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JUNE
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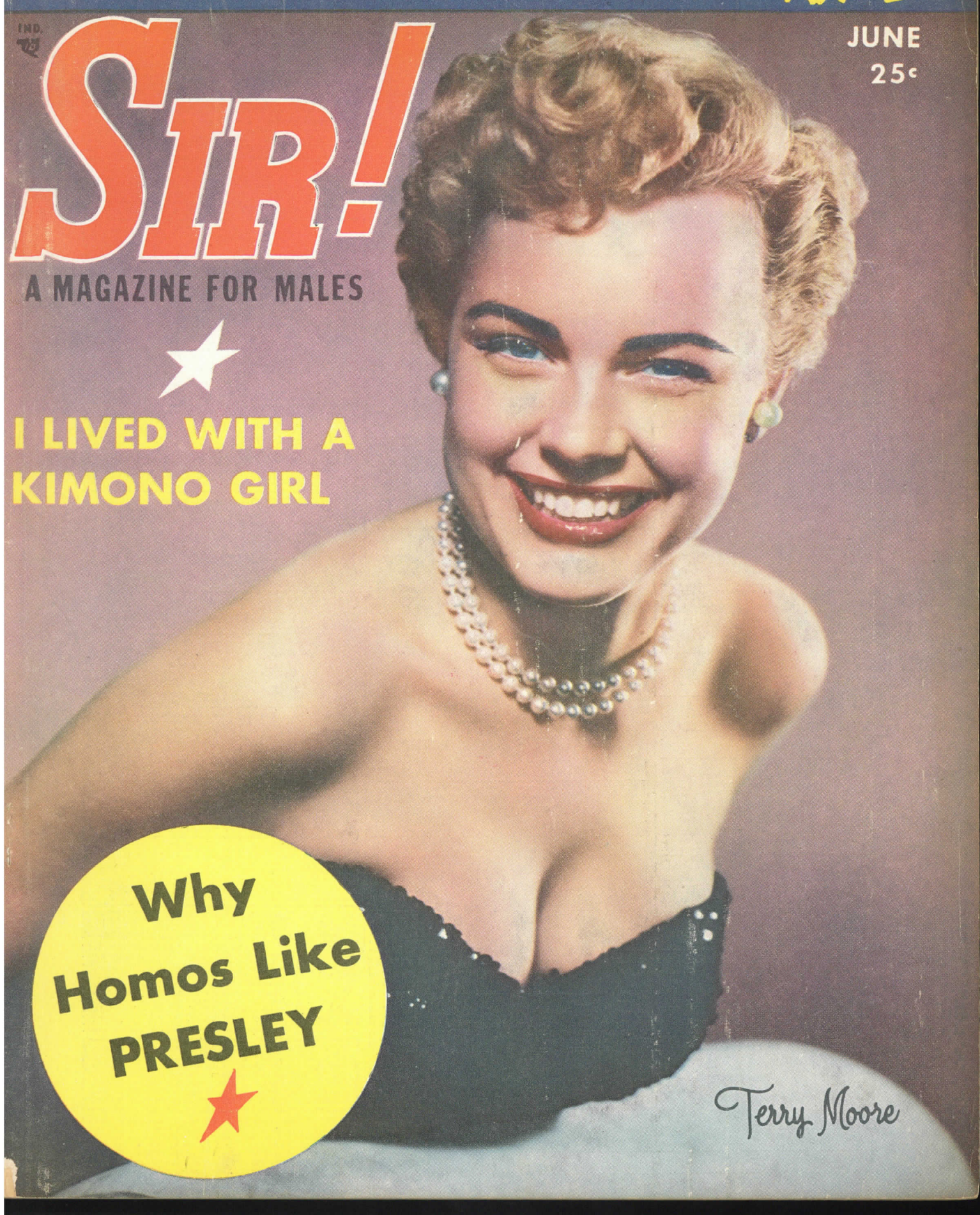


I LIVED WITH A
KIMONO GIRL

Why
Homos Like
PRESLEY



Terry Moore



LESBIANS IN EXURBIA



There are twice as many Lesbians on the make as male homos; have firm hold in suburban communities.

Posed by Professional Models



Country-Club Scandals Have a New Look—It's No Longer Who's Romancing Whose Wife, but Which Wife Is Playing Around with Which Wife. Many of the Men in This Swank Set Encourage Their Wives!

By DICK WARREN

THERE was a time when lurid scandals among members of the fast-living country-club sets in suburbs of large cities or in smaller towns were almost always concerned with the question of who was romancing whose wife. When tongues began wagging over the shocking discovery of Mr. Hitchcock in the back seat of a parked car with Mrs. Hampton, the talk usually centered around the adulterous but otherwise perfectly normal horseplay between a man and a woman.

But times have changed, and scandal at the country club has taken on a new look—the Lesbian look. The back seat of that parked car behind the clubhouse has become as queer as a four-dollar bill, and the big question nowadays is: *whose wife is playing around with whose wife?*

The steadily increasing trend toward Lesbianism in the upper strata of suburban society is strongly indicated in the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's report on "Sexual Behavior of the Human Female." Kinsey's book states: "Among the older women, the group includes many assured individuals who are happy and successful in their homosexual (Lesbian) adjustments, economically and socially well-established in their communities and, in many instances, persons of considerable significance in the social organization."

Yes, the country-club playboy is finding slim pickings these days. When he's on the prowl for somebody else's wife he usually winds up finding the object of his affections with her arms around another woman.

This is, perhaps, startling information, but it should come as no surprise to those who have followed the revelations of the late Dr. Kinsey and his forerunners in the field of sexual research. Quite a few years ago, for instance,

(Continued on page 40)

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LESBIANS IN EXURBIA

(Continued from page 6)

Havelock Ellis pointed out there were twice as many Lesbians on the make as male homosexuals.

What is Lesbianism? It is simply the condition in which a female receives more sexual excitement from a member of her own sex than from a male.

In most suburban communities Lesbianism gets away to a flying start among girls of high-school age who develop crushes on their women teachers, schoolmates and any other women they may admire. If they pass through this stage and eventually become interested in boys everything is normal. But during the past ten years the girls have become more and more interested in girls, and the growth of Lesbian activity in upper-middle-class suburban communities has become phenomenal.

In socially-conscious Bryn Mawr near Philadelphia, a prominent psychiatrist was asked to psycho-analyze a beautiful young woman of 22 who, only a few years before, had made her debut as the city's number one debutante. She was a member of the country-club set, intelligent and seemingly normal in every respect except one—she liked women instead of men.

Under mental probing on the psychiatrist's couch she finally admitted she could never consider either marriage or sexual relations with a man. The reason, she said, was that as a girl of 15 she had been seduced by an older woman. What's more, the woman had made love in "such a wonderful manner" that she couldn't think of submitting to the "unskilled brutality of men."

In the fashionable Boston suburb of Walnut Hill, there was another case of a married woman who, after giving birth to five children, suddenly found herself powerfully attracted to another female. Having never really enjoyed sex with her husband, she began a Lesbian relationship and for the first time found herself excited. This bears out a conclusion advanced by the eminent sociologist, Dr. McLemore Stone, who says marriage alone will not cure a woman of any inherent Lesbian tendencies and may, in fact, severely aggravate the problem.

Many of these well-to-do Lesbian socialites are professionally-trained women who were greatly preoccupied with their educations and careers at a time when most girls normally marry. For many of these women sexual experience with men and even marriage would have been difficult while they pursued their careers. Instead, they found Lesbian contacts more readily available and much more practical than a normal approach to sex.

Women are more likely to display homosexual tendencies in public than men. They can hold hands in public, put their arms around each other, even kiss without being accused of homosexuality. If men were seen behaving in the same way somebody would certainly call the cops.

Gentlemen of upper middle-class suburban society have been known to encourage Lesbian relations between their girl friends and even their wives. The reason is that some men are erotically aroused in contemplating, or observing, two women in a homosexual situation. There are even case histories of men who can become aroused only if they observe Lesbians in action beforehand.

One factor which encourages country-club Lesbianism is the easygoing legal attitude toward female homosexuality in our forty-eight states. The laws are variously defined as statutes against sodomy, buggery, perverse or unnatural acts, crimes against nature, grossly indecent conduct, and lewd and lascivious behavior. However, almost no Lesbians have been prosecuted or convicted anywhere in the U.S. under these laws.

What can be done about the problem of Lesbianism in exurbia? First, it should be understood that a single Lesbian experience does not make a woman a Lesbian for life. If parents suspect Lesbian tendencies in a daughter they should take prompt steps to offset the trend. The girl should receive warmth, understanding and affection from her mother so that she will not feel rejected and driven to seek an emotional relationship with another woman.

The parents should also see to it that their daughter has friends of the opposite sex, both in and out of school. Psychiatry sometimes helps, too.

But there is little that will help the many Lesbians who are carrying on their relationships today; therefore Lesbianism in exurbia will continue as a major problem on the American social scene.

THE END

Why HOMOS LIKE PRESLEY

Broadway Rumor Has The "Gay" Set Digging Elvis. Here's a First-hand Report

By DOLORES MAGUIRE

EDITORS' NOTE: Rumor has it along Broadway's main stem and in Manhattan's night spots catering to the swish set that Elvis Presley has a tremendous following among the gay boys. That the Presley appeal is universal we know, but just what in his act appealed to the "queer" was a mystery. So, in the interest of plain old fashioned reporting, we sent Miss Dolores Maguire to take in Elvis' act during his last appearance on the Ed Sullivan TV show. What follows is a description of what the TV audience didn't see. It left us no better informed than before, but you can draw your own conclusions.

ON Sunday afternoon when I got to 53rd Street, I found the entire block between 8th Avenue and Broadway, where the theater was located, barricaded and swarming with police. Mobs of youngsters had already gathered behind the barricades although the day was damp and cold, and even the lucky ones who were going to see the performance would have a four-hour wait to get into the theater. They screamed and hooted when my taxi stopped in front of the stage entrance and when I made for the door, a 15-year-old girl, who looked frozen through and had probably been there since morning, called out:

"Lady, will you touch Elvis for me and let me touch you when you come out?"

Inside the door there were more policeman and assorted personnel. My identity was checked against a surprisingly short list and I was admitted backstage where the rehearsal was already in progress. Presley was standing on a podium backed up by three sallow-faced young men in slacks and loud "Italian style" striped shirts. They provide his instrument accompaniment and background vocal harmony. The most important member of this trio is, by far, the guitarist who stands directly behind Elvis and fills in the jivier and more



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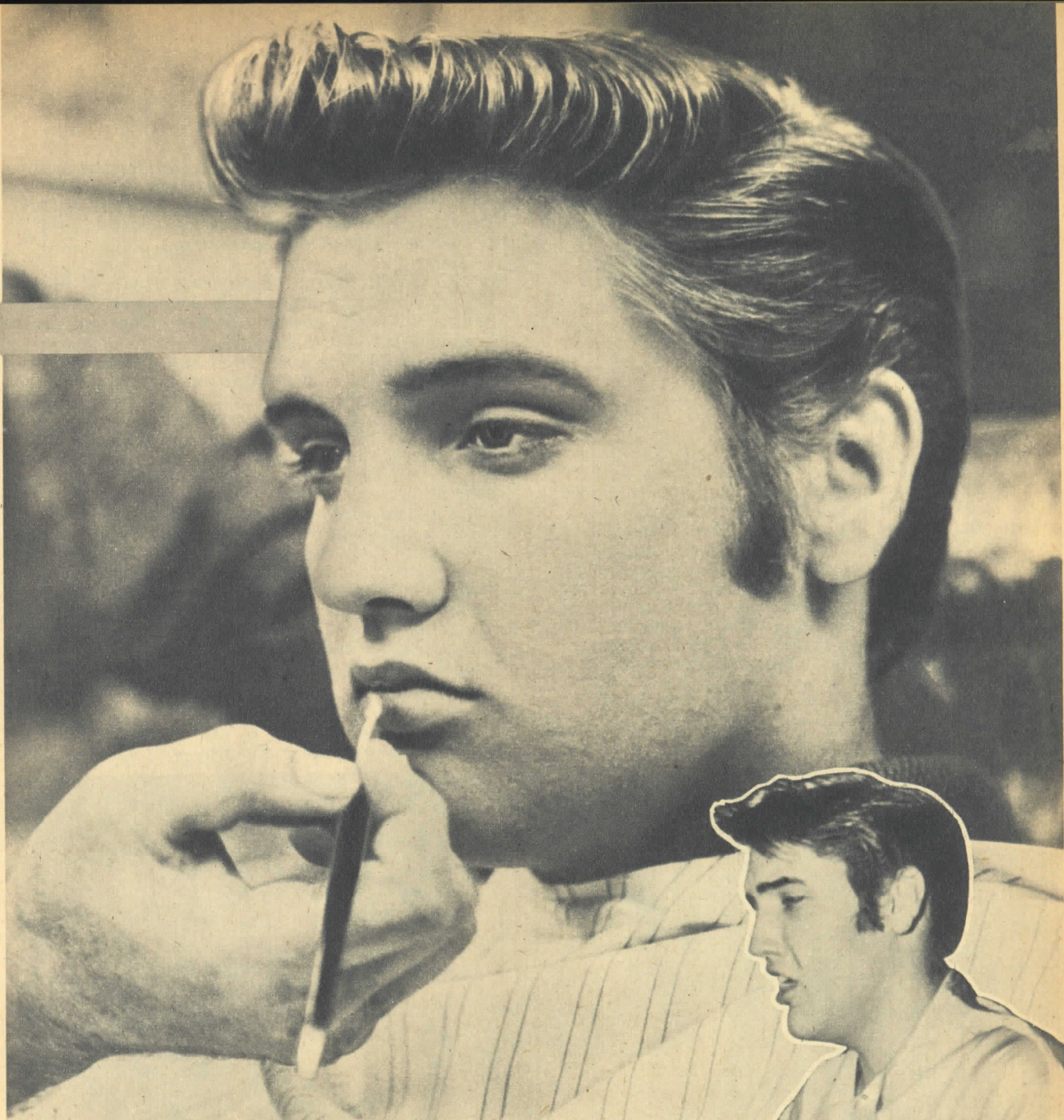
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Elvis sits quietly for TV show make-up. At left he smiles after Army physical. Gal is Dot Harmony.

complicated rhythmic passages while the jiggling idol of the impassioned knee-clashers "fakes it" on the practically dead instrument he has dangling in front of him.

Elvis, very sensibly, was saving his voice for the show. Throughout the three and a half hours of rehearsal time he kept at conversational pitch, carefully mouthing his song lyrics from memory while timing, lighting and camera angles were tested over and over again. I don't know how well this subdued vocalizing carried over the p.a. system into the packed house—it was a first shift audience and would have to clear out an hour before the performance to make room for the others—but from where I was standing about eight feet away in the wings, his voice was distinct and audible.



Why Homos Like Elvis

He stood focused in by a harsh white spotlight which brought out the hennaed highlights (dreamed up in a Hollywood make-up department, no doubt) in his otherwise dark brown hair. His complexion is as soft and white and smooth as a 16-year-old English dairymaid's and even at close scrutiny looks as though it has never been scraped by a razor. His eyes are long-lashed and blue, and when he's not singing their expression is gentle and ingratiating, although his lips, even in repose, are full, self-indulgent and sensual in a way that accounts perhaps for the recently quoted

opinion of the Head of the Art Department of Arizona State College. "Famous Greek statues of Apollo and Hermes show a strong resemblance to Presley," Prof. Harry Wood states in no uncertain terms, "even to the duckbill haircut and sideburns. . . ."

WHATEVER degree of accuracy there is in this comparison to statuary is completely shattered the moment Elvis goes into motion. The pink tip of his tongue outlines the lascivious curves of his upper lip. His eyes become unzipped and a look is written across them like a dirty word on a public wall; his voice grows wet and caressing in the low notes and while one hand jerks back and forth across his low-slung guitar, his thighs quiver and quake through the tight unbulged black trousers and his other arm flails out and then beats down in the direction of his pelvis with the goading regularity of a piston.

The audience all but pitches itself onto the floor. The girls shriek and writhe in their seats, kicking out their legs or doubling up, and, always, clutching their purses tighter to their laps. The boys jounce up and down where they are sitting or stand up and shake out the tempo with an absorption that glazes their eyes and turns their ears red. When the song comes to an end, a groan fills the theater, followed by staccato ejaculations of appreciation and caterwauling demands

Candid shot of two teen-age fans at Presley movie. Pix was made in dark by UP photographer Rickerby with infra-red film.



for "More!" Presley's control over his audience is a delight to watch; he literally has them in the palm of his hand. Standing perfectly still after the music and cheers have died down, he grins with pleasure, his tongue tipping the corner of his open mouth. Then he permits himself a single twitch of a muscle in his groin and bedlam breaks loose again.

Almost the entire Oriental sinuosity of this performance occurs below the range of the TV camera and is lost to all but the audience out front. And they miss out on perhaps the most vital part of the show. The "charge" which Elvis broadcasts to his audience is loaded with subjective, passive eroticism; no wonder the girls squirm and squeal with delight—the psychic identification couldn't be closer or more implicit.

As the rehearsal continued with its endless repetition of camera takes and lighting shots, the singing and accompaniment going right on, I had to admire the patience and good nature with which Elvis took the instructions and interruptions that were being flung at him from all sides by the production staff, the technicians, directors, etc., who surrounded the apron of the stage. This young man who has earned a million dollars in the last year and who knows he can cause a public riot in any town in the United States, simply by walking down the street, shows no signs of temperament or arrogance, none of the professionally hardened exterior of the "star." He seemed to me, as I had occasion to observe him in various circumstances in the next three hours, motivated by an almost girlish sweetness and a genuine desire to please. And although, when he went through one of his hotter numbers his frantic pyrotechnics left him sweating and panting for air, his manner, the moment he came out of it, returned to the same easygoing, unaffected amiability that seems characteristic of his personality in repose. His answers to suggestions or questions, that were thrown at him from the platform where Ed Sullivan was huddled with his staff, were always addressed to "Mr. Sullivan," and suffixed with a "sir."

"Makes me feel like an old man," said the columnist who is called "Ed" by every cab driver and stagehand in New York. "I guess I'm just not used to it."



Elvis rests, completely exhausted after giving emotional performance in Las Vegas, where he didn't score with mature audience.

THE only time I saw him give any indication of impatience was when his trio cued him for a new song and he was obliged to stop after the first few phrases. He brushed a tousled lock back from his forehead and ran his fingers through his hair in a gesture of perplexity. "Will somebuddy give me the next few wuhrrds," he requested. He was fed the next phrase and went blank again. He flung an arm in the air in disgust and jumped off the podium, running into the wings. He drew up short in front of a wiry, sun-tanned man stand-

ing alongside me, and, chuckling good-naturedly, put an arm around his shoulders and whispered something into his ear. I saw my opportunity and when he turned around I asked for an interview. "Sure," he said without any of the flimflam I'd been given by CBS. "If they's any tieyum after rehuhrsals. They's some pore polio kyuds bin waitin on me sence 2 o'clock to have piyuckchers taken. But they won't let me off of the stage. Ah kin see yeh aifteh the kyuds." He ran back to the podium and, half-

(Continued on page 46)

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WHY HOMOS LIKE ELVIS

(Continued from page 17)

turning away from the audience, said, for the benefit of the boys in the trio: "Ehveh seen anything so dumb? Ah jest caint remehmbuh the wuhrrds." An assorted "supervisory" personnel was crouched around the sides of the podium; it represents the varied interests of RCA Victor, CBS, Ed Sullivan and the Col. Parker Management, all of whom keep a dragon eye on this naive and valuable property. Elvis' next remark was directed into their midst. "Who's got the whurds?" he asked. He was answered by a young man in an "Italian style" striped shirt who obviously had no connection with the official staff. "They're in your pocket," he said; his complexion was pasty and carbuncled and looked like a regimen of irregular hours, bowling alleys, and hamburgers, candy bars and soda pop. I imagine he was one of the henchmen Elvis sweeps about the country with him in his three Cadillacs. Elvis felt in the pocket of his synthetic tweed, semi-zoot-draped jacket and came up with a folded sheet of paper. The rehearsal went into action again with Elvis reading the lyrics. The whole diversion had lasted all of three minutes.

By the time Presley had gone into this same song a fifth time, "just to make sure of the lyrics," I felt like a living testimonial to the wear and tear of a TV rehearsal and to the boy's powers of gentle endurance. At the risk of blasphemy, I turned to my neighbor in the wings and began a conversation.

"They tell me at CBS that Mr. Presley is rushing off right after the performance," I said.

"That's right," he answered politely with a smile, without, however, quite taking his eyes off the singer. "We've got to get back to Memphis in time for his birthday. He's going to be 22 on Tuesday."

"Isn't that where you've just come in from?"

"That's right," he said, still without looking at me. "Elvis had to go to the Kennedy Veterans Hospital for his Army physical. He's in fine shape."

At this point the pimply-faced, "Italian style" shirt turned and glowered at us. I subsided and looked at my neighbor. He seemed in his late 30's and handsome in a sharp,

hard-bitten way. I received no further encouragement to continue the conversation. I decided to stretch my legs by prowling about a bit. The hands had begun to set up flats and props and the area backstage had been considerably reduced. It seemed crowded with policemen who had either finished a tour of duty in the neighborhood or knocked off from the cold patrol in front of the theater to have a quick cigarette. There were also a few Fire Department Inspectors standing around, studiously ignoring the smoking violation. A short, but well-stacked, blonde in a sequined Bikini was limbering up in a corner. She obviously belonged to one of the variety acts with which Sullivan was going to round out the show. After a few minutes she began to strut around, exposing a good deal of attractive pink flesh. It amused me to notice that New York's Finest didn't know she was alive; their eyes, to a man, were rooted on Elvis, who hadn't taken anything off but his jacket. I worked my way around behind the flats, and came out on the other side of the stage, almost directly opposite where I was standing before, but this time my view wasn't unobstructed. A girl of about 16, in a tight beige sweater and skirt, with bobby socks pulled up over the ankles of her nylon stockings, was posted in front of the wings, and standing in back of her was a tall, good-looking fireman. I could peer out between their arms and shoulders and see that Elvis was really giving it the gun. He was singing, half-crouched over his guitar, his legs sprawled apart and quivering, his hand tearing away savagely at the instrument, while his hips threshed and ground out the beat. He was using his upper register now, and, at the high notes, his normal, full baritone thinned into a resonant libidinous whine. The girl in the beige sweater looked as if she was about to rise to heaven on her brassiere. When Elvis finished, she began like the others out front to squeal his name in ecstasy. The fireman noticed I was watching her. "That's my kid," he said with a wink. "Ever since yesterday when I told her I could get her in here she's been treating me so well I don't know her. She's never been so good to me before in her life."

The hysteria still hadn't completely died down but Elvis wasn't going to oblige with as much as another tic. He had been called down from the podium by Sullivan and was in a huddle with the columnist and his staff in a corner of the big room. My former neigh-

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bor was still maintaining his stance in the wings on the other side of the theater. I started to walk across the stage, stopping for a moment to talk to pasty-face in the Italian shirt who was staring at the operations of a cameraman like a rabbit transfixed by a snake.

"Tell me," I asked, "who is the man in the pin-stripe, over there on your left in the wings?"

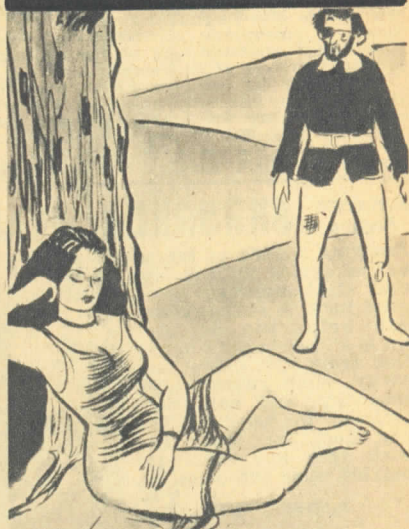
His head jerked in the indicated direction and then back again to me.

"Oh, him. That's Tom Diskin. Elvis' tour manager."

I continued on my way to the wings. With Elvis offstage, Diskin turned out to be communicative and well-spoken, with an easy warmth of manner that was somehow contradicted by the cold glassiness of his eyes. No, he told me, Elvis had not been staying in Memphis, although that was where he lived. On Audubon Drive in a house he had bought for \$30,000—he'd spent another \$20,000 on improvements. They'd been having trouble there recently with traffic jams of tourists and gangs of nosy teenagers. The house has music notes incorporated into the fence and is easy to spot—although Elvis can't read a note himself. Recently his neighbors on this exclusive little street decided they couldn't take the noise and lack of privacy he had brought into their midst. They went to see him in a committee and offered to pool their money to buy his house back. Elvis declined politely, apologizing for what his public had done to the street. He told them he liked his home and then he offered to buy up their houses, if they found the going too rough. Presumably, before they left, he had them begging for a chorus of "Hound Dawg."

Presley may love his home but he usually sees it only on the run. Under the management of "Colonel" Tom Parker—he's an honorary Colonel ambiguously attached to the staff of Governor of Tennessee, Clement—Elvis is kept on the road, filling one-night stands throughout the Southwest, between longer stints in places like Las Vegas where he just closed a night club engagement before reporting to Memphis for his Army physical. For these one-night appearances Elvis travels in two Cadillac limousines accompanied by a shifting entourage which always includes his 21-year-old cousin Gene Smith—"Gene is along because Elvis needs someone to play with"—and is usually filled out with his trio of accompanists, Tom Diskin, Colonel Parker or a member of his

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staff, and some "friend" along for the ride—the latter usually a stranger without a cent who'd never known Elvis before in his life.

I sounded Diskin out about Las Vegas, since I knew teen-agers weren't admitted to night clubs and I was curious about how a sexually mature and experienced audience would take the "Pelvis." Diskin admitted grudgingly that they were not particularly demonstrative. The midnight show drew more applause than the one played to the early evening audience, but there was none of the customary hysteria. At first, in his engagement at the New Frontier, Elvis was evidently put out by this lack of responsiveness ("As long as I know I'm satisfying somebody," he told me later when I asked him how he survived the strain and wear of the rehearsal, "I'll knock myself out.") But the Colonel decided that contact with sophistication was part of the training of any professional performer, and particularly for one with an assured Hollywood future. So Elvis, who is almost always docile and grateful, settled down to the minor gratification of an occasional drunken divorcee who would oblige with the routine juvenile display of heat and frenzy.

Neither the one-armed bandits or the gambling rooms held any attraction for Presley in Las Vegas. He spent almost all of his spare time in an amusement park near his hotel at the dodg'em concession. Regularly, every afternoon, he would turn up at the ride with a couple of his "boys," buy up the twenty-five cent tickets in \$10 strips, and then proceed to go banging and bumping across the floor with his pals. He developed such a wild, boyish enthusiasm for this game that he often spent a hundred dollars a day on it—which is an awful lot of rides. Before he left town he had several serious conversations with the manager to find out just how much it would cost him to install a private dodg'em ride in his home at Memphis. So far he's done nothing about it, although he does have at home, in addition to his three Cadillacs, a tiny red three-wheeled Messerschmidt which is little more than a toy and which he dotes on.

As far as I could gather, his only other amusements at Las Vegas were comic books and a complete addiction to the movies. When I asked about his sex life, I drew a blank.

On January 4th, he turned up for his pre-induction going-over with Dotty Harmony, a Las Vegas

chorus girl, in his cream-colored Cadillac. That same evening he left by train for New York and the Ed Sullivan show.

During the lengthy question-and-answer routine of our conversation the rehearsal had come to a close and the theater was being emptied. I glanced at my watch. It was 6:45 p.m. Presley was still in a huddle—but with another group, dominated by a big, fat, cigar-smoking man whom I hadn't seen before. He was identified for me as Colonel Parker. I thanked Diskin for having been so co-operative and wondered if I couldn't get a word in edgewise with Presley who, still surrounded, was coming downstage towards us on his way to his dressing room. Diskin signaled him over.

"This lady would like to have a word with you, Elvis," he said.

"A word is about all I've got," said Elvis.

"There are just two questions, Mr. Presley," I told him. "I understand you're going home right after the show for your birthday. How do you feel about growing older?"

He paused for a moment.

"Well, my birthday, you see, is a very peculiar occasion for me," he replied. "I was born one of a pair of identical twins. And I was called Elvis Aaron and my brother was called Jesse Caron. But Jesse Caron died right after he was born. My mamma never got over that and never had any other kids. She never got over worrying about me either. Why, when I was 15 years old and going to high school in Memphis, she still walked me to school. She never let me out of her sight—"

"Elvis, you still have to take those pictures with the kids downstairs," the Colonel called to him. "That's going to give you a break of about half an hour before the show begins."

"Right with you, sir," Elvis answered. "Is there anything else?"

"What are your immediate plans? Are you going to stay in Memphis for a while?"

"No, ma'am. I've got to get right out to Hollywood to make a picture for Paramount. And after that I guess it's Uncle Sam. But I sure would like to spend some time at home—the only thing I don't like about my work is the traveling."

He waved an arm at me and walked off, swinging his hips.

Outside the theater the mob had quintupled in size and, police or no police, they were tearing the street apart, screaming to be let in. I crept by them quickly without quite knowing why their presence embarrassed me so. THE END



Female impersonators dressed in "drag" mingle with customers in New York spot.

THE DAY I PINCHED A PANSY PAD

By Police Detective
LADDIE HRANEK

11:03 P.M.: the Powder-Puff Boys Were Having a Real Gone Ball for Themselves, with Frank and Me Pretending to Be Weirdies Too While We Waited for Enough Evidence to Move In for the Kill. Yours Truly's Been a Cop for Years but This Was the Damndest Assignment!

WHEN the made-up little guy who wore a dress leered at me I leered right back at him. It wasn't easy. I would have like to smash my fist into his smug little mug. But I had to pretend I was an odd boy, too. I was posing as a sex deviate in order to lower the boom on a ring of those jerks, and it was the damndest assignment this 35-year-old copper ever had.

Half the weirdies in the expensive hotel suite were made up like women. The rest were dancing with them, kissing them and otherwise acting like no normal guys act toward other men.

I couldn't keep my eyes off the character they called Isabel. His features were delicate, his eyebrows had been plucked, and he was wearing lipstick and rouge. To top it off, that pretty little weirdy was also wearing falsies.

If he had been a real women instead of a mentally-unhinged deviate he would have been beautiful in a low-grade, sexy way. But as cute as that odd ball was, I shot him an hour later—right between his falsies.

Then with Frank Olson, the detective I'd chosen to be my partner on that crummy assignment, I tried to arrest the others. But we learned the hard way that those creeps can put up a hell of a fight, especially when they know that arrest means plenty of newspaper publicity. Since some of them held responsible jobs and had families, the last thing they wanted was to get their pictures in the papers on a weirdy rap.

But before I get into the details of that fantastic party let me tell you how Frank and I happened to draw the assignment.

A couple of weeks

(Continued on page 58)



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Having valid grounds for arrests that would stick,
Frank and I pulled our rods. The party was over.

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I PINCHED A PANSY PAD

(Continued from page 20)

before, square-jawed old Captain O'Brien, chief of our morals squad, called me to his office. I didn't know what was up but I had a hunch it was going to be a caper I'd be better off without. Whenever a plainclothesman is summoned by the captain of the morals squad you can lay odds that he's going to be ordered to help out the detail—probably because they need someone the town's sex deviates, pimps and prostitutes don't know by sight.

O'Brien came right to the point. He said: "You know how the press has been riding the department about the parties the queers have been staging. Well, we're setting a trap for them."

O'Brien's plan was simple. I was to pose as a member of the tulip set and promote an invitation to one of their parties. Then I was to arrest them. Since this was a king-sized caper for one man O'Brien said I could choose anyone in the department for an assistant.

I decided on Frank Olson who, like me, is a senior-grade detective on our city's police force. He hates the off-beat boys as much as I do. Furthermore, his hatred had been fired by a recent experience. A prominent local businessman, whom I'll call Jones, was up to his favorite pastime—man-hunting. Unluckily for Jones, he propositioned Frank's 18-year-old son. Since Frank's kid is a husky young man of nonskid morals, he quickly dissipated that fat, rich old guy's urge with an uppercut to the jaw. Then he called the cops.

What happened then made Frank real sore. Jones, like most well-heeled characters, knew where and when to sprinkle the heavy green. So despite the fact that he had a long record of arrests for perversion, he got off with a \$25 fine.

So when I put O'Brien's deal up to Frank he went for it in a big way, hoping, of course, to snag Jones along with the town's other tulips.

In casing the job we didn't bother to study the department's list of known deviates. Those characters have been picked up so many times on perversion raps they're suspicious of strangers. In-

stead we went on the prowl for someone unknown to the force.

A few days later we found a well-dressed young creep in a high-class bar and we made it a point to meet him there each evening. He told us he was a professional man who had recently moved to town from Omaha, and I got a run-down on him from the cops in his old home town. The guy, whom I'll call Smith, had a career too sordid to exhume in detail. But he was a real lipping lover, a confirmed odd ball. We were sure he was a member of the local set; those guys have an uncanny way of finding their own kind, even in a strange city.

Frank and I almost overdid our act because Smith fell for both of us. We played hard to get, which meant having to listen for hours at a time to the drivel which poured from Smith's lips.

It was a slow, disgusting assignment but a week later our patience paid off. Smith invited us to be his guests at the weekly party for the town's upper-crust weirdies.

We were more than a little surprised at some of the guests. There was an assortment of the town's big shots whom we'd never suspected of being that way, plus several characters who had been picked up at various times on off-beat complaints. And, to Frank's delight, Jones was also there.

Nothing unusual happened at first. The tulips strolled around leering at each other and giggling and laughing and drinking champagne. Then everybody, including Frank and me, played a grown-up game of post office. I don't have to tell you it wasn't exactly my idea of fun. And it almost killed Frank.

Then a tall girl-dressed tulip came out of the dressing room, making a hip-swinging entry. Immediately another character ran to him and poured a jar of marmalade over his head. Then he ran his fingers through the tulip's gooey hair, giggling with joy. The other weirdies almost went into hysterics. Don't ask me why that marmalade act was so funny. Maybe a head shrinker would understand it; it didn't amuse me. I laughed, though, just to string along with the crowd.

A little later one of them brought a couple of drinks to Frank and me, saying in a soprano voice: "I get simply carried away by you men." Frank and I just grinned and brushed him off by pretending interest in another canary.

Then Isabel finally strutted out of the dressing room. He really un-

horsed that crowd. They screamed and clapped and Frank and I got the impression that Isabel was the cult's queen.

The party rolled on and the antics of those weirdies really became "the most." Finally, having valid grounds for arrests that would stick, Frank and I pulled out our rods and announced the party was over and the whole outfit was under arrest.

Those clowns stared at us in angry silence until Frank edged toward the phone to call for a couple of wagons. Then Isabel tried to be a hero. He jerked a .38 from under his dress and fired twice at Frank.

I shot him once—in the middle of his chest. Immediately the other weirdies rushed us. It was touch and go for a minute or two. But Frank and I pistol-whipped them into surrender. We didn't have to shoot any more of them, though, because none of them were carrying weapons.

At last Frank made his call to headquarters and a few minutes later the uniformed boys burst into the room.

The party was over. The score was one deceased tulip and seventeen ready to be potted.

THE END

TATTOOING CAN BE A SEX PERVERSION

(Continued from page 35)

to the court that he was fired when his boss found out where his likeness was tattooed. The boss testified that a dissatisfied customer walked into the store and demanded to see "the man in charge." The employee lowered his pants and turned around.

One of the world's little known customs is the collection of tattooed skin from corpses. Several years ago Albert Parry, in his book "Tattoo," stated that the New York supply of tattooed human skin is cornered by a certain gentleman of leisure who collects the skin for a hobby. He knows a first-rate tattoo when he sees one, approaches the bearer and signs an agreement with him regarding skin delivery after the man's death.

Sailors, of course, are the steadiest customers that trade has ever had. There seems to be no end to

the variety of ideas the gobs can dream up for decorating their bodies. One group of sailors had a squadron of destroyers tattooed over their backs, with the waves of the sea spread over their buttocks.

In some cases a pair of ship's propellers have been tattooed on a sailor's buttocks, making him move more effectively on ship or shore. Many land-based sailors, especially shore mechanics, like to have hinges tattooed on each side of their elbows because, they say, it gives their arms more swing and strength.

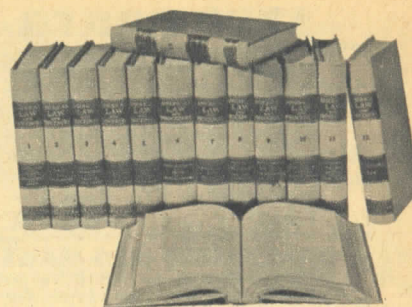
From her deathbed the mother of one sailor asked him never to part with the family Bible, which had the Lord's Prayer printed in gold letters on its back. Faithfully he carried the Bible for many years. But one day in a fight with another sailor it accidentally dropped overboard. When hard luck followed he blamed it on the loss of the Bible—so he had the full text of the Lord's Prayer tattooed down his back.

Until the Armed Services banned nude and obscene tattoos on soldiers and sailors there had been a growing number of naked male and female figures tattooed on arm and chest muscles in such positions that they could be made to go through pornographic actions. One report has it that the reason older sailors have such tremendous muscles is not the result of any hard work, but rather the amount of idle time they spent making their tattoos gyrate.

One of the most unusual tattoo gags was carried out by a soldier in the French Army in 1880 who had a full general's uniform tattooed on his body, complete with buttons and medals. All he had to do to enjoy a very splendid promotion was to undress.

In the 1870's P. T. Barnum found a Greek from Albania named Georgius Constantine, whose entire body was covered with tattoos which had been made in Burma. There were 388 designs, fifty-two on his stomach and buttocks alone. Not one quarter-inch of his body was clear. Constantine toured the country as Barnum's "Tattooed Man of Burma," making \$1,000 a week at the peak of his career.

Recently the distinguished anthropologist Miklucho-Maclay stated that the women natives of the Archipelago of Pelan all have the region of their genitals tattooed. Miklucho-Maclay frequently asked young girls to lift their "kerints"—a sort of petticoat made of leaves—to show him their tattoos. They



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