

I'm sorry to say that ^{it is} just a coincidence
Miss Placido had come from the same
neighborhood. ~~It~~ She was not followed.
Though, she was a chosen victim but
by one greater than me.

I am not an expert marksman as thought.
Because if I were, the death toll
would be higher.

I never walk away from the scene of
the sacrifices.

That elderly gentleman did not hear me
correctly. I said "~~Hi Mister~~" "Hi mister."

Sal Lepo was not chosen for death
only Miss Placido.

I do not always use two hands
when I fire.

Sam Can is still Prince!

①

I am the executioner for the forces of Evil.

I am Death, and I am here to kill those that have come unto me.

My body lives at 35 Pine St., in Yonkers.

My heart, soul and mind or whatever is left of them dwells at **Address** in Yonkers.

Address, is the house of worship for Satan and his army. The people that dwell there in represent every abomination and vile thing that has ever dwelled on earth.

Though they appear to be human, (flesh and blood), they are truly Demons of Satan. They have, under the command of their Master, set up a house of sacrifice and worship in Yonkers. This house is utilized as a resting stop for other Demons that are travelling the earth to do

(2)

the Masters bidding.

It is their primary concern
to have me work as ~~the~~ their
servant in doing their work.
I must kill those ^{who are} chosen.
The souls of the dead are
then carried away by these
omnipotent spirits to the
house and then . . .

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 25, 1977

Today is Friday, blood day.
Today I will bleed for the people
of **Address** and **Address**
Address "The House of Joquin Blood,"
and "The Honor Hotel."

My ears are ringing because the
dogs are hungry and they are
screaming loudly in pain.

Joquin never feeds his dogs
nor his mother any food. He
relies on ~~me~~ ^{me} to hunt for him
and kill his dogs food.

He likes his meat fresh and
he loves warm blood. Joquin and
I like to hunt for food in Queens
mostly because the hunting is good
and Queens girls meat tastes
~~the~~ best - maybe its the water
~~the~~ they drink.

My name is Samuel Carr and my mansion is located at **Address** **Address**. I thank my Master for providing me with it.

I Sam Carr am lower than the shit that comes out of my dogs' asshole. I Sam Carr am a mile witch and my body smells like the vomitus from a pack of rats.

I Sam Carr hate my neighbors and I will kill them. I hate God so much that I fart when I hear his name.

I have dedicated myself to murder and I promise to drive all my neighbors to their death by the cruellest means. I will never let my neighbors rest nor eat, nor live in peace. Let them kill themselves with their own hands to escape to continuous torment that I continually dish out to them.

from my home.

Let any soul who hates me
come try ~~and~~ ^{to} murder me.

Let them try to murder my wife
or my family. Let anyone who
wishes to murder me. Some.

Can, lay in wait outside my
house with a shotgun and
shoot me full of slugs.
HA HA, I cannot die.

"I am the all powerful
"Dom"! I shall ~~then~~ tie up
Francis and beat her unmercifully
then chain her up to the back
of my house and let the
neighbors here hear her howl in pain.

I Dom can am a cruel, mean,
deadly murderer and am a bad
mother-fuckin' dude. Yea!

...
The time has come and the time
is now — I cannot go on like
this, disobeying the calling
of my master.

Day and night with the howling
of the Demon Days chanting the
Death Call. The Death Call
that summons me to kill, to
sacrifice for the master whom,
in all honesty, I despise.

It took me all this time
to realize who I am and what
I have come here to do for.
I had premonitions of my destiny
since childhood but I was afraid
of what I saw. ~~Through the~~

Through the years I have
tried to fight against my
brethren, the children of Anti-Christ.
However, Satan is much stronger
than me, more determined and
perhaps more desperate. How can
I disobey my own father?

I have disobeyed my master
quite often. Trying to be a good

person, trying to love people,
to make friends, to help someone
- someone who needs me for
nice things. I wanted to be
a good man but in reality
this is not possible since,
in my soul I am ~~truly~~ thoroughly
evil.

"Deliver me the souls of
those chosen to die," ~~and~~
commands the Demons of 2150
Hallond Avenue. The Demon Dogs
cry out in the alleyway; "David,
David, kill someone today for
us!" "Bring us their blood and
souls so that we may dine
and bath in their death!"

Although my mission is
comparatively minor, it has taken
Jack Cassara and Saton over
twenty-two years to harm me
into the soldier/servant that
they so desire.

How many people
Sam and John Carr
have killed may
never be known.
Their bodies will
never be found.
I know at least
fifty people whom
they have done in.

A few of them are
buried in the wooded
area in the rear of

Address

3/8/77

Today the Devil Dog at Wicker Street is in great pain. Apparently Joquin Goncalo is low on blood. Yes, I'm right. The Dog is screaming for fresh blood and meat to quench his thirst and pangs of hunger.

I said to Joquin, why all the suffering and pain? Why do you bring so much destruction into the world? Joquin laughed, "to hell with the people of the world, the people of the world shall bow down to me and I shall conquer."

I said to him you evil beast and the Wicked Wicker Dog cried out ~~and~~ saying "yes, we are evil, we are the Children of Satan, we kill the innocent, and praise the guilty." At this time the dog barked fierce cries and my head developed a severe pain. I was no longer permitted to speak to the people of Wicker St.

Dear Roy & Leo,

We never have much to say when were together.
Probably never will,
now or ever.

"Love" cannot be found in words.
If it, could, I would give each of you each
a set of encyclopedias on your birthdays.

And as I go on my mysterious way,
I still think of you everyday.
I see nothing in you but "good" -
there are no words for that either.

December 22, 1976

"Bring me the head of a
WOMAN to place on our Altar.
Spill the blood of an innocent
one so that we, in the spirit,
shall go to thee and drink
her blood

"I - 'The Master of the House'
of [Address], Yonkers,
command my slave David Berkowitz
to kill."

"I Am Foul, vile and Wicked."
Every murder in Westchester County
is under the name of [Address]
All the manure in the street, all
the vomitus in the alleyways and
all the urine under the stench
steps does not equal my vile soul
says the Lord of [Address]

All day long the Devil Dog as been
yelling in pain - there is no
ceasing. I begged the Wicker
street cult to leave me alone.
I am there slave. Today the
demon has not stopped for a
moment. How much blood does
he want me to spill for him?

3/8/77 9:15AM

Oh Sam, Give us
Peace Let us live

like humans Please

SAM Please

my EARS hurt
my head hurts

SAM CARR is God

Address

is

his Kingdom.

Tuesday

12/14/76

~~the don't~~ Death Day
Suffering Day

Sam CARR IS King!

SAM CARR is King!

SAM CARR's dog

SAYS Spill Blood tonight

DAVID. SAM'S Dog has

been Screaming FOR blood

all day today. He is

So hungry he won't stop.

Kill FOR SAM CARR!!

This is a WARNING to all police agencies in the Tri-State area.

For your information, a Satanic cult (devil worshippers and practitioners of witchcraft), that has been ~~is~~ established for quite some time has been instructed by their High Command (Satan) to begin to systematically kill and slaughter young people or people of good health and clean blood.

They plan to kill at least 100 young women and men but mostly women as part of a satanic ritual which involves the shedding of the victims, innocent blood. In this ritual, the victims are chosen at random and their blood is spilled. At this time, demons in the spirit (cannot be seen by humans), gather around the

wounded or slain victim like
a flock of vultures to suck
~~suck~~ and drink the blood
that has been spilled.

WARNING: The streets shall be
run with blood.

Let David Berkowitz have been
chosen, chosen since birth, to
be one of the executioners
for the cult.

He who hath eyes, let him
see the dead victims.

He who hath ~~has~~ ears, let
him listen to what I say.

I David Berkowitz receive no
reward for my services. My
services are performed in honor
of my master - High Priest,
"General Cosmo, Jack" Cassara.

WARNING - at this time there
are people, or at least ^{they} appear
to be people, but they are not.
They are demons who have
taken on human form.

These people are extremely
dangerous and furthermore, they
possess powers of super-human
nature and have at their
~~disposal~~ disposal tremendous powers.

Please, who will hear my
word and believe it? Who will
act before it is too late?

A clue: The houses in Westchester
county - Yonkers - Hastings - etc.,
the "old" houses. The secret
lies in their history.

Many of the houses in Yonkers,
the ones rich in history, hold
many secrets of the past.

Some of these houses ~~still~~
have spirits dwelling in them.
These spirits are not good.

Its going to be fun to die. I just cant
wait to taste my own blood.
I want the cops to kill me so that
I dont have to hear [REDACTED] anymore.

~~Life~~ I dont think I could go on
anymore. Everyday will [REDACTED] Address
[REDACTED] Mean and terrible people,
cruel and evil people. They are ruining
the lives of innocent people.
They must not be allowed to continue
God help us to stop the
fornalies of Wicker St from destroying
VONTKERS.

Samuel Carr, destroyer of persons,
destroyer of life, of dreams, of love,
of hope and of Peace.

Samuel Carr, cruel mean Sam
and his screaming maniac. That ugly
howling blood monster - God, how
my head hurts from his piercing
screams.

I must kill for John Carr that
terrible rapist and child molester.
You should hear John boast about his
perverted conquests. That terrible
John Carr has to ruin people.

There is no peace on earth
and Samuel Carr, my master, rules
Yonkers and soon wants to possess
the Bronx and Queens. God help
those people because Sam and John
have the power to drive people crazy.

Who has the knowledge with which
to combat the forces, these terrible
evil forces of the Carr family of
Address [redacted], Yonkers, N.Y.?

The people of **Address**, Yonkers are the meanest, cruelist people to ever live. They have only one goal, and that is to hurt, maim, destroy and/or kill the people of the Glenwood section of Yonkers. Their sadistic, vicious & brutal assaults upon innocent people of the community cannot be allowed to continue. For the love of God and all humankind, we the people of Yonkers must unite against these deadly foes and destroy these parasite before they spread.

The people of **Address** are detrimental to the health, peace and well being of the people and are preventing the citizens of Yonkers from enjoying good health and the partaking of the pursuit of happiness. This is why I demand from the police, as a citizen & taxpayer, an end to the reign of terror that these people have installed on us.

I want for everyone in Yonkers to ~~not stop~~ be able to enjoy the things that God has given us - the singing of the birds, the trees, the fresh, cool refreshing

breeze that blows in from the Hudson. I want the people of Glenwood to be able to walk the streets without fear of murder; to be able to open up their windows at all hours and get fresh air instead of having to shut them for fear of the "Wicker Street Gang."

I ^{beg} ask the police to act now and rid ^{the} Yonkers of these people and if they do not act immediately then we the people of Yonkers will have to kill these parasites ourselves because we all want to be free.

The people of **Address** have assaulted me and have caused me grievous bodily harm. They have attempted to kill me because they know that I am a threat to their ~~bestly~~ ^{bestly} way of life.

I hereby confess to the mass murder of _____ members of the Wicker Street Gang via the use of my shotgun and as ~~you~~ God and Jesus Christ are my witnesses I hereby, in Their names give the

people of Yonkers a chance for a new
a better life with peace & goodwill
toward everyone.

Yours truly
and most
Sincerely

David Richard Berkant
DAVID R. BERTOWITZ
~~35 Pine St.~~

It is 7:00 AM!

I have been ordered to get up.

But I'm so tired.

"God damn you! Get up MR. Berkowitz!"

Please, ten more minutes.

I've only had two hours sleep.

"God-damn you. Get up Mr. Berkowitz!"

Oh man, I'm so tired of fighting.

When will the war end so I can sleep?

Oh, my God! It's 7:10 AM and the alarm has been sounded again. What?

The Russians have just blown up a deli on Madison Avenue.

Oh, Jesus, please stop the war.

Shit! It's 7:18 AM and I've just gotten word that communist infiltrators have just blown up a Volkswagen full of Nuns on Lake Avenue.

Oh Jesus, please, please, stop the war.

It's 7:28 AM and I'm up and ready. I'm waiting for the warning sirens to sound again from the generals.

headquarters at **Address**

7:31 AM. Here it comes. The howls
 have signaled another attack - a
 gas station on Central Park Avenue.
 Wait! What's this? No, continual
 warning barks - it must have been a
 double hit. Yes, a Yonkers Policeman's
 brain has just been splattered all
 over Midland Avenue - a sniper
 obviously. Dirty commie's.

Its 7:45 A.M. and I'm tired and
 hungry. I wish I could get some
 shut-eye but, I'm a soldier and
 soldiers can never sleep. However,
 if I did try and sneak some sleep
 and I was caught in the act,
 I'd probably be shot because the
 general at **Address** wants
 all his men awake. He never lets
 us sleep lest ^{the} ~~an~~ commie's should
 sneak up on us and cut our throats.

To the NAZI'S at

Address

Yonkers.

I wonder what makes people like you. I cannot imagine what animals you are and why I am you deliberately trying to hurt your fellow human beings. What have we the people done to you for you to turn on mankind and try to hurt innocent people? Have ~~you~~ the people of Yonkers, treated you so bad that you thirst to see us destroyed? Do you wish for us all to die?

How many people's lives have you damaged or ruined. How much pain have you invoked on the people of I learned, Yonkers? How many families have been torn apart? How many have, in state of hopeless anguish & despair, committed suicide because of you, the people of **Address**

I tell you this - you shall not escape! You shall be punished for your sins, for ^{your} wickedness, and for your cruelty, and for your ~~sadistic~~ attempt to kill your neighbors by ~~by~~ your sadistic & torturous acts.

There is at this time little for you
to gain by loyal service. I believe the
end of the "Reign of Terror" is near
and the authorities will deal with you
in their own way.

I guess I'm foolish to plead with
you to surrender and turn to God
because I know that your soul is
evil and that you have no heart.
Therefore, you will have to spend eternity
in the lowest depths of Hell. Don't fear
because Captain Carr and his family,
and me will be at your side.

You have done well in your 6,000 plus
years of service. You have taken over
my soul despite my early resistance
and my denials of ~~the~~ early realisations.
Go ahead if you must and continue
to torture the people of earth.
Don't stop issuing Captain Carr's wrath
on the world but my pleas. Just go
ahead you cruel monster and continue
your torments. Then you will stand
naked at the judgement seat of Christ.

DeSo Deméshvutz

"Eat my donk" says Sam to his mother.
"Eat my donk"

In Sam's house, his Kingdom Heathendom,
there lies no peace. It is a house of dead
Jealousy prevails in this world because
certain people who are now alive cannot
eat anymore pussy of the dead ladies
~~rather~~ the However, the maids are truly
feasting and freely nibbling on sweet dead
Where is Sam now? He is eating rotten
flesh. There are many old bones in the
yard. Those ~~that~~ who have long since
past away are to innumerable to mention
but don't go poking around because
Sam's mother "The Harlot" uses those bones
to sharpen her teeth and she will be
very inhospitable to you. She might
even chew your bone.

On Wednesday April 27, 1977
Francis Can ignites terror in
Yonkers. At 7:55 AM, fat Francis
the lesbian unleashes the that
howling maniac The "Blood Monster".

A quiet neighborhood is destroyed.
Francis is the queen of the
demons and she with her cold
loveless heart and soul ruins
the lives of the people. God
help us and protect us from the
Can family before we are all
driven mad

Oh God I'm going mad.
Why don't you hate people so
much that you let loose that
terrible monster upon the people?
They say that noise drives
people crazy maybe its true
and don't you are evil.

0645
0703

for Craig. All the Hitlers, all
the evil kings, all murders and
monsters who have been cast into
the fire from ~~ear~~ eras before are
shouting with joy and greed at
every Jew victim that Craig acquies.

Death and Destruction
Terror and Horror
Blood and Bullets
The Horrors of Hell
non-trial

~~09-09-60~~
~~09-09-60~~
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The commander of Yonkers has
the name "Captain Blood" and
he supervises most of the
murders. The "Highest" temple of
Baton is located at
Address Yonkers.

Here is a partial list of
those with the highest ranks.

Jack Cassara - High Priest
NANN Cassara - High Priestess
and family - **Address**

"The Wicker St. Gang"
with Captain Blood.

Address

Yonkers.

The "House of Honor" - "The Carr Gang"

SAM CARR alias "1st Lieutenant Tinker"
FRANCINE FRANCIS CARR
John Wheat CARR - "Johnny Rape Slayer"

Address

person, trying to love people,
to make friends, to help someone
- someone who needs me for
nice things. I wanted to be
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this is not possible since,
in my soul I am ~~horribly~~ thoroughly
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"Deliver me the souls of
those chosen to die," ~~and~~
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Holland Avenue. The Demon Dogs
cry out in the alleyway; "David,
David, kill someone today for
us!" "Bring us their blood and
souls so that we may dine
and bath in their death!"

Although my mission is
comparatively minor, it has taken
Jack Cassara and Saton over
twenty-two years to learn me
into the soldier/servant that
they so desire.

Dear God;

I beg you with mercy with pleading
from the depth of my heart to have
mercy on the people of Yonkers for
our sins.

Please God don't let us suffer anymore.
We beg of you God to destroy the
creatures of **Address**
We have suffered greatly at their
ruthless hands and we will all die
from their tortures.

Our heads are splitting at ~~their~~ our
seams. Our bodies are bruised at
battered, yet **Address**
still stands.

"Murders, slaughter, death to
the innocent unborn" demands the
lordlord of **Address**

Oh God, may the wicked
children of captain blood die.
Set us live in freedom from them.

Set peace reign!

the Beast, dressed like a ragamuffin,
thing spotted with blood, his ~~head~~ hair
iked with vomit, constantly pees in
is parts. "Sam stops peeing" says "Francis"
to ~~the~~ *Falcomphorales demphorales del*

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The "House of Honor" - "The Car Gang"

SAM, CARR alias "1st Lieutenant Tinker"
FRANCINE FRANCIS CARR
John Wheat CARR - "Johnny Rape Slayer"
Address

I am killing for one reason and that is for ~~the~~ honour and service to the Samuel Can family of **Address**, who have power over the land, the air, and me.

For the Can-family whose goal is to have dominion over all of N.Y.C. & Westchester; whose goal is to torture and abuse money; whose goal is to slay the good of earth, whose goal is to make life intolerable to the people of this world.

The Samuel Can family is the ^{most} wicked and vile family to possess territory in this region. The cruel selfish and wicked Can family demands from me the spilling of innocent blood to feed the dog, to aide Sam's health, and to appease the evil forces to whom they worship.

I am at Samuel Can's mercy, for it is him who has control over me and my fate. I am broke. There is no place left for me to go. I cannot afford to move. I am without hope, trapped, enslaved to this dwelling place. ~~and~~ I ^{have} been placed at the mercy of Samuel Can.

6100

A bill for Samuel Carr and his
"Blood Monster." If anybody doubts
the existence of the two, then let
him go to **Address**
and view that old horror house.
Then look at old ugly Samuel Carr.
Then venture behind the house and
gaze into the back ~~your~~ yard. There
you will see if you're unlucky -
the monster.

ATTENTION:

SUFFOLK Police

P. D. N. Y.

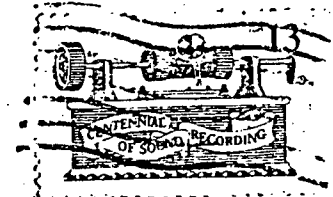
and Press

home in Tonkers we wanted to live
our lives in peace and happiness.
Unfortunately your dog has prevented us
from doing so. Our lives have been torn
apart because of this dog. We can't
sleep late in the day. We can't come
home in the evening and relax, and
we cannot keep our windows open at
all. Even with our windows and storm
windows closed, to include heavy drapes,
the howling is so loud and constant
that these barriers cannot keep the
sound out. It's as if he were in the
house with us.

In the past week, for example,
we tried to change our work schedules
so we could have a few days off
together. We wanted to spend some
quite weekdays, just the two of us,
to sleep late, to make love, to read,
etc., but the barking and howling continued
and we had no peace. Today is Easter
Sunday. I'm writing this letter now and
as usual the dog has been going at it
for the entire day - unbelievable!

Dear Nan, & Jake,

God will punish you
for what you have
done.



Mr. Samuel Carr

Address