the room and we all stood up in a circle around it. Elder Charles M. Nokes and Patriarch Sperry officiated in the administration. After Brother Sperry finished his prayer, the gift of tongues came to him and he spoke about a half minute. The interpretation was: "The voice of the Lord is heard among you. He is pleased with the fasting and prayers of this people, and with the devotion and faith of Brother and Sister Jacobs and, because of this, she shall be made whole."

Brother Sperry then turned to Sister Jacobs and said, "Sister Jacobs, arise. Brother Jacobs, take her. She is healed."

She arose and Brother Jacobs took her in his arms. She then stood up and testified that she felt well and strong. Then she embraced her children. There were not only tears in the eyes of all present, but many cried and sobbed, so great was the manifestation of the Lord's spirit and power.

Sister Jacobs did not return to her bed, but mingled with those present until they departed. The next day she resumed her household duties. The following Tuesday evening, Bishop Towler and his counselor, William C. Tanner, called to see her and found her well, sitting at the table reading to her daughter Margaret. At that time, this remarkable healing was discussed and Brother Towler asked Sister Jacobs how she knew she had been healed. She replied that she felt the power of the Spirit of the Lord so forcibly that she knew she had received the blessing promised her."

Geneve's mother lived a little over <sup>eleven</sup> ~~fourteen~~ years, following this remarkable healing incident, She died <sup>July 12, 1937.</sup> ~~September 25, 1949~~. On several occasions, Geneve, who was present at her mother's healing, verbally informed me of the details, all of which are in harmony with those recorded above.

Geneve's Grandfathers, on both her mother's and father's sides, were quite illustrious individuals. Grandfather James Stephens Brown, born in Davidson County, North Carolina July 4, 1828, was a member of the Mormon Battalion and during his later-life, served at least twelve missions for the Church. These were mainly to South Pacific Islands and to Indian Tribes. He died in 1902.

Grandfather Zebulon Jacobs, was born January 2, 1842, at Nauvoo, Illinois, and was a very young boy at the time of the exodus from Nauvoo. He traveled with his family by wagon from Winter Quarters to the Salt Lake Valley in the spring of 1848. Later in life, he became a Railroad Engineer and later, a Guard at the Utah State Penitentiary. While serving in the latter capacity, a prison break occurred. One of the fleeing convicts fired at him. Miraculously, the bullet struck his gold pocket-watch and his life was spared.

These few highlights were gleaned by me from brief histories of her Grandfathers, compiled in 1975, by Geneve, from family data and from brief penciled diary notes of Zebulon Jacobs. As of possible historical interest, after the death of Geneve's father, September 25, 1940, she fell heir to a real honest-to-goodness cannon, which belonged to Zebulon. It is 20 inches long, 7 inches wide, has an inch and a half bore and weighs 46 pounds. It was originally mounted securely on a railroad tie. Tradition has it that while Zebulon was a Railroad Engineer, he carried this cannon on the engine's cow-catcher, and that on special occasions, such as the Fourth of July, he would fire it to celebrate the event and for the amusement of people in the small communities through which the train passed. This was done by loading the weapon with black powder, tamping wadding in and then igniting a fuse inserted in the small hole on top at the rear. This cannon, mounted on a beautiful hardwood base, designed and constructed by our nephew, T. Jay Newman, is now gracing a planter in the front room of our home.

Among the personal historical notes penned by Geneve, she mentions having become acquainted with Henry Waterman when they worked at Penney's in Salt Lake City. He was also attending school part-time. They went together about two years. Waterman returned to his home in Hannibal, Missouri. Much to the relief of her parents, she broke off the engagement by letter to him on a Wednesday, and the following Sunday, which was Easter she met me. She added a little note on June 7, 1977, which I want to make sure you will see. She said she had been going with me, "for fifty-two years and had enjoyed every minute of it." May I add, that no one ever had a more beautiful, devoted wife than she.

#### COMBINED PERSONAL HISTORY HIGHLIGHTS

Just before completing the highlights of my family background and early life, I told of Geneve's and my engagement, marriage and leaving Salt Lake City by pullman for San Francisco.

When our train arrived in Oakland, we boarded a ferryboat to take us across the bay. We commenced breakfast in the cafe on the lower deck but the motion of the waves was a little too much for Geneve. She became sea-sick and we had to return to the upper deck. This was her first real boat ride.

San Francisco was really something to behold, with it's Ferry Building, Market Street, Cable cars, Fisherman's Warf, Golden Gate Park, Chinatown and dozens of other points of interest.

We spent the first night in San Francisco in my apartment at 1516 Fell Street, across from the panhandle of Golden Gate Park. The next day we took in some of the city's sights and I had the proud distinction of introducing my lovely bride to the missionaries and others at the LDS Mission Home. We then left for Oakland to find an apartment.

Although the FBI Office was in the Post Office Building in San Francisco, our desire to live across the bay in Oakland, was due to our having relatives there, namely, Geneve's brother Eugene and his wife Blanche, and Geneve's sister Lucile and her husband Kenneth Erickson. Eugene was a delivery man for a bakery. Ken, I believe, managed the garage in the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. According to a notation by Geneve, our first apartment in Oakland was at 1427-5th Avenue. Later there, we lived in the London Court Apartments, 2125 Harrison Boulevard.

A day or so after getting settled in Oakland, I had to get back to work. If any, it was a brief honeymoon. However, on non-work days, we had some great times with our relatives there. I particularly recall the delicious family dinners and the trips we took through California's redwoods. Those were really fun days.

Geneve and Lucile, who were always close, as sisters, had "a lark" taking in the sights, particularly in San Francisco. One night when I came home from work,



Geneve told me of a trip the two of them had taken through Chinatown, and how frightened they were. A few days later I learned ~~that~~ that as a result of their having responded to a newspaper real estate ad a nice appearing salesman had taken them for a drive and a tour of a new sub-division several miles away; further, that this accommodating fellow had an appointment to pick them up the following morning and tour another new sub-division. Detecting rather easily that two young good looking girls were a bit naive, I contacted Ken, and the appointment was canceled. Shortly after this, a news item was observed in one of the local papers that a young girl had been molested in the general area of the sub-divisions.

While in the Oakland-San Francisco <sup>area,</sup> we purchased our first family automobile. It was a used Chrysler "58" Sedan. It seemed mighty good to have a car to get around in.

My investigative work covered a rather wide range of federal law violations, principally, ~~thefts~~ from interstate shipments, ~~thefts~~ of government property, interstate transportation of stolen automobiles, white slave traffic act violations and the like. I covered northern California chiefly, with a lot of my work centering around Sacramento, where I filed complaints before the United State Commissioner, appeared before Federal Grand-juries and testified in Federal Court as a prosecution witness. I well remember my first appearance before a Federal Grand Jury, which consists of from twelve to eighteen jurors, one of whom serves as foreman. The United States Attorney or an Assistant is present and calls in the <sup>investigative</sup> witnesses. After the presentation of each case the witness is asked to leave the jury room and the jurors decide whether or not a federal indictment should be returned. After I had presented all of my cases and was preparing to leave the building, the grand jury foreman had me called back. As I looked into the faces of these serious-minded men, I wondered what act of perjury I had committed. They let me wonder for what seemed to be a very long moment. The sober faces of the jurors then turned to smiles and the jury foreman said they had called me back to congratulate me on my excellent presentation; that I was the youngest investigator who had appeared before them and that I had done the best job. I felt very relieved and slept well that night.

Inasmuch as Geneve was alone quite a bit during the week, I used to take her with me to Sacramento occasionally. Our favorite trip was to leave San Francisco by ferryboat at 8:00 P.M., glide rather silently up the Sacramento River and arrive in Sacramento at 8:00 A.M. Breakfast aboard was excellent. On one of our trips, we never forgot, I had to interview an inmate at Folsom Prison, a penal institution for hardened criminals, located about 20 miles from Sacramento. Inasmuch as we were returning to San Francisco that evening, we did not engage a hotel room. I rented a car and took Geneve with me. A guard at the first gate of the prison said I could park the car in a parking space just inside of the gate and <sup>Geneve</sup> could stay in it. With my credentials, I was admitted through the main

gate and a guard escorted me to the warden's office. Enroute I observed one of the prisoners in the exercise yard standing on his head and commented that he did that pretty well. The guard remarked, "He ought to, he has been doing it for twenty years." After completing my prisoner interview, a guard escorted me back to my car where I found Geneve safe and sound. We returned to Sacramento and that evening to San Francisco. So far, the trip to Folsom Prison doesn't sound very exciting. However, two days later the inmates rioted and several prisoners and guards were killed; further, several prisoners escaped but were later apprehended.

One day early in January, 1927, I received a telephone call from David Haymore, a native of Arizona, who was serving as President of the San Francisco Conference of the California Mission. This Conference covered the entire bay area, including San Francisco and Oakland. President Haymore had his office in the Hayes Street Branch Chapel at 1649 Hayes Street in San Francisco. He inquired if I would call to see him. I replied that I would be glad to do so. However, I was puzzled as to why he wanted to see me. I found him to be a mature, quiet, friendly individual. We talked about the Hayes Street Branch and its officers. I thought it strange that I should be consulted on these matters as Geneve and I were members of the Oakland Branch. Finally I was informed that Brother Joseph Mc Murrin, the Mission President, was contemplating changing the Presidency of the Hayes Street Branch and that I had been selected to be the new President. After I came to, I began to explain my somewhat transient situation in life. I dwelt at length on my limited experience in church affairs, my recent marriage, my law course and finally upon the fact that I was an outside man and might not receive whole-hearted support from the branch members. President Haymore, who was a good listener, informed that I would be contacted a little later when I felt better about the matter. A couple of evenings later Geneve and I attended a special meeting in the Oakland Branch Chapel. I was called on to speak. At the close of the meeting Conference President Haymore and W. Aird Macdonald, President of the Oakland Branch, desired a conference with me. Geneve was asked to join us. Both of the brethren mentioned, and my adorable wife, urged that I accept the call. I did so. Shortly after this we moved from Oakland to San Francisco; the Presidency of the Hayes Street Branch <sup>was</sup> ~~were~~ released at a meeting presided over by California Mission Authorities, and my counselors and I were sustained and set apart as the new Presidency. It was a fine branch, composed of wonderful helpful members. We soon had the various auxiliary organizations re-staffed and running smoothly. In a letter to my folks, which was saved for me, I made the following confession: "If the men who are handling the Church affairs in this part of the world consider that I am capable of filling a position such as this, I am certainly willing to try. However, I am cognizant of my inability at the present time but no doubt will feel entirely different when I get started in spiritual affairs once more. Lately, I have been somewhat drifting with the tide." You may rest assured that with all the responsibilities I seemed to have, I spent

considerable time on my knees.

Upon moving from Oakland to San Francisco, we took up our residence in a new apartment building located, I believe, at 345 Fulton Street. We were a half dozen blocks or so from the Hayes Street Branch Chapel and a mile or two from the Post Office Building. A couple of incidents occurred which we remembered well. The first was a fire in our kitchen which resulted from the towel rack being built too close to the stove. This was quickly extinguished by the fire department and the apartment management paid for the damage and corrected the defect. The second happening was a burglary. We had just returned from a brief trip to Salt Lake City. We left our bags in the apartment packed and went over to Oakland for dinner with the Ericksons. When we returned, we found that a burglar had entered our fourth or fifth floor apartment through a kitchen window from a nearby fire escape. He must have made his escape as we were entering the apartment as the place had not been ransacked. Two of our packed bags were missing, a small kitchen/<sup>window</sup> was open and a sizeable muddy shoe-print left in our sink. We learned that, although rather costly, this is one way of our getting some new clothes.

On July 9, 1927, Rudger Clawson and George Albert Smith of the Quorum of the Twelve, arrived in Oakland from Salt Lake City, to organize a new stake. They conducted meetings in Oakland and San Francisco, advising the members that on the following day, the proposition that members of the Church in the Bay area be organized into a Stake, would be acted upon in meetings to be held in the Oakland Branch Chapel. All members were urged to be present. The first of these two meetings was held at 10:00 A.M./<sup>Sunday</sup> July 10th. The second meeting at 2:00 P.M. The Chapel was filled to overflowing at both meetings, with 756 persons at the morning session. Interest ran high. Elder Clawson put the proposition of forming a new Stake to a vote. The vote was unanimous in the affirmative. Much to my pleasure, this new 99th Stake in the Church, was given the name "San Francisco". The new Presidency consisted of W. Arid Macdonald, President, J. Edward Johnson, First Counselor and Eugene Hilton, Second Counselor. Hugh P. Anderson, was named Stake Clerk. Ten Wards made up the new Stake, with San Francisco being the largest.

On this same day, Sunday, July 10, 1927, I was ordained and set apart as Bishop of the San Francisco Ward by Elder Rudger Clawson, of the Quorum of the Twelve. My Counselors were George Scott, and a Brother Larkin, whose first name momentarily escapes me. Reuben Cardwell, was Ward Clerk.

In a letter to my mother, dated at San Francisco, July 12, 1927, which she saved for me, I told her she then had a Bishop in the family, and related some of the details mentioned above. I told of my desire to do a good job in this new calling and wondered what I would do if I received a transfer to another Bureau Office. I expressed hope that I would not be transferred, adding that some of the Special Agents had been there for several years. In my letter to mother, I also stated: " Now, for the next surprise. On or about September 6th we are expecting a little Jay C. Jr., or an Annie Geneve. We haven't decided as yet, which.



Geneve is feeling fine and the doctor informs she is in splendid physical condition. Her mother was not altogether surprised as she had had a couple or three dreams relative to a new grandchild down here. Geneve worries very little, has had little, if any, trouble since she commenced her new line of endeavor and is just as happy as she can be. Of course, I'm no funeral myself. She is busy making baby clothes and when I tell her that she should wait to see whether its a boy or girl, she wont listen but keeps right on sewing. Sometime ago we purchased a Singer Sewing Machine, and, if I do say it myself, she is quite a seamstress." <sup>in my letter</sup>

I also mentioned/something that mother already knew, namely, that Geneve is surely a dear, sweet, adorable wife; further, that everyone, where ever we go, is impressed with her pleasing personality and splendid qualities.

Needless to say, I was kept pretty busy with my Bureau job and this new church assignment. It was necessary for me to be away from San Francisco on road trips a couple of days or so during the week. Evenings, while there, as well as Sundays and other non-work days, usually found us engaged in church activities. Geneve played an important role in young people's programs and we had some very enjoyable dances and dinners.

Geneve didn't wait until September 6th to have the baby. It arrived August 19, 1927, at the Leland Stanford University Hospital in San Francisco -- a healthy , good looking, dark-haired boy, who, in due course, at a fast-day sacrament meeting in the San Francisco Ward, was blessed and given the name Jay Clarence Newman, Jr. Geneve got along very well, having been attended by a Doctor George, an excellent Obstetrician. We were very happy, grateful parents. Geneve's mother in Salt Lake City, who had been kept advised of developments, was most gracious in spending a couple of weeks with us. She was most helpful. (INSERT 32A)

As a matter of history, on April 18, 1906, twenty years before we took up our residence in San Francisco, the city was pretty well reduced to rubble and ashes/ <sup>by an earth-quake and fire.</sup> The loss in life and property damage was tremendous. One of the few buildings not seriously damaged was the Postoffice Building, where the Bureau now maintained its office. Quite a sizeable crack in the building was noticeable. <sup>particular</sup> Due to the earth's/structure on California's west coast, the area is considered some-what susceptible to quakes. A couple of slight ones occured while we were there. One morning, as Geneve and I were having breakfast, the dishes on the table began to move about and some small flower pots on a window sill right in front of us suddenly swayed a bit. It lasted only a few seconds but gave us an eerie feeling. On another occasion, while I was stopping over-night in a hotel in Stockton, California, I was awakened about 4:00 A.M. by the open transom above the door banging back and forth and the bed moving a bit. I expected this disturbance to be the topic of conversation in the hotel cafe when I went down for breakfast. However, no one mentioned the incident. It was just business as usual. Upon returning to San Francisco, I learned that the tremor had just about toppled

Geneve's brother, Clarence Jacobs, who was a little younger than she, was serving an LDS Mission in Denmark, at the time young Jay was born. Clarence and Geneve had been close pals during their growing-up years. Upon receiving word of the new arrival, Clarence sent Geneve the following letter dated at Odense, Denmark,

Sept. 26, 1927: "Dearest Geneve - "Ma ma". Congratulations and many of them. May he give you your money's worth as long as he is able to cry and have you enjoy it.

Well Geneve, it is wonderful for you to step from just a plain, loveable wife (which I know you are) into motherhood. Say, what is the sensation, anyway?

Perhaps I am somewhat slow at passing my approval on the subject. If I may call "him" the subject, but I want you to know it had my approval right from the first, and I know just about you think of him, because I always did love children and one of your own is closer and somewhat different. What say? It may be true that you have taken up on yourself the title of "Mother", but I just can't get my brain working in the backward motion enough to fully appreciate the name, Mother, attached to seemingly baby sister "Geneve". But I'm proud to have you as a sister, as well as the other three. But furthermore, I am proud to call you a mother. That little word, Mother, means a lot if you stop to reason out the full meaning. I want to tell you what a poet thinks about the subject: "Mother",

How small the word - just "Mother."

And yet it means so very much.

It means a sweet smile tender,

And a soft and soothing touch.

It means a white soul, pure and true;

It means self-sacrifice clear through.

It means a great and heavy load,

Along a rough and tiring road,

Years of heart-ache and sorrow deep,

Nights devoid of needed sleep,

Days when life seems not worth while,

Days passed through with sunny smiles.

The wee little word just "Mother,"

Always thrills me through and through

Because when Junior hears it "Mother",

He will see a picture of you."

"Well Geneve dear, that is all the words that I can find to express my feelings but may the blessings of our kind Heavenly Father be poured out upon you in rich abundance and may the "Little" grow and have his heart's desire. I hope that is to fill a mission.

"I can only tell you how I am enjoying the work over here. It is sure one interesting piece of work, and a wonderful school room. The course takes all the way from two to two and a half years to complete, then we return home and practice what we preach. As the great man said, the present is the raw material. The past is the finished product. Finish forever for good or ill. No regret will ever enable us to relieve it. So, therefore I want to make hay while the sun shines.

"It seems like mother is having a good stay of it, but I know it will do her the world of good. I only wish dad was so he could come down and stay the last two weeks mother is there. I don't know how he is taking her staying away so long, because he has only written me once in ten months, and that was before mother came down. Give her the best time you can and treat her once for me, because we have undoubtedly the best mother in the world. Sometimes it takes something to wake us up

to the fact, but I have always thought so. The thinking has grown stronger and I know now, better than I ever did before. Dad's a brick also. He sure has stood by us kids. Just to remind you how mean we were, can you remember how the two little unknowing ones tried to set the house afire? Ha Ha.

"Tomorrow Bro. Thompson and I are starting out on a trip, per foot. We will be gone a couple of days, then come back and go out again in a different direction. This trip will be about forty miles in all. Tracting all the way, so we get enough exercise. In fact, I have walked more this summer than I have done any two whole years of my life. Sometimes it gets tiresome but that is not the worst. We have had so much rain this year that my feet have gone just like a duck's. You know, webs between my toes, so the rainy weather don't seem to effect me any more. I just go ahead and swim through it.

"Well, Geneve, I suppose this will tire you, but have patience. I don't write so often, but it is alright for a scrub, don't you think?

" please pardon penmanship, spelling and general mistakes, as this Danish is wrecking things good and proper. Boy it is terrible but I come home with a language all my own, so take up some kind of study. Till then, give Jay best regards and Jay Junior a good big kiss for me and one for yourself. Tell mother I am fine, and Margaret not to be so free at slinging her French. All the rest is to have my love. May God bless you all is my prayer. Your brother and proud uncle."

"Clarence"

P.S. "All the Elders send their regards, and remem<sup>ber</sup> me to the Elders in the orange groves. Love & more of it. C.B.J."



Geneve from bed at Eugene's and Blanche's in Oakland, where she was staying overnight during my absence. It was also determined that some of the residents of San Francisco, across the bay, expecting a heavy after-shock, had left their homes and started down the peninsula.

I recall another incident that might possibly be of some interest, as it brought to light some sort of phobia. It was during the hot summer, quite a while before air-conditioning. I was sleeping in a lower-berth of a pullman traveling one night from Fresno to Sacramento. It was extremely warm and the drapes were, of course, closed. Suddenly, I began fighting for air. By the time the pullman porter got to me I had jerked the drapes down and was dragging them down the aisle. As a result of this experience, I always, before air-conditioning came in vogue, took an upper berth where the circulation was better.

Things were going along fine in San Francisco. We were happy, Jay Jr. was a healthy, good-looking baby, when all of a sudden it happened -- I received a letter from Bureau Headquarters in Washington, D.C. transferring me to Portland, Oregon. This was in November 1927. It was quite a shock but not entirely unexpected, as in those days the Bureau was under-staffed and Special Agents had to be moved around to handle the increased investigative work in other territorial divisions.

I believe that the most difficult things we had to do were the notifying of the splendid Stake Presidency and leaving the wonderful, dedicated members of the San Francisco Ward. Claude W. Nalder, Superintendent of the Stake Sunday School, succeeded me as Bishop of the San Francisco Ward.

Within a few days after receiving the transfer orders, I had completed my report work at the office; we had notified the apartment owner; had packed our belongings in the Chrysler Sedan; had bid our relatives and friends goodbye and were on our way to Portland, Oregon.

In looking back on the past couple of years, we had much for which to be thankful; we had met, carried on a brief court-ship; had married and started a family; had been active in the Church; had made many fine friends and experienced a few difficulties. Then too, I had a promotion in my Bureau work from Special Employee to Special Agent and an increase in annual salary from \$2100 to \$2400, which was not bad in those days.

Our travel to Portland was most scenic, particularly through California's huge, towering redwoods. We traveled the coastal route as much as possible. Upon arrival in Portland, Oregon, we received a most unusual welcome. As we approached the down-town area, and turned onto a rather narrow street, we noted that our's was the only vehicle traveling in our direction. Almost immediately a traffic officer had us pull over to the curb and informed us we were going the wrong way on a one way street. Our out-of-state license plate saved us from getting a traffic ticket.

The first night there we stayed in a hotel and the next morning I reported in at the Portland Bureau Office located in the Postoffice Building. I found the

Special Agent in Charge, H.G. Hancock, to be a very friendly, business-like man, who had at one time practiced dentistry in Omaha, Nebraska. There were only a few Special Agents in this Division, which comprised the State of Oregon. I recall 2 or 3, off-hand. One was Pat Marrinan, an old timer who had been Chief of Police of Portland; Tom Word, an oldster, who had been a County Sheriff and O.C. Dewey, a younger fellow than they, who had been a Naval Officer. I was assigned a desk and given time-off to find living quarters.

Without much difficulty Geneve, Junior and I rented a very nice furnished apartment at 738/<sup>E.</sup>Caruthers Street in Portland. It was in the nicest residential area of the city. It was a court composed of several one-floor apartments, occupied by young couples. We soon got acquainted with our next-door neighbors who we found to be very friendly. This situation made it particularly favorable during my frequent road-trip assignments. We soon located the chapel of the Portland Branch, Northwestern States Mission, and, public business permitting, were active members there. We were greatly impressed by the friendliness and helpfulness of the members. Although Portland has a lot of rain from November to about May, the period we lived there, you sort of get used to it and get so you gradually enjoy the fresh, clean moisture. Portland is rightly known as the "City of Roses" and every year the first of June pays homage to its favorite flower by holding an elaborate ten-day Rose Festival. Although we left Portland ~~before~~ a month or two before the 1928 festival, I had an opportunity to see it several years later while on special assignment in Portland. It was fantastic.

While residing in Portland we took in the sights of the city and trips east along the Columbia River Highway. The scenery is gorgeous, particularly the show-gardens in the Portland area.

Most of my investigative work was in Portland and close proximity. I recall a trip to the small town of Condon, Oregon, located in the north-central part of the state. It was in the early spring of 1928. It had rained for several days, then turned real cold. Ice formed on everything, communication and power lines broke down with the increased weight. The town was in complete darkness except for lamp-light here and there. The ice formation was called a silver thaw, the first I had seen. Although not connected with this trip, I want to mention that soon after arriving in Portland Mr. Hancock, my Special Agent in Charge, noticed that I did not smoke. Inasmuch as he considered this quite unusual and commendable, he commented to me about it and I took the opportunity of discussing the word of wisdom and the Church with him.

In March 1928, I was transferred by the Bureau <sup>have</sup> from Portland, Oregon to Seattle, Washington. We would/<sup>have</sup> preferred remaining in Portland where I believed conditions, socially and otherwise, would be better for Geneve and/<sup>our</sup> seven months old child, and where I hoped I could get in night classes at the Northwestern Law School. However, this was not to be so.

Our travel by automobile from Portland, Oregon to Seattle, Washington, on this transfer, was not particularly memorable, except for a heavy snow-storm at night which made visability about nil. We were glad to get into a Seattle hotel for the rest of the night. The following day I reported in at the Bureau office in the Douglas Building, one of the newer buildings in the city, and then Geneve, Junior and I went apartment hunting. We finally decided on a furnished one in the Del Roy Apartments, located just below West Queen-Ann Hill and only a few blocks from the Seattle Branch Chapel.

The Seattle Bureau Office covered the State of Washington and the Territory of Alaska, in its investigative responsibilities. The Special Agent in Charge was George Starr, a New Yorker, who had been an Army Officer. Although rather strict, he was an understanding individual and we got along fine. Later on, Thomas Tracy, also an easterner, replaced him. Later on, E.J. Connolley was Tracy's successor. Eventually, Connolley became an Assistant Director to Hoover, and supervised some of the big bank robbery and kidnapping cases of the thirties. Among the Special Agents in the Seattle Office I remember best were Rhea Whitley, a southerner, Gerald Norris, Joseph Wicks who was part Indian, William S. McKinley and John Seykora. I believe all had law degrees. I was accorded a warm welcome and greatly enjoyed my association with these Agents. Mary Bossi, I believe, headed the small clerical staff. She was a very efficient employee. Agent Norris and his wife, Loretta, who were both from Iowa, became very close friends of ours, as did also Seykora, who later married a chorus girl from St. Louis.

The first Sunday after our arrival/<sup>in Seattle,</sup> found Geneve, Sonny and I attending services at the Seattle Branch Chapel and getting acquainted with the church members. The Branch President, Delbert Rock, who later became very successful in the new super market and chain store ventures, soon put us to work. Geneve, who as usual, became instantaneously popular, was given jobs in the auxiliaries. I ended up as second counselor to President Rock, in the Branch Presidency. Alex Brown, who, in every-day life was branch manager for the Utah Woolen Mills, was first counselor. We became very close social friends with these fine brethren and their splendid wives. We also developed a close friend/<sup>ship</sup> with a young LDS couple, "Doc" Paschal and his wife, who lived in an apartment near ours. "Doc" was a mechanic in a garage nearby. We had some good times together. One thing for sure, if you are active in the Church, you have immediate, helpful friends wherever you go.

In my investigative assignments here I handled a wide variety of cases, many requiring federal prosecutive action in Seattle and Tacoma, Washington. I also seemed to/handling most of the leads requiring interviews with inmates of the United States Penitentiary at McNeil Island, accessible by boat a few miles west of Tacoma. The old Eskimo running the boat, who seldom spoke a word, had served twenty five years or so, having been convicted in the Territory of Alaska of killing his wife. He was finally paroled but after a short period of liberty asked to



to be taken back, saying he had no friends and couldn't make it on the outside. He was given back his old boat job.

for the rest of the night. The following day I reported in at the Bureau office in the Douglas Building, one of the newer buildings in the city, and then Geneva, Del Roy Apartments, located just below West Queen-Ann Hill and only a few blocks from the Seattle Branch Chapel.

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A case I had handled while assigned to the Portland Office had a development in the Seattle Division, which might be of interest. The case involved a rather good looking young man who, admittedly, was the renegade adopted son of a Canadian railroad Official. He was convicted in Federal Court in Portland, of having forged an able-bodied seaman's certificate and thereby gained employment on a ship on the high seas. He was given a year and a day in McNeil Island Penitentiary. About a year later while I was visiting this institution to conduct interviews, I observed him in the exercise yard. He was walking back and forth across the yard. Without attracting attention he informed me as he passed-by that he was being released from there in a week; that he would be held in a detention facility by the U.S. Immigration Authorities in Seattle; that he had some information of value to the Bureau and would telephone me from there. True to his word, he telephoned me. He was interviewed privately and furnished information of drug traffic which was verified through investigation and resulted in the conviction of the Warden's secretary, also a guard and a trusty. Such is life.

Confidential

While in Seattle the latter part of July, 1928, I received a communication from Laura Merrill, Logan, Utah, the mother of Asa J. Merrill, who had been one of my missionary companions in North Carolina. Sister Merrill, a fine woman, had not had an easy life. Her husband, a Professor at Utah State Agricultural College, died in the influenza epidemic on 1917. She had to obtain employment in order to support her family. A daughter, about seventeen, ran away from home with a circus clown who had come to town. Her immediate worry was that her youngest son, Criss, about fifteen years old, had run away and was believed to be "bumming" around Seattle. She pleaded with me to find him and have him return home. Geneve and I got in the car, rode around skid-row and finally found him. He was really a bum. We took him home, got him cleaned up, fumigated the place, fed him and discovered that he was a good-looking, curly-haired, smiling boy. He stayed with us a few days. Inasmuch as I had my work in pretty good condition and had some vacation leave coming, Geneve and I decided to visit our folks in Salt Lake City. We took the baby and Criss with us in the car, and dropped Criss off in Logan, to a grateful mother.

It seemed good to see our folks. I believe we arrived in the city in the last of August. ~~the~~ <sup>Twenty</sup> ~~time for the July/Fourth Parade.~~ We stayed with Geneve's folks and did a lot of resting/and visiting. We took in a few shows, a canyon trip or two, and, before we realized, our vacation was about over. Now was the time of decision - should Geneve and the baby remain with her folks the rest of the summer or should the three of us return to Seattle? Inasmuch as her mother was not feeling very well and I would be away from home on road trips, <sup>much of the time</sup> it was mutually decided that they should remain for a while. Parting was anything but pleasant.

A couple of my old missionaries accompanied me by automobile back to Seattle, Clifford Coon of Salt Lake City and Harry Syphus of Panaca, Nevada. Coon was then single, Syphus was married. The financial depression of the twenties had begun. Neither had been able to find employment in Salt Lake City. They hoped to find work in the northwest. Mrs. Syphus remained in Salt Lake City.

In Seattle, jobs were getting hard to find. I put the two of them up in my apartment for a couple of weeks. Finally, Coon landed a sales job with the Utah Woolen Mills, through Alex Brown of the Seattle Branch Presidency. One day Syphus informed me, when I arrived home from work, that he had just received a telegram requesting him to come home as his mother was seriously ill. Having no money, he asked me to loan him fifty dollars or so, saying he would return the loan as soon as he arrived home. I had no reason to doubt his honesty or truthfulness, so I loaned him the money, part of which I had to borrow from a friend, and Syphus was on his way. A few days later I learned through a mutual friend that there was good reason to believe that Syphus had not gone to Panaca, but to Salt Lake City. I checked with Western Union and the Postal Telegraph Offices in Seattle and determined that he had not received a telegram. Incidentally, I tried unsuccessfully by mailer and telegraph for about a year, to get any of the loan returned. Finally, I received a letter of regret from him in which he said he was still unable to return the money loaned him, but that he had employment as an insurance agent with the Beneficial Life Company of Salt Lake City, and, if I would buy a life insurance policy, he would fore-go his commission and I could deduct what he owed me from my premium. When you get to the end of the road, there is nowhere to go. I took out a twenty-pay-life policy and still have the coverage. There must be some lesson to be learned from this episode?

Before leaving Geneva and Sonny in Salt Lake City, she and I sort of agreed to write each other every day or two. We pretty well did so and this had much to do in making our separation endurable. I sent a telegram to her enroute and informed her by letter of our safe arrival. Her first letter was written August 19th. In it she expressed concern for my well-being, as she, Sonny, Criss and I had had a rather hectic trip down due to poor road conditions. She was glad that I had company returning to Seattle. On August 19th she furnished me the details of Sonny's first birthday party that day. How I wished I could have been there. So as not to be boring, I shall not recite the contents of our letter-exchange. Let it suffice that we assured each other of our deep love; also that she informed me of her activities and the comings and goings of relatives and friends, etc. I kept her advised briefly of my work assignments, temporary "bachelor" duties and the goings-on in the Seattle Branch of the Church.

Most of the cases I investigated were rather routine. However, there were a couple or three occurrences which were unusual, and of possible interest. I had made satisfactory progress, apparently, as an Special Agent, had received an increase of two in salary and when in town, I was acting agent in charge when the boss was away.



Most of my investigative work, outside of Seattle, was in the Western part of the state, extending to Vancouver, across from Portland, to the south. As previously mentioned, I also had rather frequent visits to the U.S. Penitentiary on McNeil Island in Puget Sound, reached by a small motor boat from Tacoma. On one of these boat trips I became acquainted with a Deputy U.S. Marshal from Detroit, Michigan, who had in his custody a prisoner he was taking to McNeil. The prisoner, shackled hand and foot, was in one end of the boat. The deputy and I were conversing in the opposite end. I asked him the nature of the offense on which the prisoner had been convicted and why he had been brought clear out here, when the U.S. Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas is so much closer to Detroit. The deputy told me that this fellow and two of his buddies had been convicted in Detroit of transporting stolen automobiles in interstate commerce; that each had accused the other of "squealing" and had threatened revenge; that the Federal Judge thought it best to have them confined in separate institutions, hence one was sentenced to McNeil Island, one to Leavenworth and one to Atlanta. I considered this very strange. After we arrived on the Island and entered the prison's administration building I observed this "fish" (prison jargon for a new prisoner) being checked in and given the usual closely clipped haircut.

About three weeks or so after the above incident, I was in the Seattle Bureau office about six P.M. one day when the Special Agent in Charge received a long distance phone call. Immediately there-after, he grabbed his coat and hat and rushed out of the office, leaving me in charge, without telling me where he could be reached. About three o'clock in the morning I received a telephone call from Western Union in Seattle, informing me that an urgent telegram had been received for our Bureau Office from Bureau Headquarters in Washington, D.C. I asked the Western Union employee to read it to me but was informed that was not possible as it was in code. I made arrangements to pick it up at the company's night office; did so pronto and took it to the Bureau Office. Now, the big question was, what to do about it? Although I had never used one, I presumed that the office had a code book and that it would be kept in the safe. The only problem was that the safe was locked and I had never been given the combination. By a streak of luck, I found a combination of numbers on a small piece of paper stuck to the bottom of the center drawer of the boss's desk. It proved to be the safe's combination. I opened the safe, found the code book and in about two hours time decoded the telegram which merely confirmed the confidential long distance call the Special Agent in Charge had received the previous night. The coded message required no action on my part as it was apparent that the boss, who had left the office so speedily the evening before, was giving the matter attention. I began to wonder just how I would explain to the boss, when he returned, just why and how I did what I did. While pondering the possible consequences, the thought occurred to me to look for the answer in the Bureau's Manual of Rules and Regulations, issued to each Agent.

Having deciphered the coded telegram, I was not particularly surprised when, later in the day, the Special Agent in Charge came in the office accompanied by the "fish", whose incarceration in McNeil Island I had witnessed as mentioned above. With his consent, the Justice Department of the U.S. Government, had put him in this penal institution as an under-cover Agent to ferret out possible corruption on the part of prison officials. A year or so later we worked together as Special Agents in the St. Paul Bureau Office.

You might want to ask what my boss did about my opening the office safe and deciphering the highly confidential coded message. Well, he was a little amazed with my ingenuity but a bit critical of my procedure. The conversation ended when I reminded him of the instruction in the Bureau's Rules and Regulations that whenever an Agent was left in charge of an office, the code book should be available to him.

Toward the end of September 1928, Geneve and Sonny were making preparations to return to Seattle. We always enjoyed it at her folk's home. They treated us swell. On prolonged stays, such as this one, we always shared in the household expenses. We had invited my mother to visit with us in Seattle. She was <sup>then</sup> about seventy years old and planned on coming by train with Geneve and Sonny. However, about this time she was recuperating from the results of a fall at her home, in which she had sprained and bruised an ankle. The contemplated trip together was post-poned a week to see if she could walk comfortably and safely on the injured ankle. It was finally decided by the family that she should recuperate a little longer before traveling. Geneve and Sonny, there-for, returned to Seattle by themselves. It probably was the best, as Sonny, who had a cold, cried most of the trip and could not be pacified by his mother or sympathetic fellow-passangers. They had to change trains, with a thirty-minute lay-over in Portland. With the baby, luggage and confusion, Geneve had mislaid her folding money, or most of it, and lacked twenty-five cents from having enough in her purse to buy a train ticket to Seattle. Being not only good-looking, but resourceful, she approached a uniformed Portland Police Officer, informed him of her dilemma, and her husband's employment, and he obligingly gave her the needed twenty-five cents. I'll bet that got around the department?

When I met the two of them at the train terminal in Seattle, they looked like they had really had a tough time. However, the reunion was a joyous one and after they had a goodnight's sleep, the world looked brighter. Incidentally, when Geneve unpacked her traveling bags, she found the missing money.

Desiring additional living space, we moved from the Del Roy Apartments to a lovely furnished ground-floor apartment at 19 Aloha Street, on West Queen Ann Hill. It had an extra guest bedroom. This place soon became a frequent visiting place for the lady missionaries. In fact, two of them roomed with us gratis, for a short time. The missionaries laboring in the Seattle Conference, whose names we remembered, were President Harris of Provo, Utah, Wayne Brown of Salt Lake City,

who became a close friend of ours for several years, and Sisters Clark, Riches and Thurston.

In late November or December, 1928, my mother came to Seattle by train to see us. We had her welcomed company for a couple or three weeks, during which, we took a number of trips around this scenic area. She was most intrigued, I believe, by the large steam-ships anchored in Puget Sound. Her injured ankle had improved considerably and she was able to get around pretty well. We learned that she had sustained the injury while picking peaches, at her home; that she had slipped and fallen from a step-ladder. We enjoyed very much having her with us.

Mother returned to her home by train in ample time to be with my sister Margaret a while before the latter left on a mission in the Eastern States. Her farewell was held in our Holladay Ward Chapel January 24, 1929. She sent us a copy of her testimonial program. It was noted that one of the speakers was Henry D. Moyle, one of the general authorities of the Church, for whom she had worked as Secretary, in his private law office.

During the year 1929, we both kept busy in the Church, and I had my my share of investigative assignments for the Bureau. Geneve had some cute clothes for Sonny and he was a very attractive youngster. As soon as we arrived at the Branch Chapel, someone was sure to take him for the duration of the meeting. I recall that Doctor Sutherland and his wife, who had no children of their own, frequently took him. I recall that one evening while I was at the pulpit conducting an MIA meeting, Sonny choked on a piece of candy and created quite a scene. I commented that I was glad Sonny was in the hands of a good physician, and not mine at that particular time. Doctor Sutherland rushed out of the meeting with him and soon dislodged the obstruction. Geneve was glad to get Sonny back in her arms again.

Several lady missionaries and Branch members had had money and other items stolen from the cloak room of the chapel. One evening, while a week-day meeting was in progress, the building custodian, from the rear of the Chapel hurriedly signaled for the Branch President to come out of the meeting. He did so and immediately motioned for me to join him. I did so and learned that three or four non-member boys had ransacked the cloak room, stolen some items and fled. President Rock and I took after them on foot and each succeeded in capturing one. They were about thirteen years old. We brought them back to the Chapel, questioned them separately and they confessed their involvement and told us the names of their accomplices. There were about six involved and they lived in the general vicinity of the Chapel. Rather than call the police, President Rock and I decided, that, in view of the young ages of the offenders, and in order to establish a good relationship with our non-member neighbors, we would call on their parents. Accordingly, we got in Rock's new Chrysler sedan and, with our two young acquaintances, paid a visit to each home of the offenders. It was pretty dark. The boys agreed to cooperate with us. We would drive up to the home, one of the boys would call his buddy out, we would confront him with the evidence; he would confess his involvement, Rock would



stay with the two captives <sup>in the car;</sup> I would accompany the new boy into his house, introduce myself <sup>to his folks</sup> /as being affiliated with the Mormon Church in the neighborhood and tell them of the involvement of their son and other boys in the thefts. It was interesting to witness the reaction. Most of the parents would express disbelief and ask their son. One mother was down-right belligerent, saying her son was not involved and threatened action against me. I told her to ask her son. She did by saying, "you didn't do a thing like that, did you?" Her son, knowing that two of his accomplices were nearby and could be called in, admitted his involvement, much to the chagrin of the parent. The last home ~~that~~ we visited was that of a Greek family. The father listened attentively to the allegation, then in broken English, verified it with his young son and expressed gratitude to us for handling the matter the way we did. He said to his son in substance, "I told you that you would get in trouble if you went around with those boys." As we went out to our car, we heard the father administering a couple or three whacks.

During the activities of that busy evening we recovered most of the stolen articles, including purses, jewelry and some identification card<sup>s</sup> and<sup>s</sup> papers. The perpetrators had buried the cards and papers in a field nearby. A ring we recovered belonged to one of the lady missionaries. It was being worn by one of the mothers who advised that her son had given it to her, saying that he had found it. Looking back on the <sup>ad</sup>venture, I have wondered if we might have done some good in helping to change the lives of these boys. Incidentally, we had no more thefts from the Branch Chapel during our stay in Seattle.

Although we liked our apartment on West Queen Ann Hill very much, there were too many peddlers and strangers knocking at the door of our ground-floor dwelling. In the interest of safety and convenience, we moved in about June 1929, to the West Port Apartments, 119 West Roy Street. This was about a block from where we first resided. Our apartment was a well-furnished roomy <sup>one</sup> /on the second or third floor, overlooking Puget Sound. We had a beautiful view of the ships, as they would come and go. I believed this would be a better location for Geneve and Sonny, as my work took me out of the <sup>city</sup> /periodically. Then too, we were expecting a new addition to the family in about October.

In about August, while on a road trip, I was contacted at Vancouver, Washington, and informed that my wife was ill. I immediately called Geneve and learned that she was having some abdominal pains; that her doctor, fearing that she might lose the baby, had ordered her to bed. She was very <sup>hundred</sup> up-set. I told her I would leave for home immediately. I drove the couple of /miles in record time and must have been doing pretty good when I hit the Seattle city limits, as I was stopped by a motorcycle officer. When I told him my official identity and the reason for my haste, he not only didn't give me a speeding ticket, but served as my police escort for the rest of the trip. Geneve was greatly relieved to have me home. We were successful in getting her some help with Sonny and the apartment care. She took it easy the remainder of her pregnancy period, and on October 4, 1929, gave

birth to a healthy, good-looking baby boy. He was born in the Virginia Mason Hospital, Seattle, King County, Washington. He was blessed November 3, 1929, by Wayne G. Brown, our close missionary friend, and given the name, Keith Laval Newman. The second name was that of a fine room-mate I had at the Utah State Agricultural College, Laval Morris, who became a professor there. Geneve got along fine and we were really proud parents.

Early in 1930, we disposed of our old Chrysler car and purchased an almost new 1929 Dodge 4-door sedan. It was a deluxe model with a lot of chrome. About that time, it happened -- I received a transfer from Seattle to Cincinnati, Ohio. Geneve had really married a nomad. leave

It was very difficult for us to/our many fine Seattle friends and associates. We liked Seattle's climate and people. Among our close friends, not already mentioned, were John H. "Jack" Clawson and wife, and, Frank M. Lee and his wife Catherine. Clawson, who served as Branch Clerk, who worked for Stone & Webster, a large eastern accounting firm, was assigned by his company as an auditor for the Puget Sound Power Company. Lee, who worked as a sales representative for a large machinery company, was badly crushed and seriously injured in an eastern Washington State cave-in, shortly before we left. Two men next to him were crushed to death when over 175 tons of rock caved in upon them. Brother Lee was most grateful that his life was spared. When the Seattle Branch Presidency was reorganized, after we left, Clawson and Lee were sustained as counselors to President Rock. Many years later, Frank Lee died and was buried at his birth-place, Tooele, Utah. At the request of his widow I was one of the speakers at his funeral. By correspondence, we were kept advised of developments in the northwest for quite a while. We learned that a month or so after we moved away, Elder David O. McKay, the/a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, and Mission President Sloan, had toured the Portland-Seattle area with a view of determining the advisability of organizing a Stake. While in much. Seattle, we became pretty well acquainted with President Sloan and liked him very/ Among the correspondence we saved, relating to our residing in Seattle, I have found two letters addressed to us there, which are of prime interest. One, dated May 12, 1929, is from our brother-in-law Parley Eccles, telling of a neck injury sustained by my mother. Parley was driving mother and his daughter, Margaret Alice, to the Holladay Cemetery to see father's grave. In going too fast over a flume across the dirt road, mother, who was in the back seat of the car, was thrown up against the roof of the car, her head striking one of the cross-bows. Her neck received quite a jolt. They continued on to the cemetery and then returned home. Before they arrived home, her neck pained her considerably, She went right to bed and a doctor was summoned. His examination revealed that her general health was very good. The next day the Doctor and a Specialist took x-rays of her neck, which disclosed no bone breakage. In view of the intense neck-pain she was suffering, particularly when she moved her head, the doctors put on a cast, which she had to wear for several weeks. Parley and Ethel were extremely sorry for this misfortune.

One or the other remained with mother constantly until the condition cleared up and she was able to be up and around unaided. They also took care of all medical expenses involved.

The other letter of interest, mentioned, is dated May 14, 1928, and is from Geneve's brother Clarence, <sup>an LDS</sup> sent from Denmark, where he was serving / mission. It is a very newsy letter about his missionary experiences and is addressed, "Dear Jay, Geneve and Bud." It was good hearing from him and learning that he was getting along fine.

About the middle of March 1930, we left Seattle in our nearly new Dodge Sedan, on my transfer to Cincinnati, Ohio. Before leaving, it was pretty well decided that Geneve and our two youngsters, Jay C. and Keith, would stay with Geneve's folks in Salt Lake City, until I could get somewhat permanently located. Her folks also wanted us to do so. The car was really loaded with luggage, as we had acquired considerable bedding and other items for our youngsters. We had made a bed for 5-month old Keith, on top of some bedding in the back seat. I recall that while we had stopped in front of a cafe in Idaho, to get something to eat, Keith rolled out of his improvised bed and bruised his face a little. We sure felt badly about that as we wanted him to look his best when his grandparents first saw him. I left Geneve, youngsters, nearly new car and all in Salt Lake City and went by train to Cincinnati. Geneve had not learned to drive and had no driver's license. This was the first order of business for her. She later wrote me that about the first thing she did was to ask her mother if she wanted to go for a ride with her. Her mother said she was game and they started out with Geneve at the wheel. They traveled around the out-skirts for a little while and then headed up-town. Everything went along smoothly until they parked diagonally at the curb. Geneve didn't brake fast enough, the car rolled into the curb and the front bumper slightly bumped and greatly surprised an old fellow who was just standing there with his back turned. After he left to find safer standing room, Geneve and her mother commenced laughing. From then on, they could not reminis<sup>ce</sup>/about the incident without doing so. Personally, I felt sorry for the old gentleman. Incidentally, Geneve informed me that the next day they drove to town with better results. By the time I next saw her she had developed into a very good driver.

Upon arriving in Cincinnati, Ohio, I registered at a hotel and reported in at the Bureau office in the Federal Building. L.C. Schilder, whose hair was crew-cut, was the Special Agent in Charge. In its <sup>of Ohio</sup> investigative activities, this office covered the Southern Judicial District/and the State of Kentucky. It was a very busy <sup>ly</sup> busy office. I had a lot of road work, principal/in cities and towns in Ohio and Kentucky, along the Ohio River, and in the coal fields of Harlan County, Kentucky. Because of the activities of the feuding coal miners in this coal capital area, it was referred to as, "Bloody Harlan County".

Upon attending church services in the small Cincinnati Branch, the first Sunday after my arrival, I became acquainted with John Walquist, his wife and two young sons. John, who was majoring in education, had completed his studies at the



University of Utah, and was now working on his doctorate at Cincinnati University. The Walquists, who were friendly splendid people, informed me that they had a room in their home they would like to rent, and asked if I would be interested. You can imagine the answer. I was glad to get out of the hotel. I roomed with the Walquists during the remainder of my stay in Cincinnati. After John obtained his Doctorate, he returned to the University of Utah; became a professor there and was later President of San Jose State College in California.

Investigating criminal cases in the hill-billy sections of Kentucky, particularly in those days, was quite an experience. When you get in the back-woods country you sort of feel like you wished you had brought someone with you, not only a body-guard, but an interpreter. I recall filing a complaint before an old U.S. Commissioner, in that general area, charging a man with violating the White Slave Traffic Act, in that he had transported a woman <sup>to</sup> inter-state for immoral purposes. The Commissioner typed up the complaint for me/swear to. I noted that instead of the word, immoral, as prescribed by the statute, he had put the word, evil. I called it to his attention. His comment was that he had been doing it that way for years, with no correction from the court, and wasn't about to change.

One of the many cases assigned to me involved a back-woods fellow who had committed an armed robbery on a government reservation. He had been a federal fugitive for several years. It was pretty well known where he was hiding out in the hills, <sup>sometime before</sup> protected by his kin-folk. An effort had been made/to apprehend him and a Deputy U.S. Marshal had been killed. Before I had time to work on this case and possibly work out a successful ruse to get the fugitive out of his strong-hold, I was called back to the office. Special Agent in Charge Schilder, had been transferred to Bureau Headquarters in Washington, D.C. and I was instructed to look after the office until his replacement arrived. As I recall, there were only 5 or 6 Agents then assigned to this, along with a Chief Clerk and a couple or three clerical employees. Schilder, soon after arriving in Washington, was put in charge of the Bureau's Fingerprint Division there. He later was appointed an Assistant Director of the Bureau. A few days after Schilder left Cincinnati, a new Special Agent in Charge arrived, Herman E. Hollis, who had been in charge of the Bureau's New Orleans Office. He was married, had a young son, was a Catholic, originally from Iowa, a good dresser and very efficient. We became good friends, and in spare time, competed in bowling. About this time, the weather was really getting hot back here. Frankly, I wouldn't pick this place for a permanent residence.

Geneve and I kept in close and frequent touch by letter, looking forward anxiously to the day we could all be together again.

Out of a clear blue sky, I received a letter from the Bureau's Director, dated June 19, 1930, transferring me to Washington, D.C. I was to report to Special Agent in Charge H.H. Clegg, at the Washington Field Office in the Hurley-Wright Building. Hollis had sent in a very good efficiency report on me and it was suspected that I was being lined up for supervisory and administrative training. With my family

way out west, Washington, D.C. was the last place I wanted to be. Without a doubt, this was my darkest day in the Bureau.

I left Cincinnati soon after the transfer arrived and reported in Washington, D.C., as instructed. I had made up my mind that, one way or the other, I was not going to stay there. Chatting with a couple of Agents, whom I had known, and who were assigned there, I told them I was going to ask for a transfer out west. They gave me no hope, saying they had had their transfer requests in for over a year, and would be seeing me around. I gave them as a reply something like, "don't bet on it!" That same day I endeavored to telephone the Director. He was not in, at least not to me. I was informed that I could confer with Assistant Director Harold Nathan. I made an appointment with him for that day. So that an idea might be gained as to his appearance, may I state that he was a rather short, <sup>ily</sup> rather stock/ built, older man of Jewish descent, who was rather gruff in manner, lowered his head looks over his eye glasses, smokes a pipe and, when talking, usually walks back and forth, with his hands back of him like Felix, the cat.

In keeping the appointment, I informed Mr. Nathan, that I had just been transferred from Cincinnati to Washington; that my family had been living in Salt Lake City, ever since I had been transferred to Cincinnati from Seattle, and that I would like to be transferred at that time, to the Salt Lake City Office. He looked at me a moment and then said, "Mr. Newman, you can't be transferred there in the next twenty years." I said that was a long time, and asked about Denver? He said, "No, I think El Paso is better." The conversation ended and I returned to the Washington Field Office.

Almost immediately after I got back, <sup>investigative</sup> Special Agent in Charge Clegg, handed me a flock of cases requiring attention in several New England States. I returned them to him saying that I had conferred with the Bureau and was being transferred. He asked me where, and I told him I didn't know but that I wasn't staying there. Clegg had a grin on his face that carried over until the next day, which I believe was June 29th. He then called me into his office. I noted that he had with him his number one Agent, possibly as a witness if I should say something to upset the peace and tranquility of the occasion. Clegg handed me a letter dated June 27th, signed by Director Hoover, a copy of which Clegg had on his desk. In doing so, and still grinning, he said, "Mr. Newman, here is your transfer, it is to the St. Paul Office, what do you think of that?" Inasmuch as the St. Paul, Minnesota Office had the reputation of being the grave-yard for Special Agents, it having been rumored that eight had been dismissed there the past year, I wasn't particularly ecstatic with the transfer, but didn't want him to have the satisfaction of knowing how badly I felt. I there-for said, "That's fine, right where I wanted to go."

I arrived in St. Paul, July 3, 1980, by train, registered at a hotel and reported to the Bureau Office. There, I met the Special Agent in Charge, Werner Hanni, who was about my size, had a mustache, thin blond hair and was a little difficult to understand as he spoke rather softly with a slight German accent.

Like Director Hoove, Hanni was of Swiss extraction and it was apparent that they were on good-speaking terms.

This office, in its investigative jurisdiction covered the States of Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota. There were possibly a dozen Agents assigned here, with a fair-sized office force. In the next six months I was to learn of the dismissal of six Agents and the arrival of replacements. Fortunately, I met another Utahan, Lyman Chipman, who had been assigned there as an Agent for a few weeks and who knew his way around in more ways than one. Based on his observation, he predicted that, being a newly assigned Agent there, the morning of July 5th, the day after the holiday of the 4th of July would call me into his office and hand me the serials from a dozen or so criminal cases requiring/attention in South Dakota; that he was personally acquainted with all the law enforcement; that I would be asked by them what I thought of Werner Hanni, and that all I had to remember was to them he was a "jewel!" One thing about this new office of assignment, the weather in the summer is quite delightful, compared with Cincinnati and Washington, D.C.

St. Paul and Minneapolis adjoin each other and are known as the Twin Cities. July fourth, the day after I arrived, was quite a celebration day in Minneapolis. The U.S. Open Golf Tournament was held there. It was won by Bobby Jones of Atlanta, Georgia. The town was packed with people. I managed to get in the Minneapolis Theater where a vaudeville show was in progress featuring the top comic and philosopher of his day, Will Rogers of Oklahoma. I still recall his opening remarks. He said that when he got up that morning, he had breakfast in the hotel cafe and then hailed a cab to take a trip around Minneapolis. He rode for about 30 minutes and then commented to the driver, "Minneapolis sure is a lovely place." Whereupon the cabbie said, "Minneapolis h---, we've been in St. Paul for 15 minutes." That produced great applause from the audience.

Chipman was correct in his prediction, early the next morning, Hanni gave me my assignment, a whole lot of investigative/attention all over South Dakota. He also gave me my train schedule, and instructed that I was to mail in my daily reports and rough-draft investigative reports promptly. I believe I was on the train within the hour starting the longest road-trip I ever had. He kept sending me work and with the exception of a couple of days when I was called in to St. Paul, for regular office inspection, I was handling road work until the first of September.

The office inspection was made by Bureau Inspector James Egan, who seemed to be very fair and intelligent. I made excellent grades on the examination he gave on the Bureau's/Manual of Rules and Regulations, and its detailed Manual of Instructions, which required the Agent to be familiar with the statute elements of the numerous federal crimes within the Bureau's investigative jurisdiction. A review by the Inspector of my cases was also favorable. Although home-sick for my family, I began to see a possible silver lining in the dark clouds of this particular period.



During this summer, I gained some worth-while experience investigating a wide variety of federal crimes, preparing summary reports for use of the prosecuting U.S. Attorney, filing complaints before the U.S. Commissioner, testifying before federal grand juries and as a trial witness in federal court. A lot of my work was on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation located near Hot Springs, in the south-western corner area of the State. I also investigated cases on the Rosebud Reservation farther east. Most of my case-load, however, was in the small cities and towns in the beautiful Black Hills in the far west of the State.

South Dakota is a very interesting State, having not only its high forested mountains of the Black Hills, but its contrasting weirdly eroded rocks, a few miles to the east, rightly named the Badlands, which seem to extend for miles. The Black Hills Gold Rush of the 1870s touched off the Indian hostilities, which led to the annihilation of General Custer and his command on the Little Bighorn, on June 25, 1876. NO, I wasn't there. At the town of Deadwood, in the Black Hills, Wild Bill Hickok was shot down in in Saloon Number 10, on August 2, 1876. President/<sup>Calvin</sup>Coolidge established his Summer White House in these hills, one year during his term of office. The summer of 1930, I observed the Sculptor,<sup>U.S.</sup>Gutzon Borglum, <sup>several times</sup> high up on a scaffold carving out the likenesses of four of our/Presidents on the face of Mount Rushmore, in these breath-taking Black Hills. So much for the history lesson.

As of possible interest, I received a letter dated August 15, 1930, from my good friend, Special Agent in Charge H.E. Hollis, of the Cincinnati Office, inquiring as to my welfare, and asking why my stay in Washington, D.C. was so short. He also furnished me the news that the Bureau had closed the Salt Lake City Office and was handling the work there out of the Denver Office. I still have this letter from Hollis. I mention this, as he was later killed in a gun-battle with gangster George "Baby Face" Nelson, in Chicago.

About the first of September 1930, I received some vacation leave to bring my family from Salt Lake City to St. Paul. Happy day. I returned to St. Paul, completed my report work and, in short order, was on the train headed west.

It was a happy reunion with the family and folks. Needless/<sup>to</sup>say, there was quite a change in the two youngsters since I last saw them in March. Other than doing a little visiting with relatives and friends, our vacation activities there were limited. We had to pack up our belongings and head, in our nearly new car, for St. Paul. Geneve's sister Margaret, who was about sixteen, had started dating and her ~~folks were~~ <sup>about</sup> a bit apprehensive/the company she was keeping. Geneve and her folks had discussed the matter and decided that it might be best that she accompany us to St. Paul, if she desired to do so. The idea was discussed with Margaret and she was thrilled with the opportunity.

With the car pretty well loaded, we headed for St. Paul, Minnesota. I wanted them to see the Black Hills of South Dakota, so we entered Wyoming upon leaving Utah. Wyoming roads at that time were principally dirt. It started raining as we progressed and by the time we were a few miles from a little town, named, Lusk, I

believe, it was pouring down<sup>n</sup> and the gumbo-clay roads were so wet that cars were sliding off the road or bogging down. About dark, we succeeded in helping an older couple, with Wyoming license plates on their car, get it started by pushing it with ours. However, in doing so, we burned out our clutch. The couple we had helped, were most grateful and gladly offered to take Margaret with them, as we were pretty crowded, to have a garage send out a tow-car, and to make a reservation for us at the same hotel they were stopping. Margaret left with them and we waited and waited, in the rain, for the next three or four hours, but no tow-truck or car appeared. We had commenced to worry soon after the couple and Margaret had left us, and wondered why in the world we had let her do so, when we didn't know the couple. We imagined all kinds of evil things happening. Finally, about one o'clock in the morning, the tow-truck arrived. The driver said he had gotten stuck in the mud a couple of times, thus delaying his arrival. By this time, the gumbo-clay had become so firmly packed between the rear tires and fenders, that he couldn't budge our car until he had dislodged the obstruction. At last we got started and were towed to the garage in town. We hastened to the small hotel and were most happy to find Margaret<sup>, safe and sound,</sup> waiting for us. Our newly found friends we had helped, had engaged a room for us and had had the hotel prepare a splendid dinner for all of us. We then learned that he was a wealthy sheep man of Douglas, Wyoming. We had to wait in this place two days to get our car fixed, as the garage had to order the need part from Denver. Incidentally, it took three steam jobs to get all the Wyoming gumbo-clay off our car.

Finally, the rain subsided, the car got fixed and we continued our journey<sup>se</sup>. Upon entering South Dakota, Geneve and the others got their first glimpse<sup>st</sup> of the Black Hills. We toured the points of interest there, passed through the weird Badlands, hurried through the length of the State and finally arrived in St. Paul. There, we rented a nice, roomy, furnished apartment in a desirable area near a beautiful Cathedral and on a hill about six blocks from the Bureau's office in the Post Office Building. When in the city, which wasn't very often, I was able to eat lunch at home, with the family. We got Margaret started in a business school and I still had quite a bit of road work. Geneve, Margaret and the two boys, Jay C. and Keith, were able to drive around the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. There were a lot of points of interest. As winter commenced, the cold seemed to go right through us. The natives, being used to it, apparently didn't mind the cold. What Geneve remembered most about these cities, and marveled at, was the way the towns-people, in the winter, would flood the vacant street-corner lots, let them freeze over, light them up at night and have community skating. It was a sight to remember.

A couple of days before Thanksgiving Day, that year, found me completing a road trip of about a week's duration. The last case I had that trip involved a theft on the Rosebud<sup>dressed</sup> Indian Reservation. With that completed, I purchased a fine South Dakota turkey and traveled back to St. Paul by train, to surprise the family,

not only by my return for Thanksgiving, but with the fine dressed turkey the pullman porter had kept in the cooler for me. As far as the turkey situation was concerned, I was chagrined by finding that the family already had one which either Geneve or Margaret had one on a raffle. As I recall, we had turkey for quite some time.

Just before Christmas, 1930, we received a surprise. It was a letter from the Bureau, dated December 18th, directing that I proceed to Chicago, Illinois, public business permitting, and report to Special Agent in Charge J.E.P. Dunn, Federal Building, for assignment. We were not particularly unhappy to be leaving St. Paul. After completing my office work, I had quite a talk with Special Agent in Charge Werner Hanni. He surprised me by saying he had been well-pleased with my work and conduct, and by giving me the <sup>second</sup> highest efficiency rating in his office. ~~Only~~ His Assistant Agent in Charge, received the higher rating. In view of the tough administrative stature Hanni had acquired, I felt greatly relieved and some-what elated. My assignment there made me a believer in the old adage, "where there is a will, there is a way".

We spent Christmas in St. Paul, with tree, lights, presents and all, then shortly there-after, packed up and headed for Chicago.

I believe our first couple or three days in Chicago, were spent in a hotel on Kedzie Avenue, on the city's west side. During this time I reported in <sup>to</sup> the Bureau Office in the Federal Building, in Chicago's down-town loop district. This was a huge office, compared to the others to which I had been assigned, and this city, the Nation's second largest, was some-thing to behold. Special Agent in Charge J.E.P. (Joe) Dunn, a middle-aged, soft-spoken man, with prematurely gray hair, greeted me warmly. From his dress and appearance, one might suspect that he was a successful bank president. He mentioned that the Director was well satisfied with my progress and had informed him that I was being transferred from St. Paul to Chicago, to work under his direction. He had been in charge of the San Francisco Office after I had left; was some-what familiar with my activities there, including <sup>served as</sup> my having a bishop of a Mormon Ward. He informed me that he learned of my church affiliation through a chance meeting with Claude Nalder, who succeeded me as Bishop. I was assigned to a desk, along with a dozen or so Agents, and given time off to find an apartment.

We finally found a nice furnished apartment at about 4800 Malden Street, on Chicago's north side. It was only a few blocks from a theater and shopping center referred <sup>to</sup> as the Uptown Area. Transportation was readily available from here to the office through over-head trolley or by double-decker bus. Being located on the shore of Lake Michigan, Chicago has only three residential directions, namely, north, south and west. Soon after getting settled in the apartment, Margaret enrolled in a Business College and while with us in Chicago, completed her commercial course of study. We all became members of the Logan Square LDS Branch and attended church regularly. Geneve was kept busy with the two boys, Jay and Keith, and be-



came close friends with the wife of an Agent who lived near-by. Her last name was McConnell and she was born and raised in the deep south. She had a distinct southern brogue of which she was not aware. While shopping together it was not uncommon for the clerk or butcher to ask Mrs. McConnell what part of the south she was from. Later, in that same southern accent, she would ask Geneve how in the world the shop-keeper knew she was from the south. Geneve got quite a "kick" out of her.

By this period in time, Chicago, like several other large cities, was experiencing an up-surge in crime. Although <sup>the</sup> Federal Prohibition Law enacted in 1920, made it illegal to manufacture or sell intoxicating liquor, this practice was on the increase, not only through the operation, on a small scale, of boot-leg stills in the hill country of the southern states, but on a larger scale through the operation of illegal distilleries, such as in Chicago, with little or no interference by police authorities. The FBI was not charged with the investigation of liquor violations, this being a responsibility of the U.S. Treasury Department and local law enforcement agencies. I merely mention th<sup>is</sup> illegal activity as it was the fore-runner of other major crimes, the investigation of which became a responsibility of the Bureau.

Like the Gadianton robbers of Book of Mormon days, gangs would be formed to carry on their nefarious activities. The principal gang on the <sup>south</sup> side of Chicago, was the Capone Gang headed by the notorious Al Capone, of Italian extraction. On the north side was the Toughy Gang headed by Roger Toughy. His brother Tommy, was also a member. Their father, who seemed to be an honest sort of fellow, was a Lieutenant on the Chicago Police Department. "Bugs" Moran, and his gang operated a little farther north in Illinois. As an outlet for their <sup>illegally</sup> distilled liquor, the gangs, through violence, threats and intimidation, would force illegal operators of taverns, then referred to as "Speak-easys", to handle their liquor. If the owner refused, he was replaced by the gang. Not contented with this lucretive endeavor, they muscled in on the profits of legitimate businesses, such as Cleaning and Dyeing establishments, under the guise of providing protection. If the owner refused to pay for this "protection", it was a sure thing that his place would be damaged or that he would have to fold up his business. I recall that one night Geneve and I heard a fairly loud blast, coming from the direction of the neighborhood shopping area. The next morning we went over to the area and found that the whole front of a cleaning establishment had been blown out by a bomb.

I had investigated Bureau cases in and around Chicago, for a short period of time, when Special Agent in Charge Dunn called me into his office. He was very friendly, stating that the U.S. Attorney General's Office had instructed the Bureau to conduct an investigation of an allegation that a Postmaster in a certain city in Indiana was selling Postoffice jobs. Mr. Dunn gave me a choice of handling this investigative assignment or taking over the bureau's regular work in the Milwaukee, Wisconsin area. If the latter, I would be allowed a fixed daily sum for living expenses, when away from my headquarters in Chicago, and would be able to spend

week-ends and holidays with my family in Chicago. I discussed the matter and it was considered best that I take the Mikwaukee assignment, which I did, much to the envy of several Agents, as it was considered a choice area. There was a rapid transit system operating between Chicago and Milwaukee and I was able to make connections near home on Chicago's north side. Most of my work was in Milwaukee, although I had occasional cases elsewhere in the west half of Wisconsin and in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Special Agent Samuel P. Cowley, a native of Utah, who was also a Mormon, arrived in Chicago on transfer, about this time. He was accompanied by his wife Lavon and their young son. The Cowleys obtained a furnished apartment in the building next to ours and we became very close friends.

While I was away, Gene<sup>and</sup> Margaret made good use of the family car and, with the youngsters, were able to visit most of the interesting scenic attractions of Chicago. Among these were possibly my favorites, Lincoln Park and the Marshall Field Museum.

While working in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, I roomed at the Martin Hotel, a small clean place a couple or three blocks from the Federal Building, where in the weeks to come I was to file many criminal complaints, testify before grand juries and as a witness in Federal Court. I became well acquainted with Assistant U.S. Attorney E.J. Koelzer, who tried most of the cases I investigated. We became very good friends. L.H. Bancroft was then U.S. Attorney, but Koelzer handled most of the court work. The Honorable F.A. Geiger, was Federal Court Judge. I took my work very seriously and we all got along fine. As an illustration of my admitted seriousness, each night at the hotel I would work late writing up reports on the work I had completed and then at eleven o'clock, or so, I would walk to the Post Office, drop the Bureau mail in the out-going chute, return to the hotel, get undressed and go to bed. On more than one occasion, at about mid-night, I would remember something important I had omitted from a report. I would get up, get dressed, go back to the Post Office, get a night clerk to retrieve the letter from the out-going chute, add the information I had omitted, put the reports in another addressed envelope, drop it in the chute and return to the hotel to bed. I believe wise, old, Assistant Director Harold Nathan, with whom I had the confrontation in Washington, when I was transferred from there to St. Paul, had me "pegged" about right. We had later become very good friends and he visited me in 1934, while I was Special Agent in Charge of the Denver Bureau Office. On that occasion, as he paced back and forth across the room with his hands back of him like Felix, the cat, and still smoking that old pipe, he asked me this question, "Do you know what they think of you in Washington?" Not exactly knowing, I asked what they thought and he replied, "They think that you become so involved with the little things, that the big things go right over your head." That's quite a confession to make, isn't it?

In going over some letters in an old file relating to my early days in the Bureau, I found one dated May 11, 1930, written by me from St. Paul, to my mother,

which she saved for me. It contains a confession. Feeling a bit nostalgic, I'd like to include a few lines in this narrative. First, I'd like to say that I had the best mother in the world, except of course, your own. Now, some excerpts from the letter: "Dearest Mother!" According to the calendar, this is Mother's Day. I wish I were there to show you how much I love you. In thinking back over the years I can remember when I used to hold on to your apron and really be quite a mother's boy. I can remember at Joe's (my brother) wedding, Joe, in front of everybody, was showing me a good time by telling them I was your baby. It doesn't seem so long ago that this incident and a dozen more flash up in my mind, ~~took place~~. I'd like to live that early part of my life over again, even the last few years I was home. Believe me, I surely would treat you better than I did -- that is, I would try to be more thoughtful and considerate. I remember how you used to worry when I would stay out late at night and would tell me when you believed I shouldn't run around with certain fellows who were questionable. I thank you now mother dear, a million times for bringing me into the world, for your kind care and counsel and want you to know that I love you dearly. Lovingly your son, Jay."

With nostalgia out of my system, at least temporarily, I'll proceed with this historical narrative.

As I recall, in the spring or early summer of 1931, Geneve, the boys and Margaret returned by automobile to Salt Lake City. Geneve and the youngsters stayed with her folks for a few weeks and, later in the year, I went out by train and we drove back to Chicago.

Still assigned to the Milwaukee area, I well remember one of the cases I investigated. It was a murder on the Menoninee Indian Reservation in northern Wisconsin. On October 7, 1931, the Coroner of Shawano County, of which the reservation is a part, happened to visit the home of an Indian couple, George and Rachel Kaquatosh, on a fur-buying trip. There he was horrified to see the dead body of a two year old girl whose skull and jaw bone had been fractured, the head and body cut and bruised and one thigh had a jagged wound. This child and two others were the children of George Kaquatosh's sister, who had left them there to be cared for while she served a jail sentence for a moral's conviction. The Kaquatosh couple told the coroner that the child had gotten hurt when she fell out of bed. This not being very likely, he reported the matter to Federal Authorities and I got the investigative assignment. After listening to conflicting stories, I finally got a signed confession from Mrs. Kaquatosh, age 25, which was later introduced at her trial in Federal Court in Milwaukee, that on October 4th she had lost her temper, when the child wouldn't obey her and stop crying, and had beat her with a stick of stove wood. The woman was convicted and given a prison term. Wisconsin did not have a death-penalty law.

About this time in history, Special Agent in Charge Dunn, whom I liked very much, was transferred from the Chicago Bureau Office. He was replaced by William McSwain, a blond, good-looking man of middle age, from South Carolina. He was an Attorney, very efficient, understanding, and well liked.



Although in the early days of the Bureau it's Agents had no authority to carry firearms or make arrests, such authority was later given by an act of Congress. As federal crimes increased and the Bureau's jurisdiction expanded, all Agents were first given extensive training in finger-print identification and classification at its Identification Division in Washington, D.C. This Division became the repository and central clearing-house for criminal and civilian finger-prints. Later, a crime laboratory was added and an Academy established at Quantico, Virginia, on the U.S. Marine Corps Base. Here, extensive training was given all Agents in all phases of the Bureau's activities, including the use of fire-arms.

My first in-service training school was held in Washington, in November, 1932. It was a three-week course in finger-print work. Although it was rather monotonous, compared to my usual activities, I gained a great deal of helpful information. After-wards, and you can tell I'm no dummy, I wrote a letter to the Director, making a few suggestions for the school's improvement and added, "At this time I wish to express to you my thanks for this opportunity afforded me for growth and advancement in the service."

Some-time about now, I was relieved of my Milwaukee assignments and given investigative work in and around Chicago. This pleased both Geneve and me very much as we had been separated too much. Desiring more living space, we moved from 4800 to a four-room furnished, second floor apartment, at 4500 Malden Avenue. As a family, we would dine out occasionally in the early evening and quite frequently would take in a movie at a theater in the shopping area, a few blocks away. I recall that the movie-house, during inter-mission, gave away bags of groceries to lucky number holders. I also distinctly remember how embarrassed I was the time we won and I had to walk up to the front, and with a bright spotlight shinning on me, accept that doggone bag of groceries.

One day Special Agent in Charge McSwain, called three of us into his office, namely, Agents Sam Cowley, Jack Keating and me. He said the office had three old dogs. He didn't mean us. He was referring to three fugitive cases which had been around a long time and the subjects had not been located nor apprehended. He informed us that he was re-assigning these cases from other agents to us; that he didn't care how we worked on them, singly or all three of us on one case, but that he wanted the fugitives apprehended. The case charged to me was four or five years old. It involved a male German alien who had been convicted of counterfeiting U.S. currency; was sentenced to serve about ten years in the U.S. Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, after which he was to be deported. He had escaped and no trace of him had been found. He had no known relatives in this country and the only lead we had, other than putting a "wanted" notice on his fingerprints in Washington, D.C., was that he, while in Leavenworth, had corresponded <sup>once</sup> with a woman who worked at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. The file on the fugitive showed that this woman had been interviewed periodically but disclaimed that she had seen or heard from the subject since his escape and knew of no friends or

relatives he might have. I believe she informed the interviewing Agents that she met the subject in some Chicago Bar, before he was sent to the penitentiary. The file contained a special note to the effect that this woman had requested that she not be interviewed at the hotel where she worked but that arrangements be made by telephone carefully to meet the Agent away from the hotel so her job would not be placed in jeporady.

When the other two Agents had completed reviewing the files on their cases, we decided, that in the interest of time, we would each work on <sup>our</sup> individual case until the location of one of the fugitives was determined, at which time the three of us would effect the apprehension.

The Edgewater Beach Hotel, then the largest on Chicago's north side, was a very fashionable one fronting Lake Michigan. The woman employee, who had been interviewed by several Agents, without success, and whom I planned to interview, was a large middle aged, business-like, rather important-like individual. She was in charge of all maids and cleaning service employees at the hotel. Without disclosing my employment, I talked with her by telephone and detected a slight accent, which I thought might be German. I made arrangements to pick her up away from the hotel. As soon as I identified myself, she informed me that she was sick and tired of being hounded by Bureau Agents; that she hadn't seen the fugitive and that she didn't want to be bothered again. So far, I had not been able to get a word in except my identity. I then informed her of the <sup>severe</sup> penalty for harboring a federal fugitive; that I believed she was aware of the fugitive's whereabouts, and that if she did not tell me, I intended to see the hotel manager, whom I had met a few days before on another matter, which was so, and who had assured me of his full cooperation in the Bureau's fight against crime. She was flabbergasted. When she calmed down and was convinced that I meant what I said, she confessed that she had been keeping a periodic rendezvous with the fugitive in a cabin near the resort area of Lake Geneva, in northern Illinois. She was unable to provide the exact location of this cabin, as she was not very familiar with the area; that she had been driven there by a young German fellow, about seventeen years old, in a Chrysler sedan; further, that this fellow was to pick her up the following morning for a trip to the cabin. After weighing the matter for a few minutes, she decided to cooperate, rather than face the possibility of being prosecuted for harboring a fugitive. She was cautioned to maintain secrecy and arrangement were made to follow her there the following morning. Her only request was that in making the apprehension, it be done after she left the cabin to return to Chicago.

I apprized the Special Agent in Charge what had happened, rented a Hertz Drive-it Yourself sedan, and with Agents Cowley and Keating, "tailed" the Chrysler sedan and its two occupants, to Lake Geneva. It was rather easy to do so, even in the heavy traffic, as the Chrysler had a shiny aluminum tire cover on the rear. After we had traveled fifty miles or so, the young German driver left the main highway and traveled a circuitous route. As travel was sparse, we had to drop back

quite a distance so as to avoid suspicion. Finally, the Chrysler entered a rather wooded area and was observed stopping close to a cabin. This was the place all right. There was no road beyond the cabin. All we had to do was to wait for the woman to leave and then close in. Besides our hand-guns, carried in holsters, we had a sub-machine gun and a sawed-off/shotgun in our car ready for use. However, we had a surprise coming. While parked as inconspicuously as possible at the edge of a small grove of trees, possibly a couple of blocks from the cabin, we saw a large black sedan, with four or five male occupants, stop about a hundred feet away. One of them, a medium sized individual wearing a cap, got out and walked toward us. Sam Cowley and I got out of our car and stood a few feet apart facing this person. When he got about ten feet from us he stopped, pulled back his coat exhibiting a badge, said he was a Deputy Sheriff of that county and asked who we were. Sam exhibited his badge and said we were federal officers. With that, the individual turned around, walked back to his car and drove away. It didn't take us very long to conclude that our visitor was a phoney. We even surmised that he might have been a member of the Bugs Moran gang, as this was the territory in which they usually operated. We visited the Sheriff's office, a few miles away, and were rather surprised when the Sheriff sheepishly informed us that the person who approached us was <sup>in reality</sup> Bugs Moran, to whom he had given a Special Deputy's badge; that Moran had telephoned him immediately about the incident. The Sheriff further said that if any members of this gang, including "Bugs" himself committed any criminal offences in his county, they would be subject to arrest, the same as any other person, and added that they knew it. The Sheriff further indicated that Moran might have thought we were members of a rival gang.

Inasmuch as the Sheriff seemed to be a rather straight-forward individual, we informed him of our anticipated apprehension of the fugitive. He wanted to know if he could be of any help to us and this visit ended up with his assigning two of his Deputies, familiar with the area, to assist. Our female informant and young German driver left the cabin about five o'clock the next morning, after which, we moved in and captured the fugitive before he had an opportunity to use a loaded shotgun he had nearby. Incidentally, as for "Bugs" Moran and his gang, they were pretty well wiped out, a year or so later on Chicago's north side, by a rival gang, in what is referred to in crime annals as, "The St. Valentine's Day Massacre".

The old fugitive case assigned to Agent Sam Cowley, was really an oldie. It had been around, I believe, eight or ten years. The subject of the case was a farm boy who in a small community in Wisconsin. When he was about nineteen, he obtained a job as a clerk in the town's bank and shortly there-after, embezzled a nominal sum of money, in violation <sup>Act,</sup> of the National Bank, and disappeared. A federal indictment was returned against him and the only undeveloped <sup>lead</sup> as to his possible whereabouts, which remained, was that a boy friend in Wisconsin, had run into the subject as they were walking on a Chicago street. This was a couple of years after his disappearance. He told the friend that he was then using the name



"Naylor", no first name given. Although there were pages of surnames in Chicago's huge telephone book similar to subject's correct name and the alias, Naylor, Sam didn't give up. He started knocking on doors and interviewing the inhabitants. A couple or three weeks later it paid off. He called at a "Naylor" residence and talked with a man who had a wife and two or three young children. The man appeared somewhat evasive in replying to questions concerning his back-ground and Sam called <sup>him</sup> ~~ed~~/by the fugitive's right name. The man was very embarrassed and asked if he could speak to Sam, alone. They went into an adjoining room and the man admitted his identity and explained that his wife was not aware of his involvement in the bank embezzlement. Incidentally, he had a very good position in a large establishment in Chicago. As I recall, the fugitive entered a guilty plea to the federal violation and was placed on probation. Who was it who said, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, it might have been?"

Shortly after this, Special Agent Samuel P. Cowley was transferred to Bureau headquarters in Washington, D.C., and given a supervisory assignment. He later was promoted to <sup>Agent</sup> the position of Inspector.

Special/Jack Keating's fugitive case involved two escapee's from the Missouri State Prison. As I recall, they were either apprehended or killed after holding up a bank.

Referring to Agent Jack Keating, <sup>It</sup> I recall that he was a New York born Irishman. What he lacked in height and ~~wéig~~ <sup>weight</sup>, he made up for ~~it~~ in fast, loud talk. He sort of spoke with an air of importance. Apparently one of the Agents wanted to bring him down a notch or two. It was while the world's fair was on in Chicago. One evening, ~~at~~ the conclusion of an Agents' conference, the Agent put an official-looking note on Keating's desk for him to call Mr. Little, at a certain Chicago telephone number. While Keating was approaching his desk, the Agent signaled for several of us to gather around to hear what went on. Keating saw the note, called the number and asked for "Mr. Little". There was a pause and then Keating responded, "You say the <sup>y</sup>/are all little, what place is this?" After the person answered, Keating repeated, "Oh, you say this is the midget village at the World's Fair?!"

By this time in the <sup>growing</sup> Country's history, criminals ~~had~~ had included Kidnapping and bank robbery to their <sup>had</sup> list of criminal activities. The repeal of the Federal Prohibition Law, about now, <sup>had</sup> raised havoc with gangland's illegal liquor business. One of the first major kidnapping cases involved ~~the~~ twenty-month old Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., who was kidnapped from his home in Hopewell, New Jersey, between eight and ten P.M. on Tuesday, March 1, 1932. He was the son of the world-famous aviator, Charles A. Lingbergh and his wife, Ann or Anne Morrow Lindbergh, whose father was then United States Ambassador to Mexico. At that time kidnapping was not a federal crime nor was ~~bank~~ robbery. However, federal legislation <sup>against</sup> both crimes was enacted after this. In the Lindbergh case the President of the United States personally requested the FBI to serve as a clearing house and coordinating agency for all investigations and instructed that the Bureau was to work closely

with the New Jersey State authorities, who had primary jurisdiction in the case. Briefly, \$50,000.00 ransom was turned over by a go-between to the kidnapper the evening of April 2, 1932, in St. Raymond's cemetery, in the Bronx District of New York, in exchange for a note which, purportedly, was to reveal where the missing baby could be found. The kidnapper, clutching his ill-gotten wealth under his arm, then disappeared into the near-by woods. The note supposedly revealing the location of the youngster was a "phony". The baby's body was found May 12, 1932, accidentally, by a trucker's assistant, in some shrubs, , partially decomposed, about four and a half miles from the Lindbergh home. The Coroner's examination disclosed that the child had been dead for about two months and that death was caused by a blow on the head. It wasn't until September 18, 1934, that evidence, in the form of the ransom money, linked up a German alien, Bruno Richard Hauptmann of Bronx, New York, to the crime. He was apprehended by the Bureau and local authorities the following day. On February 13, 1935, after a very long trial, he was found guilty and on April 3, 1936, was electrocuted for the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby. Incidentally, the Bureau's file on this case contains over eighty-three volumes. Although there was only one person, Hauptmann, involved in the actual kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby, several others were involved in criminal violations growing out of the Lindbergh<sup>h</sup>/case and investigative activities covered a wide area of this country. As an example, one Gaston B. Means, who had at one time worked for the U.S. Department of Justice, swindled Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, the wife of a Washington D.C. Newspaper Publisher, out of \$100,000, which he claimed he needed to ransom the baby from under-world characters who supposedly had him in custody. An accomplice of Means, one Norman Whitaker, alias the "Fox", was also involved in this swindle in a lesser degree. In June, 1932, Means was taken into custody, tried, convicted, and sentenced to a term of fifteen year's imprisonment. Whitaker was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

In the<sup>late</sup>/summer of 1933, inasmuch as I was away so much and Geneve wanted to see her folks, it was mutually decided that she drive home for the<sup>rest of the</sup>/summer. At church one Sunday, we learned that a young LDS fellow, about sixteen years old, who could drive a car, was interested in obtaining a ride to his home in Salt Lake City. We talked with him and arrangements were made so that he could go along, transportation-free, providing he assist in driving. In view of the up-surge in work, I was unable to accompany them. Rather reluctantly, I bid my family<sup>y</sup> of three goodby and they headed west. Every-thing went along very fine until the/left Ames, Iowa, the next morning. It had started to rain, the boy was driving, the road was getting to appear slippery, and Geneve suggested that the driver slow down a little. The boy applied the brakes and the car skidded around and<sup>side</sup> crashed side-ways into the curb, breaking a front wheel and throwing Keith into a/window, which broke and he was badly cut on his face and head by broken glass. The rest of them were badly shaken up,<sup>one of</sup>/Geneve's arms was badly bruised and their belongings scattered thither and yon.

A very kind, considerate motorist, on his way to Ames, saw their sad plight and drove Geneve and the youngsters into the city. Geneve left the boy with the car, instructing that he stay there until she could arrange for a garage to tow it in. Geneve was fortunate in locating an <sup>moda</sup>occurring Physician who attended to Keith, in his office. He looked at Keith, before cleaning him up, and commented that he looked like he had been in a fight with a rooster. He attended to his cuts and scratches, then bandaged him up until he looked like a mummy. Geneve was very grateful for the attention given Keith, by this fine Doctor.

While Geneve was at a garage arranging for the car to be towed in, the boy she had left with the car walked in. She asked him why he hadn't stayed with the car and their belongings. He gave some feeble excuse and in no uncertain terms she sent him right back. The garage owner was most obliging. He had the car towed in and made the necessary repairs and replacements, which required a couple of days. During this time Geneve, Jay, Keith and the boy, obtained lodging in a local hotel. It sure pays to be beautiful and have an honest face. When the garage owner informed Geneve the amount of the repair bill, she explained that she did not have enough money to pay the bill and reach Salt Lake City, and wondered if he would send the bill to me in Chicago. She told him my name, employment and address, and he said he would do so, and did. Incidentally, I received the bill several days later, paid it promptly and sent the garage owner a letter expressing appreciation for his help and trust.

Knowing that thin<sup>gs</sup> were under control; that I would worry and leave my work and rush to them, if I knew of the accident, she did not telephone or inform me about it until she arrived in Salt Lake City. In later telling of her long trip from Chicago, she said she drove the rest of the way home from Ames, Iowa, without stopping, except for cat-naps. Realizing what she had gone through, I'm sure she was dead-tired and a nervous wreck. She said that in traveling through Wyoming, the roads were very bad and that the boy with them fully earned his way by changing damaged tires. They didn't build tires very good in those days.

Upon arriving in Salt Lake City, Geneve, and our two children, Jay and Keith, stayed with her folks for a few days, until Keith recovered from the results of the car accident. They then, at the invitation of my sister, Elizabeth, and brother-in-law, Oliver H. Hutchinson, moved in with the Hutchinsons', who were having financial trouble, keeping up payments on a new home they had built on the southeast corner of my family's property in Holladay. Work was scarce and money hard to come-by in those days. Geneve, paid rent and helped buy groceries, which helped them out appreciably. Right away Geneve enrolled Jay in his first school, the Irving grade school, not far from the Hutchinson home in Holladay. As a matter of information, in a letter my mother sent to me in Chicago, under date of April 2, 1933, which was before Geneve and the youngsters went west, she mentioned that my sister Ethel, and brother-in-law, Parley Eccles, and family<sup>had earlier moved</sup> in with the Hutchinsons' to help them out, financially. By the time Geneve and our youngsters took



up residence with the Hutchinsons in their two-floor home, the Eccles had moved into a duplex in the avenue section of Salt Lake City.

This was our first year of bad accidents. Unfortunately, Geneve had to bear the brunt of both, as I was in Chicago. I have described the first one which involved the car and Keith. The other, for the year, happened while the family members were living at Hutchinsons. Jay, was playing with a number of other children in the back-yard, when he fell, face down, on the broken tongue of a kid's little red wagon. Some-one, through carelessness, had left a jagged piece of wood or metal sticking up. This ran into one of his eyes, slitting the eyelid. Geneve was frantic as the eye was bleeding badly. She jumped in the car, had my sister Elizabeth, whom we all called "Bess", hold Jay in her arms, on the rear seat. Then, ignoring red-lights and stop signs, she raced in town to the home of her uncle, Doctor "Lud" Sandberg, who lived in a fine home on ninth east near ninth south. He had retired from his medical practice and, fortunately, was home. Jay was carried in hurriedly and the good Doctor, after cleaning the blood away, examined the injured eye. It was badly swollen and only half of the lid was visible. The Doctor informed that speed in operating was of the essence and that if they took time to get him to a hospital the eye would be swollen too badly to permit a good job in stitching the eyelid together. He had all the medical tools to perform the operation, except an anesthetic to lessen the pain. It was decided best to operate there and then.

Jay was placed on a solid table and Geneve, very carefully, laid across his lower body and legs and held his arms to prevent movement. Uncle "Lud", was not only an excellent surgeon, he was a very warm, compassionate individual. He talked to Jay, who was only six years old, gained his confidence and got him to whistle after each stitch was taken in his eyelid. The operation and medical attention were most successful in saving his sight. As soon as Jay was out of danger, Geneve communicated with me in Chicago, furnishing complete details. We were most grateful for the kind hand of Providence in our behalf.

Geneve's mother's sister, Emma Brown, a school-teacher, was pursuing post-graduate studies in New York at, I believe, Columbia University. She was informed of the two accidents, and under date of November 6, 1933, sent me the following letter while I was in Chicago, which rather graphically described the feelings of all of us: "Dear Jay & Geneve; To tell you that I am shocked is certainly putting it mildly. Can you imagine such an injury as the result of falling in the door-yard? I am sure that I know just exactly how you feel about wrapping them up etc etc. Such a trip as this one has been. Geneve has surely had shocks enough to just about put her out, but experiences of this kind never seem to come singly, do they? It makes one almost afraid to receive a letter. You were about frantic, I know. I am so glad that you are going out there for I am sure that they need you. When any one goes away next time I imagine you will all go together. Isn't it marvelous that his eye was saved. Such wonderful eyes. Doesn't it seem terrible for the poor little dear to have gone thru the whole thing without taking anything. It will take

him a long, long time to get over the shock and he is none too strong anyway. I am very much inclined to think that he is better off out of school for the year. He is quite high strung nervously too. I believe he will make time in school if you can build him up physically and emotionally. I am just as sorry about it all as I can be, but I am grateful, too. What a blessing that the Dr. was there and one who was interested? I wish that I could see you now for I realize how you felt about Keith and it does help to talk it all over. If this can just be the last of it all what a blessing it will be. When I think of Geneve driving thru signals and lights it just makes me shiver to think of possibilities. When I started this letter I thought I would send it to Chicago and then write another but if you (Jay) will <sup>e</sup>nclose it with one of yours I'll just write the one for both of you. Tell little Jay that I think he is brave enough to be a real football player. I don't know how he ever stood it. I really believe that I should have taken the bus to Chicago for my vacation and then perhaps you would not have planned the trip. That's an idea at least isn't it? I was sorry to be in class both times you (Jay) telephoned, (while in New York) but the girls told me about it and seemed quite concerned. I kept thinking I'd write you, but just kept on the go with things I have to do for school. I never seem to have time enough to ever finish anything. I hope that everything will be alright now and that all are well. Write when you can. Love to all. "E".

Before the family left for the west, Geneve and I unexpectedly at Church in Chicago, ran into Criss Merrill, the run-away-boy of Logan, Utah, whom we located in Seattle, three or four years before, at the request of his distraught mother. Criss now had a job with the Proctor & Gamble (?) Company in Chicago. I believe he took dinner with us on this occasion.

Soon after the family's departure, Special Agent William Carney Ryan of the Chicago Office, who was single and a very good friend of ours, moved in and shared the apartment with me until the family's return. As the name would imply, "Bill" Ryan, was a full-fledged Irish Catholic. We had some good conversations about his and my religion but no converts were made. We both knew nothing about cooking, but the place was well stocked with utensils. Criss Merrill, who had told Geneve and me that he worked in the cafeteria at the soap company, happened to call at the apartment to see me. I introduced him to Bill and the conversation turned to cooking. We asked Criss if he could cook, and when he replied affirmatively, we immediately saw the possibility of our cookery problem being solved. Criss moved in rent-free, providing he did the cooking and paid a third of the grocery bill. He later admitted that he didn't work in the cafeteria at the soap company but that he boxed soap. We soon learned/that too, he over-stated himself/about cooking. We made out, though. It wasn't long before a brother of Criss showed up on the scene. His name was Dean, and he had just completed an LDS mission. He came from Logan, to Chicago to obtain employment. As I recall, he got a soap job with Criss. We let him share quarters with Criss, rent free, but had to pay his share

of the grocery expense and help in keeping the apartment in tip-top shape. We got along fine together, although Bill and I were away a great deal of the time on criminal investigative work. Bill was quite a fellow. He was rather mild in manner and speech, religious, and I don't recall his having exhibited anger or fear or used profanity. He was, at times quite a "kidder". One of his idiosyncrasies was to converse with you in "mumbo-jumbo". It sounded like he was saying something but you couldn't quite make out what it was. He used to pull it on Criss every once in a while. If he and I were to be home for dinner, he would telephone Criss and order a scrumptious meal in mumbo-jumbo talk, then hang up. When we would arrive home and there was no dinner ready, Bill, keeping a straight face, would ask why, and poor Criss would say, "But, Mr. Ryan, I couldn't understand what you said."

In keeping track of our grocery expense, each of us would list in a notebook the items he purchased, the total price and the date. At the end of the week we would have an accounting, each standing a fourth of the expense. One week Bill and I thought we would liven up things. One day he put down in the notebook, "Box of candy, \$3.00." The next day I entered in the notebook, "One dozen roses, \$2.00!" Money was hard to come by in those lean years. When we came to the council table for the weekly accounting, Criss said that he and Dean didn't want to complain but they had a question as to whether the two items we put down could rightly be considered groceries. I had a difficult time keeping a straight face. Dean said to Bill, "We didn't get any of the candy, what did you do with it?" Bill replied, "Of course not, I ate it." I tried to explain that I had given the roses to a friend, but it didn't sound very convincing. We finally eliminated the two non-grocery/ items. For a couple of weeks in October, 1933, I was away from Chicago, having been subpoenaed as a witness in New York City, in the federal criminal trial of U.S. Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, for violating ~~of~~ the National Lottery Act. It grew out of a nation-wide prize lottery conducted by the Loyal Order of Moose at its national headquarters in Mooseheart, Illinois, which I had investigated. A promotor of the lottery, Bernard C. McGuire, had already pleaded guilty. Although I had to be in court each morning, and be available pretty much of the day, for a possible call as a witness, I did not have to testify. I got to see a number of interesting sights of the big city, and recall taking a subway car to the Mickey Mouse Watch Factory, where I purchased watches for Jay and Keith. Incidentally, Senator Davis, a silver haired, honest faced politician was acquitted.



Shortly after returning to Chicago from New York, I learned that Criss and Dean had become involved in a morals matter with a couple of women of ill repute. ~~That evening I~~ confronted Criss and Dean with the allegation and both shamefully admitted their involvement. I was not only disappointed in them but was heart-sick. I let them know what a serious moral law they had broken; what a disgusting thing it was, particularly for Dean, a returned missionary, to so disgrace their widowed mother and other family members and a friend, as well as their church, all of whom were trying to help them to be virtuous and successful in life. I was greatly disappointed that neither showed a great deal of remorse and began to wonder whether this sort of immoral conduct had occurred <sup>previously</sup> in their young lives.

~~As a result~~ of this serious incident, ~~and betrayal~~ of trust on their part, Criss and Dean immediately found living quarters elsewhere in Chicago. I have not seen nor heard from either since this occurrence. Later on, I heard that Criss one time worked as a bartender in Chicago and later on ~~the west coast~~ in the same capacity, ~~on~~ the West Coast.

Right after this unfortunate happening, I received the following letter from the widowed mother of Criss and Dean: "Sunday, Oct., 29, 1933, Logan, Utah. Dear Mr. Newman: Ever since I knew the boys, Cris & Dean, were with you I have intended to write but it has been crowded out. I was glad to know they were there and I hope they cooperate with you and I certainly hope you will father them a little. That has been lacking in their lives and I have always wanted every good man they met to take their father's place as far as possible. They both seem to like you a great deal therefore I know you could influence them a great deal. I had wanted them to go to night school of some kind. I don't know whether it would be too much with their work or not. They should be in school but perhaps if they keep good associates this year they will develop them if they will save and take care of their earnings. I want them to take part in Church too. Cris seemed to enjoy it while I was there. While in Seattle, his work conflicted. I miss them terribly & do so want them to do right and make good. There are lots of temptations in Chicago but I suppose there are everywhere. We must build our lives so we can conduct our selves aright no matter where we are. Only we are all prone to stumbling a good deal." She then tells of the rough time her son Asa J. Merrill is having in Seattle, to make a living. He was a mission/<sup>ary</sup>companion of mine in North Carolina. The mother then continues her letter, "Could you spare a little time & drop him a line and pep him up & tell him he is bound to win if he keeps going forward. None of us need expect it if we lag by the way or turn into roads we know ar/bad. I don't want you to think you have the whole family to father but any thing you can do for them will be appreciated & receive the most grateful thanks of their mother." She then signs the letter.

In view of what had happened to Criss and Dean, I was heart-sick. What a wonderful, thoughtful mother, whose husband died in th flu epidemic of 1917, leaving a large family for her to raise and support.

While Geneve and the youngsters were in Salt Lake City, her sister Margaret, condescended to write to me. Her letter, dated Sept. 11, 1933, is quoted herein, for the sake of posterity: "Hi Brother-in-law: Now that you're all alone, I guess I can get big-hearted enough to send a letter to take up a couple of dull moments and keep your mind off your sorrows. Geneve and the youngsters look fine. You can't imagine the change I saw in Keith especially. I suppose I don;t have to keep reminding you that you have two youngsters who are very attractive kids. In fact nearly all my girl-friends are waiting for them now. Do you think you could support five or ten? I belong to a dramatic club now & I'm in love with it. You know of course, that if I had my choice that is the line I'd choose. I'm also taking vocal and doing pretty well. 11'

vocal and doing pretty well. All I lack is self-confidence. I hope by the time I'm good I will have developed some. Sang at a recital the other nite and nearly tore the piano apart holding on. But it went fairly well for the first time. Have been dancing lately until I have seriously considered taking to my hands for day-time transportation. But I can take<sup>it</sup> nothing soft about me. Now that I've devoted a whole paragraph entirely to myself, I guess I can afford to tell you about others for a while. Lucile has been having boils in her eyes rather too much for comfort but is improving now. All the rest are fine. Parley and Ethel have been down once. I didn't see them but I heard. Geneve went to Marge's for dinner yesterday and enjoyed it immensely from what I could gather by dropping eaves. Geneve is installed at your other sister's, but I suppose she will tell you all about it so I will let her, as she probably knows more about it than I do. Wish I knew what interested you (or is it interests?) here at home. Seems I just can't be newsy, badly as I'd like to be. Are you managing in your bachelor apt's? I imagine you're doing rather famously, what with a ready-made cook and all, and do you play binochie yet? I'm learning and you'd be surprised what it does for your powers of concentration. Its now 9 o'clock and I never had less to do in my life. Must be losing my technique. You see, I haven't found the 'one' yet, but I hear there's better hunting in the fall. That's one of the things you remember that I'm best at. (Just a weee pun.) Hope you're not working till all hours still and also hope you're getting along with your work first rate. And I'll be seeing you. Love and what-not." Signed "Margaret, (One of the Salt Lake Jacobs' best)." What a character?

Special Agent William Carney "Bill" Ryan, was engaged to a Catholic girl, whose first name was "Lee". I believed<sup>finally</sup> she lived in Silver Springs, Maryland. They had corresponded regularly. Bill/got time off to get married. The Catholic marriage took place in Maryland, and the newley-weds took up their residence in Chicago, at 4521 Malden Avenue, Apt. 305., a<sup>half a</sup> ~~couple~~ block from our apartment. Bill an/Lee, became our life-long friends. Lee, was a nice looking, vivacious, right-down-to-earth individual. She and Geneve 'hit it right off' and spent a lot of time together. Bill and I were to work together on kidnapping investigations for weeks.

At last, in November, 1933, I was able to get some time off to go west and return the family to Chicago. To say that we were happy to see each other, would be putting it mildly. Without my being with her to help, Geneve had to carry the brunt of two serious accidents, involving ~~frightening~~ injuries to our young sons. Possessing sterling qualities and a good <sup>a</sup> rapport with her Heavenly Father, she went through these crises courageously. I was very sorry that I was unable to be with her during these trying experiences.

We only had a few days together in Salt Lake City, principally visiting our folks and friends, and then the four of us returned to Chicago, by automobile.

Geneve was happy to meet Agent Ryan's wife, Lee, and to have them living close<sup>too</sup> by. It seemed good/for all of our family to renew our attendance at Sunday School and Sacrament meetings in our Logan Square Branch.



Jay's injured eye was healing up satisfactorily. He had to have <sup>a</sup>bandage on it for quite awhile. A little additional information concerning the operation was learned from Geneve. The Doctor rolled the split eyelid back and stiched it on the inside with a horse-hair. Incidentally, we had Jay's eyes examined later on by an Eye Specialist in Chicago, who was very much impressed by the expertise of the Doctor(Uncle Lud), in getting the cartilage and skin precisely together before stitching, so as to avoid the possibility of an ugly scar. The Specialist also informed us that as far as sight was concerned, Jay's injured eye was stronger than the other one. It was considered best that we keep him out of school the rest of the school-year, As a result, he did not attend a Chicago school.

About this time in our history a change came about in the Chicago Bureau Office. Special Agent in Charge William McSwain resigned from the Bureau and joined one of the top law firms in Chicago. He was replaced by Special Agent in Charge Melvin H. Purvis of Timmonsville, South Carolina. Purvis was slender, of medium height and a dapper appearing person with a distinct southern brogue. He was single, as was McSwain, and about thirty years of age. At that time there were approximately thirty five Special Agents and ten clerical employees assigned to that office. As Chicago was pretty well considered the crime capitol of the country at that time, it was noted that the Agents transferred there were of the experienced variety.

SAC Purvis and I got along very well. I was given supervisory and administrative duties and was in on, and directed quite a number of raids and apprehensions. As kidnapping cases increased in number, four plain-clothes Detectives of the Chicago Police Department and an Investigator for the Illinois State Police were loaned to the ~~the~~ Bureau Office there for assignment.

I hope it may be of some interest to readers of this history in my mentioning a few of the major kidnapping cases investigated by the Bureau during this period of time, successfully solved and the perpetrators brought to justice. A lot of us worked on these cases. Here are a few: CHARLES F. URSCHEL, a wealthy oil man, was kidnapped from his home at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, by two men shortly before midnight July 22, 1933. The abductors were armed with a machine gun and a pistol. Mr. Urschel was released July 31, 1933, after payment of \$200,000 ransom. Within ninety days after the actual abduction, the case had been solved, a considerable portion of the ransom money recovered and fifteen individuals involved in the crime in various ways had been apprehended, convicted, and sentenced. This is probably one of most interesting cases in the annals of modern crime. Indicative of the scope of the investigation, the victim was kidnapped in Oklahoma, held captive in a remote rural section of Texas, the ransom money paid in Missouri, a portion thereof exchanged in Minnesota, another portion hidden in Texas, one of the guilty parties located in Colorado and others in Tennessee, Minnesota, Texas and Illinois. Of the fifteen persons convicted, six received life sentences, and the others a total of fifty eight years imprisonment. Two of the ring-leaders were George "Machine Gun" Kelly and his wife Kathryn Kelly.

The public was kept advised of the details of the Urschel kidnapping case through the news media and radio. This was before the days of television. As a unique feature, of its exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933, the FBI gave the public an opportunity, through the means of "Robophone", to hear the details of the investigation, and by photographs, to see where the action took place, the identity of the persons involved and the sentences imposed following Federal Court conviction.

The Edward George Bremer Kidnapping Case involved the infamous Karpis-Barker Gang. Bremer, a thirty-six year old scion of one of the wealthiest and most prominent families in St. Paul, Minnesota, and President of the Commercial State Bank, there, was kidnapped January 17, 1934. \$200,000 was paid for his release February 7th. He had been transported interstate thereby giving the FBI investigative jurisdiction. Exhaustive investigation involved the Karpis-Barker gang. Alvin Karpis, known as "Old Creepy", and Kate Barker, known as "Ma", and the latter's two sons, Fred and Arthur, alias "Doc", were the leading members of this gang. The Barkers were raised in the south-west part of the country. Fred, Arthur and two other sons, Herman and Lloyd, were pretty well schooled in crime by their mother, "Ma" Barker, who had a frenzied desire for wealth which her plodding husband, George, could not supply on his meager salary. Herman committed suicide rather than submit to an arrest for murdering a Kansas Police Officer. Light-fingered Lloyd was "at home" for the next twenty-five years in the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, for robbing the U.S. Mails. Prior to this time, Fred and Arthur Barker and Alvin Karpis had served time in penal institutions for various crimes.

The Bureau's investigation brought doom to the entire Karpis-Barker Gang. Twenty-five members were convicted in connection with the abduction of Edward George Bremer. Sentences varied -- six life imprisonments; one hundred years and one day; four thousand dollar fines; three persons killed while resisting arrest and three murdered by fellow members. "Ma" and Fred Barker were killed by Bureau Agents in a gun battle in Florida. Arthur "Doc" Barker, arrested by Bureau Agents in Chicago, received a life sentence in the United States Penitentiary, Alcatraz Island. He was killed on January 13, 1939, in an attempt to escape from Alcatraz. Alvin "Old Creepy" Karpis received a life sentence in Alcatraz. From the lonely solitude of his cell he penned a strange message to someone he loved: "I suppose by now you realize that all that glitters is not gold --- when you are released from prison, stay on the straight and narrow path --- You will think that rather strange coming from me, but I should know."

One of the early Federal Kidnapping cases involved as the victim, Charles Boettcher II, a wealthy young stock broker of Denver, Colorado. He was abducted Sunday evening, February 12, 1933, in the driveway of his home in Denver, while his wife was driving the family automobile into their garage. He was blind-folded and driven by car to a ranch in a remote area near Kimball, South Dakota, about

an eighteen-hour drive. After his family paid \$60,000 ransom, he was released in Denver, the night of March 1, 1933, and returned to his home. Through a confidential informant, Bureau Agents and Denver Police Officers learned the identity of one of the kidnapers, together with information to the effect he was transported interstate. Bureau investigation disclosed that Reo Verne Sankey and Gordon Francis Alcorn, both Canadians, perpetrated the kidnapping. Five other persons were involved in guarding the victim and collecting the ransom. ~~These five were~~ <sup>taken into custody and</sup> ~~prosecuted~~ under the Federal Kidnapping Statute, which was approved June 22, 1932. The trail of Sankey and Alcorn led to Chicago, where <sup>on January 31, 1934,</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>assisted in</sup> the apprehension of Sankey in a Barber Shop. He was unarmed at that time. However, a search of the lining of his overcoat disclosed seven white capsules containing poison, which he stated he intended to take in the event of his capture. On the night of February 1, 1934, I led a raid by Bureau Agents on a Chicago apartment and apprehended Alcorn. On February 9, 1934, while confined in jail at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, awaiting trial, Sankey committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell. On the same day Alcorn entered a plea of guilty to the Federal Kidnapping indictment and was given a life term in the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas.

Based on the country's experience in combatting crime, there are three essential elements in deterring criminal activities -- speedy apprehension, undelayed trial and severe penalty. This was particularly noticeable in the wave of kidnapping cases that swept the country in the thirties. The Bureau had the support of the public and, unitedly, this type of crime became not only unpopular but downright unprofitable. However, for a while we did have a rash of them all over the country. The ~~the~~ concluding one to which I wish to refer herein, occurred in Chicago, about this time in our personal history. It ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> the John (Jake The Barber) Factor Kidnaping Case.

John Factor, age then about forty, height about five feet six inches, medium build and weight, dark hair, shrewd and alert in manner and a natty dresser, was a native of England. He was living in the Chicago area at the time of the kidnaping. I don't know how he got the nickname, "Jake The Barber", but surmise that he worked as a Barber sometime, someplace. At this particular time of which I write, he was legally fighting extradition to England, where he was wanted for defrauding British investors out of \$7,000,000 in a stock swindle. Shortly after 1:00 A.M. July 1, 1933, Factor was kidnaped as he was leaving The Dels, a roadhouse just north of Chicago, Illinois, and held a prisoner until the evening of July 12, 1933, after payment of \$70,000 had been made to kidnapers. The abductors at first wanted \$500,000, but settled for \$70,000, with a promise of \$50,000 after his release.

With the kidnaping occurring in the area where "The Terrible Touhy Gang" controlled underworld vice, liquor and gambling activities; the fact that they were armed with machine guns, shotguns and revolvers/ <sup>and</sup> that they ~~the~~ used three cars in the abduction, would cause suspicion of this gang's involvement. This case was assigned to me by the SAC, and quite a number of the Agents assisted in the investigation, including my good friend and near neighbor, Bill Ryan.

After Factor's release, SAC Purvis, another Agent and<sup>I</sup> interviewed him at his suite of rooms on the top floor of the Morrison Hotel in Chicago's down-town loop district. His door was bullet-proofed on the inside and was equipped with a shatter-proof glass peephole about eye height through which the room occupant could see the visitor but the latter could not see into the room. Our knock was responded to by Factor's valet and handy-man, who asked ~~asked~~ from inside who we were and had us hold up our credential/<sup>S</sup>to the peephole. Factor then told the valet to let us in and we were promptly confronted by two armed guards. Factor, who obviously badly shaken up by the twelve-day ordeal, furnished the details of his kidnaping, saying that he was immediately blindfolded and driven in a car for fifteen or twenty minutes at a fairly good rate of speed, making several turns to the right and to the left. Finally the car turned left off the highway and stopped alongside a house and he was ordered out of the left side of the car and led through a door way down wooden stairs into a basement which had a solid cement floor. It was equipped with a modern toilet and basin which were in a small room with a window located across the basement from where he was required to remain. He could hear persons walking around upstairs, and because of the sounds heard he believed his place of confinement was a two-story house. A few days later, while ransom negotiations were being carried on, Factor was put in a car and driven for approximately fifty minutes at a fairly good speed during which very few turns were made. He was then taken from the car and walked upstairs by two of his kidnapers and placed in a room equipped with ordinary furniture. It was believed that this was a farm house as chickens, cows, pigs and horses could be heard about the premises. One of the kidnapers who guarded him most of the time and acted somewhat friendly, spoke with a southern accent. He was threatened by one of his abductors, hit a blow on the side of the head, and threatened if satisfactory arrangements could not be made relative to the collection of the ransom he intended to burn his feet with a torch, and place a sponge in his mouth. At one time they placed a machine gun at the back of his neck and threatened to blow his head off. At one time he got a slight glimpse<sup>se</sup> of two of his kidnapers when the taped bandage over one of his eyes slipped.

During the course of investigation, I learned from a real estate Agent in Glenview, Illinois, just north of Chicago, that a house located nearby, had been occupied by a large number of suspicious men, who were active at night, and who had suddenly vacated it. This information was received on July 28, 1933. Another Special Agent and I drove Factor and his two private guards to this place right away. With a key from the Realtor, we unlocked the rear side-door, made sure the place was unoccupied,<sup>and</sup> with Factor's permission, led him/<sup>blind-folded</sup>down the steps into the basement. He had no difficulty, whatever, in making his way to the iron bed, which his abductors had provided, to the small room with the toilet and basin, and was positive that this was his first place of confinement. It

After returning Factor and his two guards to his hotel suite, we picked up a couple of other Special Agents and made a thorough search of the identified house.



The house was situated in the north-west part of Cook County, Illinois, definitely in the geographic area of the Touhy Gang. Among the articles found in a thorough search of the hideout were a machine gun drum, top of a magazine chamber for an automatic shotgun, several bullets, two rolls of adhesive tape and a sweat shirt for a bullet-proof vest. Also found were items of wearing apparel bearing the name of E.J. McFadden, later identified as a Touhy Gang member, and several miscellaneous items. With the thought and hope that the occupants of the house might return, Special Agent Ryan and I, along with two other Agents and two Illinois State Troopers, took in a supply of food, worked out an apprehension plan, and remained in the house four days and nights, without lights, waiting for a surprise visit. About this time word was received that the police at Elkhorn, Wisconsin, had arrested four men driving a Chrysler sedan who were involved in a hit and run case. They gave fictitious names. A search of the car revealed several revolvers, an automatic rifle, fully loaded, and considerable ammunition, together with two white linen bandages, appropriate for use in blindfolding kidnaped victims, and a cotton rope, forty inches long. Bureau Agents and Chicago police officers proceeded immediately to Elkhorn, Wisconsin, where these four prisoners were identified as Roger Touhy (leader of the Touhy Gang), Edward McFadden, Gustave Schachel, and William Sharkey, henchmen of Touhy. They were returned to Chicago where Factor identified Sharkey as one of the men who manned a machine gun at the time he was abducted, and also identified the voice of Touhy as that of the man who took the principal part in carrying on the ransom negotiations with him at both places of confinement. Investigation tied in several other members of the gang who were apprehended in various places. Incidentally, before leaving the premises of the house in Glenview, Illinois, where Factor was first held, we dug rather thoroughly around the yard for possible buried ransom money. We found none but did dig up one and three-fourths gallons of nitroglycerin, used by criminals in dynamiting safes and bank vaults. Several members of the Touhy gang were well versed in bank robbery and mail train hold-ups.

Inasmuch as it was determined that Factor was not transported inter-state by his kidnapers, the case had to be handled by the Illinois State authorities. On November 8, 1933, an indictment was returned against Touhy gang members Roger Touhy, William Sharkey, Gustave Schachtel, Edward McFadden, Albert Kator, Basil Banghart and Charles C. Connors, for kidnaping John Factor for the purpose of extorting as ransom from him money in the amount of \$500,000. I was the only Federal Agent testifying before the State Grand Jury that returned the indictment. In this, and in a Federal Mail Robbery Case in North Carolina, a half-dozen or more Touhy Gang members were rounded up, convicted and sentenced. Roger Touhy and three of his cohorts received sentences of ninety nine years/<sup>each</sup> in the Illinois State Penitentiary. One of these, Basil Banghart, who was a hardened criminal with a long/<sup>vicious</sup> crime record, was given an additional thirty six year sentence for mail robbery. Charles C. Connors, one of the gang members, apparently double-crossed others in the division of the loot, as he was found by Bureau Agents in a forest section near Chicago, propped up against a tree with a bullet hole in his head and a penny in his hand.

While four of the Touhy Gang members were awaiting trial in State Court in Chicago, they were removed, through Federal process, and under heavy armed guard, to St. Paul, Minnesota, where they were tried in Federal Court for the \$100,000 ransom kidnaping of William Hamm Jr., a <sup>member of the</sup> wealthy Hamm brewery family of St. Paul. Included among the four tried were Roger Touhy and his trusted lieutenant, William Sharkey, nick-named "Willie". All were found not guilty. It was later determined that the Hamm kidnaping was the work of the Karpis-Barker Gang. During the last day of the Touhy trial in St. Paul, Sharkey, who had been a prize fighter in his younger days, interrupted the proceedings by standing up in the courtroom. He was under heavy guard and leg-ironed. He just stood there. Assistant U.S. Attorney General Joseph Keenan from Washington, D.C., who was prosecuting the case, suggested to the court that it appeared that Sharkey might wish to make a statement. He was given an opportunity but said nothing. Touhy, who was sitting nearby motioned for him to sit down. Which he did and the trial continued. That evening Keenan requested me to interview Sharkey, to see if he had anything to tell us, particularly about the Factor case in Chicago. During the course of the Hamm case trial, I was Keenan's body guard between the court-house and his hotel. After dinner that evening I took a St. Paul Office Special Agent by the name of Ed Notes-teen with me and interviewed Sharkey, in <sup>his cell in</sup> the heavily guarded Ramsey County jail in St. Paul. I referred to the incident of his standing up during the trial that day and asked if there was anything he would like to tell the government. With a silly grin on his face he mentioned about seeing lightning and hearing thunder the night before. However, there was no storm. I asked him several questions about the Factor kidnaping and he said nothing. As we left the jail we mentioned to the Jailor that Sharkey acted like he didn't have "all his marbles". The next morning word was received that during the night Sharkey had committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell. At this point, I am beginning to doubt the advisability of putting criminal cases in a personal history. However, my work was in crime detection, so please be charitably inclined toward me.

As of possible interest I should like to mention that gangster Roger Touhy, who was the son of a Chicago Police Lieutenant, served twenty five years of his ninety nine year sentence in the Illinois State Penitentiary, for kidnaping John Factor, and was paroled in 1959. However, his liberty was short lived. Within thirty days he was killed by two <sup>unkown</sup> gunmen who were waiting in ambush for him at a Chicago residence in Chicago's west side.

In the nineteen forties, John Factor was convicted in Federal Court in Iowa, for mail fraud. He spent about eight years in a Federal Prison. He was pardoned for this crime in nineteen sixty two by President John F. Kennedy. This opened up the way for his filing a petition for U.S. citizenship. The pardon, in effect, nullified deportation proceedings against the southern California millionaire, which had been commenced a week earlier by the U.S. Immigration Service. Factor, a native of England, had defeated efforts by British Authorities to have him extradited for the \$7,000,000 stock swindle he allegedly committed there.

When we first arrived in Chicago, on my transfer from St. Paul, the Bureau Office was in the Federal Building. Shortly, we moved operations across the street, in the down-town "loop" section of the city. Our new quarters eventually comprised the entire nineteenth floor of the spacious Bankers Building. As the Bureau's activities increased in these major crime investigations, we had to have a few regulation cells installed for the temporary detention of arrested persons. We also had an interview room equipped with a special wall-mirror through which potential witnesses could view the individual being interviewed but the interviewee could not see them. I also recall, that we had something that was quite new for that period of time. It was an "Oshkosh Bank Robbery Camera," which undetected, would take a series of photos with varying size lens openings and time exposures.

About this time, the U.S. Congress passed legislation making it a Federal crime to harbour a Federal criminal. Investigative jurisdiction was added to the long list of major crimes the Bureau was already handling. You never know what is going through a person's mind while being interviewed. For example, one day an Agent was interviewing a man in one of the office rooms and stepped out momentarily. When he reentered, he noted that the window was open and the interviewee had committed suicide by jumping nineteen floors.

I note among my correspondence a letter from mother dated March 2, 1933. She acknowledges a letter I sent her February fifth and comments that she was pleased to know that the boys go to Sunday School and that I attend to my meetings. She also speculated that it would be fine if she could visit Geneve, the boys and me in Chicago, and see the grand buildings and the World's Fair, but that Chicago is so far away from her home in Holladay, Utah. She mentioned visiting Elizabeth, Margaret and Ethel, there the last week, and stated that Elizabeth's husband, Oliver Hutchinson, was out of work. She said she was glad that I had work, as employment conditions were pretty bad, and sent her love and best wishes to all four of us. At that time mother was in her seventies. I am sure glad that we kept in touch by mail quite regularly during the time I was away from home.

Mother saved for me a letter I wrote to her from Chicago, February 21, 1934. Here are a few excerpts, of possible note: "Dearest Mother: It seems like I haven't heard from you for a long, long time. How are you getting along and how is the winter weather behaving out there? A few days ago we had a good sized snow which seems to be staying on the ground pretty well. Today was quite a bit warmer, so the streets are slushy. The boys have had a lot of fun romping around in the snow, and will certainly dislike seeing it all go. Geneve and the boys have been getting along fine. Jay seems to be getting a little taller and Keith a little fatter. Jay's injured eye looks pretty fine but occasionally he complains about a pain somewhere over it. We are having a specialist examine it Friday and will let you know what he says about him. Keith's rupture gives him practically no trouble and seems to be disappearing, for which we are very thankful. As usual, I have been pretty busy of late assisting in the trial of the persons who participated in the kidnaping back here of John Factor. This is the second trial, the first one having

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ended in a disagreement. This one will probably be over the end of the week. .... Tonight I am at the office waiting for a couple of letters to be typed. A little while ago I talked with Geneve on the telephone and she said she was tired out, having been busy with some kind of art work, she and another Agent's wife are taking up. I'm glad she has found something to interest her as I imagine she gets pretty lonesome just being with the youngsters so much. Last evening she dropped down here to the office and we went out to dinner, which is very unusual. .... I hope you are feeling fine, mother. Keep well. In the future I'll try to drop you a line more regularly. Lovingly, your son, Jay."

While living in Chicago, in the early thirties, I received a telephone call from Ben Summerhayes, who, with his wife, was staying at the plush Stevens Hotel, on Lakeshore Drive, in Chicago. I had never met him but knew he was a friend of my brother-in-law, Parley and sister, Ethel Eccles, in Washington, D.C.; that he had operated a real estate business there at one time and that my sister, Margaret, had worked for him a short time as secretary or stenographer. Ben, who called me at the office, said he was in Chicago, promoting a new kind of covering for meat; that business was great and he expected to revolutionize the meat industry in America. After checking by telephone with Geneve, I invited Ben and his wife to the apartment for dinner that night. They were delighted to come and we spent an enjoyable evening. Ben, an immaculate dresser, was of medium height, plump build, reddish complexion, looked to be about forty, had an ingratiating smile, friendly disposition and was a smooth conversationalist. His wife was a nice-looking, motherly sort of person. Before they departed, they insisted that we and the boys take dinner with them at the Stevens Hotel, the next evening, and what a dinner that was. It was served in a swank private dining room, with two well-groomed waiters serving us. The food was out-of-this-world in quantity and quality. After dinner an official of the hotel took us all to the hotel's high roof-garden where we had an excellent night view of the city. After thanking the Summerhays for their graciousness we bid them goodbye and wended our way back to our humble abode. Tune in tomorrow for the climax.

A few days after our dinner with the Summerhays, I received a telephone call at the Bureau Office, from an official of the Stevens Hotel. He informed that Summerhays had run up a bill of approximately \$350.00 for room rent, services and worthless checks cashed. He said that the hotel records showed that Summerhays had made a telephone call to me and it was hoped that I would be able to furnish information helpful in locating him. I furnished the hotel official what little actual information I knew about Ben, and agreed to let the official know if Ben contacted me again. Some weeks later Ben telephoned me at the office, saying that he had a room at one of the <sup>named</sup> larger hotels in Chicago's loop district, and requested that I come over to see him right away. I stated that I had no desire to see him, and that if he wanted to see me he would have to come to my office. He explained he was in technical custody of the Hotel Detective and Manager, and plea-



ded with me to come to his hotel room. Under the circumstances, I went to his room and knocked on the door. Ben was right about one thing, the Hotel Detective<sup>ive</sup> and manager let me in. Ben had already told them who I was. The grievance was that Ben had run up a sizable hotel bill and had given the hotel a worthless check. The manager and detective let me talk with Ben alone. He commenced giving me a story about a big financial deal he had coming up. He got about that far when I told him he was wasting his breath, as I had checked his criminal record which revealed him to be a confidence swindler. He broke down and sobbed a little, then asked if I would lend him \$10.00, to telephone a business associate in Washington, D.C., who would wire the hotel the money he owed. In view of his indebtedness, the hotel would not let him make a long-distance call. I called Ben's attention to his worthless check deal at the Stevens Hotel, and he said he had made satisfactory arrangements with that hotel to pay it off on a monthly basis. This I verified in a telephone call to the official of that hotel who had contacted me previously. I handed Ben a ten-dollar bill told him I didn't want it back, and requested that he refrain from contacting me. I informed the hotel manager and detective that I had given Ben enough money for his long-distance call, and assume that his business associate in Washington, D.C., paid his hotel bill.

In August 1942, about nine years after the above mentioned contacts with Ben Summerhays, I was Special Agent in Charge of the Salt Lake City Office of the FBI; upon returning from lunch one day, I discovered an envelope on my desk containing a \$10.00 bill and a note saying "thanks" and signed "Ben Summerhays". I asked the office receptionist, to whom Ben had handed the envelope for me, if she got a good look at the man. She replied affirmatively, and I then asked her, if he was dressed like a "bum" and gruff in manner. Rather startled, she replied, "Oh no, Mr. Newman, he was exceptionally well-dressed, had a ver<sup>y</sup> good personality and was charming in manner." I replied, "That was Ben Summerhays, all-right". A few days later I received the following air-mail note from <sup>Ben</sup>/~~en~~, written on engraved stationery showing his full name to be Benjamin J. Summerhays, and address as 9441 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California. The note, Dated August 25, 1942, stated: "Dear Jay: Sorry I missed seeing you. I really wanted to say hello & to thank you, but we were called to San Francisco 2 days ahead of schedule and we had to come back here first So we left S.L. Thursday on the lat 1:45 plane. But I'll be up often from now on and will look forward to seeing you. Sincerely, Ben." That was the last word from him. Such is life.

The last word <sup>I had</sup> /about Ben, appeared in the Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Utah, February 26, 1959. The news item captioned, "Swindle Case Term Given", is as follows: "Los Angeles, California (UPI). Benjamin J. Summerhays, 64, of Brentwood, was sentenced to a one-to-10 year prison term here Wednesday. Mr. Summerhays was convicted on a charge of swindling in a non-jury trial January 9. Mr. Summerhays, a former bishop of the Brentwood Ward, was convicted of swindling one of the members of his ward. Police said that he promised Dr. L.E. James of West Losangeles 8 to 10 percent profit on investigations because of connections he had in Washington, D.C.

The Jan. 9 conviction was on three counts of swindling \$11,000. Seventeen other counts against him were dismissed."

The period of the early nineteen thirties, while we were living in Chicago, was one of increased major criminality, principally in kidnaping and bank robbery. The mid-west and south-west seemed to be the hardest hit by the latter. In those days, banks were usually robbed by a gang, the members of which terrorized the bank employees with machine guns, and in some instances held the towns-people at bay until the robbery had been completed. The gang would then escape in fast automobiles, sometime taking bank employees as hostages, to prevent local police officers from firing at them. At times, the gang would scatter roofing nails on the road behind them to discourage pursuit, and would head for the big cities, where they had hide-outs, and in some instances, <sup>where they</sup> were not disturbed by police agencies.

The Dillinger Gang was perhaps the most widely known. It was reported that in twelve months they had robbed thirteen banks of approximately a quarter of a million dollars. John Dillinger, the leader of the gang, was born in Indianapolis, where, when twelve or thirteen years of age, associated himself with a juvenile group known as "The Dirty Dozen". Principal activities of this young gang of hoodlums was to steal coal from railroad cars and sell it to towns-people. The Dillinger family later moved about twenty miles away, to Mooresville, Indiana, where at the age of about twenty, <sup>young Dillinger</sup> was arrested and convicted of armed robbery. In prison he became acquainted with several convicted bank robbers and decided that type of life was for him. Several persons were killed by him and gang members in bank robberies and prison breaks, and there was a sizable reward outstanding for his capture. Another desperate criminal, Lester M. Gillis, alias "Baby Face" Nelson, who was wanted for <sup>bank robbery and</sup> murder, became affiliated with <sup>the</sup> Dillinger Gang. There was also a large reward outstanding for his capture.

Easter Sunday, April 22, 1934, found <sup>Geneve, the two boys and myself,</sup> ~~us~~ in new spring out-fits. It was a beautiful sunny day, a little on the cool side. We attended Sunday School in the Logan Square Branch, and looked forward to an uninterrupted day, as far as my daily work was concerned. But this was not to be. The telephone rang <sup>The caller was Special Agent in Charge Melvin Purvis,</sup> who informed that it was urgent that I come to the office immediately. I grabbed my top-coat and hat, kissed Geneve and the youngsters goodbye, saying Purvis wanted me at the office right away and that I did not know what time I would be back. The last part of that sentence was an understatement. I believe four or five other Agents were called in. We were rushed into Purvis' office and he hurriedly informed us that he had received a tip by long-distance telephone that <sup>at</sup> members of the Dillinger Gang were "holed up" in a hunting lodge in the forest area of northern Wisconsin, about fifty miles from the small town of Rhinelander, the nearest one having any semblance of a landing field for an airplane. A six-passenger plane was hard to come by. We finally learned by telephone that we could rent one from a hanger just outside of Chicago, and hire an aviator. We did so. I believe the plane was owned by Ann Harding, a prominent movie

actress of that day. In the interest of secrecy, we were cautioned not to inform anyone, including family members, where and how we were going. We threw our office raiding equipment, including firearms, three or four bullet-proof vests, and miscellaneous items, together and six of us were driven by car to the airport. I recall that in addition to Purvis and myself, Special Agents William Ryan and Carter Baum, near neighbors of ours<sup>RS</sup>, were in this group. Before taking off, I was able to telephone Geneve, that I would be out of town over-night and would call her<sup>again</sup> as soon as I could. As we headed north in this single engine, single propeller plane, the weather was favorable. However, as we got over northern Wisconsin, the air was turbulent and it commenced snowing. I don't know how the pilot found the small airfield at Rhineland, but he did, and with some maneuvering, put the plane down. Unfortunately, he over-ran the cleared field and as we got in the rough terrain, one of the propeller blades broke off, sending all of us to the cockpit of the plane. A head-count indicated no casualties. It was late Easter-Sunday afternoon.

In Rhineland, we met with three or four Agents from the St. Paul Office, obtained the use of three or four automobiles, of questioned endurance, but the best available, and, without causing too much commotion, held a strategy conference, and headed for the Dillinger gang hideout, the Little Bohemia Lodge about fifty miles away in this heavily-wooded back-country. The unpaved roads were rough, it was snowing and we traveled through about<sup>u</sup> four inches of snow. One of the cars developed a flat tire and had to be abandoned. In making room for its occupants, I ended the ride standing on our car's running board and hanging on to the side of the car. As we neared our destination, we turned off all car light<sup>s</sup> for the remainder of the trip, reviewed our strategy plans briefly, in which it was decided that Purvis, Baum, Ryan and I, wearing bullet-proof vests, would enter the lodge through the front door, and the others would fan out, covering the sides and rear. It has been aptly said that "the best laid plans of mice and men sometimes go<sup>a</sup>wry". They did on this occasion. As we left our cars and hurried on foot down the lane to the lodge, as noiselessly as possible, two large dogs at the lodge began barking, and as we were getting in position, machine gun fire was leveled our way from the top floor of the lodge. They were hitting all around us. At this same time, a car parked in front of the lodge turned on its lights and started toward us. We had our badges clearly visible pinned on our coats, and called out that we were Federal officers and ordered the occupants to stop. The<sup>v</sup> didn't do so, we opened fire and the driver was killed and a passenger wounded. There were six or so members of the Dillinger gang in the lodge, including John Dillinger and Lester M. Gillis, alias "Baby Face" Nelson, and three of the gangster's molls. Unfortunately, neither of the two persons shot as they were fleeing the scene, was a gang member. Before the raiding Agents could<sup>d</sup> cover th<sup>e</sup> fear of the lodge, the gangster inmates had abandoned their molls and escaped along a lake-front directly behind the lodge. As of possible interest, the following memorandum which I submitted to FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C., April 26, 1934, fou<sup>r</sup> days after this memorable night, pretty well covers my additional activities:

(LEAVING OFF THE PLACE AND DATE, QUOTE  
THIS 4- PAGE MEMO IN THE PERSONAL HISTORY  
COMMENCING AT THE BOTTOM OF PAGE 74. )

JCN

Chicago, Illinois  
April 26, 1934

On the night of April 22, 1934, while covering the Little Bohemia Roadhouse at Spider Lake, Wisconsin, where John Dillinger and several of his confederates were believed to be trapped, Inspector H. H. Clegg requested me to go to Voss' Birchwood Hotel, located approximately two miles away, and telephone Special Agent R. C. Suran at Rhinelander, Wisconsin, instructing him to have Special Agent in Charge Werner Hamml and all agents who appeared at Rhinelander, proceed to Little Bohemia immediately upon their arrival and to bring with them all gas equipment available. Special Agent W. Carter Baum was detailed to accompany me and the trip was made in a Ford Coupe turned over to Agents by Special Agent in Charge M. H. Purvis. Shortly before this, Agents, Baum, Sam Hardy and I, under the direction of Mr. Purvis had gone to Voss' Birchwood Hotel and telephoned Sheriff McGregor at Eagle River, Wisconsin, advising him that we were covering the Little Bohemia Roadhouse in his county, and soliciting his cooperation. Agent Hardy had been left at Voss' place to meet Sheriff McGreagor and his men, and accompany them to Little Bohemia.

Upon the arrival of Agent Baum and this agent at Voss' Birchwood Hotel, I communicated by telephone with Agent Suran at Rhinelander, and later through conversation with the occupants of Voss' place, learned the location of Henry Kuhnert's residence, from which a Packard automobile had been stolen shortly after our arrival at Little Bohemia. Believing it likely that some of the members of the Dillinger gang had taken this automobile to make their getaway from that territory, Agent Baum and I decided to secure complete details before returning to Little Bohemia. Accordingly, we drove to Kuhnert's place, located approximately two miles west of the entrance to Little Bohemia. Here we met three men in the driveway, one carrying a rifle. Agent Baum was holding a machine gun on his lap in readiness for an emergency. I stopped the car a short distance from these men, and I announced that we were officers. Two of them identified themselves as Deputy Sheriffs and all three came up to our car. Henry Kuhnert, one of the deputies related the details surrounding the theft of his old Packard sedan, bearing Wisconsin license 31-11 and advised that the thieves had headed west toward St. Paul. Inasmuch as Agent Hardy had fired at the tires of a car that had endeavored to enter the driveway of Little Bohemia earlier that evening, the driver of which had refused to stop upon proper demand, I inquired of these officers as to whether a car had been abandoned near there. Carl Christensen, one of the deputies, stated that he had heard that a car had been abandoned on the highway, two or three miles east, and accordingly volunteered to accompany agents to the place.



Upon entering our car Christensen removed from a holster or from one of his pockets a revolver, which he held in his hand in readiness for an emergency all the time he was with us. From Kuhnert's place, we proceeded east as far as Voss' Birchwood Hotel, when it was obvious from the directions given by Deputy Sheriff Christensen that the abandoned car he referred to was one with a flat tire left by our party enroute to Little Bohemia. Accordingly we made no further investigation of this angle,, but stopped again at Voss' Birchwood Hotel. Here I left Agent Baum and Christensen in the car while I left instructions for Agent Hardy to telephone St. Paul and intermediate points to be on the lookout for the persons driving the stolen Packard Sedan. While in Voss' place, a telephone call was received from the operator to the effect that an automobile without lights had been observed near Koener's residence, located between Voss' and Little Bohemia. I informed the operator that we would make an investigation, and I immediately discussed the matter with Agent Baum and Christensen, and it was decided that we would look the car in question over enroute to Little Bohemia. In traveling here, I drove the Ford Coupe, Agent Baum sat next to me with a machine gun in his hands, and Christensen, holding his revolver, sat next to him. As we approached Koener's place, we observed a car without lights parked almost directly across the street from the house on highway No. 51. I cautioned Agent Baum and Christensen to have their guns ready, and we first drove slowly past this car, whereupon it was observed that it contained no one. We then went down the highway some distance past the car and turned around returning slowly to secure the license number. After this had been done, we noticed a small old car with the lights on parked near Koerner's residence, and decided to proceed to that point to determine the identity of the occupants, if any, and to learn if possible from them, or from occupants of the house, the ownership of the car parked without lights on the highway. In approaching this car, the same arrangement existed as before, namely, I was driving, Agent Baum was sitting to my right, and Deputy Sheriff Christensen was to his right. Both Agent Baum and Christensen were holding their guns in readiness for action. The car we were approaching was located up what I believed to be a lane running in front, or at the side of Koerner's house. As our lights flashed against the rear of this car, I observed two men sitting in the back seat. I stopped our car a little to the right and rear of the one in question, lowered the window on my side announcing that we were officers and asking for Mr. Koerner. Immediately a man darted from around what I believed to be the left side of this car and covered us with an automatic which appeared to be of

.45 calibre. He held his gun even with the door four or five inches away from the car and shouted, "We know you have bullet proof vests on. I'll shoot you in the head. Get out of that car. I'll kill you." I immediately leaned back in the car as far as possible so as to give Agent Baum or Christensen a chance to shoot and at the same time, reached for my .38 calibre Super automatic in the inside pocket of my topcoat. At this point, the man in question turned his automatic directly at me, commanding that I keep my hands out of my pockets, and again stating that he would kill us and ordering us out of the car. I then grabbed at his gun twice which brought from his person on each occasion an oath that he would kill me. At that time I commenced getting out of the car. I opened the door, stepped off the running board, and was just turning toward him, in the hopes of diverting his attention so that Agent Baum or Christensen could shoot him, when he opened fire on me, the muzzle of his gun being only a foot or two from my head. This shot struck me in the forehead knocking me semi-unconscious. I fell face downward away from the man and recall having crawled under a fence to the right and in front of our car, and at the same time heard several additional shots. Here I lost consciousness and next recall lying just inside of the fence with my automatic in my hand facing our car which was backing out of the lane possibly 20 yards away from me. I fired at the car three or four times from a prone position and noticed the car come somewhat to a stop, and then continue backing. I fired possibly twice more while the car was still in the lane, and as it turned east on Highway No. 51, toward Voss' Birchwood Hotel, I fired once or twice more as it passed a clearing. This emptied my automatic, and I estimate that I fired seven shots at this car, having previously fired two shots from this clip at the tires of a car at Little Bohemia earlier that evening. It is very probable that I did not hit the assailant as my senses were not entirely clear, and I had difficulty keeping out of my eyes, blood which was flowing profusely from the wound in my forehead.

After emptying my automatic at the fleeing car I struggled to my feet and removing my .38 calibre revolver from my right topcoat pocket I advanced with it drawn to the parked car from which I believed the assailant to have emerged. I ordered the occupants of this car, if any, to come out with their hands up and a man who stated he was a native and pleaded not to be shot, got out the right side of the car. I determined that he did not have a gun on his person and ascertained that no one else was in the car. This person gave his name as Christensen and explained that the assailant, known to him only as "Jim" or "Jimmie" had terrorized the occupants of Koerner's residence, and also Alvin Kerner and another local man who were in the car with him, endeavoring to force them at the point of a gun, to drive him away from the place. Christensen stated that Alvin Koerner and the man with him had fled from the car while the shooting was going on. He also informed that he was lying in the back of the car; that there was a rifle there, and that he did not believe the assailant knew that he was in the car.

While conversing with Christensen, I heard someone groaning by a fence near the place where Agent Baum, Deputy Sheriff Christensen, and I had been accosted. This person proved to be Deputy Christensen, Agent Baum's body, apparently lifeless, was lying several feet inside of the fence. I endeavored to secure aid at the Koener residence, but persons inside of the house refused to come out or admit either Christensen or myself although I informed them of my identity and pleaded with them at the windows that my companions were undoubtedly dying and had to have aid. I recall having somehow removed a bullet proof vest I was wearing and leaving it either at the front porch or on the ground at the rear of the house. Being unable to secure aid at the Kerner residence it became necessary to force Christensen, found hiding in the car, to accompany me to Voss' Birchwood Hotel, he being afraid to venture out on the highway. By that time, I was experiencing considerable dizziness, felt nauseated and doubted if I would be able to make the trip unaided. He finally found the keys to the car he had been in, which had become lost, and drove me to Voss' place, near which I met Special Agent in Charge Hanni and agents in his company and advised them of the shooting and the location of Agent Baum and Deputy Sheriff Christensen. I remained at Voss' place until taken to Mr. Hanni and Agent Dodd of the Saint Paul office, in company of Deputy Sheriff Christensen to the Ruuslin Hospital at Ironwood, Michigan to which place we were admitted at approximately 3:00 A. M. April 23, 1934.

On April 25, 1934, Special Agent W. C. Ryan exhibited to me Chicago Police Department group photograph #2633A of one Lester Giles (Gillis) Alias George Nelson and two others. I positively identify the photograph of Giles (Gillis) alias Nelson, number 3 of the group, as being that of the person who murdered Special Agent W. Carter Baum at Spider Lake, Wisconsin the night of April 22, 1934, and who wounded Deputy Sheriff Carl Christensen, and this agent.

Signed: JAY C. NEWMAN,  
Special Agent.

I was very sorry that Special Agent Carter Baum, was killed. He left a wife and two small children; was the son of a Luthern Minister and had been the tennis singles champion of the District of Colombia, for a couple of years. He was shot in the throat area just a little above the bullet-proof vest he was wearing. Apparently, death was quite instantaneous. He was very proficient with a machine gun and it was difficult for me to understand why he didn't open fire on our assailant.

Deputy Sheriff or Constable Carl Christensen, was shot eight times through the body and upper left leg. The shooting occurred possibly around eleven P.M. and it wasn't until three A.M. that we were able to obtain medical attention. This was after a <sup>eg</sup>hour ride by automobile over rain-soaked roads to Ironwood, Michigan, fifty miles or so from the shooting. The car got stuck repeatedly and had to be pried out of mud holes with poles. Christensen was really in bad shape. We occupied the rear seat, and with every jolt of the car he lost more blood. I was surely grateful for that small, but attentive hospital and for the expertise of the Doctor who attended us. He got me into a hospital bed and after a cursory examination informed me th<sup>at</sup> I would make it but that Christensen had lost so much blood th<sup>at</sup> he had little chance of survival. The Doctor gave me long over-due medication for shock, told me to get some rest and that he would be back shortly. He returned with his nurse, gave me a shot for pain and put eight or nine stiches, possibly more, in my forehead wound, and bandaged me up.

My biggest worry was to get word to my lovely wife before she heard the news or was contacted by news reporters. As I recall, I reached her at our home in Chicago, at about seven A.M.; told her that there had been some shooting; that I had a slight wound but was receiving excellent care at the hospital in Ironwood, Michigan, and that in all probability, I would be released to return home in a day or two. She took the message bravely, and we both did a lot of praying. I suggested that she not talk to reporters but refer them to the Chicago Bureau Office. It was a good thing, as she was personally and telephonically contacted by the press, shortly after my call. I was permitted to return home ~~the~~ second day of my hospitalization, providing that I take it easy and report to the Marine Hospital in Chicago, regularly for medical attention. It was wonderful to be <sup>back</sup> home with Geneve and the boys. That gave Geneve quite a jolt seeing my head bandaged up.

Before leaving the hospital in Ironwood, Michigan, the Doctor let me see Carl Christensen. However, his condition was very grave. He was unconscious and so weak that the Doctor had been unable to operate on him. I talked with his wife, who had arrived at the hospital to be near him, and told her how sorry I was that he had been wounded and hoped for his recovery. She surprised me by saying that he was a tough son-of-a-gun and would come through all-right. She was right. A banker friend of mine sent me a clipping from The National Enquirer, under date of September 16, 1973, in which Carl Christensen, then seventy two years old, ~~then~~ retired and living in Florida, recounts the details <sup>of</sup> the shooting in which he, Carter Baum and I were involved in Wisconsin, when he was thirty-three years old.



My family members in Salt Lake City, broke the news/of my injury,before she had an oppertunity to read about it in the newspaper. Within a few days, I wrote her so that she would not worry. Geneve also got word to her mother. We received quite a number of telephone calls, telegrams and letters from/<sup>concerned</sup>relatives, friends and officials, extending well-wishes, and greatly appreciated their thoutfulness.

Bureau Director J. Edgar Hoover, had one of his administrative assistants make an on-the-spot review of the raid activities and the part each Agent took in the case. Under date of April 27, 1934, I received the following letter from Mr. Hoover, at our residence:i

(quote)

A week or so after receiving the above letter, Geneve and I had a surprise visit from the Bureau's Assistant Director Harold Nathan. He expressed commendation, told of the Director's praise-worthy comments and concern for our welfare, made a government Ford automobile available for my use, and stated that the Director desired that I take the family on a three-month vacation trip before returning to work. Following this visit,/Iaid around the apartment for about a week, received my regular medical attention at the Marine Hospital, and with my head still lightly bandaged, reported back to work at the Chicago Bureau Office. Unbenown to me, Assistant Director Nathan was still in town. He took one look at me, walked me to the office door and reiterated that he didn't want to see me back to work for three months. I waited a few days, learned that Nathan had returned to Washington, D.C., and again reported for duty. Special Agent in Charge Melvin Purvis, told me that he would have to discuss the matter with the Bureau, which he did by telephone, and I was allowed to remain. A few days later, under date of May 18, 1934, I received the following letter:

(quote)

On may 25, 1934, I wrote mother a self-explanatory letter on stationery of the Baltimore & Ohio's "Capitol Limited" train, which she saved for me. Here it is:

(quote)

As for John Dillinger, and Lester M. Gillis, alias "Baby Face" Nelson, Dillinger, with a gun in his hand, was killed by Bureau Agents, as he ran from the Biograph Theater in Chicago, Illinois, the night of July 22, 1934. Gillis died November 27, 1934, as a result of wounds received in a gun battle with Inspector Samuel P. Cowley and Special Agent in Charge Herman E. Hollis. Unfortunately, both of these good friends of mine were killed in this battle that occured near Barrington, Illinois, on the outskirts of Chicago,

Immediately after the gun battle between "G" men and ~~members~~ of the Dillinger gang at the Little Bohemia Lodge, in northern Wisconsin, the enterprising/<sup>owner</sup> opened it up as a sort of museum and charged admittance. Thousands of curiosity seekers visited the lodge. Jerry Melvin, a Special Agent friend of mine happened to be at the lodge soon after the shooting and noticed my hat, with my initials

still in it, and the hat badly torn by the penetrating bullet, hanging conspicuously above the fireplace with a note on it reading, "Dillinger's Hat". Jerry took it down and sent it to me in Chicago. Incidentally, when our grandson, Scott Murdock, was visiting with us in Salt Lake City, one summer, when he was a little fellow, he happened to notice the torn hat among my belongings. When he returned to his home in California, he called a conference of his younger brothers and sisters and announced that "grandpa had been shot by an arrow."

Melvin Purvis, Special Agent in Charge of the Chicago Bureau Office, during this hectic crime period, treated me fairly and obviously had considerable confidence in me. After meeting Geneve and the boys, he commented on our fine family relationship. One day, after lunch, he called me into his office and unwrapped two life-like/<sup>toy</sup> machine guns, cartridge drums, noise and all, that he had personally purchased for Jay and Keith. He insisted that I take them to the boys with his compliments. These were sturdy toys and lasted for years. Purvis received a lot of publicity, naturally, during this crime fighting period, and apparently occupied the lime-light a little too much to suit Hoover. He was finally replaced in Chicago, resigned from the Bureau, became/<sup>I believe</sup> the first celebrity to advertise the breakfast cereal "wheaties", and during world war two was in the Adjun/<sup>ct</sup> General's office of the Army. Later, he practiced law in Washington, D.C. and finally owned and operated a radio station in Florence, South Carolina. According to a news item, which appeared in the Deseret News February 29, 1960,/<sup>Purvis</sup> committed suicide a day or two earlier at his home by shooting himself with a .45-caliber Colt automatic pistol. His personal physician was quoted as saying Purvis was in bad health, dispondent and depressed.

In reporting to Washington, D.C., prior to leaving Chicago on transfer to Denver, I was treated most cordially by the Director and other Bureau Officials, and given permission to visit our folks in Salt Lake City, before going to Denver to open the Bureau Office there.

In returning to Chicago from Washington, D.C. I found that Geneve had done a good job in getting our things packed, some for shipment and the rest to take with us by automobile. We bid adieu to our many Bureau associates, friends and neighbors, and happily headed west.

We had a happy reunion with our relatives in Salt Lake City. We were happy to see them and they to see us, in one piece. After a short visit, the four of us drove to Denver, Colorado, and, fortunately, through an official of the telephone company, were able to rent a fine furnished home belonging to a concert pianist who had gone to Europe for an extended stay. The Telephone Official, a Mr. Johnston, was representing the owner, and considered us, from employment stand-point, to be a pretty good risk. The house was in a splendid location on Vine Street near the State Capitol Building and not far from/<sup>the</sup> down-town area where I was to open the Bureau Office. Incidentally, the house was furnished beautifully, with a lovely piano, library, dishes, etc. I believe our rent was \$85.00 a month.

There was a Branch of the Church in the general vicinity and the first Sunday found us in attendance. We soon became acquainted with the members, and both Geneve and I were given assignments in the auxiliaries. My assignment was a counselor to the Sunday School Superintendent.

The Bureau had already rented office space in the new Midland Savings Building and had assigned me two Special Agents, for a start. Fortunately, one of these, Douglas Swenson of Salt Lake City, who was also a Mormon, had worked as a clerk in the Bureau's Chief Clerk's Office in Washington, and was of great help in selecting office furniture, preparing <sup>government</sup> purchase orders, etc. I soon acquired a female stenographer and a male clerk, and was in business. In it's investigative work, the Denver office covered Colorado and Wyoming. Before additional personnel arrived, Swenson was transferred back to Washington. This left me one Agent for a few days. One morning, during this time, I received a telephone call from a man who refused to give his name but stated that if I would come to a certain room <sup>in a</sup> nearby hotel it would be worth my time. I <sup>took</sup> the Agent with me. We were both armed. Upon arriving at the designated hotel room I was surprised to find a badly wanted fugitive, a male nurse named "Jimmie", who was under federal indictment <sup>in Chicago,</sup> along with a "Doc" Moran, for harboring members of the Karpis-Barker gang. Moran, who had been previously convicted of malpractice and had served time in the Illinois State Penitentiary, had, with the aid of his male nurse "Jimmie" operated on two or three members of this gang to change their appearance. "Jimmie" informed me that he was tired of running and that Moran had suggested to him that if he decided to give himself up, he should surrender to me, as I would treat him fairly. "Jimmie" was removed to Chicago, where he pleaded guilty and received a five year Federal Prison sentence. It was pretty well established that "Doc" Moran was killed by gang members and his body, weighted down with cement, dumped in Lake <sup>Erie.</sup>

To complete the office personnel, I recruited stenographers and typists locally and the Bureau transferred in some additional Special Agents. Considerable publicity resulted in my new assignment and I soon received many requests to speak before service clubs, law enforcement conventions and the like. I was one out of possibly a half-dozen representatives of the Bureau, at that time, authorized to do so. I made a lot of talks on the work of the Bureau.

As previously mentioned, Jay started school in 1933, at the Irving Grade School, while Geneve and the boys were temporarily living in Holladay, Utah. Following his eye injury, it was thought best, following their return to Chicago, that he not attend the remainder of the school year. In Denver, he started school again and was placed in the first grade in the Washington Grade School, when the school-year commenced in the fall of 1934. As I recall, we did not consider the school up to standard and on one of our visits to Salt Lake City, we let him live temporarily with his Grandma Jacobs, and attend the Whittier School, across the street, where Geneve had been a student in her early years. His teacher was a Mrs. Pugh.

The Bureau was making great strides under the leadership of Director Hoover. The employees were given Civil Service status, the Bureau's appropriation was being increased by Congress regularly, and as new laws were passed relating to major criminal offenses, the Bureau received added responsibilities. Better firearms equipment was being acquired, a gun vault was established in each field office, fast automobiles, radio equipped, were being furnished the field and regular training periods were being inaugurated.

A some-what amusing incident occurred involving one of the new automobiles assigned to Denver. It was a super Hudson which would make a hundred miles an hour. That was something in those days. It was equipped with a siren, activated by a button on the floorboard. I had driven to Cheyenne, Wyoming to address a law enforcement meeting, and was just getting out of the car parked in front of the Cheyenne Hotel, when I accidentally stepped on the siren button. Inasmuch as the siren was concealed under the hood, it made a heck of a loud noise, which was particularly puzzling to two ranchers getting out of a truck parked nearby. They looked around and asked me who that was. I looked down the quiet street and replied that I didn't know, but that he was sure traveling fast. I soon had the siren rewired so that it would operate from the dashboard instead of the floor.

Following the death, on November 27, 1934, of Inspector Samuel P. Cowley, in a gun battle with Lester M. Gillis, alias "Baby Face" Nelson, in the Chicago area, the funeral was held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. Sam, a Mormon, was born in Utah, and was a half-brother of Mathew Cowley, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. Assistant Director Harold Nathan, represented the Bureau and was one of the speakers. Geneve, the boys and I came over from Denver and I acted as a sort of body-guard for Nathan. The tabernacle was filled and Sam was paid well deserved tributes for his dedication to duty and bravery. Nathan, a most scholarly individual, gave an exceptionally fine talk, ending it by extemporaneously reciting the following from "Thanatopsis" by William Cullen Bryant:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

As we left the Tabernacle, members of the press closed in on Nathan, requesting a copy of his talk. He reached in his coat-pocket and handed them a small piece of paper on which he had scribbled a half dozen notes on his air flight from Washington. During his short stay in Salt Lake City, I took him to the home of my sister and brother-in-law, Margaret and John Wells, 531 C Street, where he met them and mother, who was staying there, We visited for a short time before he had to leave on his return flight to Washington, D.C. Geneve, the boys and I returned to Denver by automobile.



About this time in our family history, I received four interesting letters from Director Hoover. The first, dated July 9, 1934, promoted me from \$3500, per annum to \$3800, and raised my civil service gradex<sup>10</sup> to 11. The second, dated September 7, 1934, promoted me from \$3800 to \$4600 and from grade ii to 12. The third, dated January 2, 1935, contained a raise from \$4600 to \$4800. The fourth dated February 23, 1935, contained a promotion from Acting to Special Agent in Charge.

Most of the cases investigated and finalized in the Denver territory were general run-of-the-mill cases. One that received a lot of publicity, had to do with the final chapter of the Charles F. Urschel kidnaping case. As previously mentioned in this history, Urschel, a wealthy Oklahoma oil man was abducted July 22, 1933 and \$200,000 ransom was paid for his release. A total of nineteen persons were arrested and prosecuted for various criminal activities in which they were involved. Ben B. Laska, a prominent Denver Attorney, was found through investigation, to have shared illegally in the \$200,000 ransom. Assistant Director Harold Nathan, flew by plane to Denver, for a conference before we arrested Laska. Everything was found to be in order and on December 17, 1934, Laska was arrested for his involvement. Assisting the United States Marshal in the arrest were, besides myself, Special Agent Douglas Swenson, who had been reassigned to the Denver Office, and C.C. Spears, Special Agent in Charge of the Portland Office.

During a brief stay in Denver, Mr. Nathan visited at our home, and was very favorably impressed with Geneve and the boys, and with the well equip<sup>ed</sup> library that came with the house rental.

Our office/<sup>address</sup> in Denver was 722 Midland Savings Building. Inasmuch as some personal mail, among my effects, ~~sent to me~~ the latter part of December 1934, to the Raleigh Apartments, 1221 Washington Street in Denver, it is apparent that the concert pianist who owned the/<sup>furnished</sup> house we were renting returned from Europe, and we had to find another furnished place.

Under date of April 18, 1935, Director Hoover sent me the following surprise air mail special delivery letter:

(quote)

We sure live the life of a nomad, a wanderer. We liked Denver, particularly, I guess, that it was somewhat/<sup>re</sup> near our home territory. San Francisco was then one of the larger field offices of the Bureau, and considered an important one. The transfer was, in reality, a promotion.

Geneve's sister, Lucile Erickson, who was then living/<sup>or visiting</sup> in Salt Lake City, came over to Denver to help with the packing and to/<sup>be</sup> with Geneve, while I was conferring with Bureau officials in Washington, D.C. Prior to leaving Denver to fly by plane to the nation's capitol, I purch<sup>ased</sup> a rather snappy salt and pepper colored top-coat. My first evening there, a Texas Agent and I dined at Schneider's Cafe, on Eleventh Street Northwest. It was one of those old established eating places with excellent food. When we had finished dinner, I discovered that someone had taken my new top-coat and had left an old beatup one about the same color. I immediately

reported the matter to Charles Schneider, the cafe owner, who assured me that my coat had been taken by mistake, as in all his forty years in business he had never had anything stolen from his cafe, which I thought was quite a record. Schneider didn't know the owner of the old coat and it contained no identification. The only items in my coat, other than a Denver label, were a half dozen loaded cartridges for a Colt Official Police Revolver. I wondered to myself what his reaction might be when he put his hand in that top-coat pocket. Sometime later Mr. Schneider forwarded the coat to me in San Francisco, and sent me the following letter dated May 4, 1935: "Dear Sir: True to my prediction your coat has ~~been~~ returned up. Mr. C.L. Burgess 123 Randolph St. Alexandria, Va., took dinner here that night, went from here to the train to go west for the government and did not realize the mistake until he got off the train. He arrived back in Washington today and came right here to make the exchange. I am glad to know our reputation is still O.K. and I hope you will not hold anything against us. Very respectfully, Chas. Schneider." This reestablishes my faith in humanity. I have found two honest men.

Over the years/<sup>I have found</sup> that the inner-circle of Bureau Officials all speak the same language when men from the field report for conferences. They must receive some coaching in advance. In other words, when you're up, you're up, and when you're down, you're/<sup>re</sup> down. I've been on both ends of the spectrum. It was very noticeable. For instance, I recall on one visit from the field, a couple of us teamed up in ~~in~~ conferring with officials in their individual offices. On that occasion I was complimented/<sup>ted</sup> repeatedly. My fellow Special Agent in Charge, who had pulled a faux pas of some sort in the field, received the cold shoulder from all of them. I felt sorry for him.

On this occasion of my reporting to the Bureau for conferences prior to going to San Francisco to assume my new assignment of Special Agent in Charge, there, I was treated royally.

Upon returning to Denver, we completed packing, with Lucile's generous help, made the rounds bidding goodbye, and the five of us, Geneve, Lucile, the two boys and I drove to Salt Lake City for a brief family visit before ~~the four of us~~/<sup>we</sup> continued on to ~~to~~ California. Inasmuch as Geneve was expecting the arrival of a new family member in September, we acceded to the wishes of her mother, and let Jay Jr. stay with her until we could get settled in the new assignment. Lucile also remained in Salt Lake City, where she and Ken were then living/<sup>or visiting.</sup> This must have been the latter part of April, 1935.

We felt pretty fine returning to the San Francisco area, where we knew our way around and had pleasant memories of our stay there in the twenties. I reported in, to the San Francisco Bureau Office, in the Federal Building, and was pleased to find that one Agent, an old-timer named E.B. Montgomery, was still assigned there. The Chief Clerk, Anna J. Perich, a very efficient employee, who helped me out immeasurably while I was there before, as a comparatively new Agent, was also still there. The office had about thirteen Agents and six clerical employees.

(QUOTE THIS LETTER AS INDICATED ON  
PAGE 82 OF THE PERSONNEL HISTORY.)

JCN

1216 - 4th Avenue,  
Salt Lake City, Utah,  
June 13, 1935.

Dear Jay and Geneve:

I have been trying for 3 weeks to get Ted to write and tell you what a splendid time we had with you in Oakland, and how much we really appreciate it. But she insists on me doing her telephoning, and now, apparently, my duties are to also include those of social secretary. Therefore, on behalf of both of us, I want to tell you how much we enjoyed the visit, and to express our lasting indebtedness to you for making it all so pleasant.

We are all well. We have Jay at our house today, as he is planning to leave tomorrow for California. I just phoned the house and he and Lee are having the time of their lives. I hope that Lee doesn't wreck him - or any of the furniture - which wouldn't be so much out of line with his usual performances.

Jay is so excited about going down to you that he can hardly sit still. He is wondering what Keith is doing, and is all prepared to make him feel the authority of an older brother.

We hope that Geneve is feeling well, and that Keith is not asking too many questions - and, incidentally, that Jay doesn't start asking them all over again, when he gets there.

Best love to all.

Sincerely,

*Harley Ethel*

Geneve and I were fortunate in renting a lovely furnished house in Burlingame, California, about eighteen miles down the peninsula, south of San Francisco. As I recall, it was a white frame, five-room place, with red roses blooming profusely around it. It had a deep fenced-in back area, with a shallow, clear stream running through it; an ideal place for the boys to play. The address was 1228 Floribunda Avenue. With a good highway, the automobile travel to and from work was not too tiresome. I teamed up occasionally commuting with Louis Youngdale, who lived in Burlingame and was employed by the Bank of America in its South San Francisco Branch. Youngdale was married to Adelaide Newman, a cousin of mine, who was the daughter of my uncle, Joseph, who was my father's brother. The Youngdales had two sons, Clifford and Ralph, who were a few years older than Jay and Keith. They lived several blocks from us. In exchanging rides with Louis, Geneve had use of our car part of the time.

We quickly affiliated ourselves with the Burlingame Branch of the Church and attended regularly. We also visited our old San Francisco Ward of the San Francisco Stake. It was still at 1649 Hayes Street. Claude W. Nalder, who was in the Mortuary business, was the Bishop. Howard S. McDonald, a former native of Holladay, Utah, my birthplace, was First Counselor to the President of the San Francisco Stake.

Rather late one night, shortly after we had rented the house in Burlingame, someone knocked on a back window. It was dark. I had been detained at the office. Geneve, with some misgiving, turned on the rear porch light and cautiously raised the blind. It was an older woman who said she lived next door and had just dropped over to introduce herself. She left without waiting for an introduction from Geneve. It was later found that she was a well-to-do recluse. She had a fine home, acted queerly, but not considered dangerous. She kept right to herself and was no problem in the community. On several occasions Geneve observed her meticulously sweeping up leaves on the sidewalk in front of her home. She would get them in a neat pile and then take her broom, scatter them and repeat the process. She must have had time on her hands or was striving for perfection.

Apparently before finding the Burlingame residence, we must ~~to~~ have obtained temporary living quarters at a hotel or apartment in Oakland, ~~as under-date-of June-13, -1935,~~ we received, at my San Francisco Office, the following letter from my brother-in-law and sister, Parley and Ethel Eccles: (QUOTE LETTER)

In a later conversation with my sister Ethel, about our residing in Oakland, before going to Burlingame, she refreshed my memory by saying that at the time she and Parley visited us, which was the latter part of May, 1935, we were living in a very nicely furnished <sup>apartment</sup> on a hill over-looking the city of Oakland.

As a matter of information, the territory of the San Francisco Office, over which I had charge, took in Northern California, <sup>and</sup> the Territory of Hawaii. We also covered leads and conducted requested interviews at the Federal Penitentiary on Alcatraz Island, just off the coast of San Francisco.



Sometime before our return to California, a ~~young~~ son of a wealthy couple living, I believe, in the San Jose area, south of San Francisco, was kidnaped ~~and~~ and eventually murdered. ~~held for a sizable ransom.~~ I believe the case <sup>Brooke</sup> was known as the Hart Case. The two male kidnapers were apprehended by <sup>local</sup> law enforcement authorities, and while awaiting due process of law, they were forcibly taken away from the authorities by an armed vigilante group, and lynched. This created quite a furor in the Golden Bear State and law enforcement officers joined forces so as to adequately deal with a situation of this kind ~~should~~, should another kidnaping occur. In Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, The Alameda County Kidnap Squad was organized. Selected officials of the various cities and communities in that area, were members and received training in <sup>various</sup> techniques of investigation in kidnap cases. Earl Warren, then District Attorney of Alameda County and later Attorney General of the United States, was a member of this group, to which I also belonged. He and I became very good friends.

I had barely assumed the duties of Special Agent in Charge of the Bureau's San Francisco Office, when <sup>on May 24, 1935,</sup> a kidnaping case of major proportions occurred at Tacoma, Washington. Nine-year old George Weyerhaeuser, the son of J.P. Weyerhaeuser, Jr., a prominent lumberman, was kidnaped and held until \$200,000 ransom was paid for his release, on May 30, 1935. The boy was confined principally in a hole dug in the ground at the rear of a house the kidnapers had rented in Spokane, Washington. To get there, the abductors had driven him <sup>by automobile</sup> a short distance into Idaho, thereby violating the Federal Kidnap Act. Negotiations by the kidnapers were carried on with the victim's father by newspaper items, telephone calls and numerous notes. The latter <sup>always</sup> ended with the words, "EGOIST EGOIST!". As soon as it was determined that the father intended to pay the ransom money, arrangements were made by the Bureau to obtain the currency from the Federal Reserve Bank in San Francisco, with the serial numbers of the twenties, tens and fives, running, as nearly possible, in numerical sequence. These serial numbers were air-mailed to Bureau Headquarters in Washington, D.C., where the ransom lists <sup>each</sup> requiring fifty-five mimeographed pages, were prepared. Immediately upon payment of the ransom to the kidnapers, by the victim's father, these lists were forwarded to all of the thirty-seven field divisions of the Bureau for distribution to banks, service stations, tourist cabins, hotels, railway and steamship companies, and other commercial concerns, requesting cooperation in closely examining any currency coming into their possession, for the purpose of determining if it was part of the ransom money which had been paid in this case. Following little George Weyerhaeuser's release by his captors near Issaquah, Washington, the massive search was on for his abductors.

Circularization of the ransom list, played a most important role in the solution of this case. On June 2, 1935, one Harmon Waley, was identified as the purchaser of a railway ticket with one of the twenty dollar ransom bills. Transportation <sup>was</sup> from Huntington, Oregon to Salt Lake City, Utah. About this time, numerous

of the ransom bills began to make their appearance, mainly at five and ten cent stores and similar places of business. The cooperation of the Salt Lake/<sup>City</sup> Police Department was obtained in covering the downtown stores, as the Bureau's personnel there was limited in number. On June 8, 1935, a woman, later identified as Margaret Waley, the wife of Harmon Waley, presented one of the ransom bills to a clerk in a Woolworth store, in Salt Lake City, in payment of a twenty-cent cigarette case she had purchased. The store cashier checked the serial number against the ransom list and, finding it to match, immediately notified Detective William Rogers of the Salt Lake City Police Department, who was standing nearby. Detective Rogers took the woman to the FBI Office in Salt Lake City, where a search of her pocket-book revealed a second ransom bill. After making a number of conflicting statements, this woman gave her name as Margaret Waley and said she and her husband Harmon Waley had been residing at 857 Condes Place, Salt Lake City. Later that day Harmon Waley was taken into custody at this address. After making a number of conflicting statements, he confessed that he and William Dainard, whom he had met in the Idaho State Penitentiary, where both were serving time, had planned and perpetrated the kidnaping and collected the \$200,000 ransom. He also admitted that his wife had been at the hideout house and had assisted in the ransom negotiations. At the time Waley was taken into custody, it was discovered that approximately \$3,700 of the ransom currency had been burned in a stove in the apartment. A total of \$90,790 of the ransom money was recovered by Bureau Agents in Emigration Canyon, about five miles east of Salt Lake City, where the Waleys had buried it. Waley complained that he and Dainard had agreed to divide the ransom equally but that after they parted company he discovered that Dainard had short-changed him \$5,000. Oh well, 'tis truly said, there is no honor among thieves.

William Dainard, after extensive investigation by the FBI, was finally apprehended in a parking lot in San Francisco, California, by Bureau Agents on May 7, 1936. He was armed with a .45 Colt Automatic, but made no attempt to use it. Dainard was about thirty years of age, Harmon and Margaret Waley about twenty five and twenty three years, respectively. Following Federal Court action in Tacoma, Washington, Dainard was sentenced to serve a term of 60 years on each of the two counts of the indictment, to run concurrently. He was removed to the United States penitentiary at McNeil Island to begin his sentence. It was later determined that he was insane and was accordingly transferred to a hospital for the insane. Harmon Waley was sentenced to serve 45 years on the charge of kidnaping and 2 years for conspiracy to kidnap, the sentences to run concurrently. He was first sent to McNeil Island and later transferred to Alcatraz Island. Margaret Waley received a sentence of 20 years on each of two counts of the indictment to run concurrently. This sentence was to be served in the United States Detention Farm, Milan, Michigan. She had no prior criminal record. Dainard and Harmon Waley had long criminal records. A fourth individual, Edward Fliss, a friend of Dainard, assisted in altering and passing some of the ransom currency. He was about 30 years of age and had

a long record of crime. Fliss was eventually apprehended by the FBI in San Francisco on October 22, 1936. He received a ten-year sentence and was fined \$5,000 for his part in passing some of the ransom money. As of possible interest, the Bureau, in its investigation, recovered \$157,319.47 of the \$200,000 paid as ransom.

Now, to get back to family life. Jay, Jr., who had been staying with his Grandma Jacobs in Salt Lake city, accompanied Lucile and Ken Erickson to Oakland, California sometime the latter part of May 1935. Geneve, Keith and I met them on their arrival. We were mighty happy to have him back with us. Keith had been lost without his playmate. As soon as the school-year commenced, he attended the McKinley grade school in Burlingame, California. He started there in the second grade. His teacher was a Miss Mills.

The first few days of July 1935, found us in close communication. Geneve had been checked regularly by a Doctor George, who was the same Obstetrician she had when Jay, Jr., was born, and she was pronounced in good physical condition. It was getting close to the arrival date. The Leland Stanford Hospital in San Francisco, was the place. It was eighteen miles from our home in Burlingame to the hospital. I found this sort of experience much more exciting and nerve-wracking than FBI work. The early evening of July 9, 1935, after the dinner-hour, found the four of us at home in Burlingame. Geneve commenced having labor pains, and I made arrangements with the two Youngdale boys, nearby, to stay with Jay and Keith. We notified the doctor that we were on our way to the hospital, and the race was on. By the time we arrived, Geneve's labor pains were very frequent and she mentioned this to a mature nurse at the desk. The nurse looked at Geneve and commented that all young brides feel apprehensive with their first one. When Geneve informed her that this was her third, she was furnished rapid transportation to the delivery room. A beautiful baby girl was born to us on that memorable day, July 9, 1935. We were unmistakably proud parents. Jay and Keith were really excited upon learning that they had a baby sister. Geneve got along fine and within a few days we were together at our home in Burlingame, a family of five. At a Sacrament Meeting in the Burlingame Branch of the Church, I had the distinct pleasure on August 4, 1935, of giving our baby girl the name of Marlene Newman, and a meaningful blessing. She has measured up to our expectations and has been a great joy to us.

My mother visited with us two or three weeks in Burligame in October 1935. We had a nice room for her. She loved her new granddaughter and felt pretty much at home with flowers blooming all around. She was about seventy six years old at that time. A very unfortunate thing happened to mar her visit. One day, while on the back-porch of our home, she leaned over to pick up something and in doing so, she pulled a ligament in one of her knees. We immediately took her to a local hospital where x-rays verified the extent of the injury and a doctor put an elastic bandage around the injury. He informed that du/fo her age the ligament had commenced to crystalize and that there was little that could be done other than keeping the limb elevated and letting nature heal the injury. Geneve and I were

very sorry that the mishap occurred and did everything we could to make her visit comfortable and pleasant.

Mother returned to her home about the first of November 1935, and under date of November 6, wrote us as follows: "Dear Jay and Geneve: Got up to Margaret's home about ten o'clock Sunday, alright. The Bishop (John Wells, Margaret's husband) was quite sick on the train, with a bad cold, but he was better Monday morning. Margaret took me out home (in Holladay) Monday afternoon. Everything was all right at home. Albert was here Sunday. They were all well. Went up to see Elizabeth, the day I came out home. She is looking fine. They are all well. The baby is like Ross, but has blue-gray eyes like Roberts. I am not able to get around very much yet. My knee is weak but it is getting better. The folks that were staying in my part of the house have moved in the north side. Expect they will stay for some time. Mrs. Gibbens has moved up with her son. We have had quite a snow storm but it was clear today and the snow was off the roads, but it is quite cold. Margaret Alice and her boyfriend and Lee came out Sunday. Ethel has the flu. I hope you folks are all well, and thanks for being so good to me when I was with you. Love and best wishes to all five of you. From Mother." And I might well add, a wonderful Mother, too. She put a P.S. at the bottom of her letter saying that she expected to go to Margaret's for a while.

Under date of September 17, 1935, I received a letter ~~a-letter~~ from Director J. Edgar Hoover, advising that I had been given a raise in my annual salary to \$5200, effective September 1, 1935.

The dates November 30 and December 1, 1935 were happy ones for Jay Jr. On the first one he was baptized in the Burligame Branch by Leland A. Bergman, and on December 1st, my birthday, I confirmed him a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

As of possible interest, I'd like to mention that soon after we arrived in San Francisco, I received a telephone call from Feder/<sup>al</sup>Judge St. Sure of the Northern Judicial District of California, who welcomed me back to the San Francisco area and requested a favor. Judge St. Sure, a splendid man, informed me that a very wealthy friend, whose name I believe I recal/<sup>l</sup>correctly as Louis B. Lurie, would like to meet me and discuss the safety of his young son. The Judge mentioned that Lurie's office was the top floor of the attractive New Montgomery Office Building, which Lurie had constructed. I informed Judge St. Sure that I would be happy to meet with his friend if he would telephone me. Mr. Lurie did so and as a good will gesture I suggested that I would come to his office. He was delighted and an appointment was made for nine A.M. the following day.

Upon entering Lurie's office, I was not only impressed with its elegance and panoramic view of San Francisco, but after being cordially greeted by my host, was introduced to his Honor, Mayor Angello Rossi of San Francisco, whom Lurie had invited there for the occasion. I rather amazed them by presenting to them a/<sup>copy of the</sup>fifty-five page ransom list, which morning newspapers had announced in bold headlines as having been paid



in the Weyerhauser Kidnaping Case. Mayor Rossi and I looked around Lurie's spacious/office walls of which contained an assembly of framed pictures and architectural designs. Viewing one of the latter the Mayor inquired what building it represented. Mr. Lurie informed that it was a design of the new public library he was donating to the city. After Mayor Rossi left, Lurie, who was a dapper appearing man of about forty, mentioned that he was born in Chicago; that his mother was very poor and that he, ~~has~~ a boy, had supported his mother and himself the best he could by selling newspapers and doing odd jobs. He mentioned that many times a young gang of ruffians would beat him up and take his money and that he and his mother would go hungry. He decided then and there that when he grew up he was not going to be poor. He said that with a little financial backing he came to San Francisco, in about 1929, during the financial crisis of that period, and bo/<sup>ught</sup> up a lot of property mortgages and later foreclosed on them. He was soon in the money.

The problem Mr. Lurie wanted to see me about concerned his young son who had just started school. He had a twenty acre estate at Atherton, south of San Francisco, and wanted to take every precaution possible to prevent his son from being kidnaped. I discussed with him general preventative measures such as having a guard take his/<sup>son</sup> to and from school, and an electrical alarm system connecting his home with the local police department, etc. He was very appreciative of my suggestions and I enjoyed my visit with him. A few days later, when a/<sup>big</sup> New York Broadway play came to San Francisco, a special messenger delivered to me a block of seats, the best in the Geary Theater, the only legitimate playhouse the/<sup>n</sup> in the city. Lurie owned the theater. As I recall, a number of us from the office and wives attended.

During our stay in San Francisco, Grneve and I kept in close touch with our relatives residing in the Bay area -- Eugene and Blanche Jacobs, Ken and Lucile Erickson, and Clarence and Dorothy Jacobs and families. We had some good meals and times together. Work permitting, we took short trips around the scenic bay area and visited the awe-inspiring giant redwoods, north of San Francisco.

The first of January 1936, put an unexpected end to our enjoyable San Francisco stay. A letter arrived from the Bureau transferring me to St. Louis, Missouri, where I was to take over the duties of Special Agent in Charge of that division of the Bureau which comprised the Eastern half of Missouri and three fourths of the State of Illinois. In personnel it was also larger than San Francisco, having sixteen Special Agents and seven clerical employees.

It was tough leaving that delightful climate, with roses blooming around our Burlingame, California home, and heading, in our loaded/<sup>down</sup> automobile for Salt Lake City, enroute to St. Louis, Missouri. As we left the low-land Sacramento Valley and commenced our ascent of the Sierra Mountains, toward Lake Tahoe and Reno, Nevada, the first week in January 1936, we got in a terrific snow-storm. We were stopped by California Highway Patrol Officers who informed that we would have to have tire chains on our car in order to be allowed to proceed further. I inquired where the chains could be purchased and was informed there were none available thereabouts.

I identified myself to the officers and informed them that it was imperative that I proceed. They allowed me to do so, assuming no responsibility for any mishap. After doing some silent praying, we headed into the mountains. The storm got worse and the snow deeper. We had some frightening moments along the way. Fortunately, as we neared the summit, road crews had ~~had~~ been busy, and we made it, but not without some close encounters. Upon reaching Reno, Nevada, we were most grateful for the protection afforded us by our Heavenly Father. After a night's rest in a Reno hotel, we continued on to Salt Lake City and went directly to the home of Geneve's parents, 1551 South Third East, where, as always, we were warmly greeted. The center of attraction seemed to be our lovely daughter Marlene, then 5 months/old. It was good to see the Jacobs family members and to visit briefly with <sup>h</sup>my mother and other relatives.

In view of the transfer, Geneve and I considered it best that she and the youngsters, Jay, Jr., Keith and Marlene, remain in Salt Lake City for the time being. Accordingly, we rented a threeroom furnished apartment in the Bell Wines Apartments, 540 East First South, which I believe, was then a new building. It was a lovely apartment and Geneve liked it very much. We were able to get Jay, Jr. in the Oquirrih Grade School, in the neighborhood. I left Geneve the family car, packed my bags, bid a tearful goodbye to my lovely wife and youngsters, and was on my way by train for St. Louis, Missouri.

I arrived in St. Louis and assumed charge of the <sup>Bureau</sup> office there, in the Federal Building, on January 13, 1936. The following day a big spread appeared in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch newspaper, with my photograph and a column about my involvement in the investigation of the John Dillinger case and my encounter with "Baby Face" Nelson, a notorious Dillinger Gang member. The response was almost instantaneous. I received a telephone call from <sup>the manager of</sup> one of the prominent St. Louis hotels, I believe it was the Plaza, informing that two or three days before my arrival a man, who did not resemble my photograph in the Post-Dispatch paper January 14th, registered at the Plaza, under my name, said he with the FBI, having just been transferred there, remained a couple of days, cashed a number of worthless checks and left without paying his bill. I assured the hotel manager that I was not the culprit. I did, however, have one of the local Agents investigate the matter. It was found that the impersonator had gone to Kansas City, Missouri to ply his trade. That office was contacted, the impersonator was arrested on a similar violation and prosecuted in Federal Court there. So much for my arrival in St. Louis. I liked the office set-up very well, was accorded a friendly welcome by the splendid personnel, took a room at the Mark Twain Hotel, with <sup>in</sup> walking distance of the office, but had a little difficulty getting accustomed to the nippy winter weather and smog. The days and weeks ahead were to find me away from St. Louis, quite a bit, on official business. In this regard, I was most fortunate to have as my number one man Special Agent Gerald B. Norris, who served as Acting Agent in Charge during my absences. Norris, about my age, and I, ~~had~~ had worked as Agents <sup>together</sup> in Seattle.

Norris, who was nicknamed "Jerry", was born in Iowa and had practiced law before his FBI employment. He and his wife, Loretta, were special friends of ours in Seattle and Geneve and I visited with them quite often there. In ~~their~~ religion they were Catholic.

I was pretty busy, as you may suspect, in getting acquainted with office personal, reviewing administrative and case files, and meeting City, County, State and Federal Officials in the immediate area. As you can imagine, Geneve and I kept in close touch through correspondence and occasional long distance telephone conversations. I recall Geneve informing me of an unusual happening in the apartment we rented in Salt Lake City. She had left the apartment and, with the youngsters, had visited for a couple or three hours with family members. When she returned, a city fire truck was in front of the apartment along with quite a crowd of on-lookers. Smoke was observed coming out one of the windows and Geneve wondered what had happened. Her curiosity was soon abated, when the front door of the building opened and a fireman came out carrying in his gloved hands a <sup>pan containing a</sup> charcoaled, shriveled up, burning roast, she had forgotten was in her apartment oven. She was mortified and also had to pay to have her apartment cleaned. Oh well, we win some and lose some.

In view of the Bureau's all-out activities in dealing with kidnapers, this crime, by now, had appreciably lost its appeal. In the mid-west, particularly, criminal gangs had turned to thefts from interstate shipments as a means of livelihood. They started on a big scale in the Illinois area of our Bureau Division. Such thefts constitute federal violations within our investigative jurisdiction. These were not the ordinary run-of-the-mill cases where an individual would break into a railroad car and steal a package of merchandise intended for a customer in another state. This gang activity involved the hijacking of huge trucks of merchandise intended for delivery to business concerns in other states. This was happening with considerable regularity in the vicinity of Peoria, Illinois. The method of operation of the gang was for a number of them, with <sup>h</sup> machine guns, to hijack the truck during the early morning hours on a rural stretch of highway. The driver and relief driver would <sup>d</sup> be blindfolded and tied up. Sometimes the complete truck would <sup>d</sup> be stolen. Other times the gang would bring its own motor unit, uncouple the loaded unit or units, hook on with their motor-rig and be on their way. By daylight they would have the hijacked merchandise in a far-away warehouse, repackaged and ready for distribution through under-world outlets.

Investigative success was finally achieved in these cases by having well armed guards and Agents accompany a prime interstate truck shipments. Some shooting occurred and ~~the~~ activities of the gang were brought to an end by court convictions.

Letters received from Geneve in Salt Lake City, indicated that she and our three youngsters were getting along satisfactorily. My mother wrote me under date of February 9, 1936, that she had received a letter I had written. She was glad to hear from me and expressed thanks for my thinking of her on her birthday, January 25th. She said she had not seen Geneve, but hoped she could the following week.

Mother also said in her letter that she intended to attend the Holladay Ward Reunion on February 22nd. She hoped I was well and getting along satisfactorily and expressed her love.

My sister Margaret, who was married to John Wells, a Counselor to the Presiding Bishop of the Church, wrote me a letter February 10, 1936. At that time they were residing at 531 C Street in Salt Lake City. Mother was staying with them at that time. Margaret mentioned that she had talked with Geneve, at the apartment but that they had not visited in view of the cold, snowy weather. John was then attending a Stake Conference of the Church in Canada. She also mentioned that both she and our sister Elizabeth, spent some time in St. Louis, while serving missions in the Central States Mission of the Church. Margaret indicated in her letter that they were expecting me to be in Salt Lake City, to get my family as soon as school was out in the spring.

My sister Elizabeth, who was usually called Bess, wrote to me from her home in Holladay, Utah, February 17, 1936. She said that Geneve and the youngsters were out to see them the day before. She said they were all fine, and added, "My but that baby (Marlene) is sweet. She is much heavier than our little one, but our girl is  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch shorter. At the rate she is growing she will be taller at the same age. Marlene is 26 inches. Janet (her baby) was 21  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches when she was born. She is 7 weeks younger. I believe our family think as much of her as the<sup>y</sup>/<sub>do</sub> of our own baby." Before continuing Bess' letter, I wish to mention that in communicating with Geneve, after I arrived in St. Louis, I informed her that I had located the St. Louis Branch of the Church and commenced regular attendance; that I became acquainted with several members who remembered Bess and her husband, Oliver Hutchinson, who served there as missionaries many years before. Now to continue with Bess' letter to me. "When you left I had no idea you might find anyone left in St. Louis that would remember Oliver or me. It has been 18 years since I left and 19 since he left there. It quite thrills me to know we are still remembered. Mr. and Mrs. Fleckinger were our special friends. Mr. Fleckinger has never joined the Church but he has always been very good and generous to the missionaries. Mrs. Fleckinger (Myrtle) is a very fine woman. She has been a very sincere and faithful member of the Church. Her oldest daughter, Thelma, is Reed Vetterli's wife. She is a very fine girl." Bess, in her letter, gives the names of a considerable number of church members who lived in and around St. Louis when she and Oliver were there and then ends her letter as follows: "I am glad and proud that you are getting along so well with your work. We all wish you the greatest success, and the very best of health. Lovingly, Bess."

As of possible interest, I should like to mention that Reed Vetterli of Salt Lake City, who had a law background, joined the FBI sometime after I did and was wounded in a gun battle with members of a major criminal gang in Kansas City, Missouri, in what was referred to by the press as "The Kansas City Massacre." As noted in Bess' letter, Vetterli, who married Thelma Fleckinger of St. Louis, later left



as a Republican.

the Bureau and returned to Utah. He ran unsuccessfully for the United States Congress and then served as Chief of Police of Salt Lake City. Unfortunately, he died, as I recall, in his early fifties of a heart attack. He was a fine fellow and a good friend of mine.

Elaborating on the Kansas City Massacre, it occurred on June 17, 1933. A number of law enforcement officials were taking Frank Nash, a convicted bank robber, by train from Oklahoma to the United States Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kansas. There had been some threats made that gang members would attempt to rescue him enroute. It happened in the Union Railroad Station in Kansas City. From ambush, fellow gang members of Nash, opened up with machine guns killing the Chief of Police of McAlester, Oklahoma, two police officers of Kansas City, FBI Special Agent Raymond Caffrey, and the prisoner, Frank Nash. It was at that time that FBI Special Agent Reed Vetterli, a Mormon, was wounded. As of interest, one of the gang members, Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd, a south-west outlaw, who participated in the massacre, was finally killed in a gun battle with Bureau Agents near Clarkson, Ohio October 22, 1934. On his person was found, among other items, a watch which had 10 notches cut into it which corresponded to the number of men reported to have been killed by him. Another member of the gang, Verne Miller, who at one time was a Deputy Sheriff in South Dakota, was finally found alongside of a highway near Detroit, Michigan. He had been shot to death and trussed up with wire, reportedly the work of the Purple Gang of Detroit, whose territory he might have invaded. The other members of the gang responsible for the Kansas City Massacre were eventually captured and convicted.

Now back to personal history. Mother wrote me under date of March 2, 1936, as follows: "Dear Son Jay. It is spring weather here (Holladay, Utah). I came out home on the 4th of February, and expect to stay. Geneve came up to Margaret's and got me and we came out to Elizabeth's. That was two weeks ago. I have not seen any of them since. They were all well then. That baby girl is a darling and the boys look fine. I was up to Elizabeth's today. Joy is getting over the scarlet fever all right and the rest of the children are back in school. I was up to Joe's yesterday. They were all well. I was up to Reuben's last week. Maranda has been sick for some time. She is better now. I hope you have good health and that you get along well with your work. Thanks for thinking about my birthday and thank you for sending me that beautiful broach. I think it is just lovely. Love and best wishes always, from mother." All I have to say is that she is not only a wonderful mother, but for a seventy-nine year old, she sure gets around.

I have kept mother's letters down through the years. One dated April 14, 1936, states: "Dear Son Jay. I have been thinking about writing to you ever since I received your letter, but I wanted to see Geneve and the children first so I could tell you about them. They came out Sunday. The boys are fine. The baby (Marlene) looks lovely with her big blue eyes. Geneve has a cold. I was glad to see them. Albert's baby has had scarlet fever, but is allright now. They were to Sunday School on Easter. I went home with them for dinner. Reuben has blood poison in his hand.

He was going to the Doctor. He thought it was some better when I last saw him. Miranda has been quite sick. I have been up with her for a day or two. She is better, so she can go and consult a Doctor. I have not rented the orchard yet. There is a schoolteacher and his wife that live in the two north rooms. I don't know if they will leave when school is out or not. I hope you are getting along well with your work. It will not be long now before you will be here with your family and I will be very glad to see you. Love and best wishes always. From mother."

This being separated from one's family for an extended period is tough. Although pretty well knowing the answer, I nev/<sup>er</sup>-the-less dropped a line to the Bureau's Director so that he would not lose sight of the fact that I wished to be assigned to Salt Lake City. He sent the following personal and confidential letter to me at St. Louis, under date of March 26, 1936: "Dear Mr. Newman: I have received your letter of March 21st, and want to thank you for writing to me concerning the matter of your assignment in Salt Lake City. I thoroughly understood the matter when we discussed it. I am quite sure that it will be possible to take favorable action on your request for annual leave in June. It was very kind of you to mention my illness and I am glad to report that I am rapidly improving after a rather serious attack of sinus trouble. With kind regards, I am, Sincerely yours, J. Edgar Hoover."

I was most fortunate to have a splendid, lovely mother-in-law, Geneve's mother, Annie Brown Jacobs. She wrote me the follow letter under date of May 14, 1936. "Dear Jay: Just a few lines to tell you how much I appreciate your splendid Mother's Day remembrance. Particularly do I appreciate your love and respect and I hope it may always last. It was very thoughtful of you to send the \$5.00, and I assure you it will be put to good use. I thank you for it all, and hope you may know how grateful I am to you. I can't tell you how much we are enjoying Geneve and family, (at your expense, of course.) That baby of yours (Marlene) certainly is a darling, and is one of the best and most patient little things one could ever wish to see. I am sure you will about eat her up when you see her. No doubt you will notice I started this letter backwards. I am afraid you will find more mistakes, so just take it for better or worse. The boys are just about fully recovered from their chicken-pox and Marlene is also clearing up nicely now, but I'm telling you she had one beautiful case. The poor little thing was so pitiful it made us all sick, but she is looking and feeling much better now. Aunt Emma is not improving as rapidly as we should like to see her, yet she holds up under the terrible suffering and pain. We are hoping the warm weather will help her. Your mother, to me is a wonder. She looks and feels so well, but of course Bert's trouble was a shock to her. Just about forgot to tell you what a splendid "Mother's Day we had at our house. Four mothers being present. The girls and Ken and kiddies all came down and spent most of the day. We had a very good dinner and visit, and we wished many times the rest of you could have been with us. The children all went home tired out. Geneve tells us she had a perfect ending of a perfect day. We are all well and very thankful for the blessings we enjoy. We hope to see you soon but don't

like the thought of Geneve and children having to leave us, but of course have to meet life as it comes. Thank you again. All the folks join in sending their love. Mother Jacobs". She had a most pleasing personality and was loved by all who knew<sup>her</sup>.

About this time in the Bureau's history, there were only three or four of us in the field, authorized to make talks on the Bureau's work. The wide publicity I received, upon taking charge of the St. Louis Office, brought on an avalanche of invitations to address service clubs, schools, American Legion and Police Conventions, etc, over Missouri and Illinois. The Bureau was about at it's peak of popularity. In the first six months of my assignment here, I not only handled the administrative affairs of the Office, but made over thirty public speaking appearances in my own territory and two or three, elsewhere in the country, by special designation of the Director, as he was unable to fill the engagements personally due to the pressure of work at Bureau headquarters in Washington, D.c. In making radio talks and appearances before National or State Conventions, I had to submit to the Bureau a rough-draft of the talk I was to deliver. I do not recall the Bureau ever having made a change in the script. Talks before local service club luncheons, schools, etc, were made extemporaneously by me. I liked this as I could add some humor. To give some idea as to how busy I was in those days, on January 26, 1936, I arrived in Quincy, Illinois, a town that figured rather prominently in early LDS church history, I had accepted an invitation to address the Anniversary Dinner of the Y.M.C.A., but ended up addressing a<sup>noon</sup> luncheon meeting of the Kiwanis Club; an assembly of the local high school at 2:00PM; an assembly of a large business college, about 3:30 PM; a meeting of the Boy Scouts of America, at 6:00 PM, and then the Y.M.C.A. Anniversary Dinner that evening.

As a general rule the group before which I appeared would later send a "Thank-You" letter and<sup>news</sup> clippings from the press coverage. As a result, I have a file containing dozens of these press clippings. The one from the Quincy, Illinois Herald-Wig, covering one of the above mentioned talks, carried the bold headlines "G-MAN SPEAKER AT KIWANIS CLUB NOON LUNCHEON: Jay C. Newman tells clubmen of Kidnaping Case Investigations". In discussing the Bureau's work in kidnaping cases, I pointed out that the greatest concern was to see that the victim was restored safely to the family. After that, the relentless, intelligently-directed search begins. Further, according to the news article, I discussed the Bureau's activities in solving a couple or three of the country's prominent cases, and then am quoted as saying, "The public should realize that the gangster of today and the criminals that are out after big money are not the<sup>ignorant</sup> criminals of thirty years ago. The gangster of today is smart. He plans a crime with care and with intelligence and he is far harder to arrest than the criminal of years ago."

Press coverage of my talk to the business school students in Quincy, Illinois, was reported in the school's news publication of February 29, 1936. The name of the school as the Gem City Business College. Here I told the student<sup>s</sup> briefly about the various types of cases under the Bureau's jurisdiction; mentioned that we had

thirty-seven Field Offices covering the United States, Alaska and Hawaii, commenting that this speaks well for the efficiency of the men when contrasted with the 19,000 men employed by Scotland Yard to cover only 700 square miles. I was quoted as outlining the qualifications for various positions in the Bureau and urged the filing of applications when the students became qualified. The reporter then said, " Mr. Newman stressed the fact that confidence and perseverance are requisites for success in that particular line of endeavor as well as any other and closed with a well-chosen bit of poetry, its main thought being, "The man who wins, is the fellow who thinks he can."

In February 1936, I was assigned by the Director to take his place as a speaker at an evening dinner meeting of the Rotary Club of Carroll, Iowa, with the wives of members also in attendance. When the Carroll High School students learned of my anticipated visit, I was invited to address a student body assembly the afternoon of the same day I was to speak at the evening Rotary Club Dinner. I made both appearances. In view of the rather unusual and somewhat interesting reporting of the high school talk, the following was copied from a clipping which appeared in the Carroll-Times Newspaper February 27, 1936: "G MAN HERE — FINGERPRINTS BEST MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION" (Ed. note--The following article was written by Bill Dean, Carroll high senior and editor of the Orange and Black. Bill is also editor-in-chief of the 1936 Carroll High School "Ace." " J.C. Newman, head of the St. Louis office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is everything a red-blooded American boy pictures in a "G" Man. To a thrilled high school reporter in the lobby of the hotel and later in his room, Mr. Newman enlarged on his explanation of the FBI and stories of its work that he had given to the high school assembly Monday afternoon and was preparing to give again to the local Rotarians that evening. His sincere brown eyes frankly concentrated on the reporter and his strong, long right hand fumbled a key ring as he modestly told of some of his own adventures in the service of the bureau. Pointing to a long white<sup>te</sup>, almost invisible, scar on his forehead, the Special Agent told of being wounded by Lester Gillis in the famous Little Bohemia raid in Wisconsin two years ago in an attempted/<sup>capture</sup> of John Dillinger, and of constant action while being stationed in Chicago for three years.. He described an intimate acquaintanceship with Special Agent Herman Hollis of Des Moines who was killed by Gillis, who was nick-named "Baby Face" Nelson." Under a heading, "Investigations Are Varied", the reporter said, "Mr. Newman sketched the follow/<sup>ing</sup> word picture of the Bureau, of which he is a member: A "G" man's life is not all shooting and criminal tracking. Although it is one of the most interesting of professions, even though dangerous, it includes much routine work. The Bureau investigates sixty or seventy types of offenses. Many of its investigations are in the accounts of defunct banks or of cases of violation of the National Bank Act, anti-trust laws, or/<sup>federal</sup> inter-state law violations. The famous Samuel Insull utilities investigation was carried on by the Bureau. Most of the Special Agents'<sup>s</sup> work, at this time, centers around/<sup>crimes</sup> involving violence. As a rule captures are made without



a fight. Most criminals are cowards." --- The reporter, in his news article, then put in what I had told the high school student body about the Bureau's extensive fingerprint files and a little bit about its investigation of kidnaping cases. He then added: "Throughout the interview the reporter constantly eyed and admired the clean-cut appearance of the investigator. Everything in the special agent's manner echoed sincerity and, below the veneer of modesty seemed to lie bravery and courage. Through it all a high school reporter got a new idea of Uncle Sam's G men!" He then added: "While showing his interviewer a number of pictures in connection with the Bureau and its work, Mr. Newman came upon a picture of three boys of about ten or twelve years of age being <sup>voluntarily</sup> fingerprinted for the civilian print file. The boy's faces registered their intense interest in the process that one of the lads was submitting to. A broad smile played across the face of the G man as he looked at the picture. Chuckling, the special agent said, "Look how everyone of them is taking it all in." Why shouldn't he smile at the picture of three boys? He has two of his own at home, one seven and the other nine. And, thought the reporter, a fellow couldn't have a much better dad than this G man."

As I said before in this personal history, you win some and you lose some.

As of possible interest, 65% of the Bureau's Special Agents, at this time, were lawyers, 19 % were expert accountants, and the remainder <sup>der</sup> were trained investigators.

In order to spice up my talks before appropriate groups, I quite frequently utilized humor and meaningful poetry. Here are a couple <sup>of</sup> samples of the humor: One of my early assignments was to locate a badly wanted fugitive who, reportedly had registered at a certain hotel in San Francisco. I approached the desk clerk, informed him of the fugitive's name and asked if he was registered there. At the same time, in order to identify myself, I exhibited to the clerk my Special Agent Identification card, which also contained my photograph. The clerk got the card where he could view it clearly, his face brightened, he pointed to my picture and said, "that son-of-a-gun was here last week and left without paying his bill."

Another one was about a new agent who, supposedly, went hunting. Unexpectedly, a lion sprang toward him. He leveled his rifle, fired, missed and the lion jumped clear over him. He hurriedly reloaded his rifle and fired as the lion ~~as-it~~ sprang toward him again. The same thing happened -- the Agent missed and the lion jumped over him. While the Agent was reloading his rifle he noticed the lion disappear behind a large pile of rocks. Creeping cautiously up to the rocks, the Agent peered around them and there was the lion practicing <sup>ing</sup> shorter jumps.

A rather homey poem, which I used to good advantage in making talks before parental and young people's audiences, was found by me in an old magazine at the family home in Holladay, Utah, while I was visiting with my mother on one of our all too seldom trips home. While mother was preparing lunch, I saw the poem, found the scissors still hanging on the side of a kitchen door moulding, where they did, when I was a boy. I cut the poem out of the magazine, then asked mother if I could

have it. At home, you can get by with a lot of things you would not think of doing elsewhere. Here is the poem:

HOW MANY HURT?

"Suppose," said I, "You chanced to see  
A small boy tumble from a tree  
How would you tell that tale to me?"

"Why, Dad," said he, "I'd simply say  
I saw a boy get hurt today  
And two men carried him away."

"How many injured would there be?"  
I asked. "Just one, of course," said he,  
"The boy who tumbled from the tree."

"No, no," I answered him, "That fall  
Which hurt the lad, brought pain to all  
Who knew and loved that youngster small.

"His mother wept, his father sighed,  
His brothers and his sisters cried,  
And all his friends were hurt inside.

"Remember this your whole life through--  
Whatever hurts may come to you  
Must hurt all who love you too.

"You cannot live your life alone,  
We suffer with your slightest groan,  
And make your pain or grief our own.

"If you should do one shameful thing,  
You could not bear alone the sting,  
We'd spend our years in suffering.

"How many hurt, we cannot state,  
There never falls a blow of fate,  
But countless people feel its weight."

(I memorized this poem and always gave it extemporaneously.)

Having been away from my family several months, June 1936 seemed to take a long arriving. It finally did and the Bureau approved two weeks leave. I don't recall the means of travel to Salt Lake City, but it must have been by plane, as train travel would have been too slow. The reunion with my lovely, devoted wife and darling youngsters -- Jay, Jr., Keith and adorable daughter, Marlene, then eleven months old, was a most happy one. They all looked wonderful, Geneve younger and the rest older. It was also good to visit with my dear mother, with my gracious parents-in-law and other relatives. We stayed in Salt Lake City as long as my leave period would permit, then vacated the apartment at the Bell Wines, packed our personal belongings in our car, bid everyone goodbye, and we were on our way to St. Louis.

This was before the days of air-conditioning and I dreaded the thought of taking the family into that hot, humid mid-west climate to live. However, providence was certainly kind to us, <sup>as,</sup> upon arriving in St. Louis, I received a telephone call from a business man, whom I had previously met, advising that a very prominent,

successful attorney of the city, <sup>who</sup> had a spacious home in Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis, <sup>and</sup> fifteen degrees cooler; that this attorney, <sup>and family</sup> spent their summers in Canada where they had a summer home, and that he would rent his Webster Groves home to us for the summer, believing we were very responsible people. We drove out to ~~to~~ 307 Forest Avenue, met the owner, mutually agreed on a rental price, and moved in. What a home this was. It was completely furnished and must have had seven or eight rooms. It was a spacious home with a huge living room, three bedrooms and a screened-in sleeping veranda. It was situated on, I would guess, about an acre of land, shaded beautifully with towering trees of that area. It had a large play-ground with swings and trickey-bars. The place also had a fine library and large guest room. That is not all, a maid went with it and she had her own quarters. We liked the place very much and greatly enjoyed the surroundings. Incidentally, this somewhat small residential city was, many years later, view<sup>ed</sup> by us in a Television Special, which portrayed it as the <sup>ideal</sup> city in which to reside.

On the ninth of July 1936, we celebrated Marlene's first birthday. As I recall, the boys got her share of the birthday cake. Also during that month, an announcement was received that on the sixteenth, my good friend and missionary companion E. Floyd Bonner of Midway, Utah, was married to Lois Thacker, in the LDS Temple in Manti, Utah. Later on in that month, I attended a conference of Special Agents in Charge, in Washington, D.C., and while there, had an informal talk with Director Hoover. Later I wrote him concering the conference and under date of August 8, 1936, received the following personal letter from him: "Dear Mr. Newman: I want you to know how much I appreciated your letter of July 28, 1936. I do hope that the recent conference of Special Agents in Charge will prove to be mutually helpful to us all, because there is a tremendous job and task ahead of us, and if by such conferences we can get a better understanding of each other's work and problems it ought to make the machinery move a little smoother. In regard to the matter of speaking, as I told you, all you need to do, I believe, is just continue to plug ahead and you will eventually get a grasp on it, at least sufficient so that your public will not suspect that you are in the least nervous. You may never believe that you will because I to this day don't in my own case. I had occasion to speak yesterday afternoon over the radio, and I was just as nervous as if I had never before spoken, and when I finished, after fifteen minutes of speaking, I was as if I had been through a turkish bath. It is not an easy thing to do and something which I don't believe I will ever get to really like, but it is just one of those things that you more or less have to grit your teeth on and take hold, and I know you can do it. With best regards and good wishes, I am sincerely yours, J. Edgar Hoover."

In August 1936, Geneve's un<sup>x</sup>cle "Lud" Sandberg of Salt Lake City, who attended Jay Jr., when he had the eye injury, died. Under date of August 22, a <sup>note</sup> was received from his daughter, Frances L. Sandberg, thanking us for a floral offering and the expression of sympathy. He was a splendid physician and surgeon, and we were very gratef<sup>ul</sup> for his expertise in stitching together our son's cut eyelid.

While residing in Webster Groves, we retained our membership in the Saint Louis Branch of the Church and attended regularly.

September first brought an end of our lush living in this suburb community. The owner of our dwelling returned from Canada, as expected, and we obtained a nice furnished apartment at 5414 Delmar Boulevard, in St. Louis. So that anyone reading this personal history does not get the idea that I memorized the numerous and sundry addresses at which we resided over the country, I should like to mention that this was brought about by the ingenuity of Geneve. She kept an accurate record on a sheet of paper. Oh, I might have thought of that eventually.

As soon as school commenced in September 1936, we got Jay, Jr. enrolled in the Clark elementary school in St. Louis.

While living in the apartment on Delmar Boulevard, we had an unexpected visitor -- our neice, Fay Newman, the daughter of my brother, Joe, and his wife, Bertha. Fay had just won the title "Miss Secretary U.S.A." at a national contest held in Kansas City. She phoned us from the hotel at the conclusion of the contest. We invited her to visit us. Without changing her contest attire, she grabbed her traveling bag and caught a train for St. Louis. We met her at the railroad station upon her arrival. Being a pretty girl and wearing her contest outfit, she drew quite a bit of attention. She stayed a day or two and then headed for her home and secretarial job in Utah. We enjoyed her visit and felt somewhat proud that a relative had won such a prodigious title.

I became personally acquainted with many officials and business leaders in the St. Louis area, including the U.S. Marshal of the Eastern Judicial/District of Missouri, with whom my office worked closely. Knowing that I was from Salt Lake City and a Mormon, I had occasion to briefly discuss the Church and our religious belief/with him. He told me of having visited Salt Lake City on a recent trip west; that he<sup>was</sup> escorted around by a local official, a Mormon with whom I was acquainted. He was deeply impressed with the beautities of the city and its surroundings. He mentioned that his visit to Temple Square was most impressive. He was thrilled with the magnificence of the tabernacle and expressed a desire to enter the temple. His escort informed that only Mormons are permitted in the temple. He then asked his escort, "Can you go into the temple?" He replied that he could at one time. This somewhat puzzled him and he asked me<sup>me</sup> what he meant. I explained that a Mormon is expected to be a person of good habits and of good moral and spiritual character; that somewhere along the line his escort apparently did not shape up, consequently could not then receive a recommend from his Ward Bishop to attend the Temple, where ordinances are performed for the living and the dead. It was a very wise man who once said, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, it might have been."

Although still very busy with my office work, I continued to make talks before civic groups in my own territory and filled special assignments from the Bureau to make appearances elsewhere. For example, I addressed the Iowa Association of Chiefs of Police at Mason City, Iowa, on September 10, 1936; the Iowa State Pol-



icemen's Association, at Des Moines, Iowa, on September 15, 1936; the Peace Officers' and Sheriffs' Association of the State of Arkansas, at Newport, Arkansas on October 26, 1936; the Annual Convention of Arkansas Congress of Parents and Teachers, at Hot Springs, Arkansas on November 4, 1936, and several others.

I received the following letter from my mother, under date of October 11, 1936: "Dear Son Jay: Received your photograph. You look fine. You are getting to look older, but that is the way we all are getting to look. Elizabeth's baby has been quite sick. She is getting better but looks bad yet. Margaret wants me to stay with her the coldest part of the winter and go to the temple some of the time. I am thinking about it. Most of the apples have been picked. They have been very cheap. Will was down from Jerome on Albert's birthday, the 19th of September. He was here a day, came down with a friend. I hope you folks are all well. The boys are getting tall. It will not be long before they will be young men, and that baby girl will be going to school. I hope you are getting along well with your work. Love and best wishes to all of you, from Mother."

Mother wrote me under date of November 13, 1936, as follows: "Dear Son Jay: Received your letter, glad to hear from you and that you are all well and happy. I am glad you are getting along well with your work. It is quite an honor that you can talk for Mr. Hoover. It looks like you are one of his best men." (Only a mother would say that.) "It has been quite cold here. We have had a snow storm but it is clear now. There is some snow on the ground. I think all the folks are well. I expect to stay with Albert some of the time this winter, and some of the time with Margaret. They don't want me to be home alone. The folks that rent the north side of the house will use my kitchen to keep the pipes from freezing. I am well. I have got some of the money from the fruit and I think I will have tax money and some for some things I need. Thanks for offering to help me. Love and best wishes to all of you, from Mother."

My sister, Margaret, put the following note in with mother's letter of November 13th: "Dear Jay and all: Just returned from the Hollywood and Pasedena Stake M.I.A. Conventions. John came down for a few days. Everyone is well except Ethel, who has had the flu and been in bed for several days. Mother is with me for a week or so. She is well. She will stay with Bert some this winter and help the hired girl care for the children. When mother read the articles, clippings, etc, you sent, she said, "My boy is getting up right next to Hoover." She is pretty proud of you and so are all of us. You are some fine brother. I think Reuben and Parley discussed politics as usual and one of them was right, as usual. (Rube a Democrat, Parley a Republican) We are glad you have such a comfortable place to live - I mean your home. I am sure those boys and Marlene are a real joy to you and Geneve. Its nice they are growing up together. Parley Jr., is going through those lonely years that Margaret Alice experienced. Lee talks us all silly. One day here I told him I could not stand anymore of his chatter, that I was worn out and he said, "Mother and Daddy say I make them nervous," but still he raves on. This leaves us in health, hope it finds you, Geneve & Kiddies also okeh. Love always, John and Margaret."

Under date of January 10, 1937, my sister Elizabeth, whom we always called "Bess", sent us the following letter from Holladay, Utah: "Dear Jay, Geneve & family: It is long past time I wrote to thank you for your lovely Christmas gifts to us. We do appreciate them and thank you for them. The girls are enjoying the different shades of polish and the whole family are enjoying Robin Hood. Carolyn has her doll cut-outs to play with every day. She doesn't go to school until afternoon. The little dog is still running nicely. Janet gets quite a thrill out of watching him run. I did not suppose I would ever own a bath mat, so you may be sure I shall appreciate such a luxury. Thanks for your thoughtfulness and kind Christmas wishes. I started in November making a few little gifts but had a couple of weeks sickness in December, with neuritis, so I did not get them finished. I have them just about all completed now. I sent Ethel's and Margaret Alice's in this last week and will have yours in the mail with this letter. I made a set for Margaret and Ethel, and Margaret Alice must have liked them, so they asked me to make a set for each of them. I thought perhaps Geneve would like a set, too, so I made one for her. They are very popular here. I hope you can get some use out of them. Next Sunday, Parley and Ethel are celebrating their twentieth wedding anniversary. All their friends are invited to call between 8 and 11 P.M. It will be 20 years on the 25th of January since I left SLC for the mission field and, incidently, for a little over 2 years in St. Louis. There is a young missionary, a Reynolds boy, leaving this ward on the same day this year for the Brazillian mission. It is also Mother's birthday on the 25th. She is 80 years old. She is well. She has been staying up to Bert's, but the people in her house let the pipes freeze up so Oliver spent most of yesterday getting them thawed out and repaired. She is going back down there to stay until the weather moderates a little. We are having it fro<sup>m</sup> 11 to 15 degrees below for over a week now. We are just about frozen up. Oliver has not had work since before Christmas. The building jobs had to close because of the weather. So far as I know all the families are well. We hope you are, and hope you have a happy and prosperous new year. Lovingly, Bess."

I received the following letter from Mother, dated January 26, 1937, the day after her birthday: "Dear Son Jay: I have been looking for your letter for some time it came at last. I am glad to hear that you are all well. I have been up to Albert's about a month. It has been very cold here. The water pipes froze up so I had to come home and look after them. I think I will be home the rest of the winter. I am glad you folks had a nice Christmas and I wish you all a happy new year. Thanks for the present you sent me. I see from your letter you are a very busy man. I hope you will be able to visit us when summer comes. I was up to Joe's for Sunday dinner then I went with them up to Parley and Ethel's reception. They had quite a nice time. I think all the folks are well. Oliver was here last night. Albert was here yesterday. They bring some milk to me. Last night I was up to Elizabeth's. The girls had a birthday reception for me. Quite a few people of the Ward called to see me. I was happy to hear you folks on the phone. Thanks for the gift. Kiss the boys and that little girlie for me. Love to all of you. Mother."

As mentioned in this history covering the period we lived in Chicago, Illinois, Special Agent Bill Ryan and his wife Lee, a Catholic couple, were our very close friends and neighbors there. They were special to us. Bill and I worked on several kidnaping cases together and Geneve and Lee spent a great deal of time together. While in St. Louis, Geneve received the following newsy letter from Lee, postmarked Portland, Oregon January 13, 1937: "Dear Geneve - Thank you, and Jay, for the lovely toys for the children - they were quite delighted with them. Bill had been called away on that kidnaping case and the package was down to the office for some time before I knew it was there. By the time I got around to getting it the novelty was worn off Michael's Christmas toys (what was left of them) so of course he got a bigger thrill than ever to receive more. He has been with the rubber animals in his bath and has to kiss them goodnight when he goes to bed, of course, & that wooden egg, or ball, as he calls it, he carries around all the time. The trouble is he can't quite get it apart, so ninety seven times a day it is, "Momie, ope" -- "Momie close", but we all have fun. Mary Lee loves the set of tinker toys, sits in her high-chair & makes quite a bang with them, I can tell you. When they drop, Michael rushes to the rescue. He calls her "I-Lee". I told him about Jay and Keith & you should hear him say "Jay & Kess". Its so long since I have written you there are miles and miles to write, so much I want to ask about the children and every thing. You'll just have to find time to write me all about them. I know Jay and Keith are such big boys now. I'd hardly know them, and Marlene must be a darling. I wish you lived next door so she and Michael could play together. Does she still have red hair? I hope so, I love it, that sure my kid's hair would be red when they were little (they are so big now you know) but no such luck. Bill has red whiskers all for nothing. Michael's is light now, but I think it will get darker, its very curly and his eyes are almost brown. He looks like me 'tis said, though I never can tell. Mary Lee looks more like Bill, but she has very blue eyes, brownish hair, straight as a board of course, being a girl, and is 7½ months old, with no teeth. I certainly have slow teething youngsters, outside of that they are very smart. That terrible Mattson case certainly has been upsetting, hasn't it? Such a horrible thing." Note of information: A young son of a Mattson couple in Tacoma, Washington was kidnaped by an unidentified man and held for a sizeable ransom. The boy's body was later found. He had been murdered. This is about the only major kidnaping case in this country, that I recall, which remains unsolved. Now to get back to Lee Ryan's letter to Geneve. "A friend called me last night and wanted to know whether it was Bill's picture in the paper lifting the body into the ambulance & I said heavens I hope not. I didn't want him to have to go near it. She insisted it was he but I don't think I'd know myself in a newspaper clipping, let alone my husband. Besides he's been away over 2 weeks now & I can't remember what he looks like, but I miss him as much as ever. We have been so fortunate since we've been in Portland. After the first seige in the Weyerhauser kidnaping case, he has been home most of the time, and we've certainly enjoyed just doing nothing but playing with the

children. They are so cute (bragging mother). We have been living in a house since last march & just love it, would hate to be transferred from here on that account. Have a pretty lawn and a grand back yard, with lilacs, daffidils, plum tree and ripe berries & a real fire place. (The latter is in the house but I still ramble on.) Last summer I was very domestic with my berry pies & plum jam. Mother was out for several months & she loved it here. Hopes she comes again this summer. We have a girl (the worlds worst dope) who stays here all the time & I don't like her but she is good with the kids, so I think, oh, I might as well keep her, besides I doubt whether I'd ever have enough nerve to fire anybody. If you could hear my kids now you'd wonder what kind of animals they were. Mary Lee is in one bedroom making a noise like a foghorn, and Michael in the other, supposed to be sleeping, and its hard to describe the noise he's making. I'd better get the baby girl. He hears her and won't take his nap. She's out here now with me, quite overjoyed & telling me lots of things to tell you but I'll save them till next time. Do write and tell me all about yourself and Jay. How you both and kiddies like St. Louis? & just everything. Wish we could see all of you & thanks again from all of us. Love, Lee." At the bottom of the letter Lee put the date, 1-13-37, and their address as 3715 N.E. 18th Ave., Portland, Orgeon.

Our niece, Fay Newman, who visited us after she had won the National Miss Secretary Contest, dropped us a line under date of January 27, 1937. She said she was looking forward to summer and expressed the hope we would be spending our vacation in Salt Lake City, so she could romp around again with Jay and Keith, and see how much Marlene has grown. She also commented on how beautiful my Mother (her grandmother) looked on the occasion of her birthday reception on January twenty fifth.

One thing about my Bureau job was that it was not monotonous. Something unusual was always popping up. For example, under date of February 11, 1937, the Director sent the following air-mail letter to me in St. Louis:

"Dear Mr. Newman:

You are hereby directed to proceed to Detroit, Michigan, public business permitting, and assume the duties of Special Agent in Charge of the Bureau Field Division in that city.

Very truly yours,

Signed: J. E. Hoover  
Director."

The only thing about this transfer on the plus side, was that I shortly received a Civil Service promotion in grade and salary.

By now, Geneve and I had become pretty much accustomed to change in habitation. I completed my office work, took care of a couple of engagements and then we paid our apartment rental, packed our car with personal belongings we hadn't shipped, bid goodbye to St. Louis, and by February 20th, we, with our three youngsters, Jay, Jr., Keith and Marlene, were on our way to Detroit.



We arrived in Detroit, Michigan, on a holiday, Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1937. In view of the huge automobile industry, Detroit was known as "Motor City, U.S.A." Although a holiday, the increase in traffic was very noticeable. I dropped in the FBI Office, 911 Federal Building, just before noon, and found Special Agent in Charge Harold H. Reinecke, whom I was replacing, clearing out his personal belongings preparatory to his departure for Indianapolis, Indiana, to which he had been transferred. I didn't get much help from him as to where to reside, so Geneve and I took off on our own to look over the city. While driving on the outskirts of the city, we saw a community a few miles beyond a small body of water. It looked like it might be a quiet, desirable place to live, but to our dismay, we were heading for Canaan. We turned back and in the late afternoon, after looking at several places, finally found a dream, three or four room furnished place, which was to be our residence during our entire stay in Detroit. It was apartment 302 D, in the Alden Park Manor, the second largest apartment complex in the United States. The entrance address was 8100 E. Jefferson. It was four apartment buildings in one, lettered A, B, C & D. We lived in the last one, which extended to the Detroit River. Our apartment overlooked the river and we had "ring-side seats" to the inter-national yacht races, water carnivals and the evening singing and music of ethnic groups rowing by. The ground floor of this apartment complex, featured exclusive shops and stores, a number of professional offices and a movie theater. On the three-acre playground, donated by Henry Ford's son, Edsel, for use of the residents, was play equipment of about every description. When in use, the playground activities were supervised by an attendant. A <sup>large</sup> playroom in the basement for resident-children was similarly supervised. We had storage space in the basement and a designated parking space in a well-lighted underground garage. The garage was equipped with an electric eye, the first we had seen.

The Detroit FBI Office had investigative jurisdiction in Bureau cases throughout the entire State of Michigan. Geographically, Michigan is composed of two peninsulas. The smaller one to the north, being known as the Upper Peninsula and the major one to the south, in which Detroit is located, being known as the Lower Peninsula. They are linked together by a five-mile suspension bridge which vaults the intervening Straits of Mackinac. Four of the five Great Lakes wash the shore of Michigan, namely, Lakes Michigan, Huron, Superior and Erie. The State of Michigan is bordered on the south by the States of Indiana and Ohio. (So much for the geography lesson.)

Lining up that fine apartment in which to live, locating and affiliating ourselves actively with a Branch of the Church on the east side, nearby, and getting Jay Jr. in the Monteith grade school, near the apartment, boosted our somewhat sagging morale tremendously. This was a fine school. Jay's teacher was Miss Wallace. The Principal was a Miss Locke.

The usual publicity was given by the local press concerning my arrival to take charge of the Bureau's office. A reporter and Staff Photographer for the Detroit

News were about my first visitors. The office personnel numbered about thirty; Of this number, twenty were Special Agents and ten were clerical employees. I was very happy to see two of the Agents, Leo K. Cook and Edward J. McCabe. Both were assigned to the San Francisco Office, while <sup>I</sup> was Special Agent in Charge there.

In my transfer to this Detroit Division, I inherited two major problems. One was an upsurge in Bank Robberies and the other had to do with the Michigan State Police. Regarding the latter, apparently the Bureau had carried out a raid in the Dillinger case in northern Michigan, to apprehend a gang member, and had not cooperated with the State Police, as anticipated. As a result, cooperation between this agency and the Bureau, was at an extremely low ebb.

My first concern was to become acquainted with the Federal and local officials in and around Detroit. I assured them of the Bureau's cooperation in matters of mutual interest, and they all seemed to appreciate my visit. I found the United States Attorney for the Eastern Judicial District, John C. Lehr, to be very friendly. He had six Assistant Attorneys, who handled the prosecution of a large share of our cases. The United States Marshal of the Eastern District was John J. Bare. his Chief Deputy was John J. Grogan. There were five United States District Court Judges in the Eastern District, two of whom, namely, Arthur J. Tuttle and Edward J. Moinet, I personally met and conversed with on several occasions. They were most friendly and cordial. I also had a friendly visit with Federal Judge Fred M. Raymond of the Western District, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and with other officials in that area of the State.

My next venture was to see if I could improve relation<sup>f</sup> between the Bureau and the Michigan State Police. I personally called on Commissioner Oscar G. Olander, in East Lansing, who was head of the State Police. I received a rather cool reception and listened to a recital of grievances that brought on the tension between the two organizations. I informed the Commissioner that I had been transferred from St. Louis, to take charge of the Bureau's Detroit Division, and that my earnest desire was to cooperate fully with the Michigan State Police. We discussed the increase that had recently occurred in bank robberies in the State and were in agreement that cooperation between the two law enforcement organizations in combatting these major crimes was most vital. As a cooperative gesture and so that the investigative efforts of the two agencies in bank robbery cases could be correlated, I suggested that the Commissioner have one of his top men occupy a desk in our Detroit Office. Olander called in Captain Ira Marmon. They discussed the proposition, were delighted with the suggestion and assigned Lieutenant Jack Sheridan, who spent several weeks in close collaboration with our office.

Although we had quite a number of bank robberies in the weeks that followed, our investigative efforts paid off. They were all solved and the perpetrators successively prosecuted in Federal Court, under the National Bank Robbery Act.

Under date of May 5, 1938, Commissioner Oscar G. Olander, of the Michigan State Police, sent a letter to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and a copy to me. As will be

noted, the rift between us has been eliminated. Here is an excerpt<sup>Pt</sup> from Olander's letter to Hoover: "I might state at this time, that we have received the utmost cooperation from the Detroit Office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, under the Capable direction of Jay C. Newman. Our detectives and other officers have nothing but the highest praise for Mr. Newman and his staff, and such cooperation between the two departments has done much to curtail major crime in Michigan."

One of the bank robberies, brought to a successful conclusion soon after our arrival in Detroit, involved the First National Bank of Plymouth, Michigan. One of the bandits, Willard Long, reportedly was a former member of the notorious Al Brady Gang. He had a long criminal record as well as a long list of aliases. He was tried in Federal Court in Detroit, convicted and was given a five year sentence by Federal Judge Moinet. Shortly thereafter, I made a talk at a service club banquet in a place west of Detroit, which was the hometown of "Hank" Greenberg, the idol of the Detroit Tigers baseball team. A man who introduced me, who was the Master of Ceremonies for the banquet, mentioned to me during the course of the dinner, that he was a former schoolmate of Federal Judge Moinet, and requested that I convey his best regards to the Judge the next time I saw him. I assured him that I would. As a matter of fact, I welcomed the opportunity to discuss our major crime problem with Judge Moinet. A few days later I called on his honor, extended the regards of his friend and had a discussion of the criminal investigative work of the FBI, mentioning particularly how kidnaping cases had decreased in number, and that due to the combined cooperation of the public, the law enforcement efforts and the courts, kidnaping had pretty well been brought to stand-still. The Judge was friendly and indicated concern over the present increase in bank robberies.

On May 18, 1937, a few days after my conversation with Judge Moinet, the Lapeer Savings Bank of Lapeer, Michigan was robbed by two bandits. One of these was apprehended by our Agents in Detroit on May 18, 1937. His name was George Benchich. He was twenty three years old and already had a bad criminal record, having been paroled from Jackson Prison, shortly before this, where he was serving a five to fifteen year term for burglary. He was also identified in another bank robbery in the State. As a matter of possible interest, I wish to advise that this bank robber was tried and convicted in Judge Moinet's court. The good judge gave him a sentence of fifty years in a Federal Penitentiary. In a later case he gave the convicted bank robber twenty-five years. Footnote: I don't know whether my talk with the Judge had anything to do with this change, but I do know that bank robbery<sup>in Michigan</sup> became a hazardous pastime.

On August 23, 1937, I received a rather unusual telephone call at my office in Detroit. A woman asked for me by name. She declined to give her name but said she was an FBI fugitive and was tired of running. She said she wanted to give herself up and would do so if I would meet her in front of the Statler Hotel in Detroit at four P.M. that day. She then hung up the phone. It was two P.M. when she called. Accompanied by plain-clothes officers, the rendezvous was kept. The woman waiting

in front of the hotel acknowledged that she had made the phone call to me. She gave her name as Margaret Allen and said she had been convicted in connection with the robbery of the Woodland-Oakland branch of the Detroit Bank May 1, 1936; that she had been sentenced to serve two years in the National Reformatory at Alderson, West Virginia, and enroute escaped from her guard by leaping through a train window. This was verified by office records and fingerprints. She was taken into custody, and as I recall, was given an additional sentence under the Federal Escape Act. She said she surrendered because she was tired of a fugitive's life.

One more case which was unusual, involved an unsuccessful attempt by two bandits to rob the Chemical State Bank at Midland, Michigan in September 1937. The robbers entered the bank about noon carrying sub-machine guns. The bank president was slow in responding to one of the bandit's Command to put up his hands, and was shot and seriously injured. The bank cashier was also wounded, as was a by-stander. The latter died as a result of his wound. In confusion, the two bandits ran from the bank, jumped in an automobile and started to drive away. A local Dentist who had his office on the second floor of the bank building, witnessed the robbery and attempted escape. He had a deer rifle handy for such an emergency, took careful aim, killed one of the robbers and wounded the other. The latter was promptly arrested. His name was Tony Chebatoris. Both he and his slain accomplice had armed robbery records. The unusual thing about this case, in addition to the dentist's sharp-shooting ability, was that Chebatoris was convicted in Federal Court in Bay City, <sup>of</sup> violating the National Bank Robbery Act, and Federal Judge Arthur J. Tuttle, in the State of Michigan which had banned capital punishment, sentenced him, upon recommendation of the jury, to be put to death. He also became the first person to face death under the Federal Bank Robbery Act.

The period of the nineteen thirties was particularly a hectic one, as far as family life was concerned. I am sure that there were many times when she wished I'd change careers and get into something less disrupting. She was a doll, though, and never complained. Through it all we had the objective in mind of eventually returning to Utah to live.

As previous<sup>ly</sup> mentioned briefly, immediately upon arriving in Detroit, we became active members of the Detroit branch of the Church. Geneve was given work with the young people. As I recall, I had an assignment with the Sunday School. The members were very friendly and welcomed us into their midst. I remember that the teacher of our adult Sunday School class, was a Brother Stoddard, originally from Orgeon, was a high official of a Detroit bank. Keith was baptized in Detroit on November 7, 1937 by George C. Olsen. The same day I confirmed him a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. We were mighty proud of him.

Geneve socialized with the wives of some of the Special Agents. They would have luncheons and other activities. We entertained quite a bit. Our apartment was ideal for doing so, as the building manager turned over the fine basement game-room for our use in the evening anytime we wished it. use it.



Dr. Avarad Fairbanks and his wife, Maud, visited and had dinner with us a time or so. He was a Utah Sculptor of considerable renown, teaching at the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor. They had seven or eight sons. We visited the Fairbanks in Ann Arbor, and on one occasion were their guests at a dinner given by the President of the University.

When time from my busy schedule would permit, we went to a few shows and visited the principal places of interest around Detroit. It was interesting, in the winter, to see scores of fishermen on the lakes fishing through holes they had sawed in the ice.

With the Bureau's permission, I took a week off from work, and Geneve, Jay Jr., Keith, Marlene and I, in the summer of 1937, vacationed at Lake Cadillac, Michigan. We took a baby sitter with us for Marlene. She was a Catholic girl, age 16, who had previously done some baby sitting for us. She was a quiet, well-mannered, nice appearing girl of Irish background. Her parents had great confidence in us and only requested that we see that she had an opportunity to attend a Catholic Mass the Sunday we were away from Detroit. We promised to do so, although we had to travel twenty or thirty miles from our northern Michigan hide-away, to keep our promise. We had a lovely, modernized lake-front three-room cabin and a nice boat. It was a most enjoyable week of boating, fishing and resting.

July 12, 1937, was a very sad day for us. Geneve's lovely mother died. She had become very ill a short time before and had been hospitalized. It was considered advisable that Geneve, at that time, return to Salt Lake City, to help her mother any way she could. Accordingly, she located a woman, I believe in our Church Branch, who was hired to take care of Jay Jr. and Keith. She occupied one of the rooms in our apartment. Inasmuch as train connections from Detroit to Salt Lake City, were not satisfactory, I drove <sup>Geneve</sup> ~~her~~ by automobile to Chicago, accompanied by the youngsters. There we put she and our baby daughter, Marlene, on the train and the boys and I returned to Detroit. I shall never forget that trip. I was so sleepy that I had to have the boys take turns shaking me to stay awake, so I could continue driving. Scheduled appointments prevented me from remaining over in Chicago. Geneve was able to spend a couple of days with her mother, before the latter's death in the hospital. Father Jacobs and other family members were there. From what Geneve later told me, apparently her mother died as a result of pneumonia and heart failure. She was a stalwart in the Church, having been a Relief Society President in the Whittier Ward and held a number of <sup>other</sup> ~~positions~~. The extremely large funeral was held in the Whittier Ward Chapel. One of the speakers was George Albert Smith, then a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles and later President of the Church. He and mother Jacobs had been class members at the University of Utah in their younger years. She was loved by everyone who knew her and she loved everyone. There is no doubt in my mind ~~but what her~~ Exaltation in the Kingdom of our Heavenly Father is assured.

Geneve and Marlene must have been away a couple of weeks. They returned to Detroit by train. It was sure good to be together as a family again.

About this time in its history the FBI commenced having a little appropriation difficulty. Each fiscal year each government agency had to appear before the U.S. Senate Appropriation's Committee, with facts and figures to justify the amount of money required to operate. The Bureau, by this time, had made great strides and accomplishments. Besides its success in criminal investigations and apprehensions, it had raised its standards for applicant employment and established an academy at the Marine Corps Base, at Quantico, Virginia, for training Special Agents and selected representatives of local, county and State law enforcement organizations. At about this period, an elderly Senator from South Carolina, wanted the Bureau to hire a close relative of his as a Special Agent. Inasmuch as this individual did not possess the necessary qualifications, he was not employed, and rumor had it that <sup>the Senator</sup> turned against the Bureau and, as a finance committee member, did everything he could to cut the Bureau's appropriation. He succeeded momentarily and Director Hoover announced that some of the Special Agents would have to be put on leave without pay until the necessary funds were provided. The Bureau's public relations activities paid off. Police Agencies, Service Clubs, Business organizations et al, throughout the country, contacted their Congressional Representatives and the full appropriation for the Bureau was restored. I was happy to see that a great deal of the support for the Bureau came from the Newspapers, Agencies and prominent people in Michigan. In this regard, Commissioner Olander of the Michigan State Police, had Captain Ira Marmon, of his organization, personally call on me and offer to provide any needed personnel help.

As was the case in St. Louis, I received numerous invitations to address Service Clubs, Schools, Police Conventions, etc, throughout the State of Michigan. I made several dozen talks, including a major one at the Annual Banquet of the Michigan Municipal League, at Saginaw, Michigan on September 16, 1937. I also substituted for the Director in addressing a large Y.M.C.A. Membership Drive Banquet at Erie, Pennsylvania on September 28, 1937. And, if there is any doubt about my being busy, I should like to add that while assigned to St. Louis and later to Detroit, I also handled a special assignment from the Bureau, that of interviewing and giving examinations to Bureau Applicants, not only in my own Division, but in several other Bureau Divisions, including Cleveland, Ohio, Indianapolis, Indiana, Kansas City, Missouri, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Little Rock, Arkansas and El Paso, Dallas and San Antonio, Texas.

In addressing a Service Club Luncheon in a city near Detroit, I took occasion to give a lesson in preparedness, which I later wished I had not done. I guess I was just a little tense and high-strung. The Master of Ceremonies, who introduced me, had not prepared himself for the occasion. Approximately, this was the introduction: "We will now be pleased to hear from Mr. Jay C. Newsom of the U.S. Secret Service, who will tell us about narcotic violations. I could not help but say, "My name is not Newsom; I'm not with the Secret Service and I know very little about narcotic violations. I am prepared, though, to discuss the FBI and its activities."

Needless to say, I later apologized to the M.C.

While in Detroit I became personally acquainted with Jack Powell, who owned a Dodge automobile dealership. He knew I was with the FBI. One day in discussing automobiles, he asked what make of car I had for personal use. I informed him that it was ~~one~~<sup>Dodge Sedan</sup> ~~and~~<sup>my wife</sup> and I purchased in Seattle in 1930. He said he could give me a real good deal on a new one. In fact, it was so good we couldn't turn it down. I believe the price, right off the assembly line was \$715.00. I believe he also allowed us \$215.00 on our old one. That was the start of a fine relationship in new car buying. For the next ten years we obtained a new Dodge from him every year or so. Poor health finally caught up with him. He sold his dealership and moved to California. The price of the last Dodge Sedan, fully equipped, we purchased from him, which was in 1948, was \$2044.77.

Under date of March 20, 1937, I received a letter from Nat Pieper, a Special Agent who had just been made Special Agent in Charge of the Buffalo, New York Office. Nat, who was originally from St. Louis, worked his way through law school as the leader of a popular band of that day. He then passed the Bureau's exams and landed a job as a Special Agent. His first office of assignment, after training, was Denver, Colorado, where I was his first Special Agent in Charge. Here is an excerpt from his letter: " My Dear Jay: Just wanted to say hello to my neighbor. Got notice of my appointment Monday Morning & was on my way that nite. As usual, there were last minute shifts. I am very glad Nichols (Lou Nichols who later became an Assistant to Hoover) got to meet you. He is a swell guy. Jay, I want to tell you that I feel I owe a great deal of this chance as Special Agent in Charge to you. You were patient, kind, and did a great deal for me, which I shall never forget. I probably would still be doing road trips had you not given me opportunities & seen to it that I was given a chance. Thanks, Jay. Words sorta fall short here." Nat and I became very close friends in the Bureau.

As an indication that I was still on communication terms with the Director, I received the following letter from him dated May 28, 1937: "Dear Mr. Newman: Your letter of May 21, 1937, has been received and I want to thank you for your thoughtfulness in writing as you did concerning your promotion, and also of the award recently given me by the National Institute of Social Sciences. Such a letter as you have written is encouraging to me in my position as Director of the FBI. Also, I appreciate the copy of the editorial, "Distinguished Service," which you forwarded with your letter. Sincerely yours, J. Edgar Hoover."

Based on the theory, if <sup>at first</sup> you don't succeed, try, try again, I sent the Director a personal and confidential letter September 20, 1937, reading as follows: "Dear Mr. Hoover: I was sorry that I did not have an opportunity to converse with you while in Washington last week. Knowing that the recent resignation and replacement of a number of the men in charge of field divisions had, no doubt, presented quite a problem, I was very reluctant to renew my request for assignment at Salt Lake City. Immediately after conversing with Mr. Tamm, (an assistant to Hoover) I wrote to my brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Parley Eccles, at Salt Lake

City, not having heard directly concerning mother's condition for two or three weeks. You, no doubt, recall Mr. Eccles inasmuch as he had considerable contact with you prior to leaving Washington in about 1927 to practice law out west. A letter just received from him reads in part as follows: "Mother is very well, considering what she has gone through, but there is no doubt but that she has aged considerably. In fact, she has aged more in the last four months than in the previous four or five years. You must remember that she is past 81 years old and in the natural course of events she cannot expect to be with us indefinitely in the future."

"Realizing a deep sense of responsibility in respect to my mother, I feel that I should do everything possible to try to spend a little time with her in her declining years. If my assignment to the Salt Lake City Office would not retard the Bureau's work in any way, I would be most appreciative for a transfer out there at this time. In the event you can see your way clear to grant this request, you may rest assured that I shall endeavor to show my appreciation by continuing to put forth my best efforts in the Bureau's work, the same as I have tried to do during the twelve years it has been my privilege to be associated with you. With kindest personal regards, I am Sincerely yours, Jay C. Newman."

I don't recall a reply to the above letter, so presume that it was merely placed in my personnel file for future consideration.

Under date of December 7, 1937, I received a letter from the Director advising that I had been selected as one of the Special Agents in Charge who, in public appearances for the Bureau, may discuss parole abuses. Apparently, some organizations and citizens were claiming that the Director was against parole for convicted criminals. He wished the record <sup>made straight</sup> to show that he was not against parole but was against the abuses in the parole systems as they are being administered in many of our states. His letter outlined information ~~as~~ of possible ~~of~~ interest for inclusion in some of my talks.

Under date of September 25, 1937, Geneve and I received a letter from our old friend J.C. "Doc" White, a Special Agent then assigned to his home office, San Antonio, Texas. Doc, a big fellow and former Texas Ranger, was assigned for a short time to the Chicago Bureau Office while we were there during the hectic Dillinger days. We helped them obtain an apartment near us and we spent quite a bit of time with them. I had called ~~on~~ <sup>at</sup> them in ~~San Antonio~~ <sup>San Antonio</sup>, on one of my applicant interview trips. In his letter he expressed sincere thanks for all we had done for them, and wanted me to bring Geneve and the boys with me on my next trip and leave them there for a visit. We sent the Whites photos of Jay Jr. and Keith so they <sup>could</sup> see how much they had grown since we were together in Chicago. They were good friends.

Detroit is a cold place in the winter. The breezes off the lakes seem to go right through the body. We spent a picturesque Christmas with our apartment dolled up and with friends invited in. The New Year got started pretty well until I experienced an accident. It occurred at about 10:20 P.M. January 12, 1938. I had driven to Port Huron, Michigan from Detroit, in a new Buick Sedan, assigned to me by



the Bureau; had addressed the Foremen's Club of the Mueller Brass Company and was enroute back to Detroit on a four-lane highway which had pretty well been cleared of snow, but was icy. It was freezing cold. I was traveling in the extreme right lane of traffic at about 40 miles per hour and observed an automobile coming toward me. We were the only vehicles in sight on the highway. It appeared that it was traveling at about the same speed as I. When 25 or 30 yards away, it started directly toward me, cutting across the lanes of traffic. I immediately cut down the speed of my car and pulled off the highway as far as possible in an effort to avoid a collision. The speed of the oncoming vehicle did not slacken and there was a terrific collision. The left front ends of my Buick and the offending truck were demolished. I received bruises to my left thigh, right leg below the knee and left arm below the elbow. I went over to the cab of the truck and noted that it contained a man who was drunk and breathing heavily. The odor of liquor was very pronounced. When he was sober enough to talk he muttered something about not being able to get the motor of the truck turned off. Later, he admitted full blame for the collision and his insurance company promptly paid for the vehicle damage and for the Doctor's examination. Fortunately, no bones were broken.

In my work during the winter and spring of 1938, I had not only handled the administrative affairs of the Detroit Office, and interviewed and given examinations to Bureau applicants in several Divisions of the Bureau, but also did a lot of public relation work in my Detroit Division. Editorials favorable to the Bureau appeared in the local newspapers and many service clubs took action favorable to the Bureau. I knew I was in pretty good with the boss when this personal note dated March 19, 1938 was received: "Dear Jay: (he'd never before said that) Thank you very much indeed for your kind letter of March 8, 1938, enclosing a copy of the editorial entitled "The G-Men Never Let Up", which appeared in the Detroit News on March 8, 1938. I have been advised of your interest in this matter and I do want to express to you my heartfelt appreciation for your kind words and actions at this time. With best wishes and kind regards, Sincerely Yours, J.E.H."

Early in May 1938, I was called in to Washington, D.C., for a conference. Upon reporting to the Director's Office I was informed by a Secretary that I was to confer with Assistants to the Director Hugh Clegg, Edward Tamm and Harold Nathan, in that order, and then see the Director. All were most friendly, so I knew that I had not been called in for criticism. Clegg commented on the good job I was doing in Detroit and informed me of the Director's desire that I remain there. Tamm, took a new approach regarding my desire for a transfer to Salt Lake City. He said that the salaries of Special Agents in Charge were pretty well determined by the size and importance of the Office and that if I were transferred there I would have to take a reduction in salary. This was a new concept to me. Knowing that Gus Jones, in charge of the San Antonio Office, which was about the same size as the Salt Lake City Office, was making the same salary as I was making in Detroit, I suggested that, if transferred to SLC, I would settle for the same salary as

as Jones. Tamm indicated that the analogy was not exactly the same, as Jones had been in the Bureau much longer than I and was particularly suited for San Antonio as he was an excellent contact with the Mexican authorities. My interview with Harold Nathan, an old timer in the Bureau, was a little different. He started out by saying, in substance, so, you want a transfer to Salt Lake City? I replied affirmatively and he called in a stenographer and dictated a memorandum to the Director. In it he said that I wished the transfer so as to be able to spend some time with my widowed mother, who was then past eighty. He informed the Director that he had met my lovely mother on the occasion of his visit to Salt Lake City, in 1934, to speak at Sam Cowley's funeral. He indicated that I was very deserving of the transfer and highly recommended it. This was quite a change in his attitude in 1930, when I requested a transfer from Washington, D.C. At that time he said, "Mr. Newman, you couldn't be transferred to Salt Lake City in the next twenty years." Mr. Nathan turned out to be a very close friend.

When I was ushered into the Director's Office, he treated me very cordially, commented on the good job I had done in Detroit and stated that he would accede to my request for a transfer to Salt Lake City. He indicated that I could probably remain there for the lifetime of my mother. I am sure he had no idea that mother, then just past eighty, would live to be eighteen days short of one hundred.

It was a great time of celebration and gratitude in the Newman household. At last we were to see our dream come true to live in Utah. The Bureau's <sup>Air Mail</sup> letter, dated May 16, 1938, advised as follows: "Dear Mr. Newman: You are hereby directed to proceed to Salt Lake City, Utah, and assume the duties of Special Agent in Charge of the Salt Lake City Field Division. Special Agent in Charge J.S. Bugas (of the Birmingham Office) has been instructed to proceed to Detroit, Michigan, to assume the duties of Special Agent in Charge there. You should proceed to Salt Lake City immediately after the arrival of Special Agent in Charge Bugas. Very truly yours, J. E. Hoover, Director".

At last, we made the grade. As anticipated, I took a cut in annual salary of \$300. The move home was priceless. It was interesting that the news announcement of the transfer brought several letters of objection. Among these was one to the Director by Commissioner <sup>Olander</sup> of the Michigan State Police, who, not knowing that I had requested the transfer, requested that it be cancelled in view of the good relationship his organization had with the Bureau during my administration. The Commissioner and I became the best of friends and communicated with each other for several years after I left Michigan.

In my transfer from Detroit, I believe there were three other Special Agents in Charge moved around. I was included, as were the others, in a conference telephone call, the first I had ever heard of in the Bureau. We were talking with each other and with a Bureau official in Washington, D.C. To me, it was quite an advancement in communication.

In a way, it was rather sad for us to have to bid goodbye to our loyal Bureau

associates, <sup>and</sup> to the friends we had made in and out <sup>of</sup> the Church. What belongings we did not ship or take with us by auto, we gave to young Bureau couples with families. John Bugas arrived to replace me and the Newman family headed for Salt Lake City. Incidentally, Bugas, a young attorney, born in the town of Wamsutter, Wyoming, population 110, later left the Bureau and became an official of the Ford Motor Company.

On our trip west we ran a chance of successfully taking with us a lovely aquarium well stocked with tropical fish. In traveling through a desolate area of Wyoming, in the middle of the day, BA (before airconditioning), it was so hot in the car that the fish cooked. I was going to add that they made a nice sandwich, but that was not so. We really did not eat them and were sorry that we had not taken the necessary precautions to preserve them. This, is getting me in hot water. What we did, was to stop, pour out the entire contents of the aquarium, and continue on.

As we drove down Parley's Canyon and got a view of Salt Lake City, we agreed wholeheartedly with President Brigham Young, -- "This is the place." Although we had observed this view a number of times as we visited from the east, this trip had special significance as this time it was to be our home again. Geneve and I had anxiously looked forward twelve long years for this day. It is quite understandable ~~how~~ our two young sons, who had been moved from city to city so much, came to us after a few weeks or months and posed the question, "When are we going to get out of this dump." It wasn't long before they too, were in love with life here.

Upon arriving in Salt Lake City, we, as usual, took temporary residence at Geneve's folks home at 1551 South 3rd East. We were welcomed by her father, and like him, felt a big void in our lives because of the death of Mother Jacobs, the previous year. In due course, I reported in at the Salt Lake City Division Office of the FBI, 301 Continental Bank Building. The office had several rooms overlooking Main Street on the east and 2nd South on the north. It was in about the center of the business section. There were six or eight Special Agents assigned to this Division, which included the States of Utah and Nevada. We had, at that time, three or four clerical employees. It was quite obvious that li/<sup>fe</sup> here was not nearly as hectic as it had been in Detroit or other large cities of assignment.

The first few days after arrival Geneve and I looked around for a house. We we/<sup>re</sup> fed up on renting and hoped to find a suitable one for sale, within our means. There were quite a few listed for sale in various parts of the city. We looked at several and finally found one we liked on the city's east bench. It was a five-room brown brick bungalow located at 1348 South 15th East. We purchased it from a fine, past middleaged couple named Taylor, for \$3750.00. To do so, we obtained a loan from Zion's Savings Bank, which was eventually repaid. I believe the interest rate was 4%. ~~Althou~~/<sup>gh</sup> the house was several years old, we loved it because it was ours. It was in a nice neighborhood, which was under development. It had a large front porch, two front rooms, two bedrooms, bathroom, large kitchen, a small indoors back porch with winding steps leading to a rear door and to a half-basement. The latter had a furnace area, large bedroom and a smaller room. The house faced east.

The lot the house was on sloped to the south and to the west. On the south was a public alley which led to our one-car garage, and ended a short distance beyond. The home was conveniently located, being about 3 blocks from a shopping center, a block and a half from the Uintah Elementary School and about 3½ blocks from the Wasatch Ward. The public downtown bus traveled in front of our place. Our neighbors to the north were named Bond. The father was a member of the Masonic Order. The mother was a catholic. Their children were pretty well grown. An older couple on the south of us was named Fine. It was sort of amusing, with a representative of the "law" in the middle. They were good neighbors.

Nothing is perfect. A while after moving in and getting the place stocked with our first furniture from Dinwoodys, Geneve wanted some changes made in the house and I some yard changes. In the house we had the two small front rooms made into one large one; had the kitchen sink replaced and tile work put in; had new fixtures put in the bathroom and had a bathroom added to the basement, with toilet, basin and a shower. Outside, we had the old garage moved by a large flat-bed truck to our farm property in Holladay, where it was utilized for sometime by youngsters as a play-house. We then had a rock wall constructed on the south property line, shutting out the alley; put a cement wall at the west end of our property; built a frame garage on the southwest corner, large enough for one car and a work-shop; put in a cement driveway south of the house, with a sturdy high chain swing at the south west corner of the house, which the kids enjoyed immensely. Then to top it all off, we put in a four-foot chainlink fence from the front to the rear and across the back of our property. This latter action was found necessary to keep the school kids from running through our place. The only other building work was to construct a roofed patio with a cement base on the north side of our garage. This proved to be an excellent idea, thought up by Geneve, for outdoor summer parties, games and the like. We both took care of our lovely lawn, beautiful flowers and small vegetable garden. This was to be our home for the next fourteen years.

The local press - The Salt Lake Telegram<sup>am</sup> and The Deseret News of May 26, 1938, carried my photograph, as did also The Salt Lake Tribune, and told in bold letters of my having assumed charge of the Utah-Nevada FBI Office. As of possible interest, the Telegram article, in part, stated: "A local boy who made good in the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was back home Thursday. He is Jay C. Newman, a veteran of 13 years' service in the FBI who came to Salt Lake City after 15 months in charge of the Detroit Office and, had a bullet fired by a member of the John Dillinger Gang taken a slightly different path, he would not have been in Salt Lake City at all. Mr Newman was unwilling to talk about it, but records show he was shot in the forehead when G-men were besieging the Dillinger crowd, in the Little Bohemia Lodge in Wisconsin. Mr Newman was hospitalized for more than a month. He was born in Holladay. His mother, Mrs. Thomas S. Newman, resides at 4559 Holladay Boulevard." This Telegram article outlined further information on my background, as did also the Tribune and Deseret News. The latter added: "With him are his wife, formerly Miss Geneve Jacobs, of Salt Lake, and 3 children, Jay Jr., Keith and Marlene."



It was really good to be home. It didn't take me long to get acquainted with the Agent and clerical personnel; with office routine and make friends with Federal, State and local officials. Soon after my arrival here, I received the following surprise letter from the Director of the FBI in which he advised I had worked too much during the last three months of my sojourn in the Detroit Division. Not having before received such an epistle, I am quoting it herewith: "Dear Mr. Newman: The records of the Bureau show that the average regular overtime service performed by you per working day during the period from February to May, 1938, inclusive, was 4 hours and 12 minutes. While I appreciate your industry, I do feel that this is an excessive amount of overtime and I desire that you endeavor to reduce the number of overtime hours of work which you perform. Although it is realized that there will always be overtime on the part of Bureau representatives and while I am anxious to have this overtime on an equitable basis by field employees, I do not feel that any employee should continue in his work to such an extent that it may impair his physical health. I hope that it will be possible for you to reduce the amount of time which you have been spending on official duties. With kind regards, Sincerely, J.E. Hoover."

Immediately upon assuming charge of the Bureau's activities in Utah and Nevada, I received numerous invitations to speak before service clubs, conventions, Church groups et al. About the first one I accepted was ~~was~~ extended by the Utah Peace Officers Association to address it's annual convention held at St. George, Utah. This gave me an opportunity to meet practically all the law enforcement officials of the State. I also addressed the Junior Chamber of Commerce State Convention in Ogden, Utah, the Salt Lake City Lions Club, and many others.

About the first of August, 1938, I was asked by the Director to represent him personally in addressing the National Convention of the Exchange Clubs of America to be held in Salt Lake City, August 22, of that year. I had a request in for annual leave covering the last two weeks in August, but informed him by letter I would fill the engagement and also make a requested radio talk on August 31st. Under date of August 18th, Mr. Hoover wrote me acknowledging my acceptance of the two engagements, despite the fact that I would be on annual leave during the period. The second paragraph of his letter follows; "This is just a personal note to express to you my sincere appreciation for your thoughtfulness and loyalty in sacrificing part of your annual leave so that the above engagements might be taken care of. You may be sure that such action on the part of the personnel of this Bureau is indeed a source of deep gratification and encouragement to me. I hope that your vacation will afford you the relaxation and pleasure which I am sure you deserve. With best wishes and kind regards, Sincerely yours, J. Edgar Hoover."

According to local newspaper accounts, nearly one thousand delegates attended the National Exchange Club Convention at the Hotel Utah, in Salt Lake City. I addressed the opening session in the big Lafayette ballroom, which was filled and over-flowing. After being introduced as J. Edgar Hoover's personal representative,

I extended his sincere best wishes to all present and then launched into my subject, "Fighting Crime". The talk was later written up in the Exchange Club's national magazine, "The Exchangite", and I was furnished a copy. Inasmuch as it pretty well depicts the extent of crime during that period of time and methods utilized in combatting it, and as possible interest in this personal history, I am taking the liberty of including my talk on this occasion. It follows:

"We had a period only a few years back when it was the custom in the movies and in plays to glorify the criminal and to write down, as it were, the law enforcement officer. Even now, you still can visualize the "Keystone Cop" with the funny hat, the ill-fitting, brass-buttoned coat with the big five-pointed badge pinned on it and the big shoes. On the other side of the picture was the slick, kid-gloved, suave-mannered crook, who always got away and showed up the cop. Now, in some mysterious way, that psychology has been changed, and today the profession of law enforcement stands upon a higher plane in this country than ever before. Although we have had crime since time immemorial, the public did not seem to become aroused to the seriousness of the situation until the criminals, at the close of the prohibition era, began reaching out into kidnaping and other major criminal activities. The kidnap-murder of the Lindbergh baby in 1932 began to awaken needed public interest and a Federal Kidnaping law was enacted. Special Agents of the FBI, under Director J. Edgar Hoover, whose duty it was to investigate these and numerous other specific Federal offenses, were for the first time given power by Congress to carry firearms and make arrests. A definite, extensive training program was immediately inaugurated by the Director. A case in the Pacific Northwest some time ago, one of the 127 cases of this kind investigated by the FBI, shows the results of this new era in enforcement. A nine year old boy, George Weyerhauser, was taken from a school yard in Tacoma, Washington. Kidnapers hid him in a hole in the ground which they dug in an isolated forest section of the state. After keeping him there for some time, they got him and locked him in the rear trunk of their automobile. In this condition they drove him to the city of Spokane, where they imprisoned him in a closet. After his parents had been forced to pay \$200,000 for his release, the kidnapers took George out of the closet, again locked him in the trunk of their automobile, and about 2 o'clock one morning dumped him out of their car on an isolated country road. George wandered into a farmhouse and the farmer notified other persons who came and got the boy and took him home. The look of this clean-cut, stalwart lad, who had a smile on his face regardless of his suffering, did much to win the admiration of the large group of persons who met him upon his return home. Knowing the suffering which he and his parents had gone through, the seriousness of the crime situation was called vividly to their attention. They no doubt also realized that the kidnapers of that boy would eventually be caught and punished for their heinous crime. Clues as to the identity of the kidnapers were very meager. Realizing this, you can at once visualize the great problem confronting the forces of law enforcement in the solution of a crime of this magnitude. Immediately following the

safe return of the victim, Mr. Hoover put the resources of the FBI to work in bringing the perpetrators to justice. A short time later, one of the \$20 bills included among the \$200,000 ransom was handed by a woman customer to a wideawake girl clerk in one of the 5 & 10 cent stores here in Salt Lake City. It was immediately identified and the customer was taken into custody by an alert Salt Lake City police officer who brought her to the local FBI office for interrogation. Through questioning she finally admitted her part in this serious crime. Her name was Margaret Waley. Her husband, Harmon Waley, who also was a participant, named a third individual known as William Dainard, alias William Mahan. Waley led the <sup>investigating</sup> agents to a spot in Emigration Canyon, a few miles east of this city, and there pointed out where he had buried approximately \$90,000 of the blood money. This was returned to the parents of the kidnaped boy. Dainard was apprehended a year later by agents of the Bureau's San Francisco Office. He was immediately stripped of all his glamour. Approximately \$15,000 ransom money was found in his pockets was recovered for the parents of the victim, and Dainard after a hurried airplane trip to Tacoma, Washington, was sentenced in Federal Court to serve sixty years in a federal penitentiary. The other two, the Waleys, also received penitentiary sentences. I do not believe there is a bigger business in America today than crime. Imagine if you can, a tax of approximately \$120 per year levied on each man, woman, and child in the United States. That is the estimated tax that crime exacts, which makes the annual estimated crime bill of the nation reach the staggering figure of fifteen billion dollars. This can be more easily visualized, I believe, by a review of some of the crime figures for last year. There were, for instance, over 13,500 unfortunate persons who lost their lives in this country last year because of murder and manslaughter. Beyond this, there is the tremendous number of nearly 50,000 persons who were victims of aggravated and criminal assault, to which must be added the nearly 60,000 victims of robbery, and over 290,000 victims of burglary and other forms of crime. Last year, the serious offenses totaled approximately 1,500,000 and summed up the fact that once every 22 seconds a major crime was committed, to say nothing of the more than 14,000,000 lesser law infractions."

The entire talk which I made at this National Convention is, I believe, too long for inclusion in this history. I should like, however, to insert a few excerpts: "Not all criminals engage in kidnaping, murder, assault, and other crimes of physical violence. Confidence or bunco scheme artists have reaped millions from the unsuspecting public and have been able to live like princes until justice finally triumphs. A lot of their victims have given up their life savings. Unfortunately, this type of criminal often enjoys so-called "protection" from arrest and conviction. It is none the less a dirty, filthy business, and the persons who knowingly share in the ill-gotten profits are likewise parasites."

I then told my audience about a repeat offender who had been in and out of penitentiaries/<sup>many</sup> times. He devised quite a number of schemes while he was in and tried them on the public when he was out. Undertakers have been numbered among his

principal victims. Upon arriving in the community to be his base of operation, he would determine which particular undertaking establishment had custody of some prominent citizen who had died. Upon calling upon the undertaker this crook, through his suave manner and glib tongue, would convince the undertaker that the deceased had been a very good friend of his, and that to show his appreciation for the many kind things done for him, he would like to pay for the funeral expenses. He would present a check, always made out for more than the amount of the funeral costs. The unexpected undertaker would accept the check, which of course was worthless, and give the swindler the balance in cash. It is rather interesting to trace the subsequent activities of this person - eventually he was brought to justice and was sentenced to a penitentiary. Do not get the mistaken idea that he was studying how to become a better citizen, while in the penitentiary. To the contrary, he was thinking up new schemes, one of which was to learn how to copy expertly the signatures of his fellow convicts. Upon release, he called on their relatives and friends and presented forged notes requesting financial aid, which they believed to have been written by the prisoners themselves. Consequently, they sold the family jewels, if necessary, and turned the money over to this super-swindler. Another time in the penitentiary he spent his time writing poetry in order to secure an early parole. In fact he was a "Mother's Day Specialist." In one of his verses he said something like this: "I'd like to send her a dewdrop Smiling in sweet repose As it sparkles smothered in perfume Deep in the heart<sup>t</sup> of a rose. And later on when the trumpet calls, And I trek to that great unknown, She'll meet me there and she'll plead my cause And I'll know I'm not alone. Then all my failures will be successes, The hardest work but play. And if squarely the game of life I've played That will be my "Mother's Day." - So they opened the penitentiary gates, and like a large majority of arrested and convicted persons, he resumed his criminal activities. The FBI is certainly not against the principle of parole, but it is emphatically against parole abuses. Mr. Hoover has stated his position many times to the effect that he does not believe that parole was made to apply to the persistent violator of the laws of our country."

In concluding my talk I mentioned the Bureau's Identification<sup>Division,</sup> which then contained over 10 million fingerprint cards; outlined five important things club members could do in their local communities to curb crime, and, knowing of the Exchange Clubs' high aims and ideals, wished them success in all phases of their work.

The Editor of The National Exchange Magazine, in which my talk appeared, inserted the following generous note: "Experienced? He Battled Dillinger. No swivel-chair law enforcement ideas from the author of this article. Since joining the FBI in 1925, Special Agent Newman has seen action galore - the most notable remembered by a bullet injury from battling Dillinger in Wisconsin in 1934. True to the "We" tradition of the Bureau, adhered to by Director J. Edgar Hoover and all his men, Mr. Newman never talks or writes of his personal exploits. The Dillinger record came to light at the last convention when National Secretary Harter used it in announcing Mr. Newman as a speaker."



With my immediate commitments taken care of, we as a family, took a much needed vacation. Neither Geneve nor I, prior to our return to Utah, had visited Southern Utah's wonderland. I believe she in her early life had gone from Salt Lake City to Delta, Utah, to visit her brother Eugene and his wife, Blanche. Eugene was working for a seed company. She described Delta as being a dry, hot and dreary place. Now, she and I, with Jay Jr., age 11, Keith age 9 and Marlene, who was then 3 years old, spent a week or 10 days, visiting by auto the interesting sights of Cedar Breaks, the famous and beautiful Zion's National Park, and other scenic wonders, readily accessible from Cedar City and St. George, Utah. We stayed at lodges and hotels, had a much-needed rest and a most enjoyable trip.

Beginning the school year 1938, Jay Jr. and Keith attended the Uintah Grade School, a couple of blocks from home. The following year we were fortunate in getting them enrolled at the Stewart Training School on or just off the campus of the University of Utah. It sounds like a a correctional institution or a Reform School, but wasn't. It was a grade school operated in conjunction with the university. It's teachers were graduate students from the "U" who had majored in Education. They were excellent instructors and able to provide the students individual attention. Jay Jr was somewhat in need of this as we had moved around the country so much, due to FBI transfers, that this was his ninth grade school in seven years. When Marlene became of school-age we were able to get her enrolled at the Stewart Training School. However, the school became so popular that future enrollments were restricted to residents of that immediate area. Our three children mentioned, who attended that school, liked it very much. Each, in turn, was elected Student-Body President. The Principal remembered best was a Miss Lund, a very nice looking, understanding administrator. Geneve and I were active members of the school's Parent-Teacher Association.

In the early days of our family life Geneve and I kept a measurement and weight record of the youngsters. Here are some stocking-foot statistics: Jay Jr.: 12-18-38; Ht. 4'6½" Wt. 65. 4-5-39: Ht. 4'7" Wt. 68. 4-21-40: Ht. 4'10" Wt. 74. ~~4-21-40: Ht. 4'10" Wt. 74.~~ 3-10-41: Ht. 4'10 3/4" Wt. 83. 5-16-46: Ht. 5'8 3/4" Wt. 138.

Keith: 12-18-38: Ht 4'4", Wt 57. 4-5-39: Ht 4'4 3/4", Wt 60. 4-21-40: Ht 4'7", Wt 66. 3-10-41: Ht 4'7", Wt 72. 5-16-46: Ht 5'8 1/4, Wt 126.

Marlene: 12-18-38: Ht 3', Wt. 27. 4-5-39: Ht 3'1/4", Wt 28½. 4-21-40: Ht 3'3", Wt. 34. 8-15-46: Ht 4'6¼", Wt 68.

Following is some recorded church information, not previously outlined in this history: Jay, Jr., was ordained a Deacon by me November 10, 1940; a Teacher by C. Claire Likes, June 16, 1943; a Priest, by Kenneth W. Ellett, September 10, 1944, and an Elder, by T. Blaine Chatelain, December 1, 1946, all in the Salt Lake City Wasatch Ward of the Church Of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

Keith, was baptized November 7, 1937, by George C. Olsen, and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints by me on November 7, 1937, in the Detroit, Michigan Branch. He was ordained a Deacon/March 29, 1942; a Priest October 13, 1946, by me, and an Elder January 21, 1949, by O. Claron Alldredge, all

in the Wasatch Ward, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Marlene was baptized February 26, 1944, by Reed Clark, and confirmed a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, March 5, 1944, by Ralph A. Barnes, of the Wasatch Ward.

As a boy, it seemed that the family always had a dog. When Geneve, the boys, Marlene and I took up our residence in Salt Lake City in 1938, I was happy the youngsters wanted <sup>a dog,</sup> We shopped around and finally purchased, from a woman in the Sugarhouse area, a small Boston Terrier pup we named "Penny". She became quite a stimulating part of the family for the next fourteen years. Marlene, and later on Shawna, <sup>who</sup> seemed to have complete control over the lively, jumping pint-sized bulldog, used to dress her up in baby clothes, and with a bonnet on her, play that she was a baby, and parade her <sup>in a doll buggy</sup> on the sidewalk in front of the house. Passers-by got quite a kick out of the unusu<sup>al</sup> display. "Penny" was a good watch-dog and pretty well stayed within the boundries of ou<sup>r</sup> property. Finally, though, she lost her sight. Old age was upon her. One day she disappeared from home while I was at work. Geneve and the youngsters searched the neighborhood but no trace of her could be found. Soon after I arrived home in the evening a Salt Lake City police car stopped in front of our house and a uniformed officer came to our front door and asked if we had lost a dog. When Geneve said we had, the officer returned to his car and returned <sup>with</sup> Penny, who was exhausted. The officer explained that he and his partner were cruising in the vicinity of Fort Douglas, about three miles away, when they observed Penny on the sidewalk obviously confused. They stopped their car, walked up to her and observed, in addition to the required license tag, a little metal barrel. They unscrewed one end of the barrel and found a little note reading, "Marlene Newman, 1348 South 15th East, Salt Lake City." We were most grateful to the officers for returning our pet. We explained to them that she was blind, which accounted for her confusion. We were all quite bewildered, though, as to how she could travel so far without being run over by traffic. Marlene received special praise for her ingenuity in name-tagging our friendly dog. Shortly after this experience we held a family council meeting, and decided, that in view of Penny's advanced age and physical condition, the only humane thing we could do would be to have her put to sleep. You can guess who got the assignment. As I was leaving the Veterinarian's office, after Penny had been put to sleep, a fellow who was next in line with his dog, said to me, "I'll bet that was about the most difficult thing you have ever done." He was about right.

Somewhere along the line we got a dog we named "tip". She was a short-haired, medium-sized tan and black pooch. Like Penny, she was <sup>easily</sup> trained to do tricks, such as jumping through a hoop, rolling over and jumping up on a high chair. Unfortunately, she was run over and killed by an automobile on the street in front of the house. Marlene and I took her out to my old home in Holladay, and gave her a silent burial on the ditch-bank of a small stream.

Next, we purchased another <sup>y</sup> Boston Terrier from a woman dog-raiser, located

on the north-east corner of either 5th or 7th East & 39th South. She raised pedigreed Boston Terriers. We picked out a cute one that looked allot like our dog Penny. The rather unclean dog merchant picked the pup up and, noting it's nose was running, possibly from a cold, promptly wiped it with her apron. A moment later she wiped her own nose with the same apron. The first thing we did upon getting the dog home was to give her a good bath. We gave her the same name as our first "Penny". This one had a more challenging temperment, being a rough-tough, but very likeable animal. She learned all our known dog tricks easily, and had a lot of get-up and go. We had her for twelve years. Finally, she developed an incurable itch, and an arthritic condition in her legs, which made it most painful for her to get up and down stairs. Reluctantly, we finally had to have her put to sleep.

Three horses figured in our family life. We pastured them on our six acre farm in Holladay. The first was a blue-gray roping horse from the Vernal, Utah area. I had ridden this splendid animal for several days while searching, along with several other Special Agents, for three fugitives in buckskin colored mountains southeast of Vernal. I had quite a time getting the rancher who owned him to sell him. Finally, a relative of the rancher learned that I was <sup>then</sup> able to obtain new automobiles from a dealer-friend in Detroit, at a good price. He conacted me. I told him of my horse problem. We were able to make a deal. I made it possible for him to purchase the automobile and he arranged for me to buy the horse, I wanted, from the Vernal rancher. That was really a fine horse. We named him "Skeeter". He was a quarter horse and could out-run all of the other horses used on the Bureau's mountain fugitive hunt. At the farm he had a six-acre pasture to roam in. When we would go to the farm, as soon as he saw our automobile, he would come to us on the run. The pan of oats we gave him helped a lot. Although he was really a man's/horse, the boys, Jay and Keith, were soon able to handle him. Later on, Marlene rode him occasionally. Although young, she was an out-door girl and soon was an able participant in young people's athletic sports. I got a lot of my much needed outdoor exercise riding Skeeter when I could find the time to do so.

We had a fenced-in orchard at the farm with twenty or more fruit trees consisting <sup>principally</sup> of apple, peach, pear and plum trees. We also raised strawberries, raspberries and a variety of vegetables. Geneve canned a lot of fruit and it was delicious. We sold many bushels of apples each year, mainly the Red Delicious variety. We were never in want for customers. All of us in the family helped with the farm work. One winter in the forties, there was so much snow that the deer, unable to obtain feed in the mountains nearby, were forced to come down to the farming area. On one occasion, we counted fifty or more on our farm. It was quite a sight.

Reminiscing of wintertime in those early years of family life, I recall the fun we had at the farm. I would saddle Skeeter, tie one end of a long rope to the horn of the saddle and the other to a string of sleds. I gave our youngsters and their friends the sleigh-ride of their young lives.

Some time after we acquired Skeeter, Iris Parker, a Secretary of mine, whose

uncle owned a ranch at or near Escalante, in Southern Utah, had a wild Indian pony he and his sons had caught and broke to ride; that I could have him for \$35.00 and he would bring him up the next time he came to the city. I told her that it was a deal. The challenge sounded rather interesting - sort of like "buying a pig in a poke". In due time the uncle dropped the pony off at a home of one of his relatives on State Street near the Utah State prison. I paid the asking price and a day or two later the family and I rode out to claim our prize. Geneve and the youngsters traveled in the car and I rode Skeeter so as to lead the pony back to our farm. It was evident from the beginning that this animal was still a little wild. He was bay in color, with a black mane and white stocking legs. He was in a stable and we had quite a time getting a rope around his neck because he didn't like the idea. We finally succeeded in getting him snubbed to the horn of Skeeter's saddle and a little after dark had him safely at the farm. Both Skeeter and I were tired out and I am sure the folks were too. It took quite a lot of work, in the days which followed, on the part of the boys and I, to catch this cagey little critter, and to saddle and bridle him. He bucked us off a few times but eventually we won. When you were riding him, he acted like he couldn't run very fast, but if you tried to catch <sup>him</sup>, he would give Skeeter <sup>as run for his money.</sup> The youngsters named him "Boots".

A very frightening thing happened out at the farm one day. I saddled up both Skeeter and Boots. <sup>With</sup> Marlene on Skeeter and I on Boots, we took a little ride down the road south in front of the farm. We trotted along nicely for a block or so and then turned around and started back. Skeeter, used to me galloping him back, while on a similar ride, started off on a gallop. Marlene, who was then a little tyke, had all she could do to hold on to the horn of the saddle to stay on. Pulling on the bridle reins to stop him was out of the question. The road at the point leading to the farm lane was a little icy. Skeeter seemed to sense this danger and instead of entering the lane, he ran up an open driveway, next to my brother Bert's house and headed straight for an empty carport, open at both ends. Instead of running through this carport, which would have been disastrous for Marlene, Skeeter, miraculously, suddenly changed his course, went between two trees and then to our farm area. I helplessly witnessed this from a distance but there was nothing I could do but hope and pray. Inasmuch as Skeeter had been a roping horse, and was still running in the farm area, I hollered to Marlene to fall off. Can you imagine intentionally falling off a running horse? Marlene, following my parental advice, did just that, but in so doing got one foot caught in one of the saddle stirrups and she landed under Skeeter. He stopped, as soon as she fell off, and waited for me to come and extricate her. I approached very cautiously, talking gently. The only movement the horse made was to turn his head and look down at Marlene, apparently to make sure he was not stepping on her. As a family we were most grateful to our Heavenly Father for his protective care in this frightening experience. Later on, Marlene was able to ride and control Skeeter without difficulty.



When work would permit and with Bureau leave approval, we as a family took a number of memorable trips, during the forties. Among them, I recall a trip or two to Yellowstone National Park, once with the Ericksons - Ken, Lucile, Elaine and Lorna. We had a great time. I believe Geneve and the youngsters/<sup>were also</sup> on a trip with the Ericksons to the Pacific Northwest. We also visited the Moab, Kanab and Bryce Canyon areas of eastern and southern Utah. The boys and I also fished in the Granddaddy Lake region and Utah's Fish Lake; also on the Weber River, near Heber City. As a family, we rented a cabin, for a week or ten days, one summer, in a fine fishing area at <sup>m</sup>Lemon's Grove near Heber City. Geneve had no particular love for camping. The cooking inconveniences, dirt, bugs, snakes and strange outdoor noises had little lure for her. With/<sup>further</sup>reference to recreational activities, I recall that as a family, we visited the beautiful Brighton area in Big Cottonwood Canyon quite often and a time or two in the summer season rented a cabin there. We also vacationed at The Homestead resort at Midway, Utah, and quite frequently took guests there to enjoy with us, the excellent food. Referring back to Brighton, in Big Cottonwood Canyon, I recall that both Marlene and Shawna, at different times, spent summer vacations at the Church's MIA Lodge there. As the boys got older, they joined me on pheasant and deer hunts, at various times, in the Vernal Area. We were joined in some of these activities by good friends, Sergeants Sam Hatch and Jack Sullivan of the Utah Highway Patrol. I also fondly recall the fishing trips Jay, Keith and I took in the summertime to Lake Blanche, Lake Minnie and Lake Florence, in Big Cottonwood Canyon. Their cousin, Fred Lundberg, son of Geneve's sister Frances, was with us on one trip. Geneve and the girls would take us and our gear in the car to Mill B Flat. I would lead Skeeter, who would trot along the side of the car. There we would pack our gear on Skeeter, bid goodbye to Geneve and the girls, who would know the date and time they were to pick us up at that point. The boys and I would send Skeeter ahead on the three mile trail to the lakes. He acted like he liked the challenge. The last half mile was very steep and rocky. The lakes were beautiful and large. Lake Blanche emptied into Lake Florence and Lake Florence into Lake Minnie. A sizeable stream from the latter flowed down the canyon to Big Cottonwood Creek. We made our camp under a huge pine tree on the shore of Lake Blanche, hobbled Skeeter's front feet and turned him loose to graze on the lush grass. I don't recall ever having seen anyone else in this quite primitive area while I was there. The fishing was good and the boys had a ball making a large log raft and paddling along on the lake. On this one occasion mentioned, something "spooked" Skeeter during the night and we<sup>re</sup> heard him thrashing through the shrubbery. The next morning as we went down to the lake for water we observed the fresh tracks of a mother bear and her two cubs. We tried to follow the tracks as they entered a large wooded area but soon lost them. We found Skeeter a hundred feet or so down the canyon. He acted like he was glad to see us, too. At the close of our lake vacation, Geneve and the girls met us at the appointed time and place. It was a great trip.

Further on my dissertation about our horses, I recall that Jay and Keith one day, taking Skeeter with them, left home to scale Mount Olympus, to which we have a beautiful view from our Holladay home. When they didn't return before dark, the rest of us were worried. Allaying ~~o~~<sup>ur</sup> fears they finally came in. The boys scaled the peak. They left Sceeter near the base and ~~and~~ picked him up on the way back.

I vividly recall when Jay returned from his enlistment in the U.S. Marine Corps. We all went out to the farm to look around. To demonstrate one of the service skills he had learned - that of tumbling from a fast moving motor vehicle, He jumped on Skeeter ba~~ck~~<sup>re</sup> and, traveling at full gallop, he tumbled off and rolled some distance. Geneve and I were greatly relieved when he got up on his own power, unscathed. He was in excell~~ig~~<sup>ent</sup> physical condition.

Sometime after this period of time, Ralph Powell of Holladay, with whom I had gone to grade school, and who had done some soil-hauling for us, called in at the farm to see me. He commented that he hadn't observed any of us riding the Indian pony "Boots" and wondered if he might buy him for his fourteen-year old son. I all-owed-as-how we didn't have much use for the pony, and endeavored to discourage the purchase by calling Ralph's attention to its undesirably qualities, such as his being hard to catch, bridle and saddle. Ralph listened intently and then noting the accessories nea~~r~~<sup>y</sup>, asked if I would mind if he saddled up the cagey little rascal. I smilingly gave my O.K. and, surprisingly, he had very little difficulty<sup>y</sup> with him. As Ralph was very insistant on buying Boots, I let him go for \$25.00, \$10.00 less than I paid, and threw in a halter, rope and saddle blanket. A few days later, while out for a drive, we went passed Powell's home to get a look at Boots in his new pasture, but couldn't see him. A couple of days later I met Ralph in town and he was sorry to give me the bad news that the day after taking the pony home, his son, who was thrilled with Boots, was leading him with a rope; that he put the dope down to open a gate and the pony commenced walking away; that seeing the end of the rop moving in the grass, <sup>the pony</sup> must have thought it was a snake and ran down the side of a barb wire fence ripping open his side very badly. A Veterinarian was summoned. He looked over the extensive damage and said the poor pony would have to be destroyed, and this was done. Ralph was heartsick over the incident, as was also his son. I felt badly too in this having happened. I immediately wrote out a check for 20 or 25 dollars and gave it to Ralph Powell to help purchase another pony for his son.

My records show that we purchased Skeeter from the Hacking Ranch people in May, 1945. Marlene was probably about 14 years old when she had the frightening ride on him. Possibly in about 1958, after the boys and Marlene had married and moved away, Skeeter was not being ridden very much. He was a man's size horse and Geneve believed she might enjoy riding a smaller one. It was also believed that such a steed would be best for Shawna's use. About this time Delbert Pugmire, a close family friend, who lived nearby and had a ranch at Bear Lake in northern Utah, asked me if I would sell skeeter to him to take to the ranch. The Pugmires had a son named

Gene, who had some physical problems but could ride a horse. I knew that they would take good care of Skeeter and so, with Geneve's approval, sold Skeeter to the Pugmires, at a fraction of what we paid for him. It was like losing a good friend. The Pugmires loved the horse and were grateful to have him on their ranch, where Gene rode him during the spring and summer months. One morning Delbert came to see us. He <sup>had</sup> tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice when he told us Skeeter had to be destroyed; that the horse had gotten down and couldn't get up. A veterinarian examined him and believed he had spinal meningitis. His being destroyed was recommended as the merciful thing to do. We ~~all~~ felt badly. He had brought a lot of enjoyment into our lives.

Following up on our intention to buy a smaller horse for Geneve and Shawna to ride, I learned through Mike Gale, a Utah Highway Patrol Trooper, that a fellow named Thacker, the Chief of Police of Heber City, Utah, had a 4 or 5 year old palomino mare he would sell me. It was a nice spring day when Geneve, Shawna and I looked the animal over as she was grazing in a pasture between Heber City and Midway, Utah. Both Shawna and I took a ride on <sup>the</sup> nice looking, rather spirited horse. The price was \$300, delivered to our farm in Holladay. The deal was consummated and the horse delivered just as the sun was setting. Looking at Mount Olympus to the east and the beautiful sunset to the west, Police Chief Thacker, who delivered the horse in an animal trailer, commented that he didn't know anything about the feed the animal would have but she would sure have a nice view. We liked this lively palomino very much. Shawna and mother named her "Pal".

We purchased a new outfit for Pal, including a snappy black saddle, bridle and colorful saddle blanket. Shawna, who was lively and liked a challenge, soon mastered the spirited animal and, with her girl friends rode Pal all around the neighborhood. She and her cousin, Lee Ann Eliason, were inseparable and had great times riding, the classy palomino.

Geneve didn't ride Pal very much. I believe she was unsure that she could handle her. One Decoration Day - May 30th, she had an experience with Pal which, I believe was the last time she was on the animal. Lucile and Ken Erickson were visiting with us. We went over to the farm to look around and take a ride on Pal, around the place. I saddled her and rode for a little while and then Geneve took a turn. She had no sooner mounted when Pal began to act up, running onto a large mound covered with rocks. As she reigned her away from the mound, Pal whirled unexpectedly and Geneve fell off, barely missing a large rock. Pal must have been as surprised as the rest of us. She just stood there. Geneve was unconscious and must have blacked out, as she hit the ground like a sack of flour and made no effort to protect herself. She revived shortly. Ken and I carried her to the car. We drove home, and with Lucile's help, put her to bed. I immediately summoned a Doctor. His examination disclosed no apparent bruises or broken bones. This was later verified by x-ray. We were all greatly relieved when she quickly recovered with no after-effects.

Pal was such a goodlooking mare that we decided, if possible, to get a colt from her. We took her to a fine looking stallion owned by a man who had a ranch in the Union or Sandy area of the county. Pal had a fine looking colt the following spring. A neighbor boy near the farm telephoned me that the palomino was giving berth to a colt. The family got over there in time to see how the mare made her new arrival get on his feet and move around to gain strength before trying out his mother's milk. A veterinarian was called to assist Pal in taking care of her needs. It was quite an occasion to witness. The new colt was a little lighter in color than his mother and had a white stripe down his face. We named him "Comet".

It was quite unique having a colt on the farm. As he became about a year old, he and pal would hang around me like a couple of clowns. Pal would nudge me in the rear as I was bent over working. She also became quite proficient in taking my hat off with her mouth and getting my gloves out of a back pocket. Comet would pick my tools up I was using. His favorite trick was to pick a small shovel up with his teeth and carry it around.

Due to my developing spinal problems, which made it inadvisable for me to ride pal, and as Shawna was away to school quite a bit of the time, it was decided best that we part with our horses. Sgt. Mike Gale of the Utah Highway Patrol had put in his bid for the animals if I ever wished to sell them. He is the fellow who helped us purchase Pal. Knowing that he ~~he~~ would give Pal and Comet a good home, we finally sold them to him. It was rather a sad day of parting. They had <sup>our lives.</sup> perked up/

Returning to my FBI activities, in the late summer of 1938 I carried on some friendly/<sup>personal</sup> correspondence with Harold Nathan, the Bureau's Assistant Director. He wrote to me informing that he and his wife were planning a trip to Sun Valley, Idaho, Lake Tahoe, Nevada and San Francisco, California. Nathan, who was an easterner and unfamiliar with the wide-open spaces of the west, had conferred with railroad people back there and couldn't understand why he couldn't travel in a direct line from Sun Valley to Lake Tahoe. Being a very well educated man and having majored in English, he summed up his frustation thusly, "I have given up the idea of going north and south anywhere in the west. In other words, experience has taught me, if anything, that anywhere west of the Mississippi you can go east or west ad infinitum with impunity, et cetera, et cetera, but just try to go north and south, other than on foot, and see what happens to you. Anyway, I have cancelled that phase of ~~of~~ the outing." I made reservations for Mr. Nathan and his wife at the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City for September 13, 1938. Geneve and I met them upon their arrival and had an enjoyable visit with them at the hotel before they left for Sun Valley. They were both very friendly. From his subsequent congenial attitude toward me, it is a bit difficult to realize that this was the same Bureau Official who informed me in 1930 that I couldn't be transferred to Salt Lake City in the next twenty years.

Toward the end of 1938, under the sponorship of the Utah Peace Officers Association and the State Board for Vocational Education, I agreed to conduct a 3 or 4 days training school for all of the Law Enforcement Officers in Ogden, Utah and



vicinity. Dates were set, a fine classroom was arranged at Weber College in Ogden and, with the aid of qualified Special Agents of the Bureau, a meaningful curriculum was worked out containing basic investigative techniques, such as fingerprint work, crime/scene searches, use of the Bureau's Crime Laboratory facilities, etc. The police agencies were notified of the dates, time and place of the training program and urged to attend. The school was to commence at 10:00 A.M. on the announced date. Much to my chagrin, only 2 or 3 officers showed up. They apologized for the apathy displayed by their superiors. I announced that the starting of the school was postponed until 1:30 P.M. and added that if more officers had not shown up by then, there would be no school. At that time Ogden was plagued with indifference. Liquor joints and houses of ill repute made 25th Street a den of iniquity. Some of the officials of Ogden knew what was going on and wanted it to continue. Frankly, I was "burned up". I went to the Ben Lomand Hotel in Ogden, where Service Clubs hold their weekly luncheons, and found out that the Executive Club was meeting at 12 o'clock that day. I telephoned the Club's President, told him who I was and asked if the club had a speaker for that day's luncheon. Upon being advised that they had no designated speaker, I did something I had never done before or since, I asked him if he would like me to address his group. He was delighted. You can imagine about what I told these club members. I mentioned of the apathy displayed by the authorities in that only 2 or 3 law enforcement officers had shown up for the police training school, and that the city was so crime-free that its law enforcement people did not need up-to-date police training. I noticed that 2 or 3 of the club members left the luncheon as I was speaking. They must have spread the word, as I believe we had 38 or 40 officers at the 1:30 P.M. commencement and for the entire training school period.

In reporting the results of the Ogden Police school to the Bureau, I mentioned the technique used in stimulating interest and under date of January 13, 1939 received a letter from the Director, the second paragraph of which reads: "It is gratifying to note the manner in which you provoked deeper interest in this Training School work at Ogden through your personal appearance at the luncheon meeting of the Executive Club of that City and the results brought about due to your remarks made on that occasion. Activities on the part of the Bureau's personnel in endeavoring to raise the standards of the law enforcement profession and promote better relationship between the public and representatives of law enforcement agencies indicate a genuine concern for our work and I want you to know of my deep appreciation for the efforts which you expended in making the Police Training School in Ogden a successful one. With best wishes and kind regards, Sincerely yours!"

About the first of August 1939, John W. Babcock of Detroit, Michigan, paid us a visit. As an Assistant U.S. Attorney in Detroit, Mr. Babcock had successfully prosecuted a number of the bank robbery cases the FBI had investigated while I was there. We became very good friends. He had never been in Salt Lake City before. Geneve and I took him to dinner, then took him on a tour of the city. He and I even took a dip in Great Salt Lake. He was astounded to find out he could float so easily. He later wrote us a nice letter of appreciation and sent a fine gift.

One day in May, 1939, at the conclusion of a Police Conference with law enforcement officers at Winnemucca, Nevada, I accompanied one of the officers to a gold mine which had just been opened up about 20 miles north of Golconda, Nevada. En route, we observed a highway sign alongside the paved rural road which read, "Slow Down - Crickets on the Highway". The officer<sup>1</sup> informed that a horde of <sup>these</sup> crickets had invaded several areas of the state. They march from the hill country on to the lowlands in an army-like maneuver and make highway travel very hazardous. In this instance, the battle front extended over a mile and I was informed that it possibly extended back ~~possibly~~ several miles. I noted that the crickets were so thick on the road we traveled that it would have been impossible to place your hand anywhere on it without touching one of the insects. They are approximately the same size and shape as a grasshopper. As of possible interest to the reader, I am setting forth some additional information about these crickets from my personal observation and as told to me by my companion who had made a detailed study of them.

These crickets travel approxamitely 3 miles a day by walking and taking short hops. They get along peaceably and mate during their travels, but if any of them get killed, particularly by being run over on the highway, they become cannibalistic, drag the bodies of their dead comrades off the road and eat them. The State of Nevada has fought this envading insect army with tons of poison grain and the battle still goes on. Tin fences, approximately 18 inches high are being erected throughout the infested areas to impede the march. It has been necessary to sandpaper part of the tin fence in order to make <sup>it</sup> too smooth for the crickets to climb over, otherwise, it has been noted, that when confronted by the fence these tricky creatures will run their back sawlike feet through their mouths getting on them a substance, which looks like tobacco juice, and then slapping them against the fence in an effort to climb over. Large traps or pits have been constructed at convenient points along the fence, and it has been found that the crickets, upon determining that they cannot get over the fence, will follow along it and drop into these traps. If a rattle snake should happen to fall into the trap, the crickets devour it within a few hours. My companion informed me that if a herd of turkeys were to devour any appreciable number of these crickets, the turkeys would die, as the crickets, swallowed whole, would cut the turkeys to pieces with their sawlike feet. On the other hand, a chicken finds them very appetizing, as the chicken kills them and picks them to pieces before eating them.

Incidentally, it was noted that crickets, when marching during feeding time, eat every bit of vegetation in their pathway. However, if it does not happen to be their feeding time, they are known to have passed completely through large fields of alfalfa without eating a stalk. Soon after hatching, the crickets are green in color. Later on they turn brown and toward the end of the summer they become black and their bodies are very hard and shell-like. Before dying they lay their eggs in the ground. The frost doesn't seem to affect the eggs in any way and at the appointed time, a new army of recruits is on the march.

The evening of the day I observed the crickets, I went to Elko, Nevada and at about 10:30 P.M. caught a flight on a small passenger plane for Salt Lake City. Geneve met me at the airport and I got a few hours sleep before driving to beautiful Aspen Grove in Provo Canyon, east of the city of Provo. There, by previous appointment, I addressed the Fourth Annual Boy's Outing, attended by approximately 2,000 boys from 10 LDS Stakes in Utah Valley. Elder Marvin O. Ashton, Presiding Bishop of the Church, also spoke on this occasion. In discussing my subject, "Corralling the Criminal", I took an occasion to draw an analogy between the country's army of criminals and the cricket horde I had observed the day before carrying on its devastating activities in several Nevada areas. I compared these insects and their habits with the activities of the army of criminality. I told something of the FBI's activities in combatting crime and mentioned the Director's sincere interest in young peoples' up-building activities and in law enforcement.

In my letter to the Bureau advising that I had fulfilled the above speaking engagement, I included my brief treatise on crickets. Under date of May 31, 1939, I received the following letter from the Director: "Dear Mr. Newman: I enjoyed very much reading your letter of May 22, pertaining to your address before the Fourth Annual Boys' Outing on May 20, 1939. While I have often read of the devastating effects of insects, I have never read such a thorough narrative of the migration of crickets. I thought that your analogy was very appropriate. In this connection, only recently I read an article wherein it was estimated that insects cost the nation approximately two billion dollars annually. With best wishes and kind regards, Sincerely yours, J. Edgar Hoover."

About this time in history I received a rather unforgettable letter postmarked Vernal, Utah. Here is the letter: "Dear Mr. Newman: You gave a very fine speech here at the Uintah High School. I have been interested in the federal work. I am only 14 but I have fun planning to take that course as soon as I get in<sup>to</sup> college. I am writing you to see if you would send me a few of the requirements to become an FBI agent. I know you don't have much time to fiddle around with but if you would just take a moment and send me them I would feel very fine. I used to live in Salt Lake when I was a little kid, that's where I became interested in the work. I will admit that I have done a lot of wrong in my life, but I've changed. If there is any charge of the books or instructions will you please write and let me know. I hope you are getting along OK with your work. Some day I hope I am there to help. Yours Friendly, Ralph Olsen.:" Under his signature were the letters "A,W". In a postscript he stated, " A,W, means all's well. If A,W isn't on the end of my letters I am in trouble. Good luck, and thanks."

You can bet that I not only wrote to Ralph Olsen but paid him a personal call on my next trip to Vernal. He was an enthusiastic Mormon boy whose father, a reported alcoholic, had deserted his wife when Ralph was an infant. As a result, Ralph was helping to support his family by carrying a paper route after school and doing janitor work at the local newspaper office in the evening.

In the years that followed, Ralph Olsen and I exchanged several letters. I am happy to report that the letters "A W" appeared at the bottom of all of them. I recall that on one occasion he came to my office and I took him on a tour of our modest facilities. On another he called at our home on 15th East, in Salt Lake City. Unfortunately, Ralph was unable of achieving his expressed goal of getting in the FBI. He was unable to measure up to the Bureau's/<sup>strict</sup>eyesight standards. He did, however, attain two priceless goals - that of attending Brigham Young University and fulfilling an honorable mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In 1939, I accepted an invitation to address a number of meetings of the Womens Clubs of Utah, which were being conducted over the State. Much to my surprise and pleasure I found that the president of th/<sup>is</sup> fine organization was a cousin of Geneve's through marriage. Her name was Alberta L. Jacobs. She was the wife of "Shall" Jacobs of Mt. Pleasant, Utah, Geneve's cousin. Under date of January 7, 1940, Alberta, addressing us as "My dear cousins", expressed appreciation for/<sup>our brief</sup>association and added these kind words: "We are very proud of you both and want you to know it. So fine in these days to find people who have the courage of their convictions. Keep up the good work. Please come and see us whenever you are down this way."

In September 1939, I attended a week or ten day conference of all Special Agents in Charge. It was held at the Bureau's headquarters in Washington, D.C., with firearms training on the U.S. Marine Base at Quantico, Virginia. As of possible interest, the Bureau advised by letter under date of September 12th that I had attained the following grades: "Hip Shooting - Good; Practical Pistol Course - 95; Automobile Course - Pistol 67; Autobmile Course - Machine Gun - 100; Shotgun - 100; .30'06 Rifle - 87; .351 Rifle - 86; Machine Gun - 100; Gas - Received Training; Night Firing - 100; Magnum - Received Training; Notebook - Excellent."

Indicating our family interest in community development, you may note, as you travel 15th East Street and come to Harrison Avenue, a fine over-head street light. It is in the vicinity of our old home. It was put there as a result of the following self-explanatory letters: The first, dated June 5, 1941, was directed by me to the Honorable Board of City Commissioners: "I am writing in the interests of the residents in the vicinity of Harrison Avenue and 15th East Street, urging the installation of a street light at this point. There are two bus stops on 15th at Harrison, one for the North bound and one for the South bound busses. In addition, there is a break in Harrison Avenue at this particular point, Harrison continuing east of 15th several yards to the South of the bus stops. There being no street light here, the area is very dark, which, at night, necessitates persons waiting for buses or alighting from buses to do so in the dark. The neighbors in this section have discussed this matter with me and the Board's kind consideration to the installation of a street light at the point mentioned will be greatly appreciated. Respectfully yours, Jay C. Newman".



I was notified by letter from the City Recorder, dated August 7, 1941, that my petition had been granted and that the street light was being installed.

I apologize to the reader for putting this little item in this history. However, as I had never before, nor have I since, been responsible for getting a street light installed, I considered it/<sup>a</sup>news item.

About the first of August, 1941, we were clearing some rocks from an area in our backyard preparatory to having some topsoil hauled in. In removing the rocks, Jay Jr., Keith and I had sort of established an assembly line. One of the boys would toss the rock to the other, he would toss it to me and I would toss it on a pile to be hauled away. It sounded like a fun idea. However, 'tis been said that the best laid plans of mice and men sometimes go awry. This plan was a disaster. I got hit on the right foot by a rock, resulting in some broken bones. I spent the next few weeks in a walking cast, but pretty well continued my office activities. Director Hoover wrote me a letter under date of August 19, 1941, expressing appreciation for my loyalty and self-sacrifice but urging that I take as much leave as is necessary in order to effect a complete recovery.

The date November 14, 1941, was a joyous one for the Newman family. At 12:55 A.M. on that date, at St. Marks Hospital in Salt Lake City, Geneve gave birth to a lively 7 pound 14 ounce baby girl. The attending specialist was DR. Karl Wolsey. We were very proud parents of our fine children now numbering four, 2 boys and 2 girls in that order. Our new addition was blessed by me/<sup>i</sup>the Wasatch Ward on January 4, 1942, the first Sunday of the new year, and was given the name, Shawna Lee Newman. As of possible interest, I selected the spelling of her first name as Shawna, in place of the customary spelling, Shauna. Continuing her Church record in the Wasatch Ward, Shawna was baptized December 27, 1949, by Robert F. Merrill and on January 1, 1950, I confirmed her a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

This was a rather hectic time in the World's history. On September 1, 1939, Germany invaded Poland, which commenced World War Two. On December 7, 1941, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. At that time Hawaii was a territory of the United States. The following day, December 8, 1941, the United States declared war against Japan. The days and years which followed found this country, England, Russia and some smaller nations as allies, at war with Germany, Italy, Japan and smaller allied countries. The war ended in September 1945, with the surrender of Germany.

I well remember December 7, 1941, the bombing of Pearl Harbor by Japan. I received, early, a long distance telephone call from FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C. informing of the bombing and advising that coded instructions were being teletyped by the Bureau immediately to all Field Offices as to what internal securities measures were to be put into immediate effect. It was a period of intense pressure and development. The Bureau was in great need of additional ~~Spec-~~  
~~ial~~ Special Agents for increased investigative responsibilities; for clerks,

typists, stenographers, and for persons with a good working knowledge of foreign languages, such as German, Japanese, Italian, etc, whose services could be utilized as translators and interpreters. In view of the foreign missionary program of the Mormon Church, this was a fertile field for applicants in the latter named categories and many came into the Bureau during this period. The Government immediately inaugurated civilian defense activities on the national, state and local level. Several coast cities, particularly on the east and west coasts, were blacked out at night. The Government established a civilian rationing program involving food, clothing, gasoline and other items needed by the Military. A government relocation program was inaugurated wherein persons of Japanese ancestry residing along the coastal area of California were moved inland. In this regard, one of these relocation camps, a large one, was established in an isolated area near Delta, Utah. It was named Topaz. Bomb shelters were established in the populated areas of the country and evacuation drills were put into effect for schools and businesses.

During this war emergency period, our Salt Lake City FBI Office, which covered the States of Utah and Nevada, not only handled its regular investigative work and added war-time activities due to newly enacted Federal laws relating to espionage, sabotage and other internal security matters, but also, as a result of its investigation, ~~arrested~~ 39 German, 163 Japanese and 17 Italian enemy aliens were apprehended during the emergency period. In addition, our investigation resulted in the denaturalization of 2 persons of German birth in this Division.

This was a very busy Bureau Office. Fortunately, the Bureau furnished me a splendid Assistant Special Agent in Charge, Leo C. Nulty. "Lee" as he was called, was transferred in from the east. He had been in the Bureau for 3 Or 4 years and was originally from Kansas. He had a wife, Dorthy, called "Dot", and they had 2 young children. They were Catholics, and right down-to-earth people. Geneve and I had a close association with them for the next 9 years and continued contact by mail following Lee's transfer back east.

By direction of the Bureau, I not only interviewed and gave examinations to Bureau applicants in my own Division, but also periodically conducted arranged interviews with applicants in the San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego Divisions, and made recommendations to the Bureau.

During the early years of the war, the Salt lake Division became quite a training base for the increased number of newly appointed Special Agents upon their completion of basic training at the Bureau's Academy at Quantico, Virginia. Here, under close supervision, they were assigned the investigation of various types of cases for 3 months ~~or~~<sup>so</sup> before being assigned to larger more complex Bureau Offices. At one time I believe we had 65 employees in this Division. In view of the increased Bureau work and employees, we eventually took over the entire ~~second~~ third floor of the Continental Bank Building in Salt Lake City.

An interesting case, which I believe merits mentioning, occurred the second year after our transfer from Detroit to Salt Lake city. The elite streamliner passenger train, "City of San Francisco", valued at 2 million dollars and enroute <sup>west</sup> to San Francisco, California, with 149 passengers aboard, and traveling at approximately 68 miles an hour, derailed at approximately 9:30 P.M. August 12, 1939, in an isolated area near Harney, Nevada. The engine, power unit, baggage car and chair car cleared a steel bridge over the Humbolt River just beyond a curve in the road-bed, but the second section of the train smashed into the bridge and piled up in a heap of twisted steel and bodies, in the river gorge. The dining car and 6 or more of the pullman cars, along with sections <sup>of the track</sup> and steel girders of the bridge, were piled up in this weird disarray. I believe 26 persons lost their lives in this disaster. The general public thought speed was the culprit, however, the Railroad Company claimed that the derailment was the work of a saboteur, and appealed to the United States Attorney General for help from the FBI in investigating the matter. I should like to mention that at the time this wreck occurred the United States was not at war and that any act of sabotage involved, having nothing to do with this country's war effort, would be handled in State Court.

Apparently the Bureau was instructed to investigate the case. Bureau Agents in the San Francisco Office conferred with officials of the Southern Pacific RR at the Company's home office there, and a Special Agent under transfer to St. Paul, was instructed by the Bureau to commence the investigation, even though Nevada was under the jurisdiction of my office. I thought this quite strange.

About 1:00 P.M. August 14, 1939, I received a personal long distance telephone call at my home in Salt Lake City, from Bureau Director J. Edgar Hoover in Washington, D.C. He referred to this train-wreck case and commented about <sup>his</sup> sending an Agent up to Nevada from San Francisco to commence preliminary investigation. He advised that he was ver<sup>y</sup> displeased with the way the case was being handled, mentioning that every move the Bureau was making in its investigation in Nevada was being leaked out to the press, and that he wanted this stopped. He asked how long it would take me to get over to Elko, Nevada and take charge of the case. I informed him that it was about a five-hour automobile drive. He said in substance, "That's what I want you to do. Good luck." I packed my bag, grabbed a copy of the evening edition of the Salt Lake Telegram, bid goodbye to Geneve and the youngsters and was on my way. This is quite typical, at times, of life in the FBI.

I arrived in Elko about 5:00 A.M. and got a hotel room. After taking a brief nap and getting cleaned up, I had breakfast and made a few inquiries. I learned that A.D. Mc Donald, President of the Southern Pacific RR, who resided in San Francisco, was then <sup>in</sup> his private RR car on a siding in Elko. I immediately went to his private abode, introduced myself and, in turn, was introduced by him to the Chief Special Agent of the Southern Pacific. Mr. McDonald inquired if I were taking charge of the Bureau's investigation of the train wreck. I informed him that unless the RR stopped leaking information to the press about its investigative

activities,  
 /the Bureau may withdraw from the investigation. McDonald demanded to know what RR employee was doing so, and I obligingly displayed to him the previous night's edition of the Salt Lake Telegram, showing that his Chief Special Agent, Daniel O'Connell, photograph and all, ~~to~~ whom he had just introduced to me, was the culprit. McDonald informed O'Connell in no uncertain words that he was thenceforth to refrain from discussing <sup>with the press</sup> /investigative activities of the case without getting my permission. I got pretty well acquainted with Mr. McDonald in the days that followed and found him to be a fine individual. He was a very good-looking man. O'Connell, who had a bit of an Irish brogue, <sup>and I</sup> /got along satisfactorily.

Inasmuch as I have photographs and news clippings of the case among my paraphernalia, I shall refrain from detailing the <sup>entire</sup> /investigation of the case. Briefly, the Bureau assigned to me a half dozen experienced Special Agents from over the country, an experienced male stenographer from the Los Angeles Office and the necessary equipment and supplies. I established an office in Elko, the nearest city of any size to the wreck area which was 25 miles or so west of Elko, Nevada.

Extensive investigation during the next 5 weeks or so definitely established that the wreck was the result of sabotage; that two men <sup>apparently</sup> /experienced in RR track work, in a four-hour period between scheduled train <sup>S</sup> /broke into a RR tool-shed nearby, in this desolate canyon area, obtained the needed RR track tools; removed the spikes from an ~~an~~ 18 foot section of rail at a curve; forced the end of the rail outwardly <sup>4 inches</sup> /so as to cause a gap, and respiked the rail expertly; that they then painted the displaced rail with dull paint and placed some ~~tumble~~ weeds on the track to deceive the train's engineer after dark. They then wired the <sup>two</sup> ~~two~~ jackets, of medium man's size, around the RR tools they had used and deposited the bundle in a deep muddy pool of the Humboldt River, some distance downstream. The two saboteurs then went to a view-point on the mountain 50 yards or so from their derailment activities, smoked a number of cigarettes and apparently viewed the ~~the~~ result of their nefarious work. They then walked approximately a mile west staying on the mountainside and avoiding the RR tracks. Apparently they had a motor vehicle on an isolated dirt road and made their get-away before roadblocks could be set up.

The two jackets and RR tools used in the sabotage were recovered from the deep river pool. The jackets were originally sold by Sears, either through a store or mail order outlet. Extensive investation at the time was unproductive. A dozen or so mentally ill persons over the country confessed the crime but when it came to describing how they accomplished the derailment their confessions were found to be phony. The paint can from which the paint was used to paint the surface of the displaced rail, was recovered from a brushy area some distance from the scene of the wreck. FBI Laboratory examination revealed no fingerprints. However it was determined that the paint was manufactured by the Conn-Ferro Paint Company <sup>of St. Louis</sup> /and sold in 5 and 10 cent stores through <sup>out</sup> /the country. All logical leads



regarding the jackets, paint and other items of evidence were investigated throughout Nevada and bordering areas without success. All known persons who had had grievances or made threats against or been discharged by the RR were checked out without success. The Bureau submitted its report on the investigation and a National Board of Inquiry absolved the RR of responsibility in the disaster.

My hard work on this case in Nevada must have impressed the FBI Director, as he had Assistant Director Edward A. Tamm telephone me. Tamm informed that the Bureau desired to replace the Special Agent in Charge of a large eastern office; that the job would be a promotion and that the Director wanted to know if I would accept the transfer. I informed Tamm that I had a hard time getting to the Salt Lake City Office; that I appreciated the Director's interest in affording me this advancement opportunity, but that I desired to remain in Salt Lake City. I later learned that the office the Director had in mind, was Philadelphia.

With further reference to the RR train wreck, the Southern Pacific Company publicly offered a sizable reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the saboteurs. This was given wide circularization throughout the country without success. After the Bureau withdrew from the case, the Southern Pacific Company continued its investigation but the case was never solved.

A little amusing and somewhat frightening incident occurred toward the close of the Bureau's investigation of the RR case. The RR had rebuilt the steel bridge, which had been demolished in the wreck, and <sup>regular</sup> train service had been restored. Another Special Agent and I were making a final check in this rugged, mountainous, isolated area to see whether some bit of evidence might have been overlooked. We were walking down the RR track toward the bridge. The road-bed was high in that particular area, with a deep gorge on either side of the tracks. When we were about 40 feet or so from the bridge over the Humbolt River, we heard the whistle of an approaching passenger train. A bend in the road-bed obscured our view, but we could hear its rapid approach. There wasn't anyplace to go except dash for the bridge, and dash we did. We wrapped our arms around one of the outside <sup>steel</sup> girders which was supporting the bridge and hung over the river. The long passenger train, no doubt traveling at its customary speed of 68 or 70 miles an hour, whizzed past. The concussion and motion of the bridge were unbelievable. We both had doubts that we could continue to hang on, <sup>as the pressure was so great,</sup> but we did. Incidentally, my hat blew off and was gone forever. After the train went by, my fellow companion and I got off the RR track as fast as we could. We flopped down on the ground, pretty well exhausted. I don't know what my companion did, but I said a silent prayer. No doubt he did, too. Finally, he said facetiously, "it was speed that caused the train wreck".

It was good being back home <sup>with the family</sup> upon completion of this special assignment. We had kept in close touch by mail and telephone, and Geneve and Marlene, the latter then age 4, had spent a week-end in Elko, while I was stationed there.

In the early 1940 period we had a few mishaps in the family. The youngsters came down with Scarlet fever and the family Doctor put a quarantine sign on our house. The doctor did not include me. I took up temporary residence with my sister Margaret, who had a home on Emigration Street, a few blocks east. For the next week or ten days I was the daily grocery delivery man to the Newman abode.

When Marlene commenced school at the Stewart Training School, I used to drive her there on my way to work. One morning, as was the custom, we picked up Lee Nulty, my able Assitant, at his home on 15th East near 9th South. He got in the front seat of our Dodge Sedan and we started down 9th South. It was a little down hill and the street was somewhat winding. All of a sudden a dog ran across the street in front of us. I slowed down as Nulty commented that it was a dog. Marlene loved animals. Hurrying to get a look at the dog, she grabbed hold of the rear door handle to help herself off the <sup>rear</sup> seat. Unfortunately, the early models of <sup>4-door</sup> sedans opened from the center. The door flew open. Marlene hung on tenaciously and flew out of the car, lunch pail and all. She landed in the gutter. I got the car stopped as quickly as I could and Lee jumped out and ran back to Marlene. The little tyke wasn't even crying. Although her clothes were a little messed up, she stated she wasn't hurt. Lee and I got her clothes straightened up, wiped the street dirt off her face, made sure she was not injured, and delivered her to her classroom. Incidentally, we didn't hit the dog.

When Keith was about 12 years old in, I believe, the 6th grade at Stewart Training School, he developed polio. There was an epidemic about that time. He lost his strength and just collapsed. The attending Physician pronounced it polio. He instructed that we obtain some woolen blankets from a polio center that had been set up in the city, cut them in duplicate strips to conform with the size and shape of the arms, legs and trunk of Keith's body; that they were to be boiled a certain number of minutes, run through a ringer and then promptly applied to the parts of the body indicated. I believe this is referred to as the Kinney treatment, so named after an Australian nurse who originated it. After applying the hot woolen cut-outs to the body, heavy blankets are placed on top to retain the heat. This <sup>process</sup> was to be repeated several times during the day and night. You can pretty well guess the identity of Keith's nurse. It was his wonderful mother. This treatment went on for weeks. No one could have had a finer nurse. Geneve really did a tremendous job and it paid off. Keith finally recovered his strength so as to walk around with care. However, he was weak, tired easily and his spine suffered a slight curvature. A series of Chiropratic treatments were beneficial in <sup>correcting</sup> the situation and its attending discomfort.

I believe it was sometime after the polio attack that Keith was pole vaulting <sup>in</sup> our yard and broke a wrist. Another time in some athletic endeavor, he pulled a knee ligament. After graduating from the Stewart Training <sup>ing</sup> School, Keith attended and graduated from the East High School in Salt Lake City. While there he

participated in athletics and excelled in the broad jump. He was also a good sprinter. Following high school graduation, Keith attended Brigham Young ~~Young~~ University, Provo, Utah, for a couple of years. While there he lived on campus and, being quite a home loving boy, used to come home most week-ends. He had a lot of compassion, particularly for the under-dog. I clearly recall one incident in point. Keith had made friends at the "Y" with a <sup>young</sup> non-Mormon Japanese fellow from Hawaii, who was a first year student. Just before Thanksgiving Day, Keith telephoned home wanting to know if it would be all right if he brought his friend home for thanksgiving dinner and to stay the long week-end. Geneve and I discussed the matter a moment and then suggested it might be best if he brought his friend up some other time. Keith's reply was that the Japanese boy didn't have any family or friends there with whom he could spend the holiday, so he had better stay there with him. You can bet that we immediately had a change of heart and told Keith to bring his friend for the holiday and week-end. He did so and we had a very delightful time together.

The Japanese young man, whose name evades me, was a nice looking, rather quiet individual who spoke English very well and was taller than the average Japanese. He was an excellent athlete and apparently wanted to play college football in this country. In order to spice up the Thanksgiving Dinner, I, before-hand put a trick water glass at Keith's place and a plate-jumper under his friend's plate. As the dinner progressed, Keith took a drink of water and it dribbled all down his front. He immediately looked over at me just as if I would do such a thing. I signaled to him not to say anything. Pretty soon his friend started to carve a piece of turkey and I put his plate-jumper to work. He looked up with surprise and Keith and I were quick to offer suggestions such the bird possibly <sup>not</sup> being dead. Shortly, fearing that he might think the place haunted, we withdrew the jumping mechanism and we all had a good laugh. It was easy to communicate after that and we appreciated his visit very much. Shortly after this, his father, who was a very successful Realtor in Honolulu, Hawaii, sent Geneve, air express, the most beautiful orchid we had ever seen. Then came a meaningful letter from the father <sup>er</sup> to us expressing gratitude for our befriending his son. Not considering this enough, three beautiful silk Hawaiian shirts arrived, one for Geneve, one for Keith and the other one for me.

Keith's Japanese friend later transferred from BYU to, I believe, Colorado State University, for athletic reasons. Sometime after this while Keith was en-route to New Zealand to serve an LDS Mission, on returning home therefrom, he called on his Japanese friend's father in Honolulu, who showed him all around that beautiful city. He was very grateful to Keith for befriending his son.

As parents, we were <sup>very</sup> happy and proud of Keith when he accepted his call to New Zealand. World War Two had been over for sometime but the military draft was still in effect. Keith was given deferment for the duration of his 2 year mission. His missionary farewell was held in the Wasatch Ward Chapel Sunday, October 29, 1950.

We kept in close touch with him by letter. Although he could never be considered a letter writing addict, he did pretty well in keeping us advised of his missionary labors. He was assigned to the southern part of New Zealand, and spent a great deal of time in Christs Church and in Dun~~ned~~eden (spelling phonetic). The winters were extremely cold and heat a rarity, in the far south, due to labor strikes. Keith was a fine missionary and received an honorable release at the close of his mission. I recall that we were greatly worried when he had, I believe, measles. ~~Black-Fever~~. A Catholic woman, <sup>a Mrs Clegg,</sup> at whose home he was rooming at that time, wrote us telling what a fine son we had. I believe this woman and her <sup>young</sup> daughter, <sup>Barbara</sup> took care of Keith during his serious illness. Another good friend he made in southern New Zealand, was Arthur Saddler. Although not a Mormon, Saddler wrote us telling what a fine son we had. He also sent me a box of excellent <sup>fly</sup> fishing hooks he had tied. We wrote to him expressing our sincere thanks and gratitude. I feel that I would be remiss if I did not mention that during this mission period the Lord blessed us, as a family, abundantly, both ~~both~~ spiritually and materially.

Shortly after returning home from <sup>his mission in</sup> New Zealand, with it's cold winters in the southern part, <sup>Keith</sup> ~~he~~ was inducted in <sup>to</sup> the United States Army. After basic training, he was stationed in Anchorage, Alaska, for a couple of years before being honorably discharged. As Americans, we as a family, were proud of the service he rendered his country.

Shawna was a cute, petite, active youngster with considerable compassion. I recall that an elderly couple by the name of "Fine", who lived next door to us on 15th East, in Salt Lake City, anxiously look <sup>ed</sup> forward to her quite frequent visits. They would let her turn on a music box and were delighted with her dance performance. She also got to play with a <sup>small</sup> delicate glass elephant Mrs. Fine kept in a showcase. I well remember the day Shawna became lost. She had accompanied her moth<sup>er</sup> on a shopping spree. While in a somewhat crowded 5 & 10 Cent Store on 3rd South, in Salt Lake City, Geneve looked down to see if the little tyke was still at her side, but she had disappeared. A thorough search of the store was made but she had vanished. Geneve was petrified. She searched through the busy crowd on 3rd south to no avail, and shortly thereafter, it happened. I received a telephone call at my office, from an officer of the Salt Lake City Police Department, advising that my daughter was safe and sound at the station. Being the head of the FBI in this area, I wanted to minimize the possible publicity, so talked my Assistant, Lee Nulty, into picking her up. In the meantime Geneve had called me and I had given her the good news.

When Lee Nulty called at the police station to pi<sup>ck</sup> Shawna up, he found her sitting on top of the Sergeant's desk eating, I believe, an icecream cone, and seemingly thoroughly enjoying the attention of <sup>the</sup> uniformed officers who had gathered around. It was learned that Shawna had wandered out of the 5 & 10 Cent Store and was looking for her mother on 3rd South. Some woman seeing Shawna was ~~ob-~~viously lost, although not crying, took her to a traffic officer, directing



vehicular traffic at 3rd South and State Streets. The traffic officer summoned the "paddy" wagon and Shawna was escorted in style to the police station. You can imagine, it was a topic for conversation for sometime. Shortly after this, I was at the Police Station on official business and happened to run into the Salt Lake City Attorney, whom I had known for some time. He said to me, "you ought to be a mighty proud parent." He then said that he was present, with others, when my daughter was brought in as a lost child; that when she was asked the name of her daddy, she proudly said, "my daddy is Jay C. Newman." I informed him that I was indeed proud.

I found among our old family records a note that on August 15, 1946, she was 3 feet, 3½ inches tall and weighed 31 pounds. Her fifth birthday was November 14, 1946.

Shawna attended and graduated from the Uintah Grade School, a block and a half or so from our home on 15th East, in Salt Lake City. She attended the Roosevelt Junior High School 6 weeks. We then moved to Holladay, in Salt Lake County, where she attended the Olympus Junior High School. She then attended and graduated from the Olympus Senior High School, located 4 blocks or so from our home. She had a host of friends and participated a lot in school activities.

While in High School, Shawna also attended the Olympus L.D.S. Seminary. Geneve and I attended her graduation exercises held Thursday Evening, May 19, 1960. We were mighty proud of our daughter. Following high school graduation, she attended Brigham Young University. While enrolled there she lived on campus in Wells Hall of the Heritage Halls.

When Marlene was in about the 2nd grade at Stewart Training School, she and another girl student failed to return to class at the end of an afternoon recess. As there had been a child molester operating a short time before in the mountainous area above the school, and as Marlene had not returned home from school, a rather wide-spread <sup>search</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>undertaking</sup> ~~for~~ her and a companion. It was the day before the school was to close for summer vacation. In an effort to locate Marlene and her companion, the students of their class made a wide-spread search of the foot-hills above the school, without success. I was notified at work and Jay Jr. and Keith, immediately upon arriving home from school, joined Geneve ~~and me~~ in a neighborhood search. Just as it was getting dusk, the boys spotted Marlene and companion playing in a shed some Boy Scouts had constructed on a vacant lot a few blocks from our home on 15th East. To say that we were greatly relieved, would be putting it mildly. We were greatly disturbed, <sup>too</sup> Marlene seemed to wonder what all the fuss was about. She explained that during school recess, the girl she was playing with, suggested that they go home as the next day was the end of the school year, anyway. Apparently, it sounded reasonable to Marlene and they took off. The friend lived a few blocks from our home. The two leisurely walked the 12 blocks or so and were attracted by the <sup>empty</sup> boy scout hut, which they thought might make a suitable play-house. Geneve had a good talk with our daughter and

gave her a spanking. When I got home that evening I repeated the process. I don't recall her even crying. I'm sure that she then realized she had done wrong and was willing to take her punishment. She was a real trouper. Looking back on the incident, I'm sure that a psychologist could <sup>readily</sup> make an analogy between Marlene's behavior and mine in sluffing school when I was in grade school. I know that the morning after this episode was an uncertain one for Marlene. Without saying a word she got ready for school and must have been very apprehensive as to what the school authorities might do or say. I put my arm around her and asked if she would like me to accompany her to her classroom. She said she would like that. The school people had been notified promptly that she had been found. As we got out of the car in front of the school, ~~I~~ <sup>I took hold of her hand and we</sup> started walking up the path, <sup>3</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>4</sup> of her classmates called out that she was going to get it from their teacher. Just as we stepped inside of the classroom, the teacher, ignoring me, sternly instructed Marlene, in the presence of several students, to hang her coat up and get busy cleaning all of the blackboards. Rather than get in an argument with the teacher in front of her students, I told Marlene goodby, and went directly to the school's Principal, a Miss Lund. I informed her that Mrs. Newman and I, as well as Marlene, were very sorry about what had happened; that <sup>as parents</sup> we had amply reprimanded her for leaving school and for the search efforts which resulted. I informed the Principal that I didn't like the stern attitude exhibited by the teacher toward Marlene, in front of other students, and suggested that the teacher be told that the parents had already fully disciplined Marlene. Miss Lund, the Principal, agreed and promptly so instructed the teacher. Miss Lund expressed appreciation for our concern and action. She then contrasted our attitude with that of the parents of the <sup>other</sup> student involved, saying they had not expressed any concern <sup>whatever</sup> about their child's welfare.

With this little caper out of the way, which <sup>probably</sup> occurred before the age of accountability, both mother and I rated Marlene excellent as a dutiful and obedient daughter. Incidentally, as previously mentioned, she became very popular at the Stewart Training School and was elected Student Body President.

After graduating from the Stewart School, Marlene attended and graduated from the East High School, in Salt Lake City, where she was well liked and active in student body affairs. She next attended Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah. Here she lived on campus with girl friends in one of the Heritage Halls. She was a good student, and well-liked.

Jay Jr., who early demonstrated leadership qualities, was active in athletics and, as previously mentioned, was elected Student Body President. After graduation, he attended the East High School, for, I believe, 3 years. By then, he was 17, and the country was in its third year of the war. It was 1944. Rather than wait <sup>ing</sup> to be drafted into the United States Army, when he reached 18, he expressed a desire to enlist in the United States Marine Corps. This required parental permission. Geneve and I discussed the matter and it was considered best that

we let him enlist. I accompanied him to the Marine Corps Recruiting Office, in the Federal Building, Salt Lake City, and introduced Jay to the Officer in Charge, with whom I was acquainted. I informed him of Jay's desire to enlist and that I had accompanied him there to sign the necessary age waiver. The Officer, looking directly at Jay, told how tough the Marine Corps was, how rigorous the training and how strict the discipline. He painted a pretty bleak picture and I began to feel that maybe a less dangerous branch might be more desirable. The Marine Officer then asked Jay if he still wanted to get in the Marine Corps. Jay replied, "That's what I came here to do." The Officer stated, "You'll make a fine Marine." The necessary papers were then filled out and signed. I believe Jay took and passed his physical examination at Fort Douglas, the same day and, shortly, was off for basic training in the United States Marine Corps. Mother and I, along with other family members, were very proud of him.

Jay Jr. spent some of his enlistment<sup>t</sup> period<sup>ne</sup> at the Camp Lejeune<sup>Base</sup> Marine Corps in North Carolina. As I recall, he obtained a sharpshooter rating in firearms and was assigned, for a while to assist in firearms training. He also spent considerable time on sea duty and I remember his having been at Norfolk, Virginia.

While passing through Washington, D.C., ~~about~~ the first of June, 1946, Jay Jr. in Marine Uniform, visited FBI Headquarters and was afforded the distinct privilege of personally meeting John Edgar Hoover, its Director. In a letter dated June 10, 1946, Mr. Hoover informed<sup>me</sup> that he was glad of the opportunity of meeting my son. He added, "He certainly is a fine young man."

At the termination of his enlistment, Jay Jr. was honorably discharged from the Marine Corps and returned home in top physical shape. Under the GI Bill of Rights, he was permitted to take an examination at the East High School, and was duly graduated. He had not completed his schooling there when he entered military service. He soon enrolled at the University of Utah. Indicating an aptitud<sup>e</sup> for mathematics and designing, I believe he pursued an engineering course.

A couple or three incidents come to mind, regarding Jay Jr., which might bear mentioning at this time. In his general make-up, he was rather strong willed and quite independant. In view of the bad driving record a juvenile or two in the area had<sup>a</sup> acquired, we didn't permit Jay or Keith to obtain their driver licenses until they were eighteen. Marlene and Shawna had a driver train<sup>ing</sup> course in high school and obtained their licenses at age 16. Jay had driven motor vehicles in the Marine Corps, but still had to<sup>take</sup> the written and driving tests to obtain a Utah license. Apparently being a bit to<sup>o</sup> confident, he glanced through the State's Driver Handbook and failed to pass his first written test. With a little additional review of the hand-book, he readily passed, the next day. I recall that when Keith<sup>was</sup> getting ready to take his driver tests, Jay had a word of advice for him, namely, "study the Handbook." A little later on, with the family car and Jay driving, the two had attended some school Junior Prom and were enroute home. Jay and the driver of a car either in front or back of them were ticketed for running a red traffic light.

The incident was the topic/at breakfast the following morning. I suggested t/Jay that I would personally contact the City Attorney, with whom I was well acquainted, and find out what he had to do. Jay, independant as he was, said he didn't want any help, except the name of the City Attorney, which I furnished him. That evening, Jay informed us that the City Attorney informed him that he would have to appear before the City Court Judge on the traffic ticket. As he entered the courtroom, he was chrigned to find out that the Judge was Frank Moss, his Sunday School Teacher in the Wasatch Ward. As he got in line and approached the Bench, Brother Moss took a look at him and then lowered his head so as to cover up a smile. As I recall, the Judge fined him \$5.00 and required that he attend a night traffic school for a week. Jay took Keith along with him to the school.

Jay Jr. helped around the place and at the farm. He had a brief job or so, but no steady employment. He indicated to us that he might apply for employment at the Utah Power & Light Company. As I was acquainted with Adam S. Bennion, who was then an official of this company, and later an Apostle in the LDS Church, I informed Jay that I would be glad to contact Mr. Bennion to see if the company had an opening. The war had been over a couple of years and steady jobs were somewhat difficult to find. Jay, the independant one, informed that he wanted to obtain a job on his own, and he did, at the Utah Power & Light Company. I recall that at one time he was in charge of the Company's power sub-station in the Sugar House area of the city.

Somewhere about this time Jay/Jr. became acquainted with an attractive young girl, Bonnie Marie Farrington, whose parents, Frank and Lenore Farrington, had a home on 27th South near 5th East. The Farrington/S were LDS members but, aside from Bonnie, were not particularly active. Bonnie attended Sunday School regularly in her Ward. She was born in Salt Lake City, July 6, 1930. Jay and Bonnie went steady together for sometime, during which we had an opportunity to get acquainted with /on<sup>her</sup> occasion of her visits to our home. We liked the girl very much. Finally, Jay informed us that they would like to get married. Their Church activity had not been sufficient at that time so as to merit recommends to be married in the Temple. However, it was their expressed desire to do so later on. They didn't want a wedding party but did want to go on a honey-moon back east, where ~~owe~~ and ~~our~~ first three youngsters had resided.

Jay and Bonnie were married April 22, 1948, by Bishop Rulon Sperry of the Wasatch Ward, in an impressive ceremony in our home. As a wedding present, we provided them an expense paid honey-moon trip east, the first stop being Detroit, Michigan, where they picked up for us, /<sup>a</sup> new Dodge Sedan. They had an enjoying honey-moon, taking in the sights of Detroit, Chicago and other cities. They returned home safe and sound. On January 19, 1949, they were endowed and their marriage sealed in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. Geneve and I attended the Temple with them.

I have been reminded of an incident of note that occured during our early days of our residence on 15th East in Salt Lake City. The boys were interested in



chemistry and began to accumulate an assortment of substances in their basement room. For safety reasons their mother had them removed to the garage. One day Keith was about to make an important discovery. In moving a can of black powder, or some other explosive substance, it slipped out of his hand and exploded. His face was badly burned in several places and his eyebrows and hair singed considerably. I was at work and Geneve was also away from home. Fortunately, a kind neighbor, Mrs. Evans, learned of his plight and got him to a Doctor. It was quite some time before the facial burns healed up and hair growth resumed. I noted that right after the accident Keith dropped chemistry. He deposited all of his paraphernalia in a garbage can.

Inasmuch as Keith could never be considered a prolific letter writer, I thought it best, in the interest of posterity, that I set forth a postcard, which I have just found among the family's records, which was sent to us as he was on his way home from his mission. It is addressed, "The Newmans, 1348 So. 15th East, Salt Lake City, Utah. It is postmarked, Honolulu, Hawaii, June 24, 1953, and reads as follows: "Dear Folks: We finally made it this far in one piece, and I am hoping that the boat trip will be just as pleasant. We leave today 4:00 P.M. Yesterday we took a trip around the Island and visited the temple. It certainly is beautiful here. As they, "Having a wonderful time, wish you were here". I am really looking forward to seeing you on the 29th. Love, Keith."

As a matter of information, here are some additional happenings of the nineteen forties: In 1949, Keith commenced/work with the Granite Furniture Company in Salt Lake City. He continued there until his mission call; Two of my brothers, Joseph E. age 62 and T. William Newman age 65, died.; On March 17, 1944, we purchased a Hamilton Grand Piano from The Summerhays Music Company. We still have it.; At the close of World War Two, in 1945, the Mayor of Salt Lake City tendered me the position of Chief of Police, which I declined. Under date of October 18, 1945, Director Hoover addressed a letter to me expressing the hope that I continue to enjoy my connection with the FBI.

In the 1940's, in addition to my duties as Special Agent in Charge of the Bureau's Salt Lake City Division, the Director, by special assignment, had me inspect the Bureau's Denver, Butte, Omaha, Sioux Falls and Phoenix Offices. Also, on special assignment, I conducted personnel investigations At Butte, Montana and Hot Springs, South Dakota. Both involved immorality and the offenders were dismissed by the Bureau. My absences from home did not exactly create the ideal family life. However, Geneve, the ideal wife and mother, understood. We both looked forward, though, to the period in our lives when we had more time together and at a slower pace.

By assignment from the Director, I represented the Bureau at the Annual Convention of the International Association of Law Enforcement Officials in Reno, Nevada in September, 1940. The following year in August, I represented him at this Association's Annual Convention at Portland, Oregon, and rode in the Annual

Rose Parade. By personal letters dated August 5, 1941 and September 19, 1940, Mr. Hoover expressed his deep appreciation for the excellent manner in which I handled these assignments.

While patting myself on the back, I might as well quote the second paragraph of a letter Director Hoover sent me under date of November 3, 1943, forwarding me a Service Award Key. It reads: "On an occasion like this there is so much that I would like to be able to say to you expressive of my deep gratitude for your splendid efforts and steadfast loyalty throughout these many years. I know full well that the Bureau's present success would not have been possible without your wholehearted and unselfish contribution of hard work and sacrifice during these years of constant growth and everexpanding responsibilities. You may well be proud of the outstanding record you have made, which has been reflected in the service that we have been able to perform to the Nation. You have won the respect and admiration of all those who have been associated with you, and you justly deserve the compensatory feeling of gratification which springs from a job well done."

Our Salt Lake City FBI Office had some outstanding talent, Special Agents and Clerical Employees from over a wide area of the Country. It was decided that we publish a monthly paper for distribution only to FBI personnel and their immediate families, in our territory, Utah and Nevada. We named it, "The Salt Shaker." It contained a lot of <sup>personal</sup> interesting information about employees, activities of the wives, local historical data, jokes, etc. The paper had quite a staff of <sup>volunteer</sup> overtime workers such as, Editor in Chief, Assistant Editors, Reporters and others heading up the various activities to be reported on, such as Sports, Personalities, Art and "Pepper from the Shaker." This circulation of information <sup>relating to</sup> employees and every-day happenings, did much to relieve the tention and strain of our Bureau work, particularly during the war years.

The October 25, 1945 issue of "The Salt Shaker", on page one, shows a penciled sketch of me riding a horse. Below the sketch appears the following write-up: "The Salt Lake City Field Division paused for an instant on October 5th to salute SAC Jay C. Newman. The occasion was his twentieth anniversary with the Bureau. How he has managed to keep all his hair and good disposition after two score years of police conferences, gun battles, and efficiency reports is a marvel to the rest of the office force who are feeling somewhat decrepit after an average service of, oh about three years per employee. Mr. Newman, too busy to reminiscing, admits it hasn't seemed twenty years." The article then tells briefly of my background, including my having filled a mission for the LDS Church in the southern states, offices of assignment as a Special Agent, then as a Special Agent in Charge. It also mentioned some of the prominent cases I had worked on, including the Dillinger and "Baby Face" Nelson case. Then was outlined the following family history: "The Newmans are an industrious, devoted family. Besides the charming parents, there are Keith, Marlene, and Shawna Lee at home and Jay, Jr. away in the Marine Corps. They have a toy bulldog "Penny" that does tricks, a big gray

horse named "Skeeter" and a small bay one they call "Boots!" They don't worry how they will spend their leisure time, for there is always the garden or orchard in Holladay to tend, or a session at the bowling alley. Our heatiest congratulations to you, Boss."

A list of employees of the Salt Lake City Division dated December 15, 1943, which I have, shows that, in addition to myself and Assistant Special Agent in Charge Leo C. Nulty, we had 33 Special Agents and 21 clerical employees. Twelve of the Special Agents were assigned to Resident Ag<sup>encies</sup>/in Las Vegas, Reno, Elko and Ely, Nevada and Ogden, Utah.

The office usually held a summer party at a picnic area in one of the beautiful canyons nearby, or at country home. We also had a catered Christmas Dinner Party each year, usually at the Art Barn in Salt Lake City. Employees put on the program and we had a lot of talent. One feature of the program consisted in reading a poem composed by one or two of the employees, which included a humorous bit about each employee. Here is a brief sample. It is entitled, "A Christmas Dream.":  
" 'Twas three nights before Christmas and time for a party. The FBI Office forse was all hale and hearty. At the Art Barn they gathered to join in the fun, To hear some old tales -- and perhaps a new one. You see, it all started when they served me my ham -- I started to dream and didn't give a hang. Alack and alas, oh me and oh my. I got so darn sleepy I just heaved a sigh -- Then off to dreamland I went in a hurry; And the things that I saw -- well, I really did worry. You see, there was something that quite puzzled me, For Mrs. Newman was boss -- instead of Jay C. She answered the phone with the greatest of ease, And said to Reno "One moment please -- Jay can stay home and cook turkey gizzard And me and the wives will take off in this blizzard." I thought as I saw Geneve at the helm -- I wish I could stay in this dreamland realm." (The rest of the poem was about the others.)

Our first grandson, Jay C. Newman, 3rd, the son of Jay and Bonnie, was born March 25, 1949. Under date of April 7, 1949, I received the following letter from the Director: "Dear Mr. Newman: I have just learned of the arrival of your grandson and I know that Mrs. Newman and you are proud and happy grand-parents. It is my sincere wish that his future will be filled with all the good things life has to offer. Sincerely, J. Edgar Hoover."

I recall without too pleasant memory, an incident which occurred one fall, out at our farm in Holladay. I was picking apples in the orchard, standing on a six-foot wooden ladder. I had 2 canvas picking bags on, with straps over my shoulders; had them full of apples and was rather pleased with my accomplishment. As I was about to descend from my lofty height, the ladder broke and I came down with a thud, apples and all. Naturally, I fell on the remains of the broken ladder, and cracked a couple of ribs. I can still remember that fateful day in the forties, and how painful it was for me to breathe, let alone move around. Fortunately, Geneve and the youngsters were elsewhere in the orchard and got me to a Doctor. He taped me up and for a time I moved about slowly and with better judgement.

In addition to a considerable volume of Internal Security work during the nineteen forties, the Salt Lake City FBI Office also investigated a number of noteworthy criminal cases which resulted in successful Federal prosecution. As of possible interest, I should like to mention a few. The first involved one, Archibald Watson Loney, who was ostensibly doing his part to help his country during World War Two, However, later developments proved that he lacked the fundamental honesty considered as a necessary prerequisite to good citizenship. At one time he was employed as an office engineer in the Federal Public Works Administration, Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C. He was a pompous and officious individual who had gained a national reputation for his technical knowledge of lumber. In fact, he testified as a lumber expert in a New Jersey State hearing growing out of the famed Lindberg Kidnaping case of the nineteen thirties.

Archibald Watson Loney came to Utah during the war and worked during 1942 and 1943 as a lumber supervisor under Civil Service, at the Hill Field Air Force Base at Ogden, Utah. In May, 1943, Military Intelligence at Hill Field reported to our Office that some roofing materials had been stolen from a warehouse at this Base and that it was believed that a civilian was involved. Our investigation revealed that during Loney's employment there he had stolen approximately \$10,000.00 worth of government-owned lumber and other building supplies from the Base and sold them to private concerns and construction companies in the Ogden area. Loney fled from Utah at the beginning of our investigation. It was later determined by one of our California Offices that he had been hiding under an assumed name at a Southern California ranch, but had fled to Twin Falls, Idaho. He was apprehended at a hotel there, where he was registered under the name of Frank Stanley. Finally on Nov. 24, 1943, a Federal Grand Jury at Salt Lake City, returned two indictments against Archibald Watson Loney, the first charging 33 counts of Theft of Government Property and the second, 2 counts of Larceny on a Government Reservation. He pleaded not guilty. After a lengthy trial, he was convicted on May 20, 1944, by a Federal jury at Ogden, Utah, having been found guilty on 15 counts. On June 10, 1944, he was sentenced to serve 3 years on each of the 15 counts, sentences to run concurrently. After losing an appeal to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, Denver, Colorado, he was committed to the Federal Penitentiary at McNeil Island to serve his sentence. Under date of July 7, 1944, I received the following letter from the Bureau, relating to this case: "Dear Mr. Newman: As you undoubtedly realize I am highly pleased with the successful manner in which this case was handled by your office. Some very favorable comments regarding the testimony of Agents during the trial of the case have also been brought to my attention and I thought this information might be of interest to you. I also desire that you express to those Agents presently assigned to your office who participated in the investigation and preparation of this matter for trial my sincere appreciation for the splendid services which they performed. Sincerely yours, J. Edgar Hoover."



The next case would make a good scenario for a wild west movie. It involved 3 members of a Jackson family, Andrew, known as "Andy", 29, Deloss, known as "Walkie", 25 and Charles alias "Parl", 27. They, along with 3 grown brothers and 2 grown sisters were raised in a one room cabin on Brush Creek, near Vernal, in southeastern Utah. Their parents Dan and Ellen Sessions Jackson, operated a small farm adjoining the Buckskin Hills, nearby. "Andy", "Walkie" and "Parl", none of whom had gone beyond the second grade in school, spent most of their lives in the open breaking broncos, herding sheep and riding the mountain ranges. They gained reputations as excellent woodsmen, horsemen, and hunters. The first two, were inducted into the U.S. Army and soon deserted in 1943. "Parl" failed to report for induction in compliance with the Selective Training and Service Act and was indicted by a Federal Grand Jury at Salt Lake City on March 11, 1944. All three were declared fugitives from justice.

In the fall of 1943 there began a series of thefts of horses, provisions, guns and ammunition from ranchers in the mountainous area southeast of Vernal. Based on the results of his investigation, Sheriff Herbert M. Snyder of Uintah County, filed a complaint at Vernal on July 5, 1944, against the 3 fugitives charging burglarly. Sheriff Snyder, who was very familiar with the immense mountainous area where the fugitives were believed to be hiding, was very anxious to obtain our help, and, in view of his familiarity with the area, we welcomed his company. We became very good friends.

The wild mountain area to be searched consisted of approximately 5000 square miles in northeastern Utah and northwestern Colorado. It included the Diamond, Black, Blue and Douglas mountain ranges. It was near notorious <sup>i</sup>Brown's Hole, an early hideout for the infamous "Butch" Cassidy and McCarthy outlaws. Our very sparsely settled <sup>mountainous</sup> search area <sup>was</sup> roughly 50 miles deep and 100 miles long.

Preliminary investigation in the Coal Gulch area near Elk Springs, Colorado, in the spring of 1944, revealed a secluded mountain vegetable garden of small proportion, in an isolated spot. It was being cultivated by hand and was being watered occasionally. The water was being drawn from a small stream nearby. A few potatoes, beans, peas and corn had put in an appearance. Rather close to this garden was a trail leading up into the mountains. Several horse prints were discernible. It was believed that this was the work of the fugitives and a discreet surveillance was maintained for some time without results. Believing that this trail might lead to the fugitive's hideout, it was considered best that we follow it on foot. Thinking about possibly catching them on horseback was out of the question. They were excellent horsemen and hunters and knew every inch of that mountainous country. We knew that they always carried rifles, and being of rather low mentality, didn't care who or what they might kill. In this regard, Sheriff Snyder, on one occasion, informed that 2 of the fugitives had come into his office one day and informed that on their way to town they had discovered a dead man along the side of the rural road. The Sheriff investigated. They were right,

the man was dead, apparently beaten to death. The Sheriff believed they did it. There were no witnesses and the fugitives denied implication other than reporting the matter. The case was never solved. The Sheriff commented that in his opinion all the fugitives were good for was to break broncos, hunt, get drunk and fight.

Sometime in June, 1944, I selected 3 or 4 experienced Special Agents to accompany me. We took the necessary equipment and supplies, including rifles and a machine gun or two, in addition to our .38 Colt Official Police<sup>ial</sup> revolvers, with a 4-inch barrel we always carried in hip holsters, while on official duty. We drove to Vernal, where Sheriff Snyder was waiting to accompany us. By day break we arrived at Elk Springs, Colorado, ditched our cars and started up the trail leading from the vegetable garden into the mountains. So as not to be detected by sound or otherwise, we walked as cautiously as possible, spoke softly and avoided smoking. We walked for a mile or so along the trail which took us pretty high in the mountains, which were quite dense with aspens, pines and cedars. Quite suddenly we came to the brow of a hill where the trail turned downward. Immediately, we rather faintly heard the sound of horses on the trail ahead of us slowly coming our way. Hoping that they and their riders would keep coming and we might take them by surprise, we concealed ourselves off the trail and waited. Suddenly, we heard a horse whinny, <sup>indicating</sup> that our presence in the vicinity had been detected. We hurriedly looked down the trail in time to faintly see the fugitives, through the foliage on the trail, turn their horses around and ride off <sup>on a gallop</sup> into the sunset. At the closest point they were possibility 75 yards away. Sheriff Snyder drew a bead on them and was about to fire, when I prevented him from doing so. We had called out to them that we were federal officers and ordering them to halt. But we had no justification for shooting them. This first encounter was very disappointing.

We continued down the trail a mile or so and ~~and~~ came onto the fugitives' camp. It was a tent quite well stocked with flour, sugar, coffee, canned goods, etc, stolen from the summer camps of ranchers who grazed their cattle and sheep in mountain areas several miles away. So as to relieve the fugitives from the responsibility of having to care for this ill-gained property and to cut off their food supply, we scattered all the food-stuff on the ground and burned their place of abode. Tied up nearby were two horses, identified by their brands, with which the Sheriff was familiar, as stolen from known ranchers. We took these animals out of the mountains with us and they were returned to the owners. We were unable to catch a third horse which was loose in the area. This was identified by the Sheriff as having been stolen from a rancher in the general vicinity where we had left our cars. We had not accomplished much but that was a long dreary day. We were all dead tired. Finding the horses permitted the Sheriff to add horse stealing to the growing list of offenses against the fugitives.

The day following our trek into the mountains, I contacted the rancher whose stolen horse was loose near the fugitives' campsite. I explained to him the danger he might encounter if he went after his horse at that time and stated that we

were going to return to that area on horseback in a few days and would then bring his horse out with us. Disregarding my advise, he and his wife dressed in ranch attire, went into the mountains on horseback to get their stolen horse. The next day they contacted me and excitedly informed what had happened to them. They said that about mid-day they were riding along a mountain trail when they noticed 3 rough/looking men on horseback coming toward them. Their horses were walking and they were slumped over the horns of their saddles, as if asleep. The rancher and his wife quickly rode their horses into a clump of bushes to wait for the three horsemen to go by. The next thing that happened was the sound of 3 rifle shots. The first one went right through the fleshy part of his horse's neck. The others took leaves off the shrubbery close to them. Both good riders, they headed their horses down the trail from whence they came, traveling at top speed, with the 3 unkwon horsemen after them. They must have traveled a mile or two at that pace. Finally, they took a trail which led them to an open area where they observed an automobile. It turned out to be occupied by a Colorado Sheriff and a Deputy, who were hunting for the fugitives. Look/<sup>ing</sup>up to a ridge from which they had come, the rancher observed the 3 men who had been chasing them. The/<sup>y</sup>had alighted from their horses and were looking down for an instant and then disappeared back into the hills. They undoubtedly were the fugitives. The rancher said he wished he had taken my advise and stayed home. I looked at his horse that had been shot. Sure enough, the rifle bullet had gone right through the fleshy part of the neck. The horse was still alive and standing on its feet, so I guess the injury was nominal.

We obtained some horses, saddles, blankets, and the/<sup>like</sup>from the Hacking Ranch, near Vernal. We also had an abbreviated version of camping equipment, which was carried strapped to the back of our saddles, along with a supply of food. Our rifles, etc, were carried in scabbards strapped to the saddles for easy access. A few of the Special Agents from the large metropolitan cities of the country, such as New York, had never been on a horse. There was one in this group. I recall someone/<sup>wryly</sup>saying that in order to be fair, this fellow who had never ridden a horse ought to be given a horse that hadn't been ridden. We didn't, though, we gave him a gentle one. Never-the-less, he took a beating as it was. Riding a horse 12 or 14 hours a day in rugged mountains is plenty tough. At last, we were off in earnest to capture the Jackson fugitives. It wasn't easy.

In our mountain safari we visited the fugitives' campsite we had destroyed, but found no evidence of their return. Later, in Warren's Draw on Diamond Mountain, we discovered a well constructed dugout where the fugitives had spent the winter of 1943-1944. It had a heavy wooden door, table and bunk beds as well as a small stove, all of which had been stolen from a rancher's cabin several miles away. On clothes lines stretched in the trees nearby were muskrat hides, indicating they had done some trapping in this rugged country. No doubt they had used the animal skins for clothing as the winters are particularly cold in this area.



JOHN EDGAR HOOVER  
DIRECTOR

DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION  
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 27, 1934.

Mr. Jay C. Newman,  
4500 Malden Avenue, Apt. 100,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Newman:

I wanted to write and to convey to you, not only officially, but personally, my commendation of the fearless manner in which you handled yourself under the most trying and dangerous of conditions, at the fight which you had with members of the Dillinger gang near Rhinelander, Wisconsin on last Monday morning. I am particularly thankful that you came through this frightful experience without serious injury, and that you will shortly be restored to your usual good health. I do hope that the reports which I have received are true and that the injury is not a serious one. We at Washington headquarters are exceedingly proud of the manner in which you conducted yourself upon this occasion, and while the death of our fellow associate, Carter Baum, is a shock to us all and a loss which is irreparable, yet it is gratifying to know that we have in our service men of courage and men who can, when a crisis comes, face danger without the qualms that so often manifest themselves in individuals who haven't such sterling qualities.

I do want you to take every precaution to see that you are fully recovered before attempting to resume your official duties, and if there is anything that I can do for you, either officially or personally in order to aid you in this matter, please command me.

With expressions of my best regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover



THE CAPITOL LIMITED



Friday  
May 25, 1934

Dearest Mother:

Having not written for several days I suppose you are wondering what has become of your wandering boy!

This is to inform you that I intend to see you by about next Thursday. I have been placed in charge of an office being opened at Denver, so will no doubt get to see you every once in a while.

I was called into Washington Wednesday for a conference with the Director and am now on my way back to Chicago.

Geneve has most of our things packed and we intend to leave Sunday morning by automobile for Salt Lake. After spending a couple of days with you - all, we will travel to Denver and take over the new duties.

I am feeling fine again as we are also gone and the boys. We'll all be glad to see you.

Love and best wishes,  
Your son,

Jay

They did not entirely lack modern conveniences in their dugout. We found therein a battery powered portable radio.

We spent several weeks on this case. It turned out to be quite a training experience for the Special Agents, so I would change them around every week or so. We did not again see the fugitives, although we found embers still warm in one of their camp fires and water still roiled in water holes, indicating that their horses had recently been there. On several occasions springs or pastures used by the fugitives were placed under surveillance for as long as 72 hours, without results. We would divide up in our search efforts and approach a suspected area from opposite directions, maintaining contact by two-way radio. On one occasion I took a rather exciting low surveillance tour over the vast mountainous area in a Piper Cub airplane piloted by Captain Sherman Falkenrath of the Salt Lake Police Department. Although we observed no trace of the fugitives, we were able to drop some food supplies to one group of Agents. The dense foilage prevented us from obtaining a clear ground view from the plane. Falkenrath was an excellent pilot but I was glad when the plane touched ground at a Vernal airstrip.

A break in the case came when one group of Agents unexpectedly came upon a brother of the fugitives, who was herding sheep in an isolated area on Diamond Mountain. His nickname was "Barge". Although we were quite sure that he knew the whereabouts of his wanted brothers and was getting provisions to them, he denied that he knew the whereabouts or that he was aiding them in any way. The information was furnished me by two-way radio. I was on the other side of the valley. His schooling was about nil and mentality somewhat below the average, so I decided to try out a scheme to impress "Barge." I instructed the Agents to put up a suitable target and, with "Barge" looking on, put on a fire demonstration, using one of our Thompson Sub-Machine guns. They did so. One of the Agents fired a clip of .45 caliber bullets into the target, with one pull of the trigger. A clip holds 20 cartridges. Then, speaking to "Barge" by radio across the valley, I told him who I was; that the FBI intended to keep up the search for his fugitive brothers until they were apprehended; further, that if they wanted a gun battle with us, we would just as soon bring them out "feet first." It worked. Through arrangements made by them with Ray Dillman of Roosevelt, Utah, who was then County Attorney of Duchesne County, the fugitives surrendered 3 days later, on a Sunday morning at the Federal Building in Salt Lake City. When asked why they had decided to give themselves up, "Andy", the leader, said, "We didn't want to be brought out feet first." "Andy" and "Walkie" were turned over to the Military Authorities, and were each sentenced, after court-martial, to 5 years imprisonment at hard labor, for desertion. "Parl" was sentenced to 2 years in the Federal Prison Camp at Tuscon, Arizona, for violating the Selective Service and Training Act. Thus, after a long period of intensive investigation, the "Jackson Case" is closed. But those Agents fortunate enough to have had a part in it will not soon forget the Wild West of 1944.

On September 26, 1944, while we were still trying to track down the Jackson fugitives in the mountains of northeastern Utah, a Utah Highway Patrolman was chasing a lone man who was speeding in a 1941 Oldsmobile automobile on State Highway 15 in southern Utah. The car bore Oregon license plates. It was just <sup>light</sup> ~~dark~~. The Patrolman flashed his red stop light signal. The speeding motorist slowed as if to stop, then suddenly swerved onto another road and crashed into a wire fence. Unknowingly, he had turned onto a dead end road. Beyond the fence lay the rugged Pine Valley Mountains. As the Patrolman was getting out of his car, the man fired one shot in his direction and fled into the darkness. This transpired near the small town of Toquerville, Utah. The Patrolman was not hit by the stray shot. In the Oldsmobile were found 2 revolvers and an automatic pistol, \$123.80 in silver coins, a quantity of candy bars and canned meat, a large quantity of new clothing and newspapers. Within thirty minutes after the bandit had fled into the darkness, a posse of 20 men blocked every road in the vicinity of Toquerville. Our Salt Lake City Office was immediately contacted. The abandoned Oldsmobile was found to have been stolen at John Day, Oregon, by a gunman who had robbed a bank at Prairie City, Oregon, on September 20, 1944, of \$1,678.75. This individual was also believed to have been involved in numerous burglaries. The automobile used by the bank robber, was found abandoned several miles away and he had fled into the nearby mountains. A posse of about 100 Oregon State Police, Deputy Sheriffs, and local citizens combed the mountains. They did not find the bandit, but did find a camp where empty bottles, candy wrappers, razor blade wrappers, and other evidence indicating that he had been staying at the camp for some time prior to the bank robbery. While the posse searched the mountains for him, the bandit hiked 22 miles to John Day, Oregon, where he stole the 1941 Oldsmobile, a sedan, and made good his getaway. A mountain search for the bandit <sup>was</sup> ~~now~~ under way in Southern Utah.

I was contacted in the Vernal area and apprised of the developments in this <sup>new</sup> ~~old~~ manhunt case. The office had promptly assigned some Agents to the case, and I was being kept advised of developments. A couple of days later, feeling that I should direct the activities on this rather important case, I left Vernal in the evening and drove to Salt Lake City. There, I picked up an Agent and had him drive us to St. George, Utah, while I slept. We arrived there early in the morning, got something to eat, held a brief conference with Sheriff "Tony" Prince, arranged for some take along sandwiches, made assignments in pairs, and we were off on foot to search for the bandit in an area of the rugged Pine Valley Mountains where his tracks had been observed the preceding night. I paired off with Sheriff Prince, an excellent tracker and a very good friend. We soon found the bandit's shoe prints with a tell-tale trade-mark of a Goodrich heel. The prints led into the cedars of the wild mountain range. With the possibility in mind that the wanted man might be hiding behind the next boulder or bush, we walked several feet apart, rather cautiously, so that we would be in a better position of getting him before he could surprise and get both of us. Finally, two of the Agents and a Deputy Sheriff,

in an area of the mountain some distance from us, found the robbers footprints leading to Quail Creek, a small, rapid stream northwest of Leeds, Utah, and about 20 miles from St. George. The trail was getting hotter, but little did they realize that he was only 15 or 20 minutes ahead of them. Soon, they found a small cigarette butt. The saliva on the end was still damp. As they approached the creek, they sighted an individual squatting beside a waterfall. He did not hear the approaching search party due to the roar of the waterfall. At a distance of about 25 yards they identified themselves and ordered him to come out of the bushes with his hands up. The unknown man whirled around, stared for a split second, and then drew a pistol from inside his jacket. He fired two shots in rapid succession at the Special Agents and the Deputy Sheriff, who returned the fire. In the exchange of shots the fugitive was killed. Other <sup>search</sup> members were notified.

A search revealed that the bandit had been carrying 2 automatic pistols and enough food to last him for many days. Pinned and sewed in various pockets were rolls of currency totaling \$2,002.00. He was also wearing an old vest with many pockets which contained a complete set of burglar tools, fish lines and hooks, safety razor and blades, soap, mirror, flashlight, rings of car keys, maps, and numerous other articles all carefully wrapped in paper and bound with string. He was well equipped to survive in the mountains. The finger impressions of the dead man were obtained and sent airmail to the Identification Division of the FBI in Washington, D.C., with the request that an attempt be made to identify them. They were promptly determined to be identical with the fingerprints of Joe Lewis, alias Jim Nolan, alias Jimmie Nolan, FBI No. 1009067. Lewis had been sent three times to State Penitentiaries for long terms and had escaped three times from confinement. He had last escaped on January 5, 1944, from a Texas state prison farm. FBI experts also found that latent fingerprint impressions found on the newspapers in the car abandoned by the bank robber were identical with the fingerprint impressions of Joe Lewis. Other evidence collected implicated Lewis in the burglary of a cafe and in the theft of five automobiles which had occurred in Utah during August, 1944. In the early part of October, 1944, Joe Lewis was buried in a paupers" field at St. George, Utah, his relatives being unknown.

As of possible interest, the following editorial appeared in the Salt Lake Telegram Newspaper under date of October 3, 1944, under the heading --BAD MEDICINE FOR FUGITIVE GUNMEN. "A desperate bandit, who threatened the peace and safety of residents of southern Utah for several days, has been cornered and shot in a gun battle with members of a posse. The bandit, still unified, is believed to be the man wanted for robbery of a bank at Prairie City, Ore., Sept. 20. The bank robber had been sought over five states since the holdup. First clue to his probable whereabouts came last Tuesday night when a Utah State Highway patrolman tried to halt a speeding motorist near Toquerville, Washington County. The driver, thought to be the slain bandit, fired two shots at the patrolman, then abandoned the stolen car he was driving and fled into the hills. Several days later his trail



was picked near St. George and a posse, consisting of Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation from Salt Lake City, Washington County Sheriff's Officers, St. George Police and residents of the area began to track him down. Sunday, two FBI Agents and a Deputy Sheriff flushed the fugitive in the foothills of the Pine Valley Mountains, eight miles west of Leeds. The officers ordered the man to surrender, but instead he drew a revolver and fired twice. The officers returned the fire and the bandit was shot dead with a bullet through the head. According to Jay C. Newman, head of the Salt Lake office of the FBI, who with Sheriff Anton Prince of Washington County, directed the manhunt, the officers found two automatic pistols, and more than \$2000 in cash and some burglar's tools on the bandit's person. He answers the description of the Oregon bank robber, Mr. Newman also said. It was, from the start to finish, a good piece of work by our Utah peace officers. To begin with, the trail of this desperate bandit was picked up, thanks to the alertness of a highway patrolman out doing his job of enforcing Utah speed laws. Then alert officers and residents of the Washington County area, where the fugitive went into hiding, made it difficult for him to get away, checked on his movements and finally cornered him. It isn't the first time that southwestern Utah has proved itself too hot for desperate criminals. It won't be the last time, so long as we have peace officers whose alertness, tracking ability and marksmanship prove bad medicine for fugitive gunmen."

At the conclusion of our investigation of the Joe Lewis case, I had one of the Special Agents retrace our steps in the Pine Valley Mountains and photograph the topographical points of interest showing some of the obstacals of nature the investigator had to cope with in that rugged country. I particularly desired photos of the Quail Creek area where the bandit met his "waterloo." Under date of October 25, 1944, I received the following self-explanatory letter from the Director: "Dear Mr. Newman: I have received your letter of October 20, with which you enclosed a pictorial narritive on the Joe Lewis case. The excellent photographs have been examined with much interest and I just wanted you to know that I appreciate your thoughtfulness in making these pictures available. The value of photographs in giving a complete picture of investigations is so often overlooked. I note that you are planning to prepare and forward an interesting case write-up in this matter as soon as additional information is developed. With best wishes and kind regards, Sincerely yours. J. Edgar Hoover."

While I'm in the mood, I might just as well relate the other two rather unusual criminal cases I had in mind. Here they are:

On October 13, 1942, I received a telephone call from Sheriff Herbert M. Snyder of Uintah County, Vernal, Utah. He informed that a woman, walking along the highway, a few miles west of Vernal, that day, heard a dog barking in a low area just off the highway. Investigating, she found a small white fox terrier with one black eye and one black ear standing guard over what appeared to be a human body. From her position she was unable to deturmine the sex, the body being partially

covered with a blanket. The woman stopped a passing motorist, who also approached the body. But the small dog would not allow him to go close enough to determine whether it was a woman or a man. He reported the matter to the Sheriff, who immediately went to the scene accompanied by a physician. They found the body to be that of a woman. Her head and shoulders were covered with a red Indian blanket. The blanket and woman's hat contained eight corresponding holes indicating that the blanket had first been placed over the victim's head and that she had been struck a number of times with a blunt instrument. According to the examining physician, any one of the blows could have caused death. The body was taken into Vernal, where further examination indicated the woman had been dead about twelve hours. Her age was estimated at about 48. She was dressed in plain clothing. I informed the Sheriff that it sure looked like he had a murder case on his hands and asked if we could be of any service to him. He rather surprised me by saying that the FBI had a case on its hands as the body was found on a strip of land comprising part of the Duchesne Indian Reservation. He was right.

Prior to going near the body it was necessary for the Sheriff to capture the fox terrier. The dog had a collar around its neck with ~~the~~ tag number 30, indicating that the dog had been licensed in Alameda County, California. No other identifying data were found near the scene of the crime or on the person of the victim. The circumstances indicated that the victim had been thrown or pushed from an automobile which had been parked near the shoulder of the highway.

Through a check of the license bureau of Alameda County, California, it was determined that dog license number 30 had been issued to a Mrs. Abigale Williams of San Leandro, California for a white fox terrier. Further investigation by our San Francisco Bureau office reflected that the woman's full name was Abigale Agnes Williams; that she was born on February 18, 1887, at Butler, South Dakota, and that she had lived alone in a trailer in San Leandro, for about one year with her two dogs, one of which was described as a white and black fox terrier and the other as a dark-furred police dog. Mrs. Williams had left San Leandro, California July 29, 1942, driving her 1930 Ford Sedan, to visit a sister in Orgeon and from there east to St. Paul, Minnesota, to visit another sister. A photograph was obtained from one of her sisters, and her movements checked to Denver, Colorado, where she had parked her car on a vacant lot and lived in it from October 8 to 11, 1942. Positive identification was made of the body by one of her sisters. With the photograph, investigation was conducted by our office at Vernal, Utah, and it was identified as being that of a woman riding in a sedan with two young men and two dogs the night of October 12, 1942, where they stopped for gasoline. Personal papers belonging to Mrs. Williams were found along the side of the highway, 27 miles from Heber City, Utah, indicating that the person or persons responsible for the crime were heading west. Circularization of the victim's car identification proved unproductive. Finally, on November 9, 1942, a Washington State Highway Patrolman arrested James Joseph Roedl for speeding in a stolen truck near

Olympia, Washington. He was eventually held in the Kitsap County jail at Bremerton, Washington awaiting prosecution. One day, in an effort to make a "deal" on his auto theft charge, he informed the ~~the~~ local authorities that if they would drop it, he would give them information on a murder case in Uta<sup>h</sup>. He was interviewed by FBI Agents from the Seattle Office. In substance, he claimed that he and one, Leroy Edward Ritchey, while hitching west from Denver, Colorado on October 11, 1942, had been given a ride/<sup>by</sup> Mrs. Williams; that Richey planned her murder and carried his scheme a few miles out of Vernal, Utah, by hitting her in the head several times with a hammer. Roedl, who claimed to have been intimidated by Ritchey, admitted he had later hit the victim once. Ritchey, whose whereabouts were revealed by Roedl, was arrested at Tracystown, Washington, where the Ford Sedan ~~owned~~ by the victim was recovered. When interviewed in Washington, Ritchey admitted knowing Roedl and having worked with him in the State of Nebraska but claimed that he left him in Nebraska and by coincidence again met up with him in Tacoma, Washington. He denied any knowledge of the crime. Roedl was born November 13, 1917 at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. He had an eighth grade education and didn't marry. He started drinking at the age of 12 and would get drunk whenever he could. It was reported that he was always nervous, hot-tempered, and would fly into rages. He started having epileptic fits when he was 13 or 14 years old. He was an inmate of a state hospital in Oklahoma for six months in 1941-1942. He had a record of arrests for forgery extending back to 1938. Richey was born January 3, 1918, at Geneva, Nebraska. He had a sixth grade education and had been married and divorced. In 1936, he served ninety days in a County Jail for forgery, and was later arrested for ~~breaking~~/<sup>jail</sup> and received a one year sentence.

A federal grand jury indictment was returned against Roedl and Richey at Salt Lake City, Utah on March 27, 19 43, charging them wit<sup>h</sup> murder on an Indian reservation. They were removed to Utah for trial. When interviewed here, Ritchey decided to talk. He indicated that he and Roedl had had a fight just before Roedl's arrest in Washington; that he, Ritchey, had been the victor and that Roedl had involved him as the instigator of the murder in an effort to get revenge. It sounded plausible. Briefly, Ritchey stated that after the victim had picked them up as hitchhikers outside of Denver, and while enroute to Vernal, he and Poedl had discussed plans for getting rid of Mrs. Williams so that Roedl could obtain possession of her car. They agreed that Roedl would start singing a song, popular at that time, entitled, "ON A DAY LIKE TODAY, WE PASS THE TIME AWAY, WRITING LOVE-LETTERS IN THE SAND." This would be the signal for **the attack. In Vernal, Mrs. Williams**, who scarcely had enough money for gas to return to California, bought the two subjects something to eat, in a bakery. Then, a few miles west of Vernal, as they traveled along with Ritchey driving and Mrs. Williams sitting next to him, Roedl, in the back seat commenced singing his song and immediately picked up a hammer from the floor of the car and struck the victim once on the head. They then obtained a blanket from the rear of the car and put it over her head. Roedl then

struck Mrs. Williams a couple more times with the hammer. As they drove along, he hit her several more times and Ritchey struck her once. They stopped on the highway and Ritchey went around the car and opened the front door on the victim's side. As she was falling out of the car he struck her a couple more times. Roedl then pushed the victim completely out of the car and she rolled down the bank. They then drove on in the victim's car. The little fox terrier got out of the car when the victim was put out. About seven miles west the murderers threw the hammer away and let the big dog out of the car. The hammer was recovered by the investigating Agents but the big dog was never found. They searched the victim's purse. It contained only 3 or 4 dollars, which they kept and threw the purse away.

In the case of Ritchey, the federal jury on May 3, 1944, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, without capital punishment. Roedl was found guilty of murder in the first degree, by the federal jury that heard his case earlier. Before the sentences could be carried out, I received a telephone call from Assistant U.S. Attorney John Boyden, who had so successfully prosecuted the case, informing that he was going to have the federal judge cancel the judgment and quash the federal indictment, as he had found in case reviews, strangely, that it isn't a federal offense for a white person to kill a white person on an Indian Reservation. An Indian must be involved, either as the subject or the victim. This question had not been brought up by the defense attorneys in either trial. The federal action was dismissed and Roedl and Ritchey were removed to Vernal, Utah. They were both tried in State Court there. Roedl was found guilty of murder in the first degree, without recommendation. On September 27, 1943 he was sentenced to be executed. After losing appeals through the courts, he was finally executed on July 13, 1945. Ritchey, on September 20, 1943, in State Court at Vernal, entered a plea of guilty to the charge of murder, the degree to be determined by the court. On October 9th of that year, the court found him guilty of first degree murder and he was sentenced to life imprisonment at the Utah State Penitentiary. He died May 15, 1954, of tuberculosis.

The next case I had in mind had its beginning in Ogden, Utah. Nineteen-year-old Sheldon Jay Barney of Monroe, Sevier County, Utah, told a boyhood chum with whom he had been drinking that he was going on a date with a local girl from Ogden, on February 27, 1946. He failed to return. The friend made the rounds of the taverns they had frequented in an unsuccessful effort to locate Barney. Word was received in the morning that the missing man's body had been located in a fire gutted tourist cabin in Ogden which he had rented a week earlier. The burned body was identified by a relative. A bracelet with Barney's name and Navy serial number circled the right wrist of the dead man. Dog tags bearing Barney's name and serial number, parts of a navy uniform and an address book containing addresses of persons he had known in the Navy lent credence to the certainty that the corpse was that of Sheldon Jay Barney. Obviously, the man had been murdered. An autopsy of the burned body reflected multiple stab wounds of the chest. These



had severed the aorta and pulmonary arteries. The body was claimed by relatives and was interred in the Barney family plot, after what was believed to be the largest attended funeral in the town of Monroe. Then, the identification was questioned. The Ogden City pathologist who had assisted in the autopsy saw a picture of Sheldon Jay Barney, in which the youth was smiling. The pathologist noticed a distinct space between his upper front teeth. This was called to the attention of the Ogden Police Department and Barney's denture chart was secured from Navy officials. It was dissimilar to that of the burned body. The buried murder victim was exhumed and anatomical specimens were forwarded to the FBI Laboratory in Washington, D.C., where fingerprints were procured. On March 12, 1946, the FBI advised by telegram that the fingerprints revealed ~~that~~ the murder victim to be one Dee Lane, an individual who had been employed at the Naval Supply Depot at Clearfield, Utah. Police officers at Ogden found that Sheldon Jay Barney and Dee Lane had been seen in a drunken condition at 9:30 P.M., February 27, on a bus in Ogden. An individual who saw them made a positive identification from assorted photographs. Barney had completely disappeared. On March 21, 1946, the U.S. Navy Department requested the FBI to look for Barney as a Navy Deserter for having gone AWOL from his ship, the USS President Jackson, at San Pedro, California on February 19, 1946. On May 1, 1946, Barney was charged with murder, in the State Court in Ogden. The FBI filed a complaint against Barney before the United States Commissioner at Ogden, on May 20, 1946, charging him with unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for murder. Later, a Federal Grand Jury at Salt Lake City, returned an indictment against him on this charge.

Our office contacted relatives, friends and acquaintances of Barney and covered every known lead as to his whereabouts, without success. Being an unusual, newsworthy case, a description of Barney was broadcast on a national radio program, put on by the O'Henry Candy Company. At the close of the program, the announcer, a Major Shuttleworth, offered a \$500.00 reward to anyone reporting his whereabouts to the FBI. This broadcast was made the evening of December 1, 1946. Shortly thereafter, I received a telephone call from Sam Brinton, who informed that he was born and raised in Holladay, Utah, as was I, and that he moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho, when I was about 17, and now operated a farm near that city. He referred to the national radio broadcast concerning the fugitive, Sheldon Jay-Barney, and stated that he was sure that Barney was working on a farm next to his. I immediately telephoned our Butte FBI Office, which covered Idaho, and at 7:30 A.M. December 5, 1946, based on the information furnished, an Agent and a local officer arrested Barney on a farm 16 miles north of Idaho Falls, where he had been employed for several months.

Barney admitted stabbing Dee Lane to death in his tourist court cabin/after in Ogden, Utah after a drunken spree. He claimed that after killing him he concocted the idea of putting his navy identificatio bracelet on the dead man's wrist and then setting fire to the cabin. He doggone nearly got by with it. Barney was tried in State Court

at Ogden, Utah on a charge of first degree murder and on April 11, 1947, was found guilty of voluntary manslaughter by a jury. On April 17, 1947, he was charged with first degree arson. On April 21, he entered a plea of guilty to the arson charge, and was sentenced to the Utah State Prison, to serve a term of 1 to 10 years on the manslaughter charge and 2 to 20 years on the arson charge, the two sentences to run concurrently. So much for FBI criminal cases.

In addition to my office administrative activities, I still received quite a few <sup>speaking</sup> invitations, and addressed many civic, school, law Enforcement and Church groups. I also directed the major <sup>Bureau</sup> investigations in this Division.

As for our family church activities, Geneve, very good looking and talented, was very well liked in the Wasatch Ward where our membership records were sent from Detroit. She soon found herself President of the Primary Organization. <sup>On</sup> Later, she was President of the YWMA. She was also called to serve on the YWMA Board of the Hillside Stake. All of us attended our meetings <sup>regularly</sup> and participated in Ward activities. When we took up our residence there in 1938, Wasatch Ward was in the Sugar House Stake. I believe that it was in 1944, the Hillside Stake was formed, with Casper H. Parker as President, and Harold M. Wright and <sup>J</sup>Stuart Mc Master as Counselors. I was called to be a member of the Hillside Stake High Council, and served in that capacity until we moved to Holladay, in 1954.

Those were well to be remembered years. We greatly appreciated our close association with such fine church members. Down through the years Geneve and I would reminisce and chuckle over incidents which occurred during that period of time. As a sample, the Hillside Stake Presidency and the members of the High Council and their wives would hold a fine catered banquet. Some how or other another couple and Geneve and I would invariably be assigned to the entertainment committee. We had a ball. I recall that at one banquet we put our dribble glass and plate jumper to good use. There were name cards at each place. The senior member of the High Council, I.A. "Bert" Smoot, a rather vociferous politician, who was then Postmaster of Salt Lake City, was to sit at the head table with his wife, who was a very sedate, proper individual. We got to the banquet hall early and arranged with a waitress to keep Brother Smoot's waterglass filled up. It was our dribble glass. When the banquet got underway, we had ringside seats nearby. With the first drink of water, it dribbled all down the front of Brother Smoot. Being noted by his wife, she promptly called this carelessness to his attention in hushed tones. The waitress, noting Bert's empty glass, promptly refilled it, and a few minutes later there was a repeat performance, dribble, lecture and all. I suppose Brother Smoot gave up drinking because we didn't see him take another drink all evening. We put the plate-jumper under the plate of a rather quiet high council member who sat across the table from us. We quietly told the ones sitting near us to keep their eyes on this person. It was amusing to note his reaction to the plate jumping up while he was carving his steak. He put down his knife and fork and quickly lifted up the table covering. He was mystified in discovering there was

nothing under the plate or tablecover. We had pulled it toward us and it was/<sup>now</sup>un-  
der a gray dish. We all had a good time.

Before releasing me from the High Council in 1954, the Hillside Stake Author-  
ities gave Geneve and me a big farewell dinner. Geneve was given, I believe, a  
silver tray, and I a Church book inscribed with their names and extending best  
wishes to both of us.

We had some fine neighbors around our home on fifteenth East, in Salt Lake-  
City. Directly across the street were the Millers, Joe, Alice and Patty Jo. They  
were members of one of the protestant churches. Mr. Miller was an official of the  
Mountain States Telephone Company. The daughter, Patty Joe, was a friend of Mar-  
lene's. The Millers were transferred to Denver, November 4, 1950. They mailed a no-  
te before leaving, that day. Here are some of their comments concerning their res-  
idence in this Mormon community: "Dear Mr. & Mrs. Newman & Family: Ere' this reach-  
es you the Millers will be on the highway to Denver, Colorado, where we shall hen-  
ceforth make our home. Each day we count our blessings, we know that we have much  
for which to be thankful, and we look to the future with full confidence and assu-  
rance that "God is in his heaven and all is well." One of our choicest blessings  
is our friends, and so before leaving we want you to know that we have considered  
it an honor to be counted among your friends and we always valued that friendship  
highly. Our 15 years in Salt Lake City have been the most pleasant of our lives  
and we leave with a warm, close feeling towards this valley and the people in it.  
Our lives have been enriched by the associations formed here and the memories of  
the good times we enjoyed together will linger with us and will be a source of de-  
lightful and satisfying recollections in the years ahead." They were very fine pe-  
ople. Unfortunately, our paths never crossed again.

In October, 1950, The Honorable J. Howard McGrath, Attorney General of the  
United States, visited our fair city, accompanied by his wife. I had an opportunity  
to meet and escort them around a little. He sent me a note of appreciation and a  
Christmas greeting. Under date of December 29, 1950, I sent this brief acknoweld-  
gement to him. "Dear Mr. McGrath: It was most kind of you to send me a note and  
Christmas greeting in remembrance of your visit to our city last October. I do wa-  
nt to take this opportunity to tell you how much I appreciate having personally ~~in~~  
met you and Mrs. McGrath. I am sure that your forthright and gracious manner made  
a lasting impression on all who met you. May the coming year be a happy and suc-  
cessful one for both of you. Sincerely, Jay Newman, FBI."

October 5, 1950, was quite a memorable day. Very unexpectedly, the Salt Lake  
City Officeforce of the FBI surrounded me in an office surprise party. One of the  
Special Agents versed in legal terminology, read aloud the following allegations  
from a document he held in his hand: "Federal Bureau of Investigation vs, Jay C.  
Newman. This court, being duly constituted and empowered to consider charges ag-  
ainst you, now finds that 25 years ago today, October 5, 1925, the case against  
you was considered. It was found by the Tribunal considering your case that you

were fully qualified to perform the duties assigned to you. It was further found that there were no blemishes on your character, nor could there be found any derogatory information concerning your conduct or your associations with your fellowmen. The trial court determined that you were well regarded by your friends and highly respected by your associates. It was also found by the court that you would undoubtedly perform your duties in an above average manner. Considering all the facts, the court sentenced you to a term of indefinite duration of hard labor. The case now comes before this court for consideration. This court finds that during the past 25 years, your work has been exemplary. You have conducted yourself as a gentleman, and your kindness and consideration has served as an inspiration to your associates. The outstanding accomplishments have been largely as a result of your leadership and inspiration. In spite of the foregoing, and while this court would like to be as considerate as possible, it is not at liberty to terminate your sentence at this time; therefore, it will be necessary for you to continue in your present capacity for an additional indefinite period. Notwithstanding the foregoing, this court is not entirely without mercy or discretion. It desires that your continued sentence be as enjoyable as possible; therefore, in recognition of an excellent tenure of service, may I present to you on behalf of the entire FBI this key as a symbol and token of appreciation for your accomplishments. May I also present to you, as an expression of appreciation on behalf of your immediate associates, this small gift." The employee's gift was a lovely expensive wrist watch, inscribed with my name and tenure of service in the FBI. This was a splendid group of loyal fellow employees.

In Director Hoover's letter of October 5, 1950, enclosing the 25 year service award key, he congratulated me on my dedicated service and "unbounded loyalty and devotion to the Bureau," etc. He also referred, "to "The host of friends and contacts I have made for the Bureau both at Salt Lake City and at my other offices of assignment." As Jack Gleason, the comedian used to say, "How sweet it is."

I have always been interested in the reaction of outsiders to their visit or temporary stay in Utah, which is predominately Mormon. In this regard, a Bureau Chief Clerk ~~stenographer~~ in her thirties, working in one of the eastern offices, requested a transfer to a western office. When the next ~~stenographic~~ vacancy occurred in our office, she was transferred here. She was a red haired Catholic woman, and a good ~~stenographer~~ <sup>employee.</sup> After she had been here a few months, she was badly injured in an automobile accident near Tooele, Utah, and taken to the Tooele Hospital. The accident had nothing to do with her Bureau work. She was unconscious for several days. Her name was Geraldine "Jerry" <sup>ghan.</sup> O'Callahan. It would be difficult to find a name more typically Irish. She had no relatives in this area. Here is a letter she wrote me from the hospital; under date of November 20, 1950: " Dear Mr. Newman: Just a few lines to tell you how very deeply I appreciate all the many many things you did for me. You surely took wonderful care and interest of my affairs when I was "under shock" -- notifying my family, coming out to see me, calling



the hospital, etc. During my 13 years in the Bureau and my tenure under numerous ASC's, in various emergencies which arose, I never received the kindness and co-operation which was recently exhibited to me. Your kindness and the wonderful cooperation of my very many friends in Utah could not be replaced. I'll be "back on the job" quite soon I hope. Sincerely. Jerry." Sometime later she was transferred back east near her home.

During one of the many In-Service training classes I attendid at the headquarters/of the FBI in Washington, D.C., each trainee was given a short time to prepare a brief talk, make a phonigraphic recording of it in the Bureau's laboratory, so it could played back in class. I hastened to the public library, got a few ideas, wrote them out on paper, then dictated them for the recording. The talk could be on any subject. I entiled mine, "Public Appearance Number One." Here it is for wh- at its worth: "We have heard so much about public enemies, yet I'll venture that no public enemy ever caused you so much concern as public appearance number one. Do you remember the time you were enjoying the banquet immensely when all of a sudden you were called on to speak? You probably thought and wished that you could faint, but the odds are against you. Few people do. Regardless of your personal feelings at the time, that first public appearance made you a better master of yourself. Not being a public speaker, I feel that I can discuss freely some of the fine points of the art. In the first place, don't let it worry you because you did not make a brilliant speech. Few people do. If you doubt me, turn on your radio or better still, pay close attention to this talk. Of course you were nervous and perhaps will continue to be. Practically everyone is nervous when speaking before a visable or invisable audience. However, there are certain things that will help you develop courage in advance. One is, practice, practice, practice. Maybe you thought that was a flaw in the record? It fooled me for a moment, too. It might be hard on your family and friends, but practice is one of the secrets of devolping public speaking ability. We in the FBI do not have to worry about material for a talk. Fortunately, the numerous Bureau publications and releases afford a world of subject matter. However, the question, "How shall I prepare my talk," should be given most careful consideration. If you don't take the time to prepare your speech, you are only fooling yourself. Harry Emerson Fosdik, considered one of the most eloquent speakers in America, used to say it took him ten hours to prepare a ten minute talk and twenty hours for a twenty minute talk. Don't memorize your speech but speak sincerely and from the heart. If you must gesticulate, don't plan your gestures in advance. Too many, of course, are objectionable, but a gesture made at the proper time may help to put over an important point in your talk. Perhaps one of the best excuses for not putting your hands in your pockets, while speaking, is so that you can have them available at your sides to gesture easily if the urge comes on. However, the condition of your mind is far more important than the position of your hands. The main thing is, you are trying to

make something happen in the other fellow's heart and mind. One of the most important things to remember is to stop talking just before your audience wants you to, and that reminds me, I'll have to be getting on with the rest of the program!"

Sometime in the fall/of <sup>1950</sup> early spring of 1951, I received a telephone call from Lou Nichols, a very good friend of mine, who was then an Assistant to Director J. Edgar Hoover. Mr. Nichols informed that a friend of the Bureau, Fulton Oursler of New York City, intended to visit Salt Lake City and Reno, Nevada, accompanied by his wife. I was asked to make the best reservation possible for them at the Hotel Utah; to meet them upon their arrival at the Salt Lake City Airport and to show them every possible courtesy. Oursler, originally a Baptist, became a Roman Catholic in 1943. He had written a prodigious number of book/s and magazine articles. Among the best known books were "The Greatest Book Ever Written," the Bible, and "The Greatest Story Ever Told," which told of the Saviour's life as reflected in the New Testament. One of them, or possibly both, became Motion Pictures. Oursler, who had been the senior editor of the Reader's Digest, also wrote a/great number of Murder Mystery books. He was married in 1925, to writer Grace Perkins. They have two ~~two~~ grown children, Grace April and Charles Fulton. He also had two children, by a former wife.

I arranged a suite of rooms for Mr. and Mrs. Oursler, on the top floor of the Hotel Utah, with a view down main street to the south and the Mormon Temple to the west. Geneve and I picked them up at the Salt Lake City Airport. They were a gracious<sup>us</sup>, delightful couple. We drove them to the west entrance of the Hotel, and as porters were taking<sup>ng</sup> their baggage in, Fulton read aloud an inscription which I had not previously observed high up on the temple wall, namely, "Holiness to the Lord." He also commented that the short spire, of the twelve adorning the temple, represented Judas, one of the twelve Apostles, who betrayed the Savior. Not wishing to reveal my ignorance, I made no comment. I had been too close to the forest to see the trees. We made arrangements to pick the Ourslers' up for a sightseeing tour later in the day. Fulton had indicated that they wanted to see "This is the Place" monument, dedicated to the Mormon Pioneers, a Memorial<sup>ial</sup> in Memory Grove, dedicated to Utah Servicemen killed in either World War One or Two, and have a conference with Catholic Bishop Hunt, at the Cathedral. Fortunately, I was acquainted with Bishop Hunt, and readily made the desired appointment. I also knew about "This is the Place" monument, and how to get there. The Memory Grove memorial was new to me and I had to hurriedly make inquiries concerning its location, and how to get to Memory Grove, east of the State Capitol Building.

The sightseeing tour was/enjoyed by the four of us. Oursler, much to the enjoyment of other visitors, read aloud all the engravings on the "This is the Place" Monument. The Ourslers kept their appointment with Bishop Hunt, at the Cathedral. Inasmuch as Mrs. Oursler had a lung problem and it was difficult for her to walk up steps, and there are many leading up to the front door of the cathedral, she was permitted, with Fulton, to enter at the rear. Oxygen was made available in her

suite at the hotel at all times.

The Ourslers traveled by plane from Salt Lake City to Reno, Nevada, where I had made hotel arrangements for them. I had an Agent meet them upon their arrival. While in Salt Lake City, Fulton had informed me that his main purpose in coming west, was to interview Gareth Hughes, a young motion picture/actor of that day, who at the death of Actor Rudolph Valentino, was considered as Valentino's logical replacement. Oursler believed there was a good story in the fact that Hughes, at the height of his popularity, had taken the prescribed vows; had become an Episcopal Priest and established a mission on an Indian Reservation about 40 miles southwest of Reno. One of the Reno Special Agents in connection with his work in the area, let Oursler accompany him to the Reservation, where Oursler interviewed Hughes. He later wrote an interesting magazine article on the interview. It was interesting to the Agent, that Hughes was driving an automobile donated to him, I believe, by Actress Maria/Davis.<sup>S</sup> He also noted that some of the Indian women were the best dressed he had ever seen, decked out in the discarded wearing apparel of actresses in the Hollywood Movie Colony.

Upon their return to New York City, the Ourslers sent us a nice letter of appreciation, and for our mantle, a lovely small Covered Wagon, a replica of those used by the Mormon pioneers in their long journey to the Salt Lake Valley.

Fulton Oursler died of a heart attack in his apartment in the Hotel Navarro, in New York City, May 24, 1952. We sent the following letter to his wife under date of May 27, 1952: " Mrs. Fulton Oursler, 112 Central Park South, New York 19, N.Y.: Dear Mrs. Oursler: We were sorry to learn of Fulton's passing and, although realizing that mere words lend little solace at a time such as this, we do want you to know of our deepest sympathy. Both of us are very grateful that we had the opportunity of meeting and associating with you and Fulton on your visit to Salt Lake City last year. Sincerely, Geneve and Jay Newman."

In a note addressed to us from New York June 17th, Mrs. Oursler stated, "Yes dear friends - You and your wonder spot are dear beautiful memories we share with him. Pray for me when you think of him that I may handle his affairs well. Gratefully, Grace." Later she sent me a copy of his last book entitled "The Reader's Digest Murder Case." The final paragraph of the book was completed by his daughter April, after her father's death. He had left a note that he wanted me to have a copy. We long remembered our brief association with these talented people.

In the summer of 1951, I commenced having some intestinal difficulty. I was losing weight and felt fatigued much of the time. Through clinical laboratory tests, after unsuccessful treatments with antibiotics, it was finally determined that I had amoebic dysentery. According to my physician, Dr. Maurice J. Taylor of Salt Lake City, this disease was quite prevalent among U.S. Servicemen in the Philippines and Asian Countries. He communicated with the medical branch of the Army, and I was hospitalized for 16 days and given the treatment recommended by the Army. It consisted of my being given small amounts of the poison, "Arsenic of

Lead" to kill the meat-eating amoebia. I felt somewhat better following hospitalization and soon returned to work. However, I was quite weak and became tired rather easily. This was only the start of my problems.

Under date of January 3, 1952, I received a letter from the Bureau, transferring me to El Paso, Texas, to assume the duties of Special Agent in Charge there. This was entirely unexpected. The newspapers in Salt Lake City and El Paso soon carried word of the transfer and I began receiving letters from El Paso banks and business institutions, welcoming our business.

The Deseret News of Salt Lake City, carried the following Editorial in its February 6th Edition under the caption, "More Than One Way Of Fighting Criminals": "Undoubtedly it's a good thing, this Federal Bureau of Investigation policy of not letting its men get their roots too deep and their friendships too solidly cemented. Still, who can feel kindly just now toward a policy that takes from Utah a man like Jay C. Newman?"

Mr. Newman, Special Agent in Charge of the Salt Lake City Office - which includes all Utah and Nevada - for the past 14 years, will leave within the month to take over a similar post in El Paso, Texas. Utah stands to lose more than an ordinary law officer in the transfer.

In his long years here, Jay Newman has been a positive force for good. His hundreds of talks before civic clubs, schools, church groups and the like have touched on many themes, but always with the underlying principle that morality, faith, Godliness, give the only final answer to the area's crime problem.

Jay Newman is one of those rare individuals who had found just the right spot. He could serve with wholehearted zeal in an organization guided from the top by a man who is himself a believer: a man - J. Edgar Hoover - who on occasion could say with conviction things like this:

"The criminal is the product of spiritual starvation. Someone failed miserably to bring him to God, love Him, and serve Him." Or:

"If we are to get down to fundamentals in approaching the problem of crime, it is necessary to build the spiritual structure of the child at the cradle." Or:

"As a law/enforcement officer, I am certain that unless children are given the opportunity of participating in activities which have God as their fundamental objective, we cannot hope to reduce crime materially in our country.

Jay Newman labors in that tradition, also. He has had his part in the violent side of law enforcement - his forehead bears a scar, put there by a bullet from the gun of Baby Face Nelson, a member of the dread Dillinger Gang, to prove it - but his great achievement in fighting immorality and crime has been through positive spiritual leadership and example. That leadership has been especially here in Utah. His transfer, for example, means that he will have to be released from the High Council of Hillside Stake, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, where he has served particularly the young people for years. His son, who followed his dad's footsteps into the mission field, now must<sup>t</sup> return to a new home when he



is released from his work in New Zealand.

Jay Newman wanted nothing written about himself editorially. But he did ask us to express to the public and to local law enforcement personnel his appreciation and thanks for cooperation through the years. We now do that. We also wish Jay Newman happiness in El Paso and wherever else he may go - happiness that can come only through continued opportunity for moral and spiritual leadership."

Now comes the time of decision. Geneve and I discussed the transfer, prayed about it and talked it over with our available youngsters. It was no doubt unambiguously negative. In the first place, we were where we wanted to live the rest of our days. Keith's being on a mission made it unwise to move away. Disruption of the youngsters' schooling, also figured into the decision. The/ too, my health had deteriorated appreciated considerably. In addition, my mother was still here. The answer was "no go."

Under date of January 22, 1952, I sent the following letter to the Director  
"Dear Mr. Hoover:

I have been rather reluctant to write this letter, but existing conditions make it necessary for me to do so.

For a number of years Mrs. Newman and I have been aiding in the care of my ninety-five year old mother, who is now blind and very feeble. She is concerned over my possible leaving and I feel that I would be remiss in my duty as a son to leave her at this time.

As the Bureau has been advised, I contracted a rather serious intestinal infection about two months ago. This and a surgical operation necessitated hospitalization. I am still under treatment, and my physician has informed that I should not return to work for at least a month.

In view of existing circumstances, I wish at this time to make application for retirement under the Federal Law Enforcement Officers' Retirement Act, active duty to cease at the convenience of the Bureau. I should like, if possible, to be granted a month's sick leave before termination is effective.

I am very grateful to you, Mr. Hoover, for having permitted me to remain here so long, and shall always take pride in having served under your able leadership. Continued success to you. Sincerely, Jay C. Newman, SAC."

Briefly, under date of January 28, the Director acknowledged receipt of my letter of resignation, and stated that he regretted exceedingly that I found it necessary to terminate my service in the Bureau. He then stated:

"Appreciating the long years of faithful service which you have rendered and the reasons which have prompted you to sever your active relations with the Bureau, I am communicating with the Department of Justice and recommending that favorable action be taken upon your request for retirement." He also approved a month's sick leave and recommended that my retirement become effective at the close of business on February 29, 1952.

Director:

Under date of February 12, 1952, I received the following letter from the/

"Dear Mr. Newman:

I wanted to advise you at this time that the Attorney General has approved your retirement from the service effective February 29, 1952. Needless to say, I was indeed sorry to learn that you find it necessary to leave the ranks of the FBI.

Your enviable as a Special Agent and the many years of sustained loyalty, devotion to duty, and unselfish sacrifice in the interests of the service have contributed in no small degree toward maintaining the prestige of the service.

During our association over the past many years, it has been a source of satisfaction and encouragement to observe the spirit which you have adapted yourself to each new challenge, and your efforts toward successfully concluding a variety of problems with which the Bureau has been faced during the critical war ~~war~~ and postwar periods.

I do want you to know that my personal expressions of esteem go forward to you at this time, and if there is anything I can do to be of assistance to you, please feel free to communicate with me.

In closing, I should like to extend to you my sincere hope for the future enjoyment of your retirement which I trust will be an added factor to your happiness and the pleasures of life you deserve.

With every good wish and kindest regards, Sincerely, J. Edgar Hoover."

On the announcement, <sup>of my retirement,</sup> I received numerous fine letters from Federal, State and Local officials, as well as church and business leaders throughout Utah and Nevada. There was also considerable speculation in the local news media, as to what city or state job I might be asked to fill. I was very appreciative of t<sup>he</sup> response.

All of the employees of the FBI in Utah and Nevada, hono<sup>red</sup>/Geneve and me with a grand dinner-farewell at the Hotel Utah, in Salt Lake City. A highlight of the affair was the reading of a poem composed by clerical employees Georgia Warwick and Helen Gutke, entitled, "A MAN'S CAREER," which I am including a little later in this personal history. At the conclusion of the fabulous farewell dinner, the employees presented Geneve a beautiful inscribed silver platter. I was given an assembly of 33 Church books. There must have been a protestant church member on the gift selection committee as, included in the book collection, were 6 huge volumes of Mathew Henry's Commentary on the Bible. This dignatary died June 22, 1714. We appreciated the close relationship we had with all the FBI employees and their spouses, and maintained cordial contact with the local office for many years. Now, for the poem read at the farewell dinner:

A MAN'S CAREER

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
The true details of a man's career!  
On the 5th of October, in Twenty-five,  
In the Washington Field Office  
Jay Newman arrived.  
He remembers that famous day and year!

He said to his friend, Mr. Hoover, the boss--  
"This may be a gain or it may be a loss;  
If I earn my badge, I'll be all right,  
But win or lose--I intend to fight!"  
With his mind prepared by USAC  
He set out to prove what a "hot shot" he'd be;  
Ready to ride and enforce the law  
Through every village and farm that he saw;  
He dragged Jay, Jr., Keith, and their Ma!

Two months of boot training irked him sore,  
But finally he reached the Western Shore.  
He went to law school at Golden Gate,  
To prepare him later for a lofty state!  
With education now complete  
The Newman family got itching feet--  
In quick succession they learned each street  
The world's big cities they soon tried;  
Their troubles all seemed magnified,  
Too many transfers to take in stride.

Meanwhile, his friends, through alley and street,  
Wandered and watched with eager eye;  
Till in the silence around they spy--  
The muster of men at Michigan State;  
Jay must hurry, or he'll be late.  
In 'Three One BC (before cars you'll perceive)  
Jay bid adieu to his sweet Geneve  
And boarded a bus, or a streetcar, no less  
And covered his leads--expedite, I guess!

This was the era of gangland's hold  
Jay's biggest adventure began to unfold;  
His mild manner and soft spoken ways,  
Were most deceiving in those busy days.  
They had what they called the "goon squad" you know--  
When Hoover said "Come", Jay had to go.

- 2 -

"Baby Face" Nelson had just hit his stride  
With all his henchmen ranged at his side;  
It was up to the G-men to stem the tide!

Because of the importance of this mission,  
Jay stayed home from a day of fishin'  
He packed his bag and ran for the train,  
His manner showed his complete disdain  
For his brotherly Agents riding the bus;  
Now wasn't he a lucky cuss?  
To Rhinelander, Wisconsin they were assigned,  
The Number I hoodlum they were to find!

"Baby Face" Nelson was a mighty tough guy  
And proud of the code that he lived by;  
He had no respect for anyone  
And thought shooting a gun was just for fun.  
But the G-men showed him once and for all--  
That the bigger they are, the harder they fall!

The final outcome was far from disgrace,  
(Though Jay ended up with blood on his face)  
He maintained the glory of the FBI  
Whose motto is "To do or die"!  
We're glad to say that the bullet went wild  
And when the final report was filed;  
And the fray was over and all "mopped up"  
Our hero said "I forgot to duck"!

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride;  
To the Denver Office as SAC--  
He's on the right track as you can see,  
An Agent in Charge at thirty-seven;  
What more could he ask of earth and heaven?

But when he arrived, ah, woe is me!  
Only two other Agents did he see--  
To manage a country so wild and vast,  
He's glad the "roaring thirties" are past!  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still  
And lo! as he looks on the mountain's height,  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light.  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers, and gazes, till full on his sight  
To San Francisco again he sojourns.



- 8 -

His road trips behind him,  
Jay now settles down;  
And finds a new Newman is coming to town;  
This time 'twas a daughter--  
They named her Marlene,  
The prettiest thing they'd ever seen!

Geneve found herself a real gadabout,  
They were transferred in and transferred out;  
With a vision of Salt Lake always their dream--  
St. Louis--Detroit--she was ready to scream!  
When finally Hoover saw it their way  
They arrived in Salt Lake--oh happy day!  
For 13 years he guided our fate  
He toiled unceasingly, early and late.

As a public speaker he's gained great fame,  
And always honored the Bureau's name.  
On December 7th of 'Forty one,  
The Japs decided to have some fun  
At that time Jay's Office was small and serene  
But the way things grew was a sight to be seen,  
We learned to use Special Tags, Urgent and Rush--  
Even Frantic crept in, on things too Hush Hush!

The desks were so loaded that we went for days  
With never a glimpse through that awful maze--  
The space was too small, the employees too few  
And those that we had were mostly brand new!  
It's a wonder the boss didn't lose his mind,  
Day in and day out--what a horrible grind!  
When peace came at last we were well on our feet  
No emergency too large for Salt Lake to meet.

With Jay at the helm we rode out the tide,  
His successful leadership filled us with pride.  
His offspring now totaled the number "three"--  
To a bundle of joy he looked forward with glee;  
Geneve did her part to even the score  
Two boys and a girl was the tally before.  
The birth of wee Shawna he viewed with alarm,  
Jay needed a boy to work on his farm!

A hobby is good for any great man  
Jay's no exception so he had a plan--  
To raise apples and raspberries was his goal;  
So he bought a farm on the edge of a knoll.  
Up to now it's been only once in a while  
But from now on--that farm should be worked in great style!

- 4 -

A word of advice, or should we say warning?  
The way to stay healthy while gentleman farming  
Avoid like the plague all ladders that shake  
And never climb out on a limb that will break!  
All apples taste better when picked from the ground,  
The truth of this statement, I'm sure you have found.

Now comes the time for the hearts and flowers,  
Of course we could go on for hours and hours---  
Singing his praises in songs to the sky,  
Praising the principles he has lived by.  
He won many friends that always will last;  
As an SAC he can't be surpassed!  
Though he's gone from our office  
We want him to know  
We wish him success where'er he might go!  
When he starts out again on his new career--  
We'll say "Best of luck" to the man we revere!

-- By, Georgia Warwick  
Helen Gutke

It seemed strange not having a job after 26 years of steady employment. I had difficulty sleeping at night - the telephone didn't ring. My nerves were also pretty much on edge. However, it was great that we would have more family solidarity. I was still under medical treatment for the intestinal problem.

A few days after I had submitted my resignation from the FBI, Geneve and I were walking along slowly near Second South and Main Street. We had just been to the Doctor's office and I was holding onto her arm for support. Suddenly, we saw Governor J. Braken Lee coming toward us. He greeted us cordially and asked if he might speak to me privately. I excused myself from Geneve's company and the Governor and I moved a short distance from the foot traffic. He advised that he had intended calling me to see if I might be interested in having him appoint me to the position of Commissioner of Public Safety in his administration. He explained that the State Legislature had just created this new department which brought under its jurisdiction, the State Highway Patrol, the Drivers' License Division, the Financial Responsibility Division and the Utah Safety Council. He stated that he had made a temporary appointment to this position but would like to appoint me over the department if I would accept, adding that I would have full control in running the department without any interference from him. Naturally, I felt honored that he would consider me for this important position. However, I informed him of the intestinal problem I was having and said that I would let him know as soon as my health improved. He advised he would hold the position open for me.

Both Geneve and I were appreciative of the Governor's confidence. He did not ask me my politics. He was a staunch Republican. Although my father had been a Democrat all his life, with one exception, Geneve and I had voted the Republican ticket. The exception was ~~that~~ when President Franklin D. Roosevelt, was running for reelection, during World War Two, we voted for him, both of us believing in the old adage that it is a poor time to change horses in the middle of the stream. I don't recall having heard the politics of Geneve's folks. They were just <sup>people,</sup> good /

March came around and I still hadn't contacted the Governor. He telephoned me and I informed him that my health had improved somewhat, but that I was still under medical treatment and would call him as soon as possible. In April, he telephoned me at 7 o'clock one morning advising that he had to make the appointment that day. I informed him that I would be glad to accept the appointment. On May 1, 1952, I was duly sworn in as Commissioner of the Utah State Department of Public Safety. It proved to be an excellent decision.

Within a few weeks<sup>s</sup> after commencing my new employment, I had appointed capable people to run the various Divisions/<sup>and</sup> had assigned them the responsibility of doing so. My supervisory duties were much more relaxing than they had been in the FBI, with its speed and pressure. I was beginning to like the change and am sure that Geneve and other family members agreed.

Prior to this consolidation of these Agencies under this new Department of Public Safety, the Highway Patrol and the Driver License, both of which had been in existence for years, operated pretty much by themselves. The Patrol, particularly, had a good training program for its personnel. While conducting FBI police schools over the State of Utah, I had enlisted 2 or 3 of its top men to discuss select/police subjects. They did a very fine job. I soon, with the assistance of the Chief Examiner of the Driver License Division, I established training and re-training schools for that Division.

There was only one position in my Department that I could not fill without the Governor's approval. It is written into Utah law that the position of Superintendent of the High Patrol, shall be appointed by the Commissioner, with the approval of the Governor. After I had become well acquainted with the Highway Patrol personnel, I picked Sgt. Lyle Hyatt as being the best man to head the Patrol. I was well acquainted with him and found he a splendid instructor and well regarded by fellow employees. I discussed my selection with Governor Lee, in order to gain his approval. The Governor knew Hyatt, as they were both raised in Carbon County. He wondered if we might make a better selection. I informed him that in my opinion Hyatt would make the best administrator. He finally agreed and the appointment was made by me. A few weeks later, after Superintendent Hyatt, had gotten things really moving in th/Patrol. the Governor called me into his office, congratulated me on my selection of Hyatt, and complimented me on the fine progress being made in my Department. Working under him during his two 4-year terms was very pleasurable and rewarding. At no time did he ever criticize me or say anything unkind.

The appointment of Lyle Hyatt was about the best I ever made. Together, we selected as his Assistant Superintendent, a Sergeant John Rogers of the Patrol, who had a college education and who had taught commercial subjects in High School before joining the Patrol. This made a good combination. During my absence at any time I was able to put Superintendent Hyatt in charge of the entire Department, and feel sure that things would be handled properly.

One of the amenities of my new job was that I was assigned for my use a new Oldsmobile "98" Sedan.

Under date of May 17, 1952, Director J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI, sent me a congratulatory letter on my new appointment, adding, "You are to be commended on the confidence which has thus been expressed in you, and I know that you derive a great deal of personal pride from this recognition."

Before that next State Legislature convened, Governor Lee mentioned to me that he believed, for purpose of proper administration, The State Bureau of Criminal Identification, which had operated separately, should be placed under one of the major State Departments. He asked my opinion and I agreed that it should be so placed. He then inquired in which existing department it should be included. I stated that inasmuch that it was a criminal identification unit, it logically should come under



the Department of Public Safety. The legislature passed the Governor's bill to this effect, he signed the bill into law, and I found myself with another agency of State government in my Department. This agency, the State Bureau of Criminal Identification, serves as a State fingerprint identification clearing house for all law enforcement agencies in Utah. It exchanges fingerprints and criminal identification data with nearby western states and with the Identification Division of the FBI, and renders assistance to local law enforcement agencies in connection with criminal identification matters.

I soon had this new addition capably staffed and operating smoothly.

Inasmuch as we did not move to El Paso, Texas, Geneve continued in her Church position as a member of the YWMA Board of Hillside Stake, and I remained with the Stake High Council.

Shortly after taking over my new State job, an emergency arose. Momentarily, it seemed that I was back in FBI. This is what happened: Two young Italian hitchhikers from New Jersey, traveling west, went into a cafe in the small town of Coalville, Utah. It was in the evening. They ordered and ate dinner and then left without paying for the meal. Shortly, Trooper Mark Birch of our Highway Patrol dropped in the cafe and was informed of the ~~misdemeanor~~ <sup>misdemeanor</sup> ~~misdemeanor~~. Later, while cruising the highway he spotted the two hitchhikers a short distance out of town. He stopped and got out of the patrol car and started toward them for the purpose of talking with them. He was in uniform and the black and white patrol car was appropriately marked, "Utah High Patrol." Before he got to them, ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> fired a small hand-gun and hit him twice in the chest. He slumped to the ground and the hitchhikers jumped into the patrol car and sped away. A few miles away, Sgt. Ted London, patrolling the highway, and not knowing of the predicament of his fellow officer, observed a patrol car coming toward him at a high rate of speed, with two young civilians in the front seat. He turned around and gave chase. As he was gaining on them, the driver suddenly turned off the highway onto a dirt road across Echo Dam. What the patrol car occupants didn't know was that this road ended rather abruptly at the foot of a mountain. When they arrived at that point, they abandoned the patrol car and ran up the mountainside. As Sgt. London got out of his car and started to follow them, one commenced firing at him. He returned the fire and hit this individual in the head, killing him instantly. Sgt. London then apprehended the dead man's companion, who was found to be a younger brother of the deceased.

Sgt. London, through police radio contact, learned of Trooper Mark Birch's encounter, which resulted in his having been shot twice by the same individual who had been killed. Help was on the way. Trooper Birch was taken to a hospital in Coalville in very serious condition. He needed blood transfusions and a check at Patrol Headquarters, indicated that only 2 of us had the same type of blood as Trooper Birch, Lieutenant E. R. McDonald and myself. We were both willing donors. I had left Salt Lake City for Coalville, as soon as word was received of Trooper

Birch's encounter with the gunman. I arrived there too late to get in on the action. I commended both of these fine Patrol Officers on their performance. Incidentally, Sgt. London was slated to be installed as <sup>the</sup> Bishop of his home Ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in Croydon, Utah, the day after the shooting. The Stake Authorities conferred with the General Authorities of the Church, in view of the shooting incident, but it had no relevance on the church plans and he was installed as Bishop as planned. Later, at the invitation of Bishop Ted London, I was the speaker at one of his Ward's Sacrament Meetings.

This case received considerable <sup>favorable</sup> publicity in the press. In addition, Governor Lee directed a letter to me commenting favorably on the Patrol's activities in this case and complimenting me on my having gone promptly to Coalville to take personal charge of the investigation. In the FBI, not to have done so would have been unthinkable. Incidentally, Trooper Mark Birch recovered very nicely from his gunshot wounds and returned to work in surprisingly short time.

Unlike the Bureau, in my new job I was able to <sup>frequently</sup> take Geneve with me on trips over the State and to conventions of the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators held annually in the United States and Canada. As a matter of possible interest, I was the first Utah native to be elected President of Region 4 of this organization, which included the western areas of the United States, Canada and Mexico. Later, I was made a member of the Executive Committee of the National organization.

Under Utah's nepotism law, I was unable to employ a close relative in my department of state government. However, at different periods of time, through <sup>verbal</sup> exchange agreement with a fellow Commissioner of the Tax Commission, Marlene and Shawna were able to obtain summer employment doing clerical work in the Tax Commission's Motor Vehicle Division. Their supervisors on several occasions mentioned to me how pleased they were to have such capable, good-looking girls in their Division. I surely appreciated their delightful company driving to and from work. They were also able to accompany Geneve and me on several out-of-state trips.

From about 6:00 P.M. to 9:30 P.M. December 20, 1952, I conducted an IN-Service Training Conference at the State Capitol Building for Driver License Examiners over the State. At the conclusion of the conference we all went to the parking lot back of the building to get our cars and leave for the night. To our surprise, almost all our cars and those of other Capitol employees had been broken into. The same modus operandi was used by the thief or thieves. The front side-window of the car would be pried open by some tool and the car's glove compartment jimmied. Some of the others reported personal items stolen, principally clothing. A flashlight and a Colt .380 automatic and holster were stolen from the locked glove compartment of my car. The Salt Lake City Police Department <sup>advised</sup> that there was a rash of these car break-ins in the east downtown section of the city. Detectives conducted an investigation and the cars were dusted for fingerprints. I cruised around the city with a Highway Patrol Trooper but no success resulted.

The Police Department was furnished the serial number of my stolen automatic and was requested to be on the lookout for it.

On December 21, 1952, the day following the car break-ins, Detective Coleman of the Salt Lake/<sup>City</sup> Police Department telephoned me that my stolen gun and holster had been recovered from the Regent Hotel room of one Lloyd Petty, who had committed suicide early that morning. It was later learned that Petty, an alcoholic, was an acquaintance of 2 former inmates of San Quentin Prison in California, who had occupied an adjoining room in the hotel, and who were believed responsible for the car prowls and thefts; that quite likely the ex-cons traded my gun to Petty, for liquor. At any rate, about 6 o'clock the following morning a gunshot was heard in the hotel. A few minutes later one of the ex-cons telephoned the hotel night clerk advising that the fellow in the adjoining room had shot himself. By the time the police arrived on the scene, the ex-cons had left the hotel and disappeared. The police investigation disclosed that Petty, who was on his last legs physically, had shot himself in the head. He still had the gun in his hand. Incidentally, this gun, which is a personally owned one, has quite a history. It was traded to me by FBI Special Agent "Lee" Nulty, for another personally owned gun. "Lee" purchased it from Special Agent "Bud" Hopton of the FBI, who was in the gun battle with the notorious Oklahoma outlaw, Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd, which ended in Floyd's demise.

Under date of July 28, 1952, I received the following rather interesting letter, sent from Canton, Ohio: "Mr. Jay Newman: Dear Sir: I have just finished reading an article in Coronet Magazine, where you had a part in capturing a Jap balloon, along with Sheriff Hyde of Boxelder County, and I am wondering if you could be the Jay Newman who filled a mission in North Carolina as an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, some years ago, and if so, do you remember the Winters family at Crossnore, N.C., in the Blue Ridge Mountains. If you are the same person, please answer this letter and I will write you a long letter and tell you all about the folks in/<sup>old</sup>North Carolina. I'll be looking for a letter from you. Do you remember Don Hartley from Antonito, Colo. and Floyd Bonner? The story was interesting. Your Friend, H.L. Winters." He then gave a Canton, address. I sent a reply to this letter on August 14, 1952, advising that I had fond memories of him and his family in North Carolina, where I served as a missionary. I told him that I was well acquainted with Floyd Bonner, a former fellow missionary companion whom I see once or twice a year and discuss our travels in North Carolina, mentioning that we both deeply appreciate the many kindnesses shown us by him and his family. I also told him that I had retired from the FBI, where I was working at th/<sup>e</sup>time that the Japanese balloon landed in northern Utah, during world war two, and I was now working for the State of Utah.

It was good to hear from this splended church member and learn that he still remembered me as a missionary after nearly thirty years.

Although I continued working regularly, I began losing weight and had other symptoms which indicated that my amoebic dysentery problem had returned. It was decided best that I change doctors. I did so, enlisting the services of Dr. Ted Bauerline, who was considered the best interest here. He gave me a thorough examination in the Intermountain Clinic, with which he was affiliated. He also reviewed the results of previous clinical tests, and also had further tests<sup>S</sup> made and X-rays taken. He then informed that a mass of the meat-eating amoebia had been eating the little tubes or feelers, inside the intestines, that carry the food into the bloodstream. He also gave me the unhappy news that the amoebia had started on my liver.

Dr. Bauerline was in agreement with the poison treatment given me in my earlier hospitalization, with the exception of one important change. In my first hospital treatment, the doctor I had at that time, administered a strong antibiotic for the first day or two followed by the arsenic of lead poison treatments. Dr. Bauerline reversed the procedure, advising that the antibiotic was not strong enough to kill the amoebia but merely warned them to get under cover until the war against them was over. This they did by burrowing into the lining of my intestines.

I was put in the hospital for 16 days and the treatment was commenced. I had to remain as quietly as possible and was not allowed out of bed. A small amount of the poison was administered daily. Finally, I commenced having convulsions like I had once seen a dog have that had been poisoned. The doctor immediately discontinued the poison treatment and gave me an antibiotic for a few days to kill any weak amoebic stragglers that might have survived the poison. I was then permitted to return home to gain back my strength. My lovely, devoted wife visited me daily at the hospital and took good care of me at home until I was able to return to work.

Happily, a year later, after I had undergone 3 days of clinical tests, Dr. Bauerline informed that all the amoebia had been destroyed and that no apparent damage had been done to my innards. He was rather surprised that the lining of my stomach was "as smooth as the palm of his hand." That was welcome news.

Up to now in our married life, Geneve had not had any serious illness that I can recall. She had colds and minor ills, like the rest of us, but seemed to get over them quickly and was always busy taking care of our family members. She could get over a personal illness faster than anyone I have ever known. She had implicit faith in the power of prayer, and when illness or serious difficulties arose, was the first to suggest prayer as a possible means of solution.

About this time, in our family's history, Geneve commenced having a little bladder trouble. We consulted a Dr. Jones at the Salt Lake Clinic, who had been recommended to us. After making an examination, Dr. Jones recommended an operation. Geneve was hospitalized and the operation performed by this surgeon. Unfortunately, the difficulty was not entirely corrected. We conferred with Dr. Anthony



W. Middleton, Sr. He performed the second operation and entirely corrected the problem. She had relatively good health following this second operation.

Geneve and I maintained close contact with her aunt Ada and Uncle Harold Grant, who lived in our Ward, about a block and a half from our home on fifteenth east. Another Aunt, Emma, who had never married, lived with the Grants. She had once taught at Brigham Young University, I believe. Ada and Emma were sisters to Geneve's mother, Annie Brown Jacobs.

Harold Grant, Ada's husband, was not a church member. He usually spent Sundays hunting or fishing. Whenever the Ward teachers would knock at the front door, Harold would leave through the rear door. Finally, when Harold was in his sixties, and couldn't run quite as fast, two/<sup>young</sup>missionaries of our ward surprised him in the front room before he could make his escape. He listened to them and surprisingly, invited them back. He was soon converted, and after making several changes in his life style, was baptized, confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and soon received the Melchezdek priesthood. I'm sure it was Ada's grandest day when she and Harold were married in the Salt Lake LDS temple, for time and eternity. He was an active, loyal church member, and so died a few years later.

Aunt Emma Brown, in her later years had arthritis very badly. She died after a great deal of suffering, leaving Ada, the last of the trio.

We used to visit with Aunt Ada frequently and she accompanied us on several trips around the valley. She and Geneve were both beautiful women who resembled each other rather strikingly. At times people would inquire if Geneve was Ada's daughter. Quite late in life Aunt Ada developed diabetes, it being discovered that she had too much sugar in her blood. After that she had to be very selective in her eating. She lived a number of years longer, finally dying on August 18, 1969, at the age, I believe, 86. We greatly missed our association with these fine family members. By invitation of the family, I gave the graveside dedicatory prayer, following Uncle Harold's funeral; gave the opening prayer at Aunt Emma's funeral, and was a speaker at Aunt Ada's funeral.

I believe that Geneve's mother might have had diabetes. At any rate, after Aunt Ada developed it, Geneve had tests taken quite frequently. It was finally discovered that she had developed it. Fortunately, she consulted Dr. Harlow Gill Richards, a top internist in the Salt Lake Clinic, and upon his advice, pretty well eliminated sugar from her diet. Chiefly, she used recommended substitutes. She had regular check-ups by Dr. Richards, and kept the condition under control.

Continuing the personal history, Keith returned from his mission in New Zealand in June, 1953 and promptly became acquainted with a lovely girl who was later to figure prominently in his life. She was Donna Gunnell of Wellsville, Utah, who with 2 or 3 other girls, shared an apartment across the street from our home on fifteenth east. Donna and her roommates had jobs in Salt Lake City, and attended the Wasatch LDS Ward, which/<sup>h</sup>our family/<sup>also</sup>attended.

Keith was inducted into the U.S. Army in September, 1953, and was stationed in Anchorage, Alaska. He completed his tour of duty, was honorably discharged and returned home in June, 1955. He and Donna Gunnell were married in the Logan LDS Temple on March 30, 1956. She was a welcomed addition to our family. They had a wonderful reception in Wellsville, which we all attended. It seemed like to me that most of Cache County residents were there, including my good friend Judge Rich of Logan.

Keith and Donna took up their residence in Logan, where he attended and graduated from the Utah State University. If my memory serves me correctly, he majored in industrial arts. Donna was a Police Radio Dispatcher for the Logan Police Department, and I might say, a darn good one. I still fondly recall my contacts with her on my quite frequent visits to Logan. Keith obtained employment at the Thiokol Chemical Company, nearby. This company had important contracts with the federal government to supply secret war materials.

All three of their children were born in Logan, Utah, namely, Todd, March 7, 1957; Michelle, December 8, 1959 and Laurie, December 21, 1961. The family later moved to Anaheim, California, in which State, both Keith and Donna entered the school teaching profession.

In July, 1954, Jay Jr. and I took a few days fishing trip to my favorite spot known as Jones Hole. It is located in a rugged mountain area about 35 miles or so from Vernal, Utah. It is known as "Jones Hole" as a murderer named Jones, hid out there in the early days. I had usually walked in from the nearest ranch, a distance of 8 or 10 miles, or rented horses for the trip. Approaching it from this direction, there is about a thousand foot drop, with a winding, precarious trail leading to the bottom. When once there you gaze upon a beautiful stream flowing out of a series of ice-cold springs, fringed with watercress. This stream winds in and out of beautiful mountain trees and shrubbery. It has numerous excellent fishing holes for bait fishing or ideal stream areas for the fly fishing enthusiast. The stream is a couple of miles long and empties into the Green River. The stream was always well stocked with trout that came up-stream from the fresh water Green River. Rarely, on my 4 or 5 trips here, did I see anybody. There were numerous deer and smaller animals.

On the trip referred to, Jay Jr. and I accompanied Sam Hatch in the latter's Jeep. Sam, a native of Uintah County, was then a Sergeant in the Utah Highway Patrol. We had been good friends for several years. Each fall, during pheasant season, we were joined by another personal friend, Sgt. Jack Sullivan of the Utah Highway Patrol, who was stationed at Price, Carbon County, Utah. Jay Jr. and I met Sam Hatch in Vernal, and took a back-door approach to Jones' Hole, in Sam's Jeep. He made his own mountain road in and we hung on for dear life. That was a ride long to be remembered. We got within about a hundred yards of our destination in the Jeep and then climbed down the rest of the way. We had a great time. I found among my personal correspondence a copy of a letter we sent to Sam Hatch and

his wife. Here it is, dated July 23, 1954:

"Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hatch  
175 East Second South  
Vernal, Utah

Dear Folks:

Jay Jr. and I will be indebted to you for some time for the fine way you treated us on our recent visit. We surely had a grand time.

We had not contemplated using the facilities of your fine home after we returned from the Jeep trip. Getting cleaned up as we did made our trip out your way just that much more enjoyable.

Sam, if you are looking around for your flashlight, discontinue doing so as we found it in one of our packs when we got home. I'll send it up to you at the earliest possible time. Mrs. Hatch, we also found a half dozen eggs from the dozen you kindly let us take to "The Hole." We had two for breakfast this morning and they still tasted pretty good but not as good as the ones we ate while fishing.

Thanks again to both of you for your many kindnesses to us. Sincerely,  
Jay & Jay, Jr."

Our home at 1348 South 15th East, in Salt Lake City, by the year 1954, was getting a little small for our family. Based on my farm background as a youngster, I had dreams of someday building on our farm property in Holladay, and becoming a po<sup>ol</sup>try raiser. Geneve wanted no part of the dream, unless the chickens were kept at the end of the propert<sup>y</sup>/fartherest from the house and that she had nothing to do with their<sup>care</sup>. My poultry raising dream quickly vanished. We both agreed that we wished to live in the Holladay area, and decided to see if we could find a newly built home in a new subdivision. Geneve, particularly, did not want to buy a home in the new subdivisions being developed on the east foothills, as she feared driving difficulties in snow and ice. We did, however, look at several there. Verne Eliason, who was married to Geneve's sister Margaret, was in the real estate business under the name, "Southeast Realtors." He finally found just what we were looking for -- our present home. It had just been built in this new subdivision, known as Sunnyside Heights, by Ivan Anderson, a home builder in the area, who was planning on moving in. We immediately put an earnest money deposit on the offer to purchase. This was on October 4, 1954. As we were leaving the house, a couple drove up and stated that they had been shown through the house earlier that day and had decided to purchase it. When we informed them that we had just purchased it, they were very disappointed. We finally signed the purchase agreement on October 10, 1954, the price being \$23,000.00. We made a down payment of \$8,000 and obtained a mortgage loan from the Prudential Insurance Company in the amount of \$15,000 @ 5 percent interest payable in 240 months @ \$99, per month. The mortgage was paid off in 1974. The address is 2616 Capricorn Way, Salt Laye City, Ut.

We put our fifteenth east home up for sale on, I believe, October 6, 1954.

On October 8, 1954, 2 couples, a few minutes apart, came and were given a tour through the house by Geneve. Both couples wanted it. We sold it to the first couple, Mr. and Mrs. Glen D. Crowther, for the asking price of \$14,500. Crowther was a Lieutenant on the Salt Lake City Fire Department. The Crowthers, who had no children, still live in the house. We were now in the buying and selling business.

On October 18, 1954, we purchased 2.47 acres of land, which joined our 6.77 acres of farm land, on the north. This new purchase included the present road into this property from 23rd east. The purchase was made from my brother, Howell R. Newman and his wife, Irene.

Next, on December 3, 1954, we sold our 6.77 acre piece of farm land to Clarence Maurer, a home builder and real estate developer, who added this land to some he had purchased from other people on the south. He made this into the nice subdivision which presently joins our small piece of property on the south.

By 1969, it became quite a burden to take care of our 2.47 acreage in Holladay -- irrigating, weeding and upkeep -- consequently, on May 1, 1969, we sold 1.82 acres to G. Carlos Smith, III, and Annette M. Smith, his wife. This was the west part of our land, leaving us .65 of an acre to the east, which included the orchard, roadway and the entrance on 23rd East. We already had the culinary water piped in. Soon, we had it completely fenced in with a 5 or 6 foot chain-link fence, with a large entrance gate.

So much for our home and land transactions.

During the month of October, 1954, we bid farewell to our Hillside Stake and Wasatch Ward friends and associates, who had treated us so kindly, and, with mixed feelings, moved out of our fifteenth East home. We had 2 big moving van loads of belongings. One of the moving men commented that we must have a pretty large house in which to put all these things.

Moving into our new home on Capricorn Way in Holladay was quite an experience. We sort of felt like we were pioneers. As I recall, there was a house next to us on the west, occupied by Mr. & Mrs. Delbert Wood and their two young children. On the corner below them, on the same side of the street, lived the Sims Family, Gordon and Virginia. They had 3 youngsters. There were a few additional homes, here and there, in the subdivision. We were members of the Holladay 3rd Ward of the Cottonwood Stake. Our meetings were conducted in a Chapel on 48th south, just west of the Upper Canal. Soon, a new chapel was erected a block and a half west of our home. We were privileged to aid in its construction, both financially and otherwise, and were delighted with its location. The Cottonwood Stake was soon divided and our Ward became, I believe, the Holladay 5th Ward of the new Holladay Stake. Later, as the area built up, the Holladay Stake was divided and our ward became the Holladay 9th Ward of the new Olympus Stake.

Now, to get back to our moving into our new home. There were only 4 of us together at that time, we parents and our two daughters, Marlene and Shawna. Jay Jr. was married and living elsewhere. Keith was on a mission in New Zealand.



Geneve, with suggestions/<sup>no doubt</sup> from the girls, did an excellent job selecting some new furniture and carpeting from Dinwoodey's and the Granite Furniture Companies. Unlike the old home, here, each of the girls had their own rooms, which they fixed up very nicely. The following year we got our front yard fixed up with sidewalk, driveway and lawn. Our basement had a good cement floor and was partitioned off for rooms but was unfin<sup>ish</sup>ed. It had a front entrance on a lower level which made it very convenient in moving things in and out. We soon finished the bathroom in the basement, putting in a tiled shower, toilet and basin. This gave the house 3 bathrooms, there being 2 upstairs, one for the girls, which was entered from a hall, and one in our master bedroom.

Our backyard was one big mound of sand, resulting from the digging of the basement when the house was constructed. By hauling several loads to the farm, I soon got the place leveled off. Rather than use guesswork in arranging the backyard, we employed the services of Leon Frehner, a prominent Landscape Architect, to draw up the plans. His \$150 charge was well worth it. With the exception of the wisteria arbor, the three-level design for the yard and block wall was Frehner's idea. Geneve suggested the arbor, and it worked out beautifully.

We employed a brick mason to build the cinder-block wall in accordance with the landscape architect's plans. I purchased a small electric cement mixer and Jay Jr. and I, with a lot of help from Geneve and the girls, put in the cement footings for the wall. Inasmuch as the soil was sandy loam, we made the <sup>cement</sup> wall footing 16 inches deep and 8 inches wide, so as to give ample support for the wall. A total of 1981 cinder blocks were required to build the wall, which was designed in height to resemble Mount Olympus to the east. Each block was 16 inches long, 8 inches wide and 4 inches thick. The mason who installed it was Alton Nance, who did a suburb job. This wall has given us a lot of privacy, as well as wind protection down through the years.

The flagstone comprising our patio was quarried near Park City, Utah, as were also the 3 steps leading down to the lawn, each weighing 450 pounds. A Park City company delivered the flagstone to our backyard and put the steps in place. Geneve and I built the patio, fitting the various sizes and shapes of flagstone on a 4 inch cement base. It has endured pretty well.

It was not long after we moved into our new home that we had a scare. About eleven o'clock one night, Marlene, who had the north-west corner <sup>bed</sup> room, had just started to get ready for bed. The rest of us had retired. Suddenly, she saw a man's face peering at her through the west window, which was high up from the ground. It was a very rainy, dark night. Marlene was terrified, and rightly so. She ran into our bedroom across the hall and awakened us with the startling announcement. I grabbed my gun and ran out the front door. In the darkness, a car was heard traveling up the street. With a <sup>h</sup> flashlight, I determined that some man, wearing a large size shoe, had gotten on top of our wall and leaned over an

aluminum awning over our basement entrance. When he jumped from the wall, he made a shoeprint over a foot long in the mud.

In an effort to nab the peeping tom, Pete Hayward, who was then a deputy sheriff and presently the Sheriff of Salt Lake County, and I maintained surveillance of the place for several nights. We left the light on in that bedroom from about 10 P.M. to 12 midnight each night and concealed ourselves in our neighbor's garage from which we had a good view of the bedroom window. The culprit failed to reappear. You can bet that we soon put drapes on all our upper windows. We also spread the word around to be on the lookout for the peeping tom.

Shortly after this incident, a good friend, Krit Petty, who lived a couple of blocks away, and was my barber, telephoned me about 3 o'clock one morning advising that he happened to be <sup>t</sup>up a moment or so before and, looking out of a window, observed a man looking through a window of a house across the street. I told Krit that I would be right over and asked him to keep an eye on the suspect. By the time I arrived at Krit's the man in question had run through the backyards of a number of homes and disappeared from Krit's view. It was believed that the suspect lived somewhere in our area.

It wasn't long before I received a call from Deputy Sheriff Hayward, advising that a parolee from the Utah State Prison, who lived about half a mile northeast of our place, had just been arrested and charged with a service station ~~station~~ burglary. This individual, who was in his early twenties, about six feet tall and weighed about 180 pounds, had a long record as a burglar and second-story bandit. He was believed to be our peeping tom. He was interrogated about the incident but denied involvement. A photograph was obtained and exhibited to Marlene. However, having only seen a small portion of the individual's face on that dark, rainy night, she was unable to identify him from the photograph.

A few years later this convict mentioned above, after again regaining his freedom, looked into a lighted front room of a Salt Lake City home and saw a young girl about 19, asleep on a couch. The television was still on. It was about four o'clock in the morning. He gained entrance noiselessly to the home and commenced attacking the sleeping girl. The girl's father was awakened by the commotion and came to his daughter's aid. The two of them fought off the attacker who escaped but was later arrested, convicted and sentenced. There sure must be a lesson in a case like this one.

Based on the newspaper clippings which I have accumulated down through the years, I believe that my mother was one of the most celebrated members of our family. The first one is from the Deseret News, under date of July 15, 1944. She is pictured in her lovely garden at 4559 South Holladay Boulevard in Holladay. The large heading states: "Garden Secrets -- 87 Year Old Gardner is Expert." Below the photograph, is the following: "Shown in her picturesque garden is Mrs. T.S. Newman. She is 87 years young and still works miracles with plants and soil. Her garden is forty years old and a profusion of trees and flowers growing in

charming disorder, much the opposite of the formal, planned gardens. Care and hard work work have made her garden a most beautiful place to retreat from the heat and worries of the day." In a half page one column article by Evaline Benson, mother's activities and the contents of her garden are mentioned. Regarding the latter, the writer of the article states, "We saw giant delphinium in many shades of blue -- great clumps of peonies shedding their last petals of glorious summer bloom. And Mrs. Newman gave us permission to tell you a secret. Use wood ashes as a fertilizer for delphinium and peonies if you would have prolific growth and bloom of these two most popular garden perennials."

"Tall spreading English walnut trees which had been planted many years ago by her husband from five English walnuts brought home with him from England, bringing shade and coolness to her hone. Forming a carpet of rich green beneath these trees are violets and myrtle. We asked her what of all the things in her garden she was most interested in. To our surprise we were taken to another part of the garden we had not yet seen and we were shown a large bed of lilies. Long rows of pure white Madonna and Chinese Imperial crown lilies of brilliant orange met our eyes. This year this inveterate gardner has sold an estimate of 150 stalks of Madonna lilies alone. This was her prize garden."

Besides the above news clipping, I have clippings showing her photograph and news articles commemorating her 88th, 92nd, 93rd, 94th and 95th birthdays.

Much of the following information regarding my mother was obtained by me from the personal histories of father and mother written and compiled in a most excellent manner by my sister Margaret.

By the time mother was in about her 93rd year, her eyesight began to fail her due to cataracts and slight strokes. It became necessary for someone to be with her. My sister Margaret lived with her at the family home in Holladay for awhile and then she lived with Margaret at the latter's home in Salt Lake city for several years. At brief intervals during/<sup>this time</sup> mother lived with my sister Elizabeth in Holladay and with us. I presume that only a blind person/<sup>really</sup> knows how frusterating it is to be blind. I recall Margaret telling an incident which occured when mother was living with her. Margaret heard a thud, or mother calling. She hurried to the bedroom and found mother on the floor, she had become bewildered anf fell out of bed. Margaret aske/<sup>d</sup> mother what in the world had happened. Mother, with her Scotch background, gave a classic reply saying, "Thats beside the point, get me back in bed." I recall that during the short time mother was with us, we gave her our room with a kingsize bed. We took one of the other two bedrooms nearby. About two thirty one morning we heard mother calling with her usual "you-who" call when she wished attention. Geneve was awakened and called back, "yes mother." The latter inquired what time it was. Geneve replied that it was 2:30 A.M. Whereupon, mother asked the question, "Why are you awake?"

We had our last Christmas with mother, at Margaret's home. Early in January, 1957, she went to my sister Elizabeth's home in Holladay. She passed away there

at 1:20 P.M., Monday, January 7, 1957, eighteen days short of 100 years old. It was a blessed release for mother, as, during her sightless years, we had heard her express the wish that she might be relieved of her physical problems. She was the best mother in the world, except of course, your own. We, the beneficiaries of her noble life and example, only hope that we may be with her eternally.

Mother's funeral was held in Holladay First Ward Chapel, The viewing was at the Larkin Mortuary the evening before and at the ward chapel one hour prior to the funeral. Two hundred ninety signed the viewing register. Family members gave the funeral prayers. Grandsons, including Jay Jr., served as Pall Bearers. Our good friends, Stuart and Clara McMaster, gave two vocal numbers. The speakers were G. Carlos Smith, Elder Harold B. Lee, <sup>who was</sup> then a member of the Quorum of the Twelve, and President Henry D. Moyle, of the First Presidency.

Internment was in the Holladay Memorial Park, next to my father who died on December 5, 1925. Escort services were provided by the Utah State Highway Patrol.

The following poem honoring mother, written by my sister Ethel, was read by Elder Harold B. Lee, at the funeral service:

"Be gentle with<sup>h</sup>er, gracious Lord  
In the twilight of her day;  
Hold fast her hand in tenderness  
Along the fading way.  
One hundred years our mother served  
And walked the rugged road,  
A pioneer in many things -  
To her a heavy load  
Was part of life's rewarding gain,  
To reach Thy home above  
She served each day with dignity,  
With patience and with love.  
  
Eleven children blessed her home;  
We are grateful, Lord, that we  
Were privileged to enjoy her here  
And, hope, eternally.  
Her loving counsel through the years,  
Her guidance and her care  
Have left a fragrance in our lives  
Like scent of roses rare.  
  
One day she'll leave us, Lord, we know  
And go beyond our sight;  
And from the darkness of her world  
Lord lead her into light  
Of Thy Eternal Heavenly home  
Her hand in thine, we pray,  
And help us live a life like hers  
To dwell with her one day."

What a lovely tribute to our wonderful, devoted mother. Numerous personal sympathy cards and letters were received. I should like to include two of the letters herein: The first, dated January 12, 1957, states:



"Dear Commissioner Newman:

It has come to my attention that your Mother died on the day of the Inaugural. Permit me to express to you my deep sympathy in this loss. Words are futile in times like these but I am sure you had a great Mother and she lived a great life and although her loss will be a blow to you, in spite of her age, I am sure that the fine heritage which she left in you will continue on.

Sincerely yours,

George D. Clyde  
Governor"

The second letter, dated January 15, 1957, follows:

"Dear Mr. Newman:

I was indeed sorry to learn of the passing of your mother and want to offer my deepest sympathy.

I want you to know that your friends in the Bureau join me in genuine sorrow over your loss, and if there is anything we can do at this time, please do not hesitate to call upon us.

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover."

When the Republican Primary Election came around in the fall of 1956, Governor J. Braken Lee of Utah was defeated for reelection by George Dewey Clyde of Springville, Utah. I was not/<sup>personally</sup>acquainted with Governor Clyde, and it was considered quite likely that I would be replaced along with other department heads. He surprised me by asking that I continue to serve as Commissioner of Public Safety during his administration. I did so for the next eight years and found him to be an excellent administrator. It was a pleasure for me to be associated with him in state government. Like Governor Lee, at no time did Governor Clyde criticize the way I was running my department, consisting of 5 important divisions of State Government.

When Governor J. Braken Lee left office on January 3, 1957, he sent me the following letter:

"Dear Jay:

As my term of office comes to a close, I am taking the occasion to thank you for your loyalty and support. I well realize that the record of my administration could not have been achieved without the splendid cooperation I received from all employees in State Government. I am particularly grateful for the help I received from you at all times

I am also grateful to you for your generosity toward the Christmas gift given to Mrs. Lee and me. It touched us deeply.

Mrs. Lee joins me in extending our best wishes for the future.

After January 7, we will be at home at 2031 Laird Drive here in Salt Lake City. We hope there will be occasions for us to renew our acquaintance in the coming years."

Sincerely yours,

"Bracken"

Both Geneve and I attended the Inaugural Balls held for both Governors. Also, at their invitation, we attended and assisted in special State events held for visiting foreign and domestic dignitaries.

In June, 1955 I was elected President of the Utah Peace Officers Association and, <sup>earlier,</sup> Geneve was elected President of the Women's Auxiliary of this association. Most of the police officers in the State are members of this association and their wives are members of the auxiliary. The term of office is from the spring State Convention to the next spring convention. Considerable contact work was required during the year, conferring with police officials throughout the State, conducting police schools and preparing the agenda for the next State Convention. Geneve maintained contact with the other officers of the auxiliary, prepared the program for the next convention and was in charge of that year's auxiliary activities. With her charming personality, she was exceptionally well liked.

The next event of special note was the announced engagement of Marlene and John Quenton Murdock. Ordinarily, I believe BYU is regarded as the engagement capitol of Mormondom. These two were not far away. I believe they became acquainted and commenced their courtship while working at the LDS Church Office Office Building in Salt Lake City. Although Marlene had a number of suitors, she liked John the best and so did her parents. They set their marriage date as April 3, 1958. As of special interest, we received the following letter from John's father and step-mother:

Napa, California  
March 27, 1958

"Dear Brother & Sister Newman."

Even though we have not had the pleasure of meeting you fine people, we feel we do know you and have a common fellowship with you, that you are by no means strangers. John has told us so much about you, and we have had many reports from our mutual friends among the general authorities of the Church as well as some of my close associates in the Bay Area -- the Delbert Rocks, the Les Stones and others, that read the engagement of John and Marlene in the Salt Lake paper. They offered congratulations and spoke so highly of you fine people.

We are certainly anxious and look forward with great pleasure to meeting you next week. We are sure it will be a very busy but joyful and happy time.

Johnny has had a very difficult time to meet the adjustments of the past year -- coming home from the sweet influence of the mission field to regular problems of life; the army experience, the loss of his mother last spring; a serious automobile accident; nine weeks in the hospital -- all left him uncertain and unsettled. It was certainly a real joy to have him home last week, so settled, so certain, buoyant, enthusiastic and full of ambitions and plans. We are sure that Marlene has been a great influence and inspiration back of all of this. We are most grateful to you for such a fine daughter; each of the Brethren that know her at the Church Offices have spoken of her as being such a wonderful, fine, sweet person. We assure you we will do all possible to make her happy and at home here in Napa and the Santa Rosa Stake.

Conference time is always a busy time for me, general church problems, building projects, welfare etc. This spring will be no exception. We also have our mothers both whom have been very ill and confined to their bed for the past several weeks, one at Bountiful, the other at Ogden. We will want to spend as much time as possible with them. We will, however, be happy to fit ourselves into whatever plans you have. Sister Murdock will wear a blue chiffon party or formal. John asked that we advise.

We plan to arrive Salt Lake late Monday or Tuesday next week. Until then our best wishes to all!

Sincerely,

"The John L. Murdocks"

John's father was a wonderful man who had given many years of Church service. At the time he wrote the above letter he was President of the Santa Rosa Stake. John was very fond of his mother. His stepmother, a nice appearing, well educated woman, was considerably younger than John's father.

About a week before the wedding, Geneve and I accompanied Marlene through the Salt Lake LDS Temple, where she received her endowments.

On April 3, 1958, with relatives and close friends present, John and Marlene were married in the Salt Lake Temple, by Elder Harold B. Lee, for time and eternity. Elder Lee, then a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, later became President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Marlene's and John's wedding reception was held in the Cultural Hall of the Holladay Ninth Ward, with relatives and close friends in the reception line. The Hall was beautifully decorated and illuminated and scores of people attended the reception. It was truly a lovely, gala event. The bride and groom received numerous fine gifts to get them started of their home-making venture.

The newlyweds left immediately on their honeymoon, and to make their home in Napa, California. We were very happy with this marriage, but, as parents of a lovely, choice daughter, we felt a great void in our lives with her departure.

Down through the years I have had difficulty turning my head, due to a neck injury I sustained while riding a horse when I was about 7 years old. This accident was reported in the early part of this history. I had had numerous chiropractic treatments. Finally, I found a frank Chiropractor, a Dr. Parker, since deceased. He admitted, after examining x-rays, that he could do nothing for me and suggested that I consult a neurosurgeon. By this time I was experiencing quite a bit of pain in my upper spine when I would lift anything heavy. My family doctor recommendid that I consult Donald Bernson, a young Neuro-Surgeon. I did so in 1960. After examining numerous x-rays, he expressed confidence that my neck problem could be corrected through an operation. Accordingly, I was hospitalized and the operation was performed through my throat. Damaged discs between vertebra in my neck were replaced by new discs fashioned from bone taken from one of my hips. It was late in the evening when I came out of the anesthetic in the recovery room. Geneve, my ever faithful wife, was by my side. I was so happy that the operation was over. I talked Geneve into going home and getting some rest. From later accounts, I learned that a nurse had given me a sedative and that I had gone to sleep. About 4:00 A.M. it was discovered by a nurse that I had stopped breathing and was turning dark in color. Unknowingly, I was allergic to the sedative "Demoral", which had been administered. The nurse found a doctor on a lower~~er~~ floor in the hospital taking care of a patient. She grabbed him by the arm and rushed to my aid. He gave me an injection to counteract the demoral. In the meantime, the hospital got Dr. Ray Rumel, a noted heart and lung surgeon, out of bed. Fortunately, Dr. Remel lived only a few blocks away. He rushed to the hospital, opened my trachea, drained the blood from my lungs and got me to breathing. My chances of survival were given as one out of one thousand.

The hospital was unable to rouse Geneve by telephone. She had really "conked" out. The Utah Highway Patrol was contacted and Jay Jr. was reached by telephone. He called for his mother and they raced to the hospital. A nurse met them at the front door, told Geneve <sup>to hurry as I was dying</sup> as I was dying and inquired if she wished some medication to steady her nerves. She replied negatively. I suppose that it was pretty much 'touch and go' for me for sometime. I had hallucinations and was otherwise irrational. I was administered to by members of our Bishopric but no visitors were permitted for quite a few days. Geneve was with me constantly, and I never lacked for attention, except that a nurse had to tie me down on one occasion to keep me in bed. The first visitor I recall was my daughter Marlene, who had flown in from California. I looked up one day and ther<sup>e</sup>/she was at the end of my hospital bed. It was wonderful to see her. Later I received numerous floral pieces, get-well cards and letters and a host of visitors, including quite a number of dignitaries. It was wonderful to have so many concerned friends.



After I got back to the world of reality in the hospital, Geneve told me of an unusual happening the night my life was at its lowest ebb. She said she went directly home from the hospital, got ready for bed and said her nightly prayer, asking the Lord's blessings ~~in-my~~ in my recovery. She then got into bed but felt very unsettled and restless. She said something seemed to urge her to pray again for me as hard as she could. She knelt down again and did so, after which the unsettled feeling left her. She said that she then got back into bed and fell soundly asleep, in fact, so soundly that she did not hear the emergency telephone call from the hospital that I might not recover. We were both very grateful to our Heavenly Father that I did recover.

To the best of my recollection, I was confined to the hospital for about three weeks. After a short period of recuperation, I returned to my State job as Commissioner of Public Safety. The following note appeared in the April 1960 issue of the Public Employees News Bulletin:

"The Department of Public Safety has been cheered by the return of our affable "Boss", Commissioner Jay C. Newman. The Commissioner recently underwent major surgery and his co-workers feel so grateful for his recovery after the grave daily hospital reports carried by the local press on his condition following surgery. The entire Capitol Hill force welcomes Commissioner Newman back on the job after the able former FBI Chief's close call."

Unfortunately, this first spinal operation ~~di~~ did not accomplish all that had been expected. I still experienced some pain in the upper part of my spine. X-rays disclosed that there was still a slight obstruction interfering with the spinal cord. Possibly I should have changed Neuro-Surgeons, but I didn't, believing that Dr. Donald Berson, who performed the first one, would best know how to correct the problem. Accordingly, the second spinal operation was planned for the winter of 1960 or early ~~spring-of~~ 1961. A few days before the day I was to reenter the hospital, I was putting the garden tools away nicely in the garage, so Geneve would not have to do so. I was standing on an aluminium step-ladder hanging something on a hook, when all of a sudden, my foot slipped and I came crashing down, cutting my leg badly on the ladder and striking my head and a shoulder on the cement floor. It was about eight o'clock in the evening. I must have looked a mess when I hobbled into the house and confronted Geneve. She got the bleeding stopped in my leg, then telephoned Dr. Berson at his home. He had us meet him at the emergency door of the hospital, at 11:00 P.M. He immediately rushed me into the x-ray section being fearful that I might have caused some spinal damage. This proved negative. However, it was determined that I had broken a collarbone. He taped me all up, took

care of the gash in my leg and wanted me to remain in the hospital to await the second spinal/operation a couple of days away. Loving liberty more than confinement, I told the doctor that I would see him in a couple of days.

I reported for the operation as scheduled and was pleased to note that the hospital had placed notices around that I was not to be given "Demeral." I still carry a note in my wallet to that effect. The operation was successful as far as the removal of the obstruction near my spinal cord was concerned. However, Dr. Berson, in performing the operation through my throat, accidentally severed my right vocal cord. He was very sorry, and, under the circumstances, I did not sue him. I did, however, remove his name from my personal list of qualified doctors. Ever since the operation it has been a little difficult for me to talk. This reminds me of the story of the two fellows conversing. One asked the other if he had heard Newman's last talk. His companion replied, "I hope so." Oh well, you can't win 'em all. As I recall, I was in the hospital a couple of weeks and recuperated at home for a few weeks. Geneve was a "brick" to take care of me in the hospital and at home during my recovery. My co-workers at the office, to whom I had entrusted the administration of the various divisions of my Department, had done a superb job during my absence. I soon rejoined them.

As a result of my Public Safety position, I received invitations to attend the President's National Safety Conferences held in Chicago, Illinois in October 1952 and in Washington, D.C. in 1955. The State paid my expenses for meals and lodging and I was permitted to drive an Oldsmobile "98" Sedan, which was assigned to me, and was allowed to take my wife, but at our own expense. These trips were wonderful. I participated in the traffic safety meeting, which lasted a couple of days, and brought back some worthwhile suggestions for improving our State's program. Geneve had a "ball" visiting around Chicago, where we and our two boys had lived for three and a half years in the thirties. In the Nation's Capitol, she was given a guided tour of the places of greatest interest. It was good that she was able to accompany me on these interesting trips.

Up until the time I became affiliated with State Government, Utah had not been very active in a nation-wide organization known as the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators, a nonprofit organization having its headquarters in Washington, D.C. It was organized for the purpose of promoting reasonable and uniform laws and regulations governing the registration, certificate of ownership, equipment and operation of motor vehicles and the issuance of motor vehicle drivers' licenses. It holds a national convention annually and assists in holding regional conferences throughout the year. Most of the States have membership in this association, as do also many Canadian Provinces. Through the medium of these conventions and conferences the States are assisted in strengthening their laws and regulations relating to motor vehicle traffic. I took an active part in the activities of this association and was elected President of Region 4, in 1961. The western U.S. States and the western Provinces of Canada are members of this Region.

Later, I was elected a member of fourteen-man Executive Committee of the national organization.

It was my privilege to attend the following annual conventions and regional conferences of the National Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators:

1957 -- Winnipeg, Canada. (National) Geneve, Marlene and Shawna accompanied me. We traveled through the Black Hills of South Dakota and took in the sights of Winnipeg. The girls and their mother had a good time on their own while I attended meetings of the Association. These are usually 3 or 4 day meetings, with breakfasts, luncheons and dinners, and a big banquet.

1959 -- Portsmouth, New Hampshire. (National) Geneve and Shawna accompanied me. The lobster pounds were surely unique. You just pick out the lobster you wish served, from a lot of them swimming in a big glass container. Shawna took one look at the one served her on a plate in the <sup>open</sup> dining area. That was all she could take. Her mother and I shared hers. Those fresh lobsters were delicious. We took in Hampton Beach, considered millionaire row, and other sights. Enroute home we stopped overnight with Elaine & Stan Gwilliam at their home in Orangeburg, N.Y.

1961 -- Miami Beach, Florida. (National) This convention was in October. Although working, I still had not fully recovered from my second spinal operation. I intended driving so that I might take Geneve with me. The doctor ruled this out. He also ruled out airline travel, as I had a slight breathing problem at high altitude. He believed train travel would afford me much needed rest. So, I went alone by train. Going and returning, I spent, as I recall, 7 or 8 days on and changing trains. Airline travel was starting to hurt the railroad companies and train service was deteriorating appreciably. However, there was a bright side. I got some rest, slept pretty well in the pullman berth, and, best of all, reread the Book of Mormon. Miami Beach was lovely with 85 degree temperature. The winter season had not yet arrived so my \$80.00 a day winter rate room in one of the numerous highrise hotels, was only \$35 or \$40 a day. What really amazed me was that practically all of the thousands of rooms in these plush hotels are already reserved for the winter months, principally by the money people of the Jewish community in the New York City area. It must be nice to have money. The 3 or 4 days of meetings relating to traffic safety ~~safety~~ and its many aspects, were worth the time. At these conventions there are always numerous companies dealing in business machines and supplies, that set up booths to show off their wares. Some of them have daily drawings for prizes. Just before a convention luncheon one day, I was given a note to call at the Remington booth; that my name had been drawn and that I was the owner of a new Remington Electric Razor that had just been put on the market. I picked up my razor, thanked my beneficiary and went into the luncheon in one of the large hotel dining halls nearby. As the luncheon came to an end, they had a door-prize drawing, and much to the envy of my fellow diners, I was given another New Remington Elector Razor. Did you ever try shaving with two electric razors? It was good to be home after that long, long trip.

1962 -- Salt Lake City, Utah. This was a Region 4 Conference of the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators, the first one to be held in this State. The site of this Conference was the Hotel Utah and it covered the period from May 21 to 24. As the President of Region 4, at that time, I was in charge of the Conference, which was attended by representatives of the National Association and Motor Vehicle Administrators from all of the western U.S. States and from all Provinces of western Canada. Many of the administrators brought their wives. Geneve was in charge of the ladies program of activities, which included tours of historical buildings and sights, a special luncheon and a fashion show. The ladies also attended receptions and banquets with their husbands. Some pre-conference gatherings were held the first day. I called the general session of the Conference to order at 9:00 A.M. Tuesday, May 22nd. After extending a cordial welcome to the two or three hundred persons present and noting that it had started to rain a little that morning, I said, "There is an old adage to the effect that when the Mormons meet, the Heavens weep." The non-Mormons, who were far in the majority present, got quite a kick out of it, knowing that I was a Mormon. The invocation was given by Elder Harold B. Lee, then a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. This was followed by the usual recitation of the National Pledge of Allegiance. After a roll call of States and Provinces, I introduced the Honorable Geroge Dewey Clyde, Governor of Utah, who extended his sincere greetings. The rest of the Conference was taken up with traffic safety meetings, luncheons, receptions and the like. I was the Master of Cermonies at the Annual Banquet held the evening of May 23rd, in the Lafayette Ballroom of the Hotel Utah. For the Floor Show, which followed, I engaged three outstanding musical numbers presented by the top Utah juvenile talent of that day. They had all been in great demand. The first number was by two Smith girls, about 8 and 10 years old. They had attained excellence in Bell Ringing -- all sizes. They could play most any tune with them. The second number was by the Terry Sisters, ages about 14 and 16. They were comediennes and singers. The third number was by the now nationally famous Osmond Brothers. The family then lived in Ogden, Utah. The first four brothers were in this quarette. Their ages appeared to be from about 14 down to about 6. Their father was their Agent and their mother accompanied them on the piano. The appreciative ballroom crowd brought all of the numbers back with prolonged <sup>repeatedly</sup> applause. At the close of the performance of the three numbers, I asked the audience to show by their applause which one they thought best. They each received unanimous response. For several years, no matter where I went among members of the association, who attended this Regional Conference, they were still talking of its excellence. Incidentally, I engaged the bell ringers for about \$40, the Terry sisters for about \$50 and the Osmonds for about \$80. They were so good and so near alike in excellence of performance, that I paid each number \$80, out of the Regional treasury.

1963 -- Victoria, British Columbia. (Regional) Both Geneve and I attended this Conference. The trip by automobile was most scenic and enjoyable. Our first high-



light was a Ferryboat trip from Port Angeles, Washington to Victoria. We crossed the Pacific Ocean's "Juan De Fuca Strait." The Ferry, named "My Coho" resembled a large ocean liner. It was beautiful. It was a 750 passenger, 125 car capacity Ferry. It glided along so smoothly. In Victoria, we stayed at the famous, huge Empress Hotel, which was where the Regional Motor Vehicle Conference was held. Inasmuch as many <sup>of</sup> Administrators at this Conference had attended the one in Salt Lake City, the year before, they treated us royally. George Lindsay, Superintendent of Motor Vehicles at Victoria, was most friendly to us, as was also his wife. Mr. Lindsay had charge of this Conference, which was a fine one. We sat next to him and his wife at the head banquet table. When the meat course was served, Mr. Lindsay leaned over toward me and kiddingly said, "That's Seagull," He knew that the Seagull was the Mormon's <sup>S</sup> favorite protected bird. We greatly enjoyed the chicken. While in Victoria, Geneve and I visited the famous Butchart Gardens, and other scenic places. One night we even went through the famous, spooky, Royal London Wax Museum, direct fro<sup>m</sup> London, England. It was quite a unique collection of the famous of past and present, sculptured in wax, magnificently costumed and portrayed in historically accurate settings. When we went through, there was only one other couple in the place. Lights flashed, bodies moved, there were screams, and one old codger in a glass case winked at us. I felt quite relieved getting out of that place alive. Our trip to Victoria and our drive home were most enjoyable.

1963 -- Montral, Canada. (National) Geneve and I took this trip by automobile. Back in our old stamping ground, we entered into Canada from Detroit, Michigan. The first Canadian city from that point is Ontario. From there we traveled through the big city of Toronto and finally entered the Canadian Province of Quebec, of which Montreal is the Capitol City. It was quite noticeable, as we approached Montreal, that most of the people spoke French, as the Province of Quebec is predominately French. We found Montreal to be a beautiful city, wit<sup>h</sup> upper and lower shopping malls, containing beautifully stocked shops. I believe this National Motor Vecicle conference drew the largest crowd of Motor Vehicle Administrators and their spouses that we had seen. Apparently everyone wanted to visit Montreal. The trip was surely worth it. At the opening of the Convention, the Province official whose position~~s~~ was comparable to that of our State Attorney General, gave the address of welcome in English, followed by the same address in French. He explained that that was the law in the Quebec Province. It was quite interesting to get on our hotel elevator and hear the operator politely ask in English, "Floor Please?" and then ask the same <sup>thing</sup> in French. At least, I presume that's what she asked. At any rate, if I lived there, you can bet that I would lea<sup>r</sup>n the French language, so that I wouldn't miss anything. At the splendid Banquet, followin<sup>g</sup> a couple of days of moto~~r~~ vehicle administrative meetings, it was our pleasure to sit at the head table next to the Honorable Maitland Steinkopf, a high official of the Canadian government at Winnipeg, Manitoba Province. He invited Geneve and me to visit him in Winnipeg on our way home, but we were unable to do so. Everyone was friend-

ly. Inasmuch as autumn is an exceptionally beautiful time of the year in Canada, with its forests decked out/<sup>in</sup> gorgeous array, we decided that on our drive home we would remain in Canada, as long as the roads were good. We made it to a point directly above the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. There we crossed over from the city of Sault Ste Marie, Canada, to a city by the same name in Michigan. We then traveled west across the Upper Peninsula of Michigan to the State of Wisconsin. We then decided to take a look around the area near Rhinelander, Wisconsin, where the gun battle with the notorious John Dillinger Gang occurred in 1934, resulting in the death of an FBI Special Agent and the wounding of a Constable and myself. We looked over the Little Bohemia Lodge, where most of the shooting took place, and finally stopped at a tavern in the area, for breakfast. As in 1934, there/<sup>were</sup> plenty of taver/<sup>ns</sup>, but eating places were hard to find. There was a sign on this particular tavern indicating/<sup>meals</sup> were served. We appeared to be the only customers in the place. We ordered breakfast and while waiting for its preparation, the proprietor of the place, a short heavy-set older man, who had a foreign accent, came over to our table. In friendly fashion he said that he noted by our automobile license that we were not natives of this area. When he mentioned that he had lived there for many years, I said that I understood that we were in Dillinger Country. That's all it took. He sat down, and while we ate our breakfast, he told us the entire Dillinger episode that occurred nearby. We said nothing but it was difficult for us to keep from smiling during the recitation. We traveled on and were, as usual, glad to get back home.

1963. Detroit, Michigan. As a guest of R.L. Polk & Company, the Directory People, I took a plane trip to Detroit, where, along with several other Motor Vehicle Administrators from over the country, I was given a guided tour of the company's home based facilities. I also attended a couple or three luncheons and toured the Ford and Plymouth Automobile Assembly Plants. This was in December 1963.

1964. Portland, Oregon. (Regional) Geneve and I drove to Portland in May, where I attended the Annual Motor Vehicle Conference of Region 4, of the National Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators/<sup>trators</sup>. We both attended the festive events. A strange thing happened enroute to Portland. As we traveled along the Columbia River Highway, Geneve was either knitting, tating or reading. She was always doing one or the other in her spare time. All of a sudden one of her fingers or thumbs started to pain and swell up. Thinking that rubbing might help relieve the intense pain, she did considerable of that but the condition/<sup>d</sup> worsened. Immediately upon registering at our hotel in Portland, I telephoned an LDS Ward Bishop, whose number was obtained from a Portland directory, and asked him if he could recommend a good LDS doctor. Strangely, he informed that there/<sup>were</sup> no LDS doctors but that numerous dentists were members. Fortunately, he recommended that I call Reed R. Madsen, a good member of the Church, who was business Manager of the Medical Clinic, 4212 NE Broadway, Portland. The following letter which I sent to Mr. Madsen, from Salt Lake City, under date of June 2, 1964, tells what happened to the

patient: "Dear Reed: I want you to know how much Mrs Newman and I appreciate your kindness in making that appointment with Dr. Guy R. McCutchan a week ago yesterday. Having just arrived in Portland that morning, and in view of the existing urgency for medical attention, your help was most meaningful. We were happy for the opportunity of conversing with you and, needless to say, were deeply impressed with Dr. McCutchan, you and the employees of your fine clinic. The treatment prescribed by Dr. McCutchan was most effective and Mrs. Newman has felt fine since then, thanks to both of you. It is hoped that your recent trip down this way was an enjoyable one. We will be very pleased to have you call on us at any time. Sincerely, Jay C. Newman, Commissioner." When we were shown into the Doctor's office, he took one look at Geneve's hand and smilingly said with some amazement that it was the third case of its kind that had confronted him that day. I believe that he described the condition as acute arthrites, which had been aggravated by the rubbing Geneve had administered. As far as the Conference was concerned, I attended my Motor Vehicle Administrative meetings, and we both took in most of the luncheons and the annual banquet. We were also able to look around Portland and were amazed at the improvements that had been made since we lived there in the twenties. On each of the two visits to Dr. McCutchan's office, while we were in Portland, he gave her a shot of cortisone. It cleared up the problem.

1964.-- Cocoa Beach, Florida. In December I traveled by plane to this beautiful spot on Florida's Atlantic Coast. All expenses were defrayed by the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators. It was the Annual Meeting of the fourteen-member Executive Committee of the Association of which I was a member. This covered the period from December 7th to 10th. We all had rooms in the swanky Ramada Inn, which bordered on the beach, within sight of Cape Kennedy. In addition to the Executive Committee Meetings, we were afforded a guided tour of the NASA Space Center Facilities, and witnessed the firing or launching of three missiles. I brought back some interesting space charts and missile photographs, which are with my personal belongings. Before flying home, I took a trip with a Florida State Trooper from Florida's east coast, clear across the State, to the west coast.

In addition to handling the multiple duties of my State position from 1952 to 1965, I was able, along with Geneve, to take motor trips to Las Vegas and Reno, Nevada; Phoenix, Arizona, Des Moines, Iowa, Omaha, Nebraska, Seattle, Washington and to a number of California cities, including Anaheim, the home of Keith and Donna, and Napa, the home of the Murdocks', Marlene and John & their families.

As perhaps previously mentioned, Shawna graduated from the Olympus High School, where she was very popular. Like Marlene, she had her share of suitors. Shawna started her Freshman year in 1960 at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. On May 24, 1961, just before the close of the spring quarter at the "Y" she met Gary Clifford Smith of Ogden, Utah, who was also attending the "Y". Gary, who had served an LDS Mission in Brazil, South America, had had an eye on Shawna. After going together a couple of weeks, Gary proposed marriage. They became engaged June 7, 1961, and

were married in the Salt Lake LDS Temple on September 1, 1961, by Elder Harold B. Lee, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve. Shawna received her Temple Endowment during the previous week. Geneve and I attended the Temple with her.

Shawna had always wanted a back-yard Wedding Reception. We had a nice looking yard, beautifully landscaped and decorated for the occasion. The Reception invitations had been sent out, giving our address as the site of the gala affair. All of a sudden a snowstorm was brewing and our pleasant daytime temperature of around 70 degrees had dropped to about 40, much too cool for an outdoor reception. Fortunately, as a precaution, we had reserved our Holladay Ward Cultural Hall. The morning of the Reception, I received a telephone call from the owner of the Modern Display Company in Salt Lake City, a wedding reception caterer, with whom we had transacted some business. He wanted to know if he could be of help. It was like a gift from Heaven. He personally came out with his helpers and a truckload of scenery. Within a few hours he had that Ward Cultural Hall decked out like an ideal reception center -- indirect lighting, waterfall and the works. A Utah Highway Patrol Trooper, at our residence, kindly directed the invited guests to the new location of the Wedding Reception, a couple of blocks away. It was a lovely affair. With us and others in reception line were Gary's parents, Clifford and Hannah Smith, who resided in Ogden, Utah. Needless to say, a good time was had by all and the newlyweds received a lot of fine gifts helpful in getting them started in housekeeping. The local newspapers carried a lovely photograph of Shawna and the details of the wedding reception plans. Included in the announcement was the following: "The Salt Lake Temple will be the setting for the wedding rites. A garden reception is planned for the following evening at the home of the bride's parents. Bidden to attend the bride have been her sister, Mrs. John Q. Murdock, matron of honor; Miss Lee Ann Eliason, miss Mary Jane Bromley and Miss Lourene Taylor. Kim Newman, Colleen Murdock and Michelle Newman, nieces of the bride, will be flower girls. Miss Newman has attended Brigham Young University. Her fiance has also attended the BYU and recently returned from an LDS mission."

The first residence of Shawna and Gary was a place on M street in Salt Lake City. Gary attended and graduated from the University of Utah, majoring in business and finance.

Now for some Church activities which occurred about this time in history. The Ground-breaking Services for the new Olympus Stake Center, located on the northwest corner/<sup>of</sup> 27th East and 45th South, in Holladay, were held Tuesday, August 27, 1963. Heber E. Peterson was Stake President at that tim<sup>e</sup>. His Counselors were Wm. S. Partridge and LeGrand R. Curtis. As Stake High Priest Quorum President, I was accorded the honor of offering the benediction at the close of the Services.

The Dedication Cerem<sup>o</sup>nies for our new Holladay Fifth-Ninth Ward Chapel, at 4100 Camille Street, a block and a half from our Holladay residence, were held January 1, 1960. At that time Foley C. Richards, was Bishop of our Holladay 9th Ward. His Counselors were H. Lowell Richards and Robert E. Buie. Geneve was the



President of the Relief Society. Her Counselors were Mary Adams and Claudine Gray. Thora King, was Secretary-Treasurer.

Earlier, I might have mentioned my association with Reverend George J. Weber, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Salt Lake City. As he and his wife and Geneve and I became very good friends, I should like to add a little more information. George came here in 1938 from New Mexico, where he had been Pastor of a Congregational Church. We arrived here the same time on transfer from Detroit. George, seeing the news account of our arrival, invited me to address a dinner meeting of the Men's Club of his church. Inasmuch as it was Ladies night, he requested that I bring Geneve. We attended the dinner along with possibly 125 other people, several of whom were visiting from out of State. George, who had been here scarcely ten days, met the people as they came in the door. He made no notes and amazed all of us by personally introducing by name everyone present. He had a really outstanding memory. Incidentally, he had glasses of milk at Geneve's and my place next to his at the head table. He leaned over and whispered that he knew we were Mormons and that we didn't drink tea or coffee. I suppose that I addressed his Men's Club a half dozen times in the years that followed. While I was President of the Utah Peace Officers' Association, George Weber accompanied Geneve and me to Cedar City, Utah, where by prior arrangement, he delivered an outstanding talk on Americanism at a public meeting held in the High School Auditorium. He had a brilliant mind. On one occasion he told me he had as many friends who were Mormon as he had in his Church. He also said that if Mark E. Peterson, of the Quorum of the Twelve, ever wanted to run for President of the United States, he would like to be his Campaign Manager. In 1958, Reverend George Weber announced his retirement. Under date of June 17th I sent him the following letter:

"Dear George:

"Having read the recent announcement of your anticipated retirement this coming September, I wanted to write you this little note of commendation and well wishes.

Although possibly 20 years have gone by since I read the news of your arrival in Salt Lake City from your church assignment in New Mexico, it just doesn't seem that long. Having returned to my home State here about the same time, I have followed with great interest your important church and civic activities. You have certainly crowded into those years an enviable record of helpfulness to your fellowmen.

I earnestly commend you for your accomplishments. Mrs. Newman joins me wishing you and Mrs. Weber the best of health and happiness in the years which lie ahead.

Kindest personal regards.

Sincerely,

Jay C. Newman  
Commissioner"

Within a couple or three years after George Weber retired, his health started to fail. He eventually got Erysipelas of the eyes and was in terrific pain. He had to be kept in a darkened room. Geneve and I visited him and his wife, Edith, a

number of times at their apartment. He died in July, 1962, at which time we sent Mrs. Weber a letter sincerely expressing our deepest sympathy. Under date of August 17, 1962, she sent us the following meaningful letter:

" Dear Mr. Newman: Thank you and Mrs. Newman for your letter and your deep expression of sympathy in the passing of my dear husband. He was very fond of you and grateful he could call you his friend.

He appreciated your personal and telephone calls and was sorry he wasn't able to take a drive ~~a-drive~~ when you asked him but he always thought he would be able the next time. How little we know.

The beautiful tribute you paid him will be a source of great comfort to me. It is so hard to know he won't be back.

Take care of yourselves.

Sincerely,

Edith F. Weber"

Monday evening December 10, 1962, a Testimonial Dinner was held at the Hotel Utah, in Salt Lake City, honoring President David O. McKay of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was 89 years old. Five hundred mormon and non-mormon business and community leaders were invited to attend and participate. The only woman present was President McKay's lovely wife, Emma. I was fortunate in having been invited. It was really a grand affair. Outstanding tributes were paid to the Church Leader by the dignitaries participating in these expressions and he was presented a beautiful organ to be installed in a Chapel the Church is building in Merthyr-Dydfil, Wales, the birthplace of the mother of President McKay.

In the general election of 1964, Governor George Dewey Clyde, a Republican, was defeated by Democrat Calvin Rampton. Although I had two more years to go on my term as Commissioner of <sup>Public</sup> Safety, and was well acquainted with Rampton, I would be 65 and eligible for returement at the end of that year. I discussed the matter with Geneve and we agreed on the retirement idea. Accordingly, I directed the following letter to Governor Clyde under date of November 9, 1964:

"Dear Governor Clyde: As I indicated to you privately some time ago, I am retiring from State Government Service at the close of your term of office this year.

I am deeply grateful to you for the opportunity I have had of serving under your able leadership and to the dedicated employees of the Department of Public Safety with whom I have had the privilege of working.

Will you kindly apprise Governor- Elect Calvin Ramption of my decision so that he may select a successor. I shall be happy to render every possible assistance to the new appointee.

Best wishes to you and Mrs. Clyde in the coming years.

Sincerely,

Jay C. Newman  
Commissioner

Under date of December 4, 1964, I received the following letter from Governor Clyde: " Dear Jay: Before I leave the office of Governor, I wish to express to you my deep appreciation for the loyal and able support that you have given me during the years that we have worked together in state government.

The people of Utah have been fortunate in having a man of your integrity, dedication and competency serving as Commissioner of Public Safety. You have carried out your responsibilities in this highly important office in an outstanding manner. As Governor, it has been reassuring to me to know that the burdens of this particularly vital department of state government were in such competent hands.

I have greatly enjoyed our association. Although we will no longer be working together, I hope that our friendship will continue through the years, and that occasion will from time to time bring us into each other's company.

Best wishes always.

Sincerely,

George D. Clyde  
Governor"

My very capable co-worker and dedicated friend, Colonel Lyle Hyatt, Superintendent of the Utah Highway Patrol, addressed the following letter to me under date of December 21, 1964:

"Dear Commissioner Newman:

Nine years and ten months have passed since you appointed me Superintendent of the Utah Highway Patrol. So many years in so short a time it seems, and yet in retrospect crowded, eventful, even painful at times. Under your guiding hand I have learned much. Assuredly you have polished some of my rough edges and I am grateful for your patience, understanding and cooperation. I am happy that you are retiring to a well earned rest. Your honorable career as a law enforcement officer becomes tradition. For me the future is uncertain, but whatever lies ahead will be easier because of my association with you

Under your direction, the Department of Public Safety has prospered and progressed. Being on a firm foundation, I am sure it will continue to do so. The high esteem in which you are held by your many friends and associates is tribute to the dedication you have always exemplified in the law enforcement profession.

I shall miss our association in State government, but I know that our roads will continue to cross in other endeavors and that our friendship will endure through the years. I wish you happiness, contentment and, above all, better health during your coming years of retirement.

Sincerely,

Lyle"

In view of my close association with so many fine people in State government, I was a little sad in leaving. The local newspaper accounts and editorials, relating to my retirement were most favorable. There was considerable news speculation as to what I might do. The Deseret News edition of November 11, 1964, carried my picture and a big heading as follows: "NEWMAN IN CITY POST?" Needless to say, I felt honored, but was not interested.

A sad note on the National level was the assassination of President John F. Kennedy at Dallas, Texas on November 22, 1963.

Just as a matter of information, it was my good fortune to have known and had personal contacts with 2 Presidents of the Church -- David O. McKay and Harold B.

Lee. Along with the other Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, they were truly God's Prophets. Geneve was also well acquainted with both of them. We personally were also acquainted with a number of the members of the Quorum of the Twelve, particularly Mark E. Peterson, Richard L. Evans and Hugh B. Brown. The latter was Geneve's cousin on her mother's side of the family, and Hugh's wife, Zina Card Brown, was Geneve's cousin on her father's side.

While employed in State Government, I was a member of the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce and a member of the Board of Directors of the Travelers Aid Society, a nationwide organization to help the needy traveler.

Due to a change in policy announced by the First Presidency of the LDS Church, a Stake President automatically become President of the Stake High Priests Quorum. His 2 counselors in the Stake Presidency, serve as Counselors in the Quorum Presidency. In keeping with this change, at the next Stake Conference, which was held in the Olympus Stake Center on January 16, 1964, President Heber E. Peterson announced the policy change and released me as Quorum President. I was later confirmed as a member of the High Council of Olympus Stake.

Geneve was an ideal mother, having great concern for our married daughters, particularly during the final stages of their pregnancy and child birth. I believe she was with Marlene and Shawna during all of these special occasions.

Geneve and I were visiting Shawna and Gary, in the Los Angeles area, when their daughter Piper was born on March 29, 1966. We were very happy grandparents. I had been retired a little over a year; our 2 sons and 2 daughters had lovely families; we were all in good health and I felt that we were "Sitting On Top Of The World," then it happened. On March 31, 1966, while still at Shawna's and Gary's, I received a long distance telephone call from Wayne Prince, a nephew, who was a Stake President in the Salt Lake City area. Wayne was very sorry in informing us that he had heard that our son Jay, was being excommunicated from the Church for polygamy. It was unbelievable. Jay had been serving as the Elders' Quorum President in the Union 3rd Ward of the Salt Lake Union Stake, and his family members were active in their Ward. He was 38 year<sup>S</sup> of age at that time. We had been very proud of him. Now, this shocking information.

Immediately after the call from Wayne Prince, I telephoned Jay long distance and he verified the bitter news, saying that he intended to tell us when we returned home.

We returned home immediately and met with Jay and Bonnie, in our home. We had several conversations with them, during which we outlined the stand of the Church relating to polygamy; bore our testimonies; prayed with and for them, but they were adamant in their views.

The records of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints show that Bonnie Farrington Newman was excommunicated March 23, 1966, and that Jay Clarence Newman, Jr., was excumunicated May 22, 1966, both for apostacy.



Jay Jr., Bonnie and their 10 children at that time, left the Salt Lake City area during April, 1966, Jay giving up a good job at the Utah Power & Light Company. They finally settled in or near Libby, Montana. They later moved to Spokane, Washington. Bonnie had 3 other children after leaving Utah.

Geneve and I, through letters and Church material on the subject of polygamy, which we have sent them, and through our prayers, have earnestly endeavored to bring about a change of heart on the part of Jay and Bonnie, but to no avail. Needless to say, we love them very much but are naturally disappointed in the traumatic course they have taken. We are still hopeful that they will have a change of heart and endeavor to regain their church membership so that we all will be a united family in our Heavenly Father's Celestial Kingdom.

About the time we really needed a boost in morale, a letter postmarked at Garden Grove, California, May 15, 1966, was received from Keith. In it he joined us in expression sadness at Jay's and Bonnie's defection and commented that it was unbelievable that this thing had happened. He also expressed gratitude that Jay and his family were well, and hoped that we would continue in good health.

Under date of June 16, 1966, I received a Father's Day letter from Marlene. At that time she, John and their family were residing in Fremont, California. I hope she won't mind my including this meaningful letter in this personal history.

"Dearest Dad:

It's rather difficult for me through a letter to express my love and appreciation for you. I've been trying to think what I could do or say that would adequately do this. The only answer I came up with is to live the kind of life and be the kind of daughter you would be proud of.

Today I was thinking back on some of the things we've done together. Foremost in my mind is the wild horseback ride I had on Skeeter. I think one of the hardest things I had to do was have faith in your wisdom when you told me to start getting off while he was still going.

I remember also your taking me back to school the day after I'd sluffed in the third grade. I was so grateful to have your strong arm to hold onto.

The winters when you would pull us behind Skeeter on the sled.

Our vacation trip to Yellowstone, and the many others we took.

I can remember listening so intently to your experiences about the FBI. I particularly recall the nights after I'd gone to bed when you'd come in and talk with me, and if I were having a hard time getting asleep, you'd run your fingers around my eyes.

I'll never forget the night I backed our car into the car in front of Smith's, and how the first thing you asked was "if I were O.K," not how much damage did I do.

I'm truly grateful for you, and am proud to have such a wonderful father.

We all hope you have a very happy Father's Day, and wish we could be there to share it with you.

As I recall, one of your favorite songs, (along with Eck vice

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nick vos solis be doiten) -- you'll have to excuse my German spelling) was "Stardust". I hope you enjoy the album.

Our love and kisses.

Marlene, John, collen Scott,  
Quinn, Kory & Stacey"

Keith, Marlene and Shawna have always been most thoughtful in expressing their love and best wishes to their/parents on birthdays, Mother's Day, Father's Day and other special occasions throughout the year. We have deeply appreciated their thoughtfulness. Christmas has also been a real special, spiritual day for all of us, including their families. We would always exchange/d gifts with each other, either by mail or through personal visits.

In May, 1967, some of our good friends in the Wasatch Ward in Salt Lake City, extended an invitation to us to attend the Ward's 50th Anniversary on June 10th. Inasmuch as we, as a family, had spent 14 years in that ward, before moving to Holladay, we had a lot of pleasant memories. . Geneve and I attended the anniversary celebration, which included a fine program, an excellent dinner and a lot of socializing. It was good to renew our close friendship with these fine Church members. Among the positions Geneve held while we lived in that Ward were, President of the Primary Organization, President of the YWMIA and a Relief Society Visiting Teacher.

Quite unexpectedly, Sunday evening, November 24, 1968, we received a long distance telephone call from our grandson LaMont Newman, whom we called Monty. We hadn't heard from any members of his family since they left here in April, 1966. It was surely good to hear from him. He said they were in the printing business and that he ran a line-O-type. We asked him where he was and he said in substance, "Let's not go into that at the present time." We asked where we could write to him and he said through Box 427, Libby, Montana. As usual, he and I exchanged jokes, and on December 4, 1968, Geneve and I sent him the following letter:

"Dear Monty: It seemed like old times to talk with you on the telephone a little over a week ago. Thanks a lot for your thoughtfulness. As we contributed to your running over the three-minute established minimum limit, a couple of dollars are enclosed to help share the expense.

We were both surprised at the maturity of your voice. A few years during the teen age stage, makes quite a difference in a young man.

Things here are going about the same as when you left. We had a pretty good crop of peaches and apples and a few pears at the farm. We put up about 50 quarts of fruit. We built a nice food storage room in the basement with convenient shelves, and like it very much. At the farm we also had some fine raspberries and tomatoes.

During the summer we went fishing a couple of times or so at Flaming Gorge, in northeastern Utah. You go into Wyoming to get to it. A huge dam has created a huge body of water which is well stocked with trout. We trolled, mainly, and caught some nice ones each time. On one trip Keith and his son, Todd, while here from California on a visit, went along.

Marlene's eldest son, Scott, also went with us. We caught about 20 rainbow trout measuring all the way from 12 to 18 inches. Marlene and Donna and the rest of their youngsters were vacationing here and we had a tremendous fish-fry out on the patio. We wish you-all could have joined us.

It has been cold and snowy here for the past week or so. It keeps us busy keeping the sidewalk and driveway shoveled.

Have you heard this one? -- At dinnertime John was waiting for his wife to finish setting the table when a knock came at the door. John answered. It was friendly George, their next door neighbor, who asked if John would loan him his power lawnmower. John replied, "No, I can't, we're having fried chicken for dinner," and promptly shut the door. When John returned to the kitchen, his wife, who had overheard the conversation, was dumbfounded and asked him if that was any kind of an answer to give to a friend and neighbor. Jon replied, "When you're looking for excuses not to do something I guess one is just as good as the other." -- Since hearing this one sometime ago, we have an urge every once in a while when thinking up excuses to say, "I can't, we're having fried chicken for dinner."

You sounded enthused about your printing work. We hope you have fine success. We would love to have you visit us when you can do so.

Best wishes.

Lovingly,

Grandpa & Grandma Newman"

We received a letter from our eldest granddaughter, Sheila Newman, sent from Libby, Montana, July 4, 1968. She wanted us to know about the newest member of the family, Marie, born June 24, 1968, making 6 girls and 6 boys in their family. Shelia said that her mother was well and happy; that school was out and the weather real nice; further, that Dana was a year old and growing like a weed. She ended the letter by saying: "May the Lord be with you both. We send our love to everyone. Love, Shelia"

Shelia next wrote us from Libby, Montana, under date of November 8, 1968, as follows: " Dear Grandpa & Grandma : I was so glad when I received your letter. It's been so long since I have heard from you and that Shawna had a new baby boy and ever<sup>yth</sup>ing is fine with the rest of the family. Marie is almost five months old now and has hair like Monty, when he was a baby -- fuzzy and straight up. She looks just like him when he was little. She has her two first teeth. She got them when she was three months old. She is a little cuddle bug. Dana will be two years old on Nov. 5. It's hard to believe time flys so fast. She is cute and spoiled. She talks a lot now. Thank you for all you have given me and all the rest of us. We would all love to come and see you, and hope soon. We send our love to all of you. Love, Sheila."

On April 7, 1969, we sent the following letter to Sheila to Box 6034, Spokane, Washington, 99207: "Dear Sheila: It was fine of you to write as you did a while ago. It seems that with so many things to be done we neglect our correspondence quite badly.

A couple of days ago we received a letter from Shawna, in which she mentioned having received a letter from Jay C., in Vietnam. She and Gary were most happy to hear from him. We surely hope he is fine and safe. We would like to

write him. Kindly let us know how to address a letter to him.

Marlene, John and their five children, Colleen, Scott, Quinn, Kory and Stacey, spent the past week with us. They left at four this morning to return to their home in Napa, California. We had splendid, warm weather up until yesterday. Last night it snowed a couple or three inches. The youngsters were so excited as they hadn't seen snow for some time. They are all fine. John is in the Bishopric of one of the Wards in Napa. He represented his Bishop in attending general Church Conference here, which ended yesterday.

Last week your <sup>AUNT</sup> Ethel and Uncle Parley Eccles, who reside in Phoenix, Arizona, came up to Salt Lake City. They and your Aunts Elizabeth and Margaret, and we, had dinner with Aunt Virginia and Uncle Bert. It was quite a get-to-gether. They are all tolerably well.

If you would like to do so, we would be happy to have you visit with us this summer. Monty indicated he might do so. We would be happy to have you both come.

We love you very much, Sheila. Please give our kindest regards to the rest of the family.

Best wishes.

Grandma & Grandpa Newman

Based on some notes, our grandson, Jay Clarence Newman, the 3rd, was married May 7, 1968, to Patricia Ann Cunningham. The marriage took place in Spokane, Washington, where Patricia, I believe, was living at the home of her mother. Jay C. and Patricia lived in Tacoma, Washington, while he was stationed there in the U.S. Army. His headquarters were at Fort Lewis. While in Tacoma, Patricia was contacted by LDS Missionaries, and on or about October 15, 1969, was baptized in one of the Wards there by Jay C., who was a priest in the Aaronic Priesthood. She was then confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by a holder of the Melchizedek Priesthood.

On January 16, 1969, Jay C., sent us the following letter from Tacoma:

"Dear Grandma & Grandpa:

I received your letter the other day, the day I got off leave. I'd like to thank you for the addresses.

That "Hong Kong flu" is for the birds, if you ask me. I haven't had it, but my wife has had it for about 6 weeks, and it is sure getting her down. She was just getting over it when I left.

It has sure been icky, rain and cold up here. Can't stand it.

I'll be out of here in 4 weeks and on my way to nam.

I hope you had a nice time traveling last month. I have talked to Patte (my wife) about moving down there to SLC after I get out of the Army. She likes the idea. So do I. I'm going to get some college in after I get out, using the G.I. Bill benefits for my schooling. I just hope and pray that things will work out the way I want them to.

I'd sure like to come on down and see you all before I leave for overseas, but the way things look I won't have time, and Patte will be in her 9th month. She is going to be a good mother. She sure is a wonderful wife. <sup>our</sup>

Give my love to all and God bless you through <sup>our</sup> all eternal life.

With love,

Jay C."

Patricia, Jay C's wife, wrote us an exceptionally fine letter from Spokane, Washington, under date of <sup>FEB.</sup> 16, 1969. Before their marriage, she worked as a Secretary, and it shows -- her penmanship is beautiful, nothing like mine, Monty's or



my son Keith's. In one of the paragraph/s, Patricia states: "I have heard so much about both of you that somehow I feel I already know you. The kids are always talking about Grandma's cooking and about Grandpa's experiences with the FBI. It's all so exciting and interesting to hear."

Concerning her anticipated motherhood, Patricia stated, "If it is a boy, we're naming him Jay Clarence, the fourth, and if it's a girl, it'll<sup>BE</sup> named Tamera Marie. I've always wanted a girl with long black hair and big brown eyes and call her Tami. It's been a childhood dream of mine."

In an announcement card which accompanied a letter to us dated March 7, 1969, the following news was given: "Name Tamera Marie Newman. Arrived 7:26 A.M. February 27, 1969. Weight 6 pounds 12 ounces; 20 inches long. Parents, Patte and Jay C., <sup>id.</sup>" In the letter Patricia also expressed appreciation for a blanket we had sent the new arrival.

Under date of April 15, 1969, Jay C. sent us the following letter from Vietnam: "Dearest Grandpa & Grandma: Well here I am in Vietnam, half way around the world. I've been here since March 3rd. It's hot and wet here all the time, rice paddys everywhere. I'm in the 4th Bn 39th inf. 9th Division, in Dong tam, which is about 80 miles south of Siagon, on the Macon Delta." I

In his letter Jay C. said he had been fine; that he had been reading the bible every day; that he had been prayerful and that he was glad the Lord had been with him, adding, that he ~~really believe~~<sup>believed</sup> that if the Lord hadn't been with him since his arrival in Vietnam, he would not be alive. He further said he was not worried about being over there as long as he stays close to his Heavenly Father. Jay C., added, "I have sure got a wonderful wife. She is trying so hard to be a good wife to me and a mother to our child, Tami. I will have been married one year the 7th of May. He said he could hardly believe it, and added, "I'm finally 20 years old."

Under date of May 5, 1969, I sent Jay C. a letter to Vietnam. Here is a part of what I said: "Dear Jay C: Your grandmother and I were most pleased to receive your recent letter and are very proud that you are in the service of your country. We pray for your safety and only wish that world conditions were such that it would not be necessary to carry on a war to preserve and assure the freedom of nations and people."

"We are fine now. However, about three weeks ago I was in the hospital for an exploratory operation. After I was returned to my hospital room from the operation, the doctor who attended me, came in and exhibiting an x-ray, announced that I was one in a hundred thousand in that I only had one functioning kidney. Facetiously, I had suspected and even imagined that I was extraordinary in some respect but had not been able to figure out how or why. Seriously, inasmuch as this condition has apparently existed for years. I'm looking forward to being around a while longer."

"We received a nice note from Patte acknowledging receipt of a baby quilt

we sent. We also received a letter from Sheila, last month, in which she advised that Patte and Tami are real well and that Tami is growing rapidly."

"The Church is certainly moving along rapidly. Missionary work is at an all time high and it is most exciting to see the developments of these latter days. We sincerely hope that you and Patte can have a temple marriage and have Tami sealed to you for time and eternity. I believe you mentioned some time ago the possibility of a temple marriage."

"We both love you very much and pray for your continued safety and well-being!"

"Sincerely,

Grandpa"

Sometime after this communication with Jay C., in Vietnam, he was badly wounded and hospitalized for a considerable period of time. I recall that while he was in the Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, an Army Facility, his Aunt Shawna and Uncle Gary, who were living in California at that time, visited him. He was partially disabled due, I believe, to a bad leg wound. Eventually, as planned, he continued his schooling, under the GI Bill of Rights.

Monty, the family jokester, sent us the following letter from Spokane, Washington; February 5, 1969: "Dear Grandma & Grandpa: Merry Christmas and a happy New Year; happy Birthday to Grandpa; be my valentine.

I'm glad to hear you're still keeping up the farm and doing so well with it. I remember the good times we had together there.

Bobbing a maget (?) up and down in a hole you make in the ice in the Kooleia River doesn't sound like much fun but we had a lot of fun doing it while catching our limit of 20 white fish.

In the summer we walk up and down Cripple/Horse Creek, fishing out trout where there's a couple of beaver dams and a lot of good fishing holes.

I've spent most of my time working in the print shop." (Monty then gives a description of the print shop with its various divisions and equipment, and then sends with the letter some fine pads of paper, at the bottom of each sheet was printed, From the desk of: Jay Newman. He also enclosed 100 numbered cards. Across the front of each is printed in large letters, THIS IS A FREE TICKET. Underneath in small print appears the following: "It's not good for anything, it's just free." Below that in smaller print appears -- Compliments of Jay C. Newman.

The quality and the printing of these items were excellent. I have made good use of the memo pads and have gotten a kick out of handing out FREE TICKETS.

Concluding his letter, Monty said, "We all are getting along just fine. Marie, the youngest, is quite a go-getter. She is seven months old now and has seven teeth and is walking around the furniture. Dana is just learning to talk and she mimics every word you say. I could go on and tell a little about each one of the children but it would end up to be more like a book than a letter, so I'll just try to encourage them to write you and tell about themselves.



We took a number of trips by ourselves to Arizona, usually staying with my sister, Ethel and her husband, Parley Eccles, at their home in Phoenix. We used to have some fine times together. I recall that my sisters Margaret and Elizabeth, accompanied us on one of these trips.

In June, 1974, Geneve and I drove to Cardson Canada, where on June 15th, our granddaughter Kim Newman, was married in the LDS Cardston Temple to Tim Erickson. Tim had returned shortly before from serving a mission. He and his family were good members of the Church. Their wedding reception was held at the home of Tim's sister, who, with her husband, lived on a huge ranch, in an isolated area some distance from Cardston. They treated us royally.

Another note of interest -- on May 3, 1972, John Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, died of natural causes at his home in Washington, D.C.

A little not/of interest -- The day before the Director died, I gave a talk to our Ward Primary members. The day after, I found the following unstamped letter in our mailbox: "Dear Bro. Newman: Thank you for coming to Primary to talk to us about crime and those two boys. Did you hear about J. Edgar Hoover? He died of natural cause. Well I guess I better go now. Thanks again for coming. Good bye. Yours truly, The Guide Patrol."

It was fortunate that one of us kept some semblance of a daily journal. You guessed it. Geneve was the one. Here is what she had to say about one of our trips to Arizona:

"We arrived in Phoenix, Saturday, February 4, 1967. Ted (nickname for Ethel) and Parley, had a house next door to theirs that they were trying to sell. It was furnished and the beds were made up ready for us. We visited until about 10:00 P.M.

Sunday, we went to Sacrament meeting at 2:30 P.M. in the Phoenix 15th Ward; had dinner with the Eccles, and went for a ride. Tuesday, Ted and I went to Scottsdale, for about 2 hours; went in all the shops; bought 3 basket plate holders. Monday we left for Nogales, Mexico. We had a wonderful ride and enjoyed walking around Nogales; returned to Phoenix about 9:00 P.M.

Wednesday, Ted and I went to Scottsdale and visited some of the nicer shops and had dinner.

Thursday, Ted and Parley had to work in the LDS Mesa Temple. Jay and I rode around; went to Scottsdale so Jay could see it; then about 6:00 P.M.; ~~then~~ went to Bill Johnson's Big Apple, to eat. We had a fine dinner; went back to the house; watched T.V. and went to bed.

Friday, Ted and Parley went to the LDS Mesa Temple about 3:00 P.M. We met them, also Margaret Alice and Van and Steve and Darlene, there and we all went through the Temple. Jay and I were called up as witnesses. It was a very fine session. Afterwards, as it was the 26th wedding anniversary for Margaret Alice and Van, we all went to the Big Boy Resturant for a snack. When we returned to our cars, ours wouldn't start. We had planned to leave for Los Angeles at 7:00 A.M. the next day, but due to car repairs, our departure was delayed until 1:00 P.M. We greatly enjoyed our stay in Phoenix.

We stayed in Indigo, California the night of the 11th



ang the next day, a really beautiful one, we drove through Palm Springs, enroute to Los Angeles."

On another trip Geneve recorded the following:

"We went to Ted's and Parley's in Phoenix on February 3, 1972; had a lovely potroast dinner. The next day I had my hair done by a young girl who lives in one of Lee Eccle's apartments. Saturday we went to the Flea Market; had dinner out.

Sunday we went to Fast Meeting. All the kids came over to Teds, Margaret Alice, Van, Steve, January and her baby and little girl, and Kip and his wife. It was a real fine day.

Monday we went to the Queen Valley Estates, 15 miles east of Apache Junction; had a tour of the Country Club and then lunch.

Tuesday we went to Apache Junction for the day.

Wednesday we went to Scottsdale for the day, where we did a lot of looking and a little shopping. We went to several Malls and tired ourselves out.

Thursday, we left for Anaheim, California, where we stayed with Keith and Donna. Upon arrival, we had a fine stew.

Saturday we all went to Disneyland in the morning and stayed all day. On the way home we got some Harman's chicken. We were too tired to cook.

Sunday was their Stake Conference, with Elder Benson, presiding. We enjoyed it very much. We then rode down to see the Queen Mary. This was quite exciting.

Monday morning we left for Glendale, California, to visit with Shawna and Gary and their family. We stayed with them for about two weeks. Talk about busy people. Shawna is MIA Maid teacher and Cub Scout Den Mother. Gary was a Counselor in the Bishopric; had something to do with the Cub Scouts; was umpiring Little League Baseball, handling a full-time job and managing a Hallmark Store in Pasadena.

The day after we arrived in Glendale, we looked things over in the Pasedina Store, also viewed a house they were purchasing there. We also went shopping, shopping, shopping.

We went to Church with the family. We also went to a PTA meeting with Shawna and heard a very interesting talk about buying or bidding on trunks and boxes that have not been claimed.

Relief Society was also very interesting. We had dinner one night in Chinatown, Los Angeles in a ver<sup>s</sup>pecial Chinese Restaurant. The food was "tops" and we all ate ourselves out of shape. The same evening we went to a Hollywood movie and saw Richard Burton in, "The Spy That Came In From The North."

On February 28th we left Shawnas and Garys for Yuma, Arizona. That evening we were very tired but took a ride out to get a supply of tangaloos. We found a very fine place to get them for 10¢ a pound. We also bought 10 pounds of grapefruit and 6 pounds of lemons. The next day we went to San Louis, Mexaco, and purchased the lamp that graces our patio.

We left Yuma the next day and went to Las Vegas, Nevada, where we stayed overnight. At 6:20 the next morning we were on our way home. We arrived about 2:30 P.M. All the time we were gone we had wonderful weather wherever we were. The day after we returned home it started to rain and has been rainy and cloudy for two days."

Whenever Geneve accepted a Church or civic assignment, she was totally committed to the job. She kept complete records relating to the assignment and had the confidence and trust of the people involved. Her natural beauty also played an important part, I'm sure, in obtaining the cooperation of those whom she served. She took literally the counsel of the Church leaders, and was an avid reader of

the scriptures, as well as other worth-while material. She was an excellent cook and compiled scads of recipies. She took a speaking assignment very seriously and spent a great deal of time in preparation. Her talks and appearance were excellent

Records maintained by Geneve show that at Sacrament meeting in the Holladay 9th Ward on September 22, 1957 she was sustained as President of the Relief Society; Dorothy Woolley as Work Director Counselor; Mary Adams as Educational Counselor & Thora King as Secretary & Treasurer. They were set apart November 3, 1957 by the Bishopric, consisting of Foley C. Richards, Bishop, H. Lowell Richards, First Counselor and Robert E. Buie, Second Counselor. On August 10, 1958, Geneve's counselors were released and replaced by Nedra Duzett and Claudine Gray.

On October 23, 1960, Geneve was released as Relief Society President and sustained as Social Science Teacher in the Relief Society. She was also put in as Ward Choir President.

In September, 1963 Geneve was again put in as Relief Society President, with Virginia Burgess as her 1st Counselor and Jean Woodruff as 2nd Counselor. They were released August 30, 1964.

Under date of September 9, 1964, Geneve recieved a letter of appreciation from the bishopric, consisting of Allen J. Burgess, Bishop, Francis M. Partridge, 1st Counselor and Alma L. Keiser, 2nd Counselor, the letter reading, "Dear Sister Newman: We are writing to you in behalf of a grateful ward membership to extend to you our thanks for your service as Relief Society President. You have twice, in this Ward served in this responsible calling with devotion and great honor and we are truly grateful for your willingness and pray the Lord will continue to bless you. Sincerely, the Holladay Ninth Ward Bishopric."

In addition to the/<sup>Church</sup>positions mentioned, Geneve, before the Holladay 9th Ward was formed, served as Educiation Counselor to Fawn Sharp, President of the Holladay 5th Ward. Also, in the Holladay 9th Ward, she was Era Director for 8 months. In addition, she and I directed the Church Magazine Drive in the Holladay 9th Ward for 2 or 3 years.

Geneve was very active in Sunday School classes, and when assigned, gave class discussions on the subjects being studied.

Here are some notes Geneve made for a talk she was asked to make before some Church group on her experiences moving around the country in connection with my work:

"My experiences are perhaps no different than all of you are having or have had. Moving as much as we did, I spent much more time with my children than I probably would have done if we had been in our own home and around friends. I was alone with them so much, and in those early days had no T.V. I read a great deal to them, even as the older ones got bigger, they used to like to sit or lie down and listen to me read to the younger ones.

The first thought we had as we would arrive in a new city was, where is the LDS Church? We tried to find an apartment in that vicinity. We always felt we had friends as soon as we found the Church.

Our Sunday dinners were always special, because that was one meal of the week when we could all be together. It sort of became

a tradition. The girls seem to carry on traditions more so than boys.

We always asked the Lord's blessings on our food and had our prayers.

After we moved to Salt Lake City, we made Saturday morning clean-up time, then I'd take the youngsters to a show and a treat. With ~~no~~ <sup>U.T.V.</sup> as we now have, that was special.

In the summer we had our six acre farm; had picnic's and rode horses. Sleigh riding with the horse pulling the sleighs was great fun. Apple picking and polishing also occupied some of our time.

As a family, we took many trips -- to Seattle, Washington, Montreal and Winnepeg, Canada and other interesting places.

Christmas, Thanksgiving and all the holidays were very special to us.

We have always had the highest regards for the Church.

I have had many personal experiences in my life that have strenghtened my testimony."

Sometime in the summer of 1965, Geneve and Nicholas G. Morgan were scheduled as the speakers in a Sacrament meeting in <sup>the</sup> Holladay 9th Ward. Brother Morgan, an elderly philanthropist, used to live in Geneve's old Ward in Salt Lake City and she was well liked by Nick and his mother. The meeting time arrived and Brother Morgan had not arrived, and could not be reached by telephone. Like the writer of this history, he was becoming a bit forgetful. With the Sacrament over, Geneve was introduced as the first speaker. She did an excellent job giving a resume of the life of her Grandfather James Stephen Brown, an early convert of the Church, born July 4, 1826, in Davidson County, North Carolina; joined the Mormon Battalion, at age 18, and later had an illustrious career as a missionary for the Church. She gained the material for her talk from the book, "Giant Of The Lord" by Hugh B. Brown.

When Geneve had completed her presentation and returned to her seat on the stand, Bishop Allen Burgess announced that Nicholas G. Morgan had not arrived and that he was taking the liberty of asking me, comfortably seated in the audience, to come up and speak. Thanks to my Church training, I survived. Geneve made the meeting a success.

Because of her good looks, unfaltering testimony and exemplary conduct, Geneve was <sup>frequently</sup> asked to make the Sunday School Mother's Day talk in our Ward. Here are some notes I found on a Father's Day talk she gave:

"I feel a bit like a young boy who stood at the pulpit in Sunday School trying to give an assigned talk, but he could not get the words out. His giant of a father walked from the congregation to stand beside him. The father said to the audience, "I know Larry has prepared his talk and that he'll be able to give it. He is a little frightened, so I will just talk to you for a moment and then I know he will be ready." The father stood by his boy with his arm around him, and in a moment the lad gave his talk, and many wept.

I feel I need my Heavenly Father here with me this morning so that I'm not standing alone. I ask for your faith and prayers in my behalf.

I thank my Heavenly Father for my life here on earth and the privilege of being able to pray to Him at any time and for his loving care.

I thank my earthly father for being such a kind, loving and gentle man. I thank my dear husband for being such a wonderful father to our children.

These three Fathers have molded my life with their example and love for me. I love them all dearly.

To be a successful father is greater than to be a successful Statesman or General. I would like to read the Prophet Joseph Smith's tribute to his

father:

"Sacred to me are the thoughts which I cherish of the history of his life, that have rolled through my mind, and have been implanted there by my own observation, since I was born. Sacred to me is his dust, and the spot where he laid. Sacred is the tomb. Let His spirit my follies forgive. Let the memory of my father eternally live. With him may I reign in the mansions above, and tune the lyre of anthems. May the God that I love look down from above, and take me by the hand; that on Mount Zion I may stand with my father. Crown me eternally there."

Young boys need models for examples and to look up to. They do not learn ethical principles, they emulate ethic or unethical people. They do not analyze or list attributes they wish to develop, they identify with people who seem to have them.

Someone has rightly said, "The great need of the present day is men who are not for sale, men who are honest, sound from inside out. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, and in themselves as well as others; men who will stand up for the right if the heavens totter or the earth reels. Men with courage without having to shout to keep it up. Men who are willing to work for what they eat and wear what they have paid for. Men who know their places and fill them."

General Douglas MacArthur wrote a book but it was not published until after his death. His prayer for his son was included in this book. The General said: "Build me a son, O Lord; who will be strong enough to know when he is weak, and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid: One who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat and humble and gentle in victory. Build me a son whose wishes will not take the place of deeds, a son who will know thee and to know himself are the foundation of knowledge. Lead him, I pray thee, not in the path of ease and comfort, but under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Let him learn to stand up in a storm; and feel compassion for those who fail. Build me a son whose heart will be clean, whose goal will be high, and will master himself before he seeks to master other men, one who can see in the future and never forget the past.

"And after all these things are his, give him, I pray, enough of a sense of humor, so that he may always be serious, yet never take himself seriously. Give him humility, so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, the openmindedness of true wisdom, and the meekness of true strength."

"I pray for all Fathers this day,

In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen"

(The above talk was given on Father's Day, June 19, 1977)

Here is one of Geneve's Sunday School Mother's Day talks:

"It is traditional, that the homes which produce real Latter-day Saints shall be presided over and maintained by men of strength and courage, of virtue and vision, and by women of tenderness, unselfishness and infinite patience and love.

Motherhood is a career of first magnitude and is the instinctive ambition of every girl. To become an ideal Mother will take the combined training of home, church and school. Her physical, mental, moral and spiritual development are of primary importance to the generation she mothers.

To be daughter, mother and grandmother, is to make the destined cycle of womanhood and to know the joys, responsibilities and development which these experiences bring.

There is a story about four clergymen who were discussing the merits of the various translations of the bible. One liked the King



James version best because of its simple, beautiful English. Another liked the American Revised Version best, because it is more literal and comes nearer to the original Hebrew and Greek. Still another liked Moffatt's translation because of its up-to-date vocabulary.

The fourth Minister was silent. When asked to express his opinion, he replied: "I like my Mother's translation best." The other three expressed surprise. They did not know his Mother had translated the Bible. "Yes, she did," he replied. "She translated it into life and it was the most convincing translation I ever saw."

The child who stands with his parents at the close of the day, viewing the glories of the setting sun, has riches money cannot buy. Pent up feelings, misunderstandings sink with the sun and in their place comes the radiant glow of joy and contentment. By his side are pillars of strength and understanding to steady him in life's thrilling adventure.

Someone's description of the successful family is this:

"The Father of success is work.  
The Mother of success is ambition.  
The Eldest son is common sense. Some of the other boys are perserverance, honesty, thoroughness, foresight, enthusiasm and cooperation.  
The Eldest Daughter is Character. Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony. The Baby is Opportunity.  
Get acquainted with "The Old Man" and you will get along pretty well with the rest of the family."

The challenge for the Mothers of the Church is as great today as was that which faced the early-day pioneer women. Mothers, as the children's earliest teachers, have the golden opportunity to lay a good foundation securely in the hearts and minds of the new generations.

I have been greatly blessed with wonderful parents who guided and directed me in my youth. I am very thankful for this and for my very fine husband and our family.

"May the Lord bless us all, I pray  
in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

After we returned to Salt Lake City in 1938, to make our home, and I was in charge of the FBI Office, I hired 3 unusual/<sup>1</sup>Stenograpers. I might have mentioned this earlier. Their names were Elenour Fulton, LaVon Sparks and Elaine Richards. They were recent graduates of Henegar Business/<sup>College</sup> in Salt Lake City, and had just competed in the International Stenographi/<sup>9</sup> Championship in Chicago, Illinois, placing, in the order named, 1st 2nd and 3rd in typing. They were really speedy.

Geneve and I had kept in touch with LaVon/<sup>Sparks</sup> Hinckley after she married and resigned from the FBI. Her health had been rather poor, down through the years. Under date of August 5, 1974, she sent us the following meaning/<sup>ful</sup> poem:

"To Mr. and Mrs. Newman:

"As we travel along the highway of life  
Many friendships are formed on the way  
Some are joyous and short, some lasting and long  
And some we hope that forever will stay.

It is friends like you two, that we've known for so long  
Who have been both loyal and true  
The kind we respect and are proud that we know  
And we hope you feel as we do.

Although we don't see you as much as we'd like  
Please come out whenever you can  
It's so pleasant to visit with friends such as you  
And you'll always receive a glad hand.

I never once thought in the years long ago  
When we worked for that great FBI  
That I'd still be in touch with you and your wife  
After thirty five years have gone by.

So I'd like to express my thanks to you both  
For the wonderful friends that you've been  
And I hope that you know what you both mean to me  
Plus three other Hinckleys thrown in."

Sincerely,

La Von

As Geneve and I approached our fift<sup>y</sup> years of married life together, our daughters Marlene and Shawna, and son Keith, conferred together, then informed us, that to celebrate the auspicious occasion they would like to provide an Open House wher<sup>e</sup> family members and friends could gather to honor us. The date was August 3, 1976, the place, our beautifully landscaped back yard. We greatly appreciated their thoughtfulness and love. It was a grand affair.

About two hundred invitations were sent out to family members, neighbors and friends. Appropriately worded notices, with a small photo of us, were placed in our two principal newspapers. Marlene had the invitations printed and sent out from Napa, California, where she and her family members were living. The invitation was beautifully done in gold lettering on a pure white background. The large lettering on the front announced, "GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY" with golden bells imprinted below. The invitation read:

1926

1976

The family of  
Mr. and Mrs. Jay C. Newman  
cordially invites you to an  
Open House  
in honor of their  
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary  
on Tuesday evening, the third of August  
Nineteen hundred and seventy-six  
from seven until nine-thirty o'clock  
at the family residence  
2616 Capricorn Way  
Salt Lake City, Utah

No gifts, please (4060 South 2616 East)

Our backyard was especially illuminated for the Open House. Lighted candles and strings of small Italian lights, along with young granddaughters, beautifully dressed, directed guests to <sup>the</sup> east entrance. On the back lawn, 8 or 10 round tables and folding chairs were set up, each table accomodating 8 guests. A lovely tablecloth and lighted centerpiece, gave dignity to the occasion. A lighted water fountain in our lilly pond was an added attraction.

The Distinctive Catering Service provided the food, which consisted of 25 dozen of chicken-filled puffs and 25 dozen ribbon sandwiches. Salads of various sorts rounded out the array. The women-folk of the family -- daughters, daughter in law and granddaughters took care of the serving, and grandsons assisted the guests to the tables. Soft stereo music was provided for the festive affair. On a table on the upper patio, a guest book was provided, along with three photo albums of family photographs for the guests to peruse. Geneve and I received the guests in that order, beauty first.

It was a beautiful evening and most memorable event, thanks to our thoughtful, precious family members. Approximately 300 persons attended the Open House. A couple, not on our guest list, but who we were very happy to see, were Robert Thorn and his wife, who were members of our Stake. Brother Thorn had been serving as a Mission President in South Africa, for 2 or 3 years, and <sup>he and</sup> his wife were on their way home. As their plane approached Salt Lake City, they noticed our golden wedding announcement in one of the local papers, and called in on their way home.

We received a total of 64 congratulatory cards and letters, also a number of gifts and floral arrangements, although ~~that~~ we had indicated that we wished none.

Geneve made the following record of happenings on Sunday, May 16, 1977:

"Today has been a most unusual day. It started as most of the other days on Stake Conference. However, when we arrived at the morning session, the Relief Society Choir was singing. The choir members were all dressed in pastel colors that were beautiful to behold. Their singing was as beautiful.

President Paul Davis, conducted the meeting in his humble, sweet way. During the business part, there were several High Counselors released and several new ones appointed. Bishop, Robert Tingey, was one of the new appointees, so we knew we were going to have a new Bishop. Although we had been expecting it, we were very sad to lose such a splendid leader of our Holladay Ninth Ward.

At 2:00 P.M., we had an appointment to see Bishop Tingey, to have our temple recommends renewed. It was a weepy time I had while talking with him on several subjects. We recalled many things, good and not so good. We parted with each telling the other how much we thought of the other. He has been about the best Bishop I have had. In fact, we love the entire Tingey family.

Our Sacrament meeting was at 5:00 P.M., where a returned missionary was the speaker. The whole meeting was very outstanding and spiritual."

In the early spring of 1978, Marene and John commenced planning a trip to Hawaii. They contacted us inquiring if we would like to make the trip. Inasmuch as neither Geneve nor I had ever been there, the idea sounded great. John obtained plane tickets for the four of us, and through connections he had, reserved a beach cabin on the flower Island of Kauai. May 2, 1978, was to be the departure

date from San Francisco.

A few days before we were to leave to meet Marlene and John at their home in Napa, California, I was doing some yard work here at home in Holladay. In endeavoring to pull a wisteria vine root from a garden spot near the patio, the root broke off and I fell backwards hitting the back of my head on a cement step. I discovered that the cement was harder than my head. To some, that might still be a debatable matter. At any rate, I injured the spinal nerve area just below the base of the skull. I received a considerable number of physiaal theraphy treatments, principally heat. Our son-in-law, Gary Smith, was very helpful to me. We had our plane reservations for Hawaii, and I just couldn't see Geneve and I lost out on that Hawaiian trip. Accordingly, Gary, bless his soul, drove us in our car to Napa, stopping overnight in Nevada, enroute. We left our car at Marlene's and John's home in Napa. Gary rented a car and drove to the coast to transact some business and then, <sup>I believe,</sup> returned home by plane.

Geneve made the following notes of our travels:

April 30, 1978: "In Napa, California, where the valley is lush and beautiful this time of year. The weather is very moderste. We are enjoying three fine days with Marlene, John and their lovely before leaving in the morning by plane for Hawaii, for ten days.

We had an interesting visit with John's Aunt Katherine and Uncle Jim Young. They are very fine people.

Today, Sunday, after attending Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting, we had dinner here with John's sister from Southern California.

May 2, 1978: We are now on a United Airlines plane an hour from Hawaii. It has been a very smooth trip. Looking out the window as we fly high above the beautiful white clouds, it gives one the appearance of looking down on the ocean with its foamy, egg-white, spread over with a small space of blue showing through, here and there.

May 3, 1978: This morning Joe "Red" Lizama, owner of the beach cottage, we are renting, told us some very interesting things about the Island. He is a native of Kauai, but is of Portuguese, Morocan and Hawaiian. Later, with Marlene and John, we went shopping then had lunch. I bought a pair of pants and a very pretty blouse, in a different shop, "The Stichery," operated by Julie Yakimura.

We are out on the beach where the waves come rolling in and are getting bigger and bigger. The sand is wonderful to walk in and get good exercise. I took pictures of our beach cottage and surroundings.

Kapa is a little town not far from our cottage. Here are some sights we took in on the Island of Kauai: Hole in the Rock. An old Church - Kilauea. Kalihiway Valley. Princeville - Hanalei. Dry and Wet Caves. Bali High, North Coast. Waioli LDS Church.

We stopped at the Shell Restaurant for lunch.



We had a delicious dinner at the Spindrifter Restaurant. The Skimpy was super.

We went on a boat trip on the Wailua River to the fern grotto. This was a beautiful trip. The Fern Grotto, at the end of the river trip was very interesting. The hanging ferns were yards and yards long.

April 8, 1978: We lunched at the Plantation Gardens, a beautiful place on the opposite side of the island. That side does not compare in beauty to the side our beach cottage is on. The beaches, flowers and foliage on our side are super.

At night, we went to the Cocoa Palms Resort Hotel, in time for the torch ceremony and a tour of the beautiful grounds and building. We then went into a very crowded diningroom, but very attractive. The Mormon Group put on a show with Hawaiian dress, songs and dances. They first sang a welcome song. The second song was "Come Come Ye Saints. It was very thrilling."

All the time we were on the Island of Kauai, we drove a rented air-conditioned Mercury Sedan and went everywhere. Marlene and John did a lot of surf swimming and snorkeling, as well as jogging. We older ones majored in sunbathing, shell and coral research as well as hiking and sight-seeing. Geneve, at least, got her feet wet in the surf. In what swimming I did, I found the undertow to be mighty strong. As soon as we arrived on the Island, Geneve purchased a small booklet entitled, "Feel More At Home In The Islands with INSTANT HAWAIIAN." We found little use for it as the present inhabitants seemed to know the English language pretty well, particularly when they wanted to sell you something.

On May 11, 1978, we bid adieu to the garden island of Hauai and took a plane flight to the island of Oahu, landing at Honolulu. We rented another car and went directly to Laie, Hawaii, to the LDS Polynesian Cultural Center, which takes in acres. We obtained overnight apartment rooms nearby and then toured the fabulous center, depicting the culture/Of the various Pacific Islanders who attend the BYU here and are employed in various activities to work their way through school.

We took a tour of the beautiful LDS Hawaiian Temple. It was closed for temple ordinances, because of repair work. However, guided tours were allowed.

While Geneve, Marlene and John took in further activities<sup>es</sup> at the Cultural Center, I took a walk around the huge BYU Campus, and visited the BYU Book Store, which seemed to stock most everything. Typically Hawaiian, everyone seemed friendly. I decided to buy a BYU shirt for our grandson Michael Newman, who was then working in Salt Lake City, and taking care of our place during our absence. I didn't know what size Michael would take, so asked a very handsome dark-skinned Tongan of athletic build, what size he took. Speaking very good English, he told me. I then informed him why I wanted to know. We had a delightful talk and I learned that he was an outstanding athlete. Everyone around knew him.

Toward evening, a Mrs. Sylvia Boe and her daughter Barbara, came to our room. They were living somewhere near and had heard that some Newman's from Utah were visiting there. When she heard my first name, she said that we were distantly related, explaining that she was a half-sister of Bill Olsen, who is married to our niece, my sister Elizabeth's daughter, Margaret Hutchison Olsen. We had a wonderful visit with them. They presented to Geneve and Marlene, plumeria leis, they had made. Mrs. Boe, as I recall, said that her husband was a Sculptor and that he was doing some work for the Church there.

The four of us -- Marlene & John and Geneve & I, had a Hibiscus Buffet Dinner in the Polynesian Cultural Center and then occupied our reserved seats at \$8.00 per head, for the big nightly show. You would have to see it to believe it. There appeared to be hundreds there. A national convention of the Elks Fraternal organization had just ended in Honolulu and it looked like they, and other tourists stayed over for the show. It was a magnificent journey through Polynesian history as told by songs and dances. We thrilled with the performer<sup>s</sup>, dozens of the them, and with their performance.

To me, the highlight of the evening was when my Tongan friend at the BYU Bookstore, who was ushering or otherwise assisting with the show, spotted me in our reserved front-center seats and came over to see us. I introduced the others and he remarked, "You must be Mormons?" We responded affirmatively. He then told us that <sup>he</sup> and his wife, who was also from Tonga, were married in the LDS Hawaiian Temple just before it closed for renovation. After the show he was waiting for us outside. He bid us goodbye, told us how happy he was to have met us, and gave me a card with his name, local address and phone number, saying he would be happy to show us around the Island, or do anything for us. I gave him my card and a hopeful invitation that he and his wife would visit with us if they ever came to Salt Lake City. To me, that was a great ending for a most enjoyable day.

The next morning, May 12, 1978, we left Laie, Hawaii and for sight-seeing purposes, drove around the other side of the island back to Honolulu. There, we obtained rooms in the highrise Reef Hotel on Waikiki Beach. We had a beautiful view of the ocean swimming pool and huge patio. Also, I recall that we fed some very tame pigeons, on a small balcony, outside our room. There were dozens of them flying around twelve or more floors above the ground.

We took an interesting Naval Boat Tour of Pearl Harbor, the bombing of which by Japan brought the United States into World War Two. A tour of the Naval Museum containing relics of the bombing and the names of Naval and Army personnel who died in the attack. Closeby, under many feet of water, was the U.S. Battleship Arizona, which sunk as a result of the bombing. Later, the Navy made a couple of attempts to raise the vessel and retrieve <sup>the</sup> the dead crewmen. However, blowtorches being used by the workmen to gain entrance to the compartment containing the ship's crewmen, caused explosions and further loss of life. The Navy finally decided to seal up the ship and there she lies, faintly visible in Pearl Harbor.

The U.S. Battleship Utah, also bombed and it's crewmen killed, lies on it's side, some distance away.

The afternoon of May 12th was spent looking around<sup>ed</sup> Honolulu, with it's mixed nationalities. As far as I'm concerned, it is one crowded city. We went shopping in an area a few blocks from our hotel, but found the wares very mediocre. We found our best buys and best merchandise in the very attractive shops in our hotel.

The morning of May 13, 1978, we checked out of our hotel and in at the Airport some distance away. We immediately observed numerous booths where beautiful girls were selling Hawaiian leis. They were gorgeous. Geneve purchased a couple or three leis to take home on the plane. Marlene and John loaded up with several of them, as well as scads of grapefruit and other Hawaiian goodies to take home for friends and John's business associates. Geneve and I departed with a supply of shells and coral, a cutting from a Plumeria plant, which is the principal source for flowers composing the leis. I also managed to obtain a sample of sugarcane from one of the fields we visited while there. Just before boarding the plane home-bound, a couple of Hawaiiin beauties put lovely Plumeria Leis around the necks of Geneve and Marlene.

The flight to San Francisco took, I believe, about seven hours. Some of John's co-workers, who drove us from Napa to San Francisco, when we left for Hawaii, were on hand at the airport at San Francisco to return us to Napa. All in all, our Hawaiiin Vacation had been a delightful one.

We remained<sup>a short time</sup> at the home of Marlene and John in Napa, where we had left our car, and then took our time driving home, stopping overnight in, I believe, Elko, Nevada. Geneva made the following note: May 16, 1978: "Arrived home about 2:00 P.M. and took Michael by surprise. The house was a mess and Michael a very embarrassed boy. He later picked up his girl-friend Kristi, when she got off work. That evening we had dinner together here at home." Geneve added, and rightly so, "We were both very happy to be home."

About a month before we left home enroute to Hawaii, Geneve was asked to give a talk in our Holladay Ninth Ward Sunday School. It was Easter Sunday, March 26, 1978; Here is what she had to say on the subject of the "Resurrection":

"The darkest day in the history of the world was the day when Jesus Christ hung on Calvary. Easter, with His resurrection, gave assurance of a literal resurrection for all mankind.

A mother and child sat together in silence. The little boy had been ill á long time. He never had been ablt to play with the other children, but had watched them through the window. He and his mother had reasoned together about his illness and she had been able to answer most of his questions. One day he asked, "Mother, what is death?" To hide her anguish, the mother hurried to the kitchen under the pretext of looking at the dinner which was cooking on the stove.

With some composure she returned to her boy's side. He looked up her questioning, "Mother, what is death?" This was her reply:

"You know when daddy plays with you at night until you are tired and then you lie down on the couch in the living room. Sometimes you go to sleep there, as you do occasionally listening to the radio. Your daddy carries you into your little bed in your own room, and when you wake up in the morning, you find yourself in that other room. That is the way death is, you just go to sleep and when you awaken, God's arms are around you just like daddy's are here." The boy was satisfied.

Death is a sleep and an awakening. The awakening is as real as the sleeping. It is an awakening in/<sup>to</sup>a new world. But it/<sup>t</sup>is as real as anything we know in this life. In that other world, we discover that we do not lose our personalities, as some may say, but we are persons there as here. We have no need to fear it, for going there is a step in progress toward becoming like God.

There is another step in progress, however, after that. It is the Resurrection, the great event which brings the body and the spirit together again, never to be separated. Through the power of God, our bodies are brought forth from the grave, renewed to complete perfection, in every limb and part.

The question might be asked, "How can all this be? Are we sure of the facts? How can we tell? Perhaps the most logical way is to prayerfully review the early history of this Church containing the testimonies of our leaders, that many who have died have returned to earth, the foremost being the crucified Savior, himself. Others are, Moroni, John the Baptist, Peter, James and John and others. They came back as messengers from ~~from~~ God. Their appearance in modern times proves both immortality and the actuality of the resurrection. The Savior was the first to come forth from the grave, and in doing so, made it possible for all mankind to be resurrected. As the Savior has His own body, we shall have ours and ~~and~~ shall be known and recognized as He is.

Many in the world today have rejected belief in the resurr<sup>ect-</sup>ion. To them it is a fable. They regard Easter merely as a spring-time holiday.

As Latter-day-Saints, there should be no doubt. Life is real, death is real, the resurrection is real. None of the three should be doubted or feared.

Jesus Christ lives. He is the Son of God. He died on the cross for all mankind. He is the resurrection and the life. This is my testimony <sup>to you</sup> in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."



Sunday, July 16, 1978, started out as a beautiful day. Geneve and I felt fine and we loved the fine summer weather. I attended Priesthood Meeting in our Holladay Ninth Ward about 9:00 A.M. and we both attended Sunday School at 11:30 A.M. Early in the afternoon we had Michael and Kristi Lords over for dinner. Things look pretty serious with them. Kristi comes from a fine LDS family in Ashton, Idaho. According to our guests, Geneve served a delicious salmon dinner. L concurred with their evaluation. After dinner, Geneve and Kristi did the dishes. Michael and I kept out of their way.

At 5:00 P.M. the four of us attended Sacrament Meeting. It was a very fine meeting. As we parted company outside, after the meeting, Kristi recalls that Geneve kissed her for the first time. She appreciated very much her doing so. Kristi was then rooming with Connie, an older sister. Michael had a room in the University district. All three of them had jobs.

Shortly after returning home from Church Services, Geneve got a bite to eat, made a change in attire to pajamas, put on a <sup>silken</sup>purple robe with gold braid trim, my favorite, then settled down on a couch, in our reading and TV room. She stretched her legs, put her slippered feet on an ottoman, opened up the Sunday newspaper holding it with both hands, and settled back to read. Before sitting down she turned the TV on. It was possibly about 7:30 P.M., at that time.

Having a business letter to get out, I went downstairs, where I had a typewriter, finished the letter in thirty minutes or so. I looked in the TV room. Geneve was still holding the open newspaper with both hands. Her head was tilted back against the couch and her eyes were closed. Having <sup>ng</sup>seen her in that position many times, I thought she was asleep. I turned down the TV so as not to awaken her, and went out to the front room. Shortly, the telephone rang. I answered it in the kitchen. It was our good friend Ron Spratling, Sr. He wanted us to know that his mother-in-law, his wife Erma's mother, had died that day. We chatted for a few minutes. As soon as the conversation ended, I went to the TV room to inform Geneve. She was still in the same position on the couch and appeared to be sleeping. I called her by name but there was no response. I leaned over toward her and there appeared to be no sign of breathing. I felt one of her hands. It was cold and no pulse beat was evident. It was so unreal, My lovely, adorable wife was dead. To say that this experience was traumatic, would be putting it mildly.

I immediately endeavored to reach our family doctor and close friend, Dr. Anthony W. Middleton, Jr., who was also in our Ward Bishopric. However, there was no response to my telephone call. I called Robert and Lou Jean Tingey, who lived next door to the Middletons\*. I briefly mentioned the emergency and asked if they would endeavor to locate Dr. Middleton. I next called our good neighbors, Keith and Dorothy Woolley. Dorothy was then President of the Relief Society in our Ward. They came right over as did also our fine Bishop, Douglas Pierce and his wife, Sondra, who were notified. I also call<sup>ed</sup>ed Shawna and Gary, at their home in Orem, Utah. They came up as soon as they could.

Within a few minutes after I called the Tingeys', they appeared with Dr. Robert Bond, who lived in their neighborhood. They had been unable to locate Dr. Middleton. Dr. Bond immediately examined Geneve and verified her death. He advised that she had died of a Cardiac Arrest, and that she had been dead approximately one hour. I inquired whether she had suffered or experienced great pain. He replied negatively, saying that if this had occurred, she probably would have struggled to the floor and not be sitting so comfortably on the couch with a newspaper in her hands. This brought me considerable comfort.

Shawna and Gary arrived shortly. The Mackay Cottonwood Mortuary/<sup>of Holladay</sup> was summoned and took care of the body and funeral arrangements. With the assistance of Shawna and Gary, members of the family and intimate friends were immediately notified of Geneve's passing.

Fortunately, with our religious background, neither Geneve nor I had any particular fear of death. I always said that I would be going first, and in preparation, pretty well outlined my obituary. I also got Geneve to outline her's. I highly recommend this procedure, as time is of the essence, in preparing and announcing the funeral.

This is the obituary/<sup>notice</sup> regarding Geneve, which was promptly placed in the two Salt Lake City Newspapers -- The Deseret News and The Salt Lake Tribune:

GENEVE JACOBS NEWMAN

(with photo)

Geneve Jacobs Newman, 2616 Capricorn Way, died July 16, 1978, of natural causes. Born Salt Lake City, Utah, July 3, 1904, to Ernest E. and Annie Brown Jacobs. Attended schools in Salt Lake City and resided in the Waterloo and Whittier LDS Wards, before her marriage, August 3, 1926, to Jay C. Newman in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. While traveling extensively with her husband during his career with the FBI, served in various auxiliaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints in various parts of the country. After returning to Salt Lake City in 1938, served on the YWMIA Board of the Hillside Stake; was President of the Primary and YWMIA Organizations in the Wasatch Ward; moved to Holladay in 1954, where she first served as a Counselor in the Presidency of the Holladay 5th Ward Relief Society and then twice served as President of the Relief Society of the Holladay 9th Ward in the Olympus Stake. Was a member and former officer of the Twin Peaks Camp, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers; also Past President of the Women's Auxiliary, Utah Peace Officers Association. Survivors: husband; 2 sons, Jay C. Jr., Spokane, Washington, Keith L., Anaheim, California; 2 daughters, Mrs. John Q. (Marlene) Murdock, Napa, California, Mrs. Gary C. (Shawna) Smith,

Orem, Utah. Thirty grandchildren, seven Great-grandchildren.  
Funeral service/<sup>12 noon</sup>Thursday, July 20, Holladay Ninth Ward Chapel,  
4100 Camille Drive (4030 South 2500 East). Friends may call  
Wednesday 6 to 8 P.M. Mackay Cottonwood Mortuary, 4670 High-  
land Drive or at Ward Chapel 1 hour before service. Inter-  
ment Holladay Memorial Park.

Although sad, the Funeral date, July 20, 1978, was a lovely day. The Memorial Service Program, from 12:00 noon to 1:00 P.M., was as follows:

Officiating -- Bishop Douglas N. Pearce

Family Prayer -- Keith L. Newman

Prelude Music -- Afton Woffindenn

Invocation -- John Q. Murdock

Remarks -- Bishop Douglas N. Pearce

Vocal Duet-- Clara & Stuart McMaster

"I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked"

Speaker -- Foley C. Richards

Vocal Duet Clara & Stuart McMaster

"I Shall Not Want"

Speaker -- Bishop Tingey

Benediction -- Todd Newman

Postlude Music -Afton Wooffinden

Dedication of Grave - Gary C. Smith

Pall Bearers

Troy Smith                      Quinn Murdock

Tyler Smith                     Kory Murdock

Scott Murdock                  Michael Newman

(All Grandsons)

A Police Detail escorted the funeral cortege to the place of interment, The Holladay Memorial Park, where my lovely wife, Geneve, was buried in a Newman Family Plot, next to a space reserved for me. A lovely headstone with both of our names inscribed on it, marks the sacred spot of ground.

Our Ward Chapel, where the funeral was held, was completely filled. The very deserving tributes paid Geneve, were outstanding, as were also the vocal numbers rendered by the McMasters, who were our close friends in the Hillside Stake. The participation of family members in the services was very impressive. I'm sure everything was in keeping with Geneve's wishes.

The wonderful sisters of our Ward Relief Society, took care of the floral arrangements. They also took care of our home during the services and, after the Funeral, prepared and assisted in serving food for relatives of the family. For this purpose, tables and chairs were set up on our backyard patio.

As of possible interest, 352 persons signed the funeral viewing Register. Relatives and friends provided 64 lovely floral arrangements. A total of 84 persons expressed their sympathy in letters, cards, and gifts.

Our lovely, helpful daughters, Marlene and Shawna, sent notes of gratitude, for me, to all who had rendered service or otherwise expressed their sympathy at this crucial time.

Under date of August 10, 1978, I sent the following letter to the Doctor, who kindly came to our home the night of Geneve's passing:

Robert Bond, M.D.  
Salt Lake Clinic  
333 South 8th East  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84102

Dear Dr. Bond:

I wanted to send you this note to let you know of my deep gratitude in your responding to the request of Lou Jean and Bob Tingey that you come to my home the night of July 16th, in connection with the death of my wife.

As mentioned to you at that time, I thought she was merely taking a nap while looking at the daily newspaper, which both of us had done many times during our nearly 53 years of most enjoyable married life. I miss her beyond expression but have decided that if the choice is mine, that is the way I would like to go. Many thanks for your willingness to render this service. Please let me know what I owe you.

Gratefully yours,

Jay C. Newman

I received no service bill from Dr. Bond. When Thanksgiving day came around that year, I bought the best looking basket I could find, had it filled with delicious fruit and delivered it to his home. He was most appreciative. I learned through the Tingeys that Dr. Bond and his family are Seventh-day Adventists. They are highly regarded in the community, and rightly so.

I would like to include all of the expressions of sympathy<sup>H</sup> received, but will limit the history to two. One, sent from <sup>TURKEY</sup>Spain, with a <sup>D</sup>August 1, 1978 postmark, was written by our niece, Gaye Jacobs Reed, for both she and her husband Ken:

Dearest Uncle Jay: To hope somehow you'll understand what words can never say, and know the sympathy that goes to you and yours today.

We are very, very sorry to hear about Aunt Geneve. She has always been so special and dear in my life. Daddy (Geneve's brother Clarence) used to tell me stories about their escapades when they were little, and I think I loved her before I ever knew her.

Please accept our deepest sympathy and know that our love and prayers are with you. I wish so badly that I could have been home for the funeral.

Love always,

Ken & Gaye

The second one was written by Kathryn Brown Donogher, in behalf of Aunt Clare Brown's Family. The letter was dated July 23, 1978, and is as follows:



Dear Jay:

It is difficult to express how shocked and saddened we were to learn of the passing of dear Geneve.

Since childhood she has been a blessing in our family. Her beautiful countenance was matched only by her vibrant, charming personality and spiritual strength. Everyone who knew her loved and admired her, and her deep affection for you and your children.

May God bless and comfort you Jay. None of us has answers at times like these, but we do extend our love and sympathy to you and your dear ones.

Sincerely,

Aunt Clare Brown's Family

Kathryn Dale S.

Mark C. Geraldine

I'll renege, and add a third special family letter. It is dated Mesa, Arizona and is as follows:

Dearest Uncle Jay & Family:

So many years ago, I remember my very handsome uncle coming home from his mission. He brought excitement and joy to the farm and three females, Grandmother, Aunt Margaret and me.

One Sunday he brought the most beautiful girl in the world to dinner. She was out of a fairy story. She had raven hair. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were like pink velvet roses. Best of all she was always smiling or laughing. Her voice was low and musical.

I was enthralled. She let me hold her hand as Uncle Jay took her on a tour of the garden. I felt as tho he'd brought me a precious gift.

Years later she let me take care of Jay Jr. one afternoon. When she came home she brought me a lovely handkerchief that I still have.

I know the life of an FBI wife was not easy. However, on visits home Aunt Geneve was always cheerful and happy.

My remembrance of her is of a beautiful lady spreading a feeling of love, serenity, joy and laughter for all of us to enjoy and be comforted by. She was a great lady who gave much to those who were fortunate enough to know her. My memories of her are dear to me. Thank you Uncle Jay for bringing her into my life circle.

We love you and our prayers support you now and at all times.

Love,

Margaret Alice

(She is my sister Ethel's daughter)

The Employees of the Salt Lake City FBI Office sent condolences, and several Former Special Agents of the Bureau attended Geneve's funeral. The National "Grapevine" Magazine of the Former Agents Society, carried Geneve's Obituary in it's October, 1978 issue. The one writing up the obituary, in all probability a non-Mormon, indicated that she and I were married in the Mormon Tabernacle. I got quite a kick out of the error and am sure that the Mormon Former Agents did too.

Our Holladay Ninth Ward Newsletter of August, 1978, carried the following note: "We were, of course, greatly saddened at the death of Geneve Newman. Jay

and Geneve have long been held in our highest esteem, and our sincerest sympathy is extended to Brother Jay. We trust that the High Priests will provide as much comfort and assistance in helping Jay to adjust to his loss, as possible."

A few weeks before Genev's passing, we had two special days -- Mother's Day and Father's Day. On these days, we not only showed and told each other of our undying love, but always there was a greeting card at our place at the kitchen table. Also on special occasions, such as this, I had a corsag<sup>e</sup> for her to wear to Church, or other special places, where I could proudly show her off. Our birthdays also received special attention. Here is what her "Hallmark" card had to say to me on Father's Day, 1978:

A Special Father's Day Wish For My Husband

Dearest Jay:

My darling, words could never say  
How much you mean to me,  
How wonderful you've always been,  
How dear you'll always be,  
But I am sure you know somehow  
The things words can't express,  
And just how much I'm wishing you  
Every happiness.

Hope You'll Have a  
Wonderful Father's Day  
With all my love,  
Geneve

Geneve's birthday was July 3, 1978, just 13 days before she passed away. On that day, with a present, I gave her a greeting card reading as follows:

For My Wife  
With Love

Loving you has made my life  
As happy as can be  
And Darling, you will never know  
How much you mean to me  
For you're the most important part  
Of everything I do  
And I want nothing more than this -  
To go on loving you.

Happy Birthday, Darling  
All my love,  
Jay

A very unfortunate thing happened the evening of July 19, 1978, just the day before Geneve's funeral. Marlène, John and their family had come from their home in Napa, California to attend the funeral, and were staying at our place. We returned home from the viewing, and about nine P.M. I had a freak accident -- I slipped on the kitchen carpet and fell backwards, hitting the back of my head on the floor. The immediate pain was excruciating. It was feared that one or more of the five spinal fusions in my neck had been disturbed. My son-in-law Gary

Smith, drove me to the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City. We arrived about 10:30 P.M. Dr. Robert S. Hood, a Neuro-Surgeon, had x-rays taken of the spinal region of my neck. Fortunately, the examination of the x-rays/<sup>disclosed</sup> that the spinal fusions in my neck were still intact, but severe injury had been done to the nerves, cords and muscles in the back of my neck near the base of my skull. A sizable lump had developed in that area. The doctor prescribed ice-packs to reduce the swelling and provided me with a supply of pain pills to get me through Geneve's funeral.

Marlene stayed with me for several days after the accident and was most helpful. Shawna and Gary also rendered a great deal of service, for which I was very grateful. It was very painful for me to raise my arms to put on a shirt and, due to neck pain, I had to lie flat on my back with a large pillow under my head, in order to sleep. The pain was terrific when I tried to turn my head. At times I became very dizzy and had to use a metal walker to get around the house. Due to medication or the general condition of my health following the accident, I "blacked out" and fell a couple or three times, which didn't particularly help in my recovery. As an aid in relieving the neck pain, the doctor had me take a series of physical therapy treatments at St. Mary's Hospital here. I was also given alternating ice and heat applications. Gary and Shawna were of great help to me during this critical period.

Our grandson John Lyle Newman, (a son of Jay Jr. & Bonnie) who had come from Spokane, Washington to attend Geneve's funeral, remained with me until the end of August, that year. He was of great help to me. He returned to Spokane to re-enter school the fall quarter. Another grandson, Tyler Smith, then of Orem, Utah, stayed with me a couple of weeks or so, and was most helpful.

During the rather lengthy time I was experiencing this health difficulty, my Holladay Ninth Ward Bishopric and Priesthood leaders were very solicitous and helpful, as were/<sup>also</sup> my fine neighbors and host of friends.

Earlier in this history I mentioned that our grandson Michael Newman, lived in our home at the time Geneve and I took a trip to Hawaii. With further reference to Michael, he telephoned us from Spokane, Washington about the first of March, /<sup>1978</sup> informing that he planned on coming to Salt Lake City, to obtain a job and go to school. He inquired if he could stay with us until he got settled. We were delighted and informed him we would be happy to have him do so. He arrived sometime the first part of March. Not having seen him for several years we were surprised in his height and maturity. He was about 19½ years old; had graduated from High School and had a year of college training in Spokane. He obtained a job in Salt Lake City, in the field of electronics and lived with us until sometime in June, 1978, when he obtained a room in a residential home in one of the LDS University Wards. There, much to our hopes, he attended Church Services and, over a period of time, received the LDS Missionary Lessons and was converted. His

Grandmother and I were very happy with the progress he was making in this regard. His girl friend, Kristi Lords, who comes from a good LDS family in Ashton, Idaho, played an important part in this conversion.

Michael was Baptised in one of the LDS University Wards in Salt Lake City, on September 2, 1978. The same day, at Michael's request, I was very pleased to confirm him a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Kristi, Tyler Smith, a grandson, and I were present on this meaningful occasion, as were also a fine group of Ward officials and members. I'm sure Michael's grandmother would have liked to be present and would have been very proud of him.

Michael and Kristi Lords were married in a cultural hall of an LDS Ward in Ashton, Idaho on December 15, 1978. An LDS Bishop performed the Ceremony. Shawna, Gary and I attended the grand affair. The Cultural Hall was decorated beautifully and the bridal group most impressive.

Michael and Kristi were married in the LDS Salt Lake Temple September 22, 1979, for time and eternity. A son was born to them December 28, 1979. He weighed 6 pounds 5½ ounces and was 19 inches in length, according to the announcement I received. He was given the name, Michael Scott Newman, Jr.

In the Monthly Newsletter of the Holladay 9th Ward, it's Editor, Alice Thompson, wrote the following article in the July, 1979 Edition, based on an interview. From the standpoint of history I realize it is rather repetitious, but am including it herein as of possible interest:

"A chance to know you better, Bro. Jay Newman"

Jay was born in Holladay, December 1, 1899 and was the youngest of 11 Children. His family lived in a large 11-room red brick home located in the area where the Carriage Lane Condominiums are now situated. Jay's family owned 23 acres and as a boy he often herded the cows in the area around the home.

Jay had good parents. They were active in the Church and strong people of English-Scotch background. Jay recalls that it was usually his mother who did the disciplining, at his father's suggestion, but she disciplined with love and they were all pretty well behaved. He can remember an instance where a neighbor complained to his mother that Jay had allowed the cows to graze on her property. As Jay returned home and his mother was questioning him, he said something to his mother in his own defense. She was scrubbing the floor at the time, and she picked up a wet moprag and threw it directly across the room and hit him smack in the face. He said he never talked back to his mother again. She had a good right arm.

Jay said his father endeavored to get him interested in reading the Book of Mormon but was not having much success.



However, one day Jay was assisting in hauling some logs. One fell and crushed his foot, and, therefore he was laid up for some time. Of course, this was a good chance to read the Book of Mormon, but in no way did Jay want his father to know he was reading it. In answer to prayer he received a strong testimony of it's truthfulness.

Jay tells us the smartest thing he ever did in his life was to meet and marry his lovely wife, Geneve. She was the former Geneve Jacobs. Jay had returned froh his mission and was working with the FBI. Geneve was working at the time. She resided in the Whittier ward, and at the time was seriously interested in a good-looking fellow who was not a member of the Church. Jay knew the other fellow's good looks would be in his favor, but he knew Geneve's parents were strong LDS, and so with his missionary background he did have the inside track. He proposed to her and Geneve told him he would have to talk to her father. well, Bro. Jacobs proceeded to tell Jay what a wonderful girl/<sup>Geneve</sup>was and continued to shout her praises. After he had finished, Jay responded wit/<sup>h</sup>a classic statement: "Do you know, my Mother thinks a lot of me, too." His family still teases him about ~~about~~ this incident when they have get-togethers.

He recalls when he went to the county clerk's office to get the marriage license, he knew the Clerk, a Bro. Tanner lived in Geneve's ward. He walked up to him, showed his FBI badge, and proceeded to question him about all the Jacobs family. When he finally ended with Geneve, and had all good reports of each family member, he said, "well, I want a license to marry Geneve!" He and Brother Tanner got along pretty well after that incident.

Jay and Geneve were married August 3, 1926, in the Salt Lake LDS temple. He was employed by the FBI from 1925 to 1952, and was wounded in a gun battle with members of the notorious Dillinger gang in northern Wisconsin. After he retired from the FBI he was appointed Commissioner of the Utah State Dept. of Public Safety.

Jay has served many years in the Church; was President of the San Francisco Branch of the California Mission, and was the first Bishop of the San Francisco Ward; served in the Presidency of the Seattle Branch and on several High Councils. He is a member of several civic and law enforcement organizations, etc. He is just a great person, and a fine man to know.

Jay and Geneve had a wonderful life together for over 50 marvelous years. They have 2 sons and 2 daughters and proud of their 30 grandchildren and 7 great-grandchildren.

We all miss Geneve since her sudden passing. She was a joy to know.

We thank you, Bro. Newman, for sharing some of these incidents from your colorful life. You are a good friend, we're glad to know you."

Picking up some notes out of my files, I found some items of possible interest -- some old, some new. The first is in reference to a missionary farewell testimonial for my eldest sister, Elizabeth Newman Hutchinson, held in the Holladay First Ward Chapel, Sunday, June 24, 1962, prior to her departure for the Florida Mission. As one of the speakers, I had this to say:

"I feel highly honored that our missionary, who is my sister, asked that I say a few words on this occasion. Inasmuch as the missionary always has the last word at a farewell testimonial, I assure you that I shall endeavor to be judicious in my remarks and refrain from revealing family secrets.

This Chapel holds fond memories for the Newman family. Our pioneer parents raised a family of 6 sons and 3 daughters. Twin girls died at berth. Elizabeth was the eldest girl and I the youngest family member. It was here we all worshiped. We had the best parents in the world, except of course, your own. They were very devout, faithful members. This will make the 9th mission accepted by family members, the second one by Elizabeth.

In our family life, Elizabeth had 5 older brothers to put up with. I'm sure that wasn't easy at times. You can see how far down the line I was. Being the last, I had a ringside seat to this family life. As I saw it, Elizabeth, early had and developed traits which, today, stands her in good stead as a missionary.

As a girl she was rather quiet, thorough, studious, religious and dependable. I'm sure these traits have always been part of her life. She early grasped the value of a good education, having graduated from the University of Utah. She taught in the elementary schools for several years; served her first mission for the Church from 1917 to 1919 in the Central States. A couple of years later she married Oliver Hutchinson, who had filled a mission in the Central States the same time as she.

Because Elizabeth was one of the more stable, reliable members of the Newman family, I decided at an early age that she was a good family member to have on your side. Father and mother, I noted, were inclined, and I believe rightly so, to listen more to her than to some of the rest of us.

Reminiscing nostalgically to our early family life I can think of no one who had the ability to concentrate more than my sister Elizabeth. Every chance she got she was reading a book. She was uncanny in her ability to answer you without losing her trend of thought or her place in the book. Sometimes this was very convenient, as she was able, at times, to read uninterruptedly while the dishes were being done.

Seriously, I recently had occasion to converse with a woman who does a lot of genealogical research work. She is the wife of a Salt Lake City attorney. She commented that she had never seen anyone with the knack and

know-how of such research as that possessed by Elizabeth. In personally viewing the results of their genealogical research work, I believe that the excellency plaudit would aptly apply to my sisters Elizabeth and Margaret.

As a family we are very proud of Elizabeth, who at age 72 is leaving to fulfill this mission. She has made the gospel an integral part of her life and will be preaching what she has practiced. We pray that she wil<sup>l</sup>/have joy, succes<sup>s</sup>/and good health. Our faith and prayers go with her.

May I leave with you my testimony that the Gospel is true; that this is our Savior's Church, and that in performing missionary work we are doing what our Heavenly Father wants us to do."

## The Farm

It was always my hope and that of Geneve, that we would be able to keep the remainder of our farm property in the family. At this time it consisted of about three-fourths of an acre. We had numerous purchase offers but chose not to part with it. We had the place completely fenced with an Acme five-foot chain-link fence, with a substantial chain-link gate, which we kept locked when not in use. This must have been quite a surprise to people in that area as they had little trouble getting over or through the old barbed wire fence and taking a short-cut to school, visiting a neighbor across the way or possibly sampling some of our fruit or vegetables. I continued to take care of the property, occasionally having some tractor or cultivating work done and the fruit trees sprayed. Geneve and I, after our two sons and two daughters married, continued to harvest the fruit and vegetables. She did a superb job putting up oodles of bottles.

After Geneve's sudden passing in 1978, and my neck injury, I found it too strenuous to farm the place properly, so took in some of the splendid people of my Holladay Ninth Ward, on a share basis. These included Ken and Karla Cordery, Reed Randall, Marc Flack and Jede Ellis. It was a very productive period.

During the spring and summer of 1979, an effort was made by me, with the help of Shawna and Gary, to keep the place up. Although we had what fruit and vegetables we could use, the weeds were gradually winning.

In the early spring of 1981, Shawna and Gary asked me if I would consider selling this property to them. They had an enthusiastic desire to purchase it and to build a fine home there. I told them that I would consider the matter and let them know. After giving the matter prayerful consideration, I felt favorably of the idea that ownership remain in the family, and felt Geneve would also favor this. Accordingly, on April 10, 1981, I sold the land to Shawna and Gary under a conditional sales contract. On July 21, 1981, a ground breaking ceremony was held at the farm. Shawna, Gary and all their family members were present. I attended as an invited guest. Gary, with shovel in hand, endeavored to dig up the first shovel-full of soil, but the ground was too hard. Amid picture taking, we settled for a smaller amount of soil. With raised glasses of grape juice, I gave a toast for the success of the home-building project and for the happiness of the family members who would occupy the new home.

Shawna, who studied architectural designing at Brigham Young University, planned and designed the home. Gary had the grounds professionally landscaped.



As a possible addition to the family history of the Newman family, I, Jay, Sr., on March 23, 1984, submit the following which has to do principally with Anthony Ray Newman, nicknamed "Tony", one of the sons of Jay, Jr. and Bonnie Newman, who was about 5 years old when his parents were separated from the Church and the family left Midvale, Utah and settled in the North West part of the Country.

Geneve and I had a practice of sending a birthday card, with a dollar bill enclosed to all of our Grandchildren. Occasionally, the recipient would send an acknowledgement. About the first part of of the year 1983, I learned through Tony's brother, Michael, that Tony had joined the Church. I inquired about this in my birthday greeting card to Tony commemorating his 23rd birthday on February 24, 1983. In a letter mailed from Seattle, Washington May 25, 1983, Tony thanked me for the birthday cards and said that he appreciated them although he had not shown it. In that letter Tony also informed that he had been baptized on July 19, 1981, in Seattle, Washington, by Brent Calderhead, a priest in the Seattle 11th Ward, and that he was confirmed the same day by Elder John Shannon, a full-time missionary, who also conferred the Aaronic Priesthood and ordained him to the office of Priest.

In this letter to me Tony indicated that he wanted to go on a mission and inquired about the possibility of obtaining some financial support.

Under date of June 5, 1983, I wrote the following letter to Tony: "My Dear Grandson: Today is Sunday. I have been to Priesthood meeting and Sacrament meeting in my Ward. Now is a good time for me to meditate and reply to your letter post-marked May 25, 1983. I would like you to take what I have to say in the proper spirit and realize that I have your interests at heart both in this life and hereafter. You have been very special to me eversince as a toddler you fell into the hot coals of an unattended bonfire in the backyard of your family residence. As I recall, your mother telephoned your Grandma Newman and you were rushed to a Doctor and then to the Children's Primary Hospital here in Salt Lake City. I still remember our prayers in your behalf and our hospital visits. You were special to us, enduring all the pain and suffering courageously. For record purposes, I appreciate very much receiving the information from you concerning your baptism and confirmation into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I was also happy to note that you have been ordained to the office of a Priest in the Aaronic Priesthood. That's fine. I commend you very highly on your desire to serve a mission for the Church and it is possible that I may be able to furnish you financial help in the mission field after your Bishop has interviewed you and recommended you to the proper authorities of the Church. At this time I also have a few questions and suggestions. Your Grandmother Newman and I were heartbroken when your father and mother disagreed with the position of the then General Authorities of the Church relating to plural marriage and, like many others down through the years, were excommunicated from the Church. This resulted in loss of the Priesthood or the authority to act in God's name. The question of whether a person believes in polygamy is asked of every mission <sup>of</sup> temple applicant. If the applicant believes in poly-

2) gamy, the application is denied. In earlier days of the Church it was practiced to some extent before being outlawed. I mention this as your Bishop will ask about it. You mentioned in your letter having some trouble with tithing. The Lord is a good paymaster and when we pay our tithing as we should He makes it possible to increase our earning power. I can attest to that in my own life. I am very glad to be a full tithe payer. Do you attend your Ward meetings regularly? In attending and participating in Priesthood meeting, Sunday School, Sacrament meeting and young people's activities of the Ward, is where we learn the basic knowledge of the Gospel which helps us to be successful missionaries. I was about your age, 22, when I went on a two-year mission for the Church. I served two years in the Southern States Mission, principally in North Carolina. Another question and some suggestions given in the spirit of helpfulness. What Church books do you have and read? You will never be sorry for putting all your spare time in Gospel study and in becoming more proficient in the basic skills of reading, writing and spelling. Such activity will make missionary work more interesting and rewarding, if and when a call does come. Let's keep in touch, Tony, and write each other often and regularly. My love and best wishes to you. Sincerely, Grandpa Newman.

In a letter to me dated June 14, 1983, Tony said that when he was about 10 years old he had a desire of sometime going on a mission for the Church, but because of his parents falling away, he realized that it might not be possible. He also mentioned in his letter that the last time he visited here several years ago, he wanted to be baptized, but, having mixed emotions, he decided to wait. Upon returning to Seattle, he attended meetings in the Seattle Eleventh Ward for 2 or 3 months, took the missionary discussions and then joined the Church.

In his letter Tony also said that through prayer and study of the Doctrine and Covenant he was convinced that polygamy was wrong. He referred in his letter particularly to the 21st verse of the 58th section which states: "Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land."

Tony also answered favorably in this letter and in another one Postmarked in Seattle August 6, 1983, all the questions I had about his activities and interest in the Church.

Inasmuch as Tony was holding down 3 jobs and had a number of outstanding debts he had been financially unable to repay, it was considered advisable that he move down here where it would not cost him anything for room or board, and where he could no doubt get a job and pay off his creditors, before achieving his mission goal. I discussed Tony's status and missionary aspirations with his Ward Bishop in Seattle, by telephone and also conferred with my Holladay 9th Ward Bishop, Reed Randall. Tony moved here from Seattle, in September, 1983. I served as his banker, without interest. He obtained a job at the Engh Villiage Market, a mile or so away. I was also able to pay him for some repairs around our home.

3) Tony was an active Ward member and was well liked in the Ward and at work. With a little close management and frugality, he was able, eventually, to pay off his Seattle indebtedness, pay his tithing and clear his financial obligation to me for loans. In order to improve his basic skills, principally in reading, writing and spelling, he took some night classes at the Granger High School. He also took 2 classes, twice a week relating directly to missionary work. This was at the LDS Institute of Religion on the University of Utah campus. His Aunt Shawna Smith, who was taking classes at the Institute, helped Tony a great deal by furnishing the transportation.

In connection with his desire to serve a mission, Tony met with Bishop Randall of the Holladay 9th Ward on several occasions. The Bishop was most helpful. He was also passed on favorably by President Ned B. Combs, of the Olympus Stake and by the Stake High Council. Tony received his mission call from the General Authorities of the Church, January 26, 1984. It was to the California San Bernardino Mission for a period of 18 months. He was instructed to report to the Missionary Training Center, March 22, 1984, between 8:30 and 9:00 A.M. He was favorably passed on in a Stake meeting, also in our Ward Sacrament meeting, to receive the Melchizedek Priesthood and be ordained an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This took place in a special circle of Stake and Ward Melchizedek Priesthooders in Bishop Randall's Office, February 12, 1984. At Tony's request, I did the ordaining. I held the office of High Priest.

Tony's farewell was held in conjunction with our Ward Sacrament Meeting, Sunday, March 11, 1984. Bishop Randall presided. The Chapel was filled. The program was carried out in conformity with Tony's wishes. His Aunt Shawna Smith, gave the opening prayer. His brother, Michael Newman, was the first speaker. Sister Judy Richards, rendered a vocal solo, accompanied at the piano by Judy's daughter, Wendy. I spoke briefly, followed by Tony. His Uncle, Gary Smith, gave the closing prayer. Through the courtesy of Gary and Shawna Smith, an open house was held that afternoon at their spacious home at 4314 South 2300 East, which is a few blocks from our chapel. Numerous friends of Tony's were there, including quite a few of the Farringtons, on the side of Tony's mother, Bonnie Farrington Newman. It was a grand affair. Over a hundred people attended the affair.

Tony was scheduled to be set apart<sup>for his Mission</sup> by Olympus Stake President Ned B. Combs, the evening of March 21st, at the Stake Center. However, due to his being called away on an emergency, President Combs took care of this matter at our home at 7:10 A.M. March 22, just before Tony left for the MTC. Bishop Reed Randall, Gary Smith and I joined in the prayer circle. Tony was safely delivered to the MTC at the appointed time March 22nd by Shawna, her returned missionary son, Troy Smith, and I. Along with an auditorium filled with new missionaries, parents and friends, were treated to an interesting movie and lecture about the MTC. Parents and friends then had to bid the missionaries adieu so they could get down to the training work. We gave Tony a hug and wished him well. I'm banking on his being an excellent missionary.

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Tony has the knack of making lasting friends. As an example, his roommate in Seattle, Brent Calderhead, a priest in the Eleventh Ward there, later became a U.S. Army Paratrooper, stationed in Georgia. His outfit carried out the initial assault on the raid on the Island of Grenada, preparatory to the arrival of the Marines. After completing this assignment, Brent returned with his outfit to their Georgia Base. Brent and another paratrooper were then assigned recruiting duties to appear before High School assemblies in this part of the country. While in this area he called on Tony and we spent a most interesting evening at our home.

Elder John Shannon of St. George, Utah, the full-time missionary, who gave Tony the Gospel discussions in Seattle, and who baptized and confirmed <sup>him</sup> a member of the Church, attended Tony's missionary farewell.