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## "IS THAT A GUN IN YOUR POCKET, OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?"

In the Year of Our Lord 1692, it came to a group of men reeling from the ravages of too many New England winters that salvation by a vengeful God could best be assured by offering, into the bosom of eternal bliss, an assortment of teenage girls.

Thus did the town of Salem, Massachusetts, stake out its claim to tragic notoriety for that moment in its history when the Devil, accompanied by an outbreak of small pox and a band of marauding Indians, helped the manly elders of the village pronounce a group of young women to be witches and have them hanged.

So, mindful of Karl Marx's maxim that history's second comings have a habit of morphing from tragedy into farce for the return engagement, it seems somehow fitting that 243 years after the Salem witch trials came to an end there should appear on the Registrar of Births for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts an infant destined to emerge, over the following seven decades, as the world's most famous business leader of his time as well as one of

the most sociosexually conflicted public figures the town of Salem, Massachusetts, has produced since the witch trials themselves: the future chairman and CEO of General Electric (GE), John Francis Welch Jr.

To understand Welch and his entanglements with women, it helps greatly to know the circumstances of his upbringing, which are evoked, if only vaguely, in his best-selling business world memoir, *Jack: Straight from the Gut*. It is doubtless a testament to the public's intense fascination with the man that his memoir, which had the great misfortune of going on sale on the morning of September 11, 2001, leaped quickly onto the *New York Times* nonfiction best-seller list anyway, eventually selling a total of 800,000 copies in hardcover.

Though some reviewers criticized the memoir for lacking depth and personal insight,<sup>1</sup> Welch's feelings about himself and his life are evident on every page, often revealed through what he chose *not* to say about himself as opposed to what he chose to reveal. We are constrained to take the author at his word when he writes of himself, at the age of sixty-five, "Truth is, deep down, I've never really changed much from the boy my mother raised in Salem, Massachusetts."<sup>2</sup>

From the perspective of six decades and the approach of old age, *Jack: Straight from the Gut* summons a childhood rich in the generational promise of America itself—of hard-working fathers and loving mothers, sandlot baseball after school, and summers in the bleachers at Fenway Park.

But there is more in these pages than the hallelujah choir of Walt Whitman and Hart Crane; we hear as well the deeper murmur of mom and the Holy Ghost, and it is in the missing notes of that dirge that we find Jack Welch's true melody.

"She was the most influential person in my life," Jack writes of his mother, Grace Andrews Welch, who worked as a bookkeeper to supplement the income of her husband, and Jack's father, John Welch Sr., a second-generation Irish American, who worked as a conductor

on the Boston & Maine (B&M) Railroad. "Grace Welch taught me the value of competition, just as she taught me the pleasure of winning and the need to take defeat in stride," Jack informs us.<sup>3</sup> But it is strange, even unsettling, to be invited to share in such sentiments since, for all their apparent sincerity and ardor, there is little in the book to convey the warmth and love that Welch says he felt radiating from his mother. There is not even a physical description of the woman, nor anything to illuminate a lifetime of her personal history. She is simply urged upon us, as a kind of Ur-figure from the Land of Future Greatness. Reflected in the mirror of her son's sensibilities, there is eerily no reflection of Grace Welch at all.

In place of that reflection, we encounter a Welch family mythology. It is Jack's version of how he grew up, complete with an evocation of the joy and fulfillment he found living across the street from a cemetery and a factory in Salem's working-class North End.

For a fifteen-year-old boy hanging with his mates in front of the corner candy store, life is what it is, and joy can be found in a bottle of root beer passed around on a hot August evening. But joys are harder to come by when the footfalls of poverty dog you throughout life, and for the immigrant population of Salem's Irish Catholics of the 1940s that is how life was lived. "We were poor," says a Salem old-timer named Ed Curtin, now pushing seventy, who grew up with Welch on Lovett Street. At the age of thirteen, Ed was a corner candy store regular with Welch after school and on weekends, though he is not mentioned in Welch's memoir. "I mean, really and truly poor," Ed reports. "In my family we had to put a quarter into the meter to get electricity for the apartment. And everyone I knew was in pretty much the same situation, including Jack Welch."<sup>4</sup>

By just about every demographic measure imaginable—from morbidity and infectious disease rates to educational levels, housing conditions, and the unemployment rate—Salem, Massachusetts, in the 1940s and 1950s was hardly an inviting place to live, especially

in the town's Irish Catholic North End. In wave after wave, the Irish had poured in, desperate to escape the poverty of their country's collapsed economy under the boot of the English. Entering by way of Boston, many wound up getting no further than Salem before exhaustion and lack of money ended their travels in the permanent underclass of the town's North End ghetto.

Among them was an immigrant laborer named Luke Welch, who made his way north to Salem where he married another recently arrived Irish immigrant named Mary Walsh. In 1895, the couple produced a son whom they named John Francis Welch, who grew up a gangling fellow with taciturn ways and large, almost elephantine, ears. This man became Jack Welch's father.

Meanwhile, yet more Irish immigrants had arrived and made their way to Salem, where two members of the growing Irish American community—William Andrews and Bridget White—were likewise in time married. In 1899, they produced a daughter whom they named Grace. She too was marked by a striking physical aspect, captured in a determined and forceful jawline and thin lips that opened into an occasional and reluctant smile. In her face seemed to be the foreshadowed knowledge of what life held in store for her, and it was something she did not seem to welcome.<sup>5</sup> This woman became Jack's mother.

Although both John and Grace were gainfully employed at the time of their marriage, he as a trainman on the B&M and she as a clerk, it took the twenty years that followed, from their wedding day in November 1924 until nearly the end of World War II, for the couple to save enough money to purchase a home of their own. For at least the first eleven of those years, the couple did not even have enough money to afford a *rented* place of their own and wound up living with Grace's parents on Dunlap Street, also in Salem's North End.

When John and Grace's only child, Jack, was born in November 1935,\* the couple was still living with the Andrews family on Dunlap Street. They finally moved into a home of their own when Jack was nine. The move was into a small, stuccoed row house at 15 Lovett Street, a mere two blocks from the Andrews home on Dunlap Street. And it was there that young Jack Welch finished out the years of his youth—the latest in a family of Irish Americans to have become seemingly mired forever in the bog of New England's working poor.

This was the backstairs reality of the world into which Jack Welch was born—a world in which uneducated and resentful parents would typically fight with each other, beat their children, and drink themselves to death from the despair that challenged them at every turn.† Though Welch sought to recall his family life with warmth and compassion in his autobiography, other feelings percolated just below the surface, bubbling up from time to time during interviews in which he described his childhood as being one with his "nose pressed up against the glass"—the proverbial outsider, doomed to a life of coveting what lay just beyond his grasp.

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\*On Jack's birth certificate—issued by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Office of the Secretary, Division of Vital Statistics—his name is given as John Francis Welch, without the "Jr." His date of birth is listed as November 19, 1935, in the town of Peabody, Massachusetts.

†In the Irish and Italian ghettos of Greater Boston, a popular bit of doggerel was repeated back and forth among children of the era that recalled the background hum of domestic violence that permeated life for America's immigrant urban poor during much of the early twentieth century. The rhyme referenced a highly publicized murder trial in nearby Fall River, Massachusetts, some years earlier, in which a crazed young woman was tried and acquitted for killing her parents. The rhyme went:

Lizzie Borden took an ax  
And gave her mother forty whacks  
And when she saw what she had done  
She gave her father forty-one.

Nor do his reminiscences about the warmth of his actual family life come off as very convincing. Instead, they seem grudging, contentious, and against the known facts. Like nearly all Irish Catholic families, the Welches, Walshes, Andrews, and Whites were overflowing with uncles, aunts, and cousins—a the vast and spreading tree of Jack Welch's extended family. But we encounter none of them in Jack's memoir, nor in any of the other recollected moments of his life.

Welch rarely mentions any of these people in his interviews and reminiscences about his early years. One exception came during an interview with a reporter for an obscure Boston newsletter covering Irish affairs.\* During the interview, Welch was asked about his extended family of aunts and uncles, and all he could think to say was that they included a couple of uncles "who drank too much"—a comfortably vague acknowledgment that alcoholism, known from the local perspective as simply the "Irish disease," was very much a part of Jack Welch's childhood.†

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\*See *Irish America* (January 31, 2002). The interview is unusual for the manner in which the reporter, Patricia Harty, succeeded in catching Welch off-guard in reflective moments. The two unnamed uncles he refers to in the interview as having been excessive drinkers appear to have been brothers of his mother, Grace, and "were always getting in trouble . . ." so much so that his mother would sometimes sneak money from his father to help get her brothers "out of trouble." On another occasion, Welch muses as to why his mother hadn't made more of her life, saying, "I wonder why my mother didn't do better in school. I wonder why she and her family didn't progress further."

†Six decades later, Welch was living in grand circumstances indeed, in a 10,773 square-foot home, with a squash court and chauffeur's quarters, on 6.5 acres overlooking Long Island Sound, in Fairfield, Connecticut. Yet, he could still be found periodically boozing it up with a group of working-class cronies on weekday evenings in a bar known as Mario's, in the Italian-American community of Saugatuck, Connecticut. A local Fairfield County columnist, Pete McGovern, wrote of a Welch sighting in early 2003, "Jack Welch, GE's genial literary former chairman, author of his red-hot bestseller *Jack*, was reported by regular observers to be present last week at his usual sit-down of his private assembly again at W'port RR Pl, popular Mecca, Mario's Place. Despite any entanglements of legalities, the attendees, composed of his four footloose and friendly long-time comrades, engaged in mostly broad male pleasantries, dominating the session of many hours in his favorite haunt over many years." See the *Westport Minuteman*

For Jack's remoteness from his own family, there is no explanation in his memoir. And odder still, when it comes to confronting the fact that he himself was an only child (a rarity in Irish Catholic families) and, moreover, that he arrived late in the lives of his parents (when John was 41 and Grace was 36), he explains only that his parents had been trying in vain to have a baby "for many years."<sup>\*</sup>

Perhaps Jack arrived late in the lives of his parents because another mouth to feed was hardly viewed as a big new opportunity by Grace's elephant-eared husband John, who had apparently been free-loading for years, along with Grace, as live-in members of her parents' extended family household on Dunlap Street.

John Welch, as tall and gangling in middle-age as he had been as a young man, was still working as a trainman on the B&M when Jack was born. And though Jack's reminiscences of his youth overflow with the "mentoring" presence of Grace, he almost never mentions his trainman dad, John. At best, he is evoked as a hale fellow with a smile and a pinch of blarney for any passenger on his train run in and out of Salem. But, reports Jack without explanation, "His cheerful disposition on the train would often contrast with his quiet and withdrawn behavior at home."<sup>6</sup>

The mood change that would come over him daily as he headed home from the eighty-mile round-trip on the B&M that he traveled for years—through the factory towns and fishing villages of the North Shore—is never explained. We are left to wonder what it was

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(February 6, 2003). In his autobiography, Welch references another local bar that he and other GE executives frequented, the Hi-Ho, a local watering hole near GE's headquarters. See Welch, *Jack: Straight from the Gut* (New York: Warner Books, 2001), p. xii.

<sup>\*</sup>In a 1998 profile in *BusinessWeek*, writer John Byrne, who eventually wound up collaborating with Welch on *Jack: Straight from the Gut*, extended this proposition mathematically to the realm of what would be, for a Catholic, actual mortal sin, reporting that by the time Welch was born in 1935 his parents had been attempting to conceive a child for 16 years—an awkward revelation to say the least since they'd only been married for 11 years. See Byrne, "I Had a Pal in My Mom," *BusinessWeek* (June 8, 1998). (John F. Welch Sr. and Grace Andrews were married November 19, 1924, in Salem, Massachusetts.)

that would pitch John into such black despair that Grace would complain of it the very instant he walked in the door. What would cause him, at the first hint of bad weather, to rise from his chair and head back to the station, to spend the night sleeping in one of the coaches so as not to miss the run the next morning? Was the old man carrying on? Did Grace sense something was up? The tension in these moments is obvious, but the author does not explore it.

Though Jack Welch has time and again portrayed his mother as the person who taught him everything worthwhile he ever learned in his life, from how to get to Fenway Park to how to "stand up to anybody," John Sr. is presented as having taught him essentially nothing at all. As a father, he just wasn't there, leaving to Grace the task of being not only the mother but the father as well.\*

How Grace felt about this isn't known because she left no memoir to mark the passing of her life. But she seemed to think and act in competitive—and often angry and hostile—ways at the oddest moments. In the very first scene of Jack's memoir, the reader encounters Grace in action, bursting into the boys' locker room of Salem High School after Jack's hockey team lost a game and Welch threw his stick across the ice in a rage.

"You punk!" she screams. "If you don't know how to lose, you'll never know how to win!"

Now there are many things one may wish to know about what happened next, beginning with whether the steamy air of the boys' locker room—thick as it must have been with the aromas of naked teenage boys who had just played a losing hockey game—was

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\* According to Dr. Trisha Macnair, a family health expert in Britain, fathers are particularly important as role models for boys ages 6 to 14, when they are still uncertain of their sexual identity and how to deal with conflicts involving peers. Lacking effective fathering role models, such boys often overcompensate and try to act tough and uncaring to provide a shell to hide their insecurity. Macnair, a regular commentator on such matters for the British Broadcasting Corporation, says the surges of testosterone that come with puberty can make the problem worse.



thereupon rent with the sounds of catcalls, whistles, and snapping towels. Alas, what the reader learns instead is that, according to Jack Welch, this is what a mother's love is ultimately all about: calling your son a punk.

Such was the subtext to the day-to-day behavior of the most powerful role model in Jack Welch's life—his mother, Grace. In the merciless world of Salem's Irish American ghetto, with its inbred relationships and Darwinian value structures, what was a young boy to think when love, hate, success, failure, and a dozen other profound life experiences all somehow seemed wrapped up in the person of this woman, his own mother, raging at him one minute for bringing home a "B" on his report card, then clutching him to her breast in the next for bringing home an "A"? From such contradictions can develop deep and profound confusion over how to relate to people in general, and women in particular. How is a boy to know whether love is staring him in the face when, from all past experience, it might mercurially transform into anger and even hate at a moment's notice?

There is a moment that has apparently played itself out over and over again in the mind of Jack Welch, versions of which appear at least twice in Jack's autobiography. When the moment is first encountered, Jack is not yet thirteen years of age, not yet a teenager, not yet into puberty. He is small for his age, with a pronounced stutter and uncertain reflexes. It is late in the day, and he is standing at the doorway to the house on Lovett Street, watching as his mother heads to the station to collect his father after work at the end of his daily run on the B&M line north out of Boston.

But the minutes pass by, and soon a quarter hour has gone, and then even more time passes. And out of nowhere, a desperate panic sweeps through the young boy: His mother has left him. And in an onrush of feelings that he neither understands nor can control, he rushes into the street and down the sidewalk toward the station, consumed by the panic that his mother has left him, never to return.

Over and over, this happened to Jack Welch as a young boy growing up in Salem, Massachusetts. And over and over, he reacted the same way. How would he cope or survive even another day, if he were to be abandoned to fend for himself on the mean streets of Salem? And over and over, the answer was the same, as from around the corner his parents would reappear—the man/woman he knew as Mom, and the other person, known vaguely as Dad. And, one may suppose, the fear of abandonment worked its way into him deeper and deeper as the years unfolded, until the day finally came when his mother really did abandon him to death, and a kind of hardened emotional shell grew around him and, taking his mother's survival lessons to heart, he began abandoning the women in his life, one after the next, before they abandoned him.\*



Jack Welch was small for his age, and he lacked the muscular strength and agility to be a dominating presence in sports. But his mother had taught him the value of competition and the power of a dominating personality, and with that skill set, he had emerged in no time as a leader among his peers. Many who have known Welch say he is charismatic by nature and was born with the world's eyes upon him.<sup>†</sup> But it is also possible that he simply moved into the role

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\*In *Sexual Detours* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2000), author Holly Hein argues that fear of abandonment sometimes causes individuals to stay glued to another, preserving an illusion of intimacy that protects the person from the vulnerability of true intimacy.

<sup>†</sup>Stratford Sherman, who has written extensively on Welch over the years, observed this about him in a *Fortune* (March 27, 1989) profile, "A charming firebrand with hot Irish blood, Welch seized the General Electric Co.'s vast bureaucracy by the scruff of the neck and shook it till it saw stars." Similarly, Linda Grant of the *Los Angeles Times* (May 9, 1993) wrote of Welch in a story involving his appearance at a University of Southern California leadership videotaping session, "For a man who lacks the gift of eloquence, Welch is an oddly riveting speaker." Or consider Warren Bennis, a visiting

of leader as a kind of natural progression from having grown up the only child in an Irish Catholic household in 1950. In such circumstances, a fellow can develop a taste for the spotlight from a very early age.

It is hardly surprising to learn from Ed Curtin, as memory's veil falls away, that rare was the summer evening for Jack and the boys—as they passed the time in front of the corner variety store at the end of the block—when the conversation did not sooner or later turn to an attractive young lady named Marilyn Walker, who was a year ahead of them in school.

It was the start of the 1950s, and Marilyn Monroe had just burst on the scene as Angela Phinlay, the temptress with a cynical shell and a heart of gold in *The Asphalt Jungle* . . . which meant, of course, when you got right down to it, that in the summer of 1950—and at least in front of the Fairmont Variety Store at the corner of Barstow and School Streets, in Salem, Massachusetts—Marilyn Walker effectively *was* Marilyn Monroe, and thus by implication had precisely the same thing on her mind as the crew in Jack's gang had on theirs. By such speculations could almost any group of fifteen-year-old boys keep themselves occupied all summer.

That is because the male body heralds the onset of adolescence by going pedal-to-the-metal in the production of the hormone testosterone, and the next thing a young fellow knows, it's party time in his pants. As Mae West said to George Hamilton in the

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scholar at the Harvard University's Center for Public Leadership, who recalled following two separate interviews with Welch not so much for what he said as for his "passion, his intensity, his energy, his need to engage." See Bennis, "The House That Jack Built," *Leadership* (Autumn 2001). Or consider Betsy Morris, *Fortune* (December 11, 1995), who wrote of Welch, "He became known as a fearless negotiator who, through aggressiveness and charisma, could talk the bigger kids into sharing the basketball court. He was a ferocious and judgmental competitor. His teammates 'always knew where they stood,' recalls one."

movie *Sextette*, "Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?"\*

For teenage boys, the sexual drives unleashed by testosterone production become the energizing forces of their lives. Grace Welch may have thought the call to holy orders would enable Jack to avoid all that. But if that was her reason for trying to steer him into the priesthood and thereby keep him forever chaste in the conflicted miseries of Roman Catholicism and its promise of redemption through the pain and guilt that are every Catholic's birthright, she was certainly disappointed.<sup>7</sup>

In response, Jack sought sanctuary in the rituals of rebellion with his boyhood friends—escaping to Old Orchard Beach, an amusement park in Maine . . . combing the beach for returnable pop bottles . . . playing hooky to get "juiced up on some cheap 50-cents-a-bottle muscatel" on the street corners of South Boston on St. Patrick's Day.<sup>8</sup>

In the down-and-out world of Salem's Irish Catholics, it was how a boy found his place in life . . . on the weedy running paths of Salem's sandlot baseball field, which was known as "the pit" . . . in the bleachers of Fenway Park as Ted Williams stepped to the plate . . . at the CYO and Teen Town dances, where the boys all wondered what it would be like to work your leg between the thighs of Marilyn Walker and murmur something so close to her mouth that your lips just barely touched while the record player turned at 78 RPMs and the sounds of Les Paul and Mary Ford singing *Vaya Con Dios* filled the darkened gym.

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\*The hormonal and behavioral changes that take place in a sexually aroused adolescent male are complex and wide-ranging, affecting the entire nervous system of the body, and leading to the elevated secretion of an array of mood and behavior-altering hormones, from oxytocin, dopamine, and norepinephrine to endorphins, estrogen, and testosterone. They are the only such changes a boy can bring about in his own body entirely by himself. See J. Shibley, *Understanding Human Sexuality*, 4th ed. (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1990).

On weekends and summers, the action swung to Salem's Kernwood Country Club, where the boys from the North End made money caddying for the rich—and largely Jewish—members of the club . . . men who arrived at the clubhouse in new postwar Packards and Desotos—cars with automatic windows and power seats and "fluid drive" transmissions in which you didn't have to press down the clutch to shift gears. They were grand, humbling vehicles, promising a life of affluence and ease in postwar America. And here were the lads of Salem's North End, locked out from that future with nothing before them but the chance to stick \$1.50 in their pockets for dragging around a rich man's golf clubs for three hours in the summer sun. It was what Welch meant by growing up an outsider, with his "nose pressed up against the glass"—forever on the outside looking in.

An interest in golf, which became something of an obsession with Welch later in life, was one of the few things that his taciturn and distant father, John Sr., seems to have instilled in Jack. In the trainman's experience, golf was what the "big shot" commuters on the B&M discussed on their way to and from work. If Jack had any hope of escaping Salem, it would be by learning how to play golf. At least that's how John Sr. saw things, with the result that by the time Jack Jr. was nine, his father had press-ganged the boy into weekend work as Kernwood's youngest caddy. After all, reasoned his father, golf was certainly a step up from street hockey, which by that age was the socially appropriate sport of choice for many of the North End's young boys. And besides, even if he failed as a golfer, at least he was learning early what it meant to turn in an honest day's work.

Jack's own view of golf seemed similarly conflicted from the start, and as time passed, it grew worse. In his autobiography, he recalls an incident during his senior year of high school, when he was caddying for one of Kenwood's "stingiest" members. The man duffed the ball into a pond off the sixth tee, then ordered Welch to wade into the water and retrieve it. Instead, Welch writes that he told the

man to stuff it, and uncorking the pent-up resentment at his life as a packhorse for the rich, he threw the man's clubs into the water and stalked off the fairway.\*

Looking back on his teenage years, we see little in Welch's life to mark him for future greatness. His high school grades were okay, but the challenges weren't great so he always looked smarter than he was. This helped for a time to mask his intellectual shortcomings, which he later made up for in street-smart snap judgments and eclectic curiosity. "No one would have accused me of being brilliant," he wrote of his academic accomplishments in high school.<sup>†</sup>

As far as college went, it was a topic he seemed willing to discuss if it made his mother happy, and that was about it. To that end, he applied for a Naval ROTC scholarship in his senior year at Salem High—apparently for no deeper reason than that two of his friends were doing the same—and predictably enough, wound up being turned down.

Thereafter, he basically did nothing, not even bothering to apply for admission to a college. At one point, John Sr. intervened on his behalf and managed to importune a local politician for some help. But the effort led to nothing, which undoubtedly further encouraged Jack in his view that his father was a figure of limited importance in his life and, in that sense at least, not to be taken seriously.

In desperation, and with graduation day approaching, his mother seized the initiative and simply shoved him into the state

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\*Three decades later, Welch's irritation boiled up with his second wife, Jane, because she had never learned to play golf and thus couldn't accompany him on deal-cementing golf outings with business associates and *their* wives. To appease him, she eventually learned to play as well, and he thereupon pronounced her his "perfect partner"—a crown she wore for the following decade until she no longer seemed so perfect and he began edging out the door.

<sup>†</sup>A now-retired colleague of Welch's reports that evidence of Welch's defensiveness about his intellectual abilities followed him right into his office as chairman of GE: A sign on Welch's desk read, "Where Is It Written That To Be Successful In Business You Have To Be Smart?"

university program, where he was accepted as a freshman at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst—an institution that aspired to little beyond preparing its students for careers as cogs in the machinery of western Massachusetts businesses.

What hopes Grace Welch may have had in sending her son down this path are lost forever, but the impact her action had on the young man was quickly evident since Jack had no interest in college, and for all his neighborhood bravado, he was hardly equipped to endure any lasting separation from Grace. We thus find him discovering in his memoir that freed from Grace's apron strings, he wasn't the "macho guy" he had thought he was; his clinging need for her support simply deepened and intensified. At one point in the recollected moments of his college years, we come upon a familiar scene: the young man running hysterically down the street, tears welling in his eyes.

This time, the cause was not the fear that his mother might not return from the train station with his father at the end of the day. This time, the reason was more serious—the news that his mother has just suffered a heart attack back in Salem and might be dying. In the frieze of Welch's career, it is not his many images as the world's most famous businessman that define him; it is this eternal tableau, frozen in time like Jesus on the road to Cavalry: the CEO as a little boy, forever pursuing the woman who might abandon him, down the dark road of life.\*

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\*This incident, marking the first of Grace's three heart attacks, occurred when Jack was still in college. Though she recovered, two more heart attacks eventually followed. Grace Andrews Welch died of her third attack, while vacationing in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, January 25, 1965. A short announcement appeared three days later in the *Salem Evening News* (January 28, 1965). Jack's father and an aunt brought the body back to Salem by train. Her wake was held at the Murphy Funeral Home, followed by a requiem mass in St. Thomas the Apostle Church, the same church where Jack had served as an altar boy. See Jack Welch and John Byrne, *Jack: Straight from the Gut* (New York: Warner Books, 2001), p. 38.

