

Written by  
Carl Mangram.

Nov. 3. 1928. District Jail  
Wash. D.C.

Born June 28. 1892.

East Grand Forks. Minn.

Full List of all

jails, reformatories, Prisons  
and State or Government in-  
-stitutions 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, incorrigability and  
Burglary. 1903. County Jail.

No. 2. Red Wing. Minn. This is

the seat of the Minnesota  
State Training School. There  
I stayed nearly 2 years.

No. 3. Butte. Mont. Charge Burglary

3 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. <sup>C.P.</sup>

= 5 = joined the U.S. Army in 1906 at Helena Mont under the name of Carl Panzram. Stationed at Fort Harrison in the 6<sup>th</sup> regular U.S. Infantry in A. Co. Practically as soon or very shortly after I joined the Army I was put in the Guard House 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 and  
 was sent to Pusk. 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  
 dont 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  
<sup>1911</sup>  
<sup>1912</sup> the name of Jeff Davis I  
think. Charge petty larceny  
sentence 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 8 months  
and escaped.

No. 10. Seattle, Wash. 1912  
Charge petty larceny  
Name Jeff Davis.  
served 1 month. discharged

=11= Moscow. Idaho. 1912. Charge  
petty Larceny and assisting  
a prisoner to escape. 30 days  
name Jeff Davis.

=12= Chinook. Mont. Charge  
burglary. sentenced to  
one year State Prison under  
the name of Jeff Davis  
1912. served 8 months.  
and escaped. Arrested 1  
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 of  
Deer Lodge and given 1 year

for escaping from prison.

Of these 3 sentences I served 2 years and was discharged.

203- Astoria Oregon 1904.

name Jeff Baldwin, charged with Burglary. given 7 years in the State prison at Salem Oregon. done one year and escaped. caught. done one more year and escaped again 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 2 additional sentences one of 2 years for robbery and one of 2 years for assault. which made me have all

together 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  
passengers Passports and  
went to South America  
Europe and Africa. for the  
next 5 years or from 1918  
to 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
- 14: I got and done 10 days for Theft in Barlinnie Prison in Glasgow Scotland. 1919.
- 15: and the other was in Bridgport. Conn. for burglary and carrying concealed weapons. 6 months in 1920 and 1921.
- 16: My last arrest before this one was in 1923 at Larchmont ~~Conn.~~<sup>N. Y.</sup> 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 Dannemora N.Y. where  
I served 5 years. Being  
discharged July 6, 1928.

11. 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, arsons and last but not least I have committed sodomy on more than 1,000 male 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 damned human race including myself.

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 damned human race.

You may do as you like with this that I have written believe it or disbelieve it. Publish it or burn it or hide it or any damn thing you care to do with it.

signed  
Carl Pangram.

In my 145 page autobiography I stated the fact that in 1921 in Lobito bay Africa that I then killed 6 niggers.

I merely stated the bare fact. To some people of average intelligence this seems an allmost impossible feat.

That's because they're ignorant of the full details.

It was very much easier for me to kill these 6 niggers than it was for me to kill any one of the round boys I killed later and some of them were only 10 or 12 years old.

In Africa there are bull buffaloes that weight 2000 pounds and had enormous

strength, yet a crocodile  
12 or 15 foot long can kill and  
eat a buffalo. Any of these  
beggars that I killed could  
kill and eat one of those  
crocodiles. Armed with  
no more than some small  
sticks and a bit of grass  
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 Luggar Automatic  
Pistol and plenty of bullets.  
The 7 of us were in the canoe  
the other six in front of me  
where I sat in the stern

~~176~~

=3=

The canoe was about 22 foot long  $4\frac{1}{2}$  foot wide by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet 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. Then I threw them all over board and the crockadis soon finished what I had left of them.

This canoe was registered and licenced. it must still be in existence. If it is, there are two bullets imbedded in the wood one in the bottom neath 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 canoes. 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 Borna, Loanda  
and Lobito Bay and return.  
On her in 1921 I bought a  
ticket from Loanda to Lobito  
Bay and a few days in  
Lobito Bay and then I bought  
a return ticket on the same  
boat to Loanda. This is  
all very easy to verify by  
any one who cares to do so.  
And as for the body of the  
little nigger boy at the  
gravel pit at Loanda. He's  
still there unless he has  
been found since the day  
I killed and left him there.



~~+78~~

-6-

The pistol with which I did that Killing, I brought back to the states. There is a record of it at the Maxim Silent Firearm Co. at Hartford Conn. Where I sent it in the winter of 1922 and 1923 From Yonkers, New York. 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 P.S. Cos. and the Belgian Council

+79  
-7-

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 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 2 human beings.

My intentions were good because I am the man that goes around the world doing people good. C.P.

+80  
=8=

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

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

signed.  
Carl Panzram.

Mr. L.

I have written two letters here.

One for you and one for my brother including the one that 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 office. If you would care to write to him perhaps it might do some good and I could do no harm. If you dont 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  
visit 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.

L.

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 as interesting to read as I did in writing you'll do well.

If after reading what I write, your faith in human nature isn't all destroyed then it will never 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 cats. You better be carefull about giving me any eats or anything else because those cons out there with the

white pants on will shure 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 dont give a dam where they put me  
They wont keep me long because  
No power on earth can me 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 just so that I can explain  
my side of it even tho more  
ever hear or reads of it except  
one man. But one man or a  
million makes no difference  
to me. When I am thru, I am all  
thru and that settle 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  
and patience to follow and ex-  
amine every one of my crimes  
and actions you will find that  
I have consistently followed  
one idea thru all my life.  
I preyed upon the weak the  
harmless or unsuspecting.  
Those I harmed were all either  
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 help-  
less 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.

Carl Panzram.

True statement of some of  
my actions including the times  
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. Nov. 4, 28.

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 5 brothers and  
one sister, all of whom are dead  
except 3 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 5 or 6 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 7 or 8 years old.  
The old man pulled out one day  
and disappeared. This left my  
mother with a family of 6 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 and 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 some times.  
My portion of pay consisted of  
plenty of work and a good sound  
beating every time I looked  
cock-eyed or done any thing  
that displeased any one 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 that I done was wrong.  
Everybody said so anyway.  
But right or wrong I used to

get plenty of abuse. every body 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, thats the way my life was lived until I was about 11 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 11 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 had too much and I had too little so one night I broke into his home and stole every thing 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 R.R. 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 whiped me, the more I hated them and their dam religion. They beat me and whiped me for doing this and for not doing that. everything I seemed to do was wrong.

just at that time I was 11-12 and 13 years old and 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 some one else. Any one at all would do. If I couldn't injure those who injured me then I would injure some one else. From that day to this I have followed that line of thought. From the time I was 12 years old I have been in jail almost continually until now when I am 36, I have spent 20 years of my life in prison.



During my 20 years in all  
 the various prisons and jails  
 I have been in I have undergone  
 every kind of abuse and punish-  
 -ment 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  
 job, the humming bird, the hose,  
 the jacket, Chained up forward,  
 backwards, bucked and gagged,  
 spread eaged, water cured, starved,  
 beaten, thrown into sweet boxes and  
 half cooked, thrown in ice cold-  
 dungeons and half frozen. I have  
 been in solitary confinement for  
 years at a time when I could

have no privilage or pleasures of any kind. Every single thing in life that men hold worth while and that go to make life worth living fr. I have been denied and dep. bed of. I have went thru every consievable 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 base including myself and having no desire to live any longer. For all the misery and tortures that I have went thru, I have made other men go thru many times over only worse.

When I first went to the Minnesota State Training School I was about 11 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 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 thier best but thier best wasnt good enough to accomplish the task they set out to do.

In that School there were about 250 boys ranging in age from 10 or 8 years old up to 21. These boys were divided up into 5 companies or cottages. Each Company <sup>had</sup> was in charge of a manager and a matron. I was first put in Cottage No. 2. The managers name was George Mann. The Matrons 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 for to be put on the records of the Institution. He began the oral examination by asking me my name, parent, 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 of 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 Mason 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 after noon.  
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 all-  
ways had a hard job learning

my sunday school lessons.

For failing to learn these lessons I was given a whipping. For the first year I was that I used to get a beating every Saturday night and some of times 3 and 4 more during the week for doing something I wasn't supposed to do or 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."



This 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 downwards 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 1/2 an inch thick by 4 inches wide and about 2 feet long with a handle on it about 2 feet long.

This strap had a lot of little round holes punched thru it. Every time that whip came down on the body the skin would come up thru 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 2 later a boy might be able to sit down. maybe. if he didn't sit down on any thing harder than a feather pillow. I used to get this racket regular and when I was too ill to be given that sort of medicin, 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. Some times 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  
officers dining room. Right  
there I began to get a little  
revenge on some of those  
who abused me. When I used  
to serve 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  
they 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 linnen 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 Mason 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 board. 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 round and round a long round stick, lit one end of it and hid it in the laundry near some oil soaked rags. That night

That whole place burned down  
at a cost of over 100,000. "Nico Ek."

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 every body  
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  
thru 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 way 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 Chief or Capt. of Police in either Minneapolis or St. Paul Minn.

That Mr. George Mann was dishonorably discharged from his job as Company Commander or 2 Co. 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, Minn. and can be verified by any one who cares to look the facts up.

After serving about 2 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 re-  
 -formed. Yes sure I was reformed  
 all right, dam good and re-  
 -formed 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 wasnt 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 boys penis could be used  
 for something besides to urinate  
 with and that a rectum could  
 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 every where 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 reason  
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 either 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 advise. This advise 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 and

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 the  
 kids in the basement on weekdays  
 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 fingers at me  
 and yell "Reform School" every  
 time I passed by. Then I started

Knocking thier blocks off every  
time I could catch one alone.

They told thier 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 day at daylight I stole one of my brothers 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 so

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 hands and pulled the trigger 2 or 3 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 some where else. I did. I went home. I thought I was a hero and I figured they would kill the fatted calf for me as soon as I told my story. Instead of killing the fatted calf they damn 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 2 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 20 years ago but I have been a cowboy since, I never shot any wild indians but I did shoot a tame preacher once. I shot him right under his shirt.

tail. His name is Rev. Johnson and he has a church and runs a mission in Baltimore. Md. 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 this world. I have seen it all and I don't like what I have seen of it. Now I want to get clear out of this damned 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 2 or 4 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 any where at all. My eating I got by begging and telling people lies and hard luck stories about how I was a poor orphan and how much I loved Jesus.

how I wanted to go to this place  
or that place, which ever way I  
happend to be going at that time  
thats where my rich uncl lived  
who wanted me to come to him.  
A lot of bunk with out any  
truth whatever in it. But  
people used to fall for it and  
feed me and help me on my way.  
Some-times but not allways.  
I done a little stealing whener  
I could. sometimes I worked for a  
day or two. one experience that I  
had during that time I never  
forgt 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 car.  
there were 4 big burley 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 base-balls. In fact they promised me every thing 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 wish 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 allways went  
alone where ever and when ever  
possib. I had one other similar  
experiense with men. I was in  
a small town in the West on a  
Sunday after noon. 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 cans  
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 towards  
me. They didn't promise me  
any silk under wear 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 was  
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 have never forgotten. I did not want to learn these lessons but I found out that it isn't what one wants in this world that one gets. Force and might makes 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 Whisky 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 of of them since, 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 made of me, they must put the blame where it belongs.

After I had robb'd around the country for a few months I was finally caught in a small petty larceny burglary at Butte Mont. I was held in the County jail where there were 50 or a 100 older men, put in there for all the kinds of crime and mean-nesses 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, desicful 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 and nagging at me until finally I decided to murder him. Every evening in the school room, 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 foot long and 18 inches wide by one inch thick. This board was made of hard oak wood and had about 3 or 4 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 would not permit  
them to send a 14 or 15-year old boy  
to State Prison, they done their  
damndest to make life miserable  
for me. They worked me hard  
and beat me harder. You see  
they were trying to make a good  
boy out 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  
any way, but how the hell

they figured that would stop me  
is more that I could see. I can't yet.  
At that 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 tho we were not  
getting enough religion yet.  
Hawkins got fired for stealing  
the funds of the state and for  
that money and for his miss-  
-handling 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 put us all on the pratt and tell us 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 there nearly a year I began to be good pals with a boy by the name of Jimmie Binson 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 Mont. 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 the school, then I walked around behind the tank, lay

down to sleep, cold, hungry and tired but free and happy. I was awakened at day light by hearing some one rattling tin cans and smelling food. I didn't know who it might be so I peeked around the corner where I saw a man dressed in a nice blue suit with a big stetson hat on. On one side of him lay a big sack full of clothes and food, while on the other was 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 surveyors and homesteaders shack. After we eat 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 any body. 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 damn hostile and we felt that if we couldn't meet any of them, then some-one 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, holding 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 would 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, some-times loose in cars. Every time we saw a car or train loaded like that, we would crawl underneath on the rods and cut or bore holes thru the floor so that the wheat would pour out thru 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.<sup>00</sup> in cash besides a various assortment of watches, rings and other slum that we had got by the burglary route and by harvesting the harvesters. At Farago 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 Mont. for 10 years. I met him three 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 6<sup>th</sup> regular U.S. Infantry. I was only in the army a month or two when I got 3 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 did there was to burn up all the prison shops there. 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 a blaze. I he-shure 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



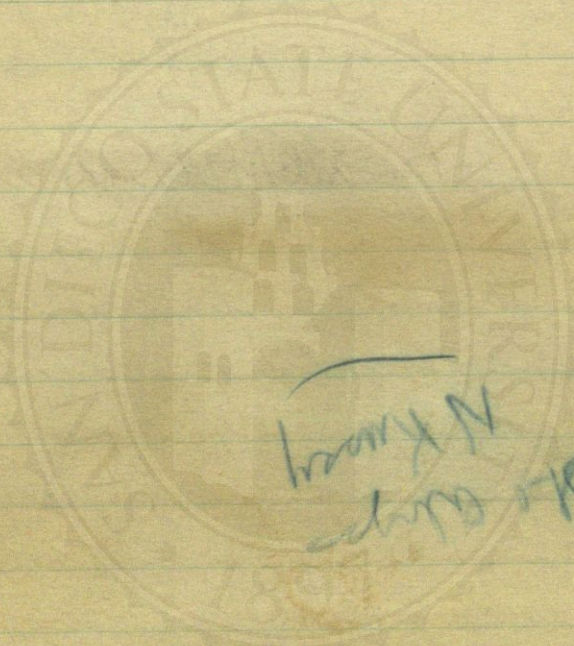
now. I was in stripes as a third class prisoner nearly all the while I was there. I was always in trouble of some sort. I had a job of swinging an 18 pound hammer in the rock quarry most of my bit. my number was 1874. and my name was Carl Panzram. There I done 37 months. I done plenty of work and I had plenty of punishment and the only good part of it was that they didn't try to hammer any more religion into us. My General Court Martial a trial was held at Fort William Henry Harrison Helena, Mont. and my court proceedings were reviewed by the then Secretary of War

Mr Howard Taft. He recommended me for 8 years and he signed em. 14 years later I had the very good fortune to rob him out of about \$40,000.<sup>00</sup> worth of jewelry and liberty bonds. This happened at his home in New Haven, Conn. 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 of bull 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 lilly 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 any body and every body 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.



Henry N  
K...  
J... R...

At this time of my life I was about 20 years old, 6 feet tall and weighed about 190 pounds of concentrated hell-fueled man inspired meanness. I was as strong as two or three average men. I had to be able to withstand 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, an 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 greasy stew or mouldy and

wormy rice or beans. But all of that treatment done 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 masturbation because I couldn't do that and do 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 skinner's 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 mla

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 some where 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 have 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 on in the daytime when  
 I could see em first. After leaving  
 Denver I hoboed around stealing  
 as I 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. Wickers Circle 19  
 Wild west show which was  
 playing with Kliens Caravilla

at that time. I lasted about a week but during that time I fought and licked everybody around there including the horses 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 militia 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 thru it in the horse trough and was going to throw him in after it when about 9 thousand more came running to his rescue

It was about time for me to leave  
 there and go some where else. I did  
 I went to Sedalia, Missouri where  
 they were holding their stat fair  
 I in a day or so the carnival  
 Co with the D showed up to  
 play but they had bad luck.  
 the first nights stand they  
 had the misfortune to lose their  
 horse tent and cook tent by  
 some scoundrel torching 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 P. C. R. R. as  
 a guard and strike breaker.  
 They first sent me to the yards  
 at Centralia Ill where I  
 started in to lick every

union striker I saw. I didn't see many so I started to lick the scabs and guards and I succeeded so well that the Co. 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. Any way he stopped fighting me long enough to blow 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 payday 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  
accommodating 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 huckey mad union  
stripers. 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 cann.

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  
was open and read that letter.  
After reading it I decided  
that East 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 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 cigarett money. I left Chicago hoboing, stealing any way I could and by the time I hit Jacksonvill Texas I had collected two heavy calibered pistols, some money not much tho, and one of the most beautiful, blue eyed curly haired, rosy cheeked fat boys that I have ever seen in my life and I have seen some nice boys. At Jacksonvill Texas we were pinched. The cops took my guns but left me my boy. we were both sent to the County Road gang at Pusk 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 mans name was Mr. Moore. he took my boy to sleep in his tent. I guess he wanted to save the boys soul or something. Any way about 3 weeks after I was there, this Mr. Moore and one of his officers by the name of Awkwrite or Hawkright or some such a name, They got into a hell of a battle and were going to shoot each other. Mr. Moore fired Mr Awkwrite or Hawkright or what ever his name was. Awk went to town and complained to the County officials 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 degenerates 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. Clark. This was in the winter of 1910 and 1911.

These things are all on the Records and can be verified by any one.

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 5 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 thru 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. I use 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 then kept me in funds and living high until I hit El Paso Texas.

There I crossed the Mexican Border  
to Jurage 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 toward  
Del Rio. At that time I was with  
a young quarter breed indian  
whos home was in Kalamath  
Falles 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 road our  
way to some 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 track  
 to the next town. We started  
 and got a few miles where we  
 came to a stretch of road with  
 tall mesquite brush and grass  
 wood 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 thru the fence on  
 the left hand side of the road  
 we walked into the brush for  
 about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile away from  
 4

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 better go back and do  
 a better job tying him up as  
 I hadn't done a very good job.  
 Lucky we did because when  
 we got back to 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 and walk away  
 but I wasn't thru 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 recieved 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  
 some where between El Paso and  
 a R.R. division point where we



went to that night and there bought a  
 ticket 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 our Commander in Chief  
 was General Orozco. 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 cholo had  
 was a few beans and some pepper  
 I am 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, equipment and everything that wasn't tied down. I rode my horse to death before I hit the border, then 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. When I got back I immediately got busy on the S.P. line from Yuma Arizona to Fresno Cal. During this time I was busy robbing chicken coops and then touching a match to them. I burned old sheds, barns, fences straw sheds or any thing I could and when I couldn't burn any

things else I would set fire to the grass on the praries or the woods anything and every thing. 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 train I was always on the lookout for something to shoot at or trying to stick up the other hobbers that I met on the trains. I looked em all over and whenever I met one who wasnt too rusty looking I would make him raise his hands and drop his pants. I wasnt 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 sheriffs, coppers and railroad bulls were all hostile. I got pinced a couple of times but it was in the day time 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 where 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 Cal. I got 120 days  
in the can for stealing a by-  
-cycle. 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 befor I met

Mr trouble. He took the form of a  
R.R. brakeman. I was riding  
in an iron open coal car at the  
time with 2 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 hit 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  
that went around the world  
doing people good and asked  
him if there was any thing  
that I had that he wanted, he  
said no and that he was a  
good fellow and never put any  
body off of his train and to  
prove he was a good fellow  
he offered to buy us all a  
feet 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 that freight car. When  
I was thru riding him I

told the other two burms 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 Brake man 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 guessed that they didn't hurt themselves very much. I 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, thru 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 Dalles, 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 flower in  
 that can. I immediately asked him  
 to teach me how to blow safes.  
 He didn't 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 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 Dalles, I took  
 jail. This was in 1912. From  
 there I went to Spokane where

I robbed the Police Station at  
 Hillyard a suburb of Spokane  
 among my loot there was 2  
 of the copper pistols. Then  
 I bought 6 hack saws and  
 tied 3 on each leg under my  
 socks and under my coat, I then  
 went to Moscow, Idaho to try  
 to get the old safe-blown out.  
 When I got there I hid the 2 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 risk and he was

so I rode him. At that time he  
 was about 150 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. Some months  
 later I was pinched at Chinook  
 Montana for burglary, I quick  
 took a plea of guilty and got  
 1 year at the State Prison at  
 Deer Lodge, Mont. When I got  
 there I met my old partner

Jimmie Benson who was doing  
10 years for robbery. I stayed there  
about 8 months and escaped.  
a week later I was arrested  
at Three Forks, Mont, 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 the  
name of Jeff Davis. Out of  
these 3 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.  
Each man could choose his  
own cell-mates and get a

new one any time he wanted one.  
 I used to want a new one pretty  
 regular. At that place and time  
 I got to be an expert experienced  
 Wolf. I knew more about  
 sodomy that 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 buisy 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 Corley. 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, logs and sin no more. He gave me 5 dollars, 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 a burglary at Astoria, Oregon. The judge and the D.A. 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 didnt. 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 toilets and sinks  
and plugged up all the pipes  
tore out all the electric wiring  
took the cook stove, all the dishes  
all the food all the blankets



mattresses and clothing all  
 the furnitures, benches, tables  
 chairs, books and every thing  
 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 thru the door and  
 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. 7398. 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 damn 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 ~~John~~ <sup>Harry</sup> Minto. His method of running the prison was to Bull-doze everybody. I used to go around in 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 every body 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  
hossier kid in there and I steamed  
him up to escape. He done every thing  
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. He did. 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 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 them and kept on going -

on his way but not very far. The rest  
 of the screws caught up with him  
 and riddled him with Bullets.  
 When that warden got killed, They  
 sent his brother a John Minto to take  
 his place. As soon 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 battl 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 there 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 61 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 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 Cockey  
 O'Brian and Stepan and a half Smith.  
 But 3 of us couldn't go so we stuck  
 and when day light came and the  
 screws opened our doors to feed  
 us they found 2 missing. Wow,  
 then they was tell to pay for our  
 As they couldn't punish the two who  
 had got away they took their  
 spite 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 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,"  
 I Herwood and 9 screws got a  
 can tied on them. A new  
 Warden came then. An ex  
 Army Capt by the name of  
 Murphy and a pretty good old  
 scout he was too. The new Warden'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 3  
 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 what 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 a try to that he would open the gates and let me outside of the prison to go

any damn place I wanted to go but to be back for the count at supper time." I thought for a few minutes and then 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 some-thing went wrong some how. Old boy Spud was as good as his word. He opened the gates and I was free to go any damn place I wanted to. I just stood there dumfounded and so surprised at what I couldn't under-

stand 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 understand what it was all about, that I would stick around a while and see what would 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.  
 Bud 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 Dr 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 warden  
 in other prisons. In other jails if  
 they made me work something  
 always went wrong and damn  
 quick to. if they put me to

work around any machinery it soon went on the burn, either the bearings burnt out or the belts wore out or something else was sure to happen. But I worked for Spud all right. He soon got a base-ball team organized and a band. He told me to learn to play ball and some kind of a musical instrument. The tailors made me a band uniform and a base-ball uniform. But I had never had any chance to learn to play base-ball 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 base-ball 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 they 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 every body 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 way 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 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  
boose she had, I not 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 slot  
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 eat 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 a sheriff and the rest of the town. Any way 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 8 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 warden 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 back-saws and a 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 north west

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 one 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 Penn. 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 in to Baltimore, Bought a

gun and met a nice boy. The boy told me of a good joint to stick up at Freshic, Md. There we go to the hotel where I registered as from O'Leary what the kid's name was I don't know or care. At 2 o'clock that morning we went down into the lobby of the hotel and stuck up the joint. My end was better than \$1200.00 we split the dough. I took \$1200.00 and gave the kid about a couple of hundred in small bills and about 10 pounds of silver. Where he went I don't know. 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 N. Y. and the Marine Fireman's club 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 Chuquibambilla, Chile where I worked for the Braden Copper Corporation a short time then Back to Panama where I signed up as 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 riggers  
for the Sinclair Oil Co. 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 any body  
and every body 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 Co offered  
500 dollars reward. but no one ever  
got it yet.

I heard a little about uncivilized people while I was up in the Talamancan 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. These Indians were a tribe called the San Blas Indians who lived in the Darien 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 money enough 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 6 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 6 men but he was too drunk to handle the schooner and the consequences were that he got caught, He was tried in 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 on the S.S. Colon I dont  
 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 every  
 body 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 Passport  
 I went to London, to Southampton  
 crossed the channel to Le Havre

in France and up to Paris. Had  
 a good time but soon broke so back  
 to Le Havre 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, Conn  
 where I robbed a jewelry store.  
 I got about 7,000 worth of stuff  
 but my end after peddling the  
 lot was 1500. <sup>00</sup> 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 August.  
 15 days after I got back broke  
 on the Manchuria I went up  
 to New Haven Conn. There I  
 Robbed the home of some one. in  
 that place I got about 40,000  
 worth of jewelry and liberty  
 bonds, The bonds were signed  
 and registried with the 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 Philippine Islands.  
 So I knew it was the same  
 man that had given me my  
 3 years in the U.S.M.P. when

He was Secretary of war about 1906. Out of this Robbery I got \$3,000.<sup>00</sup> in cash and kept some of the stuff. With that money I bought a yacht. The Arkistia her initials and registry No<sup>s</sup> were K. N. B. C. 107, 296.

On my yacht I had quarters for 5 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, comitt 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. Everyday  
 or two I would go to New York and hang  
 around 25 South St 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 #5 Cold 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, rowe 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 name 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 N.Y. 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 every thing on her lost. The three of us got ashore all right. 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 Mc Given took care of me then at his home for a week or so. Him I gave a few pieces of jewelry of old man Taft. 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<sup>00</sup> but I got 6 months in the can at Bridgeport Connecticut

instead for burglary. I done  
 that 6 months and while there I  
 borrowed \$100.00 from my Doctor  
 Charles McGiven. When I got out  
 of the Can I went to Philadelphia. There  
 I got my Colt #5 back from the Dr.  
 Then I joined the Flying Squadron  
 of the Seaman's 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 up 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 here  
 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, Portuguese West Africa.  
 There I went to work for the Sinclair  
 oil Co. Driven riggers 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 Escudadas or about 8.00 in  
 american. The reason I paid such  
 a big price for her was because  
 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 fathers shack the next.

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 any more 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 at Guimtagie when  
 that happened and I went back to  
 Loanda. There I went to the U.S.  
 Consulate 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  
 come bumping around. He  
 was looking for some thing. He  
 found it too. I took him out to  
 a gravel pit about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile  
 from the main camp of the  
 Sinclair Oil Co. 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.

Then I went to town bought a  
ticket on the Belgian steamer  
to Lotito 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  
this canoe and went back to town  
tied the canoe up to the dock and that  
night some one 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. Consul and  
 hummed 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.<sup>00</sup> Escudados.  
 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  
 Ambriett and Ambreeze up  
 to the mouth of the Congo River  
 at San Antonio. there I hired  
 a canoe and paddlers who

132

took me across to Point Banana  
There I bought a ticket on a french  
ship to Borna and from there  
up to Matidi. There I stayed  
about a month. Then Brokeard  
couldn't get a ship, I stowed  
away on a U.S. ship the West  
Yorbo. They carried me as  
far as Axime on the Gold  
Coast and dumped me there.  
I walked to Secordell and  
there robbed some lime juice  
and bought a ticket on the  
Elder Kempster S.P. Patonie  
On her I got as far as Las Palmas  
and there the U.S. Consul didn't  
know me and I gave him a  
lot of Bull and he bought  
me a ticket on a Portuguese

ship to Lisbon Portugal.  
When I got there I at once went  
to the U.S. Consul 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 Co had been there  
a few weeks before on his  
way from Loodda and he  
told the Consul all about me.  
That afternoon I stowed  
away on an English coal  
carrier that took me to  
Ovenmouth England.  
A day or so later I signed on  
a U.S. ship as a Consul'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  
Licence as Captain and owner  
and my bill of sale which had  
ben given to me in the Custom  
House in New York City, for my  
old lost Yacht, The Alaska,  
and went and saved all of  
this time from 1920 until  
1922. In 1922 I got a new  
licenc and set of papers by  
turning my old ones in to the  
Custom House in N.Y. City.  
I kept these new papers and  
began looking around for a  
nother yacht of the same  
size and kind so I could  
steal her, take her name  
and number off and put  
mine on.



135

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 hellraising  
as I came. That same summer  
and fall I went thru Philadelp<sup>h</sup>  
to Baltimore where I bought  
a ticket to Jacksonville  
& Florida on a boat. At Jack-  
sonville 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 the Hospital I robbed  
their Drug room of 2 suit  
cases full of drugs, Cocaine  
morphine and opium. Sold  
some in New Orleans, some  
in St Louis and the rest in  
New York. I in Jan or Feb  
1923 I got a job as a watchman  
at 220 Yonkers Ave, Yonkers  
N.Y. for the Abeco 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 care-taker of boats at the 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. Him I took along on the yacht to Kingston, N.Y. There I painted the yacht over, changed her name and numbers to correspond with my old 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 stolen  
from the Police Commissioner  
yacht at New Haven a shot  
him before. After I killed him  
I tied a big hunk of lead  
around him with a rope and  
threw him and his gun over-  
board. 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 I got home he told the  
police all he knew about  
me which wasnt much

but it was enough for the cops  
to come looking for me. They  
caught me and my yacht at  
Newack. They took me, boat and  
all my plunder to Yorkers 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. 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 Bath Room steward on the Army transport, U.S. Grant going 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 Larchmont New York and got caught in the act, tried at White Plains

142

N.Y. for burglary, sentenced  
to 5 years at Sing Sing Prison  
Soon after I was transferred  
to Dannemora 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 6 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 testicle had been bothering me and a new Doctor came to the prison. He took me in the hospital and cut one testical out. 5 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 Building of the

Isolation. I stayed there until  
my time was up. 2 years and  
4 months later. When I was  
discharged 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  
murdered in Philadelphia, Pa.  
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 loose  
 which way the wind blows  
 and perhaps the electric chain  
 the rope or the road house.  
 It makes very little differ  
 to me either way. This I hope  
 will be the finish of

Carl Panzram  
 with that name

---

as I started in life and change to  
 John O'Leary  
 Jeff Davis.  
 Jeff Rhodes  
 Jeff Baldwin  
 Jack Allen.  
 And back to Carl Panzram.

I  
 I was going to write a lot more of  
 this but I must cut it short  
 for several reasons.

Today I was notified to get my  
 self ready for trial on the 12<sup>th</sup>.

Today a couple more coppers  
 came to me looking for a lost  
 murderer from Rhode Island.

They must look some where  
 else for him.

Today my eyes are getting  
 worse.

Today my right hand is  
 hurting me too much to write.

Today I am weary and  
 all thru.

P. During the past few weeks  
I have made several confessions  
Each one about a separate case.  
All of these different confessions  
are parts of one complete series  
of acts.

You have the only full and  
complete confession I have  
ever made.

If you check up on the lot  
you will find that every  
thing I have written down  
is the full truth.

You probably will never  
check up on all of it but  
if you will just check up  
on one bit of short time  
those 36 days I was free  
before I got pinched

this

time and when I was released  
from Panne mora July. 6. 28.  
until Aug 13. 28.

You will find that I  
committed sodomy  
about 25 times

Burglary 12 times  
and murder 1 time.  
and I was just getting all  
set to do a wholesale  
business in all these lines.

Maybe I am wrong but I think that if these words that I have written, should ever be handled by the right people in the right way, some-thing would sure pop. Maybe my neck and maybe more.

I do know that there are a hell of a lot of people in this world who would give a lot to see what I have written.

The L.A. for one. The newspapers and magazines for another.

Some of those newspaper reporters who have been after me would sure be glad to get their hooks and eyes on it. You better make yourself a copy, quick.

153

=1=

Torquemada the Chief Inquisitor of the Spanish Inquisition when that institution was in full bloom, was known as the worlds greatest torturer. The methods and all of the instruments that he used to inflict torture on other human beings were all very ingenious but they were very crude, compared to those in use today. I have been to Spain and while there I have visited Thier museums and his Cathedrales where some of those old time implements were on view.



~~15-5~~  
= 3 =

When pain reaches a certain point, then it has reached the limit and can be no worse.

The history of mankind goes back for only a few thousand years but men lived and died on this earth for uncounted thousands of years before the dawn of history as men know it today. Yet in all these thousands of years, men have learned little. The men of the world today are doing the same things that their ancestors done ages ago. Men have always had intelligence which never has increased. Only knowledge

160

= 4 =

has kept advancing.

The knowledge that men have gained by observing the different kinds of torture used by different men in different times and places have all gone into the making of what I believe to be the last word in the fine art of putting men to torture. The absolute quintessence and and supreme acme of an old and fine art.

The Humming Bird.

This bird is not a bird and yet this bird is a bird.

This isn't the kind of a bird that has feathers and flies thru the air enjoying life and freedom as nature

~~104~~  
= 105 =

made it and intended that it should.

This bird is a bird that was conceived in the mind of another bird. That one was a human bird. A buzzard of the human species. He sure must have been to figure out a device that would inflict the maximum of corporeal punishment with the minimum of harm to himself and the most exquisite anguish on the victim of,

The Humming Bird.

This bird wasn't made of any feathers full of the spirit of life. It was made of steel, water, wire, a sponge and a little electricity. Yet it was alive.

162

=6=

That doesn't sound as tho it held such a hell of torture as it did.

First an ordinary steel bath-tub in which was 4 or 5 inches of ice cold water. The victim is layed down in that and they chained hand and foot. Then the chief torturer enters the scene. He is dressed in his ordinary clothes and has only a rubber slicker and a pair of rubber gloves on his hands. In his hands he holds a common sponge. This sponge is connected to an electric battery by wires. The switch is turned on and the Torturer advances

163

=T=

on his victims. He first begins on the soles of the feet by gently rubbing the charged sponge there and then gradually working his way up the body to the head. The sensations of the victims are that there seems to be millions of red-hot needles sticking into him. The agony is intense.

Two or three minutes of this and the victim is then all ready for either the grave or the mad-house.

Yet there is not a single mark or bruise on his whole body.

764  
= 8 =

A physician stands beside the victim and every few seconds feels the pulse and examines him. When he judges that the victim is exactly on the verge of Madness or death, he gives the signal to switch off the current. Then the victim is taken out of the bath-tub and thrown into a cell where he is left for a few days or weeks. At the end of that time he is either a helpless and hopeless idiot or a raving maniac.

There are hundreds of men in the world today who have undergone this form of torture. Most of them are in

165  
=9=

their graves, some are in mad-  
houses, some in prisons or jails  
or hospitals and some are out  
walking the streets today.

This system of torture was  
practiced for many years and  
all that time there were a lot  
of people who heard of it and  
investigated and tried to  
stop it. When they first began  
to investigate the rumors  
they had heard, they were  
met at the gate by a big  
fine prosperous benevolent  
looking gentleman who at  
once told them what a  
fine prison he had and  
what a wonderful  
place it was. Oh yes

~~766~~

2102

He was a very religious man and a very law abiding citizen. On the surface every thing looked rosy and very fine. The food the committee saw was very good, the prisoners made no complaints or very few. The Dr. would prove that he also was a fine fellow and that any one who said different, was crazy and not to be believed.

It is the nature to be decided very easily by those who wish and have the power and the intelligence to do so. People believe what they want to believe. Truth isn't liked.



I.

I don't feel much like doing any writing just at this time.

I am still a little bit dizzy from that last beating and the torture at the post.

I have a lot of things on my mind just at this time to think about. I am pretty well upset and any writing that I do now will probably <sup>be</sup> pretty well muddled up but later on when I feel better and the conditions ~~are~~ for thinking and putting my thoughts by writing I shall oblige you to the best of my feeble ability by writing the true facts of my life's history.

C. J.

This whole joint seems to be upset today. everybody up in the air on this case.

first some bug started whistling and cursing the preacher at church time. Then some other nut tried to turn the joint down. Then the Bug doctor came here and examined me to see if I was nuts.

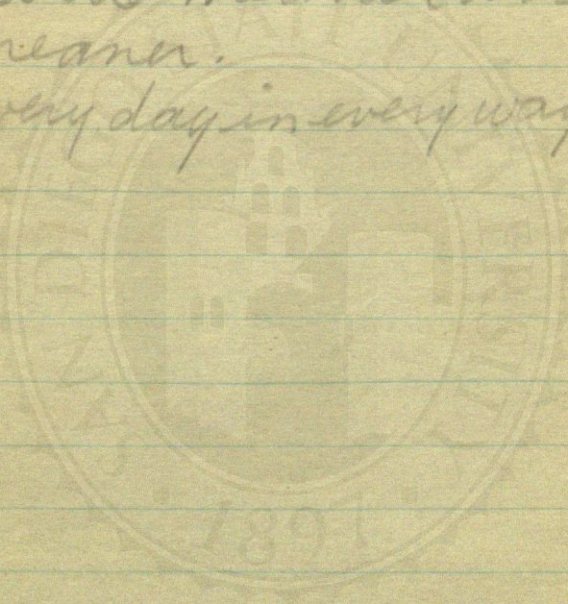
The screws been hopping around all day putting guys in the cooler and chaining 'em up to the Post. This damn joint is so full of nuts that I am thinking they are all nuts except me. Anyway I can't do any writing or any real thinking. wait until I can get a lot of things off of my mind and then I'll write some more.

L.

And the worst is yet to  
come.

A little meaner and  
meaner.

every day in every way.



During the past few weeks  
there have been about a  
dozen news-papers reporters  
around here wanting to talk  
to me but I wouldn't talk  
to any of them. I don't like  
them. They done me plenty  
of harm and none of them  
ever done me any good.

I don't care to talk to them  
but I would like to give  
them this what I have  
written and see if they  
will publish this the  
truth instead of a lot of  
hot air and guess work  
as they have been doing  
lately.

Carl Panzram.

J.

The Humming Bird died in Ohio where it was born but before it died it hatched out another bird and that is the Electric Chair.

Time goes on, customs change but men remain the same and the final results are the same today as they were ages ago.

This world I dont like and would like to leave it and see if the other is better or worse.

Men have made a study of crime  
its cause, effect and the remedy.

Many men know the effect.

Many men know the cause.

I know the remedy.

The answer is. Truth.

This whole system was all exposed and stopped years ago in the Ohio State Prison and other places by Miss Ida Tarbell of Oklahoma. She was a writer who specialized on that kind of writing for years but she was finally bull-dozed and bribed into writing for the Conservative press and the orthodox people.

Melpton Pinclair is another writer whose writings along those lines caused him so much trouble by the people that he exposed that he was driven out of this Country and now lives abroad in <sup>1906</sup> secret so that

and infrequent visits to this, his own country, and while here he goes around with body-guards. The people don't like to be told the truth.

Right today, not last year or a hundred years ago, there are many, many places and many people whose sole business in life is to torture and mistreat other men.

Men taught me all I know, and what they done to me I done to them.

Might makes right.

This being the case, then we are today where we were a million years ago.



(1)

## The Snorting Pole.

This is a very common form of Punishment that is used in the Southern States.

It is nothing less than a whipping post.

A large post about 12 foot long by 1 foot in diameter, is sunk into the ground. Near the top is a pair of hand-cuffs to which ~~the~~ rope is made fast the rope in turn is run thru a small ring and from there down to a cleat near the center where it is made fast. When a man is whipped at the Snorting Pole he is whipped with the Red Heifer

The Red Heifer is nothing more than a black snake whip about 8 foot long running from the lead-loaded butt and tapering down to a fine lash. The man to be whipped is first hand-cuffed to the Post and then the rope is pulled up tight until the man is on his toes barely touching the ground. Then his shirt is pulled either off or up over his head usually the latter and his trousers are dropped to his feet. He stands in that position and the whipping boss steps off 9 or 10 feet and starts popping the bad to the poor

sucker that is being reformed. When the lask begins to take away little bits of hide and the blood begins to run then the sucker begins to jerk and yelp jump and snort.

That's why it is called the Snorting Pole. If you ever get it you'll snort the same as I did when I got it.

This form of torture is usually dished out in the evening when the days work is done. All of the Prisoners are lined up to witness the efforts of one man to put the fear of God into another.

A little sermon is usually handed out at the same time, when all of the prisoners are

given some instructions and  
advise with a promise included.  
When a man is let down after  
being well whipped he has blood  
on his back and murder in his  
heart.

### A Dose of Salts.

This is another little trick that  
is very popular down that way.  
This may be a fine remedy for  
any one who is constipated  
and is looking for relief.  
This is a sure remedy for that  
ailment. Believe me, I know.  
If you dont think so, just try it.  
This punishment is usually  
tried out right on the job while  
the men are working. That's

the way I got it. It dont take much time or effort or delay the work much.

When the Boss man decides that someone is in need of a punition he calles another screw who pulls his gun to back up the other boss. The first one will take his No. 4. Strap from his saddle or his Kit and then call 3 or 4 of the other prisoners to grab the sucker that is to be whipped. I never saw any of them ever hesitate. They grab the champ, throw him down on the ground on his belly, pull his pants down and his shirt up

one will hold one leg and one  
the other a couple will hold  
his arms and sit on his  
head. Then the Boss man does  
his stuff. After about 15 or 20  
whacks with No. 4. There is  
no one around there that  
is constipated any more.  
When I got this dose of Salts.  
I had a big back shine to  
sit right on the back of my  
neck, my face ground down  
into the dirt and manure  
of the mules. A couple more  
held my legs. just to show  
how loyal these coons were  
to the boss-man they all  
took a clout at me when  
they let me up.

I never had a chance to pay  
off those coons or the Boss man  
but believe me, many another  
coon and many another  
Southern Gentleman has paid  
a stiff price for my being  
forced to take that Phisic.

### The Pose of Salts.

These things were done to me at  
the Cherokee County Road Gang  
at Rusk, Texas in 1911. The men  
who done these things to me were  
the 3 coons, Bill, Nappy and  
Harvey. The Boss man who laid  
on the lash was a Mr. Moore.  
and the gun guard was a  
guy by the name of Awkrite  
or Hawkright or some such a  
name. Anyway they were the ones

## The packet.

Different places and different people have different kinds of torture they use to reform people.

The packet was used on me by the jail guards in the County jail at Fresno, California sometime in 1912.

The packet is a form of Straight jacket. It's only a piece of very heavy canvas about 4 foot long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  foot wide with eye-holes on both sides thru which a rope is pulled tight. First the canvas is laid on the floor, the man is laid or sometimes knocked down upon that facing downwards. Then the ropes



are pulled thru the eye holes  
and a big burley screw slaps  
his No. 10 in the middle of your  
back and hauls with all  
his strength on the ropes until  
you are tight as you can get.

I only got 1 hour of that but it  
was a plenty. I have heard of  
cases where other men got  
6 and 8 hours in the jacket.  
After my one hour in the jacket  
my blood had stopped  
circulating and I was numb  
all over. When I was taken out  
I couldn't walk hardly at all  
and not very good for a week.  
It took more than a month  
for the effects to wear off.  
That's your dam jacket!

## The Hose.

Once again time, place and men change. The punishment also.

The only thing that remained the same was the result.

In 1917 at the State Prison at Salem Oregon I was given the hose by the Deputy Warden a Mr. Sherwood and the Warden Mr. Mintoel with the help of Nancy Fisher Cherokee Bill.

Lilley

Johnson and another screw by the name something like Metzger or Mitzege. Anyway he was the one who spat upon me and cursed me. I would know him if I ever saw him.

even if I don't know his name.  
This outfit stripped me naked,  
put my back to the wall and  
hand-cuffed me on each hand  
stretched out sideways, facing  
the men holding a regulation  
size fire hose at a distance  
of about 15 feet which they  
held on me 3 times. The first time  
was about 2 minutes, next 3  
minutes and the last time  
about 5 minutes. At the end  
of that time I was out and  
hanging by my arms. When  
I came to I was nearly  
blind, all swelled up, from  
head to foot, ears on the bum  
for months afterwards, black  
and blue all over the front of

my body my privats were as  
big as those of a jackass.

The full effects of this didnt ever  
wear off completely.

This is more than 10 years ago  
but still every time I catch an  
Oregonian and get him in a  
corner I sure give him what <sup>he</sup> feels.  
Many a man has paid for what  
those men done to me that  
Sunday morning

Maybe that hose did wash a  
lot of dirt off of the outside of me  
but it also washed a hell of  
a lot of dirt inside of me too.  
That's your damned Hose.

## The Bat or the Paddle.

This was given to me by a Mr. Hawkins. Mr. Bush had a Mr. Hardy and a Mr. Reinhart, the superintendent and 3 screws of the Montana State Reform School at Miles City, Mont in 1905 when I was about 15 years old.

The bat or paddle is an ash stick about 3 foot long by 2 inches wide and a half of an inch thick with a handle about 4 or 5 inches long.

I was stripped naked and laid face downwards on a bed, feet tied with a rope on one end and hands tied to the other end of the bed. In that position I got the Bat laid on my

my back 50 times. put into  
 a cell for 10 days then taken out  
 and given 20 more and then  
 put back into the cell for 20 days  
 more. The first 10 days on bread  
 and water, the last 20 on 2  
 meals a day. And damned  
 small meals they were too.

### The Restraint Machine.

This I got several times during  
 1910-8-9 and 10 in the U.S.  
 Military Prison at Fort  
 Leavenworth, Kansas.

The punishments were ordered  
 by Captains Clark and  
 Wolf who were the executive  
 officers at those times

the actual punishments were given me by various screws privates and Non-Coms.

Sergents Watts, Maher, and Davis, the privates were too numerous to mention but I'll know them in hell when we meet there.

The Restraint Machine barefooted standing on a cold damp concrete floor backed up to an iron barred door. Hands behind cuffed to the door. A large belt under my arms around my chest pulled tight to the door. Standing in that position for 4 hours, then let down for 1 hour to eat

my bread and water, then 4  
 hours more. then more bread and  
 water then to bed which was a  
 board, no blankets. In the  
 morning bread and water and  
 then 4 hours more and so on  
 for a stretch of any where from  
 5 to 14 days. That was the limit  
 after that at once put to work.  
 and my work there consisted of  
 9 hours work a day swinging  
 an 18 pound sledge busting rocks.

That's your Restraint Machine.

Where that name originated  
 I don't know all I do know is that  
 it sure serves the purpose if that  
 purpose is to Restrain.

I have often wondered what  
 other people think,



"If they do think about it at all,"  
What is the physical and mental  
condition of the person while he  
is undergoing these tortures and  
how he feels after it is all over and  
when he is released from prison.  
Do people think that he forgets  
all about it and forgives those  
who do it to him. Oh no, not  
by a hell of a sight. The actual  
pain may be gone but the memory  
remains and act. as a canker  
that eats right into his very  
soul. The natural result  
is that the more of this kind  
of treatment one gets the more  
vindictive he gets. I did and  
I do. I know many others  
that feel and do the same as me.

## The Cooler or The hole.

There are coolers and coolers.  
Some are bad and some are worse.  
None are good.

Some are cold and wet,  
Some are hot and dry.

In some you freeze and in others  
you roast and sweat.

In all you are hungry and thirsty,  
filthy and dirty.

In some you stay a day, others a  
week and there have been times  
when I have been in the cooler  
a month and more.

Bread and water, isn't  
very nourishing and neither  
does it generate clean thinking  
in a persons mind.

The milk of human Kindness  
generally curdles and turns  
sour under such conditions.  
The more cooler you get the more  
heat and hate there is generated  
in your heart.

In Every joint I ever was in  
there is always some form of  
torture that was on tap. I usually  
got my share of every kind  
there was. I have had them  
all at one time or another.  
Cuffed up to a post.

This is an up to date modern  
method. In use in the Capitol  
of the Nation, Washington D.C.  
That's where I got it in 1928.

The Post is about 18 inches thick made of iron. I was stood up with my back to this Post my hands were twisted behind me around the post and then hand-cuffed together. A rope was tied to the cuffs and my arms were pulled up towards the ceiling. In that position I was left for 13 hours one night. The next night I was first beaten, Kicked Choked and Blackjacked unconscious and then dragged down and again cuffed up to the post for a couple more hours. When I was let down, my hands and wrists were swollen to twice their normal

size, the skin on my wrists were first blistered and then chaffed thru the meat to the bone. I still have the scars on my wrists, 3 months after.

That's being cuffed up the Post

All of these things didn't happen a thousand or a hundred years ago, down in China, Siberia or Jollopia.

They happened to me, here and now. They happened yesterday, today and will happen again tomorrow.

The results will be the same also.

The reaction will be revenge, by Rape, Robbery and murder

to me you and every-body else.  
 It's too late for me to change  
 but how about you the public  
 of this Great Land of the free  
 and the home of the brave.  
 The Third Degree.

The law says that this is also  
 illegal. No one will admit that  
 they use the third degree. Yet  
 it is used every day all over  
 this country. The law has no  
 scruples in the methods it  
 uses to extort confessions  
 out of any one and every one.  
 Results only are what count  
 But what is the result.  
 I don't know how others  
 look at it but I know how

how I see it. It looks very much to me as tho' you Mr. Citizen and Mr Tax Payer are the sap that gets it in the neck. You pay big taxes to have the privilage of being Robbed, Raped and Murdered. It costs you thousands of lives and Billions of dollars every year to keep on doing business with the present Prison and Educational Systems.

Don't you think its pretty near time you woke up to the fact that you are a lot of Chumps.

Thats the way it looks to me and I think my point of view is as good or better than yours if you have one. have you?

2  
 This Country is having a war right now and very few people even realize the fact.

War, in the final analysis is merely murder and robbery and the expenditure of life and property. This country today is having a crime war.

Many thousands of lives and millions of dollars worth of property are lost every year.

Crime is increasing 10 percent each year.

All society is up in arms to combat crime and criminals.

They are using every possible



method that the law can  
devise. The best they have been  
able to do so far is to build bigger  
and stronger jails and prisons  
and fill them all full of criminals.  
~~The more they build~~

Just as soon as a prison is filled  
to capacity, they start right in  
building more and more. And  
they are all full. But still there  
are more criminals every day.  
There is no end to them under  
the present system.

Even the most superficial  
investigator of this question of  
Crime knows this to be a fact.

All of your Police, judges, lawyers, Wardens, Doctors, National Crime Commissions and writers have all combined to find out and remedy the cause and effect of crime.

With all of the knowledge and power at their command, they have accomplished nothing except to make conditions worse instead of better.

This is not a theory. This is a fact. Statisticians prove it beyond any possibility of doubt.

This being the case then they and their system must

be wrong. Those who make and enforce the laws are more guilty than those who commit the crimes against the law.

The criminal does not profit by his crimes. It is the Law makers and the law enforcers who do profit the most. They, in reality are the real cause of the most crime. They know it too. That's why there is so much crime in this Country today. Those who roar the loudest about putting down crime are the very ones who cause the most crime.

I am 36 years old and have been

a criminal all of my life. I have  
11 felony convictions against me.  
I have served 20 years of my life  
in jails, Reform Schools and prisons.  
I know why I am a criminal.

Others may have different  
theories as to my life but I have  
no theory about it. I know the  
facts. If any man ever was a  
habitual criminal I am one.

In my lifetime I have broken  
every law that was ever made  
by both Man and God. If either  
had made more, I should very  
cheerfully have broken them  
also.

The mere fact that I have done these things is quite sufficient for the average person. Very few people even consider it worth while to wonder why I am what I am, and do what I do. All that they think it is necessary to do is to catch me, try me, convict me and send me to prison for a few years, make life miserable for me while in prison and then turn me loose again. That is the system that is in practice today in this country. The consequences are that such that any one and every one cause crime and lots of it.

Those who are sincere in their desire to put down crime, are to be pitied for all of their efforts which accomplish so little in the desired direction. They are the ones who are deceived by their own ignorance and by the trickery and greed of others who profit the most by crime.

Much depends upon the point of view of the persons who express themselves on the Crime Question. Those who roar the loudest and are therefore the most heard are the writers, judges, lawyers and

and would be expert criminologists. All of these people make a nice soft living out of crime. Therefore they are directly interested in that subject. They don't produce a dam thing. All they do is to shoot off their mouths and push a fountain pen. And for doing this they live nice and soft. They wear good clothes, eat the best foods, live in nice homes, have the best of every thing the world produces. They have a nice soft graft and they know it too. They are not a lot of chumps like the criminals.

Don't think for a minute that they are going around really meaning to do as they say they wish to do. Put down crime. Not a chance. There will be no pick and shovel for that sort of people. Trial: what would happen to them if they really did put down crime. There is two sides to every question. My point of view is just as plausible and a damn sight more probable than all of the hot air that has been published about this question. Others who have expressed their ideas in print on this



subject have all been either directly or indirectly interested in receiving some sort of profit or benefit of some kind from what they say or write or do about this crime question. Some have good jobs which they want to keep or perhaps they are trying to get a better one or perhaps they are merely incensed and prejudiced against criminals because they or their friends have been robbed or murdered. On the other hand, have not a single thing to gain by my writing this. My life

and my liberty is already  
forfeited. I can not gain a  
single thing in any way  
for writing this. I am not  
writing this because I expect  
some benefit by doing it.  
I am not trying to do myself  
or any one else either harm  
or good. My only motive in  
writing this is to express myself  
and my beliefs. My point of view.  
Perhaps I am altogether wrong but  
on the other hand I may be right  
and you may be wrong. Let the  
facts speak for themselves and  
then judge the results.

Under the present system, the best and the worst you can do is just as you are doing now and that is making bad matters worse.

Before you can ever put down crime you must change the system a whole hell of a lot. Also you must change your educational system. You must absolutely divorce the schools and Prisons from all politics. As things are now you are making criminals much faster than you are reforming those that are already in existence. Every child has some criminal tendencies

It is your place to correct those traits and teach them the right way to live while they are young and their minds are forming. Then when they do reach the age of reason and action it will be quite natural for them to lead clean, upright, honorable lives. In that way you will stop crime at its source before it begins.

As for the criminals that are now in existence and working at their trade or those that you now have in prison, you can reform those that are capable

of being reformed, and those few who are incapable of any kind of reformation you can keep them where you have them now in prison where they can do no harm. These two things you can do or you can keep on doing as you are now. Either make things better or worse. If you think that you can stop crime by catching us, locking us up, punishing us by brutal treatment, hanging or electrocuting us, sterilizing or castrating us, then you are a fool for thinking that way. That only makes bad matters worse.

My own case is very similar to many thousands of others. A child is very easily led. Any child if properly taught will live the way he is taught to live. All criminals are merely overgrown children. It is in your hands to make us or break us. We by our own efforts are failures in life, simply because we don't know any better. We don't know how to live decent upright lives. Heredity has very little to do with the shaping of our lives. The main causes of why we are what we are is because of our improper teaching

lack of knowledge and our environments. Every man's Philosophy is colored by his environments. If you don't want us to rob, rape and murder you then it is your place to see that the mental and moral misfits are properly taught a sufficient amount of useful and sensible knowledge and put into the proper environment where they can be best fitted to exist in life. Otherwise they will be misfits and failures and you are the actual cause because they don't know any better and you do.

My own case is very similar  
to many thousands of others.  
I was born a normal human  
being. My parents were ignorant  
and thru their improper  
teachings and improper envir-  
-onment I was gradually led into  
the wrong way of living. Little  
by little from bad to worse. I was  
sent to a Reform School at the age  
of 11 years. From that day to this  
all of my life has been lived  
among moral and mental  
misfits. All of my associates  
all of my surroundings  
The atmosphere in which



I have lived has been full and saturated with the atmosphere of deceit, Treachery, Brutality, degeneracy, Hypocrisy and everything that is bad and nothing that is good. Is it unnatural that I should have absorbed these things and have become what I am today, a treacherous, degenerate, brutal, human savage. Devoid of all decent feelings. Absolutely without conscience, morals, pity, sympathy, Principle on any single good trait. Why am I what I am. I'll tell you why.

I did not make myself what I am.

Others had the making of me.

I have been in 2 reform schools  
7 big prisons and hundreds of  
jails. None of them were any  
different from the others. All  
were run under the same  
system by the same sort of  
people and the results were  
the same in all of them.

My last term in prison was  
exactly the same as my  
first and the results were the  
same in each case. And my  
own case is exactly the  
same as many thousands

of others. I shall give an outline of my last bit in prison from the time I entered until I left it.

And if anyone can believe that that way is the right right way to stop crime then it is my opinion that he is either a fool or a rogue probably both.

In 1923 I was caught in the act of committing a burglary. Put in jail and indicted. I at once saw that I would be convicted so I immediately saw the Prosecuting Attorney and with him made a bargain. He promised me that if I would plead guilty

and in that way save the county  
the expense of a trial, that he would  
agree that I would get a very  
light sentence in return. I kept  
to my side of the bargain but  
he didn't. I pleaded guilty  
and was immediately given  
the limit of the law. 5 years.  
At once I was sent to the prison  
where because of my many  
previous convictions and my  
bad record as an escapee man  
I was very closely watched and  
at the least infraction of the  
rules I was severely punished.  
I was put to work in the worst

work shop in the prison. I had a task to do. 8 hours work everyday 6 days a week for which I was allowed  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents per day.

In this prison the work was not very hard but very monotonous and wearing on the nerves. The disciplin was very strict. The food was very bad. After about 6 months of this I was feeling pretty hot, mad and disgusted.

I attempted to escape. I failed in my attempt but in doing so I fell 30 feet on to a concrete walk breaking both of my ankles, both of my legs,

fracturing my spine and rupturing myself. In this condition I was carried to the prison hospital where I lay 5 days and was then carried out and dumped into a cell without any medical or surgical attention whatever. My broken bones were not set my ankles and legs were not put into a cast. In fact nothing was done except to give me a bottle of liniment which would have done me no good if I had been able to rub it onto myself. The Doctor never came near me and no one else

was allowed to do any thing  
for me. In that condition I  
was left for 8 months. At the  
end of that time the bones had  
knitted together, so that I could  
straggle around on a pair of  
crutches. After a few more  
months on crutches, then  
a cane for a few months.  
At the end of 14 months of constant  
agony I was taken to the hospital,  
where I was operated on for my  
rupture and one of my testicles  
was cut out. Only 5 days was  
allowed me for medical and  
surgical attention.

At the end of 5 days I was again carried out of the hospital and dumped into a cell where I suffered great agony for many months. Always in pain, never a civil answer from anyone, always a snarl or a curse or a lying hypocritical promise which was never kept.

Crabbling around like a snake with a broken back. seething with hatred and a lust for revenge. 5 years of this kind of a life.

The last 2 years and 4 months confined in isolation with nothing to do except brood upon what I thought was the



wrongs that had been done to me. Not allowed to receive letters or visits from friends.

One lady friend traveled 1,000 miles and spent hundreds of dollars to come and visit me.

They allowed her to see me for  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an hour only, altho she stayed in the town for one solid week trying to see me again.

My incoming and outgoing mail was held up or destroyed. I was not allowed

to complain to any one of the higher officials. Whenever I tried to do that, the letters

Reports were torn up and returned  
to me. When the prison inspectors  
came to the prison to investigate  
conditions and complaints  
they were told that I was  
a degenerate, that I suffered  
from delusions and that I  
was insane so they would  
pay no attention to any  
thing that I or any one else  
ever complained of. This  
went on for all of my 5 years  
and the more they mistreated  
me the more I was filled with  
the spirit of hatred and vengeance.  
I was so full of hate that

that there was no room in me  
for such feelings as love, pity  
kindness or honor or decency.  
I hated every body I saw.

My whole mind was bent  
on figuring out different ways  
to annoy and punish. My  
enemies and every body was  
my enemy. I had no friends.  
That was the frame of mind  
I was in when my 5 years was  
up and I was turned loose  
to go any where I wanted to go.  
My intentions was to rob  
rape and kill every body I  
could. anybody and everybody.

It was my intentions to  
commit enough burglaries to  
get a few hundred dollars  
together and with that to go  
to a place I had picked out  
at a P. R. tunnel between  
Meyersdale P. A. and  
Cumberland Md. There I  
intended to wait until the  
fast all steel Pullman train  
the Capitol Limited or the  
National Limited came  
along. I intended to have  
a large contact bomb  
in the middle of the tunnel  
fixed so that when the engine

struck the obstruction, the bomb would explode and stop and wreck the engine and block up that end of the tunnel. The explosion would set off and burst some large glass containers of formaldehyde or other gas and also set fire to a few hundred pounds of sulphur. The gas and fumes thus generated and let loose in the closed tunnel would in a very few minutes kill every living thing on the whole train in the tunnel. I would be stationed at the rear entrance to the tunnel

behind a barricade, and arms ready to shoot down anyone who had life enough left to try to get out of the tunnel. As soon as I was assured that all were dead. I would put on a gas mask and oxygen tank such as an outfit as is used in mine rescue work then enter the cars and rob the whole train. Another precaution that I intended to use was to place a time bomb on a bridge or trestle 12 or 15 mile back up the line from the way the train had come.

This bomb would be set to go off just about the time that the train would be wrecked in the tunnel. In that way all of the wires would be down with the Bridge, so that no assistance could arrive to help those in the tunnel. I intended that if this racket had worked out according to the way I figured that it would, I would have at least  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours in which I could work unmolested and in that time I could gather up 50 or 100 thousand dollars from the 3 or 4 hundred dead passengers in money and jewelry.

Then I would go a few miles away and plant every thing in a pre-arranged hiding place. Then go away and remain quietly in hiding for a month or two and at the end of that time I would return, left my plant go to New York and turn everything into cash. With unlimited funds in my hands I then intended to steal millions of dollars and kill millions of people. This I intended to do by starting a war between England and the U.S.A. Sounds fantastic all right.



but I am positive that I could  
and would have done it.

The way that I figured on doing  
this was to work thru numerous  
stock brokers in Wall St.

playing the stock market  
ahead of time with the knowledge  
that I alone would know  
that England and the U.S.A.  
would soon be at war.

Fore-armed with this knowledge  
I would know exactly which  
stocks would rise and which  
stocks would fall in value. Then  
with my money all placed  
with the proper instructions

with the different brokers for investment at the proper time and place, all that would be necessary for me to do would be to start a war between England and the U.S.A. This I intended to do by waiting until diplomatic relations were somewhat strained between the two countries. Then I would quietly sneak up and sink some great British Battle Ship while in American waters on a peaceful mission. This could be done very easily. All I need to do would be to wait until some British ship was laying

at anchor in the Hudson River  
at New York. Some fine night  
I would come up the river with  
2 gasoline launches each  
made fast to the other, side  
by side. one launch filled  
with T. N. T. with a 15 minute  
fuse attached to it. In the  
Bomb boat I would have  
an anchor and a long line.  
when I reached the proper  
position about 5 yards ahead  
of the Battle ship I would  
light the fuse and drop  
the anchor of the Bomb boat  
cast off the lashings of the

two launches. I in my launch would go on my way up the river full speed while the Bomb boat would slowly float down along side of the battleship where it would explode and sink the ship with all hands except maybe a few survivors who would be left to tell what they saw. All they would be able to tell would be that they saw two launches which looked like U.S. Navy boats with Navy flags flying run by a man dressed in a U.S.

Navy Uniform. who disappeared  
 in the night. If this succeeded,  
 it would start a bullet war  
 between England and the U.S.  
 just the same as the sinking  
 of the U.S.S. Maine did in '98  
 between Spain and the U.S.A.  
 But if this didn't start a war  
 then I would go down to  
 the British West Indies.  
 buy a small British schooner,  
 keep her under British  
 Registry with an all British  
 Captain and Crew. I would load  
 her with a few tons of  
 Explosives, cover up

with an inoffensive looking cargo, send her to the Panama Canal where I would place a time bomb in the hold set to go off in some one of the locks of the Canal. I would leave the boat to proceed to her doom and the doom of the Panama Canal. That would be very sure to start a hell of a big war and in the mean time I would be salting away millions of dollars thru speculating on stocks on Wall St. I have worked on boats and

ships and also for the Fortification  
 Division and the Cattle Industry  
 on the Panama Canal as a labor  
 Foreman where I handled  
 a great deal of Explosives.  
 in blasting operations also  
 I can make any kind of bomb.  
 These schemes may sound  
 Fantastic and Grandiloquent  
 and impossible of accomplishment  
 by one man. but I feel  
 very sure that it could  
 be done and I also feel  
 sure that I could have  
 and would have done  
 just exactly as I had planned.

if circumstances and luck had not been against me. I was only out of prison one month and 6 days but during that time I committed 12 burglaries and one murder. I had a goal in view and was working towards it just as quickly as I could. If any one is in doubt as to these facts then just get a P. R. R. time table look up the schedule of either the National Limited or the Capitol Limited. Look up the map and you will find that there is a tunnel just



I describe between Meyersdale  
and Cumberland. I have been  
there and I know all about  
where to get all the dynamite  
and fuses that I wanted.

In 1918 I registered for the  
Army draft and also joined  
the F. O. E. Local 1255 at  
Meyersdale, Pa. I robbed a  
jewelry store there the night  
I left in the fall of 1918. My  
name then and there was  
John O Leary but now  
it is

Carl Pangram.

If someone had a young tiger cub in a cage and then mistreated it until it got savage and blood-thirsty and then turned it loose to prey on the rest of the world to go any where and kill any one it wanted to, Then there would be a hell of a roar from those in danger of the mad tiger. Every one would believe that to be the wrong thing to do.

But if some people do the same thing to other people then the world is surprised, shocked, and offended because they

get robbed, raped and killed.  
Yet this is exactly what is  
being done every day in  
this Country.

They done it to me and then  
dont like it when I give them  
the same dose they gave me.  
They do it to thousands of others  
and they in turn retaliate  
by Robbery and murder.

If you dont like to be robbed  
Raped, burned or killed then  
stop your own injustices  
your own dirty work. Stop  
your lying and hypocrisy.  
Live decent your own selves

and teach others who are not  
able to do right unless they  
are taught right.

If you get abused, robbed or killed  
you have it coming to you so  
don't blame it all on the one  
who harms you. Some of the  
blame is yours for not  
making it your business to  
see to it that such conditions  
should not exist among your  
fellow men. If you put a lot  
of power in the hands of  
your public servants and  
they misuse their power  
then you are at fault also.

I have only a little knowledge  
but I have as much intelligence  
as the average person and I  
know that I was taught  
wrong.

I could have been taught  
properly and if I had been  
I feel sure that I would  
have led a far different life  
than I have done.

You are to blame more so  
than I. That's my belief.

If you are going to go on teaching  
others as you have taught  
me then then you must  
suffer the same as I.

(3)

= 1 =

The code of the under-world.  
Square crooks and crooked coppers.

Principle or Policy.

The underworld code is  
very simple. It is never squall.  
Don't be a stool-piedger or a rat  
or an informer.

All crooks want every body  
else to believe that they are  
square. All cops are the same.  
They all wish every body else  
to think they act from  
Principle.

They are always telling every  
one they respect all about how  
much principle they have.  
It's against their principle  
to do this or not to do that.

The queer part of this is that they not only want others to believe this but they even believe themselves.

But the real truth of the matter is that they deceive themselves and mistake policy for Principle.

I have met every kind of a crook there is. I have worked and lived both with and against them. Coppers the same.

I know their tricks inside and out. I have associated with every sort, both in prison and on the street.

They and their works and their thoughts are like an open book to me. I know them well. To my sorrow.

I have been mixed up in every  
kind of a crooked deal there is  
with every kind of crook there is.  
Con-men and gang-men.  
Prowlers and bootlers  
Stick up artists, can open artists  
and sometimes face artists.  
Peter men and Box-men  
Paper hangers and craft hangers  
hustlers and rustlers  
Pimps and M<sup>c</sup> Gimps  
hooks from the Big town and  
hooks from the sticks  
Big shots and pickers  
Dynamiters and Podomiters  
Fruiterers and profters  
Pingbats and gay-cats.  
Shew-men and gun-men.  
Nell pumpers and snow-sniffers



hop heads and jug-heads  
wise-guys and dumb-bills  
boot-leggers and rum-runners.  
wolves and gunselles

Dips and short card gamblers  
home guards and boomers  
booze fighters and cop fighters  
and last but not least  
the muzzlers and guzzlers.

I have put in 35 years in  
the game of hooks and crooks.

I have been from top to bottom  
and every where in between.

There is no angle of this  
game that I haven't tried  
at some time or other.

I have met thousands and  
thousands of my kind in  
every different degree, from

The King-pins and the biggest of  
 big shots down to the  
 greasiest of grease-balls and  
 without exception, one and  
 all insist on deluding every-  
 body else and themselves  
 also, that they are square;  
 that they have in their  
 make-up the sparks of  
 Principle and Honor.

That they keep the code of the  
 under-world. That they never  
 squeal. Any thing and  
 every thing against any-  
 body and every body is  
 quite all right and permissible  
 at any time or place but  
 the one rule that must be  
 kept by all, regardless -

of any thing else is that they must never squeel. No matter what happens, No matter what pressure is brought to bear on them to get them to open up and squeel. If the coppers work the old mother and Jesus racket on them or give them the third degree, a wrong rap with a big stretch in Stir or even the rope on the chair, still they are supposed to keep their traps shut and never squeel. I have never met or heard of any one yet who ever admitted that they were wrong and that they were stool-pidgones squeelers or rats. They all insist that they are right

guys and square crooks. Even when they are caught right in the act of going on the stand as a witness for the State against their Pals, they won't admit it. One and all insist that they are men of honor and that they act from Principle only. They all swear that they are loyal to the first law of the Code of the Underworld.

In theory this seems to be the case. That the average person really believes this to be true and that most crooks believe it also.

The average superficial observer only sees a very small part. He sees nothing

of what goes on behind the scenes and under the surface. The actual facts of the matter is that none of the crooks are square with one another or with anybody. They are not square with the coppers and the coppers are not square with them. None of them have any Principles. They have Policy. They mistake Principles for Policy. When they are square with anyone, it is because it is for their own interest to be so. It is good Policy. When it ceases to be to their own interests to be square with one another then it becomes time to change

their tactics, and they are not  
slow in doing it either.

It makes no difference to them  
who they snitch on, no matter  
if they have been loyal to  
each other thru a whole life-  
time as partners and friends.

No matter if they send their  
friends to prison or to hell by  
way of the Rope a chain. That  
cuts no ice. They are looking  
out for their own precious skins  
if they can benefit themselves  
at the expence of some one  
else, regardless of what the  
others have to suffer for  
their treachery. They in  
99 cases out of a hundred  
will sure break the law

of the underworld and open  
 up and sing Grand Opera,  
 they will squeal long and loud.  
 I have known cases where men  
 have been loyal pals and  
 friends, have gone thru every  
 crime on the calendar, Murders,  
 Rapes, Robberies, in jails and  
 in freedom, in health and  
 in sickness, riches and  
 starvation and privations.  
 Years and years together and  
 always loyal and square  
 with each other but when  
 the time came for the test of  
 the first law of nature;  
 Self-preservation, Every  
 thing went over-board  
 they all squeal some time.

Big crooks and little crooks  
They all squeal when it is to  
their interest to do it.

The greatest crooks I ever knew  
or ever heard of they all did it.  
Gerald Chapman used to  
be always roaring about  
his own principles and forever  
condemning all stoolpiedgers.  
Shean took the stand against  
him and swore his life  
away and every body in  
the underworld knew it  
he was condemned for his  
squealing by every body  
Get when that guy got out of  
the can he went to New York  
In the very heart of crookdom  
where he was given the



glad hand by some of Chapman's  
 former pals. He is a rat  
 for the coppers and every body  
 knows it yet he walks the  
 streets today and he is right  
 in with all the Big Shots  
 in the Big town. He runs with  
 both sides, the hare and the  
 hounds and double-crosses  
 them all. Gerald Chapman  
 was known as a right guy  
 all of his life and yet he also  
 was a rat. He didn't ever  
 hesitate to squeal when it  
 was to his own advantage  
 to do so. Every<sup>body</sup> did not know  
 this but it is true just the  
 same. When he was in  
 the dance-hall waiting

to get his neck cracked and  
he knew his days were short  
and he knew he had nothing  
to gain, he also opened up  
and spilled all he knew.  
Another Big Shot that I know  
well is John J. "Bum," Rogers  
The Gangster and Gun  
man from New York City.  
He also has the rep. in the  
underworld of being a right  
guy, all stocked up and  
loaded right to the ears  
with Principles. Maybe  
he did have principle at  
one time but he has  
none now. I have seen  
him and heard him  
sing opera and squeal.

Some guys will squell on one  
and snaky not on others.

But that's not because of  
their Principle, That's the  
Proper Policy for them to  
follow and they all play  
the policy end.

In all of my life I have never heard  
any one roar louder about their  
honor and their Principle and  
squareness than this same  
Burn Rogers. I will admit  
that perhaps there are men  
in this world who are a  
little less square than him  
who have less principle and  
honor about them, but believe  
me they are far and far  
between. He's a first class

A. No. 1. skunk. He is an out and out stool-pidger, but he is very glib and clever so that he covers himself up so well that most of those who know him, really believe what he wants them to believe that he is a right guy and the code of the underworld is what he lives by. Honor among thieves. What a joke that is. There is no more honor among thieves than there is snow-balls in hell. Some crooks will squeal for one reason and some another. One will fall for the soft ~~sap~~ gag the mother and Jesus Racket. Some will be

tricked into opening up the  
 Info bag. The third degree  
 drags it out of others. The spirit  
 of revenge is a great inducement  
 for some to tell all they know.

But most of us when we do  
 open up do it for self interest.  
 We want something. We either  
 want to save our lives or our  
 liberty or maybe we want a  
 cigaret or a chew of tobacco  
 for which we will betray  
 any body or every body!

The coppers are a pretty dumb  
 lot. The most of them are  
 well supplied with big flat  
 feet and a big fat head,  
 which is usually sadly  
 lacking in grey-matter.

The coppers I have known, and  
 I have known plenty of them,  
 too dam many in fact, were  
 and are a bunch of dumb-bells  
 who couldn't track an  
 elephant in a snow bank  
 unless they first had some  
 rat or stoat-pidgeon to lead  
 them to it and point it out.  
 Most of them have plenty of  
 braden but very few have  
 any brains. With all of  
 the forces of law behind  
 the coppers, all the steel bars  
 and stone walls, thinguns  
 and clubs, all would  
 avail them nothing if  
 it wasn't for their rats  
 and stoat-pidgeons.

The third degree and the rats  
are the best and worst  
weapons that the coks have.  
Yet they will never admit  
that they have or use either.  
Perhaps it isn't generally known  
but it is a fact never-the-less  
that During the World War  
when every man in this  
Country was classified all  
according to their Mental  
Moral and physical condition  
The crooks and the Coppers  
were both put in the same  
class which was pretty  
low down in the scale  
about as low as it could be  
down in Class 4. B.

Honor among thieves is the  
bunk. And as for the other side  
of the fence, the Coppers, they  
also are allways squawking  
about their Honor and their  
principles. But the real truth  
of the matter is that by far  
the largest majority of them  
are in the same boat as  
the crooks they run around.  
They both play the game of  
working both ends from the  
middle. What few coppers  
there are who have principle  
and honor combined with  
brains, are in a very small  
minority. 9 out of 10 of them  
will grab a crooked dollar  
just as quick as I will.



Most coppers have stool-piedgers  
working for them. They work all  
in together. the rats will work  
in with their pals and get all  
the info he can which he will  
turn over to the cop. The cop  
makes his pinch and gets  
the credit, the rat goes clear  
to keep right on working his own  
graft. The cop knows he is a  
crook out to rob or kill anyone  
he can therefore the cop is  
just as bad as his Rat.  
Neither have either principle  
or honor. They work in together  
just so long as either can  
use the other to their own  
advantage. but just as soon  
as either one can make no

further use of the other, then they are quite capable of each double-crossing the other. Just to prove my point I will give a few illustrations.

Some few years ago in New York City there was a mob of young hoodlum crooks in Harlem. They were all a lot of cheap petty crooks and gangsters who made their dough by a lot of petty crimes such as lock burglaries, and in a while they would catch up scatter on a gun - mill or a crap game or act as strike breakers; in times of labor troubles, most of them were punks who had from one

to sometimes 3 or four girls bulldozed into going out hustling for them. Some were peddling dope or booze. None of them ever worked. Most of them were Ex-convicts. All of them were known to the cops. Few ever had any money. At this time rum-running was the big money racket. This bunch got their heads together and cooked up a new scheme. One night 18 of this outfit all got organized and loaded up. They go out to sea a few miles off-shore where a rum-runner the

French Steam Ship Mullhouse.  
that was lying at anchor  
with \$2,000,000 worth of  
booze in her holds. The whole  
18 men went aboard of the  
ship, held up the Captain  
and crew and stole every  
bottle of booze which they  
brought ashore to Jersey City  
and New York. For turning  
this trick these 18 men  
split up between them  
\$244,000.00 in cash besides  
some of them kept some of  
the booze. Some of this outfit  
soon went thru their rolls  
and were soon broke but the  
fancy ones of the gang got  
their heads together and

went into a different racket.  
They invested their money  
into night clubs and  
Caberetts on Broadway.  
They opened up the Silver  
Slipper, the Parody Club  
the Cotton Club and a half  
a dozen other night clubs.  
There they peddled the booze  
which they stole. There they  
ran big crap games and  
gambling joints, they had  
a bunch of girls out  
hustling for them. When  
their booze ran short they  
bought boats, trucks and  
automobiles and hired  
other gangsters which  
they organized into gangs

to run smuggled goods out  
of the U.S. up into Canada  
and return with booze, dope  
and undesirable aliens.  
They made money by the  
thousands and hundreds  
of thousands. They are still  
in business. Stronger than  
ever. They and their gangs  
have connections and  
ramifications extending  
all over the country. They  
have interests in all the  
big dope rings and whiskey  
outfits, white slavery and  
the Paris fight game. This  
outfit is all hooked up  
together. One Madden  
Billy Budden, Curm Rogers

The Duffy brothers from the Jersey City end, Boo-Boo Hoff from Philly, Bear Face Al. Capone from Chi. They have a strangle hold on to the fight game. This was proved by the slicker between Boo-Boo Hoff and Gene Tunney at the fight in Philly between Tunney and Dempsey. And again at Chicago where Bear Face Al Capone was double-crossed by Tunney and his outfit. Gene is a pretty fine bird. That's all the bunk about his retiring from the ring to live in Europe in high society. The real truth of

the matter is that some of his former gangster friends that he double-crossed are out to take him for a ride and he cleared out before he got bumped off. Few people know the real inside facts. Few know that Tuney's manager was a Politician who was connected with the New York State Prison Commission and Prison Parole Board. Appointed to that position by Governor Al. Smith. Few people know that Tuney and his manager on numerous occasions, visited several N.Y. State Prisons and while they had long confidential



talks with Ben Rogers and other  
Convicts. On that while there they  
were wined and dined by the  
Warden in his home. Few people  
know that these gangsters and  
gun-men in New York City have  
on several occasions made  
special reservations and very  
expensive trips to and from the  
Clinton Prison so that they have  
invited the Warden and the  
Second Finger and 8 and 9 screws  
at a time to come down to the  
Big town where they were wined  
and dined at the Silver Slipper  
and other night clubs, all  
at the expense of those  
gangsters and Gun Men.  
All of these things are matters

of common knowledge among  
 the under-world. Many Coppers  
 know these things. The Silver  
 Slipper and the Cotton Club are the  
 special hang out of both coppers  
 and crooks. Any one at any  
 time can verify these things.  
 Therefore it stands to reason  
 that the Coppers and the  
 Crooks are all working in  
 together and all double crossing  
 each other at the same time.  
 And yet each and all of them  
 all allways yelping about  
 their honor and their great  
 principles.  
 Honor among thieves is  
 the Bunk!

4

L.

I am making a few suggestions which I hope you will carefully think over and act upon.

Of course its up to you.

Its nothing to me if you do or dont.

I suggest that you take everything I have written, make a type-written copy of it.

II Then write out another from that just using what ever parts that can be published.

III Connect the different parts together where they fit in their proper places.

IV. Look up the files of the Newspapers and get one of my pictures and a dozen or two of the news-paper clippings

v And from now on keep track of what the papers print about me.

I save a few of those clippings.

vi. Just those that give the future and the last acts of my life and an account of my death.

P.S.

I won't be alive to read what you publish so it won't cut any ice with me.

I am doomed, to pass out of the picture, pretty soon.

I have fully decided that I want to die and there will be no turning aside.

Whether I die in the Electric Chair for some of the murders that I have already committed or if I must commit one or

two more. or if I die under the  
guns or black-jacks of the  
Coppers or even if there is no other  
way out for me I shall take my  
own life. I am quite capable  
of dying in any of these ways.  
In some way I shall surely  
accomplish my desire to die.  
No matter how I pass out  
it will be worth your while  
to add it along with what I  
have written myself.  
You better get busy and waste no  
time because it won't be long  
now before I wind it up some way.  
You are going to get a hell of a  
lot of free advertising about  
me in the papers. A lot has  
already been printed and

the worst is yet to come. You never can tell what the sequel will be. What ever it may be it will be worth while.

At the time of my death that will be the proper moment for you to publish your book.

You can see that surely.

You ought to make a barrel of jack out of it if you work things properly.

What I have written and given to you is all that I have ever written and it isn't very likely that I'll ever write any more for any one else.

But don't make any bets on my future because I am erratic enough to do any

thing and every thing.

There isnt any thing more that I care to writ about so I'll just drop it now. You have it all.

There are thousands and thousands of things in my life that I have done or have seen that would be just as good as what I have written but it is no use for me to bother about that. If you print what I have written you'll do well.

One last suggestion is this. If you intend to make any use of what I have written then you better not waste any time. I am getting weary of waiting and living for this world. That's all.

P.P.

A bunch of these kind of newspaper clippings and my pictures would go good to fill in the last part of the book. They would be very good because they would be both authentic and interesting. After all of my part of the book to finish it off in proper style you as the author could write my wind up or epitaph with perhaps a picture of me after death on the grave or the Electric Chair.

You write the Preface, use my writings for the book and your own explanations



as the conclusions.

This ought to make a hell  
of a good book.

I have never seen or heard  
of one like it. It ought to  
have a big sale, with all  
of the interest that would  
be aroused by all of the  
papers publishing so much  
about me.

If you do write a book, you ought  
to get it copyrighted, first  
publish it in book form  
and then in serial form  
in the magazines or maybe  
just the other way around.

first the magazine and  
the Sunday papers and then  
a book.

just one more suggestion that  
may be worth while would be  
to let a few men like

Mr Clarence Harrow and  
a few other great sociologists  
and Psychiatrists, Let them  
write you their opinions and you  
publish them in the tail end  
of the book.

Let them read what I wrote  
and then write you what they  
think about it.

or even a few of the out-  
-standing of their opinions  
that they have already  
written on the subject of  
Crime. The Causes, Effect  
and Remedy,

L.

I don't know whether  
 this bunch of crap will  
 be of any use in connection  
 with what I have already  
 written but it will serve to  
 prove my contentions that  
 the majority of coppers are not  
 out to put down crime and  
 those few that really are  
 are in a small minority  
 But by far the largest percent  
 are both brainless and  
 unprincipled.

The methods in use by the  
 police do not curb crime. The  
 exact reverse is true.

Right here and now in this city  
Washington D.C. There is a man  
on the Police Force by the name of  
Allen. I dont know him personally  
Never saw him and never spoke  
to him. Still I know that he  
is a College graduate, he is a  
clear and clean minded  
man. He has both brains and  
a high moral mind with  
good principles. He is physically  
fit or he wouldnt be on the  
Police force.

He has brains enough to  
see right and he has the  
moral <sup>courage</sup> character to stick by  
his principles.

There are very few like him  
on any police force.

Any man like this guy is  
should be a wellcom additio,  
to any law abiding community  
or Police force. That kind of a  
man is hard to find at any  
time. He is sacrificing his  
own best interests to be of  
service to the public good.

And what is the result?  
The result is that the big  
majority of his companions  
and fellow officers are all  
out to sink him. They are  
doing every damn thing  
they can to drive him off  
of the Police Force. They are  
watching every move he  
makes and at the least  
slip they are trying to trip

him up and press charges  
 against him. They don't want  
 him on the police force. Why?  
 Simply because he is clean  
 and they are dirty. Because  
 he has principle which they  
 lack. Because he has more  
 brains than they have.

Here is a battle inside the  
 ranks of the forces of law  
 and order. One man who is  
 in the right against a mob  
 that is in the wrong.

Any body with any claim  
 to intelligence at all can see  
 thru this racket. Even a stupid  
 like me can respect a man  
 like that guy Allen.

People want every one to have

respect for the law. but how  
the hell is any one going to have  
any respect for law and order  
when the law doesn't respect  
itself.

Then here is another little  
illustration.

Just the other day in N.Y.  
City and also in Chicago.  
With a Grand Hoo - raw  
in the papers the two Chiefs  
of Police of those cities  
Made a Grand Round up  
Smashing up gin mills  
and saloons and pool rooms  
and such like.

In N.Y. they pinched 1500  
men. Inside of 3 days  
these 1500 men were all

back at liberty, all except about  
100 in N.Y.

In Chicago 4,000 were pinched  
in 3 days they were all free  
except 300 men. And it won't  
be long until the most of these  
are again free.

This being the case, then what  
the hell was the gain.

Very probably the cops did  
pinch a big mob of crooks.

What of it. They are all free again.  
When they got pinched and while  
they were in the cars, they must  
all have got a "lick or two" each.  
Some of em got beaten up good.

Now I wonder if any one is a  
big enough fool to think that  
this sort of treatment



made those that received it feel any better disposed towards law and order. Are they all reformed up now. Does any one believe that this same outfit as soon as they got out of the camp, <sup>they</sup> at once rushed around to get a job and are now hard at work, putting blisters on their hands and a hump on their back by trading labor for dollars. Any body thinks that is sure nutty.

What they did do was to get mad at the treatment they received. Those among them who had the guts and the brains, all got ruisy

at once looking for a crooked  
 and easy dollar. Some went back  
 to their old graft in the same  
 place. Some looked around  
 for a new graft in a new  
 place. Lots of them left town  
 went somewhere else to where  
 they was not known and there  
 they are busy working some  
 kind of a skin game on some  
 one else. Some one, somewhere  
 is being robbed, raped or  
 killed by some of this out-  
 fit of 3 or 4 thousand men  
 that were pinched, mistreated  
 and then turned loose.  
 This kind of a bull-dozing  
 Police racket only makes  
 matters worse for some

poor sucker some where else.  
Even if New York and Chicago  
got rid of all these crooks  
that they pinched and run out  
of town that only makes bad  
matters worse. These crooks  
only go to some other towns  
and the people of those towns  
suffer. They don't know these  
crooks and the crooks know  
it. The crooks just bull this  
way around and many a  
poor hard working slot must  
pay, maybe with only his  
money or property and maybe  
with his life or maybe both.  
The biggest dumbbell on earth  
ought to be able to see the  
truth of this. How can

any one be so dumb as to think that these kind of tactics that the police use are the right kind to use if the result to be desired is the putting down of crime.

The present system is a joke and the joke is on the people who pay big taxes for the privilage of being robbed or killed.

I have lived 36 years in the U.S.A. and never paid a dollar for taxes. There thousands more like me. The present system in use is the cause of this as it is the cause of many other abuses. I was born and raised

in this Country and yet I have never  
voted once and I am 36 years old.  
There are plenty more like me.

I have done very, very little work  
of the honest kind, but I have  
worked very, very hard at my  
chosen profession, producing  
Death, Desolation and Damnation.  
I am still alive and as long as  
I keep on living I am going to  
keep right on doing the same  
to the best of my ability.

There are thousands of more  
like me who feel the same  
and do the same as I do.  
And what we would like to  
know is, "What the hell are  
you going to do about it."

5

185<sup>5</sup>

My eyes are feeling pretty good and so am I so I thought I would write a line or two to pass the time away. This scheme I have had in my mind for several years and its too good a thing to throw away just because I cant use it so I am writing it down with the fervent wish that some one may see it and make good use of it to decimate some of the excess population of this world.

I figured out this scheme while I was in the isolation or solitary confinement at Clinton Prison, Dannemora New York.

I used to spend all of my time figuring how I could murder the most people with the least harm or expense to myself and I finally thought of a way to kill off a whole town. Men, women, children and even the cats and dogs. I intended to buy up about a barrel of arsenic poison. then I was going to get me 6 or 8 hogs. starve them until they were all ravenously hungry and then I would give them all a big feed of Flour, water, Mash and Arsenic poison all mixed in one mess.

they would all dive into  
it and fill them selves full  
and in an hour or two  
the poison would begin to  
work thrus thier systems.  
then I was going to hang  
them all up by thier hind  
legs with a wash tub under  
them to let the slimey poison  
and froth drain out of them  
into the wash-tubs. That I  
would then strain and dry  
out and then I intended  
to get some clay and make  
3 big clay pots each one  
to fit inside of the other  
and each one a little bit  
harder than the next one.  
then I was going to fill all



3 pots with poisons with the largest in the center. This I was going to put the lot all in one and put that in the bottom of a small creek that flows into the reservoir that supplies the town and prison with all their water. That would have fixed a hell of a big bunch at one time for by the time they found out what was wrong with them it would be too late for all the damn doctors in the world to cure em.

Lucretia Borgia used this racket on a small scale but I figured on a few

extra improvements so that I could do a better job than the Borgias done.

They were pitiful. They didn't kill half enough. They should have killed every body and left this world for the only good things in it; Nature. This would be a damn fine world if man was out of it.

P.S.

Hurry up and bring on your electric chair I want to leave here and take a nose-dive into the next world just to see if that one is as lousy as is this ball of mud and meanness.

Here is another one of my queer ideas that I figured out. I have never used it and never expect to have any use for it. But still I think that it is pretty good and could be found very useful and maybe valuable. You know that Governments, Navys, Armies and Great Commercial and Banking Houses, Telegraph Companies all have in constant use their own private Secret Codes.

Perhaps you could sell this idea to some outfit like that. If you could you would get yourself a nice piece of change out of it.

This code I invented myself.  
I call it the Trilateral  
Transposed Code. Interlocking.  
It is very complicated and  
I am sure that it could be  
elaborated on and fixed  
up into a cracker-jack of  
a code. There are millions  
of different combinations  
in this one code.

I feel positive that no one  
in the world could ever  
decypher a message that  
was written in this code  
unless he had the Key.

= Part <sup>3</sup> one =  
= 1-2-3 =

Symbols corresponding to  
Part two.

A. = 1.1.1.

B. = 1.1.2.

C. = 1.2.2.

D. = 2.2.2.

E. = 2.2.1.

F. = 2.1.1.

G. = 1.1.3.

H. = 1.3.3.

I. = 3.3.3.

J. = 3.0.0.

K. = 3.3.0.

L. = 3.3.2.

M. = 3.2.2.

N. = 1.2.0.

O. = 2.1.2.

P. = 1.3.1.

Q. = 3.1.3.

R. = 2.3.1.

S. = 1.2.3.

T. = 2.3.3.

U. = 1.3.2.

V. = 2.1.3.

W. = 3.2.1.

X. = **1.2.3.**

Y. = 3.1.2.

Z. = 2.3.2.

= 14 =  
Part 2

These letters correspond to  
the symbols in Part one.

A. = 0.

E. = 0.

I. = 0.

O. = 0.

U. = 0.

T. = 0.

Y. = 0.

G. = 0.

D. = 0.

Z. = 0.

These <sup>ten</sup> ~~nine~~ letters  
will be blanks  
and used merely  
as a blind to fill  
in any where.

B. C. F. H. = No. 1.

J. K. L. M. = No. 2.

N. P. Q. R. = No. 3.

S. V. = Capital letters.

W. X. = Period.

As an example.

The letter Q. could be  
written any of these ways  
besides many other ways

Q. = 1.1.1. This is the Key.  
or this is the code in cypher.

Q = B. 7. H.

or B.A.T.H. bot

or 7. ugdz cad fyz.

or 7. aith. bad.

or Cat. budhad.

or a ctiofaubd.

or haitgdzbugidztaod.

To decypher just leave out  
all of the blanks

Suppose you wanted to write  
the word cat.

Here are some different way  
of writing the same word

C = 112.

A = 111.

T = 233.

B C I B H F M N P.

or C K l c f h k g r.

Thus it takes 3 letters to write  
one in code and you could  
put in blanks any where  
you wanted to as for example  
A B a c t i b u g h i o f e m o t n i p a g.  
By dropping all of the blanks  
you have left only  
bcjdhfmnp which spells  
cat.



You have been pretty decent to me  
there isn't any reason why you should  
me any favor, yet I am going to ask  
to do some-thing for me.

I would like to get a real sincere  
opinion from some one like this  
Fife who has a keen, analytical  
trained mind and who is able to  
give an unbiased opinion as to just  
what the hell is wrong with me.

I am pretty ignorant but I am sure  
am not insane and yet I am not  
as others are. I would like to know  
just what others think about my  
complexes and abnormalities.

I don't want the opinions of some  
ordinary person. I want a list of

who merely goes thru a routine  
riga-morol examination and  
judges the results by the rules that  
are written down in some book full of  
theories which have never been  
proven facts.

You are a student and I believe that  
your ideas are right but still I am  
not as much puzzled as ever about  
myself. All of my life I have been  
trying to figure out just what ails  
me and why. I am damed if I can  
figure it all out try as I will. I am  
not looking for the remedy or the  
effect. It's too late for the remedy  
and I already know the effect but  
I sure would like to know the cause.

Will you just ask what others think  
about that history of my life when they  
read it. Some of them, your associates  
and friends, surely must be capable  
to determine the cause of my

When I was a small boy 6 or 7 years old I allways had trouble with my ears, allways aching and running with matter.

This went on for a year or two constantly but with little or no medical or surgical attention other than just what ignorant imagrant Neighbors, Mostly German Farmers, would suggest to be tried out on me.

Things like laying a hot brick on my ear. Pouring sweet oil into it or maybe sometimes goose-grease and other home remedies. These experiments never done me any good. but

things got worse instead of better. Finally my head swelled up as big as a balloon. Then my people finally went to see a real Dr. He looked me over and at once prescribed an operation. My people were too poor to have me in a hospital so I was operated on in our own home. On the kitchen table. This was a mastoid operation behind my left ear. After the operation I was put to bed where I slept with my brother. There was never any nurse in attendance. and the Dr. used to come once a

week for a few weeks.

My mother and older brother were my only nurses. They knew as much about nursing and antiseptics and germs as I do about the next world.

But I got well in spite of all their ignorance. For a while only tho. Then my ear again began to run with matter and swell up. My neck and jaws swelled up also. Just one year after my first operation things had got to be worse than ever so I was taken to see a new Doctor. He at once put me in a

hospital in spite of the protests of my people.

In that hospital I was operated on again in the same place behind my left ear. My Mother watched the operation and she often told me all about it later on in life. She said that the Drs cut my head open and took out a sack or abscess about 3 or 4 inches long filled with matter. I stayed in that hospital several months, until I was all healed up.

But still that damned ear and the other one also gave me many

an ache in after years. I had  
trouble with them for about  
8 years each winter and then  
I never had any trouble since  
except at very rare intervals.  
Now I wonder, could it be  
possible that that trouble  
had or has now any connection  
with my criminal  
tendencies. Is it possible  
that those operations had  
any after effects on my brain.  
Has the brain any connection  
with the ear. I sure would  
like to know if this is the  
cause of all my queer actions  
and could that defect be  
remedied by another operation  
for mastoids. Not that?

want one. because I dont. I dont want to be cured in that way.

The only way I want to be cured is to die and get completely out of this world. I would not consent to be operated on and they cant operate on me without my own consent. All I want is to find out the reason why I am what I am and why I act the way I do. I have been puzzled all my life about this and I would sure like to know the answer before I leave this world. If you should attend these lectures and if you should come into contact with any of these crack Psychologists and Psychiatrists Doctors



You could ask them what they think about it. You and they are all interested in this subject of criminology and surely there never was a better chance to find out a few things that are not understood about this subject in studying a habitual Criminal. If I am not one then there never was one.

You are making a life time study and career on this business and surely you ought to go and attend these lectures at the Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church and there you would meet this guy Dr. H. D. C. Lewis

and others like him. You could learn much from him and his other Conferees who are there working with him along this line. You could let him or them read all or any part of what I have written and find out what they think about it. I sure would like to know the correct answer to my problem.

In one of the large prisons of this Country, on top of one of the front buildings is the statue of a man made of copper. This statue is known as Copper John.

The cons have made up a piece of poetry about this Copper John and the cons themselves. The first line of it is

If Copper John, could only  
 turn his face  
 and see the Muzzlers and  
 the Guzzlers in this Place.

From there it goes on to tell just what he would see.

The meannesses, degeneracy unprincipled, treachery Brutality and every kind of roguery and filth there is that is confined behind the Stone walls and iron bars that he has turned his back on.

It is well understood in the underworld that the worst insulting name that any one can call another is that he is a Muzzler and Guzzler.

This means that the man is lost to all decency and is beyond all redemption

He is the most lowdown specimen that is on earth of the whole human race. There can be nothing worse.

During my last term in prison I was given the Nick-name or moniker of Copper John and was known as a first class, A. No. 1. Muzzler and Guzzler.

When I was given that rep, I wasn't altogether entitled to it; but I am now. I plead guilty. I fully deserve it now. I am as rotten as I know how to be and the only reason I am not worse is because my opportunities and abilities are limited.

Booster = shoplifter

Prowler = burglar.

Stick up or hiester = hold up man.

Jug = bank.

Jug-head = dumbbell

Kop head = dope-fiend a smother of opium.

snow-bird = cocaine sniffer

Needle pumper = hypodermic user.

Con man = Confidence man.

Shiv man = Knife man.

Can opener = outfit of tools to rip a safe

Peter man = Box man a safe blower.

sometimes used to describe a man who slips a Peter or knock out drops in another's drink. U Kelley.

A Pimp is a Pimp and a m = Gimp is both and worse than either.

Paper hanger = forger

Cape hanger = either a g oom. Killer

Catting up a Scatter or Gin-Mill =  
= to hold up a saloon.

Mof is the same as a gang.

A Qunsel is a Punk and a Punk  
is a pooftee and a pooftee is a Pratter  
and a pratter is similar to a  
fruiter. The only difference in the  
two is that one likes to sit on "It."  
and the other likes to eat "It."

A Face Artist is an exceptionally  
well experienced fruiter. One who  
knows his bananas better than  
an amateur. A face artist is one  
who goes down town for lunch and  
nood-dives into the bushes when  
he's hungry.

Croaker = Prison Doctor and a  
very appropriate title it is too.

Big fingers = Warden

Second Finger = P.K. or dep.

Screw = The Big Fingers Dogs

Dance Hall = death house.

Big house = Hoosegrow = Pter or College.

To pull off a hot Prowl is to turn off a trick in a Privat or joint that is kipped or fugged; that is to rob a place where people are sleeping or that is wild.

To get a stretch in Pter. = to do a bid in the Hoosegrow

to make a lam = to crush out of the ..

A Big Shot is a leading light or bookman.

A Wolf is one who has a preference

for a Gansel. Sometimes they

fall madly in love with each

other and then the green eyed

Monster stalks abroad.



P.P.

L.

I been wondering what people think when they read all this crap that I been writing.

I'll bet that your girl friend and maybe you too, take a bath all over, whenever you get thru reading all of this filth and dirt all confined in the carcass of one human being.

I'll bet that neither you nor any one else ever heard of any one who was so absolutely unprincipled and rotten as I am.

I never have yet and I have met every kind of a skunk there is in human kind.

You better watch your step so that you  
don't get disgusted and turn on the gas.

Tell your girl friend that she better not  
allow herself to think too much when  
types out all of this garbage.

The world is wide and they ain't all like

Esperanto.

William

Carl Pangram.

If you are going to get a job in that boys  
 training school and if you intend  
 to make a study and do the work  
 of the delinquency and the re-  
 habilitation of young boys, then it  
 wont do any harm, and may be of  
 some benefit not only to yourself in your  
 work but also the youngsters that you  
 will have to teach and guard; That's  
 why I am offering you these few ideas  
 and suggestions. You know that I  
 spent several years in one of those  
 places when I was a boy and the so  
 called training that I received while  
 there is mainly the cause of my  
 being the degenerate beast that I  
 am today. I have thought about that  
 system of training young boys -

all of my life and I know that the  
 whole system is wrong. That system  
 of beating goodness, religion and Jesus  
 into boys in 9 times out of 100 has the direct  
 opposite effect of taking all of the goodness,  
 kindness and love out of them and then  
 replacing those feelings with hate, envy,  
 deceit, tyranny and every other kind of  
 meanness there is. If you are really sincere  
 in wanting to teach boys how to grow  
 up to be good men then you will have  
 to go at it far differently than the way  
 I was taught. If you should be fortunate  
 enough to be appointed the Commander  
 of one of the Companies of boys, you will find  
 when you start out that by far the largest  
 majority of them are already in such a  
 frame of mind that they will all be

suspicious of you and your methods in handling them. You will find that their minds are already poisoned and twisted into believing the worst of everybody and you especially. You will never be able to accomplish much with any of them until you first gain their good will and confidence. You can never gain either until you absolutely assure them that you are not a liar or a hypocrite. This you will have to prove by word and deed to them. Once you are able to convince them that you yourself are a good clean, honorable man and that you mean only good for them, then they will listen and believe you. When you get there you will find that they are all being taught a lot of bull by a lot.

lying hypocrites, just the same as I was  
 caught when I was a boy. with just about  
 the same results. I know now that  
 if I had it all to do over again and if  
 I had any choice in what subjects I  
 should be instructed, then my real  
 choice should be to disregard all  
 hypocrisy and foolish impractical  
 things such as are taught today in  
 the name of religion. That's the bunk.

The Golden Rule is religion enough  
 to teach to any boy. Teach them  
 the meaning of such things as

- |         |           |
|---------|-----------|
| truth   | lie.      |
| honest  | thief.    |
| honor   | dishonor. |
| bravery | cowardice |
| clean   | dirty.    |
| love    | hate.     |

5  
For each lesson just take one word.

For instance take the word truth.

Teach them the full meaning of that one word in all its tenses. Then teach them how to spell it, pronounce it and speak and write it in every day usage. Teach them what it really means to be truthfull, how they will be respected by all others and how they will respect themselves by being truthfull.

Teach them by example, word and deed until they thoroughly know that one word. Truth.

The next day for the next lesson take the antonym of truth, the word lie or liar. Teach that word until it is thoroughly understood.

and what a despicable thing a real  
 liar is. Show them the harm it  
 does. show them that it does no good  
 and only harm to lie. how a liar loses  
 his own self respect and the respect  
 of all others. Show them the contrast  
 between a truthfull person and a liar.  
 how one has his own self respect and  
 the respect of all others and then  
 on the other hand show them what a  
 mean thing a liar is. After these  
 two lessons are over with, let  
 each boy write out a short com-  
 position of what he has learned  
 and his belief and theories of same  
 Keep all of each boys records  
 on file. Keep track of each time  
 he tells the truth or lies.



Keep a separate record of each boys conduct, give him credits for his truthfulness, and punish him for lying. Let these records be the real standard to judge the boy by as to his fitness or unfitness for release from the institution.

Don't judge the boy because he learns or does not learn his Sunday school lessons or because he is mischievous and misbehaves by having a fight with another boy or by breaking some thing or because he does or does not do his work or some of the other standards they use today in the judging of boys fitness or his unfitness.

Only a fool will judge another person for what he does. They should be judged not for what they do but for how they do it and why they do it.

Let them all have an incentive to strive for in these lessons. some sort of rewards or prizes. some thing usefull that they really want. Don't do like the bible pounders do, they give their boys a nice little card with a dam fool siggy kind of a verse on it as a reward for learning a lying sunday school lesson or some fool fable that some bewhiskered old King doped out ages ago to fool his simple subjects into obeying him.

One or two words like this each day will do more to make better men out of young boys than all the long-haired wind bags and all the bibles in the world.

You will find that the boys will all be interested. Their new words will be in their vocabularies in everyday usage. They will believe in these lessons because they will be true and some thing they can see. Their rewards will be something that they can see, feel, taste or wear or keep allways, and not merely a piece of paper full of hot air that they have no real belief in.

You will find when you go to that place to work that they will have some sort of a credit system, that they use to judge the boys by. So many credits each day for good behavior. When a boy has earned a certain amount he is eligible for a parole. The boys who get their credits the soonest are usually the most despicable ones of the lot. They are the clever liars, the hypocrites and the stool-pedgors. But they sure do learn their Sunday School lessons all right, and they know how to be very polite by saying, Yes sir and no sir, and please sir, good morning and how do you do sir. But all of these are merely surface feelings, and their real feelings are hidden

211  
out of sight where you will have a  
hard time discovering them.

If you have a book of synonyms  
and antonyms, you just get it  
out some time and make out a  
long list of words such as I have  
written down and then you study  
each one and teach what you  
have learned to those boys.

When you get that place you will  
find out that there are several  
hours each day when the boys  
have nothing to do except to play  
mischief. Those hours you  
could take and put to good use.  
You could accomplish more  
if you should follow my suggestions.  
That all of the rest put together

Teach them how to be gentlemen  
Teach them the the first rule of  
the conduct of a gentleman is to  
have consideration for the other  
fellow.

Such things as these you can  
easily teach them. Let others if  
they will, teach them how to  
learn sunday school lessons  
scrub floors, work and be  
hypocrites, liars and rogues.  
As I was taught when I  
was a boy.

nearly every man carries these articles in his pockets, all separately, some in one pocket and some in others all scattered around.

my idea is to have them all in one handy place.

These are what men usually carry.

1. cigarette or tobacco.
2. a patent lighter or matches.
3. a fountain pen or pencil or both.
4. a few personal calling or business cards - and 1 identification card.
5. comb and mirror.
6. Keys.
7. Bill-fold or purse.

My idea is a complete case that will hold all of these articles

This same case could be used by ladies as well to carry a powder puff, powder, lip sticks and including comb and mirror.

The new money in smaller bills will soon be in circulation and they will fit very nicely into this case without being folded.

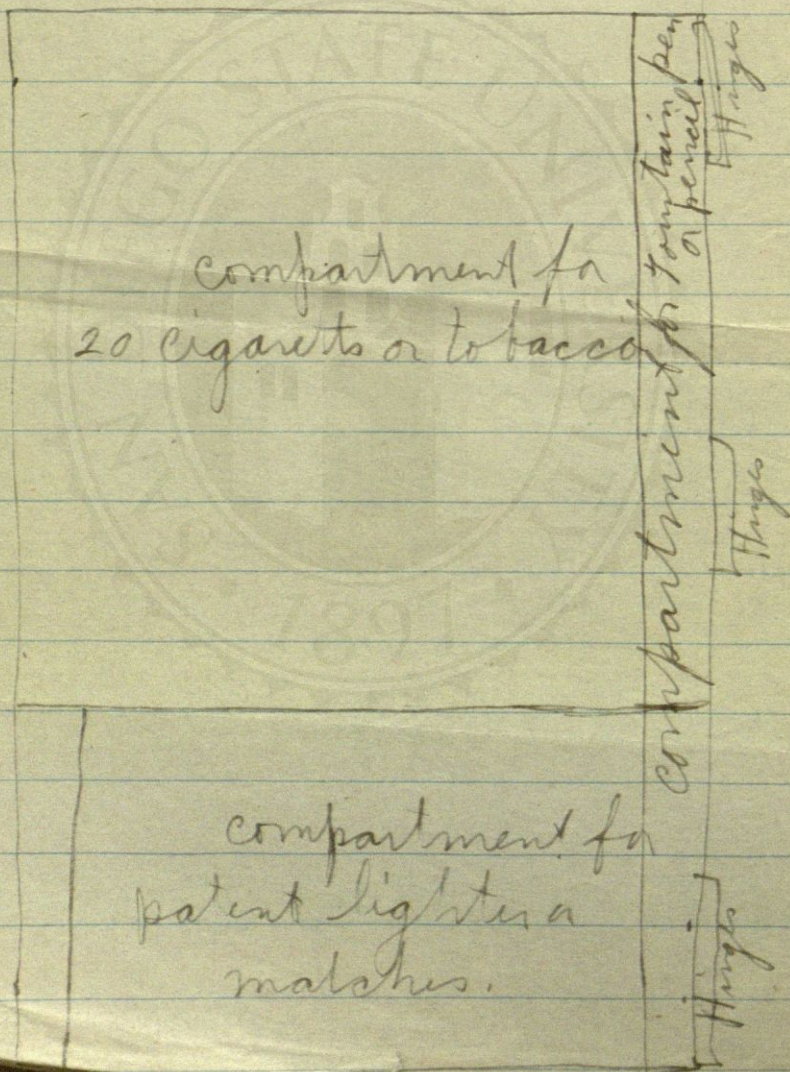
There are many big novelty concerns who I am sure would gladly manufacture, advertise and sell this article. This would be an ideal Xmas present for either men or women.

It could be made as a very expensive or a medium priced article so that it would fit all pockets in price.



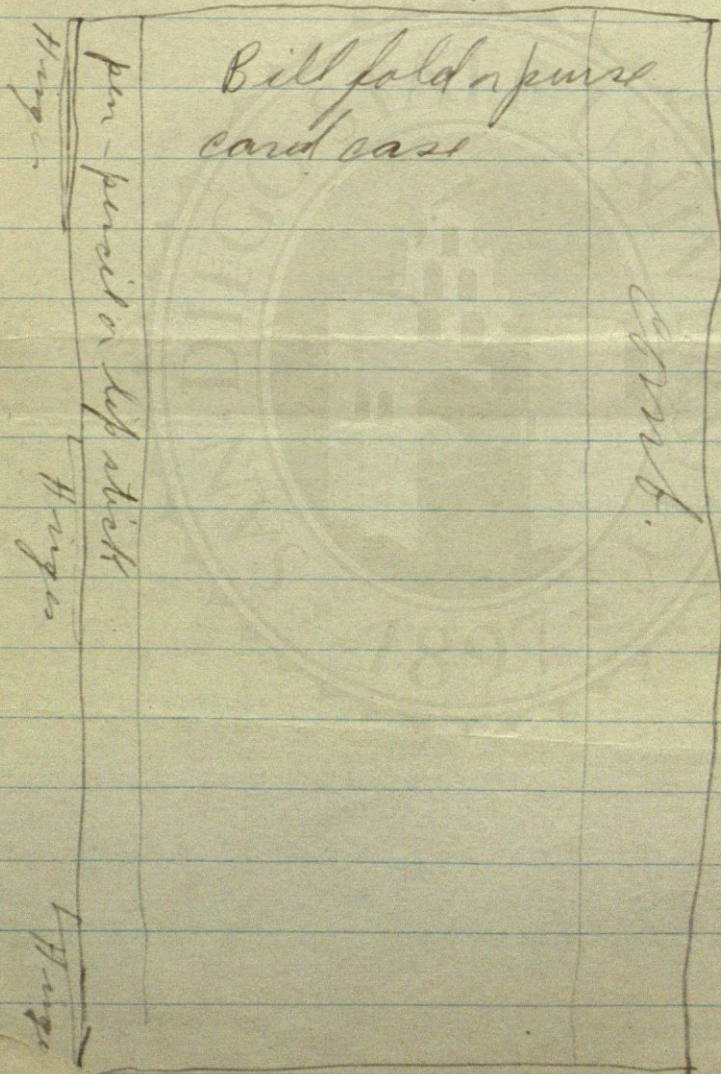
Page. = 3 =

actual size. open  
front view. left side.



actual size.

Front view. Right side.



minis  
inward face is a postal box model

End view  
closed.

side view  
closed.

If you  
Patent, make and sell a million  
of these and you'll have a million  
bucks. Now don't say that I never  
gave you any Xmas present.

made of light but strong metal  
round corners. Engraved names  
and address.

I have done as I was taught to do.  
I am no different from any other.  
You taught me how to live my  
life and I have lived as you  
taught me.

I have lived a destructive life,  
when it would have been  
far easier both for you and  
for me if I had been taught  
to live constructively.

You are to blame for more than?  
If you are to continue teaching  
others as you taught me then  
you as well as they must pay  
the price. And the price is  
very expensive. You lose  
yourself even life.

1  
What you have done and are doing  
to me, You are also doing to others.  
What I have done to you, Many  
others also do to you.

Thus; we do each other as we are  
done by.

Who is to blame. What is the  
Cause. the effect and the remedy.  
There are many contributing  
Causes for crime. The effects  
are various. The remedy  
is in your hands. Reorganize  
and modernize both your  
Educational, and your  
Prison Systems. Then you  
may accomplish the  
result that you say you desire.

I am the man that goes  
around the world doing  
people good.

My Motto is.

Rob em, fuck em and then  
kill em.

Thats me  
Carl Panzram.

- Beak --- A magistrate  
 Block --- A watch  
 Booster --- A shoplifter  
 Benny --- An overcoat  
 Box --- A safe  
 Canister --- " "  
 Clouter --- A shoplifter  
 Duke Mob --- Traveling card cheaters  
 Cannon --- A pick-pocket  
 An Egg --- A sucker  
 Fink --- A hustler who is disliked  
 Gun --- A pick-pocket Swiper  
 Jimmie --- The control on crooked gambling  
 The Jeff --- The pressure. same as Jimmie  
 Hot Stuff --- Stolen merchandise  
 A Heater --- A revolver  
 A Hot shot --- A gun  
 Heavy Man --- A safe blowed  
 A Hoister --- A stick-up man  
 Hocus --- Any narcotic drug  
 Jay-cat --- A finder for a heavy man.  
 Keister --- A safe - A suitcase, a boys behind

To sleep  
Helly or Awning -- A hat  
A Mug or a Mark -- A sucker  
A Moocher -- A bum  
Gum a Lump -- Gum a feed  
A Notcher -- A house of ill fame  
A Peter -- A safe  
Peter -- Mouth-out drops  
Punk -- A young thief  
Penny weighter -- A diamond thief  
Pis-can -- A station-house  
To lay a note } To short-change  
To Hype }  
A Grease-Ball -- An untidy dressed man  
A Bindle -- A small package  
A Bindle Stiff -- A tramp who works  
Dyed in the wool Stiff -- Tramp who doesn't work  
A Gum Moll -- A woman pick-pocket  
A Moll-buzzer -- Thief who steals from a woman's pocket-book  
A Muscle Bet -- To make a bet without money  
The Mary Ellen -- To pick drunkens-men's pockets  
The Ballox Dance -- Same as Mary Ellen



Hooker -- A prostitute  
Akinj of Morris -- Nerve  
A Super --- A watch  
A Slang --- A watch-chain  
A Poke --- A pocket-book  
A Leather --- A Billfold  
Twesers-poke --- Pocket-book that fastens  
Scratch --- Loose bills  
A Whiz-Mob --- Pick-pocket mob.  
A tool } The one who actually picks the  
A wire } pocket  
The Cleaner --- The one who cleans the poke  
To Spread the Store --- To play the cover  
To Put in the Cracks } To be made to bear  
To be the Fall Guy } the burdens  
Screw your Nut --- To leave To beat it.  
A C-note --- \$100.00  
A Grand --- \$1000.00  
Flat Joint --- A pick-out or spindle with gaff.  
The flat-joint is operated by an inside man,  
from three to five belly-ticks and one  
reach over man.

Games played by card cheaters are,  
The Duke - The Milt, The Tip and The  
Split Aces. Requires a steerer and from  
one to three confederates

Tossing Broads-- Three card Monte

Spreading the Nuts-- Three shell games

A High-heel Man - A sneak-thief

A Heel - A no-good hustler

To slough the joint... To close up or put away