

EXPOSED:

HI-SCHOOL BOYS FOR HIRE--FOR HOMOS!

VICE SQUAD

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VICE SQUAD

APRIL 1964

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Exposed! The Never Before Told Scandal Of
**HIGH SCHOOL
BOYS FOR HIRE--
TO HOMOS!**

BY CHARLES C. DUTTON

GEORGE CHAXTON was sitting on his front porch, leafing through a magazine, when the 1963 Chevrolet convertible pulled to the curb in front of his house.

The driver, a dark-haired kid in his mid-teens, shielded his eyes from the sun and peered at the street number over the door. Satisfied that he was at the right address, he turned off the ignition and climbed out of the car.

Chaxton watched him make his way up the front walk with even, confident strides.

The kid wore a cobalt-blue, form-fitting T-shirt that displayed his lithe, firmly-muscled chest and shoulders to excellent advantage. A pair of tight, black slacks clung to his hips.

"Mr. Chaxton?" he asked amiably, stopping at the bottom of the porch stairs.

"That's right," Chaxton replied.

"My name's Joey," the kid said. "I saw your ad in the paper." As if to refresh Chaxton's memory, he extracted carefully from his trouser pocket a clipping torn from the classified pages of the morning newspaper, and read aloud: "Boy wanted—odd jobs around house, after school or on week-ends. Apply in person." The kid smiled confidently. "Well, here I am, Mr. Chaxton, applying in person. Do I look like the type you had in mind?"

VICE SQUAD rips the lid off what is probably the dirtiest, most nauseating and evil practice festering in many schools from coast to coast today—where teenage boys are making money by acting as male prostitutes! Tricked-up newspaper ads serve to bring the boys and the monster-perverts (who hire them) into contact with one another, and even the cops in many towns haven't yet caught on to the racket!

Chaxton's eyes moved quickly up and down the youth's solidly muscular frame. He thought of the hundred-pound bags of cement he wanted moved from his garage and the cans of ashes that had to be hauled from his cellar, and decided Joey was certainly up to the tasks.

"I guess so," he said. "Can you work three or four hours a week? I'll pay a dollar an hour."

Joey chuckled. "Come on, Mr. Chaxton. You must be putting me on." He jammed his fists into his hip pockets and leaned backward. Clearly and unmistakably, the outline of his stock in trade (Continued on page 56)

thick panes of glass and converse by telephone).

Husbands, wives and children at Parchman can picnic, play games on the prison grounds or sit in the open-air and talk. They can eat together in the prison mess halls, and, if they want to—they usually do—they can have intercourse in specially-designated cottages where they can enjoy complete privacy.

According to Parchman Superintendent William Harpole, who inaugurated the program of prisoner visits shortly after his appointment in 1956, the results have been astounding.

Emotional tension common to most prisoners has been reduced, prisoner morale has skyrocketed and there has been a drastic reduction in attempted escapes.

"In a sense," he declares, "family visits in our institution serve a selfish purpose. They make my job as superintendent easier because men appreciate the visits so."

Another purpose served by the visits—and hardly a selfish one in respect to Superintendent Harpole—benefits the wives and families of the convicts. Where wives are not permitted conjugal visits with their convict-husbands, they often file for divorce or enter adulterous liaisons—particularly in cases where the husband had been committed for a lengthy period of time. Conjugal visits help preserve the husband-wife image, facilitate rehabilitation and aid in keeping the convict's family together.

DESPERATE MEN

Other American prisons, however, refuse to recognize the many benefits of conjugal visits and, accordingly, condemn prisoners to lives of deprivation that all-too-often become lives of homosexuality. With the notable exception of Chino Prison, in California, most make wife and family visits almost vengefully uncomfortable.

"I have seen many iron-cage interview rooms in the U.S.," says Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz, "where a prisoner is permitted 30 minutes conversation with his wife perhaps once a month, through a screen and under the eyes of guards."

The picture is in sharp contrast to the prison set-up the judge encountered in Moscow, where he found private cottages set aside for the purpose of permitting wives and convicts to spend as long as an entire week-end together.

"Your prison methods in America disregard a prisoner's sexual and emotional life," the prison commander told Judge Leibowitz. "You feel it is none of your concern what happens

to his marriage, to his wife, to the normal sex drive, to the most powerful instincts he has."

The Russian's indictment rings true—and the prisoner's problem is compounded by other anxiety-producing factors beyond his control.

"Prisoners' sexual appetites are stimulated daily by the all-pervasive aphrodisiacs in our newspapers, magazines, radio programs and advertising," declares crime expert J. B. Martin. "Moreover, inmates are visited by their wives and sweethearts who sometimes, out of sympathy, wear sexy clothing. Visits can be torture for a man separated from his wife by heavy screen wire, a glass window or a table."

Aroused by aphrodisiacs in the communications media denied legitimate access for his normal sexual impulses, the prisoner has no choice but to masturbate or "turn" homosexual.

Why, then, do all American prisons except one deny convicts legitimate release and force them to accept two undesirable alternatives?

The stock answer is that the prisoners can practice continence and thus avoid these dire consequences—all it takes is a little will power and strength of character.

The argument is dismissed by Dr. Cutter.

"Remember, men isolated in prison or mental hospitals are not selected for good character," he points out. "Criminals are already oriented toward the socially deviant and . . . predisposed to seek out bizarre patterns of behavior."

The true reason conjugal visits are not permitted, social scientist suggest,

involves the American theory—widely observed though seldom stated—that prison is a means of punishment rather than an instrument of correction. The criminal, society suggest, has done wrong, therefore wrong ought to be done him in return. He doesn't deserve to have his sexual needs considered.

As long as this theory persists, and until more considerate methods are inaugurated for the handling of prisoners' sexual needs, homosexuality will continue to be the big bugaboo in American prisons.

Youngsters, sent up on the first stretch, will continue to be lured into homosexual patterns of behavior by order convicts. Parolees will be sent back into society, often-times converted to homosexual preferences—and, as persons basically unconcerned with the moral ramifications of their acts, eager to convert others to their unnatural way of life.

Prison authorities may declare that, by not allowing women to visit convicts in prison, they are depriving the convicts of sexual satisfaction. They are not. They are merely depriving them of natural sexual satisfaction. As a result, the cons are taking their kicks in the form of homosexual activities.

VICE SQUAD can reveal that it's going on in virtually every prison—male or female—in the country, and that the best officials can hope to do is look the other way while it's happening.

That's the shocking story of sex behind the prison bars in America today—and, unless action is taken, it will still be the story tomorrow.

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS TO HIRE-FOR HOMOS

(Continued from page 6)

bulged noticeably at his crutch—but the gesture was lost on Claxton and the youth could sense it. "Do you mean you actually want a kid to cut your lawn and stuff?" he asked incredulously.

"What did you think I wanted?" replied the bewildered Chaxton.

Joey grinned sheepishly. "Well, you never know," he said. Then, turning quickly away from Chaxton, he trotted down the front walk, climbed back into his car and drove off.

An hour later, when Chaxton realized exactly *what* the kid thought he wanted, he called the police. To the juvenile

authorities—to whom his complaint was referred—it was an old story.

The kid was another teenage male prostitute. Years ago it was a profession practiced only in a very few of the very large cities. Now, it has become one of the biggest headaches of vice squads, juvenile officers and health departments throughout the country.

There may be thousands of teenage boys in America today who are employed, either part-or fulltime, in the business of going to bed with older men. And their earnings may range anywhere from \$1 a trick up into the stratosphere.

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The modus operandi may change, but the game is the same.

A typical case is that of 17-year-old Joey Rumbata, who after being brought before juvenile authorities on charges of assault and battery with a motor vehicle—innocently related the shocking story of how he had earned more than \$6,000 in three years as a male prostitute *without realizing he was breaking the law!*

Questioned by police as to how he obtained the 1963 Chevrolet with which he struck an elderly pedestrian, he replied calmly:

"I bought it with money I saved from hustling fags."

"From *what?*?" thundered the incredulous interrogator.

"Hustling fags," Joey replied blandly. "You know, going out with guys that want to do stuff to you."

NOT A "QUEEN"

In the course of subsequent questioning, police learned that Joey had been making his services available to male

homosexuals since he was 14. On occasion, he entertained as many as five different clients in the course of a single day. He usually asked for \$10, but would settle for \$5 if his customer was "nice" and "not too old." Some of those who hired him gave him as much as \$50 a night. A retail clothing store manager paid for a year's once-a-week service calls with a tuxedo, two dinner jackets (one white, one powder blue), eight suits, a dozen sport coats, fifteen pair of trousers and twenty-five shirts.

Joey remembered vividly under questioning his encounter with George Chaxton.

"Sure, I know who you mean," he told the cops. "One of my buddies put

me on to him after he saw the ad in the paper, and said the name sounded like a guy he used to hustle a few months before."

"Did Mr. Chaxton give you any indication that he was a homosexual?" the police asked.

"Well, he didn't look like a *queen*, if that's what you're talking about. But most of them don't. I mean, of all the guys I made it with, maybe three or four at the most looked like regular queens."

"What happened with Mr. Chaxton?"

"Like I told you, I saw the ad so I went to his house. He was on the porch and I told him I saw his ad and did he want to hire me. So he said yeah, at a dollar an hour. I told him he must be kidding."

"What was his reaction to that?"

"Nothing. He just sat there on his chair. So I sort of leaned back a little and let him get a good look at me. That usually gets their interest. It didn't faze him a bit. So then I knew he wasn't a fag."

"What did you do after that?"

"I took off. What do I want to go messing around with a guy that isn't a fag for? A dollar an hour?"

"How many men would you say you've had sex with since you began hustling?"

"I don't know. A few hundred, maybe. Four or five hundred, I'd guess. Say—what does this have to do with me hitting the lady with my car?"

When Joey was informed that his activities as a male hustler were illegal, he quickly clammed up. By that time, however, he had related a story or blatant promiscuity that had even the saltiest vets on the force scratching their heads in wonder.

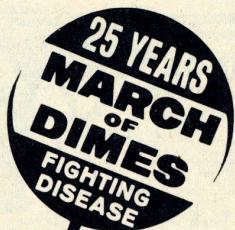
More than 20 of his classmates, he related, were also in the business of hustling fags. Another 10 or 15 were being "kept" by homosexuals to whom they had pledged their exclusive services.

The hustlers met their customers through a variety of methods, the most common of which involved frequenting a location usually known to be popular among the swish set and waiting to be picked up.

The beach areas proved profitable hunting grounds during the Summer, while bowling alleys and pool rooms served as action spots during the Winter.

One of the most popular gathering spots, year-round, is the "art" theater that features "nudie" films.

"The fags usually get there early and take seats in the back of the show," Joey told police. "If you're out hustling, you just walk down the aisle



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and find an empty seat somewhere. The fags watch you when you walk in, and if they like you, they'll follow you down the aisle and take the seat next to you. When they put their hand on your leg, you tell them how much you want. It's as simple as that."

Hitch-hiking also is used by hustlers on the prowl.

"You don't stick out your thumb, though," Joey advised the cops. "You just stand there and look at the cars go by and make like you're looking for a ride. If the guy's a fag, and he likes the way you look, he'll stop for you."

"What happens if you stick out your thumb?" the interrogator asked.

"You're liable to get picked up by somebody straight. Then you have to get out of his car and hitch-hike back to your corner again."

Some hustlers on the prowl even attempt to blackmail "straights" who have offered them rides in automobiles.

Jess Stearn relates—in his definitive book on the problem of homosexuality in present-day society, *The Sixth Man*—the story of a non-homosexual motorist who stopped his car for a 14-year-old youth thumbing a ride on Manhattan's West Side Highway.

CODED ADS

"Have you got five dollars?" the kid asked the driver minutes after the car resumed speed.

"What do you mean, have I got five dollars?" was the bewildered reply.

The boy loosened his trousers.

"You see what I want the five dollars for?" he asked, grinning smugly.

The shocked motorist quickly brought his automobile to a halt. "Get out of here," he demanded furiously, "or I'll knock your block off."

The youngster was undaunted. "If you don't give me the five dollars," he replied coolly, "I'll tell the cops you propositioned me, and they'll believe me. They always do."

The driver, his temper soaring past the boiling point, bodily evicted the lad from his car and drove off.

Many drivers, however, under similar circumstances, yield to the blackmail demands—feeling that a five dollar bill is small enough price to pay to avoid what could be a most embarrassing situation—and go away resolved never to pick up a hitch-hiker again.

Joey Rumbata told police that he, personally, avoids encounters with non-homosexuals—"There're enough guys around that want to pay you. You don't have to mess with the others."—but admits that the blackmail technique is employed by some of his fellow-hustlers.

"Sometimes," he said, "you have to come on that strong. Lots of guys want to make it with you, only they're embarrassed. If you come on real strong with them, they'll have their kicks with you only they won't feel bad about it later because they can say that you forced them into it."

In recent months, however, Joey Rumbata told the cops, the most popular means by which the hustlers and the customers made each other's acquaintance has been through newspaper advertisements. Homos usually place their ads in the "Personal" columns of the newspapers—and the hustlers, on the look-out for potential clients, read the columns diligently.

Police selected, at random, an issue of a current metropolitan daily newspaper and asked Joey to scan the columns and point out advertisements that might attract a hustler's interest. In the one issue, he pointed to nine different ads that looked "promising."

This guy could be on the make, or he could be straight," Joey told police. "You can't tell from the way he worked the ad. But it wouldn't hurt to call him. All I'd say if I phoned was that I was a high school student that wanted a place to stay maybe one or two nights a week. If he got the message, he'd ask me to come visit him and we'd work out a deal. If he was straight he'd ask for rent money, I'd say I couldn't afford it, he'd say 'Good-bye' and that'd be that."

Personal column ads that include a mention of rent payments to be shared usually—but not always—indicate a "straight" individual, seriously interested in finding someone to help pay the upkeep of his quarters.

Joey showed the cops a typical example of this kind of ad:

"BACHELOR wants to share his 2-bedroom apartment with same. Air cond., pool, \$82.50."

"I never call a guy on something like that," he said. "Sometimes, though, a guy'll run an ad that says something like 'Apartment to share. \$10.' That could mean the guy is willing to pay you 10 bucks a trick. I'd call on something like that. I mean, it never hurts to call, you know?"

Scanning the page, he stopped abruptly and pointed excitedly to a two-line advertisement that seemed to be a sure-fire prospect.

"MAN share nice 1 bedroom apt. with same," it said.

"Get the one bedroom apartment bit?" Joey asked. "I mean, what else could it be but a guy looking to make out?"

Some advertisers specify the type of

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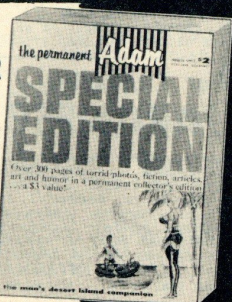
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men they want.

"MAN, 25 to 35, to share pool home with same. Congenial—responsible," the ad said.

"If the guy is looking for a lover, instead of just a room-mate," Joey explained, he wants an older guy. Some fags are like that. They don't dig kids."

Other give-away words in ads include "Congenial" and "All Privileges," Joey said, indicating an ad that sought a "YOUNG man to share efficiency with same. All privileges."

"Some times, though, that means the guy is looking for a hustler that goes both routes," he said.

Police asked for an explanation of "both routes."

"Well," replied Joey, "most fags are happy enough if you let them do what they want to do with you. Some others, though, aren't happy unless you do the same things to them."

"Have you ever done the 'same things' to them?" the interrogator asked.

"I won't," Joey told him, "unless there's an awful lot of money in it."

"How much is an awful lot?"

"Fifty dollars, maybe. Maybe more."

As the potential customers advertise in the personal columns, so too do aspirants hustlers advertise under situations wanted.

Joey pointed out these suspicious examples from the classified pages of an afternoon daily:

"AGE 17, desperate for a job, will do anything anywhere."

"BOY 14, willing to do any kind of work."

"URGENT, need work, willing to learn. Age 15. 6 ft. tall, 146 lbs."

"WILLING to do most any job. Good with hands. Age 16."

"WOULD like job on private yacht."

"HIGH school student needs job doing anything."

The fact that homosexual contacts are arranged through classified advertisements was confirmed by switchboard operators at "Share-An-Apartment," a business concern in Miami, Fla., that aims to bring together *bona fide* individuals seeking legitimate room mates.

"Sometimes three out of four of the people that call us are looking for sex partners," an employe of the firm disclosed. "They don't beat around the bush about it, either. It got to a point where, we ask anybody that calls, right off, whether our not he's a homosexual."

After a male hustler has developed a circle of customers, Joey Rumbata told police, he usually stops frequenting the usual pick-up spots and reading the personal columns. The best of

all possible worlds for the hustler is one in which he has to do absolutely no active soliciting. Instead, his business is made up of repeat orders from his original clients and referrals to their friends.

"Fags aren't usually jealous," he informed the cops. "If one guy likes the way you act in bed, he'll probably tell a few of his friends, and give them your phone number. His friends do the same for him—that way, all of them met a lot of nice guys they wouldn't've met otherwise." He lit a cigaret and casually continued his narration, his manner not entirely unlike that of an industrial magnate being interviewed by *Fortune* magazine:

"I had this one guy, I met him through a buddy of mine, who hired me a few times and dug me. After the first few dates he said he was running low on money, and if I'd go along with him, he'd get some of his friends to pay me double the price. For every date he got me at double, I owed him one date free. He got me over 15 different guys one year."

The hustlers, themselves, exchange names of clients. In this way, they "benefit" both their customers—by building their businesses.

Some clients like to engage more than one hustler at the same time.

"There was a guy," said Joey, "who hired 10 of us for his birthday party once. The only ones at the party were him and us 10. After we had cake and coffee and stuff we all went into his bedroom, turned off the lights and climbed into the same bed together. He went like a madman almost all night."

On other occasions, a group of homosexuals might hire a single hustler to entertain all of them; in which case, the hustler's profits may be immense.

"These guys that had a cottage together—there were five of them—paid me \$100 to spend a night there. They picked numbers out of a hat to see who would go first. When that was done, one by one, they took turns. By morning, each one of them had me twice. I asked them why they didn't hire more guys—because, after three or four times making it, I was in pretty sad shape. But they said that was the whole point. It was a challenge for them to see how quick they could get me excited again after I got tired out."

Some homosexuals have strong voyeuristic tendencies as well. Those who can afford in may engage a group of teenage hustlers and pay them to have relation *with each other*. The voyeur derives his pleasure from watching the activities.

"There was a john that used to pay

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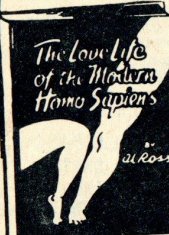
A young man saw a young and beautiful woman run stark naked towards him pursued by two huge dogs and a hunter who cried out, "Keep away! She's got it coming." As he spoke the woman was brought to a stop.

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kids \$20 each so he could watch them make it with each other," Joey said. "I never got a job with him, though, because I have black hair and he only digs blonds."

Psychiatrists point out that teenagers are extremely popular among homosexuals for a number of reasons, not the least of which is the youth's ability to become easily aroused and his great energy in the performance of the act.

Some homosexuals prefer teenagers because they entertain guilt feelings about their mode of sexual expression and feel that participation with a youngster—symbolically "virginal"—somehow or other makes their activities "cleaner."

Others, motivated by a "misery loves company" feeling, hope that their financial rewarding of the young hustlers will eventually lead to the youths' adopting homosexual lives themselves, and get a perverse delight in realizing that by enlisting another member to their ranks they have scored a "victory" in their perpetual battle against women.

Psychiatric evidence indicates that a goodly number of male hustlers do indeed become practicing, aggressive homosexuals after they enter their mid-twenties.

ANTI-WOMEN

"The acceptance of money for the performance of homosexual acts," a psychiatrist points out, "is usually only a means utilized by the hustler to rid himself of guilt feelings. He rationalizes that the only reason he participates in such activities is to obtain money, and thus is not forced to admit that he is a homosexual. The truth, however, is that he participates in these activities because he finds them pleasurable. Actually, if a youth had no homosexual tendencies, it would be almost physically impossible for him to participate."

Acceptance of this theory would indicate the presence of a national trend toward homosexual patterns of behavior in young people. The fact of such a trend is substantiated both by findings of independent researchers and the statistics recorded by the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

In 1961, an investigatory task force headed by Dr. Leona Baumgartner, the New York City Commissioner of Health, informed the surgeon general of the United States that there was a 130% rise in the incidence of infectious syphilis among teenagers from 1956 to 1960. Further, the 1961 revealed a 50% increase over the previous year.

Figures in the hands of social workers and juvenile authorities do not reflect the actual number of teenagers engaged in pederasty—the commercial traffic of homosexual experiences.

A police spokesman, however, has estimated that as many as 30% of America's male high school students may have at one time or another submitted to homosexual overtures by an older man in consideration for a fixed price. And that as many as 250,000 American high school students may presently be doing so on a regular basis.

These youths, authorities point out, most often will never be discovered by legal authorities. Those who are discovered most probably will not be punished.

The majority of states have statutes declaring the "influencing" of a minor to commit "immoral acts" a criminal offense. Under these statutes, however, it is the older homosexual—the customer—who is considered the culprit, and the high school boy his innocent victim. Most states do not even recognize male prostitution, per se, as a crime, and consequently have no laws forbidding it.

Thus, Joey Rumbata and his cohorts continue to practice their strange business with profitable results and little fear of legal retaliation.

Yet, at the same time—though few of them realize it—they stand in great jeopardy as far as their personal lives are concerned.

The attainment of sexual pleasure with other men, psychiatrists point out, may—over a period of time—cause the male hustler to grow accustomed to effortless orgasmism. Hence, the possibility of his being able to consummate actual, heterosexual intercourse is weakened. The mental acceptance, likewise, of sex as a commodity rather than a means of expressing love, may tend to poison the youth's entire attitudes toward sex, and render him incapable of expressing actual love with the female he may later marry.

Thus, while legally relatively-immune, the male hustler may pay for his transgressions in the later-life mental hell of the neurotic or psychotic. His punishment will be self-inflicted, and more painful than any punishment the law could mete out.

Viewed in this light, the practice of male prostitution among high school boys becomes the symptom of a new national disease—a social problem more than a legal one.

And, at his writing, nobody seems to have the problem's much-needed solution.

It Comes As Quite A Shock, But . . .

TRANSVESTITES CAN BE CURED!



BY VINCE CROWELL

Scientists have long pitied the queer fellows who get their kicks by dressing up in women's clothing, but they couldn't figure anything to give such mentally ill persons except pity. Now, however, they not only know what makes Joe want to wear Jane's lacy lingerie, but they've also discovered a new scientific method of making the guy drop those panties and snap out of his wife's brassiere but good—for FOR good!

THE TROUBLE BEGAN the night Ray and Mary Granger celebrated their first wedding anniversary.

They started the evening with cocktails at an intimate supper club, then had dinner and more drinks at an expensive restaurant. Next on the agenda was a night club review at one of the city's more popular showplaces, followed by a nightcap at a small bar favored by the smart set.

When they finally got home, both were feeling the effects of their drinking.

"Let's really make love tonight, Mary," said Ray, giggling boyishly as they weaved together up the stairs to the bedroom. "I mean, let's pull out all the stops and really let ourselves go."

"Silly!" she admonished him, giggling herself. Then, feeling rise within her a strong hunger for his body, she

said: "Yes, let's! Why the hell not?"

Leaving Ray in the bedroom, she went into the bathroom and changed into a scanty negligee—one she hadn't worn since their honeymoon.

She inspected herself in the bathroom mirror and liked what she saw. Her young, firm breasts jutted proudly upward, their erect peaks making provocative little mounds in the gauze-thin fabric. Beneath them, the tiny muscles in her flat abdomen rippled invitingly before giving way to the smooth curves of her hips.

Pleased with herself—and certain that her husband would soon be even more pleased—she flicked off the light and walked with slow, seductive steps back into the bedroom.

Halfway across the room, however, she stopped dead in her tracks.

(Continued on page 34)

TRANVESTITES

(Continued from page 3)

There, standing next to the bed, was Ray—his body bent in a slightly-feminine pose, his face distorted in an expression of fear.

And he was wearing one of her night gowns!

"You're going to rape me," he said softly.

She tried to tell herself he was joking. He had always been a playful sort, the life of the party. Maybe this was just a little stunt he'd dreamed up to amuse her.

But his intense expression told her this was anything but a joke.

"You're going to rape me," he said again, his eyes narrowing.

She took a step backward toward the bathroom.

Suddenly, he reached out and slapped her, then pulled her onto the bed on top of him and made love violently from beneath her. All the while, he moaned as if in pain and cried that he was being raped.

When it was over, he lay on his back and went to sleep.

Mary, however, was wide awake and cold sober. She couldn't help thinking about what had happened, and the more she thought about it, the more concerned she became.

Up to this point, Ray's sexual behavior had been quite normal. She wondered, however, if the exhibition just completed might not have been the result of a deep-seated emotional impulse that he had repressed all along, and which had come to the surface only when alcohol released him of his inhibitions.

She resolved to say nothing more about the matter unless he brought it up, but to watch him carefully in the future for other signs.

Indeed, if Ray remembered the night, he certainly said nothing about it as the weeks passed. Nor did he behave in any way to arouse her suspicions. After a time, she began to wonder if perhaps she hadn't imagined the entire episode.

Two months later, however, they were out drinking again. Upon returning to their house, he took a brassiere and a pair of panties from her drawer, put them on and paraded around the bedroom.

The next day, Mary wisely sought professional advice. Concerned that her husband might be a homosexual—or that he might be acquiring homo-

sexual tendencies as the result of her inadequacies—she consulted a psychologist. A visit between the psychologist and Ray was arranged, and, not long after, a series of treatments was begun.

Ray, it was learned, had no homosexual leanings whatsoever. He had never participated in sexual acts with other men, nor had he ever consciously entertained desires to do so.

He was, however, a *transvestite*—a person who derives sexual pleasure from dressing or *marquerading* in the clothing of the opposite sex.

Transvestitism, as a perversion, is not new. Historical examples of the aberration date as far back as the 16th Century.

The Chevalier d'Eon de Dequmont, a French diplomatic agent in the employ of Louis XV, spent his entire life dressed as a woman. It was not until his death that an autopsy revealed him to be male.

Abbe deChoisy, the distinguished historian who died in 1724, frequently left his community for week-ends and went to Paris, where he dressed as a female and attempted to live as much as possible like one.

Until recently, it was thought that all transvestites were homosexuals. The assumption is erroneous. While it is true that a majority of those so afflicted have been found to be either latent or practicing homosexuals, the fact remains that a good many others are *asexual* instead—that is, they do not experience physical desires toward any personal objects, male or female.

MAMA'S BOY

A case in point was Eddie Lawrence.

The youngest of three sons of a dentist and his wife, Eddie was an outstanding athlete, the captain of his high school football team and a social leader of his class. Quite popular with the girls at school, he dated frequently and had a string of feminine admirers that was the envy of every boy he knew.

When Eddie asked his father's permission to work as a stock boy at a lingerie shop as a part-time job so he could earn money to be applied to his college education, the father readily consented. Some months later, however, it developed that the boy was spending four and five nights a

week at the shop—often not leaving until 10 or 11 p.m.

Concerned that Eddie was working too hard, the father asked the proprietor of the shop to reduce the amount of hours the boy worked. The proprietor replied that the youth had keys to the place and worked when he saw fit, but that the total amount of work to be done couldn't take more than 10 or 15 hours per week.

One evening, the father paid a surprise visit to the stockroom to investigate. He found the youth bedecked from head to foot in ladies' apparel, complete with nylon stockings and high-heeled shoes.

Under a psychiatrist's care, Eddie revealed that, when he was a boy, his mother had dressed him in girls' clothing, unbeknownst to the father. He hadn't worn his first male clothes until he started school, and even after that she continued to dress him as a girl during summer vacations. It wasn't until he was 10 that Eddie stopped wearing girls' clothing altogether.

When it became time for him to really begin his sexual growth to maturity as a male, Eddie was unable to do so. While outwardly he made himself as masculine as possible—even going so far as to take up weight-lifting to get an impressive physique—inwardly he still felt a need to wear feminine garments, which he identified as symbolic of the affection his mother had lavished on him as a child.

Eddie's case is not uncommon. In the realm of transvestitism, in fact, it is rather mild.

There are on record extreme cases where transvestites tried so hard to convince themselves they were women that they became victims of "false," or psychosomatic, menstruation.

It is impossible, of course, for a man to menstruate. Victims of psychosomatic menstruation, however, believe in their womanhood so strongly that they develop genital soreness, cramps and all the other symptoms of the monthly female "period."

Some, whose transvestitism may be combined with other mental and emotional disorders, are so determined to become members of the opposite sex that they submit to operations designed to give them a feminine appearance. These "changelings," one of the most famous of whom is Christine (formerly George) Jorgenson, take hormone treatments designed to alter their appearance and often are so successful that it is impossible to tell they ever lived as "men."

Until very recently, the plight of

the transvestite was considered hopeless. The most a psychiatrist could do was to try to convince the victim he should not entertain guilt feelings about his affliction.

Experiments just completed, however, prove conclusively that transvestites *can* be cured. Those undergoing the therapy come out of it with their former off-beat desires completely erased.

The method of treatment used—pioneered by a group of British mental-specialists—is based on the *aversion technique*. (A similar method has been used with some success in making alcoholics averse to drinking.)

One patient cured by the British scientists was a 33-year-old Civil Service employe who had, since childhood, experienced strong desires to dress in feminine garments. Frequently, he would go out at night wearing facial make-up and a wig.

Among his possessions was a closetful of women's clothing. Frequently, he would feel guilt and shame as a result of the sexual satisfaction he got from wearing this finery. On several occasions he destroyed all the ladies' apparel in his possession, only to go out later and buy other items to relieve the resulting mental tensions. Twice, he attempted suicide.

At the hospital, clad only in a dressing gown, the man was made to stand on a metal grill, connected to which were batteries capable of creating an electric shock. Then he was told to put on his favorite women's clothes.

Each time he put on a garment, he was given a sharp electric shock on his bare feet. The unpleasant sensation continued until he took off the garment, at which time the electric current was stopped.

This was repeated 75 times a day for six days. The memory of the shock was so uncomfortable that he has neither desired nor indulged in any transvestite behavior since his release.

Similar success has been recorded in other cases treated by the aversion technique. In each, the patient finds the unpleasantness of the shock an object to be avoided; since conditioning results in identification of female garments with the shock, the garments are automatically avoided.

Thus, the transvestite is cured.

Scientists are now experimenting along the same lines with the aim of curing homosexuals and other sex deviates.

In one of the most recent experiments in the field—being conducted by Philadelphia psychologist John S. Yankowski—homosexuals are shown photographs of seductively-posed

males and females. Each time the patient looks at one of the males, he is made to experience an unpleasant physical sensation. Each time he looks at one of the females, he is made to experience a pleasant one.

The result desired is an aversion to the sexually-arousing male, which will be replaced by a desire for the sexually-arousing female.

While the Yankowski experiments are still in progress and the results are yet inconclusive, the fact remains

that the British scientists have proved their success with transvestites.

Now that transvestites most definitely *can* be cured, it is hoped the same techniques may soon be applied on a wide-spread basis with the result that all victims of unnatural sexual desires will find it possible to channel their drives in normal directions, and psychology can completely relieve the many who unwillingly suffer sexual aberrations that cause endless grief and misery.

THAT LESBIAN MYSTERY WOMAN

(Continued from page 13)

see" her. "I just can't stop thinking of you," the woman said.

It seems Janice had let this woman take her out to dinner once, but when she learned just what the woman wanted, she refused to see her again. Or so Janice's friends said, altho, police, found, her friends were very reluctant to discuss the pretty girl's personal life at all.

That Janice was in a position to meet plenty of homosexuals, both socially and otherwise, is unquestionable. As a girl who had been studying to be an actress, and who had been to many a Greenwich Village bash, and done some acting in summer stock, she would have found it extremely difficult NOT to meet a large number of male and female homosexuals.

Emily, it was believed, met her gruesome death only because she had the bad luck to come home at the wrong time.

The killer had been after Janice, not Emily, it was reasoned, because Emily was new to the city and had only a few friends—compared to the hundreds of acquaintances Janice had on her list. Also, Emily, who'd just accepted a job as a teacher in a Valley Stream, Long Island, school was inclined toward a different class of people from the ones Janice would have met in her various jobs as aspiring actress, part-time model and magazine copy girl.

Also, Emily was actually in the process of moving out of the apartment, to live with another girl on Park Avenue, and on that very morning had been moving things to the new girl's rooms.

When she entered the 88th Street place, sometime between 11:30 and Noon on that tragic August day, Emily didn't dream she would never leave

it again—alive.

Here, once more, facts are vague. And it is quite probable they will remain vague even where the killer finally walks to the electric chair—which punishment certainly seems called for in a case as brutal and perverted as these killings.

However, there were a few things at the scene of the crime that indicate what might have happened. Such as the complete absence of blood from any part of the apartment except in the murder room (which was Emily's bedroom and, strangely, not the bedroom where Janice had been half-awake, half-asleep, and entirely nude when last seen by Patricia, who left for her job at about 9:30 a.m.).

This absence of blood key to the theory that the killer forced Emily over to where she could look down at Janice's alashed, blood-splattered corpse—before joining it, herself.

This act—if true—is one of the most extraordinary aspects of the incredible case. That a burglar, caught in the act... or a rapist, even... would make such a move is so far-fetched as to be unthinkable.

It is the act of a person who knew at least one of the girls, and probably both. And it is an act of pure perversion carried out by a mentally deranged fanatic, gloating over the murder and wanting to get further "thrills" or "satisfaction" out of seeing the horror on Emily's face as she looked down at the lifeless, shocking remains of what had only a few hours before been a vivacious, beautiful, young girl.

When the Beast in the apartment was satisfied that Emily had seen and been horrified by Janice's mutilated remains, then it would seem the killer smashed a soda-pop bottle over her head and threw her down next to

THAT LESBIAN MYSTERY WOMAN: WAS SHE BEHIND THE TORTURE KILLING OF THOSE 2 MANHATTAN CAREER GIRLS?



The sadistic slayings of Janice Wilie, 21 (left) and Emily Hofferitt (23) had thousand of New York City's policemen working day and night looking for the killers. Every clue seemed to point to the fact that the killer was a very unusual person.

Two young girls... modern... intelligent... desirable were brutally murdered in an apartment in one of the most fashionable sections of the most modern metropolis in the world. The bodies—one completely nude, the other completely clothed—had been horribly mutilated and tied together. This tying together—along with other equally weird acts the killer had engaged in—seemed symbolic to some psychologists as if indicating a female personality was involved. Thus, the most baffling aspect of this crime is the part played by a bizarre creature, a woman of mystery and of perverted tastes, whose shadow hovers like a dark cloud over the whole, gruesome affair...

BY STERLING CLARK

MURDER TAKES MANY FORMS, from the simple to the obscene.

The simple you find in the jungle, among beasts.

The other—the kind motivated by bizarre sex perversions, or seemingly senseless sadism, or by the fantastic jealousy a person of one sex can have for another OF THE SAME SEX—this type of murder is never found among even the lowest of jungle beasts. It is to be found... well...

Take, for example, an elegant 9-story apartment house—with doorman, elevator man and all the trimmings—like that at 57 East 88th Street, on Manhattan's swank upper East Side.

It was here, in a 4½ room apartment on the third floor (\$250 a month) shared by three young girls, that horror

Police, taking bodies of Janice and Emily to hospital for autopsies, left the girls tied together, just as they had been found.

struck just a few months ago.

It was here, as the doorman and elevator man screened everyone who came and went, to keep undesirables off the polished premises... and as taxis honked and thousands of people chattered by on the streets below... it was here, in the heart of civilization, that a lusting, sadistic, perverted beast was raging unleshed on that day last August.

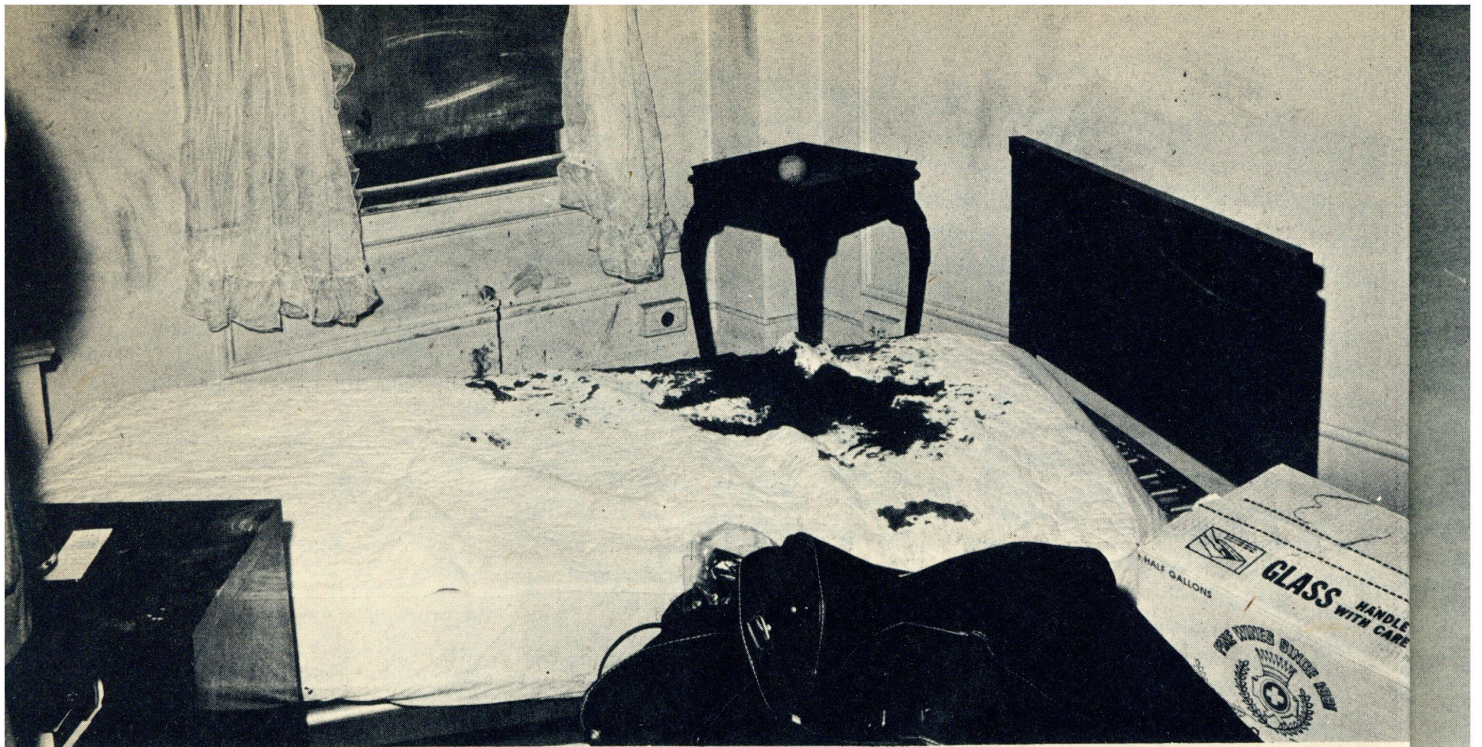
And the only person in the apartment with the monster was a beautiful, green-eyed, blonde—the daughter of famed writer Max Wylie.

The girl, Janice Wylie, 21, had neglected—to her tragic misfortune—to leave for her job on *Newsweek Magazine* that morning.

And right now, she was alone with this racing, lusting monster. And, having just gotten out of bed to see who was at the door, she was completely nude—the way she always slept.

Soon, one of the other girls who shared the apartment would come home for something—before the beast had finished his (or her) dirty work and gone.





The blood splattered bodies of the two Manhattan career girls were found in this bedroom. Janice was nude, Emily clothed. Both were very dead.



Max Wylie, father of Janice, was first to see the horrible sight.

The sight that met the eyes of this second young girl, Emily Hoffert, 25, sent a scream ringing from her throat. A scream as blood-chilling as any ever heard in the most primitive of jungles... but nobody in the elegant apartment building or on the busy streets below heard...

When the third young girl who shared the apartment—23-year-old Patricia Tolles—arrived home from work at about 6:30 that evening, she too was shocked by what she saw. It was no monster, however. It's simply that the apartment seemed to have been hit by a cyclone.

She immediately phoned Janice's father, Max Wylie, who lived just two blocks away, and then she phoned the police. The father arrived first, with Mrs. Wylie. Telling Patricia and his wife to wait in the living room, Mr. Wylie went searching through the apartment.

In the rear bedroom, which Pat and Janice shared, he found nothing. But in the other bedroom—Emily's room—he found what he had dreaded most of all to find.

Lying on the floor, between a bed and the window, were two bodies. One was fully dressed—Emily. The other, completely nude, was Patricia.

They were, in his own words, lying in "a mass of gore".

Police quickly arrived and took

charge. Some of the most hardened veterans of the Big City beat were there, and shuddered at what they saw.

There were three knives—long, kitchen type butcher knives—in the apartment. Two were broken, the blades snapped in half a feat that cops, using superhuman strength found it practically impossible to do with similar knives. The third knife was found in the bathroom, whole and partially cleaned up. All the knives, broken or not, carried traces of blood.

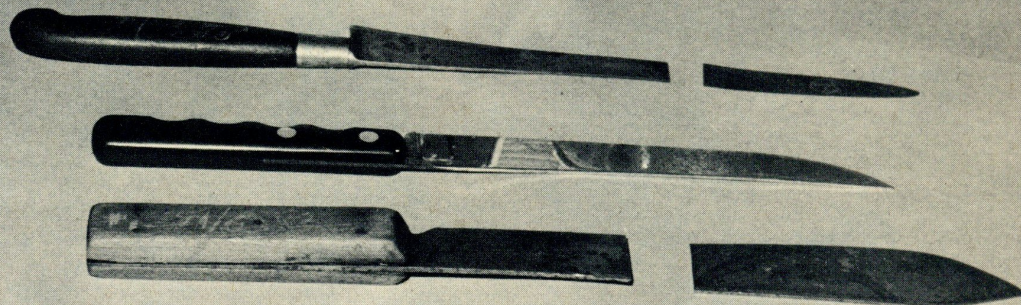
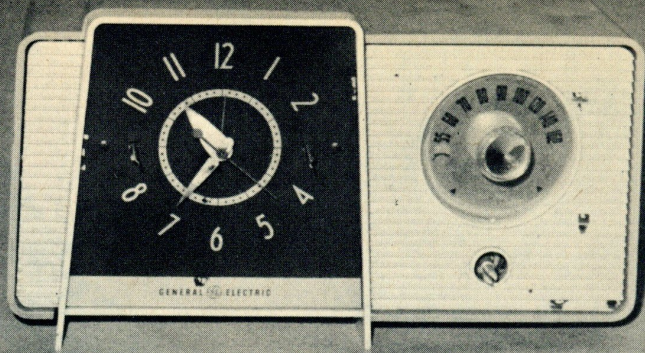
Where it came from was obvious. Each of the girls had been stabbed, sliced and slashed at least 20 times!

The way police reconstructed it, Janice had been in bed, sleeping nude as usual, when the doorbell rang. It was sometime between when Emily and Patricia had left, and about 11.40 a.m. when Emily came back.

They figure Janice had gone to answer the door, using a raincoat from a hall closet to cover her nakedness.

Apparently she knew the person who rang, because she let that person in. Then a fight arose about something or other, probably some quarrel of long standing, and the visitor became more and more excited.

By this time, Janice was without the raincoat again. Cops also believed the visitor was naked, too. They reasoned that, with so much blood spurting around, and such a tremendous struggle as was put up, the person's clothes



Clock-radio had stopped at 10:30, apparently as result of Janice's fall pulling cord from socket. How the knives got broken was baffling to cops.

would have blood-splattered and that fact would have easily been noted as they tried to leave the building.

There were no known clothes missing from the girls' closets or drawers, so the possibility of having changed clothes was dismissed.

All the blood was concentrated in one area of the apartment. The corner where the bodies were found. So, cops reasoned, the killer had cornered Janice in that spot and stabbed her repeatedly, until she slumped, naked, to the floor.

As she fell, apparently her body pulled the cord of the bedside electric clock out of its socket, thus stopping the clock at 10:30. Her body still lay across the cord when she was found, and thus the time of her death was set at 10:30 a.m., about an hour before Emily came in.

What the killer did during that hour, no one could say. But what happened when Emily came in was another case of murder.

Broken soda pop bottles found in the apartment indicated that the girls had possibly been killed by being hit over the head with these, and slashed with the knives later. But this is only one of the many puzzlers the case presented.

Not the least bizarre of which was the fact that the girls' bodies were found on the floor, lying next to each other, and bound together, with strips of cloth made by tearing the bedsheets.

They were tied together at wrists and ankles and stretched out on the floor, Janice on her back, Emily face down.

Which was taken as definite evidence that whoever committed the ghastly deed was sick, sick, sick in more ways than one.

In the first place, there has seldom, if ever, in the annals of crime been instances where the victims were tied up AFTER they were killed. (Unless it was to tie them in a sack and toss them in the river).

Also, the peculiar positions of the bodies—one naked, one clothed, one face up, the other face down—was obviously symbolic.

According to psychiatrists, this indicated very strongly that a homosexual—whether a male homo, or "fairy", or a female homo, or "lesbian" or "butch"—had committed the crime.

In fact, there were some other indications along the same lines. The fastidiousness of the killer going to the bathroom to clean off some bloodstains, as well as the fact that the bedsheets had been CUT into strips, rather than torn as man would be more apt to do—these, plus the fact that Janice had been admittedly getting some troubling calls from a woman who was trying to shower her with "unwanted intentions". And only two weeks before the murder, it was revealed, Janice had received a phone call from a woman who insisted she "HAD to" (Continued on page 35)



Patricia Tolles, 23, was roommate who luckily was out all day.

the transvestite was considered hopeless. The most a psychiatrist could do was to try to convince the victim he should not entertain guilt feelings about his affliction.

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One patient cured by the British scientists was a 33-year-old Civil Service employe who had, since childhood, experienced strong desires to dress in feminine garments. Frequently, he would go out at night wearing facial make-up and a wig.

Among his possessions was a closetful of women's clothing. Frequently, he would feel guilt and shame as a result of the sexual satisfaction he got from wearing this finery. On several occasions he destroyed all the ladies' apparel in his possession, only to go out later and buy other items to relieve the resulting mental tensions. Twice, he attempted suicide.

At the hospital, clad only in a dressing gown, the man was made to stand on a metal grill, connected to which were batteries capable of creating an electric shock. Then he was told to put on his favorite women's clothes.

Each time he put on a garment, he was given a sharp electric shock on his bare feet. The unpleasant sensation continued until he took off the garment, at which time the electric current was stopped.

This was repeated 75 times a day for six days. The memory of the shock was so uncomfortable that he has neither desired nor indulged in any transvestite behavior since his release.

Similar success has been recorded in other cases treated by the aversion technique. In each, the patient finds the unpleasantness of the shock an object to be avoided; since conditioning results in identification of female garments with the shock, the garments are automatically avoided.

Thus, the transvestite is cured.

Scientists are now experimenting along the same lines with the aim of curing homosexuals and other sex deviates.

In one of the most recent experiments in the field—being conducted by Philadelphia psychologist John S. Yankowski—homosexuals are shown photographs of seductively-posed

males and females. Each time the patient looks at one of the males, he is made to experience an unpleasant physical sensation. Each time he looks at one of the females, he is made to experience a pleasant one.

The result desired is an aversion to the sexually-arousing male, which will be replaced by a desire for the sexually-arousing female.

While the Yankowski experiments are still in progress and the results are yet inconclusive, the fact remains

that the British scientists have proved their success with transvestites.

Now that transvestites most definitely *can* be cured, it is hoped the same techniques may soon be applied on a wide-spread basis with the result that all victims of unnatural sexual desires will find it possible to channel their drives in normal directions, and psychology can completely relieve the many who unwillingly suffer sexual aberrations that cause endless grief and misery.

THAT LESBIAN MYSTERY WOMAN

(Continued from page 13)

see" her. "I just can't stop thinking of you," the woman said.

It seems Janice had let this woman take her out to dinner once, but when she learned just what the woman wanted, she refused to see her again. Or so Janice's friends said, altho, police, found, her friends were very reluctant to discuss the pretty girl's personal life at all.

That Janice was in a position to meet plenty of homosexuals, both socially and otherwise, is unquestionable. As a girl who had been studying to be an actress, and who had been to many a Greenwich Village bash, and done some acting in summer stock, she would have found it extremely difficult NOT to meet a large number of male and female homosexuals.

Emily, it was believed, met her gruesome death only because she had the bad luck to come home at the wrong time.

The killer had been after Janice, not Emily, it was reasoned, because Emily was new to the city and had only a few friends—compared to the hundreds of acquaintances Janice had on her list. Also, Emily, who'd just accepted a job as a teacher in a Valley Stream, Long Island, school was inclined toward a different class of people from the ones Janice would have met in her various jobs as aspiring actress, part-time model and magazine copy girl.

Also, Emily was actually in the process of moving out of the apartment, to live with another girl on Park Avenue, and on that very morning had been moving things to the new girl's rooms.

When she entered the 88th Street place, sometime between 11:30 and Noon on that tragic August day, Emily didn't dream she would never leave

it again—alive.

Here, once more, facts are vague. And it is quite probable they will remain vague even where the killer finally walks to the electric chair—which punishment certainly seems called for in a case as brutal and perverted as these killings.

However, there were a few things at the scene of the crime that indicate what might have happened. Such as the complete absence of blood from any part of the apartment except in the murder room (which was Emily's bedroom and, strangely, not the bedroom where Janice had been half-awake, half-asleep, and entirely nude when last seen by Patricia, who left for her job at about 9:30 a.m.).

This absence of blood key to the theory that the killer forced Emily over to where she could look down at Janice's alashed, blood-splattered corpse—before joining it, herself.

This act—if true—is one of the most extraordinary aspects of the incredible case. That a burglar, caught in the act... or a rapist, even... would make such a move is so far-fetched as to be unthinkable.

It is the act of a person who knew at least one of the girls, and probably both. And it is an act of pure perversion carried out by a mentally deranged fanatic, gloating over the murder and wanting to get further "thrills" or "satisfaction" out of seeing the horror on Emily's face as she looked down at the lifeless, shocking remains of what had only a few hours before been a vivacious, beautiful, young girl.

When the Beast in the apartment was satisfied that Emily had seen and been horrified by, Janice's mutilated remains, then it would seem the killer smashed a soda-pop bottle over her head and threw her down next to

Janice.

Next came the knife. Whether the slashings were done before or after each girl's death could not be established exactly by the medical examiner. Just as it could not be established precisely, at the time, whether the bodies were tied up before or after death. In all probability, however, Janice was cut down as she cowered, trapped in the corner of the room, copile the Beast hacked and slashed and stabled at her with the knife.

Then, an hour or so later, when Emily's fully clothed body was lying there, too, the killer began using the knife on her. Quite probably a few more slashes were made on Janice, too. Most of the wounds on Emily were thrust-wounds, in the neck, breast and—hands. They were mostly the killing type, while Janice's were mainly torture-style, with one long slash across her stomach.

The hand stabbings, of course, are another indication of perversion—of a mind either normally or at least temporarily crazed with jealousy. They, too, are symbolic—pointing directly to the workings of a homosexual, since hands play such a large part in many forms of homosexual love—and, especially, *lesbian* love . . .

Right from the start of the case, officials were struck by the many evidences indicating that a woman—not a man, be he burglar, lover or otherwise—had been the enraged, depraved beast the girls had faced that day. Not only would this explain many aspects of the killings, but—as mentioned before—it would have made entrance and departure from the apartment building much simpler.

A woman could have taken off all her blood splattered clothes and rolled them into a bundle small enough to fit into a nicely-sized purse. Then she could have taken garments from any of the three girls' closets, dressed herself in them, and walked out without seeming the least bit suspicious.

Patricia Tolles said that, as far as she could tell from looking through all the closets and such, nothing was missing. But she could not be sure of this, of course.

The main argument against the killer being a woman was based on the broken knives. The breaking of two knives in those circumstances, along with the scrubbing of the third one, was considered very symbolic by consulting psychiatrists. But it would take a lot of strength to break them. An awfully ot of strength, in fact.

But the most important thing to remember about these broken knives was that—in crime lab tests on similar

knives—it was found that not a single policeman who tried to break one got anything but blisters for his efforts!

They were certainly not broken off in stabbing the bodies, otherwise the broken-off pieces would have remained there, since it is extremely difficult to get a broken-off piece of knife out of a body it broke off in.

Actually, the broken-off blades were found under the girls' bodies—one under each girl. And the handle parts had been carefully placed together on the radiator next to the bodies. Obviously signifying more symbolism of some sort, and suggesting that perhaps the knives were broken after the killings—perhaps by placing the ends, one at a time, into some strong slot, or door jamb, and using leverage to gain the require strength for the job.

Still another bizarre touch was the fact that a medicated and well-known cream—Noxzema, to be exact—was found smeared on certain areas of Janice's body. Patricia said there had never been a jar of Noxzema in the apartment that she could remember. In any case, it hardly seems like a masculine type of action.

There was, of course, the third possibility. Namely, that the killings had been done by two persons—a man and a woman. But that brought in still further complications and left as many mysteries as before.

Probably one of the most damning bits of evidence on the side of the theory that a woman—or one of those half-women, half-men creatures that prowl in the Twilight Zone sex—either did the killings, or at least engineered their being done by someone else, with or without her presence, lay in the fact that Janice's body showed no evidences of rape.

It did show signs of "molestation", however, which could very easily have

fitted into the lesbian theory. It could also apply to the male homosexual angle—indicating a man who is impotent with the opposite sex—but it would not be as probable in the case of a homo as in that of a lesbian.

If the REAL killer of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert—or the person who engineered the killings, either by being there in person with an accomplice, or by sending someone else to do the dirty work—if this person, this Mysterious Creature who seemed to lurk behing every corner of the case during the investigations—if she IS a lesbian, then she is one of the type known as a "butch". The domineering type. A mannish-looking creature in many respects, and often a very strong person, as well.

Even more important about such lez-ladies—of whom extremely little has been written as yet—is the fact that there's no creature on earth, animal or human, that can become as brutally, recklessly and revengefully jealous as a Butch who has lost her girl-lover, or who is afraid of losing her.

As for Janice, herself, she was the super-vivacious type of femme who gets around a lot . . . always on the go . . . parties . . . bridge games . . . dates and blind dates . . . always making new friends . . . always trying new places— even the creepy Greenwich Village bars where lezzes hang out (and hung out a lot more before cops cracked down on them, causing many to migrate uptown— into the very same swank neighborhood where Janice, herself, lived).

This, then, was Janice . . . the typical Manhattan "career girl", whose motto is Go-Go-Go . . . who's wound up like a top that spins round and round, "and where she'll stop, nobody knows".

Except that, in Janice's case, we do know . . .

SEX ORGIES AT SKI RESORTS


(Continued from page 15)

ground at her feet, looking up at the corn-fed cutie with the highly expectant look, were a guide and a ski-instructor she'd picked up at the ritzy resort hotel more than a mile below them.

True Wagnerian types, the two men were blond of hair and bronzed skin. Though young, Hans was 22 and "Gus" (for Gustave) was 24, they had the tanned, leathery—rugged, the girls call

it— faces and the hard-as-rock, supple and strong bodies of men who'd spent most of their lives in the open air, with the brilliant sun and harsh winds making road maps of their faces almost before they were old enough to vote.

They were pictures of health, strength and—endurance. And, like the girl's, their eyes sparkled, too. For they were about to engage in a "Love Race" . . . a straight, downhill "flying



INSIDE OUR PRISONS

CESSPOOLS OF VICE!

BY JACK
HENDERSON

RENNY PATTERSON and his girl friend had sexual intercourse together in the back seat of his car.

Her mother found out about it.

Since the girl was only 16 years old, Renny—who was 19—was legally guilty of statutory rape. The mother made an issue of it, and Renny was sent to prison.

Paroled after serving one year of the sentence, he soon got mixed up with a group of teenagers who were found guilty of stealing an automobile. He was sent back to prison, this time—as a second offender—for a stretch of five to ten years.

Released at age 26, Renny was “on the street” for only two months before he again ran afoul of the law. This time, he was accused (and convicted) of contributing to

the delinquency of a minor by enticing him to “commit unnatural sexual acts.” The minor was a 15-year-old boy, and the unnatural act was homosexual intercourse.

Up to the time of his first offense, when he was 19-years-old, Renny Patterson had not been a homosexual. To the contrary, he had been quite active heterosexually—too active, perhaps, for his own good.

But, seven years after, most of which were spent in prison, Renny had given up girls and assumed a life of exclusive homosexuality.

As a result of experiences in one of America’s “correctional institutions,” Renny Patterson had become a pervert!

His is not an isolated case.

VICE SQUAD can reveal that the *majority* of inmates in American prisons today indulge in unnatural sexual acts. And that a good many prisoners—normal heterosexuals before being imprisoned—become converted to homosexuality, and take their new-found preferences back with them into the outside world.

Why?

What turns Renny (and many other cons like him) queer?

The answer to that question can be found only through a thorough study of prison life in America today. The result of VICE SQUAD's study sheds light on a situation so shocking that it borders on the incredible.

With the exception of a single penitentiary in Mississippi, where convicts are permitted periodic intimate visits with their wives there is no prison in the United States that

Men without women and women without men! The result—according to surveys of U. S prisons—is depravity beyond belief, where cellmates become bedmates and the newcomer who is slow to join the "family" often becomes a victim of mass rape of a most savage sort, and sometimes of murder!

officially allows any of the inmates any sexual activity.

Completely isolated from the opposite sex, American prisoners who do not have the will power and strength of character to remain celibate can choose to satisfy themselves only through masturbation or by turning to each other for satisfaction through homosexual acts.

The record shows that, more and more, the prisoners are turning to each other. The result is a network of blatant homosexuality that extends itself through virtually every institution in the American penal set-up.

Almost without exception, each prison has a *complete society of homosexuals*, the members of which adopt the behavior patterns of males and females in outside society. In each prison, there are the "boys" and the "girls"—and, sometimes, people who act as both.

The situation is not confined to male prisons, either. In female houses of "correction," the lesbian situation is as bad as the homosexual situation in the male prisons. Sometimes it's worse.

An indication of just how bad it sometimes gets can be gleaned from the disclosures of Virginia McManus, the ex-school teacher who made headlines a few years ago as one of the top call girls on Manhattan's famed East Side.

At the Women's House of Detention in New York, where the vice doll was jailed, *about 95 percent of the inmates mingle sexually*, she revealed.

"The masculine women are very much in demand. You should see the wooing that goes on. One girl, a real masculine type, *had her own stable of*

six women.

"For the few who don't want to bother, nobody bothers them. But *practically everybody does it once they're in jail, even if they're not lesbians* (at the time of their arrest).

"Why I met married women who got thrown in for 30 days, had a ball with the other girls, then went out and home to their husbands...

"About 50 percent of the inmates are (confirmed) lesbians, (who desire no male sexual partners)... For some of them, jail is the best place. They couldn't enjoy themselves so much outside."

The jailed hooker's charges were not denied by New York Commissioner of Corrections Anna Kross, either.

"What can I say?" replied the commissioner. "There are more than 600 women in a building designed to house about 300... *Can we put a guard in front of each cell?*"

Unguarded, the women at the House of Detention cavort and carry on with each other in scenes that make the orgies of Dame Shappho on Greek's Isle of Lesbos look like Baptist Church card parties.

"Some of the women," disclosed Virginia McManus, "have so-called husbands. They date steady.

"You know, there's television, and movies once a week, on Saturday. The girls make dates with each other to go to the movies, or to be with each other after dinner and before lights out. That's when they lock the doors of the cells—*with two girls in each cell!*"

The lesbian society is divided into two groups—the "butches," who play the male role in the sexual act, and the "girls," who play the female role.

"The butches—sometimes we call them jailhouse 'daddies'—like to have their girls jailhouse sharp," says Virginia McManus. "Having a uniform so starched that it will stand up by itself is really being jailhouse sharp."

The situation is somewhat similar—but more complex—in the male prisons. Here, there are two types of aggressive homosexuals—"queens," who play the female role in the sex act, and "wolves," who play the male.

PANSIES AND BIRDS

The queen is the stereotype pansy, complete with limp wrist, soprano inflection and hip-swinging gait. He—if you can call one of these birds a "he"—was homosexual before going to prison. Usually, he was exclusively homosexual (i.e., never had relations with the opposite sex).

Also called a "professional broad" in the jargon of the inmates, the queen likes to brag about his sexual malady. He's proud that he's a swish, and takes no greater pleasure than "busting a cherry"—seducing a young inmate who has never participated in homosexual acts.

While the queen plays the female sexual role in acts of fellatio or sodomy, he plays the male (or aggressive) role in "courting" a target. It's not uncommon for one of these faggots to bribe his potential bedmate with gifts of candy, cigarets or other items hard to come by in the can.

The wolf plays the male role in "courting" a target also, but—unlike the queen—he also plays male role in sexual acts. This makes his pleasure-seeking more difficult, because newcomers to homosexuality are often

(Continued on page 53)

to be rehabilitated."

Whatever the case, whether Barbara pulls herself together and fulfills her optimistic prediction of her chances to straighten out, or whether she goes back to turning five dollar tricks with jerk johns and blotting herself with wine, she'll have nobody to blame for her troubles but herself.

She was at the top and she let her appetites get the best of her. Then she was at the bottom and still couldn't control herself.

If she straighten out, her former fans and an appreciative public will applaud her triumph.

If she doesn't, it might be what some of the people she's fouled-up along the way like to call "poetic justice."

INSIDE OUR PRISONS

(Continued from page 21)

more reluctant to do what the wolf wants done to him than they are to letting a queen do it to them.

Whenever a new prisoner begins doing time, he is invariably approached by both the queens and the wolves of the prison, who compete with each other for his favors. The better looking the kid is—and the more "virginal" he appears—the more likely it is that he'll be popular.

If a kid resists the advances of a prison wolf, chances are good that he'll meet with disaster. There are cases on record of newcomers who were actually, physically raped by wolves, and others where resisting youngsters met with bodily harm. There are even cases where infuriated wolves, spurned by the kids they sought to seduce, actually murdered the resistant victim.

When a wolf takes physical vengeance on a kid that turned him down, he makes it clear to all that this was the reason he made his attack. In most prisons, the trademark of the vengeful wolf is a brick wrapped in a sock. This home-made weapon is invariably left alongside the body of the victim as a sign that he met his fate because he resisted a wolf's advances.

What are the reactions of prison officials to such overt brutality? Do they actually realize what is going on?

There is every evidence that the authorities are thoroughly aware of the situation. They are, however, limited in their possible courses of action—you can't very well threaten (or punish) a man who is already in

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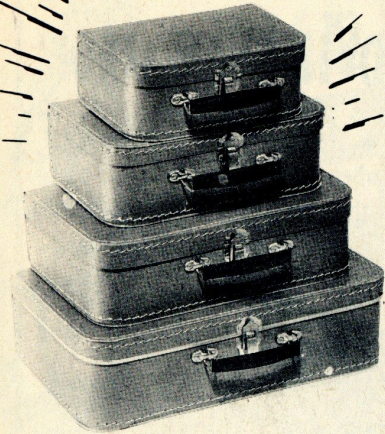
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prison, except by putting him in solitary confinement. The officials do put the brutal wolves in solitary, but it doesn't deter them from resuming their activities once they're released. Besides, an offender can be punished only after he's caught—and, in the tight-lipped world of the con, where "stoolies" are viewed as the most contemptible form of life imaginable, it's practically impossible to find witnesses. Even the victims themselves most often refuse to identify their attackers, for fear that they'll suffer further harm when the

attacker is released from solitary.

While authorities do what they can to ferret out the wolves who injure other inmates and to punish them, they usually do little if anything to discourage the practice of homosexuality.

This is not so much because they actually *approve* of homosexual behavior among inmates, but rather because it has been found that the *greater the official opposition to homosexuality, the more of it there is actually going on!*

The explanation of this paradox is a psychological one: There are two reasons convicts indulge in homosexual behavior, 1) for sexual gratification, and 2) as a means of rebelling against authority.

In a prison where a great to-do is made about homosexuality, and where the persons caught in the act are severely punished, invariably a good many prisoners begin practicing the act not because they want to, but because they view it as a way of satisfying their desires to rebel.

Consequently, while virtually all administrators of prisons and mental hospitals take the official, *public* position that homosexuality is forbidden in their institutions, most of them in reality turn their heads, hoping that—by looking the other way—they can keep it at a minimum.

"The administrators of American institutions are publicly committed to the thankless task of preventing homosexual activities in groups that are blocked from heterosexual outlets," says Dr. Fred Cutter, the clinical psychologist and expert on prison sex.

"What are the approved sexual satisfactions? *Officially, none; actually, anything that isn't caught.*

"The result is a mutual and convenient looking the other way that *encourages all sexual deviations.*"

What effect does this atmosphere have on the normal, heterosexual young man thrust into prison for the first time?

If he succumbs to the advances of the wolf, he becomes—in the jargon of the cons—a "punk," i.e., a passive homosexuals to seduce him but does not actively solicit other persons. (In sex relations, he plays the physically female role).

If he succumbs to the advances of the queen, he becomes a "stud"—a passive homosexual like the punk, except that he plays the male role to his seducer.

After a time, when age catches up with him and he's no longer a desired target of the wolves and queens, the one-time seducee may himself become a seducer. The punk usually becomes

a queen, the stud usually becomes a wolf.

In many cases, after being released from prison, those who have practiced homosexuality behind the walls revert to normal, heterosexual lives. In other instances, however—particularly among prisoners who spend lengthy stretches in the jug—there is a definite conversion to homosexuality.

The inmate introduced to homosexuality in prison returns to his community. Because of his prison record, he is socially uncomfortable. Furthermore, girls are hesitant to associate with an ex-con. Finding it impossible to make any headway with the opposite sex, he reverts to the form of sexual behavior he used as a substitute for women while in prison. He becomes a full-time, practicing homosexual.

Thus, American prisons today have become one of the greatest causes of alarm in the history of sexual sociology. The isolated world behind bars is a veritable circus of blatant homosexuality and lesbianism, regurgitating into society virtual regiments of ex-cons who have been converted to or strengthened in homosexual preferences.

Is this one of the necessary evils of the prison system? Or is there a possible solution to the problem?

In most foreign countries, penologists have found a possible solution in allowing prisoners to visit their wives and have sexual intercourse with them, either at their homes or in special sections of the prison put aside specifically for that purpose.

SEX PRIVILEGES

Most European countries employ a system of "home furloughs," under which selected prisoners are given two or three days to visit their families. These privileges are allowed inmates who behave well in jail. In France, Italy and Belgium, it is necessary for a prisoner to prove emotionally and mentally qualified as well as to demonstrate good behavior.

In Sweden, convicts are given home furloughs at regular intervals and are also allowed visits from their wives or sweethearts on the prison grounds. In minimum security institutions, inmates may receive visits of indeterminate length each Sunday. Russia also permit wives to visit convicts, and, in some institutions, allows a prisoner's family to live on the prison grounds with him.

The Latin American countries often are even more liberal in their policies allowing prisoners conjugal sex.

The fore-runner of the Latin penal systems is Mexico, where visits by wives

are regarded as a prisoner's *right*—not privilege—and a long-time sweetheart may qualify as a "common law" wife. The only requirement is that the visitor prove herself free from venereal disease in tests administered at the prison hospital.

On visiting day, the prisoner's wife or sweetheart checks in at the main gate. After guards have okayed her identification papers, she goes either to the reception room or the prison grounds to meet her convict-husband or lover. From here, they may go to his cell or to a special visiting room, equipped with a double bed, to make love.

At one penal colony—Maria Madre, in the Pacific of the southern Mexican coast—the inmates families actually live with them on a year-round basis.

The prisoners work six days a week—at no pay—building roads or cutting logs in a government-owned sawmill. In their spare time they earn money fashioning trinkets sold to tourists in Mexico City gift shops.

There are neither jails nor bars nor convicts' uniforms on the island. There are stores, churches and theaters. The inmates live with their wives and families in small huts or apartment-type structures. Numerous children have been conceived, born and raised on the island.

In other Latin countries, various policies permit greater or lesser degrees of sexual intimacy between prisoners and outside amours.

Columbia permits convicts to leave prison, under guard but wearing civilian clothes. If his home is in the same city as the prison, the inmate may go there and take his pleasures with his wife. If he lives elsewhere, he may meet his wife or common-law spouse at a certified rooming house approved by prison officials. Furthermore, if a Columbian prisoner is unmarried, he can visit a prostitute—after she has been cleared of V.D. by prison authorities.

Brazil prisons have small rooms specifically set aside for conjugal visits. Argentina does also, and any convict who behaves himself is allowed to be visited by his wife in complete privacy.

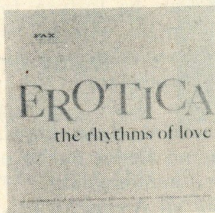
Meanwhile, the only prison in America to have any semblance of conjugal rights for prisoners is Mississippi State Penitentiary, at Parchman, Miss.

On Sundays at Parchman, the families of married convicts are permitted to visit freely. (In most other American institutions, family visits are conducted in somber enclosures where the convict and his visitor are separated by bars or wire netting. In some, they can only look at each other through

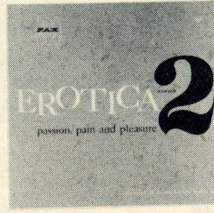
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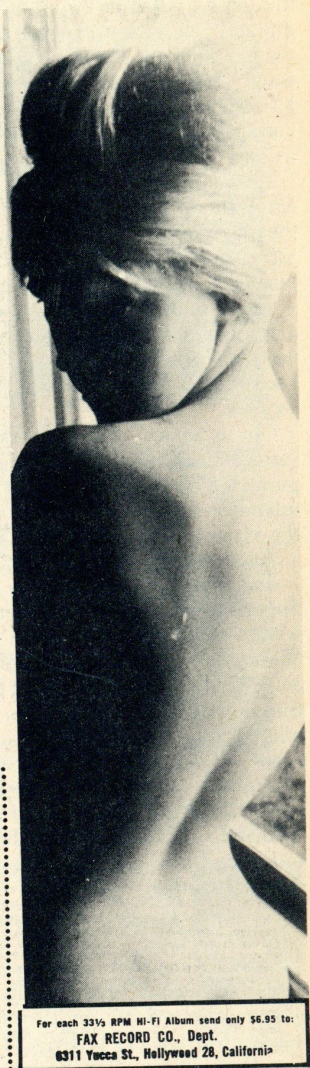
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thick panes of glass and converse by telephone).

Husbands, wives and children at Parchman can picnic, play games on the prison grounds or sit in the open-air and talk. They can eat together in the prison mess halls, and, if they want to—they usually do—they can have intercourse in specially-designated cottages where they can enjoy complete privacy.

According to Parchman Superintendent William Harpole, who inaugurated the program of prisoner visits shortly after his appointment in 1956, the results have been astounding.

Emotional tension common to most prisoners has been reduced, prisoner morale has skyrocketed and there has been a drastic reduction in attempted escapes.

"In a sense," he declares, "family visits in our institution serve a selfish purpose. They make my job as superintendent easier because men appreciate the visits so."

Another purpose served by the visits—and hardly a selfish one in respect to Superintendent Harpole—benefits the wives and families of the convicts. Where wives are not permitted conjugal visits with their convict-husbands, they often file for divorce or enter adulterous liaisons—particularly in cases where the husband had been committed for a lengthy period of time. Conjugal visits help preserve the husband-wife image, facilitate rehabilitation and aid in keeping the convict's family together.

DESPERATE MEN

Other American prisons, however, refuse to recognize the many benefits of conjugal visits and, accordingly, condemn prisoners to lives of deprivation that all-too-often become lives of homosexuality. With the notable exception of Chino Prison, in California, most make wife and family visits almost vengefully uncomfortable.

"I have seen many iron-cage interview rooms in the U.S.," says Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz, "where a prisoner is permitted 30 minutes conversation with his wife perhaps once a month, through a screen and under the eyes of guards."

The picture is in sharp contrast to the prison set-up the judge encountered in Moscow, where he found private cottages set aside for the purpose of permitting wives and convicts to spend as long as an entire week-end together.

"Your prison methods in America disregard a prisoner's sexual and emotional life," the prison commander told Judge Leibowitz. "You feel it is none of your concern what happens

to his marriage, to his wife, to the normal sex drive, to the most powerful instincts he has."

The Russian's indictment rings true—and the prisoner's problem is compounded by other anxiety-producing factors beyond his control.

"Prisoners' sexual appetites are stimulated daily by the all-pervasive aphrodisiacs in our newspapers, magazines, radio programs and advertising," declares crime expert J. B. Martin. "Moreover, inmates are visited by their wives and sweethearts who sometimes, out of sympathy, wear sexy clothing. Visits can be torture for a man separated from his wife by heavy screen wire, a glass window or a table."

Aroused by aphrodisiacs in the communications media denied legitimate access for his normal sexual impulses, the prisoner has no choice but to masturbate or "turn" homosexual.

Why, then, do all American prisons except one deny convicts legitimate release and force them to accept two undesirable alternatives?

The stock answer is that the prisoners can practice continence and thus avoid these dire consequences—all it takes is a little will power and strength of character.

The argument is dismissed by Dr. Cutter.

"Remember, men isolated in prison or mental hospitals are not selected for good character," he points out. "Criminals are already oriented toward the socially deviant and . . . predisposed to seek out bizarre patterns of behavior."

The true reason conjugal visits are not permitted, social scientist suggest,

involves the American theory—widely observed though seldom stated—that prison is a means of punishment rather than an instrument of correction. The criminal, society suggest, has done wrong, therefore wrong ought to be done him in return. He doesn't deserve to have his sexual needs considered.

As long as this theory persists, and until more considerate methods are inaugurated for the handling of prisoners' sexual needs, homosexuality will continue to be the big bugaboo in American prisons.

Youngsters, sent up on the first stretch, will continue to be lured into homosexual patterns of behavior by order convicts. Parolees will be sent back into society, often-times converted to homosexual preferences—and, as persons basically unconcerned with the moral ramifications of their acts, eager to convert others to their unnatural way of life.

Prison authorities may declare that, by not allowing women to visit convicts in prison, they are depriving the convicts of sexual satisfaction. They are not. They are merely depriving them of natural sexual satisfaction. As a result, the cons are taking their kicks in the form of homosexual activities.

VICE SQUAD can reveal that it's going on in virtually every prison—male or female—in the country, and that the best officials can hope to do is look the other way while it's happening.

That's the shocking story of sex behind the prison bars in America today—and, unless action is taken, it will still be the story tomorrow.

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS TO HIRE-FOR HOMOS

(Continued from page 6)

bulged noticeably at his crutch—but the gesture was lost on Claxton and the youth could sense it. "Do you mean you actually want a kid to cut your lawn and stuff?" he asked incredulously.

"What did you think I wanted?" replied the bewildered Chaxton.

Joey grinned sheepishly. "Well, you never know," he said. Then, turning quickly away from Chaxton, he trotted down the front walk, climbed back into his car and drove off.

An hour later, when Chaxton realized exactly what the kid thought he wanted, he called the police. To the juvenile

authorities—to whom his complaint was referred—it was an old story.

The kid was another teenage male prostitute. Years ago it was a profession practiced only in a very few of the very large cities. Now, it has become one of the biggest headaches of vice squads, juvenile officers and health departments throughout the country.

There may be thousands of teenage boys in America today who are employed, either part-or fulltime, in the business of going to bed with older men. And their earnings may range anywhere from \$1 a trick up into the stratosphere.