



BY THE POLICE REPORTER

A 'department of true gun molls conducted by a man who has known them all. Each month "The Police Reporter" will tell you of some famous janes who defied the law. If you have any particular moll about whom you wish to know—write in and ask "The Police Reporter" in care of this magazine.

TATTOOING, believe it or not, often plays an important part in police work. Dicks and bulls who sit in regularly at the line-ups in the larger cities can tell a lot about a man's life and character from the designs and color combinations he has tattooed on his arms, chest and sometimes even his feet.

This form of decoration is confined almost exclusively to men. Possibly one reason the average woman does not go in for tattooing is because there is very little of her where a tattoo mark could be placed and not show. Hence—or at least anyway—the modern woman, whether working sucker or gun moll, prefers other adornment than that attached to her permanently by the tattooer's needle.

But this is not always the case, as the Detroit police will testify.

Not long ago a pretty girl in a

gray fur coat stepped jauntily along through the line-up. The watchers thought she was just another girl bandit—until she took off her coat. And then they didn't know what they had on their hands.

The girl was wearing a discarded riding skirt and a man's blue shirt. The sleeves of the shirt were rolled up and what they saw on her arms set the most calloused pavement pounder gasping.

On the right arm was tattooed in brilliant reds and blues and greens a coiled serpent, and over it the legend—"The Godless Girl." On the left arm was a more elaborate design consisting of a skull pierced by a dagger and entwined with a ribbon on which gleamed the motto—"Death Before Dishonor."

She was just another girl bandit. That isn't necessarily news, but a tattooed girl bandit is.

Her picture was taken by innu-



*Dorcas Deacon alias Sally Scott
—the moll with the
tattooed arms*



merable photographers and dispatched throughout the country over the caption—"Dorcas Deacon, alias Sally Scott, The Godless Girl."

The story of the "Godless Girl" was flashed over the wires. It was a pathetic little story that ordinarily would not have been given any space at all outside of the local papers, but it showed pretty conclusively that crime, especially for the ambitious but ignorant beginner, simply cannot be made to pay.

Dorcas Deacon, or Sally Scott, was an eighteen-year-old housemaid. She was pretty, quiet and well-mannered, and the wealthy families for whom she worked considered her hard working and trustworthy.

But the wages received by a housemaid seldom exceed \$12 a week and that was scarcely enough to clothe Dorcas, to say nothing of

contributing toward the expenses of the aunt with whom she lived.

There came a time when a mortgage on the furniture of the flat was due and Dorcas, who admits that she couldn't let down a friend, set out to get the money in what she considered the quickest and most practical way possible.

She borrowed a gun from a girl friend and got on the ball.

Her first stop was a drug store which came for \$25.

This was just like finding money, Dorcas thought.

The next night she singled out another drug store, walked in and ordered the clerks to reach quickly in the general direction of the ceiling. Instead of doing as they were told, however, the clerks dropped behind the counter.

Dorcas did not know exactly what to do in a case like this. It made

her pretty angry and so, as nothing else occurred to her, she fired a couple of shots and dashed out of the store.

A few doors away she noticed a restaurant that was invitingly empty of patrons. She stepped inside, lined the waiters against the wall and looted the cash register.

In the meantime the drug store clerks had not been idle. They had gotten a good look at the would-be bandit and as soon as she had left had telephoned an accurate description to the police.

The police swung into action at once. Squad cars were dispatched throughout the city, and all precincts and patrolmen were notified to be on the watch for a stickup girl in a gray fur coat.

As Dorcas backed out of the restaurant she was recognized by a pair of cops in a police car. When they ordered her to stop, she darted down a side street and they came after her. A few shots in the air in her direction convinced her that a cell was preferable to a coffin.

And a cell is exactly what she got, from two to ten years in one.

When asked to explain the tattoo marks she said that her brother had his arms done and she admired them so much she decided to be similarly decorated.

The "Death Before Dishonor" design was inspired by an unhappy experience she had with a boy friend who took her to a speakeasy, bought her drinks and then insisted upon making the most violent and hectic love to her.

The other one speaks for itself.

FORTUNATELY not all the girls are going bandit these days, however. Some of them prefer their crime from the other side of the fence.

Out in Chicago—believe this one,

too, or not, just as you like—one of the colleges has set up the Northwestern Crime Detection Laboratory where they teach aspiring sleuths all about fingerprints, shadowing, clues and the other important what-nots of crime detecting.

One of the students enrolled in the course is known as Isabel Hall. But that is only a moniker.

Her real name is Priscilla Higinbotham and she is a wealthy Chicago society girl who is out to show the world that flat feet, a half-chewed cigar, a derby hat and tough buzz in the squad room are not the prime essentials for first-class detective work.

One carefully trained individual, whether man or woman, with a little common sense and some technical understanding of the workings of the criminal mind, she believes, is equal to a whole city block of stool pigeons.

Plenty power to her, says us.

Records, criminally speaking, usually consist of a miscellaneous list of such notations as—sentence suspended, thirty days in the workhouse, case dismissed for lack of evidence, a year or so in this or that jug, and so on.

But here is a man who can boast of somewhat different record. It's a real record like a home run record or a hundred yard dash record.

The man is James McGraw, sixty, of Long Branch, New Jersey.

On May 2, 1931, Mr. McGraw was arraigned before Magistrate Joseph Rosen. The charge was disorderly conduct.

"Sixty days," said the magistrate crisply.

And that set the record, for it was Mr. McGraw's fifty-fifth conviction for disorderly conduct since September 26, 1920.

From the courtroom Mr. McGraw was escorted directly to the

County Jail at Freehold, an institution with which he has become *very* familiar.

WOMEN, criminologists assert, are not mentally suited to be criminals. It's the little things that trip them every time. And when a girl "goes bandit" she even lessens her chances of eluding the law.

In Texas, recently, a pretty nineteen-year-old girl, Anita del Valle, decided to go into the holdup business. She had before her the example of that scourge of Texas, Calamity Jane, the first and greatest American gun girl whose habitat was the roaring boom towns of Texas and the surrounding states many years ago.

Anita became an apprentice stick-up artist to James Little, a heist guy of more than local repute. She had almost completed her period of apprenticeship when the police caught up with her tutor and invited him, in a way impossible to refuse, to take a vacation at the expense of the state.

Anita was left to carry on the business herself. But in working alone she discovered a very strange thing—that the men of Texas refused to take a woman stickup artist seriously.

This hurt Anita's pride as well as

her pocketbook. So she did what the great woman desperado, Calamity Jane, had done before her—she changed to men's clothes.

From then on it was a walkaway. She almost literally wallowed in wealth.

But it's the little things that eventually trip a woman criminal.

Anita was enjoying a game of pool one day in a town that, unfortunately for her, had decided to round up its undesirable characters. The dragnet was sent out and all the poolroom patrons were taken for a walk to Headquarters where they were sent through the line-up.

Anita passed the dicks all right, but it was a police woman who spotted her sex and the game was up.

L. P.—Yes, he beat the murder rap, but was later sentenced on a concealed weapon charge.

LeR. C.—No, you're wrong. When the body shows evidence of having been terribly slashed or beaten after life has become extinct, the police look for a woman or a member of, one of the Asiatic races.

Blondy—If I knew the answer to that one I'd hope to be in Europe.

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