

I was born in Sherman, Grayson County, Texas, May 25, 1891, the eldest child of May Tutt and Washington Lee Winstead. My mother was born in Whitesboro, Grayson County, Texas. My father was born in the vicinity of Nebo, Kentucky. My maternal grandmother nee Rosa Thomas came with her family to Missouri near Clinton or Nevada. When very young she married M. R. Tutt of Clinton, Missouri, whose father was A. M. Tutt, a colonel in the Confederate Army. However, he practiced law in Clinton, Missouri, for a number of years prior to the Civil War and died in Arkansas of a fever during the war. After the war, grandma and her husband moved to Texas in a covered wagon and settled at Granbury but later moved to Whitesboro, Texas. While living in Whitesboro she and her husband were divorced. She subsequently married C. W. ^{DATSELL} ~~Batsell~~(?) a businessman of Sherman, Texas. After my father died in 1901 we lived with grandpa and grandma and after mother married again I remained with grandpa and grandma and they reared me. There is lots more but the above may be too much.

Now, about my earliest recollection. (long lapse) window from which the pane was broken out and you stood on a chair to reach up and stuff a pillow in the opening. She looked at me queringly and replied, "Son, you can't remember that, you were only a year old and we were living in Archer City." I did remember it and I still do remember it to this good day. My paternal grandparents Dabney and Valeria Winstead lived in a log house at ~~Hazel~~, Texas about 16 miles north of Ft. Worth. ^{AZLE}

I started to school in 1898 and attended parochial school known as St. Joseph's Academy in Sherman. Mother had attended that school when she was a little girl. She was very prejudiced in favor of the Catholic schools

instead of the public schools. While still living with grandpa and grandma, that is mother and the rest of our family, mother took me out of the Catholic school and started me in public school which was a free school. However, we lived outside the city limits and she had to pay tuition for my brother and ME. Later on I went to a private school for boys, Captain J. H. Lataylor(?)^{LETILLIER} at Sherman and did very well until one afternoon. There was an algebra class and we stood along the wall by the blackboard to work out the problems. Well, there was one given to me that I couldn't work. I used all the blackboard there was and finally gave up. The Captain called on a little bitty fella about half my height and told him to work the problem and in just a few seconds he had it worked in a very small area on the blackboard. When he had finished, Captain Lataylor said, "Charlie, I'd be ashamed if I was a great big old boy like you to let a little bitty fella like Eli turn me down." I was kinda mad so I said, "I'd just as soon be turned down by a little bitty fella as a great big fella." He said, "Get your books and go home and don't come back to this algebra class." Then I stayed away from school but I didn't say anything about it at home. One day Captain Lataylor^{LETILLIER} was in town and grandpa asked him how Charlie was getting along in school and he said, "Why, Charlie hasn't been to school for some time." So that night he accused me of hanging around the pool halls. I denied it and he asked me what I had been doing. I said, "Well, I've been working for some fellas and got some cattle." Later on grandpa put up \$500 for me and an elderly man, cow buyer; to go into business and we did. We bought cattle and shipped them to Ft. Worth. The last trail herd that went North from Sherman was owned by a fella by the name of Roy something. They drove those cattle to Wapanucka, Oklahoma, up a railroad right of way which was being worked on and put in shape at that time. The railroad was

known as the (lapse). This partner of mine in the cow buying business was Tom Hayes and Roy Polder(?) who owned the cattle that were trailed up to Wapanucka, Oklahoma, over the M.O. & G. Railroad right of way. Old (lapse) buy the cattle and apparently was unable to meet his payment when the mortgage became due. The commission house took the cattle over and they sent my partner Hayes up to Wapanucka to take charge of the cattle during the winter before they were shipped out the next spring. That ended our partnership. In later years, Tom, who was pretty bad about fighting, got in trouble with the Sheriff at Sherman and was shot and killed on Houston Street.

Well, before that, however, I had gone to Muskogee, Oklahoma, to work for a former attorney from Sherman by the name of Montgomery. While in Muskogee a city election was held and Mr. Montgomery was the Democratic representative. Mr. Montgomery was the County Chairman for Muskogee County for the Democratic Party. While in Muskogee I had occasion on that election day to take some ballots to a ballot box and there I met Uncle Bud Ledbetter who was one of the outstanding Deputy United States Marshals under Judge Parker known as the "hanging judge" who had jurisdiction over the entire Indian territory.

Also there was an interesting case pending at that time in which the government was involved. A man by the name of Torrens had given to his nephew whose name also was Torrens, a city lot with a house on it. He did not execute a deed in his nephew's favor. The government came along later and desired the property on which to erect a federal building. The young Torrens refused to give possession of the property so the government got a court order some way or another and put rollers under the house and just

moved it out into Okmulgee Avenue. The case became rather famous under the name of the Dove Coat(?) Case. In the meantime, while the case was pending, the house had to be moved occasionally. They would move it way out to the city limits a short distance at a time on Okmulgee Avenue and when they reached the city limits they'd start back and move it back down toward town. Young Torrens was fearful for his life so he would leave his wife and baby at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Montgomery and get me to go over there and sleep in the house on Okmulgee Avenue.

I later worked for a short while for the St. Louis Bridge and Iron Company which corporation was erecting a bridge across the river between Ft. Gibson and Muskogee. Then I returned to my home at Sherman, Texas. There I worked for the Barge Forbes Cotton Company(?) and was working for them when I left and went to Brownsville to be with my grandpa and grandma who had moved down there from Sherman. Subsequently, they moved back to Sherman where grandpa opened up a moving picture show. We stayed in Sherman then for some time and moved back to Brownsville. In the meantime I had gone down to Houston and gone to work for my uncle in the Cottonbelt Railroad office but the nepotism law (lapse). Then later on I quit there and went to work for the Southern Pacific Steamship Company. That was in Galveston and after one big stormy night when I had to work and wade across that Gulf to get back to the mainland, I decided to quit and go to Brownsville to grandpa and grandma, which I did. After being in Brownsville for some time I went to work for a Mr. Skelton who was building an abstract title plant and at the same time had a contract with Cameron County to collect delinquent taxes. That resulted in law suits against the property and the owners which resulted

in orders of sale for nonpayment of the taxes. The Sheriff, Carl T. Ryan, of course, had a lot of extra work to do and he employed me to help him. Well, I remained with him as a Deputy for something like three years until he was defeated in the primary election for Sheriff by Deputy United States Marshal W. T. Van. I then went to work for a Mr. Ford who was engaged in the abstract business and was connected in some way with Judge James B. Wells' law office. He had a contract to collect delinquent taxes in Hidalgo County, the County Seat of which is Edinburg.

Right here I'd like to tell you something about Edinburg. It was established by a man by the name of Dennis Chapin who was a native of my hometown, Sherman, Texas. He formerly had been in partners with my Uncle Jim in the livery stable business but some difficulties arose and he moved to Oklahoma and then from there went to South Texas. In fact I think he went to Matamoris, Mexico, and opened a gambling hall. After some period of time, he formed an association with Judge James B. Wells. As he had been reared by his father in an abstract office he opened one in connection with Judge Wells' law office. From there he advanced up to Hidalgo County. The County Commission provided funds or bond issue of some sort and they built a nice Courthouse. The County Seat was located down on the river at a town named Hidalgo and one night he and various other citizens went down to Hidalgo and stole the county records and moved them up to the new Courthouse at Chapin, that was the name of the new town. Dennis finally got in trouble by killing a Ranger by the name of Roundtree. He lost face and I guess all his money and they changed the name then from Chapin to Edinburg and that still is the name of the County Seat of Hidalgo County, Texas.

I'll try to get back to my story now. The reason the Sheriff Ryan lost his race for Sheriff to Van, was on account of a shooting scrape which took place between the Sheriff's Office or Sheriff's Deputies and the police department in which the night lieutenant of the police force was killed. Sheriff Ryan was shot in the right hand and a Deputy by the name of Joe Longury(?) was shot in the finger, right hand. So, Van paid Ryan \$1000 in three payments of \$333 each to resign so the County Commissioners could appoint him to fill his unexpired term prior to the general election.

I then went to work for this Mr. Ford. While working for him up at Edinburg, he called me on the phone and told me to catch the afternoon train from Brownsville to Houston but to get off at Robstown and go over to Bishop. Well, I got on the train at ^{HORINGEN} Holengin(?) main line and, of course, Mr. Davenport was on the main line going up to Bishop and he and I went on up there. The reason for that was that Bishop, a man by the name of Bishop, had purchased some land from Mrs. King of the King Ranch. He had established a town called Bishop and promoted the sale of land, real estate lots, and built a hotel but had gone bankrupt. Judge Wells' office was employed, of course, to protect Mrs. King's interests. I remained there for some time.

Later on Woodrow Wilson had appointed a man named John Green as United States Attorney for the Southern District of Texas at Houston. Corpus and Brownsville both were in the Southern District. Well, the Federal Grand Jury had indicted 42 Democrats for election fraud in connection with the general election in which Woodrow Wilson won the race. We were there, Mr. Davenport, Judge Wells, a Mr. Clayburg and Mr. Jim Daughtery of Beeville and various other attorneys of some prominence in South Texas. I remember

Mr. Garner came. He was a Representative at that time and a very good friend of Judge Wells and also a Democrat. He came from Washington to be there for part of the case. The Department of Justice agent who investigated those election fraud cases was named Charlie Brenniman. He died a few years ago in Denver as I remember and he was a fine man. I worked with him after I got into the FBI. Well, he was standing in the hall of the Federal Building while the trial was going on one day. One of the defendants had taken on too much of a load of liquor and made the statement in his presence that, "Yes, I paid a lot of poll taxes and handed them out to various Mexicans so they could vote for the Democrats." Brenniman testified about that and this gentleman was the only one who was convicted out of the 42. That case was popularly known as the "Forty-two Case."

I hope this is not a repetition but I want to go back to my first trip to South Texas. I sold a little Indian Appaloosa pony for \$65 and spent that money to go to San Benito, Texas, where my uncle was stationed in the Customs Service.

On one occasion he took me up to ^{WABLINGEN} Helengin which was the town north of San Benito started by Mr. Lon C. Hill. Mr. Hill wore his hair long, down on his shoulders like an old mountaineer. In after years I did a lot of abstract work for him. He was selling out the land in that area, and on that occasion my uncle who was in the Customs Service went, of course, to the Ranger camp. It was a little building with a brush corral and Captain Johnson was the Captain of that Company. Of course the Rangers were sent out in singles or pairs to various places in the country to maintain the peace and make arrests and so forth. On that trip I saw my first bull fight at Matamoros, Mexico, on

Cinco de Mayo, that's the fifth of May, a national holiday in Mexico.

While visiting there in San Benito, this man previously mentioned, Dennis Chapin, came to San Benito with his wife. They came to Uncle Jim's house and ate dinner. We were all kind of on our P's and Q's because Dennis had a reputation of being a killer and tough and he and Uncle Jim had had that misunderstanding back in Sherman a good many years previously. But everything went off fine and we enjoyed the day very much.

Well, I returned to Sherman and then as heretofore stated, finally went back to Brownsville. When I went back to Brownsville it was a pretty tough kind of place. They kept a Ranger Company there, if this is not a repetition, to keep the peace between the police department and the sheriff's department. On one occasion one night Harry Wallace, an ex-Ranger, and one of A.Y. Baker's brothers, got in an argument at the White Elephant Saloon which was operated by the Kreshalls(?). One of the Kreshalls was the Chief of Police. A shootin scrape ensued and Baker was shot in the leg just above or below the knee and went to the hospital. A. Y. Baker was the Sheriff at Edinburg. Someone phoned him and he jumped in an old Ford car and brought Paul McAlister to Brownsville. They got in way late or early the next morning. A.Y. went out to the hospital and saw his brother Alfred and said, "Ah, a little shot like that wasn't going to hurt a Baker." So during the day A.Y. got pretty drunk and about dark he and a bunch of officers loaded up in hacks and started roving around the city. The mayor, Mr. Kowalski(?) had appointed alot of extra policemen, most of them Mexicans. They ran and got in an alley and A.Y. went by in his hack. He saw 'em and jumped out and scared them all to death and then got in his hack and went on. They shot up part of the red light district that night but everybody had a pretty good time.

A.Y. stayed around a few days. Captain Fox and the Ranger Company was in Brownsville at that time with some of his Rangers. After celebrating a day or two Baker went back to Hidalgo and left Paul McAlister in Brownsville. Sometime thereafter Chief of Police Kreshall was walking down the east side of Elizabeth Street. Paul was sitting facing west on the west side of the street in front of the saloon. Paul raised up and whirled and shot Kreshall in the center of the street as Kreshall came toward him. McAlister was charged, and a change of venue was granted. He was sent to Hallettsville and remained there in jail for quite awhile before he was tried and acquitted. He then went to work for Archie Parr, a highly respected citizen of San Diego, Duval County, Texas. That was after the First World War started and I was stationed in Waco at Camp MacArthur. He and a companion were in Corpus Christi. I read in the newspapers that he and his companion came out of a red light district house and ran into an ex-Ranger by the name of Bledsoe~~ed~~ and a companion or two. A shootin scrape took place and the reports were that all participants were killed.

Prior to that, while I was a Deputy Sheriff under Carl Ryan at Brownsville, Levi Davis and Sam McGee had been to Paul McAlister's trial, which at that time was postponed. They were on their way back to the lower Rio Grande and went through Corpus on their way from Hallettsville back to South Texas. They stopped over in Corpus Christi and went to a saloon operated by Ryan's brother-in-law, Jim Herrit. Now this may be a repetition, I don't remember. Herrit had been a Ranger and was a long-time associate of Levi Davis and Sam. A misunderstanding arose and Levi shot and killed Jim Herrit. He was later judged insane and incarcerated for awhile and then released and went up into the oil fields. Of course, this is heresay on my part. Afterwards he came back down to Kennedy Junction and in front of a statue of some patriot he took

a straight edge razor out of his pack and cut his throat, thereby committing suicide.

Several years prior to the above, Henry Ransom and Jiles Baker were together in Houston. They were Rangers and they shot and killed on the street an attorney. In the subsequent trial, I don't know about Baker, but Henry Ransom was acquitted. When Jim Ferguson was elected Governor of Texas for the first time, he appointed Henry Ransom as a Ranger Captain. Ransom was on the border when these Mexican bandits wrecked a train between Brownsville and San Benito. He some years afterwards was in a hotel in some town out on the plains in Texas and a shootin scrape started. He stepped out into the hall, and as I understand it, caught a stray bullet. At any rate, he was killed.

Before I became Deputy Sheriff, I was employed by one Judd Dubois, who as I remember was a cousin of Jay Frank Doby. Mr. Dubois was the Immigrant Agent in Charge. The uprisings in Mexico had caused quite a few aliens to slip over the border into Texas. There had been some that had been apprehended and he was holding them on the river bank at the Immigration Station. He employed a cousin of mine, myself, and another man by the name of Gay to guard them. We had eight hours duty apiece. After hearings, the aliens were ordered deported and we took them to Galveston and put them on a German ship to be taken back to their respective countries.

After I went to work for Mr. Ryan as a Deputy, Judd Dubois' brother, Ed, got an appointment in the Customs Service in Brownsville. He received a letter to come to an upstairs hotel near the railroad station. He showed the letter to his brother Judd. Judd stuck a 45 pistol in his waistband and went with him. This was an upstairs hotel and he started up the stairway. As he

got about half way up a man leaning over the stairway from the top, shot and hit Dubois right between the eyes. Dubois jerked his pistol out and shot and wounded the man who had shot him. Ed Dubois managed to gain the upstairs lobby of this hotel and shot and killed his brother's assailant. The Chief Deputy Sheriff, Pay Haley and myself were the first to arrive at the scene of the crime. We found Judd Dubois' body lying about half way up the stairway, and he was dead.

At this juncture, I would like to say some more about our family in Grayson County. Grandpa had a brother-in-law by the name of Mark Aires. He had been, until my cousin and I took a subcontract under Franklin Pierce, an attorney at Brownsville who had the contract with Willacy County to prepare from the Cameron County real estate records, real estate records. Maybe I can straighten that out for you. We took the sub-contract from Franklin Pierce to compile from the records in Cameron County the land titles to those properties which had been incorporated into the new county of Willacy, formerly a part of Cameron County. So I took a job at \$75 a month. At the time, we were making, my cousin and I, under our subcontract, around \$250 a month apiece.

After working in the local Quartermasters Office in Brownsville for about 2 months, I was ordered to report to the Quartermasters Office at Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas. My wife and I moved up there and I remained there until after the Armistice. In the meantime, I had been appointed, and accepted the appointment, as an Army Field Clerk which rank later became known as the grade of Warrant Officer.

I was ordered after the Armistice to meet Colonel Charles D. Palmer at Spartanburg, South Carolina, and travel with him to various camps. Colonel Palmer and I returned to Camp MacArthur and upon arrival there were

informed that the camp was to be abandoned. He ordered me to be ready to leave in two days for a trip that would eventually end up in Washington. We shipped some of our personal belongings to Fredericksburg, Texas, to my wife's brother's store and some to Sherman, Texas, to my mothers. My wife went to Sherman and stayed until I had a chance for at least a temporary settlement. That temporary settlement was Washington, D. C., where we remained for something over a year.

Plan of demobilization for the troops returning from Europe. In these endeavors we worked closely with the House Military Affairs Committee. (To precede the statement about plans demobilization.) Colonel Palmer promulgated the plan of demobilization as he was instructed to do by the Chief of Staff. We worked on it while traveling from military camps which were to be abandoned. I typed most of it up while we were traveling.

Here I would like to say something concerning Colonel Palmer. His wife was the daughter of General and Mrs. Luke E. Wright. General Wright was at that time, a prominent attorney at Memphis, Tennessee. His wife was the daughter of Admiral Semmes of Confederate naval fame. General Wright, I believe, was the last Secretary of War under Theodore Roosevelt. When I notified my wife to leave Sherman and come toward Washington, I suggested that she come by Memphis, Tennessee and get in touch with Mrs. Palmer at her father's home. Mrs. Palmer was very nice and met her at the train in Memphis. She took her to the General Wright home where they entertained her and treated her with a great deal of consideration.

When we were in Washington we had an office on the third floor of the Old State War Navy Building. In September 1919 I was ordered to accompany Colonel Palmer to various camps and stations. Among them, Camp Knox, Kentucky;

Camp Pike, Arkansas; Camp Travis, Texas; Ft. Sill, Oklahoma; Ft. Leavenworth; Rock Island Arsenal and then into Chicago. On this trip there was a party of congressmen and high ranking Army officers. There was a Lieutenant General; General Menohor, head of the Air Force at that time; General Marshall, the Construction Engineer for the War Department; and several other high-ranking officers out of the War Department. Among the congressmen I recall were Congressman Harrison from Virginia, Fisher(?) from Tennessee, D. R. Anthony Jr. from Kansas, and several others whose names I do not now recall.

Our first stop out of Washington was Louisville, Kentucky. There we were entertained at the Pen Tennis(?) Club. These were great experiences for an old country boy out of the reaches of the lower Rio Grande River. (I am sending along a bunch of my travel orders received while I was in the Army during the First World War. I would like eventually to have them back.)

General Beaumont B. Buck was the last Commanding General at Camp MacArthur. By War Department's Special Order #81-FC dated April 7th, 1919, by order of the Secretary of War, Army Field Clerk Winstead was relieved of duty at Camp MacArthur, Texas, on March 15, 1919, and assigned to duty at Camp Meade, Maryland, and ordered to report to Colonel Charles D. Palmer, Washington, D. C., for temporary duty in that city. Finally the time came that I should leave, so on April 1, 1920, which was a warm day in Washington, my wife and I went to Union Station just before noon with my travel orders to report to the Commanding Officer, San Francisco, California, for duty. We had lunch in the dining room at the Union Station in Washington and two tables from where we sat, sat General Pershing with some of his staff. I woke early the next morning. We were in Indiana and it was snowing hard. We spent the day in Chicago leaving that night. It was still snowing. The snow never ceased until we reached the summit beyond Reno, Nevada. We arrived in Oakland, California, the evening of the 5th of April

and went across the Bay on the ferry boat to San Francisco. We stayed at the St. Francis Hotel for a few days and nights. Colonel Osman Latrobe(?), a Regular Calvary Army Officer, was my Commanding Officer.

We enjoyed San Francisco all the time we were there. Especially in August, 1920, when the Democratic National Convention was held in San Francisco. Many Texans showed up for the convention and I was very fortunate in getting tickets from Mr. Tom Love who was the head of the Texas Delegation to the convention. The South Texas delegation arrived on Sunday evening and, of course, I was at the ferry at the foot of Market Street to welcome them into San Francisco. Among them were a Mrs. McLean whose husband Dr. McLean of Brownsville had been killed when the Mexican bandits wrecked the train between Brownsville and San Benito. Mrs. McLean was Judge Well's neice. Also my good friend, the Sheriff from Hidalgo County, A.Y. Baker, was among the delegates. Also Cliff Belcher, an attorney of Del Rio, Texas. The first thing they wanted to know was why I was still in the Army so long after the Armistice. I remarked that I still had to eat. They said, "We'll get you a job if that's what you're looking for," and I said, "Well, I would like to get back to Texas." In September I received a telegram asking if I would accept an appointment as Clerk in the United States Attorney's Office at El Paso, Texas. I gladly accepted. Thereafter, I received my honorable discharge from the Army at the Proceedo(?) of San Francisco and arrived in El Paso during September, 1920. I remained there as Clerk in the United States Attorney's Office until July 27, 1926, when I received an appointment as Special Agent in what is now the FBI, then referred to as the Department of Justice.

While employed in the United States Attorney's Office I became rather proficient in writing indictments, amongst some of which were rather

involved the defrauding of a Kansas farmer by some expert con-men. In this connection I met a rather notorious Texas character by the name of Frank Norfleet who lived at Hale Center, Texas. He had traced down a number of con-men all over the U.S. and caused some convictions of them. He also had showed up a number of crooked police officers. The Tillery Case resulted in a conviction in the District Court of El Paso and was appealed. I believe it finally went to the Supreme Court of the United States. Reports will be found in the United States court reports. Tillery jumped his bond and finally went to Paris, France. He eventually slipped back into the United States and was killed in, I believe, Detroit, by police officers. He had made bond with local bondsmen in El Paso and the bonds were forfeited prior to his return to the United States. The United States District Judge and the United States Attorney requested the FBI to investigate and check the financial status of the bondsmen. If they were financially capable or had property subject to execution and sale in connection with those forfeited bonds, a suit would be brought. Judgment nisi had already been entered in the court records at El Paso. The FBI apparently did not have sufficient agents to do such work at that time who were qualified in land title investigations. The U.S. attorney requested, and I was authorized by the Attorney General, Mr. Gregory I believe at that time, to assign me to make such investigations, which I did, resulting in the conviction of several residents of El Paso and also some suits in the San Antonio Division and also the Del Rio Division. Incidentally, at the Democratic Convention, 1920, in San Francisco, the Democrats selected one Jimmy Cox as the Democratic Presidential nominee and Franklin D. Roosevelt as the Vice President nominee. They were defeated, of course, by the late Warren G. Harding.

After I completed my duties in connection with the investigation of forfeited bonds, I asked for a raise in pay. I was then getting \$75 a month. The Attorney General authorized an increase of \$10 a month. I gave notice of my resignation. I was on leave when I received on July 27th, notice from the Department of Justice that I had been accepted for appointment as a Special Agent in the Department of Justice under Mr. Hoover. That was July 27th, nineteen hundred and twenty-six. I took the oath of office that day and that evening left by train for my first station at Oklahoma City.

My Agent in Charge in Oklahoma City was the late Tom White whom I had known for a number of years in El Paso. I also knew his brother J.C. "Doc" White, both of whom had been in the Ranger service. At the time of my arrival in Oklahoma City, that Office was engaged primarily in the investigation of what was known as the Indian murder cases, where some white men were conspiring in murdering Osage Indians in order to gain control of their oil bearing lands up around Pawhuska, Oklahoma. I had some small part in connection with that investigation. For instance, the nephew of one of the principles, a banker. The nephew's name was Ernest Burkhardt(?). Another Agent by the name of Russ Bryan and myself delivered Burkhardt and another convict who were barred as witnesses in the Indian murder cases, from the State Penitentiary at McAlester down to McAlester and place them back into the penitentiary. Also, I made arrangements at the Tulsa jail for a witness barred from the Kansas Penitentiary by the name of Jack Mayo, the privilege of being visited by his wife while he was being held in the Tulsa County Jail. In October of 1926, I was ordered transferred to Los Angeles. After appearing before the Grand Jury in Muskogee, I started from there to my new assignment in Los Angeles. Upon leaving El Paso the next morning, I bought an El Paso

paper and the first thing I saw in the paper was the fact that Jack Mayo had taken a pistol from the jailer and released himself from the Tulsa County Jail.

L.C. Wheeler was the Agent in Charge of the Los Angeles Office when I arrived there and his Number One Man was, as we called him, Captain A. A. Hopkins. Captain Hopkins had been formerly an Arizona Ranger under a well-known character of New Mexico by the name of Bert Mossman. He became a rather historical personage. Captain Mossman had managed, what was in the early days known as the Hask Knife Ranch(?), which I believe belonged to what is now the Santa Fe Railroad. Later on the Governor of Arizona appointed him Captain of a newly organized Ranger service and Hopkins was his Sergeant.

Shortly before I was transferred to Los Angeles, I met a very colorful character by the name of Peter Kosterlitski who had formerly been a Colonel in the _____ in Mexico under President Diaz. He was a rather old gentleman and had retired as an Agent, in what was then the FBI. He and Captain Hopkins were very close friends. He was giving information on the revolutionary activities below the border, after he resigned as an Agent.

There had grown apparently in the Los Angeles Office, what you might call a clique. Agents had been there for some years and it was against the strict instructions of Mr. Hoover that Agents should not engage in the use of intoxicating liquors in violation of the Federal National Prohibition Act. But when I arrived there I was an unknown character and a case arose in and around Gold Field(?), Nevada, wherein many stolen cars out of California were being taken to Gold Field and sold by two old men who were running a garage. I was instructed to proceed with the Sheriff from Gold Field to make that

investigation, which I did. I was very successful in that but I was kept out of Los Angeles a great deal of the time. As I recall, while I was so engaged, an Agent was transferred from the Los Angeles Office. He was angry over his transfer so he made a report to the Bureau about drinking parties the Agents and Agent in Charge were having on holidays and at night. It resulted in the transfer of Captain Hopkins and several other agents to other posts. Fortunately for me I had never been invited to one of their parties so escaped any censor. Wheeler, the Agent in Charge resigned and organized what was called the Investigative Bureau for the State's District Attorney in Los Angeles. Captain Hopkins had been transferred to a post in the State of Washington and resigned and took a job with Mr. Wheeler. Later on Mr. Wheeler offered me an appointment in his organization which I declined.

I inherited all of Captain Hopkins pending cases for investigation and at one time I had over 100 cases assigned to me. One I remember quite well. I checked to see what the status was and it had been dismissed by the United States Attorney more than a year before. I enjoyed my tour of duty in the Los Angeles District very much. I worked quite a bit around Gold Field, Nevada; Las Vegas, Nevada; when there was no means of transportation except by personal vehicle between Las Vegas, Gold Field and Carson City. I made a number of friends and helped some of the local officers in solving some of their cases.

I might give myself a pat on the back. I was very well-liked by the officers in the whole district. The Los Angeles District covered, the south half of Nevada and the southern half of California. Especially the Sheriff's Office in Bakersfield and the Los Angeles Police Department and Sheriff's Office, they were very kind to me and I was very cooperative with them.

I'll stop right here for the moment as I've got to look up a data. It'll help me get out of the Los Angeles District.

Of course, it was a disciplinary transfer which sent me to the Birmingham, Alabama Office. I left Los Angeles by automobile for Birmingham on April 30, 1931, and arrived in Birmingham after spending a couple days with my mother and grandmother at Sherman, Texas, on May 7th, 1931. My activities in the Birmingham district were more or less routine. I was in Tennessee and Mississippi. During July a Deputy Marshal in Mississippi was murdered by some bootleggers when he went to serve a warrant on them. The guilty party was one Ruey Eaton. This occurred around Booneville, Mississippi. He was finally apprehended as I remember by the militia which the Governor of the State had called out after the murder.

In August, 1931, I was ordered to contact a Mr. Jim Williams, Special Investigator for the Agriculture Department at Dothan, Alabama. I arrived in Dothan the last of August and contacted Mr. Williams. He explained that there had been a conspiracy among the leading planation owners, the county farm agent at Dothan and, the collector for the Feed, Seed and Fertilizer Act, to defraud the government. This was under the Herbert Hoover Administration. A special squad of FBI Agents and a Special Assistant to the Attorney General were finally assigned to these matters. After the investigation had progressed to nearly a conclusion, it was time to prepare indictments. The Special Assistant to the Attorney General apparently had had very little experience in conspiracy indictments so the Agent in Charge of our squad who I had known in El Paso several years before I became an Agent, assigned me to the job of preparing the indictments, which I did. I received a number of compliments in those

matters. In the subsequent trials I met with some very fine gentlemen, attorneys for the defendants, and got along with them famously although I was one of the principle witnesses against their client. Among them was an attorney by the name of Bib(?). He was from an old family and some of the family and maybe him had been governors of the State of Alabama. In a conversation with him, he asked me where I ^{CAME} saw from and I told him I had been in El Paso for a number of years. He asked me if I knew a man there by the name of Bill Greet(?). Of course, I replied, "Yes, he is one of my very good friends and County Clerk of El Paso County. They were cousins.

The Seed Lawn Cases in Houston County, Alabama, were about over and I was ordered transferred to the Dallas Texas Office. I left Dothan by automobile on the 23rd day of March, 1932. My former Agent in Charge in Los Angeles, Mr. Frank Blake, was then Agent in Charge of Dallas. We were rather fond of each other and of course I enjoyed my work under him.

Sometime in the latter part of 1932, Agent in Charge Blake and his wife went on a vacation to Galveston, Texas. They were guests at the Galvez Hotel and one morning went down to the beach back of the hotel for a plunge in the Gulf. Blake left his room key in the pocket of a robe which he just threw down on the sand. When he went back to his room he found that it had been burglarized and his key was gone. A pistol was taken along with an heirloom watch that had belonged to his father and various other articles of value. Subsequently, the Ft. Worth police found an abandoned automobile. Investigation disclosed that it belonged to a traveling salesman but he could not be found. At this late date I do not recall the details of the investigation which led to the arrest of a young fellow. After his confession to

murdering the owner of the automobile who had given him a ride while he was a hitchhiker, he had murdered the man, stuffed him in the trunk of the car, taken him to Galveston and buried him in the sand on the beach. Among some of the possessions of the thief and murderer was Mr. Blake's 380 I believe it was, automatic pistol, a Remington. The police traced the pistol to Mr. Blake. It had been given to him by an Agent by the name of Sam Hardy. The thief had been sentenced to a long term in the State Penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas. The penitentiary system at that time was managed by a former Sherman man, Mr. Lee Simons for whom I had worked when I was a boy and who was a friend of our family as was his family a friend of our family.

On November 1, 1932 while at Crockett, Texas, I was instructed to proceed to the penitentiary at Huntsville and interview the murderer who was incarcerated there. I contacted Mr. Simons and arrived at the railroad station at Phillips, Texas, that afternoon and was met by a penitentiary inmate by the name of Goud(?). He and a noted outlaw had previously murdered in a hotel lobby in West Texas one or two Texas Cattleman's Association Brand Inspectors. The murderer of the traveling salesman whom I interrogated admitted that he had committed the crime for which he was serving time. He also admitted in a vague way that he had murdered a young man in the YMCA in Chicago, Illinois, previous to that time. Investigation by the Chicago Bureau office failed to develop that murder, but the alleged victim, Folks(?) did not know where he was and had not heard from him since he was at the YMCA in Chicago.

Most of my work during those days in the Dallas Office was performed down in the East Texas oil fields. There were alot of murders occurred down there. It was one of the stops for Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker. I'll have a little more about them at a later time.

However, during the Summer of 1933 the Ft. Worth detectives were giving an agent in the Dallas office quite a bit of information about a man by the name of George Kelly whose wife was Katherine Kelly living in Ft. Worth. It seems that these detectives knew quite a bit about Kelly's criminal activities. He had robbed quite a number of banks but nothing had been done toward apprehending him or charging him. I was in Ft. Worth on the 12th of July and in conversation with the Chief of Detectives he mentioned that George Kelly had a father-in-law residing on a farm near a small town in Wise County Texas known as Paradise. It was late in the afternoon so I returned to Dallas. On the 13th I didn't have anything that was very pressing so I was authorized by the Acting Agent in Charge to take a trip to Paradise which was above Dallas and Ft. Worth between Ft. Worth and Gainesville, Texas, and look the farm over and try to find out something about the father-in-law and mother-in-law of George Kelly. It turned out that the father-in-law was R. G. commonly called "Boss" Shannon, who owned the farm at Paradise. I had a number of pictures of criminals and bank robbers. Among them was one of Harvey Bailey. At a filling station at the little village of Paradise, I displayed these pictures and the filling station operator identified Harvey Bailey who was an escapee from the Kansas Penitentiary and a known bank robber and gangster. I then contacted the post office in Paradise and learned that the Shannon farm was a short few miles outside of the little village. The rural mail carrier came in and said he would be glad to accompany me out to the Shannon place in my car so we drove out. Well, it was learned that the Shannon's, Mr. Shannon and his wife, were on a visit to his relatives out in West Texas. A well-known oil man, Charles Urshel, was kidnapped on the evening

of July 22 in Oklahoma City. It later developed that he had been kidnapped by this George "Machine gun Kelly" of Ft. Worth assisted by one Bates and Harvey Bailey. On August 12 after Urshel had been released and the ransom paid, I participated in a raid on the Shannon farm on August 12 just before daylight. I saw an individual lying on a cot in the backyard at the Shannon farm. I immediately went over the fence and around to the back and held this individual up. When he opened his eyes I realized, from having seen his photograph so much, that it was one Harvey Bailey.

In connection with this case I was called back from Oklahoma City to Dallas. Information was forthcoming that Machinegun Kelly's wife Katherine had lived at Coleman, Texas, and her mother's brother Cass Colman was still living there on a farm or near the town. I stayed around Coleman for some period of time and with the assistance of the Sheriff Frank Mills one evening after the news came over the radio that George Machine gun Kelly had been apprehended in Memphis, Tennessee, Cass Colman informed me that some of the ransom money was buried on his farm. I called the Dallas Office and notified Mr. Blake. He said not to do anything about finding the money until he, Agent in Charge Colman of Oklahoma City, and Buster Jones, who was more or less in charge of this investigation all along, arrived at Coleman that night by automobile. They arrived in the middle of the night. I took a crowbar and we went to a little tree. Cass Colman directed that I begin digging near this tree, which I did. He was down on his knees cleaning out the dirt as I loosened it up and finally I struck something. It turned out to be a gallon water jug in which ice water was carried and it knocked a hole in the aluminum cup which screwed on at the top. Underneath that was a half a gallon tin syrup bucket. Both of these containers were filled with rolled up \$20 bills. The

total amount as I recall now was seventy-five thousand two hundred and some odd dollars. I was instructed to stay in Coleman and take the necessary steps in apprehending Coleman and one Will Casey who owned a ranch in the vicinity. He had Machine Gun Kelly out in a dugout on his ranch. I am enclosing a photograph of the dugout. Later on, Cass Colman and Will Casey were both convicted and sentenced in the Federal Court as accomplices in the kidnapping of Mr. Urschel.

When I got Harvey Bailey's hands up on that cot, Jones came around and threw the cover back. In the bed with him was a 351 semi-automatic rifle and under his pillow was a 45 automatic pistol. In the Shannon house his Thompson machine gun was picked up by some of the Agents. After George Kelly and his wife were apprehended and attorney's and Bates were located (Bates was in jail in Denver, Colorado), I went to Oklahoma City and appeared as a witness in the trial of those individuals.

After that case was cleaned up I was returned to my regular route in the East Texas oil fields mostly and running Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker. I did pick up a car with the motor still warm near Gilmer, Texas, that they had abandoned. Also down around Athens, Texas, the sheriff and I found a suitcase filled with clothes that relatives had left for them down on a creek near the town of Athens. There will be more of this a little later.

Sometime about the middle of February, 1934, I was in Longview, Texas. In the evening, a Deputy Sheriff from Gregg County and myself picked up two men and two girls. We thought they had a stolen car and it may have been I don't remember. At any rate, we brought them into Longview. I interviewed the girls and the men and it developed from these interviews that the two men had been serving time in the Mississippi Penitentiary. Back sometime ago I mentioned that one Ruey Eaton had been sentenced to the Mississippi State Penitentiary on

a murder charge in which a Deputy U.S. Marshal had been killed near Booneville, Mississippi. I asked one of the men if he had known Ruey Eaton while incarcerated in the penitentiary and he said, "Oh yes, he escaped with us." I asked him, "Where is he now," and he said "Oh, he left us in Mobile and said he was going back to his home near Booneville." I immediately phoned Mr. Blake at Dallas and gave him that information so he could notify the Birmingham, Alabama, Office.

On March 5, I was back in Beaumont, Texas, and that night I received a telephone call from the Dallas Office from Mr. Blake. He informed me that I was to leave on the first available train for Booneville, Mississippi and that he would leave Dallas by plane and meet me at Meridian, Mississippi.

We arrived in Booneville on the 7th of March and remained there until the 13th helping round-up some friends and associates of Ruey Eaton who had joined him after he had returned to Booneville. After he returned there he and his companions held up a young FBI agent who had his wife with him and FBI files in his brief case. They had also fired alot of shots around the public school in Booneville. When we arrived in Booneville on the evening of the 7th we were informed that the Agent in Charge and some other agents had captured Ruey and some companions over in Arkansas. We returned to Dallas.

In March, toward the latter part, there had been an investigation by the Los Angeles Office in connection with an extortion plot by unknown persons against Mr. Henry Ford, threatening to kidnap one of his sons. The Ford Motor Company had prepared a Ford Coupe which had originally had a jump seat in the trunk and had armor-plated around the back and put some extra equipment for the protection of whoever rode in the turtleback when it appeared that there might be a contact between the car carrying the money that the extortionist had demanded and the extortionist. On March 21, 1934,

I left by train for Santa Fe, New Mexico, inasmuch as contact had failed on the West Coast around San Diego with the extortionist. The Ford Motor Company had been ordered to send the car to Santa Fe with the company driver whom apparently they recognized. There in Santa Fe he would receive instructions in the form of a letter as to what the next move would be. I arrived in Santa Fe on the 23rd of March and was contacted by the Agent in Charge of that squad. On that evening the Ford Motor Company representative received instructions to drive the car with the dome light only burning from Santa Fe to Los Vegas and some place en route he would be contacted. It fell to my lot to get in the turtleback of that car and the driver had never been over the road. It was unpaved, through the mountains, and it was snowing, sleeting and raining and he was to drive with only the parking lights and the dome light burning. Therefore, he had to drive with the window on the left side down so he could put his head out and see where the road went to. We were not contacted by the extortionist but I nearly froze to death before we got to Las Vegas. I was authorized to drive the car to Dallas, Texas, where it could be delivered to the Ford Motor Company and available in case future contacts were made with the Ford Motor Company or Mr. Ford.

When I got to Dallas I used that car in trying to find Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker. The Ford Coupe bore a California license and every few days the police department in Dallas would receive a telephone call advising that Clyde Barrow had just been seen driving a Ford coupe with that California license on it.

Even with that nice little coupe I never caught up with Clyde and Bonnie. Of course, there was a moving picture made a year or two ago gained

a great deal of publicity. The title of the picture was "Bonnie and Clyde." Every officer in Texas, some in New Mexico, Oklahoma and Kansas were all looking for Clyde and Bonnie and I wasn't the only one that didn't find them.

On January 16, 1934, they went to the Eastham farm of the Texas Penitentiary system and rescued four convicts and killed one of the guards. It then became the primary interest of my good friend Mr. Lee Simons, manager of the Texas Penitentiary system to try and get them and the other released convicts back into the penitentiary. Before Mr. Simons passed away in 1967 about October, he wrote a book entitled, "Assignment Huntsville," which was printed by the University of Texas press at Austin. It gives a complete history of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker and some of their confederates and relatives in their murders, robberies and thefts. He employed an ex-ranger captain, Frank Hamer as his investigator to capture Clyde and Bonnie. On May the 11th, Hamer came to the FBI office in Dallas and requested the Agent in Charge to permit me to accompany him to Louisiana as he believed that he was going to be able to contact Clyde and Bonnie through the father of one of the man convicts that they had rescued from the penitentiary farm. He was authorized in this by Mr. Simons who had employed him. The Agent in Charge declined to permit me to go and instead sent me down in East Texas to Grapeland where it had been reported to him Clyde and Bonnie had been seen. I returned to Dallas that night and after arriving home I received a telephone call to catch the first available plane out of Dallas headed for Chicago.

I left on the morning of the 12th and that was my assignment to what was known as the Dillinger squad. I left Love Field that morning on the last United Airlines plane which was leaving Dallas for good. The reason the

airlines were moving out of Dallas was because James Farley, Post Master General under Franklin Roosevelt had cancelled the mail contracts and their business, I guess, relied to a great extent on those contracts for survival.

But, before getting entirely off of the Barrow and Parker case. Mr. Simons on September 18, 1957, wrote me a personal letter congratulating me on an appointment as Chief Inspector for the Liquor Control Department for the State of New Mexico. On October 16 Mr. Simons passed away in a hotel in Austin, Texas. On July 22, 1934, Sunday evening, just exactly one year to the day in which Charlie Urshel had been kidnapped by Machine Gun Kelly in Okalahoma City, John Dillinger came out of the Biograph Theater in Chicago and died of a bad case of lead poisoning. I have a letter sent to me by Mr. Hoover dated July 23, 1934. At that time the Bureau was not known as the FBI but as the Division of Investigation, United States Department of Justice. The letter was directed to me marked, "Personal," and stated in part, "...I have been advised that it was you who shot and killed John Dillinger. I wanted to write and express to you not only my official, but my personal congratulations and commendation for your fearlessness and courageous action in this matter. We are all indeed proud of you!!! I am informed that the manner in which you handled yourself on this occasion was indicative of the usual calm, deliberate and at the same time fearless manner which has reflected itself in your work since you entered the Division."

On July 25 I replied to that letter in the following effect:

"I do not think that I deserve all of the commendation expressed. Naturally, I appreciate your kind thoughts. I hope that I shall always be able to do my duty both as a citizen and as a Special Agent of the Division of Investigation. Signed C. B. Winstead."

When I was ordered to Chicago in May, 1934, it was for a 30-day assignment. I was finally transferréd away from Chicago and left there Easter Sunday 1935. During the interim I was all over Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin. I made several trips back to Dallas to testify against persons charged with harboring Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker and their associates and also worked on cases unrelated with the Dillinger matter in the Chicago area.

One such was on a case where a doctor of Oak Park had received a threatening letter demanding extortion money. He was to pay off at an old Indian cemetery in that vicinity. It was terribly cold and Doc White and I were sent out to the cemetery and left there in the night on the date that they demanded the money to be paid. We nearly froze to death. The extortionist never showed up.

In August, 1934, along with several other agents we were sent by air to San Francisco in order to endeavor the capture of Babyface Nelson and John Chase. I left San Francisco by air on the 16th of September, 1934, returning to Chicago via Dallas. In Dallas I picked up my automobile and drove it to Chicago. After arriving in Chicago my wife had come up from Dallas and was staying at a hotel on the north side. That was the first opportunity I had had to take in the world's fair during its second year. That was one evening's chance and we took advantage of it. Prior to that the agents at St. Louis had picked up a gangster and brought him to Chicago where he had been kept in the office cells in the Bankers Building. A writ of habeas corpus had been served on the Agent in Charge of St. Louis to produce the gangster in Federal Court on October 8, 1934. Agent White and I left with

that gangster by automobile for St. Louis at 8:00 in the evening on October 7 and we arrived in St. Louis the next morning about 4:00. We were ordered to just turn him loose on the streets when we arrived in St. Louis and to immediately return to Chicago. We did get a little rest in St. Louis before starting back to Chicago and arrived in Chicago that evening around 6:00.

We hadn't had an opportunity to bathe or shave and Mr. Calley, their Inspector, told us to go to our residences and get some rest, that we wouldn't be disturbed during that night. I am sure that was Thursday because I bought a Saturday Evening Post and when I got to the Parkway Hotel where my wife still had a room, I decided to wait until morning before bathing and shaving. She insisted that I clean up because, as she put it, you know they're going to call you before daylight. I said no, I'd just read the Saturday Evening Post and get a good night's sleep. About 9:00 I got a telephone call from the office advising that an automobile would call at the hotel for me and pack my grip and be ready to leave for a trip of several weeks duration. I left with some other agents at 10:45 that night and on the 10th of October arrived about 3:00 a.m. at Wolf Point, Montana, where we were met by an Agent Costello who took us by automobile to Glasgow, as one of the kidnapper fugitives we were hunting by the name of Davis, was supposed to have had an interest in a roadside tavern near the dam which was being constructed on the Missouri River in the vicinity of Glasgow, Montana. Our quarry never showed up and we returned to Chicago on the 26th of October 1934. When I got back to Chicago I learned that my wife had accompanied her sister and brother-in-law of New York to New York by automobile. They had been to Chicago for the World's Fair. She left New York and went back to Dallas to where we had an apartment.

Thereafter on the 27th of November Inspector Calley and Agent Hollis were killed in a gun battle with Baby Face Nelson and John Chase. Nelson also was killed in that fight.

This is a new paragraph and it may be in repetition. About the last of September, one Dick Gladys(?) and his wife had been apprehended by agents in New Orleans. He was involved in the Kansas City massacre case. He was a gambler from Hot Springs, and Joplin Missouri and other places. He had telephoned ahead to various contacts of his, and agents and officers who were transporting Nash to the penitentiary for reincarceration. So Inspector Cally ordered Agent Ryan and myself to take a chartered plane in Chicago, proceed to New Orleans and return Dick Gladys and his wife to Chicago, which we did. We got to St. Louis that evening in a terrible rain storm and had to lay over that night and proceed to New Orleans the next morning.

On January 12, 1935, a number of agents including myself left Chicago for Jacksonville, Florida. We were, at that time, attempting to locate the Barkers, Ma Barker and her sons Freddie and Doc. Well, Doc had been captured in Chicago but his mother and brother Freddie and companion Alvin Karpus(?)' whereabouts were unknown until they were found to be living, some of them, at Oklawaha, Florida, near Ocala. Some of the Agents left Jacksonville at 6:00 in the morning on the 16th of January for Oklawaha and that day we had a gun battle with Freddie Barker and his mother Ma Barker. You may remember there was a motion picture show which portrayed Ma Barker and her sons some years afterwards. Ma Barker and Freddie were killed in a battle in a house they had rented near a lake. Doc White and I remained at the house where we'd had the fight until the 20th of January when we returned to Jacksonville.

We remained in Jacksonville until the 25th of January and returned to Chicago. Agent Bob Jones, who afterward became Chief of Police in Dallas and had been appointed as a Special Agent out of the Dallas Police Department, was put on plant duty at an address on Waller Street in Chicago. On February 6, 1935, the gangster Davis, for whom we had sought in Montana, was picked up in Kansas City by Agents of that Office. He was placed on a charter plane in the custody of two agents who had him chained hand and foot and started to Chicago. That evening, February 6, Jones and I were ordered to go the airport and wait for the arrival of the plane with the prisoner. Instead of that, the weather closed in on them and this little light plane had to sit down in a cornfield near Yorkville, Illinois. We were ordered to report to Yorkville. When we got there it was learned that the Agents had uncuffed and unchained him, taken him into a bar and bought him a glass of beer which he threw into the face of one of the Agents and jumped through a window and escaped. I was then ordered transferred to El Paso, Texas, from Chicago and left Chicago on Easter Sunday April 21st, 1935. I was authorized to go by Dallas and get my wife and my car and other property and proceed from there on to El Paso.

In October I got another disciplinary transfer from El Paso to Jacksonville, Florida, and went on leave without pay for three days on the 22nd of October. I arrived by personal automobile in Jacksonville on the 9th day of December 1935.

Right here I would like to go back to that trip from Washington with the Congressional Committee and the Army officers. The Lt. General whose name I could not recall at the time was Lt. General Robert L. Bullard. He was a fine man and I enjoyed that entire trip very much.

I was a witness in Denver, Colorado on January 13, 1936 and back in Jacksonville on the 16th. On January 31st, if I remember correctly, 1936, three fellows from up in Kentucky had robbed a bank early in the morning about daylight, in a little country town of Bradford, Florida. They ran out the back door after they'd tied the old operator of the bank up that morning. A Negro man had noticed them while he was working in the yard of a neighbor in the neighborhood of the bank. He gave the alarm and the citizens gathered their deer rifles and shotguns and killed one of the bank robbers, whose name was Greene, and shot another one in the back with the shotgun. The little one, Greene's brother, a little jockey sized fellow, jumped in a car and started down the highway. Some filling station man shot a tire off that and he was captured. I had spent the night in Ocala, Florida, and made it over to Bradford before noon on February 1st. I interviewed several people there, got the facts, and learned that they had sent the corpse, one bank robber, to Live Oak which is the County Seat and also to prison, the wounded and little jockey-sized fellow. When I got to Live Oak about 1:00 the corpse was lying in a flat-bed truck in front of the Courthouse. I asked the Sheriff's Deputy who was with the corpse what they were waiting on. He said they was waiting on that FBI man to come and take some fingerprints. I told them, of course, I was the FBI man and let's get him inside of the morgue where I could take his prints. Of course the investigation followed which consumed several days and involved some local residents, especially the owner of a farm where they had been hiding out since they got there.

Both the little Greene, jockey-sized bank robber and his companion who had been shot in the back and was called Ollie, I believe, I've forgotten his last name, were being held in the jail there the day of the bank robbery. The

brother. That afternoon he wrote a letter on a piece of paper, handed it to the sheriff and told him to mail it. It was to his mother and in this letter he stated that they killed his brother calling him by his first name and said, "I haven't told them anything but Ollie has told all."

I had to go back to Denver on the 24th of February to testify in Federal Court. I was in Denver for more than 10 days and didn't get back to Jacksonville until March 5.

Along about this time I was assigned to work on a special case trying to get information which would lead to the apprehension of two bank robbers local boys from down around Webster, Florida, by the name of Hunt and Gant. They were on the Ten Most Wanted List and I was all over Florida. In August I got my first break in connection with the Hunt and Gant investigation, the Florida bank robbers. I picked up a young fellow in St. Petersburg who had just returned home from an unknown destination. Interviewing him at the St. Petersburg City Jail he admitted that he had been with those two bank robbers when they robbed the bank down below Mobile, Alabama. On August 8, 1936 in company with a Special Agent Gil Goshorn(?) we took this young fellow, bank robber, to Mobile, Alabama. There he located the house in which they had stayed while they were casing the job down below there on the bank before robbing it. We picked up some items in the house where they had lived which were evidence of their having been there and he identified the objects for us. These two bank robbers had sisters, one of them had sisters and one of them had an ex-wife living in Houston, Texas. I took this boy, young fellow, to Houston and stayed in the hotel there with him until it appeared the subjects were not in Houston and hadn't been there since the bank robbery. I took him

back to Florida and back to his parents home in St. Petersburg and released him. Of course I had authority for this. He remained very friendly toward the government and eventually testified at Mobile against the two bank robbers. This young fellow was indicted along with those two older men but he was never tried and the District Attorney threatened him and told him he wouldn't prosecute him as long as he remained out of trouble. So far as I know he never got into any further trouble.

The two bank robbers, Hunt and Gant, had been captured in Houston, Texas, by the Agents there and brought to Tallahassee, Florida. Myself and two or three other agents remained in jail there with them until we took them to Gainesville where they were tried for robbing a bank in Florida. I had interviewed the employees of the victim bank and one of the girl tellers, while on the stand during the trial, was told to point out the man who held the gun on her. She immediately identified me. However, they were convicted and myself, Agent in Charge Gus Jones from San Antonio and another Agent or two transported them to the U.S. Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia. Hunt and Gant were captured as I said before in Houston in the latter part of January 1938 and were tried in Gainesville, Florida on about February 7th and 8th.

When I first entered the Bureau in 1926 and went to Oklahoma City there were two boys in jail there with whom I had been raised. Both were a little older than I. One was the son of the Sheriff at Sherman, Texas, and the other was the son of the Chief of Police. The Chief of Police and Sheriff were brothers. I visited these two younger fellows in the jail. Both had been sentenced in connection with a murder they had committed near Oklahoma City and had been sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Some years later I was informed that both had been released from the Oklahoma Penitentiary and out of

state paroles. One of them had gone out around San Angelo, Texas, and had been killed while trying to pull a stick-up. I lost all contact or knowledge of the other one whose father had been the Sheriff but the former Sheriff had gone to Ft. Stockton, Texas. While I was in Houston in 1937 with the young bank robber I picked up in St. Petersburg, Florida, I came downstairs into the hotel lobby one morning and there stood the former Sheriff and the son who had been the prisoner in Oklahoma Penitentiary. We greeted each other as the Sheriff and his son both had been friends of mine ever since I was a little kid. The ex-sheriff asked what I was doing there and I told him I was checking on some outlaws and I asked him what he and his son were doing. He said, "We're guarding the money from the bank to the race track and from the race track back to the bank after the races."

I think it was about December 1938, I was in Tampa, Florida, and I got a call to come to Miami and be there at a certain time in order to donate a pint of blood to an Agent who was undergoing an operation. They had been able to find no one whose blood type was his except mine. I donated the blood but it sure made me sick at my stomach. I ended up the year, New Year's Eve 1938, in Orlando, Florida, at which time that was my Headquarters. It remained my headquarters until I was ordered transferred to El Paso, Texas, and left Orlando by automobile on the 20th of April 1940.

During my tour of duty over those years in Florida I worked on a number of cases, one especially of which became nationally advertised. That was the kidnapping of a little boy by the name of Cash in the vicinity of Homestead, Florida. While in Florida numerous things happened which were then rather serious but as I look back now they seem to be rather ludicrous.

I was in the Oklahoma vicinity in one of the Bureau Buick Sedans and I got a call from the Office in Jacksonville to immediately drive to Miami, Florida. It was then afternoon. Mr. Hoover's Buick which had been maintained in a garage in Jacksonville for his personal use had been ordered to Miami where he was going to spend some time. An Agent started out with it and got down to about Titusville or somewhere on Route 1 when he wrecked the car. The one I was using was the next best in the Jacksonville Office. I was to take it to a certain garage in Miami and there would be two Agents there waiting for me to have it cleaned up as I had been out in the mud and weather with the car. Those two Agents were waiting for me in the middle of the night. The next morning the car was clean and shiny. Well, for some reason the plane carrying the Director didn't land at the landing field it was supposed to have but at another. Of course, the Agents had taken the car to the field that had been designated. That fact delayed the Director's arrival at the hotel for some time and was really upsetting.

As I now recall, the two resident Agents later that day or sometime soon thereafter, on information furnished by the New York Office, picked up a fugitive in the lobby of the hotel where the Director was staying. They took him to the nearest United States Commissioner and he was held as a fugitive. There was a newspaper reporter either in the United States Commissioner's Office at the time of the arraignment or else the Commissioner notified a newspaper reporter of the incident and happened to remark that this fugitive was apprehended in the hotel lobby where Mr. Hoover was staying. That, together with the wrong air field landing, caused a long distance call from Miami to Washington Bureau Headquarters wanting a full explanation as to why all of these occurrences had happened. The Bureau officials called the Agent in Charge at

Jacksonville and demanded a full explanation in writing. The Agent in Charge in Jacksonville called the Agents at Miami and instructed them to submit written memorandums explaining why, in connection with the apprehension of the fugitives, they had not stated that Mr. Hoover had recognized the fugitive in the lobby and called them and caused his apprehension. Evidently the Agents' explanations were not satisfactory and they were both transferred to other stations.

In the meantime the car which I had left in Miami for the use of the Director had been called. During the trip around the city in the vicinity of Miami Beach, a cable which connected into the dashboard and was attached to a rather powerful spotlight, jolted off of the hook and fell on Mr. Hoover's foot. That caused a call from Miami to the Bureau Headquarters in Washington by long distance phone and the Bureau officials in Washington called the Agent in Charge at Jacksonville demanding that I submit a memorandum in writing explaining why the wire had fallen off of the hook under the panel inside the car and landed on Mr. Hoover's shoe. I was unable to give a definite answer to that but evidently what I said satisfied everybody and I was not disciplined over that.

There was one Agent in Charge in the Miami Headquarters who apparently liked me less than he did a couple of other Agents assigned there. I will relate a couple of incidents that happened that made it appear to me that he didn't like me quite so well.

First, a couple of hoodlums from Detroit had a couple of girls with them and as I remember a stolen car. On their way South to Florida where one of them had relatives, got tangled up with a policeman in Atlanta, Georgia. They kidnapped him, took him out from Atlanta, took his pistol and tied him

up to a tree. Well, the Northern office discovered that one of these hoodlums had relatives, I believe at Live Oak, Florida, and I was instructed by the Agent in Charge at Miami to proceed there and to attempt to capture the fugitives. I learned in Live Oak, and this was on a Saturday, that one of them had a married sister living in Tampa, Florida. So I wired the Miami Office figuring that the Miami Office would send an Agent up to Tampa and I returned to Jacksonville. When I got to Jacksonville I had a call from the Miami Office directing me to leave immediately that night by train for Tampa and endeavor to capture these fugitives. I arrived in Tampa early Sunday morning and of course had no car but the Police Department Chief of Detectives Bush was cooperative and he and I located the residence of the sister of one of the fugitives out at the edge of the city. He had some business to attend to so he assigned a police officer to assist me and we went out and contacted the relatives at their home and we were authorized to wait at the house as they were expecting the fugitives to return. They had gone someplace. Apparently while they were gone they burglarized the home and got some old coins as I remember. The husband and wife left the home while the policeman and I were there. After a while the two couples came in and we held them up, recovered their firearms, a stolen pistol from Atlanta and the car and took them into the police station and I notified the office at Miami that I had them and would file a fugitive complaint against them. Well, I began interrogating the two couples and got complete statements from them. About the time I finished, an Agent from Miami showed up by airplane and I was instructed to turn the case over to him. Well, there wasn't much to do so he was disgusted and called the Agent in Charge and told him that it was all buttoned up and that I had done everything that was to be done up to that time so he was ordered to return to Miami

And then second, I had made contact with the ex-wife of the fugitive and bank robber Hunt and she was the sister of his co-conspirator Hugh Cant. At that time she was in Corpus Christi, Texas. She requested that I contact her and she would furnish information which would lead eventually to the capture of the two fugitives but there was some condition. I notified the Bureau and I was instructed to meet an Inspector at New Orleans who would accompany me to Texas for the interview. I had a friend, an Agent, and this Inspector had contacted him in New Orleans and told him, so I was informed, that he suspected that I merely wanted to go to Texas so I would get to see some of my relatives. I had no relatives in Corpus but he was going to show me up. Well, we went to Corpus and met the informant at the New Aces Hotel as a matter of fact. She left her car parked on the street and she was anxious about having to get a parking ticket. So I left she and the Inspector alone together while I went down and put some money in the parking meter. Apparently the Inspector was convinced and he made a deal with her. So when her brother and ex-husband were tried she appeared as a witness in the Federal Court at Gainesville, Florida. Before she testified, an Agent from the Miami Office showed up and gave me instructions from the Agent in Charge to turn the informant over to him and he would handle the case from there on. I had been on the case for practically a year I guess and I told him alright and I'd introduce him to the prospective witness and tell her that he would handle it from there on. I did so and she flared up and said she was through and going back to Texas. That she dealt with me and had some confidence in me and she didn't know this fellow and wasn't going to have anything to do with him. That of course was rather embarrassing to the Agent and also I guess to the Agent in Charge. However, I

was left in charge of the proceeding from there on. The two defendants, as I believe I've said before, were convicted. We took them on to Atlanta to the penitentiary and left them there.

That same Agent in Charge had at one time been an Agent in the Jacksonville Office and he had some old contacts. One had been either Chief of Detectives or Chief of Police at Orlando, Florida. His reputation when I was a resident Agent at Orlando, was not too good. I didn't have anything to do with him although we were on speaking terms. This Agent in Charge at Miami instructed me to get in touch with him, that he could really get information which would result in the capture of Hunt and Gant. I told him then that his reputation was not so good but he said he'd worked with him in the past when he was an Agent down there around Florida and that he expected me to contact him and work with him. Well, I contacted him. As I remember now he wanted some money as a paid informant, but he had no direct information at that time but he wanted to be paid anyhow. I didn't have any authority to pay him any money in advance of information so that kinda ended it. Later on a little ole prostitute from Jacksonville showed up in Orlando and was at one of the hotels. This ex-Chief of Police had a young fellow, I think he was an ex-convict, running around with him. I think the ex-convict was his alleged source of information and his contact with the criminal element. Well, the ex-chief of police and the boy had had a falling out but they met and the ex-Chief of Police gave him a little individual bottle of whiskey. This ex-convict had a date apparently with the girl from Jacksonville and gave her the bottle of whiskey. During the night sometime she drank the whiskey and the next morning she was dead. The whiskey had been poisoned. The ex-Chief of Police or ex-officer

was arrested and convicted. I've forgotten whether he was executed or given a long penitentiary sentence. My ESP stood me in good stand in that instance.

In November 1942, I had expressed my views as to citizens of the United States who were pro-communist and members of the Communist Party to a woman newspaper reporter. She didn't like what I said about communists so she wrote a letter to Mr. Hoover and told him that I had expressed myself and she wanted to know what his views were. I received a letter from Mr. Hoover that I was to be transferred to the Oklahoma Office for having insulted one of our allied nations. I didn't like to leave after I'd built my home just a little over a year before in Albuquerque, so on the 11th of November 1942 I wrote a letter of resignation to the Director. On December the 4th I received a letter accepting my resignation and authority to go on leave from December 10th to March 23, 1943. I was to sever my connection with the FBI without prejudice. I received, about the 16th of

I received, about the 16th of December 1942, a communication from Colonel Roth of the United States Army who was the G-2 officer in the Headquarters at Dallas, asking if I would be interested in a commission in the Army. I went to Dallas and conferred with Colonel Roth and then returned to Albuquerque. On January 16th 1943 I received War Department papers and took the Oath of Office as a Captain at the air base in Albuquerque. I reported to the Headquarters Eighth Service Command, Santa Fe Building, Dallas, on the 19th of January. On April 16th, 1943, I was ordered by Colonel Roth to proceed to Albuquerque, New Mexico and take over the CIC Agents already in Albuquerque for protection of the Los Alamos operation from the outside. I was never stationed in Los Alamos during the time the atomic bomb was being perfected but I remained

on that assignment until May 14th 1944 when I was transferred from the Eighth Service Command to the Manhattan Engineer District under General Grooves. On December 15, 1945, I entered on terminal leave from the Army and was honorably discharged from the service and went back to my home in Albuquerque and have remained there since.

Before I became an Agent even, back in the early days in El Paso, there was an Agent who was Acting in Charge. One of the Sheriffs down the river below El Paso had picked up a couple of fellows with a stolen automobile. He called the Office and reported that and he was very cooperative. So this Acting Agent in Charge wrote him a letter of thanks and closed it with these words. "Thanking you in advance for all past favors. I remain," and so forth. During those days there was an Agent in Charge instructing one of his Agents about interviewing a prospective witness concerning the activities of another gentleman. The Agent in Charge cautioned this Agent, "Now, while you are interviewing him don't forget that they were sorrority brothers in college." I guess we all make mistakes occasionally. I know I made alot of them and some of them were very laughable but I'm not going to say anything about them here.

Over the years I met several persons who had some historical fame because of their reputations and other law violations.

I recall that a friend of mine, former Chief of Police from Santa Maria, California, brought a fellow into the Office at Los Angeles to visit with me. This friend of his turned out to be Emmet Dalton, one of the notorious Dalton brothers who laid claim to fame not only because of their train robberies, bank holdups, and attempted bank holdups, but also because of his claim to relationship to Jesse James through his uncle, I believe his uncle, Cole Younger.

Another fellow who gained some fame and in fact he wrote a book because he tracked down and caused the apprehension and conviction of a number of con-men who had taken him for a score as they put it. They picked him up in Ft. Worth and pulled the Old Judge Baker Race Horse Scheme on him and got about all the money he had. His name was Frank Norfleet and he wrote a book. That book described his activities. One morning he came up to the Los Angeles Office looking for me and we sat and talked for quite a while and there were several young agents, new agents, from the East and he had a knife. I forget now whether it was just a standard type or a pocket knife. It had a white bone handle on it. He told about killing the last buffalo that was killed on the plains of Texas. He took the leg bone and made this knife handle from it. Well, that was intriguing but I accused Frank of having larceny in his heart when he let those con-men take him for all that money. He laughed about it. He finally died at his home at Hale Center, Texas.

In recording these memoirs, things come to my mind that happened when I was a young child coming up in North Texas and among them are colloquialisms I guess you would call them, used by both grownups and children of both races. Of course, not everyone conversed in those terms but they were not too uncommon and were understood by all. For instance. Two persons would be talking and one would say, "I hain't a goin to do hit." On other times in a group you'd hear someone say, "Not narry a one hoped me," meaning helped me. Then you'd hear "Hit h'aint for me to say." The term h'aint was commonly used. I remember my grandpa used the word h'aint. It was because of their English ancestry who placed an h before a vowel, before the vowel a at any rate. Another expression, "Is you all a goin to town?" Another, "That thar hoss is his'n." and hoss meant horse. Someone speaking maybe of a banker; "They's got lots a omoney." "Whar'd he go" or they might say "Whar's them folks a'headin fer." Another expression

was when something was told that was unusual, the response would be "Laws a mercy." Another is "I'se feelin pooly this mornin." Another one "I'se got a misry in my head." meaning the person had the headache.

Once in Los Angeles, California, a complaint was assigned to me for investigation as an FBI Agent, long about 1930 for investigation. It involved two unprincipled white men who were posing as government land agents among the somewhat illiterate negroes of Watts, California, and inducing them to pay a fee to take them out on the Nevada desert to where they could homestead on government farmlands. On one such trip there was an elderly negro, uneducated but rather more intelligent than the others, and he sensed a scheme was afoot just to get his money. In his statement to the jury describing the trip to Nevada the hardships and the cold weather he stated, "It was very cold and this man gove me a old army overcoat." At this Judge McCormick stopped the proceedings and said, "I don't understand you and don't believe the jury does. What did the defendant do about an overcoat?" The old man again stated "Y'sir judge, he gove me it." The Judge shook his head and said, "Mr. Winstead is from the South and maybe he can interpret that for us. Can you?" "Of course I replied, yes sir. He is testifying that the defendant gave him an old Army overcoat." G-A-V-E. The judge and jury and spectators laughed and the jury found both of the confidence men guilty and they were sentenced to a federal penitentiary.

This is the 2nd day of May 1972 and word has been broadcast that Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, United States Department of Justice since 1924, passed away in his sleep last night in Washington, D. C.

Well, the end of the Second World War and my discharge from the service left me at loose ends so I began operating a private investigative agency alone. I had no agents under me or hired by me. I did work for a number of ex-FBI agents from over the United States who were in the business of making investigations for corporations and also for individuals. Shortly after my discharge I was retained by a corporation operated by Mr. Tom Gallagher of Albuquerque and a Mr. Kaplan of New York City. The Corporation was operating as the New Mexico Timber Company.

While they didn't have any need for my services at all times I did work for other people, or individuals. Among them was a couple of Texas ranchers who had some cattle and also ranching interests in the western part of New Mexico. There was a case that I worked on for them where a man who also had cattle in the _____ Mountains was roping their steers and cutting the tongues out. Of course an animal or a cow brute can't eat without its tongue. They don't have any teeth in one set of jaws and wrap the food, grass, weeds and grain as a matter of fact around with their tongue and pick it up in that manner. That investigation resulted in the conviction in the District Court of New Mexico but later on the Appellate Court reversed the case and the District Attorney was going out of office and he just dismissed the case instead of retrying it or keeping it on the docket.

I became very friendly with those ranchers and they were very nice to me and helped me acquire some livestock for myself, helped me get pasturage therefore and in another words in short assisted me in acquiring some finances which would not have accrued to me under other circumstances.

Then an acquaintance of mine who is in the automobile business in Albuquerque acquired a farm down south of Albuquerque in what is known as the

Bosque Farms. He induced me to go to work for him and taking care of a registered herd of black angus cattle. Later on he acquired a ranch down in the southern part of the state and with it got some poverty stricken white faced cows. Then he had me buy some two year old heifers, black angus and the place wasn't big enough to handle all those cattle so I leased some country and brought the white faced poverty stricken cattle up in the vicinity of Albuquerque in Valencia County and finally disposed of them. But the two year old heifers I kept. Then he made a deal for some other registered black angus cattle and the operation wasn't doing a great deal of good. We were over stocked. It was draughty and water was scarce and hay was high. So a gentleman came along with a deal and he accepted it and I resigned and went back to my investigative work. In the meantime these two ranchers for whom I had worked and associated with, got involved in the uranium business. They acquired a lot of leases in Valencia County, New Mexico, and incorporated under the name of Ranchers Exploration and Development Corporation. After I finished my job down in the Bosque Farms area they gave me a job protecting their leases out in the western part of the state. I was with that outfit for several years and acquired some of the stock and it turned out to be profitable.