

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, ^{where they} 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, ^{young Dillinger} 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 ^{bank robbery and} murder, became affiliated with ^{the} Dillinger Gang. There was also a large reward outstanding for his capture.

Easter Sunday, April 22, 1934, found ^{Geneve, the two boys and myself,} /s/ 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 ⁹ The caller was Special Agent in Charge Melvin Purvis, 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 th^{at} 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^{rs}, 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^{again} 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 Rhinelander, 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 Rhinelander, 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^u 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^s 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^a 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^y 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^d cover th^e rear 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^r 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 Hanni 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 by Mr. Hanni and Agent Dodd of the Saint Paul office, in company of Deputy Sheriff Christensen to the Raushlin 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 three-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 that I would make it but that Christensen had lost so much blood that 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 stitches, 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 back 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 of 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 opportunity 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/^{concerned}relatives, friends and officials, extending well-wishes, and greatly appreciated their thoughtfulness.

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:

(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, I laid 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. Unbeknown 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 occurred 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^{owner} 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/^{toy} 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/^{I believe} the first celebrity to advertise the breakfast cereal "wheaties", and during world war two was in the Adjun/^{ct} 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,/^{Purvis} 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/^{the} 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 ^{government} purchase orders, etc. I soon acquired a female stenographer and a male clerk, and was in business. In its 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 in a nearby hotel it would be worth my time. I took 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 ^{in Chicago,} 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 ^{Erie.}

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.