

Part 1

Written by

Carl Panzram

Nov. 3, 1928, District Jail, Washington, D. C.

Born: June 28, 1892, East Grand Forks, Minnesota.

Full list of all jails, reformatories, prisons and state or Government institutions I have been in.

How I got into them,
How long I stayed in them,
How I got out of them

- No. 1. East Grand Forks, Minn. Charges: incorrigibility and burglary. 1903. County Jail.
- No. 2. Red Wing, Minn. This is the seat of the Minnesota State Training School. There I stayed nearly two years.
- No. 3. Butte, Mont. Charge: Burglary--three months in the county jail there and then tried in County Court and sent to the Montana State Reform School at Miles City, Mont. where I was held about 1 year and then made a successful escape. This was in 1905 under my right name, C. P.
- No. 5. Joined the U. S. Army in 1906 at Helena, Mont., under the name of Carl Panzram. Stationed at Fort Harrison in the 6th Regular U. S. Infantry in A Company. Practically as soon or very shortly after I joined the Army I was put in the guardhouse for stealing. Several months there and then tried by a U. S. Military General Court Martial and sentenced to 3 years.
- No. 6. Sent to the U. S. Military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., where I served 37 months. Discharged.
- No. 7. Sometime in 1910 or 1911 under the name of Jeff Davis, I was arrested at Jacksonville, Cherokee County, Texas, the county seat where I was tried for vagrancy, the crime being that I was riding a mail train on top, while being armed with two pistols. For this I was sent to the County Road Gang where I served 65 days, and escaped. The date I don't remember but the next night I was in Houston, Texas, and that was the night of the big fire there. I think it was early in 1911.
- No. 8. Fresno, California, under the name of Jeff Davis, I think. Charge: Petty Larceny. Sentenced to 120 days. Served 30 and escaped.
- No. 9. The Dalles, Oregon. Name Jack Allen. 1912. Charge: Highway Robbery and Assault. Held to await the action for the Grand Jury. Waited about three months and escaped.
- No. 10. Seattle, Washington. 1912. Name, Jeff Davis. Charge: Petty Larceny. Served 1 month. Discharged.
- No. 11. Moscow, Idaho. 1912. Charge: Petty Larceny and assisting a prisoner to escape. Thirty days. Name, Jeff Davis.
- No. 12. Chinook, Mont. Charge: Burglary. Sentenced to one year State Prison under the name of Jeff Davis. 1912. Served 8 months and escaped. Arrested one week later at Three Forks, Mont., for burglary under the name of Jeff Rhodes. Sentenced to one year in State Prison, Deer Lodge, Mont. When I was brought back to the prison I was taken to the County Court at Deer Lodge and given 1 year for escaping from prison. Of these three sentences I served two years and was discharged.
- No. 13. Astoria, Oregon. 1914. Name, Jeff Baldwin, Charged with burglary. Given 7 years in the State prison at Salem, Oregon. Done one year and escaped. Caught while out that time one week I robbed a man and had a gun fight with a deputy sheriff at Eugene, Oregon. For these two crimes I was given two additional sentences, one of two years for robbery and one of 8 years for assault, which made me have altogether a full 17 years to do, in Oregon, but I only done one more year of it and then escaped again. I still owe 14 years to Oregon. After escaping from the State prison at Salem, Oregon, in May, 1918, I changed my name to John O'Leary, took out seaman's papers, passenger's passports and went to South America, Europe and Africa. For the next 5 years, or from 1918 to

Done one more year and escaped again

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- 1923, I was in 31 different countries, had stole and spent thousands of dollars, committed many murders and robberies and other crimes and the only two times that I was in jail during that 5 years was once I got 10 days for theft in Barlinnie Prison in Glasgow, Scotland, 1919.
- No. 14.
- No. 15. And the other was in Bridgeport, Conn., for burglary and carrying concealed weapons. Six months in 1920 and 1921.
- No. 16. My last arrest before this one was in 1923 at Larchmont, N. Y. Sent from there to White Plains, tried in the County Court and sent to Sing Sing prison and from there transferred to Clinton Prison at Dannemorra, N. Y., where I served 5 years, being discharged July 6, 1928.
- No. 17. Arrested 36 days later in Baltimore, Md., and that's this case. I hope it's my last one as I am pretty damn tired. These are the Main places where I have done time but there are about 100 more places where I have been in jail for various offenses for periods of from 1 day to a week or so. Altogether, I have served about twenty years of my life in prison and I am 36 years old now.

In my lifetime I have murdered 21 human beings, I have committed thousands of burglaries, robberies, larcenies, arsoms and last but not least I have committed sodomy on more than 1000 human beings. For all of these things I am not the least bit sorry. I have no conscience so that does not worry me. I don't believe in man, God nor devil. I hate the whole damed human race including myself.

In my 145 page autobiography I stated the fact that in 1921 in Lobito Bay, Africa, I there killed 6 niggers. I merely stated the bare fact. To some people of average intelligence this seems an almost impossible feat. That is because of their ignorance of the full details.

It was very much easier for me to kill these six niggers than it was for me to kill any one of the 7 young boys I killed later and some of them were only 11 or 12 years old.

In Africa there are bull buffaloes that weigh 2000 pounds and have enormous strength, yet a crocodile 12 or 15 foot long can kill and eat a buffalo. Any of these 6 niggers that I killed could kill and eat one of those crocodiles. Armed with no more than some small sticks, and a piece of rotten meat they do that trick every day all over Africa. I was forearmed with the knowledge that I had gained and also a 9 millimeter German Luger Automatic Pistol and plenty of bullets. The seven of us were in the canoe, the other six in front of me where I sat in the stern. The canoe was about 22 foot long 4 1/2 foot wide and 2 1/2 foot deep/

The niggers expected nothing. They all had their backs turned to me. I am a crack shot. I fired a single shot into each niggers back, and then reloaded with a new clip and fired another shot into the brain of each one as they lay dying or dead in the bottom of the canoe. They I threw them all over board and the crocodiles soon finished what I had left of them. This canoe was registered and licensed. It must still be in existence. If it is, there are two bullets imbedded in the wood, one in the bottom near the stern and one on the port side near the middle. These niggers were all full grown men with families who must be still alive and who still remember me as dozens of people saw me at Lobito Bay when I hired them and their canoe. The exact date can be very easily ascertained by the records of the port and the passengers list of the small Belgian S. S. which runs from Matidi to Boma, Loanda and Lobito Bay and return. On her in 1921 I bought a ticket from Loanda to Lobito Bay and a few days ~~later~~ in Lobito Bay and then I bought a return ticket on the same boat to Loanda. This is all very easy to verify by anyone who cares to do so. And as for the body of the little nigger boy at the gravel pit at Loanda, he is still there unless he has been found since the day I killed and left him there.

The pistol with which I did that killing, I brought back to the States. There is a record of it at the Maxim Silent Firearms Co. at Hartford, Conn., where I sent it in the winter of 1922 and 1923, from Yonkers, N. Y., under my name of Captain John O'Leary. Under that name and address, 220 Yonkers Ave., I sent the pistol to them and they sold me a silencer for it. All of this must be on the books of that Company's records. The Port Police, the

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S. S. Cos., and the Belgian Council at Lobito Bay can verify the rest of the Lobito Bay end of it. I thought that the pistol wasn't deadly enough as it was so I got a silencer for it to be able to do a bigger and more efficient business in the murder line. And, believe me, if that heavy calibered pistol and the silencer had only worked as I thought it would, I would have gone into the murder business on a wholesale scale instead of being a piker and only killing 21 human beings. My intentions were good because I am the man that goes around the world doing people good. C. P.

I have lived 36 years in this world and soon I expect to leave it.

All that I leave behind me is smoke, death, desolation and damnation.

(signed)

Carl Panzram

Men have made a study of crime, its cause, effect and the remedy. May men know the effect. Many men know the cause. I know the remedy. The answer is Truth.

I have written two letters here.

One for you and one for my brother, including the one he wrote to me. When you read the one he wrote to me, you will see where he wants to get a letter from some officer. If you would care to write him, perhaps it might do some good and could do no harm. If you don't care to bother with this, just drop my letter and his in the box here in the regular manner. Suit yourself.

The other bunch is just a short outline of my history. Of course, I left a lot out because I am not much of a writer and there is enough here for you to verify every statement I have made in case you care to do so. All you need to do is to write to all of these different places giving the proper names and the approximate dates, and they can give you my complete record of all my records while at these places. You will have a hell of a book full. If there is anything else that I can do for you, say so to

Carl Panzram

I am sorry for only two things. These two things are: I am sorry that I have mistreated some few animals in my life time and I am sorry that I am unable to murder the whole damed human race.

You may do as you like with this that I have written. Believe it or disbelieve it. Publixh it or burn it or hide it or any dam thing you care to do with it.

(signed)

Carl Panzram

I wrote quite a lot today. I started, got interested and kept on going. At this rate you'll soon have enough to write a book or build a fire with. If you find it is interesting to read as I did in the writing, you'll do well.

If after reading that I write, your faith in human nature isn't all destroyed, then it never will be.

This is a very dirty mess of writing but I am only starting in just wait until I hit my proper stride, and you'll be sorry you didn't blow my brains out instead of blowing me to smokes and eats. You better be careful about giving me any eats or anything else because those cons out there with the white pants on will sure snitch on you if they find it out. I may leave here at any time for some big-house, mad-house, or death-house but I don't give a dam where they put me. They won't keep me long because no power on earth can keep me alive and in jail for very much longer. I would kind of like to finish writing this whole business out in detail before I kick off so that I can explain my side of it even though no one ever hears or reads of it except one man. But

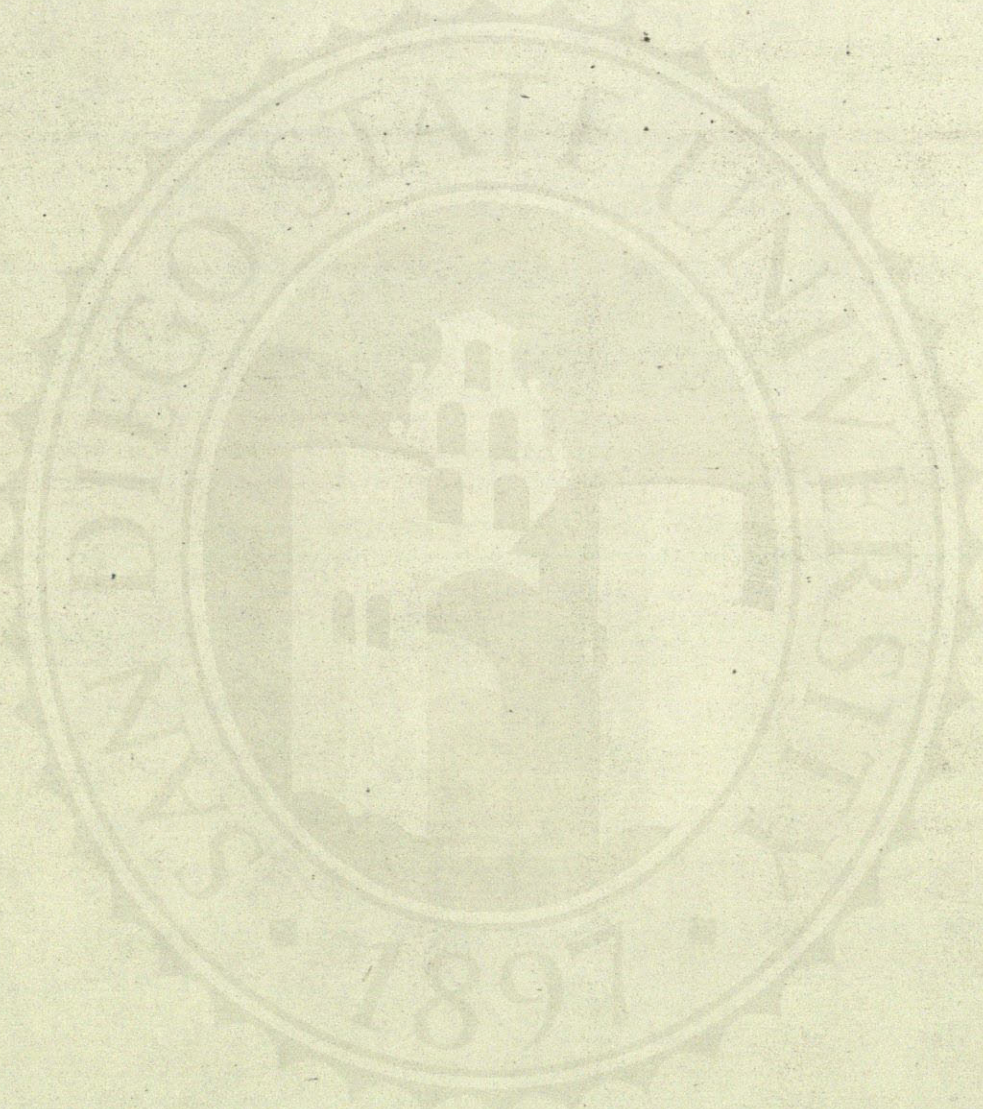
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one man or a million makes no difference to me. When I am through, I am all through and that settles it with me. I'll try to finish this. Some days I may write much and some days little. It depends on my moods and the circumstances at the time.

If you or anyone else will take the trouble and have the intelligence or patience to follow and examine every one of my crimes and actions you will find that I have consistently followed one idea through all my life. I preyed upon the weak, the harmless and the unsuspecting. Those I harmed were weaklings, either mentally or physically. Those who were strong either in mind or body I first lied to and led into a trap where they were either asleep or drunk or helpless in some way. I always had all the best of it because I knew ahead of time just what to expect and the others did not. I therefore was strong in my knowledge and stronger in body than those I preyed upon.

This lesson I was taught by others

Might makes right.



True statement of some of my actions including the time and places and my reasons for so doing these things.

Written by me of my own free will at the District Jail, Washington, D. C., November 4, 1928.

I was born on a small farm in Minnesota. My parents were of German descent. Hard working, ignorant and poor. The rest of the family consisted of five brothers and one sister, all of whom are dead except three of us brothers and our sister.

All of my family are as the average human beings are. They are honest and hard working people. All except myself. I have been a human animal ever since I was born. When I was very young at five or six years of age, I was a thief and a liar, and a mean, despicable one at that. The older I got the meaner I got.

My father and mother split up when I was about seven or eight years old. The old man pulled out one day and disappeared. This left my mother with a family of six on a small worked-out farm. As fast as the older boys grew up, they also pulled out. One died. This left me, my sister, one older brother, and my mother. My sister and I were sent to school during the days and as soon as we came home in the evenings, we were put to work in the fields where my older brother and mother were always at work, from daylight until long after dark sometimes. My portion of pay consisted of plenty of work and a good sound beating every time I looked cock-eyed or done anything that displeased anyone who was older and stronger and able to catch me and kick me around whenever they felt like it, and it seemed to me then and still does now that everything was always right for the one who was the strongest and every single thing taht I done was wrong. Everybody

said so anyway. But right or wrong I used to get plenty of abuse. Everybody thought it was all right to deceive me, lie to me, kick me around whenever they felt like it, and they felt like it pretty regular. At this time, that is the way my life was lived until I was about eleven years old. At about that time I began to suspect that there was something wrong about the treatment I was getting from the rest of the human race. When I was about eleven years old, I began to hear and see that there were other places in this world besides my own little corner of it. I began to realize that there were other people who lived nice, easy lives, and who were not kicked around and worked to death. I decided that I wanted to leave my miserable home. Before I left I looked around and figured that one of our neighbors who was rich and had a nice home full of nice things, he had too much and I had too little. So one night I broke into his home and stole everything that to my eyes had the most value. Those things were, some apples, some cake, and a great, big pistol. Eating the apples and cake and carrying the pistol under my coat, I walked to the railroad yards where I caught a freight train going to the west where I intended to be a cowboy and shoot Indians. But I must have had my wires crossed because I missed my connections somewhere so instead of going out and seeing the world, I was caught, brought back home and beaten half to death, then sent to jail and from there to the Minnesota State Training School at Red Wing, Minnesota.

Right there and then I began to learn about man's inhumanity to man.

They started me off by trying to beat the Christian religion

into me and the consequences were that the more they beat and whipped me, the more I hated them and their dam religion. They beat me and whipped me for doing this and not doing that. Everything I seemed to do was wrong. Just at that time I was eleven, twelve or thirteen years old, I was just learning to think for myself. I first began to think that I was being unjustly imposed upon. Then I began to hate those who abused me. Then I began to think that I would have my revenge just as soon and as often as I could injure someone else. Anyone at all would do. If I couldn't injure those who injured me, then I would injure someone else. From that day to this I have followed that line of thought. From the time I was twelve years old I have been in jail almost continuously until now when I am thirty-six, I have spent twenty years of my life in prison.

During my twenty years in all the various prisons and jails I have been in, I have undergone every kind of abuse and punishment that the ingenious minds of many men could devise and, believe me, men can surely figure out some horrible tortures to impose on other men. I have had the whip, the Paddle, the Snorting-pole, the Humming Bird, the Hose, the Jacket, chained up frontwards, backwards, bucked and gagged, spread -eagled, water-cured, starved, beaten, thrown into sweat boxes and half-cooked, thrown into ice-cold dungeons and half frozen. I have been in solitary confinement for years at a time where I could have no privileges or pleasures of any kind. Every single thing in life that men hold worth while and that go to make life worth living for, I have been denied and deprived of. I have gone through every conceivable kind of torture that one man or body of men can impose on another

man.

I started out in life enjoying it and hating no one. I am winding it up now by hating the whole human race including myself and having no desire to live any longer. For all the misery and tortures that I have went through, I have made other men go through many times over, only worse.

When I first went to the Minnesota State Training School I was about eleven years old, lively, healthy, and very mischievous, innocent and ignorant. The Law immediately proceeded to educate me to be a good, clean, upright Christian citizen and a credit to the human race. They trained me all right in that Training School. There during my two years I was trained by two different sets of people to have two different sets of morals. The good people tried to train me to be good and the bad people did train me to be bad. The method that the good people used in training me was to beat goodness into me and beat all the badness out of me. They done their best but their best waan't good enough to accomplish the task they set out to do.

In that school there were about 250 boys ranging in age from seven or eight years old up to twenty-one. These boys were divided up into five companies or cottages. Each company was in charge of a manager and a matron. I was first put in Cottage No. 2. The manager's name was George Mann. The matron's name was Miss Martin. And a fine pair of Christians they were to have in charge of a lot of young boys to train. My first reception at the school was to be met by Mr. George Mann who told me the rules. Next he called me into his room to take my pedigree for an oral and physical examination to be put on the records of the Institution. He began the oral examination by asking me my name, parents, habits, schooling, home life and history of my

associations. He asked me if my father was insane, was he a drunkard, was he lazy or industrious. He asked me if my mother was a prostitute or a drunkard, was she educated or ignorant. After asking me all these questions and explaining in detail just what each question meant and all about it, he then stripped me naked and began my physical examination, looking to see if I was lousy or had any kind of sickness or disease. He examined my penis and my rectum, asking me if I had ever committed fornication or sodomy or had ever had sodomy committed on me or if I had ever masturbated. He explained in detail and very thoroughly just what he meant by these things. That began my education. I have learned a little more since. This Mr. George Mann was a Christian, very much so. I was taught to pray when I got out of bed in the mornings, to say grace at each meal and give thanks to the Lord after it. We sang a hymn at each meal. A bible lesson every evening before bed-time, and then just before bed-time to say another prayer. On Sundays we were sent to Sunday School in the morning and Church in the afternoon. Oh, yes we had plenty of Church and religion all right. I used to be pretty ignorant and not able to read very well so I always had a hard job learning my Sunday School lessons. For failure to learn these lessons I was given a whipping. During the first year I was there I used to get a beating every Saturday night and sometimes three or four more during the week for doing something I wasn't supposed to do or for not doing something that I was supposed to do. Oh, yes, I had plenty of abuse. They had various methods of punishing us for doing wrong and for teaching us to do right. The most popular with them was to take us to the "paint shop", so called because there they used to paint our bodies black and blue.

The Paint Shop was a very ingenious contrivance for inflicting the worst punishment where it would do the least harm and the most good. They used to have a large wooden block which we were bent over and tied face downward after first being stripped naked. Then a large towel was soaked in salt water and spread on our backs from the shoulders down to the knees. Then the man who was to do the whipping took a large strap about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick by 4 inches wide and about two feet long with a handle on it about two feet long. This strap had a lot of little round holes punched through it. Every time that whip came down on the body the skin would come up through these little holes in the strap and after 25 or 30 times of this, little blisters would form and then burst, and right there and then hell began. The salt water would do the rest. About a week or two later a boy might be able to sit down. Maybe, if he didn't sit down on anything harder than a feather pillow. I used to get this racket regularly and when I was too ill to be given that sort of medicine, they used to take a smaller strap and beat me on the open palms of my hands. While the other boys were playing ball, skating or swimming, I used to be given a Sunday School lesson and made to stand at attention with my arms folded and my back to the field where the boys were all playing and enjoying themselves. Sometimes a dozen of us at a time would be lined up like that. We were all supposed to go to school a half a day and work half a day, and the rest of the time learn how to love Jesus and be good boys. Naturally, I now love Jesus very much. Yes, I love him so dam much that I would like to crucify him all over again. I was too dumb to learn anything in school so they took me out and put me to work all day washing dishes and waiting on table in the officer's dining room. Right there I began to get a little revenge on those who abused me. When I served the food to some of the officers, I used to urinate in their soup, coffee or tea and masturbate into their ice-cream or desert and then stand right beside them and watch them eat it. They enjoyed it too because they told me so. I wish they could read this now.

Once each week I used to be sent to the laundry to get the clean linen for the dining room. One cold winter day I went there and didn't come back--not right away. I attempted to escape, but got caught, brought back and damn near beaten to death. But they put me back to work in the officers' dining room. The next thing I tried to do was to poison that Mr. George Mann by putting rat poison in his rice pudding. But they caught me, beat me and put me out of the dining room and into the band. There the first day I learned to play one note and never learned one since. About that time I began to try to figure out some other way to punish those who punished me. The only thing I could figure out to do was to burn down the building in which the Paint Shop was located. This I did. I got a long, thick piece of heavy cotton string, wrapped it around and round a long round stick, lit one end of it and hid it in the laundry near some oil-soaked rags. That night the whole place burned down at a cost of over \$100,000. Nice, eh? Some of the boys who were cleverer than I was finally put me wise how I should perform if I ever wanted to get out of that joint. They told me to act like I was a very good boy, tell everybody I met how much I loved Jesus, and how I wanted to go home and be a good boy, go to school and learn to be a preacher. I done just as they suggested and I am damed if it didn't work out just as slick as hot grease through a tin horn. I was called before the parole board one day and there I told them all the lies and hot air I could and they gave me a parole and let me go home. In that was I first found out how to use religion as a cloak of hypocrisy to cover up my rascalities. One of the boys who showed me how to fool the law was a boy by the name of Gillespie. He is now the Chieflor Captain of Police in either Minneapolis, St. Paul or Minnesota.

Record

That Mr. George Mann was dishonorably discharged from his job as Company Commander of 2d Company, M. S. T. S., by the then Head Superintendent, a Mr. Whittier who fired him for committing some kind of immoral act on some of the boys under his care. This same Mr. Whittier was himself later on dishonorably discharged for the brutal and inhuman treatment of the boys under his charge. All of these things are on file among the records of the M. S. T. S. at Red Wing and can be verified by anyone who cares to look the facts up.

After serving about two years there, I was pronounced by the Parole

Board to be a nice, clean boy of good morals, as pure as a lily and a credit to those in authority in the institution where I had been sent to be reformed. Yes, sure, I was reformed all right, dam good and reformed too. When I got out of there I knew all about Jesus and the Bible so much so that I knew it was all a lot of hot air. But that wasn't all I knew. I had been taught by Christians how to be a hypocrite and I had learned more about stealing, lying, hating, burning and killing. I had learned that a boy's penis could be used for something besides to urinate with and that a rectum would be used for other purposes than crepitating. Oh yes, I had learned a hell of a lot from my expert instructors furnished to me free of charge by society in general and the State of Minnesota in particular. From the treatment I received while there and the lessons I learned from it, I had fully decided when I left there just how I would live my life. I made up my mind that I would rob, burn, destroy, and kill everywhere I went and everybody I could as long as I lived. That's the way I was reformed in the Minnesota State Training School. That's the reasons why. What others may have learned by the same sort of treatment in other and similar institutions, I don't know but this I do know that in later years I have met thousands of graduates of those kind of institutions and they were either in, going into or just leaving jails, prisons, mad-houses or the rope and electric chair was yawning for them as it is for me now.

When I was discharged from the school I was given a suit of clothes, five dollars in money, a ticket to my home and a million dollars worth of good advice. This advice I threw in the first ash can with my Bible and Sunday School Lessons and report cards. The Five dollars I spent on the train for candy, fruit and a belly-ache. The ticket I used to ride as far as my home. The suit was taken away from me as soon as I got home. In exchange I was given an old pair of overalls and a hoe, taken to the field, told to earn my keep by work and the sweat of my brow. That didn't sound so good to me so I told my folks that I wanted to go to school and study to be a preacher and save souls. I put up such a hot line of talk that it was decided to send me to a German Lutheran School where the minister taught German to kids in the basement on week days and saved souls on Sundays in the same church.

The German Lutheran Church and School of Grand Forks, North Dakota.

This scheme worked fine for about a couple of months and then the kids began to point their finger at me and yell, "Reform School," every time I passed by. Then I started knocking their blocks off every time I could catch one alone. They told their parents who told mine who in turn told the German preacher to do his duty by me. He did. He started whipping me pretty regularly but I was a pretty big boy and very strong so one day when he started beating me, I came back at him and gave him a good scrap but he was too much for me so he won that time. But I had learned a thing or two by then. One of them was a little piece of poetry about a Colonel Colt:

Be a man either great or small in size,
Colonel Colt will equalize .

With that idea in my mind I looked around until I found a kid who had a big, old-fashioned, heavy caliber Colt pistol. I got it. The ~~next~~ next day at daylight I stole one of my brother's vests, put the big pistol in the inside pocket, and went to school and the first crack out of the box after school opened up I gave the preacher-teacher warning to lay off of me or I would fix him. I guess he took it for granted that I was bluffing or incapable of carrying out my threats so instead of leaving me alone he immediately got his whip and ordered me to the front for punishment. I refused to leave my seat. He came down and tried to pull me out but I held on with both hands and feet. Then he started beating me over the head and shoulders with the whip, and at the same time yanking at my coat and vest collar to pull me out. The buttons on the vest gave out before I did. The preacher gave a yank. The buttons on the vest tore loose and the pistol fell on the floor and the preacher with it. He fell on his big, fat caboose with his mouth wide open and his eyes as big as saucers. He was paralyzed with surprise and fear. All he could say was, "Mine Gott, Mine Gott, a gun, a gun," I was not surprised or afraid. I was mad as hell. I jumped out of my seat, grabbed the gun and pointed it at him right between his horns and pulled the trigger two or three times but it wouldn't go off. The school was in an uproar, and during the excitement I figured it was a good time for me to go somewhere else. I did. I went home. I thought I was a hero and I figured they would kill the fatted calf for me as

I told my story. Instead of killing the fatted calf they dam near killed me. They had heard the other side of the story first, and before I had a chance to tell my end of it, I got a wallop alongside of the coco that floored me and the next I knew was that my big older brother had me by the throat choking me to make me tell where I had hidden the gun. I told him and when he went out of the back door to look for it I went out of the front door to look for another one to shoot him with. I have never seen him since except once for a very short time. That night I resumed my journey to the West that had been cut short two years before. I didn't want to be a preacher any more. I wanted to be a cowboy and shoot me a few wild Indians and tame preachers. That's more than twenty years ago but I have been a cowboy since. I never shot any wild Indians but I did shoot a tabe preacher once. I shot him right under his shirttail. His name is Reverend Johnson and he ahs a church and runs a mission in Baltimore, Maryland right now. But this happened many years later. At my second attempt to run away from home to go out and see the world, I was a little more successful. Since then I have been all over the world. I have seen it all, and I don't like what I have seen of it. Now I want to get out of this damed world altogether.

I was about 13 or 14 years old at the time I ran away from home the second time. In theory if not in actual practice I already knew how to get by in the world. What I didn't know I soon learned. I started out a hobo and soon learned how to ride freight trains and passenger trains, inside and out, without paying my fare. For the first three or four months after I left home, I hoboed my way to the Pacific Coast and all over the west; sleeping in box cars, barns, sheds, hay-stacks or most anywhere at all. My eating I got by begging and telling people lies and hard luck storeis about how I was a poor orphan and how much I loved Jesus, how I wanted to go to this place or that place, whichever way I happened to be going at that time. That's where my rich uncle lived who wanted me to come to him--a lot of bunk without any truthwhatever in it. But people used to fall for it and feed me and help me on my way. Sometimes but not always so. I done a little stealing whenever I could. Sometimes I worked for a day or two. One experience I had during that time I never forgot and it had a direct bearing on a lot of my actions later in life.

I was riding in a box car one night in the West. I was alone and feeling that I would like some one to talk to, I walked over the train until I came to an open lumber carr. There were four big, burly bums in it. When I saw them, I told them about the nice warm box car I had just left. It was clean and full of straw. They all immediately got interested and friendly and told me to lead them to it. I did but I very soon wished that I hadn't because just as soon as we all got into the car and shut the door, and the train pulled out, they all began to tell me what a nice boy I was and how they would make me rich. They were going to buy me all the silk underwear in the world and I would soon be wearing diamonds as big as baseballs. In fact they promised me everything in the whole world, but first they wanted me to do a little something for them. When they told me what they wanted from me, I very soon began to figure that that was no place for me. I didn't want any of that for mine. I told them no. But my wishes didn't make any difference to them. What they couldn't get by moral persuasion they proceeded to get by force. I cried, begged and pleaded for mercy, pity and sympathy but nothing I could say or do could sway them from their purpose. I left that box-car a sadder, sicker but wiser boy than I was when I entered it. After that I always went alone whenever and wherever possible. I had ~~none~~ other similar experience with men. I was in a small town in the West on a Sunday afternoon. I was just a poor, young, ignorant, friendless and nearly harmless young kid. I was broke and hungry and I went into a livery stable where a bunch of town loafers were sitting around rushing the can and hitting the bottle. When I approached them and begged for a bite to eat and told my hard luck story about how I loved Jesus and what a good boy I was and how far I had traveled and how old I was, they all became deeply interested and very sympathetic toward me. They didn't promise me any silk underwear or jewelry but they had a better scheme than that. They told me how good the beer was and how much better the whiskey was. They first offered me a little drink and then a bigger one, and it wasn't very long until I was so drunk that I didn't know my own name and soon after I didn't know anything at all. But I sure knew something when I woke up.

These two experiences taught me several lessons. Lessons that I never forgot. I did not want to learn these lessons but I found out

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that it isn't what one wants in this world that one gets. Force and might make right. Perhaps things shouldn't be that way but that's the way they are. I learned to look with suspicion and hatred on everybody. As the years went on that idea persisted in my mind above all others. I figured that if I was strong enough and clever enough to impose my will on others, I was right. I still believe that to this day. Another lesson I learned at that time was that there were a lot of very nice things in this world. Among them were whiskey and sodomy. But it depended on who and how they were used. I have used plenty of both since then but I have received more pleasure from them than I did those first times. Those were the days when I was learning the lessons that life teaches us all, and they made me what I am today. It wasn't my fault that the teachers who gave me my instructions were the wrong kind or that the lessons they taught me were the wrong kind. Men made me what I am today, and if men don't like what they have made of me, they must put the blame where it belongs.

After I had hoboed around the country for a few months, I was finally caught in a small petty larceny burglary at Butte, Montana. I was held in the county jail where there were 50 or 100 older men put in there for all the kinds of crimes and meannesses there are that men could do on each other. I was there a month or two under the name of Carl Panzram. Then I was tried and sent to the Montana State Reform School at Miles City, Montana. There I stayed nearly one year. While there I spent my time either working in the shoe-shop or in the fields and gardens. When I wasn't doing that, I was trying to escape or being punished for trying it. I was a pretty big boy at that time-- very stubborn and contrary, deceitful and treacherous. I had been in a few small scrapes and all of the officers had orders to watch me closely. That didn't worry me much but there was one officer there by the name of Bushart, an ex-prize fighter from Boston, who made it his special duty to make life miserable for me. He done a pretty thorough job of it. He kept on nagging at me until finally I decided to murder him. Every evening in the schoolroom, he used to sit up on top of one of the front seats while he had one of the boys black his boots. He was doing that one evening, and I got a board about 2 feet long and 18 ins. wide by one inch thick, This board was made of hard oak wood and had about three or four pounds of iron on one end of it. I took this and sneaked

up behind him and whacked him on top of his head. It didn't kill him but it made him pretty sick, and he quit monkeying with me any more. For this I got several beatings and locked up and watched closer than before. They were going to indict me and send me to the State Prison at Deer Lodge for that but I was too young. As the ~~law~~ law would not permit them to send a 14 or 15 year old boy to State Prison, they done their damdest to make life miserable for me. They worked me hard and beat me harder. You see they were trying to make a good boy of me. They took me in the hospital and operated on me by clipping my fore-skin off to stop me from the habit of masturbation. So they said anyway but how the hell they figured that would stop me is more than I could see. I can't yet.

At taht time a Mr. Hawkins was Superintendent. His method of teaching us boys religion was to hammer it into us morning, noon and night just the same as they done to me at Red Wing. But it seems as though we were not getting enough religion yet. Hawkins got fired for stealing the funds of the State and for that money and for the mishandling of the boys under his charge. The next man to take up his job was a devil chasing soul saver, a preacher by the name of Mr. Price. His method was to pat us all on the pratt and tell us all what good boys he thought we were. He lasted quick. We all began to leave his happy home as soon as we could get around a corner and then run. After I was here nearly a year I began to be good pals with a boy by the name of Jimmie Benson whose home was in Butte and who was a pretty smart little boy. Between the two of us we concocted a scheme that we could both escape the same day. He was trusted but I wasn't so he was to run away first and while he was gone and all of the screws were out chasing him then I was to blow. We had a prearranged place to hide until the hunt was over and then we were to meet at another place about 40 miles away. We each done our part and the scheme worked like a charm. Our plans called for a meeting place about 40 miles away at the first water tank east of Terry, Montana. The first to arrive was to wait for the other. I arrived there first, on the third night after our escape. I looked around and saw no one so I took my iron bar which I had carried all the way from school then I walked around behind the tank, Lay down to sleep, cold, hungry and tired but free and happy. I was awakened at daylight by hearing

someone rattling tin cans and smelling food. I didn't know who it might be so I peeked around the corner wher I saw a man dressed in a nice blue suit with a big Stetson hat on. On one side of him lag a big sack full of clothes and food while on the other waz a belt full of shells and a scabbard of pistol. The man was eating and drinking with his back turned towards me. I was hungry and wanted the grub, clothes and the pistol, so I took my iron bar and sneaked up on him and was just about to bounce it off of his head when he heard me and grabbed the gun and turned around so I could see that it was my partner Jimmie Benson. He laid his gun down and I dropped my iron bar and we began to celebrate. In the sack he had food and clothes for me, which he had stolen a few miles down the line the day before by breaking into a surveyor's and homesteader's shack. After we ate and I dressed up, he gave me the gun as I was the biggest of us two and probably the meanest. Then we were all organized and ready to do battle with anybody. We didn't go back looking for the screws who were looking for us but we were in hopes that we might meet one of them, we were both pretty dam hostile and we felt that if we couldn't meet any of them, then someone else would do to have our revenge on. It didn't take long for the pair of us to raise plenty of hell with a lot of different people. I stayed with him about a month, hobeing our way east, stealing and burning everything we could. He showed me how to work the stick-up racket and how to rob the poor boxes in churches. I in turn taught him how to set fire to a church after we robbed it. We got very busy on that robbing and burning a church regular every chance we got. When we got tired of riding on a train, we used to open up the journal boxes, take out the greasy waste packing and throw some sand or gravel into it. they wouldn't get far with that car until they had a hot-box. At that time the wheat harvest was going on in North Dakota and whole train loads of wheat would be shipped, sometimes loose in cars. Every time we saw a car or train loaded like that, we would crawl underneath on the fods and cut or bore holes through the floor so that the wheat would pour out through the holes and go to waste on the tracks as the train was rolling along. By the time we got as far east as Fargo, North Dakota, we had between us, two good six-shooters, each had a good suit and about \$150.00 in cash besides various assortment of watches, rings,

and other ^Salum that we had got by the burglary route and by harvesting the harvesters. At Fargo we split. Jimmie went back to Butte and it was only a short time later that he got caught in a hold-up and sent to the big-house at Deer Lodge, Montana, for ten years. I met him there years later when I myself was sent there for burglary.

After Jimmie and I split up, I went to my home where I stayed only a day or two and then I headed west again. Out to the coast again and back to Montana where I joined the U. S. Army about 1905 or 1906. I joined the 6th Regular U. S. Infantry. I was only in the Army a month or two when I got three years in the U. S. Military Prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. I wasn't there long before I tried to escape but luck was against me. The next thing I done there was to burn up all the prison shops. That time I used a candle inside of a one gallon can. In the bottom of the can was a lot of oil soaked rags. When the candle burned down to the rags that set the whole works ablaze. She sure made a fine little blaze, a clean sweep. Another hundred thousand dollars to my credit, and the best part of it was that no one ever found it out until now. I was in stripes as a third class prisoner nearly all the while I was there. I was always in trouble of some sort. I had a job of swinging an 18 pound hammer in the rock quarry most of my bit. My number was 1874 and my name was Carl Panzram. There I done 37 months. I done plenty of work, and I had plenty of punishment and the only good part of it was that they didn't try to hammer any more religion into me. My General Court Martial or trial was held at Fort William Henry Harrison, Helena, Montana, and my court proceedings were reviewed by the then Secretary of War Mr. Howard Taft. He recommended me for three years and he signed 'em. Fourteen years later I had the very good fortune to rob him out of about \$40,000 worth of jewelry and liberty bonds. This happened at his home in New Haven, Connecticut in the summer of 1920.

I was discharged from that prison in 1910. Before I left there I sung 'em the same old song and gave 'em the same line about how I sure loved Jesus and what a good nice young man I was and how much good it had done me to be sent to that prison. I don't know if they believed me or not but they all said they did anyway. They all declared that I was pure as a lily and free from all sin. They told me to go and sin no more. I agreed with everything they said. They gave me \$5.00, a suit of

clothes, and a ticket to Denver, Colorado. Well, I was a pretty rotten egg before I went there but when I left there, all the good that ever may have been in me had been kicked and beaten out of me long before. All that I had in my mind at that time was a strong determination to raise plenty of hell with anybody and everybody in every way I could and every time and every place I could.

I was the spirit of meanness personified. I had not at this time got so that I hated myself, I only hated everybody else.

At this time of my life I was about 20 years old, 6 foot tall and weighed about 190 pounds of concentrated hell-fired man inspired meanness. I was as strong as two or three average men. I had to be to be able to stand some of the punishments and labor that I went thru during my 3 years in the U. S. M. P. One of my tasks and punishments while there was to be shackled to a 50 pound iron ball for 6 months. During that time I wore that ball and chain day and night, slept with it and worked with it on. My work was in the rock quarry and that was 3 miles from the prison. The gang of about 300 convicts and 40 screws used to march out in the morning and back at night. The other men had nothing to carry except themselves but my part was to load my iron ball, and 18 pound hammer, a pick and shovel and a 6 foot iron crow-bar all into a wheel barrow and march behind the line of cons, out to the rock quarry and there work for 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the hot Kansas sun, busting big rocks and after that was all over to pack my little iron pill and my tools into the Irish buggy and wheel it all back to the prison. There eat my supper of stinking cod-fish, greasey stew or mouldy and wormey rice or beans. But all of that treatment did one good thing for me. The worse the food was and the harder they worked me, the stronger I got. I quit my old habit of masturbating because I couldn't do that and the hard work and punishment at the same time. When I left there and went to Denver I was busted, and to get a start with a few bucks I took a job in a R. R. mule-skinners' camp. I was there only a few weeks but I licked every one in it and was getting all set to go to work on the boss-man when he fired me, pulled a gun on me and drove me out of camp. I took my pay, went to town and bought me a gun, the biggest I could find in Denver and they have some big ones there. With the balance of my money I went down to the red-light district figuring on getting good and drunk and then taking charge of that section of Denver. But something went wrong somewhere because the next afternoon I woke up to find myself

laying in an alley feeling pretty sick. I had no gun, no money, My coat hat and shoes were gone but I had a few lumps on top of my head that weren't there before. And the worst was yet to come about a week, later when I found that my collection also included a fine first-class case of gonorrhoea. I began to suspect that the ladies were very good things to leave alone. I have followed that policy pretty closely ever since. Once in a while since then one would get her claws into me but not while I was sober or in the daytime where I could see 'em first.

After leaving Denver I hoboed around stealings and went and not forgetting to take over all the churches I could, until I hit Hutchison where the State Fair of Kansas was being held at the time. There I joined up as a rider for Col. Dickey's Circle D Wild West show which was playing with Kliens Carnival Company at that time. I lasted about a week but during that time I fought and licked everybody around there including the harses and steers. Then they got tired of me being on the prod all the time so they canned me. Then I went over to where the Kansas State Militai soldiers were camped and stole one of their tents and was carrying away some sacks of oats and grain when the sentry caught me but he was only a tin soldier and a kid at that so I took his rifle and threw it in the horse trough and was going to throw him in after it when about nine thousand more came running to his rescue. It was about time for me to leave there and go somewhere else. I did. I went to Sedalia, Missouri, where they were holding their State Fair. In a day or so the Carnival Company with the Circle D. showed up to play but they had had bad luck. The first night's stand they had the misfortune to lose their horse tent and cook tent by some scoundrel touching a match to them. I left there right away quick. I went to St. Louis where I got a job for the C. and E. I. and the I. C. R. R. as a guard and strike breaker. They first sent me to the yards at Centralia, Illinois, where I started in to lick every union striker I saw. I didn't see many so I started to likd the scabs and guards and I succeeded so well that the Company sent me to Cairo which was a hard town with plenty of trouble there. When I got off of the train a union picket stopped me to ask me my business. I licked him. A Copper stopped us from fighting and I licked him. Anyway, he stopped fighting me long enough to blew his whistle for help and while he was doing that I figured it was a good time for me to go and report to my new boss. when I reported to him, I gave him a letter that my former boss at

Centralia had given me to give to him. He read it, got up and patted me on the back, told me what a fine fellow I was and then told me to go out in the R. R. Yards and if I saw anyone there who had no business to be there, to knock their blocks off and run 'em ragged. I told him I would, and I did-- so much so that the whole town of Cairo was out to scalp me. The next Saturday night being pay day and me having a few bucks in my pocket and feeling pretty good, I decided to go up town, get a few drinks and then go and see what the girls in the red-light district had to offer.

In the first saloon I struck I met a very nice and accomodating fellow who offered to show me a good time and a nice girl but first he had to call her on the phone. He did as he promised me. He showed me the town. Something else too. He took me around the corner and showed me about a dozen big, husky, mad union strikers. They at once proceeded to see if I was such a hell of a fighter as I thought I was. I wasn't. They cleaned me up in great shape and then the cops came and finished the job by throwing me in the can. My boss got me out of there and gave me a ticket to E. St. Louis and another letter to another boss-man there but when I got on the train I tore open and read that letter. After reading it I decided that St. Louis could try to get along without me. I went to Chicago, looked at the Loop and the Lake front and started out for Mexico where there was a war on at the the time. I figured that a Mexican was easier to lick than a lot of hard boiled railroaders. Besides I had heard that all of the Churches in Old Mexico were full of gold and silver. Maybe I could get my share. All the American churches I had robbed wouldn't keep me in cigarette money. I left Chicago hoboing, stealing any way I could and by the time I hit Jacksonville, Texas, I had collected two heavy calibered pistols, some money, not much though, and one of the most beautiful, curly-haired, blue-eyed rosy-cheeked, fat boys that I have ever seen in my life and I have seen some nice boys.

At Jacksonville, Texas, we were pinched. The cops took my gun but left me my boy. We were both sent to the County road gang at Rusk, Texas, When we got to the road gang, they gave me a chain to wear on my leg and took my boy away from me. The boss-Man's name was Mr. Moore. He took my boy to sleep in his tent. I guess he wanted to save the boy's soul or something. Anyway, about three weeks after I was there, this Mr. Moore and one of his officers by the name of Awkwaite or Hawknight or some such a name got into a hell of a battle and were going to shoot each other. Mr. Moore fired Mr. Awkwaite or Hawknight or whatever his name was.

Awk went to town and complained to the county officails and they in turn came out to the camp, investigated the conditions and fired Mr. Moore. Then my boy was chased out of the Officer's tent and put back into the prisoners' tent where I was. Then he told me tales about Mr. Moore and Mr. Hawkbright and what a queer pair of Christian deganarets they were-- both married men with families, too. At the time of our arrest and confinement there I gave the name of Jeff Davis, and the boy gave the name of John H. Clarke. This was in the winter of 1910 and 1911. These things are all on the records and can be verified by anyone.

My sentence on that road gang called for 40 days or \$19.70 at .50 per day. I finished my 40 days and asked the Boss-Man to cut my chain off and turn me loose but he left the chain on and knocked my block off instead. The next day I ran away, got caught, brought back and whipped at the snorting pole. Then I worked 20 days more and asked the same question of the same man. He gave me the same answer as he had before. The next day I tried again to move out with the same result. Again in five days I tried but that time I was successful in my attempt. I walked to Palestine, Texas, caught the trucks of a fast mail train, and that night I got into Houston, Texas. When I got there, the train couldn't get in because the whole town was on fire so I got off and walked through the town, enjoying the sights of all the burning buildings and listening to the tales of woe, the moans and sighs of those whose homes and property were burning. I enjoyed it all very much. Several times people asked me to help them save their valuables. Sure I helped 'em save their stuff but not for them. I wore some of the clothing for months after that I helped to save. The stuff I stole there kept me in funds and living high until I hit El Paso, Texas.

There I crossed the Mexican border to Jarez in Mexico where I tried to join the Mexican Army but the Federals were in control there and they wouldn't accept me. I left El Paso on the El Paso and South Western R. R. going towards Del Rio. At that time I was with a young quarter breed Indian whose home was in Kalamath Falls, Oregon. He also told me that he had just got out of the pen at Yuma, Arizona. We palled together for a week or two. After leaving El Paso we rode our way to smoe small town about 50 or 75 miles away. There we met a fellow who told us he was about 35 years old and that he had been working in some R. R. Camp near by and that he had \$35.00 on him. I and the Indian

got interested right away. We told him a lot of bull and conned him into walking with us on the wagon road beside the tracks to the next town. We started and got a few miles where we came to a stretch of road with tall mesquite brush and greasewood on both sides of the road. no houses in sight and no signs of any other people. There I put the arm on him and we dragged him through the fence on the left hand side of the road. We walked into the brush for about 1/4 of a mile away from the road. There we stopped and robbed him of his 35 bucks. I tied him up and we walked away. We hadn't gone far before the Indian said to me that we had better go back and do a better job tying him up as I hadn't done a very good job. Lucy we did because when we got back where we had left him he was just about loose. This time the Indian tied him up. First he took his belt off, pulled his pants down to below his knees and tied his legs together with the belt and also tied his shoe-laces together, then he tied his hands behind his back. Then he tied his hands to his feet pulled up together behind. Then he stuffed a sock in his mouth and tied a handkerchief tight over that and then tied him to a tree. He was then ready to leave him, ~~xxx~~ and walk away but I wasn't through yet. I figured that while I had such a good chance as that, I would commit a little sodomy on him. This I proceeded to do. Then I invited the Indian to take a ride but that dam fool was only an Indian. He hadn't received the full benefits of civilization yet like I had so he declined the honor. We left that guy right there in that shape. He is still there unless the buzzards and coyotes have finished the last of him long ago. This was in the year of 1911, and the town and place was somewhere between El Paso and a R. R. division point where we went to that night and there bought a tick to Del Rio, Texas. There we split. Where he went I don't know and don't care. I crossed the border at Del Rio to Agua Prieta, Mexico, where I enlisted in the Foreign Legion of the Constitutional Army of Northern Mexico. Our commander was General Stanley Williams and the Commander-in-chief was General Prosko. I was with that outfit for about a month or so but all the churches I ever saw had all been robbed before I got there. All that any of those cholos had was a few beans and some pepper--dam few beans but lots of pepper. I didn't care much for their beans and much less for their pepper.

As I couldn't do much business in my line there, I deserted but first I stole my horse and everything that wasn't tied down. I rode my horse to death before I hit the border, there I left everything I had stolen and then damn near run myself to death before I got back to the land of the free and the home of the brave. I immediately got busy on the S. P. line from Yuma, Arizona to Fresno, California. During this time I was busy robbing chicken coops and then touching a match to them I burned old barns, sheds, fences, snow-sheds or anything I could and when I couldn't burn anything else I would set fire to the grass on the praries, or the woods, anything and everything. I had a pistol and I would spend all my spare change for bullets. I would take pot-shots at farmers' houses at the windows. If I saw cows or horses in the fields I would cut loose at them. At night while I was riding the freight trains I was always on the look-out for something to shoot at or trying to stick up the other hobos that I met on the trains. I looked 'em all over and whenever I met one who wasn't too rusty looking I would make him raise his hands and drop his pants. I wasn't very particular either. I rode 'em old and Young, tall and short, white and black. It made no difference to me at all except that they were human beings. During this time all along that S. P. line, things were pretty warm. The sherriffs, coppers and railroad bulls were all hostile. I got pinched a couple of times but it was in the daytime and during that time I would have my gun and sap and other plunder planted. But in my pockets I always carried a well-thumbed Bible and a prayer-book and a little account book wher I had written down a lot of crap about where I had worked on different jobs, how many hours, days, what I earned and a lot of bull like that. So every time a cop grabbed me, I would pull the old innocent and injured racket. Tell 'em how much I loved Jesus and what a good hard-working honest fellow I was. That nearly always worked fine, sometimes not.

When I hit Fresno, California, I got 120 days in the can for stealing a bicycle. I done 30 days and then escaped. When I got out of there, I went and dug up my plant where I had left my gun and other stuff and then started north on the S. P. line. I had not gone far before I met Mr. Trouble. He took the form of a R. R. brakeman. I was riding

Perhaps write official check a letter

in an iron open coal car at the time with two other bums. They knew nothing about me except the lies I had told 'em. I was sizing up the youngest and best looking one of the two and figuring when to pull out my hog-leg and hister 'em up. But a shack comes over the top and bounces down into my car and begins bawling us all out and telling us to dig up or unload. He asked us all who we were and what we were. I don't know what the other two told him but I pulled out my cannon and told him that I was the fellow who went around the world doing people good and asked him if there was anything that I had that he wanted. He said no and that he was a good fellow and never put anybody off of his trains and to prove that he was a good fellow he offered to buy us all a feed and offered to give us a piece of change. He gave me a piece^{of} change, all he had, and then he gave me his watch and chain and then he was so kind as to pull his pants down while I rode him around the floor of the freight car. When I was through riding him, I told the other two bums to mount him but they declined to indulge in that form of pleasure. But by my using a little moral persuasion and much waving around of my pistol, they also rode Mr. Brakeman around. After our very pleasant and profitable, for me anyway, little trip was all over, the other three got off to walk. They didn't want to but they did anyway. The freight was rolling along at about 15 or 20 miles an hour so I guess they didn't hurt themselves very much. It didn't hurt me any. I have been unloaded from trains going much faster than we were then quite a few times and I am still alive to remember it. After they got off, I kept rolling along into and out of Sacramento, through Oregon, up to Seattle. There I got the can for a short bit. All this time since I left the prison at Fort Leavenworth I had been going under the name of Jeff Davis. Now I changed my name to Jack Allen. Under that name I was pinched for highway robbery, assault and sodomy at the Dallas, Oregon. I was in jail there held for the action of the grand jury. I was there about 2 or 3 months and then broke jail there. I haven't been there since. Before I left there one day they put an old safe blower in that can. I immediately asked him to teach me how to blow safes. He didn't ~~stay~~ stay there long enough to teach me that but he showed me how I could break out of there. He was taken to Moscow, Idaho, to stand trial for a post

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V. Smith

office robbery. He got 5 years in Leavenworth. Later on he got another and bigger bit. He is still in the can. His name was Cal Jordan or Doctor Jordan. He also done a bit in the hoose-gow at Salem, Oregon, under the name of Hopkins. A few days after he left The Dallas, I broke jail. This was in 1912. From there I went to Spokane. Among my loot there was two of the copper pistols. Then I bought six hack saws and tied 3 on each leg under my sock and underwear. I then went to Moscow, Idaho, to try to get the old safe-blown out. Wehn I got there I hid the two guns, some clothes and food and then walked up to the jail, broke in to it but got caught doing so and got 30 days myself. The thanks I got from old Cal was that he thought I was in love with him and he tried to mount me, but I wasn't broke to ride and he was, so I rode him. At that time he was about 50 years old and I was 20 or 21 but I was strong and he was weak.

When I got out of jail, I got as far as Harrison, Idaho, where I got pinched and put in the can where I at once tried to break out by setting fire to the jail, but I got caught and a day or so later I was in the jail at Wallace, Idaho, under the name of Jeff Davis.

Revised

Some months later I was pinched at Chinook, Montana, for burglary, I quick took a plea fo guilty and got 1 year at the state prison at Deer Lodge, Montana. When I got there I met my old partner Jimmie Benson who was doing 10 years ~~for~~ for robbery. I stayed there about 8 months and escaped. A week later I was arrested at Three Forks, Montana, for burglary under the name of Jeff Rhodes. I pleaded guilty and got a year and sent back to Deer Lodge where I was at once brought to court and given one year for my escape under name of Jeff Davis. Out of these three sentences I served 23 months. In that prison there was work for only a few men and I wasn't one of those. All of the cells were for 2 men in each cell. Each man could choose his own cell-mates and get a new one anytime he wanted one. I used to want a new one pretty regular. At that place and time I got to be an experienced wolf. I knew more about sodomy than old boy Oscar Wilde ever thought of knowing. I would start the morning with sodomy, work as hard at it as I could all day and sometimes half of the night. I was so busy committing sodomy that I didn't have any time left for to serve Jesus as I had been taught to do in those Reform Schools. The warden there was a big wolf by the name of Frank Conley.

He was the warden of that prison and mayor of the town of Deer Lodge for over 30 years. He wound up his career by blowing out his own brains because he was due for a bit in one of his own cells for charges of stealing the state funds and for a host of other crimes.

When I left there, he told me I was as pure as a lily, and free of all sin, to go and sin no more. He gave me \$5.00, a suit of clothes, and a ticket to the next town 6 miles away. I headed back to the west and about 2 weeks later I was pinched for burglary at Astoria, Oregon. The judge and the district attorney offered to let me off light if I would plead guilty and save their county taxpayers the expense of a trial. I done so and they didn't. Instead they gave me the limit of 7 years. When I got back to the jail the coppers laughed at me, locked the door and went away. When they were gone, I got out of my cell, locked all of the other prisoners in their cells. I plugged up all the locks so no one could get in or out. Then I went to work and wrecked their dam jail. I tore loose all the radiators and steam pipes, smashed all the electric wiring took the cook stove, all the dishes, all the food, all the blankets, mattresses and clothing, all the furniture, benches, tables, chairs, books and everything that was loose or could be torn loose and that would burn. Then I piled it all up and set fire to it. The coppers finally broke through the door, put the fire out and locked me up after first knocking my block off. Then I tried to play crazy but I couldn't fool the doctors. They took me to the State Prison at Salem, Oregon. This was in 1914 and my name there was Jefferson Baldwin, 7390. I swore I would never do that 7 years and I never have either.

I was sent to the Oregon State Prison in 1914 and as soon as I got there I was in more trouble. I swore I would never do that 7 years and defied the warden and all of his officers to make me. The warden swore I would do every dam day of those 7 years or he would kill me. I haven't done it yet and I am not dead but he is. His name was Harry Minto. His method of running the prison all the time scheming and planning how to escape and causing all the trouble I could. If I couldn't escape, I would help everybody else that I could. I was always agitating and egging the other cons on to try to escape or raise hell in some way.

I finally met a big, tough, half-simple, Hoosier kid in there and I

Verily

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*This is part
of my
see Warden G. H. ...*

steamed him up to escape. He done everything I told him to and some more that I didn't. He went to the warden and he asked for a job on the farm. He got it. As soon as he did he attempted to escape right under the warden's eye. The warden tore out to run him down. Hedid. When he caught the kid they were a long ways in the lead of the other screws who were all chasing him but they and some ~~xxxx~~ of the cons saw the whole deal. When the warden caught that kid he at once started to beat his brains out but the kid came back at him and took his gun away from him and killed him and kept on going on his way but not very far. The rest of the screws caught up with him and riddled him with bullet

When that warden got killed, they sent his brother, a John Minto, to take his place. As sson as the new warden got on the job he began to look me up and make life miserable for me, and I in turn done the same for him. I tried to escape but no luck,--caught and severely punished. Next I robbed the store room and stole a few dozen bottles of Lemon extract which I took out to the gang in the yard and got 'em all drunk and steamed 'em all up to raise hell and battle the screws. They did just as I suggested. They run all of the yard screws ragged. I didn't drink at all. Next I set fire to the prison shops and I figured that I would go over the wall during the excitement but it didn't work worth a cent. The fire went good and burned the whole works down, and that was another hundred thousand dollars to my credit. But I got caught that time. They kicked the hell out of me and put me in the cooler for 31 days on bread and water and then carried me out to a new place that they had just built especially for me and a few more like me, in one corner of the yard under the eye of the two rifle guards day and night. There they thought they had us safe for all time but in less than 3 months there were two of the bunch that escaped. Their names were Cocky O'Brian and Step and a half Smith. But 3 of us couldn't go so we stuck and when daylight came and the screws opened our doors to feed us, they found 2 missing. Wow! Then there was hell to pay for sure. As they couldn't punish the two who had got away, they took their spide⁺ out on the rest of us. Two of us, me and a fellow by the name of Curtis, they stripped naked and chained us ~~up~~ up to the door and then turned the fire hose on us until we were black and blue, deaf and half-blind. This caused a big investigation by the aroused public and the consequences were that the warden, the deputy-warden, a skunk by the name of Vinegar Sherwood and

9 screws got a can tied on them. A new warden came then. An ex-army captain
by the name of Murphy, and a pretty good old scout he was too. The new ward-
 en's method of running that prison was a radical change from the old system.
 I had never seen anything done like he was doing. There was no religion
 about him and no brutality. Those who wanted religion could have it. There
 was no punishment of any kind except one and that was to be locked in a cell,
 given a bed to sleep on, three meals a day, plenty of books to read and
 exercised twice each day. When I first heard that I thought that he was
 crazy. That was wrong. Then I thought he was a fool. That was wrong. Then
 I thought he must be a bit queer sexually. I thought he must be a punk or
 some kind of fruit. But damned if that wasn't wrong too. Then he told me
 himself just what his ideas were. He was an idealist. A lot of his theories
 were way over my head, and I was too dumb to understand all he told me but
 one thing he did tell me that I did understand was this. He told me that
 he had looked up my record and it was just as bad as it had been told to
 him. The other officers and the former warden told him that I was the worst
 man in the prison: and that they thought I was the meanest and most cowardly
 degenerate that they had ever seen or heard of. I agreed with that they told
 him. Then he told me that he didn't believe them at all and he told me I
 was not the worst man in the prison. I told him to show me a worse one.
 Then he told me the biggest surprise of my life. He told me that if I
 would give him my word of honor that I wouldn't escape or try to that he
 would open the gates and let me outside of the prison to go any dam place
 I wanted to go but to be back for the count at supper time. I thought for
 a few minutes and then I gave him my word of honor that he would see me
 there for supper time and that I would not try to escape. Even when I told
 him that I had not the least intentions of keeping my word of honor. I fully
 intended to escape at the first chance. But something went wrong somehow.
 Old Boy Spud was as good as his word. He opened the gates and I was free
 to go any dam place I wanted to. I just stood there dumfounded and so sur-
 prised at what I couldn't understand that I didn't try to escape at all.
 I just walked around a little while to see if any screws were watching me
 but I didn't see any so I sat down and tried to dope out what it was all
 about.

Of one thing I was sure. I could have gone if I had cared to. And
 another thing I was sure of was that there wasn't any more honor about
 me than the stone I was sitting on. I just thought as I couldn't under-
 stand what it was all about that I would stick around a while and see what

happen and then I would sure beat it after a few days. That evening I walked up to the gate of the prison and demanded to be let in. Spud Murphy was waiting for me. He asked me why I didn't beat it. I told him I didn't know. He asked me if I wanted a job on the farm as a trusty. I told him no. I went back into the prison and all the cons told me I was nuts. I thought so myself so I asked the doctor to examine me to see if I was crazy or not. He said I was sane. The warden gave me a job inside of the prison. I worked for him where I never would do anything right for any other wardens in other prisons. In other jails if they made me work, something always went wrong and dam quick too. If they put me to work around any machinery, it soon went on the bum, either the bearings burnt out or something else was sure to happen. But I worked for Spud all right.

He soon got a baseball team organized and a band. He told me to learn to play ball and some kind of musical instrument. The tailors made me a band uniform and a baseball uniform. But I had never had any chance to learn to play baseball when I was a boy, and I was too dumb to learn music. Then he told me to learn how to be a drum major and lead the band but I was too dumb to learn even that, so finally he asked me if I was too dumb to carry a flag in front of the band. I could do that fine. Every week after that the whole band of 30 or 40 men and the baseball team of 10 or 12 men would load onto trucks or on the train with only one guard with us and we would go to towns all over the State of Oregon. This outfit of cons had every kind of a mongrel crook and murderer there was in the prison, some doing life, some 99 years, some 50 some 20 and so on down to 1 or 2 years. The state was in an uproar. The papers all over the country had their eyes on Spud Murphy and everybody was watching his experiment with interest.

This game went on all summer and during that time I was put to work outside the walls as a trusty. A few fellows escaped but not very many. I stuck it out that was for about 7 or 8 months and made no attempt to escape in any way. I was allowed to stay out late in the evenings till after dark, just walking around or passing the time away talking, smoking and enjoying life.

There was a big hospital close by ~~where~~ where there were a lot of women nurses working. They used to write mash notes and try to date me up for a good time. I used to go out once in a while and one night while I was with one of these girls, having a good time with a bottle of booze she had, I not

Love letter

being used to drinking much, got loaded to the eyes. I was pretty drunk and the girl was very pretty and affectionate. I stayed too late and then being drunk I thought I was a pretty dumb slob to stick around there when I could be having that kind of a good time all the time. The night was warm and the moon was shining bright. A freight train was whistling down in the yards-- calling to me I figured. Anyway, I answered. I pulled out of there. A week later I robbed a house near Eugene, Oregon. In the house I put on a good suit of clothes, what money I found I put in my pocket with a loaded pistol which I found there. Then I sat down and ate for the first time in about a week.

When I left there I felt that I would rather die than be brought back to the prison to face Spud Murphy. I guess that's the reason I had courage enough to put up a gun battle in daylight in the middle of a town; me alone against the sheriff and the rest of the town. Anyway, that's what happened an hour or so later. I fired and fought until my gun was empty of bullets, and I was empty of courage.

They tried me at Eugene and gave me 2 years for the burglary and 3 years for assault on the sheriff. Back to the prison I went where nothing was done to me except to lock me up for a few months. After that the wardens put me back to work on the inside of the walls but he told me that in a few months he would put me back outside to work again as I was before. But that was too much for me. I got busy and got some hack-saws and spreader and other tools and clothes, and one morning I made a break from the inside of the walls. I made it clean. I have never been back since. I still owe 14 years there. That happened in May, 1918. They gave me quite a chase. The whole northwest was aroused. The newly organized State Constabulary were all after me. Some of the State Militia and all of the citizens in that part of the country were after me and the rewards that were offered for me but it done them no good. Luck was with me and I got clear away.

The war was on at that time and the country was pretty hot. Every once in a while I was picked up and either turned loose or broke loose. I took the name of John O'Leary and I registered for the army draft at Meyersdale, Pennsylvania. They put me in Class 1-A. That didn't sound good to me so I kept on moving. I moved into Baltimore where I worked for a few days at Sparrows Point and then went into Baltimore, bought a gun and met a nice boy. The boy told me a good joint to stick up at Frederick, Md. There we go to the hotel where I registered as John O'Leary. What the kid's name was, I don't know

or care. At two o'clock that morning we went down into the lobby of the hotel and stuck up the joint. My end was better than \$120000 and gave the kid about a couple hundred in small bills and about 10pounds of silver. Where he went I don't know.

Went
I went to New York to see what made the lights so bright there. I found out. Later I joined the Y. M. C. A. in New York, and Marine Firemans Oilers, and Water-tenders Union. Those papers with my membership card in the F. O. E. were sufficient to get me a Seaman's Identification card. Armed with those credentials I joined a ship, the James S. Whitney of the Grace Line. Went to Panama and from there to Peru where I jumped her, went up to the copper mines at Cerro De Pasco. Worked until the strike and then went to Chuquicomatti, Chile, where I worked for the Braden Copper Corporation a short time, then back to Panama where I signed up as a labor foreman for the Fortification Division, U.S. Government. A short time there and I went up the coast of Panama to the island of Bocas, Del Toro, where I worked driving niggers for the Sinclair Oil Company. They sent me to take charge of a gang way up in the Talamanca Indian country. Not long there until I was fired for fighting anybody and everybody all the time. This was in 1919, and I was still using the name of John O'Leary. I burned the oil well rig at Bocas Del Toro for which the Sinclair Oil Company offered \$500 reward but no one ever got it yet.

I talked to Henry about the niggers
I learned a little about uncivilized people while I was up in the Talamanca Indian country in Costa Rica and Panama and what I learned I liked and wanted to learn some more about them so when I got back to Colon, Panama, I inquired around a bit and found out all I could about a race of Indians who had not been contaminated or civilized yet by the other civilized people. Those Indians were a tribe called the San Blass Indians who lived in the Darian country in the mountains and on the islands down the coast of Panama. At Panama City I got a legation passport issued to me by the U. S. ambassador there. But I had to have a boat to get down the coast and not having the money to buy one I set out to steal a small schooner. I hunted around until I found one I liked. Then I hunted around until I found a hard-boiled sailor who would listen to me. Between us we concocted a scheme to steal that schooner and kill the owner, captain and crew. There were six of them on board of her

The two of us got all ready to do the business but the other fellow got to drinking and while drunk, he alone went to the schooner, killed all of the six men but he was too drunk to handle the schooner and the consequences were that he got caught. He was tried in the court at Colon, Panama, and the court sentenced him to 18 months for his crime. I was in the clear. I stayed that way by getting on a Panama R. R. S. S. The General Gothals or the S. S. Colon, I don't know which. I came to the States on her and joined the S. S. Houma, an oil tanker and went from N. Y. To Port Arthur, Texas, and from there to Glasgow, Scotland. There I robbed the ship and everybody on her for which I got a short bit in Barlinnie Prison at Glasgow, Scotland. When I got out of there I had money and my old Panama Passenger's passport.

I went to London, to Southhampton, crossed the channel to Le Havre in France and up to Paris. Had a good time but soon broke so back to LeHavre where I joined a ship to Hamburg, Germany and a few other ports in Europe and then back to the States. Landed broke and went to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where I robbed a jewelry store. I got about \$7000 worth of stuff but my end after peddling the lot was \$1500. Then I signed on the S. S. Manchuria and went to Hamburg, Germany, and had a hell of a time with my 1500 American dollars and German marks at 60 to the dollar. In 9 days I was broke and came back on the same ship. Back in New York in the summer of 1920 I think--June or July but maybe in August. Five days after I got back broke on the Manchuria I went up to New Haven, Connecticut. There I robbed the home of some one in that place. I got about \$40,000 worth of jewelry and liberty bonds. They were signed and registered with name of W. H. Taft, and among the jewelry was a watch with his name on it, presented to him by some congress or senate while he was the Governor General of the Phillipine Islands. So I know it was the same man who had given me my three years in the U. S. M. P. when he was Secretary of War about 1906. Out of this robbery I got \$3000 in ~~xxx~~ cash and kept some of the stuff. With that money I bought a yacht.--the Akista. Her initials and registry numbers were K.N.B.C., 107,296.

On my yacht I had quarters for five people but I was alone, for a while. Then I figured it would be a good plan to hire a few sailors to work for me, get them out to my yacht, get them drunk, commit sodomy on them, rob them, and then kill them. This I done. Every day or two I would get plenty of booze by robbing other yachts there. The Barbra II was one of them. I robbed her and a dozen or so others around there. I was hitting the booze pretty hard myself at that time. Every day or two I would go to New York and hang around

25 South Street and size up the sailors whenever I saw a couple who were about my size and seemed to have money I would hire them to work on my yacht. I would always promise big pay and easy work. What they got was something else. I would take them and all their clothes and gear out to my yacht at City Island. There we would wine and dine and when they were drunk enough, they would go to bed. When they were asleep I would get my 45 Colt Army Automatic, this I stole from Mr. Taft's home, and blow their brains out. Then I would take a rope and tie a rock on them and put them into my row boat, row out in the main channel about 1 mile and drop 'em over board. They are there yet, 10 of 'em. I worked that racket about 3 weeks. My boat was full of stolen stuff, and the people at City Island were beginning to look queer at me so the next two sailors I hired I kept alive and at work. One was named Delaney and the other was Goodman or Goodwin or something like that. The three of us on my boat pulled out one day and went as far as Graves End Bay, New York, where I robbed another yacht. They knew it but I figured on killing them both in a day or two. But we only got as far down the coast as Atlantic City, N. J., where my yacht was wrecked, with everything on her lost. The three of us got ashore alive. The other two I paid off and where they went I don't know or care. I was sick at that time and a Dr. Charles McGivern took care of me there at his home for a week or so. Him I gave a few pieces of jewelry of Old Man Taft's. I also gave him the 45 Colt automatic, that I done the killing with. I left his home and went back up to Connecticut looking for another \$40,000, but I got six months in the can at Bridgeport, Connecticut, instead for burglary. I done that six months and while there I borrowed \$100.00 from my doctor Charles McGivern. When I got out of the can I went to Philadelphia. There I got my Colt 45 back from the doctor. Then I joined the Flying Squadron of the Seamens Union who were on strike at that time. A few days later I got into a gun battle with some scab sailors and the cops. The cops won. I got pinched and held for the grand jury under the charges of Aggravated assault and inciting to riot. I got out on bail and immediately jumped it. I went to Norfolk, Virginia, got a ship to Europe and robbed and jumped her when I got there. From Europe I went down to Matidi in the Belgian Congo, Africa. From there I went to Loanda Angola, Portugese West Africa. There I went to work for the Sinclair Oil Company, driving niggers and I sure drove the hell out of them too. I wasn't there long before I decided to get me a nigger girl. I got one. I paid a big price for her. I bought her from her mother and father for 80 eschudas or about \$8.00 in American Money. The reason I paid such a big price for her was because

see if
 Island
 New
 York

Vanah

she was a virgin. Yah so she said. She was about 11 or 12 years old.

I took her to my shack the first night and took her back to her father's shack the next. ~~XXX~~ I demanded my money back because they had deceived me by saying the girl was a virgin. I didn't get my money back but they gave me another and younger girl. This girl was about 8 years old. I took her to my shack and maybe she was a virgin but it didn't look like it to me. I took her back and quit looking for anymore virgins. I looked for a boy. I found one. He was our table waiter. I educated him into the art of sodomy as practiced by civilized people. But he was only a savage and didn't appreciate the benefits of civilization. He told my boss and the boss-man fired me quick, but before he did I licked the hell out of him. They chased me out of the jungles of Quimbazie where that happened and I went back to Loanda. There

Van I went to the U. S. Counsul, a Mr. Clark, but he had heard all about me and my ways and he would have none of me, I left his office and sat down in a park to think things over a bit. While I was sitting there, a little nigger boy about 11 or 12 years old came bumming around. He was looking for something. He found it too. I took him out to a gravel pit about 1/4 mile from the main camp of the Sinclair Oil Company at Loanda. I left him there, but first I committed sodomy on him, and then killed him. His brains were coming out of his ears when I left him and he will never be any deader. He is still there.

Van Then I went to town, bought a ticket on the Belgian steamer to Lobito Bay down the coast. There I hired a canoe and 6 niggers and went out hunting in the bay and back waters. I was looking for crocodiles. I found them, plenty. They were all hungry. I fed them. I shot all six of those niggers and dumped em in. The crocks done the rest. I stole their canoe and went back to town, tied the canoe to the dock and that night someone stole the canoe from me. Then I bought a ticket on that same Belgian steamer and went back to Loanda where I again went to Mr. Clark, the U. S. Counsul and bummed him for a ticket to Europe but he gave me the air and set the cops after me. That night I went to the house of a Spanish prostitute and robbed her of \$10,000 eschudas. She also set the cops after me so I beat it. I couldn't get out of there by rail or by ship as the cops were looking for me so I hiked out. I hiked north for the Belgian Congo, 300 miles away, thru Ambrizett and Ambreeze, up to the mouth of the Congo River at San Antonio. There I hired a canoe and paddlers who took me across to Point Banana. There I bought a ticket on a French ship to Boma and from there up to Matidi. There I stayed about a month. Then broke and couldn't get a ship. Istowed away on a U. S.

ship, the West Nono. They carried me as far as Axime on the Gold Coast and dumped me there. I walked to Secondee and there robbed some lime juicers and bought a ticket on the Elder Dempster, S. S. Patonie. On her I got as far as Las Palmas, and there the U. S. Counsel didn't know me and I gave him a lot of bull and he bought me a ticket on a portugese ship to Lisbon, Portugal.

When I got there I at once went to the U. S. Counsel to try to get a ship out but I got hell instead. He knew all about me. A Mr. Crandall, a director of the Sinclair Oil Company, had been there a few weeks before on his way, from Loanda, and he told the Counsel all about me. That afternoon I stowed away on an English coal carrier that took me to Avenmouth, England. A day or so later I signed on a U. S. Ship as a counsel's passenger to New York. This was in the summer of 1922.

Just as soon as I got to New York I took my old license as captain and owner and my bill of sale which had been given to me in the Customs House in New York City for my old lost yacht, the Akista, and went and saved all of this time from 1920 until 1922. I got a new license and set of papers by turning my old ones in to the Customs House in New York City. I kept these new papers and began looking around for another yacht of the same size and kind so I could steal her, take her name and number off and put mine on.

In July at Salem, Mass., I murdered a 11 or 12 year old boy by beating his brains out with a rock. I tried a little sodomy on him first. I left him laying there with his brains coming out of his ears. Came down towards N. Y. --robbing and hell-raising as I came. That same summer and fall I went through Philadelphia to Baltimore where I bought a ticket to Jacksonville, Florida, on a boat. At Jacksonville, I signed on a ship and went to Baton Rouge, La., paid off there and went to the Marine Hospital at New Orleans, stayed there a month or two and when I left this hospital, I robbed their drug-room of two suitcases full of drugs, cocaine, morphine and opium. Sold some in New Orleans, some in St. Louis and the rest in New York. In January or February, 1923, I got a job as a watchman at 220 Yonkers Ave. Yonkers, N.Y. for the Abeeco Mill Co. While there I met a young boy 14 or 15 years old whose name was George and whose home was and is in Yonkers. I started to teach him the fine art of sodomy but I found that he had been taught all about it and he liked it fine. I kept him with me until I left that job in April 1923. A month or two later I got a job as watchman and caretaker of boats at the

Handwritten notes:
 This is why Little Brown may be interested
 on p. 20

Vent New Haven Yacht Club at New Haven, Conn. I took very good care of their boats, so much so that I robbed one the next night. The name of the yacht I don't know but the owner of it was the Police Commissioner of New Rochelle, N. Y., or some place near there. Part of my loot was his pistol, a 38 Colt double-action side break gun. A few weeks later, about May or June I stole a yacht at Providence, Rhode Island, I sailed it as far as New York. I was alone until then. At New York I picked up a kid about 18 or 20 years old, took him on the yacht with me as far as Yonkers. There I let him go back to New York. At Yonkers I picked up my other kid, George. I took him along on the yacht to Kingston, N. Y. There I painted the yacht over, changed the name and numbers to correspond with my papers. I tried to sell the boat there and while doing so, I met a fellow who said he wanted to buy my boat but instead of that he got out on the yacht with me where we were laying at anchor. There he tried to stick me up but I was suspicious of his actions and was ready for him, and I shot him twice with the same pistol I had stole from the Police Commissioners yacht at New Haven a short time before.

After I killed him I tied a big hunk of lead around him with a rope and threw him and his gun overboard. ~~he is~~ there yet so far as I know. Then I sailed down the river stealing everything I could as I went. I got as far as Newburgh, N.Y. There the kid George got scared and I let him go home to Yonkers. When he got home he told the police all he knew about me which wasn't much but it was enough for the cops to come looking for me. They caught me and my yacht at Nyack. They took me, boat and all my plunder to Yonkers in jail there. Charged with sodomy, burglary, robbery, and trying to break jail there. I got a lawyer there, a Mr. Cashin. I told him the boat was worth 5 or 10 thousand dollars and that I would give it to him if he got me out of jail. He got me out and I gave him the boat and my papers. When he went to register the boat he lost her because the owner from Providence came and got her.

Vent A few days later I went to New Haven where I killed another boy. I committed a little more sodomy on him also and then tied his belt around his neck and strangled him, picked him up when he was dead and threw his body over behind some bushes. Went to New York then and got a job as a bathroom steward on the Army Transport, U. S. Grant, goint to China, but instead of me going to China I got fired for being drunk and fighting. The next night I robbed the express office at Larchmonth, N. Y. And got

Vent

caught in the act, tried at White Plains, N. Y., for burglary, sentenced
 to 5 years at Sing Sing Prison. Soon after I was transferred to Dannemoor
 Prison for incorrigibles. There I stayed 5 years. I was there only a few
months when I made a time bomb and tried to burn down the shops. The screws
 found it but didn't blame me for it. They put the blame on a couple of other
 guys and put those two in the Isolation. A short time later I attempted
 to escape. I failed. At that time I broke both ankles, both legs, twisted
 my back and ruptured myself. Then I was locked up for about six months
 or more. Then I tried to murder a con. I sneaked up behind him as he was
sitting in a chair and I hit him on the back of the head with a 10 pound
club. It didn't kill him but he was good and sick, and he left me alone
 after that. Then I was locked up for a few months more. My ruptured testical
 had been bothering me and a new doctor came to the prison. He took me in
 the hospital and cut one testical out. Five days after my operation I
 tried to see if my sexual organs were still in good order, I got caught
 trying to commit sodomy on another prisoner. For that I was thrown out of the
 hospital and put in the Segregation Bldg., or the Isolation. I stayed there
 until my time was up, --two years and four months later. When I was discharg-
 ed I was told that I was as pure as a lily, free from all sin, to go and sin
 no more. 18 days later I committed 6 or 8 burglaries and 2 days later I
 committed a murder in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, A week later I committed
 a burglary in Baltimore, 12 days later a burglary in Washington, D. C. The
 next day or two I committed 2 more burglaries in Baltimore, Then I was
 arrested in Baltimore and brought back to Washington, D. C. Where I was put
 in the D. C. jail and soon after I tried to escape but got caught and here
 I am now waiting for to see which way the wind blows and perhaps the electric
 chair, the rope, or the mad house. It makes very little difference to me
 either way. This I hope will be the finish of CARL PANZRAM, with that name,
 as I started in life and changed to John O'Leary, Jeff Davis, Jeff Rhodes,
 Jeff Baldwin, Jack Allen and back to Carl Panzram.

This is where I met Panzram

get
 Cooper
 of
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 Case
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 room
 and
 Austin
 MacLomack