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VICE SQUAD

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**THE CALL GIRL
and those
DEPRAVED
BLACK MAGIC
REVELS!**



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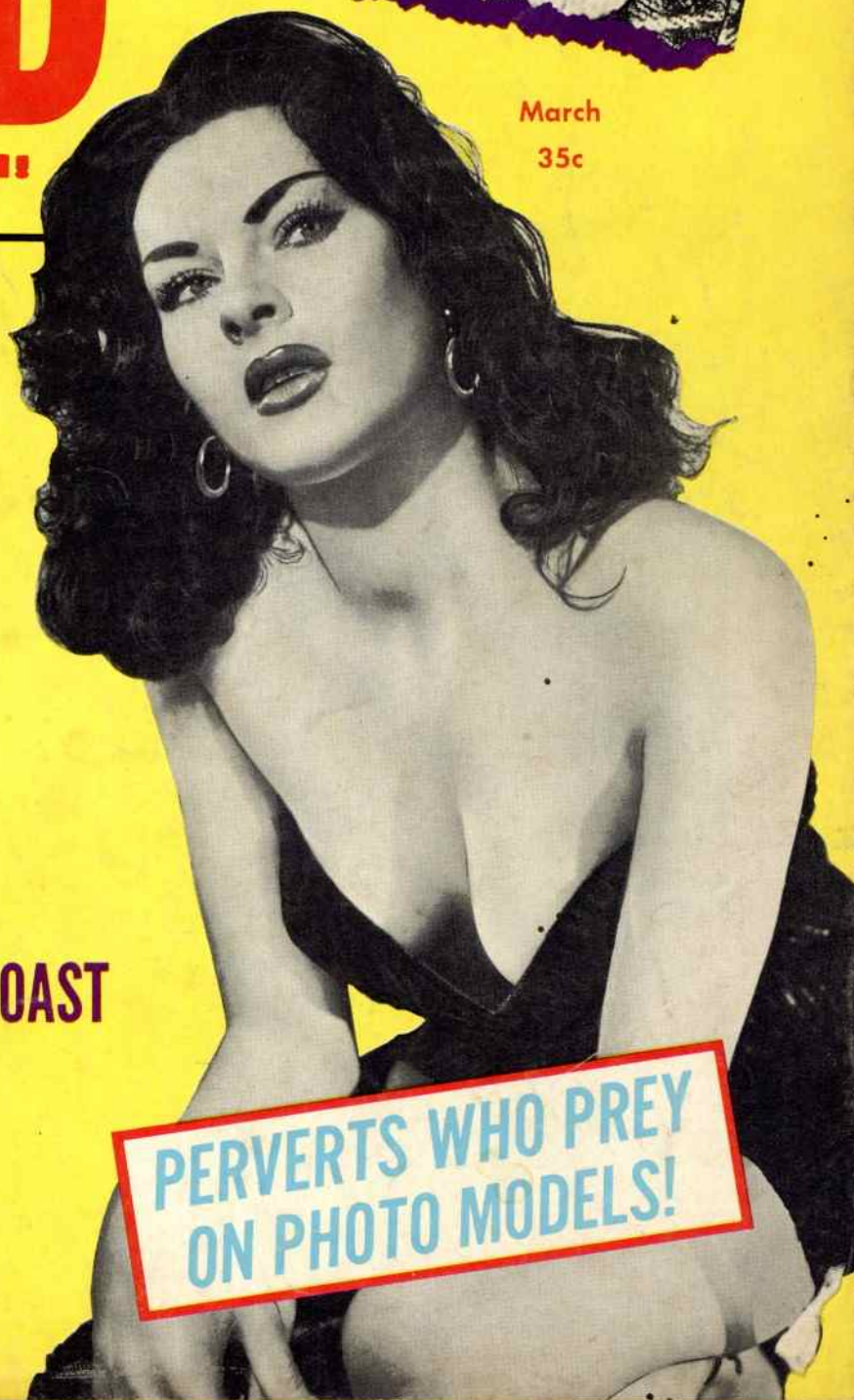
**THE GAY BOYS
OF THE THIRD SEX**

**PASSION PILLS
CAN KILL YOU!**

**VICE AND VIOLENCE
ON THAT
BARE-BOTTOMED BIKINI COAST**

**TATTOO-SKIN GAME
OF THE
SICK, SICK, SICK SET**

**PERVERTS WHO PREY
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VICE SQUAD

MARCH, 1962

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**VICE SQUAD'S
BIG EXPOSE**

*They're Here.
There -- Everywhere!*

THE GAY

In business and the arts; in the Army, Navy and Marines; in schools and colleges; on yachts and on assembly lines; on TV (yikes!) and in Hollywood; in sports--and even in the Rackets!--no matter where you look today, there always seems to be at least one limp wrist with a foot inside the door!

BY GORDON SLATER

"WANNA SHINE, MISTER?"

A good-looking boy, 12 years old at most, blocks your path as you turn from the pizza parlor window on Manhattan's gaudy, bawdy West 42nd Street.

The boy is smiling up into your eyes, his almost pretty face looking like it came from a billboard ad for soft drinks, or some other sparkling, wholesome symbol of the All-American way of life. The smile is so frank and contagious, in fact, you automatically feel warm inside and want to smile back. Until you

At those gala parties, even in the most chic hotels, it's becoming common to see at least one creep in woman's clothing.



BOYS

OF THE THIRD SEX!

notice his obvious trademarks, the signs that identify him to his ever-mushrooming army of comrades and to the like-multiplying number of misfits who crave his brand of "shine".

You notice the skin-tight blue jeans that show every curve of calf, thigh and prominently protruding behind. You see the freshly laundered (odd, for a shoe-shine boy) white shirt, open wide at the throat in cowboy fashion, sleeves carefully folded up just enough to show slack, white wrists, or rolled up far enough to reveal the further curves of budding biceps.

You notice the way one hand is stuck into a front hip pocket on the jeans, while the other dangles a cigaret. You see the dynamic tension of the boy's stance, as if he's balanced on the balls of his feet, always ready to spring one way or the other with a gracefulness that would put a cat to shame.

You also see that his hair doesn't taper down neatly and smoothly at back or sides, but comes to a thick, even shaggy, stop in back and, of course, he sports sideburns. This is the way most TV makeup men—not a few of whom are oddballs themselves—think cowboys used to wear their hair. And most TV characters, from gangsters to college boys, businessmen to gigolos, are wearing theirs like this today...

The young kid's smile never falters as he waits patiently for your reply.

"I don't see any shoeshine box," you say, knowing damn well what the answer will be—you've heard it on Rush Street in Chicago, Main Street in L.A., Royal Street in New Orleans, and on dozens of other main drags and side streets from coast to coast.

HOMOSEXUAL VOTERS ADVISORY SERVICE

— MICHELANGELO CHAPTER —

P. O. Box 5131 — Terminal Annex Station
Denver 17, Colorado (U.S.A.)

"Such is the irresistible nature of truth, that all it asks, and all it wants, is the liberty of appearing." —Paine

Dear Employer:

Perhaps you have heard of the Wolfenden Report of the British government as it pertains to homosexual law reform and are aware of its debate in Parliament, or the recommendations of the American Law Institute in 1955.

A homosexual is a person who is capable of experiencing a real and noble love for someone of his own sex. Homosexuality is not now altogether regarded by many authorities as a disease or illness, but as a type of sexual orientation similar in nature to the condition of left-handedness, or, color-blindness (in which the majority see a particular color, but a few others see the very same color differently). To assume that homosexuals are necessarily unmanly is not true: homosexual love was the highest ideal of classic Greek society, placed before the love of man for woman, and was practiced by their warriors who were by no means effeminate, dainty types.

Oftentimes the feminine as well as the masculine soul is developed equally, and to the fullest extent, within one individual, giving that person a universal character with a perspective of its own, causing ordinary people to have a quality of being, and appearing as "incomplete" to him, as he undoubtedly seems to be "queer" to them.

Almost all "normal" individuals go through the phase of homosexuality and the vestiges remain in the subconscious mind. The truth is that nature simply does not produce either males or females, either psychologically or physiologically. Just as an individual in a racial minority comes to realize that he is not "inferior", so the homophile realizes that he is not a "degenerate".

Can you use skilled, talented individuals, regardless of their sexual-love nature?

Sincerely,

FOR THE DIRECTOR

DTR/A

12 Million Homosexuals!

PLAN FOR HOMOSEXUAL LAW REFORM.

VICE SQUAD here produces the first photostatic reproduction of letter sent out by bold, oddball outfit in Denver. It "explains" homos and asks employers not to discriminate against job hunters who happen to be Queer.



Just for "fun", Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon dressed as females in "Some Like It Hot". The queers adored it.

"The shine I give costs \$25, Mister—and I got everything I need right with me."

"That's pretty high, isn't it?"

The kid's smile gets even bigger, more disarming. "I wouldn't have asked if I couldn't tell from your looks you can afford it," he said, sounding completely off-hand, yet each word part of a flattering, carefully pre-tested approach. "And it's worth it," he added. "Nobody's ever asked me for any money back yet!"

Damn it . . . you pull yourself together with an effort. Except for that too, too fancy-pantsy smoothness, the kid looks so clean, bright and wholesome you're almost hypnotized into taking him to the movies, or Palisades Amusement Park, or just walking hand-in-hand down the street, enjoying his company.

As he stands before you like this, it's almost impossible to think of the utterly vile and filthy things he will do for a few dollars (for as little as \$5, actually—they always start with a high figure because most jerks who go for this jazz don't like to bargain about the price).

It takes all the imagination you possess to picture this good-looking boy as he'll look later on this same evening, in a shabby hotel room, or even in the dark, back row of an all-night theater, doing—or allowing to be done to himself—each and any type of perversion his "customer" can think of . . .

And it's just as impossible to get the full, real picture of how there are thousands more—some just like him, others

ranging upward in age to old, tottering, gray-haired men—who are practicing the same perverted trade across the nation.

Male hustlers—who hustle MALES!

(And have no trouble finding plenty of business, either!)

This is just one of the more sordid and dramatic phases of what has swiftly become the fastest growing problem Vice Squads face today.

The problem of the Third Sex—that Twilight World of bizarre beings who are not sure if they are male or female—or neither.

In any big city, streetwalking prostitutes have always been a problem. Today in ANY city, big or small, streetwalking MALE prostitutes are putting the babes out of business!

Ever since the first drink was passed over a bar, periodic raids have had to be made on a certain percentage of taverns a year—to flush out the females who peddled flesh as chasers. Today most of the raids on taverns are not to rid them of scarlet women—but of lavender lads!

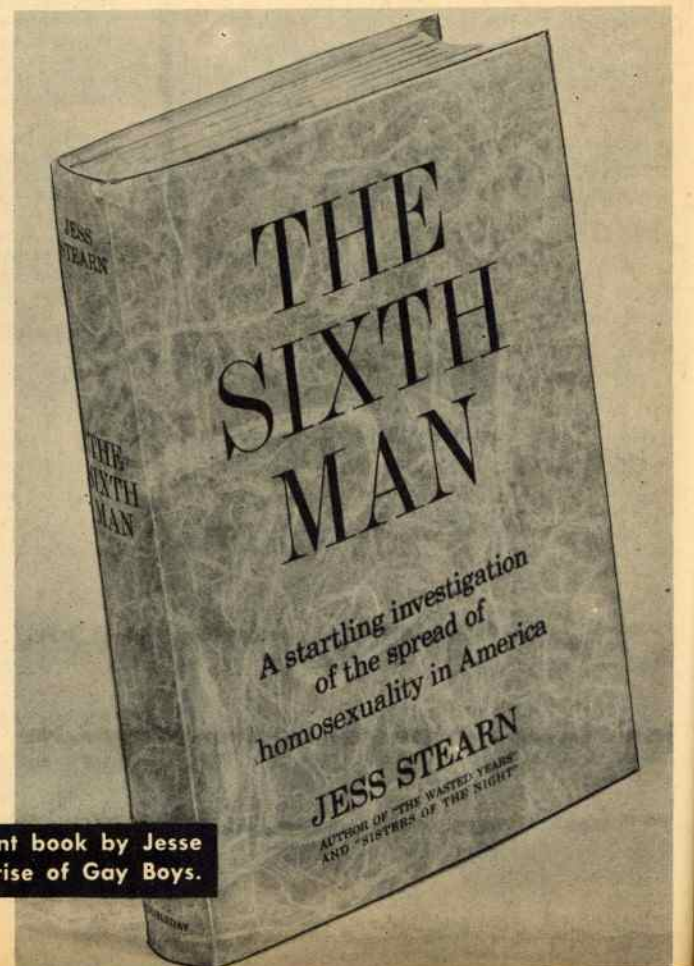
East and West, North and South—limp wrists have begun to wrap the nation in their vice-like grip.

Have you walked past your local drug store lately, and seen the queer fruit piled around the counter?

Have you turned on your TV set and seen the long gay lines of "chorus boys" who flit across the screen?

Have you been watching the small items in your newspaper that tell about ever-multiplying scandals in the State Department, the Armed Services and our schools? Scandals resulting from the shocking number of perverts who are pervading these institutions.

Not long ago, the normal calm of a history class in New York's Thomas Jefferson High School was broken when a 17-year-old boy named Maurice Kessler walked into the room and deliberately threw a blinding bottle of lye into the eyes of 16-year-old David Ozersky.



"The Sixth Man", excellent book by Jesse Stearn, depicts shocking rise of Gay Boys.



Not because—as would most likely have been the case had such a terrible thing happened a generation or so ago—David had stolen the older boy's girl, or beaten him in sports, or refused to help him ahead through cheating in studies.

No. Maurice threw the searing lye **BECAUSE DAVID WOULD NOT LET MAURICE MAKE LOVE TO HIM!**

What is even more remarkable about this case is that practically everyone—from the parents of both boys, to school officials, to the police—knew about this shocking lust Maurice had for David. But so “enlightened” have we become in dealing with such things that nobody knew how to prevent the 17-year-old boy from carrying out his open threats against the younger one!

Everybody knew how Maurice and David had been great friends. They'd visited one another's homes and gone out together for over a year—before Maurice suddenly began trying to have perverted sexual intercourse with David. David pushed him away. He didn't go for that stuff.

But Maurice kept trying. One day he shoved David into the school bathroom and told him to “Give in, or I'll beat you up!”

Maurice did beat him up, too—more than once. But David was so ashamed of his friend's desires that he never told anyone his trouble, and why he seemed so afraid all the time.

Then one day, after a really bad beating, David was forced by the older, more powerfully-built boy to submit to the disgusting sex acts. This sickened David so, he had to tell his parents. Police and school officials were told of Maurice's perverted passions. Maurice was taken to court on charges of assault and sodomy. Officials could see no reason for giving him a thorough psychiatric examination, however, or even anything much by way of punishment. He was released on bail.

Back at school, Maurice continued lusting for David, however, and the latter began living in a world of terror, day and night. School officials did arrange that the two boys saw as little as possible of one another. Their paths were kept from crossing (in the line of school work) and they were put into separate classes.

There was nothing, however, to prevent Maurice from walking into David's classroom on that fateful morning and carrying out his much-promised vow of vengeance on the boy who wouldn't be his lover. Yet how surprised everybody was when the deed had finally been done!

Boys, after all, will be boys—as the saying goes. And if one wants to be a girl—well, you wouldn't want to interfere with the “natural development” of his instincts, would you? It just wouldn't be the “progressive” thing to do, don't you know!

(Continued on page 42)

threw himself into all this to "the fullest degree," reveling in the evil life and the thrills it brought him.

Some of these ceremonies and rituals were absolutely unbelievable.

Among them, Dibben admits with callous boldness, were rites at the sides of **GRAVES OPENED SECRETLY AT NIGHT.**

At one of these a London dancer, a beautiful but innocent girl, was lured into the ceremony and forced to watch an obscene performance where a naked girl was tied to the altar and violated in a depraved sacrifice.

At another, a man went completely insane while participating in a vile act and remained a drooling idiot for the rest of his life!

HORROR ON A HILL

"As a fully fledged member of this circle," this so-called "respectable" businessman said, "I had surrendered my body and soul to the worship of evil.

"I REVELED IN THE WILDEST ORGIES AND RITUALS, ATTENDED BY MEN AND WOMEN EQUALLY AS DEPRAVED AS I."

Then one of the cult's most obscene and horrible acts brought the sin-on-the-side dame's husband back to his senses—or so he insists.

He had "enjoyed" every form of debauchery and filth handed out, until this final, disgusting ceremony took place on an Orkney hillside.

IT WAS A HUMAN SACRIFICE SO VILE AS TO BE INDESCRIBABLE.

The ceremony was held on a special night on the Devil's calendar, and a young girl was chosen to be the sacrifice.

The violation of her beautiful young body was volunteered by her parents, who were members of the sick-sick-sickening sect.

The voluptuous young girl was led to the lonely hillside, stripped naked and spreadeagled against a tree while her parents watched.

A few yards away was a ram, a specially trained animal, straining at a rope.

As the girl writhed in the moonlight, the dull beams turned her body to a shaft of silver.

"The ghostly hooded spectators on the hillside waited in excitement until the hour of climax," the Dreadful Dibben recalls. "Then, when the moon had reached its height, a tall figure in a white robe stepped forward and released the maddened ram with a quick knife slash at the rope.

"There was a scream. Then deadly silence. And the girl's blood flowed into the heather."

The scene of bestiality that then took place cannot be described.

It was so revolting and horrible it could hardly be part of the 20th Century,

but must spring from the Dark Ages when men were still little more than animals.

But it happened on an English hillside just a short while ago!

As much as he enjoyed the vileness of all the other rituals, the call girl's husband was revolted by this.

He gagged—and ran like a thief.

But attempting to quit his Black Magic circle has meant personal disaster for Dopey Dibben, who should have known better than to get himself involved in the first place.

He has been threatened with death by other members of the cult. And a girl named Patsy Morgan, his helper in hustling old junk as antiques, and whom he regarded as a daughter, has been turned against him—by what Dibben believes are the forces of Black Magic.

More frightening are some of the messages he has received—**ONE WHICH CAME WRAPPED AROUND THE RING THAT DIBBEN'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS BURIED WITH!**

It warned Dibben that he belonged to Satan and there was no escape.

But he insists there is, and that he is now settled down and living in peace and contentment with his tarnished bride, the beautiful Maria.

But you can put two and two together...

When that voluptuous call girl was arrested in New York, vice cops found, in her purse and bags, a fantastic collection of instruments that were never fully described.

Among them was a whip, and there

were other devices said to be used for torture at whipping orgies and depraved rituals.

These are fantastic things, employed only at the most violent and vicious of sexual parties. They are instruments the average American hardly ever hears about, let alone sees.

The vice cops, themselves, were startled at some of the devices, wondering what kind of a man would submit to such practices.

But, then, they didn't know anything about Dibben in the background.

When they asked Maria what she was doing with the devices, she smiled and blandly said she carried the whip for self protection!

The cops may have accepted this then. But today there are more clues to the true story, and we can piece it together.

A husband who is a member of a sadistic and obscene cult that practices the most depraved forms of Black Magic...

A call girl wife who carries whips and other instruments of torture with her...

A secret society that may reach all the way from England to the United States...

It staggers the imagination!

While there are still some loose ends in this sensational vice story, one thing is clear.

Namely that the arrest of this vice dame in Manhattan broke one of the most sensational stories of international perversion in modern times.

And the whole story hasn't been told yet!

GAY BOYS OF THE THIRD SEX

(Continued from page 23)

Down in Florida recently, a raid by Tampa Vice Cops netted 30 members of the Third Sex. Among them was the 35-year-old teacher of the Citrus Park Elementary School, who was charged with "performing unnatural and lascivious acts." Also arrested was a 67-year-old retired psychology professor and operator of the School for Retarded Boys, charged with a "crime against nature".

Vice Squad officials declared that at least 70 more homosexuals were due to be rounded up before this vicious ring of perverts was completely smashed!

Since the defection to Russia of two Government code clerks a year or so ago, at least 26 other "sex deviates" have been fired from the same agency! Nobody knows how many more potential traitors are swishing around in various Government agencies, but it is hard for even the most "progressive" thinkers or

"live and let live" apologists not to realize how dangerous it is to have homosexuals in such important positions.

The homo is often a very intelligent man, and a good worker. But he is a sitting duck for blackmailers. Red agents make a special point of ferreting these people out, looking them up, and getting evidence on them—even if it is planted evidence. Rather than risk ruin in their own land, the homo who's faced with this evidence is easily persuaded to hand over secrets to the enemy or even run off and work in THEIR code department—bringing our codes or other secrets along with them!

GAY DOGS

Despite the effort that is put into screening all members of the Armed Forces, it used to be estimated that at least one in every 100 men in uniform was a homo. Today the estimate is

closer to one in 25—with many officials holding the unofficial view that the true figure is even more scandalous.

Big cities are, of course, especially overrun with the deviates. This is because they feel they can "get lost" in the great masses of humanity, whereas in a small town everything they do is noticed. This doesn't, of course, keep small towns from having their quotas of queers—as a visit to just about any village, hamlet, countryside or farm will quickly disclose. More and more lipstick and mascara is being sold in countless communities across the nation—communities which have shown no noticeable increase in REAL female population in years.

Needless to say, however, the boys with a yen for other boys head for Big Cities as fast as their high heels are able to carry them. "The increase in homosexuality is alarming," a Los Angeles Vice Squad official told this reporter. "At least 75% of the venereal disease cases treated in our city clinics last year were homos. That's almost double the number treated in all these years prior to that time!"

According to a recent survey, there are at least a half-million homosexuals in New York City alone! If this seems high, just visit New York's Greenwich Village, or Lennox Avenue in Harlem, or the corner of 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue (the Skid Row of the Swish Set) and you'll probably come away thinking the figure is an understatement!

Naturally, when you have such a huge society within a society, it tends to have its own "capital cities," sometimes known as Queer Towns, as well as its own resort spots, periodicals and organizations.

All big cities have become Queer Towns to some degree, but Manhattan is No. 1 on this rather uncomplimentary list, with Los Angeles running a close second. Others, like Miami and Chicago are swishing right along, close behind.

As for resorts, well—some of the country's best vacation regions have become Fairylands. A normally-sexed man in Provincetown, New Mexico, or Fire Island; feels as uncomfortable as Rocky Marciano in a beauty parlor.

FOR THE BIRDS

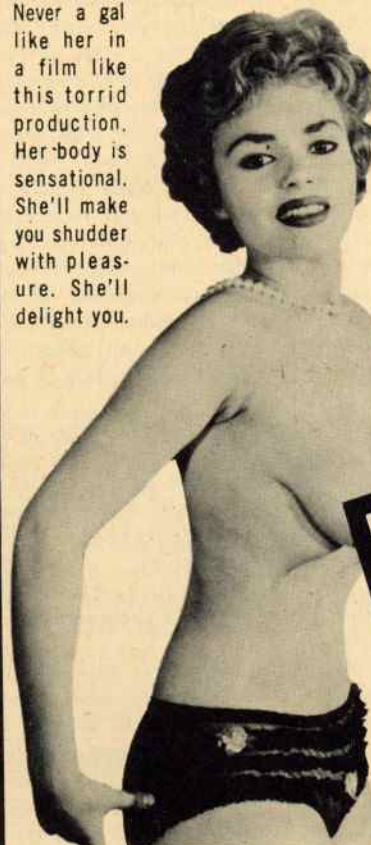
The gay ones also have a semi-secret organization called the Mattachine Society, which issues a monthly magazine called "One".

They even have a "Homosexual Voters Advisory Service", with headquarters in Denver, Colorado, which devotes its energies to seeking "Homosexual Law Reform" for the "12 million homosexuals" it says exist in these United States!

This newest manifestation of the festering blight that is growing like a run-

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away cancer in our midst is at present engaged in a campaign to erase any discrimination against homosexuals by industry.

Considering the tremendous number of nances seen flitting around in all business areas—from department stores to assembly lines in factories—it would seem that such a campaign was quite unnecessary. But the Homosexual Voters Advisory Service recently sent out thousands of copies of a letter to "Dear Employers" all over the land.

The letter begins by reminding employers that homosexuality is no longer considered the sin in England today that it was in Oscar Wilde's time. In fact, it's even become quite legal in some of its less public aspects.

The letter then goes on to describe, with almost sickening tenderness, just what a homosexual really is—to another homosexual, at least.

"A homosexual is a person capable of experiencing a real and noble love

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for someone of his own sex," the letter reads (and the "noble" features of those mascaraed, lipsticked, lisping, mincing, sexually perverted whoopsies who swish along 42nd Street comes to your mind immediately).

"Homosexuality is not now altogether regarded by many authorities as a disease or illness, but as a type of sexual orientation similar in nature to the condition of left-handedness, or color-blindness (in which the majority see a particular color, but a few others see the very same color differently)."

To compare sexual perversion with being left-handed is, of course, like comparing a man who likes to exhibit his sex organs in front of children to a man who likes to walk around with his shirt off on hot days. If color-blindness makes one blind to moral values, then maybe it has something in common with homosexuality. However, it's doubtful if the future of society would suffer much if left in the hands of color-blind

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persons. If left in the hands of homos, however—it would last about as long as Sodom and Gomorrah lasted when the Gay Boys really took over those towns!

But let's get back to the letter:

"To assume that homosexuals are necessarily unmanly is not true; homosexual love was the highest ideal of classic Greek society, placed before the love of man for woman, and was practiced by their warriors who were by no means effeminate, dainty types."

The same thing happened to the mighty Romans, of course—and at a similar period in their own history. A period just before the downfall of each nation, naturally.

After a few more lines of rather weird logic that it's difficult to believe would produce anything but a disastrous reaction on any employer who was not a homo himself, the letter finishes with the gushing question:

"Can you use skilled, talented individuals, regardless of their sexual-love nature?"

Whether this letter has caused much more than a few upset stomachs among the people it was sent to is not yet certain. The fact of the matter is that reputable doctors not only still consider homosexuals to be sick persons—but that most of these sick persons could be cured if they really wanted to be!

A sensational article in the usually staid and conservative *New York Times* written by its drama critic Howard Taubman caused quite some stir the other day. Wrote Mr. Taubman:

"It is time to speak openly and candidly of the increasing incidence and influence of homosexuality on New York's stage—and indeed, in the other arts as well.

"The subject is too important to be left forever to the sly whisperers and malicious gossips . . . The public is deluded and misled if polite pretenses are accepted at face value.

"The infiltration of homosexual attitudes occurs in the theatre at many levels. It is noticeable when a male designer dresses the girls in a musical to make them unappealing and disrobes the boys so that more male skin is visible than art or illusion require. It is apparent in a vagrant bit of nasty dialogue thrown into a show or in a redundant touch like two unmistakably mannish females walking across a stage without a reason or a word of comment . . ."

It is an all too often demonstrated fact that when a male suffering from homosexual tendencies is told by a doctor that he has a deficiency of male hormones in relation to female ones, and that the proper shots can probably cure him, very often the patient will ask to be given more **FEMALE** hormones rather

than the male ones which he needs!

In other words, a huge percentage of homosexuals are queer only **BECAUSE THEY WANT TO BE QUEER!**

They want to be different . . . to be oddballs . . . to be, in plain English, **FREAKS.**

BAD APPLES

Sex perversion does sometimes happen in nature. And it sometimes happens in human beings. As children, in fact, everyone is believed to go through a period when there is a strong tendency toward homosexuality. It is a natural phase in development, and soon grown out of.

The "queer", however, is an ersatz product who does something never seen in nature—he **FLAUNTS HIS PERVERSION**, whether real or imaginary.

He isn't even really homosexual in many cases. He's merely a mentally sick person on a queer kick—a kick that, once you let it get hold of you, is hard to shake. And what makes it doubly hard is the fact that other homos **WON'T LET YOU SHAKE IT.**

Which brings up a point **VICE SQUAD** would like to make regarding the hiring of homosexuals, whether by the government or by private industry. We're all for every man's right to work, and for no discrimination. And we've seen some **REAL** homos who were better than anybody else ever was, before or since, at a particular job.

But the great majority of homos are completely unstable, job-wise as well as morally. Most of them are, also, constantly on the verge of trouble . . . either because of things they might be doing themselves in their private lives, or because of the homosexual "racket boys".

This "racket" bit is not new, but the way it has spread like mad lately has caused untold misery and trouble among the millions of sexual off-beats who are prime grist for its mill.

The blackmailing of homosexuals, in other words, has suddenly become one of the fastest-growing rackets in the country. Sometimes the blackmailers are homos themselves, sometimes not. Since most queers are essentially very lonely people, it's easy enough to strike up

acquaintances with one—and getting the "goods" on them, often even getting it on film, is no problem either. From there on, threats to tell the police, employers, family, friends, or such will invariably bring in blackmail loot to the racketeers.

This is just one more of the seamier sides of the Homo Story. The various evils of the perversion have been with us for many, many years. But the way the Gay Boys are multiplying today makes the problem one that can no longer be treated lightly. Action must be taken fast—before the country is over-



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run by the mincing Marys.

As "Miami Life" wrote recently, under front page headlines declaring that "QUEERS ARE TAKING OVER MIAMI AND BEACH STUDENTS":

"Our reformers are too busy chasing penny-ante gamblers to pay attention to this growing fester and threat to our children... Some old heads will shrug shoulders and, in voices tremulous with sheer 'innocence', demand to know how nightclub owners and operators are to determine which ones among their patrons are queers and which are normal.

"Well, normal males don't smear rouge

on lips and cheeks nor apply mascara to their eyebrows and eyelids, talk in falsetto voices and generally act like teenaged school girls. The dumbest bartender can spot a queer at 40 paces...

"And now, under these statutes, is there any reason on earth for law enforcement agencies being unable to harrass, by repeated arrests, the sex-deviates one sees nightly—until 5 A.M. in most spots—who, while of the male persuasion, wear women's decollete dress, low-neck gowns, sheer stockings and shoes with high French heels and whose sensual visages are calcimined with layers of rouge, powder and lipstick?"

To which VICE SQUAD would like to add—there are more queer things going on in this nation today than meets the eye. But getting rid of these ghastly-looking sights that DO meet the eye would surely be one big move toward stopping the menacing March of the Twilight Men before it becomes so overpowering that any efforts in that direction will have become too little and too late.

YOU'RE AN EASY MARK FOR CROOKED GAMBLERS!

(Continued from page 27)

are plenty of other outfits that have their own brands.

There are dice that can be loaded, shaved, flattened, magnetized or mis-numbered. They are put together so efficiently that even by melting 'em you can't find anything amiss.

For the more cautious crook, there are "percentage dice" that merely favor certain numbers, so that the crooked gambler is not caught rolling the same numbers over and over again.

One firm in Rhode Island makes 500,000 pairs of doctored dice a year, and 'the Senate Rackets Investigating Subcommittee says you can't tell 'em from the real thing.

This committee, headed by Senator John D. McClellan of Arkansas, got testimony about a \$1,200 electromagnet for jiggling the ivories. This magnet is buried within the wood of a crap table, and cannot be detected except by ripping the table apart.

The Senate committee, goaded into action by the knowledge that millions of dollars a year are lost to the U.S. treasury through crooked gambling, is trying to pin down the operators who make a living out of fleecing the suckers.

Paul P. Karnov, head of the K.C. company, was among the witnesses called by the committee.

He told the senators that "most of our business is to individuals, and we don't know, frankly, if they are gamblers, social gamblers or the fellow next door having fun."

John Scarne, the world-famous gambling expert, has offered some tips on how to spot crooked cards.

He suggests riffing the cards, face down. They should show a smooth picture, like an animated cartoon. If the design jumps around—look out! The deck may be marked.

Sometimes you can turn the tables on a pro if you're shrewd enough to spot a marked deck.

Instead of blowing the whistle, try to figure out the markings and what they stand for. Then you're in the position of being able to cheat without the gambler knowing it.

But don't bet that you won't still come out losing your shirt.

For every trick you spot, there's another up the card sharp's sleeve—literally.

At the moment, it is estimated that there are at least half-a-million marked decks and countless millions of crooked dice in use throughout the country.

Are you sure that fine fellow who won your last sou was strictly on the level?

Don't count on it—SUCKER!

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