



"Spirits Made Me a Bandit" now says Roy Gardner

**Spectacular Robber
and Jail Breaker, Blames His Criminal Career on "Controls" From Another World, Who Make Life Miserable for Him.**



*Mrs. Dolly Nelson-Gardner, Wife of the Bandit
Who Says She Still Loves Him and Some Day
Expects to Live With Him in Freedom.*

Gardner's own weird explanation, however, has not been disproved and the outward evidences of such an evil genius have convinced many of his friends that he is under the control of a demon.

As a bandit Gardner established something of a record as a bungler. From first to last, with the exception of his first mail robbery, he picked the wrong train or the wrong time consistently. The one job which yielded a rich haul was given away by overlooking the initials on a handbag in which some of the valueless letters from the haul were thrown away.

His claim to notoriety rested in his dashing escapes. He had a magnetic personality that disarmed suspicion even among hard-boiled guards. He backed it up with a faculty that seemed to grasp the one chance that presented itself in prison or out for escape. Re-captured, he faced the situation with a cheery smile that won him sympathy. But the recurrence of his escapades after repeated assertions of determination to go right cost all faith that popular sentiment had brought him.

For a time it seemed that the influence of his wife, the Dolly Gard-

ner who remained faithful to her husband in prison or out, would accomplish the reform that even federal officials admitted might come about.

"I love him and always shall," she declared at a time when Gardner was in a federal prison. "I shall stick to him till death parts us."

But even Mrs. Gardner's faith might well be shaken by the events that transpired around his capture near Phoenix, Ariz., and court charges placed against him involving an attack on a young woman a short time before the attempted robbery.

Mrs. Gardner has given up her position in a San Francisco store where she supported herself and baby during the days that Gardner was in the McNeil Island federal penitentiary, and has signed a vaudeville contract.

Gardner's most spectacular break for liberty was his sensational second escape from McNeil Island penitentiary last summer. There was a baseball game in progress on the prison grounds. About the enclosure where players and convict spectators were, armed guards paced. Suddenly three men darted from the fringe of the crowd and dashed toward the barbed-wire fence encircling the

prison property. Fellow-prisoners recognized them as Impyn, Bogard and Gardner.

"They're fools," said one, as a roar went up from the men, whose emotions were curiously mixed between envy at the possible chance of freedom and hope that some of their number could make a getaway.

As he spoke the rifle of a guard suddenly became as still as if it and the man were made of stone. Then a spiteful crack sounded and one of the fugitives sprawled forward as a bag of corn tossed on a mill floor.

"Impyn's down," yelled one of the excited convicts, and started toward the fallen man. Under the impulse of the moment others followed. But they stopped and cowered when two guards opened their rifles, sending bullets whining over their heads.

Two of the fugitives kept on. It seemed as if both would soon be out of rifle shot. But as they sped along a wiry little guard whose marksmanship was the terror of the convicts dropped to his knee and took careful aim at one of the flying figures. He squeezed his trigger and Bogard tumbled headlong.

One man kept on—Gardner.

Again the deadly marksman took careful aim and fired.

Gardner went down.

But he staggered to his feet and again made off, running with difficulty.

His freedom, after all, was short-lived. A mail clerk, Herman Inderlied, terminated it. Inderlied did it principally because he does not know how to throw up his hands. So, when, the evening of November 15, in his mail car near Phoenix, Ariz., he felt something pressing against his back and heard a voice command him to throw up his hands, he turned around and looked to see what was occurring. He found himself looking down from his six feet two inches of stature at a man slightly smaller, but armed with a menacing revolver.

One of VIII Hays' Heroes.

Inderlied didn't quite accept the situation. He sort of rebelled against permitting a mere piece of metal, even though it was a gun, rendering impotent his powerful muscles. So he stalled a bit and when his gunman captor told him to lie face downward on the floor he made as if to do so. Then, suddenly, he straightened up and with an accuracy that had to be uncanny to be successful, he seized the wrist behind the gun. Then he locked his legs and other arm about the bandit.

The revolver passed from the right to the left hand and Inderlied expected death when the muzzle looked him between the eyes. But the expected flash did not come and, believing the man he was struggling with was a coward, Inderlied redoubled his efforts and soon had the gunman prostrate and sat on him until help came to his office.

Inderlied today is thankful that it was Gardner whose "unmanned" him in that fateful moment.

Matthew viii:28. And when he was come to the other side into the country of the Gergesenes, there met him two possessed with devils, coming out of the tombs, exclaiming, saying, so that no man might pass by that way.

29. And, behold, they cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?

30. And there was a good way off from them an herd of many swine feeding.

31. So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine.

32. And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine; and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea and perished in the waters.

THERE is biblical authority for the oft-repeated excuse of one who has done a wrongful act. "The devil got the best of me." So that, when Roy Gardner, the notorious train robber and bandit, a college graduate in the past an ideal husband, makes the statement that "Spirits made me a bandit," the remark occasions more than passing interest. For his friends say—nor is he without a legion of them—that some such explanation alone can account for the dual nature of this unusual hold-up man whose once promising career changed to a life of thievery.

Roy Gardner today has the unenviable reputation of being the country's most slippery jailbird. He's one of those "now you see'm, now you don't" individuals. Thrice he has escaped from the walls of prisons. Each time he took his life in his hand, gambling that heavy stake against the chance of freedom. For Gardner says that without freedom life's not worth the living.

But Gardner avers that that which deprives him of the freedom those outside prison walls enjoy is a nameless, indefinable influence which he calls "spirits" which always operate to reincarnate him after he has succeeded in putting himself beyond the reach of the rifle fire of prison

guards. Could he escape from that—this dual nature, the Dr. Jekyll of his character, devil or imp or what-not—there would be left only the happy, smiling, honest man whose face fairly illumines this page. He has tried hard to fight it, passed many a night in mental travail because of it. But there it lurks, toying with his better self with the consummate cruelty of a cat to a wounded mouse.

"It's the environment that surrounds me," Gardner recently told a prison guard. "You're not a Spiritist and you cannot understand. Just when I'm counting on bidding that evil fiend goodbye, it sneaks up on me and under its fell influence I must take out the gun and the mask and go out and rob my fellowmen."

Another understanding of the situation in which Gardner finds himself might be had by the reading of Edgar Allan Poe's short story, "William Wilson." Here was the reverse of Gardner. Here was a man in whom the better nature was stronger. At the climax of every evil act, the second nature, the better nature, appears and exposes him to his victims, saving them. Finally, believing this better nature to be another person, William Wilson engages it in a duel. When the duel is over he finds himself transfixed by his own weapon before the pier glass in which he had sought the reflection of his own figure.

The Education of a Bandit.

Gardner is 36 years old and was educated in the Missouri public schools, elementary and secondary, and then finished a course in the University of Colorado, he says, although it has been denied by others that he is a college graduate. According to his own story he was normal up to the age of 20. Then something seemed to snap, a nerve crossed, a ganglion got twisted. He became

*Roy Gardner
Caught by the
Camera When His Evil
Spirit Was Under Control*

Roy Gardner, the bandit, sneak-thief and generally all-around bad man.

There are two versions of that change. Gardner was, at the time, employed as a welder in a copper mine at Bisbee, Ariz. A strike broke out. Before Gardner was straight; after, he was crooked. Of this revolution of his nature Gardner says:

"We are controlled by those who have gone ahead. I have been in communication with those controls and know. One night, during the strike, an evil spirit possessed me. He came to dwell in my body and make life miserable for me. Normally I crave to be honest. But when this fiend so wills I must bend to his superior mental pressure and do his lawful bidding."

Opposed to this story is the version of friends who claim that the criminal leaning of Gardner began at the moment he was struck on the back of the head during a fight between the miners and the strike breakers. This excuse was offered before Federal Judge Oscar Tamm at Los Angeles. It is noteworthy that the story was investigated and rejected.



*Even When Gardner Squeezes His Wife's Hand A Deputy
U.S. Marshal Watches.*