



**ROBERT FRANKLIN JONES**

*May 7, 1913 - May 31, 1998*



Compiled by Cheryl Jane Munn  
Daughter by Marriage  
December 25, 1997

# ROBERT FRANKLIN JONES



## INTRODUCTION

This summer I prepared several family history books for my mother's family. After seeing them Bob asked if I would write his history. So this fall I agreed to do it for a Christmas present for him. The history is a compilation of audio tapes, a video tape, a history by his sister, Ruth, and some other stories I was able to find. There are also some choice pictures.

Writing Bob's history has been a remarkable experience. I feel like I have lived many of the exciting and awesome times of his life. Having written and proofed these stories so many times I have certainly come to know and appreciate his life history. It is full of real pioneer struggles and highlights while growing up on a ranch in Wyoming. Now I understand why he was so close to his Lambert grandparents. What an opportunity to accompany his Grandmother Lambert on many of her midwife births! And to be with his Grandfather Lambert when WWI ended and be part of the celebration.

Until now I didn't really appreciate what it was like to be so actively involved in WWII. He has told me and others of the circumstances surrounding his Navy

career. However, as I wrote of his battles, I found myself cheering for the good guys and excited when Bob made another 'hit.' What a life! Out on the sea for months and months on end. To be part of major operations in the war including Normandy and Iwo Jima. And then to hear him tell of a kamikaze pilot hitting the USS Nevada, and to realize that 13 men died right around him and he survived by the grace of God. Surely, God preserved his life many times during the war.

Robert Franklin Jones is my step-father. I have always loved Bob. He has been very good to me and always kind. My brothers and sisters would agree I am sure. For one, I am grateful his life was preserved. He has served a great purpose in filling a great void in our life when our own father died in 1982. I also want to thank him for his love for my mother and providing her with a good life with him. It has given us a great amount of peace to know that Bob was there for her and she could be there for his times of need.

I salute you, Commander Robert Franklin Jones. Truly you are a great man. I honor you for the life you have lived. I hope this book meets your inspection and approval!

Love, Cheryl



## LIFE HISTORY

### Fern Jones and Harold Munn 's Interview

I was born May 7, 1913 in Kamas Valley, Utah on Grandfather Lambert's ranch. I was the oldest child. My parents were Elva Eudora Lambert and Robert William Jones. My father's parents were Annie Mantle Jones, and John Jones. My mother's parents were Elva Eudora Woolstenhullme Lambert and Robert Franklin Lambert. My grandparents are from Kamas. There were eleven children in my family. One girl died, Mary Alice. And one boy, Paul, died at six months. Later, in 1992 Billie died. Living brothers and sisters are: Pat, Marie, Ruth, Clara, John, Ray Jr. and Elva.

My family moved to Wyoming when I was five years old. Father was a ranch foreman. When I went to school it was on one side of town and our home was on the other side. I remember those trips going to school early in the morning, winter having been invented in Southwestern Wyoming. The wind was terrible, it was mostly blizzard and snow. I am most thankful to have experienced this kind of living which hooks up with my pioneer ancestry to the letter. I moved to Kamas when I was in 5th grade. Later, I attended Granite High School.

I went to work on the ranch in Wyoming when I was about 18 years old. I was a ranch hand. It was at the very bottom of the Depression. My pay was \$30 a month and this was what my family lived on basically. Anytime you felt like you didn't want to work 16 or 17 hours a day 7 days a week, there were about 50 other people who wanted that job. I had been thrown off an innumerable number of horses on the frozen ground which attributes to my nasty disposition. I realized I would never be able to get an education with that arrangement. On that ranch was a cook who had been in the Navy. He used to talk to me for hours at a time. I talked to him about getting an education. That is where I got the 'bug in my bonnet' about getting into the Navy.

In 1935 I enlisted in the Navy and was stationed in San Diego at boot camp. When I decided to join the Navy my family felt I had disgraced the whole family. Years later while my brother John was visiting my mother, he indicated to her he didn't think I would be selected for Commander. Then he found out I was #2 on the list.

I met Ruth when I was 19 at a country dance, and dated her about a year before marriage. We married in Salt Lake City. Dick was born in Salt Lake City 8 January 1937 and Jim 30 October 1941. Ruth had several miscarriages--all boys. They lived in Salt Lake City where Ruth raised the boys while I was away.

### USS Mississippi

My first assignment was on the USS Mississippi in the Pacific which lasted for about 6 years. I was on ship til after WWII started then the USS Nevada--almost all WWII-- both were battleships. The USS Nevada traveled in both the North Atlantic and Pacific. The first battle I was in was the North Atlantic with the Germans. I was Chief Petty Officer then.

When the war broke out in Pearl Harbor I was in the North Atlantic where we were in a channel going into Hafnarfjordur, Iceland. We had been running convoys of tankers of aviation gasoline to the British Navy. I was on the USS Mississippi at this time, MOS Gunnery Weapons. Afterwards, I was on staff in Washington D.C. as a Gunnery Instructor. I put the USS Coral Sea in commission in 1947 for two and a half years. Then I was ordered to the USS North Hampton, an experimental gunnery ship. I was there for two and a half years. Then Korea as Naval Advisor for 15 months. Then I was commissioned Lt. Commander. I was the Production Officer in the Naval Ammunition Depot at St. Julians Creek, Virginia. I was there two years.

### USS Nevada

The night the kamikaze plane hit our ship, the USS Nevada had been running convoys. I had been the

officer of the deck on the bridge. By the time I was relieved and had written up the logs it was about 6 a.m. I had just taken my shoes off and air defense was sounded. We had been attacked by kamikaze.

Anti-aircraft battery hit two of the planes but the third one made a bullseye and hit the ship. I was on the top side going into Turret 4, I was the main battery officer on Turret 4—3 gun 14 inch battery. I dove into my turret, and was halfway in and halfway out the turret when the plane crashed on the deck. My legs were still out. I was tossed high into the air, knocked my shoe off, caved my ribs in, broke my clavicle bone and my nose. It happened at 5:55 a.m., March 27, 1945. I didn't get cared for till 9:30 p.m. It killed 13 men and 66 were seriously injured in battle. Practically, all thirteen men were killed within a few feet of me. We used all the body bags then used mail bags for the dead. When I went into the battle dressing room I walked up to the operating table where there was a big stainless steel bucket with feet and hands in it at the end of the table.

The shrapnel from the plane caused lots of damage on the ship. It's estimated the kamikaze were carrying two 500 pound bombs. The plane hit really close to me, maybe 100 feet. They put 14 inch turrets out of action. My battle station was Turret 4, 3-14 inch guns. After that we had to transfer the ammunition from Turret 4 to Turret 3. Fourteen inch ammunition wasn't too easy to come by. I continued to man my battle station without emergency care. The battle went all day and then some. There were a number of ships in this area in formation. A lot of landing craft were lost but no ships. We were in the South Pacific at the time.

## Normandy on the USS Nevada

We were scheduled to go in one day earlier but the weather was bad. The next day General Eisenhower said, "We will go regardless." We had the Utah Beach section. There's an enormous man-made seawall to keep people from coming onto the beach. It was concrete

with a two-way road on top of it across the bay. The landing was scheduled for 6 a.m. and D-6 we smashed two openings in that wall, one about 100 yards wide and one 80 yards wide. The troops ran through there. You won't find this in the history books. One thing is we had paratroopers land inland to spot gunfire for us. One of them spotted this column of artillery tanks racing down. He told us and we fired one salvo 14 inch into the front leader and blew them all to hell. And the next salvo hit the end of the column. There were over 60 German vehicles we took out.

**Okinawa on the USS Nevada:** In the Okinawa operation I was responsible for taking out all the shore battery guns. The battle lasted a couple of days. There were British ships by Okinawa for face value because they didn't do much. One ship, the Black Prince, turned around and high tailed it out of there when they got fired on.

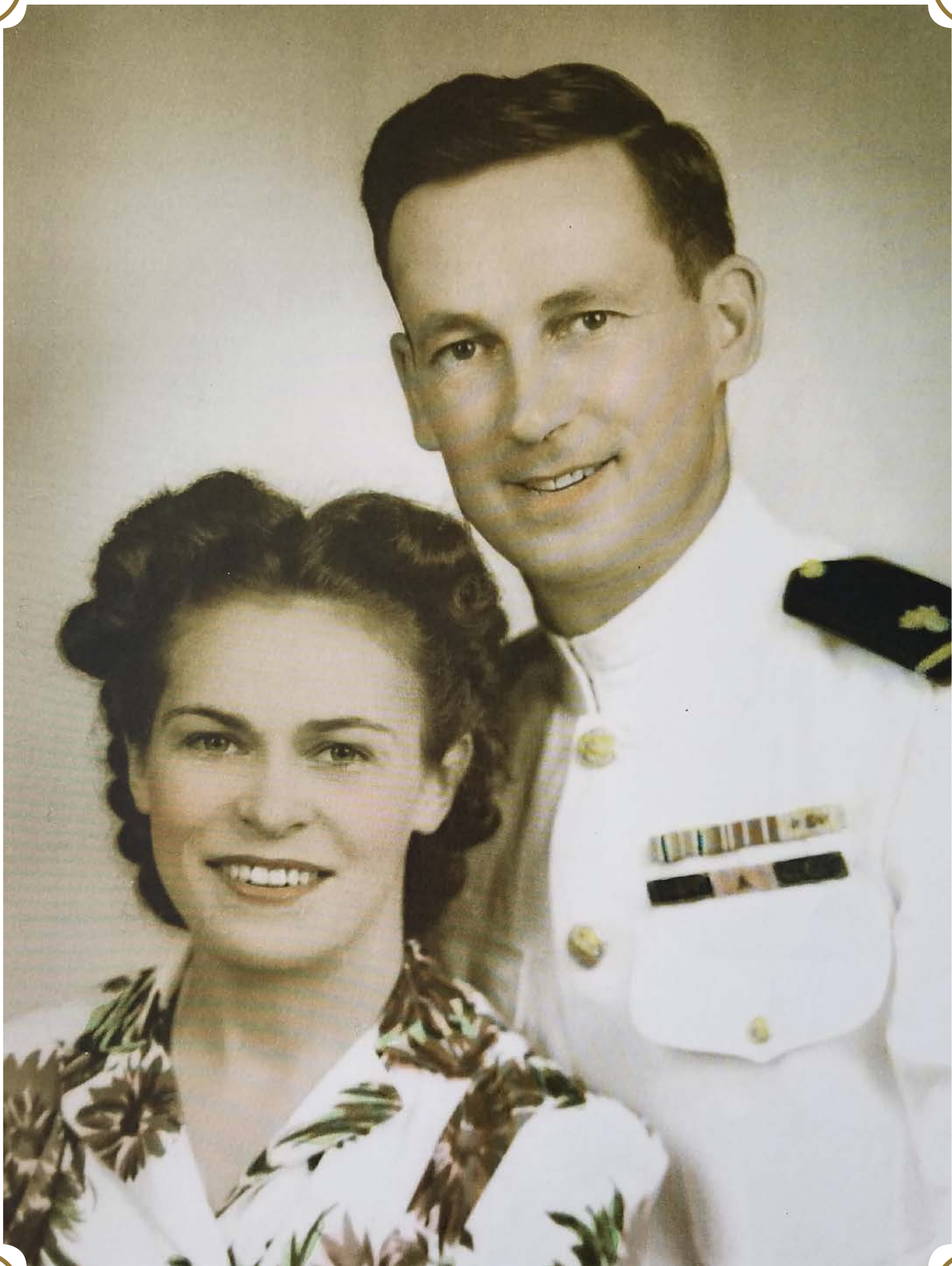
There were two half-breed Indians on board the USS Nevada who were chronic trouble-makers. No one could get any work out of them. They were finally assigned to me. I was the only Mustang division officer. I was supposed to be capable of handling all such things. We had a battle at Okinawa. An LST landing craft tank came right alongside, suffering casualties and losing most of his crew, bodies all over. We were assigned to give him replacements. I had already had the arrangement set up: the first two non-rated men who wanted a transfer, I wanted to know about it. I immediately jumped on it and grabbed my two half-breed Indians and sent them off the ship to be replacements. They were very unhappy and repentant. They had tears in their eyes. I really didn't care what happened to them.

## Iwo Jima on the USS Nevada

Iwo Jima was a real fortress armed to the "T". It was our job to put it out of business. Fourteen inch ammunition is really hard to get there and we had been firing on Iwo









Jima all day. There was a mound that I recognized as being man-made. The captain gave me permission to fire. I had two rounds of 14 inch left. I had to fire two rounds at a time because the threads in my gear were worn so badly it was jammed. I had one chance to hit the mound. Typically, I would fire one high and one low. We went to local control. We fired the salvo--and two 14 inch. Iwo Jima was connected with tunnels. We made a direct hit on the mound which was loaded with ammunition. Fire and smoke came out of holes all over Iwo Jima. It was all in a day's work.

Iwo Jima had a runway down the center for planes to land and take off. We were trying to clean that out. Our shells would bounce off the runway and ricochet to the other side of the island nearly hitting our own ships several miles away from the runway.

## Virginia

When I was Production Officer I was in charge of the black powder section which is the most dangerous by all means. There was a black fellow about 6'6" in height. I needed a real tough supervisor and I chose this black man. He was the first black man to be promoted to supervisor there. When I proposed that he be the new supervisor there was a lot of opposition from the other officers. I stated, "As long as I am the Production Officer with 60 percent of the stock." I proposed making him a leading man in charge. Making a black a supervisor in Virginia was really something. They still had separate drinking fountains and all back then. He probably didn't last one day after I left. But he was there while I was in charge.

There was a time I met Eleanor Roosevelt when I was supposed to catch a civilian aircraft to take to some place in New Jersey where I had an official appointment. Eleanor Roosevelt was going to be on board. The security officer wasn't there so I was asked to do it since I was in uniform. And that's all there was to it.

## USS Enterprise

I was then assigned to the USS Enterprise where I was both Security and Weapons Officer. While there Senator Humphrey came on board. We had super, super security requirements due to the reactors that drove the ship and we were loaded with atomic weapons. I had 900 hundred people in my department, 40 officers and a Marine detachment. Humphrey came aboard and wanted to go into the nuclear weapon space. A Marine sentry stopped him. You had to have top security clearance from Washington, the Atomic Energy Commission to go in there. He had no special clearance. Pres. Kennedy had been aboard a few days before and he had a clearance. He asked the sentry if he could go there. He said "No way." They passed the word for me, Commander Jones. I thought they had a weapon cooking off or something, and it was that pipsqueak. Humphrey started in on me and asked if I knew who he was and I said, "I know who you are and what you are." He acted insulted. He demanded to go down there. No matter who it is they have to have clearance. I said, "The only way I will let you go down is if you go to the captain and get the clearance in writing." I gave the Marine sentry a meritorious promotion to Sergeant for keeping Humphrey out. There's nothing that a career officer hates more than a politician.

While on the USS Enterprise I received the nickname 'Sweet Ole Bob--SOB.' I had 900 men and all gunnery weapons. This required a little firm discipline.

I had my orders to be detached from the USS Enterprise in 1962. The ship got into Norfolk, Virginia, and the Cuban missile crisis happened. The Admiral made me stay aboard for about six or seven weeks. I stayed in the Navy for 30 years till I was over 50 years old.

## Korea

There was this one time when ordinarily I would have flown but the weather was bad. I took a train. When we got off the train there were millions of people milling around. I thought, "What do I do now?" I looked up and saw this big, black sailor, who was knocking people out of the way with a green bamboo stick 30 inches long and about an inch thick. When it hits it hurts. He used it to clear the way. There was a vehicle for me, and he had to fight off the natives to get to me.

While in Korea working for the 8th Army I had to go to headquarters for a staff meeting for several days. The meeting was far off from the officers' quarters. Each day as the vehicle drove down the road we saw this old white haired lady laying on the side of the road with only long pants, no shirt. The custom over there is if you help someone you are now responsible for them the rest of your life. So the next morning, she was still there. I thought, 'Holy Mackerel, how could this be?' Well, the next day she was gone; they gather up the dead ones around town and burn them up. My tour of duty was supposed to be 14 months but I was there for "two cherry blossom seasons." That's a big deal.

While in Korea I taught the Koreans English in my office by using the book *A Marvelous Work and a Wonder* by LeGrand Richards. We baptized six people.

During this time I learned that my nephew wanted to adopt a Korean baby. So I acted as the liaison between Pat's son, Michael and Sydney, with the orphanages (Pat is my sister). They were able to adopt a baby girl they named Linsee when she was six months old. She is now 23 years old and recently returned from an LDS mission to Sacramento, California.

**Kearns High School:** I was on a television program one morning and was late getting to school. I was going down the hall and this group of "wetback" kids were gathered together and one of them, their leader, started calling out cadence--1-2-3-4. I stopped and did a left

face and caught him under the arms and slapped him up against the wall. And he "peed" about a quart and a half all over himself; I pointed it out to the rest of them, "That is your leader. Be sure and pay attention to him." At any time I ever saw him again he would turn and go the other way. He did not want any contact with me again.



## AUDIO TAPED HISTORY II

Grandma Lambert was Relief Society President in Kamas for a period of 19 years probably a little more than that, during which time she virtually delivered all the babies, helped lay out all the dead, nursed the sick. She was always doing service to someone else. My grandparents lived on the west side of Kamas valley in a beautiful home.

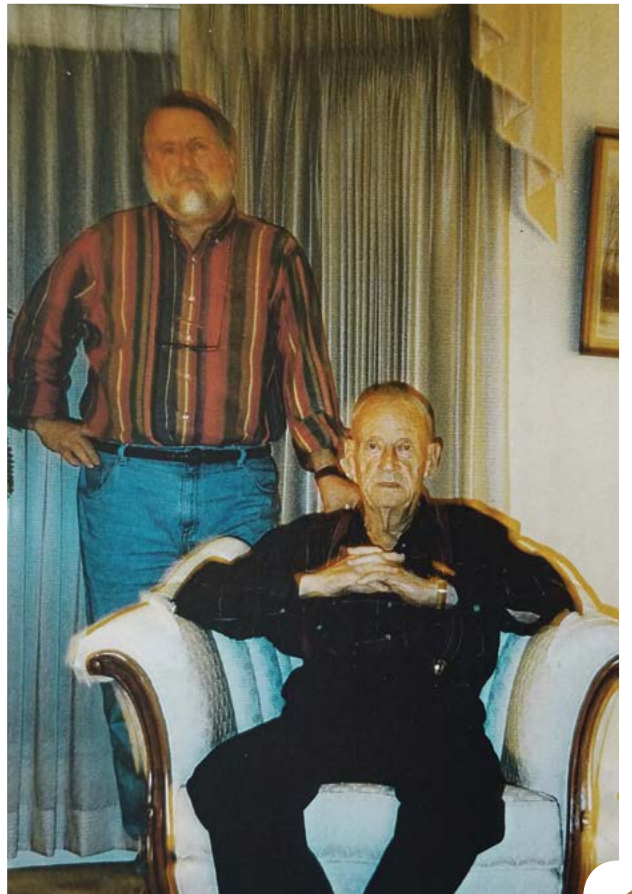
I was the first baby born in that home by the way. This particular day that I remember vividly a young man was riding up on a horse up along the west side of the valley at a full gallop looking for my grandmother because his mother was having a breech birth; he needed her right away. My grandmother had a small pasture next to the house where she kept her buggy horse because she needed her all the time. That day she tried to catch the horse and couldn't; she got upset. Finally, she caught the buggy horse and left in a full gallop for the woman's home. She whacked the horse on every bump in the road all the way there. This was very unusual, and it seems to me I was approximately four years old at the time. She delivered the baby. This was one of the incidents that happened continuously. I used to ride behind my grandfather on his horse all the time checking his cattle or whatever he was doing on the ranch.

One morning one of the cows was having calving trouble. My grandfather pulled the calf out. I studied what was all going on. This was afternoon by then. This very day my grandmother was having a quilting bee and





*Caption*







*Caption*





when I returned I delivered blow by blow the incident. Later, my grandmother caught up with my grandfather and really gave him a working over because of all this. Well, to me it was part of my education in the pioneer days. I am grateful I experienced all these things.

## VIDEO TAPED HISTORY

I was born 7 May 1913, Kamas, Summit County, Utah, on Grandfather Lambert's ranch. I was the oldest son of Robert William Jones and Elva Eudora Lambert. My grandparents were Richard Franklin Lambert and Elva Eudora Woolstenhulme Lambert. Grandpa Lambert was a cattle rancher, located approximately two miles west of Kamas, Utah. Grandma Lambert was Relief Society President for 19 years. She delivered hundreds of babies and prepared that many when dead.

I accompanied my grandfather everywhere, feeding and checking the cattle. On our trips to Park City we used to sell grain to miners. We often made the trip on bobsleds. At the end of WWI they had an enormous fire and celebration I attended with my Grandfather. I guess we were there most of the night. I lived in Evanston, Wyoming, where my father was foreman on a big livestock ranch. I attended the fifth grade in Kamas, Utah, and then sixth through ninth grade at Blaine School between 33rd South and Main Street.

The year between fifth and sixth grade I worked for Phillip Spencer, who had beet fields and alfalfa. I remember after working all summer I had \$22. I worked on the Bigelow Ranch near Ft. Bridger, Wyoming, for three and a half years from 17-19 years old. The pay was \$30 a month and the hours were 16-17 hours a day seven days a week. And anytime you felt you wanted to quit there were 50 people waiting to take your job. That was in the very worst of the Depression. I worked for one year after that for my Uncle John Lambert on his ranch. I met Ruth at a dance about that time. We married a year later on 31st Dec 1934.

I decided I had to get a better education or I would be a ranch hand the rest of my life which wasn't very appealing. So I joined the Navy January 17, 1935, having no money for college or anything like that. I went to boot camp in San Diego for twelve weeks and then went to Electrical Ordinance School where they taught electricity and basic gunnery. Then I was ordered to the USS Mississippi and worked in Gun Fire Control. I was sent to the Primary Fire Control School in Washington D.C. Out of class of 55 I was Number 2 in class standing. I returned to the USS Mississippi for about two years and was sent to the advanced Fire Control School. I was Number Two again. The same man who was Number One both times beat me by a fraction of a percentage point.

About that time I went then to the Ford Instrument Company in Long Island City, New York, and spent six months where they made most of the gun fire equipment. After that I then returned again to the USS Mississippi. We left Pearl Harbor one day to go out for a weekly exercise and the second day we turned and went to Panama. At this time the Bismarck sank and that is the reason we went to the Atlantic. We stayed in the Atlantic for six months and WWII started.

At this point I would like to say that WWII in the North Atlantic was going great for six months before it started in Pearl Harbor. This so-called neutrality patrol consisted of running convoys mainly with aviation gasoline to England. We had a wolf pack underneath our convoy one night and they torpedoed tanker after tanker loaded with aviation gasoline every hour on the hour for six hours. You have never seen anything like those tankers blowing up.

When we got word that WWII had started and that Pearl Harbor had been attacked, we were heading for Hafnarfjordur, Iceland. We stayed there about one day and then headed for The States. We went into the Norfolk Shipyard where they installed numerous machine guns. We left and went through the canal to the Pacific. About

that time I was appointed Warrant Officer and ordered to the USS Nevada. It had been seriously damaged at Pearl Harbor and had gone to the Bremerton Naval Shipyard. It was now all modernized and ready to go. I went aboard as the Ship Gunner Warrant Officer.

I was commissioned Ensign shortly after and became Turret Officer in the Fourth Division. We took part in the Kiska, Attu and Midway operations and then we went to the Atlantic to run convoys for at least a year maybe longer. I took part in the invasion of North Africa, Normandy and the Battle of Cherbourg Peninsula, and Southern France. I was Turret Officer for all these operations. We took part in the Battle of Cherbourg which was supposed to be the heaviest gun battle in the history of the world. We were faced with 22 350-mm guns on the Cherbourg Peninsula. We were supposed to make one pass, and ended up staying there for four and a half hours and got all 22 guns. Our ship was never hit. We were straggled 27 times with 350-mm shells and never hit. We had a lot of water splash around us. We returned to the Pacific and the USS Nevada was the main gun support in the Iwo Jima operation. It was later while in the Okinawa operation where we took the kamikaze hit.

At the end of the war I was ordered to Washington D.C. I staffed the Gunnery Officer School. I spent two years on that staff and was ordered to the USS Coral Sea, a new carrier. My job was Fire Control Officer for the ship. After two years I was ordered to the Naval Ammunition Depot in St. Julians Creek, Virginia. I was the Inspection Officer and Production Officer. I then was ordered to the USS North Hampton which was an experimental gunnery ship. I was Gunner Officer. We were to evaluate all the new naval guns that were going to be coming out. Most of them we didn't accept. We had two target evaluation systems to check out. They had assigned approximately 16 airplanes to evaluate the new guns. I was then ordered to the Norfolk Naval Shipyard as the Ordinance Repair Officer for two years.

During this time a new LDS Stake was organized which included a large area covering Virginia to North Carolina. President Harold B. Lee came to make the change. Ruth was called as the counselor to the Stake Relief Society President. At this time I was called to be Naval Advisor to the Republic of Korea Navy at Chin Hae which consisted of four destroyer escorts, two tankers and a lot of patrol boats. We were in charge of patrolling the 38th parallel between North and South Korea among other things. I had a First Class Petty Officer who was a member of the church. He and I were the only members of the church in South Korea at that time. We had converted six people by the time I left.

I was then ordered to the Repair Facility at San Diego where I was in charge of making all gunnery repairs. From there I was ordered to the USS Enterprise, the first nuclear powered ship, as Weapons Officer. I had nuclear weapons, guided missiles, eight reactors. I was Security Officer on the ship. While we were in Europe in the Mediterranean my relief arrived and I was ordered to leave the ship. However, about that time we came into Norfolk and the Cuban Missile Crisis came up and the commanding officer said, "No way." So I had to stay aboard for about seven weeks. Ruth had sold our home and shipped our things to San Diego while I went to Cuba. She twiddled her thumbs till I returned. I was catapulted off the USS Enterprise on one plane. I said that I hoped that's the last time I have to do that. The reason being while I was in Guantanamo Bay the Marines were unloading equipment. I asked for a ride to Cherry Point, South Carolina. By the time we got there it was night. They woke me up in the middle of the night as they had found a ride to Norfolk, Virginia. I must have been a real sight with a short-sleeve tropical uniform and it was winter there. I was ordered from the USS Enterprise to the Fleet Gunnery Officer School in San Diego. Shortly after I was also the Gunnery and Training Officer for the Pacific Fleet. We were stationed in San Diego.





I completed my thirty years and went on the retired list, and we moved to Salt Lake City. We built a new home on property Ruth had inherited from her parents and lived there for five years. Shortly after, I was called to the NROTC in Keams High School. This was quite a shock. I was quite impressed with the incompetence and overstaffing at the high school. I stayed three years. This was a crusader type job and all I was doing was paying more taxes.

My son, Richard, and his wife were in California interviewing for a job when they called us up and insisted we come there. We got in the car and drove there. We were so impressed we bought a ranch down there with enormous trees six feet in diameter and 100 feet high. I named that ranch the High Pine Ranch. It had been vacant for about five years. I bought a bulldozer and cleared the ranch, installed a sprinkler system and planted pastures. We built a new home on the hilltop there. We were there for about seven years. About that time my arthritis started settling in. Besides, some people wanted to buy it. We sold it in four parcels, and we moved back to Salt Lake. We did temple work for several years with Denise and Daryl Griffin. Shortly after, Ruth was found to have cancer. She died about eight months later 11 Sept 1995.

I met Fern at Sears Auto Center while I was getting work done on my car. On the way home I thought about her and the next morning I went back down and had the clerk find the woman from West Jordan. We were married the 4th of March 1997. Fern works in the temple and that brings us about up to date.

Ruth and I had two sons, Robert Richard Jones who was born 8 January 1937 in Salt Lake while I was in the Aleutian Islands. And James Franklin, the youngest, was born 30 October 1941 while I was in the North Atlantic. Ruth and I lost four sons in miscarriages.

## THE USS ENTERPRISE

Just across from fleet landing  
Newport News is the spot  
They built the mighty Enterprise  
The ship that God forgot.

Deep down in the working spaces  
Down where men grow blue  
Right in the middle of nowhere  
Ten thousand miles from you!

We work, we sweat and shiver  
It's more than I can stand  
We're not ordinary convicts  
We're the leaders of the land.

We're sailors of the Enterprise  
Earning meals and pay  
We guard the people's money  
Just for two fifty a day

Nobody knows we're living  
Nobody gives a damn  
At home we are forgotten  
Because we belong to Uncle Sam

The time we've spent on the Enterprise  
The shore duty we've missed  
For God's sake Boys Don't let the draft board get you  
And whatever you do, don't enlist

When you reach the pearly gates,  
You'll hear St. Peter yell  
Fall in you sailors from the Enterprise  
You have served your time in Hell



## LIFE HISTORY

### Ruth Jones Rowsell, Bob's sister

Born May 7, 1913 | Kamas, Summit County, Utah

Robert was the son of Robert William Jones and Elva Eudora Lambert. He lived in Salt Lake City attending Blaine Elementary School and Granite High School where he played the violin in the school orchestra.

Bob spent some of his early teen years living with his Grandfather and Grandmother Lambert on their ranch in Kamas. Grandfather was a prosperous dairy rancher. Bob idolized his grandfather who was a great influence in Bob's life.

For ten years Bob, his parents, and brothers and sisters lived on the Bigelow sheep ranch, just 25 miles east of Evanston, Wyoming. Bob's father was foreman on the ranch. His brothers and sisters went to school in a log bunkhouse where our live-in teachers taught all six grades. We went to school in this manner for two years. Our teachers were Ted Hamblin from Mt. View, Wyoming and Wilma Porter from Lyman, Wyoming.

During one of the years we were living on the ranch, all of the out buildings were burned to the ground. The only buildings left were a shed and a large machine shed. Bob and Hamblin carried tubs of water from a nearby spring to help douse the fire, Father always said that he knew who set the blaze. Our beautiful collie dog, Queen, was poisoned just two days before the fire. Some of our fondest childhood memories are from the time we lived on the ranch.

Bob joined the Navy when he was 21. Just before leaving for his assignment he married Ruth Russell of East Millcreek. Ruth was a petite beautiful brunette. From this union two sons were born: Robert Richard, now living in Tallahassee, Florida, and James Franklin who lives in West Jordan, Utah. Bob and Ruth have nine grandchildren.

Bob was in the Navy for 30 years. Much of this time was spent away from home. Sometimes he was at sea for six or seven months at a time. The ships he served on were the USS North Hampton, the USS Nevada, the USS Mississippi, and when the nuclear powered carrier, the USS Enterprise, was commissioned, Bob was the Weapons Officer aboard the ship.

Bob saw action in three wars: World War II, Korean, and Vietnam. He received wounds when a Japanese kamikaze plane hit the deck of the USS Nevada, killing most of the men who were in the gun pit with Bob. Bob has three purple hearts and many other medals of honor for his time in the Navy.

After thirty years in the Navy, Bob returned to Salt Lake City upon his retirement. He and Ruth had a beautiful home built in East Millcreek. After living there for some years, they moved to Colfax, California, where Bob established a beautiful ranch site, raising cattle and thoroughbred horses. They lived there for six or seven years before retiring to Salt Lake City to live where Bob now resides.

Ruth passed away on Sept. 15, 1985 from lung cancer. She suffered for over a year with this illness. She was misdiagnosed by the doctors at Hill AFB who said she only had a punctured lung. Bob took her to a cancer specialist in Salt Lake City who did not even have to examine her, for he could diagnose her problem just from what he was told.

Ruth was a delightful lady. We all loved her dearly. She served as Relief Society President four different times: Hampton, Virginia; Chula Vista, California; Colfax, California; and Salt Lake City, Utah. She is buried in the Mountain View Cemetery at 3115 E. 7800 S.

As children we all had the normal childhood diseases. However, some of the family had scarlet fever and diphtheria. Bob is one of eleven children, six sisters and four brothers:

## SISTERS

Marie  
Patience Kathleen  
Wilma Ruth  
Elva Annie  
Clara Jean  
Mary Alice (deceased)

## BROTHERS

John Leroy  
Paul (deceased)  
Ray Junior  
William "Billy" (deceased)



## Cottonwood Second Ward

Newsletter 1989

We would like to acquaint you with some facts and figures concerning our mutual friend, Robert Jones. By the way his birthday is today, May 7th, Happy Birthday Bob.

To begin with he was born 7 May 1913 in Kamas, Summit County, Utah. He attended school in Evanston, Wyoming and Salt Lake City, Utah, high school at good old Granite High. Bob worked as a ranch hand in Wyoming for four years and then a big change came in his life. He joined the U.S. Navy in January 1935. In 1934 he married Ruth Russell Jones. They are the parents of two sons. Ruth passed away in 1985.

For the first years in the Navy he attended Navy schools and was assigned to serve aboard the USS Mississippi from 1935 to 1941. In 1942 he was transferred to the USS Nevada and promoted to Warrant Officer (gunner.) He served aboard the USS Nevada in the battle of Midway, Kiska and Attu as Warrant Officer, and then as Main Battery Officer for the invasion of North Africa, the invasion of Normandy, invasion of southern France, Iwo Jima and Okinawa, all during World War II

He served as an Instructor at the Gunnery Officers School in Washington D.C. from 1945 to 1947. His next assignment for a two year period was aboard the USS Coral Sea (carrier) as Gunnery Officer. During

1953-4 he was aboard the USS North Hampton, again as Gunnery Officer. After this assignment he spent the next two years at the Norfolk Naval Shipyard as Ordinance Repair Superintendent. He also was Naval Advisor to the Republic of Korea in Chin Hai, Korea (1957-58). 1959-60 found Bob serving at the U.S. Naval Repair facility. The next two years he spent serving as Weapons Officer aboard the USS Enterprise, the first nuclear powered aircraft carrier. During 1963-64 he was Commanding Officer of the Fleet Gunnery School at San Diego, and Gunnery and Missile Training Officer for the Pacific fleet.

During all of this service in the Navy, Bob stayed close to the church and was an LDS servicemen's leader for 22 years and also in the branch presidency for several branches in Virginia. He retired from active duty with the permanent rank of Commander, U.S. Navy. What a record! He served in three wars: World War II, Korea and Vietnam.

When he joined the Navy he thought it would be the end of his schooling, but every time he was off duty or in his bunk or stateroom, he studied and was able to get his degree. He is especially good at trigonometry. After he retired, he taught ROTC at Kearns High School. He is truly a great military man and believes that anything worth doing is worth doing right!

He and our friend, Fern, have been married now for two years. We are surely glad he found her. One can't help but love and respect this grand couple.



## Kearns High NROTC In "Good Hands"

By Betty Castillo

Young men enrolled in the Navy Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps at Kearns High are in good hands. A seasoned Navy man with 30 years service behind him is teaching them the fundamentals of how to be a seagoing man - - or a landbound sailor, whichever is their lot. He is Commander Robert F. Jones who enlisted in the Navy in 1935, retired in 1964 following numerous adventures and assignments, and was called by Granite District to teach the NJROTC students at Kearns High in 1968.

Commander Jones' numerous decorations include the Presidential Citation, Purple Heart, and the Korean President's Citation - - and he is a veteran of invasions of the Aleutians, Normandy, Southern France, Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

The Commander is proud of the Naval ROTC program and rightly so, and he thinks it is a good deal for a young man. The 145 senior boys at Kearns High, in addition to receiving the benefit of veteran experience under Commander Jones, also receive the following free equipment from the United States Navy during their training:

one dress blue uniform, a blue drill uniform for winter, two khaki uniforms for warm weather, a wool, lined top coat, caps, books and a Springfield rifle.



A former sea going man around the world, Commander Robert F. Jones is presently in charge of the Naval Junior Reserve Officers Training Corps at Kearns High School. Highly decorated, the Commander is a veteran of invasions of the Aleutians, Normandy, Southern France, Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

They must maintain short hair, exhibit respectable conduct and a clean cut military appearance. The boys are

screened and selected. Commander Jones says that it is possible to train 250 to 300 boys, and it is expected that the program will expand to this number as interest in the newly formed NROTC grows.

The program is not disciplinary, states Commander Jones, but it can do a great deal for a young man who is willing to work. It is an effort to develop leadership, good study habits and clean personal habits.

"We have some fine outstanding boys in this program," says Commander Jones. "We are hoping that the program will point them toward NROTC units in universities." If a boy does

complete three years NROTC in high school he will only be required to take three years in college where the government will pay his tuition equipment and books as a midshipman and \$50 to boot. Upon graduation from college, a man can receive his commission as an ensign and then go into three years active duty with the Navy. The Commander calculates that the college program is presently saving its enrollees \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year.

Commander Jones was born in Kamas, Utah, and is married to the former Ruth Russell of East Millcreek. He has two sons, Robert R. who works at the University of Utah in the electrical engineering department, and James F. who is employed at the Pacific Airmotive Company in urban, California in aircraft structural work.

The Commander served on the U.S. Mississippi, a battleship engaged in combat in the North Atlantic and Pacific. He was appointed as a warrant officer with gunnery duty, and later commission ensign. He served on the U.S.S. Nevada as main battery officer.

Following the war, he was assigned as an instructor in the Gunnery Officers school in Washington D. C. and in 1947 went aboard the U.S.S. Coral Sea as fire control officer for three years in the Atlantic Fleet. He then returned to Virginia as inspector and production officer in the Naval Ammunition Depot, then in 1953 aboard the U.S.S. North Hampton as gunner officer. His career then took him to the Norfolk Naval Shipyard as ordnance repair superintendent for three years.

1959 found Commander Jones assigned as Naval Advisor to the Republic of Korea Navy at Chin Hae. His vastly interesting career then brought him back to San Diego as ordnance repair superintendent in the Naval Repair Facility for two years - - then aboard the U.S. Enterprise, nuclear powered carrier for two years as weapons officer.

Commander Jones ended his active Naval career as Commanding Officer of the U.S. Fleet Gunnery School, and as Gunnery and Missiles Training Officer in the fleet training group at San Diego, California. He retired to Salt Lake City in 1964, and "rooted around in the garden" until his call to teach the Naval program at Kearns High, bringing the wealth of a fine Navy career with him to guide young men.

***The above article will help introduce you  
to Fern's husband, Commander Robert Jones.***

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