"Trafficking in women 1924-1926. The Paul Kinsie Reports for the League of Nations - Volume 1"

Chaumont, Jean-Michel

ABSTRACT

This book provides a transcription of the reports written by undercover agent Paul Kinsie for the League of Nations Special Body of Experts on Traffic in Women and Children in the mid-1920s. Between 1924 and 1926, a team travelled to more than a hundred cities in Europe, the Americas and the Mediterranean area to interview individuals involved in the regulation, repression, medical control, organization and practice of the sex trade. American undercover agents were included on the team to infiltrate the so-called 'underworld' and obtain 'facts' about the traffic. Among these, Kinsie was the most prolific. He visited more than forty cities and produced hundreds of reports in which his contacts with prostitutes, brothel owners, madams, pimps and procurers are described in detail. For a proper contextualization of the reports, scholars from around the world were asked to provide short introductions to the situation with regard to prostitution in each city that was visited. The book offers a unique source of information which is of great ethnographic value for people interested in the history of human trafficking and prostitution.

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TRAFFICKING IN WOMEN
1924-1926

THE PAUL KINSIE REPORTS
FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
VOL. I

HISTORICAL SERIES N°2

JEAN-MICHEL CHAUMONT
MAGALY RODRÍGUEZ GARCÍA
PAUL SERVAIS
(EDS)

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**Introduction**

*Jean-Michel Chaumont*
Université catholique de Louvain, Belgium

*Magaly Rodríguez García*
KU Leuven, Belgium

and

*Paul Servais*
Université catholique de Louvain, Belgium ................................................................................ 7

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The official history

The involvement of the League of Nations in the struggle against the trafficking of women resulted from article 23c of its Covenant, entrusting it with the supervision of the application of the 1910 International Convention for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic. The first initiative taken in that direction was to convene a general conference in Geneva in 1921, at the end of which the double recommendation was made to transform the term “white slave trade” into “traffic in women and children” and to establish a permanent technical commission dedicated to the problem: the Advisory Committee on the Traffic on Women and Children in charge of advising the Council of the League.¹

Meeting for the first time from 28 June to 1 July 1922, the Advisory Committee was originally composed of representatives from nine countries and five “assessors” appointed by the following private organizations: the International Bureau for the Suppression of Traffic in Women and Children, the International Women’s Organizations, International Catholic Association for the Protection of Girls, the Federation of National Unions for the Protection of Girls (of the Protestant persuasion), the Jewish Association for the Protection of Girls and Women.

The following year, the delegate of the United States of America, Grace Abbott, director of the Federal Children’s Bureau, joined the Advisory Committee. At the second session’s 5th meeting, on 24 March 1923, she proposed carrying out an international inquiry into the traffic in women and children, a proposal which immediately led to the appointment of a subcommittee intended to evaluate its desirability. One deciding vote had to be taken at the following meeting: by five votes (Italy, Poland, Spain, United States, Uruguay) against three (France, Japan, Romania) and an abstention (Denmark), Grace Abbott’s proposal was approved and transmitted to the Council of the League of Nations.

In July 1923, the Council named the first five members of the Special Body of Experts on Traffic in Women and Children officially in charge of the inquiry: Maria Cristina Giustiniani

¹ League of Nations, Records of the International Conference on Traffic in Women and Children (Geneva, 1921). A third recommendation was to supplement the provisions of earlier international agreements by extending the protection to women of 21 and to minors of either sex.
Bandini (Italy), Abraham Flexner (United States), subsequently replaced by William Snow, Félicien Hennequin (France), Isidore Maus (Belgium) and Alfred de Meuron (Switzerland). The governments of Japan, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and Uruguay were invited to propose three additional experts and so it was that Yotaro Sugimura (Japan), Sidney Harris (United Kingdom) and Paulina Luisi (Uruguay) completed the Committee.2

The memorandum Grace Abbott submitted to the Advisory Committee defined rather precisely not only the questions the investigation should answer but also its organization. Its introduction deserves to be cited at length:

[Miss Abbott recommended that] an investigation be undertaken through the Secretariat of the League of Nations in order to ascertain the following facts with reference to international traffic in women and girls; (1) whether there is an international traffic in women and girls for purposes of prostitution; (2) between what countries the traffic is being carried on and the methods used in procuring and transporting women and girls; (3) the effectiveness of national measures undertaken to eliminate the traffic. In this investigation the facts as to (1) adult women who willingly and with full knowledge of the purpose for which they are being recruited as well as (2) young girls and (3) adult women who by force or fraud are being imported or exported for purposes of prostitution should be ascertained. Geographically the investigation should include, if possible, the principle cities of the world but if this is not possible typical cities should be selected from which there is reason to believe the traffic is or is not being carried on, those in which regulated houses and those in which abolition is the policy […]. From official sources the facts as to the administration of laws designed to eliminate the traffic can be learned. To secure the information as to the traffic itself, it will be necessary to send to the cities included in the survey, agents of high standing with special training and experience to make personal and unofficial investigations. It is recognised that such investigations are difficult not to say dangerous, but they are absolutely necessary to secure the facts to refute sensational exaggerations or general denials as to the traffic and – what would seem to be for the Committee of extreme importance – an intelligent basis for a sound program for international co-operation for the suppression of the traffic, if it is found to exist.3

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3 Project for an investigation into the traffic in women and children. Memorandum by Grace Abbott (United States), submitted to the Advisory Committee (21 March 1923), CTFE 152, published in appendix (No. 10), to the hearing of the second session of the Advisory Committee on the Traffic in Women and Children. It should be noted that, Bascom Johnson, deputy of William Snow within the SBE, had planned the investigation exactly as it was carried out. In a brief memorandum of 1 March 1923 addressed to Valeria H. Parker, Johnson writes: “If no systematic and thorough survey has been made or planned, urge the importance of such, and present a plan for [the] same. This plan should, in my judgment, include both open and under-cover investigations in the principal cities of the world, with special emphasis on those cities from and which there is already reason to believe the traffic exists. The under-cover investigators should be required to identify alien prostitutes in the cities to which they are brought, to learn their names and the names of their procurers, and the places from which they are brought. Thereupon it should be necessary for the investigators to proceed to the places whence the traffic originates to identify the procurers and the system under which they operate.” (League of Nations Archives – hereafter LNA, S 180, Abbott, G-Corresp., File “United States”). This amounts to saying that the experts agreed to endorse the plan envisaged by Johnson on the model of what the “vice commission” had been doing in the United States since the turn of the century.
Paul Kinsie was foremost among those “agents of high standing” and his reports, published here, written between May 1924 and December 1926, represent his contribution to the work of the Special Body of Experts. That is what has to be said from an official point of view.

The unofficial history

This official point of view undoubtedly accounts for part of the story. It in fact explains the activity carried out by Kinsie in about 60 cities scattered throughout some 30 countries on three continents: America, Asia and Europe. Yet sticking to that point of view prevents the whole story from being told; it does not actually reveal the most determining factors. For at every stage of this affair, an unofficial history shadows the official history and the first has to be understood if the real ins and outs of the second are to be grasped.

Thus, if it is true that Kinsie investigated officially on behalf of the Special Body of Experts, it is even truer to consider that his real patron was his previous employer, the American Social Hygiene Association (ASHA) to which he returned as soon as he had finished the investigation for the League of Nations. During the entire inquiry, Kinsie only took orders from two men: William Snow, ASHA’s Director and Chair of the Special Body, and Bascom Johnson, head of the ASHA’s legal department and Snow’s deputy on the Special Body. Kinsie was so seldom at the disposal of most of the other members of the Special Body that not only had they never met him at their sessions, but had even been long unaware of the very nature of his investigative activities. In November 1924, for example, Johnson had still not yet received the official authorizations permitting him to investigate in France, but Kinsie had been infiltrating a segment of the Parisian underworld since September and carrying out his investigations unbeknown to Hennequin, the expert from France, and his country’s authorities.

As so often, those who really give the orders hold the purse strings. In fact, although Kinsie’s wages were officially paid by the accounting services of the League of Nations, the money came from a US$ 75,000 endowment made by the Bureau of Social Hygiene of New York City to finance the investigation. The Bureau’s founder was none other than the billionaire philanthropist, John D. Rockefeller Jr., who, moreover, liberally financed the American Social Hygiene Association. It was Rockefeller who also financed and published Abraham Flexner’s celebrated investigation, *Prostitution in Europe* (1914) and George Kneeland’s investigation, *Commercialized Prostitution in New York City* (1913). Less known, the latter nonetheless deserves that a pause be made here as regards at least three issues: its purpose, its methodology and one of its principal actors.

Rockefeller made no mystery of the goal he was pursuing. In his preface to Kneeland’s work, he wrote explicitly that for him it was a question of fighting “the forces of evil”, meaning the
agents of “commercialized prostitution”. In other words, it amounted to a moral crusade — largely victorious — waged first of all at home in the United States, which was thenceforth to be waged beyond national borders. The investigation, officially commissioned by the League of Nations but unofficially steered by Rockefeller, his men and his allies abroad, was designed as a weapon against the “forces of evil” and that is exactly what it ended up being.8

The Kneeland investigation came to represent a major precedent from a methodological point of view insofar as it also had recourse to clandestine investigations, modelled on an undercover policing model.9 Paradoxically, it seems that that methodology had been favoured because the information furnished by the authorities, particularly by the police forces, did not appear all that reliable, or was even deliberately misleading. Indeed, owing to endemic corruption, the police was in certain urban centres an accomplice rather than an enemy of the criminal milieux, particularly the milieux linked to victimless crimes, such as networks for commercializing sex, gambling and liquor. The undercover investigation, carried out by investigators — including, and it deserves to be mentioned, female investigators — considered as peers by their underworld interlocutors and interlocutrices, led to discovering the multiple facets of corruption. There are many illustrations of such corruption in Kinsie’s reports and, in 1927, some of the members of the Special Body of Experts devoted great energy to censuring — from their final reports — those “revelations” considered far too compromising for their authorities.10

Another reason for the interest in the Kneeland investigation: the presence of Motsche Goldberg, who appears there under the code name X–37 and is presented as “the king” of the New York underworld.11 Goldberg, “sought out” and found by Kinsie in Buenos Aires, will be one of the key characters of his own investigation insofar as Goldberg (1–DH in the 1927 Code Book) introduced himself as one of their own in the Hevra, that is the Jewish underworld diaspora, of which Kinsie’s reports provide a unique source. Goldberg and Kinsie met in New York at a time when

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8 The “forces of evil” were identified in the first instance as the advocates and agents of the regulation system of prostitution and its major institution: the regulated brothel. Isidore Maus, the expert from Belgium, was categorical, writing as of 1924 that “the League of Nations’ intention is clear, to combat houses of prostitution — considered as quasi-official institutions — by every means in its power. On the one hand, it proposes attacking them in their recruitment methods, by forbidding them from employing women of foreign origin. Elsewhere it sought to strike at their heart by vividly describing the evils and abuses they engender, through surveys and investigations of all sorts”. Isidore Maus, *La Société des Nations et la réglementation officielle de la prostitution* (Brussels, Administrative Press, 1924), p. 3.

9 Presenting the method followed until then to the Special Body of Experts during the second session, Johnson told them that none of the methods used was a method which was unknown. They were “methods which had been tried and proved in all the most up-to-date police departments” (SBE, 3 October 1924, 1st meeting of the second session). See also Jennifer Fronc, *New York Undercover: Private Surveillance in the Progressive Era* (Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 2009).

10 Since the 1960s, the question of knowing whether that type of clandestine investigation is admissible from the point of view of research ethics has been bitterly debated among sociologists. Kinsie’s investigation provides an exemplary case study for reflecting on both the accomplishments and the side-effects of covert research. For the principal contributions to the debate, see Martin Bulmer, ed., *Social Research Ethics: An Examination of the Merits of Covert Participant Observation* (London, MacMillan, 1982). For more recent developments, see D. Calvey, “The Art and Politics of Covert Research: Doing ‘Situated Ethics’ in the Field”, Sociology, vol. 42 (2008), pp. 905–918; and Paul Spicker, “Ethical Covert Research”, Sociology, vol. 45, part 1 (2011), pp. 118–133.

11 According to Edward J. Bristow, *Prostitution and Prejudice: The Jewish Fight Against White Slavery 1870–1939* (Oxford, Clarendon, 1982), p. 153, Goldberg directed with the Soviner brothers “the largest vice trust in the city”, including some 40 brothels housing several hundred prostitutes. Yet we wonder whether Bristow is exaggerating a bit: in fact, according to Kneeland, the Soviner brothers only came back to New York City in 1911, having left precipitously in 1907 following an earlier wave of repression. But the “trust” was dismantled in the second half of 1912 and thus was only in operation for one year. Goldberg left New York in 1912 and we may thus suppose that Kinsie met him while working as an investigator for Kneeland.
Goldberg was still regarded as a king there. But the circumstances of that meeting are unknown, nor is it known with certainty whether or not Kinsie was already an investigator for Kneeland in 1912. It is only known that he was greeted almost like a son by Goldberg, who warmly recommended him to his associates, initially in Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and then in Paris. Goldberg had such a high standing in the Jewish underworld diaspora, that his cordial recommendation was a carte blanche for Kinsie, able to open every door. It shall be seen that he used and misused it shamelessly.

In the meantime, allusion to the grey zone surrounding Kinsie’s activities before 1924 presents an opportunity to mention the many mysteries linked to his person, mysteries which undoubtedly contribute to the fascination he is capable of eliciting.

The mysterious PK

Unlike his colleague, Samuel Auerbach, Kinsie did not leave a curriculum vitae in the archives of the League of Nations in Geneva. Much more astonishing, there is apparently no trace of him in the American Social Hygiene Association archives in Minneapolis either. Yet Kinsie was a member of the ASHA’s personnel for many years, notably replacing Johnson in directing the legal department. The dozen articles which appeared between 1933 and 1954 under the name of Mr. Paul Kinsie in The Journal of Social Hygiene, the ASHA’s review, have nothing interesting to say about him, unless it be that his interest in prostitution never waned. Moreover in The Lively Commerce: Prostitution in the United States — a work he published in 1971 with the sociologist Charles Winick— the dust cover presents him as “the acknowledged world dean of students of prostitution”. In a telephone conversation in 2006, Winick furnished some additional information which is mentioned for lack of anything better but with all due reservations. According to Winick, Kinsie had never studied at a university. He had, however, frequented the campus of Yale University as an informer for the academic authorities on the students’ morals; he attended the football games in particular, which attracted many prostitutes. Winick described him as a discreet man, very fond of cinema. A widower, he remarried around 1950 but had no children. His undercover activities in service to the ASHA were publicly denounced at an unspecified date and, following the scandal that they engendered, the ASHA stopped having United States citizens spied upon to ensure the correct enforcement of laws.
against prostitution. That is maybe why there is no trace of him in the ASHA’s archives. There is assuredly further research to be done in that area. He is thought to have died at 86, but Winick did not remember the year.

At a guess he was in his mid-twenties according to his reports, where some features of his personality emerge rather clearly. He very rarely indulges in value judgements but when he does, they are unambiguous. Thus during his second stay in Havana in October 1926, he expressed undissimulated satisfaction at the “wonderful change”\(^\text{18}\) that had taken place. The brothels he had visited in 1924 were closed, the prostitutes and their foreign boys were being thrown out, the streets had been restored to “honest” passers-by. That assessment is enough to betray a major bias, a resolute engagement in favour of a world which would ideally be rid of prostitution, by prohibition if need be. But if there is no doubt as to his engagement, more remarkable still is his capacity for neutralizing the collateral effects that commitment might engender. Not only were his reports generally bereft of moral judgements on the people he met but, unlike most of the “experts” supposed to supervise his work, he in no way respected what Becker called the “hierarchies of credibility”.\(^\text{19}\) In other words, Kinsie gave neither more nor less credit to assertions coming from the underworld than to those coming from people coded as being “respectable”. In any case, he endeavoured to cross testimonies and more often than not insisted on the convergence of information provided by the underworld, while on several occasions he explicitly placed the words of authorities in doubt.

Kinsie initially comes across as a scrupulous investigator. He also comes across as a particularly skilful one. With questionable qualities from a human point of view, the lying, trickery and manipulations of which he proved capable sometimes leave one breathless. Admittedly remote communications were more difficult at that period, but it nonetheless remains remarkable that Kinsie was so often capable of successfully assuming the various identities and fictions he invented to extract the desired information and fool some of his interlocutors over the long haul, including people who would obviously be very wary, like Schloymer or Aron Kaplan. Scrupulous and skilful, Kinsie could turn on the charm: the number of women — prostitutes or madams — who sacrificed invaluable hours of their time “tipping him off” on the place’s opportunities cannot be counted. There are at least two women, in Vienna and Constantinople,\(^\text{20}\) who openly declared their readiness to accompany him immediately. Admittedly some of those offers were self-serving, like the three young Warsaw prostitutes who seemed willing to follow anyone who would finance their move to Buenos Aires — but Kinsie was on to them.\(^\text{21}\) For their part, the madams sometimes counted on hiring Kinsie’s fictitious lady friend — hence, he seemed to make people want to do business with him. His male interlocutors, just as often eager to take him as a partner, did not doubt for an instant that he could easily find a woman eager to prostitute herself for him and make him benefit from the profits. From a moral point of view, his many promises — that he had not the slightest intention of keeping — are undoubtedly blameworthy, but he was admittedly formidable effective in his search for information. Yet it is to be noted that he occasionally exhibited scruples: when a brash 15-year-

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\(^{18}\) Havana report (5–9 September 1926): “Just one visit to the former districts is sufficient to convince a person of the wonderful change that has taken place.”


\(^{20}\) This involved Lena Fisher (Vienna report, 13–14 June 1925) and Reba (Constantinople report, 24–26 May).

\(^{21}\) Warsaw report (17–21 October 1924).
old girl, from the outskirts of Lyon, France, declared, fully aware of the facts, that she was ready to follow him abroad, he dissuaded her from setting out “in life” and urged her to return home to her parents.\footnote{Lyon report (30–31 December 1924): “Later I spoke to Alyce. The girl stated that she was tired of living [at] home. She admitted she wanted to go to Paris and from her general conversation she would be glad to go almost anywhere. I told her that she would be better off at home and after spending about one hour in her company I left her at Cafe Richi.”}

He appeared young and goodlooking to his elders (and to Luisi, the expert from Uruguay), which gives the impression that he was a man in the prime of life. A particular feature: he understood Yiddish rather well, the vernacular tongue of the Jewish diaspora, including its slang expressions, but did not speak it well enough to convince an “innocent” young girl to go out with him and, who knows, marry him before putting her on the sidewalk. His mentors were unanimous on that point: he had to be able to talk to get results, resorting to force was useless. Hence it is not surprising that the two not-so-innocent young women who said they would be glad to follow him spoke English very well: he could converse with them, even if it was more to talk business than to murmur sweet nothings.

In his correspondence with Johnson — he addressed him as “My dear Major” and Johnson wrote back “Dear Paul” — the tone is very cordial, a virile friendship seems to have linked them beyond a strictly professional relationship. A conversation with the so-called James de Villa in Barcelona, Spain, reveals that he had been a soldier.\footnote{Barcelona report (16–17 January 1925).} Did he serve in combat? Had he served under Major Johnson’s orders? We do not know. So ultimately, with what is now known, the Kinsie mystery remains, if not whole, at least considerable.

**Paul, Samuel, George, Christina and others**

Kinsie’s undercover reports have been edited exclusively, for they form a sufficiently consistent whole to be treated apart whereas, in his mind and that of his colleagues, they originated from a whole which was in itself the product of teamwork. While Kinsie carried on his clandestine work, Johnson, often accompanied by Auerbach, and sometimes Snow himself, met with authorities and somewhat less often, directors of philanthropical associations. They met ministers, police chiefs, directors of emigration and immigration services, customs officers, doctors in charge of preventing venereal disease, directors of local associations for the protection of young women, all providing an external point of view on the “trafficking phenomenon” and its agents. As need be, it frequently happened that the country representatives to the Special Body of Experts accompanied Johnson: thus Bandini in Italy, Hennequin in France or de Meuron in Switzerland. The archives in Geneva contain many transcriptions of answers to rather standardized questions addressed to the authorities as well as a considerable mass of documents such as copies of rules, statistics of emigration departments and morals police, legal texts relating to trafficking and prostitution, files of photographs of pimps, brothel keepers and prostitutes, newspaper cuttings without forgetting dozens of calling cards. In cities where Kinsie was the sole investigator, he carried out the two aspects of the investigation, the unofficial and official (sometimes — like in Czechoslovakia — supplemented by a third source of information such as representatives of philanthropic associations). Generally he worked in a completely autonomous fashion, only occasionally carrying out targeted investigations intended to
check the accuracy of official information at the request of other team members. In several cities where Johnson’s arrival had been announced, intense police activity was suddenly deployed, which astonished the underworld members and gives an insight into its reactions and defence mechanisms. In Berlin, Genoa and Marseille, the authorities thereby showed their anxiety to present Johnson their city under the best possible light. They were unaware that, thanks to Kinsie’s presence, the “Yankees” were not that easily fooled.

Kinsie was not the only one to carry out undercover investigations. In 1924, Walter Clarke did an enlightening investigation into several rumours relating to trafficking cases in various countries. Georges E. Worthington (who signed #20) wrote a number of undercover reports on Canada, Cuba, Mexico and the United States. It is particularly interesting to compare them with Kinsie’s because, unlike Kinsie, Worthington tried to pass himself off as a customer and that identity did not get him very far: neither the prostitutes nor the madams took him seriously and he got no access to the pimps and other male agents. He was considered a “sucker”, as customers were sometimes called; a term to which a certain amount of disdain is attached. The same can be said of the few reports written by F. H. Within and Walter Brunet in 1925. As for Auerbach, the situation is a little different. A native of Constantinople but a naturalized United States citizen, Auerbach became a specialist on immigration, working for the US authorities and the ASHA. He may have been a relative of Israel Auerbach, representative on the German Joint Committee, who guided Samuel Cohen, president of the British branch of the Jewish Association for the Protection of Young Women, during his stay in Constantinople in May 1914. Besides his reports on Thessaloniki, Greece, and some Romanian and Polish cities, he wrote a fascinating report of a week on the de Salto border post between Argentina and Uruguay in the company of clandestine migrant smugglers. He is a particularly interesting character in that he does not hesitate to denounce a co-religionist to Cohen. Cohen declared publicly in 1927 to have taken the necessary measures so that the de Salto Jewish smuggler be tried, convicted and imprisoned.

Special mention must be made of the work of Christina Galitzi, former private secretary to the Queen of Romania and a future professor of sociology at Scripps College in California: she is the author, at Snow’s request, of a rigorous research paper based on the files of the International Migration Service in Athens and Marseille. She also wrote a succulent account of a memorable night out in the Marseille dance halls during which she was offered the possibility of “taking off” to Buenos Aires. Chloe Owings investigated in Boston and Detroit from July to August 1924; she

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24 Kinsie signed #70; Auerbach, #30. It has been impossible to identify the authors of rare reports (on Windsor, Canada, of 16 March 1925 notably) signed #40 and #60.
26 Samuel Cohen, “Oral statement”, Conference of the Jewish Association for the Protection of Girls and Women (Official report), 22, 23 and 24 June 1927, London, p. 88: “This was a case I knew well, about which I had made enquiries; and it was also known to the J.C.A. Emigration Department. This man was later arrested, and is now serving a term of imprisonment.”
27 LNA, File “France”, S 174, “Memoranda. Cooperation with Snow Commission. Report on the analytical study of International Migration Service records, to find evidence, positive or negative, of international traffic in women and children. General outlook on the Marseille situation with regard to prostitution, exploitation and white slave traffic”.
28 Lacking title, date, and signature and bearing the classification “strictly confidential”, this six-page report is to be found in an envelope with the letterhead of the League of Nations and the following handwritten description: “Galitzi report Marseille”, LNA, File “France”, S. 174.
may have written other texts. The archives also include the reports of some unidentified people but are of negligible quantity. In any event, no investigator ever left a quantity of reports as impressive as Kinsie’s: their hundreds of pages largely exceed the few dozen pages deposited in the files by the most prolix of the others.

On the Jewish underworld diaspora

Wherever he was, Kinsie always asked questions intended to determine if foreign minor girls, or adults under constraint prostituted themselves.29 He usually invented a minor female companion whom he would like to place in disregard of international conventions forbidding the recruiting of minors (under 21 — since 1921) in brothels, or else he sought to find one. His main goal was thus obviously to find trafficking cases as understood in those conventions. That extremely narrow approach would not have provided such an interesting investigation if Kinsie had not penetrated the very particular milieu of the Jewish underworld diaspora.

The involvement — the overrepresentation some say — of Jews in the white slave trade was well known to Kinsie’s contemporaries and had already nourished many anti-Semitic fantasies. It was partly in reaction to those that the Jewish Association for the Protection of Girls and Women was created in London in 1897. Bristow dates the association of Jews with the white slave trade in public opinion to the Lemberg lawsuit of 1892 at the end of which 26 Jews were convicted of having sent young women to Alexandria.30 That accusation turned out to be long-lasting: it was abundantly mobilized in Nazi anti-Semitic propaganda and traces of it could be found in 1967 in the famous Orleans rumour, in which Jewish clothing merchants were suspected of drugging and then exporting ingenuous young girls. Even today it is easy to find such incriminations on the Internet sites of extremist cells.31

The historiography on the Jewish involvement in trafficking is abundant but historians have above all, quite understandably, turned their attention to national or regional situations. A notable exception is provided by Charles Van Onselen’s article in 2000, the subject of which is precisely the diaspora’s network.32 Even if he stops a few years earlier, and admitting that the First World War certainly brought about major modifications in the migratory flow, in that seminal text he provides an adequate framework for contextualizing Kinsie’s itinerary through the Jewish underworld diaspora.

In a later article, devoted to Jewish informers, Van Onselen quite rightly stated that: “Ethnically

29 A few cases of forced prostitution are mentioned but they remain exceptional. The collusion between the pimps or madams and policemen, who considerably reinforced the pimps’ or the madams’ power over the girls, is recognized in many instances; but, generally, coercion seems to have been the means of competing groups (as it happens, the French group when Jews, like Goldberg, are the ones talking, and, as can be verified in the case of A. Londres, the Jewish group when it is the French who are talking) or the pre-war means (the mythical good old days when the girls could be beaten with impunity).


lubricated underworld linkages between Brussels, Buenos Aires, Cape Town, London, Paris, New York City, Johannesburg, and Rio de Janeiro in the late nineteenth century were extensive, and persisted into the 1920s. It is an epic that awaits its historian.\textsuperscript{33} There is no doubt that Kinsie’s reports represent a major and indispensable source for writing about the last period of that history — which was to end so tragically with the Second World War. Therein lies the main interest of Kinsie’s reports and it alone seems to amply justify their publication.

As retrospective spectators, it is easy to see that the world was already coming apart at the seams despite the League of Nations’ pacificatory ambitions: Kinsie’s route sometimes crossed those of tens of thousands of refugees, as for example in Greece or Turkey; the accreditations for the investigation in Italy were signed by Mussolini; in Portugal, Salazar was on the verge of taking power; in Brazil the planned visit to Sao Paulo had to be cancelled because of what was termed the “Tenente revolts”; in Mexico, a Catholic counter-revolution rumbled on … Kinsie and his colleagues were perfectly indifferent to those disorders, which they hardly mention; they had their eyes riveted on the foreign prostitutes and the men who gravitated around them.

The lives of “evil men”

Testimonies by prostitutes have been found relatively frequently since the nineteenth century. Many of them certainly must be treated with caution given the circumstances under which they were collected, but at least they exist. With notable exceptions, we cannot say as much for the categories of actors coded under P (for Pimp), T (for Trafficker), DH (for Disorderly Housekeeper) and M (for Madam). The men especially, Jews and non-Jews, were held in a social contempt so generalized that they hardly ever listened to; they had understood that. Time and time again, the reports illustrate that they had every interest in keeping a low profile. In the reports, however, they are discovered talking together unreservedly, talking business most of the time — perhaps because Kinsie had almost no other subject of conversation — but not exclusively and it is surprising to feel a certain sympathy for at least some of them. Kinsie obtained, very much in spite of himself, a result which surely marks a success in the social sciences: he humanizes those who had exclusively been depicted with such negative features that they were stereotyped as nothing more than cruel barbarians.

A certain number of colleagues have been quite rightly astonished by the fact that so many historians of prostitution seemed to simply reaffirm, and by that fact, certify the viewpoint of the reformers who dedicated their lives to the struggle against prostitution.\textsuperscript{34} Thanks to Kinsie, there exists exceptional empirical material for a history of the underworld written from the insider’s point of view.

From the start, however, a major slant in his investigation should be underlined: it largely neglects the prostitution of locals, and it can be guessed by reading the reports that in many of the cities visited native prostitution went on under much more difficult, and often more abusive, conditions than those encountered by the foreign prostitutes. Obligatorily focusing on international


\textsuperscript{34} Luise White, The Comforts of Home: Prostitution in Colonial Nairobi (Chicago, Chicago University Press, 1990), p. 10: “How is it that the language of reform has become the language of academic description a century or more later?”
“trafficking”, he excluded native women and children from his field of investigation. Furthermore, it is not to be forgotten that a whole aspect of the reality of prostitution is almost absent from his reports and the city introductions are there to recall the existence of that missing dimension.

**Kinsie and the League of Nations experts**

There are undoubtedly still others, but in concluding a third major interest of Kinsie’s writings is to be mentioned. It becomes patent when they are compared with the report published by the Special Body of Experts in 1927. Although Kinsie is cited abundantly there the global representation that emerges is altogether different. At that time (as at present), the experts were credited with having scientifically demonstrated the existence of trafficking and the causal role played by the regulation of prostitution therein. In reading Kinsie, the impression is rather that what they call “trafficking” is actually a migration of people already prostituting themselves with the major purpose of earning money or more money. His reports make clear that migration was assisted by various intermediaries (not all coming from the underworld) who often financed — and always facilitated — the trip and made exercising the activity possible by taking a substantial share of the relatively large profits. The colossal difference between the experts’ published work and Kinsie’s reports — from which the first is nonetheless supposed to be nourished — is explained at once by the careful selection of extracts reinforcing the views of most of them and the rather systematic disqualification of the passages that did not suit them.

It is fascinating to observe the evolution of the reception of the investigators’ work within the Special Body of Experts. In the first phase, the experts had nothing but praise for them in recognition of what they judged to be the courage necessary for frequenting the underworld. But when the time came for publication, they could not find words strong enough to stigmatize the investigators’ alleged incompetence. Thus stated, for example, the expert from Belgium, Isidore Maus, in a speech at the 17th meeting of the SBE’s seventh session, on 24 November 1927:

> The investigator who went to Poland must have a primitive mentality, capable of observing a particular fact, but not of having general ideas and overall views. I find another proof of his primitive mentality: prostitution and trafficking are social phenomena resulting from a whole series of conditions that we know and have studied. However to go to a country like Poland, which includes people speaking Polish, German, Yiddish and Russian, and think that he is going to carry out a social investigation without knowing the 4 languages spoken in the country, is positively incredible. Who can believe that with his own language, be it French, German, Italian or American, he can go to a country while being completely ignorant of the languages and carry out a social investigation there? That represents a purely primitive mentality and is truly incomprehensible.

The truth is that the data produced by Kinsie did not suit them from many points of view, partly because it revealed the corruption very concretely, or the authorities’ underhanded dealings, without which the underworld’s activities would be hard to imagine. Thus, calling the quality of the investigation in Poland into question resulted particularly from the repetition, in the report’s first version, of an assertion Schloymer had made to Kinsie in Strasbourg, France, according to which
Jews easily obtained passports in Poland because the Polish authorities wanted to get rid of them. While Johnson did his utmost to assure the experts of the fact that the assertion had been cross-checked by many informers who had not come from the underworld, the least allusion to state anti-Semitism was unacceptable and, after being edited down in a first revision in February 1927, it was eliminated in the final revision in November 1927. A few years later, during the planning of the investigation in the east, governments eliminated the risk of revealing bothersome truths by purely and simply prohibiting unofficial investigations from being carried out. That is why, unfortunately, the archives of that second international investigation are not at all as interesting.

In these times of epistemological relativism, the judgement by which one representation is more faithful to reality than another will undoubtedly arouse the condescension of some. Yet there is no doubt that Kinsie’s reports offer a representation of the phenomenon that is more in conformity with reality than the Special Body of Experts’ published report. Nevertheless it was the latter which history remembers, not only because it was a necessary condition for what was to become in 1949 the United Nations Convention for the Suppression of the Traffic in Persons and of the Exploitation of the Prostitution of Others, and perhaps especially because it provided one of the still active matrices of official discourses on the trafficking of human beings. The publication of Kinsie’s “unofficial” investigation might contribute to restoring, if not the truth, at least a more truthful discourse on a reality that even today is experienced by thousands of people throughout the world.

Notes on editing the text

The creation of the text

The text that you are about to discover does not exist, as such, anywhere. We created it in assembling and chronologically ordering the investigative reports written by #70, alias PK, alias Paul (Mc) Kinsie between May 1924 and December 1926 on behalf of the Special Body of Experts established by the Advisory Committee on the Traffic in Women and Children of the League of Nations.

As the annexed List of Contents reveals, in the inventory established in 1927, in Geneva, no more than a series of texts scattered throughout various files were found, generally under the title

55 “The statement is a reflection on the Polish government but it corresponds to the facts. Not only is this the statement of the underworld, it is the statement of the Jewish organisations in Poland and it is the statement of the Christian organisations in Poland. I got it from a dozen different sources that the police and others close their eyes to the exploitation of Jewish girls, and that the same efforts are not made to prevent them getting passports or to prevent them leaving the country as are made in the case of Christian girls. So far as the fact itself is concerned I am convinced that this is very much an under-statement of the actual situation in Poland. As to the policy of including the statement in our report, that is another question.” Bascom Johnson, 8 February 1927, SBE sixth session, 4th meeting.

56 It can be presumed that the reinforcement of controls mentioned by David Petrucchini was the consequence of these observations, censured by the experts: “Between 1926 and 1930 — the period of most intense emigration and greatest concern over trafficking — the Polish government passed measures curtailing the emigration of women, especially to Latin America and France, and placed strict controls on the issuance of passports, in particular to Jewish women.” David Petrucchini, “Pimps, Prostitutes and Policewomen: the Polish Women Police and the International Campaign against the Traffic in Women and Children between the World Wars”, Contemporary European History, vol. 24, No. 3 (August 2015), pp. 333–350, 347.
“PK report” or “PK’s report”, sometimes followed by a date, sometimes preceded or followed by a city name, sometimes indicating both (as for example “Prague — PK report July 3, 4, 5 — 1925”). Yet other formulations exist: the city may not be mentioned at all or appear under the title “report 70”. Kinsie’s reports are thus scattered throughout the 11 files which contain the archives of the investigation properly speaking: S 171 to S 181 in the classification of the League of Nations archives in Geneva.37

The anonymous — male or female — civil servant of the League of Nations archival service who wrote the inventory ends with a remark in parentheses which leaves room for all hypotheses: “Pages 20 and 21 are a list of what remains in file after Mr. Johnson had selected all he wanted for America.” In other words, it cannot be excluded that, even if it seems unlikely, some of Kinsie’s reports are not only absent from the List of Contents but also from the archives in Geneva. On the other hand, it is likely that part of the “exhibits” submitted by Kinsie (notably many “obscene images”) were selected for the United States because there is no trace of them in the Geneva archives.

Thus the first operation consisted in assembling those dispersed texts. The second manoeuvre involved direct intervention on the documents: wherever possible, the codes were replaced with the names of people and places appearing in the Code Book, which is kept in the archives and reproduced here in the appendix. These are the two major physical transformations which account for the existence of the document in the form in which it is presented here.

To those two material transformations, must be added a no less important one which touches on the intention of the reports’ author and his sponsors: neither Kinsie, nor the latter, ever imagined that those texts would be assembled as an autonomous corpus. In their conception, they were part of a whole and only made sense completed or compared to texts reporting from other points of view on the phenomena observed, the points of view of “respectable people”, notably the authorities, but also philanthropists of all kinds, points of view generally gathered by other investigators using more accepted methodologies. Illustrations of this collection from complementary points of view are found in some reports, generally entitled “Official” by Kinsie. Carried out in cities where he was the only member of the investigative team present there, they consist of interviews with police, public health or immigration officials and, sometimes, with local philanthropists. Ideally, it would have been better to publish all of the files/archives together. But the added scientific value did not appear to be worth the colossal quantity of additional work that that choice would have meant. The task of publishing Kinsie’s texts exclusively has been assumed because they constitute a relatively independent unit.

The chronological index of Kinsie’s reports allows us to easily retrace the route he followed. A periodization also emerges: he carried out the major part of the investigation during a first period of about 15 consecutive months, from May 1924 to September 1925. A second period of approximately 10 months (September 1925–June 1926) was probably devoted to the elaboration and collective composition of the first versions of the reports submitted to the experts. There is no trace of field

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37 For a more complete description of the archives, see Jean-Michel Chaumont and Bernardine Pejovic, “A New Archival Source of Interest to Sociologists”, Timeless: American Sociological Association (December 2006), E-newsletter No. 7, p. 5. It should be noted that the deliberations of the Special Body of Experts are to be found in three files: S 169 (hearings of sessions 1 to 5, April 1924 to November 1926); S 170 (hearings of the sixth session, February 1927) and S 149 (hearings of the seventh session, November 1927).
investigations during this period and the Geneva archives do not determine exactly how the United States team worked in the New York offices of the American Social Hygiene Association. A third and last period of approximately four months began in Paris in early July 1926 and ended with a short stay in Montreal, Canada, in early December. This last phase was intended to incorporate changes that might possibly have come about since the first visit (such as the abolition of the red-light district in Montreal, of which Kinsie was told about but did not occur) or to verify new information (such as a rumour which was to prove as fanciful as the earlier ones in Riga).

Supplementary remarks on the editorial choices

There were a certain number of difficulties to be dealt with which are important to mention, as well as how they were solved. The guiding line was to consider that given the nature of the texts — reports of activity, with no literary pretensions, by an investigator relating his encounters and his interlocutors’ conversation — it was advisable to answer the questions uniformly and not lose sight of the fact that the variants in the reports are of little interest. They never modify the sense in an appreciable manner:

1. In the majority, the texts present the same format (and were obviously typed on the same typewriter). In these standardized presentations, codes replace the names, or sometimes just the nicknames, of persons or places. It is not known whether Kinsie typed them himself or else sent his handwritten reports to the ASHA head office in New York where they were typed before being sent back to Geneva.

2. Yet there are some handwritten versions (for example, the League of Nations archives contain Kinsie’s handwritten report on Le Havre, France) as well as typed versions where the names rather than codes appear. It can therefore be assumed that there were three versions of every report: handwritten, typed with names, and typed with codes.

3. Most of the texts are annotated and those annotations seem intended for selecting passages for the composition of intermediate synthesis reports. The annotations have not been taken into account.

4. The following reports include crossed-through or crossed-out passages: Rio de Janeiro (July 1924), Panama City (August 1924), Rotterdam (November 1924), Amsterdam (November 1924), Antwerp (November 1924), Berlin (June 1925) and Hamburg (June 1925). The crossed-through passages, apparently for editing purposes, are transcribed. If the passages have been crossed out, generally by typewriter, no attempt to decipher them has been made and they have simply been omitted. On the other hand, in the rare passages where ends of sentences are crossed-through to be reformulated, the clearest formulation has been chosen, original version or not.

5. Except when there were insignificant typographical errors, the errors in PK’s text have not been corrected. When those errors might lead to a misconception, that has been indicated in a note.

6. Certain terms appear with slightly different spelling (example: the “johns” or the “Johns”). These have been transcribed literally.
7. To make the reading more fluid, certain names appear in a reduced form after their first occurrence: thus “Schloymer” rather than “Schloymer the Lalker”.

8. Several remarks must be made concerning the Code Book:
   
a. It includes codes absent from Kinsie's reports because they involve reports written by other investigators;
   
b. It includes many spelling errors, especially in the transcriptions of places (street names, names of establishments, etc.). These errors have not been corrected;
   
c. Certain codes figuring in Kinsie’s reports do not appear in the version of the Code Book present in the Geneva archives. It is possible that a more complete Code Book had been composed in New York;
   
d. In certain cases, the keys to codes absent from the Code Book appear in appendices of Kinsie's reports and these have then been used. Those codes have been inserted into the Code Book and appear there in italics;
   
e. In other cases, the names associated with the codes have not been identified and those have consequently been left;
   
f. The Code Book includes errors which have been mentioned in notes when found;
   
g. Kinsie’s typed reports include errors in the codes: these have been systematically pointed out when located. Whenever possible, suggestions have been made in notes, as to what are probably the correct codes. Every time an erroneous code appears, to avoid introducing an aberrant name, the erroneous code has been left and indicated in a note.

9. The “personal descriptions” that have been gathered and published in an appendix are generally to be found inserted at the end of the reports in which the individuals are mentioned for the first time.

10. The transcriptions were carried out based on photographs of the documents. Except for bulky printed material (booklets and brochures), the archival documents were systematically photographed in the order in which they appear in the files. Thus, nearly 20,000 photographs were taken in July and August 2004 and in July and August 2005. During subsequent brief stays, certain documents were rephotographed.

11. The appendices include:
   
   I. Kinsie's Code Book
   
   II. Personal Descriptions by City as prepared by Kinsie
   
   III. List of Contents of Archival Inventory
IV. Kinsie's Itineraries

V. A report by Kinsie recounting his meeting with Anna Gertler, whose name is misspelled in the Code Book (as “Getler” instead of “Gertler”). This report has been published as an appendix because Kinsie had stopped the course of his own investigation to do his colleagues a favour.

VI. Reports’ City Index
Barbadoes, B.W.I.

*May 9, 1924*

**Prostitution**

Upon arrival today at Barbadoes, British West Indies, I went ashore and asked a chauffeur to take me to the segregated district. He informed me that there is no such district, but that prostitutes may be found scattered throughout the city. I then had this chauffeur drive me about, and encountered hundreds of prostitutes openly accosting men.

These women walked the streets, stood in doorways and alleyways, and literally dragged the men into their filthy and insanitary shacks.

All of these prostitutes are colored people and range in age from 12 to 30 years. In all of my experience I never encountered so many children practicing prostitution. Time and again I was approached by children who offered to commit acts of prostitution for two shillings; and upon my refusal, they offered to pose naked for a picture for one shilling.

So terrible are the conditions in this island that even persons, who were not interested in this subject, called to my attention the things they were confronted with while ashore.

A friend of mine, Dr. Standard, who has an office on Broad Street, took me about the island. He said: “There is scarcely a native family on the island that has not syphilis. The parents force the girls out on the streets every time a ship comes in. These people here are so poor, and in most cases so illiterate, that they believe they are not doing wrong. Gonorrhea and syphilis are eating away the backbone of this island. The Governor takes no measures to stop this sort of thing; so, naturally, when ships come in, these conditions may be found. That which you have seen is nothing in comparison to that which takes place when a ship comes in later in the day. Remember, it is only 3 o’clock in the morning. You can imagine what you would see at 4 in the afternoon!”

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S.A.

*May 18-19, 1924*

**Commercialized prostitution**

While on the S.S.V———, I cultivated the acquaintance of Mr. Boris Thomasheffski, a noted man of his race and profession. He confided to me that in addition to fulfilling a business engagement in South America, he is writing articles for the X——— Y———, one of the leading newspapers of his race in America. He also admitted that the main subject upon which he is writing deals with the part the people of his race are playing in the commercialized prostitution of South America.
I pretended having a passing interest in this subject and was invited by Mr. Thomasheffski to accompany him upon his tours of observation.

Mr. Thomasheffski upon arrival in Rio immediately visited the haunts of the main members of Rio’s underworld, and I by posing as a member of his company, secured introductions to the outstanding figures of Rio’s underworld.

The situation in Rio is truly beyond description. The municipal government sanctions a segregated district in which there is said to be fully ten thousand prostitutes. Each prostitute is registered with the Police Department, and is permitted to practice prostitution within the designated area. The women are permitted to enter and to leave this locality at any time, and are not required to offer themselves for examination to the Health Department or any other municipal department.

The district is very well policed, and no protection money is paid to any officer for permission to operate. The prostitutes do, however, admit that the Police receive large sums of money from them, because of the fact that prostitutes may often have to call upon the police for protection when customers indulge in drunken brawls.

The majority of the prostitutes operate upon an individual basis. They may be seen standing in the windows and doorways of their “cribs”, clad in loose-fitting chemise and short dresses, with arms and legs exposed, calling loudly to passersby.

The houses are extremely insanitary and in most cases have little or no privacy.

All day and all night hundreds of old and young men can be seen passing through the streets, entering and leaving the houses. Soldiers and sailors of all nationalities are always visible. In fact, pimps usually meet the incoming steamers, warships, etc., at the wharfs and direct the unacquainted to the district.

In each house or “crib” the prostitutes offer intoxicating liquor for sale at prices slightly higher than elsewhere. The woman are the most depraved that can be imagined. In addition to sexual intercourse they suggest “French” (perversion), “Brazil fashion” (sodomy), and do not hesitate to perform “circus” acts if the compensation offered is sufficiently attractive.

The women range in ages from 14 to 40 years. The majority of them are, however, between 25 and 40 years. Of the ten thousand women in district, seven thousand are said to be foreigners. The women who comprise the foreign element come principally from Galicia, Roumainia, Poland, Germany and France. All speak English, German and Yiddish, and are hardened dyed-in-the-wool prostitutes.

The younger prostitutes in the district are nearly all natives, the greater number being Portuguese negroes.

Mr. Thomasheffski and I questioned many individual prostitutes. All admitted that they came voluntarily to Rio after having been induced to come through the invitation of friends already in
the business. All contended that the economic conditions in their own countries had caused them to leave home and enter a life of prostitution.

The prostitutes stated that their average earnings are 180 milreis a day (180$000) which is equivalent to approximately $18 in U.S. currency. For a prostitute to earn this amount it is necessary for her to entertain nine men a day at the average price of 20$000 ($2) per customer. This is a very conservative estimate of their earnings and number of customers entertained per prostitute, because all admitted that on good days they earn as much as 350$000 (milreis) a day, or $35.

In addition to the deplorable conditions encountered in the segregated district, prostitutes may be found in and about the streets adjacent to the segregated locality, and also in the cabarets and cheap bar rooms.

In the “Tenderloin” prostitutes along the streets solicit clandestinely, whereas prostitutes who ply their trade about the business section of the city await the man to make the first approach.

In the higher-priced cabarets the prostitutes also await the man’s approach, whereas in the cheap drinking saloons which are frequented by a low element, the prostitutes may be seen going from table to table soliciting.

All prostitutes who operate outside of the tolerated district take their customers to assignation rooms, and also to their own rooms.

The Editor of the local X——Z Weekly who accompanied me about, stated that the venereal diseases are regarded very lightly by the natives; and that it is extremely hard to find a man in Rio who has not at some time or other been venereally infected. He further mentioned that quack doctors and druggists who sell “sure cures” are reaping a harvest both from the prostitutes and their trade.

The perversion practiced by the prostitutes in Rio is a great attraction to American and English seamen, and is also indulged in order to avoid venereal infection.

The ship surgeon on the S.S.V—— informed me that there is so much venereal disease in Rio that there is scarcely a trip that some member of the crew does not report to the ship and request treatment.

The Lampert and Holt Steamship Company has provided an isolation ward for venereally-diseased patients on board ship and confine all members of the crew to this ward until cured.
Montevideo, Uruguay, S.A.

May 24, 1924

Commercialized prostitution

In the company of Mr. Thomasheffski I visited the district in which most of the houses of prostitution in this city of Montevideo are situated. All the houses of prostitution are openly conducted and are said to be licensed by the municipality.

The inmates of the resorts range in age from 20 to 40 years, and are mainly foreign girls. These girls come from Russia, Poland, Germany, France, Romania, and other countries.

The average price of the resorts is 2, 3 and 5 pesos. At the present rate of exchange these amounts correspond to approximately $2, $3 and $5 in U.S. currency.

Perversion is practiced in all of these resorts. The inmates readily suggest perversion, and are apparently more willing to commit pervert acts than to indulge in natural sexual intercourse.

In addition to the resorts in which there are female inmates, there are a number of houses harboring male inmates who sit about in female attire and solicit men. Their prices are approximately the same as for the females, and they are said to perform all kinds of pervert acts upon their customers.

While loitering about the city I made the acquaintance of a man who gave me his name as Mr. William Dobbs. He was born and brought up in Montevideo and is apparently very well informed upon underworld conditions here. He corroborated my findings as to the predominance of foreign women in the houses, and mentioned that most of the inmates are recruited through the exploitation activities of a man known as Mr. Carl Charlot. He said: “The laws in Uruguay are extremely severe on white slavery, and the men in that business are more in fear of the lash than of the jail sentence. Carl Charlot makes thousands of pesos a year supplying inmates to houses in Brazil and Argentine. He operates out of this city. He has agents in Odessa, Warsaw, Paris, and other European cities, whom he corresponds with through the mails and cables, and carries on his business of importation in the same manner as a man engaged in a legitimate enterprise”.

I said: “If the laws are severe and the police are active, how can he get away with it?”; he replied “The man walks the streets as free as you or I. Before you are in South America long you will realize that this entire continent is graft-ridden. Carl Charlot’s business goes on daily, and he receives a certain amount for each woman he brings in. In addition, he receives part of the girls’ earnings. He is respectably married, has a family, and lives in a very fine home”.

I said “It may all be true, but it sounds like a fairy tale to me!”; he replied “If your boat were not sailing I would introduce you to a 19-year old French girl who has been in a house for three months. One of Carl Charlot’s agents picked this girl up in a small town in France. He made love to her. She ran away from home to accompany this fellow to South America. He told her it would be impossible for her to sail on the same ship with him. He told her that he would leave first and that she should
follow. He left and she followed in another steamer. The agreement was that he would meet her when her steamer reach Uruguay. When she arrived Carl Charlot met her. His agent had previously sent her picture to him. Carl Charlot told the girl her sweetheart was ill and he took her to this house. She has been there ever since, and was forced to lead that kind of a life”.

I said “It sounds incredible. I would have to see it before I could believe it”; he answered “You claim you are coming back to this city. Look me up. I’ll introduce you to the girl. She’ll tell you herself. I’ll even introduce you to Carl Charlot. Of course, you could not expect to get it from him, but you can at least judge the man after meeting him”.

Buenos Aires, Argentina, S.A.
May 28, 1924

Commercialized prostitution

About 3 P.M. while walking on Peru Street near Avenida de Mayo, I was accosted by a prostitute. She admitted to me that she spoke very little Spanish and that she could best make herself understood in German. Our conversation was then carried on in that language.

While in a cafe on Avenida de Mayo with this prostitute she gave me her name as Lotte Haids Belgrano, (See Exhibit in her handwriting) and stated that she came to Buenos Aires six months ago from Stuttgart, Germany, on board the Capi Lonia (?) steamship. When further questioned this prostitute admitted that prior to coming to Buenos Aires she had never practiced prostitution, and that she came to Buenos Aires through the instigation of several German friends. She said “After I got here I could not find work, so I have to make a living this way. Everything is very dear (high-priced) here; besides, they pay very small wages”.

She then quoted her price as 10 pesos ($3) and stated that a room could be had at a nearby hotel for 5 pesos ($1.50).

I made the necessary excuses and inasmuch as this prostitute stated that she was forced to commit acts of prostitution in order to make a living, I made arrangements for a further meeting (See Report on her by Samuel Auerbach, May 31).

Houses of prostitution

During the afternoon and evening I visited various houses of prostitution throughout the city. In each house I found but one inmate, and upon making inquiries I was informed that the Police Regulations do not permit more than one girl to operate in any one house.

The prostitutes found operating in the resorts were mainly French and Russian girls, and all were apparently over 21 years of age.
It was noted that none of the girls spoke English, -- The main languages spoken being Spanish, French and Yiddish.

The resorts are well patronized and in most instances it was necessary for me to wait until the inmate was not busy with a customer before I could speak to her.

I inquired in each house for several persons whom I was led to believe are in Buenos Aires, but was unable to meet anyone who could direct me.

The following houses were visited by me:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Street</th>
<th>House Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Montevideo</td>
<td>#41, #981</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maipu</td>
<td>#835</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corrientes</td>
<td>#351, #1962, #2070</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rodriguez Pena</td>
<td>#167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junin</td>
<td>#174, 260, 349, 519, 616, 731</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Sur Mer</td>
<td>#567, 611</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Jaures</td>
<td>#1291, 1779</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ecuador</td>
<td>#222, 339, 522</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Attached are several cards given to me by madames and inmates of the houses; these may be used as exhibits.

**Buenos Aires, Argentina**

*May 29-30, 1924*

While in the company of Samuel Auerbach, I visited a house of prostitution at #351 Corrientes Street. Upon being admitted, the madame responded in Yiddish, and when she was questioned, she directed me to #1987 Lavalle Street, and stated that I would undoubtedly find the persons whom I am seeking at that address.

Later in the day I visited the Lavalle street address and from there I was taken by a former disorderly-house keeper of New York City to the home of the notorious Motche Goldberg (formerly of New York City) at 1709 Sarmiento Street.

When I entered I found Motche Goldberg seated, reading, in his apartment on the second floor. No introduction was necessary as I had known him when he was regarded as the king of New York’s underworld. We exchanged the usual greetings and after the situation in New York City had been discussed, Motche Goldberg very willingly disclosed the situation at the present time in Buenos Aires.

He at first inquired as to my business and wanted to know if I had brought “my girl” with me. I left him in doubt as to the exact purpose of my coming to Buenos Aires by merely mentioning
that I “brought a woman with me” and he undoubtedly was led to believe that opening a house of prostitution is my ultimate purpose here.

Motche Goldberg had always been credited with having more brains than the ordinary disorderly-house keeper, and although he does not have the power at present in Buenos Aires that he had in New York City, he is looked up to by his contemporaries.

Motche Goldberg related his activities in Buenos Aires without hesitancy. He said “When I left the States (U.S.A) I came here. You know, I was nearly broke. All I had with me was the $——— that James Smith gave me to get out of the country with. I invested my little capital in a little business here and it did not go. I got out of it and went back into this whore-house business. It’s the only thing I know that I can make a success out of. At that time we had regular districts here and I took a third interest in a house. In one year I made a lot of money. Then along comes a new administration, and the centers (segregated districts) were closed. They changed the Regulations and I got myself fixed up so that now even though I am an old man I have nothing to worry about”.

I told Motche Goldberg that since I arrived in town I had been looking for a “line”, but could not find one. He said “What you will find here is different than anything you ever heard of. It’s this way: No more than one girl is allowed in any house. The idea is, if a girl wants to ———, she can open a house, have her johns (customers) call on her and neither the police nor anyone else can bother her. The idea is to do away with pimps, and madames, and grafting policemen. Of course, she must live up to certain Rules and Regulations the Police Department has made. First of all, she must register, as a whore, with the Department. When she finds a house, she must be sure that there is no other joint (resort or house) on the same block. The Regulations provide (permit) one house to every one hundred numbers.

The house she picks out must also be 200 meters away from churches and schools; and at no time can more than one girl be in the place. Of course, she can have a servant to take care of the place, but no pimps, nor anyone else who might get a share of her money. Every week she must go to the Health Department for an examination and get their permission to continue. The houses have to be constructed so that the neighbors cant see in, and should not have more than one bed room. In the vestibule you must have a bright light, and the curtains on the inside door must be plain white or pink. No lace nor any kind that is fancy and could be seen through. Everybody knows these curtains, and you dont need steerers (business getters) or anything else. The johns (customers) just come in. The window curtains must always be drawn, the shutters closed, and the girl cant hustle (invite-accost) them in from the window or doorway. It’s Mayor James J. Gaynor’s idea (Outward order and decency). Nobody should know what’s going on except those who are looking for a piece (sexual satisfaction)”. I said “It’s a very queer method! There cannot be very much money in it”.

Motche Goldberg replied “It is better this way. It’s less expense and more money”. I said “It does not seem so”; he replied “Here people are peculiar. All the johns (customers) want is to be s——— (have perversion committed on them). French girls are the best slaves. They work and never get tired.
With one girl one of my houses averages 1, 500 pesos ($500) a week, at 5 pesos a smack (per act per customer). Nearly all are sucked.

I said “I thought you said they only rent the houses to the girls, and allow the girls to work alone?”; he replied “That’s the rules. But here, listen: I have four houses. What did I do? I went out and bought the property. I remodelled it to suit my tenant. My tenant is a girl (prostitute) and she gives me half of what she makes. That pays for the rent. I put a servant in each house for the girl. Sometimes she’s my wife, sometimes she’s a schichser (servant girl) whom I can trust; so, you see, there is no madame, no pimp, no whore-house keeper, -- only the girl herself. Now, tell me, is it not better than a house with ten girls? It’s better for us and better for the girls; they make more money. The house I just opened, corner of Ayacucha and Sarmiento streets, cost me $20,000 to fix up. It is really two houses in one; I live up to the Regulations of one house to the 100 numbers by placing a door at #293 Ayacucha Street, and another door at #1996 Sarmiento Street. The house is divided inside so as to make it two separate houses. It covers one lot and I got two places at the cost of one!”

I said “Don’t you fellows have to give up (pay protection money) to the Police? Surely they know that the girls are not working for themselves”.

He replied “There’s no graft here. Besides, I am not a whore-house keeper: I am a landlord. I rent my houses to whores, they pay me rent. What they pay is nobody’s business.

Now you see how it works. The boys all have three and four houses each”.

I said “It’s a good scheme, but how do you get your tenants?”; he replied “French girls are the only ones we want. There’s plenty here. There are French pimps who have three and four girls working for them. They’re old-timers from all over France. One comes here and he writes to the others to come. Every few months we change girls. The johns (customers) want someone else, so Tucherman sends one of his girls to me and I send one of mine, that has gone stale, to him. If it isn’t Tucherman, then it’s Joseph Timble or Zimmerman; we always help each other out”.

Continuing, he said “There’s no place here for American girls. I have seen American girls come here and starve to death! Why, do you suppose, huh? They wont suck! (Practice perversion on customers). Mrs. Regina Goldberg I brought down from New York City; she wouldn’t suck, so she couldn’t make a living. I had to send her back (To New York City). If she did as I told her to, she would have had enough money to retire today. In five years a girl can make a fortune here”. The Mrs. Regina Goldberg spoken of is Motche Goldberg’s legal wife.

Motche Goldberg continued: “My present wife is an Argentinean. She had nearly 80,000 pesos when I married her. Now, with our four houses we have nothing to worry about”.

I then asked Motche Goldberg how many houses there are in Buenos Aires. He said “Between six and seven hundred. They are all over town. They can be opened anywhere, provided the Regulations are conformed to. It’s a real legitimate business here”.

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During the afternoon and evening I visited Motche Goldberg at his home and was immediately invited by him to join the rest of the “boys” (pimps, disorderly-house operators, etc.) at 1987 Lavalle Street, a house used by the disorderly-house keepers of Buenos Aires as a place to meet and discuss their business.

Upon entering the house I was introduced to Moe Schwartz, a pimp I had not previously met. There were also seated at the table Joseph Timble, Jake Zucherman and Hymie Goldstein, all disorderly-house keepers.

It was suggested that we should visit a nearby cafe and spend a few hours there. Motche Goldberg said “I seldom leave the house. If it were not for you I would not go out. I know you want to see things, so I come out. I stay by myself. I find it is better”. I said “Why?”; he replied “No reason, but it is always best. I never even go near my houses. My wife attends to it all. Even in the States I didn’t bother with the boys much. They always came to me”.

By this time we had reached the cafe and we all took meats at one table. Various topics were discussed, but finally prostitution in Buenos Aires was reached. Each of the persons present own from two to four houses of prostitution in the immediate vicinity. All corroborated everything that Motche Goldberg had told me; and each one appeared thoroughly satisfied with the way the business of prostitution is handled in Buenos Aires.

I said “I have been around to a good many joints (houses) here, but I haven’t seen anything that was really worthwhile. Is it only the old-timers that come here?” Joseph Timble said “When a girl gets a reputation here as a good c ______ s ______, her fortune is made. Looks don’t count. Of course, she cant be altogether a measnich (very homely girl)”.

I said “I understand, - but what do you do when a girl makes the fortune you speak of?” … “They are usually pretty hard to hold when they get a little money”. Motche Goldberg said “You can always get another. There’s more French girls and Russian girls here than we have room for. One writes to the other. I know two girls who are hustling the streets (street walkers) now and waiting for me to take them in”.

Joseph Timble said “French Max has a beauty, a 3-way (natural, perversion and via anus) girl whom he wants me to put in one of my houses. The girls I have are all right, so I am not bothering. You know, every gal who is in a house considers herself lucky! That’s the least of our worries. There’s always plenty of girls who want to f______ for a living”.

Motche Goldberg added “We really have it all our own way here. A girl cant afford to have a house fixed to do business in. Houses that would answer the purpose are not always available. Rent is high, and unless the gal has someone to put up the money she cant start up. So, you see, they are
only too glad to get a chance in a place where they can make real money. On the streets they might get a couple of johns (customers) a day. If they get caught it means a 30-pesos fine. All the girls have to have someone. The French pimps have three and four girls here working for them. They get them places and the girls don't mind paying for it”.

The conversation then reverted to New York City, my city, and the discussion consumed most of the time we all remained together.

I then accompanied Motche Goldberg to his house on Sarmiento and Ayacucha Street, where I was introduced to both inmates and housekeepers. Since a continuous stream of customers kept coming into the houses, we departed and Motche Goldberg returned to his apartment.

**Buenos Aires, Argentina**

*June 2, 1924*

**Traffic in women and children**

About 3 P.M. I visited Motche Goldberg in his apartment at 1709 Sarmiento Street. He was just preparing to leave the apartment, and told me that he had to meet his wife at one of their houses of prostitution at #1996 Sarmiento Street. He invited me to accompany him and I did so.

Upon arriving at this house Motche Goldberg showed me about and explained, in great detail, how suitable his house is for purposes of prostitution.

While in the kitchen Motche Goldberg said “Today is pay day. I pay every Monday. I just came from the bank when you walked in”. At this moment two men, who had the appearance of being pimps, entered. One was seen to be paid 600 pesos, and the other one 750 pesos. They carried on a few moments conversation in Spanish and then they departed.

Shortly thereafter Motche Goldberg and I left the house and he suggested a carriage ride through Palermo, and while riding with him he explained to me that the payments he had just made were the amounts due each inmate in his houses at #1996 Sarmiento Street and #273 Ayacucha street, respectively. He said “That’s what the girls made last week”. I said “Do their men always collect the dough (money)?”; he replied “Yes, I always pay them. That is pretty good money for two houses that are open only a short time”.

I said “At the present rate of exchange the girls made $200 and $250 American money last week”. He replied: “A house in Buenos Aires is good for from 1,200 to 1,500 pesos a week”. I said “It’s a lot of work for one girl!”; he answered “Yes … if she f_____ them all. But, here, it is all s_____ business (perversion). The girl in the Sarmiento house only had about 15 men a day. It’s a 10-pesos house. That’s not much; I tell you, if a person wants to take it easy and save the money, they can get a nice few dollars together in a few years”.

I said, “It sounds good”. Motche Goldberg replied “Why dont you tell me the truth? WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR? You dont need to be afraid of me: If you are here for this kind of business I can put you in right. If you try anything without knowing the ropes (being familiar with proper procedure), you can loose! Come on, tell me! I'll advise you like a father!”

I then explained to him that I am here to make some money; he said “Have you got any money at all?”. I replied “Yes, I cleaned up quite a bundle in the States bootlegging, but I had to get away. Mrs. Lena Hyman and everybody else there told me to come here. She's been thinking about the same thing”.

Motche Goldberg said “Well, that's different. You got your girl with you, huh?” I answered “Yes, but I dont want it to become known, because I heard the Argentine government is very strict about fellows bringing girls in”. He said “That's all bunk! (not true)”... “You can bring in who you want. They are only strict about girls under 21 or girls that you have to beat up to make then bring in a dollar. Has your girl ever done business before?”. I replied “Yes, in the States, but never in a house. She's been thinking about the same thing”.

Motche Goldberg said “Well, that's different. You got your girl with you, huh?” I answered “Yes, but I dont want it to become known, because I heard the Argentine government is very strict about fellows bringing girls in”. He said “That's all bunk! (not true)”... “You can bring in who you want. They are only strict about girls under 21 or girls that you have to beat up to make then bring in a dollar. Has your girl ever done business before?”. I replied “Yes, in the States, but never in a house. She had four or five good suckers (customers)”. Motche Goldberg said “Well, then, dont put her in a house. If she is a good-looker, let her hustle (solicit men) at the Casino, and along the streets. She can get four or five a night and a sleeper (an all-night customer) for at least 50 pesos a night. I'll recommend you to a pension (furnished-room and boarding house) where she can take as many Johns (customers) as she wants to. She can get a nice room and board there for 35 pesos a week. Don't you live there, -- the cops (police) have been dragging (arresting) the pimps in and mugging (photographing) them. There were a few murders between French and Spanish pimps because one of them stole the other's girl. It started a fuss and, like in the Rosenthal murder case, the police began to drag in the boys (pimps, etc.). There are from two to three thousand pimps here. It's best that you stay away from them. Don't tell anybody your business, because you know, a good many P.I.'s (pimps) are stools (informers)”.

I said “I thought of opening a house”. He replied “It's good if your girl will s_____ (practice perversion). If she wont, you are lost. Find out first”. I said “If she wont, I could get another girl and she'd act as housekeeper”. He replied “Wait a while. Don't invest in a house until you are sure you will stay. Send her out on the streets. If she is a high-class girl and has plenty of nice clothes, that's the place for her”. I said “Yes, but wont she have to register with the Police Department?”. He said, “The Police have nothing to do with it. It is a branch of the Health Department that deals only with prostitutes. If she hustles the streets (solicits on the streets) and lives in a place that is not a whore house, she don't have to register. She's a respectable woman then; but when she hustles (solicits) be sure that she don't do it too loud (openly). Is she hustling now?”. I replied “She met a rich man on the steamer, and he had her out for two nights and gave her 200 pesos”. He said “Don't put her in a house. Let her play (solicit in) the hotels. She'll get a rich man who can set her up in a swell place, but see that you don't get thrown down (deserted by her). Do you think she will stick?”. I replied, “I think so, but I think a house is better. There I am sure of her, and she can't get into trouble”. He replied “If she is willing to s_____ and take it in tokis (via anus) she can make money. You have got time. Take it easy. If you want a room here I'll give you one. She can't bring in anybody here. I have four couples here, all girls and their men, but they don't hustle (solicit here). Be sure before you invest a dollar! I'll just show you: In the next room is a girl and her man. That yold (fool) for ten years walked the
streets of Buenos Aires without a shoe on his feet! Some of his friends gave him some money and he went to Warsaw. He met that girl there. He brought her back, put her in a house and in two years he saved nearly 3,000 American dollars!

I said “You can’t find girls like that every day”. Motche Goldberg replied “There’s plenty over there. If a fellow loses his girl he goes to France or Russia and brings himself back a greeny (an inexperienced girl)”. I said “Do you mean an abesa (maiden)?”; he replied “No, a charity o———

This girl was a charity o———. He brought her here and when she get here she couldn’t get work and neither could he; so, rather than starve to death she listened to reason. At first she didn’t mind f——— but refused to s———. When she found out she was losing money, she started s———; now she is an expert. They’ll open a house of their own soon. The same with the French girl at 1998 Sarmiento street. That fellow I paid only brought her over here three months ago. She took to s——— (perersion) quicker. By the French girls it comes natural”.

I said “Did she hustle (solicit) on the other side?” He replied “Eh, charity o——— but when she came here she found out she could sell it”. I said “If I lose my girl and can’t find one here, I’ll have to take a trip across”. Motche Goldberg replied “There’s plenty over there who want to come across to this town and work for a man if he’ll pay their way across”. I said “Yes, but where?”; he said “When you go across you can find them. You can pick them off the streets. If they f——— for charity (nothing) and you offer them a trip, they’ll come. Plenty of boys (pimps) lose their girls. They always go across and come back with another”.

Buenos Aires, Argentina

June 3, 1924

About 3 P.M. I visited Motche Goldberg at his residence at 1709 Sarmiento Street. The first question he asked me was “How is your girl doing with that john? (customer)”. I explained the gifts she had been receiving and he remarked “That’s no money for the time she is spending! You must get her to ask for more”.

After I had succeeded in changing the conversation to how it would be best for us to proceed in Buenos Aires, Motche Goldberg lost no time in explaining to me the various inner-most workings of the Buenos Aires underworld system.

He said “Don’t forget: Here it is a business, and we have to do things along business lines. If you decide that you want to put your girl in a house, there are many things that must be done. Even then it may take two weeks before we can find a place. You know, we cannot afford to let everybody in on our business. I can vouch for you that you are one of our people, and at the same time say how long I have known you. You must of course remember that unless your girl s——— a p——— (practices perversion), the person who owns the joint (house) don’t want her, and you both can starve to death here. That I explained to you yesterday”. I replied “I can’t answer that because I don’t know”.


He said “Very well then. It is bad policy for a boy (pimp) to ask his girl such a question. What we always do is this: If she has nice clothes we send her to one of our pensions (Furnished room and boarding house) and let her hustle there for a month say. There she will meet old-time whores who will take her out, show her the ropes, and explain that to s____, a p____, is the only way to make money here. When she realizes that, we’ll have a chance to make room for her. You see, we have to be sure. A girl who is what we call clean can do us no good, and at the same time she drives trade away. All green girls have to be handled that way. We boys must stick together. We have a little club and we each know what the other is doing. If a boy (pimp) needs help we give it to him. You see, it is the only way. The French pimps do the same thing. They help one another. Take this fellow next door. I told you yesterday what a bum he was. We got tired of seeing him being a schnorrer (beggar) so we loaned him the money. He went to Warsaw, found a woman, brought her from Europe, and now he is a made man! He paid back the money plus 8-1/2 or 10 per cent. interest and has 9,000 pesos and is thinking about opening a house of his own. At first she was the same as your girl. The older loppins (old prostitutes) showed her how to make a dollar and in less than two years they made the money”.

I said “Well, we’ll see first how she makes out with this john (customer)”. He replied “That’s right”.

Sometime later I said “Don’t a boy (pimp) take a chance bringing in a girl?”; he replied “If she’s under 21 or he has to beat her to hustle (solicit men on streets), yes. But when you have a greeny (charity girl) who has always been a schnorrer (a beggar, poor), she quickly listens to reason”.

I said “That, I know; but how can you get past the immigration officers? I had plenty of trouble to get out of the States”. He replied “Don’t you know all those laws affect the respectable people worse? Just like the Sullivan law (Antigun law) in New York City; a gangster can always get an iron (gun). A respectable fellow cant. The same way with that here: Here if a woman is registered as a whore on the other side she gets a stiff ticket (certificate) easy. With money you can get anything. If she never had a record, of course then it is easy too”. I said “True, but don’t they take a chance travelling together?”; he replied “This fellow came here on the same ship with her because she was a greeny. Sometimes the other boys (pimps) are more careful, and let the woman travel on a separate ship. It’s all according to what they bring in”.

I said “What do you mean?”; he replied “If the girl is so green that she might not want to f____, then they travel separately. But if she’s easy, they go together”. I asked “They must have travelled first class if he spent 1,500 pesos”. Motche Goldberg replied “Naw, never first class; either 2nd or 3rd”.

I then said “Why should a boy (pimp) spend so much money to get a woman (from abroad) when there are so many around the streets here?” He replied “Find a woman in Buenos Aires who has not got a pimp! There aint none! A woman here cant go on without a pimp. Of course, sometimes a fellow steals another’s girl, but that means murder! We had several such cases. The boys are usually pretty square that way; they seldom cop (steal) another’s gal, and a boy never stays with a girl whose man he knows. Girls are too easy to be had in Poland, and France”.

I said “How can you get them?” he replied “The same way you got yours. In Europe there’s plenty of c____ who f____ for charity. They have hardly enough to eat. If they get a chance to
make a dollar they grab it”. I said “If my girl gets homesick or runs away with this john (customer) she’s got, I’ll have to go across and grab myself one”. He laughed and said “She aint leaving you so quick!”

I said “Well, anyhow, I know what to do. I wont go ten years without shoes on my feet!” He replied “Forlificke (at the present time) you can have her; you have her and nothing to worry about”.

I then said to Motche Goldberg “My girl wants to register in order to avoid trouble”. He said “You are crazy to let her register unless you intend to put her into a house. Now, let me tell you something: Before she goes to the Health Department to register, let me know. They are big grafters there. Nine out of ten girls, when they get the blood test, show a taint. That means that they cant work in a house until they are cured. The safest way to do is to tell me when she goes to get the test so I can get my wife to fix it. You then can be sure that she will show clean blood. It costs 100 pesos to fix the fellow in the office. You dont pay anything until she gets the clean bill of health. Remember this: She cant register unless she has a house to work in. They do not register street girls”.

I said “What must she do to make the application?”; he replied “Have you got her right name on the passport?”; I replied “Yes”; he said “Then she has to register under the same name. Now, so that they do not got a line on you (correct information about you), it is better to wait a while before registering. What I would do first is this: You two go together to the Police Department and take out a Cedula (identification Card). Every respectable person carries one. She will get one and so will you. Then when she wants to get a card to do business, all she needs to show is her Cedula and they wont know who you are, because if you show your passport they will see your picture and hers and that means trouble. (To be continued).

Buenos Aires, Argentina

June 4, 1924

Motche Goldberg continued: “As I told you, there are supposed to be no madames, no pimps, no whore-house keepers: so, in order to get around that when a girl registers, she shows a paper to the effect that the owner will sell the house to the girl and allow her to use it for business purposes. You see, I being the owner of the house like any other owner, I give the girl a paper showing how much she paid. Naturally, when I give her a paper and she is supposed to be the owner, I have to have some protection, because she could then keep the house and order me away. The way we protect ourselves is to get 1,000 pesos from the girl as security, and in addition she signs this paper: (He then went to a bureau drawer whence he produced a blank legal paper, watermarked with the seal or insignia of the Republic of Argentina, and also having a stamp in the upper right hand corner which states “Una Peso”).

Motche Goldberg continued: “You see, I have nearly 50 of them. A peso is paid to make it a legal transaction. This paper you can buy anywhere. The girl signs it and either I or my wife signs it. I keep it and nothing is written on it unless the girl refuses to leave when we want her to. If she
I said “Have you ever had to fill in the sheet?”; he replied “No, they (girls) know what it means! A girl can last in a house for six months if she is good. Then I tell her to go, and she leaves for another house. You see, she is signed in for that house, and before I can put another girl in, I get the first girl to give her paper showing that she is taking over the place; The first girl’s paper is cancelled, the second’s is signed in, and the second girl signs a paper like this (same blank sheet) with me. The first girl gets her security back and the second girl pays the security. It’s business: You see, that is why a girl must have a man. The girls have no money, and it takes her man to arrange things and pay the money”.

I said “Suppose neither the man nor the girl has any money for security?”; he replied “If he is in our Hevera (club) and we know he is good, we let her in without security; but never without a paper! Sometimes there may be a dispute, or efsher (perhaps) she has had her blood tested and it is bad. Very often the girl don’t want to pay to get a clean bill of health. Then the house is closed and when a place does a 1,500 pesos-a-week business, a few weeks means a big loss. So, you see, all sides must be looked into. I am telling you this because I don’t want you to get fooled. Tell it to your girl. When once she registers she must go each week for an examination. The housekeeper always keeps her cards and she shows them to anybody who wants to know if she is well”.

I said “What do you do when a girl gets her sickness?” (menstruation). He replied “That’s the beauty of a French girl (who practices perversion); she knocks off only one day (suspends business). Jewish girls take four days. The way for you to do is to start your girl off on the street, after she finishes with that fellow (rich man), and then let her get her experience in a pension. After that when she learns to s____, bring her here and I’ll put her in a house, “if not mine, then in one of the other boys”.

I said, “I am taking her easy. She is still green”. He replied “That’s the way! I’ll propose you in the Hevra (club). The dues are only 20 pesos a month. If you are in trouble we will help you. We in this graft (business) have to stick together. What we do we tell to nobody but our own people”.

I said, “Where do you meet?”; he replied “At Jake Zuckerman’s, you know, Lavalle Street (1987). Sometimes we meet here”. I said “How many are in it?”; he replied “Enough”. I said “I suppose you are the ganser mocher (main or chief person)?”; he replied “Who then?”… “But we don’t get too much together. The police here are now a little hard on the boys, because of those murders. We do our business, no rough stuff, no dope fiends, just real business”.

I said “I certainly am lucky in having found you; otherwise I would not know where to turn. Tell me, if a girl comes to town, and wants to get into a house, and she has no man, how can she do it?”; he replied “She can’t get in. She must have a man. A man we know, who is reliable”. I said “Take me, for instance. Just say, for the sake of argument, I came here a stranger with a girl, do you mean to say that I could not put her into a house?”; he said “Yes, sir! Not until we found out something about you. The first thing you would have to do would be to go to a house and ask for a place for your girl. The housekeeper would send you to a commission agent. He would look you both over, and if you look all right and know anybody we know, he would try to get your girl a place as soon
as we could make room for her. You know that you would have to pay the agent about 200 pesos for fixing you up? Say, nobody is steering anybody to a place in a good location, where money can be made, without getting a percentage for their trouble! Just the same way as I would have to pay if, tomorrow, I wanted to open another house. I would have to go to a Notary Public; remember a Notary Public here is not like those in the States (U.S.A). There, any shyster who has ten dollars can get a seal. Here he is a man like a lawyer. I tell him what I want; he arranges everything; he sees the property owner, gets the city's permission, and so on; and I have to pay him 1,000 pesos for the job. That's why so many men are going next door (next room). They want to open a house and the agents are trying to fix them up”.

During the last few days fully ten agents were seen to visit the pimp and prostitutes referred to, next door.

I said “Can they fix a fellow up with a woman too?”; Motche Goldberg replied “No, that they cant do. If a fellow wants a wife, a respectable woman who dont hustle (solicit), yes. That's how I got mine. It cost me 4,000 pesos, but she had 80,000 pesos! She was a widow. My wife (in U.S.A - Mrs. Regina Goldberg) is supposed to be dead. That way, yes. But the hustlers (street walkers) they all have men”.

I said “If I lose mine, it looks like I would have to go to Europe for one. In the States you have a hard job finding them”. He replied, “Yes, in Europe it is easy. A good pimp can always get another. All kinds; they are glad to leave and get the chance to make a dollar. Whenever the boys (pimps) lose a girl, they go across, and in five minutes start back with one. They set them up in a place, and even if they only live together two years, he's more than paid up. I have seen them do it time and again”.

I said “Where is the best place to look?”; he said “They say Poland, Russia, Germany, Romania and France. Wherever they are starving”.

I said, “If a fellow starts out that way, has he any trouble getting a passport and then coming back?” He said “Naw, you just take your passport and go”. I said “I suppose most of the boys here are citizens?”; he replied “Very few. If they have been here long and have no passports, they take their Cedulas and go to their Consul, tell him they lost the passport, and he gives them another. They cant force you to go to Europe to get it”.

Just about this time we were joined by Jake Zuckerman who said “Motche Goldberg, whenever your wife wants to put the house in the hands of a good woman, I have one, ______ a widow, ______ one of unz erlite (our people)”. Motche Goldberg said “Effaher (perhaps) next month after the place is running awhile”.

I said, after Jake Zuckerman had departed “How can you trust a housekeeper? She can trim you (cheat you)”. He said “Housekeeper is a good job. We must have a reliable one. She cant steal much because, first of all, she has to work with the girl. Her man wont let her cheat us, if he is one of our crowd. Secondly, we know from one another when business falls off. Thirdly, my wife is there now, so we can guide ourselves for the future. What if she does steal a couple of pesos? That we expect. But what we must guard against is her skipping with a few days' business (receipts). The commission
agent looks that all up first. When he gets the housekeeper her job, she must pay him a commission. If she runs away with the day's pesos, he is responsible to us, and must make good. So far in my 15 years here, we have had no such losses”.

Buenos Aires, Argentina

June 5, 1924

About 2 P.M I visited Motche Goldberg at his home. Upon entering he said to me “I have been waiting for you. I would suggest that you get that girl of yours fixed up in a good pension. How is she making out with that man?” I replied “She's doing good”. He said “Let’s walk around and look the place over. There are five girls there who hustle (solicit) at the Casino. They’ll show her how to make a dollar”.

I then accompanied Motche Goldberg to the first floor of a house at #1061 Corrientes Street, where he told me to proceed upstairs and he would follow me, as he had to see a man in a nearby cigar store. I ascended the steps and was greeted by an unknown woman. I told her that Motche Goldberg had sent me; she ushered me into a room to the right of the staircase. A naked woman, seated in this room, said “Excuse my appearance”. I explained that I was waiting for Motche Goldberg and she admitted that she had mistaken me for a “sucker” (customer) and then invited me to be seated.

Motche Goldberg soon joined us. He then introduced me to this prostitute who gave her name as Eva ; he also introduced me to Mrs. Hillis, the proprietress of this house; he said “Mrs. Hillis, this is a friend of mine from New York City. I told you about him yesterday. He wants a place for his girl. I told him to come here, and that you would let her have a room and board, and that one of the girls who speaks English could break her in”. Mrs. Hillis said “Sure. Helen here could take care of her. They could go out together. You know, I do not allow any of the boys to live here. If you want to eat, I will let you, but I dont let the boys (pimps) live here”. I said “Why is that?”; she replied “Because it spoils things. The girls bring in men, and some customers dont like to go into a place where they see a man around”.

I was then shown a room which Mrs. Hillis explained would cost 55 pesos a week with board. She said “She can bring in as many men as she wants to, but I charge her 5 pesos for each man”. I explained that the arrangement seemed satisfactory, but that I would have to wait at least a week until my girl finishes with her present john (customer). Mrs. Hillis said, “Helen is a fine girl. She speaks English and they should do good together. I only have two rooms left; if you put a deposit on one, I’ll keep it for you”.

I replied, “I'll wait, but you can count on us taking it”. Mrs. Hillis agreed and when I questioned her she told me that 8 girls are at the present time residing in this house. I then explained my situation to Helen, and she likewise agreed to act as an escort to my girl.

Helen told me that she was born in London, England, and came to Buenos Aires five years ago. She admitted that she had practiced prostitution in London prior to her arrival here, and that besides working in houses of prostitution in Buenos Aires, she also solicits trade about the streets.
When we left the house, Motche Goldberg said “I saved you from 10 to 20 pesos by introducing you there. All the girls in that house have men in our Hevra (club) and if you tried to get in you would have to get a commission agent to arrange it for you”.

About 7:30 P.M. Motche Goldberg took me to a restaurant in which most of the underworld characters eat. During the dinner the usual situation of the business of prostitution was discussed. There were present Motche Goldberg, Joseph Timble, Jake Zuckerman, the unknown pimp who resides in Motche Goldberg’s house, and two other pimps whom I know only by sight.

I inquired as to how things are in Africa, principally Johannesburg. All agreed that business is extremely bad there. Motche Goldberg said “Many of the boys (pimps) have taken their women to Mexico City. I heard it is very good”.

I said “Surely it can’t be any better than here?”; he replied “Here there is a fortune for the right girl. There’s more girls here than we can place. Remember, there are nearly 6,000 women (prostitutes) in Buenos Aires and between 2,000 and 3,000 pimps. Naturally the best get located. The rest leave”.

I said, “I’d be afraid to travel too much. In the States (U.S.A) it is dangerous”. Joseph Timble said “Stuss” (Rot). It is being done every day. I’ll go any place and not get into trouble”.

The unknown pimp who had made a recent trip to Poland said “I travelled across from here, and came back with my girl in the hottest (strictest) time”. I said “When was that?”; he replied “Two years ago”. Nobody never made anything who did not take a chance!”. Motche Goldberg interpolated “For ten years miner gitter bredder (My good friend), it took you to get wise to yourself”. The unknown pimp replied in Polish and all at the table laughed.

The conversation was then dropped and I returned to the Sarmiento Street address with Motche Goldberg.

Buenos Aires, Argentina

June 6, 1924

About 2:30 P.M. I visited Motche Goldberg at his home. As usual we started our conversation with Motche Goldberg displaying a great interest in my welfare and future status here. He then introduced me to Mrs. Motche Goldberg (Mrs. Motche Goldberg), an Argentine woman, who is now acting as housekeeper in one of their houses of prostitution at Ayacuchio and Sarmiento Streets. Motche Goldberg and his wife were about to go out, and I was invited to accompany them.

After riding about we visited a confiteria, and remained there the rest of the afternoon. Both Mr. and Mrs. Motche Goldberg discussed freely the receipts of their houses of prostitution, and were real joyous over the fact that each day’s receipts have shown a decided increase. I said “You are lucky you found such a good money maker in that girl you have. Where did you get her?”; he replied
“A commission agent put her in the house”. I then said “Are all girls secured in that way?” He said, “Where a man wants something real good, and there aint any around, we always let the commission agent do the running. It’s really only necessary for a new house. Now, when a place is established, the girls hear how much is being made and they wait for a chance to get in. It’s always best to put a new house in the hands of an agent”.

I said, “I thought perhaps you can’t get a girl to work except through an agent”. He replied “No, but sometimes the girls you know are not good enough. Then you have to ask someone who knows and, of course, you must pay him; and the girls pay him too”.

I said “It’s pretty soft when you can draw (money) from both ends”. Motche Goldberg replied “They don’t make much. Take Jake Zuckerman for instance: He lives from hand to mouth”. I said “A friend told me about a man in Montevideo (Carl Charlot) who made millions out of it”. Motche Goldberg said “Oh, I know who you mean, the Frenchman, Carl Charlot; he’s a susicher! (white slaver). That’s different! Naw, our agents don’t do that! they just work among our people, the same way as if a man in business wants a good clerk; he might know of one who works in another store, and he sends someone to see him, and to make him an offer. The French pimps are different. Some have two and three women. They beat their girls to make them bring in money. They make real slaves out of them! Our boys (pimps) treat their women right, and they never have more than one at time”.

I said “Do the French pimps here deal with Carl Charlot?”, he replied “I heard that some did get their girls in Montevideo through this fellow. He brings them from France to Montevideo, and then you can get them there and take them here, or wherever you want to put them to work”. I said “In that case, a fellow is foolish to go all the way across the ocean, if he can pick one up so easy in Montevideo”. Motche Goldberg answered “Our boys go and get their own. That business don’t go so easy. Nowadays you can’t force the girls. Carl Charlot brings them over, some are young, and new greenys; he has to put a fellow up against that kind, who can make a hit with her by being kind to her. After he’s got her going good, then he can do as he wants; but when a fellow don’t make (become friendly) the girl herself after she has been turned over to him, it is a tough job”.

I said “In that case things in Montevideo must be good”. He replied “It is good for the girls, but a pimp has a hard time of it there. The laws in Uruguay are hard. There is only one town in South America for the boys (pimps) and it is here (Buenos Aires). I’ll admit that everything in Buenos Aires is in favor of the girl, but, you can see yourself that a hustler (street walker) here must have a man (pimp). Remember, there is no law here against pimps. The Police can do nothing to you here for being a pimp. It’s best though that you keep away from the crowd. Sometimes they arrest the boys and just hold them. They can hold you for 30 days, and can even send you out of the city”.

I said “For instance, if I got into trouble, could they send me back to the U.S?”, he replied “No, that they don’t do”. I then said “You say there is no law; then how can they (police) hold you?”; he said “You know a cop (policeman) can put any charge against you. He may not have the goods (evidence) on you, but still he (policeman) can have you held”. I replied “If they frame (arrest on false charges) the boys up here, then I won’t go to that restaurant anymore. There may be a stool (informer) or someone who might be jealous and rap me (inform on me)”; he replied “Of course, if
you keep to yourself it is best. But it don't do any good to keep too much alone, because in case of trouble you won't have anybody to help you. Our Hevra (club) protects its boys. When they (police) started picking the boys up (arresting them) and holding them, I had things arranged so that they would be shipped out of town”. I said “What do you mean?”; he said “I have a friend who is the Assistant to the Police head. Now the Police head is a respectable good man. You can do nothing with him. His Chief (assistant), just the same as William J. Lahey is to Richard E. Enright, tells him everything that goes on. Without this fellow, the head of the Police department would not know anything about police business. Therefore, whatever he suggests to him, he does. When they started to hold the boys I had it fixed so they would get sent to Montevideo. They go, but they come back on the next boat”.

I said “You can't get a passport visaed in Montevideo in less than five days”; he replied “Your cedula (certificate card) is enough for a business trip” ... “I can even fix it now so that you don't even have to take the trip. If you ever get in trouble, immediately get in touch with me. No matter what time! I can save you, but after it is done it will cost you from 100 to 200 pesos. You see, you have to act quick so as to avoid getting your picture taken. When once they mug (photograph) you, they can make things hot for you. Now, don't forget that!”.

The remainder of the time was taken up by Mr. and Mrs. Motche Goldberg telling me the method to follow in order to make “my girl a good money-maker”. Mrs. Motche Goldberg then invited us to Sunday dinner at her home.

Early in the evening I joined Motche Goldberg and several other pimps at 1987 Lavalle Street. Nothing much was discussed. I left and returned later. Jake Zuckerman, Joseph Timble, and one unknown pimp who has a room at Motche Goldberg's house, #1709 Sarmiento Street, were present. I remained in the house until this pimp, whose name is unknown, started to leave. I then accompanied him home. I said to him “How is it that Motche Goldberg can always get you steamed up (wrought up,-excited)?” (I referred to the conversation at the dinner table last evening, in which Motche Goldberg upbraided this pimp for having gone 10 years without having a real money-making girl).

This pimp replied “Motche Goldberg is a good scout (fellow), but he can be a real Goslin (demon) when he wants to. I had hard luck. Every girl I'd get would either run away, or something would happen. The boys loaned me 1,500 pesos after three years of begging, and I went to Poland and got myself a girl”... “She was a hard worker, and in a couple of years she made good money. Now that I got a chance to get a house, I suppose they (others) are a little sore or jealous”.

I said “Couldn't you get a girl here?”; he replied “Every girl in town has a man (pimp)” I said “I mean through the commission agents. Haven't they got any?”; he replied “They can only steer (advise) a girl. But they haven't any who are alone (without a pimp)”. I said “Did you just run into her by accident”; he said “Naw, a friend in Warsaw told me about her. I played around her; she was charity like all of them, and when she came here she took to the business like a duck to water”.

I said “I had a hard job with mine”; he replied “When they find out that in Buenos Aires a girl gets such starvation wages, and she hasn't anybody to help her out, she don't take long to get down
to business. After we get our place started she’ll be housekeeper”. I said “Have you got a place?”; he replied “Not yet; I got five men looking out for me”.

**Buenos Aires, Argentina**

*June 7-8-9, 1924*

About 8 P.M., I visited Motche Goldberg at his home, #1709 Sarmiento Street, where I told him that I intended to visit the Casino Theatre later in the evening in order to look it over, as he had previously suggested.

He said “It is the only place for your girl for a start. American girls are peculiar. They sometimes won’t trade with everybody. Get her used to the trade in Buenos before you try to put her into a house”. I said “That’s just what I intend to do”. I then inquired of him as to the type of trade that frequents the Casino, and asked him if it is necessary for me to be near while she is working the place. He said “No, let her do her business alone”. I then said “The reason why I ask is that a French boy who has two or three girls told me that he always sticks close”. He said “Don’t tell any French pimp your business! They are always cutting each other’s throats! They stool (spy and inform) on one another all the time!”.

I said, “I thought they stuck together like our own crowd! Why, I even heard that they have a Hevra (club)”. Motche Goldberg replied “No such thing! They are always afraid to let one of their own kind in on the ground floor. That’s why they always put their girls into our houses”. (See statement, page 19 (B.A), i.e. “The French pimps do the same thing. They help one another”).

I said “I have a hard time keeping one girl to produce (making money). How do the French boys manage three?”; he replied “The longer you are here, the more you will learn. The French girls are the best slaves that a fellow can get. The American girls are the worst. Here a girl must s—— (practice perversion). When a French girl is born she knows how to do that! A French pimp, when he needs a girl, goes to the old country, and comes back with two”. I said “Will one girl stand for the other?”. He replied “It’s business with them. They realize that when somebody pays their passage across, they must pay him back. They get located (in a house of prostitution) through him here, and naturally kick in (pay back) the money to him”.

I said “That may be all right for girls who were doing business before they came here, but it would be quite hard to keep green girls in line”. He replied “That’s an entirely different proposition. They sometimes have to beat their green girls”.

I next informed Motche Goldberg of my own situation. He said “If this fellow who is putting up for your girl wants to take her to Montevideo, and then to London, be sure that you will not be left in the soup. She’s very liable to hang a can on you! (Run away). If she does and you can’t prevent it, and you think that you would want to stay here, perhaps I could get you a nice girl”. I said “That sounds good! Where could you get her from? All the girls here have their own friends”.
He replied, “That girl that that fellow brought from Warsaw likes you. I saw her making eyes at you. Whenever you are here she watches you like a mouse. He (her pimp) is a sick man. That could be arranged”. I said “It sounds queer to me”. He said “Not a bit! Many times when a fellow wants to get rid of his girl, they exchange”. I said “Yes, but I have no girl to exchange”. He said “In that case you would have to give him money”. I said “How much?”; he answered “That is up to them”. I said, “Hasn’t the girl anything to say?”; he replied “These things can only be arranged when a couple don’t get on together. You know women; when they are whores, or when they are respectable, they are all alike. They like a change too. Of course, the girl must like the man. This fellow is nearly dead. She’s a husky girl”.

I said “What would he do then?”; he answered “He made good money out of her, and with whatever he could get (through selling the girl) he would leave the country. This climate is bad for him. But what is the use of talking? Your girl is still with you. If she does try to get rid of you, see that you get well paid”. I said “If I did get another girl, I would want a green one”. He replied “You are mersugar (crazy)! Green girls you can’t get here! A green girl is twice as much trouble as a wife. They fall only for love, and then it takes time to introduce them into our way of living, and to get them to bring in a dollar. Take that girl in there: He knows her family; she even sends home money. That was no easy job to bring her over, then to put her in a pension and get her to s——— a p——— (practice perversion). It is tough! Every girl will not do it. Your girl, from what you tell me, would never make a success here. You can’t fool the trade (customers) here! The girl must be an expert”.

I said “What I mean is this: Isn’t there anybody here like the French man in Montevideo who has girls that just came over? Real girls who never did business before?”; he replied “No; when a fellow wants a green girl, he goes over and gets one. There are plenty in France, Poland and Germany, who are glad to get someone to take them here”. I said, “That costs too much money. I thought perhaps you know of someone who you could get in touch with, who could send something over”. He answered “No, when a fellow wants a greeny (inexperienced girl) he must go after her himself. He must treat her decent, make love to her, make her get so that she would do anything for him. The other way does not work anymore. One out of ten girls turns out a good money-maker, the old way. They are liable to squeal (complain) and you can only get the worst of it. A girl you get yourself will do anything. I know better than you. That is just the way the boys do. They go across and get them”.

I said “Why should they need to go across when they could go to Montevideo and get one?”; he replied “I am telling you: The kind he (Carl Charlot) brings over are all c——— who are already in the business. Of course, there may be some c——— who f——— for charity too. But that kind cannot be turned over. The real yentzers (prostitutes) owe the French man money. He puts up (pays) for their passage. When they get across they must pay the debt by staying in his houses. A pimp can get one of these girls provided he pays him (Carl Charlot) all it cost to bring the girl over. That kind of a girl is no good. I’ll tell you why: Suppose you give up a couple of thousand pesos for a nice looking French girl. You put her into a house and after a little while she packs up and runs away! This aint Russia, you know! You can’t stop her! If you beat her you have a fine chance of getting into trouble! There is only one way, and that is to get a girl who likes you, and who will do as you say. Just take things easy. Decide what you want to do, and let me know. If you have the right kind of a girl, this is the best place for you. If you aint got the right girl, you can starve to death here three times a day.”
I then told Motche Goldberg that I intended to at least go as far as Montevideo, and after seeing how things worked out I would decide what to do. I said “While I am there I will get in touch with the Frenchman, and if I decide to get rid of mine, I’ll get a girl from him”. Motche Goldberg said “I never did any business with him, but I know some French pimps who have. Be careful of yourself over there! They are hard on the boys!” I said “Who do you know that did business with him? Perhaps I know someone who did”. He replied, “The one person I have in mind you don’t know. He never was in the city of New York. They call him French Max”. I said “I know a French Max”; he replied “This is a different one; he never was in New York, I tell you! The French Max you knew in my time in New York City, used to bring girls from France to the houses on ______ Street; that’s a different fellow entirely”.

Buenos Aires, Argentina

June 7-8, 1924

Clandestine prostitutes

Between the hours of 10:30 PM. And 1:30 A.M, I visited the Casino Theatre, #341 Calle Maipu. The Casino is a notorious “variety” theatre, which is frequented by men only and prostitutes. The prostitutes who frequent this place are known as “clandestine” prostitutes, because of the fact that they are not registered by the municipal authorities as operating in an authorized house of prostitution.

The prostitutes who congregate here are not required to pay an admission fee. They are permitted to accost trade on the balcony, and take their trade from the premises at any time.

A cheap variety show starts at 9 P.M and usually terminates about midnight. The main floor is usually quite empty, whereas the balcony or first mezzanine, is crowded literally to capacity.

On this balcony as many as from 100 to 150 prostitutes may be seen nightly. The women range in ages from 20 to 40 years and are all clad in street clothes.

These prostitutes maybe seen walking to and fro, smiling at the men, and upon being given encouragement, solicit them for immoral purposes to places of assignation in the vicinity. At this place may be found prostitutes of nearly all nationalities.

During the two nights that I observed conditions at the theatre, I interviewed 13 different prostitutes. Five of them were Argentineans, one a German, two French, three Polish, one Italian, and one Turkish. All, with the exception of two, admitted being in Buenos Aires for more than five years. The Turkish prostitute informed me that she has been here but a year, and the Italian prostitute about five months.

While questioning the Turkish prostitute, I learned that prior to coming to Buenos Aires, she had not practiced prostitution. She said, in substance “When my mother and father died, I left Constantinople and went to live with my sister in Cherbourg. There I met a man. We came here
together. I could not get a job so I went into this business. He tried to take the money I made away from me. That’s all the men here are good for! They wont work and they want money! I kicked him out.”

She also stated that she came here on an English steamer known as the Reliance, as a 2nd Class passenger, arriving at the Port of Buenos Aires in June, 1923. She gave her name as Olga Radami (see exhibit attached in her own handwriting), and suggested that I call upon her at her home, Larrea 1329.

The Italian prostitute who claims to be a native of Genoa, Italy, admitted that she came here as a second-class passenger on the S.S. Philander from Genoa. She stated that she arrived at the Port of Buenos Aires in January, 1924, and that she was accompanied by a male friend. She also admitted that she came here of her own volition.

She gave me her name as Lorita (See exhibit) and requested me to call at her apartment, 379 Calle Uruguay, Piso 3.

**Buenos Aires, Argentina**

*June 10, 1924*

About 2 P.M. I visited the home of Motche Goldberg and was informed by one of the pimps who rooms in this house that the Ballaboos (Boss) would not return until 4 o’clock. As I was about to leave, this pimp said “My girl and I are going for a walk. Do you want to come along?”; I assented and after we had walked about a while we went into a neighborhood cafe.

The prostitute, whom I later learned is known as Fanny, discussed giving a present to a nephew in Warsaw. Various gifts were suggested and finally a signet ring was decided upon. We compared rings and when I looked at the pimp’s ring I asked him what the initials…..on the ring signified. His prostitute answered “Harry Kratzenbloom” (Spelling may not be accurate). Later another pimp joined us and was introduced as Julius Friedman.

I then gradually directed our conversation toward the business of prostitution. I confided in Harry Kratzenbloom that I anticipated a trip abroad and asked him if I would experience any difficulty in taking my woman with me. He then explained that he brought Fanny from Warsaw two years ago next July. He said “We both came on the same boat. But we had to travel 3d Class. I did not have much money. It is easy. Just dont tell anybody your business”.

Later I said “Did you have any trouble getting her to do business?”; he replied “Naw, ven der tivel iss hungry, er fress flegan!” (When the devil is hungry, he eats flies). I said, “What boat did you came on?”; he replied “A Royal Mail liner; I forget the name of it”. At this point it was suggested that we start for home.

This is the same pimp whom Motche Goldberg had repeatedly referred to, and who had admitted to me that Fanny had not practiced prostitution prior to her coming here, and that upon arrival he induced her to enter an immoral life (See previous reports).
Upon our return to #1709 Sarmiento Street, I found Motche Goldberg awaiting me. He excused himself for not being at home when I first called, and mentioned that he had been out looking over sites for several houses that he intends to open in the near future.

I then rehearsed my story again to him. He said “Your situation looks more promising now; yesterday it did not look right. If this fellow (fictitious rich man) will show more the color of his money (Give more liberally) I’d let her go with him if I were you. You can follow on the next boat. In London you can lead an easy life. She can support you, meet you on the side and it all can turn out well”. I said, “Yes, but in London I am as strange as I am here!”. He said “Before you leave I’ll get you an address in London where all the boys (pimps) are. You can get in with that crowd, and you’ll have a good time. They’ll put you wise to the ropes (inform you as to the proper procedure) and then if the john (rich man) gets tight (stingy with money) with your girl, get rid of him! In London everything is in a girl’s favor on the streets. There she cannot be arrested for hustling (street soliciting). These people will steer (advise) you right”.

I answered “That’s fine! It will work out great! In case my girl wants to stick with this john (customer) and I get bought off, perhaps I can land another girl there”. He replied “They can fix you up. A young fellow can always get a girl to hustle the streets for him. When you get to be my age it is different. The young girls dont want an alter cocher (old man). I have to have a seasoned woman. If you find yourself without a girl in London, I’ll give you a letter to a friend in Paris. This fellow can fix you up right. I’ll give you a recommendation to him, and he’ll take care of you”. I said, “French girls and Americans dont hitch well. I’d rather go up into Poland, and land something there”.

He said “This fellow is first-class. He can steer you anywhere there is a good bet, -- to Poland, Germany, anywhere! Tomorrow, if I have time, -- but surely before you leave, -- I’ll have it all prepared for you”. I said “It sounds good. I hope it works out”. He replied “It’s got to! I know what I am speaking about! I have helped fellows out, good boys (pimps) who didn’t have any money. They brought back girls and they are made men today. Take this fellow (pointing toward the room occupied by Harry Kratzenbloom and his prostitute, Fanny): I gave him 1,500 pesos to go across and get her. I made a bargain with him that when he brought her back I would open a house, give him an option on a half-interest after he paid me back the loan. Everything turned out fine. I had the house. His brother comes here and raises hell! So he backs out. When his brother left, it was too late to put her in that house, so he put her in another”.

I asked “Why did the brother object?”; he replied “He was crazy! He’s dead now! The ____ (profane name) ought to have died years ago!”

Continuing, he said “You dont want to go back to the States for two years, do you?”; I replied “Yes”; he said “In two years all that trouble of yours in the States should be over. If it is necessary for you to get rid of your girl while you are over there, get in touch with the people I send you to, get a nice girl, bring her here, and I’ll make you a partner in a house. In two years you can make plenty of money. That is, if things dont change here. This way of doing business is the best for us. There is twice as much money in it, and less than half the expense”.
I said “Do all the boys do that when they want a girl?”; he replied “Sure; if you are known here as being straight, somebody will always help you out. With you it is different. You don’t need money. While you get your money, make the most of it! If I had half the chance when I was your age, I’d be a millionaire today!”

Since it was nearing dinnertime, I promised to return tomorrow, and then departed.

**Buenos Aires, Argentina**

*June 11, 1924*

About 2:30 P.M. I arrived at Motche Goldberg’s home. I told him that everything had been arranged and I intended to leave Buenos Aires on Saturday at the latest. He said “You have a good proposition, and I am sure it will turn out good. Everything points toward a chance for you to become somebody. I saw a friend of mine and he will give you letters to his people in London. Tonight at 8 o’clock we will go over to his house and get things fixed up”. I said “This fellow is one of the boys (pimps) aint he?”; he replied “He is a man who has made over $150,000 in the whore-house business. At the present time he is my partner in several houses. When you see him he will tip you off the right way. I went to him this morning, and he told me to bring you over. Yes, that is the only way to do. See how you make out in London, and then if things do not turn out as you would like them, you go and see this other friend of mine in Paris. He is an old-timer. Just tell him what you want and he will advise you what to do. He knows where the right kind of girls are, and knows the type of girls that are needed in whatever country you would want to have her work in”.

I said “Did you ever do any business with him?”; he replied “This fellow used to own joints (houses of prostitution) in Buenos Aires years ago. He went back to Paris, and whenever the boys needed anything they’d go to him. He has connections all over. Harry Kratzenbloom got his necaver (woman) from him. I know at least ten boys (pimps) who in the last three years went to him and got taken care of. Of course, you may not need him; but, still, it is always best to have such connections. I’ll give you his address just as soon as I find out that he is still at the same place. I’ll also give you my card. When you meet him you can talk plain to him and need not be afraid”.

I said “That will be fine! I might land a girl that I could bring back here!”; Motche Goldberg replied “If you do, we can open a house together. Be sure she is an expert c——— s——— (perversionist). If she is, your fortune is made”. I said “Is there any chance of getting dropped (caught) while travelling?”; he replied “Be careful what you say. If you can afford it, travel first class. The first-class passengers have no trouble in any part of the world; but, if you go second or third class, be sure you don’t mix together too much. Just make it appear like you would when you meet anybody else on board. Above all, see that you have two separate passports. Then again, it is all according to the girl you bring in. If she is a green girl, be sure, VERY SURE, that she thinks enough of you to go into the business. Don’t bring a girl under 21; it’s 100 per cent. better to get one who has done business on the other side. There are thousands there to jump at the chance to come over. They are the best. You know, that kind goes right to it without an argument. My friend will tip you off to everything.
He has connections all over. I'll tell you how good he is: He fixed up a 50-year old boy (pimp) with a 20-year old girl who never did business before: So, you see, he must know his business”.

I said “Do I know this boy?”; he replied “His girl is in my house (#1996) on Sarmiento Street. You were there the day I paid him off. That’s the boy (pimp)”

I then inquired concerning the remuneration that might be expected by Motche Goldberg’s friend; he said “All these things you must work out yourself. Always have a poor mouth. Make it appear that you are travelling on borrowed gelt (money)”.

At 8 P.M by appointment I accompanied Motche Goldberg to the private home of a pimp and his woman (Harry Benjamin), Rodriguez Pena 688 (See business card attached).

We were very cordially received by Harry Benjamin who said “I wish I were going. It’s been 16 years since I was home. I’ll go back some day. I made enough money here to live on the interest in London, but somehow I cant get courage enough to go back”.

Continuing he said, “I am going to give you a letter to my family. My people, of course, are good business people. Respectable business; nothing like we are in. Bert Benjamin, my brother, is one of the boys (pimps). You’ll meet him at the house, and he’ll tell you all you need to know about our game in London. Girls you can always pick up there, but they are starving to death! If you are going there to make money, you are foolish! Here is the place: If you are going to find a girl, -- go either to Paris, or for that matter, to any part of France. Or into Poland. That’s the stock to get. English girls, like Americans, are not fit for here. They are too particular. French, Yiddish, or German (girls) are the kind. Give him, Motche Goldberg, your friend’s name in Paris”. Motche Goldberg replied “I will. I am looking it up”.

Harry Benjamin said “Just find Jules Restaurant (pimp’s hangout)’s place. He’s always there”. Harry Benjamin then agreed to prepare a letter, and asked me to call Thursday or Friday for it at his house.

Buenos Aires, Argentina

June 12, 1924

About 2 P.M. I called at #1709 Sarmiento Street in search of Motche Goldberg. There Harry Kratzenbloom, one of the pimps who resides at this address with his prostitute, Fanny, told me that the Ballaboos (Boss) was not at home, and would not return until about 4 P.M. I remained here awhile and engaged Harry Kratzenbloom in conversation. He explained to me that he had no trouble bringing Fanny to Buenos Aires. After rehearsing that which he had told me before, he said “We stayed awhile in Paris, and sailed from Cherbourg on the Royal Nail Packet S.S. Alliance (phonetic spelling). We got here in July, 1921”.

Harry Kratzenbloom then advised me to be very careful when entering England with my girl. He said “The laws there are very strict. Of course, you will have it easy. You have an American passport. They watch all European passports like mice. Especially boys and girls from Poland, Russia and France. Even
though I had a brother in England, they would not let me in except I gave a bond. My girl started to do business in London. It’s all right on the streets there. After about three months I brought her here. In Paris she would not do anything. It cost me a fine par taller (few dollars) at the Louvre Hotel. When we got to London we were nearly broke. Then she went out, and we made our passage money here. Now, it goes good. If you can spare the money, travel always first-class. Then you will never have trouble”.

It was then decided that Fanny, Harry Kratzenbloom and I should go to a nearby cafe for tea and pastry. After spending a little time with them, I departed.

I returned to Motche Goldberg’s home at 4 P.M. and again at 5:30 PM. Each time I learned that Motche Goldberg had not returned.

About 4:15 P.M. I visited Harry Benjamin at his home, 688 Calle Rodrigues Penna. The first word from Harry Benjamin’s mouth was “I am preparing the letter. I will give it to you tonight or tomorrow. I am not much of a writer, so you must excuse me. But, anyhow, you will have it in time”.

He then said “Watch your step in London, boy! The laws there are strict. If you don’t look good to the Immigration men, you can’t get in”. I then told him of my failure to find Motche Goldberg. He said “He told me he was looking up that friend of his in Paris for you. Let’s jump around; perhaps I can find a boy (pimp) who has his new address. Anyhow, if you want to meet a good crowd, go to #80 rue Lafayette. You’ll find plenty who can tip you off”.

I then accompanied this pimp to several places frequented by Motche Goldberg, but could not locate him.

About 5:30 P.M. I returned to Harry Benjamin’s home with him, and agreed to call again before I left town.

About 11:30 P.M. I met Joseph Timble on Avenida de Mayo and Florida Street. He who, like Motche Goldberg, had been one of my confidents, asked me when I intended to leave. I said “In a day or so”; he said “I know Motche Goldberg has first call on your girl, but if you ever come back here and want a nice place, I can fix you up”. I said, “We’ll see later. Anyhow, my girl is not fitted for this work. If I come back it will be with a different one”. He said “Get a Frenchy”. I said “I will, but in France I do not know anybody”. He replied “All the boys (pimps) there hang out in Jules Restaurant (Pimp’s hangout)’s place near the Boulevard. I don’t know the streets, but anybody will tell you. Drop down to the Hevra (club) before you leave. I must go now. I have an appointment with Boris Thomasheffski. He’s in town. I promised to take him to a cabaret”. I said “Do you know Boris Thomasheffski?”; he replied “Only 33 years: He is my best friend!”

Buenos Aires, Argentina

June 15, 1924

About 1 P.M. I visited Motche Goldberg at his home; he said “I am sorry I was not in yesterday when you called: my wife bothered me to buy a suit, so I had to go with her. We are going over to Harry
Benjamin's. He and his wife and you and I and my wife, are all going out to have dinner together. We must give you what you call a farewell party. I tried hard to get you Schloymer's address in Paris, but I can't see the fellow that saw him last time. But, anyhow, I'll get it for you, and send it to you in Montevideo. Everybody in this business among our crowd, knows him in Paris. All you have to do is to look up Jules Restaurant (Pimp's hangout)'s place and ask for Schloymer, the Lalker (knick-name). That's the name he is known under. Any hustler (street walker) along the streets can direct you to him. His place is near the main Boulevards. But don't worry: I'll get it and send it to you. All you need to do is to give him my card. In the meantime I will get in touch with him by mail when I get his address, and he will know who you are, and everything I told you yesterday. Put on a poor mouth, but tell him your whole story. You need not have mora (fear) of him. He is what we call a sushicher (sender). That's how he gets by. When a fellow wants a girl he goes to Schloymer. He has connections all over. You will see he can get you a girl for any purpose. Charity c——— or regulars. He will advise you the best way to travel to bring her here, or any other place you may want to go to. He knows the ropes (proper procedures), so you are much better off if you do as he says. But, remember! Don't be a yold (fool)! His price is $100 American gold. After you got the girl and you are about to board the steamer, show him a check, and address it to me here. He will understand. I will send it back to him.

I said "Is that the usual way?"; Motche Goldberg replied "Yes, every time a boy (pimp) comes to him for a girl through me that is the way it is done". I said "A boy (pimp) who wants a girl is foolish to make a trip! Schloymer could send her without the boy going to that expense". He said "Yes, that would be fine for Schloymer! The boy would send the money or a ticket, Schloymer could pocket the money, and then when the girl does not arrive, Schloymer would shake his head and say 'She must have get off at Rio, or someplace else'. No sir! Whenever you invest a dollar in anything, see what you are going to get for your money! Take my advice: When he gets you a girl, she should be over 21 and know the game. If he does produce a charity c———, see that you'll have no trouble afterwards. The green girls are hard to handle, and groesser surase (great trouble). Take a good c——— s——— (pervert), either French, German or Polish, who knows the business. That kind, when she comes here, snaps right into it. The charity o——— who is just breaking in, takes a long while to produce (to make money). If you get a good girl and come back here, in two years you can make a nice pile (of money) if the laws here remain the same. Those things, the turns this business takes, are, of course, never sure".

I then said "In bringing a girl in here, what is the best way?"; Motche Goldberg tersely replied "Separate passports, first-class if you can afford it; police certificates and that stuff Schloymer can fix up; that's all. The rest, he can advise you better".

By this time Mrs. Motche Goldberg had finished dressing, and we then went to meet Mr. and Mrs. Harry Benjamin. Upon meeting them, the five of us went to a restaurant on Calle Corrientes and had lunch.

After lunch Mrs. Motche Goldberg left to act as housekeeper in their house of prostitution at #1996 Sarmiento Street. Motche Goldberg returned home and I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Harry Benjamin to their home in order to obtain the letter of introduction he had written for me to his family in London. I was given the letter and before leaving Harry Benjamin reiterated that which
Motche Goldberg had told me about Schloymer in Paris. He also briefly sketched his life history to me since his arrival in Buenos Aires until the present day.

He said “When I first came here I had a hard time of it. For 16 years I just about got by. Three years ago I got hold of a good proposition. My wife managed the house, and in 14 months I made 60,000 pesos. I invested what I made in several other houses, and now I have a steady income, my wife does not need to hang around the joints (houses). We have a nice home. I eat, I sleep, I go to the cines (motion picture shows); so, you see, I cannot kick. In so many words, I advance money to the boys (pimps) who want to open up. I get 9 per cent. interest, and a share in the profits. Here, see for yourself”: He then produced a notebook in which I saw from 30 to 50 names. Beside each name were amounts written averaging from 100 to 3,000 pesos. He then continued: “These are all boys (pimps) see? Here is the interest. They always pay. This year so far I loaned out 20,000 pesos. Now the reason why I showed you all this is because you can tell my people that just as soon as I gather in all the money I have out I will sell my interests in the whore-houses I have and go back to London and live like a lord! I have made my pile and I am trying to wind up my affairs. I could carry on, but I am not in the best of health, and I am satisfied with what I have and do not want to corner all the money in Buenos Aires. Now to get down to the letter; I put in it that you are not in my line of business. I did that because I did not want my brother-in-law to snub you. My folks know my game. My brother is also one of us (pimps). You can meet him through the family; and to him you can state your affairs and he will put you on the right track so that you wont go astray. A false move in a strange city can put you in a tight corner. Tell them that in two years my wife and I will be back “home”.

Buenos Aires, Argentina

May 25-June 14, 1924

Traffic in women and children

Summary

Beginning on May 25th and continuing up to and including June 14th, 1924, an investigation of the Traffic in Women and Children was made in Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic, South America.

This traffic, being so closely associated with Commercialized Prostitution, it was necessary to go into all phases of commercialized prostitution on the spot, and from my findings ascertain the extent of the Traffic, its origin, intimate workings, etc.

It was not long after my arrival in Buenos Aires that I learned that there is no “segregated district” there. I was informed that persons with whom I had been personally acquainted in other parts of the world, are here; that the segregated district had been broken up in Buenos Aires some time ago; and that under the present system of regulation there are supposed to be no houses of prostitution.
However, I learned that prostitutes are permitted to practice prostitution in their homes, provided they adhere to certain Rules and Regulations laid down by the local Health Department. These Rules and Regulations permit but one prostitute to operate in any one house of prostitution. That prostitute may, however, have in her employ a woman, usually over 45 years of age, who acts as a domestic or housekeeper.

A prostitute may secure quarters on any street provided there are no other prostitutes operating on that block. It is also provided that no prostitute may locate within 200 meters of a school or church. As a result, houses of prostitution containing but one inmate, are to be found scattered throughout the entire city. A prostitute can secure quarters in almost any street, but very often, in the better sections of the city, neighbors are apt to complain; therefore, the prostitutes are usually found in the localities where the poorer element resides.

It is also provided that the house must be so situated that neighbors cannot look into the court yard, or windows, of the house in which the prostitute resides. The shutters or blinds must always be drawn; and no woman or other person is permitted to solicit from the windows or doorways.

The glass in the doors must be covered with a translucent curtain, usually pink or white. This curtain serves as a “mark of identification” for a house of prostitution, in as much as the curtains on the doors of respectable houses in Buenos are usually of lace. The hallway leading into the house of prostitution, must always be brilliantly lit.

A person, therefore, has little or no difficulty in finding the houses of prostitution located on nearly every block of certain sections of the city.

The prostitute must register with the Health Department after she has secured a cedula or identification card from the Police Department; this cedula may be secured after she has presented her passport to the Police Department and proved her age and nationality to their satisfaction, through her birth certificate, or passport. The prostitute is then examined by the Health Department and if found to be free of venereal disease and syphilis, she is permitted to practice prostitution at the address given by her in her application.

She is also required to appear weekly thereafter at the Health Department to receive an examination and a card showing that she is free of disease. Should the prostitute be found to be diseased, she is requested to submit to treatment and her house is then closed until she either is cured or turns her place over to another prostitute.

From my investigation on the spot I learned that the purpose of the present system is to entirely do away with pimps and madames. On the contrary, it makes a prostitute more in need of a pimp and a madame’s help than ever before. First of all, in order to secure a house suitable for the practice of prostitution, considerable expense has to be incurred, inasmuch as all houses need remodeling to fit the regulations when it is desired to use a house for purposes of prostitution.

The owners of the houses require long leases and exorbitant rentals, all of which the prostitute ordinarily cannot afford. Therefore, each house of prostitution is owned and operated by madames
or pimps or both, who make a specialty of providing such houses for the prostitutes. Inasmuch as the Rules and Regulations require the prostitute to personally own or lease the houses, the pimps, and also the madames, when turning a house over to a prostitute, require her either to put up any sum of money varying from $500 to $1,000 or to sign a blank agreement wherewith, in the event the prostitute refuses to vacate the premises when the madame or operator wishes to change girls, the owner may by filling in the spaces in the agreement or contract with any statement he sees fit, force the prostitute from the premises or even cause her to flee the city.

In this manner a number of disorderly-house keepers have been able to control a majority of the houses of prostitution now operating in Buenos Aires.

The owners of the houses in Buenos Aires are mainly men who have migrated from foreign countries to conduct resorts in this city. They are organized in such a way that one will always help the other in financial and other matters pertaining to the operation, leasing, tenanting, etc., of their respective houses.

Their organization is known as a benevolent society; they meet usually at each other's homes to discuss their respective problems.

From intimate association with the chief members of this organization I learned that more money can be made in Buenos Aires under this system than was made when the large houses of prostitution with 10 and 15 inmates flourished here. The head of the organization told me that in order for a prostitute to make money in Buenos Aires, she must learn to commit perversion. In fact, perverts are so much in demand that no owner of a resort will allow a girl to work therein unless she is a pervert.

The owner requires the prostitute to share 50 per cent. of her earnings with him; this is considered in the nature of a rental for the use of the premises. In addition the prostitute must pay a weekly board bill.

After becoming intimately associated with the main owners of the houses, they intimated to me that they are reaping a great harvest from the earnings of the prostitutes; they also admitted that whenever one of their organization members loses his girl, should he not have sufficient funds, money will be advanced to him so that he may go to Europe to secure another woman.

I also learned that several members of this organization had gone to Poland and brought back with them girls who did not know the real purpose for which they came to Buenos Aires; and that upon their arrival here they were forced into a life of prostitution. One of these girls, who is now looked upon as a prosperous prostitute, can be bought from her pimp for a sum of money, the reason being given that her pimp is a sick man, the climate being unhealthy for him.

The head of the organization also gave me the name of a procurer operating in Paris, France, who is very often called upon to procure girls for members of the organization. It was said that this man will for $100 American gold, arrange to get either a “green” (inexperienced) girl or a woman who has previously practiced prostitution for any man who comes recommended from this organization.
It was mentioned in my presence that many girls have been secured in this way; and that the pimps of Buenos Aires had personally gone to France in order to get their women. This man in France is also said to have connections in Germany and Poland in order that he may procure girls of a nationality that can work in harmony with the pimp for whom she is procured.

The main organization of pimps in Buenos Aires consists of Poles and Russians who own most of the houses of prostitution. They have working in these houses prostitutes who are mainly French girls who are invariably controlled by French pimps. The French pimps are in no way organized, but merely see to it that their women turn over all of their earnings to the pimps.

I personally accompanied the head of the organization to several houses on Monday afternoon when he paid off his prostitutes. In each case the prostitute sat idly by while her pimp was being paid the money which she had earned.

In addition to the owners, there are a number of men in Buenos Aires who are known as “brokers”; it is the business of these brokers to secure suitable sites for houses of prostitution, and after attending to all the legal transactions, they draw a brokerage fee for their trouble.

The owners also informed me that they are so firmly entrenched with the officials in the Health Department, that whenever one of their inmates is affected with a venereal disease, they can for $100 have a “clean bill of health” given to said inmate. The payment of this money always falls upon the inmate herself; and in the event that she does not care to operate in the same resort, she usually leaves and takes to the streets or solicits in or about the cabarets.

I also learned that the police have spasmodically directed their activities toward the pimps. As a result, the pimps now congregate secretly and are seldom seen together in public.

It may be conservatively estimated that more than 60 per cent. of the prostitutes operating in Buenos Aires are foreign-born women. Among them there is a predominance of French, Italian and Spanish girls.

In addition to the houses of prostitution the main thoroughfares during the afternoon and early evenings have many prostitutes who boldly solicit passing men.

In the cabarets, principally The Casino, nightly as many as a 100 to 150 prostitutes, were seen walking to and fro on the balcony, accosting any men who looked in their direction, and inviting them to their rooms or to hotels for immoral purposes. These women are permitted by the management of the Casino to ply their trade there and may enter without paying an admission fee.

As with the prostitutes, the majority of these women are of foreign birth. Many had just arrived in Buenos Aires and admitted to me that they came here principally to make money and then intended to return to their native lands.
Montevideo, Uruguay, S.A.

June 15-16-17-18, 1924

Traffic in women and children

Upon arrival in Montevideo, Uruguay, South America, I visited what is known as the “segregated district”. This district is situated within two and one-half squares of the center of the city, and occupies several blocks.

The houses in this district are in a very insanitary condition, and each resort harbors from two to four inmates.

The inmates range in age from 25 to 50 years, and are the lowest type of prostitute.

As one passes through Calle Yerbal, the main street of the district, the inmates may be seen peeking through holes in the doorways, and hammering upon the Florentine glass doors, calling in monotones to the passers-by, and fairly pleading with them to enter.

When a person stands in front of any one house the inmate on door duty will throw open the door and invite the person to come in. To encourage trade, the inmates wag their tongues, and also make a circle with their index fingers and thumbs, which is indicative of perversion and sodomy.

A stream or steady procession of young and old men can be seen going from house to house. Some enter, while others merely go about as sightseers.

I was informed that on pay nights the crowds on these streets are so dense that there is scarcely room to walk.

The prices charged in the houses range from 20 cents to $8, and the inmates in the cheaper places are required to entertain trade of all nationalities and races. Repeatedly I saw negroes enter white houses and select white inmates and accompany them into their bed rooms. Oftimes colored and white inmates may be seen in the same house.

To aptly describe the disgusting conditions that may be seen in this vicinity, it may be said that the type of inmates in the houses and the types of men that frequent this street, are such that a respectable person would not care even to rub shoulders with them on a crowded thoroughfare.

A thorough canvass of the houses on Calle Yerbal revealed the fact that the majority of the women are South Americans and French. All are old-time prostitutes who apparently have gradually drifted down to the lowest class or stage of commercialized prostitution.

During my stay here I cultivated the acquaintance of a man known as Mr. William Dobbs, who has been in Montevideo for many years, and who conducts a commission agent’s office on Calle Rincon. He apparently is thoroughly versed on conditions in Montevideo and now, although respectably married,
admitted that at one time he was a sweetheart of a notorious madame in town. He willingly took me to
the most notorious resorts and acted as interpreter when necessary.

Repeatedly I was informed by madames of the various houses regarding the different laws regulating
prostitution in Montevideo, and all seemed to tell their side of the story frankly and without conflicting
statements. I made the necessary excuses to William Dobbs for my interest in this subject (prostitution)
and instructed him to introduce me as “One of the boys (pimps) who wants to get located in Montevideo”.

I was informed that each house of prostitution must operate under a license granted by the municipal
government. The license fee usually amounts to 320 pesos a year, but varies according to the location.
There are no restrictions as to the number of girls in each house, but it is required that each house must
have a private room for each inmate.

The inmates are required to register with the local authorities before entering the houses to
work, and should a madame harbor an unregistered inmate, a heavy fine and the revocation of her
license might follow.

An inmate when registering must secure a cedula (certificate) which corresponds with her passport,
should she be a foreigner. In the event that the prostitute is a native she must present her birth certificate.
A brief history of the woman is recorded, and her cedula contains information concerning her character.

Upon receiving her registration card the prostitute is permitted to practice prostitution, provided she
is not diseased. The prostitute is required to submit to a venereal-disease examination twice a week, either
at the Clinic de Sanatarium de Prostitutes which is situated in the heart of the segregated district, or a
doctor will visit her in her home upon the payment of one peso for each visit.

A prostitute found diseased is not permitted to work, and is immediately confined to an
isolation hospital until cured.

Each house must have conspicuously displayed the Regulations, and the prostitutes are not
supposed to work more than 8 hours a day, and six days a week. This rule is not adhered to, as the
inmates usually start to work at 2 P.M. and seldom retire until 4 A.M. The Rules also provide that
the houses must have translucent glasses in the doors, and no soliciting is to take place from the
windows or doorways.

This latter rule is practically ignored on Calle Yerbal and adjoining streets. The disorderly-house
keepers evade the laws by pounding upon the door glass to attract the attention of the prospective
trade, and swinging the door open, and shut, so as to give the customer a chance to see the type of
inmate in the house.

The location of the resorts is not restricted to any one area, although the majority of the house may
be found in the center. One may open a house in any locality, provided the property may be acquired,
no influential neighbor lives close by, and there is not a school within a 200-meter radius of the house.

The better-class houses therefore are to be found in other sections of the city, but seldom in the
strictly residential localities.
During my rounds with William Dobbs I learned that the majority of the cheaper places, and also a number of the better-class resorts are operated by a notorious pimp known as Carl Charlot. There is said to be about 2,500 prostitutes operating in Montevideo, and more than 500 of these women are in Carl Charlot’s houses.

He is said to import women from France, Germany, and other countries, and to place them in his own houses. The women are mainly old-time prostitutes above the age of 21 years, but occasionally green girls are brought in and kept in actual slavery in his houses. The way he manages his houses is said to be upon a basis wherein he keeps all of the inmates’ earnings by crediting them with 50 per cent. of the money they make toward the money he advanced for their passage; and it is said that he also keeps them in debt by selling them clothes at exorbitant prices, and advancing small sums to them from time to time. In this way the girls are held practically as slaves, and are usually so deeply in debt that they cannot get out, and seldom have the courage to run away.

Carl Charlot is also said to have associated with him a number of other pimps who share in his profits and “keep the girls in line”. These pimps are, according to my informants, Apaches from Paris who migrated to South America shortly after the war. They are well known to the Police, but have been able to operate without molestation because of the fact that whenever they are arrested, Carl Charlot bribes the officers, and the cases usually result in a dismissal.

Carl Charlot is said to own and operate a place known as the Europe Hotel at X——— Calle, which I visited and found it to be frequented by prostitutes and pimps. Among the guests present I noted several French prostitutes whom I had previously seen in various houses of prostitution.

Throughout the day one can observe the various managers of Carl Charlot’s houses coming to this place with the previous day’s receipts of the disorderly resorts. I was also informed that prostitutes upon arrival in Montevideo are usually taken to this establishment and arrangements are then made there for places for them in the resorts controlled by Carl Charlot.

Montevideo, Uruguay

June 19, 1924

Since my arrival in Montevideo I visited all houses on Calle Yerbal, and most of the houses on the adjoining streets. I found that the majority of these cheap resorts harbor prostitutes between the ages of 25 and 50 years, and mostly women that appear to be Uruguayans, Argentineans, French, and a few Germans.

I next began to concentrate on the higher-priced places, and found that the women in these houses are mainly from France, and adjacent South American countries.

In all of the houses that I have thus far visited, the inmates, with the exception of one, are all over 21 years of age, and admitted practicing prostitution prior to coming to Montevideo.
Among the latest arrivals in Montevideo from foreign countries, I found that the French prostitutes greatly exceed all other nationalities.

While interviewing the various madames I intimated that I came here accompanied by a prostitute and was seeking a place for “my woman”. In each house I was readily accepted and invited to bring my girl for the madame to look her over. Each madame did not hesitate to inform me that the inmates average from 75 to 100 pesos a week (Approximately $50 to $75 in U.S. currency).

In some resorts the madames charge 15 pesos a week for board and lodging, while in others the inmates do not reside, but merely come to the house daily to go to work.

Madame Raymondo who conducts a 3-pesos house on Canelones, 817, was more than eager for another inmate. She introduced me to two of her four inmates, namely Dolly and Mignon; she said “You see why I must have other girls. These two ladies are my sisters. They came all the way from France to see me. They have been here for six months, and now they leave me to go home”. I said “I suppose they made expenses?”; the madame replied “Of course, they make plenty of money. They go on the 21st of July. I have one Uruguay girl who is young, but not pretty. Her husband does not make much money so I let her work here, but I must have pretty girls”.

I said “My girl is just 18”; she replied “Oh, La! La! That is not so good! We have a license here, you know, and the girls must be over 21”. I then said “Do you think you could arrange to take her?” she answered, “Yes I will arrange to take her, but you must tell me the truth. Has she ever worked in this business before?” I replied “On and off”; she said “I must know, because I cannot fool around and bother telling her how to treat my trade. I have enough trouble with this girl here” (Uruguay inmate admittedly 25 years of age). I said “I suppose you can always get plenty of girls?” She said “Yes, but not always the kind I want. I have girls that come to me who want a place and I cannot take them in”. I said “Why?”; she replied “They are not nice; one of my other girls, a very chic affair, writes a friend of hers to come over; she tells me how pretty this girl is. I promise her to give her friend a place; she comes: And she is terrible. So, I get rid of her quickly! You bring your girl around and I see her. If she looks good I take her to get registered and then she gets examined; if she is not sick, she can come in”.

I said “On what basis?”; she answered “Half and half, and two pesos a week for the doctor’s examination. He comes here to the house”.

Soriano 824, Mlle. Mignon Darville:

After visiting this house and cultivating the acquaintance of the madame, I addressed her in a manner intended to create the impression that I “wanted a place for my girl”. The madame gladly accepted my suggestion, and said, “I think I can take her in. Really, I am not the owner of this place. I just take care of it. If you bring your lady here tomorrow I can take you to the Boss and if he agrees I can make arrangements for her”. I said, “Where is the Boss? Is he here now?”; she replied “No, he lives at the Europe Hotel”. I said “A friend of mine in Buenos Aires recommended me to a man there, but I do not exactly remember his name”; she said “Is it Mr. Carl Charlot? Well, he has four houses around here. Come tomorrow and I will take your girl there”. She then questioned me as to who had
recommended me, and admitted that Motche Goldberg whom I had mentioned, was familiar but not personally known to her. She also explained that it could be arranged to get a cedula and Police Registration Card for my girl even though I admitted that she is but 18 years of age. She said “You bring her here tomorrow. I get you fixed up”. Inasmuch as the house was quite busy, I departed.

Juneal 1266:

Upon visiting this house the madame, an Italian woman who speaks English, introduced me to a very pretty Uruguayan girl named Nene who admitted that she is but 18 years of age, and that she has been in this business but one week.

The madame kept prompting the girl as to how to encourage me, and then the madame opened the girl’s dress and displaying the girl’s busts requested me to “Feel how hard they are! See, she’s young! Just one week here from the interior (of Uruguay).

As I was about to depart, Nene gave me her card, whereupon I promised to return later.

Montevideo, Uruguay

June 20, 1924

Traffic in women and children

About 3 P.M. I visited a house of prostitution managed by a French prostitute known to me as Mlle. Mignon Darville. This house is located at 824 Calle Soriano, and upon a previous visit I was invited by Mlle. Mignon Darville to bring my girl to the house, and she would arrange to place her as an inmate in this place.

Upon entering I informed Mlle. Mignon Darville that my girl could not accompany me, and that I would willingly accompany her (Mlle. Mignon Darville) to the person whom she had mentioned yesterday as the owner of the house, and make arrangements with him. She said “You could not see him. He is in Santos”. I said “Yesterday, you told me that he owned the Europe Hotel and that we could find him there”; she replied “You did not understand me, Monsieur: I said he owned the Europe Hotel, but I did not say he was there. I said: ‘I would have to take the girl there before I could take her in here’. You see, the man and his wife who owns this house, had to run out of this city”. I inquired why and was told by her: “I came here from Buenos Aires to take charge of this house. Madame Carl Charlot is living privately in Buenos Aires and cannot come here”.

I said “Is ‘Charlotte’ the first or Christian name of this woman?” She replied “It is her first name; I do not know what you call that in English”. I said “The man I came to see is known as ‘Charlotte’”; she said “Her husband, you mean? Yes. He is in Santos. They call him ‘Charlotte’ too, but his right name is a Romanian Jew name. I can get it for you, his name and address in Santos”. I said “How can he be in Santos and his wife in Buenos Aires, and they still own these places?” She replied “We are taking care of the houses for them. That is why we came here”. I said “What was the trouble?”;
she said “They had very young girls in the houses before. The laws here do not allow girls under 21 years of age to be in business. The Police are all right, but some papers here made big stories of it, and the Police had to start something. My bosses then had to skidoo (flee) as you say in America”.

I said “When did all this happen?”; she answered “Last year”; I then said “What happened to the girls”; she replied “They beat it (fled) too. One girl was only 14 years old”. I said “Was she a Uruguay girl?”; she replied “No, French. They brought her here. That is why they make all the trouble. Since then it has been very difficult for a girl to get in here, and also Argentine”.

I said “I had no trouble”; she replied “You are an American. You told me that both of you travel on the same passport. That is easy. In my country a girl must get a certificate of good character to get in here, or in Buenos Aires. If a girl works in a house in Europe she is registered and cannot get a certificate unless she has some friend. That is impossible most times”..... “Because you must have a visa, and without the certificate you cannot get in”.

I said “No certificate is required here”; she said “If your girl travelled alone she must have one. If you travel with a man as husband and wife, you do not need it here. But you do need it in Buenos Aires. A girl alone must (have one). A girl must also have friends here, respectable people, who can take care of her. That is hard to get too”. I said “Well, then, how do all the French, Belgian and Argentine girls get in?”; she replied “To come here from Buenos Aires is easy. The girls use the night boat, nobody inspects the passports. But for a foreign girl to go from here to Buenos Aires is difficult. The Argentine Immigration officers at this end want the certificate, so instead of going to Buenos Aires by night boat, the girls take the train from this city to Salto, and then across Uruguay River to Concordia, and then you are in Argentine and can go where you want to”.

I said “Are there no officers at Concordia?”; she replied “There are, but they are not particular. They always let you through. If they do stop you, a few pesos will always get you by”. I said “How long a trip is it?”; she replied “About 2-1/2 days from here”..... “It is a long hard journey, but what can you do? You got to do it to get in”. I said “Yes, but how do the girls from Brazil and France get into Montevideo?”; she replied “We go as far as Santos, or Rio, and then come in by train”. I said “Where do you cross the border?”; she answered “It is a long trip from Rio. The name of the place I do not remember. I do know it is a long trip, and you change trains very often. When you reach the border the police and immigration officers always let you in. In fact, an officer likes the job there because they make big money from people who cant come in the other way and also from the smugglers”.

I said “Is there any trouble experienced in getting into Rio?”; she replied “No, in Brazil, you do not need anything like that”. I said “I am glad I did not have to do that”; she said “American passports are different. Besides, everybody does not travel first-class, and it is not often that any boys (pimps) travel on the same passport with the girl”. I then said “How can a girl without a visa get a cedula, and how can she register?”; she replied “Either you can lose your passport, and show them your birth certificate; or you can show your passport and they dont bother as long as you are once in”.

When I left the house Mlle. Mignon Darville promised to get me the name and address of Mr. Carl Charlot in Santos.
About 3 P.M. I visited Mlle. Mignon Darville at the house of prostitution which she manages at 824 Calle Soriano. She did not hesitate to inform me of the “wonderful business” the house has been doing, and again suggested that I lose no time in bringing my girl to see her. I finally succeeded in convincing her that I had made other arrangements; I then drew her into conversation relative to the route which the prostitutes take in order to gain admittance to Uruguay, and also Argentine.

She reiterated the route from Montevideo to Buenos Aires, and then said “The way in here from Rio is over the old American-built railroad. You cross the border at Rivera. All you have to do is cross the street. The line runs through the main street. The officers sometimes hold you up, but a few pesos to an officer who only gets about 60 pesos a month is a lot of money”.

I said “Does the road run through trains?”, she replied “No, you must go from Rio to Santos and from Santos to Sao Paulo, and then you change at a lot of places, before you finally reach Rivera. It is a very long trip, which takes nearly five days. Of course, your girl can stay a day in each place and pick up money along the road that way”.

I said “By the way, you told me you would get me Mr. Carl Charlot’s address in Santos, also the one in Buenos Aires”; she said “Madame ‘Charlotte’ (Carl Charlot’s wife) left Buenos Aires a month ago. She is in Genoa, Italy, now. There she is at #3 Piazza Andricos Doria”; I said “Why did she leave Buenos Aires?”, she replied “I cannot say, but I suppose from there she goes to France”. I then said “Her husband, you say, is in Santos. I must look him up, because my friend knows him well and I want to give him a message”.

She then called an elderly Frenchman into the sitting room and said to him “What is Carl Charlot’s address in Santos?”, he replied “Rua Floriano Paxots 272”; she then said “His name is Carl Charlot; you can find him there easily. He was in Montevideo just about a month ago; he came here to see Madame ‘Charlotte’ before she sailed for Genoa”. I said “In case I intend to stay here, who is the man at Europe Hotel that I can arrange with to get my woman into a house here”; she replied “You can go into any of the houses; but, of course, if you want to go into one of our places, you will have to have me take your girl to the man who runs Europe Hotel”. I said, “Suppose we arrange to go and see him”; she replied “Bring your girl here and we can see him at any time”. I said “Perhaps I know him”; she said “Maybe you do. He is from Paris; his name is Abel Bolicaux”.

I then said “Why is it that there are so many French girls here?”, she replied “It is the only place to make real money. In South America a girl can pick up more than anywhere. I know girls who made enough money in Buenos Aires especially, to live fine for years in France”. I said “Yes, but it costs so much to come here and then return, it hardly pays. I know I just about break even”. She said, “My fare was paid, and I picked up many pesos on the way over”. I said “How did you come here?”, she answered “On the Royal Mail line as far as Rio”. I said “Was it a nice trip?”, she replied “Fine! The Avon is one of the newest ships”. I continued to question her and she admitted that she arrived
in Rio as a second-class passenger, on the S.S. Avon, August, 1925.\textsuperscript{38} She further stated that she came by rail to Montevideo by way of Santos, Sao Paulo and Rivera, and then proceeded to Buenos Aires by train via Salto and Concordia; and shipping her baggage from Montevideo to Buenos Aires on the night boat. She said, “It is always best to travel light”.

About 5 P.M. in the company of Mr. William Dobbs I visited several houses of prostitution. I questioned the inmates and found them to be either natives, French, or Brazilians.

In one house at #552 Calle Yerbal, I engaged an inmate in conversation. William Dobbs acted as interpreter. The girl gave her name as Graciolo and admitted being a native of Rio de Janeiro; she also stated that she had practiced prostitution in Rio prior to coming to Montevideo. She further stated that she is not quite 19 years of age. The house she is operating in is a 50-cent house where perversion and sodomy are practiced.

\textbf{Montevideo, Uruguay}

\textit{June 23, 1924}

About 3 P.M. I visited Mlle. Mignon Darville at 324 Soriano Street. I confided in her that I desired to send “my girl” into Argentine without having to accompany her. She said “There is only one way to go: Take the Uruguay Central to Salto, and then across the river you will find Concordia”. I said “Are you sure she will not be stopped?”; she said “Positively! They never ask for a passport! Be sure you do not let her carry any luggage. Because then you have to pay”. I said “Who do you pay?”; she replied “Luggage is bad business. Take my advice and go without it. Then you cross the river without trouble. When you land in Concordia, all she has to do is get on the train”.

I said “Suppose I wanted her to go to Rio from there?”; she replied “It’s easy that way too. You go through Rivera and then north. There is no one there to bother you”. I said “Is it better to buy a ticket here for Salto and then buy a ticket at Concordia to Buenos Aires?”; she replied “Either way you want, -- it makes no difference”. I then said “In case of trouble, has Carl Charlot anybody there whom my woman could appeal to?”; she said “The parties at the Concordia Hotel at Salto or in the Grand Hotel can arrange anything for you. When any of the boys or girls travel, they buy their tickets through the Expresso Internationale. They give you a card stamped with the name of the place (Concordia Hotel or Grand Hotel); the porter then knows you have no passport and is right there to help you if you need him. That is really only necessary if she has baggage. Send her luggage by boat. It is a French company and they give you excellent service”.

Later in the day I consulted the head porter, Gustave Rice, at the hotel and he corroborated everything that Mlle. Mignon Darville had told me, and further admitted that the Expresso Internationale is one of the Thomas Cook & Sons branches, and that that agency can facilitate passage from Uruguay into Argentine or Brazil for any traveler, even though the person is not equipped with visas or a passport.

\textsuperscript{38} Paul Kinsie has obviously made a mistake here.
While in Mlle. Mignon Darville’s house the Doctor who examines the inmates entered. The madame immediately collected the books in which the records of medical inspections are kept and gave them presumably to the Doctor. In less than five minutes she returned with the books and distributed them to the inmates. She said, “He’s gone”. I said “It don’t take long, does it?”; she replied “He just wrote in the books. Today he did not examine us”. I said “Does he do that often?” She said “Whenever he is in a hurry”. I said “You don’t pay him, then, do you?”; she replied “Oh yes, he gets his money just the same”. I said “You pay for something that you do not get?”; she said “That’s just as good; we know we are all right. It saves us a lot of trouble”.

I then directed my conversation toward the pimp situation here; I said, “I’ll be glad to get out of this town. I hear Montevideo is a bad place for the boys”; she said “It is and it ain’t. Of course, none of the girls here are supposed to have husbands (pimps), but they all do. That is why we never live in the house. Just come here to work; if we lived here, we could not have our sweeties with us. They are hard on the boys who have young girls like yours. Now, things are quiet, but a year ago they raised hell! Never tell anybody your girl is 18 years of age because you can get in trouble quick”. I said “I thought this town would be a good place for young girls. I have been around a little and I haven’t seen anything”.

She replied “There are some girls in Brazil who break in very young. It is hard to tell them, because they have knocked around a lot”. I said “How did you happen to come here?”; she replied “South America is the only place to make real money. My man and I wanted to quite France, so we just left; that’s all”.

I said “It is a long distance from home and I know we never would have taken the trip, only we had friends here”. She said, “It is the same way with us. We had friends here too”. I said “Yes, but everybody cant afford it”. She replied “I know it. It would have taken our last cent, but a friend advanced the money and I paid it back in four months”. I said “A friend here?”; she replied “We had friends in Paris, and they knew that the people here needed girls. They sent us the tickets and we came”. I said “How do they send tickets to France? By mail?”; she replied “The Expresso Internationale forwards the tickets. I told you it is a French company”. I said “I would like to have a connection like that. In the States, nobody will advance you the money”. She said “In a place like Montevideo or Buenos Aires the trade (customers) like foreign girls. Especially French girls. The girls cant afford the money. So someone must pay. We are always sending for girls. Everybody cant get the chance. Just those the Boss knos are good”. I said “What boss?”; she replied “Abel Bolicaux or Carl Charlot. His people in France know who to get. Remember, it is a risk for him! Suppose we skip! (Run away). He is out the money! If he is a suspicious he has a man meet the girl in Rio so she cant beat it (run away)”. I said “Do you folks always travel first-class?” She said “No, second; first-class costs too much money, and you always can have a better time on board. Several girls, friends of mine, who made a lot of money during the war, thought they would like to travel first-class, but they would never do it again! There were 33 of us girls in one house in St. Nazaire and after the war nearly everyone came to South America. If I came here then I would be rich today”.
Montevideo, Uruguay
June 24-25, 1924

During the afternoon I visited Mlle. Mignon Darville at her house and told her that my girl was about to start for Buenos Aires via the Uruguay Central Railroad, and asked her if she knew of any person leaving on the 5:15 P.M. train, who might be able to show her the way to avoid a passport inspection. She admitted that she did not know of any person going on that train, but took the trouble to again repeat the method used by prostitutes and pimps in going to Buenos Aires.

I then said, “I will be glad to get away from here. While my girl is out I don’t know what to do with myself. I find it difficult to meet any of the boys (pimps)”. She replied, “It is lonesome, I suppose, but you see, the boys here never come around the houses. The police would raise hell with them. You are really better off when you are alone. You are sure to be in good company then”. I then said “A fellow who has a real young girl here is, I am told, liable to go to jail”; she said “The police rules make it impossible for us to take in girls under 21 years of age, but if your girl were to decide to remain here, Abel Bolicaux, (owner of the Europe Hotel and chief agent for Carl Charlot and ‘Charlotte’) could get her a birth certificate”. I said “How can that be done?” she replied “You have to get two persons to swear that they know the girl for five years and that she was born in any country so many years ago”. I said “Is there no way to check it up?”; she said “The Police Department do not check anything. That thing costs money. You can even get false passports here. Anything you want is possible in Montevideo for money”. This assertion of being able to secure false birth certificates and counterfeit passports has been brought to my attention repeatedly, not only by prostitutes and madames, but also by respectable people.

About 8:30 P.M., June 24, I visited a house of prostitution conducted by a Russian madame known as Rosita at 1225 Calle B. Mitre. I had visited her house on several previous occasions and had experienced no difficulty in cultivating her acquaintance. She is under the impression that I have a “girl” whom I want to place in her house, and upon my entering the place today she immediately called me into her private room to discuss the situation. She admitted that she came to Montevideo from London three years ago and along with her husband opened this house. I inquired as to how she happened to come to Montevideo and she said:

“Houses in London are really a thing of the past. We heard so much of Buenos Aires from friends, that we took a chance. When we got there we found only one girl to the house, so we came here. Here a girl can make fine money”. I said “Did you bring the girls with you?”; she replied “No, there’s plenty here. I would like to get another girl now; you see, I only have three”.

I said, “I am leaving soon; if I can help you out, I will. Is there anybody on the other side you want to send over to you? I’ll be glad to look them up. Do you know anybody whom does suchicking (sending of girls?)”; she said “No, we never bother that way. You get to send a ticket and then you sometimes loose the girl before she pays her money back. I can always get one in Buenos Aires at the Casino, or here. They come around looking for a place”.

I said “I’ll tell you why I came here: A friend of mine is a friend of Suzanne, and he told me that she could tip me off to something good in France for my girl”; she replied “Suzanne is a German girl. I don’t think she knows anything about France. I’ll call her in. You can speak to her”.

I was then introduced to Suzanne; after explaining who had sent me, she remembered the man distinctly and said “I never worked in France. My house is in Berlin. My whole family is there. That is the only place I know”. I said to her “Do you like Montevideo?”; she replied “No, there are too many girls here to make much money”. I said “Why did you come then?”; she said “Things are very bad in Germany. I thought I could make good money here”. I then said “Have you been here long?”; she answered “seven months”. I said “Did you come here directly?”; she replied “No, I went to Rio and then came here. I took a German line (steamship). I could not get a visas for this country”. I said “How did you get here, then?” she said “By train”.

Suzanne is an admitted pervert and claims to be 24 years of age.

While in Madame Raymondo’s house at 817 Calle Canelones, we discussed the departure of madame’s two sisters to France on July 21.

I said “You’ll need new girls then?”; she replied “I can always get them; if not here, in France”. I then confided in her that I might go to Paris in a few weeks, and asked if I could be of any service to her; she said “No, thank you. My sister attends to that for me. If I cant get girls here, my sister Dottie knows of girls who always want to get their fare paid here”. I said “I might want to get located in Paris. Could you suggest any place for me?”; she replied “All the main boys of Paris hang out at L-R-N, you know where that is, Jules Restaurant (Pimp’s hangout)’s place. It is a big restaurant. The boys will take care of you”. I said “Do you get your girls there?”; she said “I must have girls who know their business. The type girls they have there are the kind I can use; you know, this place is a $3 and $5 place. My sister will see a friend of ours and he will take care of me. If you should happen to go to Toulouse, France, at 14 rue Bonrepox, is a lady named Madame Alice; she has very nice girls always. She once sent a girl here. I guess it was two years ago. That would be a good place for your girl to work in. Besides, she can always tell you where you can make good money. You can drop in and see her and give her my card. She will do all she can for you. But you are very foolish to bother going to France. There is more money here. That is why all the girls come to South America. In France, like all of Europe, things are bad. You spent your money to come here. You should at least wait until you make a few hundred dollars”.

I said “My girl can always pick up money along the road”; she said “You travel too much. You are very bold! No boy would take such a chance with an 18 year old girl”. I said “Do you mean to say there are no young girls brought here?”; she said “Yes, but very few. To take a girl under age into a house is a grave offense”. I replied, “Perhaps it is, but it is being done”; she said “Yes, but to register a girl she must be 21. If she is not, she must show a birth card. All that costs money”. I said “Can’t a person get a birth certificate here?”; she replied “Yes, I am told they can. I never had to go to that trouble”.

Before I departed Madame Raymondo again mentioned the Toulouse, France, address and told me to tell the Madame there to let her know if she had anyone in mind who wanted to come to South America. I said “I’ll do it, but I thought you said Dottie could get all you wanted at the Rat Mort’s; she replied “At the Rat Mort’s the girls have money. They can pay their own way. They are not always eager to come. Madame Alice’s girls want to come, but I would have to advance the money and in addition pay Madame Alice from 500 to 1,000 francs for letting the girls go. So, you see, I’d rather get a girl where I do not have to lay out anything”.

I said “Can’t a girl leave Madame Alice’s place when she wants to?”; she replied “She can if she
don’t own anything. But, remember, a person who fixes another up in a place to make good money,
is entitled to something. Besides, she would have to get another girl wouldn’t she?”

Montevideo, Uruguay
June 26-27, 1924

During the past few days a thorough canvass was made of all licensed and unlicensed (not authorized)
houses of prostitution. The inmates in these resorts were interviewed along with the madames in an
effort to learn if there are any girls in the resorts being detained against their will, or if any are under
21 years of age. From the general conversation and demeanor of the inmates, it appeared as if the
girls are practicing prostitution willingly; and from admissions as to the ages of the prostitutes, it is
apparent that all, with the exception of two, are above 21 years of age.

The number of women in each house averages four, and in all likelihood the Uruguayian and
Argentine girls predominate. Among the foreign inmates, the French girls are apparently more
numerous than any other European nationality. Of the French girls interviewed, all admitted that
they had practiced prostitution prior to coming to South America; and they freely discussed with
me the various cities in which they operated during the war. They also gave me, as their reasons for
coming to South America: “To make money” and in some instances stated that their passage was
advanced by the operators of the resorts in this city.

The following houses are admitted to be operating without licenses:

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About 2:30 A.M. I loitered about the District in which the majority of the licensed houses
are situated. I noted five inmates upon leaving the houses in which they operated meet men who
apparently were waiting for them, and who had every appearance of being pimps, and accompany
them to their homes.

About 9:30 P.M. I visited the wharf and observed the departure of the S.S. Cuidad de
Montevideo for Buenos Aires. I noticed that the Chief Purser refused to allow passengers to board
the steamer until he had very thoroughly looked at their passports or cedulas. Persons not having
passports were not permitted to board the boat to bid friends good-bye. And persons who had passports were requested to show also certificates of good moral character, as well as a general health certificate.

**Montevideo, Uruguay**

*June 28, 1924*

Throughout the afternoon I visited the various houses of prostitution in which I had cultivated the acquaintance of the madames and inmates. I advanced the subject as to whether or not there are many clandestine houses of prostitution in Montevideo. Mademoiselle Mignon Darville said “You will find a few, but it is really silly for a person to open up such a house. The law here allows you to open a house wherever you care to. Why should a person bother about trying to run without a license? The cheaper women do that, but it is really foolish”.

I said, “My girl would not work in a house where she had to register. That is really why we have to leave here”. Madame replied, “Registering is nothing! You can always have your name taken off the books. Your girl might be like a lot of girls I know. They are afraid to get examined. That is a big mistake. If anything is the matter with me I want to know it”. I said “You, as a manageress, don’t have to get examined, do you?”; she replied “In this town everybody, madames and girls, must get looked over twice a week. It is the best way”.

I said “I think she will be better satisfied in Rio. We will stay there awhile”; she replied “If she won’t work in a house here, she never will there. First of all, their money is not worth anything. A girl can work there for years, save her money, and when she wants to leave, she has scarcely enough to pay a passage. There are men there who can put her up in real style, if she can land one. But she will never find a sucker like that in the blue part. The only place to land the big ones is in the Casinos”.

I said “Why do girls stay there in preference to Buenos Aires?”; she replied “The money here is better; besides in Buenos Aires only one girl can be in a house”. I said “That ought to make it better for the girl”; she said, “It’s hard to get a place. I worked in a house there and I had to give two hundred pesos to get my place. There are so many extra expenses there that a girl is always working to pay off”. I said “If I had convinced my girl to stay here, what would it cost?”; she replied “Nothing but board, and that is only $15 a week”. I said “Does the girl get anything on the drinks?”; she replied “No, that is part of our money”. I said “Do you mean to say that a percentage on the drinks is all that you get?”; she said “No, I also get a percentage on the money the girls make. You see, every Monday I go to the Boss and give him the money. The girls go there with the checks (Brass checks) and get their money. I get part of the whole amount, and they get half. François (elderly pimp who serves the drinks) turns in the money for the liquor, and then I get my part. Besides I have a few friends, and with the drink money I can make a nice living”. I said “You could put it over on the Boss easily”; she replied “Not with François around! He is part owner and he watches everything. You should see him when we get busy! He runs around, knocks on the doors and says ‘Vit, vit’ (quickly)”

I said, “South America is over-rated. Everybody thinks that the people here are rolling in money. That is why I came. I have learned differently since we came”; she replied “It is different for
Americans. An American girl is better off home. I had friends who went to America and wouldn't work any place else. But, in Europe, especially since the war, money is scarce. Here things are wide open and plenty can be made. A girl will work here all day and night and seldom go out. In America the girls do not work so hard. There is so much to do to take up their time. Here the only thing you can do is cinema, races, and lottery.

I said “When I get on the other side I am going to try to find a real girl. Not a lazy one”. She said “French girls like Americans. They go any place with them. In Paris you could find more girls who want to leave the city than at any place I know. They fall all over you”. I said “Suppose all your girls were to leave you tomorrow; what could you do?”; she replied “Get others”. I asked “Where?” she replied, “We want nothing but French girls. I could go over to Buenos Aires tomorrow and bring back enough French girls to open up 10 houses”. I asked “Are they all girls you know?”; she said “Even if I don't know them. In Buenos Aires the girls at the Casino will always come to a place where they can make big money”. I asked “But why do so many of them come to Buenos Aires?”; she replied “They thought it was a great place. They left France with their men and like the place”. I said “The girls in Buenos Aires that work the Casino might be all right for Yerbal Street, but they never could make good in a nice house like this!”; she replied “Oh, you can always find some good ones there. If you cant in a couple of months, the Boss would get real ones from France”. I said “Green girls?”; she replied “No, French girls who are glad to get a chance to come over”.

I said “If they keep coming over there'll be none left in France!”; she replied, laughingly, “If they all come over, by the time the ships get here, there'd be more ready”. I said “New ones?”; she said “Yes, new ones”. I asked “How do you figure that out?”; she said “How did your girl come to go into the business?”; I then told her the history of my girl; she said “Sweethearts always! I've been running around 8 years and I still have my same man”. I asked “Is he in Montevideo?”; she replied “Sure! You think I would leave him in France with all those wild girls? Nay, Nay!”. I said “I'll let you have my address in Paris. In case you need anybody perhaps I can help you out”. She said, “My Boss has his own friends. He writes to them and they send them over”. I said, “They are good people to know. In case I need a friend I could look them up and they might be able to take care of me”. She replied, “I have not the address. But I get it for you. You come back tomorrow afternoon”.

During the evening in the company of Gustave Rice who acted as interpreter for me, I approached at least ten taxicab chauffeurs and requested them to take us to exclusive houses of prostitution. But three of them were able to take us to places, and each place that we were conveyed to had been previously visited by me.

About 2 A.M. I visited the only cabaret in the city. This place is known as the Royal Pigall and is located on B. Mitre Street and Calle Buenos Aires. The cabaret is conducted in conjunction with The Royal Theatre, a variety house, and is frequented at night by men only, and prostitutes. During the week I attended portions of the performance and while nothing suggestive or obscene took place upon the part of the performers, a friend translated for me some vulgar and suggestive questions that the audience asked of a so-called fortune-telling pigeon.

Between the hours of 1 and 4 A.M. the cabaret which adjoins the theatre, is frequented by men and prostitutes. The women clandestinely solicit and take their customers to assignation resorts
in the vicinity. All the women present appeared to be either natives or Argentinians. I spoke to five different women and found them to be Uruguayans. All appeared to be over 21 years of age, and they have been repeatedly seen about the premises.

**Montevideo, Uruguay**

**June 29, 1924**

About 2:30 P.M. I returned to the house of prostitution at Soriano 824, which is managed by Madame Mignon Darville, a French prostitute, who had suggested that I return today and who had promised to furnish me with the addresses of houses conducted by friends of Carl Charlot's in Paris.

Upon entering, the Madame ushered me into her private room and said “I have written down these addresses for you. When you reach Paris I’d advise you to stop at the Claridge Hotel. You can then go to the Patron of any one of these houses. The madame’s name is Mme. Jeanne. You just tell her your circumstances, and she will explain everything to you. If you do not find her in one house, you will find her in the other; she is always in those places”.

She then indicated the resorts by marking an “X” in front of the addresses; continuing, she said “In Paris it will be much better for your girl because the Patron (Owner) has English and American girls there, and your girl will not have trouble getting acquainted”.

I said “Do you think the owner will object to my girl? You know, she is only 18 years of age”; she replied “There age does not matter. You will not find them as particular as here. The houses there are also run differently. The girls must buy the robes they wear from the madame. You cannot go about in chemise or kimonos. Also, the girls charge their own prices and the madame charges for the room. But that is no matter; you can get all that when you reach there”.

I said “Are you sure of these places?”; she replied “Certainly! Ask anybody there; they all know me. In this house here we have three girls who worked for Mme. Jeanne”. I asked “Why did they leave?”; she said “The Boss needed a few girls and he let Madame know”.....“she has so many girls that she can always send some over”. I said “How long ago was that?”; she replied “Last year they came”. I asked “Did the boss advance the passage money?”; she said “Surely; the girls are all paid up now”.

At this moment François, one of the alleged owners, entered. Madame Mignon Darville said “This man is the person I got the addresses from today”. François answered “Bon, it is a good chance in France for American girl”. I said “I can always find plenty of houses to put her in, but the thing that worries me is, in case she leaves me, where can I get another girl?”; he replied “You can always get a girl in Paris. Madame can always fix you up, but it will cost you money”. I asked “What do you mean?”; he replied “There are boys in Paris who have two and three girls. She can arrange to get you one. You just see her. Give me your name and when I write I’ll tell her about you and so when you get there she will know you”. I then gave him a fictitious name and mentioned that I intended to sail about the third of July.
Madame Mignon Darville treated the house to a drink and bid me “Bon voyage”. As I was about to depart, I again drew her into conversation while standing in the hallway. I said, “Do you really think I could get a girl there?”, she replied “François is absolutely right. Girls in Paris sometimes have the same man. The Patron knows all of them. Of course, you can get a girl from them, but they will make you pay. French girls like American boys. You will have no trouble”. I asked “What’s the matter with the French boys?”; she replied “When a fellow has more than one girl he usually beats her. They are not kind. You can always get in with a nice one and fix things up with her man. You’ll see”.

The following are the names of the houses which Madame Mignon Darville furnished me with:

- X Rue Chabanais #5
- X Rue du Hanove #7 & 9
- X “ #4
- X “ de Provence #188 & 92
- X “ de Colbert
- X “ de Londres #2
- X “ de Blondel #32

After making a thorough canvass of all the houses of prostitution in Montevideo, I was unable to find any foreign prostitutes under 21 years of age.

All of the inmates whom I had spoken to were apparently practicing prostitution willingly.

There are, however, several foreign girls who might bear further investigation. These girls while above the age of 21 years, have been in Montevideo less than one year. They are as follows:

Suzanne at 1225 Calle B. Mitre: this prostitute is an inmate in Madame Rosita’s house. She is admittedly 23 years of age; claims to be in Montevideo for seven months, and admitted coming here from Berlin; she also admitted that she practiced prostitution in Germany, prior to coming to South America.

Yvonne is an inmate in a house of prostitution at 817 Calle Soriano; she stated that she is an Argentinian, and came to Montevideo a short time ago. She also admitted that she is but 22 years of age, and that she practiced prostitution prior to coming to Montevideo.

Annette is an inmate of a house at 817 Calle Soriano; she informed me that she is 25 years of age, and that she practiced prostitution prior to coming to Montevideo.

Dottie is an inmate of a house at 817 Calle Canelones; she is admittedly 24 years of age, and came to Montevideo from France in January, 1923. Her sister, Madame Raymundo brought her here to act as an inmate in this house; she admitted practicing prostitution in France during the war, and stated that she would return to France on July 21, 1924.

Nene. I visited the house of prostitution at Juneal 1266 and engaged Nene in conversation. I was informed that she has been in this house but a short time, and that she is as yet not 19 years of age. The girl stated to me that she is a Brazilian.
About 4 P.M. I visited Madame Raymondo at her house of prostitution. I told the Madame that I intended to leave Montevideo a little later than I anticipated, and asked her again if she could make room for my girl here; she said “Let her come in and sit around; I can always use another girl”. I replied, “I’ll have to have her register, I suppose”; she said, “Yes, it is the best way. I would not want to take a chance on her unless she was signed up”. I replied, “I have no cedula, neither has she. The passport we have is for both of us, so I can’t present that. What would you advise?”; she said “Have her go and say that she’s been here a few years. I can get her a couple of witnesses, and they will sign her up without anything. All she has to say is that she has been in Uruguay for any length of time, say two years”. I asked “Don’t they look it up?”; she said “No, nobody here ever gives them any documents. As long as you say you have been here a few years, they register you. Sometimes they ask for two witnesses. That is easy enough. As long as the girl does not look too young you will have no trouble”.

Montevideo, Uruguay

July 2, 1924

Summary

Beginning June 15, 1924, an investigation of the traffic in women and children was undertaken in Montevideo, Uruguay. Up to the present date approximately 147 houses, in which prostitution is practiced, were visited.

In these 147 houses I spoke to approximately 250 foreign women. In this group is also included the madames of the houses. All the women admitted to me that they had practiced prostitution prior to coming to Montevideo, and fully 50 mentioned that they had had their transportation paid by local disorderly-house keepers. These women also admitted that the advanced money had to be “worked off”, in the houses by the girls.

Among the 250 foreign women, at least 150 are French girls. The madames in 10 houses were willing to accept unregistered girls.

Brazilians, Germans and other nationalities may be found here and there, but it is an absolute certainty that the French are in the majority amongst the foreign girls.

From my conversation with all persons concerned, it is apparent that all inmates in the houses are willingly practicing prostitution and from their own admissions, all were prostitutes prior to coming to Montevideo.

During the entire survey I found but two girls who admitted being under 21 years of age. One is a native girl, and the other is an unregistered girl who is but 19 years of age; she claimed to be a Brazilian.
Montevideo, Uruguay

July 3, 1924

About 4 P.M. I met Harry Benjamin while loitering about on Soriano Street. He is part-owner in one of Carl Charlot’s houses at #——— X——— Street. I explained to him that my ship leaves on July 4th. He said “You will strike it good in France. A girl makes nice money there”. I said “I am not sure of my girl. She is not reliable”; he replied “You can get another there”. I said “How can I get one there?”; he replied “There is a man whom I know very well. He always has three or four girls. For a few hundred dollars you could get one. He has girls in the first house that Madame Mignon Darville gave you. You speak to him”. I said “What is his name?”; he replied “Henri; you tell him you are my friend”. I said “Does he know you very well”; he said “Oh yes, I know him for years. Madame Jeanne, she can introduce you”. I said “If I find a nice girl, would you advise me to come back to South America?”; he replied “Yes, it is better. Be careful! Last week a man came here on the El Patria and he had two girls with him for a house. He was arrested, and they are looking him up at the Second District Police Station. Let nobody know! Somebody did squeal on him”.

By this time we reached François's house and I left him; he again asked me for my name and stated that he would write to Madame Jeanne to take care of me upon arrival.

The madames informed me that the majority of the houses in the city are licensed either as parlor houses, or what is known as pensions des artistes. These houses are required to pay an amount in the neighborhood of 300 pesos a year for the privilege. The houses are limited to four women, including the madame, and no inmate can be under 21 years of age.

I was also told that each inmate must be registered with the Police Department and is required to submit herself for a venereal-disease examination twice a week, either at the City Clinic, or by the Visiting City Doctor.

When an inmate is found to be diseased she is immediately sent to an isolation hospital until cured.

The women in the houses are required to work but eight hours a day, and according to the Rules and Regulations, are entitled to one day off a week.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

July 9-10, 1924

Traffic in women and children

During the past two days I visited many houses of prostitution in Rio de Janeiro. I represented myself as a friend of a disorderly-house keeper in Buenos Aires who is seeking an opening in Rio.
After cultivating the acquaintance of Madame Sophie who conducts a house of prostitution at 186 Rua Dos Invalidos, I was told intimate facts concerning the operation of such resorts in Rio. Madame Sophie admitted to me that she personally knew Motche Goldberg from the city of New York, also of Buenos Aires, and also when he conducted a house at Bahia, Brazil. She said in substance:

“My house is on the market. I have made a lot of money here and I want to get out of this business. For 23 years I have been in this game and I want to quit. Yesterday I had a woman here from Pernambuco. She offered me 40,000$000 ($4,000), but my partner, Helen, refused to accept it. You see, the way it is here, the law does not allow the girls to give half to the madame; but a woman can open a house any place in the city as a boarding house for girls. To do that you must get a license. The license costs 3,000$000 a year, and that you pay every six months in advance. You can have as many girls in your house as you have rooms. Now, what we do is this: Each girl pays from 30$000 to 50$000 a day board and room. Everything that she makes is her own. Of course, the drinks the men buy is my money. This house here is one of the finest in Rio. It was built by an ex-president of the Republic for his woman who was an Italian. I bought it from her”.

I was then taken by Madame Sophie about the house and shown the entire building. It consisted of many bedrooms, private dining rooms, etc. Continuing, she said:

“You can see what a place like this brings in. I average 600$000 ($60) a day pension (board) money from all my girls. My receipts are very large from the liquor, so you realize that there is money in this business for housekeepers. My trade is among the best in the city. The girls get from 50$000 to 200$000 ($5 to $20) from their men. Portuguese men of means all have many girls and it is an honor amongst them to make known the number of women they keep. In fact, a man’s wealth is measured by the number of women he can afford to keep. They like young girls and good lookers. If you have one, bring her here and all I need to do is to take her some night with me to the Phoenix or Palace Club and I can get a man who will keep her. At the same time she can live in a pension and make money on the side. I have men come here who are high in the federal government. Now, do not think I am telling you this to sell my house. Motche Goldberg is no fool. He will never buy a cat in a bag! If you think it is worthwhile, let him come here, and have his wife stay in the house as long as she wants to, so that she can see with her own eyes the business that is done”.

I said, “How are the Police to deal with?”; she replied “The Police here have nothing to do with us. The President is a little hard. He closed up a number of houses. You know, the cheap places. Pensions are not affected. It is only the places where the women sit in the windows and call trade in. A house like this is as free and easy as the Gloria Hotel. Nobody can interfere”.

I said “Must a girl register with the Police or Health Department?” She replied “No; you see, it is this way: A girl comes to this house; she puts her name in the book; also her age, nationality, etc. I send the name to the Police Department. They put her on record. The same way as they put you on when you register at a hotel. The girl never needs to go near the police station; my servants attend to all that”. I said “How about examination of the girl?”; she replied “If the girl wants to be examined she can go, but she does not have to. She can have her own doctor or the free clinic. It is
not compulsory. The only thing is this: The law says that we cannot take in girls under 22 years of age. What we do is, in case we get a girl say 16 years or 18 years of age, we always send her age in as 22 or 24”.

I asked “Don’t the Police investigate it?”; she replied, “No, they don’t come around. All I do is to let them look at the book once a month. Even they don’t look at it regularly. This country is the easiest place for our business”.

I said, “Are there many foreign girls in Rio?”; she replied “Plenty, all kinds, even Japanese. You tell Motche Goldberg if he comes here he should bring some nice girls with him, because when a person has a house they have to have young and pretty girls to bring in the money-men. There is a big profit in the drinks, and unless you have the right stock (of girls) you profits are cut. The rent of this house is 1,000$000 ($100) a month and I have still two years before my lease expires. You can always get it renewed so there is nothing to worry about that”.

I then said “I should think it would be quite risky to bring a girl here from another country”. She answered “It is very easy to get in here. There are girls coming in every few days from France and Russia, and all over Europe. If we do get questioned, we have a lawyer (Mr. Continho) who fixes things up for us. Sometimes, you see, a girl looks too young, or perhaps too sporty; then it takes a few dollars to straighten things out. The best way is for the girl to come alone and give her occupation as modists, or milliner, -- anything that looks reasonable. Actress sometimes opens the way for them to hold her, and then they only do it to graft a few dollars. Take, for instance, Fanny; she is just 19 years old. She comes from Cuba; she has been here three months. That girl went to Buenos Aires with a Spanish theatrical company. She met a man there and he kept her for a month. Then he left her and she met a pimp. He brought her here and put her in business. She makes fine money in this house. You come around and watch the business we do! Then you can write to Motche Goldberg and have him come on”.

The other houses that I visited are conducted in the same manner as Madame Sophie’s resort, and the madames whose acquaintance I cultivated corroborated everything that she had told me concerning the method of conducting houses of prostitution in Rio.

**Rio de Janeiro, Brazil**

*July 11, 1924*

About 4 P.M. and also at 10:30 P.M. I visited Madame Sophie at her house of prostitution at 186 Rua Dos Invalidos. In the afternoon the Madame is not very busy, so I therefore had ample opportunity to question her. She began to discuss the local situation, and asked me if my opinion Motche Goldberg would consider buying a house like the one she has to offer. I stated that the situation would undoubtedly interest him, but I felt sure that he would demand some sort of assurance that after he bought the place the girls will continue to work with him.

She replied “I told you yesterday that the house cannot be in his name. He must have a reliable woman to open it for him; otherwise the woman can kick him out and he cannot do anything to
her. If he is sure of his woman he has get nothing to trouble him. Then again, you must remember
the girls here do not work for the madame; they work for themselves. The madame just provides
a place for them to live in and to do business in. It is always best for an owner to the give the girls
a percentage on the drinks. If you dont do that, the girls dont give a damn and dont make the
customers buy”.

I said, “How much do your girls get?”; she replied 25 per cent. I credit it to their daily board
and room rent”. I then said “What I really meant is that, suppose for instance, I were to buy this
house and then all the girls left me. Where could I get others?”; she said, “There are plenty of girls in
Rio; that is the least. You can be sure that the girls wont leave”. I said “There may be plenty in Rio,
but how about the young girls? I know Motche Goldberg would not take a chance bringing any in
here”. She replied “After he gets here and he sees how things are, he’ll bring them in too. Say, I know
him too well! It dont take him long to get in. But here you dont have to stand in. It is the easiest
place in the world! Nobody cares, nobody bothers, nobody to pay! I have friends that can help you
out in case of any trouble, but you seldom need to call on them”.

I said “You know, as well as I do, that unless a house has good stock (girls) the trade does not
come”. She answered, “Certainly, it takes nice young ones, good lookers, to attract the right kind
of customers. It stands to reason! If the girls do not make good money they cant pay 50$000 a
day, and to run a place like this and to charge a small amount for pension (board and room) is not
worthwhile. That is why we must have nice girls”.

I said “All the Brazilian girls I saw cant be depended upon to bring in big money”; she replied,
“The men who spend money in this city, -- real money I mean, not like those bums on Rua Morces
de Valle (cheap houses), -- dont want Brazilian girls; they want girls from Europe, French girls,
Russians, Germans, -- not these half-niggers”.

I said “But how can you get them when the girls in Europe have not enough money to come
here?”; she replied “There is always plenty coming in. A girl comes here and makes good, and she sends
for her friend. Pimps bring them over. You dont have to worry about that. They come and go all the
time”. I said “In Buenos Aires Motche Goldberg pays their passage when he wants to get hold of a good
one”; she said “Yes, many a girl I paid passage for too, but now I cant do it. When this pension law went
into effect one year ago, we had to be careful. The girl keeps everything. If I try to get back the money
I paid for her passage, she might get wise and go to the Police and I can go to jail!”

I said “Motche Goldberg usually does business with a fellow in Paris. Perhaps you know him.
Schloymer?”; she replied “Do I know him? I’ll say I do! Many a girl he sent to me. Here, and in
Bahia. I know him very well. In those days I got half, so it paid me; but now it would not”.

I said to her “Do you know where I can locate him there? Motche Goldberg wants me to see
him, and all he told me is that he hangs out at Place de la Bastille”; she replied “Jules Restaurant
(Pimp’s hangout)’s place, everybody in our business knows. I have the address, and I can get it for
you. I must look it up first. All the French, and pimps of all kinds, meet there. Yes, I know Schloymer
for years. He made a barrel of money as a suschicher (sender of girls). He’s an old-timer at it. When
you see him, just say to him that you saw me”.
Before I departed she promised to have Schloymer’s address for me in a few days.

The following houses in which it is alleged that foreign girls under 21 years of age are harbored, were visited:

It was noted that very few foreign girls are in these resorts. The girls listed as Portuguese are in reality Brazilians. The foreign girls whom I met in these places are all over 21 years of age and have been in Rio for at least 2 to 4 years.

The trade that frequents all of these houses are low-bred Brazilians. The average price of the houses ranges from $5000 (50¢) to $10000 ($1).

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While in 13 Rua Arcos, the Madame, Emilia Minter, who speaks very good English, told me that she had just taken into the house two girls; one was 15 and the other 16 years of age. She said “Both of these girls are just kids! They were thrown out of their homes. One is married. Her husband threw her out because she got her hair bobbed. I took them over to the police station and told them that they are 22 years of age. The man wasn’t there, so they said I should keep them, but not to let them do business until the main man sees them”.

She then took me into the girls’ rooms and introduced me to them. Both girls are Brazilians and appear very young. The Madame then tried to induce me to select one of the girls. Both quoted their price as $10000. As I was leaving a Police Officer entered. The Madame said “He came to tell me about the girls. He’s my friend”. She then proceeded to pet the officer and saw that he had plenty to drink.

In his presence she again motioned to me to go into the girls’ room. I refused and upon leaving she gave me a card and said “My name is Emilia Minter; take this so you do not forget the place”.

...
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

July 12, 1924

About 3 P.M. I visited the house of prostitution 186 Rua Dos Invalidos where Madame Helen, the partner of Madame Sophie, received me. Both of these women jointly conduct this house as a pension for prostitutes. Upon my last visit to this place I was introduced to Madame Helen, but had not had the opportunity to engage her in conversation. They alternate at taking charge of the premises, and I therefore was able to draw Helen into conversation and sort of check up that which Madame Sophie had told me.

Madame Helen said “Sophie told me about you, and I am willing to sell if I can get my price. My mother is old and I haven’t been home in 15 years; so if I sell, I can go back and stay there”. I inquired as to her home and she said “Warsaw, Poland. That’s where I was born”. I said, “Fifteen years ago you must have been a very young girl”; she replied “When I started in this life I was 16 years old. I knew nothing. I married a man in Warsaw; he brought me here to Buenos Aires, and immediately wanted to sell me. I pleaded with him and told him I would make more for him if he kept me. He took me to Ria Blanca (Rio) and I made thousands of pesos for him”. She then went to a lengthy and detailed account of her life up to date, and after she had finished I had an opportunity to ask her if she believed that sort of thing takes place now in South America. She said “Selling young girls to houses? No. Pimps do sell young girls to each other. That is all done before the girls get here. Pimps have to lay low here. They all have some kind of a business on the side, because a girl, if she squeals (complains) on her man, she can finish him if he has not a business to prove that he can make a living. The very same fellow that tried to sell me 15 years ago is here in Rio today driving a taxi-cab. That son of a ______ has put more than 20 years into this life. He has two old bums who still give him money. I laugh in his face whenever I see him!”.

I then questioned her concerning his name, but she said, “This old lady is my mother-in-law. She don’t understand English, but if I were to mention his name she would get me (understand me). She knows the whole story. I’ll tell you some other time”.

I then said “Just as I told Madame Sophie yesterday: If you sell out, the girls might leave. My friend would need other girls and it is taking a chance to bring them in”. She replied, “All you want can be brought in. A girl travelling alone may get held up if the immigration people think that she might be coming here to do business (of prostitution). They won’t bother her if she has a respectable friend who can vouch that he can take care of her, or get her a respectable job. You see, if Motche Goldberg would want to bring girls in, we could arrange all that. Just the same way as we do when other girls come over, or the boys (pimps) bring new girls in. We know when to expect them and we can take them right off the steamers”.

I said “How can that be done?”; she replied “Sophie has been here 25 years. Everybody knows her and she knows everybody. I should have centros ($100-bills) for every girl she got in! One man, his wife runs two pensions. He is in the furniture business. He can positively get her in without
question. Then there is another who sells perfumes and massage creams. He can do it. Then as a last resort who have a lawyer (Mr. Continho) who can positively deliver anything you want”.

I then said, “A friend of mine is coming from Europe the last of the month. He is bringing a girl along. I wonder if your friends can do anything for them?”; she replied “Positively! Let me know when and I’ll take you to the people. Is your friend going to put her in a house here? ”; I answered, “No, he bought a house in Buenos Aires. The girl is only 18 years old”. She said, “As soon as you hear, let us know. Maybe she might stay here. One of our girls is leaving; a fellow get stuck on her and bought her furniture and rented an apartment. She said she’d be back in two weeks. Young girls in Rio can make fortune. Take Josephina, for instance. See that old man in there? He is a very rich Portuguese. He has been waiting for her for two hours. I tell him she won’t be back until 7 o’clock, and he says he’ll wait. She makes from one centro five hundred to two centros a week ($150-$200).

The Josephina referred to was introduced to me upon a previous occasion by Madame Sophie. The girl admitted that she is but 19 years of age, that prior to coming to this city she was in Buenos Aires. She stated that she left Cuba seven months ago with a theatrical company. She was induced to leave the company in Buenos Aires and after being deserted by a man who kept her for a short time, at the suggestion of another friend she came to Rio on the Julius Caesar on March 26, 1924, and entered a life of prostitution. She admitted that she did not practice prostitution in Cuba. I asked both Helen and Sophie as to her age; both admitted that she is not quite 19 years of age, but stated that she has been enrolled as being 24 years of age.

The following houses of prostitution were visited by me during the afternoon and evening:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Addresses</th>
<th>No. of Inmates</th>
<th>Nationality</th>
<th>Ages</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td># 18 Theotonis Regadas</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1 French</td>
<td>30 years</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19 “</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>All over 21 “</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28 “</td>
<td>7</td>
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<tr>
<td>30 “</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 “</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>“</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 Gloria Rua</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>All French</td>
<td>“ 25 “</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71 Donna Louisa</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>5 French 2 Brazilians</td>
<td>All over 25 “</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 Gloria Rua</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>All French</td>
<td>”</td>
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<td>18 “</td>
<td>7</td>
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<tr>
<td>20 “</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>“</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 Moraesa Valle</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>All over 21 except a Brazilian, 18 years.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
About 11:30 P.M. on the night of July 13, 1924, I visited the Pensao conducted by Madame Sophie and Helen at 186 Rua Dos Invalidos. I was admitted by Carlos, one of the waiters, and escorted to the private room of Madame Sophie who said to me “Well, you can see for yourself the business we do here. All of these private dining rooms are occupied. Helen was telling me that you wanted to find out about taking a friend off the boat from Europe”.

I said “I would like to make arrangements for it if it can be done”. She replied “There is no doubt about it. Find out the exact date of arrival and I’ll have everything attended to”. I said “Are you sure that there will not be a slip up?”, she replied “If you knew Rio you would not ask such a foolish question. Everybody here is out for graft. Where money is to be made there is never a slip up, as you call it, here”.

I said, “How much do you think it will cost?”; she said “I have helped to get many a friend in and the most it ever cost was one cento ($100). But, it is this way: Wait and see; perhaps they might not get held up. If they do, that is the time to get started. But, say: How about your girl? Why dont you bring her down? Let me look her over. If she’s young, or at least looks young, I can fix her up with a rich man. She can live here, and he’ll pay all her expenses; if she wants to make a few extra she can; if not, she dont have to; it’s a good chance, especially for a girl that speaks English. I wanted Helen to bring her sister over from Warsaw. She is not quite 20 years old and is a widow. She can leave her baby in Poland, and if she comes here we can make something of her”.

I said “Just one moment: First you want to fix my girl up, then you talk about Helen’s sister! How many girls can you place that way?”; she replied “In Rio any rich man likes a young girl. I have a number of rich men who are always on the market. If I tell you I can place the right girl so that she will be fixed for life, you can rest assured that I mean it”. I asked, “If you were to place my girl, what would you expect from us?”; she replied “I dont want anything. I get mine from the John (rich man)”. I then said, “I’ll think it over, and if she wants to stay in Rio, I’ll bring her down to see you”.

She then said “I have three men in mind; if she’s right, I could even get a few centros for you; then you wouldn’t have to stay around here if you dont want to. But, of course, she must be good looking. A couple of afternoons at the Palace bar with a nice young kid, and you can have the old boys jumping after you like anything! By the way, I found Schloymer’s address for you. It’s #———Rue ———”. I said “Are you sure?”, she replied “Absolutely! I got a letter from him, and besides, I know a boy (pimp) who saw him when he was in Paris last year”. I asked “How is he doing?”. She replied, “You know him! He’s always doing something! That man is very well fixed”. I said, “He dont seem to be doing much down this way”; she said “Dont worry; whenever there is a dollar to be made he is there! Tell him, when you see him, that if he has something good to let me know”.

Just at this moment Madame Sophie was summoned by Carlos, the waiter. Before excusing herself she said to me “Take a good look at this yold! (dunce) (meaning Carlos). He has a young Brazilian girl. I fixed them up. Both of them have money. Take my advice: Bring your friend around”.
While in Madame Fanny's house, known as the Pensao International at #2 & 4 Rua Joaquim Silva, I was introduced to a Mr. Waltens. This man I had previously met at this house. At the time of our least meeting I had intimated my purpose for coming to South America, and at that time Mr. Waltens had said "If you come back to Rio, look me up". Madame Fanny was about to introduce me again to him when he said "I met you before with Boris Thomasheffski". I agreed that we had met and after some time our conversation drifted towards the business of prostitution in Rio. I mentioned several resort owners in Buenos Aires and he admitted having heard of the persons mentioned, but did not know them personally.

After confiding in him that my real purpose in Rio is to get a location, he said "I suppose you know that Fanny and I own those places. I am by profession a chemist, but we (Fanny and he) have been together for years. She attends to this end of it and I keep myself busy with my job. You see, a man can't run a joint in Rio. If you open up, be sure of your woman (housekeeper)". He then went on to corroborate everything that I had previously heard from other sources; and I directed my conversation toward getting girls for the house. He said "That should be your least worry. If we had 60 rooms in our house we could get more girls than we need".

I said "Where?"; he replied "They're always coming in. You know that they are starving to death in Poland and France! Here a girl makes good money. It's not like Buenos Aires or Montevideo where they split 50-50 (half and half). Here they keep all".

I said "If they are starving to death in Europe, where do they get the dough (money) to pay their way over?"; he said "A girl who has been here will send for her friend. She pays her back when she makes it. If a pimp wants a new nekayver (woman) he goes over. You know there is always something going on". I said "True, but how can a boy (pimp), for instance take myself, get a woman on the other side?". He replied, "Have you ever been to Poland, or any part of Russia? No; well: go into any whore house over there, give a girl a chance to come over and you can't loose her!".

I said "How about her pimp?"; he replied "For $50 or $100 he's glad to get rid of her. He'll get himself another one. Why, even in some places you can take them right out of their family. I know it!" I said, "I don't mind a girl who has been in the game, but I wouldn't bother with one who is green"; he said "They all were green once. Take the Russians, Poles and French girls we have here now: what do they know? They know how to f—— and s——; that's all! (Prostitution and perversion). If they see a chance to make money they grab it! A little thing like laying on their backs don't mean anything. There's plenty to be had. I myself wouldn't do it. But take a girl who know nothing, why should she starve to death working in a factory or as a dienst (domestic servant)? Can you blame her? She sees the sad raggs (fine clothing) on her friends! She wants them too! Her friends write home how well they are. A girl here wants to help a friend; so she sends her a ticket. If she hasn't the dough (money) her sweetheart has. Of course, when she gets here she wants a sweetie too. They're all glad to get the chance". I said "A fellow takes an awful chance bringing her in!"; he replied "No chance at all! They don't bother you. Sometimes if she comes 3rd class and looks like a schnorrer (beggar) they hold her. Anybody who is not known can take her off. I've helped many of the boys (pimps) out. All you need to do is to show a business, or profession, and they let you take her off".
I said “A friend of mine might call on you for help”. He replied “Any time! Why, it goes so quick that I have taken them from the place in an automobile right to the Pensao where they were to work”.

During these two days I visited the following houses:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Addresses</th>
<th>No. of Inmates</th>
<th>Ages</th>
<th>Nationalities</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14 Vaco de Gama</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>25-30</td>
<td>4 Brazilians, 2 Russians</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28 &quot;</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>25-30</td>
<td>5 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 &quot;</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>4 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82 Morace de Valle</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>18-20</td>
<td>6 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 &quot;</td>
<td>6</td>
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<td>6 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>205 &quot;</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>4 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26 &quot;</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>18-30</td>
<td>4 &quot; ; 2 Polish (30) yrs</td>
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<tr>
<td>27 &quot;</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>5 &quot; ; 1 French (30&quot;)</td>
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<td>28L &quot;</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>4 &quot; ; 1 Russian (25&quot;)</td>
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<td>47 &quot;</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>2 &quot; ; 1 Polish (30&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Gloria Rua</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>25-30</td>
<td>6 French</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 &quot;</td>
<td>7</td>
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Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
July 15, 1924

While in the company of Mr. Waltens who admitted being a part-owner in Fanny’s house of prostitution at #2 & 4 Rua Joaquim Silva, I was introduced to Morris Gold and Ike Rosen. Morris Gold also admitted to me that he owns three houses, 5, 7 & 9 Rua Joaquim Silva, and conducts these places with his wife who acts as manager. Ike Rosen did not hesitate to state that he has a woman known as Mignon working in one of Morris Gold’s houses at 9 Rua Joaquim Silva. Both the prostitutes of these pimps are presumably known to me.

At first we discussed the local problems. The pimps contented that at the present time there is a sort of business depression due to the Revolution, but stated that in normal times plenty of money is to be made here.

I questioned them concerning foreign girls, and I was informed that Russian, Polish and French girls predominate. I then explained that I intended to get rid of my girl and inquired as to the possibility of picking up one here. Morris Gold said “You know how it is: here and there you get one, but most of the girls here have sweethearts. The Brazilian nekayvers (woman) are poor money-getters. They’re rich when they own a few hundred mil reis! You never can make anything out of yourself with that kind of a girl.
Mignon makes more money than any gal in the house”.

I said “Where did you land her, Ike Rosen?”; he replied “We have been together for the last five years. She’s a Polish girl. I came here with her from Warsaw”. Then I asked “Was she in the business in Poland?”; he replied “She did a little, but not much. I had her in Paris with me, and also in London. She’s a good kid. I am trying to get a few thousand dollars together. Then I’ll get a house, and she can take it easy”. I said, “I know a chap in Paris who can fix you up with anything. This bird is always sending them to Motche Goldberg in Buenos Aires. Do you know Schloymer?”; Morris Gold said “I certainly do! But what does a fellow need him for? If you can afford to go to Poland you don’t need nobody! There’s plenty there!”; I said “Have any of the boys been across recently?”; Ike Rosen replied “I don’t know of anybody who has. The girls who come over say that things are worse there now than before the war”. I said “I have been around here a little and all the Yiddisha gals I saw look like old-timers”. Morris Gold replied “There isn’t any real new ones”.

I then said “To tell you the truth, the only really young once I have seen since I have been here are the Brazilians”. Morris Gold said “Their babies start in when they’re kids. They’re dumb, and they’re not for us! They all have Brazilian boys (pimps)”.

I then said “I have heard that the good trade here is nuts (wildly enthusiastic) over young ones”. Both pimps admitted that to be case, and said in substance:

“‘The rich birds (men) knock them off in a hurry (keep them). It’s not so much the age as the pretty ones. Why, do you know, there are more kept-woman in the city than girls? (Prostitutes)”. I said “You say they like them young and pretty. How do they get here? You say they are not Brazilians”. Morris Gold replied “Shows come through this country and always drop a few”.

The following houses were visited during these two days. In the places the only girls that appeared to be under age were the Brazilians. The ages of the foreign girls averaged from 25 to 45 years:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Addresses</th>
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<th>Natives</th>
<th>Ages</th>
<th>Foreign</th>
<th>Ages</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>176 Theophile Ottoni</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3 Brazilians</td>
<td>18-21</td>
<td>2 Polish</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>189 “</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2 “</td>
<td>“</td>
<td>1 “</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>214 Sao Pedro</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10 “</td>
<td>18-30</td>
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<tr>
<td>205 Morricas</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>4 “</td>
<td>21-25</td>
<td>2 Russian</td>
<td>30</td>
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<td>7 Callete</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2 “</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>3 French</td>
<td>25</td>
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<td>11 “</td>
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<td>18</td>
<td>6 “</td>
<td>25</td>
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</table>
About 2 P.M. and also at 10 P.M. I visited the house of prostitution conducted by Madames Sophie and Helen at 186 Rua Dos Invalidos. Madame Sophie took me into her private room and said “My partner has gone nuts! She knows I want to sell out and see what she did: Just bought a lot of new furniture and glassware! That woman will drive me crazy! I got to get away from her!” I then told Sophie that I had made arrangements for someone from Buenos Aires to look the house over and that she could expect to see the person within the next week. She said “That is fine! I’ll be glad if I can dispose of the place. If your friend wants to bring in his own girls I can arrange all of that. I have a man who always attends to the new girls”.

I said “Are you sure that there will be no trouble?”; she replied: “You have my word for it. So sure I am, that I am arranging to bring my niece over here. This man knows all about it and he will be ready whenever I want him”.

I said “Is your niece going into this game?”; she said “No. She is very poor and I have a very rich man in town here who will keep her”. I asked “Do you think she will like the man?”; she replied “Like? What’s the difference? Anybody who gives you everything you want, you have to like! Of course, he might not want her. But I think he will. I know his taste. I should have centros ($100 bills) for all the girls I made ladies of (kept woman)! I have been in Rio for more than 20 years. They all know me! You see, the real rich men here all keep their girls. Just as I told you the other day. If your girl appeals, I could get her a sucker that would keep her like a queen”. I said “How old is your niece?”; she replied “Not twenty. She is dark and beautiful. Looks just like I did when I was her age”. I said “Maybe her mother would rather see her got married”; she replied “What could she do in the marriage line? Marry a schnorrer (beggar) in Warsaw? She’s better off here”.

I then said “When can you arrange to have me meet this man you spoke of?”; she replied “You can go over and see him today. I’ll call him up. If he is in, get a taxi and go over and talk to him”.

After telephoning she returned to me and said “You can see him now. I’ll write his name and address down for you”. She then gave me a piece of paper upon which was written an address and
the man’s first name (See Exhibit … Benjamin Morteh) and said “I spoke to him the other day about you. He is very well known here, and you can tell him everything. You don’t need to be afraid. He will advise you and treat you right”.

About 4 P.M. I visited the person whom Madame Sophie referred to. He introduced himself as Benjamin Morteh and told me that Madame Sophie had told him everything. At first he questioned me about many of the well-known underworld characters in the cities of New York, Philadelphia and other places. He also admitted knowing Motche Goldberg and the entire Buenos Aires Herva (pimps club) and complimented Motche Goldberg as being the brains of the entire ring in Buenos Aires. After I had convinced him of my identity and repeatedly mentioned that I expected him to treat all that I told him as confidential, he said:

“I have been in the game for years and I realize that coming to a strange country to get a start is not easy. The Police here are very hard on the boys (pimps) especially now. This is war times. Get yourself located and see that you have a business to fall back on. It is not dangerous to bring anybody in. The whole thing is to be sure and get them in. I take care of all the people who have someone coming over. You see, the trouble is not here so much as when the girls go to get a visa. There they want to know where, and why and all sorts of questions. They won’t let young girls in, or girls that look like hookers (prostitutes) unless they have a respectable person to vouch for them, and take care of them in case they can’t get work. I am a half-doctor. No, they do not question. Just as soon as you are ready, I am. They are not so strict with girls from Buenos Aires; but Europe, especially Russia, Poland and France, -- they turn them back.

I said, “These girls are quite young”; he replied “No matter. I can do it”. I said “Motche Goldberg thinks they need young girls here more than the old-timers”; he said “A young pretty girl don’t last long in a house. She gets a sucker quickly. Why, all she needs to do is to go to the Palace Bar and a sucker sees her and if he likes her he immediately keeps her. Sophie will tell you that herself. Why, that’s how my wife got her start. When she came here with me 12 years ago she got a sucker from Sao Paulo and he lined her with diamonds. If your girl don’t make out well with the guy she has, let me know. I have a man who has a jewelry shop on the Avenida. I can introduce them and if she fits, she can bleed him for big money”.

I asked, “Are there many young girls coming over?”; he replied “A few; but not the right kind. These suckers here like them pretty. Sophie had two from Poland. She spent money dressing them up but they had no tamb (grace). You know, too thick! She couldn’t do anything for them”. I said, “Where did they go”; he replied, “Who knows! Their boys, a couple of Brazilians, went away with them”. I said “Sophie wanted to fix my girl up”; he answered “I am telling you: She has the best men in town”. I asked, “Do you think her niece will grab off a prize?” (rich man); I said, “I guess she has all her relatives taken care of”; he said “No, you know how it is over there; they think she is rich. They think everybody in South America is rich, and they jump at the chance. I have friends there too; they let me know. I have friends in Paris; you know how that thing is. There is always one of the boys who knows of a good girl”. I said, “Are the girls you get all greenies?”; he replied “No, not all. Say! None of the girls today are green! They all like nice things and plenty of money. They know what it is all about. They fall easy!”
I then said “Did you over do any business with Schloymer in Paris?”; he replied “I know him well. He can always get me something. Sophie knows him. He fixed her up. He’s a rich man”.

I said “I had his address, but lost it”; he said “He has a hangout on Place de la Bastille. They all know him”. I then said, “If I stay here and this sucker dont turn our right, perhaps you can steer her up against a real live one?”; he said “I can, but she must know the game. If she dont know how to handle her man, nobody can do anything”; I said “What do you mean?”; he said “You’re not a yold (fool); she has to salve him up! You know the old bunk! If she dont know how to get him, Sophie can show her”.

I said “How would you figure in it?”; he said “I’ll bring them together. Afterward I’ll tell you. Naturally I dont do it for love. What’s the use of talking haller eyer (hollow eggs, -something that has nothing in it). When the time comes we can arrange”.

He also explained to me that being a masseur and also an ex-actor, helps him to vouch for incoming girls. He also admitted that he administers a serum for syphilis, and also gives drug injections to drug addicts.

**Rio de Janeiro, Brazil**

*July 18, 1924*

During the afternoon I visited Madame Sophie’s house at #186 Rua Dos Invalidos. Immediately after I had entered she said to me “Benjamin Morteh said you were over to see him. He seems to think you are all right, so you can be sure that he will do anything you want. Did he tell you that he would bring the girls in?”; I replied, “Yes”; she said “Come with me; I am going over there now. I got something that I want to ask him about”; I said “Perhaps I may be in the way?”; she replied, “Dont be foolish! It’s no matter!”

I then accompanied her to 50 Rua Correos Dutros where we were received by Benjamin Morteh who ushered us into his office. After discussing several things, Sophie said to him “The reason I came over to you is this: A man I know who is an impresario, wants ten girls to work in a cabaret. He seems to think you are all right, so you can be sure that he will do anything you want. Did he tell you that he would bring the girls in?”; I replied, “Yes”; she said “Come with me; I am going over there now. I got something that I want to ask him about”; I said “Perhaps I may be in the way?”; she replied, “Dont be foolish! It’s no matter!”

I then accompanied her to 50 Rua Correos Dutros where we were received by Benjamin Morteh who ushered us into his office. After discussing several things, Sophie said to him “The reason I came over to you is this: A man I know who is an impresario, wants ten girls to work in a cabaret. You know my girls can entertain. They all were artistes (actresses). He’ll give me three centros ($300) if I let them go. He says they will only be gone two weeks. There is some sort of a show or something, I dont know what, that is going on in a town not far from here, and he wants to send them”. Benjamin Morteh said “Will you loose your rent money?”; she replied “No, in addition to the three centros, I’ll get half-rent money from each girl. You see, the thing I am afraid of is that they might not come back and then I’m stuck. You know, I have a lot of money standing out with them, and I have to be sure that I’ll get paid”. He said “I wouldn’t do it! Tell him the girls wouldn’t consider it. If he wont beat it (go away), I will come to see him”. I then interpolated “What would the girls be able to make out of it?”; she said “All their expenses are paid, and they’ll all be able to land suckers. At the same time they have to give this fellow a percentage of what they make”. I said “I’ll take a crowd like that on tour anytime under those circumstances”.
Benjamin Morteh said “I don’t blame him. I was an actor myself and I know just how those things work out”. I then said “He might be a fakir and be trying to get girls for some other house”.

Sophie replied “He can’t get mine so easy! If he’ll settle all they owe me then I don’t care if they go”. I said “Why do you allow yourself to get in so deep with them?”; she replied “Did you ever see anybody in our lousy graft (bad business) that had money? Every peddler that comes around, every novelty on sale, they spend their money on! I always have to keep giving them money. You know a girl, -- jewellery, clothes, just to spend the money! They all owe me, and believe me, when I get suckers for them, I see that the suckers pay me first what the girls owe me!”

About this time Madame Sophie decided to return home and I accompanied her. Upon reaching her house she again explained to her partner, Madame Helen, the proposition, and it was evidently decided that they would not allow the girls to go. I then said, “I know a few girls who would be glad to go off on a thing like that. Get this fellow to come here and I’ll try to help him out”. Sophie said, “You’re new here! Nobody knows you! Take my advice and keep your hands off! You can’t tell what might happen and you can get into trouble! Now is a very bad time!” I said, “How could I possibly get into trouble?”; she replied “In this city, girls in our life must not have any managers. You know what I mean, -- sweethearts, pimps, anything you want to call them, -- it is just the same. All we can have is suckers”. I said, “Is that fellow from Rio, or did he just get here?”; she replied “He’s an old-timer here. He puts shows on that go into the smaller cities of Brazil”. I said “Are they real shows or just travelling joints (prostitution outfits)?”; she laughed and replied “That’s about all they are”.

The following day when I visited her again I inquired as to her final decision relative to allowing the girls to go. She said “Nix! (No!) When girls go away they don’t come back! I know them too well! Besides, new ones are too hard to get!” I said “There are plenty here”; she said “Not the kind that pay me to keep in this house! Johns (customers) don’t open champagne for grandmothers like me! You got to be young and pretty to get real money here!” I said, “I must say your girls are younger and prettier than any I have seen”. She said “Those are the kind I can fix for life, but they have to see me (pay me). I fixed up too many and then found myself a schnorrer (beggar) alongside of them afterwards”.

I said “You must know where they grow!”; she said “When my niece comes over you’ll see a beauty! I got a man whom I am as sure of, as today is Saturday, that he will fall for her, and keep her like a queen!” I asked, “When is she coming?”; she replied “I sent a letter off last month. I’ll hear soon. Benjamin Morteh will take her off for me. I want to be sure there will be no trouble, so he is going to let another man take your friends off. You know, too many for one person is not good. The first thing you must do is to tip off your friends about him, so that you don’t make it hard for yourself”. I said, “Just what do you mean?”; she replied “The Police here are great grafters. If they think a thing looks phoney (suspicions) they hold it up, so you will have to come there. But if it looks kosher (regular) they don’t put their hands out. You had better work all that out with Benjamin Morteh so that you have it all fixed definitely”.

Saturday night I visited Benjamin Morteh at his house where I told him that Madame Sophie had suggested that I get things fixed so that there would be no trouble later. He said, “When you hear when they are to arrive, let me know. I’ll take care of it all”. I then said, “Sophie is evidently afraid
her niece may be held up”; he replied “I’ll have somebody else for you. Just give me their names and this man will take care of it”. I then explained to him again what Sophie had said about the Police. He replied, “When I tell you it will be taken care of, you need not worry. I’ll see that they get off, and are brought here. As far as the dough (money) is concerned, you need not worry. I haven’t asked you for any, have I? After they got here and everything is done, I’ll leave it to you what it is worth. Is that fair enough?”

**Rio de Janeiro, Brazil**

*July 21, 1924*

During the afternoon I visited Benjamin Morteh at his home. We discussed the subject of smuggling undesirables into Rio. He said “Your friends will not be here until August. Is that right?”; I replied “Yes, so far as I know”. He said “Sophie expects her niece during that month. I have a friend who is a lawyer. He handles all of our business. It will be best for him to take care of your friends. He is absolutely on the level with us, and not a gelt riser (gold grabber)”.

I said “How can we get in touch with him?”; he replied “When you know definitely the date they get in, all you need to do is to let us know. Either Sophie or I will put you in with him”. I said, “If I do not hear soon, I’ll not bother about it. Anyhow, when Motche Goldberg gets here I’ll have him attend to it”; he said “Motche Goldberg might have a connection himself. He must have something on tap, otherwise he wouldn’t consider bringing anybody here from Buenos Aires”. I said “That may be, but I will have to see that he don’t make a misstep because I am sure that he would not have asked me to look things over for him if he was able to handle it himself”. He said, “Yes, I know. It always pays to look the ground over. But what I thought was that he might have had one of the local boys who had been to Buenos Aires wise him up. I myself have not heard from him in several months”….. “What I mean is this: I don’t want to force myself nor any of my friends on him if he has a connection of his own”. I said, “You can be sure that he hasn’t. The idea is that if Sophie’s place didn’t look good to me, I’d let him know and I doubt if he would spend the money to come here”.

He replied, “This friend of mine will see him through”.

At night I visited Madame Sophie at her house and explained that the local disturbances (Revolution) had caused me to prepare to leave sooner than I had first anticipated. I then mentioned that I had arranged to have Motche Goldberg come and see her and stated about the time she could expect him. She agreed to be on the lookout for him. I then said “I was over to Benjamin Morteh’s today and he spoke of your lawyer”. She said, “He is a good man. A very safe man to deal with”. I said “See Motche Goldberg gets in touch with him”; she replied “Certainly! We’ll have to use him anyhow for the selling of the place; it’s very necessary”. I said, “Yes, I should imagine so. Is this lawyer a yehuda (Hebrew)?”; she replied “No”; I said “His named sounded like a Jewish name”; she said “No, he is a Brazilian. Mr. Continho is a real Brazilian name”. I said “Is his office nearby?”; she said “Not far on Rua Carioca. When the time comes we’ll go over there”.

Later I located a lawyer by the name of Mr. Continho at #24 Rua Carioca.
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
July 22-23, 1924

Prostitutes alleged to be under 21 years of age (Investigation of Samuel Auerbach’s list).

During my last three days in Rio, I made a thorough canvass of all houses listed in the memorandum of Samuel Auerbach (See list, Dated July 22). In these resorts it was alleged that girls of foreign birth, under 21 years of age are harbored.

About 10 A.M., July 23, I visited #280 Rua Riachula where I interviewed Adelaide Augusto, an inmate, who admitted that she is but 18 years of age; she stated that she was born in Rio de Janeiro. The girl appeared to be a Brazilian type, and is undoubtedly very young. The house in which she resides is conducted by an Italian woman who speaks some English.

About 10:30 A.M. I inquired for Adeteta Ramos at 50 Rua Frei Caneca. The housekeeper, a Brazilian woman, informed me that this prostitute no longer resides with her, and also stated that her present whereabouts is unknown to her.

About 10 P.M., July 22, 1924, I visited #16 Rua Reyenda in search of Maria Angelo. The housekeeper here informed me, as did the four inmates, that Maria Angelo left several months ago, and that no one knows where she is now. The inmates in this place are Brazilian Negresses and all are apparently under 18 years of age.

About 11:30 P.M. I visited Rua Benedeto Hipolite, where I was informed that Analiade Juin left the premises one month ago. I spoke to all four of the inmates. They admitted being Brazilians, and apparently ranged in age from 16 to 20 years.

About 11 A.M., July 23, I visited 408 Rua Riachula (#A,#410) where I was told by one of the French inmates that Dolores Esteres never resided here, but could be found at 408 Rua Riachula (#A,#410). I then visited that address and spoke to the madame who stated that she never had any person by that name in her house. I saw all of the inmates and all admitted being Brazilians.

About 11:45 P.M., July 22, I visited 32 Rua Marracas, in search of Rosita Steinman. The male housekeeper immediately telephoned the “Glue Pot”, a disreputable dive, where all prostitutes in this vicinity go to secure trade. Rosita Steinman did not take long to come to the house. I introduced myself as a friend of one of the boys from the American Legion, and then accompanied her into the dining room of the house where we conversed in Yiddish. She admitted that she was born in Warsaw, Poland, 20 years ago. She stated that she never practiced prostitution prior to coming to Rio, but admitted that she indulged in promiscuous intercourse at home. She also mentioned that her folks still reside in Warsaw, and that Rosita Steinman is her right name. She refused to give me her home address for fear that her folks might learn of her present vocation. She gave as her reason for coming to South America “to make money”, and said she was induced to come here by a girlfriend, also a
prostitute, who solicits at the “Glue Pot” with her. She definitely stated that she has no pimp, and hopes to be able to return to Poland in less than a year. She also said that she came here on a French Line Steamer, in March, 1923.

About 1 A.M., July 22, I visited #28 Rua Majaes y Valle. The madame of this house is known to me, and when I inquired of her for Louisa de Brito I was informed that Louisa de Brito has not been in this house in six months. The madame is of the opinion that Louisa de Brito left Rio.

About 6 P.M., July 23, I visited #2 & 4 Rua Joaquim Silva, where Madame Fanny, and her pimp, Walter, and all of her inmates are known personally to me. I questioned Fanny about Fanny Rodoshik, one of her inmates. Madame Fanny speaks English fluently and did not hesitate to introduce me to Herschel (Hirsch), the pimp of Fanny Rodoshik. He speaks English and said that Herschel (Hirsch), is 22 years of age and that she is his wife. He stated that he married her in Poland, and that both come here three years ago. He claimed that Fanny Rodoshik prostituted herself in Paris prior to coming to Rio. She is apparently voluntarily continuing her vocation in Rio. Herschel (Hirsch) and I discussed conditions in Rio, and a general conversation was indulged in. He also corroborated facts that have already been recorded, and recommended several persons for me to see when in Paris, France.

About 11 A.M., July 24, and upon several other occasions, I sought to locate Irene Argilasse Coch at #58 Piece de Lapa (“A” Lapa Rua), but no one could direct me to that address. I then visited #——— A——— Rua, but found it to be occupied by respectable people.

I also sought Libania Dias at #33 Rua Callille; and Marguet Meloni at #44 Rua Santa Amoro. I was told that neither Libania Dias nor Marguet Meloni, respectively, resided at either place.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
July 24, 1924

Traffic in women and children

General summary

Beginning July 9, 1924, and continuing to the present date, an investigation of the Traffic in Women and Children was made in Rio de Janeiro.

Houses in which prostitution is practiced were found to be scattered throughout the city. Each section of the city has its own segregated district, and while there is no regulation which makes it compulsory for the owners to locate upon a certain street or streets, it will be noticed that the resorts are clustered together in true segregated-district style. This arrangement not only applies to the poor sections of the city, but also to the localities wherein are situated the finest residences.

According to information which I secured in the underworld, no woman nor man, can operate
a house of prostitution. A woman can, however, upon securing a license, conduct a boarding house, known as a pensao, for prostitutes. The housekeeper may have as many prostitutes in her house as she has rooms, and may charge the prostitutes any amount that she sees fit for board and room. The housekeeper cannot share in the prostitutes' earnings from prostitution, but she usually divides on a small percentage basis, the money which the prostitute makes her trade spend for liquor.

The house rent usually averages a centro a month ($100) and the license fee which is paid semi-annually, varies from one centro to three centros a year ($100 to $300).

The housekeepers charge exorbitant rentals to their boarders, usually making the amount so high that the bulk of the girls' earnings go toward paying their bills.

The housekeeper keeps a register of all inmates, which includes name, age, nationality, etc. This register is submitted to the local Police Precinct each time a new girl is registered, or a girl departs. The Police Department stamps the book or register, and the girl is seldom seen by them. The madames did not hesitate to inform me that although no girls under 21 years of age may be registered, girls as young as 15 and 16 years of age, are in the houses. The madames merely have the girls state their ages as over 21, and then send the register book to the Police via one of the servants.

In the houses wherein are harbored 15 and 16-year old girls, I learned that the majority are Brazilian girls who have been married and either left or even deserted by their husbands.

The local authorities do not require that prostitutes submit themselves for a venereal-disease examination. Some of the prostitutes, however, do consent to be so examined; but the majority do not. There is absolutely no way to prevent a diseased prostitute from doing business; in fact, even when they are knowingly diseased, they continue to operate.

In the localities where the houses were found clustered together, it was noticed that Police officers patrolled nearby. These officers are stationed there to prevent disorder, and to stop the prostitutes from soliciting on the streets, or from windows and doorways.

The prostitutes entirely disregarded the policemen and continued to attract the attention of passersby in the manner usually indulged in by prostitutes. Time and again I learned that petty graft is paid weekly by each prostitute to the officers, so that they may not be interfered with.

It is in the above-described manner that the houses of prostitution in Rio de Janeiro are conducted; and so numerous are the resorts that a person cannot wander into any section of the city without coming face to face with despicable conditions.

While mingling with some of the principal members of Rio's underworld, I cultivated the acquaintance of persons who became valuable assets. I learned from them that the majority of the prostitutes in the city are foreign girls, mainly from Russia, Poland, France, Germany, Italy and also several Japanese. I was advised that nearly all the girls have pimps, and that the real owners of the houses are men. The pimps and male owners of the houses are forced to keep under cover because of the Police, and in order to avoid trouble the pimps are usually either employed or have alibis that
they can offer in case they are picked up by the Police.

Madames Sophie and Helen of #186 Rua Dos Invalidos, owners of one of the best houses in town, were willing to sell me their place of business, and advised me as to the best way to bring foreign prostitutes into Rio, and even introduced me to men who could make it possible to get the women into the country. Madame Sophie admitted that she had imported from Poland several young girls who she turned over to wealthy Brazilian men. She also stated that at the present time she is “fixing up” her niece with a wealthy Brazilian merchant and that all arrangements for her entry into Rio are being taken care of by a pimp (Benjamin Morteh?) who poses as a masseur. Madame Sophie stated that this pimp is not known to the Police and, therefore, can claim her niece as a relative and promise to take care of her.

The Police require unaccompanied girls to prove that they have respectable friends or relatives in the city before allowing them to land. I was introduced to this pimp (Benjamin Morteh) who resides at 50 Rua Correos Dutros. He corroborated the fact that he makes a business of vouching for foreign girls and admitted that he at the present time was awaiting Madame Sophie's niece whom he intends to claim as a relative.

Both Sophie and Benjamin Morteh admitted that whenever a girl is introduced by them to wealthy men, they receive money not only from the man, but also from the girls. It was likewise admitted that these men want only young girls, and that the girls they procure are young, and also of the type that have not previously prostituted themselves. Friends and relatives are brought over in this manner and supplied to men who can keep them.

Madame Sophie repeatedly said “Show me a young girl who is pretty and I’ll get her a rich sucker! All I have to do is to take her to the Palace Bar between 5 and 7 (P.M.) any day and I’ll have a dozen (men) who want her!”

The majority of the foreign girls who are to be found in the cheaper houses, come over at the instigation of friends. The young and pretty ones are being kept by wealthy men, and are brought to Rio in the manner outlined by Sophie.

Several visits to the Palace Bar proved that this place is a rendezvous for madames and high-priced prostitutes. They come here for the main purpose of meeting wealthy men. The madames and the prostitutes manage in this way to distribute their cards to these men so that the men can visit them at their pensaos.

While in Rio I made the acquaintance of prostitutes and several pimps. The prostitutes stated that they came to Rio at the suggestion of friends who had been here, and also admitted that they continually advise their friends at home to join them.

The pimps contended that whenever they need a new girl they know where to go to get one. The very same persons who were mentioned to me in Buenos Aires by Motche Goldberg are known to the pimps of Rio, and are often called upon to furnish individual pimps with women.
Use of trans-atlantic cables by pimps and others

While on board the S.S. Vauban I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Arthur Anderson, Superintendent of the “All American” Cable Co. at Rio de Janeiro.

We discussed various topics and finally hit upon the subjects of Traffic in Women and Children. Arthur Anderson contended that the young foreign girls that come to Rio are brought here by certain persons for wealthy Brazilian men. He corroborated all that I had learned from the underworld, and added that very often the cables are used by Rio’s underworld as a means of communication to Europe. I questioned him concerning the persons involved and he stated that Benjamin Morteh at #50 Rua Correos Dutros has repeatedly sent cables to Poland, and mentioned that upon one occasion Benjamin Morteh was accompanied by a woman whom he knew to be a madame of a disorderly house. The woman he described corresponded to the appearance of Madame Sophie at #186 Rua Dos Invalidos. He said:

“I also remember sending several cables to that address. Time and again women I know to be prostitutes have sent cables to France and Poland, advising friends to come here (Rio)”.

After discussing the situation about which, of course, Arthur Anderson admitted he could not supply definite facts inasmuch as at the times mentioned he took no particular interest in the matters, he promised upon his return in Rio to look up his files and send me copies of all suspicious cables. He also volunteered to inform me from time to time of the movements of persons whom he suspects.

NOTE: Mr. Arthur Anderson has not been informed of my connections. I made it plain to him that my interest in the matter was merely for the purpose of gathering statistics for an organization in the city of New York that is interested in this subject.

Traffic in women and children

Port of Spain is the principal city of Trinidad, one of the islands of the British West Indies. This city has a population of approximately 90,000 people. The majority of the people are negroes, Indians, Hindoos, Chinese; and less than ten per cent. are white Britishers.

The negroes, Indians, Hindoos and Chinese, are huddled together in various quarters of the city, and are so poor that they scarcely have food enough to eat, or clothing to wear.

With the exception of the Queen’s Park area, one sees nothing but emaciated persons roaming
The streets and loitering about in and in front of dirty, unsanitary houses. It is in this locality that the prostitutes may be found.

There are no brothels in Port of Spain; the prostitution that is practiced is conducted on an individual basis.

Colored prostitutes ranging in age from 16 to 30 years, and Indians of the same ages, will prostitute themselves for any price that a person will offer them.

The women do not openly solicit, but do approach men clandestinely. A friend whom I met in Trinidad and whom I knew in the city of New York, told me that the Police immediately arrest women found soliciting; he said “These people do not need houses (of prostitution) or whores. They are of such low moral character that incest and sexual promiscuity are practiced continually by them without thought of any wrong doing. The white folks have their own friends, so you see, real commercialized prostitution does not exist here”.

I also cultivated the acquaintance of Dr. Laurence, the Port doctor. The Doctor went into a lengthy discussion of the morals of the larger portion of the island, and admitted that the women in the lower classes are so unmoral that growing young girls and boys have to be sent abroad not only to be educated, but to remove them from the morally unhealthy surroundings.

Dr. Laurence stated that from his experience the venereal-disease rate in Port of Spain is unusually high. He mentioned that no records are kept, but that a few years ago a law was passed compelling all persons infected to take treatment; he said “It was never enforced and is now dead. The people here do not pay much attention to venereal disease. The uneducated are so numerous here that we can do nothing”.

**Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.**

*August 10, 1924*

**Traffic in women and children**

About 6 A.M. the Macoris, one of the steamers of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, arrived at La Guiara, Venezuela. La Guiara is but a small community and nothing more than the seaport of Caracas, the capital city of Venezuela. Caracas is situated approximately 15 miles inland, and was represented to me as a city that tolerates an enormous Red-Light District.

While aboard the Macoris I made the acquaintance of Dr. Juan Guerra, a son-in-law of President Gomez of Venezuela. Upon his invitation I visited Caracas and was shown the underworld section by him.

This city has a very large segregated district which is located in the heart of the poor residential section. The resorts are operated as pensaos (boarding houses) and have as many prostitutes as the houses have bed rooms. The prostitutes pay daily room-and-board fees and retain all of their earnings.
I visited fully 20 houses and found the inmates to be all natives, ranging in age from 18 to 35 years.

Dr. Guerra explained to me that a prostitute may operate in any part of the city provided the neighbors do not complain. He also stated that in the event a complaint is lodged against a prostitute, the Police request her to move to a locality where the neighbors are not particular. He said “In this way the prostitutes came to locate in one section, and while it cannot be called a segregated district, since that place was not designated by law, it is generally looked upon as such, and the police therefore herd all prostitutes into that section”.

Dr. Guerra was also questioned concerning foreign prostitutes in Caracas; he said “There is very little migration into the whole of Venezuela. The cities are small, Caracas being the largest having only 90,000. Travel is costly, since the cities are so inaccessible, and the foreign prostitutes therefore do not touch our country. The persons who patronize the houses cannot afford to spend much money. Five Bolivars ($1) is a lot of money for most people in Caracas, so you can see that the earnings of those women are so meager that Venezuela offers very little attraction”.

Puerto Columbia, Colombia, S.A.
August 12, 1924

Commercialized prostitution

I visited Puerto Columbia, a village of approximately 1,000 people. This place, like La Guiara, is merely the seaport of Baranquilla.

At the Atlantico Hotel I was informed that there are several huts in the village where prostitutes reside. I was taken to these huts and met several Columbian prostitutes, who are of the peon type that offer themselves for any price. These women were clad in rags; their huts fairly reeked with filth; and their faces and hands appeared as if never touched by water. My informant and guide mentioned that occasionally “They get a sailor, but very seldom”.

Peons in the village visit these women and are often accommodated for any small amount of money they care to offer.

Panama City, Republic of Panama, C.A.
Aug. 14-15, 1924

Traffic in women and children

During the first two days in Panama City, I visited the majority of the so-called houses of prostitution.

I noted that the resorts in which prostitutes are harbored are scattered about the business and poorer residential sections.
A number of places are situated in that section of the city known as Coco Grove, i.e., Calle 17 to 21 West, from Calle B to the Bay; and also in and about W. 16th Calle W. as far as Calle K.

In this locality may be found prostitutes between the ages of 18 and 40 years, mainly natives and negresses, also a few middle-aged white women who have been in Panama for many years.

Coco Grove was at one time, that is, during the construction of the canal, the main center and gathering place for the prostitutes. The women gradually drifted from that section of the city after the completion of the Canal, and scattered about in various other localities.

The remaining prostitutes live in two-room unsanitary wooden houses, scattered here and there throughout this section, and ply their trade by soliciting passer-by. The trade consists of any persons, white, colored, or Yellow (Chinese) who can afford to spend 25 or 50 cents.

In the eastern section of the city, that is, between Avenida Central and the next street running parallel to it, from East 17th Calle to 21st Calle, are to be found at least 50 houses. The majority of these places are located on 19th and 20th Calle East.

These houses harbor but one or two prostitutes each. The prostitutes are in the main Panamanians; about 20 are French, Italians and Spaniards; and approximately 15 are Polish girls.

With the exception of the negresses and Panamanians, there does not appear to be one girl under 25 or 30 years of age.

I questioned all of the foreign prostitutes and found them to be old-time prostitutes. The majority had practiced prostitution in various cities in South America and Central America, and finally landed in Panama in the hope of making plenty of money from the soldiers, sailors and seamen.

This locality is known as the “Three-way” section, because of the fact that all prostitutes here indulge in pervert practices.

Most of the women have indecent photographs which they display when a man enters their rooms, and then ask the customer to select the method he most desires. The prices ranged from 50 cents to $2, and a person has great difficulty passing through either 19th or 20th Calle East without being literally dragged into the houses by the prostitutes.

As in the Coconut Grove section, the houses consist of two-room shacks, with but one or two prostitutes.

The prostitutes usually sit in rockers on the sidewalks, or in their bed rooms that open directly on the streets. I was informed that all houses of prostitution are “out of bounds for the soldiers and sailors stationed in the Canal Zone”. The streets are patrolled by Sanitary Police and Military Police whose business it is to keep the local service men out of the houses. In some instances it was seen to be unforced, but most times the men were not interfered with.

The battleship Handerson arrived at Balboa August 14 en route from San Domingo to San
Diego, Calif. The Commander granted a liberty party and placed no restriction upon the men so far as “out of bounds” area was concerned. The result was that 19th, 20th and 21st Calle East were literally jammed with sailors and marines, who were seen to enter and leave the resorts.

Prostitutes from other sections of the city rented temporary rooms in houses to meet the demand. I was informed that whenever a battleship passes through the Canal the same conditions prevail.

During my conversation with the prostitutes I learned that the Panamanian government does not permit parlor houses to operate. The law provides that no person may exploit a prostitute, as in the case of a madame. Prostitutes may, however, operate in any section of the city where they can secure quarters.

It is necessary for a prostitute to register with the Health Department and to submit herself for examination twice a week for which she pays $1. In the event that she is found to be diseased she is placed in an isolation hospital until cured.

Each prostitute is given a card showing that she is free from disease, and can therefore conduct her business without interference.

Panama City
Aug. 16-17, 1924

During the afternoon of the 16th I visited Kelly’s Cabaret on the Avenida Central. I entered the drinking room and cultivated the acquaintance of one of the colored waiters. I mentioned that I am in the theatrical business and after taking on tour a number of artistes I am returning to the United States.

As our conversation progressed, the waiter said: “Mrs. Kelly is over in Colon. She is the real boss. Mr. Kelly is in the bar. I’ll introduce you to him. He always likes to meet New York City theatrical men. He goes up there very often to get girls”. I agreed that it would be a pleasure to meet him and was then introduced to Mr. Kelly.

At first we discussed things in general; I then mentioned that I had just toured South America with an X——— X——— troupe, and showed him the card of 15-R39, a famous X——— whom I met on the V——— I asked “How would you like to put this crowd (my troupe) on for a few days while they are passing through?” I then explained the benefit he would derive, etc. Mr. Kelly said “That’s too high-brow (too refined) for this dump (resort)”. I finally agreed that he was right and said “Down here they want real music-hall stuff; -- I can see that”. He answered “Absolutely. These babies (girls) here have to be good fellows! A real artist don’t figure in a place like this”. I said “Who do you

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39 Paul Kinsie is obviously mistaken; the correct code would be 9-R, Boris Thomasheffski, “noted Jewish actor”.
deal with in New York? Gus Hill?"; he replied, “No I have a fellow up at X——— and X——— streets, Harry Walker. Do you know him?"; I replied “By sight only”. He said “Harry Walker always serves me right, so I cant kick. He’s been taking care of us for several years”.

I said “How many girls are there in the cabaret?”; he replied “We have 8 now. I just brought them down last week, -- that is, two of them”. I said “I wish you’d look me up sometime when you are in New York City. While I dont want to cut in on Harry Walker’s business, at the same time there may be something that I can do that will be of mutual benefit”. Mr. Kelly answered “I’ll do that the next time. As it is now, I dont expect to be in the market for several months. All of these girls just signed new contracts, and that will carry us thru the winter”.

I said, “What do you pay your girls?”; He replied, “$150 a month; some are signed up for 3 months and some for 6 months. That includes living upstairs in the hotel. But, of course, board is extra”.

I said “You’re paying too much. There are plenty who would come down here for less”; he answered “Yes, but I know the kind. I cant use grandmothers. I had a bunch of that stock; they dont go over”. I said “Why, do the boys here like them young?"; he said “You see we play for the officers. The enlisted men are good beer drinkers. That’s all they can afford. For that reason we dont start our doings until 11 P.M. The enlisted man has to get back to camp by 11. The officers are decent scouts and they spend. You know, 8 girls at $150 a month, the license, and $450 a month rent, and other expenses, cant be knocked out on beer. Besides, a round trip transportation to New York City. We have to play for the bigger bugs (More liberal spenders)”.

I answered “Yes, I guess you’re right. You cant get the crowd that spends by handing out old-timers. $150 a month, no room rent, and transportation, besides a few extras, aren’t bad for the girls”; he replied “I should say not! They get 50 cents on each bottle of champagne”. I said “That’s fine; and besides they step out? (Prostitute themselves)”; he replied “I should say so, but, you see, they cannot leave here until after we close down”. I said “Dont you let them take a John (customer) to their rooms?"; He replied “Nix on that! Do you want us to go to jail? Whenever they grab live ones they got to take them to another place if they want to lay them (have sexual intercourse). No, Sir! Nothing like that! Figure it out for yourself: I go to New York City to bring girls down here; they hustle (solicit) men in our places and take them to a room in our place; now, get this straight: See what it means: You have heard of White Slavery, haven’t you? Well, if we let things work that way, that would be a first-class case! Nay, Nay, Pauline! Our girls can do as they want after they leave here. If they get a sleeper (all-night customer) that is their business, but they cant hustle them into their rooms in our place!”

I said “Do you mean to say that if I took a shine (liking) to one of the girls, you wouldn’t let her take me to her room?”; he replied “Absolutely! The girls know it too. Every John (customer) they get they take to another place”. I said “That’s rather tough luck because I was counting on a little party tonight and I felt sure I could get fixed up in a room here”. He said, “I’d let you have a room with a girl if the girl aint one of my singers. My girls usually jump to the Hotel Metropole with their johns, and the Hotel Metropole girls come down here. Which gal did you make up to?"; I said “I dont want to say, because if I told you you might drag her over the coals for dating me up”. He said “Hell, man! They all lay! (Practice prostitution). I wouldn’t want them here if they didn’t. The only thing is I dont
let them leave until we close, and then if they are dated they can take them upstairs. We have to take that precaution, otherwise it would mean White Slavery”.

I said “That is the reason my crowd fell flat in Rio. The girls all had chances, but most of them wouldn’t lay. There’s no use of a gal doing a turn in a sporty cabaret unless she’s out for the extras”. He said “That truck (girls who won’t prostitute themselves) can only spoil a man’s business. Why, these girls make $100 a week extra besides all the presents they get”.

On the 17th of August I again visited Kelly’s Cabaret on Avenida Central, and saw the waiter who had introduced me to Mr. Kelly; he took my order and said “I have a nice little American girl for you”. I told him to bring her over.

I was then introduced to Marussia Camick one of the singers. I explained to her that I am in the theatrical business, and told her substantially the same story I had told Mr. Kelly. She told me that she was born in Russia 21 years ago, came to the United States as a small girl, and went on the stage at 18 years of age. I said “How did you ever land down here?”; she replied “I had a hard time getting a booking, so I went to my agent and he sent me down here”. I said “Who is your agent?” she replied “Harry Walker. Do you know him?”; I said “Yes, slightly. Is he still on 51st & B’way (New York)?” She replied “Yes, 51th street”. I said “Do you like it here?”; she replied “Now I do, but the first few months I hated the place”. I asked “Why?”; she replied “I was down in the mouth anyhow. I had a friend in New York City and we had a nice apartment at the Clintona Apts on 340 W. 57th Street; we got into a spat, so I told Harry Walker to send me any place. Mr. Kelly was in New York City. I saw him and we signed a contract for 3 months. After I got here I would have beat it back, but I couldn’t because we don’t get our fare until our contract expires. I figured I’d wait until I’d get my first pay and then go back, but that wouldn’t get me there so I stuck”.

I said “What did you dislike about it?”; she replied “Everything! I never worked in a cabaret before. The boys are very nice to me now so I can’t complain”. I said “Didn’t you know what kind of a place it was?”; she said “Yes, but I didn’t think it was quite so rough. Now, I like it; I signed my second contract the other day”.

Our conversation gradually changed and she solicited me. She stated that she could not leave the premises until closing hour, and also mentioned that we could get a room at the International Hotel. When questioned as to why she could not go upstairs, she said “Mr. Kelly don’t allow us to use our rooms”; she named her price as $20 for all night. She further mentioned during the course of our conversation that prior to coming to Panama she did not prostitute herself.

**Panama City**

*Aug. 18, 1924*

Throughout the afternoon and evening I spent most of my time at the Hotel Metropole cabaret. While there I cultivated the acquaintance of the singers and also the wife of the proprietor. I
represented myself as a theatrical man and, therefore, had little difficulty in securing the confidence of all persons connected with the premises.

The entertainment offered consisted of songs and dances by seven American girls. The songs they sang were mainly Jazz numbers, some of which could be termed suggestive.

The singers mingled with the guests and danced with any person upon request. The main features of the cabaret do not take place until 10 P.M. and usually continue up until such time as the guests see fit to depart.

This place is frequented mainly by commissioned officers who are stationed in the Canal Zone. In addition to acting in the capacity of "artistes", the singers roam about the hall and induce unaccompanied male guests to buy drinks for them.

During my conversation with these singers I learned that the management requests them to solicit drinks, and also pays the girls a percentage of all drinks that they can induce their companions to purchase.

All of the members of the Revue here are chorus girls from the city of New York. Each girl admitted that they had been sent to this place by Harry Walker, and that they have a six months' contract with the proprietor. They receive $150 a month, free lodging, and free transportation from the city of New York to Panama and return to New York City.

Jack Reid, the banjo player here, said, during one of our discussions: "These babies have it pretty soft. They dont do much and get a good salary. Besides, they hook a live one every night". I said "I never see them leave the place with a John". He said "They cant until closing time. You see if they hustled here like they used to, there would be hell to pay! What they do is to make up to one of those officers and when we close go to bed with him". I said "Before I left New York City I had a chance to furnish a few for Mexico City, but they couldn't use straight girls". He said "A gal that dont lay (prostitute herself) would never work here either. These people that come here usually want to get put (have sexual intercourse). If the gals dont come through (offer sexual satisfaction) they cant draw the officers. You see, this place and Mr. Kelly's are the only two places in the city where a fellow who is a little particular can get himself a piece of tail. The other cabarets usually have niggers, and there aint a real joint (house of prostitution) in town".

I said "Well, they'll never go wrong on Harry Walker. He knows the right kind to send". Jack Reid said "The Boss wont have nothing but!" (prostitutes). I then said "Do they use the hotel?"; he replied "No, they beat it off to some other place. It protects the boss. If they dragged them upstairs, the house would get the name of a whore house. The Zone bunch (U.S. government officials) would have the local crowd to get busy. They'd lock up the women and register them the same as they do the other hookers (prostitutes) in town. Another thing, it would prevent the girls from getting in here. To get into Panama you have to pass through U.S. Territory. If things got too rough here, Uncle Sam (U.S.) would turn the gals back. He turned a few of Mr. Kelly's ladies back a year or so ago. That's why Mr. Kelly eased up".
While in conversation with Gloria Hollis, one of the singers, I learned from her that she had been sent here 4 months ago by her agent, Harry Walker. She said “Edna Lee and I came down together”. Both she and Edna Lee later admitted that they had done “work” similar to what they are doing now in the United States and also in Mexico. I mentioned that I had four or five friends at the hotel and wanted to arrange an all-night party. Betty Melrose and Molly O’Brien were then introduced and all agreed to make no appointments for Wednesday evening. I inquired where we could go and was told that that matter could be arranged later. I further explained that I intended to pay all expenses and asked the girls their prices. I was told that $20 would take care of each girl.

All of the girls in this cabaret are over 21 years of age and apparently are practicing prostitution of their own volition.

Panama City

Aug. 19-20, 1924

During the 19th and 20th I visited all of the cabarets in Panama City. I noted at Mr. Kelly’s and also at Hotel Metropole that the entertainers are white women ranging in age from 21 to 25 years. These women are procured by the managements of the respective places through a booking agent in the city of New York, known as Harry Walker. All are under contract for a six-months period and receive an average of $150 per month, free lodging and round-trip transportation from and to New York City.

At Mr. Kelly’s cabaret I was personally introduced to all eight of the women connected with the place, and learned from each woman the price they charge for an act of prostitution. The prostitutes did, however, admit that Mr. and Mrs. Mr. Kelly, owners of the place, will not permit the prostitutes to entertain men in their rooms at Mr. Kelly’s hotel, nor will the proprietors allow the cabaret artistes to leave the premises prior to the closing hour.

During my conversation with the girls at Mr. Kelly’s, I learned that Harry Walker made it perfectly clear to them before sending the girls to Panama that “plenty of extra money can be picked up” in the cabarets here. May, one of the girls, said “Do you think I would have come down here for a lousy $150 per month if I couldn’t get a chance to grab off more?”

It was along these lines that our conversation continued and from the girls’ own admissions I learned that all had clandestinely practised prostitution prior to coming here, with the exception of Marussia Camick (See previous report on her).

As the opportunity presented itself, I asked Mr. Kelly if the girls are registered and do they submit themselves for Venereal disease examination. He replied “Of course not! The only girls that register here (Panama) are the bums in the cheap joints”.

During all of the time spent about the Mr. Kelly and Hotel Metropole cabarets, I never saw one entertainer take a man to her room, nor did I notice them leave with a customer prior to closing time.
I also paid many visits to the Imperial Rustic Cabaret on Avenida Central, Sylvester’s Cabaret on Calle K, and Alamo Cabaret on Calle B.

At the Imperial Rustic Cabaret there are eight entertainers. Four are colored girls and four are white.

The manager informed me that he does not book his entertainers (through an agent). He said “There are always enough around here who want a job. They don’t have to sing, you know. If they can give the boys a good time while they dance, that is all they need. The crowd that comes in here don’t want to listen to a Mary Garden. They want to be peppe up”.

The manager also admitted that all the women are prostitutes, that he does not allow them to leave until closing time, but he does permit them to take their trade to their rooms. He said “I’ll introduce you to a swell Belgian kid. She’s only been here two months”. I was then introduced to Paulette who is about 32 years of age, and came to Panama on the S.S. Puerto Rico of the French Line. She stated that one of the stewards on that ship is “her friend” and that he introduced her to the proprietor and made all arrangements for her. She admitted having practiced prostitution in Liège, Cherbourg and Paris, and before I departed she invited me to her room in the hotel at 2:30 A.M. She gave me her room number as 14.

The Alamo Cabaret on Calle B. and Sylvester’s Cabaret on Calle K. are cabarets which are frequented mainly by sailors. The entertainers are all colored, and are natives. The management at both places permits their singers and dancers to solicit trade on the premises, and take the men from the place to their rooms.

During the entire time spent in the cabarets, I did not see any unescorted prostitute loitering about the premises.

Panama City
Aug. 21, 1924

During my stay in Panama City I visited at various intervals the Cosmopolitan Hotel on Avenida Central and the Italiano Restaurant on Cor. Calle 16 West & Calle H at the corner of Calle ********. Both of these places are hangouts for the pimps of Panama. At noon and also at night prostitutes and their pimps can be seen here dining together.

It is apparent that most of the foreign girls operating in Panama have pimps. I made the acquaintance of several of them. All admitted being in Panama for several years. I was advised by my acquaintances to adopt some sort of vocation, because of the fact that the Panamanian Police arrest all loiterers as vagrants.

They complained of present conditions in Panama, and informed me that their women operate both in this city and also in Colon. They said “They go to Colon when the boys get paid there, and come back
to Panama when the boys here get paid. January, February and March are the best months in Panama. There are plenty of battleships passing through the Canal at that time. Now, things are very slow”.

One of the pimps took me to several houses on 20th Calle East. He told me that he could arrange to have my girl hustle in either place I selected and that I would have to pay $2 a day room rent. This amount, he stated, is paid by each girl.

We then discussed bringing girls into Panama. He said “It is very dangerous. One of the boys got five years and a heavy fine two month ago”. I said “How did they grab him?”, he replied “The girl blew up and told the whole story. She was just some little bum he picked up in France. He used to work on the French Line boats. The gal wanted to take a trip and he brought her in”. I said “Are there many coming in that way?”; he said “No, it is just a tough break, that is all. Most of the boys here, and the girls too, have been here a long while. How did you manage to get your girl in?”; I replied “I had no trouble”. He said “That is because you are an American citizen”. I said “Did you have any trouble?”; he replied “No, but the Zone crowd are hard boiled. Whenever the girls come in they go from Columbia to Boca del Toro and there you can get in without any trouble. A few get by the officials at Cristobal, but it is taking a big chance”.

This pimp gave his name as “Al” Fernandez; he resides at the Cosmopolitan Hotel and is a Porto Rican. His women is also a Porto Rican.

The other pimps whom I met are Panamaians, French and Polish. I could not learn their names, as they are suspicious of all strangers.

Panama City
Aug. 22, 1924

Traffic in women and children
On Aug. 18 I presented my credentials to the Minister of Foreign affairs of the Republic of Panama. The Minister, Dr. Morales, received me very cordially, and stated that he would place at my command all persons who would be of help to me.

Dr. Morales, when questioned concerning the International Traffic in Women and Children, said “I dont believe there is a traffic to or from Panama. Of course, there may be. I was in Washington for four years and just returned in June”.

I then asked him concerning the answers to the League’s questionnaires. He referred me to his sub-secretary. The sub-secretary, Dr. Geenzier, stated that he would have the matter looked up and promised to furnish me with a copy of same.

Dr. Morales then stated that he would write a letter of introduction for me to the Alcalde of Panama (Mayor); he said “He (the Alcalde) was formerly Chief of Police, and is the best informed
man in the Republic. I will write the letter and send it to the Tivoli Hotel tonight”.

After waiting two days I again called on the Minister. He stated that he had given it to his secretary. The sub-secretary then delivered the letter to me, along with a copy of the reply of the Panamanian government to the League’s Questionnaire of February, 1921. Both stated that the files contain only one questionnaire and answers. I mentioned to them all of the questionnaires that had been sent and it was decided that another search would be made.

Two days later I learned that there are no other questionnaires on record.

After visiting the Alcalde on several days and on each day being requested to return later, I finally succeeded in interviewing the Alcalde, Sr. Leonidas Pretelt. I asked him if in his opinion there exists a traffic in women and children to and from Panama. He replied “I think not. If so, it is very little”. I then said “Has the Panamanian government taken any steps to prevent it?”; he answered “Of course, we do not want it, but what can we do? We have no ports of entry; we, therefore, must depend on the Canal Zone authorities to keep the women out. We should have a Red-Light district here. Then we could control the women. Now, they are scattered all over the city and it is hard to keep track of them. Where there are so many soldiers there should be a district, but the Zone authorities do not want it, so what can we do?”

He then went on to state that at the present time the prostitutes in Panama are licensed. The license he stated consists of forcing all prostitutes to submit themselves to venereal-disease examinations. I said “How do you force them?”; he replied “I have two plainclothesmen. They know all of the prostitutes. If they find one who has not a card they bring her in”. I then asked “How can you be sure they are foreigners?”; he said “They must show their passports”. I asked “If they are under twenty-one years of age, what do you do?”; he replied “Nothing; what can we do?”; ..... “We have the right kind of laws, but we have no place like a reformatory to send the women to. We used to send them to the Catholic Sisters, but they do not want them anymore, so we have to let them do their business”. I asked “Why not deport them?”; he replied “We cannot afford to have people who would attend to deportations”. I said “Are there more foreign girls here now than when you had a district?”; he said “There were more here then”. I said “Have you any records to show the decrease?”; He replied “My men have the names of all the women. We do not keep it that way. I can give you a complete list of all prostitutes we have”. I said “Do you register the girls in the cabarets?”; He replied “Some cabarets, but not Kelly’s nor the Metropole”..... “Those women may be prostitutes, but they are clean girls, not like the French and Latin-Americans”.

I then asked if the Department has a list of persons suspected of being traffickers. He replied “We have a list of pimps. We have not furnished any governments with the information, but we have received information from the French government. When we looked up the men, they ran away”.

I then asked for a copy of all laws relating directly or indirectly to the traffic. The Alcalde promised to furnish me with the laws, but not having them ready in time, likewise promised to send the same to New York.

Sr. Pretelt requested me to return Aug. 21 and promised to furnish me with the most recent list of prostitutes, also to place at my disposal his two plainclothesmen. After securing the list I requested
the officers to take me to all the resorts wherein are harbored the foreign prostitutes.

Beginning at 10 A.M. and continuing until midnight, I accompanied by these officers, visited more than 100 prostitutes. I requested each woman to show me her passport, or cedula which proved her Panamanian nationality. Each foreign prostitute above the age of twenty-one years was asked how she gained admittance to Panama. The women all contended that entrance was secured through Boca del Toro, and did not hesitate to state that they adopted that port for entrance because the Zone authorities would refuse them admittance at Cristobal.

It was noted that most of the French, Polish and German girls showed Argentine passports. All admitted prostituting themselves in South America prior to coming to Panama, and having resided in Argentine for more than five years, became Argentine citizens.

Among the girls I interviewed I found the following which constitute cases of traffic within the League's interpretation:

Rosa Tolorina, #48 Calle 16. This girl was born in a small village near Bogota, Colombia; according to her passport she is 19 years of age. She came to Panama one year ago, and married a soldier, R.C. Miller, Hg. Co., 14th Inf., Fort Davis, Canal Zone. She showed me a letter signed by her husband. In the letter her husband stated that he was discontinuing his allotment of $15 a month to her and stated “You know why. I cannot mention it, because you would have to have someone else read the letter for you”.

The girl admitted that her husband visits her weekly, and that she gives him part of her earnings. She stated that she practiced prostitution prior to her marriage, and admitted that she is still practicing. She stated that she left home at the instigation of a girlfriend, and refused to divulge the whereabouts of her parents or relatives.

Elena Barrantes, #7 Calle 20. This girl said: “While in Guadeloupe, San Jose, Costa Rica, I met a man Samuel; his last name was a long Russian name. He was married to a Costa Rican girl named Rosa Castro. One day they asked me if I wanted to take a little trip with them. They suggested Colon. I agreed to go with them. They bought my ticket and when we got here they introduced me to men, and took all the money away from me. I went to the police, and they tried to find both of them, but they ran away. Then I was taken down with malaria fever and I am still doctoring. Just as soon as I get enough money I will go home”.

Elena showed me her passport which was dated February, 1924, and gave her age as twenty-one years. She stated she never practiced prostitution before and admitted that she cannot read nor write. She also mentioned that her people do not know her whereabouts, and hopes to return to Costa Rica soon. She arrived here toward the end of February on the S.S. Orlandes of the Holland Line as a 3rd class passenger.

Georgina Lobos, #2 Calle 21. This girl was born in Jirado, Colombia, 19 years ago. Her passport was issued in March, 1923. She stated that Osoria Del Mira and Pedro Rada brought her to Panama. They promised her employment in Santa Marta and then urged her to accompany them to Panama.
Upon arrival here they forced her into a life of prostitution. They wanted to take the money from her, but she refused to give it. She threatened to inform the police and did so. Pedro fled the city and Del Mira faced the Alcalde. The case was dismissed. She is now practicing prostitution at this address and is registered as a prostitute. At the present time she is being treated for a womb disorder, and wants to return home.

After leaving this place I asked one of the plainclothesmen if he had ever heard of this case before. He said “Yes, but the Alcalde let it go, so that places it out of my hands”.

I asked him if he knew Pedro or Del Mira. He replied “Del Mira is still here. I’ll take you to her”. We then went to #59 Calle 16, Room 1, where I met Osoria Del Mira. I cross-examined her; she admitted knowing Georgina Lobos in Columbia, but denied bringing her here. She stated that Pedro is her husband, but he deserted her a year ago, and his present whereabouts is unknown to her.

Del Mira is 21 years of age and has been a prostitute for six years.

Both plainclothesmen offered me every assistance and from the manner in which we were received by the prostitutes, I am confident of their honesty.

Panama City and Colon, Republic of Panama, C.A.

Aug. 23-24, 1924

Upon learning in the underworld of a case of traffic said to have been detected by the Canal Zone authorities, I interviewed Dr. Knight who secured permission for me to interview the girl after I had presented my credentials to Col. Chamberlain.

At the hospital I learned of the persons who had worked up the case, and after seeing the girl, I went to Colon and interviewed Dr. Hearn, the Port Quarantine and Immigration Officer, together with Lieut. Paul G. Kailay of the Zone Police.

The girl gave her name as Helen Ollier; she stated that she was born in Paris, France, 21 years ago; her mother died when she was 15 years of age; and at the age of 15 years she left home because her father remarried. She then became engaged to a man who lived in the same rooming house with her. She gave his name as Roger Foucault and stated that after living with Foucault for three years he left to go to war and did not return. The woman with whom she lived died, and she then took up an acquaintance with Lena Scheffert, a Parisienne; while with Lena she met on Avenue Wagram in Paris two men, Henri and Emmanuel (The last names of these two men are not known to her). The girl agreed to accompany these men to Havana, Cuba.

At Havana, Cuba, Henri and Emmanuel disembarked with two other girls. Another pimp who was also in the party, then accompanied Helen and Lena to Cristobal. At Cristobal she was questioned by the port officers, and admitted that this pimp, August Tasonne, taught her to commit perversion and
also stated that she learned that he was going to put her in a house in Colon. She said that she arrived at Cristobal in February, 1924, and was detained by the Zone authorities. She further stated that she had no living relatives, and does not know what she will do when she is deported to France.

I next interviewed Dr. Hearn, the Port Doctor, and Immigration Officer, who stated that he had discovered the case and used the girl as a witness against the pimp. August Tasonne, the pimp, was convicted and is now serving 5 years in the Zone Pen, along with having to pay a $1,000 fine. The Doctor admitted that he became suspicious of them, and broke down the girl upon cross-examination. I questioned the doctor upon the problem here, and he stated that at various intervals he has returned, or rather deported, a number of pimps and prostitutes. I inquired as to how many were under 21 years of age. He said “Very few. The girls that come here are mainly French and Polish girls. They are old-timers, and venture here mainly at the time when the fleet is due. One month or two months before the arrival of the fleet, they start travelling”.

I said “Do they have passports that appear legitimate?”; he replied “Their passports appear all right, but some have three and four passports. In examining their effects we have found the same persons to have Argentine, Brazilian, Spanish and French passports”.

I asked how they travel; he replied “If the steamer has but one class, you will find them in first. If the steamer has three classes, second is their usual place”.

I said “How can you be sure that the women are prostitutes and the men are pimps?”; he replied “I have been handling this situation for 17 years. Of course, we are doubtful about some. We hold them in suspicion, and investigate the persons to whom they are going, or their business. The prostitutes and pimps that try to get by us always have some of their friends whom we know visit them. That is enough for us. We then do not have to go any further”.

I said “Do you ever receive advance information from the foreign governments?”; he replied “Never, but I have persons who are employed on the ships and who I know are reliable, and they give me details that they pick up. For instance, the wireless operator on one ship told me of a pimp (souteneur) who sent a message to a prostitute in the district. I grabbed him immediately, and will deport him on the first ship. Why, during the last two years when I took action against these people, I have been offered fabulous bribes from pimps in Colon to allow prostitutes and their associates to land. The French Vice Consul here was nothing but a pimp himself. Each prostitute or pimp that I held up, he would fight me. I finally succeeded in having him removed.

I said “Isn’t it a fact that even after you deport them they gain admittance through Port Limon and Boca del Toro?”; he said “Yes, but what can we do? Time and again the Governor appealed to the Panamanian government to establish a strict immigration inspection at Boca del Toro, but they refused. You see, I deport them to the country whence they came. Some ships stop outward bound at Port Limon, Costa Rica. There they get a small craft and go to Boca del Toro. They are then on Panamanian soil. From Boca they hire a steam launch and land in Colon. The Panamanian government have about 300 yards of coast line that is open. The Canal Zone government even offered to defray all expenses and take care of the immigration for the Panamanian government, but they refused”.
I asked “If you or your men were to see persons whom you deported in Colon, could you get the Colon authorities to turn the persons over to you?”; he replied “No, they absolutely refuse to do so. Request upon request has been made and not a single person has been turned over to us. Very often they will arrest the person and by offering $200 or $300 bail they beat it. That money is divided between the Judge and the Mayor and that is all they do. Take, for instance, the two girls that came with the girl you interviewed. Both of them are in Colon after I had deported them to France. They came back through Port Limon and Boca”.

I said “Do you inform the government at Port Limon, or any other government, such as Columbia, or the government of any nearby republic, where the person whom you are deporting may disembark, to watch for the person in question?”; he replied “If I were to do that the immigration officers at those points would undoubtedly prevent their landing. That would place the burden upon the steamship company, and since the persons are usually not citizens of the country whence they came, they would likewise deny them admittance, and the company would therefore be unable to get them off the ship. If we could only get the Panamanian government to see our way we could put a stop to this thing. The Governor of this Province does not want to bar foreign prostitutes. He contends that it conserves the local girls. There must be a mutual understanding between the nations to cooperate. Information should be exchanged. We could then get somewhere”.

I said “In the agreement signed in 1904 in Paris, 32 nations, including the United States of America and Panama, agreed to exchange this information”; he replied “In all my experience I have never received any such information. Unofficially I was given by the Cuban Consul here a list of pimps operating in Havana whom he told me to look out for. This list was published in a Havana newspaper. That is all I ever received”.

I then said “In your opinion has the traffic increased or decreased in the last few years?”; he replied “That I cannot say. It is only in the last two years that we have started to do much deporting”. I said “Why did you begin to take more drastic action at the Zone ports only in the last two years?”; he said “Prior to that we did some deporting, but not as much. We began to see that there were too many undesirables among our neighbors”.

The doctor then furnished me with a list of pimps and prostitutes which he deported during the last 12 months. He advised me to confer with Lieut. Kailay of the Zone Police. I met the Lieutenant who corroborated everything the Doctor had told me. He further stated that he was certain that the Governor of the Canal Zone would gladly furnish the League with pictures of all pimps and prostitutes deported if requested.

Dr. Hearn also mentioned that the Panamanian government has repeatedly reminded him that the Canal Zone authorities have jurisdiction over sanitary measures, but not over morals, and therefore requested him not to deport persons known to the Doctor to be undesirables. The Doctor stated that irrespective of the Panamanian government request to admit certain persons, he deported them.
Colon, Republic of Panama, C.A.
August 23-24, 1924

Traffic in women and children
While in Panama City I made several trips to Colon, and also spent the greater part of the 23rd and 24th in that city.

I visited more than half of the houses of prostitution and talked to at least 75 prostitutes.

I noticed that most of the prostitutes in Colon are girls who had practiced prostitution in other cities, and it appears as if the French and Polish girls are in the majority.

Many of the foreign prostitutes have Argentine passports and admitted to me that they had practiced prostitution in the Argentine and also in Brazil.

I represented myself as a pimp that had just arrived in Colon, and in this way learned from the prostitutes that nearly all of the girls have pimps.

I also learned that the French girls are continually migrating between Panama City and Colon, and that each French pimp has an average of from 2 to 3 girls.

The pimps in Colon “stand in” with the Colon police, and are therefore able to cause their women considerable trouble if they do not share their earnings with them.

As in Panama City, the prostitutes in Colon are all registered, and must submit to an examination twice a week, for which they must pay $1. In the event the women are found diseased, they are detained at the hospital until cured.

Whenever a prostitute does not appear for examination, she is looked up and brought in by the members of the plainclothes squad.

The houses are segregated and are mainly in the form of old-fashioned cribs. One, two and three women occupy these cribs, and pay from $2 to $4 a day for the use of the room. These cribs are owned by so-called respectable citizens who in turn lease the premises usually to madames and their pimps. The operators in turn rent the rooms to the prostitutes.

The houses are in most instances in an unsanitary condition, and constructed in railroad fashion.

The prostitutes are clad in brightly colored dresses, sit in the doorways and solicit all passersby.

Soldiers stationed in the Canal Zone are not permitted to enter the houses. Sailors do, however, have the privilege to visit these places inasmuch as their Commanding Officers do not object.

In addition to the houses in the district, I visited scattered places. These resorts are mainly occupied by Panamanians, and are very poorly patronized.
At the cabarets, principally Kelly’s, I spent considerable time. Kelly sold out to Jordan and I met the proprietor and spoke to him. His girls are supplied by Harry Walker, in the City of New York and during the course of our lengthy conversation, he admitted that Harry Walker does misrepresent the place to the girls; he said “He never tells them that they have to dance, and mingle with the guests in order to get them to buy drinks”.

The women are all prostitutes, but are not permitted to practice prostitution on the premises. And they cannot leave the cabaret until closing hour.

It was impossible to meet any of the pimps because of a murder among them that had been committed Thursday evening. One pimp was killed, and the Police have been rounding up as many as they can find as witnesses.

I located the two girls that accompanied Helene Ollier to Colon (See previous report on her). Both girls were deported by Dr. Hearn and came back to Colon by way of Port Limon.

It was impossible to question the girls too closely because they fear that information is being sought concerning August Tasoone. The girls gave me their names as Lena Estella and Lyvain Martzolf. This corresponds with the information given me by Dr. Hearn. They admitted being 18 and 19 years of age, respectively, and stated that they practiced prostitution prior to coming to Colon.

They are now registered prostitutes in the Colon district, and do business at #10, 139 D Street, Colon.

Dr. Hearn consulted the ship’s manifest and found that the girls are the same age as I was told by them.

Before I left Colon, Dr. Hearn gave me the following list of pimps and prostitutes he deported during the last 12 months:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Renie Boson, 28 years, France</th>
<th>Geo. Durand, 44</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>George Mars, 30 “</td>
<td>Louis Morand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marcirra Lampner, 30 years</td>
<td>Celeste La Priste</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carmen Levee, 28 years</td>
<td>Moraho David Juskiewiez</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicolas Gaul</td>
<td>Ennici Durant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marcel Garnier</td>
<td>Isabel Gonzales</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leontine G.S. Prohn</td>
<td>Mrs. Le Francheshi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marietta Lanturi, 30 years</td>
<td>Antonio Imperoto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luisine “ 40</td>
<td>Gracino</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helene Ollier</td>
<td>Natalio Guerrancino</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>August Tasoone</td>
<td>Cecele Calame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lena Vinals de Estella</td>
<td>Jose Ocivico Vendrell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyvain Martzolf</td>
<td>Juliette Vincente</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert Louis Jos. Capitane</td>
<td>Jos. Nicolas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lacquemont Alcidie</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
All of the above are over 21 years of age except the three described in previous reports, namely: Helene Ollier, Lena Vinals de Estella and Lyvain Martzolf.

Havana, Cuba

August 27-28, 1924

Traffic in women and children

Upon arrival in Havana, Cuba, I sought to find the locality wherein prostitution is practiced. I soon learned that Havana no longer tolerates a segregated district. The houses of prostitution operating in Havana may be found scattered throughout all sections of the city.

All places are clandestinely conducted. The operators of the resorts never permit window nor dorrway soliciting by the inmates. One may pass any of the brothels, and not know the true character of the place. However, the places cannot be mistaken, because in general appearance the houses differ from respectable residences.

The doors and windows of these places are always closed, and the awnings always down. The numbers of the houses are conspicuously displayed, and a person therefore has little difficulty in recognizing a disorderly house.

Although there is no segregated district, the houses are often found to be grouped together. For instance, along such streets as Trocadero, Virtudes, Aninas, Blanco, Yndustria, Neptune, Avenida de la Republica, the higher-proced houses may be found.

Along Gloria and nearby streets the two-dollars houses, and in San Isiduo, Damas and adjoining streets, the cheap resorts that are frequented by sailors, etc.

I conducted a house-to-house investigation and found that more than 60 per cent. of the inmates are French girls.

Through an acquaintance I visited #43 Blanca Street and was introduced to the madame. This house is very well known in Havana, and is said to be the finest in the city.

The madame, a middle-aged French woman, explained to me the system under which the houses of prostitution are conducted, because my acquaintance had informed her that I am “one of the boys”, and am in town looking for an opening.

She said “There is plenty of money in Havana, but it costs a lot to open a house. Of course, you must find a place where your neighbors will not interfere with you. The houses here are not licensed. In fact, the police are not supposed to let us run. Now and then we get raided, but it is not serious. The only thing the police want us to do is to keep in our places, and not do any soliciting”.
I asked “How do you get your trade?”; I was told “Most people know where we are; others are brought to us by friends”.

Concerning the police, I was told that at present great activity is being exercised because of recent articles directed against pimps by one of the local journals. The madame said “Be very careful! The police do not like boys (pimps) and you may get into trouble. Whatever business you want to put over, let your woman attend to it. I would, if I were you, first put your woman into a house. Let her get good experience, and then she can go out and get a place”.

I said “I think that is the best. She is only 18 years old, and it might be that she lacks experience. Besides, I do not know where I could get any girls”. The madame replied “In Havana girls can always be easily had. They are always coming and going”. I asked “What arrangements exist between the girls and the madames?”; she replied “Half and half; and, of course, she must pay $25 a week room- and-board. If your girl is an American I would like to take her in. I have ten girls here now, and they are all French. I would like an American. I just have room for one more”.

I said “I dont think there is enough money here”; she replied “Each girl here is good for $100 a week for herself. I give money on drinks and, you see, by running a show there is always plenty to be picked up”. I said “What kind of shows do you put on?”; she replied “Two and three girls in circus acts. They get $10 and $15 apiece for that. I’ll take your girl in, but if she dont do French (perversion) I dont want her. My house is known as a French house, and I got to have girls that know how to do it”.

I said “Well, I guess that can be arranged. I’ll talk it over with her. But tell me, how are you able to land girls that do French? You say all your girls do it”. She replied “Before you are in Havana long you will realize that your girl will have to get in line or starve to death”. I said “Do all your girls come from France?”; she said “Absolutely”. I said “Have you any trouble getting them in?”; she replied “The girls have no trouble if they come as first-class passengers; but in 2nd and 3d class, you get a stiff examination, and are very liable to get into trouble”.

I said “I heard that before; that is why I came as 1st class”. She said “You did right. But, of course, you are an American and you naturally have no trouble. If you came from France it would be different”. I said “Do your people come direct?”; she replied “No; whenever a girl or a boy (pimp) travels, they first go to Costa Rica or Jamaica and then buy a ticket there as an American citizen. That is the easiest way”.

I then said “If I cannot make good here I am going to the States and then to Paris”; she said “That is a very foolish move! Europe is dead. If you want to make real money, all you need to do is to invest it here, or even in Mexico. There is more money in both those places than any other place that I know of”. I said “I have the money, but where can I get the girls? You know, as well as I do, that I cant ask you nor anybody else to let me have a few girls. You are not going to hurt your own business just to satisfy me, or because I am a friend of Mr. B——”.

She replied “There are plenty of girls here now. But, of course, you being a stranger, you would have a hard time. I might be able to get you a few girls, when you are ready”. I said “Are they here,
During the time spent in this house I saw all ten inmates. Each girl was over 25 years of age and admitted being in Havana for a year or more.

I visited fully 20 other houses in this vicinity. The houses all had as an average of from 8 to 10 girls. All appeared to be over 21 years of age, and from my various conversations with them, I am sure that they are all practicing prostitution voluntarily.

I also learned that the girls all have pimps, and in some cases, I was told that each of the French pimps usually has two or three prostitutes.

I was advised to “lay low”, as the police have been playing havoc with the pimps, and if I were found to have no visible means of support, I would readily be arrested.

**Havana, Cuba**

*Aug. 29-30, 1924*

Accompanied by a friend who speaks Spanish and French fluently, I visited 24 houses of prostitution during these two days. I questioned the inmates as to the length of time that they have been in Havana and learned their nationality, age, etc.

All admitted being over 21 years of age, and the majority are French girls.

Being introduced as a “pimp”, I had little difficulty in asking pertinent questions.

The French girls stated that they usually gained admittance to Havana by coming in from a neighboring island, and posing as American citizens. They also admitted that no first-class passengers are questioned, and therefore suggested that I travel as a first-class passenger.

My friend, Mr. B——— and I spent considerable time in and about the pimps’ hangouts. It was soon pointed out that the pimps have girls “under cover” due to the recent police activity.

While in the house of prostitution which is conducted by Blanche Wheeler at 32 Annanias street, I introduced myself as a friend of Mr. Bang, her ex-sweetheart who I learned left Havana five years ago. The place formerly conducted by Mr. Bang was known as the Cuban-American Corporation at 8 Neptune Street. The present owner is a German named Koenig who conducts this place as a respectable hotel. He stated that he has been in possession of it for five years. He said that Mr. Bang had conducted a gambling joint and house of prostitution here prior to his (Koenig’s) occupation of the premises, and that Mr. Bang had been forced out of the country. Koenig mentioned that Mr. Bang now conducts a place in Rio, and that the most definite information concerning his exact address in Rio could be furnished to me by his woman, Blanche Wheeler.
Having made sure that Mr. Bang had actually left the city, I visited Blanche Wheeler and cultivated her acquaintance by telling her that I had met Mr. Bang in Rio, and that he suggested that I call upon her when I reached Havana.

Blanche Wheeler cordially received me and said “I haven’t heard from him in two years. At one time we were pretty sweet together. I suppose he has a flock of Janes (girls) on his staff?”; I said “You know, the old boy is never lonesome”.

We finally eliminated Mr. Bang from our conversation and I admitted to Blanche Wheeler that I came to Havana with a girl. She questioned me as to the type girl I had brought and then told me that she could use another girl. She then explained to me the methods of operation of her house, and also of the other houses of prostitution in Havana, in the same manner as had previously been told me (See previous reports).

Blanche Wheeler said “I have nine girls and in the season I can always use 15. The girls are all $5 girls, and believe me! there are plenty of Johns (customers) coming in who give $15 and $20”. I said “You’re talking New York prices now. Down in South America $5 is the limit”. She replied “In the winter season we get customers who leave from $100 to $150 in this house. Do you think I would stick here for the last ten years if it were not good?”

I said “You don’t mean to tell me that you have been here 10 years?”; she said “Yes, indeed! I left Washington D.C. in 1914. I had a house there. It was about that time that things went bad in the States. I am damn glad I got away, because it got worse and worse! Look at Frisco, New Orleans, Chicago! They all went shut. I never regretted leaving”. I said “Who did you know in New Orleans?”; she replied “Lulu White on Basin Street. Why, we were real pals!” Blanche Wheeler then went into a lengthy discussion of the States and some of her notorious friends.

I said “It’s funny that more of the girls from the States didn’t come down to Havana”. She said “They didn’t overrun this place like the French, but there are enough of us here”. I said “How many American girls have you got?”; she replied “Three, and I have three English, and the rest are French”. I said “Well, my girl is 18 years old. They might not let you take her in”. She said “Who is they? I am telling you, the cops here cant bother us. The best they can do is to arrest us for a breach of the peace. That they only do when we bother our neighbors, or cause a disturbance”. I said “I’d have to be sure, because I nearly got into a hole in Rio. Are you sure that you or I cant get in dutch (trouble) with her?”; she replied “Positively! What the hell difference does the age make?” I said “It does in South America”; she replied “It dont here. We dont have licenses”. I said “I’ll bet there isn’t a girl on the street under 21”; she said “I think there is, but that isn’t the reason why we cant have one”. I then told her I would think it over.

I said “You know, I have to be very very careful. This gal came here with me and I’d hate like hell to stub my toe down in this country”.

Blanche Wheeler continued: “You are right! You took a big chance! Take it from me, you did! Dont go around telling people about it! They knocked off a few bringing in girls in the last few
months”. I said “I think they like French girls here better than Americans”. She said “My trade is mainly
Americans, and English men. They like a variety. I always manage to have a few American girls”.

I said “Do they still drift down, or how do you get hold of them?”; she replied “The girls in the
States know Havana. They come down”.

I said “How long has it been since you were up in the States?”; she said “It’s been a long while.
Why should I go up? All my interests are here”.

Our conversation continued along these lines until we reached the point where Blanche Wheeler
admitted that whenever she is badly in need of American girls, she communicates with friends in the
city of New Orleans, and they send girls to her.

The girls that she secures in this way are always professional prostitutes.

Blanche Wheeler admitted that she advances the transportation money and that the girls must repay it.

According to Blanche Wheeler’s admissions she has not had to procure any girls in this manner
in the last three years.

She continued: “You see, there are opera companies, and variety acts that come through here in
all seasons of the year. The girls go broke and come in and beg for a place”.

Finally I told Blanche Wheeler I would call upon her again and departed.

Havana, Cuba
Aug. 31-Sept. 1, 1924

Traffic in women and children

During these two days I conducted a house-to-house canvas of houses of prostitution in that section
of Havana known as the “Downtown” or “water-front” portion.

The houses of prostitution in this locality are frequented mainly by seamen and laborers. This
section at one time was known as Havana’s “segregated” or “Red-Light” district.

While in the company of a friend, I visited a house at #31 Calle Officios; this house of
prostitution is conducted on the second floor of these premises. The madame has six girls, all of
whom are French women. I questioned one of the girls who appeared rather young. She gave me
her name as Genevieve and stated that she has been in Havana for the past six months. The madame
informed me that Genevieve is 23 years of age. After cross-questioning the girl she admitted that she
was born in 1905 and claimed to have come to Havana from San Nazaire, France. I asked her why
she claims to be older than she is; she replied “No reason”. The madame finally admitted to me that Genevieve is under 21 years of age, and said that she (madame) always tells Genevieve to say that she is older, because sometime “someone might make trouble”.

I continued to question Genevieve, but she had evidently been posted against telling her true age; therefore, she continued to evade my questions.

For the past three days I had been visiting a saloon on the Malecon, three doors from Del Prado. This saloon is owned and operated by a number of French pimps. Each afternoon after 5 P.M., as many as from six to ten pimps were found gathered in this saloon, either standing at the bar or seated about the premises. They came here to while away the time and to discuss their business. The majority of these pimps are French-men and Italians; and so far as I was able to find out, there was one Pollock.

An acquaintance introduced me to this place and incidentally made me acquainted with the majority of the persons who frequent it. During the course of the time spent here I made the acquaintance of a French pimp who gave me his name as Andre (right name Emilio Lucat). Later I identified his picture in the Rogues Gallery of the Judicial Police as Emilio Luca. I confided in him that I had brought a woman with me to Havana and that at the present time she is living with another man. I also stated that as soon as she gets rid of this man, I want to put her into a house of prostitution here. He explained that there is a demand in Havana for “good American girls, provided they will commit perversion”. He also hinted to me that he himself has two women, both of whom he brought from France; he said they are very good looking and approximately 25 years of age. I surprised him when I told him that my girl is only 18 years of age. He said “You travel with her?”; I replied “Yes”; he said “You certainly taking a big chance!”; I said “Why?”; he replied “If you are married, well, it’s all right. But if you are not, and she were to make a squawk (complaint), you could go to jail!”; I said “Are they as strict as all that here?”; he replied “This is the easiest place in the world. You see, they can’t do anything to us boys (pimps) here, because they have no laws. Last month they hauled us all in (arrested us), but they couldn’t anything to us”.

I said “Well, then, what should I worry about?”; he said “You haven’t got anything to worry about as long as you are in here; they can’t do anything to you; and besides, you are an American citizen. But, how did you come?” I told him “First class”. He said “That’s the only way to travel. Every time I or any of the boys go back to Europe, that’s the way we go, either first or second-class. It costs you more money, but you have no trouble. In third-class, they tie you up and if they don’t like your looks, they send you back”.

I said to him “I’ve been down in Uruguay and my girl worked in a house there, but she had to get out because they are pretty strict”; He said “Right here in Havana is the place to make the money; either here or in Mexico City; even Tampico is good. A lot of the boys (pimps) are going over there”.

I then said “Is it necessary for my girl to register with the Police before she goes into a house?”; he replied “There is nobody here who has got anything to do with you. When you are ready to put her into a house, come to me and I’ll put her in and that’s the end of it”.
I said to him “Supposing the Police find her in there?” He replied “The Police cant go into a house here unless they are sent in. You tell your girl that she’s 23 or 25 years old and she should stick to it; then nobody can do anything to her”.

I said “I suppose there are a good many girls who are real young here, who all say they are 23 or 25 years old?”; he replied “There’s quite a few of them, but here a girl has to know how to treat herself. Of course, at this time of the year the real suckers (customers) dont come in. But, in the winter when the gambling games are running, when the races are on, and a fellow makes a killing (big winning) and he goes into a house (of prost), it takes a good girl to show him how to spend his money”.

I then said “I dont know how you fellows do it; I got all I can do to handle one girl, and here you tell me you’ve got three and some of the other boys have got two!!!!... My gal would not stand for anything like that!”; He said “Your girl is an American girl; that’s different. The girls in my country are used to sharing up their sweethearts”.

About this time two other pimps were introduced, but their names were not mentioned. I was merely introduced as a friend who just blew into town and they accepted the introduction in the same manner. In looking over, later, the pictures furnished to me by the Judicial Police, I recognized both of these pimps as Lattanzio Raphael and Gaston Barathan, respectively.

A general discussion ensued in which it was brought out that both of these pimps have two women each working in houses of prostitution in Havana. Both pimps admitted that the girls had practiced prostitution in the port cities of France during the World War, prior to coming to Havana.

As our conversation progressed, I was advised by these pimps that if I am going to remain in Havana any length of time I should be sure to become a Cuban citizen. Upon asking how that could be done, Andre explained that after five years’ residence here, one can become naturalized. I said “Five years is a long way off. If I could do it in a few months, I’d do it; but it isn’t worthwhile to wait that length of time”; Andre then said that he had someone who could take care of me in six months, but it could not be done now, as the Cuban government “Is raising hell about it”. I then asked him what advantage it would be; he replied “With you it wouldn’t be much, I’ll admit, because you are an American citizen. A foreigner cant get into America on account of that law of theirs, and if you are a Cuban citizen you can get in, because you dont need a passport”.

I remained in the company of these pimps for several hours; during that time six other pimps were seen loitering about the place. Five of them were later identified from the Judicial Police photographs as Joaquim Venuche, Fernando Gilvan Solares, Jorge Rossi, Isidoro Gautriand and Alberto Ragozzino Gardilo, respectively.

During the evening I visited Blanche Wheeler’s house at 32 Annanias St.; she immediately asked me if my girl is going to join her. I told her that I was afraid to put her into a house because she is under age. Blanche Wheeler said “There are plenty of girls under age in this town, but you dont have to bother about that; because there’s nobody here who can do you any harm. All the girl has got to say, if anyone asks her, is that she is over 21”. I said “Well, before I do anything like that I’d want to really meet a girl as young as mine who is doing business and find out from her”; she said “There are plenty around town; you’ll run into them. Think it over. Any time you want to bring in
your girl I'll make the necessary arrangements; and you know how we work, 50-50; I explained all that to you the last time”.

Havana, Cuba

Sept. 1-3, 1924

During these two days I continued to visit houses of prostitution throughout the city; I also paid a visit to a house conducted by a Mrs. Arlington. At her house I was introduced to a woman who was in charge of the place in Mrs. Arlington’s absence. The person who took me here is very well acquainted with Mrs. Arlington and all persons connected with the premises. I was informed that this house is run as a strictly “call” place; and that is also known as a maison de rendezvous. It is frequented by very wealthy men who often bring their own girls with them. Ten dollars is charged for the use of a room; a guest may also procure meals, liquor, and any sort of valet or maid service that one can obtain at a first-rate hotel.

During the course of our conversation I stated that I was interested in meeting a nice young girl, and I was asked as to what nationality of the girl I would like, and was told I could secure one of any nationality, including Japanese or Chinese. Ten dollars was the price charged for “calling” a girl; and of course, I would be expected to pay for the use of a room and any other privileges I might ask for. I was told that all the girls are young, but when I asked questions in a diplomatic way regarding their ages, the woman stated that they averaged between 22 and 25 years.

I was then shown an album containing about 15 photographs of girls the proprietor offered to call for me. The girls included French, Italians, Spanish, Japanese, Chinese, and several Cubans. From their photographs, all of these girls appeared to be over 21 years of age.

On Sept. 3rd I made several visits to a pimp’s hangout, previously mentioned. I told Andre that I wanted to return to the United States and hoped to go to France very soon; and perhaps take my woman with me, as she was making plenty of money from her new “sucker” (customer). I asked Andre if there is any money to be made in France; he replied “In Paris you can make plenty if your girl is a good-locker, especially if she speaks English. Around the large hotels, like the Claridge, you can always find plenty of foreign suckers (customers for the girl)”.

I asked him if he has any friends in Paris that I could look up; he replied that he did not know where they are any more; he said “I left before the war; then I went back again a couple of times; all my crowd have beat it (disappeared)”.

We then discussed the police situation in Havana; Andre said “The cops (police) here are all decent fellows. You never need to be afraid of any of them; and they’ll always go out of their way to do you a favor”. I said “Well, they did you fellows a helluva nice favor when they turned around and locked all you fellows up!”; he replied “They invited us to come down there; they really didn’t lock us up. We knew that they couldn’t do anything to us; and they knew that they couldn’t; so we went down”.

"The Paul Kinsie Reports for the League of Nations – Vol. 1"
I then said “Since they broke up the District here I don’t think there are as many girls coming over”; he replied “It’s a good thing, because when you start flooding a place it makes less for everybody. If I wasn’t located pretty well here, I’d beat it over to Mexico. There’s good dough (money) there”.

The rest of the time was spent going in and out of houses of prostitutions throughout the city. Upon information received from the Judicial Police, I visited Anna Griff Seiman’s house of prostitution at 9, Bernal street, where I represented myself to the madame as a member of her set, and also a friend of a very prominent actor usually known to persons of her nationality. She admitted to me that she knew this man very well and was very desirous of learning when he is coming to Havana. I told her I had been associated with this man for a number of years up to some time ago, but that I had left him when I met my present “lady” friend. I then asked her if there is a possibility of my placing my girl in her house. She inquired as to my girl’s nationality, and also her age. I admitted to her that the girl is under age; she said “That don’t make any difference as long as you’re in here with her. You take my advice and don’t let anybody know about her age, because you know, in this game like in every other game, you have enemies. Somebody will squeal (complain) and then the cops (police) will come in and I can get into trouble, you can get into trouble, and what’s the use if you can avoid it?”

I said “There don’t seem to be very many girls that are very young here”; she said “There are plenty of them, but you know when a girl is in this life for a short while she loses her young looks”. I then asked her what part of Poland she came from; she replied “Warsaw”. I told her that I have some friends there and that after I got my girl settled in Havana I intended to take a trip to Europe; at the same time I stated that if she has any friends in Warsaw I would be glad to look them up and perhaps I could be of some service to her. She replied “No, I nearly got into enough trouble some time ago. A couple of friends of mine wanted to come over; I paid their fare over, and if it weren’t for the fact that they were over age I would have got myself into a fine mess of trouble”.

I said “Well, didn’t the girls know what they were coming here for?”; she replied “Certainly they did!”. I said “Well, how could you get into any trouble?” She answered “Well, they looked pretty young; in fact, they are younger than their passport said; but the fact that their passport read ‘25 years of age’ prevented the authorities from doing anything”.

Our conversation continued along other lines; the madame then asked me if I didn’t want to spend a little money in her place. I told her if I saw a girl I liked I might stay with her, just to be sociable. She assembled the girls (six of them); four were Polish and two French. Among the four Polish girls I noted two, i.e. Marya Biatocka and Lonya Varvionsha; they gave their names as Mary and Leonie; both admitted that they have been in Havana for more than a year and came here together. In questioning them as to their ages, both stated that they are 25 years of age. But when I asked them the year in which they were born, they stated 1905. The girls admitted to me that theirs parents are still in Warsaw, Poland. It was very difficult to get any more information from the girls, inasmuch as they spoke only Polish and a very little German. By asking them as to their ages in the manner used, I am certain that their true ages are between 19 and 20 years. From past experience I have found that prostitutes are prone to give their ages as above 21, but when questioned as to the years in which they were born, they are not able to mentally figure quickly enough to make their alleged ages correspond with the dates of
their birth. (See Rogues Gallery photographs of Madame Anna Griff Seiman and the two prostitutes Marya Biatocka and Lonya Varvionsha, respectively, part of Exhibit L).

Paris, France
Sept. 27-28-29, 1924

Traffic in women and children

For the past few days I have been attempting to locate one Schloymer, the agent of Motche Goldberg in Paris. (See Buenos Aires reports).

Schloymer was reported to be a frequenter of a restaurant conducted by a man known only as X——— or X——— (See Jules’ Restaurant); at the time this person was spoken of by Motche Goldberg, the exact address of Schloymer was not known. After inquiring from various persons for Schloymer, I finally met a guide on the Boulevard des Italiens, who referred me to a place known as Polish Restaurant at 40 rue du Roi de Sicile. A house-to-house canvass on this street finally led me to a place, Cafe at 15 rue des Rivoli, which is a mecca for all Russian, Romanian and Polish pimps.

I inquired here and was immediately met by S. Silverblatt (See Exhibit), one of Schloymer’s partners and chief henchman. He told me that Schloymer has been ill for several days and therefore has not been seen at his usual haunts.

I introduced myself as a friend of Motche Goldberg from Buenos Aires and showed S. Silverblatt one of Motche Goldberg’s cards. S. Silverblatt said “Any friend of Motche Goldberg is always welcome. I know Schloymer will be glad to see you”. I said “Motche Goldberg promised to write to Schloymer and tell him about me. Do you know if he did?”; he replied “He might have written, but I am sure Schloymer did not receive it. We only spoke of Motche Goldberg the other day, and if Schloymer heard from him he would have said so. We used to hang out at a different place. They went out of business and maybe that is why we did not get it”.

We then discussed conditions concerning commercialized prostitution in the Argentine, Brazil and European countries. S. Silverblatt said “I am glad to hear that Motche Goldberg is doing so well. Here things are terrible. Schloymer and I were partners in Buenos Aires in six houses. We made plenty of money, but, of course, that was ten years ago. From there we went to South Africa and lost a pile; now we are here and just making a living. That’s the way it goes! When I was young I did not take care of my money; now, when I know better, I haven’t any to take care of!”

I said “Several of the boys (pimps) from Buenos Aires told me that they were here to see Schloymer”; he replied “The boys are always dropping in. Every few weeks another old face shows up” ….. “but, tell me, if I am not too inquisitive, what is your schift (business)?” I replied “You know Motche Goldberg’s business, dont you? Well, that’s enough said, isn’t it? My business, you know, needs no business card”. He laughed and said “Dat’s right, but with me, you do not need to be afraid.
Here all the boys meet, and it is better that you know somebody who can help you, that can steer you right (advise you correctly) than to run around a city like Paris and not know where to turn your hand. But why did you leave Buenos Aires and come to Paris?"

I then explained substantially the same story which I told Motche Goldberg. I also mentioned that I left my friend in London and thought I would have a better chance to meet a new girl in Paris than anywhere. He said “Of course, if you have any money, and want to take a chance and take a girl away with you from here, there are plenty that you can get. Every gal in Paris wants to leave. They are not making a living here. Living is high, and the only ones who can spend real money are the English and the Americans. Then, you must remember that there are not enough of them to support the girls. Tomorrow Schloymer will be around, and we can talk things over, and see what we can do”.

We were then joined by Max, a pimp whom I had previously met, and also Michel Solal, another pimp. All joined in a discussion of Motche Goldberg’s activities in the various countries where he had operated, and apparently took it for granted that I came to Paris for Motche Goldberg in order to secure recruits for the boys (pimps) in Buenos Aires.

The place used by these pimps as a hangout is literally jammed with the Polish, Russian and Romanian Souteneures. They gather here after luncheon and remain on the premises gambling and drinking until all hours of the night and morning. In this place are also to be found thieves, dope (drug) peddlers, and confidence men, panhandlers (beggars) and other parasites.

**Paris, France**  
**Sept. 30, 1924**

About 2 P.M. I visited the Cafe at 15 rue des Rivoli, where I immediately met S. Silverblatt and several of the other pimps to whom I had previously been introduced. S. Silverblatt said “Schloymer is here now. Yesterday he was very sick”. I was then taken to Schloymer and introduced to him; he said “All night I was trying to think who you were. Everywhere I went they asked me if I saw the ‘American gentleman’ who was looking for me. Now that I know who you are, I am greatly relieved. Here there are so many stools (informers) that a fellow has to be very careful”.

I then presented to Schloymer Motche Goldberg’s card; his face lit up as he said “My, Oh MY! How glad I am to see you! Especially when you come from Motche Goldberg! Just today I wrote him a letter!”

Schloymer then insisted on rehashing Motche Goldberg’s past activities, and claimed credit for procuring Motche Goldberg’s present wife for him.

I then explained to Schloymer that I had left the Argentine with a “lady” who had secured a wealthy “sucker” (patron) in Buenos Aires; that this “sucker” took the girl to London, and inasmuch as he is going to marry her, I was paid off and left for Paris. I also explained that Motche Goldberg had advised me how to work my case, and at the same time mentioned that I should see Schloymer in case I wanted to start up again (Get another woman).
Schloymer said “I am glad you came. Anything that Motche Goldberg tells you, you can rest assured is sound advice. If I did as he told me I would be very rich. When I was in Buenos Aires two years ago I had 7 houses. I left there with 150,000 pesos. I came here and invested it with my brother-in-law. He cheated me right up to my eyes. Now I see my mistakes. Anything I can do for you, I am at your service. The boys (pimps) when they come from the Argentine always stop in to see me. Two left this morning for Buenos Aires. They took the Royal Mail Boat at Cherbourg”.

I said “Is that so? Who are they? I’ll bet I know them”. He replied “Sure you do, but I’ll be damned if I can tell you their names. Half of the boys I know I dont know their names”. (This statement of Schloymer’s is no doubt true, and I am sure was not made by him to conceal the identity of the persons spoken of. From my experience in mingling with pimps I have seldom been called upon to give my name. These underworld characters are more concerned with a person’s nickname than with any other).

Schloymer then continued “If you are looking for another girl I can steer you right. In France, that is; here in Paris there are plenty of Polish and Romanian girls that have boys (pimps), but who want to go to places where they can make real money. Their boys cant take them away because they haven’t got the money. Here there is no money to be made. If you get a girl take her to Mexico or Buenos Aires and you can make all kinds of money”.

I said “Yes, I know, but I’d rather have something green (Inexperienced). An old-timer knows too much, and how do I know but that after I take care of the boy (pay the pimp for her) that the girl wont run away?” He replied “When you get a girl and she knows how good things are there, you can be sure she wont run away. Besides, our Hevra (Club of pimps and disorderly housekeepers) dont do things that way. Motche Goldberg knows that, and that is the reason why I can take care of you (supply you with a girl), and you know yourself that of all of the boys in Buenos Aires who I have fixed up, not one had a complaint”.

I said “Did you take care of Harry Kratzenbloom?”; he replied “You mean the big, sickly Pollock. I got his girl for him. I heard that he is worth plenty of money now”. I said “That’s the kind of a girl I am looking for….a greeny”. He said “Green girls you can get only in Poland and Romania. Here we have nothing but alter nekayvers (old or hardened prostitutes). If you got some money to spend, I can give you recommendations in Poland, and you can see my friends. There they know where there are good girls and they can put you in right. I’ll give you my friend’s addresses whenever you are ready to go. The same way in London. There are plenty there who want to go away. A fellow like you dont need to bother with these dirty Pollocks. Get yourself a girl like you had. The other smotters (poor types) are all right for the kind of pimps whom you see around here. If you want to see what you can do, I’ll help you. Think it over; any time you are ready, I am. You see, just today I got a letter from a friend of mine in Mexico City. He wants me to get some French girls to come down there. I am going to see some of the French pimps and see if they will go”.

I said to him “Who pays the expenses?”; he replied “He’ll advance the money. They (girls) will work it off”.

I said “How do you boys get on with the French pimps”. He replied “All right. We, of course, have our own Hevra (Fraternity club) here. They are not in it, but we always get together, and help one another.
Unless one of our boys is born in France he does not have a French girl. The French girls always prefer their own kind. Why, there are French pimps here in this cafe who have as many as four girls each”.

Schloymer then pointed out to me several pimps whom he said have from two to four women each.

I then said “If I go out and then one of your friends lands a greeny, how is the best way for me to travel without getting into trouble?”; he replied “It is an old rule to follow: You’d better spend a few dollars more than be sorry later. First and second-class (passage) and you are sure not to get into trouble. If the girl is a greeny, you can travel on the same ship with her, but keep away from her. Always have somebody at the other end to meet her. You know, somebody who is not in our graft (business). If you can afford it, send the girl first-class. Of course, it all depends where you are going. You, of course, will have no trouble. You are a U.S. citizen. I have no trouble either, because I have an English passport even though I have been here on and off for the past 28 years. The boys always get passports in countries like the Argentine or England. You see, very often a French passport or a Polish passport will prevent you from entering many countries. French and Polish pimps are so much on the road that even respectable citizens with those passports find trouble”.

I said “Can you get the other passports easily?”; he replied “In five years a foreigner becomes a citizen. Then immediately take out your papers”.

I visited several houses of prostitution with Schloymer who pointed out to me women whom I could easily arrange to have work for me, and whom he said are waiting for a chance to go to any country where there is money to be made.

I also accompanied him to another pimp’s hangout, Cafe, located at the corner of rue des Rivoli and rue Veiller du Templi. In this resort there congregate daily the worst characters in all of the city of Paris........ Pickpockets, burglars, thieves of all descriptions, pimps, disorderly-house keepers, and even two murderers whom Schloymer stated are wanted in London.

I was introduced to many of these persons and soon learned that Schloymer is looked upon by them as the head of the Hevra (club) and adviser in nearly all of their illicit undertakings.

Paris, France
Oct. 1-2, 1924

Beginning at 11 A.M. and continuing throughout these two days, I spent my time in the company of Schloymer and his friends. It is customary for persons of this type to loiter about in coffee houses and discuss their affairs there.

I was introduced to many of the notorious characters that frequent the hangouts, and Schloymer insisted that I meet Harry, a gunman and pimp who hangs out in one of these resorts and who is wanted at the present time in London for highway robbery and murder.
After discussing various subjects we finally reverted to that which is of utmost importance to these pimps: The country wherein the most money can be made from prostitution.

Schloymer maintained that the Argentine still offers the most fertile fields, whereas Harry stated that Mexico, and Egypt (particularly Cairo and Alexandria) are being talked about by the French pimps.

I explained at the instigation of Schloymer my business in Paris and admitted that I would like to meet a nice girl. Harry said “I have had my woman for five years, and she can make a living any place. I cant go back to London, and if it were not for the war in China, I would go there. After I finish a certain job, I’ll either go to Egypt or Mexico”.

Schloymer said “I have letters from Mexico and I can get 500 francs for every gal I get to go there. That shows how good it is there. Personally, I like Buenos Aires, and believe me, just as soon as my case is settled, I’ll go, and in a couple of years become a rich man again”.

I said “I’ll go any place if I could find someone who wants to go”. Schloymer then directed his remarks to Harry and said “I have taken him (Paul Kinsie) around and can fix him up with any number of gals who want to go. Of course, they all have men, but you know the boys here are glad to get rid of them for some real money”. Harry said “I am not as old as either of you two boys, but my advice is this: Never buy out another boy. The girl never works right. If you can get a girl who has no pimp, or a green girl, take her; but the others dont pan out well”.

Schloymer said “I am glad you got sense, Harry! That is just what I told him. If he was not a hevra man (brother clubman) I’d say take a chance on buying a boy out. But, here, he comes recommended from Motche Goldberg and I know that when he goes back to Buenos Aires with an old-timer, I’ll hear from Motche Goldberg! So, I say get a good one, and one that you can hold”.

I said “That is just what I tried to tell you the other day”. Schloymer replied “I know you did, but I thought if I could fix you up here, all the better. Remember, the girls I pointed out to you can be depended upon. I’ll never say take this one or that one, just to see you get a f——— (swindled). If you didn’t come through the Hevra, I wouldn’t care. Motche Goldberg knows me. I am no angel, but I never give a hevra man the worst of it”.

Harry said “What’s the use of talking all this stuss!” (Foolishness). Schloymer replied “It aint stuss! It’s business!! I can take care of him in Warsaw, but I am afraid that the girls up there wont fall for him. You know, Harry, an American Yerhooda (American-Jew) is different. If he were like us, there would be no trouble. Only the other day I fixed two fellows in Warsaw. They also came here from Buenos Aires. A month ago I fixed up some other boys. All from Buenos Aires. All Hevra man. I dont want to have him spend the money and go to Poland and then have him get scupped (misled)”.

Harry said “If I wanted a girl that is a whore, I would go (To Poland) and I aint no mock (Russian) either. You can believe me, I’d get one too”. Schloymer said “I am telling you I can fix him up there as easy as I put this cognac glass to my lips. Hamour! (Fool) You know green girls have to be talked to. You got to take them easy. True, he speaks Yiddish, but not like you or I do. What I am afraid of is he’ll get a girl and then when it comes to making something out of her, she will turn out bad”.


I said “Well, I am willing to take a chance”. Schloymer said “I’ll tell you what to do: You go up to Warsaw and see my friend. He is an old hevra man. All the boys from South America and every other place come to him to get their women. The Polish girls listen to reason very quickly. Besides, when they see a chance to make a dollar, they fall. That I know. The only reason I hesitated was I was afraid that if you should happen to pick a momser (bastard or “hard” nut) you wouldn’t be able to bull (mislead) her along to get her in line. You see, I am fair with you; it don’t always go easy. What I will do is to give you a letter to my friend. I’ll tell him everything in it. In addition I’ll write him another letter. I’ll tell him that the girl must be one who is your style. You don’t want a slob. You want something nice. This fellow used to own four houses in Warsaw. Now he does nothing but look out for girls for the hevra. Every couple of months the hevra sends him money. They support him. You see, he is sick and they can’t bring him here or to South America, so they support him there. Didn’t Motche Goldberg tell you about him?”

I replied “He put it all up to you”. Motche Goldberg did mention this party, but stated that all arrangements with him should be made through Schloymer.

Schloymer said “I know. I do all I can here, but when I can’t produce he always takes care of us. Just let me know a day in advance when you want to go and I’ll write a letter in Yiddish for you”.

Sometime later I told Schloymer that I had decided to leave Saturday or Sunday. He said “I’ll arrange everything so that you will have no trouble”. I said “Do you think I will have any trouble getting her into South America?”; he said “You have an American passport. You have it easy. It may be that you might have to marry her. Try not to. After you see the one you want, my friend will advise you. If I were you I’d let her travel alone and if you go to Buenos Aires, wire Motche Goldberg and he’ll get her in for you. That is what all the boys do. Or, buy your tickets to Montevideo and get off there. Don’t have much clothing, just what you need. Then go by train to Buenos Aires. Before you start back, get in touch with Motche Goldberg. He’ll tell which way is the best. Bring her to Paris with you. Then if you need help, I can help you”.

I agreed to follow Schloymer’s instructions and later when we were rejoined by Harry I said “If I can’t make a go of it there, I’ll go to London where I speak the language, and perhaps get my old friend back”. Harry said “You say you had your girl for three years? I’ll bet anything if you go to London she’ll come back. They always do. If she don’t and you are in London, look up Edward Emanuel or Little Kauffman; they hang out with all the boys in Joe Ross’s place on Oxford Street near Dean Street. Just say you are a friend of Harry. I am sorry I can’t go to London with you. I’d get you a girl in a day. There you’ll find boys (pimps) from all over the world. As long as you come introduced, you’re aces (All right). Tell Edward Emmanuel that you are looking for an opening and he’ll put you on to a girl or tell you where you can get one”……..“I know as a fact that a lot of the boys in London have been hitting for Africa and Egypt. If I am not here when you come back from Poland, I’ll run into you in South Africa or somewhere. I’m not staying here. There’s nothing in France”.
Today I met Schloymer by appointment at the pimps’ hangout, Cafe, 15 rue des Rivoli. He said “I have been thinking it all over and I am sure it will be worth your while to go to Warsaw and get a girl from Chaim Leiser. When you pick one, come back here and by that time my case will be finished and I’ll go to Buenos Aires with you”. I said “Will you take something with you?”; he answered “My woman! Ah, have I got a girl! She is just 32 years old. I have had her 16 years. I took her from Poland. That girl made a fortune for me. Just think! A young girl like that, and I, an old man, can go away from her for six months at a time. She will never leave me and have every dollar saved up for me when I get back. That is a Polish girl for you! Come now, I’ll get a fellow whom we can trust and he’ll write a letter for us”.

He then called over another pimp and said “Here, Yankel, write a letter for us”. He then directed Yankel to write in Yiddish substantially as follows (See Exhibit of letter addressed to Mr. Chaim Leiser, at Ogródowa 27 Warsaw, Poland. The introduction of this letter deals with Schloymer offering his best wishes to Chaim Leiser and the other pimps associated with him. He then states in the letter that he, Schloymer, is sending to him (Chaim Leiser) an American friend. After further stating that this friend is Schloymer’s best friend, he also mentioned that I have been to Buenos Aires and am also a close friend of Motche Goldberg. He then continued by saying that the reason why “I am sending him to you, you know”… “He does not speak Polish, but understands Yiddish and speaks some”.

He then reiterates how I should be treated, and also mentioned the name of one of the most recent pimps who after having been fixed up with a girl by Chaim Leiser, passed through Paris en route to Buenos Aires. He then closed the letter with best wishes to all the boys and named some of them. The letter is signed “Schloymer” and bears a return address of “Goldstein, rue des Rivoli 17, Paris, France” (See exact translation of letter)

After the letter was written, Schloymer said “Here, take it. Put it away safe. Let nobody see it. When Chaim Leiser receives a letter like that from me, he knows what it means. In this business you cannot be too plain in your writing. You can rest assured that Chaim Leiser will treat you right”. I said “What do you think he’ll ask?”; Schloymer said “Who can tell? He is the finest fellow there is in the world. When you come from Motche Goldberg or me he’ll not ask much. It won’t cost you more than $100 in gold. Do like the boys do: Give him a few dollars and send him the rest. If it turns out good, always send him a few dollars. The Hevra sends him every few months some pounds. I’ll tell you when he knows you are a friend of Motche he’ll kiss you”.

Later during the night we were joined by S. Silverblatt. As he approached I said “The old man looks like a Rabbi”. Schloymer smiled, winked his eye, and said “A clever boy! In his day the best crook in the world. Even today without a woman he has 1/4 of a million francs. Big gambler”.

Turning to S. Silverblatt he said “S. Silverblatt, he says you look like a Rabbi”. Schloymer smiled, winked his eye, and said “With my looks I’ll never get into trouble”. He then passed on into the billiard room. I said “Did he make his money on cards?”; Schloymer replied “He looses it on cards. He was a pimp, but now he fixes up papers for the boys”. I said “What kind of papers?”; he replied “Passports, he can make you any kind
you want. Visas any country you want. If I am not around when you come back, see him”. He then called S. Silverblatt aside and said “S. Silverblatt, anything my friend wants, give him”. S. Silverblatt then said “I can give you passports for any country. You have an American passport. With that you dont need me. If you get a girl and you need marriage certificates or visas or anything, I’ll take care of you”. He then showed me an “English passport, Brazilian and also a Polish one. See, like this”. After he had left, Schloymer said “Well, what did I tell you?” I said “How does he do it?”; he replied “He has a place where he turns them out. The Secretary to the Commissaire of Police is a friend of his. He gets marriage forms for him. He has friends all over who help him that way. He puts on the finishing touches. You know, boys traveling with their girls need these things. He makes nice money out of it. Harry got a Brazilian passport from him. Ask him”. (Later Harry admitted that S. Silverblatt had made it for him).

I said “What does he want to do a job like that?”; Schloymer, replied “It’s all according to the boy. You know how those things go”.

Before leaving Schloymer, he insisted on my telling him the train upon which I would leave for Poland. I stated that I would leave sometime Saturday or Sunday. He said “If you have time, telephone me and I’ll come to the station”.

I agreed to do this and said that if by chance he could not get there I would write to him.

**Geneva, Switzerland**

*Oct. 9-10-11-12, 1924*

**Traffic in women and children**

While in Geneva, Switzerland, I made nightly visits to the Kursaal Dance Hall located on Quai de Mont Blanc, in order to ascertain the facts relative to the alleged importation of girls by one first violinist employed at this place. The person in question was said to be employed in the restaurant here.

I visited the place nightly, usually between the hours of 11 P.M. and 2 A.M., its closing hour, and always managed to secure a table immediately next to the corner where the orchestra was stationed. In this manner I finally cultivated the acquaintances of the seven hostesses, the head waiter, and also the alleged suspect, the first violinist.

Between the musical numbers I spoke to first violinist, who speaks a little English, fluent German, and also French. I told him that I was sure I had met him some place, and he then recounted the various places where he had been employed. I then said “Perhaps it was here last summer”; he replied “I have been here only a week, Wednesday”, but agreed with me that my face was likewise familiar to him.

When opportunity presented itself I spoke to the head waiter; I said “Is that a new orchestra?”; he replied “Oh yes, the other boys, the Symphony Six Orchestra, left last week. They are now in Lucerne”. I said “It was rather foolish for me to ask that question, because the first violinist was a friend of mine and I might have known it when I did not see him there”; he replied “Yes, he left with them”.

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I managed to dance with all seven of the hostesses. They included girls of various nationalities, such as two Romanians, two Italians, two French women, and one Swiss girl.

During the time spent in the company of each girl I learned that the orchestra now employed here is a new one and that the former one, Symphony Six Orchestra, is now playing at a cabaret in Lucerne, Switzerland.

Each night I spent considerable time with the girls and it must be justly said that at no time did any of them conduct themselves in anything but a lady-like manner, and so far as I could learn, these girls are not prostitutes. All admitted to me that they are employed by the house and receive seven francs a day for setting as hostesses during the Thé Dansant from 4 to 6 in the afternoon and from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M. each night. In addition to the salary the girls receive, they expect gratuities from the men with whom they dance.

I also learned that they do not share in any part of the collections made by them for the musicians, nor do they receive any rebate or percentage upon the drinks which unaccompanied men buy for them.

On Oct. 11, 1924, I spent most of the evening in the company of the Swiss girl who gave me her name as Agnes Schneuwby; she was very communicative and I had no trouble in asking her pertinent questions. I said “What became of my friend, the other first violinist?”; she replied “You mean the X——— fellow who used to be here! Ach, I hope he is not a friend of yours! He’s a bad fellow!! But if he is your friend, you can find him in Lucerne at the Palmier Cabaret”. I said “I mean X———”; she replied “He is a x——— speaks good English. I know him. That’s what they call him, but ’tis not his name. He left here last week”. I said “Why, is he such a bad fellow?”; she replied “What you think? He break that poor girl’s heart over there!” I said “So! He is a real heart smasher?”; she replied “Yah, wait! You see!”; she then called over two girls whom I had previously danced with and introduced them as Nella Fevier and Nora Fevier; she explained to these two Italian girls that I am a friend of her ex-sweetheart, the first violinist. I said “Agnes Schneuwby not so strong make it an acquaintance”. Nella Fevier’s eyes then flashed fire and she said “He is no good! We were sweethearts for seven months, and then I find out that he has a wife and little baby here in Geneva”.

I said “Did he promise to marry you?”; she answered “Yes, some day we were going to get married”. Agnes Schneuwby interpolated “She live with him seven months here”. I said “How did he arrange that with his wife?”; she replied “He leave his wife, but I did not know it”.

She then stated that she and her sister live in Florence, Italy. They went to work in a cabaret in Milan, where they met this fellow who induced her to accompany him to Geneva where she learned of his wife and child, whereupon a quarrel ensued. The man was then discharged from his position here and went to Lucerne.

I said “Did he support you all right?”; she replied “Yes, but what do I want with a man like that? When he gets tired of me he will do the same like he did to his wife. I never want to see him again!”. I said “Are you going to remain here in Geneva?”; she replied “No, next month we all go to Nice. The patrone of this place has a place there. Also one in Milan. It was in Milan that I met him”.
I cross-questioned the two Italian girls, Nella Fevier and Nora Fevier, also Agnes Schneuwby, and another girl. All told the same story.

From all indications I am sure that it was merely a case of a mistress without anything relative to commercialized prostitution.

**Geneva, Switzerland**

*Oct. 9-13, 1924*

**Traffic in women and children**

Geneva, Switzerland, has no Red-light district. The houses of prostitution are scattered about the city, the majority being situated in the business district.

These resorts are mainly in alleyways that have a cave-like appearance and cannot be seen from the main thoroughfares.

The places are licensed by the Police and each resort is designated by means of a green or red light conspicuously displayed in the entrance.

I was told that the number of sleeping, or bed, rooms in the houses governs the number of inmates that can be harbored, and that no inmate can be under 21 years of age.

The madames share in fifty per cent. of the inmates’ earnings, and give the girls one-half of all money which the girls induce customers to spend for drinks.

All inmates reside in the houses and must pay from 35 to 50 francs a week for board and lodging.

The Police also require all prostitutes to submit for a venereal-disease examination twice a week.

The houses average from 4 to 6 girls and all appeared to be well over 21 years of age. While visiting the house of prostitution conducted by Madame Leonore at rue Nueve de Molard, 4, I represented myself as a member of her act, and thereby cultivated the acquaintance of the madame herself, and she explained to me that her five girls are foreigners, two being Italians and three French girls. I asked her how she was able to get foreign girls and she said: “They always come in; besides, I have friends in Paris. I used to have two houses there. When I need someone, I just let them know and I get one”.

She then outlined to me the conditions whereby my girlfriend could enter her house as an inmate. I explained that the girl is only 18 years of age. She said: “I would not take her! I have to report her name and age to the Police. If she is foreign, they look at her passport. If they find that she is under 21 years I can get into trouble”.

I said “I know plenty of girls in houses in Geneva who are under 21 years of age”; she replied “It cannot be! There are not so many houses here. I know all of the patronnes and I know the girls too. They may look young, but they are not”.

I said “Where do the boys (pimps) hang out here? I have all day to myself and I cant seem to meet anybody”. She said “There are not many boys here. Not like Paris. There are a few, but they keep to themselves. You see, here it is so dull my girls do not last long. They only stay a short time”. During the remainder of my stay in Geneva I visited nine houses of prostitution, where the madames all corroborated what Madame Leonore had told me. The inmates in the houses are nearly all French and Italian girls. They range in age from 25 to 35 years, and, so far I could ascertain, have been practicing prostitution for the last five years. Many spoke of war-time conditions in France and the amount of money made from the American soldiers.

In addition to visiting the houses, conditions on the streets were noted. Along the main thoroughfare considerable street soliciting was seen. Each prostitute so encountered was spoken to. Out of 14 different prostitutes whom I met upon the streets, 12 admitted being native born. Two claimed to be French. All were over 30 years of age.

Warsaw, Poland
Oct. 17-21, 1924

Traffic in women and children

Upon my arrival in Warsaw, Pollen (Poland) I immediately sought out Chaim Leiser who had been spoken of by Motche Goldberg (See Buenos Aires reports) and who was also recommended by Schloymer in Paris as the man who supplies members of the “Hevra” with girl recruits.

After presenting the letter given me by Schloymer (See photographic copy of that Exhibit), Chaim Leiser summoned his wife who was seated in the next room. He made no comment, but merely handed the letter to his wife; as she read the letter he adjusted his glasses and scrutinized me from head to foot. He waited until she had finished reading the letter; then he asked her to read it aloud to him. After this reading he cleared his throat and began to cross-examine me. He was very anxious to learn when I had left Buenos Aires, how long I have known Motche Goldberg, why I left America, and how I became acquainted with Schloymer. I apparently satisfied him with my answers inasmuch as he turned to his wife and said “He is all right. He is one of the boys (pimps) of Hevra”. Mrs. Chaim Leiser answered him in Polish; he then extended his hand and said

“I am sorry if we did not seem cordial, but you know how it is. I always hear beforehand when a boy comes from South America, but you came in like out of the sky!” I then explained to him that when I left Buenos Aires I had no intention of ever coming to Poland, but that my affairs had taken a turn that necessitated my getting in touch with him.

We then discussed the various members of the Hevra, business (of prostitution) in South America, and also other countries where conditions, according to Chaim Leiser, are promising. He still gave me no opportunity to start him off in the direction of a conversation concerning procuring. Finally I rather
bluntly said “I suppose you understand what Schloymer, means in his letter?”; he replied “Certainly! You came here for a vipe (girl). It’s plain enough! Why shouldn’t I understand?” He then requested his wife to close the door, and after pacing up and down the room, said “You Americans are different, but I think we can do business together. You are not in any great hurry to leave Poland, are you?”

I said “No, I’ll stay as long as I see it is worthwhile”; he replied “Good! I am sure I can fix you up”. He then had tea served and again spoke to his wife in Polish. She left the house and about ten minutes later returned with a man who was introduced as Chaim Chalotker. He was shown the letter and after reading it he said “It’s all right”.

It then became apparent that the expert opinion of Chaim Chalotker somewhat relieved the doubt that still existed about me, for all became real clubby. Chaim Leiser said “I always do as my wife says. She told me in Polish to look out, so I had to take you easy. I didn’t doubt you, but she, you know a woman, she felt funny”.

Mrs. Chaim Leiser said “A fellow like you can get a 100 for 1, but I feel better toward you now. You are different than the other boys (pimps) who come here”. I said “That may be, but it isn’t my fault. I’ll admit I didn’t open up right away. I didn’t know whether he let you in on things, so I kept quiet so as not to put anyone in dutch”. Chaim Leiser said “You can talk as you want before her. It is good to be quiet. You will never get into trouble then. You don’t know anybody in Warsaw, do you?”; I replied “No”. He said “Good! No matter who you meet, even if it is one of the boys, never admit to anybody why you came here. Anybody you meet through us is O.K., but anybody else, keep stum (mouth sealed). You know, you will always find rats (informers) wherever you go”.

Chaim Chalotker interpolated “You know, this is ticklish business and a wag of the tongue can get us all in trouble”. I said “I left the United States to keep out of jail, and surely I wouldn’t want to sit in one here”. Chaim Leiser said “Don’t worry about that! Just keep your business to yourself, that’s all. I suppose you knew the three boys who were here the early part of the month. They went back with three fine girls. Real beauties, pictures, I tell you”.

Chaim Chalotker said “They ought to be there now”; Chaim Leiser replied “No, not yet”. Looking at a memorandum calendar he read off in Yiddish “They get there the 26th”. I said “They went on a French Line boat, didn’t they?” he replied “No, a Royal Mail from Cherbourg”. I said “I am sorry I ever left Buenos Aires. If I stayed I know I would be better off”. Chaim Leiser said “From what you told me, it is better that you sold out. The kind of a girl you had would never make good in a house. The girls from this country and France always turn out the best money makers”.

I said “I don’t know if you know it or not, but Harry Kratzenbloom (A Buenos Aires pimp for whom Chaim Leiser had procured his woman) today has plenty of money”; he replied “I got Fanny for him. She knows how to save a dollar too”. I said “How is it that you stick around Warsaw? Wouldn’t you be better off in South America?” he replied “I have been all over the world. Now it is too late for me to travel. I have an awful case of asthma and couldn’t think of traveling. Here I make a nice living, I have my friends, I always hear from the old-timers, my cognac I have, good cigarettes, good meals, a nice place to live. What more could I want? Well, now, let’s talk business. You came here for a girl. You want to take her back to Buenos Aires with you, huh? Good! What kind of a girl do you want?”
I said “One that will make good. A good looker and young”. He said “Good! With you I’ll have no trouble. My wife said I could get you 100 for 1. I say I can get you enough (girls) to load a ship. But, there is one thing that stands in your way. That is your Yiddish. You speak well, but I am afraid that with a girl that speaks only Yiddish and Polish, you’d have a hard time. Anyhow, we’ll see. I’ll advise you right. Remember, I think of myself at the same time. If I fix you up, and you have a hard time convincing the girl, she is liable to cough up (complain to authorities) and we all can get into trouble. But, anyhow, that can only be found out when we see who we are dealing with”.

Chaim Chalotker said “Remember, everything has got to be planned. Make your mind up where you are going, the route you intend to use. Everything must be decided before you leave here. In this business you gotta keep your wits about you. You may be a wise boy, but you’ll admit that taking a girl from one place to another is a new job. Believe me, it is a real job, too”. I said “I have had a girl for five years. We have travelled some, but never like what I have in mind now. I’ll put it all up to you boys. Whatever you advise, I’ll do. I know you will steer me right”.

Chaim Leiser said “Good! First, what kind of a passport have you? That is the main thing”. I answered “American”; they both said “You have it easier than anybody who ever came here. With your passport you can go anywhere. The thing that we have to think of is the girl. She will have a Polish passport. You’ll have to travel separately. That is, here you travel together, but if you cross the ocean, it is best that you take different ships. You see, Polish passports are the worst anyone can have for our business. When you get to Paris, have S. Silverblatt get you another pass. The girl can give him her Polish one and he can get her another. It is bad business to have a pass for a country where the person dont speak the language”.

Chaim Chalotker said “That’s bad. The passport business can be decided later. It’s all up to the girl” I said “I want to go back to Buenos Aires. The trouble is, it is hard to get an Argentine visas”. Chaim Chalotker said “Argentine visas I can get fixed up in less than a day. I have a friend right in the office. For 50 Zlotys ($10 U.S. currency) I can get a visas for anybody”.

Chaim Leiser said “I always worry when a fellow starts out with a girl who has a Polish passport”. I said “How about having my passport fixed for two?” Chaim Leiser said “The worst thing in the world! If you are caught, you are convicted before you go to trial! Under no circumstances travel on the same passport! Especially out of here! They trip you up in a hurry”. Chaim Chalotker said “A Polish passport out of here is the best. Get Argentine visas and in Paris Schloymer can take care of you with anything else you need. It’s no use talking until you have the girl”. I said “I thought it might be better to go from Danzig or Bremen”. Chaim Leiser said “No, Cherbourg is the best. Any port in France is good. If you can afford to travel 2nd class, do it. Well, anyhow, the main thing is the girl. You are a young fellow. You’d want a young girl. If you could only speak Polish, I know one who you could take as your wife and get away with it easy”.

At this moment two other pimps entered. I was introduced to them; later I learned their names to be Sam Hosser and Abie Goniff. Both inquired as to my reasons for coming to Warsaw, and Chaim Leiser said “He’s my nephew from America”.

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All of us then withdrew to a nearby restaurant and later in the evening returned to Chaim Leiser's house at Ogrodowa 27, Warsaw (See exhibit of envelope), where Chaim Leiser, Mrs. Chaim Leiser, Chaim Chalotker and myself, indulged in a general conversation. Chaim Leiser said

“Tomorrow morning I'll show you a couple of girls that I know want to get out of Warsaw. Better yet, make it the afternoon”. I said “What kind of girls are they? Girls from home or girls who are in the business now?”, he replied “These two that I speak of are hustlers here. But, I tell you, good ones. You know, as well as I do, that a girl today to make money has to be a good s——— c——— (pervert). Both of these are experts”. I said “How old are they?”, he replied “25 or 26”; I said “The young ones are the best. I don't want a girl who has too much experience. They're more trouble than the green ones are”. Chaim Leiser said “Well, it don't make any difference to me. I'll let you see what I can get. You pick for yourself what you think you can use”. I said “My experience has always been to get a girl who never had a boy (pimp). You know, as well as I do, that if a girl has a boy and we make arrangements so I can get her, she is liable to go back to her first man if he shows up. I'd be a fool to take the chance of getting a girl, spend money on her to take her across and then lose her that way”

Chaim Leiser said “I never bother getting a girl for a boy from another boy. The nekayvers (prostitutes) here all don't have boys. The kind I can get hustle the streets. Some even work during the day. We got some real young girls here. Some are not 18 years old yet. That's the kind I can get you”.

I said “Under 21 years of age are bad ones to deal in. In Buenos Aires you can't register them”; Chaim Leiser answered “You poor kner (fool). Don't you know that all the boys who come here pull for the young ones? The younger the better! So far as the passports and registering is concerned, they are always at least 25”.

I said “How can they get a passport without a birth certificate?”, he replied “We'll take care of all that”. “Chaim Chalotker can get you all the birth certificates you want. If you don't want him, we get a passport for the girl here. When you get to Paris you turn it over to S. Silverblatt and he will give you another all fixed with the age at least 25”.

I said “How about the visas for Argentine then?”, he replied “He'll transfer all that. When you see the girl you want, I'll guarantee you all papers that you need”. I said “Can you pull any strings with the Police here?”, he said “No. They are the biggest s——— o——— b——— in the world! You can't touch them. Anyhow, we don't need them. A passport they (Polish government) have to give. Visas and anything else that is needed, we take care of ourselves. You just let me work the whole thing out for you and you'll see that it will all run smoothly”.

I said “Harry Kratzenbloom's girl was a greeny (not a prostitute) and she turned out good”. He said “That's what I say! I know what I am doing. I got her for him. Do you think the boys (pimps) from all over the world come here to me if I didn't deliver the goods! Look here, here are letters from Havana, from Brazil, from Argentine, from South Africa! All from boys asking me to look out for them. If you want a green girl, I can get you one. The trouble is when you take an abesla (maiden) you have to be able to talk to her. You can't get her to go and f——— for money unless you talk her language”.

I said “How can you arrange to get good girls?”, he replied “You see where we live. I am known as a shotshun (marriage broker or match-maker). If I go to a family and tell them, say you for
instance, that I got a rich schid duch (husband) for their daughter, they are glad to get him. You meet the girl, court her and take her to your home in South America, or wherever you want to go. Then it's up to you to have her make business. You know how that works. You put your last one in business, didn't you? The trouble is I can't do it for you. I have the girls, but if I get you one it will never turn out right because you haven't got the language in back of you. The girls will fall for you. The parents will be glad that their daughter is making a good match, but how are you going to make her turn out right?” I said “When they have a family, I'll admit it is hard going”.

Mrs. Chaim Leiser said “That is nothing! Say you are in South America; they are here. The people are poor. You give them $50 or $100 and you send them money now and then. The girls here fall easy. Of course, you can't take a girl that has been used to anything. You got to get the kind that know nothing. But, just as he (Chaim Leiser) says: Better that you start off with one that knows the business than to take a girl who you gotter learn”.

During the following few days I spent my time continually in the company of Chaim Leiser, his wife and Chaim Chalotker. I was introduced to three girls whom Mrs. Chaim Leiser evidently had requested to call at their apartment. Two of the girls were under 21 years of age and the third was apparently over 21. The girls are all prostitutes at the present time and solicit about the streets of Warsaw.

It appeared as if the girls were all willing to accompany me to any place where I could take them “to make money”. All three spoke Polish and Yiddish, and listened attentively while Mr. and Mrs. Chaim Leiser explained the conditions they would encounter in South America. The girls were extremely jubilant over the prospects of going and each admitted that they have girlfriends both in Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro.

After talking the matter over with Chaim Leiser, I said “Get me a greeny and I'll be better satisfied”; he said “How do you like this servant girl I have here? She's young, only 18. She hasn't any people. I could arrange for you to take her as a servant. The trouble is you don't speak Polish! She don't speak Yiddish and that is the big drawback. What we could do is to get Schloymer to come to Warsaw and take her to Paris for you. After you get her there, send her on with the right papers to Buenos Aires. Let Motche Goldberg know she is coming and then he could take her off the boat as a relative. But, then again, there's the language! You're stuck on it”.

I said “I think she'd be a hard nut to crack anyhow”. He said “No, she is being yentzed (having sexual intercourse) now by some guy. She'd fall easy. I know she'd go easy. Anything I tell her, she does. To be truthful with you if I were you, I'd get Schloymer to go to Buenos Aires with you. He wrote me that after the 25th when his case is settled, he is going to Buenos Aires to start up. He'll open a house and need a girl. Let him come up, pick out one and you and he can take her back. I am sure it is the best way. This thing is new to you and you're liable to slip up. That would eventually bring trouble to us”.

Mrs. Chaim Leiser said “A little thing like that comes out in the papers and you know what it means! He (Chaim Leiser) is right! You need somebody with you who knows the ropes”. I said “I suppose it would be better, but you said you can get her a passport, the visas and everything that is necessary”. He replied “Yes, but you have to be able to talk to her and explain things. You gotta make
her fall in love with you. Look at Harry Kratzenbloom: he had to marry his! To make her yentz (have sexual intercourse) you is easy, but how are you going to explain to her to go out and make a dollar?"

After Chaim Leiser had advanced so convincing an argument, there was nothing left for me to do but to agree. I said “Schloymer will do it, I know, as long as he is going to South America. But the expense of going to Paris and back here again would be great”. Chaim Leiser said “You cant do this thing through the poste (mails). I am surprised that Schloymer was as plain as he was in the letter he gave you”. I said “Isn't there any way that you could let him know everything without taking a chance of it becoming known?” He said “No. You see when I get a letter from the Hevra, all it ever says is that so-and-so is coming. I know then what it means”.

I said “I'll think it over. She looks good to me. I'll go back to Paris and find out how Schloymer is making out and if he is satisfied, we will come back and get started. Suppose you write him a letter and give it to me. You know, it might be better”. He said “When you leave I’ll send him a letter and tell him you were here. I’ll say that you will tell him everything”.

I said “Fine! That is what we'll do. But before we get started, I'll have to find out what you expect for your end. I'm not a millionaire” He said “Well, if you give me $100 in gold, that is 2000 Zloty, I will be satisfied. Also remember me every now and then when things come your way. You can give it to Motche Goldberg and he will send it to me”.

The following day the conversation was again brought up. I said “When you get rid of this one, you'll be left without a servant”. Chaim Leiser said “I have two rooms here. You can see how much we need her. But when she is gone, we'll get another”.

On Oct. 21, 1924, I paid a last visit to Chaim Leiser and his wife. We again rehearsed the method that would be pursued in getting his servant girl to South America. Before I left, Chaim Leiser stated that he expected me back by Nov. 1 and said that in the meantime he would start to “prepare the girl” for the trip. By that he explained that he meant to tell her of a lucrative job he can get her in South America and have all her expenses paid.

After spending five days constantly in the company of Chaim Leiser and his wife, it must be said that he is looked upon by the pimps, particularly those operating in Rio and Buenos Aires, as the main-stay for their procuring girls.

His apartment Ogrodowa 27, Warsaw, Poland is the mecca for pimps. All day long they can be seen entering and leaving his place.

Chaim Leiser, with his fiendish-like appearance, sits in his bedroom and offers advice to his friends.
Upon my return to Paris I immediately got in touch with Schloymer (See previous reports). He was found seated in the pimps’ hangout, Cafe, at 15 rue des Rivoli. He greeted me most cordially and said “I expected you today. Just this morning I got a letter from Chaim Leiser. Of course, he writes, but not plain. I can read between the lines; but now that you are here, you’ll tell me all, huh?”

After inquiring as to Chaim Leiser’s health and the welfare of Schloymer’s friends, Schloymer, said “He (Chaim Leiser) received you well, didn’t he?”; I said “Yes, after I convinced him that I was kosher (all right)”; he replied “Nu, well what could you expect? He gives all the boys (pimps) he dont know the third degree (sharp examination). You know this business is necessary that way”.

I told him I realized that, but so long as I had a letter from him (Schloymer), that should have been sufficient; he replied “True, but remember, I gave you the letter, suppose you lost it, or you got grabbed (arrested), and somebody else, a cop (policeman) for instance, used it? See! That is the hitch!” I said “What could they do?”; he answered “My boy, you got a lot to learn! That is white slavery! They lock you up and throw the key away! Jail in Poland, or here even, is not like in the States. They nearly kill pimps when they catch them”.

I said “How do you know? Have any of the boys been caught?”; he replied “None of our crowd, but now and then a squeal (complaint) puts somebody in dutch. Anyhow, you just keep your head about you and you’ll never get knocked off (arrested). I’ve been a pimp for 40 years and I am yet to even get a look in (see the inside of a jail). It is too bad that you spent all that money and have to return here without a woman. Chaim Leiser is a man that never fails. He can get you anything, but, you see, you dont fit for those girls. If he wanted your money he would advise you to take one, and then not give a damn about what would happen later”.

I said “He offered me several girls, and told me that there was no end to the green ones that he could get for me”; he said “What did I tell you! That is his business. That is why I sent you to him. Believe me, I was not so anxious, if you remember, to go to him because I was afraid that the girl that you could get there was not your kind, but you were anxious and I didn’t want to have you go back to Motche Goldberg and say that I didn’t do everything I could for you. Then I thought that efsher (perhaps) he had one who could speak say as much English as you speak Yiddish”.

I said “I am not worried about that. As long as Chaim Leiser felt as he did about it, I didn’t want to insist. There was a swell girl that he had working for him who I would have copped (taken) in a minute”. He said “Please, please, dont be foolish! Do you think you can get a girl to yentz (prostitute herself) for you with mama luchen (sign language)? To get the girl say to the Argentine is easy, but to make her bring home the bacon is hard. Green girls take patience. You must get them to love you so that they’ll do anything. Unless you can talk (their language) it cant be done. To take a girl who knows the business, and you not speaking the language, is also a chance. Some other boy (pimp) can easily talk you out of her”.
I said “All the boys that I know who came here, and then went to Chaim Leiser, always came back with greenies”. He said “Yes, but they can handle them. They speak the languages. You don’t. That is the main thing; getting them there is gantz (easy, very easy). Passports and all that maiser (business) is nothing. You see, as I told you last time, Polish passes are not good for South America. French passes are better. Chaim Leiser fixes you up with the visas, or S. Silverblatt can do it. You have no trouble crossing the borders here. But, to get into Argentine is another thing. So, when a boy or a girl (pimp or prostitute) who has a Polish passport comes here and then starts out, we take his Polish passport and give him another passport, say for instance a French or Italian one. That is good for South America. When another boy wants to go back to Poland, we turn over a Polish pass to him. S. Silverblatt takes care of all that business. He knows the kind that the immigration bunch (officials) in the different countries favor. You would have no trouble. Yours is U.S. That’s your only advantage”.

I said “What am I going to do? You know how to handle these things better than I. Haven’t you ever helped a boy like me who didn’t fit in with the Polish girls?”; he replied “There’s a boy came in yesterday from Buenos Aires. He is off to Warsaw now. He’ll be taken care of, but he talks (Speaks Polish). Remember, it ain’t getting her that is hard; it is getting her to go into the business. Some fall easier than others. When a woman loves you, she does anything. You know that”.

I said “Do you think it would be safe to take one to Buenos Aires, for instance, and not try to put her into the business until she reaches there?”; he said “Of course, you got to wait until you get her to the place where you want to go. But you can’t tell. It is all up to the kind of egg she is”. I said “Where do you think I should look to find something, then?”; he said “Don’t worry! I’ll try and see what we can do. If I make up my mind in the next few days to go to Buenos Aires, I’ll go to Poland with you and I’ll bring one out. I’ll be able to always be with you two to talk. Then we’ll come back here and try things and then go to Buenos Aires. In Buenos Aires I’ll open a house and you can put yours in it. By the end of this week I’ll be paid off from my case and I’ll have plenty of money. Chaim Leiser suggested in his letter that I come back with you, and I think it will be a good thing. But, remember! Don’t let a word drop anywhere! The boys I introduced you to are all right. But it’s always best to work alone. You know what I mean,—in the dark. S. Silverblatt, of course, we’ll let in on it. We need him. But these other grafters (hangers on) are all rats (informers)”……”But, tell me, haven’t you heard a word from your old girl since you left her?”

I said “Yes, she writes me that she don’t like England”. He then said “Aha! Dere it iss! I got more brains in dis gessheft (business) than you! A whore is a whore! She wants you back! When she sees you she’ll fall for you all over again. Go to London, give her a good line (of talk). Put on a poor mouth and she’ll go anywhere with you. I know dis graft (business). You spent so much! Spend a few more and go and see her. Better yet, tell her to come to you here”.

I said “She cant move. I have the passport”; he said “Then you go to her. It’s better you go”. I said “And if she wont go with me, what then?”; he said “Try her first. Dere tivel you know is besser dan der tivel you dont! (The devil you know is better than the devil you dont know). If you see it is possible, go to the boys (pimps) in London and tell them. There you will find English girls. Or at least girls who speak your own language. They can always put you wise to good bets. In this business you must help yourself too. You know, getting a girl nowadays aint like going into a store and picking out a suit of clothes. The boys in the Hevra always help one another. You must not be a cripple! With
your make up (appearance), you should have no trouble. You're not a starker (rough type). They will fall for you easy. I'll just show you: There's a boy who came here today from Cairo. He is not like you and he has a girl in Cairo, one in Havana, and expects to get another, and take her to Mexico”. I said “I'll say he's some boy! Any man who can control three is entitled to a Croix du guerre!” He said “Un er spas (without jesting, joking aside) it is the truth! You'll meet him later. He'll tell you”.

Later we adjourned to another pimps' hangout, Memis Cafe at #42 rue des Rivoli where S. Silverblatt, Schloymer and Harry and myself took a table near the door. Pimps of all nationalities congregate here. All are known to Schloymer and all are said to be members of the Hevra.

Sometime later a pimp entered; Schloymer called him aside and said “Aron Kaplan, here is a boy from Buenos Aires. He was up to Chaim Leiser. He is looking for a wife. Do you know of anything worthwhile?”; turning to me, Schloymer, said “This is the boy I told you about”. Aron Kaplan took the introduction without question, and said “I am looking around myself. Was there nothing for you in Warsaw?” Schloymer, replied “Plenty, but he dont speak Polish, and his Yiddish is kern op (not fluent)”; Aron Kaplan said “Well, that is hard. You see, I just came in from Egypt. I expect to go to Warsaw in a few days. I'll get something from Chaim Leiser, I know. Come, let's get together”.

Schloymer said “Good! Then I wont go. I was going with him”. Aron Kaplan said “We'll both be able to cop (get a girl)”. I said “Are you looking for a greeny?”; he replied “They're always the best. Where do you intend to take her? What kind of a pass have you got?” I said “Any place that is good. I have a U.S. pass”. He said “You got the best in the world! You can go any place! I just received a letter from Buenos Aires a few days ago. If you are known down there at all, stay away! Four months ago while I was there, sixty boys (pimps) were arrested and fined $1,000 each! Last month they got hocked (arrested) again! It is unhealthy down there if you are known”.

I said “Who for instance, was grabbed (arrested)?”; he replied “The ganzer (whole) hevra, Motche Goldberg…..everybody, I tell you! The night before, I left for Tucuman. When I came back I heard it all. Now, I hear it again. Let me tell you, there are only four good places. Of course, if you can keep under cover in Buenos Aires, you're peaches (all right)! But the best of all is Mexico, Cairo, Panama and Havana”. I said “I've been to Panama and Havana and things were slow there”. He answered “I'll tell you how slow they are: Last year when the fleet was there I took $4,000 out of Panama in a few months. Why did you leave? Now is the best time for Havana and Egypt”. I said “I had no girl”. He replied “Well, then, of course, you couldn't do anything. You didn't think you'd find one there, did you?”; I replied “No, I tried to get back to the United States through Havana”. I then repeated to him the same story I have been using while moving in the Hevra's circle. He said “I see. Well, if you want to come along with me, I am sure we can work it out good”.

I said “Are you going to see Chaim Leiser?”; he replied “Sure, then we can both go to Mexico together”. Schloymer then repeated the story of my trip to Warsaw to him. I said “Truthfully, I wouldn't want to make that trip again. Ain't there no other place I can go to? In Warsaw the girls are there, but I can't parley vous them (converse with them)”. He answered “Try your girl again in London. See what you can do with her. Listen: Any place is good to cop (get) a girl, but you got to be able to handle her. There are plenty all over Europe. The idea is, the boy (pimp) must be able to
speak (her language). Take Cairo or Havana, for instance. You'll find all kinds of girls. For instance, could I go to Japan and come away with a Jap if I didn't speak Japanese? It's the same way with you. You got to be able to speak”.

I said “That's right, but what I mean is this: Say, for instance, I went to Germany. I don't like to go to a strange place and not have a friend”. He answered “Pick a girl in the country you speak the language the best. A French boy always has French girls. If I wanted a French girl and couldn't speak French much, or a Spanish girl, I'd look around, make friends. Say, one boy (pimp) always knows the others and you can always get by. If you want to go to Cairo I'll give you all the dope you need. As long as you are not known I'll send you to a man who is a jewelry salesman in Cairo. He travels all over. He knows all the boys there. The Police don't know him. He'll tip you off to everything you got to know. The best of it all is this fellow is not known. The boys are. Keep to yourself. Whenever a boy needs him, he meets him on the quiet (secretly). If your girl yells (complains) he can fix things. If you want another girl he can give you a good tip. This fellow is even better than Chaim Leiser. Believe me, the best boys in Europe are his friends. Pull? (Influence). He has all kinds of it! On Wednesday meet me and I'll give you all the dope (information). I'll leave Thursday. Then if you grab your girl back, take her there and you'll have no trouble; besides, there's all kinds of money there now. Besides, you have an American pass. French passes and Polish passes are not so good, there. Polish and French passes are not good in Panama or Havana, either. You have things all your own way with that pass of yours”.

An appointment was then made for Wednesday between 4 and 5 P.M. at Memis Cafe #42 rue des Rivoli, Paris.

**Paris, France**

*Oct. 28-29, 1924*

By previous appointment I met Aron Kaplan, alias Aronsnich, at Memis Cafe, a pimps' hangout at #42 rue des Rivoli, Paris. After remaining in this place for a short time, he said “You and I better get out of here if we want to talk”. I agreed and we withdrew to a nearby restaurant. After we had been comfortably seated, he said “That joint Memis Cafe is all right, but always remember that the more you keep under cover the better it is for you. You can be plain to me. I am with you. After all, we are all in the same graft (business). I am taking you for what I think you are worth. You're a friend of Schloymer and any friend of him is a friend of mine. As I told you before, that place is a hangout for all the worst crooks in Paris. Some of the boys are all aces (all right), but you never can tell when they will sell you out. Therefore, the less they know about your affairs, the better for you”.

I said “I am pretty careful who I talk to”; he replied “That's the only way. My business very few know. If you notice I always carry this box with me. That is my alibi. If it were not for that I'd be tripped up long ago. Fellers in our line has got to be alive! In some places a pimp is hated worse than a murderer! I had my share in Peru. I got jailed for six months, and my worst enemy should never have to go through the deal I went through! Besides, my girl committed suicide and all my money
was taken from me. Now, so as everybody knows, I am a business man. By trade I am a photographer. But I dont like to work, so what’s the use of talking? That’s why I am a pimp, and so are you. Well, am I right?”

I had to agree with him and said “Schloymer and a few others are the only ones who know my graft”. He continued: “Stay away! Take my advice. Remember the old saying ‘Never lay in a sick bed when you are healthy’. The other day we were talking about landing something. Any time you are ready, let me know and we’ll go to Poland together. But if you travel with me, you got to do as I do. Get an alibi. Every boy that travels has to have one. The more legitimate it looks, the better. You cant travel without it. You know yourself. On a boat this one, that one, wants to know your business. You got to be able to talk. An immigration officer, if he dont like your face, cant bother you if you have a business. The cops, I f——— (obscene) them all with my line. And if you have your eye on a girl you cant land her unless you look kosher (just right)”.

I said “You’re right! I know the boys all over have been using something as a cover, but I never bothered much about it”. He said “I didn’t either until I got stung. Have you got any legitimate graft you can use?”; I said “I know merchandise”. He replied “No good! If you get jammed (arrested) say in a strange country, and you said you are a salesman, can you get any good storekeeper to say he knows you? No, of course you cant! See here: I’ll tell you what I’ll do: there’s a firm here in Paris that makes these pictures (photos done on glass and celluloid). They always want agents. All it costs is a few dollars to get the samples. You have cards printed, and they give you literature. The idea is for you to take orders, send the pictures to them and they reproduce them; and then you collect the dough and pocket the profit. When you send in an order you, of course, send them theirs. But f——— that part of it! After you get the samples you dont need to take orders. You carry the box with you. It is small and you f——— them all! That is the way I do it. There is not a place in the world where I haven’t been, and since my trouble in Peru I never got copped (arrested) and never will with this layout.

I agreed to adopt his method and he volunteered to take me to the firm so as to secure the samples. I then said “I’ve been to Poland and it aint no use looking there again. Is there any other good place for me to look?”; he replied “I told you any place in Europe’s good. If you want to dig out for yourself, I’m satisfied. I thought you wanted to couple up with me”. I said “I told you I still have a chance with my old dame in London, but if I loose out I wanted to be able to turn around and know where to cop (get a girl) in a hurry”. He said “Well, that is different. I didn’t get that the other day. Any place is good. Go wherever you can talk the best. Do as I do. Use the photo stunt. When you see a girl, take her picture for nothing. Play her up. Use the American bunk on her, and when you get her thinking your way, take her to Egypt or Mexico, and, _____ say, what’s the use? You know the game. What are you after? Green stock or blatter (professional prostitute)” I said “Whichever works out easiest. What do you shoot at?”; he answered “It all depends. Sometimes if a regular (professional prostitute) takes a shine (liking) to me, I get her to leave her man. If I see a good bet that is green, I’ll hop that. Greenies are pretty hard nuts sometimes. Anyhow with my alibi I can at least meet them. I stand a better chance than a guy selling jewelry or some other bunk. This way you can get them at lunch hour and talk to them, make their acquaintance, date them up, see, like that! Anyhow, I’ll give you the dope on Egypt. If you go, you need to be prepared. The main boy (pimp) there is a fellow named Hirch; I dont know the address, but you can easily find it. He has a _____store, not the first, but the second one on the same street with the Port Said Hotel. It’s between the Port Said Hotel and
the Market. He's a chap who knows all the boys, fixes things up in case of trouble, and if your woman comes in after you, he can get her in. In Egypt a woman alone has a hard job landing. He can take care of that. The beauty of this kid is that he ain't known as a pimp, and if you are with him nobody will ever know who you are. Give me a piece of paper and I will write him a note.

He then wrote a note (see Exhibit), the content of which is “Good friend Hirch: I am sending you a man who is a good friend of mine. Give him all necessary information. He will pay you for anything you can find for him”. Signed it which his alias, Aron Kaplan.

He then said “After you see him, ask him where you can find Aron Lani who knows plenty of good bets too. There's a widow, a good woman, who wants to be yentzed (sexually satisfied). You can play her up. If she likes you, you could take her away with you. Take her to Mexico and I know you'll have no trouble with her. I would er took her, but I have a wife in a house there (Egypt) and, besides, this woman has a little girl. Aron Lani knows all about Turkey and can tip you off to everything around that country. Tell them to write to me care Poste Restante, Paris. I want to hear from him about something”.

I said “In going to Mexico, is it hard to get in?”; he replied “No trouble at all. Havana and Panama is hard”. I said “If I want to go there how should I work it?”; he replied “To go to Havana, you see, they raised hell there. The French pimps got fighting and killed one another and then it got hard. The same way in Panama. To get there now, take a French boat to Havana, but get a visas for Columbia. At Havana you must change boats and then you stick there. For Panama, take a visas for Costa Rica, and go ashore in Cristobald and dont go back. Or go to Costa Rica, Boca del Torras, and then take a small boat to Panama City or Colon. All those things you must know. Otherwise you spend time and money for nothing.

I then said “Are there many boys (pimps) in Egypt?”; he replied “Too many! All kinds”. I said “Here all I find are our brunch”. He answered “In Paris the boys dont mix. There (Egypt) it is a small place and they hang out together. Keep clear of them. You get in trouble that way”.

At night I met Schloymer and explained Aron Kaplan's instructions or advice to me. Schloymer said “I never said that to you because I thought you knew enough for that. Come, I want you to meet a boy who just came from Buenos Aires. Maybe you know him, Abie Schleser. The introduction to Abie Schleser followed; he lent himself readily to a discussion of conditions in Buenos Aires and corroborated Aron Kaplan's statement of the recent arrest of 60 pimps in Buenos Aires. He named those arrested and stated that things in Buenos Aires are bad especially for boys (pimps) traveling. He then spoke of Mexico and I questioned him as to which city in Mexico is best; he replied “Mexico City, and Vera Cruz is good too”.

Abie Schleser also admitted that he leaves tomorrow for Antwerp and after spending some time there will embark on a Holland-American line steamer for Buenos Aires.

Abie Schleser is travelling with his wife and passes as a jewelry or diamond merchant. Schloymer admitted that he smuggles diamonds into Buenos Aires and is paying the transportation of two Polish prostitutes to Buenos Aires for his houses.
Indecent pictures

Throughout the day and night I spend most of my time with Schloymer at Memis Cafe. The usual gathering of pimps was present. Schloymer mentioned to me that Abram Napolian, a notorious Buenos Aires pimp, is en route to Paris, and stated that he is expected any day. One of the other pimps present asked where Abram Napolian is going to from here and Schloymer replied “Mexico”.

After being left alone with Schloymer I said “I have a chance to make some money with pictures, but I cant locate any that my man wants. He is in business in the United States and wants to buy the stuff right”. Schloymer said “Dont be a sucker! If you get caught with that stuff, you hang! Or it costs you big dough (money) to beat it”. I said “I have to take a chance on something. My dough is all going out and none is coming in”. He said, after I had explained fully my financial conditions, “Well, if you want to take the chance, I know a boy who does that business. He’s only a kid, but he can steer you right”.

We then visited several restaurants and finally I was introduced to a man who gave me his name as Joe Baker; he spoke English fluently and stated that he formerly resided in Buffalo, N.Y. He also mentioned that he was born in Russia, but came to France as a member of the fifth Division of the U.S. Army, and asked to be discharged here, where he remained. I said to him “You and I are in the same graft, so if you are out to take me for a sucker, we’ll quit before we begin. I got a place to unload a brunch of real pictures, but I’m not going to pay whore-house prices. What I want is to buy them straight. Do you get me?”, he replied “Yes, but tell me plain just what you want”. I said “Photos right from the maker”. He said “Come, I’ll take you, but remember, it is necessary to come clean. I’ll have to say what you want them for, so you can get them right”. I said “Where is this place?” He replied “It’s a hook joint (house of prostitution) in Laithart”. I said “Hell, that is the same bunk again! They’re hold up joints!”. He said “You wanted to buy them from the maker. Well, that’s where they are made. I ain’t sure whether I can get you the photo plates, but we’ll see. If I tell the madame the whole thing I know she’ll come through”. I said “I dont think she makes them”. He said “I’m telling you she does. Now let me tell you how: The pictures are taken right in the house. She has guys who understand photography. They have a small machine (camera) and enlarge them. The girls some of them even work in the joint. Come along; you’ll see”.

We then went to Madame Yvonne’s house of prostitution at 56 rue de Laitbart, Paris (See card as exhibit). The madame admitted us and Joe Baker explained who I am and what I wanted.

The Madame them produced at least 100 different pictures. I then had Joe Baker repeat to her that I wanted the plates. The Madame then produced at least 150 plates and stated that she wanted 60 francs apiece or 50 francs apiece if bought by the dozen.

I complained of the price and she said “It costs me more than that to take them. If you are a photographer, take them yourself! My girls will pose, but you cant get them to do it for less than 100 francs apiece for three poses. Figure it out and see for yourself which is cheaper”.

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*Paris, France*

*Oct. 30, 1924*
I then had Joe Baker ask her if the pictures were taken in this house; she replied “See here (pointing to the wall paper on the picture) and come here”; she then took me to a room on the top floor and all decorations on the wall corresponded with those in the picture. We then continued to discuss prices and one of the girls entered with a bulldoch, which she also offered for sale. The bulldoch was likewise a home-made affair and the girl admitted that one of the other girls made it. From close examination it could readily be seen that it was a crudely constructed article.

I finally left, promising to think the price over and return tomorrow at 2 P.M.

After we left the house I said to Joe Baker “You see, it’s the same old stuff! I know enough about photography to know that woman never did that work”. He replied “Of course not, but one of the boys (pimps) connected with the joint did. I’ve seen them taken. All the joints take their own; and I dont think there’s another place in Paris where you can buy plates”.

I said “I’ll think it over, and perhaps tomorrow we’ll get together on it. How is it that you can’t buy them on the street anymore?”; he replied “A new law”. I said “Dont that apply to joints too?”; he said “Yes, but they pay protection. Look here: I am sending some to America. Do you know who this is, and this? They want some for themselves. I put them in an envelope and ship one at a time. I get them in there (house), but I get 5 per cent. off and charge these boobs double”. He then showed me the names of the persons to whom he is sending photos. One bore the name of Mr. Irving Levy, the other a Mr. Milgrim; he added “If you are from New York City, you’ll know those people. One is Judge Irving Levy’s son, a college kid and the other has a big store at X——— street and X———”.

Paris, France
Oct. 31-Nov. 1, 1924

By appointment I met Joe Baker and accompanied him to Madame Yvonne’s house at 56 rue de Laitbart. Mme. Marguerite admitted us and upon being shown into a private sitting room, stated that after Madame Yvonne had discussed the sale of negatives with her husband, he refused to allow them to be sold. She then stated that she could, however, give me a series of some 24 picture slides from which positives could be made. After looking the slides over, I selected two and stated that if they proved satisfactory, I would purchase the others. At first she refused to sell me the two, giving as a reason that it would break the series. She finally consented to sell me two provided I would take the others at another time. For the two slides I paid 70 francs.

The following day I returned and told Madame Yvonne that the slides are not satisfactory, and mentioned that I would pay her well for the original plates. She said “My husband says no. He gave me hell for selling you the slides. I am glad you came back. I will give you new pictures for the slides. Seven new ones. You try to buy plates in another house,” I said “Yes”; she said “I know, because Madame Dinar phone to me and asked me if I wanted to sell the plates. She said she had a man there”.

I again repeated my reasons for wanting the plates and Madame Yvonne said “It costs too much to take them. The only thing I will sell you is these”. She then showed me more than 100
pictures, containing at least 40 different poses in which perversion by both men and women was being indulged in. She said “These are all new. They were taken less than two months ago”. I said “Where?”, she replied “Upstairs, all these, see, here is a 15-year old girl. She used to be in the house. If you want a real young girl not yet 15, I got a fine one”.

I examined the pictures and selected seven (See Exhibits).

I then said “Will you sell me a moving picture film?”; she replied “I'll see my husband; you come back Monday”. I said “How much?” she replied “I cannot say until I speak with him. Not like the other night. He got very mad. We had a big quarrel”. I then agreed to return Monday.

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While loitering about in the pimps’ hangout, Aron Kaplan approached Schloymer and I. He said “I just made a card for you. You see, it is just like mine. This you need also as a cover, along with the pictures. It is better that you get them printed. Schloymer said “Dat’s right. Nowadays you must have a cover. See what is happening to the boys in Buenos Aires. I wouldn’t go there. When I leave Paris I take my woman to Mexico. In Buenos Aires they know me too well”.

While going to the printer, Aron Kaplan said “See, this is my card; this address (15 Bis Place Gambetta, Le Havre) is a place where I am well known. If I get caught and they want to wire to find out about me, these people will say I am a photographer. That is the way. Give an address in Paris. Take, for instance, where you live. Tell them there your business. Put a card up, and in case of trouble, they can only say that you are a business man. Look, see: I always carry letters. I even put down orders in a book and stamp them paid. All those things help. Each day I write three, four names in, anybody who comes in my head. Besides, when you see a girl you like, you invite her to your room to show her pictures, and if you can s______ her, good. That's how I got the girl I have with me in Paris”.

I said “I thought you said your girl was in Cairo”; he replied “I took this girl from Cairo. My other girl I left there. I also got a wife (prostitute) in Havana. See here”. (He then showed me a letter addresses Poste Restante, Paris.) “She sent me money only last week. What I am looking for is a girl who can get real money. That kind I’ll get soon. You see, my girl in Havana and my girl in Cairo think I came here to do some work. When you see my girl in Cairo, tell her that I always think of her because I always spoke to you about her. That will make her feel good. She loves me”.

I said “How can you manage them all?”; he replied “(Fool)! I stay (remain) with a girl as long as she makes good money. When it begins to get slow, I tell them bunk (false) about the money I can make here, there, any place. I get plenty of money to leave and good bye! As long as they send me money, good! If they stop, I always have one with me, so I dont need to worry. You understand. Why should I waste my time with a girl who cant make at least $100 or $150 a week? That girl of mine gave me $300 to come to Paris. With that $300 I brought this girl here. I gave Aron Lani in Cairo $50 for getting her for me, and now she is making $75 a week in Paris; and that is big money
for a street girl here. Besides, each week I get $20 from one and $25 from the other. They see these letters too (business letters) and they think I have a chance to make a big deal when I go away. You know, I f______ around so much with this fake business that I really believe it myself sometimes!”

I said “Is this gal in Paris a young one?”, he replied “No, 25 years old but not good looking, too fat. She is a Russian girl. I stole her away”.

Among Aron Kaplan’s business letters I noticed several addressed to Hotel du Midi. Aron Kaplan then indulged in a lengthy suggestion of how I can do as he does and evade the law. I explained to him that I had a chance of swinging a big deal with pictures. He said: “If it’s worthwhile, take a chance, but be careful”.

After explaining to him that I am seeking the manufacturer so that I can buy the negatives, he said “Those pictures are all made in the houses (of prostitution). Some joints (houses) take them themselves. Others know photographers who do the work for them. The best way is to buy good pictures and I’ll make the negatives. With the negatives, you can make all you want. That’s what I did in Panama. Last January when the fleet was in I used to sit up all night making them. Here ask Lewis or Louis”. He then called over another pimp, Lewis or Louis, who corroborated what Aron Kaplan had said by stating that he helped him in the developing.

Before I left him, Aron Kaplan cautioned me; he said “Be careful. I took a bunch to Cairo with me. They search me so that I got scared and put them (pictures) under the mattress of the bed in the ship”.

**Paris, France**

*Nov. 3, 1924*

By appointment I met Aron Kaplan at Memis Cafe; he said “I am sorry you did not show up yesterday. I had your man here; but, come, I think we can get him at the place”. We then went to 116 rue Oberkamp where I was supplied with samples. After I had received them, Aron Kaplan said “Now you are safe. With those as an alibi you can go any place. When you go to Cairo, tell my wife that I am working hard, and to prove to her that I aint got another girl, say you and I lived together, and that I always think of her”. Continuing, he said “You see, I stole this girl away from a boy who was an officer in the Russian army. He brought her from Russia a few years ago, and put her in business. I f______ him and stole his girl. He wants to kill me, but he dont know where I am. My wife thinks I am here alone. I have had as many as four girls at one time. When the money goes low and you have a girl who believes you, you can with this picture business always find an excuse to leave, get another girl and still get money from the old one”.

Lewis or Louis, another pimp, joined us and stated that six months ago he received 200 Ls from his woman in Lima, Peru.......“Now, she writes that she wont send any more unless I promise to go to Peru. I got a wife (prostitute) here who is making good money, but my other one in Lima can do better. I am going to beat it out of here soon, I think”.


I said “How about the one here?”; he replied “I’ll let her go”. Aron Kaplan said “You’re a big putz if you go to Peru! Take my tip and stay away! I did six months in jail there; get her to go to Mexico. That is where I go when I get a good one”.

We were then joined by Schloymer; I informed him that I had received a letter from my girl in London; he said “Ha, ha! Didn’t I tell you? You go to her and you’ll get a nice few dollars!” Aron Kaplan said “When you take her to Cairo, you can get good money with a girl like that. If she won’t go with you, come back here. If I am not around, go yourself to Egypt and when you see Aron Lani he’ll fix you up right away. He’s got a better line than Chaim Leiser, and you know what that means. In London is a boy (pimp) by the name of I. Goldenberg (See Exhibit). Write a letter Care Poste Restante, London. He’ll answer and when you meet him, he can put you wise to a lot of things. Remember this: Never go to a place unless you got somebody who can give you the lay (information as to existing conditions, etc.). It’s bad business to try to do anything in a strange place. After you get the lay, then keep away from the joints like this. You and Schloymer are the only ones who know my business. Believe me, that’s the only way. If I was wise in Peru I would never have got into trouble. It opened my eyes. I went to Peru with $5,000. My first girl I married in Romania. I took her to Ceylon, India, and put her in business. A rich Englishman, a Mr. Beck, who is head of Bond & Co, married her and I got $5,000 to leave. That’s why I went to Peru. There I made $40,000, but lost it all. You’ve got the same chances I had. If you are wise you’ll watch your step. That’s why I say let nobody in on your graft. These pictures will help you out fine. If you got any brains at all you can work it to get yourself a girl, to cover you up with the police, and to get away from your girl and still get money from her. With these you’re never gonna be broke”.

I thanked him and said “Perhaps some day I can do you a good turn. If ever you need any help in Panama or Havana, let me know before you start and I’ll steer you up against a chap who’ll fix you up”. He said “No, I’ll go to Mexico, but if I have a good girl when the fleet is in Panama, I’ll go there for a while”.

I said “Let me know before you leave and if you enter through Cristobal I can take care of you”.

Promising to keep in touch with the crowd, I then departed.

Paris, France

Obscene pictures

An effort was made to ascertain who are the manufacturers and distributors of obscene pictures in Paris.

These pictures, which are actual photographs of women and men indulging in all sorts of pervert practices, are on sale in nearly all of the higher-priced houses of prostitution in Paris.

One does not need to be known to be able to purchase these pictures. Anyone upon entering a house of prostitution can upon request secure as many as desired. The madames apparently always have plenty on hand and are very eager to dispose of complete sets at reduced prices.
There is no doubt but that the largest and newest assortment of such pictures are to be had of Madame Yvonne at 56 rue de Laitbart. She does not hesitate to admit that the pictures are posed for by her inmates, and are actually taken on the premises. To substantiate her claim that the pictures had been taken in her house, the room in which they were taken was shown. This room corresponded in every detail with the details of the newest set of pictures that Madame Yvonne was offering for sale.

She also showed me the original negatives from which the prints were made and admitted that she continually sends by mail photos to clients in foreign countries who write and ask for them. She stated that not more than one or two should be placed in an envelope.

While making this survey it became known that the madames elsewhere had phoned to Madame Yvonne in order to secure from her the negatives which a prospective customer requested.

London, England
Nov. 5-6, 1924

Traffic in women and children

Upon arrival in London I visited Joe Ross’s Restaurant’s at #62 Tottenham Court Place. This place had been recommended by Harry, an Englishman now in Paris (See Paris reports) and also mentioned by Schloymer as a rendezvous for underworld characters. I inquired for Edward Emanuel and also Little Kauffman, both of whom are friends of the pimps in Paris. Joe Ross, the proprietor, stated that Edward Emanuel is out of the city, but arranged a meeting for me with Little Kauffman.

Later in the evening I met Little Kauffman. I told him of my association with the boys (pimps) in Paris, and reiterated the same story that I had told to the “crowd” in Paris.

He said “Things in London are tough. All the girls here are on the streets. Take it from me, Old-timer, keep under cover or you are liable to get knocked off (be arrested). They (police) aint very fond of boys (pimps) here. If you got any dough (money) at all I’d say pull out”. I said “Right, but what’s the use of leaving without a gal? If I cant get one here, I dont know where I could”.

He said “There’s plenty around who you could get, but it’s like everything else; it costs dough”. I said “I dont expect it to be done for nothing”. He said, “I’ll tell you the truth: there’s only one way to cop (succeed) and that is to do it yourself. If you got a boy (pimp) who wants to part with a lady, you will have to pay him money, and then when your back is turned she’s liable to blow on you (run away). There’s plenty of street molls (prostitutes) who are making two quids (English pounds) a night who haven’t friends (pimps). You’ll meet up with one, and when you get to know each other, go and live together. The other stuff is bad business. I’d never invest that way”.

I said “Do you know of anything green strutting around?” He replied “There plenty of charity c———, but I wouldn’t take any chances. You know, this is a church-going, nine-o’clock city. One little slip and your name is Dennis (you’re finished)”. I said, “That’s different than what I heard in
Paris. They told me that in London I’d surely be able to land one”. He said “I say you can, too. But they’re not green. Take this bloke’s (boy’s) advice and hands off! What’s the use of borrowing trouble? You can get a good business girl (prostitute) to go any place with you that you know of. They aint all got laddies (pimps)”.

I said “Even after I’d get one, I wouldn’t know where to go”. He said “Two of the crowd went to Brazil last week. Aron Kaplan knows them. If I were leaving, I’d hit for Mexico or Egypt. Both are good”. I said “I heard it is hard to get out of here”; he replied “Things are so tough in England that they’re glad to see anybody go. It’s easy to get out, it’s easy to get in. Just as long as you dont have a Polish passport or a Russian passport, you’re safe. I’ll tell what we’ll do: We’ll hit around together and see a few of the molls (prostitutes). We’ll take a couple of them to bed; we’ll hit the ones that aint got laddies (pimps). You know, you never know a dame until you’ve slept with her. If she looks good, try to get her to live with you, and after you get together that way, put the proposition to her. If she aint got a sweetie here, she’ll be glad to take a trip. You know, you have to play the sucker-John part to get one. That’s how I met mine. She blew in here from Liverpool and hustled up in Russel Square. I met and stayed with her, paid her room rent, gave her some glad rags (fine clothes) and we’re together yet. There’s plenty like her shooting around. There’s a lot of alf-andalfs (clandestine prostitutes) too,--you know, gals that work and then steal out at night. Let’s look around. If you do, you’ll land something”.

We then walked about Oxford, Regent Shafesbury, Strand, Leicester Square, Piccadilly Circus, and many of the other main thoroughfares of London. Little Kauffman knew many of the prostitutes met upon the streets and introduced me to several of them. From observation I assume that the vast majority are Britishers, and all appeared to be over 21 years of age.

I commented upon the numbers of English girls; he said “Sure they are! You’ll find a few French, but they’re fare apart. All the Janes (girls) here are English. That’s what you want, aint it? One you can talk to!”

**London, England**

*Nov. 7-8, 1924*

After communicating with Morris Benjamin at his parent’s home, I told him I had been recommended to him by his brother in Buenos Aires (See Buenos Aires reports; see also Bert Benjamin--same party?). We discussed conditions in Buenos Aires and also in London. He said “There aint any joints (houses of prostitution) here like in Buenos Aires. It’s strictly against the law. The ladies here are all on the streets”.

I then explained that my purpose here was to find a good woman, and go to some place where we could make a lot of money. He said “There’s no dough (money) here. The chaps that spend dont come out often enough. If you want a girl you wont have any trouble getting one. There are plenty who would jump at the chance to go”.

I said “Are many of the boys (pimps) digging out (going elsewhere)?”; he replied “No, just a few. But I heard that Buenos Aires is getting kinda rough now. Everybody is talking of Mexico and Havana,
Cuba. The trouble is our girls are like the American girls. They don't fit in with that kind of trade. It's no use having a girl in those places unless she ... (practices perversion).

I said “I hear there are plenty of girls here who are foot loose (without pimps)”. He replied “Sure there are. I know of three or four who want to dig out where there is dough, but they aint got the money”. I said “I suppose these girls are old-timers!”; he replied “They’re business girls (experimented prostitutes) of course”.

I said “Aren’t any of the boys (pimps) connected up with greenies?”; he said “No, they are too much f______ bother”. I said “It’s funny. All the girls in Buenos Aires have boys. I dont understand why it is so many here are without them”. He said “I tell you, here, a girl can hardly make enough to keep herself. Take mine for instance: If I didn’t run a game I’d fall flat. All the boys here have a side graft. You got to have it. Why, Christ, a gal pounds the pavement (walks the streets) all night and come back with only 30 bob (shillings)”. I said “Why do they remain here, then?” He said “Some beat it (go away). Others stay. It’s no use going if you aint got the goods. Here a boy (pimp) can always help himself. But if he goes broke in a strange country, what’s he going to do then?”

During these two days I spent a good part of my time in the Coffee Shop at 11 Dunnan Street. This place is open a good part of the night and is a rendezvous for prostitutes and pimps, also working men, such as chauffeurs, newsies, etc.

I met several English pimps and at least ten different prostitutes. The prostitutes were all over 21 years of age and from mannerisms and conversations they appeared to be Britishers.

In the company of Morris Benjamin I also visited several of the drinking clubs. These places are also frequented by so-called members who come here after hours when the saloons, hotels and restaurants have closed for the night. All of the prostitutes whom I saw in and about these places were apparently native born.

**London, England**

*Nov. 9-10, 1924*

While at the pimps’ hangout, Coffee Shop, in the company of Morris Benjamin, I was introduced to two other pimps, namely, Joekane and Al Stein, both of whom are being supported by prostitutes who solicit along the streets. The four of us indulged in a general conversation. Both admitted that their girls are English and that they had been prostitutes when they (the pimps) met them.

The boys still continued to insist that many of the prostitutes upon the streets of London are without pimps, and that no difficulty should be experienced in getting one to accompany me to a place where money can be made.

I said “I have travelled a bit and I dont run into many English boys or girls (prostitutes or pimps). Why is it?” Morris Benjamin replied “You find some here and there, but not so many. I dont
know why it is. The Americans are the same. They all stick pretty close to home. Take my brother for
instance; when he went to Buenos Aires everybody told him he was nuts (crazy). He had a girl here,
and she wouldn’t go with him. You know he went down there without a cent, got a good woman
(prostitute) and today he is a rich man and his wife don’t do anything. I have been piking along all
these years and can’t get enough dough (money) together to take a vacation. That’s where the mocks
(Russians and Poles) shine. They’ll always take a chance. I’ll tell you, they are the only kind of women
to have. They snap into it like the French girls do. The others are all too f—— lazy to work”.

I said “Are there many French boys (pimps) here? I heard in Paris that there are”. Morris
Benjamin said “Very few. They drift in, but don’t stay long”. “I showed you a few the other night.
They’ve been here for some time. A French boy always keeps his women working. If an English gal
thinks she’s got looks, she’ll pass up a dozen man who’d stake her to 10 shillings a piece, and wait
for the johns (customers) who’d give her a pound. That’s why they don’t make any dough here. You
know, even 10 shillings is a stiff price, after the john has to pay for the room and usually a taxicab to
the joint, the best of a pound is shot (spent) to pieces. If I saw a good chance and I could afford it, I’d
beat it out of here. I know my lady wouldn’t go. I was ready to go on several occasions, but backed
down. Even if I took a chance and went to Buenos Aires, I could land something good. Come ahead,
let’s look around and see if I can’t steer you up against a live one”.

In the company of Morris Benjamin and Joekane I visited three night clubs, and also spent
considerable time on the streets meeting prostitutes. One prostitute to whom I was introduced, gave me
her name as Fanny Levy; she stated she has been in London since 1918, and came here from Romania.
This girl is about 30 years of age and when Morris Benjamin asked her if she wanted to couple up with
a good boy and go to a country where money could be made, she fairly jumped at the proposition.

**London, England**

*Nov. 5-16, 1924*

**Summary**

During the survey made in London, England, it became evident that no open houses of prostitution
exist in the city. One and two prostitutes living in flats, and rooming houses, may however be
found residing in all sections of the city. These women solicit upon the streets and usually take their
customers to their rooms or to rooming houses which are used for assignation purposes.

A thorough canvass of all sections of the city was made; and while mingling with the prostitutes
it was noticed that more than 95 per cent. of all the prostitutes seen and spoken to were apparently
British subjects.

This question of nationality was further substantiated by the information which I received from
the various pimps whose acquaintance I made. It was also noted that most of these pimps are likewise
Britishers, and from the general conversations, had never journeyed from London.
The pimps I spoke to contended that their women scarcely make enough money upon the streets to support them, and that many of the prostitutes are without pimps. They also mentioned that there is very little migration of English prostitutes to foreign lands, and cited as a reason that the English prostitutes are unfit for the services required in the Latin-American and other countries.

Having come to London with certain introduction from foreign pimps, I had no difficulty in having explained, and in some instances demonstrated, the methods used by London’s underworld to get prostitutes. The pimps said that most of the women came to London from other cities on the island, and they (pimps) get them after the girls have entered the life of prostitution.

While loitering about in the pimps' rendezvous, Coffee Shop at 11 Dunnan Street, and also in Joe Ross's Hangout at #62 Tottenham Court Place, I was introduced to at least a dozen different English prostitutes. I was advised by the pimps that these women would gladly accompany me to any country I cared to take them to; but, I was also told that from all information that my pseudo friends had about conditions in foreign lands, that these women “would not fit”.

I also inquired as to why so few of the boys leave London and also why there are so few foreign prostitutes and pimps here. I was told that the English boys as a rule do not care to take a chance in a strange country, and that foreign prostitutes and pimps seldom came to London, because the only place where the prostitutes can operate is upon the streets, which yield a very small income. It was also stated that the few foreign pimps and prostitutes who do come, seldom remain here long on that account. I mentioned that I thought the difficulty in gaining admittance might have something to do with it. Their answers were “It is easy to get in and it is easy to get out”.

The night clubs were also visited. The prostitutes found in these places were also Britishers and like the prostitutes that solicit along the streets, appeared to range in age from 18 to 45 years.

London, England

Nov. 12-13, 1924

Indecent pictures

In the company of several pimps I visited ten rubber-goods stores in search of indecent material. All proprietors of such stores contended they do not deal in this sort of thing, because of the drastic action that has been taken against all persons caught doing that business.

Several street prostitutes were introduced to me by the boys, and two of them stated that they had pictures which had been sent to them from Paris by friends. The pictures were seen and apparently were very old prints that can be had very easily in Paris. The women who are in possession of these pictures do not make a practice of selling them, but merely have them for the same purpose that most other persons do who buy them.
Later in the day Bert Benjamin said “Say, there is a gal I want to have you meet. She supposed
to be a ______ (titled woman). I cant introduce you to her because I dont know her. One of the
boys knows her, but she dont like him. She'd be just your meat (victim). She's not young, but still
is a good locker. She has had plenty of dough (money) but now is being kept. If you offered a trip
anywhere, she'd go. Then afterward, you know, when you pull the 'we're broke' stuff, she'd bring in
the darby (money). She hangs out in all the classy joints (high-class resorts). All her friends are big
mochers (influential men). Besides, she's the kind that could split you in on the real inside stuff about
these pictures. She's been in the theatrical game and the bloke (man) who knows her, tells me that
she at one time had pictures for her friends. Besides, if she likes you, you are always sure of a piece
of mutton and a place to sleep”.

After spending several nights about the Picadilly Hotel and trying to cultivate the acquaintance
of this woman, I saw her leave the hotel at 12:30 A.M. I placed myself in position to be able to meet
her face to face. She passed me and after I had followed her for several blocks she said “Good evening.
What are you doing out so late?” I explained and after a rather lengthy conversation she said “I'm
lonesome! Come to my apartment and have a drink”.

I then accompanied her home and she explained to me that she is known as 1-C and that her
husband died several years ago and left her a fortune which was during the war. She then continued to
speak of men who are members of some of London’s best clubs and whom she stated are her friends.

The subject of travel abroad was next advanced. She described her travels in South Africa and
mentioned spending several months in the chateau of Bola Pasha. I finally stated that I had been
to France in search of some pictures, but couldn't get what I wanted. She said “Here it is doubly
difficult. In England one may possess that stuff, but to exhibit it or sell it, is a crime. It means a year
in jail if you are caught. The fact that you are an American should help you. Now, I'll tell you why:
All Scotland Yard men are English. There's a picture in England which is shown privately. It is known
as “The Goblin Queen”. It was brought here from France by the Duke of Westminster for him and
his friends. He was afraid it would come out (become public), so after paying £600 for it he got rid
of it. A friend of mine has it in his vault. He wants to sell it and get rid of it. I understand that he
wants £100 for it”.

I asked her if she had ever seen it; she replied “Why, most assuredly. It deals with perversion in all
degrees. One of those things that is made for rotten minds, like the Duke of Westminster and his cronies”.

I said “I certainly would like to get hold of it”; she said “I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll see my
friend. I'll call him tomorrow (she then searched for his card) and you keep in touch with me”. I said
“What business is he in?”; she replied “Here is his card. I have another. ‘Cinads’. I am sure he'll sell
it. If not to you, he will to me”. I said “Of course, you realize I am not going to buy a cat in a bag”;
she replied “Naturally, he'll give you a showing, and even after the showing you can look it over again
and see if it is the same”.

I said “You're not trying to put over the bootlegger’s game in the States, are you?”;…….”They
sell you liquor, and then after you buy it, the Revenue man take it away from you”. She said “Good
God, no! I wouldn’t even discuss with you were it not for the fact that you’re a foreigner. I am sure you are not a flick. That’s what the underworld calls detectives”.

I left her apartment and promised to get in touch with her on Friday or Saturday. She had written her name, address and telephone number on an envelope (See Exhibit) and gave it to me (1-CA). The card of the man said to be in possession of the film bears the name of Mr. A. Sydney (See Exhibit).

Liverpool, England

November 17, 1924

Traffic in women and children

A survey of Commercialized Prostitution and its relation to traffic in women and children was made in Liverpool, England.

It was found that Liverpool, although a city of 900,000 in population, has no houses of prostitution. The prostitution that exists here is centered in the saloons and upon the streets.

Usually after dark, and up until 10 P.M. when the bars close, a person can enter almost any of the bar rooms in the center of the city, and gradually make the acquaintance of a prostitute. The prostitutes that may be found in the bar room and upon the streets, solicit in a semi-open manner, and take their customers to their own homes, rooming houses, and in some instances, small hotels.

During this investigation I interviewed taxicab chauffeurs, bellboys at hotels, casual acquaintances along the streets, and also at least 25 different prostitutes. Each section of the city was gone into, and from all sides I was told that the “ale molls” in the pubs (bars) and upon the streets, constitute Liverpool’s prostitution situation.

The prostitutes whom I had the opportunity of meeting were all Britishers, and from my conversation with them, I learned that most of the women who practice prostitution in Liverpool are of the type that adopt this means in order to help support themselves. Many are married women, and some work during the day. It was also noticed that the prostitutes in Liverpool differ decidedly from those found in other parts of Europe. The prostitutes here are not truly commercial. They are extremely content with having men buy drinks for them, and will insist more upon having their male companions purchase “just one more” for them, rather than suggesting accompanying them to their homes or elsewhere.

Upon inquiring among the women concerning pimps, it immediately became quite evident that but few of them have pimps, as these women scarcely make enough to support themselves.

In addition to the prostitutes, they were a number of young charity girls found frequenting the bar room and walking about the streets at night. Many of them also frequent the Edinburgh Cafe and their acquaintance may be cultivated there through dancing.
Of all the women I saw or met, none was of foreign birth, and they ranged in age from 18 to 50 years.

In the following places the prostitutes are most apt to be found: London Wine House, American Bar, Leeland’s Bar, Creedon’s Bar, Christensen Bar, Yates Bar, Higson’s Bar Wilson’s Bar, Wine House, Royal Court Hotel, Ree Buck Hotel, Vine Hotel, Burt’s (?) Bar, Rigby’s Bar, S. T. B. Bar and Old Royal Bar.

The Hague, The Netherlands
November 22, 1924

Traffic in women and children

Shortly after my arrival in The Hague, I went to the railroad station where I cultivated the acquaintance of one of the public porters who spoke English. This porter explained to me that the little commercialized prostitution that exists in The Hague is privately conducted, and he volunteered to take me about and show me the various places, after work.

In the meantime I interviewed taxicab chauffeurs, porters in the hotels, and all other persons likely to know. All likewise informed me that there is no segregated district in The Hague, and that the prostitution that does exist here may be found centered in cheap hotels, beer saloons, cabarets, and about the streets.

Later in the day I again met the railway porter and accompanied him to seven combination hotels-saloons,—in reality nothing more than clandestine houses of prostitution.

In each place the girls appear in the drinking rooms in street dress and act as barmaids. After serving the men present these prostitutes usually ask permission to be allowed to take a seat at the table, and upon doing so request a drink. The prostitutes are never satisfied with ordering drinks, but insist on liquors, etc., for which from two or three florins ($0.80 to $1.20) are charged. After the acquaintance of prospective customers is cultivated in this manner, the prostitutes then suggest sexual intercourse or perversion at prices ranging from five to ten florins ($2 to $4).

In each place visited I noted that the prostitutes ranged in age from 25 to 35 years, and appeared to be native born.

I told my acquaintance after visiting several places that I preferred girls of foreign birth, such as Belgians, French, Germans, etc., and asked if I could not be taken to places where they have girls of this type. He replied that he “has knocked about The Hague” for many years, and except during the War when there were many Belgians and French refugees, he had never known of any foreign prostitutes. He said

“After the war the few we had left and I haven’t seen any since. I like my f—— too, and being down at the railroad station where all come in, I’d see them, or hear about it from the other boys”.
While in a place known as the Cafe Kromeit at #43 Raanstraat, (See Exhibit in madame’s own handwriting) I cultivated the acquaintance of the madame. This woman spoke English fluently and when I was alone with her I represented myself as a boy (pimp) who just arrived in town with a prostitute, and mentioned that I am seeking an opening for my woman. The madame said:

“I am a Hollander, but I learned to talk English in Rotterdam in a place where the English ship boys came in. Is your girl an English girl or an American?”; I replied “American”; she said “She’d have a hard time here. All the men we get speak Dutch. The girls are Dutch girls too, and you see how hard it is. She won’t even be able to talk to the girls she works with”. I said “I don’t care about that. The money she’ll make will talk any language”. She said “Yes, but there is not much money here. Why, the girls have to have regular customers, otherwise they don’t make their room and board. Take my place, for instance: I got three girls. I couldn’t take another girl because there ain’t enough business to go around. I give my girls half of the drink money, and they give me half of their man money. It ain’t here like in Paris where you can have regular houses. We got to do our business underhanded”.

I said “Do the police bother you at all?”, she replied “No, as long as we are quiet. You know what I mean. The police know all the girls. If they found your girl they’d take her to the frontier. They don’t allow any girls but Dutch girls here”.

I said “I thought there were girls of all nationalities here”. She said “I don’t know of any and I know everybody in the business here”.

During the evening I visited the cabarets and music halls, such places as the Eden Cabaret, The House of Lords, American Bar, Atlantic Bar, Hollandais, and several places of lesser importance, such as the Fledermann’s, Victoria Hotel and side-street drinking rooms. In all of these places I saw women who appeared to be prostitutes, and I made the acquaintance of at least 10 of them. In these places the women accost men very clandestinely in most cases, waiting for the man to make the first advances. All whom I saw or spoke to were apparently, and also admittedly, natives.

On Wagenstraat I also visited several restaurants where foreigners congregate. All persons present appeared to be respectable, and from all information I received, there are no foreign pimps in The Hague.

In conclusion I may state I was unable to find any indication of traffic in women and children to or from The Hague.

Rotterdam, The Netherlands
November 23-24, 1924

Traffic in women and children
When I arrived in Rotterdam, Holland, I summoned a taxicab chauffeur and requested that he take me to the segregated district. I was taken to a narrow one-way street not far from the Central Railroad, and known as Shiestraat, Rotterdam, upon which may be found the majority of Rotterdam’s open houses of
prostitution. These houses are numbered from 1-A, 1-B, 1-C alternately to number 15-A, 15-B, 15-C, and comprising in all about 30 houses of prostitution.

From information from the madams, housekeepers and inmates, it was learned that this locality is not officially regarded as a segregated district, but that since most of the prostitutes located there, it is generally spoken of as “Rotterdam’s Red-light center”.

The resorts are operated as rooming houses in which nothing but prostitutes reside. The housekeepers or madames permit the prostitutes to sit in the windows and accost all passersby. Each house harbors from three to five inmates. These inmates appear in street clothes, but do not assemble in the parlor. Each prostitute solicits from the window of her own room, and immediately takes her trade into her bedroom. The housekeepers receive a weekly board and room fee from the girls, and also from one to two florins from each man who enters the girls’ rooms, whether they make use of the room or not. Intoxicating liquors are also sold, the entire proceeds of which go to the housekeepers.

I made a house-to-house canvas of these places, and noted that all of the prostitutes whom I met averaged at least 30 years of age and, with the exception of two, all were natives of Holland.

The two whom I met that were not Hollanders, were located in a house, Shiestraat, and both claimed to be Spanish women. Upon questioning these two, I learned that they have been in Rotterdam for the past six years and they admitted being married to Dutch seamen.

I was told also that the houses are in no way regulated, and that the prostitutes are not requested to submit to venereal-disease examinations, although each woman does this for “safety’s sake”.

The trade that visits these houses consists mainly of the laboring element and seamen. The women are regarded as the worst prostitutes in Rotterdam, and are also reputed to rob there victims.

While in conversation with one of the madames, I was told that the prostitutes here scarcely make enough to live on, and that were it not for the arrival of the steamers they would “starve to death”.

In addition to the houses located in this quarter, other places where prostitution is practiced may be found scattered throughout the city.

The better class, or rather higher-priced prostitutes, frequent the public bars. Many of these public bars are nothing but houses of prostitution, inasmuch as the girls’ line in hotels connected with the barrooms and take their customers to the rooms in the hotel.

I visited about 20 such places and noted that all the prostitutes whom I met were Hollanders and above the age of 25 years.

At New American Bar I met two chaps who spoke English. I related to them how for the past two days I had been “doing” Rotterdam, but was unable to find a prostitute worthwhile. They stated that there are plenty of good-looking girls in the bars along this street and adjoining streets and all three of us then went to some of these places. In this way I was able to meet the proprietors of the places, and with
my companions’ aid could ask questions. In each place that we visited I was told that the prostitutes connected with the premises averaged from three to four per place, and that all of the girls are local. The girls retain all of their earnings, but receive a share of the money which their friends spend for drinks. In addition, the proprietors receive from two to four florins each time a bedroom is used.

I also questioned them concerning the police, and was told that the places where girls operate are never interfered with.

During my stay here I also observed conditions on the streets, in hotels, and all other places where prostitution manifests itself. Along the main thoroughfares, such as Coolsingelstraat and adjoining streets, prostitutes may be seen accosting men clandestinely. All the women I met were well-matured Hollanders.

After making a thorough cross-sectional survey of Commercialized Prostitution and its relation to Traffic in Women and Children in Rotterdam, I am convinced that there is no evidence of any such traffic existing here.

Following are listed the more notorious of Rotterdam’s disorderly saloons and hotels: New American Bar, Centum Hotel, Kroon Hotel, 12B-Hang, Nation, Centram, Sport and Nico.

**Amsterdam, the Netherlands**

*November 25-26, 1924*

**Traffic in women and children**

While in Amsterdam, Holland, I inquired among various taxicab chauffeurs concerning commercialized prostitution in the city. I finally met a chap who spoke very good English. He explained to me that prostitution is scattered throughout the city, and then he volunteered to take me to resorts of various prices which, he stated, are located mainly in the poor residential districts.

I accompanied him to the location and upon dismissing him, I entered a resort, 195 Ruysdaelkade (See Card as exhibit). The madame, Mrs. C. C. Hoogsberg, admitted me and I explained to her that a friend in The Hague who operates the Casino Bar there, recommended me to her, and also mentioned that I am seeking a place for “my girl” to work. She immediately seemed to understand my mission and she said “I keep here three girls, but at night sometimes I have as many as ten or twelve. The three I regularly keep here live here. If your girl wants to come here and sit I will be glad to take her in”.

I said “That sounds good, but how do you work the girls?”; she replied “Here in Holland everything is controlled by the police. This house and all the others are supposed to be only rooming houses. The girls, therefore, pay me room and board, and each man they stay with must pay for the room. The drinks the girls sell, she gets one-third of the money. But tell me, is your girl a Hollander?”. I replied “No, she is an American”. She promptly said “I cannot do anything for you then. You see, here we cannot have any girls but Dutch girls. The law does not allow it”. I said “Nobody will know the difference”. She replied “Oh yes, they would! You see, each business girl (prostitute) must register
at the Bureau. She must have her birth certificate which shows she is over age, and that she was born in Holland. If they find a girl under age or who is a foreigner in my house, I can get into great trouble, and the girl they would send her out of the country”. I said “All right, but who will know? They dont come around to look, do they?”

She answered “Yes, sure; and, besides, each girl has to be examined twice a week. Just as soon as they think a girl is not Dutch they look it up. All the girls have cards at the Bureau”.

I said “I cant see that at all. There’re plenty of girls of all nationalities on the streets and in the bars”. She said “Maybe but they get caught all the time, get fined and sent away from Holland. If a girl is a Dutch girl and she is not registered, they take her in and put her name in the Bureau. It’s always better for the girl too. She can go about the city any place and nobody can touch her”.

I said “Do the girls have to live out here?” (out of this locality). She answered “No, any place they want to. Any place where they can get a place. The reason why you see so many around here is because this section is cheap and the landlords let the girls sit in the windows”.

I said “Do you mean to say that all the business girls in this neighborhood are Dutch?”; she replied “I know they are! The girls who run the places wouldn’t have anything else. You go yourself and see. Maybe somebody will take your girl. I wouldn’t”.

After conversing with three girls present, all of whom were Dutch girls, I left the house, but returned again in the evening. The madame had eight more girls in the house and all were likewise Hollanders.

I then concentrated upon the other houses of prostitution in this vicinity. I found that the resorts are located in what would correspond to New York tenement houses. Prostitutes usually occupy the ground floor flats, and can be seen throughout the day and night seated behind curtains in the windows, attracting the attention of passersby by knocking upon the panes and beckoning for the persons to enter.

The majority of the resorts where this procedure takes place are located in that section of the city from Ruysdaelkade to Dusartstraat, between Centumboamstraat and Van Olstadatastraat.

I visited 23 such places and noted that each house averaged three girls. I used Mrs. C. C. Hoogsberg’s name to good advantage by claiming to be her friend. In making my overtures to the operators of the resorts, I received the same reply as I did from Mrs. C. C. Hoogsberg when I admitted that “my girl” is not a Hollander.

In a house upon the ground floor of 197 Ruysdaelkade I made the acquaintance of a prostitute who appeared to be an Italian; this girl spoke Dutch fluently, but admitted that both her parents are Italians who had migrated from Italy to this city where, she stated, she was born. She gave her name as Mary and admitted that she is not registered and is but 17 years of age. I called this to the attention of the madame who said “Mary just comes here now and then. She hustles uptown and brings her men in here. That’s what I say your girl can do. Anytime she wants a room, I’ll give her one. But I
would not keep her here. That’s the way all foreign girls do. You will find quite a few on the streets; but, of course, they take a chance”.

Between the hours of 9 and 12 I observed conditions on the streets and also in and about the public bars and cabarets. The women that I came in contact with were mainly natives. Some had the appearance of being foreigners, but when spoken to admitted that they had been naturalized through marriage to Holland subjects. All whom I met were far above the age limit.

**Amsterdam, the Netherlands**

*November 27, 1924*

The greater portion of this day was spent visiting houses of prostitution which are located near the railroad station and along the waterfront. In this locality the cheapest resorts are to be found. The quarters in which these women reside are in a dilapidated and unsanitary condition, and are frequented mainly by seamen.

There were, I should judge, approximately 50 houses in this quarter. I personally visited 31 places, located on Niewburgstraat from Prinz Hendrij Kade to Lint Olafsteeg, and on Onderzijds Achlerburgval from Viedenburgeristeeg to Oude Doelinstraat.

The women harbored here may be seen accosting men from the windows and doorways of these houses, cigar stores, and public bar rooms.

I noted that each place averaged from three to four inmates, and although they were seen to solicit in full view of police officers present, nothing was done to prevent them.

In each place visited I spoke to all of the inmates. Some appeared to be foreigners, but upon being questioned, convinced me that they are natives.

Wherever I discussed the subject of taking in a foreign girl I was told that it could not be done. All persons to whom I spoke quoted the law to me and mentioned that the exclusion of foreigners makes “better business” for the local girls.

In a house, 10 Niewburgstraat, a man named Hans Gelder, who admitted to me that his woman owns the house, said “Business is bad enough here now. If we let in anybody there would be more French women here than any. I have been all over the world. Wherever a dollar can be made, the French go. Our money here is good; it aint like the franc. They'd come here so that our girls wouldn't have a chance. No girl can make money like the French”.

I said “Do you mean to say that there are no foreign girls working in this town?”; he replied “They work the streets, but there they cant make much. If I were in your place I'd put my girl on the streets. She speaks English, you say. Well, she could always land a good fish. Every day plenty of Americans and English come to Amsterdam. She could go in the cabarets and bars and make good”.
I said “You said business is bad here. Don’t any of the girls and boys (pimps) leave?”; he replied “No, they don’t go away for business. When I travelled I was on a boat and I never saw any of them around the world. They’re always satisfied to stay home”.

I then accompanied him to the various houses where I was introduced to the madames and inmates.

During the night I visited the cabarets and public bars which are located in the center of the city. In each place I found prostitutes. After requesting that male patrons purchase drinks for them, the women then urge that the man accompany them home for immoral purposes. All of the women whom I met were Hollanders.

I also visited a number of the small hotels in the center of the city. In each place I was offered a prostitute.

The following barrooms and cabarets were visited. These places are considered as resorts where men go when they want to meet a prostitute: Trocadero, Tavern, Di Binige Lamp, Eureka, City Bar, Tavern Bar, Bio Bar, Olympia Bar, Bumsum Barr, Carlton, American Bar, Onevtal Bar, Gaston’s Cabaret, Palace Cabaret, Willy’s Cabaret, Boccaccio’s Cabaret, Berend Bar, Mille Collone’s Cabaret, Shiller’s Hotel, Rembrand’s Hotel, Regulier’s Hotel.

There is no doubt but that the city of Amsterdam has more than its share of commercialized prostitution. The city is fairly dotted with open and clandestine resorts. In most of the barrooms prostitutes can be found, and at night the main thoroughfares, such as Amstel, Kalverstraat, Rakin Danmak, and adjoining streets, have a large number of street-walkers accosting men. However, of all the prostitutes seen and spoken to, none were of foreign birth; and the majority of the women ranged in age from 25 to 40 years.

Antwerp, Belgium
November 28-29, 1924

Traffic in women and children

While at the Terminus Hotel in Antwerp I met Abie Schleser, a Buenos Aires pimp who had been introduced to me by Schloymer in Paris last month (See Paris reports). Abie Schleser stated that he is sailing for Buenos Aires in a short time, and admitted that he is in Antwerp to get some diamonds to smuggle into the Argentine. I asked him if he had succeeded in getting hold of any girls to take back to Buenos Aires. He said:

“I was up to see Chaim Leiser in Warsaw and there were two (girls) there whom I paid the fare back for. They’ll pay me the money when I get back”. I said “Are the girls nice and young?”; he replied “Good stuff for Buenos Aires. They’re business girls (prostitutes). One I think is 20, the other about 25. In Buenos Aires they will be able to make a few dollars. In Warsaw they were starving to death. One of them has a sister in Buenos Aires now. That will make it nice for her”.

Antwerp, Belgium
November 28-29, 1924
I said “Do you think that they will have any trouble in landing? I heard things are getting tight there”. He answered: “No, they’ll get in all right. Motche Goldberg knows they are coming. You know, he attends to all that”. I said “I have been hitting around here, but can’t seem to land anything”. He said “Here I am not very well known. They all know me as a diamond merchant. I do know one fellow who runs a joint down near the docks. He is a Belgium pimp. He used to be on a ship. I want to see him anyhow. Suppose we go down. His place is one of them bar rooms that they have here. I think he has two girls. Maybe he knows of something”.

I then accompanied Abie Schleser to a barroom, the New York Bar at #1 rue du Saucier. The proprietor, a burly Belgian who speaks excellent English, welcomed us. After discussing various topics, we finally touched upon the procuring question. He said “There are plenty of girls who are in this town that would be glad to go where there is real money, but they all have comrades (pimps) and it’s pretty hard to get them loose”.

I said “That is the same story I hear wherever I go”. He said “Sure, but you should have no trouble. I have been around the globe and I could always find myself a girl. I even had one in New York, Cairo; yes, and in Australia, too. There’s a nice little English girl who works here at night. Why don’t you come around and talk to her? Maybe she wants to take a trip. I think she has a Belge sweetie”. I said “I suppose she is an old-timer in this game?” He replied “That’s all you will find around here. I had two American girls working here last month. They went back to America”.

I said “How did you land them?”, he said “They did not belong to me. I meant I had or rather let them work in the place. They just blew in the same as the rest do”. I said “How did an American girl ever pick this town out?”, he replied “I heard they were show girls. They went broke and needed a dollar before they got a sailing”. I said “How old were they?”, he answered “About 25 years old. They could have made nice money if they were allowed to stick”. I said “What do you mean allowed to stick?”, he said “Whores in Belgium are all controlled. No girl can do business here unless she is a Belgian. Whenever they find a girl who is a foreigner in a public house or on the street, she gets a book. That means that she can stay in Belgium for six weeks and work in a joint. After the time is up she has to leave the country, and while she is doing business, she has to go twice a week for an examination. Every time she fails to show up she gets a fine of 50 francs, the same as the Belgian girls do”.

I said “At that rate there cannot be many foreign girls here”. He replied “There are quite a few, but you won’t see them in the whore houses. They are on the streets and in the cabarets and barrooms”. I said “Are the cops very strict on them?”, he said “No, just in the public houses. The others they don’t bother much. When the girls get too raw, then they pick up some of them”.

I said “Why are they strict on the houses, then?”, he replied “The houses are licensed, and the owners get fined for having foreign girls or girls without books. The owners see that the girls are all within the law”.

I said “How could they tell that a French girl is not a Belgian? for instance”. He replied “Her card of identité shows that. To get that card you must have either a passport or a birth certificate. If the gal has a foreign passport she gets a conditional book and must clear out within six weeks”.

I then said “I dont remember seeing many Belgian girls in Buenos Aires when I was there. Do you, Abie Schleser?”; he said “There’s plenty. But they always say they’re French”.

The saloon-keeper said “I know they always start out for there”. I said “Are there many leaving?”; he replied “Any boy (pimp) who has enough dough to get away from here goes. Take a look at the old grandmothers they have in the joints! They’re here because they aint worth while”. I said “That’s just it! I want something young, about 18. You know, Abie Schleser, the old tomatoes (hardened prostitutes) dont get a look in in Buenos Aires”. He agreed and our mutual friend (saloon-keeper) said “There are a few young ones in the joints down the street. If they aint young, they look young, and that answers the purpose. I know everybody around here. If there is anything I can do I’ll be glad to help you out”.

Later in the day we visited all the houses on Rue l’Ecluse. These places are numbered from 1 to 25 alternately and from 2 to 24, making in all exactly 25 public houses of prostitution. Each house averages ten inmates and it is admitted that the one known as Crystal Palace often has as many as 25 girls.

The resorts are operated in true parlor-house style. The inmates appear in negligee, suggest circuses, and request that drinks be bought for them.

The trade consists of members of the crews of the steamers in port and persons of all races and color are admitted.

In the Crystal Palace I saw four girls who appeared quite young. Upon questioning them I became assured that they are over 21 years of age.

Each house is said to be owned by men, but in charge of two housekeepers. One sits in the doorway and solicits, while the other attends to the business on the inside of the house.

After returning to the saloon-keeper I told him I saw several girls who looked good. He said “I’ll inquire around and maybe I can fix you up with one who aint got a man”. I said “How the hell do these fellows grab off all these janes and I cant land one myself?”; he said “You dont stick long enough in one place. When you get acquainted you blow (Go away). The boys are Belgians, so are the gals. They meet and then go in business together. Just the same as you would if you ran into a jane in the States”.

After making a thorough canvas of all public houses on Royal’s Tea Cabaret, and the crib-like resorts on the adjoining streets, such as Fossi du Bourg, rue du Saucier, rue des Crabes, and Pont du Anguilles, I am confident that all inmates seen were Belgians and well over 21 years of age.

I then concentrated upon the streets, barrooms, and cabarets. In the barrooms along Quai Jourdais I found mainly Belgian prostitutes, whereas in the better-class places along Meer, rue du Pelican, and many of the streets surrounding the station, I encountered innumerable foreign girls. The French girls seemed to predominate. There were but two English girls, and six who claimed to be Hollanders.

These uncontrolled prostitutes, as they are called, all admitted their nationalities and likewise that they are not enrolled with the police.
All the prostitutes whom I met were at least 25 years of age and from general appearances are barely making a living.

During the early evenings I spent considerable time in New York Bar where the proprietor introduced me to several Belgian pimps. Two who became most friendly gave me theirs names as Jean Toebosch and Georg. Both admitted having prostitutes in houses on Crystal Palace. They also stated that many of their friends had taken prostitutes to South America, and also to the Belgian Congo. They likewise agreed that very little money can be made in Belgium, and that each boy (pimp) who can afford it “always gets away”.

There is no doubt but that whatever traffic in women and children that does exist here is in the form of an exodus from Belgium.

Brussels, Belgium

Nov. 30-Dec. 1, 1924

Traffic in women and children

Upon arriving in Brussels, Belgium, I visited what is known as Brussels Red-light District. The houses of prostitution are located on 32 rue Blondell, are all licensed resorts, and are said to be the main district. The entire right side of the street has nothing but brothels, and is reputed to harbor the best and highest-priced women.

After visiting these places I was taken to other resorts that are scattered about the city. The small side streets adjacent and parallel to the main thoroughfares such as Boulevard Adolphe Max and rue Neuve, likewise have innumerable houses of prostitution. In some the housekeepers accost men from the doorways, whereas in others the distinctive markings of the places make the resorts easily detectable.

Along with the licensed houses, one encounters small hotels, mainly in the streets adjoining the Gare du Nord. These hotels are nothing more than clandestine houses of prostitution. Some of these hotels have adjoining bar rooms known as taverns. In these places from three to five prostitutes nightly congregate and openly accost all men who enter. After encouraging the purchase of drinks, the prostitutes suggest sexual intercourse. The patrons or owners of these hotels charge from six to 15 francs for the use of the rooms and the prostitutes ask from 20 to 40 francs for their services.

A reasonable cross-sectional survey of the city was made and it was found that Brussels is fairly honeycombed with places in which commercialized prostitution is practiced.

In the licensed houses the inmates are all perverts. They assemble, entirely in the nude, in the receiving parlors, and use every method at their command to stimulate the sex impulses of prospective customers.

During these two days I visited 35 houses which were said to be licensed. Some of the places had placards conspicuously displayed, upon which all Regulations were printed. Others did not have the Regulations in sight.
I was informed that all of the houses are owned by men, but managed by madames and housekeepers. According to the Regulations, as they were explained to me, all prostitutes must be over 21 years of age and must be Belgian subjects. All inmates are likewise required to submit twice a week for a venereal-disease examination, and when found diseased, are kept in an isolation hospital until cured. Failure upon the part of the inmates to appear for examination invokes the payment of a fine of 50 francs.

In the 35 licensed houses visited, which constituted resorts from the cheapest to the most expensive, I did not meet a girl under 21 years of age. Many of the inmates did, however, admit being French subjects. When the madames and the inmates were questioned concerning the presence of foreign girls, I was told that all are married to Belgian men.

I then advanced the subject of placing an American girl in the house. I was told that “my girl would come in and sit for company, but could not permanently reside on the premises”. The madames gave as their reason that the police always conduct their inspections during the day, and at that time only the inmates who reside on the premises are present.

After concluding my survey of the houses said to be licensed, I visited the clandestine resorts. All of these places are operated as cheap hotels, rooming houses, and taverns or bar rooms. There is no doubt but that the clandestine places are three times more numerous than the licensed houses. The operators were very eager to secure inmates of any nationality, and frankly admitted that a foreign prostitute could operate in places of this type for years without detection. As further proof of their statements, I was introduced to a number of girls who claimed to be French and Holland subjects.

In the Taverne Canada on rue de Francis the patron said “the police are only strict on the registered girls. Sometimes they pick up a girl who is not registered and who may be a French or another kind of girl. But it is only when trouble is started by a fight or something else”……“The girls in the licensed places must be Belgians. The police keep their names in a book, but girls in the hotels and bar rooms are not usually registered”.

In my survey of the clandestine places where prostitution is practiced, I visited approximately 40 hotels, taverns and also some cabarets. I spoke to at least 20 prostitutes who admitted being French, and 7 who claimed to be Hollanders.

I also noted that there is considerable street soliciting. The prostitutes frequent such streets as Boulevard Adolphe Max, rue Neuve, Place des Martyrs, and rue d’Argent from Place des Martyrs to Rue Fossé aux Loups.

All prostitutes seen upon the streets were at least 25 years of age and out of 10 spoken to, 5 claimed to be French.

All the prostitutes whom I met in Brussels admitted that is very difficult to make much money here. They stated that the “trade” will not pay more than 20 francs ($1) and that a girl cannot get more than three men a day. As a result each prostitute, when she speaks to a man who then refuses to accompany her, begs a few francs for “luck money” as they call it. After reciting to me the conditions under which my woman and I would have to operate here, I was advised to go where money could be made, as long as I had sufficient funds to take me out of Belgium. Naturally I then inquired as to
what places those who had enough money usually went. South America, Mexico and Havana were mentioned as the three leading places where the Belgians pimps are taking their women.

A Belgian pimp, Yankel Goldstein, whose acquaintance I made at 46, rue St Laurent where his prostitute, Suzie, is an inmate, told me that he intends to take his woman to Mexico as soon as she makes enough money.

After I had confided in him how I met my women and brought her with me, he stated that Suzie is just 21 years old, and that he met her after the war in Liege where she was employed in a butter-and-egg store. He brought her to Brussels less than a year ago and since then she has been in this house. He gave me his name as Yankel Goldstein.

Paris, France
Dec. 3-4, 1924

Traffic in women and children

Upon my return to Paris I visited the pimps at their hangouts, Joe Ross and Polish Restaurant on Rue du Roi de Sicile, 40. I explained the success I had met with on my recent trip to London, and very naturally was informed by them that everything had turned out as they (the pimps) had anticipated. I further mentioned that my girl intends to join me in Paris shortly after Christmas, and from here she and I would go to Egypt.

Schloymer said “I know women! They always like the first man best”. They then inquired as to our financial status and Schloymer said “Everything in my case will be settled in three weeks. After that I wont stop here two days. My girl dont want to go, but I’ll take her. Me for Buenos Aires!”.

I said “I heard that Buenos Aires is not good these days”. He replied “Just today I received a letter. Everything is all blown over. They tell me to pack up and come. Tomorrow I will let you see the letter I got. Take my advice and come to Buenos Aires with us. Egypt is good, but, remember it is only a seasonal place. Buenos Aires is good all year”. I said “I’d have to be very sure before I left here”. He said “Did I ever tell you anything that was not right?”

Aron Kaplan said “Schloymer’s right, but I couldn’t go there. It’s too far away, and the girls I got now would figure I had another girl if I went to far away”. I said “Since I was away did any boys (pimps) come in from South America besides Abie Schleser?” Schloymer said “There’s been at least 12 boys. They all went back. Even Abie Schleser left. He sent two girls back before him”. I said “Yes, I know; I met him in Antwerp” (See Antwerp report). I said “I suppose Chaim Leiser is making a lot of money”. He replied “The poor fellow needs it! He’s a sick man! I guess he picked up a few dollars from the boys. I haven’t been writing to him because I can’t afford to send him anything”.

I then said “I was thinking about investing some money here. There are plenty of good fish that come to Paris”. He answered “Aha! I should say so! But, my friends, it takes a million francs to open a house here”. I said “That’s a lot of money! Any man who has a million dont need to bother with our
game”. He said “Remember, an investment like that brings in 500 per cent! What’s the use talking? First, you haven’t got the money; secondly, if you had it, you couldn’t get a house!” I said “Why not?”; he replied “You have to be French”. I said “How do all the boys around here get by, then?”; he replied “A hotel, or a rooming house, you could open; but not a regular joint like the places we were in”. I said “Is it a fact that all the licensed houses are run by Frenchmen?”; he replied “Absolutely! Nobody else has a chance! Besides, it’s a dirty game here. You always have to have your hand in your pockets (Pay out money)”. I said “How can that be? I should imagine that after you pay the licence, you’re finished”. He replied “Then it just begins, is what you mean! They have so many regulations that if a person kept them all, the profits would go. So, therefore, this one has to be seen (Paid graft money) and that one has to be seen. What’s the use talking? You know the business”.

I said “I have a chance of going in on a new joint with a Frenchman I met, and I would want to be sure of my ground before I got in too deep”. I further explained that the person with whom I had been contemplating entering the business, had been met through my girl in London. Schloymer said “That kind of a place in Paris is bigger business than I ever was in. Who is the boy? Maybe I know him. If I do, I can give you advice as to whether he is trying to give you a ______ or not” (Obscene term, swindle). I gave Schloymer the name of this imaginary person; he said “No, ish ken nisht (I dont know him). He then inquired among a group and all answered negatively. Schloymer then said “You better find out more about him before you let him see the color of your money”. I said “That’s why I came to you”. He said “I’ll tell you what we’ll do: I know a French boy (pimp). He speaks pretty good English. He has a house around here. Suppose we see him and get this fellow’s number (man’s intentions). If he is anybody at all, this fellow will know him”. I agreed that it would be a good idea. It was then decided that I would meet Schloymer tonight and that we would try to learn more from his friend.

At 9:15 P.M. I met Schloymer; he said “I got in touch with Jules. Let’s go over to his joint. He said he would wait for us”. We then went to Rue du Pelican where we inquired for Jules; we were told that he was in a saloon on the corner. After Schloymer located him I was introduced to Jules in the regular pimp way of introducing. We sat and conversed for some time; finally Schloymer advanced the real object of our visit, Schloymer volunteering all the information I had given him, and after I had been asked to repeat the man’s name, Jules said “No, I dont know him. Does he hang out with the crowd around Le Rat Mort” I said “No, I met him in London”.

Our conversation gradually progressed and Jules explained the conditions under which the business of prostitution is carried on in Paris. He said “Unless a man has a lot of money you cant open a house here. A place in a cheap neighborhood costs at least a million francs. The big houses like Crystal Palace and House of All Nations cost between five and ten million francs. So, you see, it takes usually more than one man to open a house”. I said “I suppose that by that you mean each house has more than one owner?”; he replied “I mean that it is always a partnership. Because it takes so much money”.

Schloymer said “Sure, take Madame Yvonne’s place: Two boys (pimps) own it”; Jules said “Yes, and Crystal Palace has four partners. But, take my advice: This fellow is trying to put you in a hole. He aint anybody! If he was, I’d know him! To get a new house you must have plenty of friends (influence) and it costs big money to get a license. What kind of house was he talking about?”; I said
“A regular house,—what kind of a house? What do you mean?”; he said “Well, it could be a house like mine, or a maison de rendezvous”. I said “What’s the difference?”; he answered “There’s a big difference! My place is a regular house. The girls all live in the place. In a maison de rendezvous, the girls only come there and do business. Just come there to work”. He then continued and in substance said:

“In a place where the girls live, the owner can sell the place and turn over the license to the new owner. But in a maison de rendezvous you cannot sell the place. If you do sell it, the buyer is not entitled to run the place. Nobody but a French woman can get a license. The Regulations dont allow the house to be in a man’s name. You see, if your friend hadn’t got a woman to manage the place in whose name the house is to be run, you could not open up at all. The Regulations are very very bothersome. First of all, you got to get a location. It must be on a street that is away from the main streets. You know, one of those narrow streets where there are not many people living, and where few persons pass. The house has to be built so that the neighbors cannot see in. The walls must be soundproof. And a whole lot of other bunk (useless requirements!) that cost money. I am telling you it is no easy thing; is it not like opening any old place. Even after you do everything to get it passed by the Bureaus, you have to give up money”.

I said “It’s funny! If you pay for the license, then you have to give up money just the same?”; Schloymer said “Dont be a knor (fool)! You asked me the same questions. You know that in our business no matter what goes on, you have to give up (pay for). There aint no cop who is going to see a place make a lot of sugar (money) and not put his hand out (Seek a share of it) “.

Jules continued “Of course not! There’s so many things in the Regulations that they (authorities) can always find something wrong. If they cant pick here, they pick there! I have had them come around and swear that a man complained of being robbed! Anything to get the francs!” I said “Who gets it?”; he replied “What’s the difference? To get started you have to pay! When you get the license, you have to pay! I am telling you, it’s no easy thing! Why, do you know you have to be sure that all your girls are registered and that they get examined? You aint supposed to take any part of their money. All you get is the money for the rooms and the drinks”. I said “I understood it was a 50-50 split”. He said “It is, but you aint supposed to get it! Take, for instance, a girl gets nasty and says you take her money! If you dont stand in (i.e., not on good terms with the authorities), you could be put out of business. Take the exhibitions in the houses: They have to be paid for! Selling pictures, all those things! Let me tell you something: You come to me as Schloymer’s friend. I am only explaining this to you so you know what you’re going up against. If you want to bring the man around I’ll talk to him. Naturally you cant tell if he has a gold brick (swindle or trick) up his sleeve. Give me five minutes with him and I’ll tell you where you stand”. I said “I’ll do that. But, now, I know a lot of things I didn’t know before”.

Jules then suggested that we go and have something to drink at Le Rat Mort; he said “You see, I cant hang out around the place. Usually I am in the Rat Mort with the boys”.

At the Le Rat Mort we sat and talked; Schloymer said “I tell him he is a sucker to invest a cent here. He has a girl who has a million dollars’ worth of yentzs (sexual intercourses) in her yet. And because she wants to run a place, you are a fool to listen to her! She landed a good fish (customer) in Buenos Aires. In Paris there are better fish! for a girl like that; yes, better and more of them! And you dont have to spend a dollar either!”. I said “I guess you are right”. Jules said “When she comes
to Paris, bring her out here. Come over to a place with me and I'll show you girls that land suckers for as much as 500 Francs a night”.

We then went to the Bal Tabarin where there were a number of expansively-dressed prostitutes seated about the place; in addition to the dancers, who are also prostitutes, I was told. He said “Here is where your Americans and English come. On a good night she can make plenty. There's the Moulin Rouge too. Any of the big places. She don't have to work the streets if she is the right kind”. I said “I know, but suppose she gets picked up?” (arrested). Both answered “Don't worry; she never will! There are thousands of girls on the streets and maybe one in a hundred gets picked up. Then it is only after they are in a fight or something else happens”. I said “I thought all the girls in Paris are registered”. He answered “For every one who is, there are ten that aint. If they (police) should pick her up, all they can do is to force her to register. Let her wait until that time comes”.

I said “How many licensed houses are there?”; he replied “Who knows! I should say more than two hundred. You'll find them in every arrondissment (district). You can tell one, cant you? Some have red glass in the doors; others white. The doors are always open and a big light in the hall. When once you see one, you can always pick out another”.

I said “I heard that there are only 35 licensed joints”. He said “I don't need money bad, but I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll keep you busy from now until tomorrow morning going from one place to another and after I take you to 35, you pay me well say 10 francs for each one over 35 I take you to. If your friend fed you that stuff, he is looking for fish (victims)”. On our way home Schloymer said “See, I told you! It's foolish! Even if you could get located you'd never stay here! Take my advice; come with me to Buenos Aires. If when I get ready you prefer Mexico, I'll go with you there. My girl prefers Mexico”. I said “Why?”; he replied “She's afraid in Buenos Aires they'll bleed me. I am very well-known there. I am not the kind of man to stay home. I must go out. I must do like I do here. Mix, play cards! Say, I must spend my time somehow! If I go back to Buenos Aires she's afraid I'll hang out with the Hevra, and then sometimes trouble comes. You know, when they (the police) need money, they start in. She don't want me in my old days to go to jail”.

I said “She takes good care of you!”; he said “Aha, I should say so! Besides, she's only 32 and I am nearly 60. But I had her since she was 16. That girl made me! You see, Motche Goldberg is a clever boy. He stays by himself. When he has business with the Hevra, they come to this house. He never plays cards and hangs around. Very smart man, Motche Goldberg!”

Paris, France

December 5-6, 1924

During these two days I spent some time with the pimps at their hangouts, Cafe, 15 rue des Rivoli and Polish Restaurant. Schloymer said “Well, what did you think of the French boy (pimp) I
introduced you to?” I replied “The dope (information) he gave me sounds good”. Schloymer said “I told you that he knows all the main boys here. He handles a lot of business for them”.

I said “What do you mean?”; he replied “He has plenty of friends who can always do him a good turn. The cops he deals with all like him. He is a very square boy”. I said “Do you really think that a fellow has to keep giving up (paying) as much as he says?”; Schloymer replied “I know it is the truth! Here in Paris you can get anything you want from the cops for money”.

Our conversation then reverted to the question of getting green girls. I said “Tell me, how is it that a French boy always one or two girls and our crowd take so long to grab a girl”. He replied “The French boys (pimps) are in a class by themselves, and so are their girls. They are very easy to get. Believe me, it takes a Frenchman to handle them too”.

I said “How about the Polish schicksers (Christian girls)? I heard that there are a lot of them around without boys”. He said “Very few. Anyhow they are no damn good! Too much trouble! Too damn religious! Very hard to get started! They are satisfied with anything. You never find them wanting to better themselves. If a Polish girl is a dienst (domestic), she’s satisfied! If they are in a sweatshop, they’re satisfied! They are hard eggs to crack!”.

I said “I thought it funny that if there are so many around why should the boys bother about going to Warsaw”. He said “All the Polarkum (Pollocks) here are slobs. They’re not worth a damn! Abie Schleser looked a few over. He had Pollack goys (Christian boys) down in Buenos Aires for them, but he wouldn’t be annoyed. They were such poor stock”.

I said “He told me he grabbed off two in Warsaw. Isn’t he keeping them for himself?”; he replied “He has a wife of his own. Abie Schleser has three or four houses down there. He wouldn’t keep the girls. He lets them work in his joints. He knows some fellows in Buenos Aires who he fixes the girls up with and they pay him a nice few dollars. Say, you dont know what a clever boy Abie Schleser is! Besides, he does a big diamond business. That boy is alive! He used to be my partner in South Africa. He is very rich”.

I said “Did he send greenies or regulars?”; he replied “He says they’re regulars. One has a sister there. I heard that one is a regular, but the other is green. He is pretty deep, and he never tells very much”. I said “Maybe he is kidding”. Schloymer replied “No, I know S. Silverblatt made out a couple of Argentine passports. He paid him 500 francs apiece. That I know myself. The girls I didn’t see. He is the kind of fellow who will only tell you so much as he wants to. No matter how you try, that’s all you can get out of him”.

I said “When your case is finished and you start out for Buenos Aires, are you going to take anything with you?”; he answered “No, because I dont know if I can get a house. I will send Chaim Leiser some money though. If I need anything, and cant find a boy who has a good girl, I’ll have to get one. I dont want my girl to do business in Buenos Aires. She aint a good c_____ s_____ (pervert) and she dont like the trade. I’ll have her as a housekeeper”.

I said “I cant see how a girl can get by here in Paris without being a good suckler”. He replied “She cant, but the trade here is different than in Buenos Aires”.
During the night I visited Le Rat Mort on Place Pigalle and further cultivated the acquaintance of Jules, a French pimp who immediately inquired as to whether I saw the man I had spoken to him about. I said “Not yet”; he said “Just let him talk when you see him and if he is a fakir he'll talk himself into a hole”.

We then discussed conditions in South America; Jules stated that he knew many boys who started for there, and also mentioned Mexico and Havana. I said “I met quite a few from Paris while I was there”. He said “The ones I know didn’t leave from here. They all had places in the smaller cities”. I said “Do you know Charlotte or Carl Charlot in the city of Montevideo?”. He said “I certainly do. You mean the fellow who runs all the houses there. He had a place called the Paris Hotel”. I said “That’s the boy”. He said “I have known him for years. He ain’t there anymore. He had to get away. I heard he is in Brazil some place. That boy has money!”. I said “Why did he leave?” Jules replied “He got into trouble with some young girls, I heard”. I said “Do you know François, the little old chap that he has in one of his houses?”. He replied “I think I know him. I know so many boys that I forget their names”. I said “The French boys always spread out more than Schloymer’s crowd. Why is that, I wonder?”. He said “Some go because they think they can make more there. You take others, they have to go, because they couldn’t get their girls to work if they kept them near home”. Jules then told me that he had to meet a friend and after asking me to keep in touch with him, he departed.

The following licensed houses of prostitution were visited by me during these two days. All inmates whom I saw were undoubtedly French girls. None appeared under 21 years of age:

38 rue Rosier, 40 rue Rosier, 44 rue Rosier, 10 rue des Escauffles, 7 rue du Pelican, 36 rue Manconseil, 9 rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, 4 rue de Hanover, 7 rue de Hanover, 9 rue de Hanover, 7 rue de la Grange Battaliere, 9 rue de Navain, 92 rue Province, 56 rue Laithart.

**Paris, France**

*Dec. 8, 1924*

During the afternoon while at the pimps’ hangout, Memis Cafe, several pimps, including Schloymer commented upon how an American was caught with fraudulent passports. Schloymer said “S. Silverblatt is shivering! He is laying low now. Especially after fixing the bunch he did in the last month. You know, I really feel sorry for him. A lot of the boys thought maybe you were the fellow”. I asked “Why pick on me?” Schloymer answered “Just because you are an American and the boy they caught was an American, they thought it was you”. I asked if the boy was one of the crowd and was told that he had been heard of, but was not known to any of the pimps.

We were then joined by Lewis or Louis, Aron Kaplan and a pimp named Yankel Goldstein whom I had not met before. Yankel Goldstein is credited by the Hevra as being a first-class swindler, and in addition a boy (pimp) who had more women working for him than any other pimp in the place. As is the custom among the pimps when a friend returns from a foreign country, they usually gather around him and after inquiring for all of their friends, begin to discuss business.
Yankel Goldstein arrived in France several weeks ago from Havana, Cuba. He stated that business in Havana was extremely good, but advised the boys to “strike out for Panama as the fleet is expected there during January and February”. He said “Things in Colon and Panama will be great! After that a fellow can jump to Mexico, and there you'll always find plenty of cash”.

Later I inquired from Schloymer why Yankel Goldstein came to Paris if things are so good in the places which he mentioned; Schloymer said “He’s got something on the fire. That fellow never lets grass grow under him!” Continuing, Schloymer said “He's no good at all. He’d sell his own mother! He has a woman in Havana that he chits the life out of if she don't bring in the right money”. I said “Do you think he is here to try to find something?”; he replied “Who can tell! He has been in Paris three weeks and today is the first time he shows up. You might not see him again for years. They call him the Bonditt (bandit). Nobody trusts him! He had a girl in my house once in the Argentine. A pretty kid! As pretty as they make 'em! The only thing he'd buy her was a chemise to work in. She made more money than anybody in the house and she didn't have a decent rag (clothing) to put on when she went out on the street! I heard that's the way he treats his wife in Havana. But, still, he can always get them”.

I said “How does he do it?”; he replied “He's always got plenty of money. He spends a lot. He wouldn't take nothing but a green girl, and they got to be young! The son of a b——— will die with his boots on! The way he treats his girls, they'll kill him! One nearly fixed him once!”.

Later I spoke to Yankel Goldstein and told him that I might go to Panama or Havana, and asked him if he thought I would run into any trouble in landing. He said “They are getting a little hard in Havana now. The best way is to take a ship to Havana but have a visa to Columbia. When you get off in Havana to change boats, you can stay. Panama is easy to get in”.

I then explained that my girl was not fond of the South American trade, and asked him if he knew of “anything good” in or near Paris. He replied “I have only been here a couple of weeks. How should I? If I needed something it wouldn't take long to land one”. I said “How can you do it here?”; he replied “Just go out and land it, that's all!”.

During the night I spent some time with Jules, a French pimp, who usually loiters about the Le Rat Mort. I said to him “I heard there's plenty of nice young Polish girls up here who aint got friends”. He said “There's a lot of Russians too. In Paris things are funny: Sometimes you'll find plenty of Spanish, then Italians, and now there's plenty of Russkies and Polskis”. I said “Why is that?”; he answered “Oh, they just came here after the war, and now that all the cabarets are running foreign dancing, you'll see a lot of them up in the cabarets”.

I said “I must look them over. Are they young?”; he replied “Not very. They aint much use”.

Our conversation then drifted toward conditions in South America. I asked Jules if he knew Mlle. Mignon Darville who runs one of Carl Charlot’s houses of prostitution in the city of F. He described the woman Mlle. Mignon Darville to me and said “She hasn't been there very long. How I know her is through François. Montevideo is a good place. Their money is good. I know some boys who were down there during the war. They cleaned up a small fortune. One has one of the best houses in Paris today”. I said “It's funny you never opened up down there. It's the place to make
money quickly”. He replied “I have been all over, but Paris suits me. Here I know my ground. These other places you got to creep around and then you’re liable to bite off too much and get into trouble. Here everything always remains the same”.

The following houses of prostitution were visited. I saw no girls under 21 years of age, nor any whom I could term foreigners: 43 rue de la Lune, 93 rue Clery, 32 rue Blondell, 24 rue Ste Foy, 13 St Augustine and 9 rue de Bucharest.

**Paris, France**  
*Dec. 9-10, 1924*

While at the Le Rat Mort with Jules, a French pimp, I showed him several cards of houses of prostitution that I picked up in the city of Montevideo. He immediately identified Mlle. Mignon Darville’s card and said “This is one of Carl Charlot’s places. It’s the house that François runs. Remember, last night I told you I thought I knew her?” I replied “Yes; when I was down there Mlle. Mignon Darville was telling me that when I came to Paris I should call on a few of the people she knows and let her know if these people had any girls that wanted to take a trip”.

I then showed Jules the list of places given to me by Mlle. Mignon Darville; he said “These are all very good houses. I know most of the boys that run them”. I said “That is what she said”; he continued “I know the Hanover St., Paris places the best. If I am not mistaken, Mlle. Mignon Darville worked at 7 rue de Hanover for a few years. Do they really need girls down there? I know several boys who want to get away, and I know they wouldn’t hesitate if they were sure it is worthwhile”.

I answered “Personally I don’t think it’s any good. If it was, I would have stuck. Have you heard anything at all?”; he replied “Just as I told you last night. There’s boys here now that cleaned up a fortune. When I was there it was very good. But you know how it is. Once it is good and then it goes bad. That’s why I stay in France. I know the ground. Business may not always be the same, but we always run along a straight line. Here there is no one to stir up the bees (make trouble). That’s the trouble with those other countries. They’re always changing their systems. Take Buenos Aires: They changed to one girl in the house. In Rio it’s another way. Here we run always the same”.

I said “That’s true! You never know what is going to happen next down there. Did you ever lose any of your girls because they wanted to go to South America?”; he replied “No; of course, they do drift. You never find a whore who sticks any length of time in one place”. I then said “How can a girl get to South America?; ….. It takes money to travel that distance. You know as well as I do that these girls haven’t got enough money to spend for a trip like that”. He replied “Sometimes between them (the pimp and his prostitute) they have, but when they need girls down there the patron (owner) will always advance the money”. I said “Couldn’t a girl grab the dough and not go?”; he replied “The girl don’t get the money. If, for instance, a friend of mine wanted a girl from my house, I’d get the money and the girl would get only the ticket. Take it from me, when Carl Charlot gets girls from here he never loses a cent! He knows who he is dealing with!”
Jules then said “How about that friend of yours? Is he still after you to go into partnership with him?” I said “He seems anxious, but you told me that there is so much graft attached to it that I am not enthusiastic about it”. Jules said “That’s nothing! You got to spend money to make money. The thing (i.e., his proposition) don’t sound good. That’s why I put you on your guard. You let your girl come here and get into one of the big cabarets. She will make more”. I said “If she ever got arrested she’d quit cold!”. He replied “Let me tell you something; She’ll never get troubled, and if she does, 20 or 50 francs, if given to the cop, will fix it all up. The only gals that do get caught are the ones like the bunch I showed you around the Gare St Lazare. Those poor things only make 5 and 10 francs. They never have enough dough to settle up. Even the girls on the Boulevards don’t get picked up (arrested). If they do, they never get taken in, because they’re always there with a note in their pockets to settle things”. I said “Are there many gals unregistered on the streets?”; he replied “I told you 10 to 1”.

I then said “The ones that are registered, do they go themselves or wait until they are grabbed (arrested)?”; he replied “It’s a funny thing, but it’s a fact: No girl that hustles wants to register; even the girls in the houses don’t. I know lots of them and I never heard of one going herself except the house girls. They go because they couldn’t get a place unless they registered”.

While walking about with Jules we passed a house, 25 rue Ste Appolline; as we passed he said “This is a cheap maison de rendezvous. Come on in. You wanted to see the difference the other day”.

We entered 25 rue Ste Appolline and I was introduced to Madame Ady. The house differed from a maison de tolerance in two respects only: Firstly, instead of having a receiving parlor, this place appeared like a saloon; secondly, because of the fact that the girls do not live on the premises, the place is supposed to close at 2 A.M. The inmates were all clad in chemises, sold drinks and accosted the men to view circuses and to indulge in sexual intercourse.

Madame Ady speaks good English; she told me that she has 18 girls and that all are Parisians. The girls appeared to range in age from 21 to 30 years.

We next visited a bar room where I was told, before entering, that 16 and 17-year old girls frequent it. This place is situated at 10 or 12 rue Sainte Foy. While in it I noted that seven out of the ten girls present appeared to be not older than 17 years of age and some appeared younger. All were dressed in street clothes and lounged about the place, dancing and soliciting drinks from patrons. Jules said “They are just young kids; some will go out for nothing. You see, this place ain’t licensed. It’s just a plain bar and restaurant. Very cheap stock (girls), but let me tell you, if some of these kids had good rags (clothing) on them they’d look good”. I said “I suppose they all have boys (pimps)”; he replied “They don’t make enough to support themselves. I know a chap who got a helluva swell kid out of here. She’s making good dough now. You were a sucker to spend all that dough going to Poland for a girl. The French girls go nuts over Americans. You could have fixed yourself up good here (Paris) in no time”.

I said “Schloymer told me about Warsaw. He did all he could do. I could have been taken care of, but I couldn’t speak Polish”. He replied “It was foolish in the first place. There’s plenty of girls that hang around dances and places like these, that will do anything for a fellow if he gives them a
lift”. I said “I suppose so, but at that time I didn’t know anybody in Paris and I didn’t want to look around and do some other boy out of his girl”. He said “You had better not! Some of these boys are bad actors! But, you see, girls like those in here aint got anybody and if you shine up to them they’d line up with you”.

We then left the premises. I mentioned to Jules that I was surprised to see him enter and leave the place without apparently knowing or speaking to anyone present. He replied “To tell you the truth, I only heard of this place myself. A guy told me and I wanted to see it”. I said “If say when I was hard up and needed a girl, I met one in there. We’ll say she was a charity kid. After a while she starts to do business. You know as well as I do I could get in dutch (trouble) if we stayed around Paris. If I went to another country, I’d be up against it worse”. He said “That all depends on how she is connected up. If she lives home it is a risk. If she is alone and you have her live with you for a while, it’s always better. When they get sweet on you, you can tell how things stand”.

I said “Right; but, on the street a young one might just happen to get caught by some hard-boiled cop who wouldn’t take a stake (bribe), and you know you’d have a hard job getting her into a house”. He said “You get a young one and I’ll give her a place. That’s how much I am afraid of the works (police and jail)”. I said “Of course, we are only talking. I am all set so far as that is concerned, but how could you take a girl under 21 into a house?” He replied “After I see the girl I’d find a way”.

About 12:30 A.M. I left Jules and then visited the following houses, where all prostitutes appeared to be over 21 years of age, and none was a foreigner: 46 rue Beauregard, 21 rue Ste Foy, 56 rue Beauregard, 16 rue Blondell, 6 rue de Tracy, 12 rue de Tracy, 4 rue Blondell and 25 rue Ste Appolline.

Paris, France
Dec. 11, 1924

After spending some time in the company of Jules, a French pimp, I told him a story which I am sure he considered an intimate account of my reasons for being in Europe, and also my present relations with my woman. This apparently satisfied him and he said “A woman like yours is good, but hard to handle. Being an American makes it twice as hard”. I said “That’s it! I have to look out for myself. I never know when she’ll do as she did in South America. I have been looking around, but find it pretty hard”. He said “You have not been in the right places”.

I said “I suppose the small towns are the best?”; he replied “Not so you can notice it! Paris is your meat. You got to go where those charity c_______ go. Places like that one I took you to. I am telling this because I know what the boys tell me. A lot of those c_______ come to Paris from the small cities. They go to those bars for their fun. They haven’t any ties, or their people are in some other city. Didn’t I show you some that were young there? I’ll say they dont look like much, but, just as you Americans say the clothes make the man, you can take my tip, it makes the woman too. Get sweet with one of them. Give her a new front, a piece of fur for her neck, and if you know anything about that kind of a kid at all, you’ll know that she will stick so close you cant get rid of her”. I said “She’ll think I am a sucker then”. He replied “Sucker, my a_______! Christ, aint you ever
been up against anything like that before? They tell me that some of those gals are so stupid that they are satisfied with a rub or to j——— y——— o——— (masturbate the men). I said “Maybe, but that is not bringing in a dollar!” He replied “Any gal would play you for a sucker. That’s why you are always in hot water with your girl. You aint the boss! She is”. I said “Things may be different in Europe, but in America treating them rough is bum business”. He said “All right. It is here too. What’s the use of talking?”

I conceded that my methods of getting a girl may be crude due the fact that I am in a strange country, without a friend, and in case of emergency I would not know whom to appeal to. He said “Safety first: That’s all the talk I heard when I was in your country. I told you you dont know French girls. Treat them right and they’ll do anything for you”. I said “I guess the French boys have the edge on us. That’s why they can have two and three gals at a time”.

He said “It all depends on the girl. Some are harder than others”. I said “I am going to look around. I have to do something in case things dont break right for me after Christmas. If I should find something, would you advise me to stick in Paris or beat it for some other place? What do the boys do?” He answered “Again that depends on the girl. If she’s a good looker and aint got ties, stick here. It’s better. If she has, go away”. I said “You know all passes (passports) are not considered alike. If a French boy wants to go south, how can it be fixed?”, he replied “You got it easy. Your pass is American. Why worry about the French boy?” I said “Yes, but the girl? If I get one, she will be French. She uses the same kind of a pass”. He answered “It all depends where you go. Some boys when they travel, travel alone; others go as man and wife. I’d rather travel as man and wife. You got to have a good reason ready. Except you can afford first class (passage or transportation). I know plenty who go as husband and wife. I’d rather go that way myself. Sometimes you know a gal dont look just right and if she travels alone and gets f——— around on the boat, she might get sent back. Then the boy is stuck. The other way is the best”.

I said “Yes, but I wouldn’t marry the girl”; he replied “You dont have to. We can always get papers to show that. That’s easy”. I said “They just knocked off a bunch of false papers”; He said “These papers are the goods. Those that got grabbed were a lot of communists. They ought to get grabbed, the s——— of ———!”. We then entered two places where Jules pointed out the type of girls that the French pimps feed upon. These two places are located at 10 rue Beauregard and 14 rue Beauregard and are bars and restaurants. Some of the girls appeared to be under 21 years of age. None looked like a prostitute.

Jules did not know anybody in this place. We merely sat and drank; he said “There’s plenty of cheap joints like this. A fellow can get in easy”.

The following resorts were visited by me with Jules. I talked to 5 foreign girls. All were over 21 years of age: 13 rue Moliere, 68 rue du Château d’Eau, 146 Faub. Saint Martin, 59 rue du Château d’Eau, and rue d’Aubri. Also one Belgian prostitute on the street.
I visited the Le Rat Mort and met Jules; he said “I expected you yesterday. What have you been doing?” I said “I met something (a girl) and took her out”. He then questioned me and after explaining all circumstances he said “If you aint got anything on tonight, I’ll take you to a friend of mine. He got a new girl. I want to talk to him about a little business and at the same time I’ll introduce you to him. He is a good fellow to know. He always has his eyes open and knows just what is going on”.

I accompanied him to a cafe known as Les Trois Rats on Corner rue Volta et Vert Bois, where I was introduced to a French pimp whom Jules called Andre who speaks very little English, but with the aid of Jules we were able to converse freely.

Jules explained that I “have my eyes open” (am looking for a girl) and mentioned that he had taken me to a number of cafes where charity girls frequent. Andre said “There’s some fine girls in those places. That’s where I met mine”. Jules then said “Just as I told you, this fellow is good. He’ll help you too, but of course, you’ll take care of him when he does something. He might not take anything from you, but there’s no harm in offering. You know how it is”.

I said “Of course, I’ll treat him the same way as I would want to be treated. Why is it that these places are better than picking a girl off the streets?”; Andre replied “The girls that come here are not wise. They usually work. Some have sweethearts but they’re the same as the girls. I have even met girls while they were with their friends and made appointments with them. My girl could go along with us sometime and introduce you to girls she knows”.

I said “Are these girls registered?”; he replied “They aint Margarites (prostitutes). Some even work. They f——— for love. This kid I got now is only 19 and she never took a cent for it”. Jules had left our table to join several boys at a nearby table. I then questioned Andre along the same lines as I had previously spoken to Jules. I said “If I get hold of one and she leaves home, her folks are liable to start something”. Andre replied “Most of them are away from home. They come to Paris from the small cities. They dont make much and if you can give them clothes and get them to like you, they go out and bring in good money. I am never without a girl. Those kids need somebody to help them. God damn fools! They get hot and fool around with those fellers that come in there and never get a franc!” I said “Was your gal that way too?” He answered “Sure, just a piece of free knock! She aint a Parisian. She came from the north of France. You ought to see her embroider! She has a regular trade, but it dont pay”.

I said “Is she making much now?”, he replied “She makes over 100 francs a day”. I said “That isn’t much”. He said “Along the street in this neighborhood, it’s good money. It’s hard for a girl to get more than 10 francs from a man. She always gets money from the patronne (proprietor) of the hotels too. Of course, if she has the clothes she can go and knock big money along the boulevard, but we’re broke.

When Jules returned to us I said “I am sorry I wasted so much time here. I could have landed something by now”. Jules replied “Certainly”. I then said “It sounds good. I suppose the boys all play
these joints too”. Andre said “I know fellows who took girls out of these joints and made plenty of money out of them”. I said “I thought a small place like say St. Nazaire, would be better to catch a green one in”. Andre said “No”. Jules replied “Why go to that expense? It’s like spending the dough you did to go to Warsaw. It’s foolish! These kids all come from out of the city. Why go after them when they come to you? It’s all right to go to a place like Warsaw if you want a Jew girl. What the hell! You dont care what she is as long as you get a good one. That’s all there is to it!”

Shortly afterward a girl that appeared to be under 21 years of age entered. She was introduced to us as Andre’s friend. He said “Here’s a nice American boy who is looking for a cherie. If you got a friend, introduce her”. The girl merely smiled and the conversation lagged until she left us.

Andre suggested that we go to a few places where a better class of charity girls frequent. We visited bar rooms at 11 rue Au Maire, 22 rue Au Maire and 39 rue Au Maire. In each place a number of exceedingly young girls were present. In these places the patronne conducts what is known as a Saturday night “Bal”. No admission is charged and because of the low prices of the drinks served, young girls and young men frequent the places. Many of the girls came unescorted, and the young men gather here to meet the girls.

Jules remarked that several individual girls present would turn out good. I asked Andre if any of the boys (pimps) that he knows are present, said “Maybe some of these fellows are looking around the same way as we are”. Andre replied “I saw two in the other place 11 rue Au Maire. Most of these are suckers”.

Andre danced with three different girls and invited them to our table for a drink. All three were under 21 years of age and natives of France.

One of the girls, Andre said, had rubbed exceeding close to him while dancing and he invited me “to try her”, saying “I’ll get her friend and we’ll take them to a hotel afterwards”. I said “They might not go”; he replied “Sure they will”. I said “Ask her”. He replied “I cant ask her now! Christ! I only met her! Wait awhile!”

After a short time Andre became very familiar with this girl. He had been placing his hands upon her person and kissing her.

I left the place in the company of Jules. I stated that a friend a mine was getting to Paris early in the morning and that I had to meet him. I also stated that my time would be taken up with him for the next few days, and that I was going to take him “around a bit”. Jules said “Bring him down to my house. Camille will put on a good show for him”. I promised to do this.
St. Nazaire, France

December 14-15-16, 1924

Traffic in women and children

St. Nazaire, France, has a population of approximately 48,000 people. According to my information and findings there are but three licensed houses of prostitution and no clandestine resorts here.

The licensed houses or maisons des tolerances, as they are called, are situated in the center of the city, on rue Ville Aubry and an adjoining street. The houses, instead of bearing street numbers, are known as No. 1, 2 and 3.

Each house may be identified by a large red light that can be seen for many blocks away. The resorts average from ten to fifteen inmates each, and all are apparently over 25 years of age.

While in the various houses I made the acquaintance of the madames and inmates. The inmates admitted to me that business conditions are extremely bad, and were it not for the few freight steamers that arrive here every fortnight it would be impossible for them to subsist.

I questioned madame Renne in one of the houses as to whether or not many of the boys (pimps) and girls (prostitutes) are leaving for Havana and Mexico from this port. At the same time I admitted that I am leaving on the La Fayette on Dec. 21. Madame Renne said “Each month a few go. They always come in here to see me. But, you see, the best ships leave from Bordeaux. I hear things are very good in Mexico and South America. I got one girl, Dolly, who came here four months ago from Peru. She made quite some money in Lima, but they closed the place up now. Here things are very bad. We only make a few dollars when the ships come in”. I said “When things are so slow, don’t you find it hard to hold your girls?”; she replied “No, many of the girls have been here since the war. They like it. I’d be glad to get rid of a few. They all owe me enough money now”. I said “It’s a wonder their boys (pimps) stand for it!”; she said “They aint got any friends. They can’t even support themselves”. I said “I got a nice girl; perhaps you’d let her work a few days here”. She replied “Has she a card?” I replied “No”; she said “It wouldn’t pay. She’d have to register, and get examined, and then it would be time for your ship to sail”.

I said “Is it necessary that she get a card?”; she replied “Yes; we get fined if we have a girl without a card”. I said “How about on the street?” Madame Renne said “If she stays in a cafe she don’t need any, but it’s best that she get one. There’s five girls registered that are on the streets. That’s all. You know, this place is small and they can spot you easy”. I said “Do you know all the business girls (prostitutes) in town?”; she replied “Yes, why?”; I said “I used to know a little Polish kid here, but I can’t seem to locate her”. She answered “There aint a Pole here that I know”. I said “Are all the girls French?”; she said “There’s a couple from Luxembourg, a couple of Belgians; the rest are all French”.

I continued on in this manner, questioning the madames and inmates as to conditions in the city and also the foreign prostitutes. All seemed to corroborate everything that had been told me by madame Renne.
I visited every cafe in the city where it appeared that prostitutes might frequent the premises. In all I met but nine prostitutes; five admitted being registered. These five may be seen at intervals in the Grand Cafe. The other four prostitutes frequent the small cafes along the road to Montone.

All the prostitutes I met in the cafes and on the street were French.

**Bordeaux, France**

*Dec. 18-20, 1924*

**Traffic in women and children**

The main portion of the commercialized prostitution in the city of Bordeaux, France, may be found upon streets in the very center of the city.

Houses of prostitution and cribs fairly infest such streets as rue des Galles, rue des Glaciers, rue Château Beau and several other adjacent and intersecting streets.

In the locality above-mentioned there are nine first-class houses, as they are called, and innumerable cribs.

House after house on rue des Galles and rue Rougier harbors from one to two prostitutes each, who live in squalid, insanitary, dilapidated quarters wherein they practice prostitution.

These women may be seen throughout the day and night either seated in the doorways or upon the streets, accosting passersby, and in some cases fairly dragging, or trying to drag, men into their houses.

The prostitutes who live in these places are women in most cases more than 35 years of age; and the majority of them are French subjects. Several admitted being foreigners; two Italians, three Spanish, and one Turkish subject. All however contended that they have been in France for many years.

During these days I also spent considerable time in the better-class resorts. These places are operated in the same manner as houses of prostitution in other cities of France that I visited. A house of prostitution situated upon a street where there are no other resorts, always displays a red light to identify the place as a maison de tolerance.

The inmates are assembled in either the parlor or drinking saloon, and appear usually nude or semi-nude. Thus far all prostitutes whom I met in these houses were French, except two who were Italians, and one Spanish girl.

While going from house to house I gradually cultivated the acquaintance of a woman who spoke English. In the resort known as Au Perron at rue des Glaciers (See card as exhibit) I represented myself to her in the usual manner, and she acted as interpreter between the patronne and me. I stressed the fact that the girl whom I have is but 17 years of age. She said “That’s all right; bring her in. The madame says she will let her work here”. I said “Do you think there may be any trouble because she is under age?”
The madame inquired “If she looks very young I could not take her. If she looks older, I will”. I said “Would you have to register her?” she replied “Bring her and let me see her first”.

I stated that I would do so and then inquired as to why it is that there are so few young girls in the houses. The madame said “We cant keep our girls very long. It’s because business is very very bad”. I said “Why should business here be any worse than in Paris?”, she answered “Christmas is always bad for us. But, besides that, the only time business is good is during the time the ships come in”. I said “If you cant keep the girls, where do they go?”; she said “Havana and Mexico”.

At this time a man entered. The girl who spoke French for me then explained to him what I had said about placing a girl in this house; he replied “Eh, bien! Bring her in”. He then left and I followed him to a nearby cafe where I have since seen him in the company of other men. The girl explained to me that the man whom she introduced to me is the owner of this house.

I also spent considerable time about the streets and soon learned from a street prostitute that the reason there are so few girls upon the streets is because the police have been picking up the women for annoying men. I explained that I thought a registered girl had the right to solicit upon the streets. This prostitute said “They have, but the gendarmes started to bring us in. Sometimes they do it, and they leave us alone for a while”.

I also visited three cabarets which the prostitutes frequent, the Red Lion Cabaret, Royal's Tea Cabaret and Grand Cafe. All prostitutes met in these places were admittedly French girls and over 21 years of age.

**Bordeaux, France**

*Dec. 21-22, 1924*

About 11:30 P.M. on the 21st I visited the Coq D'Or Cafe where I noticed that a number of prostitutes lounge about the place during the late hours, and that several of the women habitués are very friendly with men who always can be seen on the premises.

While in this cafe I made the acquaintance of a prostitute who gave me her name as Marinette; she seemed unusually talkative and when certain prostitutes were seen to enter and leave, she volunteered information about them. A very young girl entered about then, escorted by a man. I asked Marinette if this girl was an actress. She answered “Yes, the same kind as I am. She’s a regular business girl (prostitute). She always comes in at this hour with her man”. I said “She’s quite young to be a business girl”. Marinette replied “She isn’t quite 17 years old. There are quite a few young girls in here”. I said “She doesn’t look like a French girl”; she answered “Oh yes she is. She’s from Marseille. All the girls here are French”.

I then said “Why do you girls always stay here? The other night I wanted to meet a girl and I walked for hours trying to find one”. She replied “In Bordeaux the police are very strict. If they catch a girl on the street they lock her up and she gets two days in jail. That’s why all the girls stay in here. There’s nearly 40 come in here”. I asked “Are they all registered?”; she replied “Yes, the most in here are; but, of course around the city, you know, in the smaller cafes, you find more who are not”.
I then told Marinette confidentially that I have a friend who has a girl, and he is thinking of putting her into a house. She said “Don’t do it. The girls in the houses are not good! They make no money at all. Things are bad enough in Bordeaux, but in the houses they are worse. In a place like this a girl can make a good living. The patronne lets you sit around. Your drinks don’t cost anything, and you always meet good people. Besides, you can always find here girls who have one or two friends they can depend upon”. I said “That chap you spoke to I suppose is your Papa?”; she said “No, no, he is my camarade (pimp)”. I said “Have you always stuck here in Bordeaux?”; she replied “No, I was to Marseille, but it’s no good there. Nice is very good this time of year. In the summer I go to Biarritz. Business is always good there too. Plenty of English and Americans”. I said “I have knocked around a little. I saw a lot of French girls in South America”. She said “Yes, I know. I have never been there, but I have friends who have gone”.

I said “My friend has a French girl and they want to go away. Is it hard to get a passport?”; she replied “If the girl is not known, not registered, she has no trouble; but she must be over 18 years old. If she is registered, all she has to do is to go to another city where they don’t know her and she can get a passport. See, if I wanted to go, I would go to Marseille, Lyon, Bayonne, or any place but here. Here I could not get one. I have a friend in Dakar and she says it’s very good there too”.

The following day I spent considerable time in the house of prostitution known as Au Perron. As soon as I had entered, the person whose acquaintance I had previously cultivated, said “How about that girl? I thought you were going to bring her down”. I replied “I was, but I ain’t now. I am not going to get myself in a hole. She’s only 17 and suppose she’s found here and not registered?”; she replied “Bring her down we’ll get her registered”. I said “Yes, but how can you?”;….. “They won’t register a girl under 18 years of age”. The only answer I could get was “Bring her in; we’ll register her”.

Later I met Marinette and her pimp. We took a side table in the Coq D’Or Cafe and I again brought up the subject by explaining that my friend’s girl wanted to register, but she is afraid that she can’t because she is only 17 of age. Marinette said “If she ain’t going to stay here long, she’s foolish if she does. No girls register for a short time”. I said “She has a card showing her right age, and she couldn’t, if she wanted to, register I suppose; but she’s more anxious to get a card of identity with her age as 25 years or so, so that she can leave the country”.

The pimp’s answer, which was interpreted by Marinette, was “She can get a card any place. All she must do is to get two good persons to swear that they know her and that she is whatever age she wants to be”. I said “Suppose they look it up and find it ain’t so?”; he answered “They can’t look it up if she says she was born in Marseille or some other place. They got to take her word. All these girls have cards. Do you think they are made out in their right names? My girl has another name ever place she goes”.

I said “Do you mean to say that they issue a card upon a person’s own story without any proof?” he replied “If I took out a card and said I was born here, I’d have to show I was born in Bordeaux. That they could look up. But I was born in a small place in the south. I come here and I want a card. I bring my witnesses and I get it”
I said “I suppose a good many girls fake their ages that way too”; he replied “Why sure! Their
names too. No business girl (prostitute) wants her people to know about her”.

I then said “I am going to have him (my friend) try it out, and if I should run into something (girl) the way he did I know how to go ahead now”. I then inquired as to how conditions are in the
other French cities; he said “No good any place”. I said “Why do you stay here, then?”; he answered
“Can’t afford to leave”.

Bordeaux, France

December 24-26, 1924

While visiting the cafes along the waterfront, I chanced to visit a barroom on the far corner of
Rue Lucerne Faubre and Quai Balacon. In this place two or three prostitutes usually make their
headquarters. I noticed one prostitute who appeared to be quite young. She clandestinely accosted
me and during the course of our conversation she told me that she is a Belgian. I commented upon
the fact that she speaks German. She said “I don’t speak German. I speak Flemish. I was born in a
small village in Belgium right near the German border”.

As our conversation progressed I learned that during the war she and her family located in
Brussels where she admitted that she clandestinely practiced prostitution, and about one and one-
half years ago left Brussels for Paris. After remaining in Paris for a few months she stated she came
to Bordeaux and remained here until the present date. When questioned as to why she came to
Bordeaux, she stated that she came because a girl friend of hers in Paris accompanied her. This girl
friend she admitted is a Parisian girl, and that she wanted to leave Paris. I inquired as to her age
and she said “I am 19, not quite 20 years of age”. I said “What year were you born?”; she promptly
answered “1904; my birthday is the last of this year”.

After she had repeatedly tried to get me to accompany her to a hotel, I said “I have to be sure
you are not sick. I am married”. She answered “I was examined today. I am not sick”. I said “I think
you are kidding me. Let’s see your card”. She said “I don’t have any. I go to my own doctor”. I then
explained that I would visit a nearby druggist and return in a short time and “If you are not here,
who shall I ask for?”; she replied “Just ask for Helena”.

For the past few days I have been visiting a house of prostitution, 52-4 rue des Glaciers. The
assistant madame had been spoken to and told of my desire to place a 17-year old French girl in her
house. She continually told me to bring her to the house. I continued to object to do so, because
the girl, I stated, is not registered. She said “We’ll get her registered”. I said “How could it be done?”
and she persisted in refusing to tell me. This evening I said to her “I would have brought her to you,
but a friend told me I’d get in a jam (trouble)”; she said “Nobody in this place gets in trouble. You
remember the first day you were here? The little old fellow? I told him all about it,—and he even told
you to bring her, didn’t he? Well, he has good friends and he can do anything. There’d be no trouble. I
tell you! Don’t you know that if any trouble came out of it, it would be worse for us?”. I said “Yes, but
she is under 18”; she replied “The patronne gets her a card of identity and then she registers”. I said “How can she get a card?”; she replied “Two witnesses swear they know her. You put down anything you want”. I said “Suppose they look it up?”; she said “They cant. Let them try; they never do; but if they did, they couldn’t find it. I tell you it’s all right. I know plenty get them that way”.

Bordeaux, France
Dec. 18-26, 1924

Traffic in women and children

Summary
During the investigation of Traffic in Women and Children in Bordeaux, France, the entire Commercialized Prostitution situation was looked into.

It was found that there are but nine licensed houses of prostitution in the city, and that these places are situated in the very center of the city. Alongside of five of these houses one encounters from 50 to 75 cribs in which live prostitutes of the lowest type imaginable. These prostitutes can be seen throughout the day and night accosting all men who pass.

Many of these women were spoken to. It became apparent that all have been in Bordeaux for many years, and with the exception of two, one Italian and one Turk, all are French subjects.

In the nine better-class resorts all of the inmates are French, save one Italian, and well over 21 years of age.

I also covered the entire waterfront from Gare St. Jean to Rue Lucien Faubre, and that section on the other side of the Gironde River.

While in this section I visited all saloons and restaurants where I saw prostitutes congregate. The prostitutes who frequent these places are usually “old timers” who make a practice of trying to secure the trade of the sea-faring men.

In a cafe, corner Quai Balacon and rue Lucien Faubre, I met a Belgian prostitute, who gave me her name only as Helena. This girl admitted to me that she was born in a small village in Belgium in 1904, and that she is not quite 20 years of age. She also stated that she is unmarried and that she prostituted herself in Brussels prior to going to Paris a year and a half ago. After a short sojourn in Paris she admitted coming to Bordeaux where she has remained ever since.

In addition to the waterfront cafes, I visited cafes, restaurants, cabarets, dance halls and hotels, which are mainly situated in or near the business section of the city. I met a number of prostitutes; all claimed to be French. In the Coq D’Or Cafe it was noted that a few of the prostitutes who frequent this place are under 21 years of age. One of my informants admitted that these girls are not quite 17 years of age, and are registered prostitutes.
It was also explained to me that prostitutes who operate in Bordeaux must register with the police, and subject themselves to a venereal-disease examination each week. Prostitutes found soliciting on the streets, or practicing prostitution without a card of registration are, when apprehended, sentenced to two days in jail.

Although this penalty is imposed and the law apparently strictly enforced, so far as street soliciting is concerned, the prostitutes who gather in cafes that dot the waterfront and adjacent streets, are mainly unregistered.

It is contended by the prostitutes that women who operate in the more popular cafes need not register if they do not intend to remain in Bordeaux for any length of time, up to one year.

The registration of prostitutes under the age of 18 years is brought about by the prostitute first taking out a card of identity and instead of furnishing the requisite birth certificate, the prostitute offers two witnesses who, under oath, testify to the applicant’s name, age and birth place. I am told that cards are immediately issued and for that reason most of the prostitutes in Bordeaux operate under false names, and in some instances false statements are made as to their ages.

I also learned that quite a few prostitutes leave from this port for South America, Havana and Mexico, but I was told that a prostitute registered in Bordeaux will not be granted a passport here. The prostitutes, therefore, who wish to leave, secure their passports in cities where they are not registered and the prostitutes who embark from Bordeaux are only those women who are not registered there.

Lyon, France
Dec. 28-29, 1924

Traffic in women and children

These two days were spent visiting houses of prostitution, maison de rendezvous, brasseries, cafes, hotels and cabarets. It was found that there are but a few houses of prostitution in Lyon, and that the main business of prostitution is carried on in the brasseries, hotels and cabarets, and also at certain times upon the streets.

While in a maison de rendezvous, 88 rue Merciere, I cultivated the acquaintance of Madame Bertha; after making the usual representatives to her, she said “Sunday is our busiest day in Lyon. If you come back tomorrow I will have a nice young girl for you and we can talk things over”. I told her I would do so.

The following day when I entered this place, she said “I have been trying to see the girl I spoke to you about. You see, here things are very strict. The police are very very severe. When I get this girl for you, you must go some place else with her because if they found you here with her, the police would close my place”.

I said “Why should Lyon be any stricter than Paris or any other French city?”; she replied “The
girl I have in mind is only 16. No girl can be in a house under 18. That is the law in Lyon. Each city has its own laws. What goes in one place don’t always go in another. Here all girls must be registered”.

I said “You know, when I came in here yesterday, I expected to find my friend here. I gave her the money to come here, and it’s strange that she didn’t arrive. Perhaps she got into trouble. She’s only 17, and since you say the police are so strict, that may be it”. She replied “She may have got picked up on the street. The girls must be careful”.

I said “Well, anyhow, if she don’t show up, you said you can get me a girl, and I’ll depend upon it”; she replied “Yes, sure. She lives home, but you must be careful”. I said “Couldn’t she register? Then there wouldn’t be any chance for trouble?”; she replied “Not at that age”. I said “She could say she was older”. The madame replied “O-o-oh, La-la! Not here! For a girl to register she must have three papers. Her birth certificate, her card of identity; and if she is over 18 and under 21, she must have her parents’ or husband’s permission. Under 18 she cannot register. A girl under 18, if found doing business, goes to a house of correction until she is 21. I tell you, it is very very strict here. Why, when a girl makes her application and gives in her papers, she is kept in a house of detention for two days until all her papers are verified”.

I said “How about foreign girls?”; she replied “They must show a passport”. I said “Lyon is not a place for me! If I find my girl, or get another one, I’ll get out of here!”; she replied “It is a very good business town. A girl can make nice money here. You see, this house: Well, the patronne, madame Ronde, had to close it up because she had trouble with a young girl in it. When once a maison de tolerance is closed here, it never can be reopened. They must license a new house. It’s a big city and has only a few places; that’s why business is good. I opened it as a hotel and cafe. I pay 100 francs a day rent and I make nice money. I could make more if I had better girls. Nice, young ones; but it is impossible. I get this girl for you, you stay with her; if she is not what you like, you pay nothing”.

I said “I’ll say that is fair enough; but what I am looking for is a girl who could go some place with me where we could make money”. She answered “Oh, I see. Well, anyhow, we will see”.

While passing this house about midnight I met Madame Bertha returning from the theatre. I told her I had called earlier in the evening and asked how she had made out in getting that girl for me; she replied “I tried today, but I could not see her. I tell you the truth; you will have a very difficult time if you want to leave France. The girl is too young. She cannot get a passport”.

I said “Is there no way that it can be fixed up?”; she replied “No, not here. Even the older girls who are registered cannot get passports here. They all go to Marseille”. I said “That ain’t far. I am satisfied to go there. Do you know anybody there whom I can go to? I’ll make it worthwhile. I was down in South America and there are plenty of young girls there. They must have had passports”. She said “Of course, but they did not get them here. If the girl is over 21 it is easy. But at this one’s age it is hard”.

I said “The boys (pimps) seem to be able to make it work, somehow”. She said “With a young girl like that the only way is to get married. Then you can go anywhere”. I said “Are many leaving here that way?”; she replied “I know once in a while they do. Of course, what they run into on the other end I cannot say. I have never been out of Lyon myself. I just hear this from my friends”.
I said “How do you manage to find nice young ones and I can’t?”; she answered “This girl is a friend of Elaine who lives in a small city 60 kilometers from here, and this girl comes to see her”.

I said “Where do the boys hang out?”; “I might meet a friend there who could give me a few tips. Some that I met in Paris came here a couple of months ago”; she replied “No place in particular. They come and go. You must be careful. The police don’t like the boys here. You can get into big trouble”.

Telling Madame Bertha that I would see her tomorrow, I departed.

I also made several visits to a cabaret, Au Vieux Japonese. There are four girls in this place who act mainly as bar maids. I was surprised at the young appearance of several of the girls and had a long conversation with two of them, namely Gaby and Jeannette.

Gaby admitted that she is but 20 years of age, and Jeannette who is from Geneva, Switzerland, said she is but 18. Jeannette also stated that she came to Lyon from Geneva and has been here but six months. She stated that she is not registered as a prostitute, but agreed with Gaby to meet my friend and myself at 1 A.M. in front of this place and accompany us to a hotel for immoral purposes. Her prices she stated would be left to our generosity.

Gaby explained to me that the girls are not permitted to leave the premises until closing hour, and that there are no rooms connected with this place. She also mentioned that each girl receives 50 per cent. of the drink sales, and usually manages to get at least one customer each night when the place closes. I asked why this place is not conducted as others in this neighborhood; she said “The patronne does not have that kind of a license. The girls too are not the same kind like in the houses. They do not have cards”.

**Lyon, France**

*Dec. 30-31, 1924*

I visited a number of maisons des rendezvous, and also re-visited several maisons des tolerance during these two days.

At Madame Bertha’s house I was introduced to Alyce, a French prostitute, friend of Elaine, another inmate in this house. The girl appeared quite young and both she and the Madame admitted that she was a little over 16 years of age. I explained to Madame Bertha that I did not want a girl for a “short time”, but was seeking “a girl to make money with”; she said “Try her. She’ll be glad to go any place you want to take her. She lives in a small city not far from Lyon and she wants to get away from home. She’d be a good girl to make money with. But, you must get to know her first”.

I said “I wouldn’t think of taking her unless I saw my way clear”; she replied “The only way you could do is to marry her and she could use your passport. In France a girl like that couldn’t get a pass. They say in Marseille you could get one”. 
I said “Tell me where and I’ll try it”; she replied “I dont know. All I know is what I hear”. I said “Could you find out?”; she said “Maybe”. I said “You must know. Haven't you ever fixed up any of the boys before?” she answered “No, the boys can always fix themselves up. When I wanted to get this one for you I thought you wanted a young one for a good time. Then you tell me what did want her for, and I know that she wants to quit work and make a little money. She cant do much here because the police are strict and I saw a chance of introducing her to a good man like you who would give her a chance. I could introduce her to many men who come in here, but I dont want to get in trouble. She is too young for me to let her sit around here, and whenever she comes to Lyon she always hangs around with Elaine”.

I said “What makes you think that I wouldn't get into trouble with her?”; she replied “You have been around. I know she'd like you. She is just a good girl who wants to make some money. Here I told you she would get caught and perhaps go to the House of Correction”; I said “Yes, and if I took her, her parents would start trouble”. She said “She's her own boss. Anyhow, take her out, talk to her. She's a nice girl”.

Later I spoke to Alyce. The girl stated that she was tired of living home. She admitted she wanted to go to Paris and from her general conversation she would be glad to go almost anywhere. I told her that she would be better off at home and after spending about one hour in her company I left her at Cafe Richi.

Alyce has been practicing prostitution clandestinely for nearly a year and admitted that her parents are under the impression that she comes to Lyon to help Elaine whom they think is working as a dressmaker in Lyon.

**Lyon, France**

*Dec. 27-Jan. 1, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Summary**

Lyon, France, has a population of approximately 600,000 inhabitants. According to my information there are but seven houses of “tolerance” and 34 houses known as “maisons des rendezvous”.

These places are supposedly scattered about the city; however, most of them are situated in the center of the city, mainly in the area between the Rhone and Saone rivers, from the Hotel de Ville to Place Victor Hugo.

I visited all of the maisons des tolerance and about half of the maisons des rendezvous. The maisons des tolerance which correspond to licensed houses of prostitution in which the inmates reside, may be easily identified by conspicuous house numbers and the name of the madame in large illuminated letters adorning the entrance of each resort.

The maisons des rendezvous are usually less conspicuous. These houses can, however, be recognized by the presence of a bright light in the hallway.
While visiting all types of places where prostitution is practiced, I noted the presence of quite a few Belgians, Swiss and Italian prostitutes. All of the foreign prostitutes whom I met were over 21 years of age, except one who claimed to be a Swiss subject, born in Geneva, and although only 18 or 19 years of age, has been in France but a few months. This girl gave me her name as Jeannette. She is not a registered prostitute, but practices prostitution clandestinely in a sort of cabaret known as the Au Vieux Japonese.

In addition to the licensed resorts, I visited all cabarets, and most of the cafes and hotels which are frequented by prostitutes. I learned that the police in Lyon are particularly active against street-soliciting prostitutes, and for the reason the individual prostitutes seldom use the streets except during the afternoons, at which time, I was told, they can mingle with the shoppers and escape detection.

Concerning the registration of prostitutes, I learned that the police will not register a native-born prostitute unless she submits a birth certificate which is verified; and foreign prostitutes have to exhibit a passport. No prostitutes under 18 years of age are registered, and any girl under 18 found practicing prostitution is sent to a corrective institution until she reaches her majority.

The madames admitted that they are not permitted to take minor girls as inmates; and in as much as by so doing they run the risk of losing their licenses, they see to it that all inmates are properly registered.

Madame Bertha introduced me to a 16-year old prostitute whom she procured though an inmate in her house named Elaine. This young prostitute resides with her parents in a city 60 kilometers from Lyon. Madame Bertha invited me to "try out" this girl and even though I had represented myself as a pimp desirous of taking a girl to South America, told me that I would have no difficulty in getting the girl to accompany me, provided I took her to another city to get a passport. So far as I was able to learn, Madame Bertha has not been making a practice of procuring prostitutes for pimps, but is apparently well versed on the subject of international traffic. She admitted that she has never been outside of the city of Lyon. She also informed me that registered prostitutes in Lyon cannot get a passport out of France in that city; and that most of the women who leave for foreign ports secure their passports at Marseille.

Considering the size of the city of Lyon, it can justly be stated that conditions both locally and from an international standpoint are better than in any city thus far visited in France.
Marseille, France
Jan. 1-2-3, 1925

Traffic in women and children

During my first three days in Marseille, France, I spent most of my time visiting the houses of prostitution. I found in addition to the resorts that are scattered about the city, that the locality known as Vieux Port abounds in places where prostitution is practiced mainly by foreigners.

This section of the city harbors at least one hundred cribs, and about 15 maisons de tolerance. Beginning at Rue de la Reynarde, one will find the adjoining streets, i.e., running parallel and also at right angles thereto, literally honeycombed with the vilest, filthiest, and most degraded prostitutes whom I have ever had the opportunity of meeting. These women reside in small dilapidated insanitary houses; and these prostitutes can be seen throughout the day and night, seated or standing in the doorways, not only talking to passersby, but often going so far as to drag men into their crib-like houses. In order to avoid the prostitutes, one has to walk in the center of this dirty thoroughfare, and even then some of the women do not hesitate to tug at the sleeves of prospective customers.

The prostitutes are apparently in keeping with the filthy huts in which they reside. All nationalities along the Mediterranean are represented. Prostitutes from India, Greece, Italy, Egypt, Turkey, north coast of Africa, Spain, together with the native French and Belgians are to be found here. Some of these women wear their native costumes and do not attempt to conceal their nationality. The majority of them are between 30 and 40 years of age, although some of them to whom I spoke, admitted being in their early twenties.

The trade that frequents this area consists mainly of sea-faring men, likewise of all nationalities. Whites, blacks and the yellow races, are admitted; very often the prices charged for sexual intercourse or perversion does not exceed 5 francs, and many of the prostitutes will accept as low as 2 francs.

While mingling with these prostitutes I learned that all of the women are registered as prostitutes, and are required to submit to a venereal-disease examination once a week.

I also inquired as to how a prostitute desirous of being inscribed, should proceed. I was told that natives are requested to furnish birth certificates, and that none under 18 years of age are given cards. Foreigners are requested to show their passports and they also must be over 18 years of age. My informant, the madame Aline in a house on 2 rue de la Reynarde said, in answer to my questions:

“They are very easy here. We have a book with the names of the girls in it, their country and age. When we change girls we tell the police. It's not much trouble at all”. I said “I heard that foreign girls have a tough time getting a registration card”; she replied “That’s bunk! (Not true). If your girl is foreign, I can take her just the same as I would any other girl. Whoever gave you that dope (information) was kidding you”. I said “Perhaps I am mistaken. It was either that or I was told that foreign girls have a tough job coming in here”. She answered “It is all according to where she comes from. If a girl is under 21 and comes in by water, she might get held up. But if she crosses the border by rail, there is nothing
to it! Look at the girls that are in Marseille: We have them here from all over. It's the easiest place in the world”.

I said “That may be, but all the girls I see are over 21. How about the chickens? (Young girls)”; she replied “There's plenty of them here too. This is a wide-open town. We have all kinds of people here. If a girl comes here she can always mix with her own people. It ain't like in other cities where she is practically alone”.

I said “Well, I'll try it here, but I don't think it is worthwhile to spend any length of time”. She said “If you have any money, don't stay in Marseille. There is plenty of money in Monte Carlo and Nice for the right kind of girl. Cairo is good too. Here you are wasting time unless you have a girl who is satisfied to work hard. You go to work hard and fast to make money here. In big-time places like I just said, a good girl can get a sucker (customer) who will give her more in a night than a girl makes here in a week”.

I said “Why, then, do all these foreign girls come here?”; she replied “One friend brings the other. Every gal in town came here with the intention of pulling out for places like Havana and South America where the big stakes are. But they never got enough money to go”.

I said “I have travelled a bit, and there are plenty of foreigners in South America and Havana”. She said “Right, but they had boys (pimps) who got money, and can take them; but, here are a lot of girls who ain't got anybody”.

I said “I have been in this game long enough to know that there are very few girls without friends (pimps)”; she answered “You do not understand me. They have friends all right, but they are all broke. I have been in Marseille for years and I know what I am talking about. I staked (financed) too many couples and got beat out of too much money not to know conditions. I myself want to get away from here, but I cant get rid of this place. Friends of mine left and came back with thousands of francs! I can only make a living and have to struggle to make it”.

I said “Are the boys still hitting to Havana and South America?”; she replied “Yes, but Mexico is better than them all”. I said “My girl would never fit with that trade. She doesn't take to this trade here and I know she wouldn't fit there”. She said “If she is particular, then don't spend the money on her; go to Nice. That's the place! There you have good English and American trade”.

I said “I am glad I came here by rail, since you say that by water you have a hard job landing”. She said “Only if the girl is under 21. Otherwise there is no trouble”. I then said “Suppose a French girl who was registered wanted to sail from Marseille. Could she get a passport?”; she replied “Why not?” I said “A boy friend of mine tried to sail out of Bordeaux with a girl who was registered, and they wouldn't let them”. She answered “A registered girl can get a passport here easy. She can sail from here too without any trouble”. I said “This girl was only 17”; she said “That's different! It's very hard to get a passport for a gal under 21”. I said “How could they get out, then?” She answered “The boys that have such girls usually get the passports themselves”. I said “How could I, for instance, get a pass for another person?”; she replied “It costs a lot of money. There's a bunch of Italians here who have all the passports anybody wants. They can always fix things up that way”. I said “But you are liable to get caught leaving”. She said “If you know anything about it, you must know that a person with fake
papers never leaves from this country. They all go out of Spain. That way you will never get tripped. You see, they examine the papers when you board a boat, but at the border they don't. That's why they all leave that way”.

I said “Would you take a chance on taking in a girl under 18?” she replied “Yes, sure”. I said “How could you get away with it?”; she replied “I stand in pretty well. I aint afraid”.

I then told her that I might be able to induce my girl to work for her until we make enough money to go some place else. She said “I'll be square with you. She can make more on the street”. I said “Suppose she gets picked up (arrested)”. She said “They never pick up girls in the cafes and cabarets. That you don’t need to be afraid of. It’s only last week that I heard that they started to pick up some girls in the streets”. I said “Why?”; she replied “I dont know. I suppose somebody complained. She can work the streets without any trouble”. I said “Anyhow, I will have to lay around here for a few weeks. Before I leave I’d like to meet somebody who could give me the right dope (information) so that in case I want to take my girl out of France I will know how to work it”. She said “If there is anything I can do for you, let me know”.

About this time two men entered the house. Madame Aline immediately greeted them and ordered the housekeeper to serve them with drinks. Later after the men had departed she explained to me that both men are policemen attached to the Morals Squad; she said “They are looking for a Polish girl. I had to show them my books”.

The rest of the time I spent visiting houses of prostitution outside of this area, also hotels and rooming houses that are located near the main streets. I spoke to women of nearly all nationalities, including Polish, Germans, Belgians, Greeks, Spaniards and Egyptians, who roam about the streets near the small hotels and accost passersby.

Several explained to me that the police have been unusually active during the last few days arresting prostitutes for annoying persons. None would explain what brought about this sudden activity. I personally saw three plainclothesmen arrest 14 prostitutes in the side streets and take them to a nearby police station.

**Marseille, France**

*Jan. 4-5, 1925*

While in madame Aline’s house I again brought up the subject of traffic. I said “My friend wants to get out of this place, but he has a hard job because his girl is so young”; Madame Aline said “Oh, there are many ways it can be done”. I said “I suppose so, but I’d rather have him try it than I. I think I’ll stick in France”. She said “Take my advice and get out of this town as soon as you can. The longer you stay the harder it is to get enough to leave with. Take a look around. You know yourself that all we got here are old-timers who couldn't handle decent trade and a few decent gals who are too stupid to leave”.
I said “I heard that there are so many leaving that it’s taking a chance”. She said “What the hell’s the difference if the girl is young? The only chance you take is taking a gal who don’t know what she is going for. Then there’s a chance. For instance, a couple of months ago a French boy tried to take a couple of kids to Algiers. One told the steward on the ship and he got failed”. I said “Why the devil did he go to Algiers? There’s nothing there”. She replied “He couldn’t get passports and he thought he’d try them out in a place where they didn’t need passports. You see those kids were Marseille girls, and he couldn’t handle them here. If he knew anything at all, he would not have tried to take two out at one time”. I said “The boys who are getting away with it to South America and Mexico and Havana, how do they work it?” She replied “All the bunch that I know, marry their girls. If the girl is young, then you have no trouble. Of course, if the boy is known, the only way is a false passport. With that you can get away with it easy, provided you leave from another port. Just as I said, with false papers you got to go from Spain. You see the trick? What the hell does a Spaniard know about whether a French pass is good or not? They all look alike. A French officer at the pier could quickly catch on”.

I said “But how about the visas?”; she answered “You can get those without any trouble”. I said “Straight ones or queer?”; she replied “Real visas. They’re glad to give them. Especially Mexico. I hear Havana is a little more difficult now”. I said “How about South America?”; she replied “If you have health certificates and a police certificate, that’s all you need”.

I said “The police certificate is not easy”; she answered “Say, if a girl who is registered in Marseille can go to the Prefecture and get a certificate, what in hell is going to prevent a girl who ain’t on the books from getting one?” I said “I suppose there are more girls unregistered than registered”. She said “My God yes! All girls in the houses have to be registered. But the girls who work in the hotels and in cafes don’t have to register if they are married”.

I said “That’s a very peculiar law”; she said “It’s so! A married women can do as she pleases”. I said “Suppose they pick her up on the street and she proves she is married?” she said “They can fine her or send her to jail for a few days, but they can’t force her to register. I’m telling you, the only ones they pick up are the girls who annoy people. Anyone could hustle in Marseille for years and not get into trouble so long as she don’t go from man to man like some of those 5-francs girls do down the street”.

The following day I again visited Madame Aline. During the repetition of how the French pimps are transporting French girls to foreign countries, Madame Aline stated that a number of Italian and French pimps who manufacture fraudulent passports, congregate in a barroom known as Fredericks; she said “They all hang out there because I know boys who were fixed up by them”. I said “I’d like to help my friend out and perhaps you know somebody who could fix it for us”. She answered “No, I don’t. Neither you nor your friend are known around here. You both have the best passes for traveling in the world. Marry your girls and take them on your passes. That is my advice”.

I said “He’s married now. So am I”; she said “What’s the difference? Your wives ain’t here. I know French boys who are married a half a dozen times”.

During my visits to the various cafes where I found the better-class prostitutes congregated, I met a prostitute, Louisetta, who admitted to me that she is but 19 years of age, is unmarried, and is a Spanish subject. She stated she was born in Barcelona and that her parents still reside there. She said
that two years ago she ran away from home with her Spanish “sweetheart” and accompanied him to Algiers. While in Algiers she became a “business girl” (prostitute) and left there five months ago came to Marseille. I questioned her as to whether her “sweetheart” brought her to Marseille; she answered “No, I ran away from him. He look all over and he cant find me”.

She admitted that she cannot read nor write and that practicing prostitution is her only means of support. She is a registered prostitute and said she resides at 8 rue Nationale.

While in Grand Cafe de Novilles, a cafe which is frequented by so-called clandestine prostitutes, I met an English prostitute who showed me her passport which bore the name of Marcella. She admitted that she is an English subject by virtue of marriage, is 31 years old, being born May, 1893. She stated that less than two years ago she met an Australian, Jones, who married her; he took her to Cardiff, England, and although an engineer on an Australian boat, forced her to prostitute herself in England. She stated that she never practiced prostitution before, but did so only after he had requested her to, and threatened her. She returned to France and he followed her. She then made it plain that she would appeal to the police and he ran away. She said “I tried to get work, but the most I can make is 6 francs to 15 francs a day sewing. So I go out three or four times a week and do business”.

Marseille, France

Jan. 6-7, 1925

While visiting various houses of prostitution and also maisons des rendezvous, I happened into a resort, 40 rue Serrac, which is conducted by Madame Mano. After meeting all five of this madame’s inmates, I engaged Mlle. Germaine, one of the inmates, in a lengthy conversation and she acted as interpreter between Madame Mano and myself. I explained that I am seeking a place for “my girl”; Madame Mano said “I have five. Business is so bad that I could not take on another”.

After going into a detailed account of my girl, her nationality, and admitting that she is but 17 years of age, the madame said “The age does not matter very much. Of course, I am not supposed to take a girl under 18, but in a place like this (maison de rendezvous) I can have a girl who is not registered. The police in Marseille are very lenient with us”.

The madame then corroborated everything that I had previously learned from other sources concerning the enforcement of local legislation. I said “If things are so bad here, why do so many good-looking girls remain here?”; she replied “They haven’t got the money to travel; that is the reason, I guess. I’ll tell you where a girl like yours can make money. In Madrid there’s a cabaret called Cabaret Maxims. A friend of mine owns it. I sent her two very nice girls I knew last fall. Of course, the girl must be able to dance a little. The place is well patronized and girls who are pretty can make much money. You know they sit around, act sociable, and after closing they always find a man who is good for at least 25 pesetas”.


I said “A girl and boy going over there are liable to get into trouble”; she replied “Not in Spain! Everything there is the same as here”. I said “Suppose a fellow hasn't got the money to go?”; she said “That's it….when you can't afford to travel you got to stay home”. I said “I realize that, but sometimes when a cabaret needs girls, they pay the transportation”. She said “Yes, I know. That is so when they want actresses, but that kind they don't need. They want regular girls. They will furnish the girls with evening dresses, and share in the drinks. It's a good chance”.

I said “My girl is a French girl; she's only 17. How could she get a passport?”; she said “If you were married to her you could take her on yours”. I said “I know that, but I already have a picture on my passport; it's a picture of my girl who left me in Paris”. She said “You can have your passports always fixed up in Marseille. That's one thing you don't have to worry about here”. I said “Are there many boys taking girls out that way?”; she replied “I know plenty”.

While in this house during another visit I met a French pimp who spoke English. He was introduced to me as Joe Armand, whose woman, Mlle. Germaine, is an inmate in this house. After I had cultivated his acquaintance I again brought up the subject as to whether many pimps are leaving from this port, and if so, what methods are being pursued by them. I explained that when I see my way clear I want to leave with my girl, but am at a loss as to how to proceed. Joe Armand said “You have it easy. Nobody knows you. You could take the girl right with you on your pass”. I reiterated the difficulty I would experience that way by explaining as I did to Madame Mano why that plan would not be feasible. He said “It's all according to where you want to go. If your girl knows the game, she can get a pass easy. You can arrange to have somebody on the other side take her in. You see, in some places they won't let girls under 21 land”. I said “Where, for instance?”; he answered “All through South America”. I said “How do the boys fix it, then?”; he said “They always have a connection who comes forward and say they are relatives”. I said “How about getting the papers fixed?”; he replied “It's a bum game! It costs like hell, and the chances (risks) are big. Especially now. They are knocking them off (arresting) right and left with false passes”. I said “Well, you see, that makes it twice as hard for me”. He said “Your gal, if she don't look too young, can get a pass by getting a card of identity. She can raise her age if she gets a couple of people to swear she is what she says. I know a lot of boys who left for Brazil, but they got friends to marry the gals first. Married women even under 21 they got to give a pass to”. I said “Why get somebody else to marry them?”. He replied “The boys are already married or too well known themselves”. I said “How about the girls? Didn't they object?”. He replied “Why should they? They wanted to go, didn't they?” I said “They must have been regular business girls”; he replied “Sure, what then?” I said “I thought perhaps the girls didn't know what they were going for”.

He said “Sure they know. They're glad to get the chance”. I said “You shouldn't do that with a green girl”; he answered “Why bother with green girls? Why, here in Marseille, there are ten girls to one fellow! A lot of crazy charity girls! All you have to do is to explain things to them. They're glad to get the chance to get money for it. If they turn down the proposition, there's always another who will grab it”……“why run the chance of getting into trouble with a Jane who will later holler (complain)?”. I said “Where can you grab that kind? I never see any”. He replied “They're always around the streets. I'll show you plenty”.

I said “I heard Spain is the best place to leave from”; he said “Yes, if you got a fake pass. But if I wanted to go tomorrow I’d leave right from here. I am married. I can take my wife any place I want; no matter what her age is. Who can stop me? Nobody knows my business”.

Marseille, France
Jan. 8-9, 1925

I spent considerable time in the company of a French pimp known to me as Joe Armand who introduced me to another pimp whom he called George. He does not speak English, so most of my conversations took place with Joe Armand who said: “George has been to South America, the same places where you were”. I said “How long ago has it been since he was there?”; Joe Armand replied “He has been back now for about seven months”. I said “Have things tightened up down there?”. He replied “No, somebody took his woman. He says in South America plenty of money can be made”. I said “Why did he come all the way back here? Couldn’t he find a girl in Buenos Aires?”; Joe Armand replied “He wanted to come home. His people all live in Marseille”.

I then asked if George had intentions of returning to South America with anybody; Joe Armand replied “No, he tells me he is going to Mexico”. I said “Is Mexico really as good as they say it is?” He answered affirmatively and said “It is very good. I never was there myself, but my friends all say it is the only place”. I then inquired as to why Joe Armand had never gone to a foreign country since his comrades continued to recommend these places. He replied “You saw my girl. She is a pretty good-looker, isn’t she? Well, she has a string of good fish (customers) and she can make nice money from them. Besides, she is afraid to go. Once she had a Brazilian captain and he gave her 100 francs to do the Brazil act. She got hurt and ever since then she thinks that the only way a girl can make money in South America is that way, so she won’t go”.

I said “Has George been trying to get himself anyone (a girl)?” Joe Armand replied “He’s living with one now. He got her here in Marseille. The same kind of a gal I told you about the other night (French charity girl; see previous report). He don’t tell me everything, but I know he is getting ready to leave in a month or so”.

I said “Is she young? It’s not so easy to get away with a young one”. He replied “She’s 19. It’s just as easy as it ever was. I told you the other day that there’s a hundred different ways to do it without getting tripped (caught)”. I said “That may be, but none of them are sure”. He said “I know plenty who come and go and never have any trouble. Could anything be safer than getting married? Then you can travel together and nobody can say a word. Besides, it’s better for the girls, too. Every girl likes to be married”.

I said “Yes, but not to somebody else as you said they do”. He said “Those things all work out right. I know fellows who have married a half dozen times”. I said “When I was in Buenos Aires I met boys (pimps) who had three women, but I never met a boy who had six!” He said “I don’t mean that way, that they had the six at once; I mean during their day they had six women and married each one”.
I said “I have been in the game since I was a kid, and the French boy (pimp) is the only one I ever knew that could handle three at one time”. He said “I have had two at one time myself, before I got this one”. I said “How did you do it? Didn’t they ever meet?” He replied “We all lived together, and never had any trouble. You have to kid them on. Just as you said, I know a chap in Buenos Aires by the name of Jacques Laimler. Maybe you know him. They call him Jacque Bandits. He’s a Marseille boy. He has three women”. I said “How did he manage to land them?”; he replied “He left here with one that was his wife. When he got some money together, he had his wife sent for a girl friend. And, then, later, he sent for another friend”. I said “Were they all business girls?”. He replied “They knew the game, but never did much here”. I said “How old were they?”; he replied “Just as the Americans say, ‘chickens’. His wife was the oldest. She was 22. The others were not over 20. They all used to pal around together”. I said “If they were under 21, how could he get a passport for them?”; he answered “His wife sent one a ticket. She went and showed the ticket to visit a relative and they gave her (friend) a pass. He had somebody on the other side claim her. Then she went to work for him”.

I said “Wasn’t there any jealousy when the third came down?” he answered “No, you see, his wife is always satisfied because he slips her extra cash. The girls have to pay him off for the fare, and then with the other things he does for them, they’re satisfied. He is a good-looking chap and the women always fall for him. He can go out and loose a lot of gold on the races, and the girls will work all the harder to get it back for him”.

I said “How long ago did this happen?”; he replied “Only last year Jack; you mean when he first left here with Marcella, that’s his wife? It’s not long. Just about January, 1923”.

In the company of these two pimps I visited several maisons des rendezvous and also the cafes which prostitutes frequent. I was introduced to two French unregistered prostitutes not even 18 years of age, and 4 foreign girls, one Corsican, one Spanish, two Italians. All appeared to be over 21 years of age.

Marseille, France
Jan. 10-11, 1925

A good part of my time was spent with Joe Armand and George, two French pimps. We visited two cabarets, Cabaret Maccoli and Cabaret Merle Blanche on Cannebiere (Street). We also went to Regina American Bar on Place de la Bourse. Both pimps are apparently well known to the prostitutes that frequent these places and I therefore was able to question the pimps concerning the ages and nationalities of the various women. Joe Armand said “In places like these is where a girl can make nice money. I want my girl to quit the house, but she won’t do it. Fellows that come here all have money and besides it’s the only place where the English and Americans go. All the English men on their way to Egypt pass through Marseille and they meet the girls in these joints”.

I said “How is it that the boys don’t go to Egypt?”; he replied “They do; the place is overrun. There’s good money there, but they (authorities) are very tough on boys (pimps)”. I said “Do you have
any trouble getting a visas?” he answered “They ask a lot of questions, but you can always get by”. I said “How about here? Are the cops tough?”; he answered “They never bother anybody. I know a few of them and they are good fellows”. I said “I heard they are quite stiff (strict)”; he said “They’re kidding you, who over told you that. They’ll give you a lift any time”. I said “What do you mean, a lift?” He answered “They give you a chance to make a little money”. I said “I suppose they aint in the game for their health”. He answered “Of course not! All the joints (resorts) pay. Fellows like myself who just have a girl out, they dont look for it from. I mean chaps who own big places. They have to come through (pay money)”. I said “Take a joint like madame Aline’s or Madame Mano’s: Suppose a gal leaves. How do they get another? In The States it is pretty hard to land girls for the joints”. He answered “It is not so here. They can always get more than they want”. I said “But isn’t it hard to land a young one?”; he replied “Houses cant have girls under 18”. I said “Suppose they are married. I thought then they could take them in”; he answered “Married or not, they got to register if they are in a house. On the street a married girl does not have to register. They do take them into the houses under 18 now and then even with the law against it”.

I said “I have not seen any”; he replied “Once in a while you find one; but they dont stay long. The young ones are wise. They beat it to where the money is. If a house needs a girl, one girl always gets a friend, or one of the boys hears about it and there is always somebody who likes house work”.

I said “I dont see many Jew boys in town”; he answered “Damn right! There aint many Jew gals either. I am telling you, the money aint here”. I said “The only boys I have been able to meet are the French ones”. He replied “There are just as many Italians, and a bunch of Spanish too. This is a great town. There’s all kinds here. You’re the only American I know here. I wouldn’t be here myself if I could help it. Jeannette wants me to go away with him and his gal, but mine wont listen to it”. I said “Did Jeannette finally come through and tell you when he hopes to pull out (go away)?”; he replied “No, but I can tell from the way he talks. This gal he has aint anxious either. This fellow is a fox! You see, he’d like to have my gal go along so it would make it easier for him”. I said “I dont quite get you (understand you)”; he replied “Jeannette cant travel with his gal. He’d have to follow or beat it off first. You see if my gal went along, he’d be sure his would land because they’d go together”. I said “Why? Is she too young to go alone?”; he replied “I think she’s twenty, but that aint it. There’s another kid that is sweet (smitten) on her. He’s afraid that if he goes first she’ll run off with this other guy”. I said “Why dont he send her first?”; he answered “It’s always better to go first yourself. That ‘follow me’ stuff is the best. If the gal lands first something may go wrong and the door of the prison is open for you when you arrive. Take my advice: get in yourself first, then you can always arrange for the girl”. I said “Is that what the boys always do?”; he replied “Absolutely! It always gives them a chance to make connections in case things go wrong. I know one bird who followed the gal was turned back and they passed each other on the sea”.

I said “If you go where do you think you’ll hit first for?”; he replied “I think it will be Mexico. But I am not going to put myself to any trouble helping Jeannette unless he comes through and stakes us (pays us). I dont want anything for nothing. I’ll pay him back, but I aint got anybody I can go to for the dough (money) and as long as my gal is helping him out he ought to come through, dont you think so?”
Marseille, France

Jan. 13-14, 1925

While in the company of two French pimps, Joe Armand and George, I again brought up the subject of the age at which prostitutes are admitted into houses of prostitution; Joe Armand said “The patronnes are not allowed to take anybody in under 21, but they do just the same”. I said “Do you know any that are in the joints? I’d like to see one”. He answered “I couldn’t just say where. But I know kids away under age working in houses. Their cards always state the age as over 21 though”. He then reiterated how a girl under 21 can receive a card of registration with a false age. He also said “I know girls who received birth certificates by going and getting the certificate of someone they knew and then using that person’s name. That has been an old stunt in Marseille. There are plenty doing the same thing now”. I said “I cant understand how that could be done”; he answered “Suppose you were a gal. You know my name. You know my age. Just say you want to use my name and age to register. All you do is go to the prefecture, tell him the name, your date of birth and that’s all there is to it. If they want witnesses, you can get all you need. Let me tell you something: The boys know every way to beat it”.

Later I inquired from Madame Aline and Madame Mano and each madame admitted that they knew of many girls who had registered under false names by first securing the birth certificates of persons known to them.

At Regina American Bar I met an Italian prostitute, Marguerita, who admitted to me that she is but 20 years of age, and was born in Bologne, Italy. She stated that she came to Marseille nearly one year ago with a girl friend who has since gone to Cairo. She admitted that she practiced prostitution in Naples, Genoa, Paris and then she came to Marseille. She maintained that she has no pimp, and that she lives alone at Hotel Belannie et Aix.

Marseille, France

Jan. 1-14, 1925

Summary

Marseille, France, has a population of nearly one million people. Soon after my arrival I learned that a considerable portion of commercialized prostitution in this city is centered in a locality known as Vieux Port, principally on Rue de la Reynarde and adjoining streets.

In this area one may find prostitutes who are natives of Italy, Spain, Germany, Bulgaria, Turkey, Egypt, Tunis, Belgium, and also France. These prostitutes live in filthy insanitary houses, and openly accost all men who pass. In fact, the women are so bold in their accostations that no man can pass through the streets without having his hat taken by the prostitutes, or being literally dragged into their resorts.
On Saturdays and Sundays these streets are so crowded with soldiers, sailors, working men and boys, that there is scarcely room for walking.

After spending several days in this locality, I observed, and was also informed, that the higher-priced and younger prostitutes are to be found in houses of tolerance, houses of rendezvous, cafes, restaurants, cabarets, and upon the streets in the center of the city.

I also noted that a number of cheap hotels, in streets adjacent to the main thoroughfares, are nothing more than resorts in which prostitution is practiced. The women who make use of these hotels may be seen in groups of three and four, standing in the hotel doorways openly accosting passersby. It is apparent that one cannot enter any of the streets in the business section of the city without meeting a prostitute. The same is true of the cafes. At night all of the cafes have prostitutes seated in the premises.

After making a general survey and sorting out the resorts wherein there appeared to be prostitutes of different nationalities, I cultivated the acquaintance of five madams and two pimps. All of these underworld characters are apparently well-versed in the international phases of Commercialized Prostitution and its relation to traffic in women and girls.

Madame Aline who conducts a house of prostitution at 2, rue de la Reynarde admitted to me that she has been in Marseille for many years. She explained that the majority of the houses are situated in the waterfront district, and although the resorts harbor women of from ten to twelve different nationalities, these prostitutes have been in Marseille for many years. She said

“You can see for yourself they are all old-timers who came here when things were good. Many came, hoping to get to places where more money can be made; but, like myself, they never got enough money together to be able to leave. The young girls and anybody who has good sense leave quickly. If I could get rid of my place I’d go tomorrow. I have plenty of friends who left for Mexico and South America and I even helped them out with the cash to go”.

She then went on to explain that the Marseille police and Immigration bureaus do not deny passports to registered prostitutes, provided they are over 21 years of age. She said “All a girl has to do is to ask for her pass and she gets it. If she is under 21, they wont give it to her, unless she is married. Then the age dont make any difference”.

When questioned as to how unmarried girls under 21 can leave France to practice prostitution in a foreign country, she said “They get fake papers. There are a bunch of Italians who make them, but they are very expensive. With fake papers they usually leave through Spanish ports, because it’s easier there”.

Not only Madame Aline, but the other madames who I met, corroborated that which Madame Aline had told me, and also stated that girls in Marseille can practice prostitution in places other than maisons des tolerance and maisons des rendezvous, without registering, provided they are married.

All inmates in licensed resorts must, however, be registered, and must be 21 years of age or more.
After visiting many licensed resorts and also several clandestine places, I did not find one inmate under 21 years of age. The madames contended, however, that although 21 years of age is the minimum prescribed by the municipal regulations, arrangements can be made with the police to allow minors to work in the houses. This arrangement, all admitted, is clandestine, and necessitates falsifying the inmate’s age.

From my association with several pimps I learned that a number of prostitutes and pimps leave through the port of Marseille for Mexico and South America. It was also admitted that French pimps desiring new prostitutes usually return to France, meet the girls whom they want, and then take them to foreign countries. The pimps contended that there is plenty of “material” (girls) to be had in Marseille who are eager to leave the country. They described girls of the “charity” type who, although they may not be practicing prostitution when they first meet the pimps, do not hesitate to enter the life when they are “properly approached”. Girls of this type I am told when under 21 years of age are usually married by the pimps, provided the pimps do not consider themselves as being known to the police. Under these circumstances the pimp does not hesitate to accompany the girl, traveling as husband and wife. I was also informed that some pimps having been engaged in the business of trafficking in women and girls for years, hesitate to travel with a girl. My informants contended that men are procured to marry the girls and in that way the girls may secure a passport and travel to foreign countries without arousing suspicion. When travelling alone, the pimps usually precede the girls, so as to be able to arrange matters to insure the girls entry in the event landing difficulties are encountered.

The question of fraudulent passports being used was also mentioned. The pimps whom I met admitted that a group of Italians who congregate at Fredericks, 15 rue Thurmaneaux, fabricate such passports. These pimps stated that such false passports usually invite arrest, and along with the prohibitive prices charged for them, has caused the pimps to abandon the use of these papers. The pimps regard the securing of legitimate passports by either marrying the girls themselves or getting someone else to marry them, as a safer and less expensive procedure.

After making a thorough canvass of all places where prostitution is practiced and meeting innumerable prostitutes, I located one Spanish prostitute 19 years of age; one English prostitute who, although 31 years of age, had been forced into a life of prostitution a year and a half ago; and one Italian prostitute, 20 years of age.

From all information received it is apparent that Marseille is one of the main ports in France where there is an exodus of prostitutes, many of whom are under 21 years of age.

Barcelona, Spain

Jan. 16-17, 1925

Traffic in women and children

During the first two days in Barcelona, Spain, I visited the houses of prostitution, resorts that correspond to the French maison de rendezvous, cabarets and cafes.
In visiting the houses I noticed that the type of place which caters to sailors and the laboring element, is located near the waterfront and upon side streets back of Principal Palace Theatre (The small streets upon which the houses are situated have no street signs). In this locality are a number of parlor houses, rooming houses, and cafes where prostitutes congregate. The houses of prostitution have elderly housekeepers in front of the doors, and allow persons to enter who ask to be admitted. In some of the rooming houses prostitutes congregate in the doorways, but do not boldly accost passersby.

The cafes in this locality likewise harbor prostitutes, but the women solicit only those persons who enter the premises. Many of the cafes have adjoining rooms or compartments where the prostitutes take their trade.

In this section one may come across a number of street women who merely loiter about, but seldom accost men.

During my journey from place to place I inquired as to the reasons why the man must take the initiative in order to gain admittance to a house, or to make the acquaintance of prostitutes in the cafes or upon the streets. I soon learned from several sources that the police are extremely active against prostitutes who accost men; and in order for the prostitutes to avoid conflict with the authorities, the old methods, usually indulged in by prostitutes, have been abandoned.

Among the parlor houses visited were resorts where the prices charged ranged from 100 to 200 pesetas. These more expensive houses are scattered about the business section of the city, and are located in houses which correspond to the tenement houses in the city of New York.

The high-priced brothels are fairly well furnished and the inmates usually nicely gowned. In the 5 and 10 peseta houses the inmates appear semi-nude, and are very much older than the girls in the better class resorts.

I noticed that all of the prostitutes in the houses appeared to be over 21 years of age, and that except for a few French and Italian girls, all are Spanish.

I finally cultivated the acquaintance of a chauffeur who acted as an interpreter for me during my visits to the various houses. I was told that the houses are scattered throughout the down-town section of the city, and that all resorts are licensed. The inmates are required to register, and no place can harbor a girl who is not registered.

Madame Maria La Mora (See card) said “You will not find many girls in Barcelona, except Spanish. There are some French and Italians, but not many. You might find your friend (my girl) in the cabaret. That is usually where all new girls go”. I said “So you say there are not many foreign girls in town?”; she answered “Yes, except in cabarets. There you find more”. I said “Why is that? There's plenty of money to be made here, isn't there?”; she answered “Not plenty, but better than in France or Italy. The French girls like to go to South America better”. I said “I have been to South America and I saw quite a few Spanish girls too”. She said “Yes, I know; I had a house when things were very good in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. My place was on Gloria Calla. I sold it out to a Frenchman”. I said “Are all the houses in Barcelona owned by women or men?” She replied “Oh, it is against the law for a man to
own a house here. But they do, and, of course, their wives run the places. The police here do not like the men (pimps) at all”. I said “I just came through from Marseille, and was going to take the next boat for Mexico, but now that I cannot find her, I’ll have to stay here for a while”. She said “She’ll turn up. Maybe she couldn’t get across the border. If she is too young they won’t let her in, especially with a French passport. She might have had trouble”.

At night I visited the cabarets, such as Cabaret Lion D’Or, Cabaret Maxims, Grand Cafe Catalana, Cabaret Buena Sombra, Cabaret Gunda, Cabaret Criterion and Cabaret Excelsior. In each place I found from ten to fifteen prostitutes. These prostitutes clandestinely make the acquaintance of unaccompanied men and urge immoral relations in nearly rooming-houses.

All the girls whom I saw were over 21 years of age, and mainly Spanish.

Barcelona, Spain

Jan. 18-19, 1925

For the past two days I have been visiting houses of prostitution, cabarets, rooming houses, hotels, and all other places frequented by prostitutes and pimps. A chauffeur whose acquaintance I cultivated, advised me to loiter about such places as Cabaret Lion D’Or, Cafe Glacier and Grand Cafe Catalana. All three places are located on Rambla Capucines and since I had intimated to this chauffeur my business (pimping) in Barcelona, he suggested these places, mentioning that everybody acquainted with inside conditions of Barcelona make their headquarters in these resorts.

I attempted to make myself known principally at Grand Cafe Catalana. While in this cabaret I made the acquaintance of an unknown Spanish prostitute who explained to me that she is an Andalusia, and not being able to speak anything but Spanish, she introduced me to a man whom she called Hyman. Later I learned that his true name is James De Villa. He stated he was born in Saragossa and at the age of 14 left for San Jose, Costa Rica; thence he went to the United States. He served with the U. S. Army, and spent 16 months in France. After the war he asked to be discharged in Europe, and has remained in Barcelona up to the present time. After we had compared notes about our army experience, James De Villa and I got quite confidential concerning conditions in Barcelona, and its relation to international traffic.

He said in substance: “I have been working here a long time. I am not married so, of course, I have a girl. A fellow has to have a job to avoid trouble in this town. This job I have here don’t pay me much, but it helps out. There is plenty of good money to be made in this city, but the police are so strict that it makes our lives miserable. Everybody who comes here thinks they are going to run into a wide-open city. Well, let me tell you, it’s just the opposite. We got a lot of French girls here. A French girl is a tough customer. She wants to do things in her own way. They catch them quick, especially in the last three or four months. I’ll tell you they (police) have been raising hell!”

He then went on to explain to me how prostitution is regulated in Barcelona. He said “We have here regular licensed houses. The license is very very high. There aint many houses. They do a big
business, but everything must be quiet and orderly. The girls can't call anybody in. Everywhere the man must ask for what he wants. It is hard for strangers, because it takes time to find out the good places”.

I said “Are there any places with real young girls?”; he replied “All girls in the houses are registered. They must be 21 years or over. The same is true of the street girls. Take the street girls, for instance: They can't solicit on the streets except during the hours from 1 AM to 4 AM. If they get caught at any other time, they have to pay fines, and sometimes go to jail. Believe me, the Secret Police watch them too! I'll show you. Since you have been here there has been at least four secret policemen who came in”. I said. “What would they want to come in here for?”; he replied “When I tell you, you'll think you are in Boston, Mass. You see all these girls? Well, we call them butterflies! That's a nice name for hookers (prostitutes)! All the cabarets have them. There's 40 of them here. Now, remember, they are not registered. They work here. Each girl gets 7 pesetas a night and no percentage on drinks. They are here to dance with whoever wants to dance with them. The girls have to be over 21, and have the written consent of their parents before we can take them in. They can't solicit, but should they come to an agreement with a man whom they meet, they can leave the place with him, but if they leave they lose their night's pay. While they dance they must dance properly, otherwise a policeman can arrest them. When they sit talking to a patron, they can't give him a sneaky feel nor kiss him. Nothing like that! They got to sit with their hands folded as if they were in church! You know what I mean. No rough stuff! That's why the cops come in. For one reason, they want to see if everything is orderly; secondly, they are always looking for pimps. We just decorated the dance hall, and every few dances we have what they call a 'moon-light' dance. The Chief of Police inspected it and made us put in four bright lights, so that when the lights go out it won't be too dark. All of these bung things are done to protect these poor innocent whores! You know, as well as I do, that 7 pesetas a night don't pay these girls. We close at 3:30 and they usually get good suckers”.

I said “There's a bunch in here that are under 21”. He said “Sure they are”. I said. “Don't they have to prove their ages?”; he replied “They have birth certificates, but they are all fake certificates. The Boss gets them for them. You see, there's two ways of getting a birth certificate: One is through the Civil Register, and the other through the Church. The Boss has a fellow who fixes all these things up”.

I said “Are all the girls Spanish?”; he replied “Yes, every one of them. The French girls are mainly on the streets. Their boys (pimps) have them where they can make real money”. I said “When the girls present the queer (false) birth certificates, don't the (authorities) get wise?”; he replied “If they looked it up they would, but they don't. Even the waitresses here can't sit at a table with a patron. They got to take a seat away from them. I am only telling you this so you know what kind of a town you hit when you fell in here”.

I said “I didn't come to Barcelona to carry out a million pesetas, but I did figure that I'd at least be able to make ends meet”. He said “If you have a friend (girl), take my advice and have her register. Wise her up to the houses, and everything else, or she'll go to jail just as sure as Christ made little apples!” I said “Suppose the girl was under 21?”; he said “Her passport is all she has to show. If her passport has 'under 21' on it, she never would have been able to get in, unless she was married. If she is married, it is all right, but if she's single, they (authorities) are liable to raise hell. Whenever a young girl comes in from France or any other place, her passport always has the wrong age on it. I know plenty of boys
(pimps) and girls (prostitutes) who pass thru here on their way to Mexico and Havana, and the girls always have about nine years added to their ages”.

I said “I dont see why a fellow comes over here when he can go easier and quicker from France”. He said, “It’s all according to who is going. The boy (pimp) may be known in France, or he may have fake papers; some can do it, others cant”. “I have been myself a couple of times to Havana”.

I said “Why did you come back”; he replied “I had a few things to do. You see, I have an American passport. I can go any place”.

About 2:30 A.M. I left this cabaret accompanied by James De Villa. We visited several houses of prostitution in this vicinity, where he pointed out girls, all of whom were Spanish. Although under age, they are registered as prostitutes. He said, “Fake certificates; that’s how they got in”.

We then parted and an appointment was made for tomorrow afternoon.

**Barcelona, Spain**

*Jan. 20, 1925*

I spent most of the day in the company of James De Villa and again brought up the subject of going to a foreign country. He said “Take my advice, Old man, and be careful who you talk to. Barcelona is a very bad place to be in just now, especially if your girl is under age. Only the other day they locked up fourteen boys (pimps). One of them owns that house we were in, called Petits. He took a girl out of a school where he had her for two years since she was 14. Now she is 16, and he tried to have her for a mistress. Here they lock you up and throw the key away! Why, four months ago they locked up a couple of boys and they are still in jail awaiting trial”.

I said “Why are they (police) so strict here?”; he replied “The boys (pimps) have been running pretty strong. Another thing, the League of Nations is investigating the traffic in women and children”. I said “What have they got to do with it?”. He replied “All the governments decided on it. How I know is I acted as interpreter for a Mr. Walker of the League of Nations. He was in Madrid and he heard about it and he rushed down here to find out about the cases”. I said “That was a lucky break for you, wasn’t it, to get the dope (information)?”; He replied “Yes, you see, I am on file at Cooks. He went there to get an interpreter and they sent me”. I said “Did you know the boys (pimps) who got grabbed (arrested)?”; he said “Sure; I knew the girls, too. One of the girls squealed. The boys used to hang out here”. I said “Couldn’t you tip them off”; he replied “How could I? The guy Mr. Walker from the League didn’t discover the case. The cops did, he only came here to get the facts”. I said “Did Mr. Walker know you worked here?”, he said “Christ NO! I didn’t tell him that! I went all over with him. He was funny! I met the Chief, and for an American he was so polite, and hand-shaking, that I could see it was bunk. You know he didn’t trust me. He was afraid I’d say things to the Chief that he didn’t tell me”. I said “Didn’t any of the Secret Police recognize you?” He replied “No, I never met anybody but the big bugs”. I said “It’s a good thing you didn’t tell Mr. Walker you knew the boys who were arrested.
He said “Damned right! The funny part of it was, all the stuff we heard, I knew before”. I said “Do you think they got them right?”; he answered “Sure! You see, these (pimps arrested) fellows did business with a couple of houses in Havana. They went to France and used to represent themselves as wealthy Spaniards. They'd make love to a nice girl, give her fancy clothes, even diamonds. Then they'd tell the girl that business took them to Barcelona. They always sent the girl alone, and met her here. Then they'd put the girls in business and ship them away”. I said “Does it look like they'll beat the case?”; he said “No, they (police) even found out that the boys (pimps) cabled to each other. They spoke of the girls as ‘the machine is not ready yet’ and ‘the suitcase you forgot I am sending to you’. Then they used the ‘repairs are being made and will be ready soon’”. I said “If you knew it was coming off, you could have helped the boys out”. He said “Sure, but who the hell knew it? That's what I say; it pays to be careful here”. I said “I suppose the boys aint coming here as much now”. He replied “Damned right! Everybody should have an alibi or you cant tell when the ax will drop”.

I said “I am glad to know that”. He said “I am telling you something! Barcelona is full of cops and informers. If I wanted to rat (turn informer), I could get on the pay roll too. Do you know that even the vigilantes here have the power of arrest?” I said “Who are the vigilantes?” he replied “You know the guys who I always called when we went into a whore house. You see, under the municipal law all places are guarded by vigilantes, those fellows who wear white shoes and a red band around their caps. They carry a cane and a bunch of keys. In the States they correspond to the Holmes watchmen. Well, here, they are paid by the city. They close all doors at 10 o'clock. If you haven't a key, they let you in. They are on guard in each block. All you do is clap your hands and they come. It's a great system! They know the movements of everybody on their posts. They can tell when you come and when you go! When an arrest is made, the Chief always sends for the man on the post and he tells all he knows about you. If a fellow has a girl, the vigilante knows when she comes and when she goes. He can tell by the hours she keeps if she is a hooker (prostitute) or not. If you live with her and she gets caught, you see how easy it is to fix 'pimp' on you. It's always best for that reason for a fellow not to live with his girl. The police system is hard to beat here”.

I said “Cant those fellows (vigilantes) be taken care of?”; (Bribed); he answered “They get a very small salary. They depend on tips. Sure, you can fix them (bribe them), but they'll rat (inform) just the same. It's a tough town”.

We then left the cabaret and visited three houses of prostitution. All the inmates in these houses were Spanish and appeared to be over 21 years of age.

We then entered into a discussion of indecent literature; James De Villa said “They are very strict on that, too. It aint worth while taking the chance. Last time I left Havana I had a load of it. I used to get it sent to me in Hartford, Connecticut, when I returned to the United States. I sold a bunch of it there and made fine money, but I quit before they nailed me”. He further mentioned that the pictures are manufactured in Paris, and shipped to Havana. They were sent to him in Hartford in letters and wrapped in newspapers.
Barcelona, Spain

Jan. 21, 1925

While in the company of James De Villa at Grand Cafe Catalana, I said “Do you know, I am a bit scared about the things you told me. I think I’ll pull out of here just as soon as I can”. He replied “I am sorry if I am keeping you awake nights. I only told you for your own good. You bloomed in here as a stranger and I wanted to see that you did not get yourself into trouble”. I replied “I appreciate that, but tell me, which is the best way to go? I told you that mine (girl) is a young one, and I want to go the safest way”. He answered “You say your girl is French; well, leave right from here. You can get to any place in South America; Mexico and Havana, Cuba, easiest” I said “What route do the boys take?”; He replied “Some go from here; some from the ports on the Atlantic coast, like Coruna, San …?...; any of them are good”. I said “If this town is as good, why do they go north?”; he replied “It’s all according to the circumstances. You, with your U.S. passport,--any port, anywhere, is just the same. If your girl has a French passport, she can go from here too”. I said “I heard the northern ports are better”. He said “They are on the Atlantic and it’s quicker, that’s all; but, so far as safety is concerned, one is just as good as the other. French boys who leave from Paris and other places north, go that way. The boys from Southern France go through here. I know French boys who send the girls out of here and they (the boys) leave from the north. That’s the best way. Always travel alone and go first. Very often they travel on the same boat; both get on; for instance, the girl boards the boat here and the boy catches the same boat up the line. But they never talk nor let anyone know that they know each other”. I said “I can’t understand why a French boy passes up a good port like Marseille’s and puts himself to all the trouble to come here”. He replied “You ought to know that it’s always better to leave by way of a foreign port. It’s much safer, especially when a fellow is sending a young one, or has something queer about his papers”.

I said “In that case, the Spanish boys don’t clear out of these ports”. He replied “If their papers are queer (false) they use Marseille, or if they are known (to the authorities). Otherwise they leave through Barcelona. I’ll tell you another reason: Most of the Spanish wanderers (traffickers) have French girls. It’s a known fact that they always get girls that are young. That’s every Spaniard’s weakness. So, you see, they have to go out of Spain, because the girl is French and might get held up in leaving a French port”. I said “I never knew that the Spaniards are strong for French girls”. He said “Yes, and French girls prefer a Spaniard to anybody else. Take a young French girl, for instance. She’ll fall at our feet”. I said “Are many of the boys getting French girls?”; he replied “I should say so!” I said “How in hell do they do it?”; he said “The old stuff! The psychology of a French girl is interesting. She has two weaknesses; one is luxury, and the other, sex. Offer them luxury and you get them easy. Once you give them a taste of what they never had, they’ll believe you, and work like hell! I know because I have a French girl of my own. I met Georgette in Paris when I was in the Army. I’ll tell you she is all a fellow would expect to find! Do you know, I am thinking seriously of opening a joint (resort) like this in Valenciennes (?). I know that big money could be made. If you would stick around Spain and could raise a little cash, we could go in together. There are a lot of American ships calling there. We could, as Americans, clean up! (Make big money). Things are not so strict there and I’ll tell you, it is a good chance!”
Reverting to the subject we had been discussing, I said “There is a bunch of young ones here. It’s funny that the boys didn’t try to grab them off instead of going to France”. He said “They (girls) all have boys”. I said “But there are other girls in Barcelona”. He replied “Yes, but let me tell you, a Spanish girl is hard to land. They are pretty carefully watched, and they don’t fall so quickly”.

After leaving James De Villa, I visited a number of Music Halls which are frequented by clandestine prostitutes. These prostitutes usually occupy boxes in the balcony and clandestinely solicit. In the places visited the prostitutes whom I met were all Spanish. A number, however, appeared to be between 17 and 19 years of age.

These places are as follows:

Apola Music Hall, Pompeya Music Hall, Folies Bergere Music Hall, Seville Music Hall, Seville Cabaret Music Hall, Teatro Nueva Music Hall, Canton Martini Music Hall; all located on Marque el Duera.

**Barcelona, Spain**

*Jan. 16-22, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Summary**

While in Barcelona, Spain, I visited all places where prostitution is practiced. I noted that the cheap resorts are mainly situated in the downtown section of the city, not far from the Rambla and back of the Principal Palace Theatre (Streets in this section are not named).

The resorts are conducted in such a manner as not to offend persons passing through the street, nor the poor families that reside in adjoining houses. Prostitutes may be seen congregated in front of cheap hotels and rooming houses, but are seldom seen to accost men except after 1 A.M.

After visiting the majority of the houses in this section, I was convinced that none of the places harbor prostitutes under 21 years of age, and that except for a few French and Italian prostitutes, all are natives of Spain.

I then concentrated upon the higher-priced houses of prostitution and “call” houses. These places are situated usually in apartment houses, and cater to a clientele that can afford to spend from 25 to 100 pesetas for a prostitute’s services. Just as in the cheaper resorts, all prostitutes appeared to be over 21 years of age, and are mainly Spanish girls.

I learned that all inmates are registered and are required to submit for a venereal-disease examination once or twice a week. Prostitutes who solicit in safes, cabarets, etc., are, however, not required to register.
My informants explained that the municipal government is extremely active against street prostitutes, and any woman found soliciting upon the streets before 1 A.M. or after 4 A.M., is arrested, fined, and oftimes sent to jail.

As a result of this regulation it is extremely difficult to meet a street prostitute along either the side streets or main thoroughfares except during the hours mentioned.

In the cafes, one may, however, make the acquaintance of prostitutes, but at no time did I see what may be termed a bold solicitation.

From previous information received, I made it a point to become known about Grand Cafe Catalana which is reputed to be a hangout for traffickers in woman and children. Through the aid of a prostitute I made the acquaintance of the Assistant Manager, a man known to me as James De Villa, who admitted being a pimp, and who did not hesitate to explain to me the situation in Barcelona. He advised me after I had posed as a trafficker, to “lay low” because of present activity of the police against traffickers. He cited instances of arrests made by the police four months ago, and also several that were made quite recently. He admitted that all persons arrested are known to him, and further wished to convince me by mentioning that the League of Nations has been stimulating the present administration toward putting an end to the traffic in women and children. When questioned as to where he received his information, he stated that he acted as interpreter for a man named Mr. Walker who, he said, is employed by the League.

He also said that the Spanish pimps are regularly going into France and bringing back with them French girls under 21 years of age, and also girls whom they easily induce to lead a life of prostitution. These girls are later taken to Mexico, Havana and South America. He said the pimps invariably precede the girls to their destination and arrange matters so as to insure the girls landing. He also stated that Barcelona is being used by French pimps and their women when fraudulent passports are in their possession, and that the Spanish pimps also ship the French girls that they secure, through that port.

Concerning the Spanish girls who are taken out of Spain, he said that false birth certificates are used in order for the girls under 21 years of age to get passports.

After describing in detail the entire police system in Barcelona, he admitted that he was telling me this because I am a stranger in Barcelona, and he wanted to help me avoid any conflict that in all likelihood I would get into with the police if I were not “tipped off”.

Madrid, Spain
Jan. 24-25-26, 1925

Traffic in women and children
Commercialized Prostitution is practiced in Madrid, Spain, in houses which are licensed, in furnished room houses, in hotels, and by prostitutes upon the streets.
The cheap resorts are situated in the center of the city upon streets known as Calle Ceres, Calle Silva, Calle San Bernardo, and adjoining streets.

The inmates in these cheap places usually stand in the doorways, or congregate upon the street in front of the houses. The women boldly accost all men who pass, and very often try to drag them into the houses.

The inmates in the cheap resorts are mainly Spanish, and all whom I met were more than 21 years of age.

In addition to these cheap parlor houses, there are about 18 other places which are called "houses of the first order". The higher-priced houses are scattered throughout the business and better-class residential districts. They bear no marks of identification and can only be located through information derived from cabbies, chauffeurs, and persons who make it their business to secure customers for the houses.

I visited all of these brothels and noticed that each house averaged 10 girls. All of the girls whom I saw and spoke to were either natives of Madrid, or women from the other provinces of Spain.

The street prostitutes invade the side streets after dark, and are rather bold in their accostations. I was informed that the women who solicit on the streets are not supposed to do so until after midnight. I noted, however, and also was informed, that the Police are not enforcing this regulation provided the women remain off the main thoroughfares. The prostitutes apparently are satisfied to solicit upon the side streets. But after 12 A.M. (midnight) they take to the principal streets, such as Grand Via, Calle Alcola, Puerto del Sol, etc.

All prostitutes, whether in the houses or upon the streets, are required to register and to submit weekly to a Venereal-disease examination. No girl under 21 years of age is registered, but many are said to be practicing prostitution clandestinely. I met at least five who claimed to be under age, including Almeida, a Chilean girl of 16.

This Chilean told me that she was brought to Madrid from Santiago de Chile one year ago, and although only 16 years of age, was forced into marriage by her mother. She stated that the man she married is a Spaniard, and because he is a paralytic, she is forced to support him through her earnings from prostitution, and also the salary which she receives from working as an embroidress during the day.

I accompanied this girl to a licensed house of rendezvous, #3 Calle Barras, second floor, front. Through the aid of the porter, who spoke French, I learned that the girl is but 16 years of age, and the madame definitely stated that she is not married, but lives at home with her mother. The madame agreed that Almeida is a Chilean, and said that the girl always tells the story of a crippled husband to arouse the sympathy of her customers. This madame also admitted that she can procure a number of prostitutes under 21, but stated that all whom she knows are Spanish.

While in a clandestine resort at #11 Heleras, second floor, which is operated by a Spanish madame known to me as Pauline Ramos (See exhibits), the situation in South America was discussed;
Pauline Ramos described a house at #91 Macini Pocitos in Montevideo which she stated is owned by her friend. She admitted that she (Pauline Ramos) had sent two girls from Madrid to this house, and said that her friend paid all expenses and Pauline Ramos received a bonus for inducing the girls to go. I asked “Were the girls business girls?”. She answered “Oh yes; they both worked for me”. She also stated that the girls were over 21 and therefore had no trouble in securing passports.

I then inquired as to whether the police are strict against clandestine resorts. She answered “Oh yes, we must be very careful whom we let in; and also do business very quietly”. I asked “How about young girls?”; she answered “No girl can register under 21. If they find a girl doing business younger, they put her away, and it goes hard with the owner of the place”.

I also cultivated the acquaintance of several French prostitutes. These women told me that there are very few French prostitutes in Madrid. I inquired as to the reason, stating that Spanish money is apparently worth more than the French franc. I was told that it is, but very little money can be made because of the high cost of living in Spain.

I also spent considerable time in and about the cafes, music halls and the Palace Hotel. All prostitutes whom I met in these places were Spanish subjects.

**Lisbon, Portugal**  
*Jan. 28-29, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

Shortly after my arrival in Lisbon, Portugal, I happened into the American Bar which I found crowded with prostitutes and foreign sailors whom I learned always frequent this place. I overhead a Portuguese man speaking English and I cultivated his acquaintance. I learned that this fellow Joe is well informed concerning the underworld in Lisbon and always makes his headquarters at this cafe, so as to act as a steerer (guide) for foreigners. He admitted to me that he was born in Rio de Janeiro, and after travelling around the world, finally settled here. He did not hesitate to suggest houses of prostitution that he thought I would like to visit. He said “The houses here are not like those you will find in Paris. We had houses like those, but they did not pay. We have plenty of good houses though”.

I said “I am not interested in Portuguese girls. I dont like them very much”. He replied “All right. I take you where there are Spanish and French girls”.

We then visited house after house. The resorts are scattered about the city. Some of the houses are operated exclusively as parlor houses, whereas other resorts occupy a floor in a tenement amid respectable tenants. None of the places bears any mark of identification, but a person can usually pick out the places inasmuch as the inmates sit in the windows. Although one may see them seated in or by the window, the inmates seldom solicit or attempt to attract the attention of passersby.
My companion, Joe, acted as interpreter for me and while visiting the various houses I was able to ask the madames pertinent questions. In a house, #93 Rua do Norte, I engaged Madame Flora, a French woman, in conversation; she said “I have been here a long while. I have a nice French girl here if you want her”.

I was then introduced to a 19-year old French prostitute who gave me her name as Jeanne. I asked Madame Flora how it is possible for the houses to harbor such young girls; she answered “This is Portugal. It is the only country I know where a girl of 14 can get into a house. I got two girls not 19 yet and they have been here for 4 or 5 years”.

I said “Didn’t their parents object?”; she replied “They brought them to me. The girls give all their money home”. I said “And the police will register a girl that age?”; she said “Yes, from 14 years up. You see, in Lisbon all girls in the houses must be registered. I’ll show you their books (producing them); see, all my girls were examined today. When the doctor comes each girl pays him 10 escudos. She gets examined and if she is found to be sick the policeman who comes with the doctor takes her to the hospital and she must remain there until she is cured”.

I said “How are the police here?”; she answered “Very easy. You can do anything. The only thing is they don’t want us to solicit from the window. You see, we pay a license for the house of 200$000 a year. That’s all. It’s a very good place for a house when the money is high. Portuguese men spend a lot on women”.

I said “Doesn’t a girl have to prove her age when she wants to enroll?”; she said “No, she needs nothing. A foreign girl has to show her passport; and she must also get permission from her Consul before the police will give her a book”. I said “How about foreign girls under 21?”; she replied “Jeanne is only 19. She has been here only a month. She has the French Consul to agree and I got her a book”. I said “How could she get a passport out of France?”; she replied “She is married, and a married woman can always get a passport”. I asked “Why did she come here?”; she replied “She’s going to South America in a few months”. I said “I suppose she could get away with it without registering?”; she said “She could on the street, but not in the houses. All girls in the houses have to register. No madame could take them in. The street girls never register unless they get caught”.

I said “Are many of the street girls without books?”; she answered “My god yes! The police are very easy. They never, only once in a while, pick them up. These girls here give fine exhibitions. You should have them perform for you”. I explained that I would at some other time.

Jeanne and I then withdrew to a private parlor where I questioned her concerning her age; she said “I was born in Paris in 1906. My friend and I are going to Brazil. That is why I am here in Lisbon. I don’t like it here”. I said “Did you do business in Paris?”; she replied “Oh yes, but never in a house before. I am very anxious to get away from this city. It is so dirty, and the people, I don’t care for them”. I said “Did you come here all alone?”; she replied “no, I came here with my husband”. I said “Does he know you are in this house?”; she said “Yes, yes”. I then asked her if any other French girls came with her. She said “No, but there are plenty of French girls in Lisbon. I know quite a few”.


After visiting the various houses, Joe and I returned to the American Bar, where Joe said “All the best girls come in here, French and Spanish girls. They work in the clubs, Maxim’s Club, Monumento Club, Bristol club too. All these girls have pimps. See those fellows? They are pimps. You look out for yourself! These girls rob all foreigners!” I said “How about the cops (police)? Wont they help a fellow when he is in trouble?”; he replied “These pimps always give the police money. They got to give the police money; because if they dont, the police make plenty of trouble for them. I tell you, be careful! I have been here in Lisbon and I know them all”.

I said to him “Do you get a rake-off (fee or remuneration) from the houses?” He said “No, I am not a pimp. If I took anything from the madames I would be. I always let the men take care of me. These girls are sick, too. They do not go to a doctor. They have no books. I tell you the truth; you be careful!”

Lisbon, Portugal

Jan, ?, 1925

In the company of a Portuguese acquaintance, Joe, I visited 7 houses of prostitution. These resorts, although considered as “houses of the first order”, are very crudely furnished, and in most instances were in a rather insanitary condition. The houses are owned by men, but are operated by women. Two of the male owners are Spaniards, one is French, and the remaining four are Portuguese.

I noted that the inmates of the houses are in the majority Portuguese girls, whereas among the foreign girls, Spanish, French, Brazilian and American girls may be found in the order named in point of numbers.

While in a house at #63 Rua do Gloria, I met an American girl, Maggie, who is 24 years of age. According to her own admissions she was born in Bristol, Massachusetts. She stated that she first prostituted herself in Buenos Aires, having become stranded there with an opera company. Since then she journeyed to Montevideo, Rio, Chile, Peru, and finally to Lisbon. She stated that the madame of this house meets all ships that arrive from South America and secures her inmates in that way. She said “I came here without a friend. I had five trunks. They were stolen and she came up to me and volunteered to have the police find them. She stands in with the cops, because in no time she found my trunks. I’ve stayed here ever since”.

I said “Do they send her girls from South America?”; she replied “No, but whenever she sees a girl alone she gets talking to her and brings her to the house. This Brazilian girl is only 19 and she has had her a couple of years. The French girl is only 27. She uses coke (cocaine). She’s been here 7 years. I’d go crazy if I had to stay here that long. These people (inmates) are very dirty. I cant stand them!”.

I said “If the madame saw a good girl on an incoming boat, would she take her, too?” She replied “I cant tell you now. You see, they all understand English. If I could see you sometime I’d tell you a lot”.

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An appointment was then made for luncheon tomorrow. I then questioned Maggie as to the methods employed in the regulation of the houses. She corroborated everything that had previously been told to me; she said “In Portugal anything goes! The Portuguese men have use only for young girls and foreigners. That is why they (owners of houses) try to get young foreign girls. Why, the parents of these young girls bring them to the madames and put them into the houses at 14 years of age! Children!! Imagine!! I never saw anything like it!”.

I said “Dont they have to be married to get into a house at that age?”; she replied “If they are married, they cant be in a house. You see, a married woman cant be forced to go for examinations. In the houses you must be examined every week; so, therefore, no girl who is married, can work in a public house”.

I said “How about foreign girls?”; she said “Any age,—it makes no difference. So long as the Consul consents. All foreign girls must pay 10$000 a month extra for the quarantine doctor. Everything is graft here. I'll see you tomorrow and tell you”.

Later I questioned the Brazilian inmate, referred to above. She admitted being 19 years of age and claimed to have been born in Rio de Janeiro. She gave no reason for coming to Lisbon, but admitted that she did not practice prostitution until she arrived here.

**Lisbon, Portugal**

*Jan. ?, 1925*

**Obscene and indecent pictures**

While going about with Joe, I said “Are there any French pictures in town?” He said “Plenty! Good ones! I take you to a fellow”. I was then taken and introduced to a man who approaches only foreigners to sell them cards with views of the city. After he is convinced that his prospective client is a foreigner, he very openly exhibits pictures with men and women portrayed indulging in perversion.

Joe said “The police give people six months for that business. This fellow is always here at the American Bar, and the police know him, so they dont arrest him”. I then examined the pictures; Joe said “Dont buy any. I know a shop where we can get them cheaper”. I then confided to Joe that I am not really interested in pictures, but in the plates, and said that I wanted to import them to the U.S.A. He said “I know a man. He makes them. He takes the pictures in the houses, he sells them to this fellow and the shops. He even ships them to Spain and England. I'll see him and maybe you can buy some plates. Anyhow, we go to his shop. Maybe he has the plates too”.

We then visited Caso dos Portales, #118 Rua do Arsenal where the proprietor exhibited to us a number of plates which he took from the drawer of his cash register. I explained that I am in the same business in the city of New York and desire some plates. He said “I have none, but I will see the man that makes them. Come here Monday at noon and I'll have some for you”. I inquired as to the price and he said “About 20$000, maybe more”.

After we left this place, Joe said “In the meantime I will see the other fellow. You can buy them cheaper from him”.
Lisbon, Portugal

Feb. 3, 1925

Obscene pictures

(Special Memorandum)

While in the city of Lisbon, Portugal, I was approached by a Portuguese street vendor in front of the American Bar. He very openly handed to me a series of indecent photographs, and although two policemen stood nearby, he did not hesitate to try to effect a sale. I explained to him that the cards were exactly the kind I had been seeking, but added that I would much prefer to secure negatives. He at first declined, but when I mentioned that I desired to take the negatives out of the country, and print others so that I could sell them, he agreed to try to procure some for me.

One of the habitues of this cafe, a man known only as Joe whom I had been using in other work, said “Dont listen to this fellow! I’ll take you where you can buy what you want cheap. He buys them at this shop, and then resells them. I know the man that makes them. I’ll see him, and you and he can do business together”.

I was then taken to a post-card shop, Caso dos Portales, #118 Rua do Arsenal, and there introduced to the proprietor. I gave him a fictitious name and business card, and explained my reasons for wanting negatives. This man then admitted to me that he prints the photographs from negatives which he claimed are taken by his partner, a photographer. He said “So long as you are not Portuguese, I can sell them to you. I sell to everybody in the stores on the street, and the boys who resell them on the street, but I seldom sell them here over the counter. The police, when they want money, try to get me, so I only sell to people I know. I will see my partner, and if there is any negatives I dont want I will sell them to you. You come back tomorrow at noon”.

I did as directed and at that time was advised to return at 6 P.M.

At 6 P.M. when I returned, I was shown 35 negatives; he said “These we will sell. The smaller ones, we will not. You see, we do not print these large ones anymore, because they are too big to carry in the pocket. I want 20 escudos a piece, or 640 escudos for the set. I do not want to sell them separately because it breaks the set”.

I said “Do you make them here? In Lisbon?”; he replied “Come here”. I was then taken into the rear of the shop and there was shown shelves arranged in pigeon-hole order, lined with negatives. I picked some plates out at random from the shelf and each time drew the negative of an obscene picture. Some of the negatives were so large that from 4 to 6 different photographs could be printed at one time from the single plate.

I commented upon the large stock he had on hand and he said “Yes, I have a lot. There are more than 1,000 there”. I said “Are they really taken here?”; he replied “Some are. But my partner does it. We print them ourselves”. I then said “Have you such a demand for them?”; he said “I sell plenty”. I said “Do you ever ship any?”; he replied “Oh yes. I send them by mail all over”.

I finally persuaded him to sell me three plates and promised to return the following day for the remainder (See Exhibits).

Lisbon, Portugal

Feb. 1925

(Obscene Pictures)

As per previous appointment, I revisited Caso dos Portales, #118 Rua do Arsenal, where Manuel Roque the proprietor admitted to me that he manufactures prints from the negatives, and also distributes these obscene pictures. He said “All the boys who sell them on the streets, get them here”. I said “Do you make them yourself?”; he said “Yes, see here”; he then took me to the rear of his store and showed me at least 1,000 plates, all of which he stated he prints the obscene pictures from. I said “Do you take them yourself?”; he said “No, I have a photographer”. I said “I understood you to say the other day that you had to see the man that makes them”. He replied “He and I, together, partners. I see you’re in the same business; you left your card; so that’s why I tell you. Anytime you want any more, you write to me and I send you. I keep your card here (placing it in his cash register)”. I said “I’d be afraid of the mails”. He replied “Portugal all right. No bother me”. I said “Do you ship much?”; he replied “I send a lot to Spain. Plenty customers there. Barcelona, Madrid, very good. You come back tomorrow for the rest, yes?” I promised I would and departed.

Earlier in the day I had visited his shop and purchased three negatives, plates, from his salesman (See exhibits). I bought the three for 60$ with the understanding that on Tuesday I would return for the rest of the set which was comprised, in all, of 35 plates.

Lisbon, Portugal

Traffic in women and children

About 1 P.M. I met Maggie, (the American prostitute-inmate of Madame Blanche’s house, #63 Rua do Gloria) at the American Bar. She had suggested that I meet her outside of the house, and the American Bar was mentioned as the best place to meet. She said “I selected this place because it is really the only spot in Lisbon that I know. Just think! I have been here six months and I have never been outside of the house except once when I went to the post office!”.

I said “Dont Madame Blanche allow the girls out?”; she replied “Yes, once a week, but if she knew I was going to meet a man, she’d charge me 200$000!”. I said “Why is that?”; she said “She might think that I went to bed with him and that would be a loss to her”. I said “She couldn’t tell”; she said “Couldn’t she? She knows everything we do! You see, the police all know us girls and one will say that he saw me and then I will get in trouble with the Madame”.

I said “I never heard of anything like that before”. She said “You don’t know Lisbon! A girl in a house here has a hard time to get away. If I had money enough to leave and she (madame) wanted me to stay, all she would do is to tell one of the police and he would arrest me”.

I said “What for?”, she said “Nothing! Here you can put a person in jail for anything at all”. I said “Has Madame Blanche ever done anything like that to any girls?”, she said “Not that I know of, but she loves money and she never lets a good girl go. If a girl try to leave, she has to pay all she owes, and how can a girl do it? We pay 15$000 a day for meals, five escudos for our rooms, and 3$000 for each bottle of beer. The madame gets half of the money we make, so you see how little chance we have of getting any money. Then we have to pay 10$000 each week for the doctor. I owe money, many hundreds of escudos, to her. She has all my clothes and jewelry as security. That’s why I can’t get away”.

I said “How about the other girls?”; she said “They are all the same. They always borrow money from her for cocaine”. I said “Does Madame Blanche sell them the coke?”; she hesitated and then said “No, but she loans them the money to buy it. The other girls aint got any clothes except their working aprons”. I said “How does the Madame get her girls?”, she replied “Just the same as she did me. She meets all the boats. She tells us that she goes to the ships to buy things, but we know differently. She always buys something, rouge, etc. and sells it to us; but that is just camouflage”.

I said “Has she got any girls recently?”, she replied “No, I am the last one; but she is always looking for them”. I said “Dont the police prevent her from going aboard the ships?”, she said “No, they are her friends. She is very rich. She owns three pieces of property in Lisbon, one in Porto, and one in Seville. She also has two automobiles”.

I said “What kind of girls does she want most?”, she replied “Estrange (foreign) girls. Portuguese men like only foreign girls”. I said “If a girl never did business before, would she try to get her?”, she replied “Why sure, provided the girl has already been stayed with. She would not take a virtuous girl. The doctor when he examine the girl would find that out”.

I said “Suppose a girl would come in on a ship; let us say she is 19 years old and never was a business girl (prostitute). What would she do?”, Maggie said “Just like she did to me. She’d invite her to the house and talk to her, and tell her all the money she could make”. I then said “And if the girl would not listen to reason, would she force her to remain?”, she replied “Oh, no. I dont think she would do that”. I then said “Suppose the girl agreed, but her Consul refused permission?”, she said “The American Consul refused to give me permission, but I got a book all the same. The madame gave money to someone and it was all right. Every time I see the American Consul he frowns at me. He wanted me to go away from Lisbon”.

I said “How did she get the other girls?”, she replied “The same way as me, only it was long ago. Every other girl has been here a long time. That is why she wants new girls. The Brazilian girl is so stupid, she does not know how she came here!”.

I said “Do many girls come to Lisbon?”, she said “No; French girls come home through here, and then go to Marseille. A few Brazilians come in; but not many”. I said “Do many Portuguese girls leave
here for Brazil?”; she said “Oh yes. They are always going”. I said “Alone?” She answered “Sometimes, but they must be over 18 years old or they cannot get a passport”. I said “Suppose a girl is registered. Can she get a passport?”; she replied “She is not supposed to, but I know 5 or 6 girls, young ones, who got passports. They can get the passports easier than they can get enough money to go”.

I said “Do you think the madame has anybody in Brazil sending her girls?”; she replied “I know she has, because she always gets letters from there. You see, she writes very poor and I usually help her count the money, and write things for her”. I said “Getting back to your position: If you settled up all your debts, could you leave?”; she replied “A foreign girl has to get permission to leave. She must turn in her book and get permission”. I said “Who could stop you?” she replied “The police at the station, if he recognizes me”. I said “Does that apply to everybody?”; she said “No, only business girls (prostitutes)”.

I then asked her what she would do if she left Lisbon; she replied “I’d go to Paris and do business there. My brother is married to a French girl, and we could all be together”. I said “Would you return to the States if you could?”; she said “No, I only have a sister there, and I have been away so long that I almost forget my English. It’s 17 years since I left. English now comes hard on me. I could not do business in the States, because it is so strict there, and I would not be able to work. In Paris I could do good”.

**Lisbon, Portugal**

**Feb. 1-2, 1925**

While visiting the various houses of prostitution in Lisbon, I was introduced to a Portuguese pimp, De la Mattres who lives at Madame Blanche’s house of prostitution, #63 Rua do Gloria, and who admits being the “sweetheart” (pimp) of Madame Blanche. I explained to him that I am expecting a “friend” (girl) in Lisbon any day and asked him if he thought Madame Blanche would like to get another French girl. I also mentioned that I had spoken to Maggie, the American inmate in this house. He said “Sure, you bring her in as soon as she comes; we take her in”. He then went on to tell of the conditions under which girls are taken in as inmates, and also stated the basis upon which all of the girls in the house operate. After he had told me substantially the same information as Maggie had previously outlined, I led him on to the subject of traffic in women. He said “The suckers (male customers) here like young foreign girls. A good girl can make plenty of money in this house”. I said “Why don’t you get some, then?”; he replied “We can get plenty of good Portuguese girls, but no other ones”.

I said “Why is that?”; he replied “Nobody wants to come to Portugal, because the money here is so low”. I then said “Isn’t there any way that you can get girls to come? Don’t you know any boys (pimps) in Spain or France?”; he replied “No, I never was there. You see, I am from Rio”.

I said “Why not get a few Brazilians? How do the boys in town like them?”; he replied “We have one here now. She came from Rio with me. One is enough. They ain’t no good at all”. I said “I came alone because I was afraid I might get into trouble. I heard that things here are rather tough”. He said “Everything here is easy. Nobody bothers you”. I said “I know a few boys who hang out in
the American Bar, and they tell me to be careful”. He said “That’s a bad place to hang out. The boys (pimps) there all handle cocaine. They locked up a bunch a few months ago, and sent one or two to Africa. It was all done for selling stuff (drugs); that was the reason”.

I said “At that rate, the police are good fellows”; he said “Any time you or your girl gets into trouble, Madame Blanche can always help you out. She knows the best men. A few of our girls were arrested a little while ago, because they use dope (drugs). Madame Blanche got them all out. I tell you, you and your girl are safe here”.

I said “That sounds good! We’ll stay here awhile and then beat it for Rio”. He said “Sure! Now it’s no good in Rio. It’s too hot”. I said “How about leaving? Can a girl get away from Lisbon easy?”; he replied “Sure; you have your passports?” I replied “Yes, but how about Portuguese girls?”; he answered “They can go just the same. The police give the passports to anybody over 18 years of age”.

I said “If a girl under 18 wanted to get away, do you think she could get one?”; he replied “It might cost her a few escudos, but she can get one. All you have to do is tell the chap down at the Police to rush it through and he’ll do it”. I said “Are many going these days?”; he replied “There’s always somebody going. I know a boy (pimp) who left just before Christmas. I am waiting to hear from him any day”. I said “Did he go alone or have a kid with him?”; he replied “He and his girl went together”.

Shortly afterwards I said I would return when Madame Blanche would be at the house; then I departed.

While in the American Bar I recognized all the prostitutes whom I had seen previously, after midnight, at the gambling clubs which are known as Maxim’s Club, Monumento Club and Bristol Club. I made the acquaintance of several of these girls and learned that the prostitutes who frequent the clubs, congregate early in the evening at the American Bar. They admitted that all of the best trade, especially foreigners, frequent this place, and that they (the prostitutes) usually induce the men to visit the gambling clubs.

I was introduced to the proprietor, who is an Italian. Both he and one of the Portuguese prostitutes told me that more foreign prostitutes frequent this cafe than any other place, and both did not hesitate to tell me the nationality of the prostitutes that were present. I advanced the question as to why a prostitute would come to Lisbon when more money is to be made elsewhere. I was told that most of the prostitutes stay here but a short time, usually using Lisbon as a stopping-off place. All contended, however, that this cafe is the rendezvous for Lisbon’s best prostitutes, and as a result each girl can make many times as much money in the cafe, as they could in the houses.

**Seville, Spain**

*Feb. 4, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

During the short time spent in Seville, I located an English-speaking guide and had him take me to the higher-priced houses of prostitution.
In these resorts, which have an average of from 5 to 8 girls apiece, I noted that all the inmates were Spanish and apparently over 23 years of age.

This guide stated that he is personally acquainted with most of the prostitutes in Seville, and he admitted that so far as he knew, none of them are foreigners.

A madame in one of the houses explained that no girl can be accepted in the licensed houses under 23 years of age; she also said that it is necessary for the girls to secure birth certificates to establish their ages.

I also visited 4 houses which are clandestinely operated. The madame stated that they could secure for me girls as young as 15 years. I stated that I did not care particularly for the Spanish types, and requested that they procure a girl of that age other than Spanish. All admitted that the girls whom they have on call are natives. They also stated that the prostitutes whom they have reside with their parents, and are not registered. One madame who was particularly anxious to procure a girl for me, said:

“The girl that I will get you is only 15. Her hair is down her back yet. She works during the day and I cant get her after 10 P.M.”. I told her that I would be glad to look her over and if she suited me, I would arrange matters. The girl was called in and I was introduced to her. She appeared to be very young, and from her own admissions I gathered that she is not quite 16 years of age.

Cadiz, Spain
Feb. 6, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Upon arrival in Cadiz, Spain, I made the acquaintance of an Italian at the Post Card Shop, rue San Francisco. This man speaks English fluently, and inasmuch as he was thoroughly informed regarding conditions in Cadiz, I had him take me about the city.

I learned that Cadiz has a population of approximately 60,000 people, and that the houses of prostitution are segregated along Calle Enrique de la Manua and adjoining streets.

In the company of this man I visited 17 licensed resorts of prostitution, 5 clandestine places, and at least 20 crib-like houses. The higher-priced houses are kept in a sanitary condition, but the cribs are not fit for human beings to reside in.

The inmates in the houses are all apparently over 21 years of age, and, so far as I was able to ascertain, are Spanish subjects.

Each house is said to be owned by a man or men, but operated by their women. The Spanish law forbids men to own houses of prostitution, so the pimps therefore depend upon their prostitutes to run the places for them.
While in conversation with a madame at #30 Calle Enrique de la Manua, I learned that most of the houses in Cadiz are licensed, but that many operate clandestinely. She said “We in Spain are now under military law, and things are a great deal stricter than under the old regime. Of course, we never were permitted to solicit from the house, but we were able to get away with it then. Now we cannot. All girls must be registered and each girl has to prove that she is over 23 years of age”. I said “How can a girl prove it?”; she replied “She must show a birth certificate”. I said “Isn’t it possible to get a false one?”; she said “No, not here. Once upon a time you could, but not now. Even the girls on the streets are arrested if they solicit. Everything is quite strict. The Kursaal is closed; all of the gambling places the same way. Our girls are examined twice a week, and if they are found diseased, they are placed in a hospital and kept there until they are cured”.

I then inquired as to how business is in the houses. The madame said “We depend upon the ships. If we waited for the boys in town, we would starve to death! There is very little money to be made here. All the girls are in debt, and some weeks my girls don’t make $5!”.

I then visited the various cafes and several hotels. All prostitutes whom I met were Spanish and of mature age.

About the streets near the port I noticed several prostitutes clandestinely accosting men. All whom I saw or spoke with were apparently Spanish.

**Tangier, Morocco**

*Feb. 7-10, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

Shortly after my arrival in Tangier, Morocco, I secured a Moorish guide who took me to the various houses of prostitution in this city. I learned that all of the houses of prostitution are situated in the Moorish section, between the Continental Hotel and the main street.

The resorts are scattered about in this section, and can only be identified at night by means of the lights in the vestibules and open doors. In the locality mentioned none of the streets are named, nor are the houses numbered; therefore, the exact location of the various resorts cannot be given.

In Tangier there are six houses that are termed “first-class resorts”, and there are also innumerable cribs and saloons wherein prostitutes congregate. In the higher-priced places there are usually from 5 to 8 inmates. These inmates include French, Spanish and Moroccon women. The Spanish and Moroccon prostitutes apparently outnumber the French women at a ratio of about 2 to 1.

The madame in one of the best houses explained to me that all prostitutes in the houses are registered. She said “A girl here does not need any papers to get registered. All she has to do is to declare that she wants to do business. The age does not make any difference, just as long as she is over 14 years old”.


I said “Who takes charge of the registration?”; she said “The Moorish government. They also have doctors who examine our girls every day; so, you see, we are sure to have clean girls. When a girl gets sick, she has to stay in the hospital until she is cured”.

I said “I heard that in Tangier I would be able to meet some real young girls”; she said “Some places have them, but I haven’t. The young ones here are mostly Moors, and I don’t like to have them about”. I said “Can’t you get any young Spanish or French girls?”, she replied “Very few come here. You see, business in Tangier is not good. There are not many tourists and they are the only ones who spend money”. I said “Would you take a young Spanish girl, if you could get one?”, she answered “Sure! Why not?” I said “I know someone who has a girl whom he wants to get located, but he doesn’t know how to get her in”. She said “There’s no trouble. A Spanish girl does not need a passport here. All she needs to do is to come over from Algiers”.

I said “I thought all foreign girls needed passports”; she replied “No. The Spanish girls do not, because they come here from a Spanish port. The French girls do, because they have to pass through Spain to get here”.

I said “Suppose they come by way of Marseille?”, she said “I do not think they can; but anyhow, there are so few French girls here that I never really had to get one registered”. I said “Does the government demand birth certificates or passports for foreign girls?”, she said “No; just as I said before, as long as she is over 14 years old and signs a declaration that she wants to become a prostitute that is all that is necessary”.

I then confided to my guide that I desired to meet only young girls and he agreed to take me to every place in the city where prostitutes congregate. He said “I’ll be square with you: There are a few nice young ones here, but not as many as you would expect to find. Moorish girls I can get you from 12 year up, but other girls (foreigners) are hard to find. I have been all over the world myself and I know the likes and dislikes of people. Here the rich Moors like young girls, but they have their own. The other Moors ain’t got money enough to eat”. I said “That may all be true; but don’t the people in that business know that they can get more of the tourists’ money with young girls than with the stock they have?” He replied “The tourists that come here are very few. It is not like Algiers or Tunis”.

I said “Anyhow, I’ll look over what you have, and if we don’t find anyone today, keep your eyes open and perhaps tomorrow, or before I leave, you’ll locate something for me that is worthwhile”.

He agreed to do this; the rest of the time in Tangiers was spent in going from place to place, observing the prostitutes and cultivating the acquaintance of those who appeared to be of foreign birth and under 21 years of age.

In a house of prostitution not far from Continental Hotel, in the Moorish section of the city, I was introduced to a prostitute who admitted being but 15 years of age. This girl may be 15, but she appeared to be at least 17. She informed me that she was born in Spain, and was brought to Tangier not quite two years ago by her mother. When questioned as to where her mother is at the present time, I was told “She is outside”.
The mother was called in and I was introduced to her; she admitted that the girl inmate is her daughter and that she, the mother, conducts this house of prostitution. The mother also substantiated the girl’s age as being 15 years. She kept urging me to have intercourse with the girl; she said “All the tourists come here. My daughter does an Oriental dance, all naked, for 150 Francs. If you see her do that you will stay here all night. I play the music and she dances. You will be satisfied if you try her”. I declined, whereupon the girl was sent out into the street to accost passersby.

After leaving this house, I inquired from the guide as to whether he really thought that the proprietress of this place was telling the truth. He said “Yes, I saw her book. It has her mother’s name in it. She and her mother live alone in that house and they make plenty of money. All of the guides know the place. They get 10% for bringing people there. Ask any of them and they will tell you”.

Sometime later I was taken to a house of prostitution next door to the large house of prostitution which is situated upon the main alley that leads to the Continental Hotel. The place is on the first floor, 1 up. I was introduced to the proprietor, a man of apparently 40 years of age. The man admits all customers, serves the drinks, and takes care of the money which the customers pay for the services of the inmate.

The inmate admitted to me that she is but 16 years of age, and appeared to be that age. She stated that she was born in Seville and was brought to Tangier six months ago by the proprietor of this house. He, in urging me to take the girl, likewise corroborated her age, and the fact that she is a Spanish subject.

After we left this house, the guide said “That girl makes plenty of money. The man is her pimp. He brought her here a few months ago. I remember when he came with her. He offered me 15% for all customers that I get for her. He never leaves her alone in the house and takes away every cent she makes”.

I said “Do you think she is being kept there against her will?”; he replied “I dont know; but I spoke to her once and she told me that she was sorry that she ever left her home. I like that girl and I stay with her a lot, but all the time I go with her, he listens”.

I also spent considerable time in the Olympia Cabaret where I met four prostitutes who are engaged as “butterflies” by the management. These girls were all found to be prostitutes, but admitted that they cannot leave the premises until closing hour.

I was told that these girls receive but a small salary, and are usually able to get a good customer each night, especially from the gaming room, which is operated in conjunction with the place.

There are in all 10 such prostitutes connected with this place. Four of them appeared to be under 21 years of age. At various intervals I engaged them in conversation. One who gave me her name as Camille, stated that she is 19 years of age and was born in Cadiz. She admitted coming to Tangier for the winter and stated that she left Cadiz in November. She gave me her occupation as an artist, but at the same time tried to induce me to wait until closing hour to accompany her to a rooming house for immoral purposes.
Another one of the girls whom I met gave me her name as Juanita; she stated that she is but 18 years of age, was born in Madrid, and has been in Tangier for nearly two years. She likewise solicited me for an immoral purpose, and when I told her that I had two other friends at the hotel whom I would get and we could make a “real party”, she introduced her two friends, both of whom she said are 18 years of age. The girls introduced were likewise Spanish subjects and, according to their own admissions, have been in Tangier for nearly two years.

I inquired as to why the girls came to this place; Juanita said that all were members of a Spanish Dancing Company, and that they had an engagement at the Kursaal. Thence they went to Fez, following the Kursaal engagement, and there the show broke up. About this time the Olympia Cabaret opened and they took positions as dancers here in this resort.

While I feel certain that the girls are under 21 years of age, I might add that they are older than they represent themselves to be.

**Algiers, Algeria**  
*Feb. 14-15-16, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

During the first three days in Algiers I visited 10 licensed houses of prostitution known as “maisons des tolerances” and 6 “maisons des rendezvous”.

While in one of these houses I cultivated the acquaintance of the madame who gave her name as Madeleine and also a card of the house (See Exhibit). Her resort is located at #1 rue du Caftan and is known as the Maison a la Luni.

I informed the madame that I just arrived in Algiers from Spain and that I knew a Spanish girl about 18 years of age, who desired to be placed in a house. I was taken into the madame’s private quarters where she began her negotiations with me to secure “my girl” as an inmate. The madame speaks good English, so we had no difficulty in discussing business. She said:

“I have 10 girls now, and I could use another. The British fleet is here and will be for the next ten days. Your girl can make plenty of money if she starts now”. I said “Remember, she is only 18 years old”; she said “Here the law is 21 years, but I can fix it up just the same”. I asked “How can you do that?”; she replied “The police here are not very particular. I have papers here from a girl that left me last year. She can use those papers”. I said “I should think that would be taking a chance”. She said “Not at all! The doctor who examines the girls is very good and he never tells when he thinks a girl is under age”. I asked “Have you any girls in the house now who are under 21?”; she answered “Yes, I have a French girl who is not 21 yet”. I said “How were you able to put her over?”; she said “She has papers that she got in Marseille which show her to be 28 years old”. I said “Well, you see, that is quite different. She has something to show and my girl has not”. The madame said “I will give her everything she needs. You just leave it to me. I can arrange everything. While your girl is there
she pays 15 francs a day room and board and she keeps all she makes. The customers pay me, as you know, for the room”.

I said “Have you any other Spanish girls here?”; she said “Yes, I have two Spanish, two Italian, and 2 Polish girls. The rest are French”.

I agreed that the terms under which the girl would operate are apparently fair; I then inquired as to how it is possible for her to secure the services of foreign prostitutes. She started off by explaining that it would very naturally “cost something extra to get your girl registered” because she is under 21 years of age. She then went on to explain how prostitutes come to Algiers. She said “This is our season here now. In Paris everything is dead. The French girls, of course, come without a passport. The Spanish and Italians, etc., come in as artistes, modistes and like that. There is not any trouble for girls to come in”. I said “I have been to Paris and I know that things are dead there now”. She said “Oh yes, very much so. Was your girl in a house in Paris, or on the street?”. I replied “On the street”. She said “We have a house, 32 rue Blondell, in Paris also. Maybe you know where it is”. I admitted that I do and described the place to her; she said “My partner is there now. I only got three girls from there last week”.

I said “When you send girls back and forth that way, do you pay the expenses?”; she replied “Why should we? The girls; it is better for her. Of course, if she needs money we advance it, but either she or her boy (pimp) must give us security”. I said “I suppose there are many boys in town that I know. Where do they hang out?”. She said “I think you will find them at the Cafe des Artistes or Cafe Suisse”. I said “Do you think it is safe for me to lie around? You know in some places they are very hard on us”. She said “Not in Algiers! So long as you do not bother anybody the police will not bother you. Here they are very good that way”. I said “I came here on the same boat with the girl and I was told I took a big chance”. She said “If they know you, if you have been arrested before, maybe you’ll get into trouble; but, otherwise not”. I said “I came here to Algiers because I heard they like foreign girls here in preference to French girls”. She said “It makes no difference. There are some foreign girls, but most of the girls here are French. The tourists and the sailors like Algerian girls. You see, those kind of girls start in business at 14 years. Their mothers and fathers sell them to men. They call them dancing girls, but they are just the same as these girls here”.

I said “I should think having a few girls like that in a house like this would pay well”. She said “They are only good when they are very young, and can never get the police to allow them in. They are in some houses, here, but in places that we call ‘dancing houses’. I said “Are such places licensed?”; she replied “No, they are clandestine. The police, they know but they never bother them”.

Before leaving the house I assured Madeleine that I would send my girl to her in a day or so as she recovers from her illness. She said “I will get the papers ready. Of course, she must not tell anybody that she is using another girl’s papers”. I said “I’ll see that she will not say anything, but how can you pass a Spanish one on the police for a French girl? When this girl of mine does not speak much French!”; she replied “That is nothing! She has the papers; that is all they want. The paper is just a birth certificate, showing her age and her place of birth. I tell you: Leave it to me”.
I also spent considerable time in clandestine houses and in places known as cabarets, such as the Alhambra Casino.

In the clandestine houses I saw at least 10 girls who ranged in age from 15 to 20 years. All whom I spoke to admitted being born in various parts of Algeria.

In the cabarets I located 6 French prostitutes between 17 and 19 years of age. All admitted that they are unregistered and stated that so long as they confine their activities to places of this type they never come in contact with the police.

**Algiers, Algeria**

*Feb. 17-18, 1925*

While visiting Madeleine at her house of prostitution, she continued to inquire as to when I intended to bring my girl in to see her. I replied “I am afraid it wont work out well. She’s too young”; she said “Too young hell! I told you I can take care of it. Why, I got a girl here now who is only a year older than your girl. Just a minute”. She rang a bell and said “Tell Rosie to come here”. Rosie entered and the madame said “She is Polish; she only came here a month ago, from Paris. You see, she is young!”. I asked Rosie her age and she replied “19 years old”. We then discussed how she was able to do it. Madeleine said “She has 24 years on her passport. That girl has worked for us in Paris for over a year. Very fine girl. She makes more money than any girl in the house”.

Later Rosie admitted to me that she was an inmate at 32 rue Blondell in Paris and was brought to Algiers by Madeleine who advanced her transportation. She also stated that she had been in Paris for nearly two years and admitted that she practiced prostitution since the age of 15 years, in Warsaw, Poland. I said to her “How were you able to get your passport to read 24 when you are only 19 years old now?”; she said “I left home when I was 17, and I had no passport. In Paris I got one through a friend. Here you do not need a passport at all if you come from Marseille”.

Madeleine said “That’s right. I will pass your girl off as a French girl”. I said “When she goes to register, they can tell she is not French”. The madame replied “All she will have to do is go to the doctor. You have her picture taken and give them to me. I will get her the card and she wont have to go to the police”. I said to Rosie “Did you go to the police?”; she replied “The madame took my passport and that was all. I then went with my card to the doctor”.

I then inquired from Madeleine if any of her other girls had been handled in that way; she said “I have one French girl who is only 20, but she has her papers as 28 from Paris. You bring her in and you will see that everything will turn out as I say”.

Later in the day while loitering about in Cafe des Artistes I met a prostitute whom I had previously cultivated the acquaintance of in a house of prostitution known as Moulin Rouge. This prostitute, being under the impression that I have a “girl” in town, did not hesitate to inform me
that she had an appointment with her “man”. I waited about and received an introduction to a French pimp.

The following day I renewed our acquaintanceship and he informed me that his name is Jean Taubert; he stated that he has been in Algiers for two years and admitted that “business conditions have been fair”. I said “I came here but was afraid it would not only not be worthwhile, but also that the cops are tough on us here”. He said “There aint a place in the world where they are easier. Here they never bother you at all”.

I said “I heard that when you want to get away that is when they grab you”. He replied “Not at all! I could come here and leave any day and nobody would say a word”. I said “My girl is thinking about going into a house. We might want to leave in April, and I heard that the cops wont let her out without a permit”. He said “You can get out without one, but if a girl is leaving it is always safer to get one. What the hell! You tell them that she is going to Marseille. When she gets out she can go wherever she pleases. The only reason for the permit is so that a gal who has been burned (diseased) dont try to pull out without being cured”.

I said “That gal I got aint a good getter (money maker). I thought I might be able to land something real young down here”; he replied “There are a bunch of good-looking gals in this town, but they take a long time to get. These Arab gals would do good in another place, but it takes an Arab to shine up to them. A couple of the boys went to Paris not long ago with two small kids, but I dont know how they made out. The young kids who were born here are crazy about seeing Paris. You can pick any of them along the streets. There's plenty of good knocking here”. I said “I haven't heard knocking used that way since we left London”; he replied “That's where I got onto it. I lived four years in London. I get plenty here, but I have to lay low now because my gal is getting wise and I dont want to loose her”. I said “My gal is Spanish. I thought she'd be right at home here with some of her own kind, but I dont find as many foreign girls as I thought”. He said “There are all kinds here, but not many. You see, the place is only really good for a few months. All the boys (pimps) and girls (prostitutes) drift back to Paris when April sets in. I mean those people who have money and follow the real dough trail. Pikers like myself have to be glad to stick in one place”.

I said “If you ask me, there aint any real dough (money) in any place in Europe”. He said “All my friends have beat it (gone away) for the other side. Mexico; and South America is good as gold!”. I said “Yes, but I heard it's getting tighter every day”. He said “I heard the same, but you can always trim them. I have a friend in Vera Cruz who will give me anything if I get him a French gal. I tried to get some dough out of him, but he is one of those pay-me-after guys”. I said “What do you mean? He wants you to get him a girl?” He replied “Bring a girl to him”. I said “What kind is he looking for? A young one?”; he said “Any kind who will bring in the dough”. I said “It would cost a lot of money to do that. Don't you think so?” He replied “Sure! If I landed one I'd have to take her out of here, show her a good time in Paris or somewhere else, and then arrange to send her on”. I said “How could you send her to him?”; he replied “I could handle that all right. Just show me the dough!”.

The rest of the day was spent in visiting clandestine houses of prostitution and meeting prostitutes upon the streets.
I made the acquaintance of two street prostitutes at Cafe Suisse; both admitted not being registered. One claimed to be Spanish and the other an Italian.

The Spanish girl gave her name as Josi Rodriguez and stated that she is 20 years of age. She admitted that she came here from Marseille in November and that she practiced prostitution in Barcelona and Marseille before coming here.

The Italian girl gave me her name as Maria Spanelli; she claimed to be 18 years of age and admitted coming here from Marseille. She also admitted having practiced prostitution in Marseille prior to coming here. She mentioned that her folks moved to Marseille from Naples five years ago. She has been in Algiers for five months.

**Algiers, Algeria**

*Feb. 19-20, 1925*

During these two days considerable time was spent with Jean Taubert, a French pimp whose acquaintance I cultivated at Cafe des Artistes. Jean Taubert introduced me to two other French pimps who also frequent this cafe. These two gave me their names as Bernard and Henri and both admitted living off the earnings of their prostitutes. Both of these pimps stated that they are only here in Algiers for the winter season, and mentioned that their homes are in Marseille. I made mention of several French pimps known to me in Marseille and Bernard admitted knowing both of them. We then discussed the local situation in respect to the “police and the boys (pimps)”. All three admitted that the boys in Algiers had absolutely nothing to fear. Jean Taubert, who spoke for his two friends, said “You see, these boys come and go whenever they want to. Nobody bothers them. You must have been in some pretty tight holes when you worry about the cops all the time”. I said “I’ll tell you the truth: I nearly did get caught in a jam in Barcelona, and I had a hard job getting out of Spain. If it were not for a friend of mine I would have gotten caught. You see, my girl is only 18 years old”.

Bernard said “What you want to do is to get another passport, or have your girl have her age raised on it; then you can go any place. Besides, if you want to put her into a house, they wont take her unless she is 21 at least”. I said “I could get her into Madeleine's house here”. Jean Taubert said “Madeleine always fixes up the papers. She wont let your girl show her passport. What Bernard means is for use in other places and for travelling”. I said “Where can I get a passport then?”; Jean Taubert replied “You dont need to get her a new one. Bernard can fix her passport so as to change the age”. Bernard said “Give it to me; I'll fix it for you. I can always make it so you wont be able to tell it”. I said “How can you fix it? Have you ever fixed any before?”; he replied “I fixed plenty of birth certificates for friends in Marseille. You see, anybody can get a birth certificate easy, but it's hard to get a passport for a gal under 21. She is what they call a minor, and the French government dont want to give passes to minors unless they are married. The Spanish government is just as strict. Your gal must have been married or she had a pull”. I said “When I was in Marseille I had a chance to get a fake birth certificate, but I didn't do it”. He said “There's plenty of that floating around, but the best way is for the girl to get her real certificate and then have it fixed up. Once you have it that way, you can get her a passport without all that other monkey business and nobody can stop her”.
I said “I should think that altering a birth certificate would be taking a chance. The person who issues the passport has a good chance to examine the certificate”. Jean Taubert said “We have had friends go all over on altered certificates and they never had any trouble”. I said “How about the boys (pimps) who left here a short time ago, which you told me about?”. He said “The girls took their certificates along. They went to Paris; when they go to a place where they need a passport, my friends know where to get them fixed up. Take our advice: It’s only a fool who would travel with a gal who is under 21, especially in our business”.

I said “What can they do?”, he replied “It aint much what they can do, as it is the expense. Suppose you start out for Mexico and then your gal gets turned back. You will get in all right. Either you got to go back, or get yourself another gal. A gal with 25 to 30 years on her pass is the best”.

I said “Madeleine tells me that there are plenty of girls doing business in Algiers with queer papers”. All three pimps admitted that such is the case. Jean Taubert added “Certainly, you gotta have queer papers these days, especially when a gal is just starting”. I said “Are there many pulling out of here? I mean young ones”. Jean Taubert replied “I am telling you it’s a good place to get a nice girl”. I said “Do they fall easily, or do you have to break them?”; he replied “You can pick them off the street. They are glad to go. I know a boy who went to Constantine and got himself a beauty. Only 17 years old, a Jewish gal. He brought her here and put her in the game. She at first raised a little hell, but then he took her to Paris. That quieted her. She’s there now and they both are getting along fine”.

Accompanied by Jean Taubert I visited several hotels and clandestine houses. I also was introduced to street prostitutes. Among the prostitutes whom I met, the majority were under 21 years of age, but all admitted being French subjects.

**Algiers, Algeria**

**Feb. 18-20, 1925**

**Traffic in women and children**

**Official Investigation**

About 10 A.M. on Feb. 18, accompanied by an interpreter, I presented Bascom Johnson’s letter of introduction to M. Alliez, Prefect of Algiers. I was very cordially received and he stated that he would place at my disposal all subordinate officials whom he thought would be of service to me in making my investigation. He stated that so far as he knew, no traffic in women and children existed to or from Algiers, but seemed to express great interest in the subject, and requested me to call upon him before leaving and relate my findings.

Equipped with a letter of introduction to M. Masse, the commissaire central, I visited his office. He immediately summoned M. Compte, Chief, Service des Mœurs. He said “M. Compte has full charge of the Morals Service and I am sure he is the man best qualified to talk on the subject”. M. Masse then went on to describe his experiences in various sections of France and ended by stating that the place to look for traffic is not in Algiers, but in Marseille and Barcelona.
I then explained the meaning of “International Traffic” according to the League’s interpretation, and asked M. Compte if in his opinion a traffic existed either to or from Algiers. M. Compte replied that he believes no such traffic exists. I then asked if the Police records show any cases of traffic in the last five years. He replied “I have been in the department for 15 years and I know of no such cases”. This statement was corroborated by M. Masse who added that during his long association with the Police, no case of traffic had been discovered, nor were any complaints received.

I then asked if any particular effort had been made to discover the traffic. It was admitted that the usual routine in handling commercial prostitution never brought any cases to the surface. I said, “From that it can be assumed that your methods of registration have tended to decrease or eliminate cases of traffic?” M. Compte replied “Girls under 21 years of age cannot operate in a public house. You see, we could immediately detect a case when we register a girl”. I said “Have you ever doubted the age on a girl’s passport or birth certificate?” He answered “A passport we must accept. If we doubt her birth papers, I have the doctor examine her and he can tell within a few years if the age is correct”. I said “Isn’t it possible for a prostitute under age and of foreign birth to claim to be a French subject, and state that she lost her papers?” He replied “In cases like that we take the girl’s pedigree, examine her for disease and communicate with the authorities of the city in which she claims she was born. If she is free of disease, she is permitted to practice prostitution but she is not inscribed until we have all the details”.

M. Compte then explained to me in detail the Regulations of the City of Algiers for the inscription of prostitutes. He stated that no prostitute can enter a public house of prostitution as an inmate if she is under 21 years of age. A girl, however, may be inscribed as a prostitute beginning at 14 years of age. He said “The Arabs here start in very young. Many of them do not know their ages. If they are under 16, we issue to them a card like this (See Exhibit I). This means that the girl is under 16 and is what we call in France “not mûr” (not ripe). The same card is also issued to girls over 16 and under 21, when they are found practicing prostitution without a card. Afterwards, if we see that they continue in the life, we take away the green card and issue this red one (See Exhibit II). This card shows that the woman is a full-fledged prostitute. She must submit to an examination once a week. If diseased, she is kept in the hospital until cured”.

I said “How many prostitutes have you inscribed?”; he replied “580”. I said “How many are in public houses?”; he said “About 200”. I said “And the remaining 380 are permitted to use other public places?” He said “No; here we arrest all women who solicit on the streets or any place that is open to the public. We do not tolerate street soliciting like other cities, such as Paris”. I said “Where do these women operate then?”; he replied “In hotels, in private homes. They have their own friends (customers)”. I then said “Of the 580, how many have in their possession green cards?”; he replied “About 80”. I then asked “How many of the 80 are foreigners?”; he replied “None”. I said “If a number of foreign girls under 21 desired to be inscribed, would you inscribe them?” He answered “We are obliged to do so”. I said “When a foreign girl asks to be inscribed, do you ever cross-examine her?”; he replied “Only so far as we have to secure her history”. I said “You do not ask why she came, or who brought her, or inquire along those lines?”; he replied “No”. I then asked M. Compte if he could furnish me with a list showing all foreign prostitutes inscribed, the dates of their arrival, names, ages, etc., and also the number inscribed each year for the last five years. He later furnished me with a list (See Exhibit III) of the foreign-born prostitutes, which contained 41 names.
These 41 prostitutes gave their nationalities as Egyptians 2, Swiss 5, Polish 3, Spanish 17, Italian 11, Belgian 1, Austrian 1, Romanian 1, Turkish 1, Armenian 1. After going over the list with him and eliminating those who have been here since childhood, and those prior to 1920, I found that in 1920 seven foreign girls arrived, in 1921 two, 1923 four 1924 eight and 1925 two.

I then asked if there is a possibility of there being more prostitutes in Algiers than are registered and he conceded that there are at least 500 more, and that his squad daily find new ones.

I then asked if they have on record in his office any pimps whom he suspects might engage in traffic to or from Algiers. He then showed me photographs and finger-print records of at least 100 that have been arrested during the last ten years. He admitted that most of the activity was exerted against them during the World War and said that he is confident that none of them has engaged in an international traffic.

I said “Have you ever received information from other governments concerning traffickers, or their victims, coming to Algiers?”; he replied “No”. I said “When a pimp leaves for a foreign country, do you inform the police of that country?”; he said “He cannot secure a passport here to leave if we have his picture in the Rogues Gallery. A prostitute we do grant a passport to, but if she goes to another city within France, we inform the Commissaire Central of that city that she is coming there (See Exhibit IV)”.

I said “Isn’t it possible for a prostitute to leave here without your knowing it?”; he said “We would find here when she boarded the ship”. He then admitted that only prostitutes are required to show permits upon boarding a ship for Marseille or other French ports, and that his men know all the registered women, and therefore, demand from them a permit (See Exhibit V).

Further conversation with these gentlemen revealed that in all likelihood there is an international traffic, but they admitted that they cannot do anything to stop it.

I next visited M. Jonssen, the commissaire du Port; he informed me that 90 per cent. of all persons who enter Algiers from Europe come in by way of Marseille. He also stated that no examination is made by the Immigration Department of any of the passengers from Marseille upon arrival here. He said “It is just the same as passing from one French city to another. At one time we did demand papers of all persons, but the people very strenuously objected and we discontinued it. We do, however, inspect all ships except tourists’ boats, that come here from foreign countries”.

I said, “Have you at any time suspected anyone trying to enter or leave this port as being engaged in traffic in women and children?”; he replied “No. I have been here 20 years and never heard of anything like that here”. I then said “At any time during your experience, have you suspected that foreign girls under 21 years of age were trying to enter Algeria to practice prostitution?” He said “No”. I said “Do you inquire from minors as to their reasons for coming to Algiers, or whom they are going to?”; he replied No”…When a girl under 21 had a passport, I can do nothing, but admit her. Some times I notice that a Spanish or Italian prostitute is met at the key (dock) by a pimp. Then I inquire where she is going to live and I inform the Morals Service so they can watch her and inscribe her if she does business (prostitution) here”.


I said “From which foreign country do you get the most immigrants?”; he replied “From Spain and Italy; but very few come here now, because the exchange (money) is so low. We only get about two ships a month and then there is never more than 20 or 30 passengers in all”.

I said “Have you ever suspected any foreign girls as having fraudulent passports?”; he replied “I could not tell”. I said “Did you ever notice any foreign girls who appeared to be younger than the age given on the passports?”; he said “I did not. You see, we just look their passports over and stamp them; that is all”. I then requested permission to witness an inspection aboard a ship, but was told that no foreign boat is due to arrive until Feb. 28.

After having a lengthy discussion with M. Jonssen and two of his subordinates, I am convinced that such a thing as traffic in women and children is absolutely unknown to them. Any foreign minor having a passport can enter Algiers without question. It is surprising that with these slip-shod methods of registration used by the police, and the purely superficial inspections by the Immigration authorities, there are not more cases of traffic than there really are here.

**Algiers, Algeria**  
*Feb. 13-21, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Summary**

During the seven days spent in Algiers, I noted that the public houses of prostitution are scattered throughout the Arab section of the city, and that many of clandestine resorts are to be found in what is known as the European or French section.

The public or licensed resorts are approximately 16 in number, whereas the clandestine places are so numerous that one cannot venture to estimate the number.

In addition to the public licensed houses the Arab section of the city is honey-combed with one-room cribs wherein young and old prostitutes reside and transact business.

Even the Police refused to venture an estimate of the number of clandestine prostitutes operating in this city. They frankly admitted that all the cheap hotels harbor clandestine prostitutes.

In the public houses the inmates appear in the nude. Each house averages from 8 to 10 inmates, and all are supposed to be over 21 years of age. The various madames whom I spoke with, freely admitted that the Police are very considerate and although the local Regulations provide that no inmate can be registered under 21 years of age, the madames make use of fraudulent birth certificates so as to be able to have the services of young inmates in their houses.

The majority of the inmates in the houses are French, but here and there one may find Italian, Spanish, and various other nationalities.
The pimps whose acquaintance I cultivated did not hesitate to inform me that a pimp has nothing to fear so far as the Police are concerned. They contended that the authorities never interfere with them unless they (the pimps) give them reason so to do.

The pimps also admitted that girls of any age can be brought into Algiers without difficulty, and also taken away without the slightest chance of being discovered.

There apparently seems to be traffic between France and Algiers, particularly at this time of the year. French pimps bring young girls to Algiers from the continent for the purpose of starting the girls in the business of prostitution; and native girls of Algiers are taken back into France for the same purpose. Spanish, and other nationalities of pimps and prostitutes find their way into Algiers by way of Marseille, and experience no difficulty because of the lack of inspection by the Immigration authorities at Algiers.

Among the pimps that I became acquainted with, I learned that genuine birth certificates are being altered so that the prostitutes who are under age can secure passports with their ages stated thereon as between 25 and 30 years, for use in traveling.

I visited all licensed resorts of prostitution and as many clandestine places as time would permit. I located three prostitutes, all of whom are foreigners, and under 21 years of age.

Along the streets, in cafes, dance halls, music halls, hotels, and so forth, I met many French prostitutes under 21 years of age. Very few admitted being registered. These prostitutes ply their trade quite openly, although a City Ordinance prohibits soliciting in any place frequented by the public.

From early morning until late at night, one may be solicited along the main and side streets of Algiers both by Arab and French prostitutes. In all the cities thus far visited I did not come in contact with so many young prostitutes as in Algiers.

**Tunis, Tunisia**

**Feb. 23-24, 1925**

**Traffic in women and children**

Shortly after my arrival in Tunis, Tunisia, I made the acquaintance of Harry Cohen, a Tunisian Hebrew. He took me about the city and I visited the four districts in which are located the houses of prostitution and the cribs in which all registered prostitutes reside or conduct their business. Harry Cohen is not a pimp, but having lived in the underworld section here, he has had the opportunity of not only knowing conditions in the city, but also of becoming intimately acquainted with the owners of the resorts.

I learned that Tunis has a population of nearly 300,000 people. The Arabs comprise at least 160,000, Italians 40,000, French 30,000, Jews 60,000, and Maltese about 10,000.
There are four sections of the city where prostitution is openly practiced. That section known mainly as the Italian and Jewish quarter on Rue des Oise and adjoining streets, harbors French, Italian and Jewish prostitutes. These women reside in crib-like unsanitary houses, one to a house, and trade with the type of men who can afford to spend but three francs for an act of sexual intercourse.

In one of these houses I met an Italian prostitute; she occupied a crib at rue des Oise, and gave her name as Maria. She admitted being but 18 years of age, and stated that she has been in Tunis but six months, coming here with her husband from Messina, Italy. When questioned about her husband, she stated that he and she reside together and that she turns over to him all of her earnings.

I made a house-to-house canvass of this section and found that with the exception of Maria, all prostitutes of foreign birth were either admittedly, or from general appearance, over 21 years of age.

In the Arab section of Rue (Abd?) el Agechi and Rue Sidi Bayame, I found nothing but native Arabs and one Turkish girl. By using a fez (cap) and being represented as a Turk, I was able to visit the majority of these houses. I had heard that a few young Turkish girls are in houses in this section and, therefore, thought it worthwhile to make an examination.

The houses are very much like cribs, but harbor from two to five prostitutes, ranging in age from 16 to 30 years. They can be seen from the street in brilliantly-lighted rooms, sitting in native costumes awaiting their Arab trade. The prostitutes never open the doors unless commanded to do so by prospective customers.

According to the Mohamedan custom, I soon learned that these women will not trade with nor permit anyone but a member of their own sect to enter their houses. An Arab prostitute caught trading with a European is not only liable to be attacked by an Arab who sees her, but the man is also said to be in danger of rough treatment.

Therefore, being introduced as a Turk, I went from house to house. In one of the houses, #16 rue Sidi Bayame, I met a 17-year old Turkish girl, who admitted coming here from Italy; she stated that her parents brought her three years ago, and that she turns in to her folks all money she earns.

I then visited another section of the city, Rue de Persan, where I found innumerable cribs with Arab prostitutes of a cheaper variety. These places were gone into, but all persons I saw or spoke to were found to be Arabs.

Not far from the old city gate entrance, I next found a section where the better-class or higher-types of European prostitutes reside. I was introduced to the various madames and inmates in those resorts. Later I returned and engaged in conversation the madames and inmates whom I thought would lend themselves most freely to being interviewed. It was again necessary for me to pose as a member of their set in order to learn more intimate facts.

In a house known as 33-X, I spoke with the assistant madame, a Parisian woman who speaks

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1 Paul Kinsie is obviously mistaken; the correct code would be 330-X: Rue Sidi Bayame.
good English. I mentioned placing my girl, who is only 18 years old, in her house; she said “I have ten girls now, but if she looks good, I can take her in”. I said “But she’s only 18 years old!”; she replied “That does not matter. I can get that fixed up. The lei (law) says ‘21’, but it does not matter”.

I said “How can that be arranged?”; she replied “You just leave it to me. When will you bring her in? We work this way: Your girl must pay in advance room and pension. My rates are from 25 francs a day to 50. Then, of course, there are light, heat and laundry. The men pay her whatever she can get. He must pay me 5 or 10 francs for the use of the room. The drink money is all mine. If your girl is a good one she can make big money here. She can always have one day a week off, but never take Saturday nor Sunday or Feast days, except when she is sick. If she does not suck (practice perversion) I do not want her. Unless she does that she cannot make enough money to pay her expenses. Oh yes: The doctor too! She must pay 10 francs a week to be examined”.

I said “Your proposition sounds pretty good, but I am afraid that someone might find out the girl’s age”. She replied “Dont bother yourself! If they do, I am the one who will suffer; not you!” I said: “How can you arrange it?” She said “I have plenty of birth certificates to use”. I said “My girl is Spanish, not French”. She replied “No difference! All I do is put her down as French”. I said “Have you got any girls here now whom you fixed up that way?” She said “No, all my girls are over age. If I get young ones, that is what I do. I have French, Holland, Belgians, Italians, and I could use a Spanish girl very well. By the way, when your girl comes here you must let me know if you want me to pay you”. I said “What do you mean?” She replied “You let the girl have the money or do you take it?” I said “We usually arrange that between us. What do the others do?” She said “The boys (pimps) usually get it; but suit yourself! Remember: I dont allow any hanging (loitering) around here! If you sleep here any night, you must pay for the room….but, not too often!” I said “I see the police are hard on the boys (pimps)”. She replied “No, but it is better for you to stay away. You boys gamble and fall out! (disagree). Then you get jealous of each other! And I dont want to have gun fights in here! I know boys too well!”

Promising to return with my girl, I departed. I then spent some time about the cafes, along the streets, and in the Festa Cabaret. I found very few prostitutes about the streets and in the cribs. In the cabarets all prostitutes whom I met were French subjects.

**Tunis, Tunisia**

*Feb. 25-26, 1925*

After having been introduced to the Assistant Madame of a house of prostitution known as La Grande Maison, I made the acquaintance of Emilie, one of the French inmates who is a French girl and, like most of the principals in this house, speaks English. She occasionally takes charge of the premises in the absence of the Madame and her assistant. She said “You should not wait too long to bring your girl down, because I know that the madame is arranging to get another girl and if she arrives we will not have any more room”. I said “When is the other girl expected?” She replied
“Perhaps in a week or so. If your girl comes here and she is the right kind, we will not bring the other girl on”. I said “Where is the other girl coming from?” She said “Paris”. I said “I put the proposition up to my girl and she will undoubtedly accept, but you see, she is very young, and has not been in this business before”. She said “Well, a place like this is just the place for her. If she is sensible and wants to make money, all of us here will help her”.

I said “It is pretty hard to start a girl in, isn’t it?” She replied “Bring her down. We will talk to her. She will meet the girls and then you know, when one girl talks to another, she can always do more than a boy (pimp) can”. I said “Have you ever dealt with green girls that way before?” She said “Oh yes”. I said “If I could get her started, when things get dull here I’d take her to South America or some other place where I hear there is real money”. She said “Yes, I see. Well, it is better to have her learn the business here than to go a big distance and not have her satisfied. You see, here all our trade is nice rich people. A young girl don’t always like the trade that she might meet in strange countries”.

I said “How did you come to pick out Tunis?” She replied “I have worked in Paris for this Patronne and I have to go wherever she sends me”. I said “What do you mean ‘You have to go?’; she said “All of us girls are like under a contract. This madame has two houses in Paris and she needed me here. Just like Cytheria (another house on the same street) she has a house in Marseille and she always exchanges her girls”. I said “Where does the madame have her houses in Paris?” She replied “#25 rue Appollinaire, Paris”. I said “Does she always send girls from Paris here?” She replied “No; you see, there is a man in Marseille who supplies all these houses with girls. He gets a commission for doing it. All we do is to let him know and he gets them”. I said “What are they, green girls like mine?” She replied “No, mostly business girls (professional prostitutes) but I know boys (pimps) who did get green girls from him”. I said “But suppose a girl hasn’t money to get here?” She said “Oh, the madame pays all expenses”. I said “Dont they (the girls) have to pay the money back?” She replied “No, you see, the madame lets him know. He buys a ticket 3rd class for the girl and puts her on the boat. Then he telegraphs ahead that she is coming and we send someone to meet the boat”. I said “Then there isn’t a chance of beating it after arrival”; she replied “I should say not! Of course, if a girl wants to leave, the madame might let her, but the girl has to pay her own way back. When she comes she can agree to stay three months or six months. After that time she can leave and the Patronne will pay her way back”.

I said “What would stop a girl from staying here a few days and then leaving?” She said “She couldn’t get away! She is not allowed out of the house only once a week and then someone of us go with her”. I said “Suppose she just says she wants to go out to buy something?”. She replied “She can’t! The madame buys everything for us and we pay her”. I said “You mean to say if my girl wanted to leave in a short time, she couldn’t? She said “Of course, that is different. Your girl came here at your expense. But, all girls that we get and pay the expenses of, cant leave until they finish their contract. Then they can go if they dont owe the house anything”.

I said “I was in Marseille and I know a few of the boys. Nobody ever put that proposition of paying expenses up to me”. She replied “This man has people all over that he sends girls to. If a girl wants to go to Brazil, he can fix her up. Mexico, any place… he knows everybody”. I said “I suppose if a fellow wanted a girl he’d take care of him?” She said “Yes”. I said “Well, I wish I knew him. I would not have spent all that money in going to Spain and finding mine”. She said “Well, he is there.
in Marseille. He is a French boy. He is always in the Paris Hotel. They call him Paul the Fox. All the boys (pimps) know him. He can always arrange to get a girl a good place to work”. I said “Does he charge for it?” She said “He knows who wants girls and they pay him”.

While loitering about with Harry Cohen, several Italian pimps were pointed out to me in the Casino Cafe; he said “They are Italians. One of their girls I used to stay with. She told me that that big fellow beats hell out of her and takes every cent away”.

We then went about from house to house trying to find the girl he spoke of, but found her house closed.

I continued to visit the hotels and clandestine houses of prostitution. Most of the girls I located were French and admitted coming to Tunis from France. Six were under 20 years of age. Two resided at Hotel Salambo, four at Hotel de Residence, and one at Maison Dorie.

**Tunis, Tunisia**
*Feb. 27-28, 1925*

During these two days I continued to visit places frequented by prostitutes, and also resorts where prostitution is practiced. While in Casino Cafe I met an Italian pimp. He was well known to my acquaintance, Harry Cohen, so I requested an introduction.

At first we indulged in a general discussion, but finally I brought up the subject of prostitution in Tunis. He said that the police are “very easy on the girls as long as they dont hustle on the boulevards”. Since Harry Cohen was acting as interpreter, I made him explain to this Italian that I had just brought a girl into Tunis and was trying to get her located in a house. He replied “You're foolish if you do! They keep a gal always broke. Do like I do: Rent a room for her! Mine make good money. I can get you a place right next to mine. All it costs is 12 francs a day. Your gal dont have to live there. All she has to do is come in and go to work”.

Harry Cohen interpolated “I never saw your friend (girl), but she wouldn't fit in there. You know what he's talking about, dont you? Those joints over on Rue des Oise, three and five-franc houses”. I said “Well, kid him on. Tell him I'd like to look the place over”. Harry Cohen did as I asked and the pimp agreed to take me there.

We then went to #6 rue des Oise where I met an Italian prostitute about 20 years of age. The pimp told me that she is his girl and Harry Cohen later called her Anna. The pimp again explained that there are always plenty of vacancies along the street and he would help me get a place all furnished for my girl. I said “Must my girl register?”; he replied “Yes, sure”. I said “She's only 18”; he replied “That's nothing! You have her go to the Commissaire Central. I'll tell you: I'll have Anna take her over”. I said “I hear the police are very hard on us here”. He replied “Gatz for them! They never bother us! Here everything is free and easy”. I then agreed to call upon him for help through Anna in a day or so.
After Harry Cohen and I left this pimp, Harry Cohen said “I’d advise you to keep away from that fellow! He is a bad egg! That girl of his, Anna, he brought here from Italy. She thought she was going to get married. He put her in that dump and the girl herself told me he beats the s________ out of her”. I then asked Harry Cohen if she ever appealed to the police; he replied “She’s afraid. He’d stick her sure as hell (kill her)! These Italian boys are bad actors! I had a girl myself, but I wouldn’t do anything like that. If a boy and girl (pimp and prostitute) live together, what the hell! There ain’t nothing wrong in that, but the way he works, I dont like!” I said “I heard the boys (pimps) here are a tough set”. He said “You bet they are! Why, two years ago I knew fellers who used to go over to Sicily and buy girls regularly. You see, they are so poor over there that people are glad to get rid of any of their girls”. I said “Why two years ago? Aint they still doing it?”; he replied “They may be, but I dont hear of it. The cops (police) for a while raised hell, but that all died down”. I said “Are there many French boys (pimps) here?” He said “My goodness yes! There are more French than any. The other boys that are here are natives and Italians. The French boys usually only come in during the tourist season. After these Italians get their girls in here, they take them over to Marseille”.

I said “I should think the police would get wise to their moving around that way”. He replied “The cops here are decent chaps. They really dont bother so long as they (pimps and prostitutes) behave”.

While visiting the other houses I learned that the madames secure their inmates in the same manner as La Grande Maison does (See previous report).

In Madame Alice’s house on Rue el Meiktar, I cultivated the acquaintance of Jeanne, one of the inmates; she admitted having been sent to this house by Paul the Fox in Marseille. She said that her transportation was paid by the madame. Jeanne also informed me that she is but 20 years of age and is a native of Toulon. I said “How did you get registered if you are under 21?” She replied “Madame Alice took care of that. She has a friend in the police who will do anything for her”.

Tunis, Tunisia
Feb. 25-26-27, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Official interviews

After presenting my credentials to the Prefect of Police I was advised by him to see the Governor General and secure his sanction before I could be officially received by Prefect of Police.

I then visited Pierre Catat, 2d Attache, Staff of Governor General, who readily informed me that he would place at my disposal all facilities for making my investigation. Arrangements were then made for me to meet M. Ristelbucher, directeur général a la Interieur, who stated that he has been in command here but a short time, and he referred me to M. Canpanna, Chief of Police.

M. Canpanna cordially received me and stated that he would be glad to help me in any way he could. He stated that he is thoroughly familiar with the subject of International Traffic in Woman and
Children and added that he is the person who has been supplying the French State Department with all information requested by The League of Nations in questionnaires which the government has been receiving from time to time.

Before beginning our conference I defined to him International Traffic in Women and Children as agreed upon by the League. M. Canpanna then was asked if in his opinion there is a traffic in women and children to or from Tunis; he replied “There is no traffic here. There is undoubtedly a traffic between France and Spain and France and Italy, but none between Tunis and any foreign country”. I then asked him what caused him to think that there is a traffic between the countries he mentioned. He said “Tunis is only a small place and souteneurs that are here do not have any agents in foreign countries that send girls here”. I repeated my question which he had apparently not answered, and after a rambling statement of irrelevant facts, he admitted that his information concerning the traffic to Spain and Italy from France or vice versa is the result of discussions he has had with police officials in other cities.

From M. Canpanna’s discussion of the situation I could readily see that he is under the impression that the pimps secure their women mainly through agents who do nothing but supply them with women. This type of agent he mentioned is not sending girls into Tunis for purposes of prostitution.

I then asked him if he would describe to me the system under which prostitution is regulated in Tunis; he said “All public prostitutes are registered with the police. We do not permit minors to become inmates in our public houses. A girl can, however, register as a prostitute at 18 years of age, but she cannot become an inmate in a public house (maison de tolerance). She may practice her profession in any other place.” I then asked him why girls of 18 who are considered minors can be registered as prostitutes and still not be permitted to become an inmate unless she is 21 or over. He replied “That is our regulation. A girl at 18 may become a prostitute, but get out of the life a little later. When she is 21 or over, and she becomes a prostitute, she usually remains a prostitute. While this may not be exactly true, it was undoubtedly the reason why the persons who framed the Regulations placed the age at 21 years”.

I said “By that I can assume that no girl under 18 is registered?”; he replied, “Yes”. I said “Do you maintain that the methods of regulation of prostitution in Tunis are responsible for the absence of traffic here?”; he replied “I cannot say, but I do know that we have very few foreign prostitutes. The majority of our women are French and Tunisians and some Italians, who have come here to settle and later drift into a life of prostitution”.

I said “Could you show by statistics the increase or decrease in foreign prostitutes within the last three years?”; he replied “That would be very difficult and take considerable time to work up”. He then went off into a lengthy discussion of individual Italians who come here to settle and later become prostitutes. This was evidently done by him to avoid complying with my request.

Inasmuch as M. Canpanna had stated that there are no traffickers in Tunis or agent who supply girls for them, I asked him if they (police) have any knowledge of persons who might be liable to engage in such traffic. He said “We know all the souteneurs or macareaux (pimps) of these women. In 1923 we arrested a number of them. They are mainly Italians. Of course, some are French. We find them to be young men between 20 and 30 years old”. I said “Have any of the women of these
souteneurs ever complained to the police that they are being forced to practice prostitution, or has it ever been brought to the attention of the police by anyone that girls are being held against their will by these pimps?”, he replied “No”.

I then said “Those persons whom your department knows to be pimps,--are they photographed or finger-printed?”; he said “Yes”. I said “About how many have you that are so classified?”; he replied “Oh, maybe 40, 50 or 60”. I said “Could you furnished me with copies of the finger-print records or photos of these persons so that their pictures could be circulated or copies given to other governments to enable them to identify pimps when they seek admittance to a foreign country?”. He replied “That is a very big piece of work; and it would take weeks to do it”. After a rather lengthy discussion, he agreed that he would try to have it done and would send it some time to the League.

I next asked him if his department had ever received information from any foreign countries that traffickers or their victims are believed to be travelling to Tunis. He said “Never! Never!”. I said “Do you furnish information to other governments when a pimp leaves Tunis?”. He said “A souteneur cannot leave here for a foreign country, because we will not give him a passport”. I said “Is that true of registered prostitutes also?”. He replied “Yes”. I said “Would anything prevent them from securing passports in Marseille or some place else in France?”. He said “No”. I said “Since no passport or card of identity is needed to go to Marseille, pimps can go and come as they please?”. He replied “We cannot stop them, but we know when they leave. My men see them depart and we immediately telegraph Commissaire Central at Marseille”.

I said “Pimps whom you know to be foreigners,--what do you usually do with them when they are arrested?”. He replied “According to the Decret of 1893 I can deport them. I did so when we arrested some in 1923”. I asked “How many?”; he replied “I do not know, but if they come back, I put them in jail”.

I said “Would it be possible for you to furnish me with a list of all foreign girls, their names, ages, nationalities, and dates of arrival in Tunis?”; he agreed that this could be done and telephoned the Chief of Service des Mœurs to prepare such a list and have it for me before my departure.

I then said “The ages, etc., given to you by the girls: Is it reliable?”. He said “they must show birth certificates or, in the case of foreign prostitutes, a passport”. I said “Is there a possibility of these papers being fraudulent or altered?”. He replied “Yes. Passports are hard to detect, but we have found many with false birth papers. In such cases I always communicate with the authorities whence they came and secure the correct information”.

I then asked him if foreign women, particularly young girls under 21 years of age, who travel to Tunis, are required to inform the Port officers of their reason for coming to Tunis, who they intend to visit, etc. He replied “We do question them; but, of course, our method of having all hotels and rooming houses report to the police all new arrivals makes it possible for us to locate any person very quickly”.

I agreed that that may be possible, but stated that the questioning of minors and investigation of the person to whom they state they are going, would do more toward preventing women and children
from falling into the hands of persons liable to place these strangers into a life of prostitution, than attempting to locate them after they have arrived. He said “Most of our foreigners come through Marseille. We do not examine passengers from there. That matter, of course, has already been taken care of when the foreigners enter France. We do get quite some Italians direct from Italy, but they have passports and the best I can do is to admit them. My men watch all boats and if we are suspicious of anyone, we secretly investigate”.

He again repeated that he has never had any persons whom he had reason to suspect of being a trafficker or a victim.

I then asked him if I could witness an inspection of an incoming steamer; he said “Yes, but none arrives until the middle of next week”. He further admitted that all classes of passengers are treated alike and that the inspection is merely a stamping of the visas on the passports.

Concerning clandestine prostitutes in Tunis, M. Canpanna admitted that there are more of them than there are registered; he said his men kept busy forcing the prostitutes to inscribe. After spending a great deal of time with M. Canpanna, I am certain that he knows less about the subject than he tries to convey. I am sure the Police of Tunis are doing absolutely nothing to prevent traffic, and might add that the only reason there is not more cases of traffic here is because there is no financial inducement to attract traffickers to Tunis.

Tunis, Tunisia

Feb. 28, 1925

Before leaving Tunis I again visited M. Canpanna. He informed me that he had had his chief assistant working on the data I requested. He then gave me a list of the foreign-born prostitutes, but he had neglected to include the ages and addresses of these women. I called these omissions to his attention. At first he stated that he did not understand exactly what I wanted, but after looking at the memo he had made, he admitted that he was in error. He again promised to secure the additional information and send it.

After looking over the list I found that it contained but 18 names. I questioned him and he reiterated that the list “is quite complete”. I then asked him “Is it possible that a number of women are practicing prostitution who are not inscribed?”. He replied “Oh yes. But we do all we can to bring them in”. I said “Could you venture an estimate of the number that are practicing prostitution clandestinely?”; he said “I have no idea”.

I then thanked him for his courtesy and aid, and departed.

(See Exhibits 1 and 2, attached).
Tunis, Tunisia

Feb. 22-28, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Summary

Tunis, Tunisia, has a population of about 300,000 people. More than 160,000 are native Arabs, 40,000 Italians, 30,000 French, 60,000 Hebrews, and about 10,000 Maltese.

I soon found out that commercialized prostitution in Tunis is not scattered about the city, but is concentrated in what is known as five different districts or localities. All of these districts are situated in the old section of the city behind the City Gate or Port of France, as it is better known.

Two sections, namely Rue Sidi Bayame and Rue de Persan, are occupied by Arabs. The women in these sections live in small one and two-room houses and solicit passersby. The confine their activities solely to Arabs, and will not trade with Europeans, or any other white races.

I was informed that the Arabs consider it a grave offence for Arab prostitutes to do business with anyone but a Mohamedan. Europeans have often sought to enter these places, but because of the trouble that ensued, the prostitutes have abandoned catering to this class of trade.

Harry Cohen, an ex-pimp, who acted as my guide, managed to secure admittance for me into the houses by representing me as a Turkish subject. With the aid of a fez (Turkish cap) I visited the majority of these places and located one Turkish prostitute who was under 21 years of age.

On Rue des Oise, French, Italian and Jewish prostitutes are to be found. Rue el Meiktar has five (?) large licensed resorts which are known as La Grande Maison, Palmieres and Cytheria. These houses attract the better-class clientele. The houses harbor from two to fifteen inmates each, and although the majority of the inmates are French, many other nationalities are represented.

I cultivated acquaintance of the madames and inmates in the various houses. I learned that one of the Regulations provides that no girl can become an inmate in a licensed house under 21 years of age. One madame, however agreed to accept a person whom I stated I could get, even though I mentioned that this girl’s age is only 18 years. I questioned the madame concerning how it could be done, and she stated that “she stands in with the police sufficiently well to get the girl registered without having to disclose her true age”.

This madame outlined the conditions under which girls are taken into the houses and it became evident that from the expenses piled upon the inmates, they are kept practically in debt the entire time they are in the houses. It was also admitted that girls are hard to secure for the houses in Tunis.

I was told that the proprietors of houses who also own resorts in other cities of France, assign girls to their houses in Tunis for seasonable periods. Other inmates, I was told, are secured thru an
agent in Marseille who is said to reside at the Paris Hotel. This man known as Paul the Fox, was said to receive a commission for securing girls for the houses. He furnishes them with transportation and wires ahead to the consignees to meet the girl when she arrives. The girl is then forced to remain in the house, to purchase all her necessities from the madame and, for fear that she might run away prior to the expiration of the time for which the girl contracts to remain, she is entrusted to the care of an older inmate who accompanies her about upon her one day off per week.

I also learned that girls who wish to leave prior to the end of their contract term, have to pay their own expenses back to the continent.

In going from house to house I found two girls, both of whom are Italians under 21 years of age. The police permit girls under 21 to practice prostitution, provided the girls are not in a licensed house.

I was introduced to an Italian pimp whom my guide-interpreter said was known only as Luigi Cunioso. His prostitute, I was told, was brought by him from Sicily on the pretext of marriage, and is now forced to lead a life of prostitution through fear of being beaten by him. Luigi Cunioso told me that entrance to Tunis is quite simple, and that the police never cause the boys (pimps) any trouble. He admitted that many of his acquaintances come to Tunis from Palermo and other cities in Sicily with girls.

Harry Cohen also told me that many Italian pimps get prostitutes in Sicily and bring them to Tunis. He said that the peasants in Sicily are very poor and a pimp can very easily buy, then promise to wed, the young daughters of these people. When after bringing the girls to Tunis, the pimps force them into a life of prostitution and take all their earnings. The girls, like the one I met, fear to expose their men and therefore continue in the life.

In addition to the inscribed prostitutes in Tunis, I should judge that there are at least 500 or more clandestine prostitutes who live privately in hotels and rooming houses where they entertain their customers. They secure their trade in the cafes and restaurants.

I also visited three cabarets. All clandestine prostitutes I met were mostly over 21 years of age, with the exception of five or six who admitted being 18 to 21; but they were French subjects.

Marseille, France
March 2, 1925

Trafficker
In following up a lead secured in Tunis (See Tunis report), I went to Marseille and sought to meet Paul the Fox, a French agent who, it is alleged, acts as a procurer of inmates for houses of prostitution in Tunis and elsewhere.

I inquired for him at Paris Hotel and learned that he usually makes his headquarters there, but that he had left ten days ago and is not expected back for at least a week.
I then went to the Regina American Bar where I met Joe Armand and George, two French pimps whose acquaintance I had cultivated during my recent stay here. I told them about my travels and then inquired as to conditions in Marseille. Joe Armand said “Things are going about the same as when you were here”. I said “I met a boy (pimp) in Tunis and he told me to see a friend of his here by name of Paul the Fox. I looked for him, but they tell me he is out of the city. I dont suppose you know him?” He replied “Sure I know Paul the Fox! If he is in town you will find him at Rambla Capucines. What is he trying to fix you up with, a girl?”. I said “No, not me, but one of the people who owns the La Grande Maison in Tunis wants a girl”. He said “He is always sending girls over there”. I said “How does he work the thing out?”…… “Where does he get his end from? (his payment)”. Joe Armand replied “He knows the owners (of houses of prostitution) all over. If a fellow wants a girl in Tunis, in Algiers, in South America, anywhere where there are French boys (pimps), he knows them all! They write to him and tell him what they want and he sends them (girls) on. He gets money from the girl and money from the people who want the girl. He knows the girls who want to go. That’s his business”.

I said “Does he usually send only business girls (professional prostitutes)?” He replied “Mostly business girls, but he can always tip you off (inform you) and fix you up with a new girl if you want one. You know what his name stands for, dont you? It means Paul the Fox. He’s all of that too!” I said “Isn’t he the same fellow you told me about who wanted you to go with him to Mexico?”; he replied “No. He never goes himself on a long trip. He just keeps the crowd supplied (with girls)”. I said “How does he get away with it? Don’t the Marseille police ever give him any trouble?”. Joe Armand replied “No, they all know him. He stands in good. He is a very clever fellow!”. I said “I suppose many a girl trims him out of the price and never goes where he wants her to?”. Joe Armand said “It’s very seldom that he gets trimmed. He don’t give any money to old business girls. All they get is the ticket and he see that they aboard the ship. At the other end they always are met by someone. New girls of course he plays differently. None of them gets away from that boy!.”.

From several other sources, namely, madame Aline and 3 street prostitutes whom I know in Marseille, I also learned about the activities of Paul the Fox. All corroborated that which had been told to me by Joe Armand, and added that Paul the Fox lives at Paris Hotel. At this place prostitutes leaving for foreign parts are usually put up by Paul the Fox, and all arrangements are made here for shipping the girls into foreign countries.

**Genoa, Italy**

*March 5-6, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

The houses of prostitution in Genoa, Italy, are scattered about the streets in the vicinity of the street or avenue of September. It was found that the old section of the city near Porto del Sorpano and extending to the waterfront, has more resorts than the other sections of the city.
The classes of parlor houses vary from places where but one lire is charged, to 5, 10 and 20-lire houses.

In the 1, 2 and 3-lire houses the inmates solicit from the windows and doorways. The higher-priced licensed houses do not allow their inmates to accost passersby. In going from house to house I observed that many of the houses are exclusively Italian, but in some of them, German, Austrian, Hungarian, Spanish, Swiss, French, and even an American, inmates are to be found.

In a house at #10 Vico Salvaghi I met a prostitute by name of Elsie who told me that she was born in Hamburg and came to Genoa three years ago. During the course of our conversation she explained to me the conditions under which the girls in Genoa operate, and how the problem is handled by the police. She said:

“We have to work very hard in Genoa to make money. We get only half of what we make; and our expenses are big. When I came here I was only going to stay a short time. Now I have been here three years and I have been trying ever since to get out of debt. By July I will be able to go. Then I will be all paid up. I have to make 150 lire a day to make 25 lire for myself”.

I said “You said you keep half; 25 lire is only one-sixth”. She replied “I’ll show you: I make 150, I get 75; the madame gets 75. Then I must pay 25 for pension; that leaves 50; then 5 lire every day for the doctor, and 5 lire, or 150 lire a month, I must pay the police. All foreign girls must do that. That leaves me 35, and then washing and other things at the end of the day…..I scarcely have 25 lire left”. I said “That is pretty hard going, but I dont understand why you must pay 150 lire a month just because you are a foreign girl”. She replied “That is the law here, and I must also pay 150 lire for the doctor. He comes here every day”. I said “Maybe the madame is putting it over on you?”; she said “No; I pay the policeman myself”.

I said “Suppose you do not have it?”; she said “The madame will pay it for me or I must leave the house”. I said “Well, how the devil did you come to select Genoa in preference to Hamburg?”. She said “I heard how good things were here, so I came”. I said “Are there many foreign girls in the houses here?”. She replied “I know plenty of German and Austrian girls. There are other kinds, too; but I think more Germans. The policeman was around today (March 5) and he wants to make me leave the country. He said there are 45 foreign girls here and 25 have already been notified to leave. Three of my friends have to go tomorrow. Only that I have been here for so long and he is a good friend of mine, I would have to go too”.

I said “Why, are they going to close up the houses?”. She said “No, but they must go and go soon. That is all I know”. I said “Are you the only foreign girl in this house?”. She replied “No, we have a Swiss girl too. She has been here a long time too. So she can stay”. I said “How many girls are there here?”. She said “Five now, but tomorrow we get three more”. I said “Where from?”. She said “I never ask. The Italians are very funny people. They dont like to be asked questions. What I see I keep to myself, but I never ask them anything”. I said “How did you know about this place?”. She replied “I was in a house in Hamburg. A fellow came in, just like you did, and told me about Genoa. He paid my way here and we came five other girls and myself”. I said “Does he own this houses?”. She
replied “No, but he was sent out by the owner”. I said “How did you come, by rail or water?”; she said “By rail”. I said “Three years ago you must have been not over 18 years old”; she replied “Oh no. I was over 21, otherwise I could not get into a house”. I said “Do you mean to say that there are no girls in the houses under 21?” She said “They got to be 21. A girl must show her passport or a birth certificate. If she is under 21 she cannot get in”.

I then said “A friend of mine is in a house here, and she is only 20 years old”. Elsie replied “Then she must have false papers, or perhaps she knows the police well. Say!!! everything is possible!” I said “Haven’t you ever heard of that before?”; she replied “I heard of two Italian girls, but no others”.

While in a house at #6 Vico di Cosimo I met Marie, an inmate, who stated that she is a German. After engaging her in conversation and representing myself as a friend of Elsie, she said “Well, I have to leave tomorrow; 25 of us have been ordered to go”. I said “Elsie told me that, but she did not know why”. She said “Neither do I. The policeman came around and told me I would have to go”. I said “Where are you going?”; she said “I dont know where, but I must get out of this house”. I said “Will you remain in Genoa?”; she said “I must until I get enough money to leave”. I said “Suppose they find you in the city?”; she replied “All they want is to get us out of the house. That’s all”. I then said “Will you still be registered?”; she replied “Oh no. I get my name off the books when I leave”. I said “I cant understand why only foreign girls must go”. She replied “The madame tried to find out, but couldn’t. She even went to the police station. She told me she never heard of anything like that before”.

I then inquired as to whether Marie thought it might be due to her failure to pay the 150-lire-a-month tax on foreign prostitutes; she replied “No, that is not it. I have always paid every cent I had to”.

Genoa, Italy
March 7-8, 1925

While visiting a house of prostitution, #2 Vico Lavezzi, I made the acquaintance of Danetta Tagliaferri, an inmate who speaks good English. This girl said that she was born in the city of New York of Italian parents, and is considered a citizen of the U.S.A. She said that she came to Genoa three years ago with her parents and entered this house where she has remained ever since. I had told her that my home is in New York City and she became quite friendly. I represented myself as being in the same business as she, and when I asked her if it would be possible for my girl to get a place in the house, she said “I dont think they’d let a foreign girl in”. I said “Why, you’re here, and I suppose there are many other in town!”; she replied “Yes, but a lot of the girls have to leave. A few day ago the police came around and asked the madame how many foreign girls she has. She told him ‘three’; me, that French girl over there, and the little Swiss girl. We all had to go to the police station and after we had been there a couple of hours, they told me to go home”. I said “What is the idea?”; she replied “I dont know; the madame asked him (policeman) and he said that all he wanted was to know how many foreign girls there are in the houses.”. I said “Did he say that you girls would have to leave?”; she replied “No; what they are doing is making a lot of those girls in the 2 and 3-lire houses leave”.
I said “I don’t suppose they get many foreign girls in Genoa”. She said “No; why would a girl come to Italy? There’s no money here. If I had the money I would not stay here a day longer”. I said “Could you leave whenever you want to?”; she said “Sure I could, but an Italian girl can’t. They won’t give a business girl (professional prostitute) a passport”. I said “But a girl could go to another city to get one”. She said “She has to give all information to the Mayor and then she has to wait until they find out if it is true before she can get a passport”. I said “What do they usually ask?”; she replied “Your age, father, mother, and a lot of other things; where you are going, why you want to go, etc”. I said “If, as you say, a business girl can’t get one, how is it that there are so many Italian girls in South America?”; she replied “Oh, of course, they can; but what I mean is a girl can’t get a passport while she is registered and doing business in a house. The way they do is to quit the house, get their names off the books, and then get a passport”.

I said “A friend of mine has an Italian girl; she is only 18, and they want to go to South America. I guess he will have a hard time”. She said “Not if they are married”. I said “But they aren’t and I don’t think that they want to get married”. She said “I tell you; I know a fellow who has been down there in South America. I’ll ask him and let you know”. I said “Maybe I could meet him and talk it over”. She said “Do you know where the Cafe Bellini is? Well, he is there. But that won’t do you any good, because you don’t speak Italian”. I said “Couldn’t you arrange to meet me with him there”; she replied “Tuesday is my day off. I’ll meet you there about 1 o’clock. In the meantime I’ll try to see him”. I said “Do all the boys (pimps) hang out there?”, she replied “You can always see some there. All the girls that work downstairs in the cabaret hang out there and their friends do too. I’ll be there Tuesday at one. This fellow can tip you off”.

I said “You can tell him I knew you from New York City”; she replied “Oh, that’s all right. He is a real nice fellow”.

I then continued to visit various houses and noted that the few foreign girls I met have been in Genoa for a year or more. All appeared to be over 21 years of age.

The Italian inmates in the houses are likewise well over 21 years of age, and from all sides I was told that it is quite impossible for a girl under 21 to practice prostitution in a licensed resort.

I also visited several clandestine places. The inmates whom I met therein were between 25 and 30 years of age.

**Genoa, Italy**

*March 7-9, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Official interviews**

After presenting all letters furnished to me by Bascom Johnson, I was permitted to witness an inspection of the S. S. Re Victoria prior to its departure for South America. The Inspectors of Immigration (2 of them) explained to me that there are two kinds of passports. One with a brown
cover is issued to a person travelling in the first or second classes, and one with the red cover is for emigrants (3d class passengers). I asked him if the requirements for obtaining the two kinds of passports differ in any way. He said that the requirements are identical except that 3d-class passengers who are considered as emigrants, must furnish work papers legalized by the Italian Consul at the place for which the passenger is destined. I said “Do first and second class passengers have to state any reasons for wanting to leave the country?”, he replied “They of course give a reason for leaving. If work is stated, we require some evidence of it”. I said “What does that evidence consist of?”, he said “Letters, contracts or work papers”. I then asked him to explain to me the other papers necessary to secure a passport. He said “Of course the birth certificate first, the work papers for 3d class. Penal certificates, and the paper which shows, in the case of minors, that the parents, guardian, or husband, give their consent. If the person responsible for the minor is in the country to which the minor is traveling, the written consent must be stamped by the Italian Consul”.

I then said “Is it necessary for the persons to carry all of those papers with them?”, he replied “No, they are only required to have them in order to secure the passports”. I said “It is my impression that emigrants must carry all the papers with them for a first inspection here”. He said “When they go for work in a foreign country we have the right to ask them to show the papers”. I said “Does the work certificate consist of a regular form made out by the Italian government?”, he replied “No, it may be only a letter, but it must bear the Consul’s stamp and signature”.

After this discussion the Inspector of Immigration began to ask for work papers. Two women were detained until the persons with them had boarded the steamer and brought back letters which the women had aboard in their effects.

All passengers filed by the Inspector of Immigration and produced only the passport, ticket, and birth certificate.

I said “In that case the entire requirements must be fulfilled to satisfy the passport office. When once a person has a passport you naturally have to assume that all regulations have been complied with”. He replied “Yes, they have all the papers on file in the office.” I then said “Suppose a girl travelling 3d class, wants to go to South America and she states that she has no work papers. Can she get a passport?”; he replied “Only if she can show letters from friends who would agree to take care of her”. I then said “Suppose that same girl made application for a passport and stated that she intended to go abroad for travel. She then secures a passport to travel 1st or 2nd class, but when she goes to buy her ticket, she purchases one for 3d class. Can she get by without showing letters or work papers?”; he replied “We would hold her up here. You see, this is the second and last control that we have”. I pointed out to him that several persons holding 1st and 2nd class passports are travelling 3d class, according to the tickets which they produced. He replied, “The Mayor of their city or town knows that they can afford to pay for a brown passport. You see, a red passport is for poor people. It costs only 1 lire. The other costs much more.” I said “Under those circumstances, a trafficker could direct a victim to secure a passport as a traveler, we’ll say for 1st or 2nd class, and instead of leaving from an Italian port where the examination is rigid, have her leave from France or some other country”. He replied “Of course, if one tries hard enough, one can beat any system of regulation”.

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I noted that most of the passengers were about 21 years of age that boarded the ship. In the afternoon I witnessed an inspection of S. S. Mendoza. Many of the passengers for this ship were male minors. I questioned the Inspector of Immigration about granting passports to minors. He said “In addition to having their parents, etc., consent, they cannot travel alone. Their passports, as you see, state the name of the person who travels with them. Girls under 18 can only secure a passport after complying with the Regulations and if there is no responsible person to take care of them, they are placed in the care of the Captain or head nurse”.

After seeing both inspections, I am sure that the Immigration Department at Genoa does not carry out as rigid an inspection as took place during my presence. The officers are inclined to assume that all Regulations have been complied with when the passport was granted, and the only inspection that takes place is the stamping of the passports, and the asking of the name of the holder.

I questioned both inspectors as to cases of suspected traffic that they discovered, and both informed me that during their many years of experience they had no persons come before them of whom they were suspicious.

**Genoa, Italy**

*March 9-10, 1925*

During these two days I continued to visit houses of prostitution in Genoa. Some of the resorts visited are licensed or public houses, and others, 12 in number, are clandestinely operated. In both classes I did not find any foreign inmates under 21 years of age, nor any whom I learned are being induced to lead a life of prostitution against their will.

On March 10th, as per previous appointment, I met Danetta Tagliaferri, an inmate of a licensed resort situated at #2 Vico Lavezzi (See previous report). She had suggested our place of meeting as Cafe Bellini, which is a pimps’ hangout, and also a place which is frequented by the higher-priced prostitutes who solicit in the cafes, cabarets, and upon the streets of Genoa.

After we had met and loitered about in the cafe for some time, an Italian was introduced as “the boy (pimp) I spoke to you about”.

I then explained to this pimp the same story as I had previously told to Danetta Tagliaferri. This pimp does not speak English, so Danetta Tagliaferri acted as interpreter. I said to the pimp “Danetta Tagliaferri tells me it is very hard to leave Genoa with a young girl”. He said “How young is the girl?”. I replied “My friend told me she is only 18 years old”. He said “If she is going to travel 3d class, it is hard, except she can show she has friends wherever she is going”. I said “My friend could arrange to get all that fixed, but I don’t think they want wait that long to make arrangements”. He said “If your friend can afford to send her first or second-class, there won’t be any trouble”. I said “Yes, but even then she can’t get a passport, because she is not quite 18, and I understand she must have someone to look after her”.
He replied “The best way to go is to first go to France and from there go wherever you want to”. I said “Yes, but wouldn’t the passport be no good for any other place?”. He said “To go from Italy is hard. The girl can get a passport for France; your friend could first go over to Marseille and write her a letter. Then she would show it and get a passport. After she gets to Marseille, the Italian Consul there will fix her passport so that it is good for the Argentine. I said “Wont he ask questions?”; he replied “He is liable to. You see, it is pretty hard if you aint got friends who can help you out. I know plenty of girls and boys (prostitutes and pimps) who left, but they are not so young”. I said “Well, how did the others do it?”; he said “The girl gets her passport for France. When she gets there she gets the Italian Consul to write in any place she wants to go. If he asks any questions she always says she is an artist or dressmaker, and tells him about her friends in Argentine, and he fixes it up. Here they are not so strict, but sometimes they try to make trouble. The main thing is to get the passport. When she makes application for France, no questions are asked. Even young ones can get one to France much easier than for far way. I am sure that she’d have no trouble that way”.

I then said “Are many leaving nowadays?”; he replied “Everybody who has money goes”… “here there is nothing”. I said “Where are they leaving for?”; he replied “Argentine, Brazil; all over South America is good. I was in Buenos Aires three years ago and I am sorry I ever came back”. I said “Are they really very strict here on having the girl show where she is going to work?”. He replied “Only if she is going 3d class. Otherwise they dont bother. Is your friend’s girl from this city?”. I replied “I dont know where she comes from. All I know is that she is an Italian. He is a Frenchman, I wonder if he couldn’t get false papers somewhere?” The pimp replied “They say you can in Marseille, but I dont know”. I said “One reason why he wants to leave is because he heard the police here are very hard on the boys (pimps)”. He said “The police here are all right. They dont cause any trouble. Even the girls on the streets have not the trouble they have in other cities”.

I said “Aint they all registered?”; he replied “Very few in the streets are. Only in the houses they have to be registered”.

After discussing conditions in South America, principally Buenos Aires, Danetta Tagliaferri and I departed. After we want out of the cafe, she said “He is a very nice fellow. He tells you right. He knows too, because he’s in with all the boys”. I said “What is his name? …in case I want to see him again”; she replied “Alfredo, that’s all I know him by. If he aint around you ask for him. They all know him. But, how can you talk to him?”. I said “I’ll get my friend’s girl to do it”. She replied “That’s the best way. Let her talk to him. Maybe he can help her. You know how the boys are; they dont like to tell too much. You can see he really dont know you”.

Genoa, Italy
March 5-10, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Summary

Genoa, Italy, has a population of about 500,000 people. The houses of prostitution in the city may be classified into two groups, i.e., those that are licensed, and the unlicensed or clandestine resorts.
The former number about 60. They are scattered about upon small side streets in the center of the city not far from the main thoroughfare known as Street or Avenue of September.

The clandestine places cannot be estimated. These resorts can be found in nearly every section of the city.

The licensed houses average from 3 to 8 inmates and range in price from one to twenty lires. The inmates operate upon a fifty-fifty basis with the operators, and in addition must pay from 25 to 35 lire a day for room and pension. Each inmate also must pay an additional amount for laundry, doctor's fees for venereal-disease examination daily; and the foreign-born inmates must pay 150 lire a month to the police.

Several girls complained to me that because of the ever-accumulating indebtedness to the prostitutes, it is very difficult for them to get enough money to clothe themselves or pay transportation expenses in case they want to leave the city.

All inmates, both native and foreign, were found to be over 21 years of age, and all apparently were willingly practicing prostitution.

I visited the majority of the licensed houses and learned that within the last week the police ordered 25 foreign-born prostitutes to leave the houses. No one seemed to be able to learn the reason for this sudden expulsion of the foreign girls. Upon several occasions I was told that the police officers appeared in the houses and asked for information as to the number of foreign girls in the houses. When informed, those selected to go were ordered to the district precinct house and told that they must leave.

Many of the foreign girls I spoke to admitted coming from Hamburg. I questioned them as to why they had selected Genoa and soon learned that they had been induced to come by an agent whom they met in Hamburg.

Through the aid of an Italian-American prostitute I was introduced to an Italian pimp, Alfredo. I questioned him concerning the best way for a prostitute or young girl to leave Genoa for South America. He advised that a passport be secured for France and later have the final destination filled in by the Italian Consul at whatever city in France the person embarks from. He also suggested travelling 1st or 2nd class in order to circumvent the passport requirements for 3d class, and added that most of his friends (pimps and prostitutes) had adopted this method.

In the cabarets and upon the streets the prostitutes are extremely bold in accosting men. This boldness was particularly in evidence after midnight.

Both the prostitute and the pimp whose acquaintance I made stated that the police are not bothersome, and that a girl, unless she is an inmate in a licensed house, need not “worry about registering”.

Following is a list of addresses, names and nationalities of foreign-born prostitutes whom I interviewed:

Vico Bella Fricine, Vico Cilso #16, Vico Pera #4, #10 Vico Salvaghi, Via Regazzi #2, Vico

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of houses with foreign inmates</th>
<th>12</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Number of foreign inmates</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Genoa, Italy

**March 5-10, 1925**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Nationality</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vico bella Fricine</td>
<td>Suzanne</td>
<td>French</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Louise</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vico Celso #16</td>
<td>Felicita</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Louise</td>
<td>Swiss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Elsie</td>
<td>German</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Rena</td>
<td>Swiss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Via Regazzi #2</td>
<td>Gracia</td>
<td>Hungarian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Laura</td>
<td>German</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vico Spada #5</td>
<td>Anna</td>
<td>Austrian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vico Lavizzi #2</td>
<td>Dannetta</td>
<td>USA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>?</td>
<td>Swiss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>?</td>
<td>French</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Juanita</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Laura</td>
<td>German</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Margaret</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Anna</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Yvette</td>
<td>French</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Maria</td>
<td>Hungarian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cristina</td>
<td>Austrian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Elsa</td>
<td>German</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Rome, Italy

**March 11-14, 1925**

**Traffic in women and children**

Since my arrival in Rome, Italy, I visited thirty licensed houses of prostitution and six clandestine resorts. I found that these houses are scattered about the poorer residential streets, and usually upon streets where there is but little traffic.
The resorts are very quietly conducted, and any person could pass through the street without being accosted.

The licensed brothels may be identified by the light that is always lit in the hallway, the white tiled walls and marble staircases, all of which are apparently distinguishing marks of identification to prospective customers.

The houses average from 5 to 8 inmates. In some of them the inmates appear in negligee, whereas in other places evening gowns are worn.

The houses range in price from 5 to 40 lire and naturally attract a clientel in accordance with the sum demanded.

I noted that even in the higher-priced houses the inmates are fully 25 years of age, and in many instances as old as 45 years.

These inmates operate upon a fifty-fifty basis with the owners of the houses, but are compelled to pay in addition for their room rent and board, also for laundry and medical examinations.

I noted that very few foreign prostitutes are to be found in the houses. Those whom I located are all over 21 years of age, and from their own admissions have been in Italy for several years.

The foreign prostitutes whom I met in the houses do not exceed 11 in number. This is, however, one more than is listed in the attached memorandum, given to me by Bascom Johnson. The additional foreign prostitute whom I located is an inmate of a house at #77 Via Vittoria, and claimed to be a Romanian. She has been in Rome for three years or more and is a registered prostitute.

In going from house to house it was necessary for me to procure a man who speaks English. He acted as interpreter for me during my interviews with the madams, who informed me that the police in Rome are particularly strict in enforcing all Regulations in the licensed houses. They stated that it is impossible for any madame to accept as an inmate any prostitute under 21 years of age. A prostitute desiring to enroll must submit a birth certificate or, in the case of a foreigner, a passport must be produced.

Birth certificates are investigated by the authorities by communicating with the officials at the place of issuance, and no prostitute is accepted until all her papers are found to be genuine.

In the case of foreign prostitutes, the passport is all that is required.

The madames also informed me that in order to prevent arguments and fights in the houses, all suspicious prospective customers are required to submit to a thorough search before entering the parlor, and if he is found to carry concealed weapons, the man cannot enter unless he checks the weapon with the maid in charge.

I questioned many of the inmates concerning the possibility of securing passports to leave the country. All seemed to corroborate that which was told to me by a street prostitute whom I met on
the Piazza Spagna; she said “I have been to the Argentine and I know that it wasn’t easy for me to get my passport. They won’t give a passport to a business girl (professional prostitute)”. I said “How can you get one, then?” She replied “The way the girls do is first of all to say they are going out of the business. Then a week or so later make application for the passport. They (authorities) send all information to the city where you were born and if they haven’t got anything against you, they give you the passport. We always get a letter from a friend in France to show we are going there to work. In France you can get a passport in no time. After we get say to Marseille, the Consul there gives us the right (extends the passport) to go anywhere”.

I said “Does he require work papers?”; she replied “He only asks why you are going to the place and whether you have friends there. He is very nice and he don’t give you much trouble”.

I then inquired as to whether or not girls under 21 could get a passport in the same manner; she replied “Yes, but he always asks them to show more papers. If your girl is young, get a few letters from friends in Buenos Aires and then he can’t stop you”.

Considerable time was spent about the streets and in the cafes. It was found that very few prostitutes are engaged in street walking. The few whom I saw usually congregated upon the streets in the vicinity of Piazza Spagna. They are rather bold in their solicitations, but seldom appear upon the streets until after 10 P.M.

Along the Via Nationale a few prostitutes were noticed. These women are more cautious and usually give prospective customers but slight encouragement.

**Naples, Italy**

*March 15-16, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

While visiting the houses of prostitution listed by Bascom Johnson (See attached list) I noted that very few foreign inmates are in the resorts.

In a house at Solita S. Anna Palazzo I cultivated the acquaintance of a French prostitute who gave me her name as Yvonne. She speaks English and is a type of woman who very easily lends herself to an interview. I had noticed while visiting the various houses, that some of the prostitutes, particularly the foreigners whom I had inquired for, had very suddenly left the city. Upon making further inquiries I was told that twice a month, usually the 15th and the 1st, the inmates are changed.

I brought up this subject to Yvonne who said “I have been here for three months. That is really unusual. You see, we are supposed to change every two weeks”. I said “That strikes me as very funny. How do you arrange to find the places to go to?”; she replied “The madames take charge of all that. You see I left Marseille on April 17, 1924. See here”: She then showed me her passport which was stamped
Ventimiglia, April 17, 1924; continuing, she said “I crossed the border there and went straight to Genoa”. I said “Did you have any trouble getting across?”; she said “No, they never ask any questions”. I then said “How about your passport? I heard that French girls who did business in France can’t get a passport”. She laughed and said “My home was in Marseille. I did business in Paris. I went to Marseille and got my passport there”. I said “I bought one in Marseille myself. How much did you pay for yours?” She replied “This passport is a real one, no fake (not false). It ain’t necessary to get a false one when you can get a real one so easy”.

I said “But, tell me this: how did you come to select Genoa?”; she replied “An agent in Marseille sent me”. I said “I think I know this chap. Isn’t he located at the Paris Hotel?”; she said “I met him in a cafe. I had a letter to him. Then he told me where to go. I went to Genoa and stayed two weeks at Supreme House. Do you know that place? From there I went to Rome to a very nice house, #77 Via Vittoria. Have you ever been there? I stayed there a month and then I came here. Now, tomorrow I go to Palermo”.

I said “Things certainly must be good if you can travel that way”. She said “I made 3,000 lire here for myself. In Palermo I expect to stay awhile and make at least 5,000 lire”. I said “Your boyfriend (pimp) must be riding around in a Rolls-Royce”; she replied “Me! No pimp for me! I had one once. He sent me to Panama and made me give him all my money. I ran away and since then, no pimp for me! My mother has ten kids and instead of me giving my money to a pimp, I am sending mine home!”

I said “Where are you going to stay in Palermo? I expect to be there in a few days. I’ll look you up”. She replied “I don’t know where I will be. Just a minute…and I’ll ask the madame where I am going”. She then left the room and returned shortly with an envelope of the house upon which was written #12 Lungarini, Palermo (See Exhibit); she said “Here, keep this. This is the place that you will find me at. See: Here is my ticket too”. She then showed me a ticket for a second-class passage on the S.S. City of Trieste, which sailed from Naples on March 15, 1925.

I said to her; “Do you pay for the ticket or does the madame pay?”; she replied “Oh, she pays”. I said “Why do you girls move around so much?”; she said “They don’t want us more than 15 days except when we are very good. You see, I only go into what we call ‘first-class houses’. I make good money; that is why they let me stay more than two weeks”. I said “Are all the houses owned by the same persons?”; she answered “No. Some of the best places have what you would call a branch in each city. You see, the girls travel from one city to another. It does not cost the girl anything. All the railroad fare is paid for them. Of course, if a girl owes the madame at the end of the two weeks, she cannot go. She must wait until she is even (has paid her debts)”.

I said “But how does the madame here know that they have room for you in that house in Palermo?”; she replied “That is all done through an agent. The madame tells him that she wants two girls for the two that are leaving, and he gets them. In each big city there are agents”.

I said “I’d like meet one of those agents. I have a girl that I want placed”. She said “The man here in Naples has a house at #41 Via Sergente Maggiore, 3rd floor”. I said “What is his name?”; she
replied “I dont know. You will find him”. I then told her that as soon as I get my girl placed I would meet her in Palermo.

After making repeated visits to the 3rd floor of #41 Via Sergente Maggiore, which is a house of prostitution, I finally met the proprietor, an Italian. This man speaks English, and admitted that he had lived for some time in London. I asked him for a certain French girl, and gave him a fictitious name. He said “No, I never had a girl here by that name and I dont expect any”. I then said “She was supposed to come to a house on this street, but I cant seem to locate her”. He said “You wont find her on this street. I know all the girls here now and those that are expected”. I said “This changing of girls every two weeks makes it hard. You see we left France together. She went to Genoa, then to Rome, and now she is supposed to be here, but I cant find her”.

He said “I never heard of her and I couldn’t tell you where to look”. I said “Does this changing pay? Hell! A girl hardly gets started when she has to leave!” He replied “It’s much better. The customers always like to see new faces”. I said “Yes, but it’s tough on the girls”. He said “Why? Everything is paid for them. They make more in the end. If a girl stays too long in a house, she gradually looses ground, and every day she is getting in deeper. This way she is always new”.

I said “I have travelled all over and I never heard of a quick change like that”. He replied “No, neither did I. Italy is the only place. It is, as I say, a very good way”. I said “I guess it is. But if it were not for that damn system I would be here with my girl! Or at least we would be together”. He said “Oh, I see… it’s your girl! Well, she aint here in any of the houses; that I am sure of”.

I said “Yvonne told me to come over here to see you. She said that you know just where the girls are”. He replied “That is what I am telling you: I never had a girl by that name”. I said “But, perhaps she may be in one of the other houses”. He said “No, there is no one by that name. Of course, she may be in some cheaper place or maybe she is in a quiet place (clandestine resort)”. I said “But dont the girls in the cheaper houses move too?” He replied “No, only those in the best houses and the 10-lire places. The girls in the cheap 5-lire places dont move that way”. I said “Well, if I dont find her I am on the rocks! How about getting hold of a nice girl?”; he replied “I dont know any. You look around; you’ll find her”. Telling him I would call again I departed, he saying “Drop in any time”.

**Naples, Italy**

*March 18-19, 1925*

During these two days I continued to visit the houses of prostitution, also several clandestine resorts to which I was taken by guides. In visiting the houses I noted that all the girls appeared to be over 21 years of age, and none are of foreign birth.

I also continued to gain the confidence of the agent who had been recommended to me by Yvonne, a prostitute (See previous report). I visited him at his house of prostitution, #41 Via Sergente Maggiore, on the 3rd floor; when I entered his flat, he said “Well, did you find your friend yet?”. I
replied “No, but I am still looking”. He said “Old top! I think she gave you, as we say in London, the Royal slip!” I said “Well, she isn’t the first one that did it to me, but I have to keep going just the same”. He laughed and said “There’s always another”. I replied “Yes, but where is she?”; he said “I don’t know of a thing”. I then said “Well, tell me this: How the hell do the Italian boys keep up with their women when they travel so much?”; he replied “They don’t travel with them. An Italian girl always remains true at home or abroad”. I said “What do you mean?”; he said “They always remember their boys (pimps)”. From my conversation with this man I noted that he was treating me extremely cool. I therefore did not remain too long in his company, but said that I would call on him again and departed.

The following day I again visited him. He greeted me with his usual query. I replied “No luck as yet. I think I’ll stay around here for a few days longer and then beat it back to Marseille”. He said “Why? Do you live in Marseille?” I said “No, but I have friends there…. boys (pimps) who have been to Buenos Aires with me. Here I am alone and I don’t know anybody. I am better off there”. He said “Who do you know in Marseille?”; I replied “Quite a few of the boys”. I then mentioned them to him and said “It was through Paul the Fox that my girl came to go to Genoa”. He said “I see. Well, I guess you ran into hard luck”. I said “I ain’t sure it was hard luck, because from the money I have been seeing the people around here make, I am sure it would cost me double fare to get out”. He said “There’s good money in Italy. Take it from me! The boys here do their knocking often. That’s why we change the girls every two weeks. Do you think it would pay to bring girls here from other cities and then ship them on further unless there was money in it?”

I said “It’s just like everything else. If you are in right, it goes easy”. He said “I told you the other day the birds that spend want a change. The others! Well, hell! Anything goes with them”. I said “Do you handle all the girls in Naples?”; he replied “No! Christ no! But whenever the madames want new girls they let me know. I can always place their old girls for them. You see, what is old here is new in Palermo. That’s the way it works”. I said “But how do you know what they want in Palermo?”; he replied “I get my dope (information) there from a friend. He gets his dope here from me”. I said “You fellows move them (girls) around like they dispatch trains!”, he replied “Damn right!”. I said “Don’t the cops get wise to all that registering?”, he said “What if they do? When a Jane (girl) enters a joint (resort) she ain’t compelled to stay, is she?” I said “When I first heard about the girls jumping from place to place, I thought that the patrones (owners) had branches in each city, like some of the owners in Paris have places in Algiers and Tunis”. He said “Some do, but most of them play lone hands. When they want girls they tell them where to go. In every city there’s somebody who can do the placing”. I said “If I run into mine, I’d like you to look her over and see what you can do for us”. He replied “Sure! I can put her into the right kind of a place. I hope she shows up”. I said “Wont a madame take a girl in unless she comes through you?”, he replied “Of course they will, but gals are hard to get. There ain’t many coming around asking. The way it works out is when the time is up, all the madames want new girls. They let me know a day or so ahead and I make the arrangements”.

I said “Do they (the girls) work south? I mean, do they travel from Milan all the way down?”, he replied “No. You see, this is the way it works out: Say a madame has two girls who are ready to start. She lets me know. As soon as I find out that two more are leaving in Rome or Florence, or any place
nearby, I have that madame then send her girls to the house here”. I said “Do you send the girls from
the house in Naples to the same madame who is sending the girls here?”; he replied “No, because she
gets her girls from some other nearby city”. I said “I guess I am thick. I dont seem to get what you
are driving at all”. He said “It’s a very simple arrangement. It’s this way: Say this house here has two
girls leaving on the 15th. I get in touch with the boy (agent) in Palermo who does the placing. I let
him know about the girls, the kind of a house they are in, and all that. He then lets me know about
the houses they can be placed in there. I let this madame know and she prepares to send the girls”. I
said “What do you mean, she prepares to send them?” He replied “She gives the girl her ticket and
tells her where to go”. I said “Yes, but how does she get her new girls?” He replied “The same way.
I let my friends know of the vacancies and they let me know how many are leaving. I know all that
have left, so I place as many as I can. If there aint room here, I find another place in another city”. I
said “Are there boys in each city who do the arranging?”; he replied “Sure”. I said “A gal may be in a
20-lire house in one city and a 5-lire house in another!”; he replied “Oh no! We place them according
to their class”. I said “That must take a lot of work. You dont do it for nothing, do you?” He said “I
should say not! Does anybody do anything for nothing!”

I tried to learn what fees the agents receive for their services, but could not get a definite reply.

I then said “These houses would make much more dough (money) with foreign girls. How is
there are so few in Italy?”; he replied “The lire is so low. Take a French girl: She loses 26 lire on every
hundred when she cashes in for francs”. I said “Why do the Italian girls stick here then when there
is so much dough in other places?” he replied “It costs money to leave and it’s hard to get a passport”.
I said “I didn’t know that”. He replied “Yes, the Italian government dont like to give girls passports”.

**Naples, Italy**

*March 20-21, 1925*

A good part of my time was spent with the agent of the houses of prostitution. I again brought up
the subject of securing girls for the houses. I said “Do you ever get any calls from friends that left
Italy for new girls. I understand there is more money in that than there is in the local stuff”. He said
“I suppose there is, but I really dont know very many people in foreign places. I have travelled some,
but it’s been so long ago that I lost track of them all”. I said “Well, when I was in Buenos Aires I
knew a bunch of the boys and they were always sending across for girls”. He said “Where were they
sending, to France?” I replied “France and Poland”. He said “We get a few French girls in Italy, but
very few Polish. I’ll tell you: we get a lot from Austria and Germany”. I said “Do you have anybody
up there to steer them?”; he replied “In Milano one of the boys goes occasionally to Germany and
Austria and tells some of the girls”. I said “Yes, but they are old-timers. I ran into some in Genoa. It’s
the young ones that count. The old-timers aint worth the trouble”. He said “What do you mean by
young ones?” I said “17 or 18 years old”. He said “Dont you know you cant take a girl under 21 into
the business in Italy?” I said “You cant in France either according to the Regulations, but my girl who
was only 18 then, worked in a house”. He said “What did she have, phoney (false) papers?” I replied
“Yes”. He said “In Italy they (authorities) are God damned strict! None of the owners are taking any chances! They are pretty strict that way here”.

I said “When I was in Montevideo I met a madame who was the wife of Carl Charlot. He had a lot of trouble down there and had to make a quick get-away. His wife gave me her address in Genoa. When I went there I found that the house she had lived in was torn down and I dont know where she went to. She always has a few fine Italian girls on hand, but I cant locate her now”. He said “I know the party you mean, but she went to Brazil. At one time she owned the Supreme House, in Genoa”. I said “Whereabouts in Brazil?” He said “I’ll be damned if I know! It aint so long ago; she’s a very rich woman. Her husband is a Frenchman. I never met him, but her I know well”. I said “You got to hand it to that crowd down there! They are all pretty well organized and if one of the boys runs into a little hard luck, like losing a girl or getting into a jam with the police, he always can hit up a friend and get a lift. I dont mean dough (money). Advice or pull (influence) counts a lot more sometimes”.

He said “You’re right! The boys here stick well together; here too you got to know them and they got to be sure of you. I can stagger into any place in this country and meet somebody that is good. We stick so well together that if a girl were to turn around and beat (cheat) one of our crowd, I mean f____ an owner out of dough that belongs to her, like skipping out when she owes, she couldn’t make a lire no matter where she goes!” I said “Do you mean to say that if my girl, for instance, beat out of a house (ran away) when she owed the madame money, she couldn’t get a place in another joint?” He replied “That’s it exactly!” I said “How could it be prevented?”; he said “In every city there’s a man who fixes things for the houses,—a guy (man) who gets the girls. All the madame does is to tell him and he keeps his eyes open. I am watching out for a gal now who flew out of Turin that way”. I said “How did you hear about it?”; he replied “My friend in Turin let me know”. I said “If you find her, what could you do?” He said “Boy, I got a hundred ways of collecting! That’s my business!” I said “Well, of you have it down to such a science, why dont you wise me up (introduce) to one of your friends where I can land a girl? If I run into a decent bet (right kind of girl) I would get out of Italy and go someplace where I could make a little change. I still have a few dollars left”. He said “I might be able to fix you up with a girl at that”. I said “The quicker the better for me”. He replied “I’ll keep my eyes open”.

Naples, Italy
March 22-23, 1925

I continued to spend some time each day with the procurer of prostitutes for the resorts in Naples. After meeting him at his house, #41 Via Sergente Maggiore, on the 3rd floor, we went about the city together. I said “How about that girl you said you were going to get for me?” He replied “You just tell me the kind you want and I’ll be able to tell you what I can do”. I said “A good dough-getter (money maker). Something about 19 or 20 years old. I can get any number of old gals, but they dont fit where I want to take them”. He said “All the gals here speak only Italian. You’d have your hands full! Take my advice and dont touch anything, because if you do, you are in for a tough deal. Don’t tell anybody that you are looking for a gal, because you’ll find somebody will sell you one and a day or so after you are left high and dry! You dont know them the way I do!” I said “Those fellows who sell gals,—do they always
pull that kind of stuff?” He replied “No, but you are meat (a victim) for that tribe. You know yourself about the gold bricks that foreigners get handed to them in England! Well, that is the same way that they'd reap you!”. I said “I’d feel quite safe if you did the business for me. They don’t have to know that I am the one who is looking for something”. He said “No, that wouldn’t work out at all. Besides, what could you do with a wop girl?” I said “The same as I’d do to any other kind. What’s the difference?” He said “Big difference, old pal!”. I said “I met an Italian boy in Tunis who bought a girl in Palermo and she is doing good for him”. He said “He’s an Italian and you ain’t”. I said “I’d like to meet one of those birds and we could at least talk it over. If I saw that there was not a chance, I’d lay off”.

He said “I know a fellow who wants to get rid of his girl; she’d be glad to get rid of him, too. You’d have to pay him off, but I tell you the truth: The gal aint worth it! She aint the kind that could command more than 10 lire”. I said “Hell, I dont want anything like that! I am looking for a young girl. I dont care if she is a business girl or not. I’d rather have a green one”. He said “I dont know of any of that kind”. I said “They all start in some time. When did the boys who have them now get them?” He replied “That stock you have to get for yourself. I know fellows who made (met) their girls in the villages and brought them to the city. It’s easy picking that way if you can deliver the right kind of talk, but you know what a chance a fellow has who dont speak the lingo. I remember when I first went to London. I had the time of my life trying to get one!”.

The following day I met this agent again and told him that I had heard from my girl and that she’s in Palermo. He said “How the hell did she know where you are?” I replied “I wrote to Marseille to a friend and told him where I am. She wrote to him from Palermo, and he wired her my address”. He said “Where in hell has she been all this time, then?”. I said “Travelling with some rich sucker (customer) she met”. He said “Well, you ought to have a nice pile (of money) awaiting you there”. I said “Yes, but he is going to Egypt from there and I think she’ll get a place in a house until the summer. Do you know anybody who can steer me right in Palermo?” He said “There’s a boy down there who can place her. You go to the best house down there. It’s #12 Lungarini, Palermo and ask the madame for Angelo. You tell him that you are a friend of mine and he’ll treat you all right. He dont speak any English, but he does speak French. He’ll do all he can for you”. I said “How about giving me your card or a letter?”. he replied “It aint necessary. He knows me for years”. I said “He’ll ask me your name and I wont be able to tell him”. He said “Gamberini”…. “he’ll know right away”.

We spent the rest of the afternoon together and I left him after promising to drop him a line from Palermo.

**Naples, Italy**

*March 15-23, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Summary**

During my stay in Naples, Italy, I visited all licensed houses of prostitution noted in the list furnished to me by Bascom Johnson (See attached list).
In addition I visited 19 clandestine resorts where prostitution is practiced.

In all of the houses visited I located but 4 foreign-born prostitutes. All of these prostitutes are women ranging in age from 24 to 40 years.

About the streets, in the cafes and cabarets nine unregistered foreign prostitutes were met. Like the inmates in the resort, none was under 21 years of age.

The licensed resorts in Naples are situated on streets that parallel via Roma and via Chiaia, the two main thoroughfares. Some of the brothels are situated in tenement houses amid respectable tenants, whereas other resorts occupy the entire building.

The houses in Naples, like in the other cities of Italy which I had visited, may be easily detected by means of the illuminated hallways and tightly closed shutters. These houses average from 4 to 8 inmates, and range in prices from 2 to 30 lire.

Each house visited was found to be well patronized, particularly on the first and fifteenth days of each month.

During my conversation with madames, inmates and one owner, I learned that in order to stimulate trade, the resort owners exchange their inmates twice a month.

The better-class houses try to secure an entire change of personnel, but oftimes the number of inmates desired cannot be obtained. The owners then retain their best workers and exchange those that are losing ground.

The exchange of inmates is accomplished by means of communicating with an agent. This agent, who is known as Gamberini and who has a house of prostitution at #41 Via Sergente Maggiore, on the 3d floor, receives a fee for getting new inmates. Each inmate that is sent to another city receives her transportation and does not know where she is going until a few hours before departure.

While discussing the situation with Gamberini, I learned that in each city there is an agent who places the inmates in the various houses. He said “The madames tell me who is going and I hear from my friends about the girls that are leaving the other places”.

Gamberini also boasted of the fact that girls in debt cannot leave a house without paying all debts, and also that the inmates who are sent, have to go to the resorts to which they are assigned. Although he would not admit it, I gathered from his conversation that the national traffic in women and girls in Italy is in the hands of a group of men who are very well organized.

Gamberini also admitted that an agent in Milan goes into Germany and Austria occasionally and induces foreign girls to come to Italy.

He also told me of friends of his who can arrange to sell girls to pimps, and also stated that in the poor sections of Sicily young Italian girls can be bought from their parents.

In addition to the houses visited I spent considerable time about the streets and other places
where prostitutes congregate. All the foreign prostitutes whom I met were over 21 years of age, and apparently were practicing prostitution of their own free will.

Naples, Italy
?-23-25

List of houses of tolerance in Naples, Italy
(Copied from the Records of the Central Bureau, Ministry of Interior, Rome).

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Address</th>
<th>No.</th>
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<tr>
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<td>D’Alisio</td>
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<td>118</td>
<td>Vassallo</td>
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### Address

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### Palermo, Italy

**March 24-28, 1925**

#### Traffic in women and children

Since my arrival in Palermo, Italy, I have been visiting the licensed houses of prostitution contained in the list furnished to me by Bascom Johnson. Thus far I have not found any foreign prostitutes other than those mentioned in the list.

I visited Yvonne, a French prostitute whom I met in Naples (See Naples report). She is an inmate in a house of prostitution at #12 Lungarini, Palermo. Before she left Naples she gave me this address and told me that she would be there from the 16th of March until the first of April.

After renewing my acquaintance with her I inquired for a man named Angelo whom Gamberini, a procurer of prostitutes in Naples, told me owns the house of prostitution at #12 Lungarini, Palermo, and also that he acts as a distributing agent for prostitutes leaving Palermo for other cities in Sicily.

For several days I was unable to meet Angelo, but finally made his acquaintance, whereupon I had Yvonne explain to him that I am a friend of Gamberini in Naples and that he had requested me to call
upon Angelo. Angelo greeted me cordially and we then discussed the general situation in Palermo. He stated that business is good and mentioned that he is trying to induce Yvonne to remain longer than a fortnight. Yvonne told me confidentially that she is due to go to Catania on the first of April; she said “I want to get out of it because I dont like these people in Sicily”. I said “Why? Cant you leave when you want to?”, she replied “Oh yes, but I promised to go to all of the houses and I suppose I’ll have to do it”. I said “You mean all the houses in Palermo?”; she replied “No, just one house in each city”. I said “You can do as you please, cant you?”; she said “Yes, but I dont like to promise and then not keep it”.

I then confided to her that I had found my girl and thought at first that I would place her in a house in Palermo, but upon second consideration I thought it would be best to leave Italy for some other country. Yvonne said “Italy is all right, but I dont blame her if she dont want to work in Sicily”. I said “The trouble is getting her out of Italy”. She said “Italy is all right, but I dont blame her if she dont want to work in Sicily”. I said “The trouble is getting her out of Italy”. She said “That is easy”.

After I left this house, the guide whom I had with me, Anthony Rizzo, said “Dont you like it here?” I said “I told her, Yvonne, that because a friend of mine who is a business girl (professional prostitute) wants to leave the country. She is in Genoa and can not get a passport. I promised her I would try to help her out”. Anthony Rizzo who, although he is an Italian, speaks good English, said “I have been to the States many times. I got my passport easy. A friend of mine got it fixed for me so I can use it to work on any boat flying any flag”. I said “Yes, but you are a man and that is different”. He replied “A man has it hard to get a passport if he was in jail. This friend of mine can fix it for you. I know at least 12 different people whom he took care of”. I said “Were any girls, you know, young business girls, among them?” He replied “I think three or four”. I said “How long ago was that?”; he said “Last year. He does nothing but that. You see, in Sicily for money you can get anything. Down at the municipal offices you can see the men on the steps all day. Among them you will find fellows who do that fixing”. I said “I suppose so, but if a fellow does not know anybody he cannot do that kind of thing”. Anthony Rizzo replied “If you want to, I will see him tomorrow at 10 o’clock. I think it will be easy”. I said “Do you have any friends that he did that for?” He replied “I know some, yes. You know that cafe we were in, Cafe Trinadoria Romares? Well, there all the fellows that you call pimps in the States stay. I know all of them. They always talk and I know several who got passports for their girls that way”. I said “Where did they take them?”; he replied “To Tunis”. I said “But this girl is in Genoa and she is under al”. He said “I tell you what I will do: Tomorrow I will see this man. I will tell him everything and he will tell me all I need”.

I said “How did he do it for the other people?”; he replied “He fixes the papers so that everything is clean, then the police give the passport”. I said “Who is this fellow?”; he said “A friend of mine. They say he is what you call a scheriffer, like a sheriff in the States”.

On March 28 I met Anthony Rizzo in front of the hotel. He came running toward me and said “I saw the man! Come with me and I will introduce you to him. You tell everything and I will tell tim (interpret it)”. I said “I’ll go with you, but it is not necessary for me to meet him. You just put the proposition up to him as if you were getting the passport for yourself”.

We then went to #15 Via Roma. Anthony Rizzo told me that this building is being used as municipal offices. He then entered the hallway and was seen to engage in conversation a man who apparently was loitering about.
Half an hour later he rejoined me and said “Well, I told him everything. He says he will get it all fixed up in two days. He wants to know if the girl can come with him today”. I replied “I told you she is in Genoa”. He said “I told him that, but I thought maybe she is here (He had apparently seen me in the company of a lady earlier in the day), besides he say that if the girl is in Genoa and she was born there, she must come here with a picture”.

I said “You better go back and find out if he cant do it without the girl”. A little later he returned and said “He said no. The girl must fill in the application. She must give all the information, where she was born, date, father’s name, mother’s name, and like that. Then when her papers come from Genoa it makes no difference what they say, he gets them and gets all other papers she needs to get the passport”.

I said “How can he do that?”; he replied “I dont know. He does that business. He knows who to see to get it fixed”. I said “How much does he want?”; he replied “He say 2,000 lire”. I replied “That’s a lot of money”. Anthony Rizzo responded “Yes, but that is high business. He no keep all the money. He must give to his friends”. I said “Who gets it, the police?”; he said “I dont know. He does not say. You see, the salary they get is very small. They must make money”.

I told Anthony Rizzo I would think it over and let him know. He said “Just as you like; I will go back and tell him”. He again visited this unknown man and then returned to me and said “He said ‘All right’”.

About 3 P.M. on the same day I pointed out this same man to Bascom Johnson, whom I had seen Anthony Rizzo speak to, and whom Anthony Rizzo said could arrange the securing of a passport for a minor girl.

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In addition to the licensed houses, I have visited to date 6 clandestine resorts.

In the company of Frank di Paola to whom I had been introduced by Bascom Johnson, I visited two of these places. Frank di Paola admitted in the presence of Bascom Johnson that he has procured young Italian girls for rich men that visit Palermo. He procured two girls apparently under 21 years of age for us and was willing to allow the use of his home for the indecent acts. Frank di Paola also suggested the procuring of 14-year old virgins, and later explained to me that he could get them to pose for obscene pictures in the company of young boys if I wanted to make photographs of these persons. (I had represented myself as a photographer in order to ascertain the source of the pictures which he offers for sale in front of Des Palms Hotel).

I later learned that Frank di Paola demands half of the money which the girls, whom he procures, receive from customers, and he makes a business of encouraging minors to meet foreigners. I am told he approaches persons in poor circumstances and explains very often to the mothers how easily their young daughters can make plenty of money.
Frank di Paola is apparently thoroughly familiar with the underworld and maintained that there are very few foreign prostitutes in Palermo.

The photographs which he offers for sale are not made in Palermo. Frank di Paola told me that he purchases them from a man who receives them by mail from France. He is little concerned about the police. He claimed to know them all and stated that he has often given and sold these pictures to members of the Palermo Police Department.

**Palermo, Italy**

*March 29-30, 1925*

During these two days I continued to visit the houses of prostitution which are listed as licensed resorts. I also visited 9 clandestine places where prostitution is practiced. In all resorts visited I did not locate any foreign prostitutes.

I then spent considerable time with Frank di Paola, a vendor of obscene pictures and also a procurer of young Italian girls. He continually urged me to see the 14-year old Italian girls whom he said he could arrange to have me meet. I told him that I did not fancy the Sicilian girls, but stressed the fact that I desired foreign girls. He said “You can get some French girls here, but they are in the houses. You don’t want that kind! You know, they stay with everybody!”

I said “I don’t care about that so long as they are young and pretty”. He said “In Italy they won’t take girls in the business under 21. I know all the girls in the city. You better let me get you a nice girl about 14 years old. You cannot _____ her, but you can play with her. I got young girls like that for a couple of men at your hotel and they gave me 50 lire”.

I said “How do you manage to get girls so young?”; he replied “I know them. Their mothers need money and they let the girls do that. If you want to take pictures, I can get you two girls 15 and two boys 16. They will pose for you in ______. (He then described in a most indecent manner the positions and degenerate acts that these children would perform). I said “Where could we take their pictures?”; he replied “Right in my house. The same place where I had you and the other man last week”….“You must tell me in advance so that I can get the kids together. When you take the pictures you must make some for me too”.

In order to test him as to whether or not he could really procure the type of girl that he had mentioned, I made an appointment with him for Monday afternoon.

At the appointed time and place he appeared with a young Italian girl whom I am sure was not over 15 years of age. He said “You can come out to my house now if you want to and play all afternoon with her”. I said “What do you mean, play?”; he replied “You can do anything but ______ she will ______ you”. I said “I am afraid of getting into trouble”. He said “You are in my house, aint you? Nobody, nobody can touch you!”. I said “How about my meeting her tonight?”; he replied “These kids I can only get in the afternoon. You get your friend and I will get him one too”.
I then told him that I did not care to take a chance on a young girl like that, especially now while I am trying to secure a passport for an Italian girl only 18 years of age whom I want to take with me to Tunis. He said “Who is getting you the pass?” I replied “I expect to get it through a friend”. He said “How much do you pay?” I said “He asks me 1,000 lire”. He said “That is very cheap, because now it is very hard”. I said “I’d pay more if I could get it quicker”. He said “You will find that he cannot do it so quick”. I said “How do you know?”; he replied “I know some boys who tried to get passports for their girls, but couldn’t. They afterward did get the girls out by them first leaving and writing in for the girls”. I said “These young kids ought to make good pickings for a boy who wants to travel for business”. He replied “You are right! I would take a girl away myself if it was not for my mother. I got to support her and she wont let me go. I have never been out of Italy, but my friends have. A nice young Italian girl can make good money in business in Cuba. I know those girls that my friends took away. Good money there. Here there’s nothing”. I said “How old were those girls?”; he replied “17 and 18 years”; I said “How did they get the passports?”; he replied “Just like I told you. They pay the mother, get her consent, and then they went to Tunis and wrote a letter. They are in Havana now. One fellow he sells pictures there. I send him pictures too”.

I said “So you think it is hard to get a passport for a young girl?”; he replied “No, it aint. You can get it, as I said; but sometimes people cannot leave Italy because they have been in jail or they cannot get the right papers; then it costs a lot of money. But it takes time. You must have friends to do it”. I said “Do you know anybody that helps the boys and who could help me get one?”; he said “I dont know. I’ll see”. I said “Do you think Angelo could help?”; he replied “Maybe, but I dont think so. He owns that house and #12 Lungarini, he has too much money to bother with the boys. He is very rich and he is a very bad man. He is nobody’s friend! Nobody likes him. He will never do a friend a favor”.

I said “I heard he is the agent for the houses in Palermo”. He said “Yes, every two weeks he gets new girls and sends the old ones away. Tomorrow or the next day the big houses all get new girls. That’s why all those fellows get rich; they know the boys (customers) all like the new girls”.

**Palermo, Italy**

*March 31-April 1, 1925*

During the time spent with Frank di Paola I again questioned him concerning the methods used by the pimps in taking minor girls out of Italy. He began by cursing his luck because of being hampered by his mother. He said “If I could leave I’d make plenty of money. I can get the best girls in Palermo”. I said “If you were to go, how could you get the girl out of Italy?”; he replied in broken English “The same like the other boys do. They go away first and write a letter for the girl; then she can get a passport”. I said “How could you get the girl to leave her parents?”; he replied “They give their permission. Just like the girls I got you to play with”. I said “Then why not wait and take the girl with you”. He said “That’s no good. If I take the girl then, I must sign a paper and put up money so that in case a girl wants to come back she has the money for the ship. The other way, all a boy needs to do is write and get her a job; then she comes. When you are in Tunis you are all right. There you get the Consul to fix the passport for any place”.
Since the better houses in Palermo change inmates usually on the first and 15th of the month, I visited 14 of the best ones in the city to see if any foreign inmates under 21 years of age had arrived.

While visiting these houses I noted that four new foreign girls had arrived. Two were French, one was Austrian and one a German girl. The two French girls are located at #12 Lungarini, Palermo, the German at #10 S. Oliva, and the Austrian at #8 Vicola Paterno. The two French girls stated that they came from Naples. One of them I saw while in that city. The German and Austrian girls said that they came from Torino.

Among the foreign girls in the houses between March 15 and 31, the only one to leave was Maria Teresa Waeltile, alias “Yvonne”, at #12 Lungarini, Palermo.

**Palermo, Italy**  
*March 23-April 1, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Summary**

Upon arrival in Palermo, Italy, I was furnished with a list of houses of prostitution by Bascom Johnson. I then visited at an average from 8 to 10 houses a day and tried to locate foreign-born prostitutes under 21 years of age in these resorts. I found that there were but five foreign prostitutes in the resorts and all were apparently over 21 years of age (See list attached).

In addition to the licensed houses, I visited 17 clandestine resorts. In these places I found nothing but Italian prostitutes.

The houses are scattered throughout the old and new sections of the city. Each place averages from three to five inmates. The inmates receive customers in street costumes and are never seen to solicit trade from the windows nor doorways.

The houses get strange (new) trade by means of runners or “lighthouses”, whereas the natives or those familiar with the operation of houses of prostitution in Italian cities, can identify a resort by means of the light in the hallway and the screen coverings of the windows.

The Italian inmates in the houses are all over 21 years of age, and by my informants I was told that most of them have been in the business for years.

The higher-priced houses exchange inmates fortnightly. The changes are arranged by an agent known only as Angelo, who operates a house of prostitution at #12 Lungarini, Palermo. As in the other Italian cities which I visited, the inmates who are sent to other cities, have their transportation paid.

I cultivated the acquaintance of Anthony Rizzo, an Italian who speaks English. I posed as a pimp desiring to take a young girl from Italy to a foreign country. Anthony Rizzo explained that several
persons known to him had taken minors to Tunis and he volunteered to secure for me a fraudulent passport. At first he tried to secure the passport without having my girl appear, but after he had spoken to the person whom he said could arrange matters, he informed me that I would have to have the girl herself make the application.

In the company of Anthony Rizzo I saw him approach a man whom he stated could do this. This man is known only as Guissipi (Passport forger and fixer) and always may be seen in or near the municipal offices at #15 Via Roma. Anthony Rizzo said “I spoke to him and he wants 2,000 lire. He says it’s high business and that he has to pay several people to get a gal that young (18 years) a passport. All she must do is to make the application. When it comes back with her record on it, he gets it from a friend in the municipal offices, and no matter what is on it, he has it fixed so she gets it without trouble. He sees that she has a clean slate. If the girl was born outside of Palermo, it will take a few days, but if she was born in Palermo, he can get it all fixed in a day”.

He then went on further to state that his friend could secure the passport for “my girl without the necessity of her having to present the record papers required by the Regulations”. Among the persons whom Anthony Rizzo said he knew to have been equipped with passports secured in this manner, were four girls and five or more men who had served terms in the penitentiary.

The matter was discussed in a pimps’ hangout, Cafe Trinadoria Romares, and with another Italian pimp also named the “fixer” before mentioned.

I also met in Palermo an obscene post-card vender and pimp, Frank di Paola, who makes a practice of procuring 14 to 16-year old girls, Italians, for foreigners, and offers his home for assignation purposes.

He is well informed about underworld conditions and stated that the pimps who take Italian girls out of Palermo do so by first going themselves to Tunis and writing a letter to the girl, in which employment is promised her. This, Frank di Paola, said, aids in the securing of the passports and circumvents the necessity of having to give bond for the safe conduct of the girl in case a pimp should want to travel with his girl.

Frank di Paola mentioned that two of his friends had taken girls out of Palermo in this way. After arriving in Tunis the Italian Consul will extend the passports practically without question.

Particular attention was also paid to the conditions on the streets and in the cafes. It was found that very few prostitutes frequent the cafes and in the nine days spent in this city I was accosted but three times upon the streets by prostitutes.
Traffic in women and children

During the first three days in Athens, Greece, I visited some of the houses of prostitution, cafes which are frequented by prostitutes, and also the cabarets.

In the houses of prostitution visited, I found the inmates appeared to be quite young; the better-class resorts harbor girls under 21 years of age.

All of the inmates in these places were found to be Greek subjects. Some admitted coming from Smyrna and Constantinople.

The resorts are conducted in an orderly manner, and unless a person knows the resorts or is brought to the place by a person who knows them, it is quite impossible to locate them through observation. The houses bear no marks of identification, nor does any soliciting take place from the windows or doorways.

Several acquaintances who speak English took me to some of these houses, and after securing a list of all houses of prostitution from Bascom Johnson (See list) I directed my acquaintance to take me to the resorts listed. It was necessary for me to use this procedure as I am not familiar with the Greek language, and could not locate the streets without aid.

The houses thus far visited can best be recorded by numbers which may be compared with the numbers upon the list furnished to me. These places are as follows: Nos. 1, 4, 8, 13, 15, 19, 20, 21, 23, 26, 32, 33, 35, 36 and 40.

While visiting the cabarets I made the acquaintance of one of the female entertainers, Titika Borelli, in the Bijou Palace Cabaret. This girl told me that she is a Turkish subject and came here from Constantinople two years ago. She speaks excellent English and admitted that since her arrival she secured a Greek passport. She said, when questioned as to why she wanted a Greek passport instead of her own: “Because it is better for me while I am here”. I said “Did you have any difficulties in securing it?”; she replied “No, I told them I had no papers to show and they gave it to me”.

I then asked her where she intended to go; she replied “I want to go to my sister, Mrs. Warren in Portsmouth, Virginia, U. S. A; she married an American sailor”.

During the course of our conversation she said “I used to work in the cabarets in Turkey, Beyrut, and Smyrna. Here we make good money. I get for each night 60 drachmas, and 50 per cent. of the drink money. Each time I sing I pass the plate and I get money that way too. Every night I get a man and take him to my room and that means two or three hundred more”.

I said “Are all the cabaret girls registered?”; she said “All except the married ones. Yes, we have to go to the doctor once a week: that means 50 drachmas for him. They are very strict in Athens now.”
Before it was easy. The policeman would ask for a card and all you had to do was to give him 50 drachmes and he'd let you go. Now you cannot do that. It is a new police force. They won't take any money. If I do business and ain't got a card, I am fined 500 drachmes and must go to jail.

I said "Couldn't you say you are married?"; she replied "I must show a certificate, but even then if I am married and the police catch me with a man, I must register. You see a married woman can work in a place like this without registering so long as they don't catch her with a man. A girl who ain't married must register whether she goes with a man or not; but, you see, all the girls in these places are business girls (professional prostitutes)."

We then discussed the other girls in the cabaret; Titika Borelli said "We have 25 girls here. Two are Germans, two Italians, and one English. The English girl comes from Malta. She is only 20 years old. She was in Constantinople with me, but we do not speak to each other now. That is her sitting over there. Her name is Anna Gallio."

I said "Is she registered the same as the other girls?"; she replied "Yes, of course. She has to be". I then questioned Titika Borelli as to how strange girls find employment in a cabaret. She said "We always hear about good places to work. You know, girls from here go to Constantinople, and they always tell someone. I heard of this place from a friend in Con". I said "I thought you girls are booked the same way as other artistes are". She said "If a person is a real artist, yes; they are booked; but, you know how it is with us. We can do very much. A real dancer or singer, they get bookings. They are in places like this to show what they can do; we are here to see that you fellows buy drinks".

I said "Well, now that you are registered as a business girl, you cannot get a passport". She said "Who said so! I told you I have a passport. I can go any place I want except the U.S.". I said "Can all business girls get passports without difficulty?"; she replied "Yes, Greece is quite different from all other places. They are over-crowded now and they are glad to see us go". I said "Suppose the girl is under 21 years of age?". She replied "What's the difference! Here it does not matter. I have two friends not 18 years old who went away".

I said "Where did they go?"; she replied "Egypt. That is the place to make real money! I would have gone, but I thought I'd be able to get a visa for the U.S. and I waited; now, it is too late for Cairo". I said "If your sweetheart told you to go, you'd go quickly". She answered "I have no sweetheart. If I had I would not be here". I said "How about your boy or man?"; she replied "I have no pimp. I had, but I got rid of him". I said "That's what they all say!". She said "Some girls do, but not me! Why should I have a pimp? The other day a fellow tried to get me and I told him if he would support me he could be my pimp, but never would I give him a cent of my money. A lot of damn fool girls have pimps, but now they are getting wise and giving them up".

I said "Do any of these girls here have them?"; she said "Anna Gallio has one; you see that fellow over there? He acts as a garcon (waiter); he is a pimp of that girl (pointing to a young girl). He speaks good English too".

I then suggested that she call him to our table and I asked to be introduced. He was introduced as Nikko and I explained that I am seeking a friend with whom I have an appointment and asked
him if he had seen this person about. In this manner I made his acquaintance and suggested that any time he had nothing else to do, I would be glad to have him show me the town. This he readily agreed to do and an appointment was made for April 12, the following day.

Titika Borelli said, after he had left our table “He is a very nice boy, but I would not give him my money like she does”. I said “I dont believe he is a pimp. He works for a living”. She replied “He dont work; he just makes believe that he does”.

**Athens, Greece**

*April 12, 1925*

As per appointment I met Nikko and explained to him that the person I am really seeking is “my girl”; and that I did not want to “let Titika Borelli in on it, as you know how girls talk”. For a time we naturally dwelt on the subject which I had advanced, and I finally brought up the discussion of traffic in women and girls. Nikko said “You got to be careful here in Athens. There’s a new police force and each cop is out to make a record for himself. They dont get on very well with the boys. I am sorry I stayed here. I wanted to get away but my friend dont want to go”.

I said “Where do most of the boys go from here?”; he replied “Egypt is the only place for real money. The English money and the Egyptian money is real stuff”. I said “Are many going?”; he replied “I got three or four friends there now. Anybody who can afford to go dont lose any time at all”. I said “South America seems to be a good place too”. He replied “I suppose it is, but who the hell can afford to go there? Christ! It would mean about 15,000 drachmas and that’s a real bank roll! What’s the use of going there when you can go to Egypt for 5 or 6 livre?”. I said “That it quite cheap, isnt it?”; he replied “Third class, that is the price”. I said “Is that the way the boys go”; he said “Sure; they all go 3d”. I said “If my friend shows up, that is where I go”. He said “If you can go first or second, go that way. It is pretty hard to get in third. It is even tough to get a visa. You see, there are so many that go from all over that they try to put the screws on”. I said “What is the best to say?”; he replied “Just make it appear for business. If you are going first or second class, it dont matter; but third, they always question you”.

I said “How does the Consul know how you travel?”; he said “I mean on the other end. If the Consul asks you, tell him any kind of business”. I said “Well, we’ll have to travel together, because she is on my passport”. He said “You’re an American. They’d never question you. You see, it stands to reason that you wouldn’t come all the way from U.S to do business in Egypt, but we are so close they right away hit onto what we go for. That is why the boys travel alone. Cairo is tough on the boys too. Every little while they (authorities) do the job right!”. I said “I hear that it’s tough to get a girl a passport here”. He replied “It is very easy. Anybody can get one”. I said “Suppose the girl is under 18?”; he said “If she gives a good reason, that is all that is necessary. Of course, a 16-year old girl cant get one, but a girl around 18 aint got any trouble”.
As per appointment I met Nikko, a Greek pimp in front of the Grand Hotel. After we had visited several houses of prostitution, I said to him “You fellows ought to have it easy picking here with all the refugees that are in Athens”. He replied “There is a bunch that are around that a fellow could land if he wanted to, but they aint worth a damn! They’re all right you know, for a piece of young a———, but that’s all. They cant be depended upon. I know a fellow who copped (got) one and he dressed her up, and all she wanted to do was to get dough (money) without working. They’ll screw for love, but when they get paid for it, that is the same as work, and they dont like it”.

I said “I’ve seen quite a few in the houses and they seem to be satisfied”. He replied “Yes, but it took them a long while to get that way”. I said “I suppose they all have boys (pimps)?”; He said “No, a bunch of them turn in all their money to their own people”. I said “Some of the girls I saw looked pretty young. They cant be in the game very long”. He replied “There are quite a few young ones. Well, they got to get started some time, so it might as well be when they are young. When they get old they dont stand a chance”.

I said “The only trouble is that a fellow couldn’t take a young one out of the country”. He said “Why not? I told you yesterday there is nothing to prevent you. I know boys that took them to Egypt as young as 16”. I said “How did they do it?”; he replied “They got passports and went, that is all. Sometimes the boys go first and write for them”. I said “What’s the good! They wont let a young kid like that work in a house”. He replied “What’s the difference? If you ever was to Cairo or Alexandria you'd know that there is just as much money in the cafes and on the streets as in the houses! Yes, even more too! The hotels are good too. That’s the place, Old Man! It’s only the dubs who stick around here”. I said “Are there many leaving?”; he replied “Not now, because the season is over, but at the beginning of the season they go, plenty”. I said “Young ones?”; he answered “All kinds, young, old; everybody who has the dough, leaves”. I said “Suppose a boy had been in trouble here and he wanted to get a passport; could he get one?”; he said “Why not? What the hell do you think this place is, Russia?” I said “Well, if my girl dont show around here soon, I’d like to locate one of those young ones”. He said “If you do you will see that I am telling you no lie. They’ll go any place. Glad to get away, too. I know a little gal that hustles the streets. She is only 18, came here from Smyrna. She’s got a boy, but she wants to get away from him. Show her a ticket to Cairo and she’s with you! She has been after me for a long while. I would have taken her, but I aint got much money and me and my gal have been together a long while. She stuck to me when I was in the hospital, and I wouldn’t want to turn a trick like that on her”.

I said “This gal that you talk about,_____ is she an Armenian? “; he replied “No, she is a Greek. Christ! You wont find many Armenians here that can be had”. I said “I thought you said before that the boys took Armenians with them”. He replied “No, Greeks from Smyrna and Constantinople. Armenian girls very seldom go into the business”. I said “Why is that?”; he replied “I dont know, but they dont. I’ve been knocking around the Levant for many years and I can count all the Armenian business girls (professional prostitutes) I ever met, on my fingers. But, if you really want to meet this
kid, I can fix it”. I said “I dont like that game of taking another’s gal. Her man might get sore and try to knock me off (kill me)”; he said “It’s done every day. What the hell is the difference! If you two beat it, he’d never know”. I said “I couldn’t do much with her anyhow. I dont talk Greek”. He said “She speaks a little English. All the gals from Con (Constantinople) and Smyrna know some English”. I said “I’ll wait awhile longer and maybe we can get together on it”. He said “If your gal says she’ll be here, I think she’ll come”.

**Athens, Greece**

*April 14-15, 1925*

During these two days I spent considerable time with Nikko, a Greek pimp. He said “That little gal I told you about can be had. I saw her last night and she’s anxious to meet you”. I said “I dont want to meet her as long as she has a man. I heard that there are plenty of nice gals hanging around in Lepacma (refugee camp) over in Pireus”. He replied “There is nothing over there, but a lot of huts”. I said “I know that, but I heard that some of the girls are glad to get a chance to make a little dough”. He said “There’s plenty of those gals right here in Athens who will listen to a proposition”. I said “Have any of the boys been able to get hold of them?”; he replied “This kid that wants to get rid of her man, is one of them. She aint been here more than three years; came here from Smyrna. She’s only 18 years old. She’s on the street and she makes nice money”. I said “Well, suppose we go over to Lipacma and look around”. He finally decided to take me to the refugee camp.

Lepacma is a refugee camp in the suburbs of Pireus. While roaming about the camp we met a Greek who owns a grocery store and saloon in the vicinity of the camp. This Greek is a friend of Nikko’s and all three of us roamed about the camp together. I was told that 40,000 refugees are concentrated in this area, and observed that the majority are housed in crudely constructed huts built of scraps of timber, tin and any other materials that could be utilized for building. Entire families live in one-room huts, which are huddled together in a very small area. The entire area is unlighted at night and is said to be policed by but one policeman in the daytime and by three at night.

After we had walked about here, I said to my companion “So, this is the place where I heard there is something doing?”. He said “I told you! There’s always a better chance of meeting a gal in the city. You got to play around with them for a while”. I said “Dont you know of anybody who’s got something that aint been in business who they could introduce?” He said “No, you take my advice: Let me fix you up with that kid. She’s only 18 and she’s glad to go anywhere”. I said “If I wanted to take her to Cairo, I think I’d have a hard job”. He said “Why would you? All you have to do is come over here, get your visas (Egyptian) and go”. I said “So far as I am concerned, I know there would not be any trouble, but how about the girl?”; he said “She wont have any trouble either. She’s nearly 19. She gets her passport and her visas, and that’s all. You can go first and write her a letter and if they ask her any questions, she’s got it to show”. I said “The trouble is I haven’t any friends in Cairo and it’s not so easy to find out how things are in a strange place where a fellow has no one to go to”. He said “You are sure to meet somebody. That boy I was telling you about the other day, is over there. I’ll look up his address. I have it home and you can call on him. I know this much: That the Egyptian
government is tough on the boys. A couple of years ago when I was there, they were the same way. There’s an awful lot of guys in Cairo and Alexandria who tip off the police to the boys. Try to keep to yourself as much as possible”. I said “Are there many Greek boys and girls over there?” he replied “All the boys that have money are in Cairo”. I said “Well, if you know any who have houses, steer me to them. They usually can help a fellow to be located the best”.

He said “The houses are owned by French boys and Jews. This fellow who I am going to give you the address of, know everybody worthwhile and he’ll tip you off right. But what the hell is the rush! Your gal hasn’t shown up yet, and you aint got anything in mind, have you?” I replied “If mine does not show up soon, I think I’ll go anyway. Even if I have to go alone. When I get there I might run into something”. He said “You never can tell, but you’ll find that it’s much harder to get a girl there than it is here. You see, all the girls have boys and if they haven’t they have enough money to keep them going. Here the girls have a hard time to make a living, and if a fellow with a little dough comes along and he stakes them to a trip, they stick to him”.

I said “You’re talking about business girls?”; he replied “The other ones, too. They are hard up. When a girl aint got anything, she falls easy”. I replied “That may be for you fellows, but, you know, I dont speak Greek”. He said “That’s it! That’s why I tell you to cop the little one. She speaks a little English and you could get her like that! Her boy (pimp) aint so bad. That could be all fixed up. Give him something and he’d be satisfied”. I asked “What do you mean, something?”; he said “I dont know…..a few thousand drachmas…..he’d let her go”. I said “Well, I’ll think it over for a few days and then maybe we can talk business”.

**Athens, Greece**

*April 9-16, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Summary**

Houses of prostitution are scattered throughout the city of Athens, Greece. Those places said to be licensed, 41 in number, vary in price from 10 drachmas to 250 drachmas. Each house has an average of from five to eight inmates.

Of the 41 houses listed, I visited 28, and in addition 7 clandestine houses. I noted that the inmates appeared to be quite young. In fact, some did not look to be more than 17 years of age.

The foreign inmates in the houses are all over 21 years of age, and so far as I was able to learn, very few foreign girls come to the houses. In the 28 houses (licensed) which I visited, I spoke with 4 foreigners. All admitted having been in Athens for a number of years.

In addition to the houses of prostitution, there are several cabarets where the artistes connected with places are nothing more than prostitutes. These places are known as San Souci Cabaret, Trocadero Cabaret, Giffon Cabaret and Bijou Palace Cabaret. In these four cabarets the prostitutes are mainly foreign girls, but so far as I have been able to learn, are all over 21 years of age.
I learned that all prostitutes in the houses are registered, and must submit to a venereal-disease examination twice a week. The local authorities also require all girls in the cabarets to submit to an examination once a week, provided the girls are not married.

Through the aid of a Greek prostitute, one Titika Borelli, I made the acquaintance of a Greek pimp. This pimp makes his headquarters at the Bijou Palace Cabaret and is known to me only as Nikko.

He described to me the operations of his fellow pimps. He stated that foreign prostitutes do not come to Greece, because of the low rate of exchange, and said that there is an exodus usually in the months of October and November to Egypt. He also stated that in addition to the regulars (professional prostitutes) many pimps take young girls with them. He said “You can got a passport for a girl here easy. All you need to do is to send her a letter”.

Concerning the refugee situation, he said that many of these girls can be had. He admitted, however, that the pimps do not as a rule frequent the settlements, but get their girls along the streets.

He volunteered to secure a young Greek prostitute for me. He stated that this prostitute came here from Smyrna two years ago, and is now but 18 years of age. He stated that this girl would be glad to get rid of her present Greek pimp. He said that she would run away from him with anybody who would offer her a chance to go to Egypt. When this method was objected to because it might cause trouble, he confided to me that her pimp would be glad to let her go for a “few thousand drachmas”.

In addition to the places above-mentioned, prostitutes may be found along the streets and in the cafes. Many of these girls are under 21 and when questioned, admitted being Greek subjects, and that they came here from Constantinople and Smyrna as refugees.

From all the information that I could secure, I am certain that the traffic in women and girls which exists is not organized nor carried on by any organized group, but is being done by individual pimps who exploit their own women.

### Athens-Cairo

*April 16, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

I met Nikko at the Bijou Palace Cabaret, Athens, Greece, today, again. He immediately told me that he had located the address of his friend in Cairo, Egypt. He said “He is living at the Port Said Hotel. That is, he was there. If he aint there now, they can tell you where he is. You just ask for Charlie Spirados. He is a good friend of mine and you can be sure that he will use you right”.

I said “How about giving me a little note to him?”; he replied “He dont read; all you need to say is that you are a friend of Nick of the Bijou Palace Cabaret here. You see, you will need somebody to tip you off, because they wont take a girl in a house under 21 in Cairo. He can tell you where your girl can work”. I said “How old is his girl?”; he replied “Marie? I guess she must be about 22. Let me see: Yes, just about that; she was not quite 20 when he made (met) her and that is at least two years
You are a fool if you don't take that gal I told you about! She ain't 19 yet, and if you think you can run into one who will fall for you, you are mistaken! They all, especially those Smyrna gals, don't speak English, and unless you talk Greek, you can't make any headway”.

I told him I would think it over and before I leave town would let him know.

Cairo, Egypt
April 19-20, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Upon my arrival in Cairo I located Hirch to whom I had been recommended by Aron Kaplan last October while in Paris. (See Paris report).

I presented the note which Aron Kaplan had given to me. (See photocopy exhibit). Hirch received me very cordially and said “Anybody that Aron Kaplan sends to me I know he is a good friend. When Aron Kaplan was here I did everything for him. The only thing that I have against him is that after all I did for him he leaves and never writes to me. I wrote to him in Paris and I never get an answer. I think he went to Mexico.” I then explained Aron Kaplan's position and delivered to Hirch the message that Aron Kaplan requested. We discussed conditions abroad and then conditions in Cairo. Hirch said, “I myself have been all over even China and Japan and I can tell you this: Egypt is a place where a dollar is a dollar, and there are plenty of them to be made. This year has been not quite so good because of the political situation, but now that things are clearing up, business will be back to normal again. Well what have you got in mind here? Have you decided what you want to do?”. I answered “I'll have to look around first. After I get things going I'll decide.” He said “That is no answer for me. If you tell me what you have in mind I can advise you. By the note I can tell you are one of the boys. If you can let me know, then I can talk. Maybe you are a grafter (thief), maybe you are a business boy. Anyhow what is your line? If it's white (legitimate) you wouldn't come to me. If it's red, (not legitimate) then we must know each other.”

I said, “Well I am sorry if I appear shaky (skeptical) but Aron Kaplan told me that there are so many rats (informers) in Cairo that I should be careful. Besides I was not born yesterday, so I got to feel my way.” He answered, “You are right. Just what Aron Kaplan told you I can say too. You are here now. You'll meet boys (pimps). Some are good and some are a number 1 s——— of ———s. One thing I can tell you is, whatever you do, keep it quiet.” I asked, “Are the cops here tough?” He answered, “No, but they will take every dollar you make as soon as they get wise to you. In all my travels I never met such lousers (lice)! That's why I say: Stay away from people that are too well known; otherwise it is going to cost you money.” I said, “That is the same dope that I got from Aron Kaplan”. He said, “Aron Kaplan came here from China with me sixteen years ago. Then I left and came back last year. When he came I told him just the same as I tell you.”

Our conversation progressed in this manner and I finally unfolded to Hirch a story about my wishing to bring to Cairo from France a seventeen year old girl. I said, “The trouble is she cannot
get a passport and she wants to come here.” He said, “If you married her, you could take her out easily. I can’t understand why she can’t get a passport. I know a girl of seventeen has it hard, but the French boys (pimps) have no trouble. They are always bringing such girls in.” I said “How do they do it?” He answered, “Of course there are many ways. They bring them as wives; send letters to them showing they will take care of them, and a big bunch get fake papers. You see, a girl under twenty-one is a minor, and she must have at least twenty-three years on her passport to avoid trouble. To do that costs money because you must see so many people to get a passport with the age raised.” I said, “What kind of a passport can be had easiest?” He answered, “Egyptian. I can get you one very easily. You give me her pictures and that is all I need. Also her description. Come with me now and I’ll introduce you to the man who will arrange everything.” We then went to a pimps’ hangout known as Cafe-Bar de Russie. The proprietor is a pimp known as L. Feldman. I was introduced to him. Hirch said, to him, “Have you seen Joe Youria?” L. Feldman said, “He was here and I think he’ll be back in a half hour.”

While awaiting Joe Youria, the pimps began to congregate. I was introduced to Aronsnich, an old pimp who poses as a jewelry peddler, and Yanishe (Jacob) Goldenberg, a pimp and intimate friend of Hirch. All received me cordially and were anxious to hear about Aron Kaplan, alias Aronsnich, and also about business conditions in Paris and other places.

Finally Joe Youria appeared. Hirch introduced me and said, “This boy just came to Cairo, Joe Youria. He needs your help. Whatever you can do for him, do it.”

We sat together for a while and when Hirch and the other pimp left, Joe Youria said, “If I can help you in any way, let me know. Hirch gave me the tip that you are one of the boys, so we might as well be plain to each other.” I hesitated about telling Joe Youria my business. Joe Youria in the course of his conversation said, “I myself am looking for a girl. I brought a Greek girl and her mother here two years ago from Athens. I met them there while I was on a vacation. You see, I used to work in the Governorate (See card as exhibit, -). After I got her started and she made money I lost my job. Now when I needed her most she threw me out. It was all on account of her mother. Say: it would take me a week to tell you everything.”

I finally repeated the story which I had told Hirch. Joe Youria said, “Now let me tell you something: What you have is a great chance to clean up some real money. The man she had must be very rich. You must bring the girl here. I can help you, but you must be square with me. You see I know the clerks in the passport office because I used to be a government employee. You bring me two picture of the girl, and I’ll get her an Egyptian passport.” I asked, “How can you do it?” He answered, “Leave that to me. I’ll get two witnesses who will swear that they know her. The girl is in Paris, huh? Well we will get the passport, register it to her and send a letter. First we must go and get a French visa, because she could not be in France with a strange passport unless she had the visa to get in with. Ain’t that right?” I said, “How much is it going to cost?” He replied. “From fifteen to twenty pounds.” I said, “Well if I decided to do it, you realize that I don’t pay one cent until I get the passport in my hands.” He said, “Of course why should you?” I asked, “Do you really think you can do it or is it just a guess?” He answered, “How many such cases do you think I did? Don’t you know that a big part of the business girls (professional prostitutes) who are really foreign have Egyptian passports? If
I tell you, you can bank on it.” I said, “It’s funny but the French boys get their girl in easy.” He said, “Listen to me, please. A French passport is no good to come to Egypt with unless the girl comes first-class. Even then the girl has a chance of being turned back. Just as soon as an immigration officer sees a French girl and she looks queer he says, “I suppose you came here to be a prostitute? Well you must go back now, see.” If a French girl has a passport the way she gets in is to buy her ticket to Beyrut. The boat stops at Alexandria. She gets off and doesn’t go back to the ship.” I said, “How about the baggage?” He answered, “She takes just enough to wear on board, and the rest she ships by freight. That is how most of the French girls who have passports get in here.”

I said, “And those that cannot get a French passport, how do they manage it?” He replied, “Just as I told you: Either they get a boy who isn’t known to marry them or the boys here get them Egyptian passports. The way things are now-a-days business girls (professional prostitutes) when they are under twenty-one must have false papers. Anytime you are ready, I am.” I said, “The price is very high, but I will think it over and let you know in a day or so.” He said, “Sure that is the best way. It’s no use rushing at it. You know your own business. You have things in your own mind that might not fit in with those plans. Of course if the girl is not clever, and talks too much you should not take chances on her. But if she knows her business, and from what you told me I think she does, it can be worked out nice.”

I said, “What puzzles me is how you can do it.” He replied, “Please listen; this is an Oriental country. With money here you can get anything.” I said, “Yes but isn’t the British government in charge of those offices?” He answered, “The head of the passport office is Major Travis. It is not men like him that we get to. It is the clerks. They make six to ten pounds a month. They need the money. Besides now that Egypt is getting her independence the Egyptian government is gradually getting rid of all the Englishman and they put in Egyptians. You see, they pay off these Englishmen in accordance with the length of service; some get a thousand pounds, some two thousand, according to their jobs. This is a rich country. Don’t forget that!” I said, “Well, if you think that there is no risk, I might try it out.” He answered, “That is up to you. You have a good chance to clean up (make money) here, so you better decide what you want to do. If you want to-night I’ll let you meet a friend of mine. Maybe you know him, Julius Aroule. He is a Romanian boy. His woman is in Bombay, India, and he is always sending girls to Bombay. We’ll talk to him and see what he says.” I said, “Why does he stay here and his woman in Bombay?” Joe Youria answered, “The English rule in India is very harsh on the boys; besides, here he can always ship girls”. I said, “What kind of girls does he send?” He said, “French, - any kind. He gets many Egyptian passports. This boy has been in the business for thirty years; he can tell you everything. Just ask Hirch about him. He’ll vouch for everything he says.”

Later I said, “Of course if we cant shake this bird down I can still get a place for her in a house”. He said, “Sure, why not? Then you take her to a madame and even though she (girl) is under age she (madam) can fix it so that she gets registered. Besides you can collect from fifty to a hundred pounds for putting the girl in the house”. I said, “What do you mean?” He said, “Hirch can introduce you to the madame who will give you the money. That will cover your expenses for bringing her here. You see, if she is very good, you can get at least one hundred pounds. The girl pays it off. They take it out of her fifty percent share. I think she must pay fifty P.T. a day”. I said, “Do all the girls stand for that?” He said, “You know it takes a boy to find them the place, if they want to work in a good
house. The madame also wants nice girls. Some houses have better trade than others, and to get the chance to make money in a well-established house the girl must pay to get in. You don't need me to tell you that she don't have to know that you get that money. That is between you and the madam. If she (girl) knows that you get it she'll kick. The money is supposed to go to a man like Hirch for getting your girl the place. Hirch gets it and you split with him. All the madame does is to advance the money”. I said, “Is that all that Hirch does?” He said, “No, Don't you know he is a fence (receiver of stolen goods)? When a boy does a job he melts the gold or silver and sells the brilliants. He'll give you ten pounds for a thing that is worth fifty. That way he has the boys by the ...... Besides his jewelry business acts as a good cover and he can help the boys this way and that way”.

We walked about together and Joe Youria explained that in the event my girl came and we could not secure money from the person that I mentioned, “It would be a good thing for her to work the Groppi Tea Room or Sault Tea Room. Here between 5:00 and 8:30 P.M. all the rich men in Cairo come for tea. All the best private girls come here too. Girls can land men for from two to five pounds. All these girls come from private brothels and that is the way they get their trade”. I asked, “Must they register?” He answered, “No, only the girls in the public house must register.”

When we returned to the hangout we met Julius Aroule, the pimp whom Joe Youria said has a house of prostitution in Bombay. Joe Youria introduced me and explained my supposed problem. Julius Aroule said, “The passport business is good if you have plenty of money, but I brought in many girls and I wouldn't pay that price. So long as the girl is near Marseille, you get the best of it. There is a man in Alexandria, Raphael; you know him, Joe. He can arrange to have the girl brought to Alexandria from Marseille without a passport or anything. That's all he does is that traffic. Go over to Alexandria, explain it to him and he will bring the girl to Alexandria and when she arrives you pay him”. I asked, “How do you do it?” Julius Aroule answered, “He'll give you the name of the boat when she sails. There are two such boats. They sail twice a month. He will also give you the name and address of two men on the boat. He will wire them and they will expect the girl. You write your girl to go to these men and they will take her aboard. When the boat gets here they will take her off and you and Raphael can meet her. It's the easiest and the best way”. I asked, “How much will it cost?” He replied, “I know what it costs me when I fix things. You see him and he'll tell you.” I asked, “Isn't it taking a big chance?” he replied, “None at all! The captain knows about it. It's the best way, I tell you.”

Just at this time another pimp named Morris joined us. Morris likewise has a woman in Bombay. He said, “I just got forty pounds from Fanny. Last month she sent me a diamond ring. She has been there six months and I got more than one hundred and fifty pounds from her. Today she writes that this is all she is going to send. I told her in my letter to go to hell. Now she will think I got another wife and she'll send another note.”

When I left the crowd of pimps I agreed to meet Joe Youria tomorrow and let him know what I had decided to do.
Cairo, Egypt
April 21-22, 1925

During these two days I spent most of my time at the pimps’ hangout Cafe-Bar de Russie and also at another pimps’ hangout which is known as the New Romanian Bar. This hangout has no street number but is in the same street as Cafe-Bar de Russie adjacent to Yarmouth Bar.

These pimps begin to assemble in these places usually at 4 P.M. and remain until the early hours of the morning.

While here I was introduced to another pimp, Erron, who operates a bar known as the New Criterion Bar on the same street. His prostitute is a Romanian girl, and she operates in Erron’s establishment.

The usual pimp conversation was indulged in. Hirch said, “Well now, tell me, how did you make out with Joe Youria?” I related to Hirch what Joe Youria advised and promised to do for me. Hirch who was accompanied by Yanishe Goldenberg said, “Joe Youria is a good fellow, but he don’t always play square. The prices he is asking are too high. He is the kind of a fellow that can do as he says, but when once he does you a good turn, you can be sure that he will always be on your trail with his hand out (looking for money). He used to be a detective here in Cairo and because of his girl and the way he grafted from everybody he got turned out. I’ll tell you this! When he does anything for you, give him to understand that you are paying him his price and that ends it. If I were you, I’d accept the proposition of having your girl smuggled in. Why spend all the money for a passport when you can get her in so easy the other way?” Yanishe Goldenberg said, “Hirch is right. After she is here we can get her a pass and it won’t cost more than five pounds. Joe Youria is the only boy that can get the other pass but twenty pounds is a hundred dollars and you know it will take at least a fortnight to put it over. I was there when he told you that.” I said, “Why should it take so long?” He replied, “There are holidays coming and before he gets to his people it takes that long. The money that it costs for the passport you can use to bring the girl here with.” Hirch said, “Of course, if you have plenty of money and don’t know what to do with it, suit yourself.” I said “The only reason why I considered it was because I figured it was the safest way.” Hirch said, “Nothing can be safer than the smuggling. There are two boats in the Messagieres Maritime Line (From Marseille). They come in every week or so. Everybody is fixed. Listen to me: the best way is to go to Alexandria yourself. Joe Youria says he’ll go with you. That is why we dislike him. He don’t never do a thing unless he has his nose into it right up to the end. You take my advice! You go yourself. You see the boy (Pimp). Don’t write or have him write to Marseille. Get Raphael to introduce you to the boys on board. Arrange matters with them, then write your girl and have her ready to get aboard when the ship gets back to Marseille and is about to return to Alexandria. That is the way Julius Aroule does his business and you know he is no dummy. This business of too many people is no good.” I said, “Well I took Joe Youria on your recommendation.” Hirch said, “I know it but why waste time and money? I am not saying anything against Joe Youria but his trouble is that he always tries to put a boy, who is looking to get along, into a position so that he can go regularly to him for money.” I said, “Joe Youria seems to know Raphael very good.” Yanishe Goldenberg said, “I know him better than Joe Youria. Believe
me! I'll give you a letter to him and he'll do as much for me if not more than he will for Joe Youria. Remember Joe Youria used to be a cop. Once a cop, whether he is out or not, down here (pointing to heart) he is always a cop. The boys use him some, but if you can avoid doing so, it is better.” I said, “Whether it is you or Joe Youria I don't care. All I have to do is to get things done.” Yanishe Goldenberg said, “Say, so far I am concerned, do it as you please. You came to Hirch for advice. He gave it to you. Ask Julius Aroule or any of the other boys. They know what Joe Youria can do.” Hirch interpolated, “Nu shim (Well now) here it is in a nut shell! Whatever you can do without Joe Youria do it! When he puts his nose in the price goes up. Why do you think I tell you this? Because you told me he wants you to take him to Alexandria with you. Why does he want to go? For the ride? So he can whisper in Raphael's ear to put on a few extra pounds. The boy is clever! For nothing he does nothing! Always money with him! He'd rather fix you a passport than have her come in the other way. That bastard speaks eleven languages! He is a clever boy! He fixes things for the French boys too. Greek also. I don't care how much he gets from them, but when one of his own kind wants something done why should he try to bleed him? If you have him fix things in the passport office, the price will go up to 25 pounds before you get it all straightened out, and I'll tell you the truth: He can do it all for 5 pounds! When I heard the price, my bloot (blood) boiled. I'll be square! What he can do I can't because I aint got his connections; but my advice is save that money and do it without him, so long as he wants to get rich overnight!” I said, “Well just as soon as I hear from my girl we'll start something.”

At another time during the day, I re-opened the subject; I said, “In case, after she gets her, she needs a place in a good house; you'll be able to arrange it, won't you?” Hirch said, “Sure, all I need to do is look at her. I'll show you. Joe Youria already said to me ‘When his girl (my girl) gets here and she wants a place in a house don't forget me.' You see how he works.” I said, “They won't take her in a house, I guess, because she is only seventeen.” Hirch said, “That we can fix easily. For that you need not worry. Take my advice: Get her to work private. You pick out a nice flat. Fit it up and she'll get better suckers (customers). I said, “Then she runs a risk of being grabbed by the police!” He said, “She is French, you are American; don't you know that the Egyptian police cannot touch either one of you, no matter what you do? Say you open a joint: A Egyptian policeman comes in and wants to lock you up. You order him right out! He can't bother you! He must go to your Consul and bring back with him either the Consul himself or one of his men before he can enter your house. If your Consul agrees, he can arrest you, and even then he has to put you into a jail which is for Europeans only. Then your Consul judges you and he can send you to jail or let you go. While in jail your Consul pays for your meals and everything. That we call the law of capitulation. Nowhere but in Egypt will you find that.”

I said, “I never heard of anything like before. Is it only for private houses?” He said, “No, anything. I buy stolen goods. Can an Egyptian policeman come in here and search my place? No! Not unless my Consul consents. But if the policeman sees me buy it, that is catches me in the act, he can arrest me but my consul is my judge! So, you see, that is why the Europeans, like the French, Italians, Greeks, and all the bunch, run the brothel business as they please. It's too much trouble for the Egyptian police to get the Consuls in on it and therefore they leave us along.”

I said, “Then, why do the boys get shaken down (forced to pay protection money) every now and then by the cops?” he said, “Because they don't want to get on the Consul's black list, and it's
always better to be friends with them. They can do you more harm than good if they are not friends, with you. But all that you should not worry about! We are not murderers! That is why the Egyptian police do not bother. I'll show you: Last year two French boys killed another. The Egyptian police went to the French Consul and got a man attached to his office to pick up the boys. They rounded up sixteen of them. The Consul tried the case and ruled that the best thing to do was to expel (deport) the boys. Everyone is back here now. I tell you, this place is heaven! Take me, for instance. What can they do with me? There is no Consul of mine here.”

I said, “Well I think I'll have her smuggled in. Any day now I will hear and then we shall get busy.” He said, “That’s it. I'll arrange everything.”

Cairo, Egypt
April 23-24, 1925

During the 23rd and 24th I continued to visit the houses of prostitution both licensed and clandestine, and also spent much time with the pimps. We visited various pimp hangouts such as described in previous reports, and also visited new places where I made the acquaintance of other pimps.

At the Bologna Restaurant I met an unknown pimp who two weeks ago stabbed another pimp. According to my informants this pimp is not being sought by the police because the pimp he stabbed refused to divulge the name of his assailant.

We discussed various topics and Yanishe Goldenberg who had been in the crowd said, “By the way, that chap Raphael who I told you could have your women smuggled in, is in town. He came over yesterday from Alexandria. We can see him to-night and he will tell you how the chances are.” I said, “I thought you said it was a safe way”. He replied, “Sure it is, but what I mean by chances, is: when it can be done, how much it will cost, and all that.” I said, “That’s better. We’ll explain it all if you think he is safe.” Yanishe Goldenberg said, “You can trust him. That is his business, and what’s more is that he is a boy who will go the route for a friend, (go to extremes) if somebody is out to give him a ……g (cheat him).

We then visited another cafe and pimps’ hangout on Haut Chalabi (Street). This place is just opposite Au Moulin Rouge, a house of prostitution, and is known as the Governorate. At this bar we were joined by Hirch, Aronsnick and several other pimps.

While in this cafe I said, “Well, Hirch when do you think you'll be able to start things on the passport?” He answered, “Did Yanishe Goldenberg tell you that Raphael came over from Alexandria?” I said, “Yes. We expect to meet him to-night.” Hirch said, “Well, then, we’ll see what he says.” I said, “From what I heard, it can be done quite safely. Hirch replied “I am telling you there is nothing to it! I’ll see Raphael and guarantee that you’ll settle up after your girl is here. Give not one cent before. They might try to make you pay in advance, but don’t do it”. I said, “Why should they want money before?” He said, “Sometimes boys have f_______ (cheated) them out of their share. You know it, the
kind of business that cannot be settled any way but between the boys themselves.” I said, “I don’t know what to do, whether to take a chance on smuggling her in, or have you get me a passport and me go to Marseille and bring her back on my pass”. Hirch said, “That is foolish! It would cost you three fares as compared to one, besides 5 pounds for the pass. The other way it can all be done for 10 pounds.” I said, “You are right, but suppose I wanted to make a quick getaway after we had been here for a month or so; we’d have no passes.” He replied, “We can prepare for that. I’ll make your girl a pass when she gets here. Just look at this!” He searched his pockets for some papers and not finding them said, “Come around to my shop and I’ll show you.”

I accompanied him to his shop. He said, “Here is a pass I made for a girl to go to Buenos Aires. After I got it all fixed up, she changed her mind; so I kept it. You see, here is an application. I take one of these from the passport office and go to my friend. He is a Rabbi. He is what we call the Sheik el Hara. It is his business to know everybody in his district. His secretary is a friend of mine and any certificates or papers I need I get from him. I take my witnesses, and I swear you live in my house and how long I know you. You put all your names, your father, your mother, the place where you were born, - all that, on the application. I fill that all in for you and you sign it.” I said, “It sounds good. Don’t you think it would be better for me to get one now, and when my girl comes make another? Then, you see, there won’t be two at one time”. He said, “What you want one now for I cannot see. If Raphael tells you it can’t be done, then you’ll need the pass; but I know it can. If you want to make a quick getaway, for two pounds, I’ll get you a “laisse passe”. It is good for one year. You can go anywhere and even come back here whenever you want. I’ll have it made out allez and retour (go and come.) It is much easier to get and every boy in Egypt has one just for that purpose. The girls all have them too.” I said, “If a boy’s passport is all right, what does he need that for?” He said, “Don’t you know that most of the boys come here by a crook way? They smuggle in from Constantinople and all over. So they must be prepared to leave quickly. You take my advice. We’ll speak to Raphael, find out what he says, and then if things are not safe, I’ll start in the pass. All passes here are good. Take Julius Aroule for instance. He has a Romanian pass; I am getting him a laisse passe so he can go to London on Wednesday.”

The following day at 10:00 A.M. I met Yanishe Goldenberg, Leon, Julius Aroule, Joe Youriat, and Morris. (Leon is the pimp who stabbed another pimp two weeks ago.) All were bound for the General Delivery at the Post Office where they receive their mail. These pimps were accompanied by Raphael the pimp who I had been told from three different sources, could arrange to have “my girl” smuggled into Alexandria.

After we had returned from the Post Office we went to the Cafe-Bar de Russie and Raphael was told about my case. He said, “I can fix it up for you. I am going back to Alexandria next week. Just as soon as you are ready you let me know. We will go to Alexandria together. I will introduce you to the boys that I have and it will work out good.” I said, “Do you really think it is safe?” He replied, “They (girls) come in that way all the time. We brought in from Marseille at the beginning of this season eighteen French girls. They were brought in for the French boys. Mind you not girls of twenty-two and twenty-five years, but girl minors, eighteen and nineteen year olders.” I asked, “What line do you use most?” He answered, “The Messageries Maritime Line (From Marseille). The way we’ll do it is this: When the boat comes in we’ll see the boys. We’ll find out exactly the time it is due in Marseille.
You in the meantime have your girl go to Marseille and have her ask for the boy at a place that he will tell you. When the boat gets here we take her off after the passengers have all gone off.” I asked, “How much will it cost?” He replied, “We’ll arrange all that in Alexandria.” Yanishe Goldenberg said, “You understand Raphael there will be no dough until she (girl) arrives”. Raphael said, “I know, but remember this: I can’t take a chance either unless I am sure. You seem like a nice boy but I must be protected too. I’ll tell you, let’s go around and see the old man and see what he says”.

We adjourned to Hirch’s workshop. Hirch was in the act of melting silver and gold which had been brought to him by Raphael. It was these stolen articles and the disposal of them to Hirch that brought Raphael to Cairo.

Our conversation was resumed. Hirch said, “I know this boy is good. I’ll guarantee it. All you have to do is get her here. I’ll see that you get the money.” Raphael said to me, “As soon as you are ready, we’ll go through with it. But I must have Hirch and my partner as witnesses that you will pay up”.

I said, “That satisfies me, but how can I agree to pay you until I find out the price and all particulars. Suppose I haven’t got that much dough?” Raphael replied, “It will cost you ten Pounds for the smuggling and the price for the fare which your girl will pay to the man when she gets on board. That is the way we work it. If Hirch says he’ll stand for the ten Pounds in case you don’t pay when she arrives, I’ll go ahead with it when you hear from your girl”. Hirch said, “Yes, yes, I’ll say good, (be responsible). But you must pay my way to Alexandria when the boat arrives and you have to let me know a day before the boat is due”. I agreed to do this. Raphael said, “If I leave Cairo before you are ready you can find me in Alexandria at the Hotel Apollo.”

After the pimp had left I remained with Hirch. He said, “I told you that you have nothing to worry about. Raphael is a good boy. We do plenty of business together; but you see you are a stranger and they got f——— (cheated) so often by the French boys that they want to be guaranteed the money. After your girl gets here you both can live with me. There you can have a nice room cheap, and nobody need know your business. It is not like hanging around in those joints. That hangout business I never like. If you want to drink, go to the places where the gentlemen go. It costs the same. Is it necessary to sit in front of a place all day and all night so that whoever passes can say to his friend, “There’s a pimp.”

Cairo, Egypt
April 25-26, 1925

While in Hirch’s workshop I again brought up the subject of traffic in women and children. Hirch said, “You are worrying yourself for nothing at all! You appear to me like you never did anything like that before. The smuggling business here is a real business. These boys make their living that way. You should not worry. If I tell you that you are safe, you can depend upon it. I am not worrying and I said ‘good’ (guaranteed) for you didn’t I?” I said, “I appreciate that, and you know I won’t forget you for it. The thing that I think about is suppose somebody rats (tells police). You yourself told me that
we had to be careful”. He said, “Who can rat? Nobody knows but the boys that are going to help us. Just as soon as you hear from your girl, you go to Alexandria and get things going. When you are in Alexandria, the only people who will know will be Raphael and the crowd he does his business with. But remember this: I forgot to tell you yesterday when I told Raphael that I would stand good, that he can only hold me responsible for the money if I know a day or two in advance when she (girl) arrives and I am on the wharf when the boat comes in, you understand. I know you are a good fellow, but I must protect myself too.” I said, “That is fair enough. In fact it is much more than I thought you would do for me.” Hirch said, “The way I figure you out is I think that you are afraid of something. You don’t appear to know what you want to do.” I said, “That is not it at all. Why should I be afraid? I have placed myself in your hands and I’ll be used right. Aron Kaplan assured me that. He was too good a friend to give me a wrong steer. What bothers me is how I am going to do the job the best and cheapest way.” He said, “I told you that. If you follow my advice you will not go wrong.” I said, “Anymore I’ll decide on one or the other.” He said, “I told you it is all up to you. The trouble is you ask people who don’t know and naturally when they advise, you hear different things. The way to do is to take advice from people who know the business, not people who promise this and that and can’t produce. Do you know Gallal Bey?” I said, “No.” He said, “He is an Egyptian boy (pimp) who runs a gambling joint. He has all kinds of pull and he brings from France every year at least eight young girls. He sells them to the madams. Ask him. He’ll tell you.” I said, “How does he sell the girls?” He replied, “To madams. He gets fifty pounds sometimes. Boys buy them too. Egypt is a place where you can do anything. Why, do you know that boys come here from all over to make money? Girls too. Besides, with the pass I wanted to get you, they (girls) go to any place in the world. They have the age changed and when they want to work in houses where girls under twenty-one are not allowed, they can do it with those passes. They show them instead of birth certificates and all that junk. Take my advice and before you leave do not go without one. How many passes do you think I got for such girls and boys? Last year more than seventy-five! Do you think I depend on this f..... business of repair work? If it were not for the blotter (stolen goods) and my passport business I’d starve to death. Remember I can get you Egyptian, Romanian and even Greek passes. No boy is any good, he don’t know his business unless he has at least two different passes.” I said, “I had Argentina and Brazil passes in South America, but that was long ago.” He said, “You must have for this business everything! After your girl gets here and you want to go away, I can get you papers that will take you any place but America.” I said, “How do you manage it?” He said, “This is not your business. You must just give me time and not kick for a pound more or less.” I said, “Oh, I would never kick.” He said, “Listen: you are a boy. So am I. You are not dealing with a child. Only remember that things done in a crook way always cost. My people will not do it for me for nothing, and I must be paid for my time.” I said, “I am always willing to pay, but I am not made of money.” He said, “Then don’t try to ride around in a gilded carriage when you can only afford to walk”. I asked, “What do you mean?” He replied, “In Russia the saying goes, “Do what you can on the money you have.” I said, “That’s what I am trying to do.”

Sometime later I learned that Raphael had returned to Alexandria. I went to Hirch, told him I had received a letter from my girl (fictitious) and that along with a few pounds she sent she wanted to know the progress that I had made toward getting her into Egypt. I also stated that she mentioned in her letter that two letters with money await me in Alexandria and I said, “I’ll think I’ll get something started, and go to Alexandria and get the dough (money).” He said, “I am glad you got some money.
I supposed you need it.” I said, “Who can’t always use money?” He said, “Sure. Well, when you go to Alexandria, you know where to find Raphael. You remember our agreement. That’s all.” I said, “I don’t feel as though I’d want to trouble you. Suppose you get me a pass to go and come.” He said, “If you want to squander money, all right. I’ll see the Sheik el Hara and find out all particulars and let you know.”

I returned at the appointed time and asked Hirch what he had learned. He said, “I saw the Sheik el Hara’s secretary and he said he will give all the papers but he would like to see your passport.” I expressed surprise as did some of the other pimps. I said, “I can’t see why he would want to see that”. He said, “I asked him the same question. He said that he has been signing so many passes of late that he has moy ra (fear).” I said, “What would my passport do to relieve that fear?” He said, “He says maybe you are a murderer or somebody they are looking for. If he saw your pass he could see the Egyptian visas and then he would feel that you are not wanted in the last place you came from”. I said, “If he saw my pass he would make out the papers in the same name and that I do not want.” He said, “When once he is sure you are straight he will make the papers out as you want them. With those papers you can go to France and come back with your wife”.

I continued to argue with Hirch in order to avoid having to show my passport. Finally I said, “If it is a question of another pound I don’t care. Maybe for money, as you say you can do anything here, he will do it”. He said, “I’ll ask him to-morrow and tell you at noon”.

Cairo, Egypt
April 28, 1925

At 11:00 A.M. I went to Hirch’s shop to learn how he had made out toward securing me a pass without having to show the Sheik el Hara my passport. Another pimp known as Morris returned to the shop shortly after I arrived and said, “I spoke to the secretary and he says if you convince him that you are not wanted in the country you just came from for a crime, he will not have any fear and give you just what you want. He has been fixing up so many boys of late that he don’t want Mitrovoff to get into any trouble through him.” I said, “Who is Mitrovoff?” He said, “The Sheik el Hara. You see we must get the papers from him. In the passport office it is easy. They of course haven’t got a chance of any trouble coming because they have the papers to show. If you want to wait for two or three weeks for a regular passport like the natives have, or a Greek passport, I can get you either, but it will cost at least one hundred dollars”. I said, “I’ll see later. Would I have to show my passport too?” He said, “No, this I get from another party.”

Just at this moment Raphael, the pimp whom I had been introduced to a day or so before, entered. I had arranged to meet him in Alexandria. He had gone to Alexandria but unexpectedly returned with a small suitcase full of silver which Hirch and Yanishe Goldenberg immediately set to work to melt. I said, “When are you going back Raphael?” He said, “Not for four or five days. I spoke to my friend and I’ll send him a letter. If you want, go yourself to Alexandria. You don’t need to wait for me and you can get started. Here is his name and address.” He wrote “Leon” on a piece of paper and signed it “Raphael.”
I then and there decided to abandon the passport until my girl arrived and Hirch agreed that it would be best that way.

Morris interpolated, “After she gets here you’ll have time and more money. Then you don’t need to rush and we can do more.”

At first I said I would leave to-morrow and departed but later returned and told my pimp acquaintances that I might leave the same night. Hirch said, “Let me know how things are going and as soon as all is arranged and you expect the boat, let me know a day or two in advance so I can come to Alexandria”. I agreed to do this and he gave me his business card with his signature on the back of it so that I could direct my letter to his shop. (See exhibit).

Cairo, Egypt
April 19-27, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Summary

The main houses of prostitutes in Cairo are situated on Charek Wagh el Berha, a street within a stone’s throw of the center of the city.

The resorts are situated on the second floor of the houses, and the inmates can be seen either congregated in the doorway of the places or promenading upon the balconies in negligee to attract passersbys. At night each house is illuminated with electric signs advertising the operator of the house.

The inmates appear to be mainly foreign girls. Nearly all nationalities, except Chinese, Japanese, and American are represented. The French, Italians, Greeks, Spanish, Turkish, Russian, Romanian, Bulgarian make up the nationalities and there is no doubt but that the first three named are much more numerous them all other combined, except the natives.

In addition to these houses the adjoining streets have innumerable cribs. Some have but one inmate whereas other cribs have three and four. In addition to the licensed houses, clandestine resorts may be found throughout the city. The occupants of these secure their trade by having their inmates loiter about at Groppi Tea Room and Sault Tea Room during the hours that the wealthy Egyptians and tourists gather in these places for Five O’clock Tea.

The streets i.e. Rue Fuad 1st are likewise quite crowded with prostitutes soliciting. These women ply their trade quite openly without police interference. These women are not registered.

Shortly after my arrival I sought to locate the pimps whom I had been recommended to while in Paris. I found Hirch, an old pimp, in his workshop. He conducts a jewelry establishment here but his real business is making passports, and buying stolen goods from thieves. His partner is also a pimp who has traveled all over the world.
After I had wormed my way into the confidence of these pimps I was taken to the various hangouts where the pimps of all nationalities congregate. Café-Bar de Russie and also the New Romanian Bar are places where the Romanian, Bulgarian, Russian and Egyptian pimps congregate, whereas the Governorate just around the corner from the New Romanian Bar is the rendezvous for the French, Italian and Greek pimps.

From my acquaintances I learned that young girls and prostitutes are brought to Egypt by means of false passports which may be secured in Cairo quite easily. Some are also brought by means of securing laissez passer to go and come to Egypt. The French pimps submit pictures of girls and through connections which they have in the passport offices there, these papers are secured.

I was introduced to Joe Youria a pimp and ex Governorate employee. He admitted that he can get Egyptian passports through his friends in the Governorate. He and Hirch work together on this business and demand from five to twenty pounds for such papers. The price varies according to the kind of passport desired.

These fellows admitted that it takes from three weeks to one month to get a passport and but three days for a laissez passer.

They also work in collusion with the Secretary to Greek Consul for passports of that country and have in their employ the Sheik el Hara who will issue false birth certificates and other necessary papers to secure a passport.

It was through this group of pimps that I learned that women are being smuggled into Egypt upon boats which ply between Mediterranean ports. Hirch introduced me to pimps named Julius Aroule and Raphael and others who make a business of bringing in girls for Julius Aroule's houses in Bombay, India. Upon Hirch's willingness to guarantee the payment of the amount demanded by Raphael, I was able to obtain the name of an Alexandrian pimp who I was told would through his friends smuggle a girl into Alexandria for me. Hirch acts in this capacity for many pimps and as soon as the women arrive he equips them with Egyptian passports. Hirch said, “There aint any boys who leave Egypt on their own papers. They always get Egyptian papers. They are as good as English or American. They take you any place you want to go”.

The pimps here explained the law of capitulations to me and told me that “foreigners in Egypt have nothing to fear.”

The pimps quite boldly make known their profession in Cairo. Their chief gathering places are in the same street with the houses of prostitution and they admitted that they are seldom bothered by the police. The police occasionally try to “start something” but a tip (fee) always fixes things up.

The pimps here informed me that Cairo is a lucrative field for their profession and from observation I could readily see that these pimps were always well supplied with funds.

In company of these pimps I visited the main houses of prostitution, such places as Maison Chat Noir, Maison Dora, Maison Lucette, Constantinople House, and all other places situated on Wagh el Bergka.
I noted that the majority of the women are French and Italians, and many appeared quite young.

In Maison Lucette I met a French prostitute, Alyce; she stated she is but eighteen years of age and claims to have been in Cairo two years.

In Maison Chat Noir I met another French prostitute who claimed to be twenty years old and has been in Cairo but five months.

In Constantinople House there is a Turkish girl of twenty. She claims to be in Cairo two years.

Eva a Syrian girl of seventeen frequents the Cafe-Bar de Russie. Joe Youria, a pimp, introduced me to her and stated that seven years ago when she was ten years old in Beirut he had intercourse with her. She has been in Cairo nearly three years.

An unknown Greek prostitute aged nineteen acts as bar maid in the Yarmouth Bar on this same street. She has been in Cairo a year.

Scattered about in bar rooms and licensed houses I observed prostitutes who appeared to be under twenty-one years of age. When questioned some admitted their age, while others pretended to be older.

Under the circumstances which I met these girls it was difficult for me to question them too intimately.

The pimps in Cairo claim that there is plenty of "fresh" (young) stock in the city, and stated that girls under twenty-one are always either smuggled in, or are brought in by pimps whom they send to foreign cities to marry them, and also by means of false passports and laissez passer secured in Egypt.

There is no doubt but that Cairo is one of the main cities in which a demand for young prostitutes exists, and it is one of the principal places of traffic.

Pimps can secure from fifty to one hundred pounds for placing young and pretty girls in the better class resorts. This money is offered by the resort owners to the pimps, but the money is in reality paid by the prostitute herself. The madames deduct it from the girl's earnings daily and give the money to the pimp who places her.

Hirch is one of the pimps who acts as intermediary in this cases and draws a commission from all girls he places. The original sum for placing her less his commission is turned over to the pimp unbeknown to the prostitute.

This system also tends to keep the inmate in debt and cements her association with her pimp.
Alexandria, Egypt
April 29, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Upon arrival in Alexandria I sought a pimp named Z. Zalman. I called at his home and his woman
told me that he had just left. I then tried to locate him at the Cafe Garabaldi (both addresses had
been given to me by Z. Zalman’s partner, Raphael, who is in Cairo at the present writing, but makes
his headquarters in Alexandria at the Hotel Appollone).

At the Cafe Garabaldi I learned that Z. Zalman had not been seen all day, and I was advised to
return at 7:30 or 8:00 P.M.

At 7:45 P.M. I again visited this place and found Z. Zalman awaiting me. I immediately
introduced myself and gave him the note signed by Raphael. He immediately destroyed it, and said,
“I remember you now. I saw you in Cairo when I was there. Raphael came to Alexandria with me
but came back again Monday.” I said, “Yes, I know it was there that I had seen him, and he gave me
the note because he said he would not be in Alexandria for four days”.

He said, “What can I do for you?” I explained to him the same story that I had related to the
Cairo pimps. Z. Zalman said, “Well we must see what we can do. I am sure I can get your girl in by
the crook way, but it is a little more difficult now because a girl squealled (complained) and the boys
on the ship are a little afraid.” I said, “Raphael said there would be nothing to it”. He replied, “A girl
was being brought here and she went and told the police. The thing is we must be sure we can get
her off. To get her on is easy, but now the police are watching the boats and that makes it harder.” I
said, “Do you think it can be done?” He said, “In a case like yours it has to be done. That is a case
that we must do.” I said, “Is it taking any chances?” He said, “No, not if it can be arranged. If it can’t
I will let you know. Then we must arrange other ways.” I said, “Aren’t there any other boys who have
girls coming in that way?” He replied, “These boats never come in without somebody. I have seen as
many as eight and ten coming at one time, but after the girl raised stink the boys on the ship might
say wait until the next boat. You say you want it done as quick as you can? There’s a boat that leaves
on the 3rd, (May). It just happens that if it can be done we will know soon. The next boat after that
leaves on the 5th (May). If we can’t arrange for those boats on this trip you will have to wait fifteen
days until the next trip. There are only two boats that we use”. I said, “Are they French boats?” He
replied, “Certainly they are. They go between Alexandria and Marseille, the Messageries Maritime
Line (From Marseille). The boats are the S.S. Lotus and the S.S. General Metzinger. The S.S. Lotus
leaves on the 3rd. I’ll tell you what we will do: Come, let’s go to a friend of mine. He is a French
boy. The boys on the ship are his friends. He arranges everything with them and he can tell you just
what you need to do”.

We took a cab to the place, the Minerva Restaurant. This restaurant is a first-class place but
apparently caters to the better class prostitutes and pimps. At one of the tables we met, and I was
introduced to a French pimp known as “The Baron”. My case was explained and “The Baron” who
was accompanied by another pimp, explained how matters could be arranged. He said, “Before Saturday nothing can be done. When the boat arrives I will see my men. Then we must see the police. You see, the boat is guarded by the police. We must get the police to agree to let the girl off. The last trip two girls came in. They let them off, but maybe now they will say that we better wait until the second trip. A girl told the police, and for awhile things had to stop. If we can do it on this trip here is what you must do: Telegraph you girl to Paris and tell her that two men will meet her in Marseille”. I said, “Where in Marseille?” He answered, “In your telegram you tell her just to go to Marseille and pick up at the Post Restante a letter in her name. That letter you post on the same ship that is going to bring her here. You must tell her that at such and such a time, at such and such a place, two men will call on her with a letter from you. Explain that these two men worked on the S.S. Lotus and they will arrange to bring her to Alexandria. They will tell her the time the boat sails. She must be on board the night before. She must dress like a working man and while she is on the ship she must stay in the bunk that these men give her. They will bring her food and all that. After the boat gets here we will take her off in the middle of the night.” I said, “Do you think it is safe?” The Baron said, “They all come that way who have no papers. It is the best, the quickest and the cheapest”. I said, “How much do you think it will cost?” He replied, “Now I can’t say. I must see them first. If they ask twenty pounds give them ten. Always give them only half. That is what we do. You don’t pay one cent until your girl is here, but you must post the price with a man you can trust and who the boy can trust.” I said, “Raphael arranged all that in Cairo. He had Hirch as a witness, and Hirch agreed to guarantee it.” The Baron said, “Hirch I do not know. Anyhow we can see to all that later. Be sure that she has only a little baggage. If she has big baggage, have her send it by freight to you in your name. If that damn b..... did not try to get us all in trouble, I’d be able to say yes now, but I must wait for the boys on the ship, because maybe they suspect a stool (informant) in the crew. We used to use the other ships of this company too, but now they are full of stools.”

I said, “Are these boys members of the crew?” He replied, “Yes, sure, all the crew knows it. Even the officers. The thing that we must find out is, if there is anybody new on who might be a stool and make trouble when the ship lands, and also if the police at the wharf will stand for it now.”

After adjourning to the Petit Trianon Tea Room I left the pimps.

**Alexandria, Egypt**

**April 30, 1925**

This entire day was spent in the company of Z. Zalman, The Baron and Levi, all of whom are pimps. We met at the Cafe Garabaldi and then went about the city together. We visited several houses of prostitution on Rue Cleopatra and adjoining streets. Also a number of barrooms where prostitutes gather.

I brought up the subject of traffic and these pimps very willingly explained to me the things that “all pimps in Alexandria should know.” Z. Zalman said, “This city is much better for boys than Cairo. I’ll tell you why: Here the boys stick together and are not jealous. If they see you with a few pounds and a good front (style) they don’t begrudge it to you. In Cairo the boys are more jealous.
than girls, and if you don’t keep giving to the schnorers (poor ones) they rat (inform) on you.” I said, “How did all that trouble start a few months ago? Why did the girl put up a howl?” He answered, “There were two girls who were brought over. They got f... around together, and talking about their men. You know how girls are. Anyhow it ended in a fight. They got caught and one yelled blue murder. Say, tell me this: Your girl you say is a Frenchie. Here’s a tip: After you get her on to this guy that she wants to see in Cairo, finish the job and pull out! Cairo and Alexandria aint safe places for a French girl to work for anybody but a French boy. If you ever stick her in a house you are soon to lose her. The French boys hate to see a French girl with a Jew.”

I said, “Are there no hevra men (Jews) with Frenchies?” He replied, “Just four of us, and only because we can hold our own, we are not bothered. The French boys are our friends. Our women are stickers and they see it is no use, so they don’t try stealing. A new boy, they try to bluff and if a battle starts it’s bad for all of us. Last year we had trouble. A French boy tried to take a hevra man’s girl. I’ll tell you, it was so bad for a while that a boy could get shot down as quick as lightning! They won’t fight with their hands, - always guns! Five or six boys were shot but we finally settled everything up.”

I said, “In that case I am taking a chance by letting her come on a French ship.” Levi said, “The Messagieres Maritime Line (From Marseille) is the only line you can arrange things on. Don’t let that worry you. What we mean is: If she stayed here she would naturally meet French girls. Through them she’d meet their boys. One might take a shine (liking) to her and after they find out you are a new boy here they’d start to work (try to steal the girl). We tell you this because it is not only bad for you, but also for us. If they start to pull that stuff, we wouldn’t stand back! But what’s the use? If you can avoid trouble it is better.” I said, “How do the French boys number compared to us?” Z. Zalman replied, “We have about twenty. They got more than a hundred. You know yourself everywhere you can always find plenty of French boys.” I said, “I suppose they own all the houses.” He said, “Most of them. Here we are not so strong. Not like Buenos Aires and Rio. There they had to eat out of our hands.” I said, “Who has the best connection with the police here?” Levi answered, “We all work together on that, but on passports and smuggling girls in, they are better off. They bring in so many girls, and being French, they naturally have the best connections with the ships.” I said, “If they bring in so many, how is it that in the houses we were to there were no real young ones?” Hirch said, “I can show you plenty of pretty kids, not eighteen years old yet. Not in the houses, - on the streets and in the bars; also in the cabarets. For young and pretty girls, the streets, etc. are much better than house work.”

I said, “I tried to get a passport in Cairo, but Hirch fooled around such a long time that I got disgusted and figured that smuggling was cheaper and quicker.” Z. Zalman said, “For a while here passports could be had for a song, but a French boy who was doing a big business in Marseille came here and got caught, and that ran the price up. Greek passports are easier had here than Egyptian.” I said, “Morris you know him in Cairo, don’t you? He has a connection for Greek passports that is very good.” Z. Zalman said, “I know he has. Here it is the same way. The boys are tied up with the Secretary to Greek Consul. Greek passes are very good. A boy and girl can usually get in any place with one without any question.”

We then visited the Perçon Parisien Bar. Z. Zalman said, “Here is where all the best French boys hang out. I’ll introduce you to a couple of boys who are good people to know. Each one has two girls, and there aint much in Alexandria that they cant do”. I was then introduced to Maurice
and another French pimp, Gaston. We talked about various things and I asked Z. Zalman to make inquiry from the boys if there are any other ships that I could use in case we do not make satisfactory arrangements on Saturday. Z. Zalman did as I asked and Gaston said, “Those two S.S. Lotus and S.S. General Metzinger are the best now. There’s no reason why it can’t be done right away. That little trouble a few months ago was nothing at all. You are perfectly safe.”

A little later we adjourned to Lynis Cabaret. Although it was late the place was quite crowded. There were about fifteen prostitutes present. All appeared to be French girls. Z. Zalman said, “What do you think of that one? You said you didn’t see any young ones in Alexandria.” I said, “I’ll bet she’s at least twenty-five years old!” He replied, “Go away! She aint twenty yet!” I said, “For fun let’s get her over here and we’ll see who is right.” Z. Zalman then danced with her and finally brought her back to my table.

The girl was introduced as Marcella and after having a lengthy conversation with her she admitted that she came here from Toulouse one year ago and is nineteen years of age.

After we left the place Z. Zalman said, “What did I tell you! I knew her age! You see, you aint got anything to worry about because your wife is young. There’s plenty here like her. Only do as I tell you: After you get the goods on your man, blow (go away). The French boys like young girls and if they see a French one they are liable to try to grab her off. (steal her)."

Alexandria, Egypt

May 1-2, 1925

During these two days, most of my time was spent with the pimps at the French pimps’ headquarters, Au Perçon Parisien Bar. Z. Zalman and The Baron introduced me to Bloch, a Romanian pimp, Antoine, an Italian pimp, Albo, a French pimp, and Paipai another French pimp.

This cafe and barroom is the chief hangout for all the pimps of any importance in Alexandria. We discussed various topics and Albo was directed by The Baron to look after the smuggling of my girl into Alexandria. The Baron said, “He always handles all the work for us because he knows the boys on the ships. You see, he used to be a steward on the French line.” Albo then admitted that he could accomplish the work quite easily, but first questioned me as to my connection with the boys, where I have travelled, and also asked a number of other pertinent questions, apparently to satisfy himself before making the necessary arrangements. He said, “We have to be a little careful now. I suppose the boys told you. Anyhow we’ll wait until Saturday when the boat arrives and then I can give you all the dope (information). You come here to-morrow and we’ll speak to the boys.” I said, “What boys do you mean?” He replied, “The boys from the ship. Just as soon as the S.S. Lotus arrives the boys call here and look for jobs. You’ll see for yourself. If we can’t arrange for the S.S. Lotus we can for the S.S. Canada (Fabre Line). That is a Fabre Line boat.” I said, “I thought the Messagieres Maritime Line (From Marseille) was the only line”. He replied, “No, no, we used all of them, but the Messagieres Maritime Line (From Marseille) and the Fabre Line are the best. Just before the trouble
started we brought in eight on the S.S. Sphinx. You see, the boat part of it is the easiest. At Marseille it is also easy but here is where we are having a little trouble. You just leave it to me and you'll see that it will turn out right”. I said, “How about the Litmar (S.S. Line) and the Lloyd Triestino (S.S. Line). 89-R said, “They come from Italy. Your girl you say is in Marseille. If she was in Italy I could arrange that too. You see the reason is this: Every boy and girl along the Mediterranean who has trouble with papers wants to come to Egypt. To get false papers is dear (costly). But when they once get here they get passes which are better and cheaper, and with those papers they can go anywhere. You don't need to be afraid. Boys and girls come from Stamboul, France, Italy, Greece; all that way. The only thing is we must first find out how the crew is on the ship. Whether they have any rats (stools) and if we can get to the police here. There are six men who guard these ships. Three we have (will do as pimps ask). The other three are comme ceci comme cela (half and half; uncertain).

About 5:00 P.M. May 2nd, while in the same hangout two men in blue jumpers and blue overalls entered. Albo was seated near the door when they entered. He immediately threw his arms about their waists and brought them to the table where the Z. Zalman, Bloch and I were seated. The first words which they uttered were, “Albo avez vous quelque chose faire?” (Have you anything to do). Albo explained my case to them. One of these seamen, Francois, said, “We can do it on the next trip. We have the same boys in the crew and there wont be any trouble.” I said, “How about the officers?” Francois said, “Never mind about them! They know when we have a job. They never say anything. We can do it very easy, but you must get an answer from the police. If you can find out about it from the police before we sail it is better. If not you wire us in Marseille. You must work fast because we sail to-morrow at one o'clock. Albo said, “Come, we'll go now and see our friend and find out.” We hired two coaches and drove to #24-26 or #28 rue Bab el Karzata. We entered the Bazar Navigateurs Francaise (A general Merchandise store). The proprietor, 89-X² said, “Is the man who fixes the police.” The store was crowded with seamen from the ship. After they had left, Francois and his partner, Albo, Z. Zalman, Bloch and I spoke to the proprietor. He said, “I know the men, as I told you to-day; three we can fix; the other we must see. I'll go to them to-night or to-morrow and let you know. You can expect an answer not later than Monday. So make all your arrangements so that everything will be ready when I get the word to go ahead.”

After we had left the store I asked Albo how it is that this storekeeper can arrange things. He said, “You see he runs a store where all those fellows go when they come into port. The police from the port comes in there too. Well, anyhow, we'll wait until he sees the guys (police) and then you know what is the next move.”

We then returned to the hangout and later withdrew to the Minerva Restaurant where the pimps and prostitutes go to eat.

About 10:00 P.M. we returned to the hangout. I again brought up the subject. Albo said, “The whole job will cost about sixteen pounds.” I commented that the price seemed very high. He said, “It used to be cheaper but the trouble sent the police up. Part of it must go to the police.”

A short time after two seamen entered. They immediately sought out Albo and asked if there

² Paul Kinsie is obviously mistaken: The correct code would be 416-X, Louis, “Proprietor of Le Bazar Nav. Fr”
was any job for them. Albo turned to me and said, “These boys are from the S.S. Canada (Fabre Line). They want a job.” The men stated that their ship leaves Marseille on the 12th of May and that they could deliver the girl in Alexandria on the 16th.

I asked, “How much do they want?” He took them aside and later said, “Ten pounds.” I said, “Well let’s give it to them then.” It was agreed. The two seamen then gave Albo an address in Marseille. One said, “When you hear from the police, you wire me here. In the telegram just say the ‘Merchandise is ready for shipment’; then have your girl come to the place on the 11th and ask for me. I’ll have the suit all ready and she’ll be here on the 16th, but you might have to wait until the 17th before you can take her off.”

After they had left, Albo said, “You see, just as soon as the ships arrive here is where they (ie boys) come in. If it aint one ship it’s another. Well, anyhow ten pounds is better than sixteen pounds.” I said, “How does that affect your arrangement with the storekeeper?” He said, “That makes no difference. When we get the last three fixed, all we tell them is that she is coming on the S.S. Canada (Fabre Line).”

Z. Zalman and I left them. Z. Zalman said, “Raphael brought in a job that way and all he paid was five pounds, but you must expect that. If she was my girl I’d get it for five pounds. You know the French boys always try to make (to raise the price) on a newcomer.”

**Alexandria, Egypt**

**May 4, 1925**

About 3:00 P.M. I went to the pimps’ hangout Au Perçon Parisien Bar. I found Albo and Bloch awaiting me. Both immediately suggested that we go to the Bazar Navigateurs Francaise. Albo said, “I am sure that by this time Louis has fixed things with the police.”

We hired a coach and drove to the Bazar Navigateurs Francaise which is owned and operated by a French ex-pimp known only as Louis. After Louis had disposed of the few customers in his place, he said, “I saw the Police Sergeant to-day and he was able to get the three other fellows to agree.” I asked, “Is it because of that trouble that these men have to be seen?” He said, “Of course that is what scared the cops. Before there was nothing to it. A couple of Bobs (shillings) would satisfy them, but now they want more and the reason why they are afraid is because somebody might spill the beans (inform) and they’d lose their pension money. The three men who we were not sure about have not got their pension money yet, and if anything goes wrong, they’d lose all that money. But nothing can go wrong. The Police Sergeant says they agreed and that’s all we needed to worry about.”

I said, “The whole thing looks a little shaky to me. You know I got to be sure that the girl won’t get into any trouble.” Louis said, “The only shaky part was here; now, that is patched up; You just leave it in my hands. You aint the only one that I am helping! If you had been here five minutes ago you would have met an Algerian boy (pimp). His girl is coming in on the S.S. Sphinx. You come back to-night. Then I won’t be busy. You write a letter to your girl and tell her to go to the Paris
Hotel and two men from the S.S. Lotus will ask for her. Tell her to do as they say. They’ll tell her when to be ready and everything. Send that letter off, and to-night send a wire to your girl in Paris. Just tell her in the telegram to go to Marseille and pick up the letter that is there for her in the Post Restante. I’ll wire my boys that the ‘Merchandise is ready for shipment.’ That means that the girl is there and is waiting.”

I agreed to do this and also promised to return this evening. After leaving Louis we returned to the hangout. I said, “I don’t understand this thing at all! First, you fellows make arrangements with the S.S. Canada (Fabre Line), then with the S.S. Lotus. We decided the S.S. Canada (Fabre Line) was the cheapest and now Louis tells me to write that the boys from the S.S. Lotus will call for her.”

Albo said, “Yesterday we were talking to Louis and he advised the S.S. Lotus instead of the S.S. Canada (Fabre Line) because the S.S. Canada (Fabre Line) only stays in port for five hours and it’s liable to be daytime and the cops wouldn’t stand for that at all. The S.S. Lotus always stays for at least two days.” I said, “Where did he get that dope (information) from.” Albo replied, “When he spoke to the Police Sergeant he told him that.” I said, “Well, that’s different. I didn’t know that.”

About 9:00 P.M. I returned to Louis’s place. He said, “Did you write your girl?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “Good! That will go on the S.S. General Metzinger to-morrow. The letter will reach Marseille just in time. You see, the S.S. Lotus stays there five days. Now let me have your girl’s name.” (I gave him a fictitious name.) He said, “Now, you wire your girl in Paris to go to Marseille and pick up your letter. I’ll write a letter to-night to the boys in Marseille and give it to my friend on the S.S. General Metzinger. That is better than telegraphing and it saves expense. My friend will deliver the letter to the boys and they’ll go to the Paris Hotel and tell your girl when to be ready. If I had not been so busy this afternoon I would have told you to write the letter and I could have sent it along with mine, and then we’d be sure that the letter would reach (arrive in time). Anyhow it’s all right this way. She’ll get your telegram to-morrow and start for Marseille in a day or so. By the 9th she’ll get your letter and the boys will get mine. Then in two days she’ll sail and by the 16th or 17th she’ll be here”. I said, “Now, you are sure that everybody is fixed?” He answered, “The Police Sergeant told me to go ahead. That’s enough.” I said, “Suppose somebody gets cold feet?” He said, “One thing you can be sure of, she won’t get caught. If anything happens in the meantime I’ll hear of it and then the next thing is they’ll take her on to Beirut and there’ll be no trouble at all. Then you can bring her back by train, and you cross the border quite easy. But that won’t be necessary. All is fixed. You see, just like I explained to you to-day: Six men guard the boat. Two are on the gang plank. The Police Sergeant couldn’t promise anything until all six agreed. If he could have shifted the men so the three he had would pass the girl, it would be all right. But if he had those three, two on the plank and one at the foot, the others might stop her. But now it is fixed. We’ll throw them a few quids (pounds) and they’ll be satisfied.” I said, “How will we arrange the payment, and how much will it be?” He said, “It will cost about sixteen pounds. (This includes entire payment for smuggling the girl into Alexandria from Marseille.) As soon as she lands, you come here with the boys, and leave the money here for them. I’ll see they get theirs and the cops too. You are lucky that the boys said good (agreed to stand responsible) for you. Raphael wrote to Z. Zalman and said he had a guarantee from that man in Cairo. If it wasn’t for that you’d have to put up the dough (money) with me before the boys on the ship would agree.”
As I left 416-P said, “Now don’t forget to send that telegram. I’ll get a wire from the boys when she starts.”

I returned to the pimps’ hangout and told the boys that everything had been arranged. I then stated that I intended to go to Cairo for my clothes, then over to Port Said, and return here in time for the arrival of the ship.

We discussed conditions in Port Said and several places were mentioned where the pimps gather, and several pimps were also mentioned during the conversation.

Before parting I promised to inform them when I would return to Alexandria.

Alexandria, Egypt
April 27-May 4, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Summary
During the week spent in Alexandria I visited a number of houses of prostitution and also other places such as cafes, cabarets, etc., where prostitutes gather.

The houses of prostitution consist of resorts in which from four to five inmates are harbored, and also cribs in which there is but one inmate.

The houses are scattered throughout the city, but the main places are situated on Rue Cleopatra and adjoining streets.

The cribs occupy both sides of rue D’Anastassi beginning at Rue de Hamamin. The adjoining streets in this locality likewise harbor many cribs.

The inmates are mainly French girls. They do not reside in the houses but merely come there to work, usually at 2:00 P.M. each day.

The cribs are hired daily by the prostitutes and business starts about noon and continues until two in the morning.

There is no doubt but that each prostitute in Alexandria has a pimp. This I learned from my association with the principal pimps of the city.

These pimps may be found at the Perçon Parisien Bar, Alcazar Cabaret, Romanian Cafe, and Russie Bar.

Paul Kinsie is obviously mistaken: The correct code would be 416-X, Louis, “Proprietor of Le Bazar Nav. Fr”
The pimps admitted that they are able to pursue their vocation without police interference, and the necessity of a “cover” (false trade or business) is quite unknown to their set in Alexandria.

They gather at these places usually about mid-afternoon and remain there until late at night.

The Perçon Parisien Bar is the principal rendezvous. All the leaders of pimpdom may be found here. Most of these pimps are French; however Italians, Spanish, Greeks, Romanians, Russians, and Bulgarians may also be found here. It is a sort of unwritten law among them that only pimps who have French girls can make this place their headquarters.

I was told that French pimps are jealous of any pimp of another nationality who has a French prostitute supporting him, and that this so-called “ring” of French pimps will not permit any other foreign pimp “to own” a French girl unless the strange pimp is well thought of by this group.

I succeeded in meeting at least twenty of these pimps and I had intimate “business dealings” with ten of them.

While in Cairo I met Raphael an Alexandrian pimp, who at one time had a French girl, and he is therefore in the good graces of this group. He gave me a card of introduction to a Romanian pimp Z. Zalman, who heard my story and introduced me to the “boys” (pimps) in the various hangouts, and explained to me the conditions in Alexandria and the necessary steps that a pimp must take to accomplish his end. He said, “It’s hard for a stranger to break in on this French group, especially with a French girl. It is only since a year that we have been living peacefully together. These boys are all right, but to avoid trouble, pull out after your girl gets here. If one gets his eyes on her and wants her, it will start a riot like a year ago, especially if she is young and fresh.” (new).

Z. Zalman then explained to me that the French pimps have connections for smuggling young girls, who cannot secure passports, into Egypt, and also prostitutes and pimps who likewise have been denied the necessary papers for entre into Alexandria and other Egyptian cities. He said that this smuggling has been going on for years and that up to three months ago it was conducted upon a “wholesale” scale, as many as eight girls being brought in on one ship. The principal steamship line used is the Messagieres Maritime Line (from Marseille) whereas the Fabre Line, Lloyd Triestino (S.S. Line), Litmar (S.S. Line) and Greek S.S. Lines are also used.

Z. Zalman admitted as did the other pimps, that Egypt is a heaven for prostitutes, pimps and all other underworld characters, for many reasons: first, because more money can be made here; secondly because voyages from all parts of Europe are comparatively short and entre is easily gained without a passport; thirdly, because Egyptian passports, laissez passer and Greek passports can be more easily had here than elsewhere; fourthly, the law of capitulations gives each law-breaker a better chance of escape than in other countries where such a law does not exist.

Not only Leon but all other pimps whom I met gave many other reasons of less importance, and from my dealings with them I could tell that they seemed thoroughly satisfied with Egypt, and do not, like the pimps I met in other cities, have their eyes fixed on other foreign lands.
Through Z. Zalman I build up an acquaintance with this group. I met The Baron, Levi, Antoine, Paipai, Albo, Gaston, Bloch, Louis and Joe Youria.

During the time spent with them I was questioned as to where I had previously been, and about other things that usually interest pimps. I was finally told that they could accomplish the smuggling of my girl into Alexandria. The person who makes the arrangements is a merchant known as Louis. He was formerly a Marseille pimp and is the direct connection between the pimps and the seamen who do the smuggling. Albo an ex-steward, but now a pimp, usually handles all of the pimps’ business so far as smuggling is concerned, and between him, Louis and the seamen, the whole affair is accomplished.

Louis’s plane of business is known as the Bar du Clarion. As soon as a ship arrives the seamen go to Louis to learn if any smuggling is desired. From there they go to the pimps’ hangout at Au Perçon Parisien Bar where they inquire from Albo. If a “job” is to be done, Albo, the pimps concerned, and the seamen return to Louis where the money is posted or guaranteed for payment. Louis also has the addresses in Marseille and other ports where he can wire his men in case the job has to be done quickly. The price is usually five or ten pounds but strangers are charged from sixteen to twenty pounds.

Through Albo, Louis agreed to bring my girl in that way. He directed me to wire my girl to proceed to Marseille, and pick up a letter which he stated I must send to her in care of the post restante. He said, “I am sending a letter to the boys on the ship that sails May 5th. Give me your girl’s name. Have her go to the Paris Hotel in Marseille and the boys will come after her; they’ll put her on board the night before. She will be dressed as a seaman. They’ll supply the clothes. She’ll have their bunk and at night when they get the chance they’ll take her off. The thing is all fixed for the S.S. Lotus. It leaves Marseille on the 11th and she’ll be here on the 16th.”

Before all these arrangements were made Louis stated that he had to secure the consent of the police. An upheaval of three months ago caused the police to object to this smuggling.

However Louis stated that the Police Sergeant agreed and that the six men who watch the boat would have to be paid.

All arrangement were made. Louis wrote a letter to Marseille. I gave him a fictitious name, and I was told to be on hand the 16th when the S.S. Lotus arrives.

I also visited the cabarets and observed conditions on the street. I met a French girl named Mignon at the Lynis Cabaret, who admitted that she is but nineteen years old and has been in Alexandria less than a year. Another French girl Marcella eighteen years old works at the Athens Pastry Shop. Two French prostitutes soliciting on Rue Cleopatra, eighteen and nineteen years old, and Luisa de Brito are inmates in Madame Victoria’s clandestine house of prostitution.

Julia is but nineteen years of age and is a Polish girl. She came here alone and is the woman of Raphael.

It was impossible to question these girls further because it might have aroused the suspicions of the pimps whom I was in the company of.
There is no doubt but that the port of Alexandria, Egypt is one of the principal places of operation of the traffickers in women and children.

**Port Said, Egypt**

*May 5-6, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

Upon arrival in Port Said I went to Cafe du Nil in search of Guilliume Reville, a French pimp who had been recommended to me by the pimps in Alexandria. I found him seated in front of this cafe. The cafe is located in the Red-light district upon a street which bears no name, and the house no numbers. I told Guilliume Reville that I came over to Port Said while awaiting the arrival of my girl whom I stated was going to be smuggled on the S.S. Lotus.

We discussed conditions in Port Said. Guilliume Reville said, “This aint much of a place, but there is good money here because each day from two to five ships tie up here and the boys come ashore.” I said, “I suppose there is plenty of tourist trade too.” He replied, “No, there aint much of that because this place (district) is too far out.” I said, “It does seem quite a ways out, but that don’t interfere if a fellow really wants to get here.” He said, “Oh, all the boys know where we are. Besides, there are always Arabs down at the ships to steer the suckers (customers) this way.” I said, “I wonder if, when the boat arrives in Alexandria, and we can’t get her off, if we could do the job here.” He replied, “It’s easy enough here because there aint nobody to stop you; but the trouble is, none of the boats come right up to the wharf; and, besides, they only stop for a few hours. It’s in the daytime and that kind of stuff has to be done at night.”

I said, “Are any of the boys bringing them in that way here?” He said, “They always bring them in through Alexandria. There aint much coming in here. You see, it’s a small place. A gal cant hustle the streets, (solicit on them) here without everybody knowing what she is doing. The houses are pretty crowded. They all have as many girls as they need. And there aint any real live suckers (customers) here.” I said, “Why do you stick around here then?” He said, “My girl is good for two pounds a day, and why should I worry? There aint many making that in Alexandria.” I said, “I guess you are right. He said, “There are a lot of boys in Alexandria that have girls here. They come over every little while to see the girls. I could do that too. There is much more to do in Alexandria, but I am satisfied here.”

I said, “So you dont think it is worth while to try to get the girl off here in case things go wrong in Alexandria?” He answered, “It’s best to go to Beiruit then. There she can get off easily, and then return overland to here or any place in Egypt that she wants to go.” I said, “Well, I hope this thing turns out, and she don’t get nicked” (caught). He interrupted, “How old is the girl?” I said, “Seventeen years.” He said, “Let me give you a tip: When she’s getting off, lay low! Don’t go near her until you are sure she aint being trailed. I’d never take a chance on that kind of a job unless I had everybody fixed.” I said, “What do you mean?” He replied, “Suppose they get her going off. If they
see she’s young, they’ll try to find out who arranged the job. If she aint a wise gal and she tells, they’ll grab you. You’re an American aint you?” I said, “Yes.” He said, “Your consul will try you. You know, in Egypt we have “Capitulations” and I'll tell you that that s........ will hang you if he can!” I said, “Do you mean here in Port Said or in Alexandria?” He said, “I mean in Alexandria. This one here aint no better. You can’t get a favor out of either one of them.” I asked, “Did any American boys ever get into trouble here?” He replied, “A couple of French boys who are American citizens did a job in Alexandria and I think he would have hung then if he could.” I said, “How about the French Consul here? Do you boys stand in with him?” He said, “This fellow we have now will give you a chance. The last one was the best we ever had. He used to come down to the houses and stay with the girls. Anytime we got into trouble with anybody he’d get us right out. But this one we have now, - you can’t expect anything big from; but, at the same time the worst you will get is to be sent back to France.”

I asked, “How about the police? Can’t you get to them?” He said, “What the hell! They don’t bother us! We know them. They know us. As long as we don’t get into scraps, everything goes along nicely. You see, this is a small place. You can’t keep under cover much. That’s why a lot of the boys stay out in Alexandria a good part of the time. Last year a friend of mine brought in a little gal on the S.S. Sphinx. He made his arrangements with a couple of the boys in Alexandria; you know Louis and Albo. Well, he did it with them. When the boat arrived in Alexandria, the boys on the ship said that the cops at Alexandria wanted too much dough to let her off so they decided to drop her here in Port Said. The ship came in and a woman on board, a French b..... who has her nose in everybody’s business, saw her and had her grabbed (arrested) by her husband.” I said, “What has her husband got to do with it?” Guilliume Reville said, “He is in charge of the Secret Police. Anyhow they held the girl. She broke away and the boy boarded a machine and was on his way to Cairo with her when the guard at Cantaro grabbed (arrested) them both”. I asked, “What happened to them?” He replied, “The girl was sent back and the boy did a bit, (sentence in jail) and was sent back to France. You see, Alexandria is the best place. It’s a big city. If anything goes wrong you can hide away. The boys there all have good connections and can help you. Here it’s different. A big job can’t be done without everybody being in on it; and if you have a connection, it’s one hundred to one he’ll turn you down at the last moment.”

I said, “How is this place on passports? Can they be landed easily?” He replied, “No, the boys always go to Cairo or Alexandria for passes and laissez passer. Here the passport office aint very busy and the main boss does all the work. That we never worry about, because we are so close to Alexandria and Cairo that we can always get what we need over there.”

Guilliume Reville later introduced me to two other pimps, a Frenchman and an Italian.

I suggested visiting the houses and accompanied by the boys we went into the Black Cat, Moulin Rouge, Pension Francais, Maison Iris, Golden House, Constantinople House and Internationale House.

Each house had approximately eight inmates. All are foreign girls and well over twenty-one years of age.

I asked Guilliume Reville if there were any fresh girls in the houses. He said, “No, nothing young here. A real young kid is better in a big place. When your girl comes, keep her in Cairo. There
she can get from one man what one girl here has to work her a… off all day for.” I said, “How do they work here, fifty-fifty?” He said, “Some, but they live in the houses and have to pay, some twenty-five and some fifty P.T. a day for room and board.” I said, “Does that include the boy’s rent too?” He replied, “The boys that are in town stay in the same house with their girls. The owners don’t care.”

I said, “The police can’t be very tough if the boys can get away with that.” He replied, “I told you that they don’t bother us.”

**Port Said, Egypt**

*May 7-8, 1925*

During these two days I spent most of my time in company of Guillume Reville a French pimp, Alexander another French pimp, and an unknown Italian pimp.

We visited houses of prostitution together and also the bars, such as the Internationale House, Continental Bar, Splendid New Bar and Internationale Bar, all of which are on a street in the European section of the city most frequented by tourists.

The pimps are intimately acquainted with the waiters of these bars, and as Guillume Reville explained, “They always send trade out to the houses. There are several Portuguese battleships in. They always want to see the girls, so the boys in the cafe send them out to us.” I said, “Since I have been in town I have seen only two business girls (professional prostitutes) in the bars.” Guillume Reville said, “I know it. I told you the business girls are in the houses. It’s a funny old town!” I said, “Don’t the operators like to see any change now and then in the girls?” He said, “The girls here stick a long while, but new ones come just as soon as the old ones leave.” I said, “Where do you get your new girls from?” He said, “The boys in Cairo or Alexandria always send something over. Especially now things are awful dull in Cairo. Why, I can show you letters from boys asking me to fix things for their girls up here for the summer. The summer here is very good.” I said, “A girl’s got a better chance in Alexandria during the summer hasn’t she? You said so yourself yesterday.” He answered, “It’s all according to the girl. If a girl is very pretty and young looking, she has a better chance in Alexandria. If she is an old timer, she is better off here.”

He then mentioned a number of pimps whom I know in Cairo and inquired as to how they are doing. I gave him the information he desired, and he said, “Yanishe Goldenberg was over here about two month ago. He had a Romanian girl that he wanted to sell. He asked me if a certain boy here in town who is going to Bombay wanted her. I spoke to the boy. He looked at her and told me to tell Yanishe Goldenberg that he wouldn’t take her for nothing.” I said, “That’s all new to me. Yanishe Goldenberg told me he was going to pull out for Mexico in a few months, and even wanted me to go with him. He wouldn’t take her to Mexico if he wanted to get rid of her.” Guillume Reville said, “I know Yanishe Goldenberg very well. We were together in China. Every place you meet him he has a different wife.” I said, “Does he manage to sell them all?” He replied, “No, the trouble is he can’t get
on very well with his girls and then they usually beat it away. This gal that he has now he brought her from Romania. He's been with her for five years. She's made plenty of dough for him too. He's got his eyes on another gal, and if he can shake her (get rid of her) he'll make a quick getaway like Aron Kaplan did with his other girl.” I said, “Will his girl stand for the turn-over?” He replied, “She’s got to! You don't know that boy! He is a starker (strong arm). He always beats hell out of his women. Did you ever notice the two scars he has on his face (left eye and ear)? Well, ask him about those some time. The gal he had in Shanghai put her initials in his face with a razor. He came near going to jail for that gal! That’s why he left China. After she carved him he left her for dead.”

I said, “I have been all through South America and I know a lot of boys down there, but there were not many who used the strong-arm act.” He said, “The hell there ain't! Why, C———! If you don't let her know you are the boss, she'll use you for a mop. There was a boy blew in here from Bombay on his way to Marseille. He was one of those easy birds who'd ask for a pound when he needed it. She wanted to get rid of him and she told the cops. He had to stow away on a ship to get away without getting into trouble. How many gals in Egypt do you think would give their men up to the shamiss (police)? I don't know any! Yanishe Goldenberg has the right idea.” I said, “I guess you're right, but every gal wont stand for being sold without her consent.” He said, “I aint speaking about every gal. But every gal has to let her boy be the boss or the man aint any good.”

I said, “Suppose a gal and a man fell out and she gave him up. What the hell could he do?” He replied, “You know the rest of the boys wouldn't stand for it! This boy I told you about from India, his pals will settle with that girl and the boy she's got now too if he tries to protect her!” I said, “Yes, but that’s in India.” He said, “Here, too! In India it's tougher on the boys, but they'll get her! Here you can get away with anything. The girls know it too.”

Alexander and the Italian pimp who was with us part of the time when this conversation took place do not understand English. Guillaume Reville would however, occasionally talk to them in French and let them in on our conversation. Both seemed to agree with Guillaume Reville that the prostitutes in Egypt are held under the heavy hands of threatening pimps and very often the selling of women takes place.

**Port Said, Egypt**

*May 9, 1925*

As by appointment I met Guillaume Reville. He told me of several of his friends in Beyruit and where I could locate them. After we had talked together for a time he said, “Say did you see that kid in the French house? (Pension Français). I hear she aint got a man. I think she was out yesterday when we were there.” I said, “How long has she been in town?” He answered, “Not very long; she came from Cairo.” I asked, “How old is she?” He said, “I don't think she's twenty.” I said, “Come on, we'll go over.”

We went to the house and I was introduced to a French girl known as Chiffonette. The girl appeared very young. She said she was nineteen and half years old, and had been in Egypt for two
years. The girl was then called by the madam to entertain a customer who had just arrived. After she had left I asked Guillaume Reville how she got into Egypt at that age. He said, “I suppose the same way as your gal. Nobody knows much about her. Another gal recommended her to Mme Rose. I have been trying to have her line up to me but she don’t do it.”

Late Saturday afternoon the Chief of the Secret Police M. Del Bruno delivered to me the material I had requested. I asked him if he had ever heard of a girl in the Pension Francais known as the Chiffonette. He answered, “Yes, she looks very, very young. I have been watching her for a long time. She does not have a pimp. At least he is not in Port Said.”

I asked, “If you were to find a pimp living with a prostitute in a brothel, could you do anything to him?” He replied, “I would arrest him and turn him over to his consul.” I asked, “Do you think many of them live in the brothels?” He said, “I have two men always out there. They say they know they do but it is so hard to do anything.” I said, “Could you show me the name of Chiffonette on this list?” He looked it over and said, “There you are, number 72 (Carmen Muller). Her papers say twenty-three but I know she is not. That girl is not twenty. I have been watching her. I told the French Consul too.”

Port Said, Egypt

May 7-8-9, 1925

Traffic in women and children

On May 7th, I presented the credentials furnished to me by Bascom Johnson to Tuell Bey, Commandant of Police. Tuell Bey received me cordially and said, “I and my department are at your disposal. Anything that you want to know I will gladly give you the information about, and if I do not know about it, I will place you in touch with persons who may be of help to you.”

I explained to him the type of traffic that the League of Nations is seeking information about. Tuell Bey stated that he is familiar with the work of the committee. He added that he had received the various questionnaires sent out by the League and continued, “The person who helped me frame my answers to the League’s questions is a lady whom I am sure is the best qualified person to talk on this question of traffic. She’s the Secretary of the Ligue Internationale pour la Répression de la Traite des blanches et la protection des jeunes filles et femmes. She organized this society eleven years ago and is thoroughly familiar with the whole subject. She has been meeting each ship for the past eleven years, and her husband is M. Del Bruno, Chief of the Secret Police. So you see between the two of them they have a monopoly on the information. I’ll call Madame Del Bruno over and introduce you to her. Then you can arrange to have a conference with her. I by the way would like your opinion of this little pet of ours. I have taken a personal interest in the Ligue Internationale pour la Répression de la Traite des blanches et la protection des jeunes filles et femmes. I am the Treasurer and I think so far as case work is concerned they have done an excellent piece of work.”
Madame Del Bruno arrived and after she had briefly outlined her work I asked Tuell Bey questions concerning traffic in women and children. He said, “In the last four years we had but one case.” He then directed that his assistant bring in the dossier which he permitted me to look at. The case was dated 1921 and the prostitute was a girl of nineteen years of age who had been smuggled into Port Said on a Messagieres Maritime Line (From Marseille) steamer. A member of the secret police found the girl and she was placed in the custody of the French Consul. She was caught escaping to Cairo in company of a souteneur (pimp). The souteneur was deported to France and according to the Chief of the Secret Police has not been seen in Port Said since.

The Commandant of Police continued, “Port Said was a hell hole before the war. For military reasons we cleaned it up at that time and forced all the brothels out of the European section of the city to the extreme end of Arab town.”

I said, “Have you ever had any reason to believe that this smuggling is being carried on on a large scale?” He answered, “I know conditions in Alexandria and I know that it was done there. I venture to say that not a ship of the Messagieres Maritime line arrives in port without either men or women being brought in in that manner.” I said, “Have you ever called that fact to the attention of the captains of the vessels or to the company’s officials?” He said, “It is a hopeless task. The captains reply that they would not dare to venture into the stoke holes to inspect them for stowaways. The company’s officials maintain that the type of seamen the company secures at Marseille are the worst characters they know of. They claim they know it is being done but they cannot discharge the men as the union would immediately declare a strike and the steamers would be tied up for an indefinite time. The problem here is only occasional smuggling, because the ships seldom remain here more than four hours, and then again they do not tie up to the wharfs. All persons going ashore must take a boat. That you see in itself prevents it.”

I asked, “In addition to those conditions do you take any other precautions?” He said, “We have a policeman aboard in plain clothes. He watches for that sort of thing. I’ll frankly admit that it can easily be done. The ship while in the port here is as busy as a beehive. One can pass on and off without being detected, but I do think that the fact that it is daylight prevents these people from using this port.”

I said “Then I take it that one does not need to show passports or other credentials to get off the ships or out of the enclosure.” He replied, “After the passports are examined the control is taken off the boats. As I say, one may proceed ashore without difficulty.”

I said, “It is my understanding that persons destined for another port upon reaching Alexandria have to deposit their passports with an officer aboard.” He said, “That we require here also. It is to prevent persons who have no visas or could not secure visas for Egypt from stealing ashore.” I said, “But if the control is taken from the ship, those persons could proceed ashore then.” He said, “We have a man on the passengers’ gangway, but there is no one guarding the gangway used by the seamen and workmen.”

He then went on to explain that all prostitutes in the houses are registered. He said, “We do not register girls under eighteen according to our Regulations, but I would not register a girl under twenty-one except natives. That class I consider that even though they are in many cases under eighteen, it is a
protection to have them controlled. If they go unregistered they will pursue their business just the same, so I consider it better to have them registered.”

I asked, “What papers do you require a girl to submit in order to have her obtain permission to practice prostitution?” He replied, “If she is a European, ie: any nationality other than natives, she must produce a passport.” I said, “And if she has no passport, what then?” He said, “We consider such women as natives. We ask their nationality and we classify them as Italians, Greek, French, etc. locals.” I said, “Since they have no papers how can you be sure of the age?” He said, “We can judge them, and if they appear young, we usually get a physician to examine them.” I asked, “Have you had any such cases in the past two years?” He said, “Not a single one which we could not determine readily. We had many in Cairo during the war but none since.”

I said, “In case these women desire laissez passer will you issue them to them?” He called in the man in charge of the passport office, and explained my question to him. He answered, “We will issue passes only to persons who have no diplomatic representatives in Egypt.”

I asked “Has it ever been brought to your notice that underworld characters attempt to secure laissez passer in order to gain admittance to other countries?” He answered, “No. It cannot be done.” I said, “If reputable persons are offered as witnesses?” He said, “The man in charge of the passports would be able to recognize them as being of a different nationality than they claim.”

I asked, “How many foreign women have you registered?” He called his assistant and I was told “sixty-four.” I then asked if he would furnish me with a list of the names, addresses, nationalities and the dates of arrival of foreign prostitutes in Port Said; also a table showing the increase or decrease in the number of foreign prostitutes in Port Said for the last four years. He agreed to have that information compiled but stated that he would have to supplant the date of arrival with the date of registration. He said, “The dates of arrival are approximately the same as the dates of registration in most cases. I will have it for you before you leave.”

I then asked, “Have you any knowledge concerning the souteneurs?” He said, “We have them on record; about fifteen of them. They are mainly French, Italians and Greeks.” I said, “Have you ever proceeded against any of them?” He said, “In the last four years we deported ten souteneurs, but, as you know, we have such a difficult job because of capitulations that it is quite hopeless.” I said, “Won’t the consuls co-operate?” He answered, “The French will. The Italian is an excellent chap but the Greek Consul is hopeless. Of course they are not wholly to blame. Oftimes their policy is dictated from their home governments with regards to capitulations.”

I then asked, “Have you ever received information concerning traffickers from other governments as to traffickers and their victims being en route to Port Said?” He said, “No the only thing we ever receive is communications from the Syrian government and Italian government concerning information which is desired by these countries relative to persons who are minors and want passports in order to join their parents etc. in Egypt. These cases I turn over to Madame Del Bruno for investigation. All minors who seek admittance into Port Said are questioned by Madame Del Bruno who boards the boats and takes to the home all such cases. When she is convinced that the person is responsible she turns the girl over to him or her.”
In concluding the several conferences which I had with Tuell Bey he again reiterated that he is certain that no traffic in women and children exists at the present time or has during the past two years in Port Said. Madame Del Bruno then stated that her constant association with the work relative to traffic in women and children convinced her that Port Said is quite free of this sort of thing.

She explained the workings of her organization and gave me copies of the yearly reports for the past four years. She also showed me the dossier of a French prostitute named Charlotte Matignon who appealed to her for help. Charlotte Matignon in a signed statement admitted that she had been shipped to Egypt by a Marseille pimp who beat her. He forced her to lead a life of prostitution. The pimp's name is, however, not mentioned, but the girl is at the present time in Paris and according to Madame Del Bruno is leading a respectable life. This girl came to her voluntarily from a brothel in Port Said.

Madame Del Bruno is undoubtedly a very efficient worker and from the records she showed me she has undoubtedly benefited many young girls who have come to Port Said without friends or relatives.

She stated that she experienced the greatest difficulties with young Greek girls who are brought to Port Said under contract to work as servants. The girls, she says, are oftimes mistreated but never has one been forced to become a prostitute so far as she has been able to learn.

The Ligue Internationale pour la Repression de la Traite des blanches et la protection des jeunes filles et femmes which she has organized is closely related to Mrs. Bohn's Organization in London, England.

Port Said, Egypt
May 9, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Official

The Commandant of Police in Port Said requested me to call at his office before departure for the statistics which I had requested him to compile for me. He handed me a list (see exhibits) written in Arabic. I explained that such a list would be quite useless. He said, “All my staff are Arabs and I therefore will have it translated and sent to you at Geneva.” I objected and pointed out that if he would have the nationalities translated before I left the rest would be taken care of. This he agreed to have done. I then went over the list with him. I pointed out the number of different nationalities listed as locals. He admitted that these girls have no papers and therefore are classified as locals. Their ages he also stated are purely a matter of taking the prostitutes’ own statements. I said, “I understood you to say that you had sixty-four foreign girls registered.” He said, “After going over our books we found seventy-six. Now, in reference to the new foreign girls registered each year for the past four years, the only thing I will be able to give you is the number of foreign girls registered for 1923, 1924, and thus far this year. We send all the records every two years to Cairo for storage.”

I then was given the table which he had compiled. (see exhibit). In 1923, 115 foreign prostitutes were registered; 71 of them left and 44 remained. In 1924, 129 were registered; 67 left and 62
remained. Up to date 86 have been registered; 10 left and 76 are still on the books. He then explained that each year the prostitutes are requested to re-register and “because these women continually go and come between Cairo and Alexandria we cannot tell whether they actually are new ones here or not.” I said, “Surely it is not possible for them to return under another name.” He said, “They do not do that, but what I mean is they always take out their same book, and for us to tell the exact number of girls who had ever been on our records it would be necessary to trace each case thru.” I then said, “Does your department publish a report as they do in Cairo?” He replied, “No.”

After studying the list of 76 prostitutes I found that the Greeks are most numerous among those classified as locals. There are 20 such Greeks, 5 Syrians, 2 French, 2 Russians, no Italians, and 2 Jews, making a total of 31 classified as locals.

Among the prostitutes registered who were able to furnish passports or other credentials, I found 19 French, 15 Italians, 9 Greeks, 2 Austrians, making a total of 45.

In going over the ages I found that there are 19 prostitutes between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five. None is listed as under twenty-one. I took from twenty-one to twenty-five therefore as a minimum group in order to see if the 19 prostitutes whose ages fall within from twenty-one to twenty-five were able to produce papers to prove their ages. Of these 19, but 3 are classified as locals, 2 Greeks and a Jewess. The remaining 16 were able to prove their ages.

Haiffa, Palestine

May 10, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Shortly after my arrival in Haiffa I made the acquaintance of Charlie Leibberman, a young chap who has been in the city for some time. He informed me that Haiffa maintains a so-called segregated district. In company of Charlie Leibberman I visited the district.

It is situated at the foot of the hill just outside of the city. Surrounding the district are native Arab huts. I also learned that up to two years ago all prostitutes were located near the water-front, but the gradual growth of the port caused the government to have these women move. At first the abolition of the district and the houses was attempted, but local opinion was in favor of its continuance. The result was that all prostitutes were registered and must submit once a week to a venereal disease examination.

In my visits to the houses, I found the prostitutes living amid very unsanitary conditions. The main trade of the city are Arabs, and the prostitutes are also mainly of the same race. Intermingled with the Arabs one may meet several French, Italian, and Greek prostitutes.

All whom I saw and spoke to appeared much over twenty-one years of age. These prostitutes also admitted that they have been in Haiffa for some time.
The brothels are owned by natives and from my conversation with one of the madams I learned that the age of registration for foreigners is eighteen, and natives sixteen years.

I also noted that in the houses there are some very young-appearing Syrian girls. According to my informants these girls were born in Haifa of Syrian parents.

There are apparently no foreign pimps in the city. The earnings of the prostitutes are so meager that the women scarcely make enough money to provide for themselves.

In addition to the houses I visited cafes, and two so-called cabarets, the Camel Restaurant and the Café du Point. Both places are frequented by respectable people.

**Jaffa, Palestine**

*May 11, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

Two years ago Jaffa's small segregated district was abolished. The few foreign prostitutes were forced to leave the city, and the local prostitutes were scattered in various sections of the town.

The main portion of the prostitutes may be found in houses along the waterfront, and also in four houses, not far from the old district. (None of the streets in Jaffa are named nor the houses numbered.)

In company of an acquaintance I visited six houses. The prostitutes whom I saw were all Arabs and none were less than thirty years of age.

The cafes were also visited, but no prostitutes were seen.

I also visited the new section of the city known as Tel Aviv. This section I found to be occupied by the better class Palestinians and according to my informants no prostitutes can be found there.

**Beyruit, Syria**

*May 12-13, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

Shortly after my arrival in Beyruit I went to #22 rue el Mutanerie in search of Joseph Fournier. I had been referred to him by Guillumé Reville of Port Said. I found Joseph Fournier at the above address in the company of six young men whom I later learned are souteneur (pimps) friends of him.

I conveyed Guillumé Reville's regards to him and he very naturally inquired as to the nature of my business in Beyruit. I told him that I was expecting my girl in Alexandria on the 16th aboard the
S.S. Lotus, but learned from the police that I would be unable to take her off the ship. I then went on to explain that I tried to arrange matters in Port Said, and being unable to secure results, Guillaume Reville suggested that I go to Beyruit to see him. Joseph Fournier speaks very broken English, but we were able to make ourselves understood to each other.

He said, “Here there is no trouble to take her off. I cannot see why it can’t be done in Alexandria.” I then explained that the police have recently become rather active. He said, “Did you get word to the boys on the ship?” I said, “When the boat reaches Alexandria the boys will go ashore and find out how the chances are. I have already told them by wire in Alexandria that they can’t drop her at Port Said. As soon as I find out that it can be done here, I’ll let them know, and they won’t try to get her off until they reach Beyrut”.

He said, “Here you don’t need to be afraid. She’ll be able to walk right off at night without any trouble. The boys on the boat know that, but where do you expect to go from here?” I said, “I’d stick if there was any dough (money) but if not, I’d go back to Cairo”. He said, “It’s a long way to Cairo from here, and it is expensive. The only way for you to do is to stick here.”

I said, “Well how do boys and girls (pimps and prostitutes) who have no papers get into Egypt then?” He said, “You are the first boy I know who wanted to get his girl into Egypt through here. If you were here and wanted to go by boat, that would be different; but you say the Alexandria port is plugged up. Well, of course it is then best to come here; but getting back to Egypt from here is just as hard as it is from the other way. Boys (pimps) going away from Beyruit always use the boats. Over land is not good. You need a car to Haifa; you have to get out near the border, walk around in back of the frontier house; and the same thing again on the Palestine side. Only there it is worse. It’s a climb of miles over the mountains. I am telling you, it aint worth it!”

I said, “Are none of them going that way at all?” He replied, “No, but if a fellow has to go, and he can’t make it by boat, that is the only way. I can’t understand that things in Alexandria can’t be fixed. I know all about that job of a few months ago, but that has died off. Let’s see, to-morrow is the 13th. A Messagieres Maritime Line (From Marseille) gets in then. I’ll find out from the boys if they landed anyone in Alexandria, or if they got a tip to lay off. When we find out, you can wire whoever is taking care of you in Alexandria that he should try to get her off there. You see, here you are safe; but you don’t want to stay. Beyruit is just like Marseille. Your girl can go off or on as she likes. If you wanted to stay, you could do it; and then when you wanted to leave go back to Marseille the same way.”

I said, “How are the chances of getting a false pass?” He replied, “Here, no; this place is no good for that. I’ll tell you the truth about Beyruit: There is no money here at all. The French franc is low; well, the Syrian piaster is five times lower! The only place is Egypt, where you get the tourists. Here you see it is worse than Marseille; and you know what that is”.

I said, “Why do you stick here then?” He said, “I came here right after the war. I thought it would be good. Of course you can always have a pound in your pocket here, and living is cheaper than any place I know, but that’s all. But tell me why the hell aint your girl got a passport?” I said, “She is seventeen and can’t get permission from her parents.” He said, “Oh I see. The thing you want to do is to get her a passport in Egypt as soon as you can. You know you can smuggle around the
Mediterranean on these ships, but if you want to take a good trip like to Mexico or South America you can't have a girl like that lay in a hole in the ship for two or three weeks.” I said, “I realize that. That is just what I am trying to do. How do most of the girls come into Beyruit?” He answered, “You see, what you could have done was to come here yourself and then write to your girl from here. The Prefect in Marseille would give her a passport for Beyruit without any trouble, even though she is only seventeen.”

I said, “Are many fresh kids (young girls) coming in here that way?” He replied, “You can't find any young ones here at all. It's no place for them! You can't get a young French girl with any make-up (style; backbone) to her to take an Arab. It's all waste here for that kind. A nice young kid can make money, real money, not this .... they have here”.

I said, “There seems to be a lot of French boys and girls here”. He said, “That's it! There are too many!” I said, “If things are so bad, why do they keep coming then?” He answered, “It's just the other way around! Anybody who has any money leaves. I'll tell you what we get here: A bunch of gals who can't get visas for Egypt. They come here.” I said, “Why don't they smuggle in?” He replied, “They have passports all right and when they can't get into Egypt, they don't try the other way, but come here. The Greeks and Turks also come in. This is heaven for them! Besides all the strangers (foreigners), there's so many Syrians that they spoil the business. Take the sailors that come in. - They fool around with our girls and then go to bed with a Syrian. Anyhow I'll find out to-morrow or the next day how things are in Alexandria. If the boys tell me that they couldn't land a charge (girl) on this trip, we'll land her here. I'll put you wise to some good places for a girl like yours to work. You can stay here a few months and then take her back to France. The tourist season is just starting in Paris and she can land better men there than any place if she knows her game. Take my advice! These places (resorts) are all good for house girls, but from what you say about your's, she's got to be placed where real money is.”

I said, “Well, then, we will have to wait and see. If we find out that things are tight in Alexandria, we'll have her land here, and maybe we can place her in a good house. She ain't the kind of a girl who likes to do the street.” He said, “I can fix it all up for you. If you want her in a house, I'll arrange to get her into the best in the city.”

I then suggested that he accompany me about to the houses so that I could see what kind of a place I could expect in case I wanted to put her into a licensed resort. This he readily agreed to do. He said, “All the houses in Beyruit lay in this section. We got the best and the worst here.”

We then roamed about and visited seventeen houses of prostitution. These resorts are situated upon streets adjacent to Rue el Mutanerie, which branch out in all directions. None of the streets or alleyways have name plates; in fact, the entire locality in which the houses of prostitution are situated is a veritable maze.

In the houses visited I found inmates who appeared to be more than twenty-five years of age; and among the foreigners the French are the most numerous. There are also a number of Greeks, Turks, Italians, Russians and Romanians, but all are old time, well-seasoned prostitutes.
Beyruit, Syria
May 14, 1925

I spent most of my time with Joseph Fournier who was at the pimps’ hangout #22 rue el Mutanerie. There were present eight other French pimps. I met them in the usual way that pimps introduce each other. According to Joseph Fournier all have been in Beyruit for some time. He said, “Well, what do you want to do about that girl of yours? I saw a couple of boys from the boat that came in yesterday. They said they did not take anybody to Alexandria on this trip, but they are sure that it is all right. One of them said he was in to see Louis (See Alexandria report) and also the boys at the cafe. He went to ask about jobs and they told him they had nothing. He (sailor) says that if there was any trouble in Alexandria they would have let him know. I’d try it out if I were in your place. If you want to speak to the boys yourself they’ll be here tonight. You’ll see them. They’ll tell you the same they told me.”

I said, “I believe what you say. Do the boys from the ship always show up here the same as they do in Alexandria?” He said, “Every trip they’re in here.” I said, “They can’t get much work out of Beyruit” He replied, “They don’t, but every now and then they get a job, - mostly boys (pimps). There’s a bunch of fellows in here without papers. They always haul them back and forth.”

I then told Joseph Fournier that I thought it would be best to have my girl proceed to Beyruit instead of Alexandria and asked him to help me arrange to put her into a house.

We visited eight houses in this section which are owned by Frenchmen, but operated by their madams. At Maison Doree, the best French house, I explained that my woman would arrive on the next ship, and I wanted to place her in the house. The madam said, “I’ll take her in. You can pick out her room and it will cost you fifty Egyptian P.T. a day for her room and board. She has to split fifty-fifty with the house on her men.” I said, “This girl is only seventeen years old; and she aint got any papers”. Madame Doree said, “I can take her in just the same. Nobody needs to know. We wont report her to the police. The age here is eighteen, but it won’t make any difference.” I said, “Are you sure? I don’t want any trouble. Do you have any girls as young as that now?” She said, “No, but leave it to me. I’ll take her in. I have good trade here too.” Joseph Fournier knows that. If she is the right kind, I can make her.”

I said, “What I want to know is this: How much do I get for placing her here?” She said, “When she’s here I’ll talk it over with you.” I said, “Then it’s too late. Now is the time.” Joseph Fournier spoke up and said, “You’ll be satisfied with 25 L Syrian won’t you ($25)?” I said, “In Cairo I can get 50 L Egyptian.” Joseph Fournier said, “I told you there is money there. Here you can’t get any. Take my advice; don’t worry about what you’ll get as a start. This is a 5 L house and she’ll make nice money here.” I said, “If I take you up on it are you going to charge it to the girl?” Madame Doree said, “Who then? You don’t think I am going to pay, do you? She wont need to know you got it. We’ll say Joseph Fournier got it from me for getting the place, and you told me to give it to him”. I said, “How about me sleeping in here? Can I?” She replied, “If you want to, I don’t care.”

We then left the house. Joseph Fournier said, “It’s a good place for her for a couple of months anyway. Get yourself a room outside the house. It’s better.” I asked, “Why, are the police strict?” He said, “No, you see we are always around the joints, don’t you? It interferes with business.”
continued, “Here you got nothing at all to worry about from the cops. I have been here eight years and never had any trouble. They know me. I go to Marseille, I come back and nothing is said. It is even better than Paris here for boys. Nobody will ever bother you.”

I then told Joseph Fournier that I had to return to Haifa this evening where I intended to wire my girl from. I agreed to be on hand when the S.S. Lotus arrives.

**Beyruit, Syria**

*May 12-13-14, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Summary**

I spent about two and one-half days in Beyruit, Syria. The city is said to have nearly half a million inhabitants, but very few are Europeans. Among the small European population, the French are apparently the most numerous; whereas Italians and Greeks are also well represented.

Through a pimp’s acquaintance in Port Said I made the acquaintance of Joseph Fournier, a French pimp who has been in Syria since the French Protectorate was established. Coming from an old friend of Joseph Fournier’s I did not have any trouble in representing myself as a member of his set. I located him at a cafe in the heart of the segregated district #22 rue el Mutanerie. In order to ascertain facts concerning what the pimps in Beyruit are doing, I gave what appeared to me to be a reasonable alibi for my presence in Beyruit.

Joseph Fournier admitted that he and the other pimps in Beyruit have friends aboard the Messagareres Maritime Line boats who will convey them or their women to ports of call of these steamers. He stated that persons smuggled upon these ships can secure an easy entrada into Beyruit. He said the boats are poorly policed and one can enter or leave a ship without difficulty. He likewise contended that women in Beyruit who have passports, but cannot secure an Egyptian visas, use this route to gain entrance into Alexandria and from there go to other cities in that country.

He at first discouraged me about bringing a girl into Beyruit because of the scarcity of money and depreciated currency, but later encouraged me when he imagined that he could make a commission for getting my girl situated in a house.

I visited about twenty houses in this segregated district. The places I entered are supposed to be resorts of the first order and the only houses where the best-class of prostitutes can be found. In these resorts I met French, Italians, Greeks, Turks, Romanians and also prostitutes of other nationalities. The French prostitutes, however comprise the greatest number of foreign prostitutes. All appeared more than twenty-five years of age and I could readily see that they had been prostitutes for years.

Along with the foreign prostitutes one may see Syrian girls, Arabs, and others, seated behind latticed doors and windows, beckoning to the crowds of men who roam about this district nightly.
There are more than one hundred and fifty houses in this section and the streets are so crooked and cut up that once in, it is difficult to find the way out.

Joseph Fournier introduced me to various madams. Madame Doree, one of these madams, agreed to accept a seventeen year old girl from me for her house, and also to pay me 25 L Syrian money for putting the girl in her place. Joseph Fournier likewise was to get a share. The madams give money in this way to the pimps and the prostitutes have to pay it back to the madams. Madame Doree likewise stated that I could live in the house. From Joseph Fournier and other pimps I learned that the police in Beyruit never interfere with the boys (pimps).

I also visited such cabarets as Chez Minon Danceland, Bar du Clarion and Belge Dancing Palace. All these places are located on rue el Mutanerie. They are French owned and operated and have French prostitutes in all of them.

The Kursaal Cafe, Alphonse Cafe and cafes along the river front near the Orient Hotel were also visited. All the prostitutes whom I met were well over age.

**Constantinople, Turkey**

*May 18-19, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

While in Cairo, Egypt, I learned from Aronsnick (see Cairo report) that he had a few years ago been one of the leaders among the pimps of Constantinople. He, at the time when I was familiar with him in Cairo, also mentioned that he kept a saloon in Galata in the heart of Galata's segregated district. Upon arrival in Constantinople I sought the Galata district and inquired for Aronsnick’s old place. I soon learned that he is no longer in Constantinople and the persons whom I met referred me to him in Cairo. I stated that I had been here before the war and had just returned from Rio. A prostitute named Lilly knew Aronsnick very well and she was instrumental in introducing me into the pimps’ hangout, where I met hevra men. Lilly, although a Russian, speaks English fluently, as she was brought to London at the age of two by her parents. At the present time she is an inmate in Hanna’s House of Prostitution.

The streets in Constantinople bear no name signs in English, and very few of the houses in the segregated district are numbered.

Lilly said, “Here is where Aronsnick kept. He left just before the war. If you are going to Cairo, you can find him there.” I said, “I’ll go anywhere that I can find a wife.” Lilly said, “I have no husband; if you got any money, take me to Rio with you. I want to get out of this place. I have been here for twelve years and if I could only get enough money I’d leave.”

I said, “Why did you ever come here?” She replied, “I was crazy! I was only fifteen years old. A girl in London brought me. I made a nice few pounds, but then the war came. All of us were put into
a camp during the German occupation and I spent nearly five years there.” I said, “What camp were
you in?” She replied, “It was a place six miles outside of the city. A small town. Naturally we could
not do any business and all we had we lost.” I asked, “Was the camp for business girls (professional
prostitutes) only?” She replied, “No, all aliens. When the English came they let us out. Then things
were good again, but now I’ll tell you the truth, there aint any of the girls who has enough to buy a
dress. If you are looking for a wife, you can get all you want here. Show any girl a chance to get away
and she’ll go quick.” I said, “Why, they all have boys. What’s the use of you telling me that?” Lilly
said, “Not all. You can see for yourself how bad things are here. Look at this street! Didn’t the boys
(pimps) tell you how rotten business is?” I said, “I haven’t seen any of the boys yet. I was looking for
Aronsnick’s place when I met you.” She said, “Oh, I see. I’ll take you to the boys’ place. You see, here
in Turkey they used to have prohibition like in America, but now that is all over, yet they cannot
have pubs (public houses or saloons) like in England, so you will find the boys always in the coffee’s.”
(coffee houses).

Lilly put on a wrap and then took me to a coffee house on the street which runs at right angles
to the first street of the Galata district. (I could find no name of the street nor number of the place
so I have indicated its exact location on the map. See exhibit.)

The coffee house was crowded with pimps. Lilly called one outside, and said, “This boy is a
hevra man. He came from Rio. He was looking for Aronsnick. I told him Aronsnick is in Cairo.
Maybe you can help him out.”

The pimp then invited me into the hangout, and cross-questioned me. I mentioned several
persons whom he knew in Rio, and told him a few things about Aronsnick which apparently satisfied
him. He said, “Didn’t the boys in Rio send a grease to Aronsnick?” I said, “Of course they did.” He
said, “Nu, well, let’s see it.” (A grease is a letter usually given to hevra men travelling in a strange land
to friends. This letter also serves as an identification, and at the same time is the carrier of salutations
between the pimps.) I said, “I have been here before. Why should I bring a letter to Aronsnick when
I know him well? The boys all want to be remembered to him.” He said, “Oh I see; I thought you
didn’t know him.”

As soon as the other pimps in the cafe heard that I had just come from South America they all
began to gather around me. I was besieged with such questions as “Business conditions there?” “How
much it costs to go?” “Are the police hard on boys?” Can a boy and girl get into Brazil easily?” etc.

I finally admitted that I came to Constantinople for a girl, and stated that Aronsnick when he was
here had fixed up several of the boys, “so I thought I’d come over to see him as long as I was in Marseille.”

The pimp whom Lilly introduced me to is called Nathan by the other pimps. Nathan said, “Do
you think any of us would stay here if we could help it? Do you know that things are really so bad
here that some of the boys actually sit and see how many men their wife gets? The f______ girls here
are no good. They wont let the boys have a square deal, and the f______ madams are worse. They
wont play fair or let the boys know when she’s (girl) got a man. Those are not the kind of girls to
spend money on! The s______ of b______ wont play square at all!”
I said, “That kind I am not looking for. These girls here know too much! If I could land a nice fresh one then I’d know what to do.

Nathan said, “Oh I thought you wanted one of these girls in the street here (district). If you do I know a couple who have boys who want to get rid of them and if you should like one you could square off her debts, give the boy what he wants and good-by, good luck! Here, I’ll tell you. A girl can be a beauty and it’s no use! There’s no money here. There’s some good-looking girls on this street. In a place where there is money a boy could make a few hundred pounds.”

I said, “Are they all hooked (in debt) with the balibous?” (madames). Nathan said, “Certainly! There was one boy who made some money at klaberjass (card game); he was going to take his girl over to Alexandria. The girl tried to beat the madam out of her money. She had her stopped when she went to leave. In this f... country you can get jailed for debt and you got to get permission to leave. Nearly all those girls are in so deep they can’t get out unless some good fellow like you comes along and buys them out. I’m telling you facts, not fairy tales.”

I said, “Those girls don’t bother me at all. I know the kind I am looking for. If Aronsnick was here he’d be able to tell me where to go or what to do. I am not going to bother about buying some boy out unless I can’t do any better myself.” Nathan said, “There’s plenty of fresh girls on the Pera, but it’s not so easy to take them away. Besides its dangerous business!” I said, “What is dangerous about it?” He replied, “Before the war when Aronsnick was here, things were different. You could get girls and do like you wanted with them. Now, if you don’t treat your girl right, you can get in a fine trouble.” I said, “Are the police here hard to get along with?” He replied, “No, they cannot touch us at all unless our wives go against us. Like all over they are a lot of grafters! Every house pays to the police on the street. They have to, otherwise they wont let the girls hustle on the walks or from the windows. If they (police) keep them inside like they are supposed to, they (prostitutes) would get no trade at all. A girl here has to be three ways or they starve altogether. I you want, you and I can take a look around and if you see a girl you like, I’ll find out from her husband if he wants to get rid of her, then I’ll try to fix it for you.” I said, “And if I buy a boy out, what will he do?” Nathan said, “Never mind about him! He’ll take care of himself. You take care of yourself.”

I said, “Yesterday you said these girls are not the kind a boy wants to spend money on. To-day you say if they were in a place where there is money, they’d make good.” Nathan said, “What I said was that some of these girls are no good. You can’t leave them for a minute or they run it into you! It may be because business is so bad here that the girls start that hold-out business; but anyhow I know a good many have to be watched. Anyhow, look around. A girl that holds out here on me, may be just the opposite for you. You know how those things are.”

We then went about the Galata district together. We entered house after house and conversed with the madams and inmates.
I spent a good part of these two days in the company of Nathan and other pimps whom I met through him. One of my new acquaintances is known as Aaron Cocotte. After Aaron Cocotte and I had been together awhile he said, “Nathan tells me you are looking to buy somebody out.” I said, “What I am looking for is a girl. Something fresh is more like it.” Aaron Cocotte said, “Fresh ones you won’t find here, but there is many a good girl in the houses here that a fellow can use if he wants to take her to a place where there is money. What do you want to go all the way back to Rio for? Don’t you know that in Egypt there’s more money to be made?” I said, “So I heard, but I also heard that it is hard to get in.” Aaron Cocotte said, “Don’t be a fool! On the 17th three girls left with boys. Every boat somebody goes away.” I said, “Maybe they had a better passport than mine.” He said, “They didn’t have a paper; for Egypt you don’t need any.” I pretended ignorance of that which he was alluding to and said, “It’s the only place I ever heard that you could get in without a pass. It must be a crook way.” Nathan said, “Why certainly. What else could it be?” Aaron Cocotte then continued, “We have boys here on the boats who take girls and boys over for fifty pounds Turkish. Yes, and they don’t take a cent unless you are safely landed”. I said, “How is it done?” He said, “You dress as sailors; the girls too. I should have pounds for everybody that goes that way!” I said, “What boats are they using?” He replied, “Passenger ships. We have friends on the Messageres Maritime Line (From Marseille), Litmar (S.S. Line), Lloyd Triestino (S.S. Line), Khedivial Mail Line, - any line you want.”

I said, “How about getting aboard here?” He said, “There’s nothing to it! You find a girl, and you want to go, I will arrange everything for you. Egypt is a fine place! Besides when once you are there you can get a passport through the hevra (Jews’ Club). Aronsnick, the man you came here looking for, is in Cairo. He can fix you papers that will take you any place.” I said, “But how about getting off on the other end?” He said, “It’s all right. The boys tell you when to move. They go off first and fix things up with the police.”

I said, “If it’s so cheap, and so easy, why don’t more of the boys take their girls over?” He said, “I told you they are going all the time. Everybody that can afford it goes. The trouble is, so many here are so deep in hook (debt) that they have to stay.” I said, “Lilly or Nathan was telling me that all the girls are in hook. Why is it?” He replied, “Business is bad, and nearly everybody in this section here was for five years in a camp during the war. I own three houses on that street. My wife runs one of them. We have 15 girls and each one owes me from 125 to 150 pounds, Turkish. When they pay, they can go. It’s the same with everybody else who owes”. I said, “Suppose a girl who owes you, packs up and leaves? What could you do?” He said, “When I see her clothes gone, I go to the police and get a warrant. If they catch her, she goes to jail. Of course, if she is clever and gets a good start, I could not catch her, but if she stays in Constantinople I’d find her out. You see I have papers from each girl. They sign the papers which say how much she owes me. Without papers I couldn’t do nothing. Yes, that is the way it goes here.”

I said, “Well, tell me where there is something good. Not an old-timer.” He said, “I know three different boys who want to get rid of their girls, -girls who could make a nice few pounds for
anybody - girls who ain’t afraid to work, - Russian girls; and you know that a Russian girl is as good as a Frenchie. The trouble is, these girls need a start. They are hard up. So are the boys. If you take one out to a place like Cairo or Alexandria, you are a made man.”

I said, “I told you the kind I am after. I don’t want any old stock.” Aaron Cocotte said, “Fresh ones you have to get yourself. If you want a girl who knows the business, I can help. You aint the only boy who comes here looking for girls. I know four or five Romanian and Russian boys who came back from Egypt and took nice girls back with them.” I said, “What do you mean by nice girls?” He said, “Girls from these houses. I am telling you it is the safest and best way. Fresh girls are too much trouble and pretty dangerous too!” I said, “Has anybody been tripped (caught) recently?” He said, “No, but you know it’s not so easy to locate one and then it’s so much trouble with all the passport business that it aint worth it.” I said, “There is always enough queer passports around to help a fellow out.” He said, “Yes, but what kind are they? I have a man who can fix up Russian and Romanian passes, but who wants them? Nobody is getting them! Why? Because it is easier to go to Egypt by the crook way, and when you leave, get papers that are worth something.”

I said, “I heard that there are plenty of fresh girls in Romania. A boy from Peru, who is now in Paris, wanted me to go over there with him.” Aaron Cocotte said, “There it’s always good. Especially if a boy has a few dollars to invest in making himself like a mocher (respectable business man). There you can get a wife easy. There’s a boy by the name of Moescher Becuvet. Do you know him? Well he was up there a few months ago. He knows how things are better than anybody. He’ll be over in the restaurant a little later. I’ll introduce you to him.” I said, “Did he bring any back?” Moescher Becuvet said, “No. He went up there to see his family.”

This entire conversation took place at the pimps’ hangout at X… (on the street described in first report). We then visited the eating place of the pimps and prostitutes (which is diagonally opposite) and also another pimps’ hangout. (coffee house upon the corner directly opposite).

All places were crowded with pimps. They gather there usually about 4 P.M. and remain until the houses close.

In the Kosher restaurant I met Moescher Becuvet. Aaron Cocotte and Nathan introduced me as a boy from South America. Aaron Cocotte said, “Say, Moescher Becuvet, he is looking for a wife. He wants a Roumanischer (Romanian). How is things up there?” Moescher Becuvet replied, “There’s plenty. You don’t mean Roumanischer schicksers (Romanian Christian girls) do you?” I said, “Any kind. I aint so particular”. He said, “The schicksers are no good. They are all right for goys (Christian boys) but not for our kind. Maybe you are a goy (Christian boy). Who knows! Say, I met many goys who speak Yiddish. Anyhow you can get a nice wife there.”

I said, “Where abouts in Romania?” He replied, “Bucharest; Chernowitz is good too. If I didn’t have a wife I would have brought one back.” I said, “I thought a fellow could have four wives here.” He said, “Yes, sure! A half dozen too! If you had a wife here, you would know how hard it is to handle one, let alone four!” I said, “Maybe you know of some of the hevra there who could put me wise.” He replied, “I know boys up there, but they’ll do you no good. If you are looking for epis frissen (something fresh), go alone and you’ll do better. Don’t let anybody know your business. I know a
boy from Egypt who got himself a wife in Bucharest. They're all crazy to go to Palestine. He told her what a big guy he is in Jerusalem. She fell easy! He brought her here and now they're in Cairo.”

I said, “Did he have any trouble in putting her into business?” He said, “No, it was easy. You know, if it ain't one thing, it's another with these girls.” I said, “Then he never took her to Palestine at all?” He laughed and said, “All bluff! He has never been there himself.” I said, “How about her folks?” He said, “She had nobody. She was working in a restaurant there.” I said, “She wasn’t very young?” He replied, “About twenty-one or twenty-two but, if I tell you, a good girl (pretty).” I said, “Perhaps I know him.” He said, “No. He always has been between here and Egypt. He never was in South America. If you got enough money to spare it's good to go up there; but just as Aaron Cocotte says, you can buy a wife here who'll be just as good.” I said, “That buying a wife I don't like. I know too many boys who got yentzed (badly fooled) up that way.” Aaron Cocotte said, “You aint doing business here with a Frenchman. If you give a boy some pounds and settled his wife's debts, she's your's! Of course if the girl says no then it's no, but when anybody wants to get rid of his wife, always the girl is usually willing.”

We roamed about together and visited a number of other houses in the Galata section. The boys also pointed out places in the Pera section where pimps hang out, and we loitered about these places so that I could become known to the habitues.

**Constantinople, Turkey**

*May 22-23, 1925*

While in company of Aaron Cocotte, Nathan and Moescher Becuvet, I visited about fourteen houses of prostitution in the Galata section. I was introduced to Sam Goldstein and Izaak, two Russian pimps. Aaron Cocotte said, “Both these boys have girls who they want to get rid of.” I asked Sam Goldstein why he wanted to part with his wife. He said, “She's a good girl, but we don't get along good together. It's always one fight after the other.”

I said, “How do you know that she would go with me?” He replied, “Anybody she'll go with to get away from me.” I thanked him for the compliment and said, “How long have you had her?” He said, “Don't ask! I brought her here from Kiev before the war. She had nothing. Now she's tired of me and aint the same.” I said, “It don't sound good to me. Anyway, how much do you want?” He said, “I need one hundred pounds Turkish.” I said, “How do I know but that after I would pay you, she'd not go with me?” He said, “We'll arrange to have her leave for Egypt. That's where you want to take her, aint it? Well, you give her nothing. After she's on the boat you pay the boys for the trip. Then you pay me before you leave.” I said, “Suppose when she arrives in Alexandria she passes me up.” He replied, “How can she? She'll agree before. You could see the hevra and they'd make her come to terms. Didn't you ever buy out a boy?” I said, “No; in South America they don't buy, they steal! That is how I lost my girl.” He said, “Stealing a gal aint healthy in Constantinople. In Egypt neither.”

I said, “What would you do?” He said, “I'll find a girl for myself. Don't worry!” I said, “That's what I am looking for. Your wife may be a good money-getter but I'd rather find my own.” Moescher Becuvet said, “Why don't you take Lilly the little English girl? She'd go away with you to-morrow.
She has no man. I have known her since she came to Constantinople and not only is she a nice girl but a good money-maker in a city where there is money.” I said, “That is old stock again! I’ll cop something fresh before I invest any money”.

Sam Goldstein said, “Of course with money you can do anything. If I had the money I wouldn’t be here, and if I was not here I’d have something fresh too.”

We then withdrew to Cafe, #12 rue ? (First street parallel with rue Bayrand, back of Tocatlon Hotel). This place is situated in the heart of the Pera segregated district, and is the hangout of pimps who have prostitutes in the better-class houses of this section.

Aaron Cocotte said, “In these houses here you’ll find girls who make more money than the girls down the hill. There’s a few around here who aint got man. Once you get known around here you’ll know who is who, and you should be able to get one for yourself.” I said, “Yes and as soon as I get known I’ll go to jail!” He said, “And tell me, what for?” I said, “You know how the police all over the world like the boys! Constantinople aint any different.”

Aaron Cocotte said, “It is different. Here you are safe and free to go and do as you want so long as your girl don’t go and make a lot of noise about you. But, take my advice. When you see a girl, be sure you find out if she has a man before you play her up. Then you can make progress. You said about stealing a girl, - that is the French boys’ trick. We aint got many French boys here. I don’t know one, but before the war nobody but a French boy could hold a French girl. That is what they thought. So whenever a steal took place, we had trouble here. There’s girls here who will lie and say they aint got boys just to get somebody to take them away. You know, this is a tough place. You can avoid a lot of trouble by being careful.” I said, “You don’t need to be afraid, I’ll not try any of those stunts.”

Aaron Cocotte said, “You know whenever a hevra man comes to town and tells anybody that he is looking for something, everybody who has a girl and you know when things are not so kosher (good; regular) between them, they have moyra (fear). Well, can you blame them? Boys come here from Cairo and take girls back, and the boys here get stuck. Well, what girl wouldn’t take a chance with a new man in a place where there is a good living?”

I said, “Why do all these boys who come here for girls take these old timers?” Nathan said, “It is not so easy getting the other kind.” I asked, “Why is it the French boys do it? They always have new ones.” Aaron Cocotte said, “Not here! We have very few French naphy’s (prostitutes). I don’t think there are any French boys here at all. The only way is when you get a girl and you are going to take her for a wife, - do it and let nobody know. You are a young fellow. You can make (get) a nice wife. Can I, or Aaron Cocotte or Sam Goldstein? We are glad with what we got.” I said, “I know all of that, but I am in a strange country. I don’t know how to be able to avoid trouble.” Aaron Cocotte said, “There is only one way: When you meet a girl, marry her. Here you aint known. She’s your wife and nobody can point a finger at you.” I said, “Do all the boys marry their girls?” Sam Goldstein said, “You’ll find most of them that way. It’s the best.”

Sometime later in the day I met Lilly, the prostitute who was instrumental in introducing me to the pimps. She was as usual in Hanna’s House of Prostitution. She said, “I see you are keeping
steady company nowadays”. I asked for an explanation. She said, “You are hanging around with Aaron Cocotte and his bunch. You are in fine company! What is he trying to do? Have you buy out some boy?” I said, “Not exactly. He just suggested it.” She said, “That’s what he does to everybody of the hevra who comes in.” I said, “What kind of a game is he trying to work?” She replied, “He is an old-time pimp. Everybody knows him. He, and Sam Goldstein and Nathan and that whole crowd are hungry for money. Everybody they interest themselves in, - in my business, in your business, - Everybody! How many times do you think their wives tried to run away from them? That Sam Goldstein has his wife so scared that she is afraid he’ll murder her! It’s a wonder they walk around with you. Because when they leave the cafe they can’t keep track of how much money their wives make.” I said, “Do many of the boys here sell out their girls?” She answered, “Only boys like that lart (kind). They are lambs on the outside, but lions on the inside.” I said, “Well, suppose they were to sell me a wife? What would they do for another?” She said, “Aaron Cocotte owns three houses on the next street. If Sam Goldstein got rid of his girl Aaron Cocotte would encourage one of the girls in his house, who aint got anybody, to couple up with him. He is a regular broker! You know how they work. The girls that they play are the girls that are in debt over their heads. I owe Hanna about 100 L. Aaron Cocotte, if he has a hevra man like you, for instance, who is looking for a wife, comes to me and introduces the boy, tells me that Hanna will call the debt off if I go with him. Hanna gets the money paid back and Aaron Cocotte makes his commission from the boy, and from Hanna.” I said, “And suppose you wouldn’t agree?” She replied, “Me,- they can’t monkey with. They know it too, but girls in Aaron Cocotte’s houses are so in debt that he treats them rough and even threatens to put them in jail. I wouldn’t have a boy here for anything! Not only do we girls have to work hard with the Turks (trade) but we have no comfort at all from our men.”

Constantinople, Turkey
May 24-25-26, 1925

During the last three days in Constantinople I visited the houses of prostitution in the Pera section, the cabarets, hotels and also places which are frequented by pimps. My pimp acquaintances accompanied me to the resorts and also places which are frequented by pimps and prostitutes.

Nathan suggested Pastry Shop, #2 rue Petit Champ as a place where I would undoubtedly be able to meet a young girl. He said, “In this place you can always find working girls who aint regular business girls (professional prostitutes). They aint got husbands (pimps). What they have is sweethearts. You ought to be able to connect up with one of those girls. I know some who speak English. You see, when this country was occupied by the English and American sailors they all had them as sweethearts.”

I asked, “Where do they come from?” Her replied, “Some are refugees from Russia, then there are a bunch of Greek girls too.”

I said, “Have any of the boys here ever done anything with them?” He said, “I know a couple of fellows who have been playing around with them, but you know it takes money to leave here, and that is something which the boys aint got.”
I said, “How about the boys who come to Constantinople or those that pass through?” He replied, “It’s an easy job to land them, especially if you promise them a trip to Egypt. The boys who come here usually have something in mind, so they don’t bother much but pass on further.” I said, “Well, where do they go?” He answered, “In Romania there are plenty. It’s very easy there to get a fresh girl.” I said, “Romania is a large place.” He said, “I know it, but the boys when they go there know just where to look. Take a place like Constantza. Things are bad there. A girl is glad to get away. Along the streets you can find nice, fine girls. If I had the money, I’d go with you and I’ll bet you anything in less than ten days we both could get a fine girl!”

I asked, “But how can you get a girl out of the country?” He replied, “If she’s too young to get a passport, marry her. Take it from me, that is the best way. If you try a lot of crook ways and you get caught, they will hang on you all kinds of charges even before you committed any crimes. Marry her and they got to let her have a passport. Then when you are away from the country you can do as you please and you’ll never get into trouble.” I said, “But suppose a fellow is married?” He said, “What the hell is the difference? I have been married four times. I never got a divorce. Tell me one boy who ever did! My wives were all business girls. They are married again too. Tell me who could bother you so long as the wife who left you don’t holler? You know she wouldn’t because she’s tied up with somebody.” I said, “Well, I guess you are right, but we will have to let the marrying stunt go until we get the girl.”

While we were seated in this place at least eleven young girls entered at various times. Not one was over seventeen years of age. Nathan pointed them out to me as clandestine prostitutes. I was introduced to four of them. Three were Greeks who were born in Constantinople, and one was a Russian who came here eight years ago. Each girl whom I met solicited me and admitted that she was unregistered.

Nathan said, “You can see for yourself how young these kids are. The way for you to do is to grab off one. Stay with her a few times. Give her money. Show her a good time and then ask her to go away with you. None of these kids have boys, so you aint got nothing to fear. Just pack up and leave with her.” I said, “Yes, but how can I arrange to get out of Constantinople?” He answered, “Aaron Cocotte or I can fix all that up. We’ll get her off on a boat to Alexandria for 50 L Turkish. You just get yourself the girl; we will attend to the shipping. Aaron Cocotte has the police in his hand. For 5 L he can fix them easily. The boys from the boat will arrange everything else. If you want to go along the same way you can.”

Later in the evening I met Aaron Cocotte. He said, “I heard from Nathan that you are shooting at those kids up in the pastry shop in Pera. Let me tell you, there aint one there who aint got good makings (good money-maker) in her! A boy from Alexandria met one three months ago and took her to Cairo with him. Every one of them is glad to get a chance.” I said, “Do you know any one of them personally, so you could put in a good word?” He replied, “I know a little Russian girl who is twenty years old. I’ll tell you what I’ll do: I’ll meet her to-night and make a date with her (boost; speak in your favor) and then you take her out.” I said, “Is she a regular girl?” He answered, “She aint registered. She hangs around cafes, and dance halls and then takes her Johns (customers) to a hotel. She is one of those charity x… who wont take money if you kid her right.”
I said, “How long has she been here? Has she any parents in Constantinople?” He replied, “Oh, she’s been here for six or seven years. I don’t think she has anybody but an aunt or uncle here. What the hell do you care what she’s got, if she wants to go away with you? I had her out once myself and she’s pretty good going. I told her I’d give her a place in my house, but she don’t want to work in a joint.”

I said, “How is it that you just thought of her now? All week you have been trying to have me buy out one of the boys. Now you come along with this one.” He said, “When a boy comes to me and asks for a wife I naturally think he wants to buy a boy out. After I took you around and I see that nobody pleases you and then you tell me you want somebody that’s fresh what else could I do? Business girls who want to leave Constantinople I know. Them I can fix you up with quick, but tell me how should I be able to tell you where the fresh ones are? I am too old and not the kind who can chase the young ones. Nathan tells me where you two have been for the last two days. Then it comes to me about this one I know. I thought I’d introduce you and let you work it out yourself. I know that you’ll remember me (pay me) before you leave. Besides you are a hevra man and maybe sometime you can do me a favor.”

The following night I met Aaron Cocotte and a prostitute whom he introduced to me as Reba. The girl appeared to be about twenty-two years of age but admitted that she is but twenty. She stated that she came to Constantinople in 1919 with her aunt and uncle and has been here all that time. She also admitted that she had worked as a milliner in a shop on the Grand Rue de Pera but lost her position and has since practiced prostitution clandestinely. She speaks some English, but is more proficient in Russian, French and Turkish. I questioned her as to how she met Aaron Cocotte and she stated that a girl friend of her’s works in one of his houses.

I asked her why she is not in a house and she said, “I can make more upon the streets.” I questioned her concerning the likelihood of being picked up by the police for failure to register. She said, “I have been caught four times but I always give them a few pounds and they let me go.” She also stated that during the occupation of Constantinople by the Allies she committed her first sexual act with an English soldier who promised to marry her. She also expressed a willingness to go to Egypt and said that Aaron Cocotte had told her I would be glad to take her. I said, “Has Aaron Cocotte ever tried to get you a husband (boy) before?” She said, “Yes, but I want to go away from here. All his friends have no money.” I told her I would see her later and try to arrange matters.

When I saw Aaron Cocotte he immediately inquired as to how I liked the girl. I said, “She told me that you asked her to go away with me.” Aaron Cocotte said, “Yes, sure. I know she wants to leave. That makes it easier for you”. I said, “Well, I’ll think it over.” He said, “There’s a boat going Wednesday and another Saturday. You let me know and I’ll see the boys. The night before is time enough.” I agreed to let him know as soon as I came to an agreement with the girl.
Constantinople, Turkey
May 18-27, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Summary

During the ten days spent in Constantinople I tried to visit as many as possible of the vast number of places wherein prostitution is practiced.

I soon learned that each section of the city has its own segregated district. In some instances it appeared as if the entire section had licensed and unlicensed resorts, as there is such a multitude of places.

In the Pera district one will find the Abanos section where the better class houses are located. This section is situated two blocks back of the Trogatlion Hotel and apparently contains more than a hundred licensed resorts.

Also in the Pera district the Zibah section has about thirty houses of prostitution. This section is in the immediate vicinity of the Pera Palace Hotel, between the street upon which the hotel is situated and the Grand Rue Pera.

The Zibah segregated district is considered a cheaper locality and therefore attracts a different clientele than the Abanos district.

In addition to the two districts just described, in the Pera section, a new Moslem segregated district is gradually invading the section of Pera across the Grand Rue de Pera, near Taxim.

In Stamboul there is also a large segregated district which is made up mainly of Moslems, and also in Scutari another Moslem section may be found.

Not far from the Pont Neuf, the Galata section is situated. This section contains more than a hundred and fifty houses, and caters mostly to seafaring men and Moslems.

From information received, and also from observation, I learned that the Pera section and the Galata section contain most of the foreign prostitutes and pimps, so I therefore concentrated my activities on these localities.

Although these localities are spoken of as segregated districts, it can be truthfully stated that one cannot venture into any section of the city without being confronted with commercialized prostitution in one phase or another.

Galata

The so-called “segregated district” in this section contains about a hundred and fifty houses. These houses are small, ill-kept, unsanitary, and harbor from four to six inmates. The inmates are all women
much above twenty-one years of age, and mainly foreigners. Greeks seem to predominate although Russians, Bulgarians, Romanians, and Armenians are also well represented.

The inmates usually reside upon the premises, pay for board and room, and also share fifty percent of their earnings with the owners. One cannot pass through the streets of this section without being accosted by the women seated in the doorways and upon the sidewalks.

Through pimp acquaintances in Egypt I was able to meet several pimps in the city. These pimps are known to me as Nathan, Aaron Cocotte and Moescher Becuvet; also at least seven others whom I spoke to, but could not secure their names.

The prostitutes and pimps complained about business conditions in Constantinople. They contended that they are scarcely making enough to buy themselves the barest necessities of life, and all are anxious to secure enough money to be able to leave for countries where business is good.

Both the prostitutes and their pimps have their eyes focused on Alexandria and Cairo, and from what information I could gather, they are trying to beg, borrow or steal enough money to get away.

From the prostitutes I learned that the pimps have been reduced to such need that they spend their entire day checking up their girls’ earnings. They actually sit in the hangouts and count the number of customers their women entertain. As a result of these conditions the prostitutes and their pimps are continually at odds with each other and according to Lilly the pimps are only able to keep their women by threats and beatings. This, of course, the pimps do not admit; but they did mention that their women try to hold out (retain money) on them.

The prostitutes in this section are all badly in debt to the owners, and the owners in this way are able to keep them in virtual slavery. The only way a prostitute can leave a house is through settlement of her debts and this apparently can only be done by a pimp who happens into town and actually buys the woman from her pimp and settles her accounts.

Aaron Cocotte, an owner of three houses in this section, tried his best to sell me various women. I accompanied him from house to house and he pointed out girls who want to leave their pimps and are therefore for sale. He admitted that this sort of procedure has been going on for some time, and that pimps have come from Egypt to Constantinople and bought women.

Aaron Cocotte also explained that for 50 L Turkish a person can ship out of Constantinople for Alexandria. He named the Messagieres Maritime Line (from Marseille), Litmar (S.S. Line), Khedivial Mail Line, and Lloyd Triestino (S.S. Line) as the lines that are being used.

He spoke of fixing the police so that the persons can be taken aboard, and also mentioned that with each sailing there are persons who leave via that route.

When questioned as to what the pimps do who sell their girls, he said, “They get others. The boys don’t worry about that. There are plenty to be had.”
Arrangements for stowing away on the ships are usually made by Aaron Cocotte. He stated that the seamen of the various vessels always inquire for jobs each time they are in port. The stowaways are always disguised as seamen and taken aboard at night.

The pimps in Constantinople are apparently on friendly terms with the police. They loiter about in the very heart of the segregated district, enter and leave the houses when they desire, talk to their prostitutes in full view of the officers, and conduct themselves generally in such a way as to readily make known their vocations. They admit that they are known to the police, that they and also the owners of the houses pay protection, and therefore have nothing to worry about.

**Pera**

In the Pera section, which is comprised of two districts known as Abanos and Zibah, the better houses of prostitution are to be found. The resorts are better kept and at least fit to live in. The prostitutes are better looking and younger but none appeared to be under twenty-one years of age.

The same arrangement between the owners and inmates exists and the inmates are just as badly in debt in this locality as their poor sisters in Galata.

I was told that each prostitute in Pera has a pimp, and in visiting the various hangouts in this section and meeting the pimps I noticed that they likewise check up their women’s earnings.

In this section most of the disorderly hotels are also situated, along with the cabarets, cafes, and streets upon which the street prostitutes solicit.

The Pastry Shop, #2 rue Petit Champ is the hangout for the young prostitutes. Here a pimp introduced me to a twenty year old Russian prostitute whom I could have had as a woman, and who would accompany me to Egypt.

In the various sections of the city I visited ninety-one houses of prostitution and seven clandestine houses.

The following hotels: Berlin Hotel, Majestic Hotel, Tunis Hotel, National Hotel, Rio Hotel and Atlantic Hotel and the following cabarets, restaurants, and cafes: Trocadero, Rose Noire, Bijou, Zum Amstel, Weiner Pirsel, White Rose, Dutch American, Pastry Shop, #2 rue Petit Champ, Champ Elysee, Maximo and Italian Degustatori were also visited.

There is no doubt but that Constantinople is the worst city that I have visited in Europe. There appears to be no traffic to the city, but although it is not organized, there is a traffic from Constantinople.
Constantza, Romania
May 28-29, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Two days were spent in Constantza, Romania. This city has a population of approximately 160,000 people. In addition to the natives, there is a large Greek population, and some Turks. Since the war there has been very little shipping business done in Constantza and from information received, business in general is at a very low ebb.

The segregated district, which caters mainly to the seafaring and laboring trade, is situated on Strata Guza Vada and Strata Stephan Mehaileani (?).

The houses, ten in number, harbor an average of six girls per house.

The inmates range in age from eighteen to thirty-five years of age and are nearly all Romanians.

The inmates are examined weekly by the city doctors, and according to my informants are not permitted to practice prostitution unless they are more than eighteen years of age.

While loitering about in the Bristol Cafe I made the acquaintance of Abraham Feldman who speaks English and from his conversation I soon learned that he is on intimate terms with those persons engaged in the business of prostitution in the city.

He said, “There aint many houses here. The few that we have got are starving to death. The local boys can always find their own girls. There’s plenty of those kind on the streets. You see, the other fellows who visit the houses, such as sailors, aint got money and besides, there are so few boats coming in now that it makes things here very tough. Every one of the girls in the houses owe me money and I don’t ever expect to get it back unless this summer things pick up. We get quite a few people here for the summer, because it is a nice cool place.”

I said, “I heard Constantza was a real wild place.” He answered, “You can find a woman easy enough. We got all kinds here. Those you have to pay, and those who go out for love, but that is about all. All the hotels have a woman or two. Some are chamber-maids. If that is what you call wild, well, I guess it is then.”

I said, “I heard that there are plenty of young girls here.” He replied, “I’ll take you around to the houses. You might see one you like. Some are young, but most of them are old girls.” I said, “Where do those girls come from?” He said, “They are nearly all Romanian girls. They go from one place to the other. You know how that kind travel.” I said, “How about French and Russian girls? Are there any here?” He said, “No, just a few Greeks and the rest Romanians.”

I then had him take me to the houses. I visited ten resorts, i.e. #57 Strata Guza Vada, 3 Strata Stephan Mehaileani, #4 Strata Stephan, 5 Strata Stephan, 8 Strata Stephan and five other houses on the two adjoining streets, which are unnamed.
I noticed that nearly all the inmates are well-seasoned prostitutes, and from my conversation with them learned that they have been in business for a long time.

The #57 Strata Guza Vada is frequented by the pimps of the prostitutes. Abraham Feldman (money changer and loan shark) said, “They sit there all day and night and watch the houses. Sometimes the boys who come here start to raise hell with the girls and they are on hand to throw them out.”

I also visited the Regina Hotel, Grand Hotel, Boulevard Hotel, Metropole Hotel, Central Hotel, Transylvania Hotel and found prostitutes in all of them. All the prostitutes in the hotels admitted being Romanians.

I spent considerable time in the Bristol Cabaret, Britannia Cabaret and the Cabaret next to Metropole Hotel. In each of these cabarets the artists are prostitutes. They induce men to buy drinks for them and are open for engagements after closing hour.

I also loitered about on the streets and in the cafes. I was not solicited nor did I see any women who appeared to be prostitutes.

I noticed, however, that at night a number of Romanian girls walked about the main street, and the waterfront. These girls are very eager to make the acquaintance of young men. Young men also roam about these places and were likewise seen to pick up girls and walk off in the darkened sections of the town with them.

**Bucharest, Romania**

*May 30-31, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

Since my arrival in Bucharest I have visited twelve houses of prostitution, eight disorderly hotels; Alcazar Cabaret, Au Chat Noir Cabaret, Maxim's Cabaret, along with cafes, and streets where prostitutes and pimps congregate.

I soon learned that the houses of prostitution are scattered throughout the city, each quarter or section usually having a group of resorts which cater to a clientele in keeping with the section.

In making a house-to-house canvass of the brothels situated on Cantimir and Crucia di Piatra Streets I met Diamond who has a place on Amsterdam Ave & 106th St.. He was born in Bucharest, left there a few years ago and returned to see his parents. He speaks Romanian fluently along with English so I used him to accompany me to the various places I wanted to visit.

Diamond said, “I have been home now for three months and I have been spending most of my time hanging around these places.” He knows most of the madams and some of the inmates personally
so he made me acquainted with them. In a house on Buzoiano Street directly across the street from the Greek Consul he introduced me to Mme. Ella who explained to me the situation in Bucharest.

She said, “All of the houses are supposed to be licensed here, but there are plenty that are not! The police say they wont issue any more licenses, but if a person has a little influence, the license can be had. It’s really so easy to run without a license that if a person has any kind of a following, they can get a better trade and do business without being annoyed by the police. I have friends who have places in the finest sections of the city and they don't have any trouble.”

I said, “How many girls can a licensed house have?” She answered, “Just as many girls as the house has rooms. That’s why you will notice we don’t have any salons. For any entertaining, like drinking, the girls take their friends into their rooms. The girls in town here all make nice money.”

I said “I thought things would be rather hard here, the money is so low.” She replied, “Yes but living is so cheap, and the boys are all good spenders.”

After I had left the house with Diamond I returned alone. The madam and one of her girls speak French and a little English so I confided to them that I have a girl with me whom I want to place. Mme. Ella said, “I’d be glad to take her in, but I can’t because I am filled up. If you are only going to stay awhile why don’t you let her stay in a hotel or do the streets? She can pick up a thousand lei ($5) easy.” I said, “How about registering?” She said, “Don’t bother yourself. If she just goes along and aint too fresh nobody will touch her. They got men here to pick up the girls who bother people on Calea Victorei (Main Street) but she’ll never run into them; and if she does, let her pay her fine and take out a card. Then she must go once a week to a doctor. That’s all there is to it.” I said, “Suppose the girl is only seventeen; what would they do to her?” She said, “They wont register a girl under eighteen. If she’s under, they have to turn her out.” I said, “She could say she is twenty-five. They would not know the difference.” Mme Ella said, “Yes, they would; she has to show her birth certificate or her passport.” I said, “Isn’t there any way of getting it fixed without either?” She answered, “She can say she lost her passport, but then they would take her to her consul and he’d have to find out about her. In the meantime she could do as she pleased. They’d give her a temporary card. That happens sometimes, but she don’t need to worry. It would take years before she’d get picked up.”

I said, “I have been around a few houses trying to get her a place and they wont take her because she’s only seventeen.” She said, “In a licensed house, she can’t work. If we have a girl under age we can lose the license.” I said, “Registered girls upon the streets, - are they permitted to hustle?” she said, “Yes on certain dark streets, but quietly.” I said, “A madam here ought to be glad to get a nice young French girl. There aint many in town.” She said, “I know it. If she was over eighteen I’d take her myself and get rid of one of my girls, but when she’s under I couldn’t.” I said, “How is it there are so few foreign girls in the houses?” She replied “They don’t come here; that’s all. You will find very few. A few Hungarians, and Germans. No French, that I know of. All the girls are mostly Romanians.” I told Mme. Ella I would drop in again to see her and left the house.

In the company of Diamond I visited the Au Chat Noir Cabaret, Alcazar Cabaret, and Maxim’s Cabaret. The places were very poorly patronized as they close for the summer on May 31st. I found several foreign girls among the entertainers but all were twenty-one years of age.
I next visited the Union Hotel, Regal Hotel, Muses Hotel, Kiriazzi Hotel, Izbano Hotel, and Princair Hotel. All of these places cater to prostitutes and their trade. The street soliciting prostitutes begin usually at 4:00 P.M. and can be seen on the streets in front of these places until 1:00 A.M. in the morning.

In front of the Union Hotel and Izbano Hotel as many as ten women can be seen throughout the day and night approaching passersby.

While in the Alhambra Cafe, which is a hangout for prostitutes and pimps during tea time, I met a prostitute who gave me her name as Miss Girendos. She admitted that she is but nineteen years of age and was born in Budapest. She stated she came here four days ago with a troupe of artists who are performing at the Alcazar Cabaret.

I visited this place and found it patronized by a respectable element. I spent some time with Miss Girendos. She solicited me and offered to accompany me to my hotel after closing hour. She said, “I played at the Jardin in Wien, and also several first-class places in Budapest. We spend a week here and then go to Maximo in Constantinople. From there we go Egypt. I am a dancer, but you know it don’t pay so well. I get my fare paid and a small salary. I pick up a few dollars from the drink money, and now and then I meet a nice man. I go to bed with him and that way I live.”

I said, “How did you come to be hanging out in the Alhambra Cafe?” She replied, “We were all told to meet there to sign our contracts. Otherwise I never would go to a place like that.” I asked, “Are all the girls as young as you?” She said, “No; we had two other girls younger but they left us in Budapest.” I said, “Are the girls all Hungarians?” She replied, “No, only one. The rest are all Germans, and Austrians.” I said, “Have you been an artist long?” She answered, “Six months. I met a girl in Budapest at a dance and she told me about the agency in Vienna where they hire the girls so I went and got the job. I would rather stay home but I can’t get work so I must do this.”

I said, “I have a friend in Vienna who would like to connect up with an agency for cabaret work.” She said, “Oh, there are plenty such agencies. One is as good as the other. If she can do anything at all they will engage her.” I said, “Couldn’t you recommend one?” She said, “You got to go from place to place. All the booking agents are together there. Whoever has an opening they give it to you. You must pay them part of your salary.”

I said, “How about getting a passport to leave the country?” She said, “You have no trouble. You show your contract and that’s all. Of course, you need your birth papers and like that.” I said, “Suppose you get stranded. Will they send you home?” She answered, “Oh yes, but we never get stranded. It’s only the cheap companies that go broke. Our girls always have plenty of friends to help them out. We are playing only in the first-class cabarets. You see, each cabaret we play at contracts to pay our fare from the last place.” I said, “That’s all right going out, but how about back?” She said, “We work in a circle. We work back. The manager, he is the one who takes us back if we aint got places. I asked, “Does he guarantee that?” She said, “Sure.” I said, “But suppose he leaves you flat.” She said, “We’d not starve.”
In company of Diamond I visited a pimp and prostitute hangout known as the Princair Hotel Cafe. Although it was only 3:00 P.M. the pimps and prostitutes began to assemble here. The majority of the women who congregate at this place solicit upon the street in this vicinity and take their trade to Izbano Hotel which is nothing more than a house of prostitutes.

With the aid of Diamond I was able to speak to three of the prostitutes who were in this place. The prostitutes informed me that all the women who use the hotel (and they average about 25 in number) are Romanians. One of the prostitutes (who spoke German) said, “The girls around here are all registered.” I said, “Are they all girls from Bucharest?” She replied, “No, they come from all over Romania. There is a lot of girls in town from Czernowitz. That’s where I come from.” I said, “I know a girl from that city by the name of Anna Getler. Do you know her?” She replied that she did not. I then questioned her as to why she left that city. She said, “Bucharest has more money than all of Romania put together. That’s why the girls come here.” I said, “I know that, but there are plenty of places where money is better than Bucharest.” She said, “I know it, but it takes money to go there. Here it don’t cost much to live, clothes ain’t so dear; but it’s hard to get extra money for travel.” I said, “There are plenty of Romanian girls in Egypt.” She said, “Sure. I know plenty there. But here is just as good as any place.”

I said, “Can a girl who is registered get a passport?” She replied, “Why not? Why shouldn’t they give us passports the same as anybody else?” I said, “In some countries business girls can’t get passports.” She said, “So long as a girl has her birth certificate, they give her her passport. You can get one in three days. First, they look up to see that you ain’t wanted by the police, and then they give it to you.” I said, “Suppose the girl is under age?” She said, “Then she must show letters from a person in the place where she wants to go that they will take care of her.” I said, “I heard that a young girl could not get a passport.” She said, “There must be something else that would prevent it. To-morrow a friend of mine who is only seventeen is getting herself a pass.” I said, “Where is she going?” She said, “To Paris. She has a girl friend there. She wrote in and she showed the letter. Her parents agreed to let her go and she goes.” I said, “Is she a business girl?” She said, “Yes, but she goes as an artist.” I said, “She can’t be registered then.” She replied, “Girls under eighteen ain’t supposed to be, but she said she had no birth certificate when she registered and they had to put her on. The only thing is, in a house it is harder. I know girls in a house who ain’t seventeen years old yet and they are registered. Here if the madam has a pull she can do anything.” I said, “The house isn’t in Bucharest, is it?” She replied, “Yes, right around the corner on Impremiere St. She’s got twenty girls in that house. That woman can do anything. I worked there when I first came to Bucharest.”

I said, “Did you do any business in your home city?” She said, “No, never. Here is where I first did it.” I said, “I suppose you came here with a sweetie.” She laughed, and said, “Yes, a fine sweetie he was!” I said, “I suppose you have no man now.” She said, “I should say not! The girls along here

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4 106-G is Anna Getler in the Code Book but Anna Gertler in the report Paul Kinsie wrote about her (see Appendix).
all have them, but not me!” She then pointed out to me four different men in the cafe who she said are pimps. I inquired why they loiter so near the place where their girls work and she said, “I don’t know; I suppose just to see them pass.”

I observed at least fifteen women who solicited on this street passing to and fro in front of this cafe window. The prostitute knew all of them by name, and very willingly told me their ages and nationalities. She contended that all of them are Romanians.

In front of the Post Office I hired a taxicab driven by a French chauffeur. I requested him to take me to the various houses of prostitution. After being taken to several places I confided to him that I am seeking my girl who left me in Cairo, and came here. He had previously practically admitted to me that he had a woman whom he wanted to introduce me to, and after I confided to him my purpose in going from resort to resort, he said, “I thought it was your girl who you were looking for.” I asked, “Why do you remain in Bucharest?” He answered, “My home is in Lyon. I have been here five years. My girl is Romanian. She likes it here and I make a nice living with my car so I stay here. I am the only French chauffeur in Bucharest.” I said, “Ain’t there any French boys here?” He said, “I don’t know any. There’s only two or three French girls in the business here.” I said, “My girl came here because everybody said business is good.” He replied, “All she can make is a living, except she is very pretty. Then she can get somebody to keep her. There’s more kept women here than business girls.” I said, “I think Bucharest would be a good place to find a girl if a boy needed one.” He said, “I should say so! A good boy can pick up a girl easy here. Why along this street, Calea Victorei, Main Street, in the afternoon about five o’clock you can find any kind you want.” I said, “But they are respectable girls.” He said, “Respectable, hell! Go out with one and see! Did you ever go over to the park (Boulevard Elisabeth) when the concert is going on? You can pick up any kind you want.” I said, “You can’t make any money out of that kind.” He replied, “If a fellow wants a wife, he can get one here. I know boys who did. Why in some hotels here you can find fifteen year old girls. They start in very young in Romania.” I said, “I have seen some very young girls hustling, but what good are young ones like that? You can’t take them any place. You can’t leave the country with them.” He said, “If you marry her, you can. Even if you don’t, she can get a passport. They don’t care here at all. It’s the easiest city I know for everything. A person can open a joint and nobody will bother them. A girl can hustle the streets without being registered and one in ten get caught. If she works in a hotel, they never get her. I have been here for five years and I know what I am talking about. Every hotel will let a girl work in it.”

I said, “It seems to me as if all the girls are Romanians.” He said, “There’s Germans, Austrians, Hungarians too; but most are Romanians. If your girl is in town you just stay around here at night with me or stick around the Victorei (Victoriei Boulevard) from five to nine and you are bound to meet her, because that is where the whole town comes every day. What is she trying to do; get away from you?” I said, “It looks that way.” He said, “You’ll find her in less than two days if she is in Bucharest. I’ll tell you what to do: You go to the police and ask for her. They have a list of everybody that comes and goes.” I said, “I don’t want to go near them at all. The further we stay away from them the better it is.” He said, “They don’t have to know who you are. You aint got nothing to fear here. The boys aint troubled at all.”
In a house at #6 Str. Impremiere I counted 21 inmates. All, according to the madam, are Romanians. Some of the girls, three in number, appeared to be not more than sixteen years of age. Two of the three came here from Czernowitz.

At #8 or 10 Str. Peeveri there are 9 inmates. All are Romanians. One is seventeen years of age.

About 20 women were soliciting on Str. Atiliemlin near Calen Gravitei. All appeared over twenty-five years of age and from my conversation with some I learned that all are Romanians.

On Galea Gravitei between Str. Atiliemlin and Gara Korte many prostitutes may be found soliciting at night. All whom I met were Romanians. One admitted being only fifteen years old. She did not appear older.

On Gravitei Str. I visited the following hotels: Hotel Roma, Hotel Paradim, Hotel Europa, Hotel Papadopol, Hotel Moscova, Hotel Cazua, Hotel Azuga, and Hotel Funzete. All have from four to six prostitutes. Mere registration is enough to have the proprietor or clerk send a woman to your room. All whom I met were over twenty-five years of age and mainly Hungarians and Romanians; also a few Greeks. In some of the hotels the women solicit from the doorways.

The cafes along this street also have prostitutes. All whom I met were above the age and admitted being natives.

**Bucharest, Romania**

*June 4-5-6, 1925*

During these days I spent considerable time with Joseph Britaux. Each day he inquired as to whether or not I had located my woman. I said “No, not yet, but I am still looking for her.” He said, “If she’s in town you got to meet her sooner or later.”

He then suggested the houses for me to visit in the hopes of finding her, and he drove me to seven houses of prostitution known as Maison Particulare, and four Maisons des Rendezvous, also five licensed resorts which I had not previously visited. He said, “I’ll take you to the best houses in town, because they are the kind of places your girl would go to.”

In the places which I visited I found girls under twenty-one years of age, but none who appeared to be foreigners, nor admitted being foreigners. The few foreign girls whom I met in these resorts were mainly Hungarians, Austrians, a few Germans and Greeks.

I commented to Joseph Britaux how young some of the girls appeared. He said, “They start in young here, but that’s nothing.” I said, “I thought girls under twenty-one or eighteen can’t get enrolled.” He said, “Money does everything! The boys who own the houses stand in with the chief. They always get things fixed up the way they want them.” I said, “It’s funny the boys here don’t show
themselves as they do in other cities. The police must be hard on them.” He said, “Hard on them hell! Why they (pimps) live right in the houses with their girls. Yes in the same room. Remember the other day when we went to those houses on Cantimir St.? You did’nt think they had customers did you? Those fellows were their pimps. Remember, it was early in the afternoon that we were there. Well they were just clearing out then to make room for the suckers.” (customers). I said, “Do the cops (police) know it? He answered, “The cop on the beat does. He gets his. What the hell does he care! There is more graft here than any place I have ever been. Even us (chauffeurs) have to give the police, otherwise they’d keep us on the move so we couldn’t make a dollar.”

I then shifted my conversation toward securing another woman in case mine failed to appear. He said, “If you have a few dollars you can get any of these girls to follow you. There’s bunch of gals in town here from all over Romania. They come for jobs. They are all good-time kids (charity) and they are glad to get a chance. That park (Boulevard Elizabetha) is full of them. You can meet all you want. I met my girl there five years ago.” I said, “I thought you told me the other day that your girl was a Romanian and that is why you are here, because she wanted to come home.” He said, “I came here broke. I met her right here in Bucharest. She bought me this car. I said she don’t want to leave here because it is her home. That is what I said.” I said, “Are any other boys coming here to get wives?” He answered “I know boys who have been away, but came back and then disappeared with a new gal. Take the boys that have girls here; they can’t give their wives a decent x... because they are out every night with those kids they pick up. Look at those kids. They’re dolled up like the most chic girls along the boulevards in Paris. You can’t dress that way on the few leis a gal gets working in a shop. You meet kids like that and you have got something. They are young, and very pretty too. If my wife left me to-morrow I’d grab a nice girl in a hurry. Even if I didn’t get a sou out of her. A man has to have a woman you know. I’d take her in to live with me. If you go broke they know how to help you get a start. These girls here (Romanians) are as good as a French girl, and I am French myself. What I say about them I mean. Any night you want to drive around with me I’ll show you what I can get with this little car of mine. I’ll dress up and we can pick up some of the finest kids you ever saw. It’s a very easy town for that. A girl if she is pretty, they don’t have to look for men here. They look for her. All these bankers and rich noblemen keep a string of them. Go to Capea (tea room) any afternoon. You’ll see the way they go after the swell young girls. These men here have money and don’t think they don’t! It’s just as easy for you or I. They go out with anybody who they think will treat them to a dress.” I said “That is different. That aint getting one for ourselves.” He said “You got to meet them first, don’t you?” I said, “But they may have boys.” He answered “They aint regulars. Regulars want money; not to spend money on them. Take them to the cabarets. Any place where there is life. I don’t say all you meet, but you can always get yourself one. All these taxicab boys have girls. Say, I have been here for years! I know what I am talking about.” I said, “Don’t their parents ever bother?” He said, “A bunch of those girls have nobody. They come here to work.”

I then questioned him about the methods used by the owners of the houses to secure the inmates. He said, “There are more girls in this town than they got use for. You see, the girls drift in here from other cities in Romania and when the madams see a nice girl along the street they give her a chance in a house.”

I said, “In Italy they exchange girls between cities.” He said, “I know it. Here they don’t. Wait until you get acquainted here. You’ll see how easy it is to get a girl. And what’s more is, you can get
her to go with you any place you want to go.” I said, “Yes I heard all that before, but when it comes right down to it, it is quite different. Who do you know who has ever come to town and got away with a girl?” He answered, “I know of plenty of boys, Romanians. Whenever they lose a girl they come back and get a new one. I know them, I tell you! You’ll see how easy these Romanians girls are. The laws here are easy. You can commit murder and get away with it! Why, for rape all you can get is a couple of months! Imagine a man getting one month for raping a nine year old girl! Every week you see a rape case in the paper!”

In one of the cabarets I met an American, James Cristea, who is attached to the American Legation in Bucharest. He served 12 years in the U.S. Army and now acts as a messenger, carrying diplomatic mail bags between Bucharest and Budapest. James Cristea is quite a rounder in both cities according to his own statements. I questioned him about conditions in Bucharest. He recounted to me substantially everything that I had learned from Joseph Britaux and mentioned the same places as Joseph Britaux did as to where young girls may be secured.

He said, “You can get to these young kids here very easy. They like it: they’ll go off on trips with you and spend days with you and never ask for a cent.” I said, “A pimp would have easy pickings here.” He said, “They have, but when a pimp gets them they show them how to sell it.” I said, “What do they do, take them out of the country?” He replied, “I suppose they do. I have been all over the world and that kind of guy always follows the places where the most money is.” I said, “I should think they’d get caught.” He said, “If the police here were on the level they could catch all law-breakers but they got the grafting habit too. It’s all graft here. Anything goes! The country is run by men who buy their way wherever they go. Imagine a country where you can buy passports right in the government offices. Hot stuff, I’ll say!”

Before leaving him I stated that I am bound for Budapest. He said, “I am going tomorrow myself. I am taking the ‘Orient’. I’ll see you in the sleeper.” He seemed very familiar with conditions in Budapest so I agreed to see him on the train and also spend some time with him in Budapest.

**Bucharest, Romania**

*May 30-June 6, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Summary**

Bucharest has a population of 750,000 people. In regard to commercialized prostitution in this city it may be said that places in which prostitution is practiced may be found scattered throughout the city.

There are supposedly about 30 licensed houses of prostitution, but the unlicensed or clandestine places are so numerous that no estimate can be given. It may, however, be truthfully stated that so far as individual prostitutes are concerned, for each licensed or registered prostitute there are ten clandestine ones.
The licensed houses are situated in the Cantimir St. section where ten such resorts may be found, and other places are located upon streets near the Post Office, Poincare St, Buzoiano Street and other streets adjacent to the Cales Victorei (Main Street).

The licensed houses are conducted by madams mainly Romanian, but owned by men. According to the Regulations no prostitutes under twenty-one may be registered, and each house can harbor only as many girls as the house has sleeping rooms. The owners therefore have modeled the resorts to accommodate as many inmates as the space will allow, and no house has less than six, whereas the majority of the resorts harbor from ten to twenty. The inmates are examined weekly for venereal disease and taken from the house and sent to a hospital if found diseased.

Although twenty-one years of age is supposed to be the age of registration, a score of prostitutes in the houses were noted who admitted being from seventeen to nineteen years old.

The houses do not bear any marks or identification and it is necessary to be taken to the places in order to find them. The prostitutes are not permitted to solicit from doorways and windows, but occasionally one may find a house where such methods of securing trade are used.

Among the inmates in the houses I found very few foreign girls. Each house usually has a Hungarian, Austrian or German girl, but most of them have been in Bucharest for years and are much over twenty-one years of age.

Some of the madams contended that inmates under eighteen years of age may not be enrolled, but others stated that it can be accomplished through friends in the police department.

A pimp whom I met explained to me that the city is graft-ridden. The underworld is able to do as it pleases and the pimps, prostitutes, and houses of prostitution pay the police quite regularly.

This pimp dwelt upon the ease with which “fresh girls” can be secured and spoke of the public park on Boulevard Elizabetha as a place to go in order to find young charity girls. This same information I received from respectable sources.

This pimp also explained that he has known of other pimps who came to Bucharest and after a short stay secured young girls whom they finally took out of the country with them.

He was willing to demonstrate the ease with which young girls can be had in the city by having me accompany him in his car to the places which the young girls frequent.

He explained that one need not have any fear in Bucharest, as persons guilty of the crime of rape have received but a one-month sentence. He also mentioned that the police know the pimps, and pointed out to me that the pimps actually reside in the houses of prostitution with their women, coming there to sleep after business hours.

Both the prostitutes and other persons whom I met told me that it is useless for a girl to register unless she is in a licensed house. Most of the prostitutes upon the streets are not enrolled, and have been practicing their trade for years without being apprehended by the police.
The hotels, that is the third and fourth-class hotels, are nothing more than houses of prostitution. Many are maintained only for that purpose. One may enter any of the places mentioned in the report and secure a prostitute without asking. In some of the hotels, principally those on Gravetei St. in the vicinity of the Gara Norte, the prostitutes during the day and night solicit from the entrances of the hotels.

On such streets as Calea Victorei, Calea Gravetei, Straata Poincare, Bis E Straata Belvidere, Stra Lipscani, Atalier and side streets most of the street soliciting is done.

On Calea Victorei, Poincare, Lipscani, Boulevard Elizabetha, the prostitutes are not aggressive, but upon the other streets named they actually attempt to drag the men into the assignation houses.

I was solicited and spoke to a prostitute as young as fifteen years old on Calea Gravitei, but all whom I met were Romanians.

There is apparently no traffic to Bucharest, but from the information I received here and elsewhere it is a city where one can secure with ease young girls of the charity type who lend themselves easily to becoming prostitutes.

**Budapest, Hungary**

*June 7-8, 1925*

**Traffic in women and children**

Upon arrival in Budapest I accompanied James Cristea to houses of prostitution in the city. James Cristea admitted he regularly frequents these resorts while in Budapest and it soon become apparent that he is well known to the madams, owners and inmates of the various houses. He speaks Hungarian fluently so I made use of him not only to direct me to the brothels, but also to help in talking to the persons whom I wanted to question.

He said “The houses are scattered all over the city. There aint so many of them because business is so bad. The best ones are the ones I visit. They are right in the center of the town around the Astoria Hotel”.

I said “I want to go to the places where they have the youngest girls. I can find old ones easily myself.” He said “You won’t find any real young girls in the houses here. The place to get them is on the streets. All these houses are licensed and they can’t let a girl in under twenty-one years old. This city is just like Bucharest when it comes to that. A whore can’t make a living here because there is so much charity around. I just go to the houses to dance and kid the girls. When it comes to getting a kid to sleep with, I find one for nothing, show her a good time, a trip to Anglo Park (amusement resort) and she’ll turn up.” (permit intercourse).

We visited six brothels together. The places are located at #8 Kepiro, #29 Magjar, #18 Bastye, #20 Bastye, #70 Razca Vit and #93 Razca Vit.
The first two places are very handsomely decorated and are known as the best resorts in Budapest. In all places visited the inmates are all Hungarians and mainly women between twenty-five and thirty years of age.

At #29 Magjar I met the madam. I was introduced to her by James Cristea and since she speaks English quite well I was able to question her concerning conditions in Budapest. She said “Things are terrible here! It's not only in this business but all lines. We get very few tourists in town and my girls won’t go to bed for less than 300,000 Kronen. You see, that is a big price for local men, but to you and your American dollars, it’s only about $3.50.”

I said “Do the girls in the houses here keep all they make?” She replied “No, we divide it up. It's very tough going here. Just take a look at this house. Is there a place in Paris any better? I should say not! There they make the money! Here we starve!”

I said, “Why do the girls stay? I hear that there are plenty of places where money is to be made.” She said “How far can any Hungarian go with the money? I know where money can be made too. There's plenty of places, but how many million kronen does it take to get there! Tell me what girl can pay for a trip even to Paris?”

I said “Isn’t there anybody who the girls can get to pay their way?” She replied “Bring them around! I’ll go myself!” I said “I have seen Hungarian girls around Egypt and other places. There are quite a few in Italy too. How did they get there?” She answered “It was before the war, - not now.”

I said “Can’t a business girl here get a passport?” She said “She can without any trouble, but she can’t get the money to go. That is the main thing.” I said “Don’t any of the boys ever come back and take the girls to places where money can be made?” She said “I haven’t seen any and I know plenty who are waiting for a chance to go.”

I then inquired as to how the owners are treated by the police. She said “We have no trouble with them at all. We pay our license, and follow the rules they lay down, so we have nothing to do with them at all. Say, don’t you think that things are bad enough here without having to be annoyed by them yet? There really aint many houses in Budapest. Most of the girls do business in their homes and get the men on the streets. A house like this has a hard time of it. We aint allowed to call the people in. We can’t have men out sending us trade, and we got to wait for our old trade to come around, or live in hopes that somebody will ask a chauffeur or cab driver where a good brothel is. The women on the streets can do as they please and they have no overhead. We must follow the rules, and at the same time we have heavy obligations. The war was bad enough for everybody, but then the Communists got in power here and they came in, stole everything they could lay their hands on, and I tell you it has been harder for us than anybody. They used to pick out girls, stay with them and refuse to pay. We closed down until the government drove them out.”

After I had become better acquainted with this madam I said “I really came to Budapest to look things over, and if I meet a girl who wants to go to a place where money can be made, I’d give her chance.” She said “I thought that is what you were driving at. The other night when you were in here with that fellow, I told two of my girls that you two looked like a couple of boys that were up to something. We knew him from before, but I never knew what his game was.” I said “I only met
him on the train. He works in Bucharest.” The madam said “Where are you from, from Paris? You're French aren't you?” I said “No, I am just knocking around Europe trying to pick up a few dollars.” She said “There’s plenty of girls in the city, who are looking to get away. I told you that before.” I said “I suppose you run into a lot of boys who are looking for wives around here.” She said “No, I never see anybody. The girls here aint got sweethearts. Most of them haven't. They haven't enough to take care of themselves with. If you spoke Hungarian you could meet plenty of girls. Everybody is in this business in Budapest. Why, on the streets there are kids as young as fifteen taking men for 50,000 Kronen. Is it any wonder we can't make any money?” I said “Those kind are too young, they can't leave home.” She said “They’re just waiting for a chance to go.” I said “That may be, but there are too many well-seasoned girls who have been in the business for a few years and want a chance.” She said “That kind you can find many. That young-girl business is not good. A boy runs a big chance with them.” I said “Are the police hard on the boys here?” She replied “No, the few girls that I know that have boys are never in any trouble. It's a very quiet place now. Once in awhile I hear from boys and girls who used to be here when things were right, but to be truthful with you, all I know about what is going on in places like Egypt and South America is what I hear once in a great while from people I know, who came back to spend a few months here.”

I said “I have been trying to locate the boys. I thought perhaps I might meet one I know from some other place.” She said “The boys here are very few. It aint like in Paris where they are always together. There’s no money here so there are no boys. You know, you wouldn’t stay here. They all got away as soon as they could too.”

I then visited six other cheaper resorts. I found nearly all the inmates Hungarians along with a few Austrians, and Germans. All were over thirty years of age.

Jardin D’Hevir and Maxims were also visited. The prostitutes whom I met in both places were local women also.

Budapest, Hungary
June 9-10, 1925

I continued to visit the houses of prostitution, but spent most of my time with Madame Helena. I was quite convinced that there is no influx of foreign girls into Hungary, but I sought to learn if any of the women or children are being induced to leave Budapest for strange countries. I said “I have been hanging around on the main streets and I saw plenty of young kids who could be making nice money in other places.” Madame Helena said “I told you, the city is full of them.” I asked “How can a fellow meet them if he can’t speak Hungarian?” she replied “They nearly all speak German.” I said “Do you know of anybody who wants a chance to leave?” she said “If you want to find one, you can without my help.” I said “I am not asking you for myself alone. The way you spoke yesterday I thought you might have a friend who wanted to be fixed up.” She said “I got nineteen girls in this house. Every one of them would leave if they had the money. That’s how bad things are here.” I said “What would you do if you woke up some morning and found one of your girls gone?” She said
“What could I do? I can always get another, but I wouldn't want to lose what they owe me.” I said. “How do you come to let them get into you for so much money?” She answered “What can I do? They need clothes and other things and sometimes, I should say most times, they have not enough for their room and board; so I have to give them a chance to work it off.” I said “Then if they want to leave they have to pay up?” She said “Right, or they go out naked. I’ll keep their clothes.” I said “I suppose many a boy bought the girls out.” She said “No, but I wish someone would. I’d like to see a little of the good money I put out coming back.” I said “With good money in places like South America you’d think somebody would be around looking to give the girls a chance.” Madame Helena said “I suppose there are boys coming in, but we don’t see them here. This house has a very good reputation. All our clients are pretty big men and I can’t afford to let the girls have their men hang around here.”

After spending considerable time with Madame Helena I was unable to get any definite information concerning traffic. James Cristea had during the course of my conversation with him mentioned that each time (every two weeks) when he visited this house he met new girls. I questioned him as to where he thought the girls go and where the new ones are to be had. He said “I don’t know, but I think they get shipped to Bucharest because I met the same girls there twice. Then I met one out at the Alcazar Cabaret. Most of her girls are ex artists.” It was this bit of information which prompted my questioning Madame Helena at length, but after all I am convinced that all of her girls have been in the business for a long time, and Madame Helena, although having spent considerable time in Paris and London, has very little knowledge of conditions in other countries.

I then confined my activities to the street soliciting prostitutes and made it a point to pick out girls presumably under twenty-one years of age found soliciting and question them concerning any proposition made to them to leave the country for foreign lands.

I noted that the majority of the younger prostitutes solicited upon the main street known as Raksczi Ter between Baross Ter and Karolly Karelly; also on Andrassy Ter. I was solicited by many girls along these streets. On Raksczi Ter near Baross Ter most of the younger ones are to be found. At various times I met nine different Hungarian girls. All whom I met were under twenty-one years of age, and three were between sixteen and eighteen. Some spoke German and some both Yiddish and German. None of these girls is registered as a prostitute. Four admitted that they work during the day, but prostitute themselves at night “in order to live.” One girl who gave me her name as Rosizca said “I only stay out until twelve o’clock because I must be to work at seven. I only come out three times a week.” I said “Can you make enough to keep you that way?” She answered “I make a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand when I am out” ($2 to $3).

I said “I suppose business girls in other countries make more.” She said “Oh yes. I have a friend who went to Wien, and she writes me to come. She says she makes that much from each man she gets.” I said “I should not think that it would be any better there than here.” She said “Oh yes. It’s a much larger city. Everybody makes more money there.” I said “I guess she must be in a house.” She said “No, no, there are no houses in Wien. She is on the streets.” I said “How did she come to go there?” She replied “She was there two years ago to visit her aunt. Her aunt thinks she works. She only goes out in the afternoon.” I said “Do you know most of the business girls in this neighborhood?” She said “Oh no, there are so many. I know a lot of them. Why?” I said “I met a
girl here last year and I can’t find her. I heard she went to South America.” She replied “I don’t know her. What’s her name?” I gave her a fictitious name. She said “I never heard of her. There are so many around these streets.” I said “Do many leave Budapest for Vienna?” She said “Oh yes. It’s much better there. I’d go too, but my mother won’t let me. I could have gone to Hamburg and it would not cost me anything, but I couldn’t leave my mother.” I said “What were you going to do there?” She said “The same thing, only in a house. I met a man and he wanted to go to a place at Hamburg where I could make good money.” I said “How did you meet him?” She said “I met him on the street. He gave me nice money too. I told my mother that I could get a job there, but she said no. You see, she don’t know what I do at night. She don’t know that I go out with men”. I said “Does this man own a house in Hamburg?” She said “I don’t know. I only met him twice.” I said “Did he get anybody else to go?” She replied “I don’t know. I saw him speaking to a couple of girls. You know, there is good money in Hamburg now!”

I questioned her further about this man and she frankly admitted that she did not know the man’s name, nor his whereabouts in Hamburg or here, and that she has not seen him in six months.

I also questioned other girls about this Hamburg incident, but none admitted being approached by any person offering inducements in Hamburg.

Rosizca is but seventeen years of age and solicits nightly on Raksczi Ter (Street) near Baross Ter.

Budapest, Hungary
June 7-10, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Summary

During my four-day stay in Budapest I visited sixteen houses of prostitution, four clandestine flats, all cafes frequented by prostitutes which I could locate, and two cabarets known as Jardin D’Hevir and Moulin Rouge Cabaret.

The licensed houses are scattered about the city. The following brothels: #29 Magjar, #8 Kepiro, #18 Bastye, #20 Bastye, # 70 Razca Vit, #93 Razca Vit and 101-03 Rozsa Nr. cater to the better-class trade, whereas the cheaper places may be found in the poorer residential districts.

I soon learned that for a city the size of Budapest there are comparatively a small number of licensed resorts. The housing shortage has prevented the reopening of new places, and the old resorts are gradually diminishing.

According to the Regulations, each house must be so situated as not to offend respectable neighbors, the windows must always be closed, and have translucent windows panes so as to insure privacy. Each house can have only as many inmates as the house has rooms and no prostitute can be accepted as an inmate, under twenty-one years of age.
In visiting the houses I noted that all inmates are over twenty-one years of age; in fact all are nearer thirty. There are very few foreigners in the brothels. An occasional German, Romanian and Austrian girl may be found but the international mixture usually in evidence in the brothels elsewhere is not to be found in Budapest.

Through an acquaintance I made friends with Madame Helena. She described to me the conditions in Budapest and complained of the business depression. She stated that all her inmates are indebted to her and that she has little hopes of ever being repaid. She also commented upon the number of young prostitutes that roam the streets and stated that between this type and the charity girls, it is difficult for the houses to attract trade that pays well.

I questioned her about foreign countries and tried to learn if any of the younger girls are being induced to leave. From her conversation I gathered that occasionally girls go, but apparently very seldom. This madam operates the finest house in Budapest and according to previous information she was said to be the best informed on the subject.

I then concentrated upon the streets and spoke to a number of young prostitutes between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one years of age. Only one admitted to me that she has ever been approached to leave Budapest. She stated that an unknown man offered to pay her way to Hamburg so that she could enter a house of prostitution there. She claimed that she refused the proposition because she is practicing prostitution clandestinely and unknown to her mother.

I tried to learn more concerning this man’s activities, but was unable to do so. All whom I asked did not, or rather would not, admit having been offered such proposition.

The street prostitutes are barely making a living and from all sides I was informed that very few have pimps.

The main street from Baross Ter to Karolly Karelly, Museum Strasse, Magjar Strasse, Andrassy Ter and all side streets are crowded with young old prostitutes. They stand in the doorways of flat houses and solicit all passersby. In front of some houses, situated in respectable neighborhoods as many as from ten to fifteen prostitutes were seen soliciting.

The prostitutes stated that the police do not interfere with them as they assume all are registered and are therefore permitted to solicit upon the streets.

In Budapest I am sure there are more prostitutes under twenty-one upon the streets than in any other city thus far visited.

All prostitutes whom I spoke to both young and old, are apparently waiting an opportunity to leave Budapest for Vienna or any other place where they can make some money. Some spoke of Hamburg, Berlin, and South America, but added that the expense of travel is so great that even for a trip to Vienna it is difficult for them to secure enough money.
Vienna, Austria
June 11-12, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Shortly after my arrival in Vienna I learned that there are no licensed houses of prostitution in the city. In the Anna Bar (Anna Gasse) I made the acquaintance of Fred one of the waiters. He said “We haven’t had any houses in four years. After the war there was such a shortage in houses that the government abolished all such places and allowed people who needed homes to go in there and live”. This information was verified from at least a half dozen other sources.

In order to get the underworld version of present conditions in the city I struck up acquaintances with several of the street soliciting prostitutes. The prostitutes who daily gather on the main street Karntner Strasse and along the various Rings also substantiated all that I had previously heard. One said “They threw us all out in the street about four years ago. It’s much better. I wouldn’t work in a house again at any price. I make good money. I am my own boss. I can walk where I want. I can pick the men I want to, and I ain’t got anybody to answer to. Why, it was terrible in those houses. You only had one day a week off. Even when I was sick I had to work French (practice perversion) and some days had to take fifteen men. With all I worked I have nothing to show. My board, room and tips, ate it all up.”

I said “I suppose you all owe the owners a nice few shillings?”. She said “Oh, they got stuck bad! Every girl owed them their life!” I said “How about registration? Are you all still enrolled?” She replied “Oh yes. We all have cards. We go and get examined just the same. You see, we can promenade all over. We ain’t supposed to talk to men or bother anybody where respectable people are, but you know, you have to hang on to the boys these days. They don’t want to go so quickly.” I said “How about the police? Do they have their hands out?” She said “Oh, you don’t know them here if you say that. In other countries they do, but here no matter how small their pay is, you can’t bribe them. I wish they would take something, but they won’t. It’s a big insult to them. They are trained like soldiers. Each one thinks he is a great man. Why, they won’t even talk to us. If they are seen talking to us they get fined. When they come along we never go up to a man. Late at night it don’t matter, but in the daytime or early evening we must be careful. If we get caught they mark our books. We get two reprimands, and then the third time, we are sent to jail for three to four days.”

I said “Are all the girls that are in the streets ex-house girls?” She said “No. There are many girls on the streets now that never worked in houses at all. Some of the girls were too young then to work in a house. Some of them on the streets now are too young to be registered. You got to be twenty-one before they will allow you to register.” I said “They can’t tell if you are twenty-one or not. How do they know?” She replied “You must produce a birth certificate. They are very strict about that. They have men not in uniform walking around just looking for those kind of girls.” I said “How can those men tell whether you have a card or not?” She said “They know nearly all of us. When they see a strange face they ask for a card. If she can’t show one, they take her in. She usually gets a couple of chances. If she still works the streets they put her in a place and take care of her, should she be under
I said “I have been in places where there is dancing and girls are there.” She said “They work either as waitresses or artists. They are all business girls, but they can’t leave until the places close and that’s usually at four o’clock. The cabaret and bar girls make nice money. You see, they get a percentage on the drinks and also get a man to take home with them.”

I said “I suppose when the houses closed a good many girls left the city?” She said “Oh yes.” I said “Where did they go to?” She replied “I know girls who went to Italy. A big bunch went to Hamburg. There’s plenty of houses there, and a bunch went to South America. I have two friends who are going to Buenos Aires in September. They’re working in Hamburg now. The girls always work there and leave from there.”

I said “I had a friend here who wanted to go and they wouldn’t give her a passport because she was registered.” She said “I can’t see why. As long as she is over twenty-one and has the money to go, they have to give her the passport.” I said “But suppose she is under twenty-one; can’t she get a passport?” She said “She can, but she must show certain papers which state that the people she goes to will take care of her.” I said “But suppose she is only going to Hamburg or a nearby place?” She said “That is different. Then she goes like on a visit. There’s no trouble at all.”

I said “I have been to South America and I met quite a few Austrian and German girls there.” She said “I heard it’s a grand place to make money, but it costs so much to go”. She said “I had a chance of going with a friend and having my way paid, but I couldn’t see it. It’s only one girl in a house there and you have to stay with thirty and forty men a day. That’s too much work. Besides I hear those South Americans all want it from hinten (anus) and that I wouldn’t do.” I said “If you had gone you might be a rich girl today.” She said “There ain’t anybody in this business that ever gets rich!” I said “I guess the party that wanted to take you would have been the rich one.” She said “That’s why I wouldn’t go.” I said “You don’t mean to tell me you let your shatz (sweetheart) take somebody else?” She said “He wasn’t mine! He has friends in Buenos Aires and they’d pay my way. They say it is hard to get in there for a girl alone. These friends would meet the boat and see that I got in.” I said “What is he doing all the way over here? Aint there enough girls in Buenos Aires?” She replied “I suppose there are, but it’s a big place and they always need more.” I said “Is your friend in town? Id like to meet him. I know a girl who would be glad to go.” She said “No, he aint in town now. I used to see him regularly, but I heard he went back to Hamburg.” I said “I thought you said he is a South American.” She answered “No, he is a German. He has been to South America, but his home is in Hamburg.” I said “I have been all through the Argentine and Brazil, and I might know him. Where is he in Hamburg? I expect to go over there in a few weeks.” She said “I don’t know, but I have a girl friend who knows and I’ll find out for you.” I said “Do that, and before I leave I’ll have a friend of mine introduce you to a rich sucker that she is dropping here. Ha has a lot of money and he aint tight with it”. I continued – “He
aint the kind that will double-cross you is he? That is, you know, put a girl in with a bad crowd.” She answered “I don’t know any more about him than that. He gets money from somebody down there for sending the girls. That’s all I know”. I said “Maybe he wouldn’t deal with a seventeen year old girl.” She said “I can’t tell. He could arrange it all right for a girl to leave. He is connected up with some bunch that sends cabaret artists around to the different countries.”

When I left this girl I promised to meet her Sunday night at the City Hotel. I also visited the following cabarets and bars. I met girls in these places the majority of whom are Austrians, along with several Germans, Czechs, Slavs, one French, one Spanish, three Hungarians. All were over twenty-one years of age: Moulin Rouge Cabaret, Tabarin Cabaret, Parisien Cabaret, Pavillon Cabaret, Café Bristol, Anna Bar (Anna Gasse), Café Carlton, Mary Bar, Capna Cabaret, and City Bar.

**Vienna, Austria**

*June 13-14, 1925*

During June 13th and 14th I continued to make the acquaintance of street prostitutes and also sought to find out if there is any clandestine houses of prostitution in the city. I inquired from taxicab chauffeurs, porters in hotels, and various bartenders and waiters in cafes. All referred me to the streets for securing a prostitute and while some could recommend me to individual prostitutes who live privately in respectable houses throughout the city, none was able to suggest any places of the parlor-house type.

I was also informed that during the afternoons and usually until dark, the shopping center is frequented by a number of young clandestine prostitutes who ply their trade only during the day. Some were said to be supposedly at work, and return home before dark. During the afternoon clandestine prostitutes are seldom picked up by the police so, therefore, this time is selected by them for soliciting. I met six such prostitutes. All were under twenty-one years of age and were Austrians. Two also stated that they came to town each morning from the suburbs and returned home before night.

I also continued to inquire from all prostitutes whom I met as to whether or not they had been offered at any time an opportunity to travel in foreign countries. I stressed this subject particularly while in conversation with the young clandestine prostitutes. None of this type whom I met admitted to me that they had been approached on the subject.

The prostitute Loretta Haims, whom I met on the first day in Vienna had spoken of being offered opportunities in South America; she described a man to me very similar to the man whom Rosizca described to me while in Budapest. (see Budapest report).

I met Loretta Haims by appointment and after I had been in her company a little while I asked her if she had seen her friend whom she had promised to ask concerning the man now in Hamburg. She said “I saw her, but you see, she is going to Buenos Aires in September and she don’t want to let
anybody know about this fellow because she says you can’t tell what a person is liable to do.” I asked “What do you mean by that?” She said “She is afraid it might lead to trouble.” I said “What kind of trouble?” She replied “We girls can’t travel like respectable people. If they know we are business girls (professional prostitutes) they won’t let us into a strange country. We must travel as artists or something else. This man fixes it for us so that we can even show a theatrical contract in Buenos Aires and then a business girl can get in without much trouble. You know Buenos Aires don’t you? Well the owner of the Casino Theatre, Buenos Aires gives out contracts”. I said “I don’t seem to remember that place at all.” She said “I have never been there, but I heard about it. It’s a regular theatre and the girls all promenade on the mezzanine. You see he can do it nicely with the contracts because it’s a regular theatre and besides, he has several cabarets in Buenos Aires.” I said “He’d be just the fellow I’d like to meet! A contract is just the thing, especially when my girl is only seventeen! That would fix things nicely. How did your friend run into him?” She said “She didn’t know him, neither did I, until one night we met him and he took us both to bed and later told us about South America.” I said “I thought you said your girl friends are in Hamburg now and that they are the ones that are leaving in September.” She said “Two of them are in Hamburg, and this other friend of mine who is here is also going in September too. This girl will make good down there. She has a fine fat backside! She only weighs about 150 kilos.” I said “Maybe if I put the proposition up to him he wouldn’t take my friend. She might be too young.” She said “I don’t know, but I suppose that wouldn’t make any difference.” I said “Do you mean to say that he can afford to send girls all the way to South America and the men down there pay their way?” She said “Of course you have to pay him back in work. You got to work in places that he sends you to. That’s why I wouldn’t go. You never can pay them back. It takes too long.” I said “Did he get many to go?” She said “Yes, quite a bunch. They are all going together as a theatrical company. That’s why my friend don’t want to let it out.” I said “Are all the girls Austrians?” She replied “No, Germans too. I suppose any kind he could get. He’s just a booking agent; that’s what he is.” I said “Had you ever seen him before he asked you?” She said “Oh, he has been around here a long time. All the girls know him.” I said “And everybody first has to work in Hamburg?” She said “No, but all the girls that he sends always sail from Hamburg and they usually go on ahead and work in the houses in Hamburg.”

Later in the day I met two clandestine prostitutes namely Lena Fisher and Fritzi Rothbart. Lena Fisher addressed me in English and after I had conversed with her for a time I learned that she was born in New York City and up to eleven years ago lived on 125th Street and Lenox Ave. with her husband and daughter, came to Europe for a brief visit; the war broke out; her husband was forced to become a soldier and was shot and killed in 1916. Since then Lena Fisher claims the property left to her by her husband disappeared and she became a prostitute.

During my conversation with her she stated that the police have a thorough check upon all persons living in Vienna and because of the housing shortage persons who have large houses and apartments cannot occupy more than they need. As a result the licensed resorts have been done away with and no real parlor houses exist.

I then questioned her about Fritzi Rothbart, her friend, who appeared quite young. She said “She’s a German girl. She’s only eighteen years old. She has been my buddy now for two years.” I said “How can she get away without being picked up?” (arrested). She replied “We don’t hustle only
in the coffee houses. If we were to stand on the corners they'd get her in a hurry, me too; but with her they'd try and put her away because she's only eighteen. She started when she was fourteen years old in Berlin. She left there and came here and we've been together ever since. Just think! She is still so young that I could be her mother. I have a daughter who is sixteen years old." I said "How could she leave Germany so young? Did they give her a passport?" She replied "Yes, sure! A girls can get a passport easily in Germany or here if her parents' consent."

I said "How is it you didn't quit Vienna after your husband died, and go to a place where more money could be made?" She said "I didn't start in business until after the war. When I did start, other girls wanted me to go to South America with them, but I didn't want to. You see, I have my daughter and she's at the age when I got to be careful of her." I said "I have been to South America. There are quite a few Austrians and German girls there. I suppose they don't go now as much as they did before." She said "Oh yes, all these girls want to go there." I said "Well why don't they go then?" She said "It takes money, but this girl had a chance with a fellow. He wanted to take her, but she wouldn't go with him." I said "What, just for a joy party?" She said "No, he is a pimp. He had some money and would have taken her, but I told her not to go. She is too young. He'd get her down there and might beat hell out of her. You know, he is one of those White Slavers. She's damn lucky too because other girls went and I guess they have it hard now." I asked "How long ago was that?" She said "About six months ago." I said "Did you know any of the girls who went?" She said "Yes, they were girls that I met around the cafes." I said "I didn't think there were any pimps in Vienna." She said "It's full of them. I know bunches of them. Nearly all the girls have them. You see, they can't get into some cabarets and some cafes alone. The pimps always act as escorts. Did you ever go to the Cafe Carlton? At one o'clock it's full of pimps. They wait for their girls there. I can show you other places too. I know quite a few." I said "And how about you and Fritzi Rothbart? I suppose neither one of you have a pimp." She said "No, on the level! I have a daughter to support. I don't make much because I am old fashioned. Here all the girls are perverts. They take it any way at all, and besides they go in for lady-loving exhibits. Neither she nor I are that way. That's why we are not well dressed. The ones that make the money are those who are bi-sexual. It's the same in Berlin. A straight (i.e. normal intercourse) girl can't make it pay. That's one of the reasons why my friend left Berlin, but the German Kultur has spread through Austria so she is as bad off here."

I said "This fellow who wanted Fritzi Rothbart to go to South America with him,- is he still here?" She said "No, he left the city. He got other girls to go. You see, he organizes a theatrical group. The women are all business girls; they pose as artists and that's how he does it." I said "How about young ones? Does he get any?" She said "Aint Fritzi Rothbart young enough? You see, he wanted her. She'd be able to go with the rest, and it would be all right. They always send a young girl in the care of the older ones." I said "I know plenty of theatrical agents; maybe I know him." She said "I couldn't tell you his name. I don't know it. Fritzi Rothbart, what was the name of that fellow who wanted you to go to South America with him?" Fritzi Rothbart said "I don't know. We all used to call him Charlie-the-Baker. He aint here no more. He is in Hamburg."
Vienna, Austria

June 15-16, 1925

I continued interviewing the prostitutes along the streets and also kept appointments with such prostitutes as Loretta Haims, Fritzi Rothbart, and Lena Fisher. These three prostitutes are apparently well posted on conditions and the most willing to talk of all the prostitutes whom I met in Vienna.

Fritzi Rothbart, Lena Fisher, and I visited the places where the pimps and their prostitutes gather. The principal resorts are the Museum Strasse, and the Geselahof Cafe.

In the Cafe Carlton the pimps and their prostitutes gather usually about 4 P.M. They usually lounge about the place in pairs and discuss their business. At night, while their women are soliciting, the pimps make this cafe their hangout and await periodical visits from their prostitutes.

Lena Fisher who knows most of the pimps introduced me to a pimp named Ludwig Blöch. All three of us remained in the cafe together and spoke about conditions abroad. Ludwig Blöch does not speak English, but with the aid of Lena Fisher and the little German which I know we were able to carry on a conversation. Lena Fisher introduced me as a friend from New York City. Ludwig Blöch said “So you have a new sweetheart now. I knew you’d wait for an American. How about that fellow in the navy who took you to Venice?” Lena Fisher explained that Ludwig Blöch was referring to a married man said to be a naval officer, who had been in Vienna just after the war. She stated he had taken her to Venice and she lived four months with him and then “sent him home to his wife.”

I again brought up the subject of this man whom I had been hearing so much about in Vienna, as a procurer of girls for houses in South America. Ludwig Blöch said “You mean Charlie-the-Baker. Ah! He is in Hamburg. He is a fakir!” I asked “What do you mean fakir?” He said “He tells these girls around here about the money in Buenos Aires and when they go down there they starve to death.” I said “I have been in Buenos Aires and things were good when I was there.” He said “My girl wanted to go too. Charlie-the-Baker says he’ll fix everything. If you aint got the money he’ll get you tickets, and when you are ready he tells you that you must wait another month, and in the meantime he makes a little borrow from you, and the next one, and when you wake up, he is gone and you don’t see him again.” Lena Fisher said “I don’t know about all that, but he had Fritzi Rothbart all ready to go, but I told her not to.” Lena Fisher continued “Charlie-the-Baker don’t bother with these fellows; that’s why he talks that way. He wants the girls, not the kind that have these parasites.”

I said to Ludwig Blöch “Are many girls going to South America?” He replied “Anybody who has money goes. It’s much better there than here.” I said “Are the police hard on the boys?” He said “Terrible, if they catch you. You got be careful in Vienna. The girls have it severe. They have to dodge the uniformed and the moral men.” I said “Does your friend only try to get girls from Austria?” Ludwig Blöch said “I heard he travels all over. The way I met him was he met my girl and spoke to her, and she brought him to me.” I said “Where is he from?” He replied “Hamburg he says.”

After we left the cafe Lena Fisher said “I thought you were a business man, but I think you got a girl some place”. I said “I need to have a girl, but not now. I always like to get acquainted with the boys and girls when I’m traveling.” She said “I was up to the American Consul today and he is
getting my daughter a passport for the States from Washington. She was born in New York City. My aunt is sending for her. When she leaves I’m going to get rid of the man who is keeping me and go someplace where I can make a few dollars and then go back to the United States. The man who I have on a string is a very rich Austrian. He don’t give me much. Just pays my rent and lets me have ten shillings a day. He has never stayed with me. You see he’s a fairy. He keeps a few boys, and so that his friends don’t get wise I meet him every day in the Atlantic Cafe and sit around with him. They all know he keeps me, and of course that diverts any suspicion away from the boys. A man don’t usually have boys and women. It’s either one or the other. When I leave if you want I’ll travel with you.” I said “I haven’t money enough for that.” She said “I’ll raise some money. I’m glad to get away from here but I don’t want to go with anybody that I have to support. I don’t mind helping a fellow who works, but the way these girls do here. Why they feed, clothe, and supply their man with money.” I said “Well maybe we’ll be able to get together. I’ll be here for a few days more and then I’m coming back in a week and stay all the summer.”

We went to several cafes and I said “It’s funny there aint more foreign girls here.” Lena Fisher said “There are quite a few Polish girls. They were refugees during the war. They are all on the streets.” I said “I haven’t met any.” She said “You find them across the Danube in the Yiddisha section. There aint many others. A few French. I know two, a lot of Czechs, Hungarians; but mostly all are Austrians. They aint Vienna girls either. They come from the small towns.” I said “With all these young kids running around, it’s no wonder Charlie-the-Baker comes to Vienna.” She said “That’s what he wants. As soon as he heard Ludwig Blöch’s girl had a pimp he let her down easy. I think he got into trouble here because about three months ago the Austrian government issued warnings in the Austrians papers that everybody who is inducing their young daughters to travel in foreign countries should see that they get safely there, because they might fall into the hands of white slavers. After that we never saw him again.” I said “I wonder where in Hamburg he hangs out?” She said “I don’t know; they say he owns a brothel there.”

Vienna, Austria
June 17-18, 1925

In the company of Lena Fisher I visited several former houses of prostitution and found that the places are now tenanted by respectable people.

I continued to interview prostitutes along the street and in coffee houses and bar rooms on the other side of the Danube River.

In this section of the city I noted most of the foreign prostitutes are to be found. The women and girls, many Czechs and Poles, frequent the coffee houses along Prater Strasse. All whom I saw and spoke to were apparently over twenty-one years of age.

In the Cafe Carlton I again met Ludwig Blöch the pimp whom Lena Fisher introduced me to. He said “I see you are trying to make Lena Fisher.” I replied “No, she’s just a good kid. That’s all.”
He said “She has a man who keeps her and instead of getting good money out of him, she takes whatever he gives her.”

I said “I am really looking for a young girl. If I met one I’d take her on.” He answered “There are many young girls around here. You should have no trouble. The streets are full of them.” I said “They have boys now.” He said “Not all. What do you expect to do? Stay in Vienna?” I said “No, I’ll push on to some other place.” He said “Never mind! Vienna aint so bad.” I said “Yesterday you said any place is better than here. It must have changed over night.” He said “Figure what it costs to travel and then you can tell better where you stand. I wanted to go here and go there like so many other boys do, but I am just as well off. They all come back broke. I see them.” I asked “What do they come back for? When once they get away why don’t they stay?” He answered “It’s the life here; Vienna life cannot be found anywhere. When once you get used to it you must come back.” I said “It’s all what you get used to. Say, tell me, what are these stories I heard from Lena Fisher about zushickers (traffickers) in Wien and the government advising people to be careful?” He answered “They claim that girls are running away from here. I suppose some boy took a girl with him and it started out like boatloads were leaving.” I said “Where are they going to?” He replied “They say South America.” I asked “Do you believe it?” He said “There is always somebody around looking for girls, - like yourself. Suppose you met a girl and went away with her. If the papers got hold of it they’d say the same thing.” I said “Where do the papers get that stuff?” He said “Who knows!” I said “I should think it would be tough getting a girl out of here.” He said “Why? Anybody can get a passport”. I said “But how about the girls under twenty-one?” He replied “They too can get them. All they need is their parents’ permission, a few letters to show that they won’t be broke in case they can’t get a job where they go. All that stuff is easy.” I said “Yes, but parents’ permission, all girls can’t get.” He said “The kind of girls who come here from the country and have their parents there, they will give it. There are so many girls in Vienna that a fellow can have two and three.” I said “But do they?” He said “I know fellows who have two. You ought to have seen this place when the houses were open! It was better than Paris. Now, of course, it’s a little dead, but there is still good money here. All the girls get from two to three men a night. They get commissions from the hotels, commissions from the drinks, and all the bars give commissions. They make their fifty shillings a night. I mean the good ones, - the young girls, - not those old ones you see. Even them, they make twenty and twenty-five shillings a night.

I said “Do you know of a young one who wants to leave.” He said “Not one, but a hundred! They all want to go.” I said “But how about their boys?” He said “They all aint got husbands”. I said “I’d want something about nineteen or twenty.” He said “You can find those too, but they are a nuisance. That kind is all right for your friend Charlie-the-Baker, but why should you put yourself about that way when you can have an understanding with a girl and go right.” I said “How do you know that he bothers with those young ones?” He replied “That’s what they say. He’s always talking to young ones.” I said “Is he in Hamburg now?” He answered “How should I know? That’s where he comes from. He speaks like a Hamburger. Maybe he is in Berlin. He don’t stay long anywhere.”
Vienna, Austria
June 11-18, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Summary

I spent just one week in Vienna, Austria. Shortly after my arrival I learned that there are no licensed houses of prostitution in the city. All persons whom I questioned explained that because of the housing shortage the brothels were abolished and the prostitutes were granted permission to ply their trade about the streets.

Each street prostitute is supposed to be registered with the police and must present herself for a venereal disease examination to a special department in charge of that work. The Regulations provide that no girl under twenty-one years of age can practice prostitution and no female will be enrolled until she is able to prove her age.

The registered prostitutes may loiter along the streets, but are not permitted to approach nor speak to passersby. If caught doing so, twice, they are reprimanded, and the third time sent to jail for from three to four days.

This, however, cannot be strictly enforced as the main street Karntner Strasse between Opera Ring, Karntner Ring and Franz Josef Kai is fairly crowded with prostitutes from sunset until dawn. The streets adjoining Karntner Strasse such as Wassiche Strasse, Kruger Strasse, Johannes Strasse, Anna Strasse, Hummelfort Strasse, Donner Strasse, Fleischmarket Strasse and other small streets, are peopled with street soliciting prostitutes. The prostitutes not only talk to all who pass, but actually take their arms and try to drag them into the City Hotel and Modern Hotel which apparently controls most of the assignation business in this locality.

On the left bank of the Danube the cheaper prostitutes may be found. They usually promenade the full length of Prater Strasse as far as Hune Gasse, along with the small streets which branch off at right angles from this main thoroughfare.

The prostitutes in this section are just as aggressive, but much more reasonable in price. Many foreign prostitutes such as Czechs, Poles, Romanians may be found in this locality. They take their trade into small hotels and rooming houses in the vicinity.

Metro Park situated at the end of Prater Strasse is also frequented by prostitutes, but many are unregistered and some appear quite young and of foreign birth.

The uniformed police are quite active in the Karntner Strasse and attempt to keep the women in check, but are apparently unable to cope with the situation.

The prostitutes and other underworld characters whom I met admitted that they have the utmost respect for the policemen. They contended that it is impossible to bribe them and that even the policeman whom they daily see will not stop for a single moment to talk to them.
The pimps maintained that they are forced to keep under cover, and not one has a friend on the entire force. I met and spoke to at least six prostitutes each day in Vienna. From such prostitutes as Fritzi Rothbart, Lena Fisher, and Loretta Haims, I secured most of my information.

From other sources I learned that a certain pimp Charlie-the-Baker has been in Vienna inducing girls, some of whom are already prostitutes, one (Fritzi Rothbart) a nineteen year old German girl and also any other young girl whom he could make the acquaintance of, to go to Hamburg and thence to South America chiefly Buenos Aires.

According to my informants the girls are sent as artists and three or four at one time. Contracts are furnished the girls in order to insure departure and landing in the foreign country, and some are consigned to the owner of the Casino Theatre in Buenos Aires. Several have gone and two now in Hamburg are planning to leave in September along with another prostitute still in Vienna who will also leave at that time.

Similar information such as to overtures being made to young girls was picked up in Budapest. The descriptions offered by the girls who had been approached by this unknown man corresponded so far as a vague description might. He's described as a dark man (presumably black hair, olive complexion) medium height; about 35 years old.

According to the prostitutes and Ludwig Blöch, a pimp, he's known as Charlie-the-Baker and owns a house of prostitution somewhere in Hamburg, Germany.

He became known to Ludwig Blöch only after he had approached Ludwig Blöch's woman and she then introduced him to Ludwig Blöch. I tried to secure more information about him but was unable to do so.

I also noticed that during the early afternoon the Karntner Strasse is crowded with young unregistered prostitutes. According to my informants, there are more unregistered than registered.

I also visited the cabarets such as Moulin Rouge Cabaret, Pavillon Cabaret, Tabarin Cabaret. These places do not admit unescorted women, but the entertainers are nearly all prostitutes and appointments can be made with them for closing hours.

There are also many bars in Vienna which are open three days a week until 4 A.M. In some they do not admit unescorted women, but others are so arranged that in addition to the dancing salon they have a coffee house through which the men must pass to enter the bar.

Dancing begins at 10:30 P.M.; and usually after one A.M. prostitutes gather in these places and make the acquaintance of customers.

I visited the following bars and cafes and met a few foreign prostitutes in these places, but none were under twenty-one years of age: Cafe Pochhocher, Cafe Bristol, Cafe Carlton, Mary Bar, Anna Bar (Anna Gasse), Parisien Cabaret, Capna Cabaret, Sacher Cafe, Kaiser Bar, City Bar, Hapsburg Cafe, Cafe Splendide, Cafe Stocher, Cafe de l’Europe, Cafe de la Paix, San Souci Bar, Geselahof Cafe, Atlantic Cafe, and American Bar.
Berlin, Germany
June 19-20, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Shortly after my arrival in Berlin I was informed that there are no licensed brothels in the city and that because of the severity of the police in enforcing the law there are no clandestine resorts.

The street-soliciting prostitutes whom I spoke to admitted that they are under police control, and that they are permitted to solicit on certain streets, but prohibited from using such thoroughfares as Friedrich Strasse and Unter den Linden.

They also contended that no foreign prostitutes can be registered and if a foreign girl is caught practicing prostitution, she is deported.

After speaking with many street prostitutes, mainly upon such streets as I was informed the prostitutes are prohibited from using, I loitered about on the corner of Jaeger and Friedrich Strasse. I was approached by a young chap who suggested that I should accompany him to a house where circus acts (perversion) and naked dances take place. I made the necessary excuses and tried to secure the address of the place. He said "These dances start at one in the morning and every night take place in a different house because of the police." I said "What I'm looking for is some nice young girls. My friend likes French, or Spanish girls." He said "I know plenty of young German girls. Girls of sixteen years, but foreign are hard to find. You see, any girl, if she is a foreigner and is caught doing business, they send her out of the country. That kind of girl, you see, aint on the street. She works privately. Now, I know a lot of places, but I can't take you there to-night. These places close at night on account of the police. Here is my name and address." He then wrote his name on a sheet of paper (see exhibit) (Salvatore Szeigers). He continued "I know where all the Italians, Swedes, etc. are in Berlin. If you want I'll get you any kind of girl you like. You just drop me a card and sign it Adlon so I know who it is. I'll meet you wherever you say and I'll take you around. If you want a swell little German girl I got one who will satisfy you. She aint a sixteen year old, but she's no street girl either. Just has a few men. She's clean and nice, and only asks ten marks." I said "Meet me tomorrow at Four and we'll look her over. Also some of these private places you're talking so much about."

Salvatore Szeigers kept the appointment and the first place he suggested, I noted, corresponded to the number which he gave to me as his residence. I accompanied him to the address and he introduced me to a woman about twenty-eight year of age. This prostitute is a German and later Salvatore Szeigers admitted that he lives with her. I stated that my friend fancied large women and I would bring him to her later, also mentioning that I preferred young girls.

Salvatore Szeigers said "That's all right. We'll go around and look them over. These places that I'm going to take you to are all private places. The girls aint registered. Each house has from two to four girls. Some are only sixteen years old. You'll see when we go there; they sit in the windows in some of the places. They are all nice girls, but you can't come here at night. They close at dark. "I
said “Why?” He answered “The police don't let them run. It's against the law. In the day time the detectives aint out, and at night when they are out it's so dark that they (prostitutes) wouldn't be able to see who is watching, so they close at night”.

I said “Are these places regular brothels?” He said “Yes, but small. They are in flats. Usually the first floors.” I said “Just the girls alone, or is there a madam too?” He said “There's a woman who runs the place; the girls live there and do business.” I said “I suppose the girls just get half of the money?” He replied “Yes, that's right; well you see, it is all they should get. The lady that has the flat has all the expenses.”

We walked through such streets as Zimmer Strasse, Koch, Junker, Jersualum, Markgrafen, Puttkamer, and Charlotten Strasses and I noticed in each block rather young appearing girls seated at the first floor (1 up), second floor (2 up), and third floor (3 up) windows in some of the large flat houses. Most of these windows where the girls are seated, are shaded with awnings, or wooden shutters, so that the prostitutes, without attracting the attention of respectable neighbors, can quietly motion to passersby. He said “See,— all these places are brothels.” I objected to being taken into these places and suggested he take me to resorts where there are no outward signs of the character of the place. Having had the location of these places I know I could find them again alone, but the resorts where no soliciting takes place would naturally be difficult to find. He agreed to do this and took me to a place at #1 Junker Strasse operated by H. Springer. That flat is situated on the first floor front (1 up). There I was introduced to Helene, a Hungarian prostitute, who said she is nineteen years of age. She admitted that she cannot register, but has been in Berlin one year, coming here from a small city near Budapest. There are two other girls in this flat; but according to the methods employed each girl takes her turn in entertaining the customers. The customer is immediately ushered into the girl's room, and can only see the other girls when he objects to the one whom he first meets. This method I noted was employed in all places which I subsequently visited.

Helene would give no reason for coming to Berlin other than to “make money” and stated that she came here alone, and of her own free will.

After leaving this place we visited many more resorts of a similar type. I noted that in all the places that I visited at least ninety percent of the inmates were between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four years, and according to their own admissions are not under police control.

We finally entered a house at #85 Markgrafen Strasse which is located on the first floor (1 up) and operated by Miss Cooper. There I met a prostitute, twenty-one years of age, who was born in Lodz, Poland, and claimed to be in Berlin only nine months. She said she came here of her own free will and prostituted herself in Wien, and other places, before coming to Berlin.

While visiting these places I substantiated that which Salvatore Szeigers had told me about foreign girls, and also noted that the madams or lesses of the apartments are not eager to make their appearance while customers are in the places. All of these resorts close at dusk and open usually at 10 A.M. The inmates are nearly all unregistered, and usually reside on the premises. In some places, however, they live privately elsewhere, returning home after working hours.
One girl explained that many of the prostitutes in places like she is in #36 Koch Strasse (1 floor up), have adopted this life because of the economic conditions in Germany. She explained that stenographers receive but 120 marks a month and salespersons much less. Mothers and fathers oftimes know of their daughter's adopted vocation; and husbands (not pimps) allow their wives to become prostitutes in order to help obtain enough money to live.

The street prostitutes and also prostitutes in cafes and flats, continually complain of the few men they meet, and will not allow a prospective customer to leave their company with “shinking” as they call it to a few marks. However, most of the prostitutes are stylishly dressed and apparently wear expensive clothes.

Such streets as Friedrich Strasse from Belle Ailee Platz to five and six blocks on the other side of the Spree River are lined with prostitutes. Some blocks have as many as twenty to thirty. They boldly approach men and are difficult to get away from.

Unter den Linden from Friedrich Strasse to Wilhem Strasse is likewise crowded with prostitutes from 4 P.M. until daybreak. The same conditions are in evidence on Leipsic Strasse from Potsdam Platz to Wall Strasse along with the many small side streets adjoining the main streets of Berlin.

The following clandestine houses of prostitution were visited by me: #1 Junker Strasse, #17 Junker Strasse, #18 Junker Strasse, #20 Junker Strasse, #21 Junker Strasse, #24 Zimmer Strasse, #43 Zimmer Strasse, #45 Zimmer Strasse, #51 Zimmer Strasse, #52 Zimmer Strasse, #46 Zimmer Strasse, #47 Zimmer Strasse, #62 Jerusalaum Strasse, #48 Koch Strasse, #36 Koch Strasse, #85 Markgrafen Strasse, #86 Markgrafen Strasse, #88 Charlotten Strasse, and #14 Puttkamer Strasse.

Each of the above places has from two to four inmates. In all thus far visited, but two foreigners were noted. One is a girl named Helene who claims to be a Hungarian, aged nineteen years, and the other is known as Kitty born in Lodz, and now located at #85 Markgrafen Strasse.

While with the street prostitutes such places as 48 Koch Strasse, Hotel West End, were suggested; also the Ashembehof Hotel on the same street.

I visited a number of bierstubes and kontereis where prostitutes congregate. The Mikado Cabaret is a place frequented by sixteen year old prostitutes and pimps, according to my informants.

The three bierstubes corner of Enche Platz and Bessel Platz are usually filled with clandestine German prostitutes who take their trade to Bellevue.

Places like the Bellevue, Vaterland and Jostys are frequented by clandestine prostitutes of a higher priced variety.
During these two days I visited clandestine places where prostitution is practiced, cafes, cabarets and massage parlors.

Through Salvatore Szeigers I was introduced to another pimp named Carl Walter who speaks English, inasmuch as he had been in London when the war broke out and was interned there and then deported to Germany. Salvatore Szeigers introduced me to him because I mentioned that I wanted to purchase some obscene pictures. Salvatore Szeigers stated that Carl Walter is a notorious character about the cheaper cabarets on Jäger Strasse and makes it a point to procure prostitutes for foreigners and also to offer for sale obscene photographs.

I had confided to Salvatore Szeigers that I have a woman with me in Berlin and he therefore introduced me to Carl Walter as a member of their set. I said to Carl Walter “I thought Berlin had no brothels.” He said “No licensed brothels, but, you know, it is like all over, - there are plenty of private places.” Salvatore Szeigers interpolated “I took him around to a bunch of them.” Carl Walter said “You ought to have seen this town before the war! We had it fine here. Now it is dead.” I said “Not from the looks of this street! A gal on the street here seems to have the best of it.” He said “They all make a nice few dollars. You can’t get a gal under ten marks, that is two dollars and half. That is good, aint it?” I said “Yes, my girl has been out, but she is afraid of getting picked up. (arrested).” He said “What you want to do is to send her out with a girl who knows the ropes. She can go for months without getting caught. You see these fellows (uniformed police) can’t do a thing to the girls. That is the reason why the girls don’t beat it when they come along. They are good fellows to know too. You can give them something and they look away. The men in private clothes (plain clothesmen) are the ones who pick up the girls. When they come around you shall see how the girls run.” I said “Can you fix them too?” He answered “No, I never knew anybody who did. You see, I pick up a few marks with pictures and I always take care of the uniformed man because he sees me. I am here every night and he could do me more harm than good if he wanted to.”

I said “You see, I would let my girl register, but I am afraid———.” He interrupted and said “You can’t! They’ll deport her. Here no foreign girls can register.” I said “I didn’t say she is a foreigner, did I? She’s a German girl.” He said “Well, that is different. Let her go until they catch her. All they can do is make her register. If she’s under twenty-one, then look out! They can put her in a home.”

I said “The reason why I am afraid to let her register is because I heard that if she wanted a passport they wouldn’t give her one.” He said “Who told you that? Any girl, can get a passport. They have to give it to her.” I said “Yes, but they mark on it that she is a business girl (professional prostitute).” He said “Never! If they did, how would the girls be able to travel? That is all fake!” I said “I got it straight.” He said “You are going to try to tell me what I know myself! I’ll show you girls here who have been to Italy, and some to South America even and they never had it marked on their passports.”
(I inquired about this very same thing from five or six different prostitutes. Three of them had travelled out of Germany, had secured passports while under control, and all admitted that they were never forced to make known their profession.)

I said “Are many girls going to South America from here?” He replied “No, it costs too much.” I said “My girl ran into a chap from Hamburg while she was in Vienna. He wanted to pay her way to Buenos Aires, but when he found but that we were together he wouldn’t do it.” He said “He evidently was a guy who sends girls. In Hamburg they do that business.” I said “Do you know any of the boys there?” He said “Yes, I did, but now I don’t know where they are.” I said “I wonder why he goes as far as Vienna for girls when there are so many young kids running around the streets here?” He said “Those birds (traffickers) go any place they can get a nice girl. There are boys here whose girls were shipped off too, that way.” I said “So, he does the stealing act too?” He said “You see, in Hamburg they have houses. Here it’s dangerous for a girl to work in a house because it’s against the law. The girls in the houses in Hamburg very often go to South America and also into Italy; then they have to get new girls here and there. The way things are here now it is very easy to get a girl. They are all glad to go anywhere.”

I said “But isn’t it hard to get a passport for a girl under twenty-one?” He said “No, the girls always get their parents to consent. These girls in Berlin are all from the country. Very few are local. Once they are away from home, the old man and old lady are glad to consent so long as they get a few marks in the mail each month.”

We then switched our conversation toward obscene pictures. Carl Walter said “It’s not so easy here. The private-clothes police are always looking for that stuff. We call the pictures “French Pictures,” but they are being made here. There’s also a lot made in Frankfort-on-Main.” I said “I can get rid of a lot of them, but I don’t want the pictures. I used to be a photographer and if I travel I can’t take a chance of having them with me. I’d pay a good price for the plates, but, you know, I couldn’t take a chance carrying photos in my grip”. He said “I know that, but, let me tell you, plates are hard to get. I’ll see the fellow tomorrow and let you know. You see, the fellow here who makes the pictures is a wise-acre. He won’t sell to me direct, or anybody else, except one man; that man sells to another and then I get them.”

I said “What’s the idea of all these middlemen?” He replied “I told you the police are watching, and the man that makes them wants to be protected.”

He then called over another man and introduced me to him, saying “This is the fellow who supplies me. He is going to see the real guy tomorrow. This man (meaning me) is the man I was telling you about.” I again explained my reason for desiring to procure plates. The unknown man said “I’ll see what I can do tomorrow. How long are you going to remain in Berlin?” I replied “Until Thursday.” He said “Well, it’s a pretty tough job. If you wanted pictures I could give you a wagonload. Where do you go from here?” I replied “Hamburg.”
Carl Walter said “Well, it might take some time just as my friend says. You said you were going to stay in Hamburg. If we can’t get them by Thursday, I write to you and tell you when we have the plates, then you can drop me a line here (See card, Carl Walter, in his handwriting.) and let me know when you are coming back, so I can have the stuff all ready for you. Anyhow we’ll wait and see what this fellow has to say tomorrow”.

Berlin, Germany
June 23-24, 1925

I spend most of my time in company of Carl Walter and Salvatore Szeigers, two German pimps. Salvatore Szeigers, who is apparently very well acquainted in Berlin, took me to various sections of the city where the different foreign elements live. He introduced me to Polish, Italian, Swedish, and Czech prostitutes. All whom I met were girls who have been in Germany for many years.

I questioned Carl Walter concerning the exportation of young German girls. He said “These girls you see on the streets don’t travel very much. There are a few who do, but most of them aint got enough money for that.” I said “How about their boys, can’t they raise enough?” He said “No, not enough for that. Everybody I talk to says that South America is the place. If a fellow had the capital he could pick himself a nice girl and take her there. They are all glad to go.” I said “That’s what that fellow from Hamburg is doing.” He said “I heard about him, but I don’t know him. Every boy in Berlin usually comes to Jäger Strasse; so do the boys from other place (cities), but nobody seems to know him personally.” I said “You got to hand it to the French boys; they have more than one wife and make them toe the mark! How is it that there aint any French here?” He said “They’d be here if we would let them, but no foreign girls can operate in Germany. There are some French girls in Berlin every now and then in the cabarets, but they are artists and they don’t travel with boys.” I said “Salvatore Szeigers introduced me to a couple of foreign girls. One is a Hunk and the other a Pole. They haven’t been here long; both are in joints and they manage to get away with it.” He said “Sure they do. Why shouldn’t they? All the girls in Berlin aint under control. Why, there’s more not controlled (registered) than there are controlled. Everywhere you turn you run into them. If you want to see some real young, but swell stock, I’ll take you to a place where the oldest girl is only seventeen. It’s a sort of cabaret. The boys hang out there too. Maybe you heard of it. It’s the Mikado Cabaret.”

We then went to the Mikado Cabaret. The place was crowded with young prostitutes; many of them appeared to be between sixteen and seventeen years old. These young German prostitutes I am told are un-registered and make this place their nightly hangout for the purpose of securing trade whom they take to cheap hotels, and rooms in flat houses in the vicinity.

Carl Walter greeted several men in the place and pointed them out to me as pimps.

I said “Do these kids manage to work without boys?” He said “They all have them. Aren’t they fine looking kids! Let me tell you: Show them a railroad ticket and they are off like a racehorse.” I said “But how about the passport?” He said “They can get them. It’s very easy to get a pass in Germany. I
told you. Just as long as the parents’ consent, that’s all a girl needs.” I said “How about a queer pass?” He said “You mean counterfeit? No, I don’t think you can get one. I have been here for years now and I aint never seen any. Anyhow you don’t need any.” I said “I suppose one of these boys would raise hell if he woke up and found his girl gone.” He said “It aint so nice, but they always get more. There aint many going. A few go off with companies. You know, supposed to be actresses, but not many. All these kids are wild about the stage. The movies, cabarets, anything that makes them think they are actresses. The funny part is they all think they are good, too. Some are so thick they can’t even talk right. They are the kind of gals that I told you fall easy.”

I said “You are showing me these gals as if I was in the market for one. I told you I had a gal.” He said “What the hell! They aint mine! The reason why I am showing you them is I know you are a photographer. If we can’t get those plates, we can round up a bunch of young girls like this, give them some marks and take better pictures than we could get from our friend. That’s just what he does. He comes down here and pays these girls, and takes about a dozen positives and makes money out it.” I said “Yes, but it’s hard to get a place suitable for taking a positive.” He said “Have you got the apparatus? Do you want to take any? If you do, give me a half day. I’ll get you the place, subjects and everything. I am satisfied if you’ll give me a bunch of the finished pictures. That’s all I want.” I said “It’s easier to get the plates than it is to take them.” He said “If he’ll sell them, yes, it is; but you see now what it means to buy originals. You see the trouble he has to go through. He usually gets his subjects here. He stakes them to ten marks apiece for each pose. It is more trouble than it is expensive, but when it’s finished you’re better off, and you can make as many as you please. If you stay in Berlin I can get rid of all pictures that you print, and we both can make money on it. I can show you a list of people that I have mailed pictures to. I want to get into the thing right. The b________ that I am dealing with doesn’t care about me. He runs his price up high, and cuts my profit so that sometimes it aint worth it.” He said “It’s a good scheme, but I have no machine with me. That’s why I want to buy plates.” He said “Well, that’s different.” I said “Suppose we go and see this fellow. I’ll put up security, and pay him for the loan of his machine. I’ll buy all the necessary materials and we’ll get a group of these kids and a couple of men and shoot a few pictures.” He said “I don’t think he’d do it. Anyhow I’ll see that fellow tonight and put it up to him. I’ll tell you why I don’t think he’ll do it: He is the only man in Berlin who is making his own pictures. I and the other boys buy them all from him. You know here in Berlin every hooker (prostitute) buys them too. When they get suckers they show them and it helps them with hard eggs. English and American tourists fall for that stuff and the girls get a large price. I supply most of the girls. He knows I use a lot of them and he wouldn’t give me any chance like that. You wouldn’t either. It’s like cutting your own throat, aint it? I’ll ask anyhow.” I said “Have you any of the girls’ pictures in here”. He said “Yes that blonde over there. I’ll show you when we go out. I don’t want to pull it out here. There’s four or five others too, but they aint around now.”

After we left the place he showed me an indecent picture of a girl, not over eighteen years of age, and a man practicing perversion. The girl appeared to be the same person he had pointed out to me in the Mikado Cabaret.

Before leaving Carl Walter I promised to write to him from Hamburg and he agreed to let me know by return mail as to whether or not he could secure some plates from the photographer.
(I am sure that if more time could be devoted to Carl Walter and his associates, the manufacturer of the obscene pictures in Berlin could easily be apprehended.)

Berlin, Germany

June 19-24, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Summary

There are supposed to be no houses of prostitution in Berlin. It is true that there are no licensed resorts, but that section of the city, such as Wilhem, Koch, Zimmer, Junker, Jerusalaum, Mergrafen, Charlotten, Puttkamer, Bessel, and adjoining streets, are honey-combed with disorderly flats. In each flat from two to four inmates reside. The lessee of the flat is in reality the madam. She shares in fifty percent of the girls’ earnings, and is seldom seen about the premises.

In all these flats the inmates are dressed in street clothes, Some sit at the windows and covertly try to attract the attention of passerby while others depend upon their established trade or customers brought to them by runners.

These places operate usually until dark, opening for business at 11 A.M. I was informed that the reason for closing after dark is due to the fact that at that time the plain clothesmen are most active.

The inmates in these flats are not registered with the police, and among the many places visited I found but two which harbored foreign girls under twenty-one years of age. One girl admitted being a Hungarian, and the other a Pole.

I was informed by the two pimps whom I met, Salvatore Szeigers and Carl Walter, that any foreign girl found practicing prostitution is immediately deported.

No girls under twenty-one years of age are registered, and minors who are caught are usually sent to corrective institutions.

From Carl Walter I learned that very few girls leave Berlin for foreign countries. He said that those that go usually travel as artists and although the girls had been registered as prostitutes, passport are granted to them by the German government.

I also inquired from prostitutes who had been to various foreign countries, and all admitted to me that at no time when they appeared for a passport was any indication made on their papers which showed that they were listed as registered prostitutes.

I also visited some cabarets, cafes and other places frequented by prostitutes. In no city in Europe have I found so many prostitutes as in Berlin. Girls from fifteen to nineteen years old were seen about the streets and in the cafes.
Friedrich Strasse from one end to the other, and Unter den Linden from Friedrich Strasse to Paris Platz, are filled with prostitutes from 4 P.M. until daybreak. The side streets are also crowded with prostitutes and it may be safely said that there are very few streets in the city where a person will not be accosted by street prostitutes.

The prostitutes are very bold in their approach and oftimes it is difficult to walk past one of them, as they block the way so that they may avail themselves of the opportunity to try to get a prospective customer to accompany them.

Hamburg, Germany
June 25-26, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Shortly after my arrival in Hamburg I learned that there is no segregated district within the city limits. The district oftimes spoken of as Hamburg’s actually lays within the bounds of the neighboring city known as Altona.

The boundary line of the two cities is situated about ten feet east of Grosse Frechert Strasse. One of the main thoroughfares in Hamburg known as Rieferbahn continues to this point, and when it reaches the city limits the same street on the Altona side is called Reichner Strasse. It is just one block on the Altona side of the line that the segregated district is situated.

The segregated district is known as Peter and Marien Strasses. It is an L-shaped section with iron gates at the two entrances. According to the Regulations this district is to be closed during the day, and may remain open from 6 P.M. to 7 A.M. This, however, is not enforced as one can gain entrance into the houses at any time during the day or night.

In this district there are about 50 houses. In the doorway of each house a prostitute may be seen. As prospective customers pass, the prostitutes call to them and try to encourage them to enter.

Each house has at an average four to five inmates. The houses are very cleanly kept, and even the cheapest resort in the district is in much better condition than most of the houses of the surrounding respectable residents.

I visited twenty-five of the houses and spoke to inmates and madams. I learned that foreign prostitutes are not inscribed, nor can native prostitutes under 21 years of age be enrolled.

In the houses visited I did not meet any foreign prostitutes, nor did I see any prostitutes who appeared to be under 25 years of age.

I inquired in the houses for Charlie-the-Baker (See Vienna report) whom I had heard about in Budapest, and Vienna. Madame Zimmerman said “Go down to the Holstein Bierstube, cor.
Grosse Freibert and Reichner Strasses. That is where the boys (pimps) hang out. They can tell you where he is.

I did as directed and approached a waiter there. He referred me to a chap who was seated near the doorway with a prostitute. I explained that I had been to Vienna and that one of the boys had asked me to deliver a message to Charlie-the-Baker. The person whom I was speaking to said “He is not around. He is out of the city now.” I said “Well, that is too bad. I am going to South America in a few days so I thought I’d look him up and tell him what his friend said.” He said “You’re an Argentine, no, yes?” I answered “I have been down there for a number of years.” He said “Tell me, how are things in Buenos Aires? I hear they are very good.” I said “It’s the same all over, I guess. One day it’s good and one day it is bad. How are things here?” He said “Not so bad as they used to be. There’s plenty of money around. Are you going alone?” I said “No, I have my wife with me.” He said “I know I’d like it there. I will go some day. There aint many Deutches (Germans) there. - Are there? Plenty of Jews and French, yes.” I said “There are all kinds.” He said “I suppose so.” I said “Charlie-the-Baker has plenty of friends down there, they tell me.” He replied “Yes, I know. He was down there before the war.” I said “I might know him, but I can’t just place him. If he was there before the war I must know him. It’s a wonder he don’t go back.” He said “That’s where he is now. He left two months ago.” I said “When you said he was out of town, I thought you meant he just went away for a short trip.” He said “I don’t speak so good English, so you must excuse me.” I said “That’s all right. They told me in Vienna he had a house here in Hamburg.” He said “No, he had a girl in Peterstrasse’s. He never had a house.” I said “I understood he had a house because he even wanted some Austrian girls to come over and work in his house. That’s what they told me.” He said “No, no, no. That aint so. How could he have an Austrian girl work in a house? Even if he had a house, that would be impossible. The police won’t let foreign girls work here.” I said “That I didn’t know, but I met girls who told me they were coming over.” He said “They might come over, but not to work in a house. That could not be.” I said “They said they were going to work here until the boat sailed.” He said “That is so, - around the cabarets and bars, - there are plenty of girls who do that, but not in the houses.” I said “Are many leaving through here for Buenos Aires?” He answered “A bunch of Polish girls are always going. Not many Germans.” I said “I suppose Charlie-the-Baker took his wife along?” He said “Yes, Fredda went with him.”

I said “Is it hard for a business girl to get a passport in Germany?” He said “No, as long as she is over age, it is easy. If she is a minor, it is difficult.” I said “I hear a business girl has her passport marked showing she is a business girl.” He said “No, no. If that was so, she could not get into the Argentine. To get in you must have a police certificate. When a girl wants to go they even give her that too. The only trouble is if she is under twenty-one. Then they will not give her a passport unless she gets her mother’s and father’s permission, and can show that she has something to do in Buenos Aires.” I said “What do you mean by something to do?” He said “Well, you know, they all usually go as artists. Then they must show contracts. Of course, if she goes with her husband it is different. Then they got to let them go.” I said “When I was last in Buenos Aires there were not many young ones. Are many going now?” He replied “There are some who go as artists just to get the trip. Companies are always travelling down there.” I said “Charlie-the-Baker is connected up with one of those companies, isn’t he?” He answered “He has some good friends down there in the cabaret business. Whenever they needed any girls he used to organize a company and ship them down.”
said “A legitimate company or just a bunch of business girls?” He said “You know, that poor class of shows don’t need anybody with sense! (talent) Anything goes.” I said “I guess the girls go broke down there in two days.” He said “Say, they are not dummies! They always know how to make some extra gelt. (money). They know there is money down there; that is why they go.” I said “There’s an awful bunch of Poles in Buenos Aires. I used to meet new boys and girls every day.” He said “I know it. I see them too; they go through here. They work around these places before they go. Did you ever go around to some of these places? You can see some fine girls in these cafes and cabarets.”

I then accompanied him to a number of cafes, barrooms, and cabarets. All places visited were crowded with prostitutes. As soon as men entered the women approached. They solicited drinks and later urged that the men accompany them to the hotels and furnished rooms in the vicinity.

In the following resorts higher-priced prostitutes congregate:

Mona Lisa Bar, G. Roland’s Bar, Hardman’s Bar, Clarsen Cabaret, Palast Cabaret, Apollo Cabaret, Alcazar Cabaret, Hyppo - Hamburg Cabaret, Morocco Bar.

The cheaper prostitutes gather in the following places:

Holstein Bierstube, Cafe Morstein, City Bar, Honolulu Bar, Casino Cabaret, Eldorado Cabaret.

I met a number of prostitutes in these places. I spoke to at least twenty. Fifteen admitted being Germans, one Austrian, and four Polish. All were above the age of twenty-one.

(Hamburg-Altona)
June 27-28-29-30, 1925

In company of a German pimp whom I met while seeking Charlie-the-Baker, I visited the section of old Hamburg which is known as St. Pauli. Conditions in this locality correspond to conditions that one reads about. On such streets as Rodemachers Gang, Korntrager Gang, Thielbach, and Grossmarkt there are innumerable beer stubs. In these places all of the neighborhood prostitutes congregate. Seamen and laborers of all types also gather here. The prostitutes immediately tag on to the men as they enter and after spending a little time in the stube, drag them off to their rooms in the vicinity. Many of the prostitutes seen and spoken to in these dives were girls as young as 15 and 16 years old.

On Rodemachers and Korntrager Gangs, along with other adjoining streets in this section, prostitutes may be found standing in the doorways of their crib-like homes, soliciting all who pass. As many as 25 were counted in one street.

My informant who later gave me his name as Jan Spiegel said “You see how the boys from the ships spend. In the back of their heads they don’t tell.” I said “I don’t understand what you mean.”
He said “Boys who travel always are closed-mouthed. I know.” I asked “Why should they be any more than the others?” He said “I don’t know, except they are afraid. Friends of mine come here. We hang out together for a month sometimes, then all of a sudden you see them no more. A few weeks later you get a card from some place, and who is it from, but your friend.” I said “It’s the safest way. Sometimes somebody might drop a word which is not meant to, but does the boy harm.” He said “I suppose so.” I said “I guess a bunch of these girls around here haven’t any friends”. He said “They are all tied up, but a fellow can always find a wife here when he wants one”. I said “Whereabouts, for instance?” He said “All these young ones. They live home. They haven’t anybody. They are good little sports too.” I said “It’s a wonder Charlie-the-Baker didn’t take a few with him to South America.” Jan Spiegel said “Maybe he did. You can’t tell.”

We then returned to the Holstein Bierstube, cor. Grosse Freibert and Reichner Strasses. There were present about 25 prostitutes. The place was likewise fairly jammed with drunken seamen. The pimps gather in the far corner of the bar so as to see that their women are not abused by the men and also, according to Jan Spiegel, watching the chance to trim (rob) their women’s customers. Jan Spiegel said “There is a holler around here every night. The boys always hand somebody something. That’s why I don’t stay here too long.” I said “Aren’t there any safer places for the boys to hang out than around here?” He replied “Yes, but the way things are in this town you got to stay pretty close to your gal while she works. These fellows get drunk and like to tear the place apart. In all these places we were in, the boys are right in the stube with the girls. It aint so in the houses. The trade there aint so rough. They never have any disputes or fights.” I said “How is it that the district is supposed to be closed during the day?” He said “That don’t mean anything. The joints are open 24 hours a day. That was a law they passed in 1922, but it was never enforced.”

I said “How about the boys in Hamburg; do the police bother them at all?” He said “No, they can’t do anything to us unless the girl makes a complaint. It’s never done.” I said “That’s the way it is all over.” He said “Sure, it’s the best way.” He then continued “Say, tell me: have you ever been to Italy? We get a lot of chances here to go there.” I said “Not recently; what do you mean about getting a lot chances to go there?” He said “They like German girls there. Two Italians boys were around and offered to pay the way of a bunch of business girls (professional prostitutes) to go there. They tell me that every little while they change their girls.” I said “Whereabouts in Italy do they want the girls?” He said “All over. They go from city to city. They start in Trieste and go south.” I said “How did you hear about it?” He said “One fellow I met. He took back six girls with him and paid their way.” I said “And the boys too?” He said “No, it’s only for three months. The boys are here.” I asked “Do you think they will come back?” He said “Sure, why not? I wanted my girl to go, but she said no.” I said “All of the girls, I suppose, were old timers?” He said, “No, nice pretty girls.” I said “But all in business?” He replied “Oh yes. Two were in houses; the others were around the cafes.”

In company of Jan Spiegel I continued to visit places where prostitutes congregate. I met 5 Polish prostitutes, but no other foreigners. All foreign prostitutes were over 21 years of age, but many of the local German girls were as young as 15 years.
Hamburg, Germany

June 25-26-27-28-29-30, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Summary

There is no segregated district in Hamburg. In the adjacent city of Altona a well-kept, clean, and sanitary district comprising about 50 houses, is in operation.

The twin cities practically appear as one, as the boundary line is said to be in the center of one of the main thoroughfares of each city.

The segregated district is situated on Peter and Kleine Marien Strasse. At each entrance to this “L”-shaped block are two huge iron gates. The district is supposed to be closed from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. and only open during the period from 6 P.M. to 7 A.M. This, however, is not enforced, as I not only learned it from the pimps, but also visited the district at hours when it was supposed to be closed.

In each of the houses there are from 4 to 5 inmates. These inmates pay a weekly board and room rent and in addition share fifty percent of their earnings with the owners. According to my informants each girl has a pimp. No prostitutes other than German are registered either in the houses or upon the streets.

All of the prostitutes whom I saw or spoke to in the houses appeared to be over twenty-five years of age.

Although Hamburg boasts of not having any houses of prostitution, there are streets in the old section of the city where house after house, with two and three girls in each, is in operation. The girls sit at windows and in the doorways and fairly drag passersby in.

In the St. Pauli district the beer stubes and weinhauses are veritable dives. From 10 to 20 women may be found drinking and soliciting in each place. Intermingled with the hardened prostitutes one sees young girls some as young as 15 years soliciting drunken men and urging them to accompany them to cheap hotels and rooms in the vicinity.

These young prostitutes are “meat for the pimps” in Hamburg and as Jan Spiegel expressed himself to me “If we lose a girl in Hamburg, you can always get one of these girls easy.”

Among the younger element no foreign girls were seen. It was, however, noticed that a number of Polish Jews practice prostitution in this locality and those whom I spoke to admitted that they are not under police control. Foreign women found practicing prostitution in Germany are deported.

The pimps whom I met contended that not many women are going to South America from Germany because of the high costs; but young girls are sometimes sent as artists.
Charlie-the-Baker whom I learned about in Vienna is known in Hamburg and, according to my informants, he has been active in sending girls to Buenos Aires. He, at the present time is said to be in Buenos Aires, South America.

My pimp friend also stated that Italian pimps are offering German prostitutes all expenses paid to work in houses throughout Italy. A short time ago six prostitutes went to Trieste supposedly for a three months period. All were registered prostitutes.

From the number of young girls I encountered in Altona and Hamburg, and the fact that they practice prostitution so openly, there is no doubt in my mind but that many of these youngsters will be gradually gobbled up by the pimps.

**Berlin, Germany**

*July 1-2, 1925*

**Obscene pictures**

While passing through Berlin en route to Prague I went to see Carl Walter, Care Jäger Casino, Jägerstrasse 13-14. I had written to him concerning the securing of obscene plates which he had agreed to try to get for me. (See previous report). He said, “I got your letter and was going to write to you today. That fellow who supplies me introduced me to the man who makes the plates. He’ll sell you a complete set of four or five sets if you want that many.” I said “How many in a set?” He answered “25.” I said “Well let me see them and I'll let you know how many I'll take.” He said “Good! To-night he will be here; you can talk to him and make your own bargain.” I asked “Is this fellow in business or does he just make pictures?” Carl Walter said “He is the same as you and I (pimp). He is on everything. He sells cocaine to the girls; he poses for those pictures; sometimes men like to see another man go with a girl and he does that too. He has two women of his own on the street. His partner is an engineer in a building. The partner is an amateur photographer. Robert (Rowbutt) Kriebel gets the people to pose, his partner takes the pictures, and makes the positives. You know, he does all the work. He supplies everybody around here with the pictures. He just took a bunch of them and he is willing to sell some of the old plates.” I said “I want new plates.” He said “These aint a year old. They are good. You can make a thousand pictures from each one. Those fellows aint fools! They won't sell you plates that they haven’t got their money out of yet. You look them over. If they don’t suit, don’t buy.”

I waited about this cafe with Carl Walter until 1 A.M. and Robert (Rowbutt) Kriebel did not appear. Carl Walter said “We open here again at 4 A.M. He will surely be in then. I can’t understand why he don’t show up, except it may be because his woman might have got picked up. You see, during the last week the private police have been terrible! Look at Friedrich Strasse. It’s clean. I don’t know why this is being done. It never was so bad before. They are giving the girls 5 days just for being in this zone. You see, all streets in Berlin between Leipsiger and Friedrich Strasse and Unter den Linden, and that includes these side streets in the center of the city, are verboten (forbidden)
for the girls. They ain't even allowed to walk here. It's like the deadline in New York for the crooks. The girls can't get good suckers any place else so they take a chance. The boys (pimps) are all out too. They are standing around on the corners and as soon as they see a private clothes copper, they signal the girls. That's why Robert (Rowbutt) Kriebel ain't here. He'll be back at 4 A.M. All the pimps from this district and their girls come into the Casino Cabaret before they go home.” I agreed to return at that hour.

About 4:30 A.M. Robert (Rowbutt) Kriebel appeared. Carl Walter explained to him who I am, and what I wanted. He said “I'll see my partner at 7 o'clock. That is when he goes off duty. He will then go home and have a sleep and bring the plates back with him at 3 o'clock. He lives in Spandau (city about half hour from Berlin). If you want I'll meet you at your hotel or here; you can see them and we'll talk business.” I agreed to meet Robert (Rowbutt) Kriebel at my hotel.

About 3 P.M. Carl Walter appeared at the hotel and an hour later Robert (Rowbutt) Kriebel came. He had with him two packages which I later saw contained 100 plates. The 100 plates, he said, comprised 4 complete sets.

I looked the plates over in the writing room of the hotel. I placed the plates upon white blotting paper and could readily see that they are in good condition and practically new. They contained pictures of men and women grouped in every conceivable position practicing perversion. I selected 5 plates and stated that I would try them out and if they reproduced satisfactory results I would purchase the entire four sets.

Robert (Rowbutt) Kriebel said “If you understand photography you don't have to wait to see how they print. You can tell by looking at it. I won't split a set. If you want a set I'll sell you one, but I won't let you pick out like you did five. It breaks the set.” I said “Why does it break the set? Even the taking of five plates from one set would not create a gap.” He said “I want 100 marks a set. That is 4 marks a piece. For me to sell you five that would be only 20 marks. That does not pay me.”

I said “I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll be back here in Berlin in two weeks. I'll give you 300 marks for the four sets complete. If you agree I'll come back; if not, I'll let it go.”

We finally compromised on 350 marks for the four sets of one hundred plates. I then said “Where can I see you?” He said “Just write Carl Walter when you are coming and he will get me; or when you get here look for me in the Gerold Koffee, Jaeger, near Friedrich Strasse. If I am not there they will get me.”

I showed him my card and said “You see, my partner handles the studio in Paris. When I get back he might come here. It's all according to how I make out in Prague. If he comes ahead of me, I'll give him a note to you on my card and you'll know that it's all right.” He said “Have him give it to Carl Walter and it will be better. He is easier to find than me. Now it's settled. We'll keep them for you. You say in about two weeks? Good! I'll look for you.” I said “You don't expect to dispose of them do you? It may be a week longer. I can't say exactly the date.” He said “No, these we never sell; but we have a lot on hand now, so we want to unload.”
I gave both pimps my cards and left them with the understanding that either I or my partner would return in two weeks or so to purchase the plates.

If the attached card is given to a plain-clothesman who is not known, these pimps, drug peddlers and manufacturers of obscene pictures, can be easily rounded up. The pictures are being floated throughout Germany and also, according to my informants, sent into foreign countries through the mails by them.

About 9 P.M. I again met Robert (Rowbutt) Kriebel on the corner of Jager and Friedrich Strasse. He said “Well I am sorry I can’t let you have those five plates, but I know you are on the level and I really wanted to, but my partner won’t do it. Anyhow, when you or your partner comes back, I’ll sell you the whole batch at the price we agreed upon. Listen: I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll give you my address. You write to me here. (See exhibit in his own handwriting.) When you write tell me when you will be here and I’ll be on the lookout for you. You can write to me and we can leave Carl Walter out of it, because he wants to get a slice of the money and that cuts our profit.”

I agreed to do this. As we passed 83, Friedrich Strasse, he said “My partner is engineer in this building. I’d like you to meet him, but he is afraid, so I wont scare him!”

Berlin, Germany

July 1-2, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Official

Upon being instructed by Bascom Johnson, I visited the American Consul, Berlin.

I spoke to Mr. Burt, in charge Visas Dept., American Consulate. I asked if he had ever heard of the German government issuing a passport to a woman and marking it “G.P.” which signifies that she is a registered prostitute.

He laughed and said “I have been in charge here for four years and never had one. I know that it is supposed to be done, but it is not. Of course we in the United States would not get many of that type, but upon several occasions women, whom I had my doubts about, asked for visas. In each case where I was skeptical I noted that their passports contained, or made no mention of occupation. I enquired about the women, but never could get a definite answer. I always felt that they knew them to be women of that character, but apparently would not divulge it.”
Berlin, Germany

July 2, 1925

Internationale artisan lokal
Re: Traffic in women and children

About 11 A.M. I called on the secretary of the I.A.L., 94 Friedrich Strasse. I told him that I am seeking information concerning what his organization does to protect its young female members.

He said “What we do is to advise especially artists under 20 years of age not to go into foreign countries when conditions in our line of business are bad. We discourage troupes going to the Balkans and places like that.” I said “How many branches has this organization?” He said “Really just one in New York City. In London we co-operate with another organization there.”

I said “If a girl were to find herself stranded in a foreign country, would your organization arrange to bring her home?” He said “If the girl is a member and she lets us know, we could communicate with the German Consul there and tell him to help her and if it does not cost too much we will try to raise the money for her.”

I said “Have you no organizations other than those mentioned, in other countries whom a member may appeal to?” He answered “In Athens we have a group. You see, we are not a very large body, - that is, not so large that we have connections in each big city.”

I said “Along with tendering advice to members to avoid certain countries, do you have any information at your disposal about managers or impresarios who oftimes abandon their troupe?” He answered “No, we do not have that information.”

I said “Have you ever been asked by the passport office for information concerning young girls who want a passport to go to a foreign country?” He said “Yes, very often the police ask us if such-and-such type of artist can safely travel in certain countries. That we have to give very often. You see, our members report to us how they find working conditions in these different places and we keep a record of it.”

I said “What are the dues of your organization?” He replied “Two marks a month or twenty-four a year”. I then said “What benefit does an artist get from the membership?” He said “Free legal service, sick benefit, and loan of money to finance trips to fulfil engagements.”

From the information secured I do not think that this organization does very much to protect young artists from falling into a life of prostitution.
Prague, Czecho-Slovakia

July 3-4-5, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Shortly after my arrival in Prague I learned that there are no licensed houses of prostitution. I was
told that all brothels had been abolished two years ago and since then all commercialized prostitution
is to be found upon the streets and in barrooms and cabarets.

I noticed that most of the street prostitutes congregate about 4 P.M. on the same street as
the Passage Hotel is on and also on a street known as Prikope. The street prostitutes are not bold
upon the main streets during the day, but late at night they do not permit a man to pass without
approaching him.

In the old section of the city, particularly near the Paris Hotel and upon the street and adjacent
streets to the Chat Noir and Au Bonboniere Cabarets, the street prostitutes boldly approach strangers
and try to entice them into assignation hotels and rooming houses in the vicinity.

While loitering about in front of the Grand Hotel I met an Austrian prostitute who gave her
name as Vera Auster. We went off together to a barroom and she explained to me the situation in
Prague. She said “Everything here is on the streets and in barrooms. I used to be in a house here.
When they closed them all up I had to get out the same as the other girls did.” I said “Do you like
the streets better?” She said “I get better men, but it’s hard work. I walk for eight hours a day. I don’t
make much,- 100, some days 200 and many days 50 Kronen. It’s not good here. I want to get away,
but I can’t afford it.” I said “Are you still under police control?” She said “Oh no, no more control.
That is finished. Now it is verboten (forbidden) even to go on the streets, but the police here are easy.
They can’t arrest you unless you speak to a man. We know them all and so we don’t bother anybody
when we see a cop.” I said “What do they do if they catch you soliciting a man?” She answered “Just
fine you a few kronen. It’s nothing at all.” I said “When I came here I thought I was going into a city
where I could make a little money, but now I see, from what you tell me, I hit a bad place.” She said
“Maybe in your business it is good, I don’t know; but for us it is bad.” I said “I have a girl with me.
She wants to pick up a few dollars, but I guess it’s wasting time here.” She said “Why did you ever
come here? It’s no place.” I said “Now I realize it, but I was in Vienna and there a foreign girl can’t
work, so I had to come here.” She said “What is your friend, English?” I said “No, French.” She said
“Then you ought to go to Paris. Now it is good there. Why don’t you go to Carlsbad or Marienbad?
There’s plenty of tourists there now. Those places aint far and your friend can make money.” I said
“Yes, we’ll have to stay here until we get enough to go there.” She said “I’d be there myself, but I
need clothes. It takes a girl with good clothes in those places to make the money.” I asked “Are many
girls from here going there?” She said “You will find all kinds of girls there. It’s the two best places
in Czecho Slovakia.” I said “Are they as strict there as they are here?” She said “Here it is easy, but
there is no money. There aint any brothels there, but the hotels, streets, and cabarets are fine for the
girls.” I said “I notice there are plenty of real young gals on the streets here.” She said “There are some
as young as 16 years out here every night. They make good money too.” I said “Are they Czechs or
foreign girls?” She answered “All Czechs; some though are Germans and Austrians, but they were here
when Austria had this country. Plenty of Russians too. This is a city where you find plenty of different nationalities.”

I thanked her for her trouble in explaining the situation in Prague to me and said “I know a few boys who came to Prague from Paris last year, but I can’t seem to locate them. Where do the boys hang out here?” She said “I know a few, what’s the names of the fellows you know?” I gave her a few fictitious names. She said “I don’t know them. You’ll find the boys in the cafes. They are all around. All the boys and girls come around here. This is the center of the city and you will surely meet them if they are still here.”

I said “I suppose I will, but do you mean to say that with the police as easy as they are here, there aint any houses running on the quiet?” She said “I never heard of any. There are girls here who have flats, but nothing like the old places. If there is, it would have to be run on the quiet and they couldn’t make any money. If your girl don’t go on the street and sits in a flat somewhere waiting for a man, she’ll never make enough to buy a new hat. I know it; I tried it. Two of us girls took a flat, but we had to go out just the same. The worst of it was we couldn’t bring the men we got back to the house, because the neighbors might raise a kick, so we had to give the place up.”

She then said “Come on with me to a place, maybe you know some of the boys there. I just thought of it.”

We then entered the Boston Bar. Seated at tables there were about twelve men whom Vera Auster said are “All boys.” (pimps). I immediately stated that I did not know any of them. She said “This is one of the places where you can always find boys. They come here every day. It’s a good place for your girl to come to at night. They dance here and nice suckers (customers for prostitutes) come in. If you want, I’ll show your friend around. I’ll give her all the tips (information). You know, the place is strange to her and when you tell her that she don’t need to be afraid she might think you are kidding. If I tell her she’ll know it’s so.”

I said “I wonder why all the young girls whom you see on the streets stick to Prague when they could get much more in other places?” She replied “No money.” I said “How about passports? Are they hard to get here?” She answered “Very hard! You see, what you have to have, that is a girl does especially if she is under age, is her parents’ permission. Sometimes that is hard to get. I know a girl who had a good chance to go to Egypt with a boy, but she couldn’t get a passport. He tried every way, but it would not do. He had letters sent showing that she had a job in Alexandria waiting for her. He even went to the consul in Egypt and had him say that the person was reliable, but she couldn’t get the pass just because her parents said no. She was 19 years old. Not a kid by no means.”

I said “How did the boys arrange things with the consul in Alexandria?” She said “He got a business man there to do it.” I said “Well then it wasn’t the government who was to blame for not granting the passport, but her parents!” She said “Sure, it was her mother and father.”

I said “Are many girls going to Egypt?” She said “No, very few. I tried to get her friend to pay my way, but he wouldn’t do it. You see, he knows my friend; that is the reason.”

I continued during these three days to visit several clandestine flats, along with such cabarets as the Alhambra Cabaret, Au Chat Noir, Au Bonboniere Cabaret, Sport Bar, Select Palace Cabaret,
Residence Cabaret, Bar Fan Faire and Boston Bar, and also the cafes where prostitutes congregate. I noted that the foreign prostitutes whom I met were all over 21 years of age and from their own admissions had been in Czecho Slovakia for at least five years.

Among the native prostitutes I encountered girls as young as 16 years. They were seen soliciting upon the streets. Those whom I could speak to told me that since the houses have been abolished the police have allowed them to do as they pleased. The prostitutes admitted that no chances are being taken in accosting men upon the streets.

**Prague, Czecho-Slovakia**  
*July 6-7-8, 1925*

During these three days I continued to visit the cabarets, barrooms and also hotels frequented by prostitutes. I also spent considerable time in the Boston Bar. Through Vera Auster I made the acquaintance of a Czecho Slovakian pimp named Joe Sekullski (?) who speaks Yiddish so I had no trouble in talking with him. He said “Say, what are you doing around here? I heard you talking English to Vera Auster the other day and I thought you was a sucker (customer), but she tells me you are one of the boys.” (pimps). I said “I am just passing through. I heard things were good here but from all I get here now I find out it aint worthwhile.” He said “If you got a nice girl, go to Carlsbad with her. That is the place. Here, you know, the girls don't meet any tourists and the other boys aint got much money.” I said “How is it that there aint any houses here?” He said “They put them out in '22. There’s a bunch of people here who don’t want it.” I said “Who do you mean, the police?” He said “No, they didn’t want it to go. It was Marsyrich, President of Czecho Slovakia. The police here are good fellows. They are with us. They tried to help us, but it didn’t do any good.” I said “Do you think the houses are gone for good?” He said “Caput. (dead). Once they go they never come back.” I said “I suppose all the boys (pimps) packed up and pulled out?” He said “No they are still around. The girls are on the streets. They make a fair living, but there aint no real money to be made.”

I said “Why in hell don’t they pull out for places where a dollar can be made?” He said “Where it is good now? It’s all over the same. Everybody talks about South America. It costs a fortune to go there. The United States aint no good at all. Havana cost a fortune too. Yes, if a fellow can afford to travel, it’s all right; but the way our money is here all a boy and girl (pimp and prostitute) can do is to live and have little on the side for a good time.”

I said “There’s some good stock (prostitutes) on the streets here. Nice and young. A boy has a fine chance with the right kind of a girl in South America.” He said “Yes, I’ll say so too, but it’s hard for a fellow who aint got a backing.” I said “All the boys aint broke here, are they? I was in Buenos Aires and I met some Czecho Slovakian boys who had money. Don’t they ever show back and help you fellows out?” He answered “When they show up here they come to help themselves, not anybody else.” I said “That’s what I say, with these young ones I guess they would have it easy.” He said “There are fine girls in Prague and good moneymakers too if the money was worth anything. They are just like the French girls. They’ll do anything.” I said “That’s the kind that fit in Buenos Aires.” He said
“I know it. I got a few friends in Rio. They have a nice few pounds now. I have friends in Cairo too; that’s another place that is good.” I said “Do you know a fellow in Cairo by the name of Samuel Krause? I met him there and he told me he was headed back this way.” He said “No, I don’t know him.” He then proceeded to name several pimps in Cairo and Alexandria whom I did not know.

I said “The boys that come back from South America, do they usually grab something young to take back with them?” He said “They never go back empty-handed. The young girls here are glad to go. You never find such willing girls any place.” I said “I heard that it is tough to get them out.” He said “It is, very! The passport people here are s.... They watch every move.” I said “There must be a way.” He said “If a boy can get a pass that is blottem (counterfeit) it’s easy, but they are hard to get too.” I said “Aint there any to be had here?” He said “No, I never heard of any. Some Polish boys in Paris make them, but I read not long ago in the paper that they got caught.” I asked “Don’t anybody stand in (have influence) so that they can get somebody in the office to fix them up?” He answered “Everything is new here. You see, this is a new country. Every now and then they try out new things. That is why the houses went. They heard that other countries are doing it, so they do it too. Everything they copy. All the time there are new laws. I know cases of respectable people, I mean women, who had so much trouble to get a passport that they really got sick and tired of it.” I said “Well, how did your friends manage to get the girls out?” He said “They are boys who have been away from here for years. Nobody knew them. They married the girls and, of course, they had no trouble. Then they got them their passports.” I said “That’s all right, but how about a fellow who is already married?” He replied “One was, but his wife was in Rio. On his passport he was marked as single. What he did was to have the girl take a separate passport. He told me that when he bought the tickets for Rio he bought one for his wife to another place a little further away.” I said “Do you mean Montevideo?” He said “Yes, I think that was the place.” I said “What was the idea of that?” He replied “He has a wife in Rio and he was afraid that they might know it when he landed.” I said “Yes, but the manifest on the ship had her listed as his wife.” He said “I know, but since she was going to another place her name would not appear on the list of passengers landing at Rio. What he was going to do was to take her clothes off with him and she would go ashore like for a few hours. Then she would stay.” I said “Does he expect to be able to manage two wives?” He said “No, this girl was for another boy in Rio.” I said “Does she know the boy?” He said “I don’t know. Maybe she does.” I said “He took a big chance with a young girl. How young was she?” He said “I think 20.” I said “If she knew what she was going for, it was all right; but if she didn’t, he is a fool.” He said “She knew. She used to hustle here. She is a nice girl.”

Prague, Czecho Slovakia
July 7-8-9-10, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Official

About 9 A.M. I presented my credentials to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Old Police at his office. His secretary informed me that the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Old Police had been expecting to
receive a member of the Committee of Experts and had delegated Dr. Hub, in charge of League matters to do everything possible to furnish that member with all information which would aid in studying the subject of traffic in women and children.

I was taken to Dr. Hub’s office where I was very cordially received. I explained to the Dr. Hub that I had been delayed in Prague due to the intervening holidays, and he agreed to make all arrangements for me as speedily as possible.

We mapped out a program which appeared most practical and he immediately arranged to have me meet M. Ladislaw Drasner, Chief of Police whom he stated is most qualified to talk upon the subject. Dr. Hub also suggested that I see Dr. Pelz, member of the Dept. Of Health, who he said would undoubtedly have some suggestions to make.

I asked Dr. Hub if he had any knowledge about the subject and he frankly admitted that he knows very little about it. I called his attention to the attached clipping which appeared in the Paris issue of the Times of June 7, 1925. He read it and stated that he had never heard of any such report, and classified it as the usual “sensational news item.” He, however, added that there may be such a group of white slavers at work in the Slovaki, the southern portion of the Republic. He also suggested that a visit to this place might even prove most interesting.

About noon I called on Dr. Pelz, member of the Dept. Of Health who stated that he had been interviewed by Dr. William F. Snow and also stated that his field dealt mainly with public health work. Dr. Pelz likewise suggested that I see the Chief of Police, also Dr. Schneider, Social Welfare Branch, Police Dept. Dr. Pelz very kindly helped arrange conferences with M. Ladislaw Drasner, Chief of Police, Dr. Schneider and Zachiana, Organization for Protection of Youths, whom he likewise stated would be valuable people to meet.

Dr. Pelz was kind enough to loan me a book which he wrote on venereal disease in Czecho Slovakia in 1923. In the chapter on “Prostitution”, he deals with a brief history of prostitution in Czecho Slovakia where, according to his report, all regulation was abolished by law in 1922.

Dr. Pelz also suggested that I see the Commander of Salvation Army as that organization maintains a home in Kre for debased girls.

At 3 P.M. I met the Commander of Salvation Army. He likewise admitted that he has no knowledge of traffic, but took the opportunity to criticize the police by saying “Although soliciting by street prostitutes is against the law, all the main thoroughfares are dotted with street-soliciting prostitutes.”

He stated that nearly all the inmates in the home at Kre are natives and so far as he remembered their histories, none had ever been taken from men or women who tried to exploit them. He agreed, however, to have me meet the assistant warden of the home and permit me to question her on the subject.

At 9 A.M., July 8th, I met M. Ladislaw Drasner. He stated that in 1922 a new law was passed which relieved his department of all control of prostitution. This law likewise abolished all
reglementation of prostitutes. He said “Since then my staff has likewise been decreased. At the present time I have but six men to cope with the situation. They are gradually becoming known and as soon as they appear in the vicinity where a prostitute is loitering, the prostitute makes it a point to run off.”

I asked him if in his mind a traffic in women and children exists to or from Czecho Slovakia. He said “I have been in this business for 25 years and the last real case which I had was in 1914 when we were still under the rule of Austria. Of recent years I heard that there is a traffic from Poland into the South American countries. My department is a national department and I instructed all my police at the Polish-Czecho frontiers to watch for that sort of thing. While the traffickers are said to be using only Czecho Slovakia as a transit country, still I consider it my duty to have my men try to help in apprehending this type of parasite.”

I asked him how his men would be able to detect such cases. He agreed that it would be a difficult matter if the traffickers and their victims had all of their papers in order; but in cases of smuggling he agreed it should not be able to occur and when persons so engaged are caught a thorough investigation should be made.

I asked him to explain why his department at the present time had practically no jurisdiction over the prostitutes and what prevented him from enforcing the law; also why after the abolition of reglementation, his staff was decreased. He answered “I’m in charge of the National Police who formerly had the power to enforce all of the rules and regulations governing or pertaining to morals. The law of 1922 did away with licensed brothels, and placed the responsibility for enforcing the few laws which we have concerning prostitutes, in the hands of the municipal authorities. The municipal authorities have no police to enforce those laws. I am temporarily requested to take charge of that situation, but when my men make arrests for soliciting the magistrates either turn the women loose, or fine them small amounts. The result is theoretically I am liable to a lawsuit for attempting to make arrests for violations of law which I have no right to enforce, and at the same time the prostitutes ridicule my men by saying, “Well what good did it do you for bringing us in? We paid a fine of 5 or 10 Kronens; we can afford to do that when we make 300 Kronens a day.”

I said “After the abolition of the houses, what became of the owners and inmates?” He said “In Prague we had but eight houses. One owner is in the hospital, two are living lives of leisure and the other five are engaged in legitimate businesses.” I asked if they still live in the houses that were formerly brothels. He said “One does because he could not find living quarters elsewhere. The other took new domiciles.”

I then asked him if he had ever heard of an organization founded by the brothel owners to combat the law. He said rather reluctantly “Yes, it was merely an organization, or rather a committee who tried to protect their interests. In fact they asked me to help fight for their cause.” I said “Were the brothels throughout Czecho Slovakia in any way suspected of being owned and operated by the same group who owned the resorts in Prague?” He replied “No, all houses throughout Czecho Slovakia were individually owned and operated”. I said “At the time the houses were in operation, were there many foreign inmates?” He said “No more than we have at the present time in any of our cities”. I said “At that time you say there was no evidence of traffic?” He said “Not one case since
1914.” I asked “Now, since the houses have been abolished, do you imagine there is any traffic out of Czecho Slovakia, since you state that there is none into Czecho Slovakia?” He replied “I do not believe there are any cases.” I then called his attention to the article which appeared in the New York papers and also the Paris Times. He said “I know the original source of that information. The American papers evidently copied that from a paper here known as the Czecho Slavac. It is a Socialistic organ which usually deals in “yellow” and “red” news items. There is absolutely no truth in it. The fact of the matter is that 254 girls at various times had been missing. All police departments have to hunt for missing girls. All were found but two. One of these committed suicide; the other has not been found. You can readily see that such articles merely create ideas in the minds of newspaper men and they state falsehoods. It is just done to fill up the papers.”

I said “Since you have had no cases of traffic, have you had, or do you have the names of any persons whom you suspect of being traffickers?” He said “Just one.” I said “How about pimps? Any pimp in case of need is liable to turn trafficker”. He said “Of course the pimps, but we have never had any reason to suspect any of whom we know of being engaged in traffic.”

I said “How do they get their women?” He said “Oh, many ways, but not from other countries, nor do they take them from Czecho Slovakia so far as we have been able to learn.”

I said “Have you ever been informed from any other government about traffickers or their victims?” He said “Yes, we do now and then get requests from other countries. The one case I just mentioned came to us in a communication from the Bulgarian and Austrian governments. I will get you the file and allow you to inspect all information which we have.”

He brought the file and stated that on April 4, 1925 the Czecho Slovakian legation at Sophia asked him to try to locate one Samuel Krause, a Czecho Slovakian subject who lives in Sophia where he is married to a Bulgarian woman. He is said to have answered advertisements which appeared in a Wien newspaper. These advertisements were inserted by a 30 year old woman who desired a situation as a housekeeper. In Samuel Krause’s letter which the Vienna police have, he told the woman he intended to arrive in a short time and in addition to needing a housekeeper he needed a wife and would marry her.

The Vienna police also received letters from two other girls whom he had written to and offered employment in Cairo. He gave his address as Post Restante, Sophia, and in this way his address was ascertained. His wife was interviewed, and she stated he operated a travel bureau in Cairo, and also is commissioner and is away from home for long intervals. She believed that he at the present time is working in Czecho Slovakia trying to get Hebrews to form groups to journey to Palestine. He has been traced to Trebisov in Slovakia where he is said to be residing at a hotel near the railroad station.

The National Police under M. Ladislaw Drasner’s direction are making an investigation and as soon as M. Ladislaw Drasner receives a reply he will send their findings to Bascom Johnson at Geneva. M. Ladislaw Drasner would not commit himself as to what he thought of the case, but did mention that the Vienna police believed him to be a trafficker. Samuel Krause is also said to be in possession of an Austrian passport and tried to get the Czecho Slovakian Legation at Sophia to give him a certificate of good character so that in meeting people he could use the certificate. The certificate was, however, not given to him.
M. Ladislaw Drasner admitted that he has not statistics, but for his own information he keeps a list of all prostitutes whom he learns of in Prague. He stated that in 1923, there were 2500 prostitutes in Prague and 54 were foreigners. In 1924 there were 4208 and 72 foreigners.

I asked him how he accounted for the increase and he said “It cannot be accounted for. Of course I have no authority to gather this material. Nor can I compel anyone to furnish me with the information I desire. The increase in foreigners may be due to the fact that prostitutes always follow, or flock to places where the most money can be made, and perhaps more passed through here then than in the previous year. They stay but a short time and then continue on.” I said “How many were under 21 years of age?” He replied “None; everyone was much over 21; one was as old as 47.” I said “How did you ascertain their ages, and nationalities?” He said “They showed their passports. They were mostly Germans, Hungarians and Austrians.”

From my interview with M. Ladislaw Drasner, I gathered that he is a dyed-in-the-wool anti-abolitionist.

I next interviewed Dr. Schneider, Social Welfare Branch, Police Dept. This department is a branch of the municipal police and in charge of preventative work and juvenile delinquency, i.e. males and females up to 18 years of age.

Dr. Schneider said he knows of no cases of traffic, but admitted that there may be some from Kosice, and Carpathian Russia. He told of a case of a man Kellner who was engaged in frontier smugglings. All cases involved were men. Kellner was caught and is now in prison. He is alleged to have told a fellow prisoner that he has dealt in young girls, and that all he needed to do was to ship three girls a year to South America and he would receive enough money, as remuneration, to satisfy him for an entire year. No further information of his activities could be ascertained.

I then questioned Dr. Schneider concerning cases which he had had to deal with and asked if young girls found to be starting to become prostitutes are questioned as to whether or not they had ever been approached by traffickers. He said “We try to make a thorough investigation and attempt to learn all factors that contributed to the girl’s immorality, but, of course, we are oftimes hampered.” I then asked if at any time he had reason to suspect any of his cases might have been started by traffickers. He said “No, I think not.”

I then questioned Dr. Schneider about what protection if any his department offers to girls leaving for foreign lands. He said “We investigate all cases of application for passports which the passport office is at all skeptical about.”

The head of the passport office was then summoned. I asked him to explain to me all steps in which a female, both minor and of age, must take in order to secure a passport. He said “The application must be made to my office and accompanying the application the person must produce a birth certificate and if married also a marriage certificate, and the applicant must name the country she desires to visit, the purpose of the visit and give the name and address of the person in the foreign country whom she is going to visit. Now, in cases of minors, i.e. boys under 18, and girls under 21, we
demand the parents’ permission. The parents must appear in court and before a magistrate give their permission and make a statement concerning why the minor is traveling. In all cases where we have any suspicion we refer them to Dr. Schneider’s department for investigation.” I said “Have you had any such cases?” He said “Not that involved traffic.” I said “Do you consider minor girls who are married, in the same category as persons who have become of age?” He said “No, even a girl is 15, if married, is still a minor in the eyes of the Czecho Slovakian law.”

I then questioned him along the lines of the typical methods that pimps use in order to have their victims receive a passport. I said “If a minor girl makes an application for a passport to Germany, for instance, do all those rules which you just described have to be complied with? Germany is so near and oftentimes the applicants have no time to wait.” He said “In cases of minor girls, and also girls on the other side of 21, we require the parents’, guardians’ or husband’s permission before the applicant will be granted a passport. The only difference is that when minors travel abroad they must be accompanied by a guardian. We naturally investigate the guardian and see that he or she is a proper person”.

I said “Suppose a minor girl is granted a passport for Germany. After she arrives there she wishes to have it extended to South America. What steps must she take to have it done?”

He answered “In cases of minors the Czecho Slovakian Consul has no right to extend a passport unless he is granted the permission from our office. He must first learn all facts in the case; make an investigation of the guardian, and forward all information to us. If we are satisfied with his findings, he is informed that he may extend the applicant’s passport.”

I then said “In the case of a minor girl who is married: Suppose her husband preceeds her and then writes for her to come? Must she likewise have a guardian?” He replied, “Yes, absolutely.” I said “Do you mean to say that unless she can get a person to accompany her, she could not go?” He said “Those are cases that seldom come up.” Dr. Schneider and he then consulted the law and they agreed that a minor can also be placed in the care of the ship’s captain.

I said “Do you require the same from persons traveling abroad as first or second-class passengers as you do of third class?” He said “Yes, but first and second-class are issued their passports here, whereas third and deck passengers do not get their passports until they arrive at the immigration station which we maintain about ten kilos outside of Prague. The station is operated by the Y.W.C.A. and Red Cross jointly.”

I later visited the Immigration station and questioned M. Tishnappski, Control Officer, Immigration Station. He stated that the station is maintained for emigrants only. I asked him to define an emigrant and he stated that under the Czecho Slovakian law all persons are classified as emigrants who leave the Republic to seek a livelihood in a foreign country, and who do not intend to return. Also third and any lower class passengers must pass through this station.

I questioned him along the same lines as I did the passport officer and Dr. Schneider. M. Tishnappski seemed to be more thoroughly acquainted with the law than either of the other two men. He agreed with everything they had told me. I asked him if in all sections of the Republic, the law is as strictly administered as in Bohemia. He said “I can’t say. But I suppose it should be.”
I said “Where are most of your emigrants bound for?” He said “United States, Canada. Some go to South America, but not many.” I asked “Have you ever had any suspicions that some of the emigrants may be encouraged to leave Czecho Slovakia by traffickers?” He answered “Last fall I had three cases. Three girls, all minors, came here to get their passports for Buenos Aires. They were accompanied by a woman who was to act as guardian. I suspected them because all three were to go to their aunt in Buenos Aires and the woman who acted as guardian lived at the southern end of the Republic. I, however, did not like the entire affair and I refused to deliver the passports to them until an investigation was made.

Dr. Schneider made an investigation and through the Argentine Consul we learned that the supposed aunt operated a hotel of ill-repute in Buenos Aires. We found letters which stated that the girls should state that they are going to their aunt and advised them just what to do.” I asked “What became of the girls and the guardian?”

He said “The girls were sent home and the other woman proceeded to Buenos Aires.” I then asked for all information such as names and addresses of persons involved. He said “The police have that.” Mme Zahasova who accompanied me here immediately made a note of it and said she would obtain all the facts from the police and send it to Geneva.

Mme Zahasova is Chief Instructress, University of Social Welfare and the leading woman in Prague who is interested in traffic in women and children, and also social hygiene. She secured all information requested by the League in the questionnaires, and is said to be responsible for the abolition of reglementation.

Mme Zahasova also took me to such social organizations as the Zachiana, Organization for Protection of Youths and the House of Education, Sternbach, Czecho Slovakia. Both organizations are reform institutions for prostitutes up to 21 years of age.

I questioned the superintendents and they admitted that in all their experiences none of their inmates had ever told them of being enticed by traffickers nor did they ever suspect traffickers of having been in any way associated with the girls.

During my interviews with Mme Zahasova I asked her concerning the truth of the article which appeared in the Paris Times of June 7th, 1925. She said “I believe it to be true. I am sure more girls disappear through white slavers than is mentioned in the article.” I asked “Is there any way that I could get the facts about these cases?” She said “I will get them for you tomorrow through the Ministry.”

The following day she showed all the facts which she could secure. She had been able to find but two cases which occurred in 1920. One a girl K. Begkova disappeared to Trieste and a girl Kotapisova to Vienna. Both girls are still missing. It is assumed by the madame they were enticed by traffickers. However she still maintained that the article has some foundation. She promised to seek further information and send it to Geneva.

The passport officer gave me a copy of the Immigration Law and the instructions to all government officials as to how the law should be administered. (See attached exhibits.)
Strasbourg, France

June 11-12-13, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Upon my arrival in Strasbourg I learned that the city tolerates a red-light district. This district is located on Rue des Picheurs and consists of eleven houses of prostitution. All houses are licensed and regulated by the Moral Squad (or Service des Moeurs) of the local police. In addition to these houses there is another house at #1 rue des Boeuf which is also licensed. These twelve resorts are all of the licensed brothels that there are in the city. This information was later checked by the pimps whom I met. They all agreed that there are but twelve resorts.

The houses harbor mainly French and German girls all of whom are over 21 years of age, and admitted being in Strasbourg for some time.

The inmates share in one-half of their earnings and in addition pay a weekly board and room bill. The prostitutes are examined twice a week by either a city physician or their own private doctor. If found diseased they are sent to a city hospital until cured.

The madams and inmates maintain that all rules and regulations are strictly enforced and they run the risk of losing their licenses if minor inmates are admitted. Any girl caught in a house of prostitution who is not inscribed will also cause the owner to forfeit the license. The owners are, therefore, according to their own statements, very careful to inform the police of all new arrivals and see to it that the girls’ birth certificates and passports are genuine.

I visited all of the houses, which are as follows: #5A rue des Picheurs, #5B rue des Picheurs, 6B rue des Picheurs, #5C rue des Picheurs, #14 rue des Picheurs, #16 rue des Picheurs, #18 rue des Picheurs, #11 rue des Picheurs, #15 rue des Picheurs, #17 rue des Picheurs, #19 rue des Picheurs, #21 rue des Picheurs, #1 rue des Boeuf.

Each house has a housekeeper in front of the door to solicit passersby, and also to refuse admittance to minors. This latter rule was but recently put into operation due to the fact that during a recent fete de gymnastics, minors were entertained in the houses and the police were severely criticized for permitting such orgies to take place.

On July 13th, the eve of the French Independence Day, a big celebration took place in Strasbourg. All cafes, cabarets, and houses of prostitution were jammed to capacity. In the segregated district police officers were stationed to prevent young boys from entering the street. The madame whom I spoke to said in substance “The police are afraid that the young ones will try to come in again.”

However each house was crowded with soldiers and many appeared to be as young as 17 years of age.

On July 12, while seated in Cafe de la Paix, I recognized a Paris pimp, Schloymer, pass near my table. I watched where he had gone and then approached him. (See Paris reports.) A most cordial
greeting took place. He most naturally inquired as to why I am in Strasbourg and I greeted him with the same question. He said "Well, I'll tell you: I am a sick man. My case is finished. I settled for 202,000 Francs. I was paid May 14th, three years to the day after that case started. My doctor recommended Professor Blum to me. I came here to get cured. I was in the hospital three weeks taking treatment and now I am so much better that I can go as I please. I still live at the hospital. I pay 48 Francs a day and in eight days I leave here. I have my wife with me. I got all her jewelry out of hock and once again I am a fairly well-to-do man."

At this time his prostitute-wife entered. She was bedecked with jewelry. He said "Well, you see, I told you the truth! I took it all out. I cost me 27,000 Francs. Don't she look good? Dat's a wife for you! For years I can leave her and when I come back she has every cent for me. She is true like steel. She is only 33 and I am an old man. I have her since she is 15 years old."

I explained my presence in Strasbourg in a way which seemed to satisfy him although he upbraided me for not writing to him.

I said "Well how is things in Buenos Aires?" He answered "I hear regularly. Three boys came up to see me. You must know them, Yankel Grossman, Napoleon and Yanish Yanoway. They came to Paris and when they heard that I was in the hospital they made it their business to stop off here and see me. They just left two days ago for Warsaw. Yankel Grossman thought I needed money and handed me 4000 Francs. I wouldn't take it. Those are friends to have!" I said "And Buenos Aires is still good?" He said "Better than ever! It's the only place! That's where you and your woman should go. I told you in Paris if my case finished my way I'd go with you. Now listen: From here I am going to Brussels. I might buy a short time hostel there. (Assignation resort). If I do I'll not go to Buenos Aires. I am afraid the water trip might not be good for me, but if I can't come to terms with the party, I am off on the next ship. Will you come with me? If you say yes, we will meet in Paris. I'll get my money ready and my things. It's all in the American Express Company. We'll jump up to Chaim Leiser's and take two nice Polish girls with us. You know a Polisher is good for that work down there. My wife and yours can be housekeepers and in a couple of years we are made men."

I said "I am ready any time, but with you it all depends on your Brussel's deal." He said "If you want to invest with me in Brussels come along. My wife and your girl can go from here to some place in Switzerland while we are there and we can all be together no matter what we decide upon." I said "No, my mind is set on Buenos Aires. I'll keep in touch with you and if you decide to go to Buenos Aires, we are with you. If not we will go ourselves." He said "All right then, we'll see in a week or two what we will do."

I said "And the boys from Buenos Aires who came to see you, went to Warsaw?" He said "Yes, they are there now I guess. Each one is taking back a girl with him." I said "What kind, fresh stock?" He said "I suppose so. Fat old girls they don't want. Leave it to Chaim Leiser! He can make them to order for you! Didn't he tell you he could give you a boatload?" I said "Young girls are hard to get passports for." He said "Not in Poland. There, so long as the girl is a Jew they are glad to get rid of her. They hate us in Poland. A Jewish girl gets a passport quick. Besides Chaim Leiser has friends and he can fix things right. Since you left last fall every month there has been from two to three boys come from Buenos Aires and go back with wives. It's the only place! If I was your age! To hell with Brussels!! I'd leave to-night!!"
I then inquired about the various pimps in Paris. He said “Aron Kaplan (See Paris reports), went to Havana, Cuba, with a girl. He was going to Mexico, but I received a letter that their new President closed all houses in Mexico City. Mexico was a good place, but they have too many revolutions there.” I said “And Strasbourg? Is this place any good?” He held his nose and said “Like all of France! Five and ten France. Paris, yes. The houses there make money. The big sucker joints, but the small places like they have here aint worth the time.”

I said “How about the boys here? Do you know any?” He said “Well, sure. I can go anywhere and I’ll always find them. Here there aint any of our kind. They are all French boys. Where are you living?” I said “Maison Rouge.” He said “That is where I stopped for three days. Fine place! I paid 45 Francs a day, but no meals. Anyhow, right next door, the Cafe de France, is where the boys all hang out. It’s funny I didn’t see you before this. Every day I sit there with the boys.”

We discussed various other subjects and I agreed to meet him at the pimps’ hangout July 13th at 3 P.M.

At the appointed time I met him at Cafe de France, Place Kleber. He was seated with two French pimps. One was called Charles the Blonde, the other Emile. Seated with them was a man named Louis Tuchband (See card exhibit), a jeweler. Schloymer said “Louis Tuchband aint a boy, but he is no fool! He buys blotten (stolen goods) from the boys, goes their bail, and helps them every way he can; he has a nice store or shop down the street. He is a very clever man.”

We then engaged in a general conversation about Strasbourg. Louis Tuchband and Emile stated that not much money is to be made here and mentioned that “A girl can’t hustle the street without getting caught.” I said “Yes, so I heard; a boy told me that a boy from Rio got tripped (arrested) because his girl was picked up by the police.” Louis Tuchband said “Do you know the chap? He was a Rio boy. He is a great friend of all the boys; Argaud Dominic is his name.” I said “I don’t know him. How did it happen?” Emile said “He and another boy got a couple of girls and were taking them to South America when the girl got picked up. She squealed and they caught him. His pal got away.” I said “Did he blow the town?” Emile said “Sure; he is in Paris.” I said “I was telling Schloymer it’s tough these days with young girls. I’d be afraid to take a chance.” Emile said “It all depends on the girl.”

After Emile and Charles the Blonde left, Louis Tuchband said “He pulled it over too often. You know these French boys sell their girls. That’s what they were going to do with those girls, but they got caught.” I said “What do you think he’ll get?” Louis Tuchband said “They’ll have to turn him loose. His girl was of age and she won’t appear against him. They are holding him until they get his pal. He they could have handed it to, because the girl was a minor. Argaud Dominic will get out. They just have him on suspicion.” I said “If they have been doing that thing right along they were crazy to try it in the same place.” He said “They weren’t here before. They landed the girls near here and they came here because they figured a small town would be better for them.” I said “The French boys have us beat when it comes to that line of work.” Schloymer said “It’s the French girls who are better than any others. The Polish comes next. The only thing is, two or three Frenchies (prostitutes) will work for one man. No other girl will do that.” I said “They (French pimps) must have a Chaim Leiser of their own here.” He said “No, but they always help one another. They stick together better than our bunch. They’ll sell out to a boy who comes in and the girl will go too. They treat them like Chaim Chalotker (Warsaw pimp.) and I used to when we were young fellows. You got to handle them rough or they’ll walk on you. Do
you think I could have kept my girl all these years if I didn’t train her right when she was young? It’s the only way. You got to let them know who is the boss.”

I said to Louis Tuchband “Are the cops hard on them here?” He said “No, the boys are all covered. They never get into any trouble. That boy was a fool; that is why he got caught.”

Before I left Schloymer I said “Well, when am I going to get in touch with you in case I have to pull out before I see you again?” He directed Louis Tuchband to write his name and address on a business card of Louis Tuchband’s. He said “For the next eight days, you can reach me at the Professor Blum. I am in there under my own name Solomon Goldstein. After that write to him (Louis Tuchband) and he will forward it to me. If I don’t connect in Brussels we go together to Buenos Aires.” (See exhibit).

Strasbourg, France

July 13, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Official interviews

Upon being directed by Dr. William F. Snow, I visited the Préfecture. The Com. M. Embry with whom Dr. William F. Snow had an appointment for 10 A.M. left word with his secretary to see that Dr. William F. Snow gets all information he desires.

I informed Com. M. Embry’s secretary that Dr. William F. Snow had unexpectedly been called to Geneva, and that he had requested me to represent him.

The secretary stated M. Chabert had likewise been directed by Com. M. Embry to co-operate with Dr. William F. Snow and I was taken to his office.

I explained to M. Chabert, Chef de la Sureté, my mission and mentioned the case of Argaud Dominic, a French pimp, alleged to have been engaged in the traffic of women and children to Brazil and the Balkans.

M. Chabert said, “Oh yes, yes, we had such a case in February, 1925. I will get you the papers on the case and let you have all the information about it. This souteneur (Argaud Dominic) was arrested in February after we had received a telegram from St. Etienne. A girl by the name of Louise Schellenberger, a minor, 18 years of age, disappeared from her home. We received a telegram on February 20th, but when we searched our records we found that the same girl had been arrested by one of our men for practicing prostitution clandestinely in front of the railway station. We learned that the girl was living at the Hotel du Rhin and found that a pimp named Louis Martin had brought her here from St. Etienne. We were unable to find Louis Martin, but identified him as a pimp known as Charles Thiollier and that he came here from St. Etienne. We questioned the girl and also learned that she and Charles Thiollier and another pimp named Argaud Dominic and another girl aged 22, namely Claudine Doron
had accompanied them. We picked up Argaud Dominic and the girl also at the same hotel. Both girls admitted that they had met Charles Thiollier at a cabaret and he brought them to Strasbourg where later they intended to leave in the month of March for Rio.”

“A search was made for Argaud Dominic and Claudine Doron after Pigne der Pusht (The Sodomist) ex Benedict Sokak had been arrested and Argaud Dominic’s movements observed. He was noticed to have no means of support, although he claimed to be an automobile mechanic. Upon the statements of Pigne der Pusht (The Sodomist) ex Benedict Sokak and later Claudine Doron, Argaud Dominic has been held.”

“Upon his person were found cards of a maison de tolerance of Rive de Gin and also departures of steamers from Antwerp to Rio.”

“At first both girls disclaimed that they knew why, or rather, the real purpose for which the men were taking them to South America, but they later admitted, since they both were found practicing prostitution in Strasbourg, that they understood much money could be made in Rio.”

“Neither girl had a passport, but Argaud Dominic had one.” M. Chabert, Chief of Secret Police (Chef de la Sureté) suspects that the pimps intended to secure false passports for the women.

I questioned M. Chabert relative to other cases that may have occurred, and he stated that this case was the first in years. He admitted that there are plenty of pimps in Strasbourg, that they are known to his men and are watched closely. He said “It is difficult to do anything to them. Their women refuse to appear against them. They always have money and identification to prove they are business men. The women in the houses have pimps, but we see that they do not engage in traffic. We watch them closely. The reglimentation here is very strict. We have no women on the streets. It is a very clean city. The Mayor of Nimes was here and complimented me on the way I keep the women off the streets.”

M. Chabert then gave me a signed copy of the report which he sent to Paris and a Rogue’s Gallery photograph of Argaud Dominic. (See attached report and photograph as exhibits.)

I asked M. Chabert if tickets to South America were found on Argaud Dominic. He said “No, just time tables.” I asked “Any correspondence or codes?” He answered “Just several addresses in Rio. One on rue Barosse (Rio de Janeiro), where he claims his place of business is.”

Geneva, Switzerland
July 15-16, 1925

Traffic in women and children

On these two days I visited the eight houses of prostitution which are still operating in Geneva. I noted that many of the inmates are the same women whom I saw when I visited the houses last October.
While in Madame Alice's house at rue du Marchi I engaged Madame Alice in conversation. This madam remembered me from my visits of last October and did not hesitate to answer my questions. I said “I expected to find you people closed. Some of the boys in Paris told me that they made you all close on July 1st.” She said “No, no, we still have a few months to live. We will have to close November 1st. We have already received notice to that effect.” I asked “Who is doing all this?” She answered “A lot of crazy people! Well, let them go ahead! Now they know where to find us. After these houses go, the streets will be filled with girls. They'll have girls all over.”

I said “How do the police fit in? Are they with you or against you?” She said “They are for us. But what can they do? It's the law! They'll have to enforce it. The law was only passed a short time ago. We tried to fight it, but we couldn't do very much. Well, that's the use! It's getting that way all over. They tried to close us up during the fete (Fete Gymnastique, July 17-21), but we showed them up! We had our lawyer and they realized they couldn't do it. We did promise them to close at four in the morning and not let more boys in.” I said “What's the idea?” She said “There'll be a big crowd in Geneva during that time and they don't want those poor boys to meet our nice girls, I guess.” I said “I suppose business ought to be pretty good during those four or five days.” She said “Well, I hope so. It's been pretty damn rotten all spring and summer. Yes, we expect it to be very good. Well, you know, when a crowd comes to a city, especially at a time like this, it always helps everybody.”

I said “How many girls have you got now?” She replied “I have nine to-night. I got three extras for the crowd we expect.” I said “Where are you getting your girls nowadays? Right in town here?” She said “No, nearly all my girls are French. I have people in Paris that I know. Whenever I need a girl I have no trouble in getting one. It's damn hard now, I'll tell you! You know, the Swiss inspectors at the frontiers are getting so strict! When the girls try to cross they don't want to let them in. They make them answer all kinds of questions; they want to know who they are going to, what they are going to do when they get here, and all that stuff.” I said “My girl crossed and they didn't bother her.” She said “I don't suppose they do it with everybody, but they do it with some. Madame Waliska had a couple of girls turned back. They never got here at all.” I said “Maybe they were not old enough.” She said “You mean minors? Good God no! They were girls at least 25. What would she want minors for? We can't use them in the house. It's against the rules!”

I said “How would the police know?” She said “How would they know? Why, a girl has to have a passport. That must have her age on it. If she was born here she must show her birth certificate.” I said “That don't mean anything. If a girl has the right kind of a friend and she is under 21, she can always get a thing like that fixed up.” Madame Alice said “Oh I know there are many false papers floating about; but that is the girls' business, not ours.”

I then asked Madame Alice if she thought many girls from Paris would be in for the Fete. She said “No, it isn't going to last long enough. You know how it is in a house when a fete takes place. The boys all come in and play around and if we aint got anybody here to at least drink with them they won't even buy a drink.”

I then asked Madame Alice if the boys (pimps) are still in town. I said “I went over to the hangout, but nobody was around.” She said “That's funny! There is always somebody.” I said “Perhaps I went to the wrong place. I sort of my lost my bearings about Geneva this time.” She said “Did you go to Gillet, on rue de Rive? I guess you didn't because there is always somebody there.”
I then said “Well when the houses are closed, what do you all expect to do?” She said “I have been in business long enough now. When they close up and I know that it’s permanent, I’ll buy a private house some place and not bother with the business anymore.” I then asked “How about Madame Annette and the rest?” She said “What can they do? To open up in some other place costs much money. If anybody has a good thing, they are not selling it. So that is how it goes. The girls, well, they’ll have to manage the best way they can. It will be good for some. They owe so much they’d never be able to pay. Now they have a chance to get away without paying.”

During my visits to the other seven houses of prostitution I received information which tended to substantiate everything which Madame Alice had told me.

I noted some new faces among the inmates and learned that each house added from two to three inmates to the staff for the “rush” business which is anticipated during the Gymnastique Fête. The inmates whom I saw or spoke to in the houses, are all girls over 21 years of age. The majority are French, and the rest Swiss, Italians, Negroes, Germans.

I also visited a pimps’ hangout, Gillet, on rue de Rive. There were but two pimps present. I spoke to the bar maid, and by means of inquiry for a fictitious person I tried to make the acquaintance of the two pimps who were present; but was unable to do so.

I also observed conditions on the streets, spending most of my time on Rue de la Marche, Rue du Rhone, Quai Mont Blanc, Rue Mont Blanc; also upon streets in the vicinity of the station. (Gare). During these two days I received but two solicitations. These occurred in Quai Mont Blanc. Both prostitutes were natives and invited me to their apartments. Neither solicitation was boldly conducted.

I also visited the main cafes and found the places crowded with respectable people. In none of the places was I accosted.

I also visited several cheaper hotels and inquired for prostitutes. In none of these places I was able to secure a prostitute.

The early part of the evening July 16th, that is between 10 and 11:30 P.M. I visited Kursaal Dance Hall, Maxims Cabaret, Eldorado Cabaret and two other small cabarets.

In the Kursaal Dance Hall and Maxims Cabaret I saw an entirely new set of girls. From my conversation with them I learned that the girls receive a very small salary for their services and apparently each one depends upon meeting men whom they can take to their apartments after the closing hour, for immoral purposes. The girls in these places are usually foreign girls, but apparently over 21 years of age. They remain in a place for a few months and then are sent to cabarets in other cities by the proprietors.

Both places were very poorly patronized at the hour visited. There were no unescorted prostitutes present, and I was informed that none are permitted to enter.

The following is the list of licensed houses in Geneva.
About 10:30 P.M. I visited all eight houses of prostitution in Geneva. I noted that the better class houses, namely Madame Annette’s, Madame Waliska’s, Madame Lenore’s, Madame Alice’s, and Madame Adele’s were quite crowded with Gymnasts, and no one was preventing them from entering.

Madame Alice said “We have been crowded all night. Every girl is booked for sleepers. I told you that things would be good.” I said “I suppose the boys could get better accommodations here than they could at the hotels.” She said “We can offer as good.”

In Madame Alice’s, Madame Annette’s, Madame Waliska’s, and Madame Lenore’s house I later learned that nearly all girls were likewise taken for from 4 A.M. until morning.

As I was about to enter Rue de Perron where the three cheaper resorts are situated, namely Madame Helene’s, Madame Jeanne’s, and Madame Farcy’s, I noted that the street was literally jammed with members of the various Gymnastic Societies. The majority were clad in white knee pants and therefore no mistake could be made concerning their identity. They filed into the houses and so filled the resorts that all salons were taken and there was scarcely standing room.

Madame Jeanne’s house became so crowded that for a time several were denied admittance. The young men seen in the houses and those in some cases clamoring for admittance ranged in age from 17 to 30, the majority however being between 17 and 18 years of age.

As I was about to enter one of the houses I was approached by a man who handed me a handbill. (See exhibit.) He said “Before you go in there read this.” I stopped to read it, and noticed that this same man distributed these circulars to all who entered the street.

The circular merely advised persons from entering the houses. At the same time that these handbills were being distributed I was approached by a pimp whom I had previously seen at Gillet, on rue de Rive. He said “They’re crazy! It’s natural for young men to go to such houses.” He then passed around to different groups and was heard to tell them substantially the same as he had told me.
After visiting the houses I loitered about this street for a half hour to observe the effect the circulars were having on new arrivals. During that time not one man was seen to pay any attention to the persons who advised them against entering the brothels.

This same pimp approached me after I had left the house. He said “Well, don't you feel better? It's got to be so.” He then suddenly changed his conversation and after several men had been seen to mingle with the crowd said “These are all policeman. That fellow with the cap is a reporter on the Tribune de Geneve. I suppose he is going to write it up. Well, you see what good it all is doing them.” We were then approached by a secret policeman who invited us to move on.

We walked out of the street and stood a few moments on the corner. A man whom the pimp said was the chief signaled to us to keep moving.

We walked fully five blocks from the street, stood a moment to talk and soon learned that we both were being followed by two secret police.

The pimp said “You go one way, I'll go the other. We can meet up the street.”

I then decided to return to my hotel.

Lausanne, Switzerland
July 18, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Shortly after my arrival in Lausanne I was informed that there are no licensed houses of prostitution in the city. The licensing of brothels was abolished several years ago, and since then prostitutes have been permitted to walk the street, but are prohibited from accosting men.

Prostitutes in the city are required to register with the police, and to submit themselves for a venereal disease examination twice a week.

Foreign prostitutes may be inscribed, but no girl under 21 may register. According to my informants each prostitute who desires to register must submit either a birth certificate or a passport.

All persons whom I approached upon the subject very frankly told me that the police of Lausanne are exceedingly severe against prostitutes who boldly solicit and that the public sentiment in Lausanne is so against brothels that it is quite impossible for a house to open without either the police finding it, or it being brought to their attention by a citizen.

I questioned my informants as to why sentiment in Lausanne should be so strikingly different from Geneva, a city but fifty minutes distance from Lausanne. All stated that the Faculties of the many girls' finishing schools in Lausanne have a lot to do with enforcing the abolition program.
It is quite evident that the police are very active. The prostitutes whom one may meet on the streets are very cautious in their methods of approach, and usually wait for the man to make the first move. It was also observed that in cases where the prostitute considered the prospective customer not a plainclothesman, she would enter a nearby hall or doorway, and await the man, so that they could arrange matters without attracting undue attention.

The prostitutes whom I spoke to said “We have to be careful. The police are very strict. If we talk to a man they send us to jail.” I said “Don't they fine you instead of sending you to jail?” I was told “Yes, but they always give us both.”

The prostitutes whom I encountered upon the streets were seen throughout the afternoon, and part of the evening.

The cheaper prostitutes I might add are much bolder than the prostitutes who demand more money and usually appear about 2:30 P.M. upon such streets as Rue Grand St. Jean, Rue Central, Rue du Pre, Rue S. Francais. Particularly on Rue Grand St. Jean I found prostitutes standing in the doorways of houses #13, 14, 15, 17, 18, and 19, trying to attract the attention of passersby. While it is true that the prostitutes in this section are a lot bolder than the prostitutes who operate upon other streets it can be justly said that they do not make their presence obnoxious to passers-by.

While in conversation with the prostitutes in and about this vicinity I learned that nearly all the women are natives of Switzerland and from general appearance I readily noted that all are well over 21 years of age.

One prostitute named Hortense said “Business is very poor here. It’s not good any place now except in Geneva. Some of the girls went down there, but you can’t tell if it will be worthwhile.” I said “It ought to be. There are plenty of boys in town.” She said “Yes, but I heard that the police are going to be on the lookout; besides, here I heard the police stopped some girls from going. They met them at the station and told them they couldn’t go.”

I then questioned her concerning the foreign prostitutes in Lausanne. She said “There are some French and Italians, also Germans, but not very many.” This statement seemed to coincide with my findings as the girls whom I met were mainly Swiss, along with a few French, Germans and Italians which numerically can be classified in the order named.

The higher-priced prostitutes walk upon the streets in the better sections (business) of the city, namely Rue de Petit Chene, Rue du Grand Pont, Place Bel Air, and other streets adjacent to those named.

The men whose acquaintance they make are taken by the prostitutes to their own homes or to second-class hotels. The higher-priced prostitutes, however, prefer to take their trade to their own apartments. Usually two prostitutes reside together and take their trade to their homes, which are situated in neighborhoods where neighbors do not object.

It is among this class of prostitutes that most of the foreign element may be found. However, all whom I saw or spoke to were over 21 years of age, and admitted being in Lausanne for several years.
Most of the securing of trade by the prostitutes is done along the streets, but there is, however, many wein and bierstubes which prostitutes frequent. In some of these places there is a hotel operated in connection with the saloon, where the prostitutes and their customers may get accommodations.

The prostitutes do not boldly accosts men in these places, but usually conduct themselves in such a manner as to invoke the initiative upon the part of the man.

The worst places are: Hotel du Cerf, Leman Hotel, Cafe du Moritin (In this place pimps sit in the front of the cafe while their women operate in the rear), Cafe Grandveaux, Cafe, Cafe Central, and Cafe Siecle.

Better or high-priced prostitutes may be found at Kursaal Dance Hall, Cafe du Grand Pont and Old India Tea Room and Cafe.

Although there are no houses of prostitution in Lausanne and the police are apparently active in trying to suppress street soliciting, no man will have any difficulty in meeting a prostitute in Lausanne as all principal streets are frequented by these women.

Berne, Switzerland
July 18-19, 1925

Traffic in women and children

Upon arrival in Berne I soon learned that there are no licensed or clandestine houses of prostitution in the city.

There are likewise no places which are frequented by prostitutes and no prostitutes upon the streets.

The Berne police are apparently very active in suppressing commercialized prostitution. I inquired from persons most likely to know and all explained to me that there are many clandestine prostitutes such as married women, waitresses, etc., but they do not solicit upon the streets or in cafes, and will only consent to commit an act of prostitution after the man is known to them.

I visited hotels, wein and bierstubes, coffee houses, such as Kursaal, and the Casino, but did not see any women who appeared to be prostitutes, nor was I approached by any women.

All cabarets are closed for the summer and the only suggestions as to how I could meet a prostitute which persons whom I asked offered, was to try to drum up an acquaintance with a barmaid, or entertainer in some of the small variety houses.

I questioned all persons as to what the younger element in Berne did since no prostitutes are apparently available. I was told “Most don’t, and those that do have something private.”

There is no doubt but that Berne is the cleanest city of it’s size that I visited in Europe.
**Traffic in women and children**

While walking on Boulevard Des Italians I met Schloymer and his prostitute wife. He said “I have been waiting for you to come to the hangout for a whole week. I got back last Friday. I left the hospital (Strasbourg) a week ago and went to Brussels. I looked over the thing I had in mind and I figure out that for me to open up a short-time place (assignation resort) there would not pay. I could make a living, but that aint what I want. Belgium is bad now. A short-time hotel don’t earn enough. All I could charge would be five to ten francs for a room. That is nothing for me. My wife says we must go to Buenos Aires and I think she is right. I got a letter from Motche Goldberg and he says I should come too. He can fix me up in a nice little house. A house on 696-X is for rent. Just the kind of place for a joint. It aint near a church or a school. It wont need much alteration, and in a month after I get there I would be ready to open up. A new house is good for at least 1800 pesos a week clean. My investment would be about 9,000 pesos. In a few months I have my money back and then I am working in velvet. My wife will be housekeeper until I get a line on the business the house can do, and then she can sit back and so can I and we won’t need to worry.”

I said “It sounds pretty good if it works out that way.” He replied “Why wont it? I know the game. I have good friends in Buenos Aires. I speak the language, so does my wife, and I will be a made man in a few years. I am not getting any younger, and I must be some place during my old days where I have a steady income, and no worry.”

I said “Would you advise me to go to Buenos Aires too?” He answered “Of course you know your own business best. You have a young wife. In Buenos Aires she could do better with a big sucker than here. If you have money enough to start a joint I know Motche Goldberg could find something for you too. You are a young man. If you get a nice start in Buenos Aires you too can become a rich man in a few years.” I said “It strikes me as a good proposition, but my girl could never handle that trade. If I took a house where could I get a girl?” He said “There are plenty in Buenos Aires. We both could get more than we want, but what I am going to do is write to Chaim Leiser and if he has anybody I’ll take her along. You could get one too. When we get to Buenos Aires there are boys there who need girls. We could then get back every sou we laid out for bringing the girls and at the same time make a few hundred dollars profit.”

I said “It’s pretty risky business to take a green girl these days.” He said “She don’t have to be entirely green. Just something nice and fresh. You and I aint known. We take her to Buenos Aires to work for us. When she gets there the boys will explain the business to her. I took my girl when she was fifteen years old. The Polish girls are like the French girls, - they understand.” I said “You wouldn’t take a fifteen year old girl now, would you?” He replied “If she is wise, why not? At around that age they are best to deal with. Chaim Leiser can tell us where to look, and everything we need to know. If you want to go to Warsaw with me when Chaim Leiser says I should come, we can go and place ourselves in his hands and he will do just the right thing.”

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696-X would be Sabina Blumenfeld in Buenos Aires. Maybe the servant of the house?
I said “But you can never get a passport for a young girl in Poland.” Schloymer answered “You fool! You do not know those Polish mousers. (bastards). They hate the Yerhudim (Hebrews). A Yiddisha madle (Jewish girl) can get a passport gerschwind. (quickly). They want to get rid of us. I know what I am talking about. Boys come and go all the time. They bring (take) girls back with them. I tell you its easy. You shall see! Didn’t Chaim Leiser want to fix you up when you was there? That is proof, aint it? Do you think I would put my neck in a sling if I did not know my business? Am I mashuga?” (crazy).

I said “Good! Let’s say all of that can be done. How could you land her in Buenos Aires?” Schloymer answered “That is very easy. Tell me, do I look like a hevra man? (pimp). Don’t my wife look even better yet? You I should never take for anybody but a man of commerce. (business man). We need servant girls. Besides Motche Goldberg will know when we are due and he will have everybody ready in case there should be a hitch. I have nothing to hold me now in Paris. Really and true I have already decided. I wrote to Chaim Leiser two days ago. I am glad you showed up because I felt like from the way you spoke in Strasbourg you wanted to go. We can have a nice time together and we both will be made men again. If you want to go, good; if not I shall go. For me Europe is no good. I wasted years in Paris. Was a long time without money because my s... b... of a brother-in-law tried to f... me! Now I got some money back 202,000 francs. I have my chance again. It is opportunity again knocking on my door. I shall again take the chance.”

I said “Well, when would you want a definite answer?” He said “Well, I won’t be able to leave until at least October. You know, it takes time to prepare. I must sell my things. I must also go to Strasbourg again for another week’s treatment, and of course before I get finished with all that and Chaim Leiser has a chance to look around it will be at least October. Anyhow, its good to decide soon. I can let Motche Goldberg know. You know men in our business must always be looking far ahead into the future”.

New York City, USA
September 11, 1925

Law enforcement, police
Fred Miller

About 3:15 P.M. I approached Fred Miller, an ex-pimp, who acts as a clerk here. He greeted me very cordially as I had not seen him in eighteen months. He said “Where the hell have you been? I have been wanting to see you several times.” I replied “I have been down to South America on a little government business.” He did not allow me to go any further but immediately asked “Were you in Buenos Aires? You know I have been wanting to know from somebody who has been down there if Motche Goldberg was really dead. You know his wife Mrs. Regina Goldberg is tied up with Sam Peruvnik and she told me when she came back that Motche Goldberg is dead, but I don’t believe it.” I answered “He is just as much alive as you are.” Fred Miller then began to discuss conditions in
Buenos Aires and wanted to know who is who in Buenos Aires's underworld. I informed him that according to my information, Motche Goldberg still retains the high place that he has always held in every city he has operated in.

Fred Miller said “I was a fool that I didn’t go down there when the rest of them did. I suppose they are all very rich and here I am piking along for a lousy $15 per and if I can’t make a hit on the ponies at least once a week I got to touch everybody (borrow from) I meet.”

Fred Miller then began to recount Motche Goldberg’s activities in New York City and said “You know the trouble that he got in with James Smith. I knew that James Smith gave him the money to get out of town because I was there and handled part of that dough, but when James Smith wrote into his record that Motche Goldberg died in Z-1\(^6\) I really thought that he did.” I then told Fred Miller a few things concerning Motche Goldberg’s activities in Z-1 and Fred Miller replied “It shows you, you can’t keep a good man down. One thing about Motche Goldberg is that he’d always give anyone an even break and if you needed a dollar you could go to him at any time and he was right on the job to hand you as much as you wanted.”

I said “Well, New York City certainly does look strange to me. After eighteen months things have changed so that I hardly know how to find my way around. He said “Well, there has been some changes. The town has loosened up a bit. Why right in this neighborhood there’s more speakeasies than you can count on your two hands!” I said “Well how about the ladies?” He replied “They’re budding out too. They are hustling around in these places and getting good suckers too! You can see for yourself. Just stagger into any of these joints and you are allowed to get in just the same as if you were walking into the Hotel Aster. When you want to be served they hand you the bottle, and if that aint enough, there’s a free lunch counter to help yourself to!”

We entered the place suggested by Fred Miller at 152 West 45th Street, N.Y.C. and during the time spent there, Fred Miller said “Well, from what I understand, and I’ve been getting it from pretty good authority, when Mendel Beckerman walks in, there’ll be a dollar around for everybody. I saw Bobbie Mc Culloch today, --you know him,-- he used to be the chief investigator for Parkhurst Society, N.Y.C.,-- he’s the fellow, you know, who delivered the dough (money) to Motche Goldberg from James Smith at the time Motche Goldberg made his getaway to Z-1. Well, he’s got a detective agency, and he’s fixed in pretty well with all of these politicians. The idea is this: You see what they are doing now: The streets are running wild! They (prostitutes) are all working under protection. That gives the girls a chance; they don’t need to work the streets, because when they are in a joint (resort) they are pretty sure that the suckers (customers) that come in are gilt-edged, and they (prostitutes) are not taking any chance by trying to throw the hooks into them.”

We came out from this place and stood upon the corner of 45th Street and Broadway. During the short time we were standing there, at least 7 women passed whom Fred Miller called by name. I said to him “What are they, showgirls, Fred Miller?” He replied “They are all blowing down to the speaks (speak easies). They all hang around in them at this time, because all the bookies (bookmakers) and bettors get in and they (girls) can always pick up an afternoon sucker.” (customer).

\(^6\) Paul Kinsie is obviously mistaken; the correct code would be Z-12: Buenos Aires. The same holds for the following appearances of the code.
I said to Fred Miller “Well, I’ll tell you, Fred Miller: I know a boy (pimp) who has got a nice-sized roll (of money). He tells me that if he could see his way clear, he’d be willing to open up a joint (resort) in New York City. Do you think it would be a safe investment?” Fred Miller said “Well, I’ll tell you: If he wants to run a place, that is, a speak (speak easy), it’s all right; he can make a lot of money. But, even with Mendel Beckerman or anybody else in (as Mayor), I don’t think there’ll ever be a chance for a fellow to open a house (of prostitution) and run it the way they used to run when I had my joints (resorts) on Lexington and Third Avenue. The way to do is to open a speak and let a bunch of girls come in, and there’s good money in it. It would cost you something (money) to run, but just the same, even if there is a collar (arrest) made, the public won’t get sore at a guy who runs a dive selling booze as quickly as they would if you get jammed off (raided) in the whorehouse business. You know that as well as I. I think that the people nowadays, that is, in New York City anyhow, are nuts over that subject anyhow! When a hooker (prostitute) goes out on her own and she gets jammed off (arrested), they (public) will sympathize with her. But, you know how the God-damned papers have been playing up that white slave stuff! They (papers) come out with big headlines telling how a lot of innocent girls are kept under lock and key in a house and all their clothes have been taken away from them and all that business. The ordinary sucker believes all that, and I really believe that if that kind of stuff started up again, just a couple of blow-offs (raids with subsequent newspaper write-ups) like that would set the whole town aflame!”

Our conversation then turned to conditions in Z-1. Fred Miller said “You know, I met Mrs. Regina Goldbert, Motche Goldberg’s old first wife; she came back from Buenos Aires and she came up to see me. I asked her how Motche Goldberg was and she said he is dead. I can’t understand why that b... would tell me a lie like that!” I said to him “Where’s Mrs. Regina Goldberg now?”; he replied “You know she married Sam Peruvnik, didn’t you? By the way, you know who his partner is, don’t you?” I said “I heard that it is Little Charlie”; he said “That’s right! There’s another no-good s... o. a b....! I saved that b......’s life along with Whitney Lewis and I never got any thanks! You remember Ike don’t you? Well, one night, down on Second Avenue, they got into a three-cornered argument. Ike pulled out an iron (gun) and was going to bump them all off (kill them), only I got between them and squared them.” (acted as peacemaker.) I said “I think I’ll drop up and see Mrs. Regina Goldberg one of these days.” Fred Miller said “I’m not doing anything now. Come on, we’ll go up together. I want to see her”.

On our way up, Fred Miller said “I got a surprise for you! Who do you think is running one of the classiest joints in the 40’s? A place that only millionaires and big sports are hitting (visiting).” I named several madams; he said “No! Your old friend Lena Hoberg.”

We were nearing 49th Street when Fred Miller suggested that we drop in and see Lena Hoberg. I assented and we entered the place known as Club Hoberg.

We spent some time in conversation with Lena Hoberg. After leaving her place, we proceeded to Circle Hotel.

Upon entering Circle Hotel we were greeted by Little Charlie, who was sitting near his office. I greeted him and inquired for Sam Peruvnik and Mrs. Regina Goldberg. Little Charlie said “X... is
out; Mrs. Regina Goldberg is upstairs; I'll have her come down." He then sent a boy upstairs and Mrs. Regina Goldberg invited us to come to her room, second floor, front, immediately above the office.

I told Mrs. Regina Goldberg that I had just returned from Z-1 and that Motche Goldberg told me that when I got to New York I should tell her that he still thinks of her; she said "To hell with that s... a b...! He is a very good fellow, but when he's hungry, he's just like what they call him down there, Motche Goslin (Demon)! They named him that down there, and believe me, they got him right! The s... o. a b... brings me down there, not because he loves me, but because he thinks first of all that I can make the same money that I made for him in New York City; and, secondly, I think he's jealous because Sam Peruvnik and I are together. Like a damn fool, I give up a good man and go down there! When I go down, I think he's going to say, 'Well, Mrs. Regina Goldberg, I want you to take care of my house.' That I was willing to do; but, the s... o. a b... tells me he wants me, ME WHO ALL THESE YEARS HAS BEEN A MADAM! to work in a house like those mocks (greenhorns, inexperienced prostitutes) they're bringing over from Warsaw! But, that business aint for me! If you know anything about Z-1 at all, you know that the trade (customers-males) down there, don't want any straight (natural) girls (non-perverts). And we had a damned good scrap on our hands! So, he bought me my ticket, gave me a few hundred dollars, and I came back here."

(According to Motche Goldberg's statement when I interviewed him in Z-1, he admitted to me that he brought Mrs. Regina Goldberg there from New York City, paid all her expenses, in the hope that she would act as an inmate in one of his houses until such time as he could secure a younger and prettier woman. Motche Goldberg, at that time, complained that he was forced, after she had been with him for eight months, to pay her return expenses to New York City, because as soon as he had placed her in one of his houses, the business of the resort fell off so considerably that he did not make expenses. When questioned as to why a woman like Mrs. Regina Goldberg did not fit the conditions there, he said "A girl here has to suck (practice perversion) and she also has to take it a la Brazilian (penis in anus). This she would not do. For her to come down here and play madam, I didn't need to spend all that money to bring her down, so I kicked her ass out!")

(This information about Motche Goldberg's trouble with Mrs. Regina Goldberg was offered to me by Motche Goldberg as proof that only a pervert prostitute could operate in Z-1; and also offered in the nature of friendly advice to me to be sure that when I secured a woman who would operate in Buenos Aires, she would have to be of the same type, if I desired to have her made sufficient money for me.)

I said to Mrs. Regina Goldberg, "Well, I didn't think that he would want you to work in a house, because I know that in New York City he never made you do it"; she said "Well, he had pretty hard going in Z-1! Don't forget that! When he left here with James Smith's money, he had just enough to see him through. When he got down there, a lot of the boys (pimps and associates) did help him, but he wasn't in a position to get anybody he could trust to work in his house, and at the same time bring in a dollar he could save. Now, I hear he's on easy street (well fixed financially.) Well, I don't wish him any hard luck. But, he did for this schickser (Christian woman), (present wife) more than he'd do for me. He at least married her! Of course, she had some $50,000, and she could act the part of a boss. I didn't have anything, but I was willing to help him in any way that I could. Even though he's got a lot of money today, if he needs more than he's got I understand he's got a damned
hard job getting it out of her. (present wife). You know, she's a little nuts. (eccentric). But, still she's
not crazy enough to come to him and throw in his lap all the money she's got and say 'Here, Motche
Goldberg, do what you want with it! It's yours.'"

I said “Why is it that Sam Peruvnik don't take a chance down there? They all say there's plenty
of money to be had there.” She said “He don't need that whorehouse business. He can make a dollar
here in New York City, maybe not as easily, and I don't say it's absolutely straight, but at the same
time it's better than that whorehouse business!”

I said “I understand that Motche Goldberg tried to get hold of a couple of American girls to
bring down there. You know, the Argentines like the French and American girls the best”; she replied
“Maybe. But I don't think so. Say, he can get those damn fools from his home (Poland) who will
work for almost nothing, and when they get a few dollars together, he's clever enough to beat them
out of it! So, why should he bother with any girls up here?”

I said “Well, you know, after I left Z-1 I had to go over to Poland and I went to see a couple of
friends of Motche Goldberg's over there. He asked me to stop in and grease them all.” (give them his
regards). Mrs. Regina Goldberg said “Who did you see?” I said “I've forgotten their names.” She said
“Whereabout in Warsaw did he live?”; I replied “On Agrodova Street”; she said “A-ah, Chaim Leiser,
that zu-schicker (trafficker)! I thought that s... o. a b... was dead long ago! How is he? Still whistling
out of his Adam's apple?” (Afflicted with bad case of asthma,- has a silver tube in his throat; it
whistles when he breathes.) I replied “Well, he isn't so well.” Mrs. Regina Goldberg said “He should
have been dead years ago! Did you meet anybody else there?” I said “Oh, a bunch of his friends.”
Mrs. Regina Goldberg said “I never would be in this business today if it wasn't for that crowd; Chaim
Leiser is such a mongrel that his own grandmother, he'd sell! if he could get the price for her!!”

I said “Well, Motche Goldberg spoke well of him. There's one thing about it: He (Chaim
Leiser) don't double-cross anybody in Z-1. Mrs. Regina Goldberg said “Why should he? He's getting
paid! He's practically on their payroll down there. There aint a month goes by that he don't get a
money order through the American Express from those boys. I know, because many a time I went
with the money to the American Express and got the money order. Well, he's a good man to know
and he's in position to do them a lot of good in their business. By the way, are there any new girls
coming in to Z-1? Are they making any money?” I replied “I don't know; and I don't think they are
making very much, if they are.” Mrs. Regina Goldberg said “I hear Joseph Timble is pretty well fixed.
I suppose if a fellow or a girl had the right surroundings down there, they could make a fortune. But
if I was going out to any place, I'd go to Mexico City. I know plenty of boys (pimps) down there; the
houses they can run are big ones; there's a nice life to lead down there; and there's big money there.”

I said to her “Are any of the boys (pimps) from New York City down there?”; she replied “You
go down and you'll meet plenty of fellows; and girls too.” I said “Well, for instance, who?”; she
replied “Who? How can I tell you? A lot of boys, I don't even know their names! But when a fellow
from New York City goes down there, you can rest assured he won't be lost.” I said “Well, I heard
when I was on the other side (Europe), that a good many of them had the idea that it was a good
place to go”; she said “Didn't I told you! I know! It's a good place, you can take it from me! But, I
myself am not so interested, because we got it easy here, and no matter how much money you can make in the old business, there’s always plenty of worriement and an awful lot of push and pull!”

While engaged in this conversation with Mrs. Regina Goldberg and Fred Miller, we were joined by Sam Peruvnik. At first we very naturally re-discussed conditions in Z-1, Motche Goldberg’s status, and the number of Americans who are part of the underworld in Z-1. Sam Peruvnik said “Well, of course, you know, when New York City closed up, and the old hevra went out of existence, the whole crowd right away ran for Johannesburg. Then they ran into the same thing in Johannesburg that they had here; so they finally drifted over to the Argentine. I myself was considering going down there. Maybe I made a mistake, and maybe I didn’t. But, one thing I know is this: Here a fellow in our business has always got a chance to make a clean dollar along with it (prostitution); but there, the only thing you can do is to be in the whorehouse business. I myself don’t think that I’d ever want to go out of the United States except for a trip. You know, New York City isn’t the whole United States by any means. There’s plenty of business if a fellow wants to try things out in Atlantic City, in Philadelphia, in Detroit, and Denver. Even X..(Z-6) is good.”

I said “Well, which ones of our old crowd are in these cities?” He replied “Abie Schicker, and Big Alec are in Buffalo, N.Y.; Lena Hyman is in Denver; Dutchie Bernstein is in Philadelphia, and Atlantic City; Sadie Harris is in X..(Z-6); Abie Fleminger has been over in Detroit.” I stopped him and said “Well, the last time I saw Abie Fleminger he was in Denver with Lena Hyman.” Sam Peruvnik replied “Yes, I know, but for a while in Denver things got a little tight (strict) and Abie Fleminger went over and opened a speak-easy in Detroit with a little whorehouse business on the side. So, you see, there’s always a chance here in the United States. If it aint in New York City, it can be in another place.”

I said “Well, do you ever hear from Motche Goldberg, or any of the other boys?”; he replied “No. Of course, you know, ME he wouldn’t write to on account of Mrs. Regina Goldberg. But the other fellows don’t hear either. It’s this way: What good can we do? The best Motche Goldberg could get out of us, would be if some of these fellows around here that are broke would write him and ask for a few hundred dollars. That’s as much good as it would do.” I said “Well, the Argentine likes foreign girls; and from what I understand, an American girl can make a nice few dollars down there.” Sam Peruvnik said “You’re all wrong! The girls that once get into the States and have been in business, never can be a success down there. They (down there) want the girls like we used to have years and years ago. A girl here in X... (X..)”7 don’t have to take 15 and 20 men a day in order to make enough to buy her a hat! Down there they gotta do that, and they gotta take 40 and 50 men! And then, there’s another thing: This stuppen er ron in tuchis an lecken (sodomy and perversion) don’t go with the girls who have had a taste of the life in America!”

I said “Well, in that case I don’t suppose that many of the girls from America go down there.” He replied “Of course not! You’ve been down there; did you meet any girls down there who said they had been in the United States? Of course not! A good many of them are glad to go there now from the other side. (Europe). Why? One reason is that the Russians and the Poles, the Rumanischers (Romanians), and the Francoisens (French), can’t come here. There (to Argentine) they can go. I

7 Paul Kinsie is obviously wrong: “X” would be Nassau, which does not make any sense here.
know, and I don’t have to be down there, that it’s no kunts (clever work) on the part of any boy down there to get a girl to come from the old countries to South America to work for him. They (girls) are glad to get the chance. They can make more money down there than they can at home; and then, you know, what the big idea is that lays in the back of their heads: That after they are there a few years and they make a lot of money, they’re damn fools enough to think that they can come here and live like a mench (gentlewoman).”

I said “Mrs. Regina Goldberg and Joseph Schwartz say that Mexico and Havana are so good.” He replied “Certainly! They’re all good! Let me tell you something: I’ve been long enough in this game to realize one thing, and dat is this: That wherever you find a Frenchman, I don’t mean one Frenchman, but what I mean is that wherever you find plenty of French boys, (pimps) and plenty of French nekavers (prostitutes), you can bet your last cent that that place is a good one! Always remember that a Frenchman will never take his girl into a place unless there’s big results to be had. Look at them in South America! Look at them in Havana!! Look at them in Mexico!!! Do you think they go there for their health? How many of unzererlite (our kind) have as many as two, or say three, girls? Very few! I remember in the good olden days in New York City when we had French and Belgians (pimps) here; whenever they got one woman in, they’d have her write for her friend, and when she came, they’d tie her up that they could get all her money; then they’d have her write for another friend! You remember the Bertha Clayton case? When Harry Morton shot the Frenchman in the Tiger Saloon?” I said “Harry Morton never shot him! I know him well. She used his gun.” Sam Peruvnik said “Yes, I know. Well, all right: The Frenchman was shot by Bertha Clayton. How many women do you think that Frenchman had who had given him every dollar they made? Not one, but TEN! And if he brought over one, he brought over 200!”

(Bertha Clayton, a French prostitute, in 1912 (?) shot and killed her French pimp in the Tiger Saloon, with a gun loaned to her by a policeman named Harry Morton, who is now assistant chief of the police of the Pennsylvania Railroad, New York City.)

Sam Peruvnik continued “Believe me, if we (hevra members) were as well organized as the Frenchmen (pimps) are today in all parts of the world, they never would have been able to give Motche Goldberg and all of us the deal that we got. They never could have got us out of New York City!”
1926
Paris, France  
June 30-July 1-2, 1926

Traffic in women and children

About 4 P.M. I visited the souteneurs’ rendezvous at X--(724-X). Among the souteneurs this place is known as the X--; however, it is operated under the name of X--(725-X).

The souteneurs and their prostitutes began gathering here about this time and some of them recognized me as a friend of Schloymer. Upon inquiring for him I was informed that he and his prostitute left Paris last October for Buenos Aires, and upon arrival there he informed his friends in Paris of his safe arrival.

One of the souteneurs, Katz, said “I just got in from Buenos Aires on the 15th and I saw him before I left.” I said “I’d like to write to him. I expected to get here before he left, but couldn’t make it.” Katz said “His exact address I can’t give you, but there is a girl (prostitute) here who knows it. In fact, I brought a letter to her from him. You know how it is with the boys (souteneurs). We see each other in the cafes and that’s all.” I said “What is the girl’s name? I’ll inquire for her.” He replied “Her name is X-- (134-G). Just as soon as she comes in I will introduce you to her.” I then said “Well, how is everything in Buenos Aires now?” He answered “Good! But they are getting stricter each day. It’s really very hard to get in now. Schloymer had quite a time of it. Only for the hevra he never would have been able to make it.” I said “What do you mean?” He replied “The immigration officers won’t let anybody in who they think is in the geschaft (business).” I said “I suppose, now that they are strict, there are not so many boys (souteneurs) traveling?” he replied “Just the same as before. But now a boy and girl (souteneur and prostitute) must have friends in Buenos Aires to vouch for them. Of course, the hevra can take care of all that, but it means that a fellow must let them know each move and that costs extra money. Schloymer has a fine house just outside of the city. He has ten girls and he is doing nicely.”

I said “I thought the Argentine regulations prohibited more than one girl per house.” He said “In Buenos Aires that is true, but in other cities of the Argentine the regulations are different.”

About 6 P.M. 134-G came into the cafe and Katz immediately introduced me to her; she said “Now that you explained to me who you are, I remember that Schloymer spoke of you. Didn’t you promise to come back here before he decided to go to Buenos Aires? You see, he looked to hear from you. When he spoke of you I tried to think who he meant, but I couldn’t place you. When he came back from Strasbourg, he went to Vichy to recuperate and then he came back to Paris, sold all his things and a few weeks later left. He stayed at my house for a couple of weeks before he went away. I expect to go to Buenos Aires in August.”

I said to her “Why didn’t you go when he went?” She replied “I wanted to, but I could not.” I said “Why?” She said “Now it is very hard to get in. It cost him plenty and I had to wait so that he could arrange for me.” I said “When I was in Buenos Aires it was very easy for me to come and
go.” She said “Not now! Everybody is watched very closely. Even an old man like Schloymer had a hard time.”

The people there (Argentine immigration officers) won’t let a woman in unless they are sure of her; and for young girls alone, it’s almost impossible.” I said “When I last saw him he was going to take somebody back with him.” She said “He did. He took a girl, and his wife took a girl.” I said “Girls from Paris?” She replied “No, Polish.” I then said “I suppose some old timers (hardened prostitutes)?” She replied “No, nice girls. One is my niece, a fine junger maidle (young girl). The other girl was my niece’s friend. It cost Schloymer at least 18,000 Francs.” I said “Why so much money?” She said “He traveled second class. His wife took one and he took the other.” I said “I suppose they were above the age?” She replied “One was twenty and the other twenty-one. They’ll make a nice few dollars there. But, tell me, how do you come to know Schloymer?”

I explained to her the conditions under which I met Schloymer; she said “I see. You know, before I tell or talk too much, I must know to whom I am speaking. You know around this place here a person must be careful. All the crooks in the world come here. They won’t even spare each other.” I said “I know it. That is why he and I and a few of the other boys always kept to ourselves.” She said “Now, tell me; when do you expect to go? Where is your girl now?” I said “In Paris; but I am ready almost any day.” She said “Remember you can’t leave her until everything is fixed. That is why I am waiting. First, you must write to Schloymer. Tomorrow I will give you his address. You enclose two pictures of yourself and two of your wife in the letter, and write nothing except this: ‘When I hear from you I will leave France. I would like to come to Montevideo when I get there, as I am to take up a home there.’ He will immediately understand that you want to come to Buenos Aires. With the pictures he will get a friend in the hevra to get you and your girl a cedula. As soon as he gets the cedula, you start. You buy your tickets for Montevideo. Just before the boat arrives there you wire to Schloymer. He will come to Montevideo or send somebody to you. Then you can immediately start for Buenos Aires on the small river boat.”

I said “How about getting off at Montevideo? Isn’t it just as hard?” She replied “No, there is no trouble at all. That is the way he did it with two young girls and his wife and he had no trouble. All the boys work it that way.” I said “Who gets the cedulas for them?” She replied “Somebody in the hevra. Who, I don’t know. Tomorrow I will show you the letter I got from Schloymer. That same way he explained it to me.” I said “Why does he want so many girls? In Buenos Aires you can only have one girl to a house.” She said “Schloymer’s house is in Dolores. It is a city two hours from Buenos Aires. There you can have twenty girls. In the short time he was there he made a nice few dollars. More than he made in five years here in his dealings with the boys who always yentzed (fooled) him. Boy after boy would come here to him. He would fix them up with girls, and they would pay him part and forget the rest.” I said “He is a good fellow for everybody but himself.” She replied “You are right. I only know him for six years, but ever since I was a little girl my uncle always spoke about him. He is paying my way for me and also another girl who I am taking with me.” I said “A business girl?” She replied “Yes.” I said “The other two girls: were they business girls (prostitutes) too?” She replied “Not regulars, but they want to be. Schloymer got husbands already for them.” I said “How were they able to get passports?” She replied “Yiddisha maidels (Jewish girls) in Poland can get them easy. What age has your girl got on her passport?” I said “25, but she is only 20.” She said “Always 25. The
same for the other girls. The alter man (old man) S. Silverblatt fixed up everything for Schloymer. He made over the passes like new."

I said “What boat did he sail on?” She said “I think it was the Avon, but I am not sure.” I said “How many boys have been coming and going since I was away?” She replied “Every month they come and go. You know Morris Goldberg? Well, they caught him bringing in a young girl to Rio and he died in jail! Yankel Goldstein was here and took back a new wife; Abram Napolian too; Abie Schleser will be here next month. All the time there is somebody. Katz, the fellow you spoke to, is going back with a Roumanishe (Romanian) girl, - a greeny (inexperienced) he got in Czernowitch. He'll have souriss (trouble) with her. He married her. He is a good boy.”

I then said “I don't know if I really should go back to Buenos Aires. You say that they are strict there. I am beginning to feel as if it would be better for me to go to Mexico or Cuba.” She said “Cuba is out of the question. Mexico, I hear, is still good. Do you know Max Diamonton? You must know him. He is an old hevra man from the city of New York. He just arrived from Mexico. If you don't know him, I'll introduce you to him. He can tell you everything you want to know about Mexico. He and two more boys, Little Max and Issy came. All speak good English. You must meet them.”

The following day I met 134-G as agreed upon; she said “Well now here is the letter I received from Schloymer.” The letter read as follows: “Dear X--(134-G): I am feeling like a new man since I have been here. I received the pictures and expect to have everything arranged in a few days. As soon as everything will be ready I will send you a letter by the post or with one of the boys. You know what to do. Don't say too much in the cafe. By the middle of August you should be here.”

The letter ended with the usual salutations and greetings from the writer to his friends in Paris. It was signed Schloymer.

After reading the letter to me 134-G said “Now, here: Copy his address. His house is in Dolores, Argentine. It is a small place about sixty kilos from Buenos Aires. You address the letter to his wife X-- (56-M). Write just like I told you yesterday. You can also write to him at this address in Buenos Aires: X--(726-X). You know his right name don't you, Solomon Goldstein. You see, his house is in Dolores, but he lives in Buenos Aires because a man there aint supposed to have a house. You give me your name. Tonight I will write to him and tell him that you are here, that I gave you his address, and that you are going to send him some pictures in a day or so. I will be so glad to get away from here, - nobody can say! It's terrible in Paris! A foreign girl cannot work in a house, and on the street they pick you up and keep you in jail for days at a time! Everybody wants to get away, even the French themselves!”

I said “Did Schloymer get his girls through Chaim Leiser in Warsaw?” She replied “That I don't know. I do know that Chaim Leiser helped him with the Polish papers, but I fixed things with my sister's daughter for him.” I said “Well then you arranged it?” She said “Sure I did; I thought you meant the papers.” I said “How about the other girls?” She replied “They were all friends of my niece X--(135-G).”
While in the company of 134-G in and about 724-X, I was introduced to a number of souteneurs and prostitutes whom I had not previously met. 134-G was particularly anxious that I meet Max Diamonton and Little Max, two souteneurs who had just arrived in Paris from Mexico City, Mexico.

Upon being introduced to Max Diamonton he immediately told me that he is a former partner of Motche Goldberg in the city of New York, that he kept a disorderly saloon in that city at X-- (727-X), and up to five years ago he was a bootlegger in the city of Detroit. He said “I know them all. From one end of the country to the other. In those days I had eight girls in the houses in New York City. But I got enough of the states! I did five years in the X-- (728-X) and the Federal people tried to grab me on another charge, so I beat it to Mexico. Tell me: What do you want to know? If I can help you I’ll do it.”

I then explained to Max Diamonton that I felt as if I would like to go to Mexico, but had heard that things are getting tough there. He replied “It’s all bunk! I just left. I got a big house there. I’ll tell you where it is tough: That is the border towns, but Tampico and Mexico City are the same as always. The immigration officers require everybody to show $100 before they let them enter. That’s nothing! Any boy can do that. A woman alone cannot get in without somebody who can say good (vouch) for her.”

I said “Even if she is above the age?” He replied “Above or under, it’s the same thing; but that means nothing. I always travel on the Cuba, (French Line boat). So do all the boys. The X-- (729-X) is one of the boys and our best friend. You know, when the boat gets into port he sits at the table with the Control officers. We always tip him off before and then anybody we want passed he takes care of. And what does it cost! A lousy $20.”

I said “How is business there?” He replied “Not so good as it might be. Tampico is better, but it is too hot. You see, Havana is closed tight, and now there are so many coming into Mexico that it aint so good. Then again, we aint getting the tourists any more like we used to.”

I said “What are you doing in Paris?” He replied “A little vacation. Little Max wanted to come over, so I came with him. He is going to Lodz (Poland) to find something for himself.” I said “A wife?” He replied “Certainly! Then we will go back.” I said “How about yourself; if you run across one, I suppose you won’t pass it up?” He replied “For myself I got all I need. For one of the boys, yes, I’ll take one back.” I said “My girl is only 19 and she looks very young. I think I would be afraid.”

He said “You got nothing to be afraid of. When would you expect to go?” I replied “I don’t know exactly.” He said “Well, there you are! If you are married to her, go any time. Then nobody can question you. But if you have to go separately you must be prepared to have either a reputable citizen say good (vouch) for her, or have it fixed with the officers beforehand. Thursday I am going to Lodz. If you decide when you are going, I will look up and find out when the Cuba arrives in St. Nazaire and I’ll go up with you, introduce you to my friend and you will be taken care of.”
I said “When will you return from Lodz?” He replied “In ten days.” I said “Perhaps you could give me a letter to him so that in case I decide to go while you are away I could start.” He said “No that wouldn’t do. I must see him and speak to him. That’s the way I always do. Whenever a boy arrives in Mexico I go aboard and fix it. Before he gets through I know all about it.”

I said “I suppose that is the safest way, but I guess you don’t have to fix it for many who travel with girls as young as mine.” He replied “Those are just the kind. The old-timers are not wanted in Mexico. We got enough of that sort.” I said “After a girl is in can she work without any trouble?” He replied “No trouble at all. Of course, the papers are always altered. That has to be. Listen to me: I know everybody in our game in Mexico City, and I can always take care of you and steer you right. Just say when you are going and I can arrange. After we get back from Lodz, I am going to run around for a while and then go back to Mexico about the middle of September.” I said “So you say Havana is closed?” He replied “Closed tight. There are no more houses. Immediately they jail the girls and foreign girls are deported; boys too. It’s a big change there. Even when a boat stops there they won’t allow first or second class passengers off without leaving their passports with the immigration officers; third class can’t get off at all. You see, the boat calls at Havana on the way to Mexico.”

While at 730-X I again met S. Silverblatt who took care of all of the Hevra’s passport requirements. He said “Well your old friend Schloymer is gone. He is in Buenos Aires now. He don’t have to be a schnorrer (beggar) any more.” I said “I heard he is making money.” He replied “Yes, I received a letter from him. He is all right now.” I said “Did you take care of his papers?” He replied “Yes, sure. I got the tickets for the ship too.” I said “What boat?” He replied “Avon, a good boat.” I said “Did he have any trouble with the girls?” He replied “No, none at all. I fixed papers for them too. Everything went nice”.

**Havre, France**
**July 5-6, 1926**

**Traffic in women and children**

While in a souteneurs’ rendezvous, 731-X, I made the acquaintance of Max Diamonton who had just arrived in Paris from the city of Mexico where he is said to operate a house of prostitution now. (See Paris report). I explained to him that a friend of mine was expected to arrive on July 5th at Havre and I was going over to meet the steamer. I said “I might stay there a few days. Do you know anybody in Havre?” He answered “There’s a gal in Havre by the name of Nody. I met her in Mexico City about a year ago. She left with her man to open a bar. I don’t know the address, but you ought to be able to find it. It’s near Place Gambetta. They call it the Shamrock Bar, 12 Rue Moliere. Just inquire about and one of the boys will direct you there. She was an artist in Mexico City. I met her in one of the cafes. She is a good looker and speaks English like an American. I first thought she was. I spoke to her and we got pretty thick together. Just tell her you met Max Diamonton in Paris and he told you to look her up. I promised I would go and see her whenever I came across.”
Shortly after my arrival in Havre I inquired from various persons and finally located the Shamrock Bar. The establishment is now operated under the name of Pitts Bar (new name for Shamrock Bar) (See card attached).

I entered the bar and inquired for Nody. A very attractive and well-spoken barmaid answered "I am Nody. What can I do for you?" I explained to her who had sent me and cited my purpose in Havre. She said "Well, if he is in Paris I hope he won't fail to come and see me. He is a very good fellow. Are you from Mexico City?" I said "No, I am from New York City, but I left there three years ago and can't go back." She said "I see. Well I was in New York City for a while. I wandered all over the world and finally located here." I said "So have I and I suppose I'll settle down in a place like this before I am done. Where have you traveled?" She answered "All over,- Egypt, North Africa, Mexico and Europe." I said "So have I." She said "Where do you expect to go from here?" I said "Buenos Aires or Mexico,- any place where I can make a dollar." She said "Have you ever been to Egypt?" I answered "Yes, I spent quite a little time in Alexandria and Cairo." She said "Me too. I was in Cairo for a month and Alexandria two months." I said "How did you happen to go there?" She answered "I used to be an artist (actress). I went there with a troupe. It was in Cairo where we went broke." I said "How many were in the company?" She said "About fifteen girls." I said "It's a damned expensive country to be broke in." She said "Nobody knows it better than me. If it was not for a rich Egyptian who kept me I'd have starved that month in Cairo. After he got rid of me I went to an artists' pension in Alexandria. I had no money, but the madam took me in and I met some nice men and I made nice little money. Not much, but enough to get back to Marseille. Then I joined another show and I went to Mexico. It was only two years ago I was there in Egypt." I said "Before you got stranded in Egypt did you ever sport around?" She answered "No, I always had my work. I was a dancer, but after these few months of easy life I got fat and I never was able to do much shaking (dancing)." I said "I thought the manager or producer of a travelling show had to guarantee your transportation home?" She answered "They have to do that now, but, before, the b... could take a show out and blow (run away) and leave the girls to f... their way home." I said "Were the girls in the company young ones?" She answered "Yes and G.. d.... pretty girls too." I said "Are they still in Egypt?" She answered "Five or six of them are. They are all right now. They got men and they make nice money." I said "Where, in the joints?" She answered "They work the cabarets and streets. They are good-looking girls I tell you! Look at me! I ain't bad, am I? I got the American bob. All the boys from the boats tell me I look like a real American girl. How old you think I am?" I said "25 or 26." She said "Mon Dieu! Do I look that old! I am just 23." I said "What year were you born?" She answered "1903. I was just 21 years old when I was in Cairo." I said "The other girls,- how old were they?" She answered "18, 19, 20,- all very young." I said "I thought a gal couldn't get a passport if she was under 21 years. A friend of mine wanted to take his friend to South America and he could not get her a passport." She said "The mother or father must give their permission. Then it is all right. Say, have you ever been to Havre before?" I said "No" She said "Suppose you and I go later in the day to the Casino. It is on the Plage (beach). We can have a nice time. I go over every afternoon to play baccarat and roulette." I said "Your sweetie over here will be jealous." She said "He knows me." She then introduced me to M. Pitts the proprietor, who speaks only French and she explained to him who I am and where I come from.

M. Pitts then said that he and Nody had bought this place from the former owner. Nody said "My friend M. Pitts had a place in Antwerp. I worked here for the other man, and when the houses in Antwerp were closed, I made him come over here and we bought this place."
I said to M. Pitts “So you are a Belgian?” He replied “Yes, I am from Antwerp.” I said “Are there many Belgian girls in town?” He replied “Plenty. Do you know that Havre is one of the best cities in France? There are always plenty of ships going and coming. We get nice people in the bar,- officers from the ships and nice tourists.”

I said “With a good looker like Nody you certainly ought to get good trade in here. Are there many joints (houses of prostitution) in Havre? I heard that they won’t allow foreign girls to operate in them.” He replied “In the houses they won’t let girls who are foreign in, but there are plenty here in the bars. You can get Belgian, Holland, Italian, Swiss,- almost any kind in the bars. In fact, there are too many girls here. Girls from Paris come up here to work too. The Casino and the beach here are very nice.”

Nody said “You come out with me tonight. I’ll show you our Casino. If you have a girl in Paris bring her up here. She can work in the Casino and make money.”

I said “I’ll return about 5 P.M. and then I’ll let you show me around.”

Between 2:30 and 5 P.M. and also during the morning I visited all of the licensed houses in Havre. The resorts are situated on Rue de Galines and adjoining streets. Each house has a large electric sign hanging in a conspicuous place, so that persons traveling though the adjoining streets can immediately detect the location of these places and know their character.

In front of each house there is seated an elderly housekeeper. As men pass she invites them to enter. The houses are extremely well taken care of, neatly and cleanly furnished. They average from eight to fifteen girls a house and all whom I saw or spoke to were of French nationality and were well over 21 years of age.

As soon as a customer enters a house the inmates solicit him and urge the buying of drinks, and finally resort to all sorts of indecent actions to encourage the man to accompany one of them into the bedroom for immoral purposes.

At night the location in which the houses are situated is literally packed with sailors and seamen of all nationalities,- some Negroes, Chinese and Japanese may be seen entering and leaving the resorts and stopping to speak to and fondle the prostitutes, standing in the doorways of nearby bars, who urge the men to enter. Many of these persons were young boys who apparently are just starting out upon a seafaring life, and are being shown the sights of Havre.

The houses which I visited were as follows: 7 Rue des Galines, 8 Rue des Galines, 21 Rue des Galines, 22 Rue des Galines, 26 Rue des Galines, 31 Rue des Galines, 40 Rue des Galines and 68 Rue St. Jacque.

Upon the adjacent streets, such as Quai Notre Dame, Quai Southampton, Rue Baizan, Rue de L'Eau (?) and Quai Vide Coq are situated innumerable barrooms. In some of these bars the vilest, lowest types of prostitutes may be found; whereas in others the higher-priced and more attractive prostitutes ply their trade. Drunken seamen and native young men enter these places and lounge about and dance with the women in full view of all who chance to pass.
I entered as many of these bars as was possible during my short stay in Havre, concentrating my efforts on the younger types of prostitutes and those who appeared to be of foreign nationality.

In a café at 15 Quai Vide Coq I observed three prostitutes, all of whom appeared to be under twenty-one years of age. I engaged one of these girls in conversation. During the course of our talk she informed me that she is but 18 years of age and admitted being born in Belgium. She stated that she came to Havre during the war and lived here ever since with her parents. I questioned her about the other two girls and she informed me that they are native French girls.

On July 5th about 5 P.M. I returned to 68 Rue St. Jacque and joined Nody; she said “Well, let’s go. You get a look at our beach and Casino and you will like Havre.”

The Casino is situated about five kilometers outside of the city and only known persons or persons introduced may enter the gaming rooms. In and about the premises usually after dark twelve or more prostitutes walk around in an effort to meet men. My companion Nody was continually bowing and greeting the various prostitutes present. At least five of these girls who appeared to be under 21, Nody informed me, are native French girls.

During the evening Nody introduced me to a Belgian girl whom she addressed as Marguerite (?) who admitted being but 18 years of age and stated that she was born in a small village near Namur, Belgium. She stated that she came to Havre about six months ago with a girl friend. She said “That girl was with me,—the one you just saw me with.” Later she mentioned her girlfriend’s age as “Just 21.” I said to Nody “I think they are older than they pretend”; she said “No, they are very young. I was just about her age when I was in Cairo.”

I said “How can they get passports so young? My girl is about 20 and I had to marry her to be able to travel.” She said “From Belgium into France they don’t need a passport,—just a card of identity. Passports are easily had. Those boys who take their girls across the seas always have false papers for them, or they do as you did and marry them.”

I said “Do many leave here for South America?” She replied “I could not say. This one goes, that one comes back; they are so changeable one cannot keep track of them.” I said “I don’t know what to do, whether to go to Mexico or Buenos Aires.” She answered “They say both places are good. I have never been to Buenos Aires; I was to Mexico, but only as an artiste.”

Free City of Danzig
August 17-20, 1926

Traffic in women and children
Unofficial

Shortly after my arrival in Danzig I learned that there are no licensed houses of prostitution. I was informed by a prostitute whose acquaintance I cultivated that brothels are prohibited by law, but
prostitutes are permitted to solicit on certain streets provided they do not conduct themselves too boldly. This same prostitute who later gave me her name as (138-G) said “The police here are very strict. They watch us very closely. If they catch us in streets like the X..(751-X), they pick us up and we get at least three days in jail.”

I said “Can a girl under 21 get registered? I have a friend who has a girl with him and she wants to pick up a few dollars, but she and he are afraid to take a chance.” (138-G) said “If she is not known and she works in the cafes and cabarets she can do it, but sooner or later they will catch her.” I said “She is a Polish girl; what do you think they would do to her?” She answered “They will send her back to Poland sure. You see, in Danzig they don’t let any foreign girls work.”

I said “Is that so, not even in the houses?” She answered “I told you there aint any. Only on the streets you will find girls. We can’t live everywhere either. Just in streets where we won’t attract attention.” I said “Couldn’t three or four girls live together and then have their friends visit them?” She answered “No, if the police find out that that many are together they make us all move.” I said “How could they tell? She answered “They know where everybody is in Danzig. Everybody’s address is on file at the Police Department. Just as soon as you move you must notify them. That means everybody, not only business girls (prostitutes), but good people too. When a business girl tells the police that she lives on a certain street, if they don’t think it is the right kind of a street for her to live on, she has to clear out.”

I said “What streets for instance, don’t they object to?” She replied “752-X, 753-X, 754-X, 755-X, 756-X, 757-X, and streets like that. That is where all the girls live and do business. The police don’t bother us there because they know it is a poor neighborhood.”

I said “You must have been to England, you speak English so well.” She said “I was, but a long while ago. I lived in London for a long time. I used to speak better, but I do not get much practice here in Danzig.” I said “Are you a Danziger?” She replied “Oh yes, I was born here; but I wish I were away. The life here is very hard. The money is so bad and everybody is so poor it is very hard to make a living.”

I said “Have you ever done business in any other city?” She replied “Yes, yes, in Berlin and in Hamburg; there it is just as bad. In Hamburg I worked in a bar where plenty of Americans and English came in. I made pretty good because I could speak the language, but only when the ships came in.” I said “Why did you return to Danzig?” She replied “I have a little girl and I did not want to stay away from her so long. It was all right when she was a baby, but now she is nearly 11 years old, and if she don’t see more of me she will forget all about me.” I said “I knew a bunch of boys and girls in Hamburg, but I guess they ain’t there anymore. They told me they were going to Buenos Aires, last time I was there.” She said “A very big bunch go there. I would not go. It is a hard place to work.”

I said “Is it hard for a business girl from Danzig to get a passport?” She answered “No; I know plenty who got them. They give us papers; why not?” I said “I heard that if a girl is on the list they won’t give her any.” She said “It is not so. I know girls who got them. What do they care?” I said “Are many girls leaving here?” She answered “How can they? They have no money.” I said “The boys (pimps) ain’t broke too, are they?” She answered “Boys? What boys? The girls here ain’t got enough
to support themselves. What the hell can you get here in this business? Five or ten guildens a man! Two or three men a night maybe. I tell you, it is very bad here.” I said “But, just the same most of the girls have boys. (pimps).” She said “They have, sure; but what good are they? There ain’t anything here for either one of them.” I said “I know it. There ain’t anything in any city of Europe. That is why I am going to Mexico next month.” She said “I heard also Mexico is good, but to me it don’t appeal.” I said “Where did you hear about it?” She replied “Sometimes I hustle in a place on X..(758-X) and there are some Jew girls in there. They told me.”

I said “Are they going to Mexico?” She said “They all want to, but they ain’t got it (money) to go with.” I said “How could I meet some of those girls? I’d like to talk it over with them.” She replied “Go to the place; it’s at X..(758-X). It’s a safe place; there are always seven or eight girls there. It’s one of the places we are allowed to hustle in. You will meet somebody there who can tell about Mex.”

Sometime later I visited this cafe and drew into conversation a prostitute who later gave me her name as 139-X1 and who admitted being Polish, but stated that her parents had been in Danzig for a number of years. I confided to her that I had just been to Warsaw and was returning to Paris and thence to Mexico. She said “Efscher (perhaps) you have a wife with you?” I said “Perhaps”. She said “Listen to me: If you have, be careful! Last year a boy (pimp) passed through with a young wife and they (authorities) caught him and he had all kinds of zourass (trouble).” I said “I know all about it. They told me in Warsaw. Well my wife left today, so they can’t trip me so easy.” She said “Do you know the boy? X..(40-T) was his name. He was from Mexico.” I said “I think I do. I think we met in Paris once.” (139-G) said “The G.. d.. stool pigeons done it! I know the fellow. Just because the boy X..(40-T) wouldn’t give him a few hundred guilden he wrote a letter. Nu, (well) that’s the way it was.”

I said “How do you come to know the bunch in Warsaw? Before, you told me you came to Danzig a long while ago.” She replied “I was born in Warsaw. My people came to Danzig, but I went away, and then I came back again. I have been up to Warsaw. I see very often people from there, so why shouldn’t I know them all?”

I said “Do you know Chaim Leiser?” The prostitute replied “I should say I do! I know him well.” I said “How about Schloymer?” She replied “He is in Paris. Ich kan ihm (know him).” I said “Tell me this: Why in hell did X..(40-T) come to Danzig with the girl when he could have gone straight to Paris from Warsaw?” She answered “Don’t you know why? Well, I’ll tell you. If he went from Warsaw to Paris he would have his passport examined at the Polish frontier. He had a false passport and so did the girl. At the frontier he had a chance of being trapped. From Poland to Danzig all you need is a card of identity. That was fine. Both had that; so by coming to Danzig then, all they had to show were those cards.” I said “But what good did that do? They would have to show the passports when they leave Danzig.” She said “Yes, sure, but not to the Polish. They would if they left by train, but from Danzig you can go to Marienburg, that is Germany, by auto-bus without passing through Poland. Now, they got on a train at Marienburg. That train passes through the Polish Corridor, but it (train) is locked and the Poles don’t examine any passports. You see, it’s this way: a Pole can always trip you up if you have a blatter (leaf book passport) pass, because he knows what they are like. The same way as you can tell a counterfeit dollar quicker than I, ain’t it? The German, he don’t look so

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1 Paul Kinsie is obviously mistaken; the correct code would be 139-G, which is not in the Code Book.
hard at the Polish passport except for the visas. Well, now, you see why he came this way. Just so that
the Polish control wouldn’t see their fake passes.” I said “I see. I thought perhaps it was on account of
wanting to take a ship out of Danzig.” She said “No, it was to escape the Polish control.” I said “Do
many do it?” She answered “Certainly, everybody that leaves Poland (Warsaw) with blatter (false)
passes do it that way. There are always boys (pimps) and girls (prostitutes) passing through here
for Mexico and South America.” I said “Green (inexperienced) girls too?” She said “Some green,
some not so green, all kinds.”

I said “Are passports so hard to get in Poland?” She replied “No, but they cost heavy. Blatter
(false passports) you can get cheaper. Then some are hard to get too. Most of the boys and girls use
blatter. When you told me that you just came from Warsaw I thought that was the reason why you
came that way. I could tell you ain’t a Pole, but I thought your wife was and you came this way with
her so that she could go the way the others do.” I said “Are there many Danzig girls leaving for South
America?” She answered “No, they stay here like I do. I’d go, but you see, my people are very old,
and they don’t want me away.”

During the course of further conversation with 139-G she informed me that a number of
foreign souteneurs and prostitutes gather at a restaurant known as the 759-X. I visited this place
one evening and there through 139-G I made the acquaintance of two Polish souteneurs and several
other prostitutes. We discussed the case of 40-T and the souteneurs likewise informed me that 40-T
came to Danzig because of having false Polish passports and then intended to proceed to Marienburg
by auto-bus and board a train which is not inspected by the Polish emigration officers while passing
through the Polish Corridor. One of these souteneurs whom I knew only as 144-P, when asked as to
whether or not many souteneurs and prostitutes coming from Poland use the same method as 40-T
did, said “Oh yes, plenty. Every month, seven or eight. You see it is the easiest way.” I said “I thought
Yiddish girls could get a passport easy in Poland.” He replied “Yes, sure they can, but the passports
are dear (expensive) which makes the girls go as emigranten (emigrants).” I said “How much does a
blatter (false) pass cost?” He answered “Fifteen, twenty dollars. You see, they are old passes that are
gone over (altered) and some are all made (counterfeit).” I said “How about Danzig girls,- are any
going?” He replied “No, they like to stay here. Things are very bad in Danzig; no money. What can
the girls make? Three or four dollars a day; very bad, very bad.”

I said “Who did X..(40-T) get the girl from?” He replied “A Pole,-the same fellow. He supplies
all the boys from Buenos Aires and Mexico.” I said “I know; I think he fixed me up once.” He
said “I don’t know him myself, but I suppose he is the same man.” I said “Was the girl a greeny
(inexperienced)?” He replied “Nu, sure,-only 19. When she was sent home she was going to have a
baby. X..(40-T) made it (baby) for her.”

During the five days in Danzig I continued to visit all places where prostitution is practiced, also
Zoppot, a nearby seaside resort. I met at least seven foreign unregistered prostitutes plying their trade
quite openly. All informed me that they had been in Danzig for years. Two were over 21 years of age.
Free City of Danzig
August 17-20, 1926

Traffic in women and children

Official

After presenting my credentials to 0-79 I was referred to 0-80, who in turn arranged conferences for me with 0-81, 0-82, 0-83, 0-83A, 0-84, 0-85, 0-86 and also 0-87. Each person with whom I conferred accorded me every courtesy and facility which resulted in my securing the desired data.

Police department

Cases of traffic

During my conference with 0-81 I asked him how many cases had been brought to the attention of his department during the last five years. He said “I have been in charge since 1920 and during that time I have had occasion to deal with but one case. This case occurred in October, 1925. It involved a Polish girl named X..(48-R) and X..(40-T), a Turkish subject. We received information from Warsaw to arrest on sight this alleged trafficker. My men picked him up in a rooming house where he was residing with the girl. He had just arrived from Warsaw and was about to depart for Paris. The girl was but 19 years of age. He had a number of false papers, a false passport for the girl, and a considerable amount of foreign currency, and about 13,000 guilden on his person. We put him in jail and turned the girl over to the Danziger society. The girl stated that she met him at her grandfather’s funeral through a friend. Her parents apparently were satisfied with the man as he was represented to them as a wealthy merchant from Buenos Aires. He agreed to take the girl to Paris so that she might visit her sister there, and agreed to marry her. She expressed surprise that X..(40-T) had secured a false visa for her to go to Mexico. She stated that she knew he had obtained a false passport but did not know of the visas. She thought he was going to take her only to Paris. We learned that X..(40-T) is well known to the Warsaw, Mexican and Buenos Aires police departments as a trafficker. He gave the girl many expensive presents and insisted they were going to get married.”

“We accepted bail for X..(40-T) at an amount equivalent to about $2500 and he ran away. The girl was then deported to Warsaw and returned to her parents by the Jewish Society in Poland.”

I said “How were you able to locate X..(40-T) so quickly?” He said “We have men especially trained for such criminal investigations.” I then said “From the investigations were your men able to learn anything further relative to persons who aided X..40-T in procuring the girl, or the persons who supplied him with the false documents?” He said “No.” I said “Did you have X..(40-T) and the girl finger-printed and photographed?” He said “Yes, we have that as part of our record.” I then requested that he furnish me with both their pictures and he did so. (See exhibits A and B attached.)

I said “Have you any reason to believe that X..(40-T) was operating with souteneurs in Danzig?” He said, “No, he was merely passing through Danzig to Paris.” I said “Would it not have been easier for him to go direct to Paris from Warsaw without passing through Danzig?” He replied “It would.
We do not know why he came here first.” I said “Do your men know all the souteneurs in Danzig?” He replied, “Oh yes, we have them all on record. They are too stupid and too poor to engage in traffic”. I said “How many have you on record?” He replied “About twenty or thirty, but they are a collection that were taken years ago. They are very poor men. They cannot engage in that business.”

During a conference which I later had with 0-86 and 0-85, several statements relative to the 40-T case did not correspond with the statements secured from 0-81. 0-86 claimed to have the complete case on record and read all the important data to me. He said “In October, 1925, we (Danziger Com. for Com. T. in W. and C.) received a signed postcard which stated that a man named X..(40-T) had just arrived in Danzig and that he had with him a young girl whom he was taking to Mexico to make a prostitute out of. The card gave X..’s (40-T’s) address and also stated that he and his friends pass through Danzig quite often with girls.”

I said “Where was the card posted?” He answered “Right here in Danzig. I turned it over to the police and they arrested him. He had a Turkish passport which the Turkish Consul here interpreted to me as having expired three years ago. He also had a false Polish passport with the picture of himself and the girl up on it, a false Mexican visa, another false Polish passport with his own picture, and a lot of foreign currency and 13,000 Guilden. He said he had just sold a coffee house in Turkey and was going to Mexico to open another. The girl told us that she did not know that X..(40-T) had secured a visa for her to go to Mexico. She knew, however, that the passport was false because X..(40-T) told her that was the only way they could get to France.” I said “Did she state from whom X..(40-T) secured the passport?” He replied “Yes, she said he got it from a man in Warsaw named X..(760-X). She said she met X..(40-T) at her grandfather’s funeral and, although she had been married a week before to another man, she agreed to leave with X..(40-T) for Paris. Her folks she told she was going to Danzig to visit her uncle. In Danzig she got a divorce from her husband by applying to a Rabbi and said that X..(40-T) was going to marry her in Paris. When she heard that X..(40-T) was apparently going to take her to Mexico and not to Paris she asked us to send her home to her folks. We kept her here in a Jewish home for about six months and after X..(40-T) had jumped his bail, and could not be found we had her deported and returned to her parents.” I said “Do you think the X..(0-81-A) did all they could to secure facts about X’s (40-T’s) operations?” He replied “I suppose they did. Anyhow these are all the facts we have. The X..(0-81) apparently was mixed up a little on the facts.”

0-86 then showed me all of his records for the last five years, but none of the cases merit mentioning. He said “These cases were referred to us, but our investigations showed that the suspicions were unfounded.”

I then asked 0-86 if he regarded the 40-T case as unusual, or did he think that there are other similar cases occurring from time to time in Danzig. He said “I think it is a rare case. I am sure if this traffic were carried on to a large extent here we would learn of it. So would the police.”

After discussing the 40-T case I questioned the 0-81 relative to passports.

**Passports**

I said “Does your department have charge of the issuance of passports?” The 0-81 replied “Yes; a Danziger who desires a passport must make application here.”
I said “will you describe to me the successive steps which an applicant must take in order to secure a passport?” He replied “All that is necessary is for the person to show a birth certificate, except in the case of minor girls; they must have their parents’, or if married, husband’s permission. Their reasons for travel must also be stated. When they desire to travel overseas we refer the cases to the Danziger Committee. They investigate all such matters, and before I will issue a passport I am entirely governed by their findings and advice.”

I said “Have there ever been any cases where you refused to issue a passport to minor girls or others above 21 in which you had reason to believe that the applicant was liable to fall into the hands of traffickers or other persons who might want to exploit them?” He replied “No.” I then said “When a passport is issued, is it valid for all countries or just the country to which the applicant states she intends visiting?” He replied “The passport is issued for two years and may be used in all countries.” I said “If the applicant states that she is going to a nearby country, does the same investigation occur?” He replied “No, just overseas.” I said “Would it be possible for a girl to inform you that she was only going to Germany and then proceed from there to a country overseas?” He replied “Of course she could do it easily, but they always tell to what countries they are going.” I said “Are these countries stated on the passports?” He said “No, it reads all countries.” I said “Have you ever detected any false birth certificates?” He said “No, falsifying birth certificates could not be done. We check up on all such documents, and also ask the persons to give us a list of places where they had previously resided. This we also check up. In this way we are certain of the person’s identity.”

I said “Do you issue passports to prostitutes, traffickers, or souteneurs?” He replied “We have no traffickers. Prostitutes who are registered cannot get a passport. As soon as a woman applies for a passport we see if she is registered, or is on our list as a secret prostitute. If she is she cannot get a passport.” I said “Have you any reason to believe that prostitutes, souteneurs, or traffickers enter or leave the Free City clandestinely?” He replied “We have never found any. Of course, a person may steal across the border, but I do not think they do it.” I then said “Have you ever learned that souteneurs and prostitutes stowaway on ships leaving Danzig, particularly on ships bound for Holland?” He replied “Our harbor police inspect each ship before departure and if any stowaways are aboard they can easily detect them.”

0-81 then explained to me that it is against the laws for persons to operate brothels in Danzig. He said “Of course, we have prostitutes, but they are only permitted to operate on certain streets. They are also not permitted to live in any places near which children reside, nor can they take their customers to rooms in neighborhoods where there are families living. They can frequent certain cafes for business purposes, but the proprietors of those places are not permitted to rent rooms in or near their cafes to prostitutes. Prostitutes may frequent any hotel, cafe, cinema, theatre or any other public place until 10 P.M.; then they must clear out. I have a staff of twenty plainclothesmen who go about the city and see that the women obey all these regulations. They must also submit to a venereal disease examination twice a week. According to our laws all women over 21 who practice prostitution must voluntarily inscribe. Some we have to force, but that is only done after we are certain that they are going to remain prostitutes. Although I may inscribe foreign prostitutes according to the regulations, I myself am opposed to it, and every time my men find a foreign prostitute in our city I expel her. She is escorted to the frontier and turned over to the authorities.
there. Native girls, found practicing prostitution under 21, are turned over to the various voluntary
societies, and kept there until they are of age.”

I then said “Have you any statistics which would show the number of foreign prostitutes, their
ages and nationalities, whom you have deported during the last five years?” He answered “I can give
you the number and their nationalities, but not their exact ages. They were, however, all over 21 years
of age. That I know.”

After having a subordinate consult the records 0-81 told me that it was only possible to furnish
figures for the last three years. (See Exhibit C.) According to these figures, in the year 1924 there
were 4 Polish, 20 Germans, 5 stateless (persons without countries. They were deported to the
country from whence they entered Danzig), deported. In 1925 there were 13 Polish, 4 Germans and
1 stateless. To date there were 10 Polish, 3 Germans, stateless none.

I also requested 0-81 to give me statistics of the number of new inscriptions for the last five years.
He said “That I cannot furnish you. I can tell you, however, how many prostitutes under control and
secret prostitutes in circulation during the last ten years, if you desire that.” (See exhibits D and E).

He explained that by secret prostitutes are meant those who are not inscribed, but the police
know to be prostitutes. He said “Before we can force them to inscribe we must prove that they
cohabit for a remuneration. However when we catch them we have them examined.”

An examination of the statistics in Exhibits D and E indicate that since 1921 until 1925 the
numbers of prostitutes inscribed and secret prostitutes detected remain fairly constant.

**Immigration and emigration**

I also conferred with 0-83 and 0-83-A. They informed me that the same inspection is accorded
to first and second class passengers as third class both on incoming and outgoing steamers; that they
have never had a case where they suspected the person as being brought into Danzig for purposes
of prostitution nor being taken out of Danzig to be exploited in foreign lands. They also stated
that so far as they knew the passports of all passengers were legitimate as were their visas. The main
emigration by steamer from Danzig is toward the United States, Canada and England. There are no
passenger steamers leaving from this port for South America, Mexico, Cuba or Holland. Up to 1924
there was a regular service between Danzig and Holland, but that was discontinued. Persons desiring
to go to South America or Mexico are shipped either to Hull or go by train to Antwerp or Rotterdam
where they ship to South and Central America.

I asked these officers if they had ever heard of persons boarding ships without papers and trans-
shipping at Rotterdam after securing passports there which are alleged to be issued by a member of
the old Russian regime. They informed me that it would be impossible for a person to leave the port
of Danzig without passports. Each passenger ship is guarded by the harbor police and all passports
are inspected before the ship leaves. They also mentioned that before freight steamers are given
clearance papers the entire ship is inspected and a thorough search made for stowaways. Occasionally
stowaways are detected, but not found to be women or girls.
The majority of the emigrants are Poles, Germans and Baltic States nationals. About two thousands pass through the Danzig port monthly. Eighty percent go to Canada and the United States and the remaining twenty percent go to South America after trans-shiping at London or Hull. Nearly all destined for these countries are men and their families. No unescorted women or girls have been known to leave.

The passports of the Polish emigrants are inspected by the Polish Control officers at the Polish camps and again subjected to the control or inspection of the Danzig authorities on board the boats.

**Free City of Danzig**

*August 20-21, 1926*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Polish emigration through Danzig**

I presented my credentials and copies of the letters which had been sent from the Secretariat to the Polish government at Warsaw, to the 0-88 at Danzig, and requested his permission to confer with the Polish emigration officers. He immediately granted my request and arranged to have me confer with the Directors of the emigration ports of Hoyadova (phonetic spelling) and Gydigen, which are now under construction in the Polish Corridor. There was also present at the conference the 0-89 who happened to be in Danzig at the time.

We met at the Polish emigration camp at Brösen. This camp or station is situated within the territory of the Free City of Danzig and is the place through which all of the Polish emigrants pass in journeying to the United States, Canada and England.

The Director of the station explained that during the year 1925 about 13,000 Polish emigrants had passed through the Brösen station destined for the United States and Canada, and about 14,000 through the camp at Hoyadova destined for France. Each emigrant going to Canada or France had a work contract, or was going to join their husbands in these countries. According to the Polish passports regulations a woman cannot secure a passport without having her parents’ permission, and if married she must have her husband’s consent. The work contract or permission to join husband in a foreign country must be visased by the Polish Consul in the country to which she is going. Emigrant passports are issued free of charge whereas the passports issued to persons traveling for business or pleasure usually as first or second class passengers must pay about 500 Zloty ($50). The passports are valid only for the countries mentioned on the passport, and the Polish consuls have no authority to extend a passport unless authorized to do so by the Polish government at Warsaw. Both types of passports can be issued according to the same regulations.

The majority of the Polish emigrants are men, and only a very small percentage are young women and girls.
They also stated the same rigid enforcement of the regulations governs the issuance of passports to minority populations as to natives. This also applies to persons such as Russians in Poland who are regarded as Polish, but not Polish citizens. They are issued a League of Nations passport, but must furnish the necessary proof. The officials admitted that persons having League passports are perhaps not afforded the same protection as Polish citizens inasmuch as they do not pass through the Polish emigration stations. This is due to the fact that persons coming from Poland have to pass through Danzig territory and League passports only entitle the holder to enter a country. When they leave it they cannot return. For example, emigrants leaving Poland pass into Danzig at Dirchau and then enter the Polish territory again at Hoyadova. After being cleaned up they are re-shipped into the Brösen station which is situated on Danzig territory. This technically would bar re-entering the territory after leaving it and persons therefore with League passports are shipped to the Danzig station, which of course is under the control of the Free State.

The officials admitted that they had never heard of a case of traffic in their stations nor had they even had suspicions that the emigrants were being taken into foreign countries to be exploited. They also stated that they never discovered any false passports or false visas, but mentioned that last May the Danzig agent for the 761-X was arrested for issuing counterfeit Polish passports. An employee attached to the 762-X immigration inspection office was arrested at the same time for counterfeiting 762-X visas. Both men will be brought to trial September 9th. According to the officials the persons who secured these false papers were twelve men. They did not pass through the Polish station. They apparently went from Poland to Danzig. This can be done quite easily as a reciprocal agreement between the Free State and Poland exists which permits citizens from both places to enter either territory with cards of identity. The Polish officials only learned of this after the twelve men had been deported from 762-X.

Concerning persons leaving the port of Danzig without papers for Holland and trans-shipping there for South America, the Polish officials stated that it is quite impossible. They also contended that no passenger ships leave Danzig for Holland and that it is improbable that women or girls would be sent as stowaways on the few small freighters which ply between the two places.

**Riga, Latvia**
*August 22-25, 1926*

**Traffic in women and children**

Unofficial

Shortly after my arrival in Riga I made the acquaintance of an unknown man at the 764-X. After we had become better acquainted he gave me his name as 765-X (see card attached in own handwriting). He very naturally inquired into what I was doing in Riga and I responded “Just here on a little business.” He said “Maybe I can help you out. I am in the cigar business at X..(766-X).” I said “Well I don't think so, but anyhow I'll drop around and see you sometime.” He said “I suppose the reason why you are in this place is because you want to have a little stup (sexual intercourse)?” I replied “If there is anything
around whom I fancy, I might.” He said “Take my advice! Be careful; they are all badly burned up (diseased) here. Riga ain’t what it used to be when they had the houses. Then they could control the girls and a fellow knew what he was getting; now you can’t be sure with any of them.” I said “I don’t think a fellow can expect to find a very good selection of girls here anyhow. I don’t think the money is here for them. I have been traveling around a bit and I usually notice that the best lookers are in cities where they can make a good living.” He said “There are nice-looking girls here too, but they are all diseased. I know these people very well. You see, a few years ago they used to rent from me, and I got to know a lot of them real well. Some of the pimps still come into my cigar store now to see me. You see, they bring me stuff like smuggled cigars and liquor. I don’t sell it there, but I heave it away. Any time you want stuff like that I can fix you up. You see, Riga is just as bad as the United States when it comes to bootlegging. Here everything is taxed to the sky. Not alone do they put a high tax on imported spirits, but places that sell it pay 2,000,000 rubles ($8,000) a year tax; that is why we have so much smuggling and speak-easies here.”

I said “So the boys (pimps) have to go in for bootlegging to make ends meet?” He replied “They go into everything where there is a little money to be made.”

The following day I visited this man at his store. While there I was introduced to two men both of whom I later learned to be souteneurs. One of these men gave me his name as (145-P); the other I knew only as (146-P). While visiting the places frequented by prostitutes and souteneurs I said “I am interested in a joint in Buenos Aires. I was in Paris so I thought I’d jump up here to see a few friends. After I got here I heard they left.” Both (145-P) and (146-P) very naturally inquired as to the names of my friends etc., and after I had explained who they were and where they lived, they agreed that they did not know them.

I said “How is it that you boys stay here when everybody is hitting out for better places?” (145-P) said “I have friends in Brazil and some in Argentine, but I am just as well satisfied where I am.” I said “There are plenty of boys and girls from Russia in South America.” He said “Yes, I know, but it ain’t all gold that glitters. It costs a lot to travel, and a boy can get tripped easy now. The League of Nations is looking after that thing.” I said “What the hell have they got to do with it?” He said “I don’t know, but the papers here were full of it. Every little now and then you read it. Ask X..(765-X); he’ll tell you. All the boys come to see him and they all come talking about it there.” I said “Well what did the papers say?” He replied “It said that there is a big zuschicking (traffic) from Riga and also that the Volkbund (League of Nations) were looking into the question. I don’t pay much attention to it, but still it would be just like me to get caught if I wanted to go. My wife (prostitute) is young, only 19 years and that is what makes it difficult.” I said “Is it hard to get a passport?” He answered “No, it’s easy here; the passport is nothing. The money is more important. That is the hardest thing to get.” I said “Some manage to get the money.” He said “Yes, but not very many. The boys here ain’t going. Before the war there were plenty, but now none at all.” I said “I guess those that are going are Latvians.” He said “I know them all and they ain’t moving at all. Let me tell you something; a wise boy can make nice money in Riga. We got so many laws here that there are a hundred and one crook ways to make the Lats. Liquors, you know, are high; so are cigars and lots of other things that the people need. That stuff can be smuggled in and peddled easy. Take oranges, for instance. There is a big duty on them. The government says we grow plenty of apples,-eat them instead. They place a big duty on oranges so they cost 2 Lats
apiece (40¢) to buy. The boys have friends on the boats; they smuggle them in and sell them by the crate,—it’s the same with cigars and liquors. The boys are all handling that and they make good money.”

I said “What has all this to do with the geschäft (business of prostitution)?” He replied “Nothing except to show you that while the boys here can’t expect as much out of their wives (prostitutes) as you fellows in Buenos Aires can, at the same time we can make good extras and live cheaper and have more in the end than you fellows have.” I said “I suppose you are right, but do all look at it the same way you do?” He replied “We all know what is going on. Boys have left here and come back. Others write and tell us. Now and then one comes back for a wife (prostitute). We know what’s going on. Here we ain’t so bad off. The Polish, they are the ones; they are going all the time. A friend of mine came back from Bahia, Brazil and he tells me about the zuschicking (traffic) that is going on between Warsaw and South America.”

146-P then said “Sure, didn’t they catch a boy a few months ago in Danzig!” I said “That is all paper talk.” He said “No it ain’t! They (papers) had the same thing about traffic in Riga. Here I know it is stuss (false), but it’s true among the Poles. I had a fellow from South America here a year ago. He told me, and he took himself back a wife from Riga.” I said “What did he tell you?” 146-P replied “The way the boys in South America are going to Warsaw and getting girls and taking them back with them. He even offered me my expenses if I would go with him and take a wife too.” I said “Where was he from? Perhaps I know him.” He replied “He was from Buenos Aires. His name I couldn’t tell you now anymore.” I said “Why did he come to Riga?” He replied “Why did you come? He thought he could get a wife here. Maybe you are here for the same business, who knows?” I said “I told you why I am here.” He said “So did he, only he told us the truth right away.” I said “So have I. If I wanted something I’d say so; why shouldn’t I?” He said “That’s it. If X..(145-P) or I can help anybody we are glad to do it.” I said “For instance: how could you help me out if I did want something?” 145-P replied “We could tell you where you could find a girl that ain’t got a man (pimp) and wants to go.” I said “I know of that kind. A fellow don’t need much help for that.” 145-P said “Of course not but sometimes the girl you want has a man; then you got to have help. No boy is going to let his wife go away with another unless he gets smeared (paid).” I said “Well, anyhow, I am not in the market so what’s the use of talking?”

After leaving these souteneurs I spoke to 765-X and told him the main part of the conversation that I had had with 145-P and 146-P. 765-X said “Both of those fellows are very clever. They have been feeling you out. They asked me who you are, what you are, and what you want here. I told them just as you told me, that you are a business man. They tell me that they think you are looking for girls.” I said “Why should they suspect me of that?” He answered “Why I don’t know, but you see when the houses closed here some of the boys went away and every now and then one comes back and gets a girl. These two fellows always help them.” I said “Is there much of that stuff still going on?” He replied “No, very little from here, but I hear in Warsaw it is still going big.”

The following day I again met 145-P and 146-P. I said “I think I have wasted enough time in Riga, I am going to Berlin; and from there to South America; if you ever get down that way, look me up.” 145-P said “By the time we get to Buenos Aires the business will be broken up.” I said “You never can tell.” He said “No, we stay here where we are just as well off.”
During the five days in Riga I visited twelve clandestine houses of prostitution and at least twenty cafes which are frequented by prostitutes and also spoke to about fifty street prostitutes whom I met upon 767-X and 768-X. All the prostitutes whom I met had apparently been in Riga for a number of years.

There is no doubt but that there is very little traffic from Riga. An isolated case may occur now and then, but from undercover or official sources I was unable to learn anything which tended to show that there was any truth in articles which had appeared in the papers alleging a wholesale traffic from Riga.

Riga, Latvia
Aug. 23, 1926

Traffic in women and children

Official
On August 23, 1926 I presented credentials to the O-90. He stated that he would gladly place at my disposal all persons who could be of help to me in furthering inquiry. He said “I suppose you came here as a result of the articles that have been appearing in the papers. All were without foundation. I was purely romance, and each paper played it up. However, you can be sure that we will cooperate to the fullest extent. Any person in any of our departments whom you think can be of service to you, they are at your disposal.” I then informed him concerning the League questionaires, and he said “There is only one which we answered. That was for 1925. If you desire a copy I will give you one. One has, however, been sent to the Secretariat.” I requested a copy and one was furnished to me. (See exhibit attached marked A).

Conferences were then arranged with the O-91, O-92, O-93 and O-94. I also interviewed the O-95, O-96 and O-97. All of the persons conferred with gave me every possible assistance.

Police department
In answer to my question as to the number of cases which had been brought to his attention during the last five years, O-91 said “None; we have no traffic either to or from Riga.” I said “I suppose you heard or read of the article that appeared in various European papers?” He replied “Yes, that created quite a furore, but there was absolutely nothing in it. We investigated it thoroughly. It emanated from a man whose intended wife went to Brazil. The X..(O-93) has a letter showing that the girl is in Sao Paulo, Brazil, respectably employed.” I then said “Have there ever been any cases which were strongly suspicious?” He said “No; three years ago a brothel keeper from Reval (Esthonia) met two prostitutes upon the street. He offered them a chance to work in his house there. He agreed to pay their transportation etc., but they had some misunderstanding and the girls complained to us. They were registered prostitutes. He went back without them. We would be glad to see them go.” I said “Isn’t possible that there are more persons like him offering similar propositions to respectable girls?”
He replied “We would soon learn of it. Those agents frequent cafes, restaurants and similar places. They usually spend lots of money and when we find a person about town carrying on that way we investigate.” I said “Have you ever had occasion to investigate any persons who acted in the manner you just described?” He replied “No, but we would do it if we saw any such actions.” I said “Do your men make any effort to learn if such procedures are taking place?” He replied “No, it would present itself to us if it were taking place.”

I then said “Are the passports issued through your department?” He replied “No, the X..(O-94-A) has full charge of that, but none are issued unless they bear the stamp of the X..(O-91). That stamp is absolutely necessary. In other words, for a person to secure a passport he or she must receive the permission of the X..(O-91-A).” I said “In order for a person to obtain such a passport, what documents must be offered?” He replied “First the birth certificate, then the parents’ permission if the person is a minor. In the case of females, if they are married and have children, they must have the husbands’ consent. If without children they do not need the husband’s permission.”

I said “Can a minor girl receive a passport for overseas without difficulty if she has the parents’ permission?” He answered “Yes, it makes no difference where they go. We issue passports from 14 years of age up.” I said “Isn’t it possible that girls of such a tender age may be victimized by souteneurs and traffickers in foreign lands?” He replied “We issue the passports, but the consuls will not give visas to minors without making certain that they have persons in the countries where they are going who can take care of them.” I said “In that case you depend upon foreign consuls to protect your nationals?” He replied “Yes.” I said “Will you grant your permission to a souteneur or a prostitute to receive a passport?” He replied “I never oppose the issuance of a passport to a prostitute. We are glad when they apply.” I said “How about souteneurs?” He replied “We have none. We know of men who live with prostitutes, but they are not souteneurs. Some work; they only take money from the women when they are not working. Some are criminals. Of course to such persons I will not grant permission to leave.”

I said “Do you have finger prints and pictures of such persons?” He replied “Of the criminals, yes; but the others, no.” I said “Have you ever received information from the police departments of other governments concerning the souteneurs or traffickers?” He replied “No.”

I said “Are foreign prostitutes, traffickers or souteneurs deported?” He replied “No, we have not had any to deport. There are no foreign persons of that character who come into Latvia. We did deport one Polish girl. We deported her for being a vagrant, but not because she was a prostitute.”

I then said “Are there any licensed houses of prostitution in Riga?” He answered “No, we abolished the houses in 1923. I said “Are there any clandestine houses of prostitution in Riga?” He replied “There undoubtedly are, but they operate very quietly.”

At this point 0-91 invited me to confer with the 0-92. He said “My subordinate who is entirely in charge of the control of prostitutes in Riga can perhaps give you more accurate information about that phase than I.”
0-92 whom I next interviewed informed me that all prostitutes above 16 years of age are required by the regulations to register. He said “Some we compel; others register voluntarily. If we catch a girl practicing prostitution quite regularly and she is not registered she must appear before a board which consists of a police inspector, a member of the municipal court, and the doctor. The police officer states his case and the board decides as to whether or not she should be placed under control. We have on record 450 prostitutes. I should judge there are about 4,000 operating clandestinely. We have a very small police force. There are no plainclothesmen to pick the girls up. We depend entirely on the uniformed force to bring the girls in. You can judge for yourself how few they can detect. The girls see them coming and naturally they walk away. When we had licensed houses we could control the girls. Now we cannot.”

I said “What proportion of the registered prostitutes are foreigners?” He replied “About from 15% to 20%. I cannot say exactly as our records are not kept that way.” I said “Of the 4,000 who operate clandestinely, do you think that the same proportion exists?” He said “I should imagine so.” I said “Would it be possible for you to furnish me with statistics showing the number of foreign prostitutes by age and nationality inscribed for each of the last five years?” He answered “That I cannot give you; we do not have them arranged in that way. The foreign prostitutes whom we have on our records are mainly Russians, some Lits, Poles and Jews. All of them have been in Latvia for years. In fact, none came here recently. They are not entitled to Latvian citizenship and we therefore classify them as foreigners.” I said “If your men were to bring in a girl of 17 years of Polish nationality who had just arrived in Riga a few days before would she be deported, or would she be inscribed?” He replied “We would inscribe her. There is nothing in our regulations which prevents us from inscribing foreign girls.”

During the conference which I had with 0-94 he explained the regulations regarding passports. He said “Persons above 14 years of age are entitled to a separate passport for foreign travel. Those between 14 and 17 years must have their parents’ permission. If married, the female only needs her husband’s permission when she has children. In order to secure a passport, a person must present an inland passport (card of identity) or a birth certificate.”

I said “Have you ever had occasion to suspect any person as having altered or counterfeit documents?” He said “No, never.”

He then gave me the most recent copy of the Law of April, 1926, relative to the passport requirements as amended (See exhibit B).

Immigration and emigration

0-93 repeated the passport requirements, and said “There are very few of our nationals who travel abroad. The main work of our department is in taking care of the transit emigrants.” I said “Do you think that there was any truth in the recent articles that appeared in the papers?” He replied “No, absolutely none. I immediately checked up my records and proved that it was entirely false. In fact, I located the girl whose fiance started the rumor. She is in Sao Paulo, Brazil, respectably employed.”

I said “Can you give me statistics showing the number of persons passing out of Latvia for South America?” He replied “I can give you some idea of the total number. In 1924 there were 5,011 transit
emigrants; in 1925 exactly 8,316, and to date (1926) 4,454. The majority were Jews, Mennonites, quite a few Russians, and the remaining, other nationalities such as Germans and Poles."

“When that article appeared in the paper I compiled a table showing the number of transit emigrants going to South America during the year 1925, which is as follows:

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<th>Russians</th>
<th>Germans</th>
<th>Totals</th>
<th>Women, 15-40</th>
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<tr>
<td>Argentine</td>
<td>776</td>
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<tr>
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<td>1252</td>
<td>372</td>
<td>36</td>
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“You can see that out of the 8,316 transit emigrants for the year 1925, only 1,660 went to South America (+/-20%); the remaining number (+/-80%) went to United States and Canada. There were in all only 207 women between the ages of 15-40 years who were unaccompanied.” I said “Between 15-40 years is quite a span of years. Could you give me statistics of those between 15-21 years and 21-40?” He replied “It would take too long to obtain those figures, but my assistant who compiled the statistics for me would undoubtedly be able to venture an estimate.” He then called his assistant who said “About one-third were between 15-21 years of age (69) and two-thirds between 21 and 40 (138).”

0-93 then said “From those figures you can see how utterly ridiculous the article was. Everyone of the 207 women had relatives in South America and the documents were all visased by the authorities in South America before the persons received their visas here.” I said “How about Latvian girls?” He replied “Those I can count on my fingers. Not ten in a year travel.” I then said “Do you only have such figures for 1925?” He replied “Yes, that was the year mentioned in the papers. The other years are approximated the same. 80% of our emigration is toward United States and Canada and 20% to South America.”

I said “How about Mexico?” He replied “None pass through here. All according to their tickets are destined to the countries just named.” I said “Have you ever found any persons to have false or altered passports?” He laughed and said “I could not possibly detect them. In Soviet Russia there are thirty-six different states; each state issues its own passport. It is impossible to be familiar with so many different kinds.” I said “Do you believe any persons enter or leave the country clandestinely?” He replied “For foreigners to enter would be difficult, and if Latvians leave that way it would be of no advantage as passports may easily be secured; besides they would need a passport for another country.” I said “The emigrants who leave Riga for overseas,-do they leave by water or rail?” He replied “They can only leave for South America by rail, boarding ships at either Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam or Cherbourg.”

Consuls

I also interviewed the 0-98 and 0-97. The 0-98 informed me that he issues about 400 visas a year. The majority of the applicants are Russians and not more than 100 are women. He further stated that none were minors. He said “I cannot issue a visa to a Russian subject without the permission
of my government. The applicant must supply proof to our Ministry of Foreign Affairs. They investigate the cases and then authorize me to grant visas. In cases of minor girls the Ministry demands that responsible and reputable persons sponsor the applicant.” I said “Has your government any diplomatic relations with Russia?” He replied “No.” I said “Then persons going to the X..(0-98-A) from Russia would secure a visa from your consulate.” He said “They may get one at the port from whence they leave, but they usually get it here.” I said “Have you ever suspected any Russian or persons of other nationalities who requested visas from you as going for purposes of prostitution or being taken by souteneurs?” He said “No, they that go are usually families or husbands and wives. The women are all quite old and unattractive.”

He then showed me the pictures of all women who had received visas in the last three years. Those who were minors were accompanied by their parents. All received visas only after the consul had been authorized to do so by his government.

The same admissions and procedure took place during my interview with 0-97.

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0-95 was also interviewed. This organization has no information relative to traffic. The home is merely a place for unmarried mothers, and young prostitutes whom the police request to go there. 0-95 stated that during her interviews with these sex delinquents they had often told her of incidents where they had been forced by men to prostitute themselves, but when the information was given to the police the investigation disclosed that the girls’ stories were entirely fabricated for the purpose of arousing sympathy and pity. None had ever been approached by souteneurs who offered to take them abroad.

**The Hague, The Netherlands**  
*August 31-September 1, 1926*

**Traffic in women and children**  
*Unofficial*

I visited the various bars and restaurants in which prostitution is practiced in The Hague. In one of those restaurants known as (769-X) I made the acquaintance of a Belgian prostitute who later gave me her name as (140-G). During the course of our conversation I represented myself to her as member of her set and admitted that I intended to journey to South America via Rotterdam in a few days. I said “My girl would like to work a little either here or in Rotterdam before we sail, but she is afraid because I heard that if she gets caught they will send her out of the country.” (140-G) said “They do that in Holland, but there is no reason why she should get caught. A girl can work in a bar and also along the street and never get into trouble. Holland is one of the easiest places in the world
to work, but a girl cannot approach a man on the street. All she has to do is to walk around quietly and let the men come up to her. The police never pick up a girl here. They only take her name and address. If she should get stopped she can give a false name and then get away before he can call her to court.”

I said “What part of Belgium do you come from?” She replied “Antwerp. I was stopped once and questioned when I first got here, but I spoke Dutch to the gendarme and he did not take my name. There are plenty of Belgian girls in Holland. I know at least twenty in Hague alone. Rotterdam is filled with them, especially along (770-X). I worked there too, but it’s no place for a girl to meet decent men. All they get are sailors. They spend very good, but they are very vulgar and difficult to handle.”

I said “Why did you come to Holland? There ain’t much to be had here.” She replied “Oh yes, you make a big mistake. In a place like this a girl can do good (get money). The men here spend 5 and 10 Florins ($2 & $4) and then we get 50% on drinks.” I said “You can get that much in Antwerp, can’t you?” She replied “What? I should say not! There 20 and 30 francs are considered much money.”

I said “I heard things are very good in South America.” She said “Yes of course; but it is so expensive to go there. To come here it is nothing at all. That is why there are so many Belgian girls here.”

I said “Do you have any trouble in getting a visa for Holland?” She replied “It is not necessary. Belgians do not need that. All we need is a carte d’identité.”

I said “What did your friend say when you left Antwerp?” She replied “He came with me. I used to work in a house in Antwerp on Rue l’Ecluse, but they closed them all up. I told my husband that we should go to Paris, but he said Rotterdam would be better. I went to Rotterdam and I worked at the X..(771-X). You see I know English from the house in Antwerp and the X..(771-X) gets a lot of seamen who talk only English. I stay there four months and then I tell my husband I come over here. I work awhile the street and then I get in here. It is nice here, yes; no noise, quiet, and no fights like in Rotterdam. There a man takes you to bed and afterward he swears you rob him. They drink too much.”

I said “I’ll bet your man ain’t in Holland.” She said “Not today, he ain’t, but he comes back tomorrow. He just went to Antwerp. There are plenty of Belgian boys (pimps) in Rotterdam. They all came over there with their girls. It’s much better.”

I said “I thought the Dutch police are very strict.” She said “Sure if you walk the X..(772-X) or X..(773-X) and hustle they are, but quietly you can do almost anything.” I said “Are you the only Belgian girl here?” She replied “No, the other girl X..(141-G) who was here just a moment ago; she is also Belgian, but she has not been here in Holland very long. My man told her man and he brought her here. She was my best friend in Antwerp.” I said “Does she speak Dutch too?” She replied “No, but she speaks Flemish; that is much the same.” I said “Are there no real houses here in The Hague?” She replied “There is not supposed to be, but all these places are really houses. We pay for our room and board, but the madames get no more.” I said “You are controlled by the police or board of health, are you not?” She replied “Oh la la no! Here we are quite free, no examination,
nothing whatsoever to do with the police. The policeman he cannot even enter here. We do just as we please.” I said “Well, my boat sails from Rotterdam the 21st and when we go over my girl might do something there. Maybe you have a friend over there where she could go to work.” She replied “I say the big cafes or along the X..(774-X). But if she likes sailors go to the X..(770-X), the X..(775-X), the X..(771-X), or the X..(776-X). They are all good places. I tell you what you should do: Go to the X..(770-X); the number I don’t know. Speak to X..(30-DH) and tell him you are a friend of X..(140-G) from X..(769-X) here. He speaks English and French and you can tell him that your wife likes to work there awhile. Don’t say how long or that you go to South America. Just say she wants to work. That’s all. He knows all the right people there and your wife will not get into any trouble.”

After leaving 140-G I visited about 15 bars, 2 cabarets and 3 clandestine houses of prostitution and also spoke to 10 or 12 prostitutes about the streets. All whom I spoke to admitted being Dutch. Some, i.e. 4 of the street prostitutes, were noted to be under 21 years of age.

Rotterdam, The Netherlands
September 1-2-3, 1926

Traffic in women and children
Unofficial

Upon arrival in Rotterdam I visited the street known as 770-X which is the principal thoroughfare frequented by seamen and also the very heart of Rotterdam’s tenderloin. Upon this street one may find bar after bar in which there are from three to six prostitutes who openly accost men. Near these barrooms are scattered one and two-story buildings in which prostitutes reside. After dark these prostitutes stand in the doorways and solicit all who chance to pass.

I happened into the 771-X which is located on this street and inquired for 30-DH. The barmaid whom I later learned was a prostitute immediately directed me to him. I said to him “I am a friend of X..(140-G) from The Hague. She told me to stop in and see you.” In perfectly good English he said “Good! Glad to see you. What are you here on, a ship?” I said “No, just laying around waiting for something to turn up. How are things in this town?” He replied “Good; plenty of ships all the time.” I said “That sounds good. The girls ought to be making plenty of money.” He said “They do. It’s a good town, Rotterdam. Where do you hail from?” I said “Just drifting around. I used to call New York City my home, but I have been on the road for three years now.” He said “I see, that’s the way I was before I anchored here. I fell in here during the war and stuck ever since. I am originally from Antwerp.”

I then explained that I had been to Antwerp and named several persons whom he know there. I said “I am hitting around with an outfit who has run into a little hard lines. The gal wants to pick up a few dollars to get a front (new clothing) so as to get to Paris. She’s afraid to take a chance here because she heard the cops (police) are strict.” He said “She ain’t a roller (robber) is she? That was X’s (140-G) graft. That’s why she cleared out. What the hell, if a Jane (girl) wants to roll (rob) a guy! That’s all right, but you can’t turn that trick when you work in a joint (resort) like this. You know
those birds stick together and when one gets dealt that way they are liable to clean the joint out.” I said “No, nothing like that at all. Straight all the way through. Just wants a chance.” He said “Send her down. She can do a turn here. There are plenty of good fish hit (come) in.” I said “The thing that worries her is that the police are liable to nail (arrest) her and then deport her.” He replied “Don’t worry about that! When she works indoors they can’t get her. This town is easy. It’s wide open.” I said “That may be, but it’s only for the Dutch.” He said “Not at all. There are plenty of Belges, Germans and some French too. Why G.. d.. it! When the joints (resorts) in Antwerp went smash I knew a bunch of boys (pimps) who came over here with their women.” I said “I guess they got the gate (expelled) by now.” He replied “Like hell! They are still here. Hit (visit) any of these bars; you will see. They are on the streets; they are all over. The cops here are all right. They never butt in unless some gal rolls (robs) a drunk, then they go to it.”

I said “How do you work the racket here?” He replied “The gal keeps all (money). She gets a split (division) on the drinks, but nothing on beer.” I said “How about the cops? Don’t they come in for a bit (hush money) at all?” He replied “Now and then in case of a jam (trouble), but they can’t ask for much because they can’t bother a girl unless she gets going strong (bold) on the streets.” I said “How about the joints (houses of prostitution)? Ain’t there any?” He replied “There are rooming houses, but the girls don’t make much; it’s these gals down here and the gals in the streets that knock off (make) the jack (money).” I said “X..(140-G) said she made good here.” He said “Sure she did. They are all making good. That’s why so many are drifting in. Antwerp is dead. All the good hustlers come over here.” I said “The boys (pimps) too?” He replied “Sure, they come in with the gals.”

He then went on to explain that no passports are needed (by Belgians) to enter Holland and that a card of identity is sufficient. He also stated that so far as he knew none of the Belgian souteneurs or prostitutes had been deported and that they can operate quite freely provided the women do not indulge in open solicitations upon the main streets, or rob their customers.

During the three days here I concentrated my activities in this vicinity. I visited the dance halls, such as the 777-X and two other dance halls on the 770-X; also such bars as 776-X, 775-X, 778-X, New American Bar, 779-X, 771-X, 780-X, 781-X and numerous other places all of which are frequented by prostitutes. I met five Belgian prostitutes who had been in Rotterdam for at least a year and had been brought by their souteneurs and also two Luxemburgers who likewise admitted being brought here. All were apparently practicing prostitution of their own volition and were over 21 years of age.

Paris, France
Sept. 8-11, 1926

Traffic in women and children

During the past few days I made my headquarters in and about the Polish, Russian, Rumanian and French souteneurs’ hangouts at 731-X and cafe, 15 rue des Rivoli. After considerable waiting I finally met Max Diamonton, a souteneur who had arrived from Mexico about the same time I reached Paris early in July (See July, 1926, report).
Max Diamonton said “Well, I see you are still around. I thought you were going to Buenos Aires with X--(134-G)” (A prostitute who admitted she intended to join Schloymer in Argentina about the middle of August). I said “I told you I had not fully decided. Schloymer is in X--(Z-6), but I am not figuring on going to a small place. Mexico to me looks a lot better.” He answered “Of course it is better. I have been to Buenos Aires and all over and I like Mexico better.” I said “Why?” He replied “It’s easier for the boys (pimps). In Buenos Aires it gets harder every day. It’s getting so in Buenos Aires now that each move costs money. In Mexico, here you stip (bribe) and there you stip, but it’s small stuff. In Buenos Aires it (money expended) runs into three figures (hundreds).” I said “Last time we met you were going to X--(Z-7) with Little Max. How did you make out?” He replied “Mine I got. I didn’t need anything, but Little Max did. He got himself a wife. He left last month. I might go this month. I ain’t sure yet. I still got some things to fix up. If I finish, I go.”

I said “That is funny. I was thinking about going too. I was going to take the X--(786-X).” He said “Me too. That’s what I’ll take if I go. It’s the best line. If a boy has girl with him on that line (steamship) he can always fix things up so he can get in easy. What class do you travel, second? That’s the way I go.” I said “If I can get fixed up second, I’ll go; if not, I’ll go first (class).” He replied “It’s foolish. Second is just as good. That’s the way all the boys go. It’s good enough. Third is good enough too, but it’s taking a chance when you go with a wife (prostitute).”

I said “What kind of a wife did Little Max get?” He replied “A fine girl to be sure. He knows the business and will make good down there.” I said “How did he know where to land (find) her?” He replied “He is from X--(Z-7). A boy fixed it all up. Say! In Paris today there are hundreds of girls who want to go. Just show any of those nekavers (prostitutes) a ticket and it would make no difference if they got boys or not, they’ll go!”

I said “I heard it’s tough getting into Mexico now.” He replied “It’s only tough if you aint got $50 to show. That’s all! Any boy who can’t show $50 should be dead!”

I said “I heard they have a new law there and they are trying to keep out boys and girls (souteneurs and prostitutes).” He replied “Look here: Here is a cable from Little Max; it says he arrived safe and is going to Mexico City. Four other boys and girls went along, all hevra men. They are all there. Well, where is your new law?” (He did not show me the cable’s contents. He merely took it from his pocket and then replaced it).

I said “I suppose the girls were all above the age. That is why they have no trouble.” He answered “One was eppis Frisch (young and inexperienced). She was with a boy from Buenos Aires. Efscher (perhaps) you know him? He is a Russe (Russian). They call him Izach der Coszach. He came from Buenos Aires and got her and you see how he thinks. He goes to Mexico instead of Buenos Aires again. Ain’t that proof that Mexico is better?”

I said “I don’t know him. Never heard of him. Where did he get the girl?” He replied “From Chaim Leiser in X--(Z-8).” I said “He is taking a chance with a greenie. I met a boy the other day and he told me of a boy who got fixed up the same way with a greenie and they knocked him off (arrested) in Danzig. He got away, but it cost him a nice few thousand dollars.”
Max Diamonton then inquired as to this souteneurs name, and other particulars concerning his apprehension; he said “I know him very well. That happened nearly a year ago. The boy is in Mexico now. He went right there after it happened. That’s an old story now. Ask any of the boys around here; they all know about it.”

I said “How did it happen? Tell me. Why did he go to Danzig?” He replied “He had false papers and he had to go that way”. He then explained in detail the routes that the souteneurs have been using in order to leave Poland without being detected (See Danzig report).

I said “That was the first I had heard of it. I was up to see Chaim Leiser in X--(Z-8) a couple of years ago and I had a chance to get fixed up (supplied with a girl), but he never said a word about going by way of Danzig.” He replied “Well, I suppose he thought you knew it. I always knew it. Maybe you didn’t need a blotter (false) pass. You have an American pass, don’t you? Well, I guess that is why. Nearly all the boys go that way. The main thing in our business is to keep your mouth shut. Those f——— pimps are more jealous than girls! That is how X———(40-T) got caught. A pimp squealed.”

I said “Are the French boys just as strong in Mexico?” He replied “They are strong all over. We got a nice few there too. One thing about Mexico is that all of us French, Italians, Spaniards, Russians and Poles get along well together.”

I said “How are the police down there?” He replied “The finest in the world! It’s one place where we can always expect the best of it. I got connections in Mexico City as good as anyone can have. What does it cost? I tell you, nothing at all. A few dollars, and if they want you for murder they never find you.”

I said “How is Havana?” He replied “Terrible! It was good, but since they (authorities) started in on the boys it’s awful! A lot of the boys from there are in Mexico now. You see, Mexico City, Tampico and Vera Cruz are all big cities. Tampico and Vera Cruz are very hot now, but fine in the winter. Mexico City is always good. These cities are not far apart and a boy can move around.”

I said “All places are good for a while, but the trouble is it don’t last long.” He said “Listen to me: Good things don’t last forever. Say, when one place goes dead the other comes to life! Buenos Aires has been good for years, it’s still good but Mexico, I think, is better. Don’t forget, the Mexicans have money and they all like strangers (foreign girls).”

I said “How is it you don’t know whether you are going on the next boat or not?” He replied “Because I can’t be sure that I will finish up. Anyhow if I go and you go we will see each other. If I don’t and you go, I’ll meet you there. What are you going to do with your girl? Get a crib for her or put her in a big joint?” I replied “I don’t know yet.” He said “It’s all according to what kind of a looker she is and how much she can get. Look the ground over when you get there. You know how the boys are; they can always help you out.”

I said “Sure, I know it. I got plenty of friends there. Aron Kaplan, you know him. He went down last year without a girl.” Max Diamonton said “For C——— sake! Sure I know him, but don’t let him tell you he came without a girl. The b——— still owes me. He took a young wife with him.
He came on the X--(783-X). I went down from Mexico City to meet them and fixed it so that he had no trouble with the landing. The X--(784-X) had him passed, the whole thing cost $20, and the s... b... still owes me $10.” I said “Was she the same girl he had here?” He replied “No, a new one. That one stayed here and then followed him down. He took the girl there on the first one’s money.” He continued “So he told you he was going alone! What boy goes to a place like Mexico alone? Nobody!” I said “There are girls who go alone; why can’t a boy?” He replied “Don’t be a yold (fool)! They may, one or two, but you know as well as I do they ain’t. Anybody who goes alone there and expects to find a wife (prostitute) is crazy!”

**Paris, France**

*Sept. 12-13, 1926*

While with Max Diamonton I was introduced to the following Russian and Polish pimps: Seeker, Fancy Boy, Stuch-Luch and Hyme David. Fancy Boy was born in Russia, but spent many years in the United States. He admitted that he had been located in Z-9 and finally drifted into Mexico. He said “When Max Diamonton came over I thought I’d follow him and I am glad I did, because it is the first time I have been in Europe since 1901.” I said “Are you going back with the boys?” He replied “I don’t know yet.”

I said “I am thinking of going to Mexico about the end of the month.” He said “So Max Diamonton said; Well, I’ll tell you: Mexico is a good place, but you got to get used to it. When I first went there from X--(Z-9) my wife didn’t like it and neither did I. There is one thing about it, you can make a nice few dollars there. When I first came to Mexico there were very few boys (pimps) there, but now it’s so full that you ain’t got no idea!”

I said “I suppose the French have got more than anybody.” He replied “All kinds are there, and let me tell you, it is the home of the rats (informed)! There are more stools (informed) there than any place I know. They would rat on you for a dollar Mex!” I said “Max Diamonton told me that the police are all aces high (lenient).” He said “Sure they are, but they are such grafters that you can’t imagine! You will see for yourself when you get there.”

Seeker said “You are going there a new boy. Take our advice: Don’t let anybody get anything of you. When the shamuses (police) once get you spotted they are always around with their hands out. Of course, it don’t mean much, just a dollar here and a dollar there; but you can save all of that trouble. You’re taking a girl with you, ain’t you?” I replied “She is there now. She left last month.” He said “You ain’t got nothing to worry you. Just keep to yourself. If you want, go around with a few boys you can trust, but let the rest of those rats all go to hell! Who do you know there?” I replied “Aron Kaplan. We were in Egypt.” Seeker said “I know him well. He is a good boy. A good fellow to hang with. Nobody has a thing on him. He comes when he wants to and goes when he wants. It ain’t long since he has been there. He brought a girl with him.”

I said “I don’t know a thing about Mexico. When I get there I’d like to have somebody I could talk things over with. I had Aron Kaplan’s address, but I lost it.”
Fancy Boy then said “Let me tell you something: You won’t find the boys in Mexico City hanging around the cafes the way they do here. Occasionally you will find a few at the X--(786-X) or the cafe on the same block with the X--(787-X). It has been that way for the last seven months. The Mexican government deported a lot of French boys. They all used to hang out together in a cafe like the boys do here. All of a sudden they (authorities) swept down, got them all together and sent them out. Bibi is one of the main French boys there. He is a boy who is worth lots of money. A boy who brings in a lot of girls every year. You can see what a macher (master) he is when he has four women working for him! Well, anyhow, Bibi gets a lawyer for the boys and everything is fixed up so the boys could come back. They only went as far as Cuba.”

I said “How could they make Cuba? I heard things are tough there.” He replied “They got in all right. Two weeks later they came back. After that the boys scattered. Let me advise you right: Unless you know a boy very well, never let on where you live. If he asks you where you stop, don’t tell him. That way you can stay there for fifty years and never have to give the police a cent! There ain’t many boys, except like say you and I who pal together, know where the others live. When you get there and you want to locate anybody, go to the X--(787-X). Stand there a few hours and you are sure to meet everybody. All the boys in the city get their X--(793-X) that way. You know what we call it? Well it’s the Boy’s Bourse (stock exchange). The X--(788-X) knows all the boys. You stip (tip) him and he’ll tell you who was there, when he left and where he went. We used to leave notes, but now we just tell the fellow and when somebody inquires he tells us. Anybody you want to find,-that’s the best way.”

I said “I am sorry that I won’t be going there when you fellows are; we could have a nice time together.” He said “We might go yet on this boat. We are really waiting for Max Diamonton. I am ready to go anytime. You won’t be alone. There are three boys from here going on the X-- (785-X). They got their wives (prostitutes) with them. You’ll meet plenty. Let me tip you off: When you arrive in Mexico you will get off at Vera Cruz. If you get in in the morning you can catch a train at ten o’clock for Mexico City. It takes about nine hours to make the trip. Don’t bother about a hotel; go right ahead. If you stay over it costs you for a hotel and to move your baggage. Go straight through; it’s cheaper. If you can’t find the people you want to see after waiting around the X--(787-X), go to X--(789-X) and there you will find all the girls. Ask any of the girls and they’ll get the boys you want for you. Say: If I am there you can go around with us. We won’t steer (direct) you wrong.”

Sometime later I again brought up the subject of Bibi, whom Seeker said is continually bringing French girls into Mexico; I said “I think I know Bibi. Didn’t he once keep in Cairo?” Fancy Boy replied “I don’t think so. He came to Mexico just a little while after I did.” I remarked “He must stand in well when he can keep on bringing in girls after he got sent out.” He replied “To bring girls into Mexico is nothing! All you must show is one hundred pesos and they let you in.”

I said “I suppose the kind he brings in are all old-timers.” He replied “Not all. Some are nice and young.” I said “There must be an awful lot of money there! He brings in, I bring in, you do, and C.——— knows how many other boys! Where is all the dough (money) coming from for the gals (girls) to make?” Fancy Boy then said “Don’t worry! There ain’t none too many. That’s all the Mexicans think about is _____.”

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2 Paul Kinsie is probably mistaken; the correct code would be 795-X, “S.S. Cuba, compagnie General Transatlantique.”
About this time we were joined by S. Silverblatt and it was suggested that we go to 790-X. On our way there I engaged S. Silverblatt in conversation during which I asked him when he had last heard from Schloymer and how he was doing. He replied “Schloymer is very sick. You know I fixed up X-—(134-G) and that girl she took. For getting the papers Schloymer sent me $50. He is a good boy.” I said “What kind of papers did you get for them?” He replied “I got them French passports. They are better than Polish. I fixed it up so that they will not have trouble.” S. Silverblatt then went on to explain that he has been supplying foreign prostitutes with French Cards of Identity upon which their nationality is stated as “French”; he said “When they get picked up and the card says they are French, they have no trouble with the police.”

Paris, France
Sept. 14-15, 1926

About 4 P.M. while in the souteneurs’ rendezvous at 730-X I was approached by S. Silverblatt. It was a little early for the souteneurs to arrive and S. Silverblatt, who usually makes all of his arrangements here, approached me and said “There ain’t anybody around now and I can talk to you better when there is no one here. When we were out together the other day I did not want to talk too much. After I left I thought you had something to tell me, but I didn’t want to say anything because you know how it is around here. The boys (pimps) are all right, but there are so many crooks in these places that it is better none should know our business. Those crooks always like to get something on a boy and then while they pretend to be friendly they might do us harm.”

I said “Seeker, Fancy Boy and Hyme David are good boys, ain’t they?” He replied “Yes, sure; but there are others around here I don’t trust. Just as soon as they see us with our heads together they sit near and listen. Tell me: What can I do for you? If you want something, tell me.” I said “No, I don’t want anything in particular. I know I can always come to you when I want something. I am going to Mexico and I think I got all the papers I need.” He said “Well, that is good. I thought perhaps you needed a pass, but I remember now you got an American one. That kind is the best.” I said “What kind of passes have you got?” He replied “I ain’t got any, but I can always get.” I said “I know a boy who needs a pass; maybe you can help him out.” He said “You know him well?” I replied “Better than I know you.” He said “Where does he want to go?” I replied “South America.” He said “I can fix him up a French pass, but, if I tell you, a good one! Also an Argentine one, but the Argentine is better.” I said “How can you do it?” He replied “Never mind! Leave that to me. You ain’t dealing with a child! The way you must have him go is to get off at Montevideo, and then go from there across the border at Salto.” I said “How do you know about that route?” He replied “Ain’t I been there! Don’t I know how the boys travel?” I said “How long ago were you in the Argentine?” He replied “Before you were born. In those days they didn’t need passports.”

I said “Are many boys going by way in Salto?” He replied “No, boys who come from Buenos Aires have Cards of Identity. They go on their cards to Montevideo and get on the boat there.” I said “Why don’t they board the boat at Buenos Aires?” He replied “A good many have blotter (false) Argentine passes. When they go back they get off at Montevideo and go by boat. You see, it is just
so the control officers at Buenos Aires don’t see their blotter (false) stuff.” I said “Then why send this fellow by Salto?” He replied “He ain’t got no cedula, has he? He must show something if he goes on the night boat (Montevideo to Buenos Aires). The false one he mustn’t show, so he must go by a way where he can get across without showing the pass.”

I said “I’ll find out from the boy and let you know. Are you doing much now-a-days?” He replied “Plenty; all the time I am busy.” I said “I have been around Paris for some weeks and I ain’t seen many boys come in.” He said “Maybe you ain’t, but let me tell you there has been more boys here than ever. Abram Schustser was here and left. Abram Napolian was here. Why, since you were here last two months ago, 10 or 15 were here.” I said “Did they all take wives back?” he replied “Do they take ocean trips for their health?” I said “Abram Schustser and Abram Napolian were here last year. Tell me, what can they do with the girls? They ain’t changing them every year.” He replied “You think Buenos Aires is the only place. Some of the girls go to Rosario, some to Dolores. They always need girls down there.” I said “Are you fixing them all up?” He replied “No, I don’t bother too much. I must be a little careful.” I said “Why?” He replied “I had some trouble. That’s why I don’t spend too much time here. Too many rats (informers).” I said “What kind of trouble?” He replied “Nu (well) forget it! What’s the difference.”

I then said “When I pay a girl’s fare she has got to be worth while. The kind they are taking don’t mean much.” He said “Don’t forget it; there are nice girls going,-fine, pretty. Did you see the girl Goldstein has got? You know who he is, don’t you? Schloymer’s brother. He has got a schickser (non-Jewish) from Luxemburg. He goes next week, I think. You know Schloymer is very sick in Buenos Aires. He ain’t going to live long.”

I said “Is Chaim Leiser still taking care of the boys?” He replied “Some go up there. Say: To get a wife is easy! There are plenty a boy can get in Poland and plenty around here in Paris. Goldstein bought his wife from a boy here in Paris.” I said “How much did he have to give the boy?” He replied “I don’t know. I didn’t hear. All I know is he bought her. Why don’t you go back to Buenos Aires? Mexico is good, but I know Buenos Aires is better.” I replied “The Mexico boys say Mexico is better than Buenos Aires; and the Buenos Aires boys say Buenos Aires is the best.” He said “In Mexico, you never know what is going to be. In Buenos Aires it’s always pretty much the same. Me? I’m too old to go any place, but if I did go, it would be to Buenos Aires.” I said “I think there are more going to Buenos Aires than to Mexico. Isn’t it so?” He replied “Certainly I think so.”

I said “Do you know a boy by the name of Abraham Melgut?” He reflected, repeated the name several times, asked me for his nickname and then said “The name I can’t place. Maybe I do. Why?” I said “I met him in Rotterdam, and thought if he was in Paris I’d like to see him.” He said “Maybe the other boys know him. I don’t know very many by names,-faces? Yes, but names I never remember. I know you a long while and I don’t even know yours.”

Later in the day I was introduced to Goldstein and Scholom at 731-X by Fancy Boy. Goldstein admitted that he intended to join Schloymer in Buenos Aires as soon as he hears from him which, he stated, should be very soon. Scholom stated that when Goldstein starts for Buenos Aires he and his wife will accompany them (Goldstein and wife). During the course of the conversation they admitted that Schloymer is having cedulas prepared for all four of them, which will be delivered to them when they reach MonteVideo. All are travelling or rather are going to travel on false passports.
Paris, France
Sept. 17-18-19, 1925

During these three days I spent part of my time with the international souteneurs at their hangouts, (730-X) and (731-X), and also nearby cafes which they frequent. I also renewed my acquaintance with Jules, a French souteneur whom I met the last time I was in Paris.

Max Diamonton, one of the first souteneurs whom I encountered when I entered the cafe said “Well, have you decided to take the X--(785-X) on the 21st?” I replied “I am not quite sure yet. My girl is still in London and if she gets back in time I will.” He said “There are a few boys going on that boat. I’d like to be able to go, but I have a few more things to attend to, so I think I’ll wait until next month.” I said “Introduce me to the boys who are going. It will be company for all of us.” He replied “Sure I will. They will be around later in the day and then you will meet them.”

I said “How about Seeker and Fancy Boy? Are they going?” He replied “No, they will wait for me. I go October 21st.” I said “The boys who are going,-are they taking girls with them?” Max Diamonton said “I should say! Each one has a wife.” I said “I suppose the girls were all in the game before.” He replied “Sure, they all know the business.” I said “I think any boy who takes a chance on a green girl is a fool these days.” Max Diamonton said “Why, a green girl if she is the right kind, is the best. Girls like that are always true. The trouble with a business wife (professional prostitute) is that if she wants to leave a place and you want to stay, naturally she’ll go away. A new boy comes along, he offers her a chance here, there or anywhere, and off she goes! A green girl will never leave if you treat her right.” I said “That is true after you are sure of her, but before you know her well you can’t tell whether she is going to kick up a fuss or not.” He replied “Say, a green as all that I would never bother with. After you meet a girl and you know a little how she feels toward you, you can tell how long it will take and whether or not she will listen to reason.”

I said “Are many boys coming into Mexico with green girls?” He replied “Not many; most of the girls are, you know, half and half (semi-prostitutes). It’s easy enough with that kind. I had two boys who had two kids,-you know, half and half. They tied up with them and brought them to Mexico. You know how they did it? It’s a great stunt with luke-warm girls. They all want to go to America. Mexico, they know, is nearby. Well, you see, the boys promised to get them across the border if they came to Mexico.” I said “Well, how about it after they got there?” He replied “They find out that it can’t be done so soon. First, it takes one month, then two and three months, and before you know it a year goes by and then they forget about America.” I said “Did they expect to do business in the United States?” He replied “No, they were charity _________ , and if they got to the United States, they would go to friends. It don’t take them long to forget about the United States especially when they make money so easy in Mexico.” I said “The girls must have been awfully dumb. Where did they come from?” He replied “From my home town, X--(Z-7) in Poland. Don’t you think it’s a good idea? I think it is.”

I said “How about the girls’ people?” He replied “What the hell did they care as long as their daughters were going to the United States?” I said “It does sound good. You’d think that more than
two would be doing it.” He answered “I’ll say it’s good! Those boys are in Mexico now and they are
doing great.” I said “Did they marry the girls?” He replied “No. The boys went on ahead and the girls
followed on the next boat. The boys met them when they came in.”

Just about this time our conversation was interrupted by a souteneur whom Max Diamonton
did not introduce by name, but merely said “This fellow is going on Wednesday,” then turning to
the souteneur he added “My friend here might go on your boat.” We exchanged greetings and I said
“If I go I’ll look you up on board.” He said “Sure. You are going second, ain’t you? Well then, if you
go we will see you.”

Max Diamonton and he then asked to be excused and departed.

I also spent some time with Jules, a French souteneur and disorderly-house owner whom I had met
through Schloymer last year. Jules reiterated the facts concerning the methods used by the French
souteneurs in procuring victims, their procedure in obtaining passports (both legitimate and
fraudulent), and the financial arrangements existing between resort owners in South America and
souteneurs,- all of which has been previously recorded.

When questioned as to whether as many souteneurs are taking prostitutes to South America
and Mexico as heretofore, he stated that scarcely a boat departs, particularly for South America,
that does not have at least three souteneurs and their women on board. He mentioned that the
recent sailings of the X--(791-X) and also the X--(792-X) had aboard seven Parisian souteneurs and
prostitutes bound for Montevideo and Buenos Aires and that he knew them personally. In so many
words he said “They keep on going to South America as if they expected to find gold in the streets
there. Out of my house alone I lost 15 girls in four months; they left me with their boys for South
America. They won’t stay here anymore. Ask anybody who owns a house; he’ll tell you the same. It
must be as good as they say, because they don’t come back. Everything I hear about it is the best.”

Jules was questioned as to whether or not the souteneurs were taking their girls to Havana and
Mexico. He replied “Havana, they used to go there, but now it is bad. Mexico, the French boys don’t
go much anymore. Everything is South America.”

I also visited 28 houses of prostitution in Paris, and all of the inmates whom I saw or spoke to
either appeared to be, or admitted being, of French nationality. From all sources I was informed that
the local authorities will not permit a prostitute of foreign nationality to be inscribed, or to operate
in a licensed resort. Occasional drives have also been made against foreign clandestine prostitutes.
St. Nazaire, France-Havana, Cuba
Sept. 21-23, 1926

Traffic in women and children

On board 785-X

About 2 P.M. on September 21, the passengers were permitted to board the 785-X. I cultivated the acquaintance of the 784-X and also the Assistant Purser. Each informed me that the majority of the passengers board the ship at St. Nazaire and that at this time of the year about 100 to 150, all classes, are picked up at the three ports of call in Spain, namely Santander, Gijon and La Coruna.

I made it a point to observe each passenger who passed through the gate leading to the ship and also witnessed the very superficial examination which is made by the port control officer.

I noted that the Immigration Officer did not lose very much time in passing all persons who presented passports. In fact, he quite mechanically stamped all the passport presented to him and did not trouble to compare the photograph with the person presenting the passport. If more than one person was included upon the passport it was only necessary for one person to be present. After the passport was stamped by the officer the passengers could board the ship.

I noted that the majority of the first-class passengers were either Mexican, Cuban or Spanish—all apparently returning to Cuba or Mexico after spending the summer abroad. Among the persons of this class there was not one of whom I had the slightest suspicion.

The second-class passengers were also mainly Mexicans, Cubans or Spaniards along with about 20 French, all of whom appeared to be traveling legitimately.

The third-class consisted of many different nationalities. I should judge that there were about 200 in this class. They were mainly Poles, Russians, Turks and Spaniards. Among them were at least 15 minor girls, but so far I could tell they were accompanied by legitimate husbands, or in the company of their parents. I also recognized in this class two Polish souteneurs whom I had seen at the hangout, 731-X. One of these souteneurs I had been casually introduced to by 148-P (See Paris report). So far as I was able to learn both are accompanied by their wives (prostitutes) and are bound for Mexico. I questioned the souteneur to whom I had been introduced and asked him if any of the other boys are on board; he replied very abruptly “I don’t know.”

About 8 A.M., September 23, 1926, we arrived at Santander. The immigration officers immediately boarded the boat accompanied by the company’s agent. The manifests were immediately handed over to the 784-X, and the passengers were taken aboard. The officer scarcely examined their passports; he merely looked for the Spanish visas and then permitted them to pass. All passengers filed up the one gangplank and were then conducted to their various quarters.

During the course of the conversation with 784-X, I said “They don’t look at your passport
very sharply here, do they?” He replied “No, they are very easy in Spain. Just the cover is enough. Sometimes he don’t even open it.”

The 784-X allowed me to look at the manifests. I scanned the ages and nationalities quite hurriedly and noted that out of the apparently 50 persons who boarded the boat at this port, only two were of French nationality. The rest were Mexicans, Cubans and Spaniards. None appeared to be prostitutes or souteneurs. There were no unaccompanied minors.

**Sept. 23, 1926**

We arrived at Gijon at 11:30 P.M. and took aboard 26 passengers bound for Havana, Mexico and the United States. Among the 26 there were but two women, both of whom were traveling with their husbands and small children. None of the men appeared to be souteneurs.

So far as I could learn, 22 were Spanish and 4 were Americans.

**Sept. 24, 1926**

We arrived at La Coruna about mid-day and remained there about six hours. I made it a point to observe all passengers taken aboard at this port. About 75 third-class passengers, 8 second-class and 15 first-class boarded the ship. None of the women appeared to be prostitutes, nor did any of the men look like souteneurs. The majority of these passengers were of Spanish nationality.

**(St. Nazaire-Havana)**

**Sept. 21-Oct. 4, 1926**

**On Board 785-X**

During the voyage from St. Nazaire, France, to Havana, Cuba, I spent considerable time among the second and third-class passengers. I gradually cultivated the acquaintance of a number of persons in these two classes and attempted to learn if there were any prostitutes, souteneurs or victims of traffic among them.

I finally became quite intimately acquainted with two souteneurs, one of whom I had previously been introduced to by Seeker, a souteneur met in Paris. I soon learned that one of these souteneurs was travelling as a second-class passenger and the other in third. The one in the second class whom I later learned was traveling under the name of Abe Morgenstein, admitted that he was returning to Mexico. I said “Your friend (other souteneur whom I had recognized shortly after boarding the boat, and with
whom I had had a brief conversation) was very kurtz (short, abrupt) when I spoke to him the other day.” He replied “Well, you know how it is; He just met you the day before and he didn't know who you were or what you were for sure.” I said “Yes, but Seeker knows me and he told him.” He replied “That place in Paris is full of rats (informers). He asked Seeker about you and he said Seeker had only met you a little while ago; and you know how it is; a boy must be careful nowadays.” I said “I know it. I'm travelling for the same business and I watch out too.” He said “We got to. Where are you going? To Mexico City?” I replied “First, I am going to take a chance at Havana. If it ain't no good there, I will go to Mexico.” He said “Don't be a sucker! Havana is closed. They (authorities) raised hell there last year. Boys and girls (souteneurs and prostitutes) were all sent out. Every boat that came to Mexico had some. You are foolish! There the best you can get is to have a rope put around your neck! Besides, your girl will never get in! Anybody, I mean a girl who don't look good, they won't let land.” I said “We'll get in all right. We are on the same passport, and she is only going in to land an old sucker (customer) that she had there two years ago. If it turns out the way we think it will, it will be worth while. If not, we'll go to Mexico.” He said “Well, of course that is different. For a girl to work in a joint there (Havana) now ain't safe. And for boys (souteneurs) it's worse yet! Of course, there are some who are still there, but they got to be careful. You know they take a chance on the streets, in hotels, and in cabarets, but the money days (profitable ones) in Havana are over. I have been away from there for five years, but the boys always tell me how things are.”

I said “In case I have any trouble in landing in Havana, do you think there is a chance of there being somebody on the boat to fix things? Max Diamonton told me he had a friend on the S.S. Cuba.” He replied “Yes, I know who you mean; but even if he was on this boat I know he couldn't do anything for you at Havana. At Vera Cruz, yes. There I can fix you up too. The Chief of Police is a good friend of mine. Six months ago I came over in a German ship and I brought him a big police dog. Once before I brought him a knife; and he will do anything for me. In Mexico you can buy your way for a song.” I said “He don't know you are in this geschäft (business of prostitution).” He replied “Certainly he does. You know it's good to know those guys.” I said “It ain't hard to get in there, is it?” He said “No; but sometimes they try to hold up girls and ask a lot of questions, and then they (police) come in handy.”

I said “This is a rotten boat!” He replied “Sure it is. It’s the first time I ever come on it. I always take the German or Holland American.” I said “Do you cross much?” He replied “Once or twice a year.” I said “How is your wife standing the trip?” He answered “She ain't my wife. She is going to meet a boy (souteneurs) in Mexico.” I said “I thought you said she was your wife.” He replied “No; the other boy Scholom; Dots (that is) his wife. You see, his wife and the girl you thought was mine are travelling together.” I said “She's in second class; that can't be Scholom's wife (prostitute), because Scholom is in third.” He said “Certainly it is. Scholom is in third, but she is in second.” I said “Why is that?” He replied “They ain't supposed to know each other. They both have separate passes, and he wants to save some money.” I said “Is she a new one?” He replied “A nekaver (prostitute) he met in Warsaw. He is bringing her over. She is a good hustler (prostitute), but she never had a chance to go, so he brought her. The other girl is her friend. I am getting her a friend (souteneur) over there.”

Both of these prostitutes were later introduced to me. I was not able to learn their names. Both are Polish and apparently between 25 and 30 years of age. During the entire trip these souteneurs kept apart from these prostitutes and spoke only to them as one passenger greets another.
Each day I managed to spend some time with each of these souteneurs. We discussed various traffickers, souteneurs, conditions in various countries, false passports, methods of evading immigration laws, routes to facilitate entry into certain countries and other topics usually indulged in by souteneurs.

I also learned that both prostitutes had Polish passports, as did the souteneurs. I could not get a direct admission, however, that their passports were false.

So far as these souteneurs knew, and so far as I was able to learn from other sources, Abe Morgenstein and Scholom were the only souteneurs aboard.

From two first-class passengers I learned that there were also two French prostitutes in the second class. Both of these French prostitutes were pointed out to me, and my informants admitted that that they had intercourse with them in their cabins and that they paid the prostitutes 300 francs each for a night. The prostitutes admitted to my informants that they were going to Mexico City.

Before leaving the boat at Havana, Abe Morgenstein told me that in case I go to Mexico I could reach him by dropping a letter to him at Poste Restante Mexico City. He also explained that in the event the prostitutes whom they were taking to Mexico experienced any difficulties in landing, he and Scholom will arrange to have two business men appear for them. He said “Two Vera Cruz boys (souteneurs) will take them off and the Chief of Police, my friend, will take care of the identification of them (indorse the souteneurs as reputable business men).”

Havana, Cuba

*October 5-9, 1926*

Traffic in women and children

Unofficial

While in the City of Havana I visited such streets as Virtudes, Animas, Blanca, Trocadero, Officios, and adjacent and adjoining streets. It was in these localities where the houses of prostitution which harbored foreign prostitutes were situated. I sought entrance to the resorts previously known to me and found the houses either vacant or occupied by respectable Cuban families. I spoke to a number of unknown persons in these neighborhoods and was informed that these brothels had been closed since 1925 and the former inmates and operators had departed for Mexico.

I also conversed with a number of English-speaking chauffeurs. All agreed that very few houses of prostitution are still operating in Havana. One chauffeur said:

“The police here are very strict. They are watching every house that is still running. The girls are afraid to take a chance. Just as soon as the police see men going in they make an arrest. You see, they want to run every foreign whore out of Havana.”
I said “How about the Cuban girls?” ..“Are they locking them up too?” He replied “They (police) ain't as hard on them as they are on the French and other whores. You ought to have seen this place in 1925! They hauled them in by the hundreds! Every day the papers were full of it.”

I said “What are the girls’ sweeties doing now that the girls can’t work?” He replied “Christ only knows! You don’t see any pimps around any more. They ran away too.”

I said “I always thought the madams were in strong enough with the cops (police) to be able to fix things.” He said “That was all right until the new laws were passed. Then the State Department got in on it and the cops can’t afford to take a chance” I said “Who started all this fuss?” He answered “The President wants it. I’ll tell you: You see, in Havana here we had too many French and Spanish boys. In fact, we had all kinds. They all had pimps. Some of the pimps had two and three girls. A lot of them were brought here each year and sold to the houses. That stuff got around and they wanted to break it up.”

I said “Can’t you take me into any house?” He replied “I’ll tell you the truth; I know of a few places that I will take you to. They ain't so much. Nothing like they used to be. I know you are an American and that is why I’ll take you. If you were a Cuban I wouldn’t.” I said “Why?” He replied “Because then I couldn’t be sure that you are not a cop. They got Cuban fellows just like you going around to get a line (evidence) on the women. When they find out a woman is a whore they arrest her.” I said “How can they lock a person up without evidence?” He replied “They get the evidence all right. When they are sure by seeing men go in and out they have the women brought to court. Then the women get fined and if they can't pay the fine, they have to go to jail.” I said “Well, paying a fine ain't so bad.” He said “Yes, but when they get three fines for breaking the peace, if the woman is a foreigner she is sent home.” I said “In that case the women can't be making much money.” He said “That is just it! They can't make much. They are afraid. I’m telling you all the best ones left. If I were you I’d go to the cabarets. There you will find the women who you will like better. I’m telling you the right dope (information). The house girls are awful! The cabaret girls ain't so bad, but they ain't the class (quality) that we used to have here in the houses. You will find girls charging $5 in the cabarets who used to f-- for $1.”

I said “How about the swell (fine) houses?” He replied “Those were the ones that were shut down first. We all thought it wasn't going to last, but you see it's been going on for over a year now. Did you see today's paper? Six more were sent back (See attached newspaper clipping). That is the way it has been going for the last year.” I said “Six ain't many out of the crowd they had here.” He said “You don't think these people are fools, do you? They ain't waiting to get sent out (deported). They beat it (fled) before.”

I visited at least ten houses of prostitution scattered about the city. Various chauffeurs took me to these resorts. Each place was being operated very quietly and although I visited the place at hours when it would be expected that the most business would be done, at no time did I see more than two customers in any one of the resorts. These houses averaged not more than three girls, and none of the resorts harbored foreign women.
The conversations that I had with the madams and inmates were substantially the same as those which took place with the chauffeur. All admitted to me that “Business is rotten!” …… “that the Morals Squad of the National Police is continually making investigations and arrests.” To one madam at Calle Oficios 75 I said “I can’t see how they can arrest your girls unless they see someone solicit, or something happens in the house.” She replied “They see men come in or leave the place,- that is enough for them. You see, we are all known to the cops and that is what hurts us.”

I also visited the Inferno Cabaret, Tokio Cabaret, Au Moulin Rouge, and the Canton Cabaret. It was in these places where I found most of the foreign prostitutes operating. At the Inferno Cabaret the prostitutes are permitted by the management to loiter about, make the acquaintance of strangers and then take the men to rooms in a hotel in the same building.

It must be said that although prostitutes may be found in all of these places, the women do not boldly accost prospective customers. They conduct themselves in a way such as not to offend respectable guests present.

While I was in the Inferno Cabaret I drew into conversation four different French prostitutes. They bemoaned the closing of the houses and admitted that they have great difficulty in making a living. They also denounced the police for the rigid manner in which the law is being enforced, and admitted that scores of their friends had left Cuba because of the fear of being deported. All are said to have gone to Mexico.

Every person to whom I spoke mentioned the changes that have taken place in Havana since 1925. The streets which formerly were literally jammed with men entering and leaving the houses are now absolutely deserted. Just one visit to the former districts is sufficient to convince a person of the wonderful change that has taken place. Even the haunts and rendezvous of the souteneurs are either closed or abandoned. Formerly the souteneurs and traffickers spent entire days loitering about the various cafes, but now it is absolutely impossible to locate them. I inquired all over for the different souteneurs whom I had met upon my previous visit here, and was informed that they had left Cuba for Mexico.

**Havana, Cuba**

*October 5-9, 1926*

**Traffic in women and children**

**Official**

Upon arrival in Havana, Cuba, I conferred with Sr. Enrique Guival, Secretary, Bureau of League of Nations. He immediately informed me that he would arrange conferences for me with all officials whom I desired to interview. I brought to his attention the type of information which the Commission desires and he said:
“I have sent very interesting reports along with photos and finger-print records to the Secretariat. The statistics which have been requested, I also sent so far as I have been able to procure them from the Department of immigration. Thus far I have received from them statistics for the first 9 months of the year 1925. I am still awaiting figures for the last three months. Unfortunately the compilation of these last three months and those for 1926 have been delayed because of the drastic changes in personnel in the Department of immigration.”

He then showed me a series of reports which he has made to the League since the enactment of the new Immigration laws and inasmuch as I did not see any of this the material contained in the Cuban files in Geneva, I requested him to furnish me with a copy. This he gladly consented to do and these exhibits are attached hereto.

Havana, Cuba

Secret police

I next conferred with the Chief of Secret Police. He said “Since you were here last, great changes have taken place in Cuba. We are gradually driving out of the country all undesirables.” I then asked him to explain to me how this was being accomplished; he replied “Before, we had no way of getting rid of all the prostitutes and souteneurs. On the 18th of March, 1925, our President issued a decree authorizing the deportation of all foreign undesirables who have been in the country less than one year. On July 27, 1925, another decree was issued which made it possible for us to deport foreigners irrespective of how long they’ve been in the country. We immediately went to work and started to pick up these people. Our first drive resulted in rounding them up, and just as soon as we started to send them out of the country, others followed. More than 500 ran away within a few months.”

I said “Has there been any new legislation whereby the practice of prostitution has become an offense?” He replied “No, we used the law of 1900 whereby we can proceed against any person for practicing prostitution if we see her soliciting. It is merely a law dealing with the breach of the peace. We also use our law against impairing the morals of minors.”

I said “But, suppose these women are not seem to solicit?” He answered “The reputation of a house of prostitution is enough, especially when respectable people live nearby. Then, you must remember that all of these persons have some time or other been hauled into court for breaking the peace. The ones that had more convictions were deported.” I said “Under this law how were you able to close so many houses?” He replied “Here’s the way it works out: The National Police have a squad of 12 men. These men have a record of every house of prostitution, every prostitute and souteneur in Havana. They go about in plainclothes and watch the places. The uniformed police are also directed to report everything they see. The persons are arrested and tried in court. If guilty they are fined. The Secretary of the Interior demands the names and addresses of all persons convicted 3 times or more. He turns that information over to us (0-111); we investigate and if we find that the person who has been convicted 3 times is the same person, he or she is deported. In fact, all persons whom we know are undesirables are watched and sooner or later we get them. There are six going to leave
today. Immediately after the first bunch was deported, the exodus started. We began hauling them in and they realized that we meant business, and they got out of the country as fast as they could.”

“There are still about 200 women in Havana who operate very quietly. We are watching them and they will go sooner or later. We are pounding away and many of them that are still here will leave as soon as they get money enough.”

I said “Are there still any houses of prostitution here?” He replied “Of course there are a few, but they operate very quietly. I don’t imagine there are more than ten. They are being starved out.”

I said “Can you let me know how many have been deported since the passage of the new laws?” He replied “I can give you the statistics up until the month of August, 1926. The persons we deported were all the ring leaders. Some of the souteneurs had as many as six women. Any mark we had against them counted. There were deported since September, 1925, to August, 1926:– 24 women and 18 souteneurs:

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<tr>
<th>French</th>
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<td>Totals</td>
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I said “That makes a total of 42 in all in about one year.” He said “Yes, we are going right along. There are six going today. Of course they are included in the 24. The papers were made out in August, but they had to wait until now for the ship. We keep them out on a prison ship called the Gomez. They stay there until they are put aboard the ship.”

I said “Are the governments informed about the departure of the deportees?” He replied “The Consuls here are informed and they communicate it to their governments.” I said “Have any of those persons who have been deported ever tried to return?” He replied “No, our Immigration Department is supplied with finger-print records and photographs and they watch for them.”

I said “Have you ever heard of a trafficker named X--(42-T)?” He replied “We arrested and deported one X--(42-T), but he was not a trafficker. He masqueraded as a priest and collected money in Cuba for the war orphans and refugees of Syria. There is a souteneur by the name of Rex Nicola. He was king of the souteneurs here. He had six women. We sent him away with the first group. Perhaps he is the man you refer to.”

I then showed him a clipping from the Echo de Paris. He said “He is the bogus priest.” He then showed me the Rogues Gallery pictures of 42-T and Rex Nicola, proving them to be different men. I said “Perhaps he was also interested in traffic.” He replied “No, he never mingled with that group here. We watched him for weeks before we picked him up. He never had anything to do with women.”
I said “How long do you think the campaign you are waging against these undesirables will last?” He replied “Until everyone is deported or leaves. The entire government wants it done and we are doing it. The secretary of the interior is continually after us, the president wants it and the thinking people want it. You saw Havana in 1924. Tell me, how does it compare with today?” I replied “There has been a vast improvement.”

He then went on to show me a long list of individual foreign prostitutes whom the Morals Squad of the National Police have under surveillance. I said “How many are taken into court a day?” He replied “I can’t say, but I should judge at least from 100 to 150 a month; that includes, of course, native Cubans too.”

I said “Are any ever deported on one conviction?” He replied “No, but we don’t have any trouble getting convictions. The judges work with us.”

I said “Out of the 24 women and 18 men deported, were there many who had come to Cuba in the last year?” He replied “Among the women there were a few, but the men were old-timers. One souteneur had been here for 20 years.”

I said “Isn’t it a fact that many of the foreign souteneurs became Cuban citizens?” He replied “Quite a few did, but when we started to clean up and watched the women so closely, they left. Those women, you know, can’t make money if they have to operate clandestinely.”

Havana, Cuba

Immigration

I next had a conference with Dr. Roberts, new Commissioner of Immigration, who told me that he has been in office but twenty days and that the records of the Department are in such bad shape that he could not furnish me with statistics relative to the number of persons excluded for being prostitutes, or suspected of being souteneurs. He said “I can tell you this: My men are watching the situation very carefully. I personally am intensely interested in the subject and I’ll do all I can to see that prostitutes and pimps will not get into Havana, and that young girls entering are properly protected.”

He then called in his assistant and said “My assistant has been in the department for years. He may be able to answer questions about that which you desire to know which happened before the time I took office.”

I again asked for statistics; the assistant replied “I could not possibly get them for you. I can tell you though that as soon as the laws of 1925 were passed we began to deport 5 to 6 a month. We also noticed that scores of prostitutes and pimps left on the boats for Mexico. Some other prostitutes and pimps tried to get in, but were excluded. Now, so far as we know, none are trying to enter. They don’t come here anymore.”

I said “Have you any whom you deported to try to get back?” He replied “No, none. You see,
the way it is with that class of persons is that as soon as they learn that persons of their type are being deported they avoid coming."

I said “Are minor girls permitted to land in Cuba (Havana)?” He replied “They must be accompanied or have their parents’ permission. Even with their parents’ permission we will not let them go until we know the person to whom they are going. Cases like that are referred to a Ladies Society who investigate the surroundings where they are going. The Secret Police also investigate the reputation of the persons who want to take them off.”

I said “Does that holds good for all classes?” He replied “Mainly immigrants; but first and second-class passengers are also looked into, but not quite so thoroughly.” I said “Have any of the persons excluded been first or second class passengers?” He replied “Some were second, but mostly third. If we suspect any passengers, we question them and don’t let them land until we are convinced. Even persons in transit are not permitted to go ashore if we are suspicious about them. We have at Tiscornia (Immigration Station) 15 Polish women, who stated that they came here to be married. We sent for their husbands and found them to be American citizens. The funny part of it is oftimes the girls don’t know what their intended husbands look like except from the pictures they sometimes have. One fellow came and asked for his fiancee. We took him in and he couldn’t pick out the girl. There are none of them, I am sure, who are souteneurs, or the girls prostitutes. The idea is that these men are paid to take these girls back to the United States as their wives. They apparently have false marriage certificates to show to the United States authorities. We never let one out unless the fiancee marries her at our station.” I said “Do many get married?” He replied “Some do, but most won’t. There are four who are on a hunger strike now. None of that group are prostitutes, souteneurs or victims. They just want to get to the United States and they use that means.”

He then showed me photographs of all sojourners and prostitutes deported, and stated that his men are familiar with the pictures and are continually on the alert to prevent any attempt of these undesirables to reenter the country.

When I landed in Havana I witnessed the inspection of the first and second-class passengers. The inspector was extremely careful as to whom he permitted to land, and each person was closely observed and questioned.

**Mexico City, Mexico**

*October 14-16, 1926*

**Traffic in women and children**

*Unofficial*

Upon arrival in Mexico City I visited the restaurant A-la Calle Jesus Marie. This place had been mentioned to me while in Paris as a restaurant and semi-rendezvous for the Russian, Polish, Romanian and native souteneurs. I immediately inquired for Aron Kaplan (See Paris report). The
proprietor informed me that he had not been around today, but advised me either to wait or return a little later. I agreed to remain and about 10 P.M. Aron Kaplan came in. He immediately recognized and greeted me most cordially. He said “What in hell are you doing here? I thought you were in Egypt. Hirch wrote to me and said that you were there.” I said “I stayed there awhile and then beat it. Things were rotten in Paris, so I thought I’d come here and then go back home across the border.”

I then explained that I had to pursue this route in order to avoid entering the United States through the port of New York City. Aron Kaplan fully remembered the reasons that I had advanced to him for leaving the United States and apparently seemed perfectly satisfied with the story I related accounting for my presence in Mexico. He said “Well it’s just as well that you ain’t going to stay. Things here ain’t what they used to be. Since the trouble started with the church these b—— ain’t spending a cent. It ain’t only in our business, but also all over. It can’t go on this way. Before the end of the year there will be a revolution here.”

I said “I am sorry to hear that things are so bad, but believe me I’ll be glad to get back home. My wife went in through Havana, but I was afraid to take a chance there.” He said “From here you go to Laredo and when you go through on a Pullman as long as you are a citizen of America they won’t bother.”

I said “On the boat that I came over on I met two boys. Maybe you know them. One was Abe Morgenstein, the other Scholom.” He said “Certainly I do. You mean Kleiner Abie Morganstein and Scholom der Roumanisher. They only got in about then days ago. Nu (certainly) I know them. They came here. You will see.” I said “How did they make out with the girls?” He answered “Fine, no trouble at all. The girls are working on Calle Cauhtolotzin.” I said “Abe Morgenstein said the girls weren’t their wives. They brought them for other boys.” He said “What’s the difference! I know they are here. I ask no questions. You know what I told you two years ago in Paris. Keep to yourself; let the boys alone. Here, it’s the same way. I come here to eat and then I leave. Of course, you ain’t staying long, but if you were you’d know what I mean. In Mexico the boys must lay quiet. The police ain’t hard on us, but if once they find out you are a pimp, right away you are put on the pay roll. They are the biggest grafters in the world. Them momsers (bastards) in Egypt are mild compared to these c—— s——. Now they got laws here and if they once get a line (information) on you they’ll tell you what they can do! When that time comes you got to divide up or go to jail. It’s the same way with the girls. They lock them up if they don’t come across. You know now all girls have to register and get examined two times a week. They have a morals squad and all of them have their hands out. A bunch of the houses were closed. They couldn’t stand the price the cops fixed. The joints that still run can’t have music or dancing and they are afraid to sell liquor except to customers they know. The morals squad watch for these things and then shake them down. If they don’t pay they close them up. The joints can’t afford it. Business is so bad you have no idea! My girl made 20 pesos in two days. Before she used to make 40 a day.”

I said “Is she the same girl you had in Paris when I was there?” He said “No, I left her and got this girl.” I said “You certainly can land them!” He said “I went to Czernowitch to see my people and I met her. She’s a good looking wife (wife).” I said “Fresh stock?” He said “No, she had a Romanian boy before; he died and we got together.”

I then related that I had met Max Diamonton, Seeker, and Fancy Boy in Paris. He said “Yes I know. They left here five or six months ago. I thought they would be in on the boat that Abe Morgenstein
came on. You know I never asked this crowd any questions. I heard them talking.” I said “What the hell are they running around in Europe for? They all got girls here.” He said “Max Diamonton has two girls. One here and one in Guadalajara. They tell me Fancy Boy has three. I only know one, but Max Diamonton says he has a girl in Vera Cruz too.” I said “Do you think they will bring anything back?” He answered “Of course. Let me tell you: The Polish, Romanian and Russian girls are liked here. These people (Mexicans) like them. You know all the girls in the Cuarto Messines (Crib District) are three ways (intercourse, sodomy and perversion). When this place is right (normal) there ain’t no where you can compare with it.”

I said “I heard that it is hard to get a girl in.” He said “They have a new law here. You see, they won’t let girls in alone. All right, we can always get somebody to take them off at Vera Cruz. 10 or 20 pesos is a lot of money to these hosarum (pigs). Money talks quick. Our boys have no trouble.” I said “How about the French boys? Have they much of a hold?” He replied “No, not anymore. You know a French pimp is the same the world over. I see them in Egypt, in Panama and in South America. They all think they are starkers (strong arms, rough). They get fighting, they blow each other’s nut off and then the law gets after them. They got rid of a big bunch of them. No, I tell you. Our boys (Russians, Poles, Romanians) outnumber them three to one.”

I said “How is it so few show up here?” He replied “They all come, but go. This ain’t like Paris, you know. Take like you and me. We go around together. We all can’t hang out together. It’s better this way. Just as I told you in Paris, it is bad business. Why must we sit in a cafe and be pointed out like ‘There’s a pimp!? You know people ain’t blind.”

I said “Well, now that things are tough here, there won’t be many coming in.” He said “Boys are always bringing in something. You know Mexico City ain’t the only city of Mexico. There is Guadalajara, Pueblo, Monterrey, Vera Cruz; they are all good where the money moves (circulates).”

I said “Aren’t there any big houses here like in Paris?” He replied “Yes, sure; plenty. I told you they closed some up, didn’t I? Well let me tell you: They are fine joints; some have nice French girls, but there is no money for a boy (pimp) with a girl in those places. The girls have to f——— around too long with the trade. The girls that make the jack (money) here are the girls in the cribs. They get the Johns (customers), give them the rush act and get another. It’s like Buenos Aires. I’m telling you straight, it takes a girl who ain’t particular. Everybody who has 2 or 4 pesos rides. Ain’t that better than wasting hours on a guy who will spend 10 pesos? I’m telling you, I know what I am talking about. Every girl in the Cuarto Messines (Crib District), now don’t get me wrong; I mean strange (foreign), makes more than the big house girls. I’ll tell you what the houses are good for: The madames can get virgins of 15, 16 years old for rich men. They pay 50 to 100 pesos. They get country girls from poor families and turn them over to these men. That’s all they are good for.”

I said “Do they get many?” He answered “All the afternoon trade is that. What the hell do these Mexican lice know! They sell a young kid like it was an animal. That’s the only time they are good. When they get over 20 (years) they are terrible.”

I said “Aren’t there any foreign young girls coming in?” He answered “No. The kind we are getting nearly all know the gëschaft (business).” I said “How is Havana now?” He answered “Tight
shut! They closed up long ago. The girls began to come in here.” I said “Are there many here?” He replied “Enough here and Monterrey, Pueblo; the boys too. They are all over Mexico. You take it from me: If you had a girl and was going to stay here, I’d say to you just like I would to a brother: Don’t put her in a big house! Get a crib. It only costs a few pesos a day, two or three pesos for the police, and your girl is good for $20 easy. Not now, but when times is good.”

In the company of Aron Kaplan I visited several of the higher-priced houses of prostitution, also the cheap cribs which are situated on Calle Cauhtolotzin, Calle Niffo Perdito, Calle Dr. Daniel Ruiz and Calle Igualidad. Aron Kaplan said: “You see, in this district is where the money is made when times are good”. I said “Didn’t you say that the two girls Abe Morgenstein and Scholom brought on are here?” He replied “Yes, we’ll pass and I’ll show them to you”.

A little while later we passed two cribs on Calle Dr. Daniel Ruiz (the numbers of which it was impossible to secure) where I recognized both prostitutes whom I had seen and been introduced to on the boat. After a brief conversation Aron Kaplan advised that we leave. I said to him “Do they like it here?”; he replied “Certainly! You see, they are working already”. I said “Abe Morgenstein told me he was bringing her in for somebody else”. He said “Yes, that’s what I heard too. You know, he goes over (to Europe) every few months. He never comes back without something (girl)”. I said “There must be a lot of boys (pimps) in town if all these girls have husbands (pimps)”. He replied “Certainly there is! Wait until you are here for a few days; you will run into so many that you will be thankful you ain’t going to stay. All this last (class, type) are always putting their noses into everybody’s business. How many do you think have already asked me who you are, what you want here, and if you got a girl? I tell you they never are satisfied unless they are into everybody’s affair!” I said “I suppose they (prostitutes) have all been here a long while”. He replied “Some, yes; but every few weeks there are new faces (new comers)”. I said “The boys bring them, I suppose”. He said “Certainly; where the hell do those nekavers (prostitutes) get money enough to take a trip?”. I said “It costs something”. He said “You bet and it’s hard too”. I said “Third class is terrible on those boats”. He replied “The german and Holland boats,--third class ain’t bad; but it’s terrible on the French boats”. I said “I guess most of them travel third class”; he said “No, a few do, but the best way is second. Then they don’t give you much trouble. You know, they got a new law here and they hold you up. A girl can’t land alone. That’s why we always have a business man go to the front. Abe Morgenstein can land anything (through arrangements with authorities); but after, it means give up (pay protection money). He ain’t a bad fellow that way; he will always help a boy (pimp) out”.

I said “There don’t seem to be many young ones around”. He replied “No, they are all between 25 and 30. You know, it’s hard to break a young girl into this trade”.

We then visited several better resorts on Calle Puebla, Calle Alta Manana, Calle Republica de Cuba and Calle Aranda. I said to Aron Kaplan: “There aint many French girls, are there?”; he replied “No, the French girls ain’t strong here, but there are some. The main boy Bibi got run out (deported) and the rest left. The gals in these places are now Spanish, mostly natives, but there are still a few French”.

About 1 A.M. while about to enter my hotel, I was accosted by two French street walkers. These prostitutes appeared to be very young. We went into a nearby cafe where both informed me that they came here from Paris a year ago. They gave me their ages as 20 and 21, respectively. The girls refused
to indulge in any conversation other than to offer to put on an indecent performance for me. They complained of the lack of business and said they scarcely make enough to maintain themselves. They gave me their names and addresses as Amy, Hotel Republic, Calle republica de Cuba and Lucille, Hotel Republic, Calle republica de Cuba, respectively.

Mexico City, Mexico

Oct. 17-22, 1926

Traffic in women and children

Unofficial

About noon, Oct. 17, I again met Aron Kaplan. We discussed various topics and during the course of our conversation, I said to him “Just before I left Paris Schloymer told me that when I go to Mexico I should grease (convey regards) X ______ (Abraham Melgut). I don’t know the boy, do you?” He repeated the name several times; then he said “What’s his first name?” I replied “I think he said it was X______.” He said “X______? X______? Oh, I know who you mean! You mean Abram Bucher! I think that is who you mean. That’s right! That’s his name! But, you know, I know him better as Abraham Melgut. Ain’t he got a German wife (prostitute)?” I replied “Yes. I think her name is Gittel Melgut”. He said “That’s the man! Well, I’ll take you to him. I know where he lives; but, listen to me: You want to go home, aint it? Well, take my advice: He hangs out in a place where all of the boys (pimps and traffickers) who are known to the shamuses (police) make their headquarters. If you stick around that joint (resort) there aint no telling when you’ll get into trouble. Not jugged (jailed)! But put on the payroll”. I said “What do you mean, payroll?”; he replied “Just as I told you the other day: As soon as the cops (police) get wise that you are a boy (pimp), they come around with their hands out (looking for money) and it aint once that you got to pay it, but you got to keep on stippen (paying) all the time! I’ll tell you what kind of a joint it is: You know the joint where the boys hung out in Cairo? Or, better yet: It’s like that joint that that English boy ran in Buenos Aires. You know where I mean, on Calle Corrientes. The boys eat there and so do their wives. A whole lot of them live there too. Every hosser (pig) and every suschicker (trafficker, i.e. sender) of our lart (Romanian-Russian-Polish crowd) goes there as soon as they come to Mexico. The man who owns it and runs it as a rooming and boarding house is a good, serious (respectable) fellow. So is his wife. But nothing but the hevra men (underworld characters) are there. Come on; we’ll go over. You know me! I was burned (jailed) once in Peru, and I play now a clean and safe game”.

He then took me to a rooming and boarding house situated at Calle Dos Avril. The flat is situated on the first floor (one up) and is the principal rendezvous for Russians, Poles, Germans, Romanians, souteneurs, traffickers, resort keepers, and their prostitutes and various other associates. This place is strictly private and only those persons known or satisfactorily introduced are admitted. The man who operates this place is a Russian; and so far as I could learn, only underworld characters are permitted to gather here. Many of the foreign prostitutes who operate in the Cuarto Messines (Crib District) either reside here or come here regularly for their meals. At meal times as many as 25 prostitutes may be seen in the various rooms where the dinners are served. Approximately an equal number of souteneurs etc., are also to be found about the premises at meal times.
31-T\(^3\) is very well known to all of the frequenters and I therefore had no difficulty in gaining admittance to this resort and hangout. Likewise, being introduced to at least 10 souteneurs and their prostitutes whom I had not previously been acquainted with. As we were about to enter one of the bed rooms I observed four men in conversation; the proprietress a middle-aged gray-haired apparently Russian women ran from the kitchen, (situated just to the left of the staircase) and halted 31-T and me by saying in her native tongue “Where are you going?”; 31-T replied “It’s all right, Mama; this boy just came in from Paris. I want to see some of the boys. Is Abram Bucher around?”; she replied “Oh, it’s you X--31-T! I didn’t know you; you come here so seldom! Go ahead in there; the boys will tell you where he is”.

We then circled the patios and entered a room directly opposite the staircase which we had ascended. In this room were four souteneurs standing and apparently in a very earnest and heated conversation. Among the four I immediately recognized Abe Morgenstein and Scholom, both of whom I had crossed with (accompanied by two prostitutes) on the S.S. Espagne. The other two souteneurs were then introduced according to the underworld practice; that is, I was merely introduced as “A boy from Paris”; the two souteneurs' names were not secured until during the course of a later conversation when they were addressed as Welfky Russ and Hersche (Hirsh). As soon as Aron Kaplan stated that I had just arrived from Paris, Kleiner Abie (Small Abie) Morganstein said “Yes, I know him (me). He and his wife (wife) crossed on my boat”. I said “So you bought the boat now?” He replied “Nu (well) sure! No, but didn’t we all come over together! But, if you like it better, I came over on your boat! Dot’s (that is) better! You’re a macher (master)! You travel first class!” I replied “Well, we all got here, so what’s the difference?”. Hersche (Hirsh) said “That’s the main thing! Well, (to me) how do you like Mexico? And your wife? Does she like it?”. I then explained that my wife has returned to the United States, whereupon Abe Morgenstein said “Where are you stopping?”; I replied “On Avenida Juares”; he said “Sport miner! (a sporty fellow). Why dont you come over here and stop? Why do you want to spend a lot of money? I bet you paid a big price!” I replied “Not so much. I would come over, but I am not remaining long because I am just about ready to try to get back to America (United States). My wife went in through Havana. But I cant take any such chances! I got to go in through the border; I cant go in through any port”. He then commented upon my having an American passport, and went on to describe its advantages; he said “I should have a pass like that and I’d yentz (obscene slang for “cheat”) them all!”; I said “You’re here, aren’t you, and so are your girls. It looks to me as if, even with your pass you are able to yentz (cheat) them”. He replied “We didn’t have any trouble, but it cost us money (meaning expensive). We had to take care (pay) the immigration men and the Chief of Police at Vera Cruz. With your pass, it cost you nothing and they (authorities) can’t ask you any questions.” I said “I have had other passes too and I’ve never had to give up a cent when I wanted to get into any place”.

Kleiner Abie (Small Abie) Morganstein said, directing his remarks to the group generally, “Certainly! When a boy (pimp) can afford to travel first class, he don’t have to pay anything! If I travel with trunks (lots of baggage) in first class I’d never give them momsers (bastards) a centavo!” I said “Well, I don’t travel as much as you fellows, and I find it pays best to travel a little but in the best way”. One of the group said “It’s all right if you can afford it”. 31-T interpolated “Say, where

\(^3\) Paul Kinsie is obviously mistaken; the correct code would be 31-P: Aron Kaplan. The same holds for the next appearances of the same code.
is Abram Bucher? I want to see him”. One of the group replied “He ain’t here yet; sometimes he gets here at one o’clock; sometimes later. Why, what is luffing (what’s happening)?” 31-T replied “Nothing; I just want to see him”.

Our conversation then touched upon prostitution conditions in Buenos Aires, Brazil, Cairo, Havana, and other places throughout the world, either regarded by this group as favorable or unfavorable to their activities. I said “From what 31-T tells me, I’m glad I didn’t bring my wife here”. Hersche (Hirsh) said “31-T? Who is he? I don’t know him! Aw, Aronsnich! Ich ken im besser by that name! (I know him better by that name). Well, let me tell you: It aint so gerfareluch (awful) here. It’s a little slow now, but it won’t be that way all the time! When they get this Catholic business straightened out, Mexico will be good again”.

I said “Maybe Tampico and Vera Cruz are better”. He replied “It’s the same all over. Monterey, Pueblo, Guadalajara, and all of those interior staats (cities) are always worse! When it’s bad in Mexico City, it’s bad all over”.

I said “A couple of the boys have been telling me that there’s a lot of new laws here and they are pretty hard to beat. A boy (pimp) in Paris told me it’s very tough getting in here”. He said “S———, they got laws here like every other place; certainly if you tell them your business they won’t let you in! But if you keep your head about you and you have a good front (appearance), laws don’t mean a damned thing. Aint there boys and girls (pimps and prostitutes) coming in every day? That’s enough, aint it? The rest is all stuss (foolishness)! It is a little harder; but, just the same there’s nobody here that’ll stop you. Mexicans like money; and a peso goes a long way. That law was passed nearly a year ago. I should have a hundred pesos for every boy and girl that’s come in here since then! With all these laws nobody aint stopped!”

I said “How about that new identification card that they make you get?”; he replied “That’s the same thing like they have in South America. You know in Buenos Aires everybody must have a cedula (Card of Identification). The only thing to it is that in case a boy gets into serious trouble and the police want him, when he’s gone out, they can catch him and hold him”.

I said “It seems to be as if all over they are getting wiser and making it harder for boys and girls (souteneurs and prostitutes) to travel”. He replied “All that stuff looks good on paper. You don’t think they made this for our benefit, do you? In Mexico here all this stuff was made for the Catholics and a whole lot of other people who came in here that they don’t want”.

I then said to Abe Morgenstein and Scholom: “Did your girls get in without you having to see (pay) the Chief of Police?”; one replied “No, it cost us money; I told you that. The only thing hard about this place is that a girl can’t get in here alone. I had to fix things up. But, what the Hell’s the difference? It only cost a few pesos. If you stay here you’ll feel the pressure too, and it won’t be on your ears, but on your pocket book!” I said “Why?”; he said “Graft, graft, graft! That’s all they have down here!”.

Aron Kaplan said “That son of a b——— (Chief of Police) is doing it!” I said “You don’t mean to say that he’s got his hand out (looking for graft money) too?”; he replied “No, but he’s making the
men under him step (get it) and of course, when they gotta produce, that's what they say anyhow, they come around with their hands out!” I said “Well, are they pointing it at you fellows?”; he said “No, these days you see there's liable to be trouble here and they are looking us over (watching us), but I yentz (fool, cheat) them all! I hustle (sell) my pictures (pretends to be a traveling photographer) and they cant shake me down for a sou!” Abe Morgenstein said “Don't berscrie (boast)! Your day will come”; Aron Kaplan said “They (police) know I got a women (prostitute); but I work; they think so anyhow. That's why they cant touch me.”

I said “If I really saw an opening here I would have brought something (prostitute) in”. Hersche (Hirsh) said “Just now it aint good. You'd lose money here. The harzieum (pigs) (i.e. Mexicans) aint spending. But, after January there'll either be a revolution or things will be quiet; and then the tourists will start to come in and it will be a good year again”.

I said “If I were to decide to come back with my wife, do you think I'd have any trouble in bringing her in?”; Hersche (Hirsh) replied “If you come in with her, no. But if you were to send for her now and to have her come in, you'd have to get somebody to take her off.” I said “Off where?”; he replied “Off the boat”. I said “I just don't understand what you mean….?”; he said “If you want to do something like that, you just let us know. You see, the lady and her husband who run this place here are serious (respectable) people. We always get her to go to Vera Cruz or to have the girl (prostitute) give the immigration officers her (landlady) name; she'll then say that the girl who is coming in is a relative or a friend and she'll take care of her”. I said “Do they (authorities) really come around to look her up?”; he replied “They don't bother! It's all bunk! (Untrue).”

I said “Well, that's easier than having to give up money to the cops (police), aint it? What's the use of paying then?”; he replied “Well, sometimes you gotta do it the other way. You know (they authorities) take a look at a girl and they see that she looks like a business girl (professional prostitute) and they'll purposely hold her. Then you got to go to the cops. We got a good friend down there in Vera Cruz and he fixes it with the immigration men”.

About this time the souteneurs and prostitutes began to arrive in increasing numbers for their mid-day meal. Among them was a man who was introduced as Abram Bucher. He was later joined by a prostitute whom he said was his wife and whom all assembled addressed as Gittel Melgut (Wife of Abraham Malgut). Aron Kaplan immediately tugged at my arm and said “There's Abram Bucher. I'll tell him about it”. He then said to Abram Bucher, (after repeating to him that I had just arrived from Paris and was conveying the regards of a notorious Parisian trafficker) “This boy is from Paris”. A rather peculiar expression manifested itself on Abram Bucher’s face as he said “That’s funny! You must have the name twisted. I heard of that fellow; who hasn't heard of him! But I never met him in my life!”

I said “All I know is that I am doing what he told me to do. Maybe I did get the name twisted. Well, whoever it was, anyhow he sends his regards to you”. Abram Bucher said “Tanks (Thanks). Say, next somebody will be telling me the Prince of Wales has been asking for me”.

A brief conversation ensued then Abram Bucher said “I am going to go to my room” and departed.

Aron Kaplan said “Well, come on; let's go”....“we got to see that party….you know who I mean.” Inasmuch as Aron Kaplan had brought me here, I assented and went down to the street with him
whereupon he said “Well, you see for yourself: It’s a bad place to hang out. That’s why I like that other place where you met me the other day. There they only come to eat; then they go. Here they live, fress (eat), and spiel (play cards) and it’s too good known. I tell you the truth: I go there very seldom. Only you wanted to see him, I’d never have gone. Only when I need something I go there. Every crook and every son of a b——— from the hevra eats there. You know, they are not like human beings! They can’t stick together and get along nice! They must get into arguments and fights, and that’s how the cops (police) come to know them. You see how that little bastard took you up! He’s jealous! He was looking for an argument then when you were kidding (joking) him about his ship”.

I told Aron Kaplan that I was very glad that he had informed me; I added “As long as they can do you a good turn, it’s good to know them. But, the trouble is if you are not intimate enough with them and see them seldom, maybe they won’t come through (be accommodating) when you need them”. He replied “Lice like that you can call upon any time. They’ll always help you. Why will they help you? Because they like you? No, no! Because they want to make money from you. They are out for the dollar! There aint one of them sons of b——— that would do you a good turn for nothing! If you wanted to bring a girl in and it cost 50 pesos to do it, they’d charge you 100. Me? They are all jealous of me. I had them all galled (bitter toward me) because since you know when I left France I came in with my wife and I never paid any son of a b——— a cent!”

I said “Well, for instance: What good can they do a boy?”; he replied “Abram Bucher, Abe Morgenstein, Hersche (Hirsh), Welfky Russ are all suschickers (traffickers in women and girls). If you want a girl, they can get one in for you. And if a girl can’t get in, they can fix it with the cops. I’m telling you they got good connections. But my motto is: Whenever you need a wife (prostitute), get her yourself! Mark my words! If you stay away from them you’ll never need them, because by being away from them you’ll never get into trouble!”

I said “That sounds all right, but a friend is always good to have”. He replied “Certainly! Hut, take you, for instance: If you wanted to bring a girl in here, nobody knows you; you could bring her in as your wife and they (authorities) couldn’t stop you. Just the same like I did. But, if you are going to hang around with them and they start to know you, then it means souris (worry, sorrow)! You see, the woman who runs that joint (rooming-house-rendezvous) has a lot of relatives here, and if one of the boys brings in a girl for somebody else, he goes to her and she says she’ll take care of the girl. You know, they arrange all these things before. You know how they do it.”

I said “It’s funny that Abram Bucher don’t know Schloymer, because Schloymer even told me that he (Abram Bucher) had a little German girl with him”. Aron Kaplan replied “She’s a Polish girl, but she lived in Germany.” “You saw her when she came in”. I said “Have they been here very long?” He replied “I think they got here about a year ago”. I said “Have they stuck (stayed) in Mexico City all that time?” He replied “Yes, she’s down there on the line (prostitution district); she’s a damn good money maker too”. I said “How old is she? She looks pretty young”; he said “When he brought her here he told me she was only 20 years old, but she’s older than that though”. I said “How did he get her?”; he replied “I don’t know; he met her in Germany some place. He’s an old timer; he’s had a lot of girls”. I said “Is he still monkeying around with others while he’s still got her?”; he replied “I don’t think so”. I said “Well, if you say that he and all the rest are suschickers (traffickers) they must be
getting a lot of girls and bringing them in”. He said “Kleiner Abie (Small Abie) Morganstein is a real suschicker; you know, the little fellow who came over on the boat with you. He goes over (to Europe) four or five times a year. He knows ‘em (officials, etc) on all the boats. But, he’s got a good line; he represents himself as a shirt manufacturer”.

I said “What the hell can he do with the girls he brings in? Isn’t everybody supplied here? He can’t keep them himself”. He answered “There’s other boys that he supplies. You know, in this country a girl has to have a boy (souteneur); and he turns them over to other boys and he gets a nice few hundred dollars every time”. I said “Well, he must put them in the big joints (large resorts)”; Aron Kaplan replied “Didn’t I tell you that the only place where there’s real money is in the little joints?” I said “Why do they need boys here anymore than in any other place?”; he replied “Well, you see, the cops here are shaking down the girls (making them pay money); then they got to have a boy who can arrange things for them to come in; and it takes a boy to get them a good join (place) to work in. You know, there’s a lot of fellows who go down to the district, stay with the women and try to get their money back. And if a girl hasn’t got a boy who knows the cops pretty well so as to fix things up, the girl will get the worst of it”.

The remaining few days in Mexico City were spent by me chiefly at the souteneurs’ and prostitutes’ rendezvous, the resort on Calle Dos Avril, where at various times I was introduced to a number of other Russian, Romanian, Polish and German souteneurs. Among them I learned the names of four, i.e. Motche Mexicaine, Karl, Schloymer Boychick and Der Lehmer; each of these souteneurs during the course of my conversation with them admitted that they have prostitutes operating in the Cuarto Messines (Crib District) and all of them said they had brought their women into Mexico from foreign countries during the last five years.

The prostitutes, some of whom I met, all appeared to be between 25 and 30 years of age.

Upon one occasion, while talking with Motche Mexicaine, I said “I think I’ll come back to Mexico sometime, if this trouble blows over and try to pick up a little money”. He said “I’ve been all over the world and I like it better than any place I’ve ever been. The climate here is beautiful, and this crowd (Mexicans) all like to stup (fornication). My girl made nice money here before this trouble. When it is over things will get better”. I said “You got a nice looking girl; she ought to be a good business girl”. He replied “Fine girl, German girl”. I said “She looks very young”. He replied “Twenty two”. I said “Where did you get her? How did you land her?”; he replied “We aint been together very long.” I said “Did you have a hard job?”; he said “What’s the difference; she was a business girl (professional prostitute)”. I said “The reason why I asked is that my girl is only 19 and if I were to bring her down here I’d have a hard job getting them (authorities) to register her”. He replied “Who told you that?”. I said “I heard it”. He said “Let me tell you something: They will register any girl here above 18; and if she was 17 they’d register her too”.

I said “Yes, but her passport would show that”. He said “Here you show nothing. When a girl wants to be put on the books (become registered), she goes to the Sanitary Department and tells them. They ask her her name and her age, and her nationality. She can tell them anything. They dont ask any more questions”.


I said “Do you mean to say she don’t have to show a birth certificate or working papers like they do in Europe?”; he replied “I’m telling you they don’t have to show a God damned thing! These God damned Mexicans don’t know anything! What the hell do they care! It’s a great country! The only trouble is that there is so much graft. But, it’s good that there is so much graft. Because when you get into trouble a few gold pieces can buy you out”. I said “Well, the French boys must be bringing in a lot of girls”. He said “There aint many French here anymore. They sent a lot of them away (deported) them. These bastards are always fighting among themselves. And with all that, I’ll show you what graft there is here: I can name you five who were deported and in two days they were back in Mexico City”. I said “How did they do it?”; he answered “Graft! They were put on a boat at Vera Cruz; some got off at Progreso, some got off at Tampico and came back!”

I said “But dont the cops know that they are back here?”; he replied “Certainly they know it, but the boys are paying them. You see, now they (authorities) have got plenty of rules and regulations and that makes better graft for the cops. They closed up a lot of places here, but that dont mean anything! They opened up some place else again. I know girls (prostitutes) who were registered and got into trouble. They went away for two months, then came back, went to register, gave another name and are doing business all right now!”

I said “It sounds like a joke to me”; he replied “Certainly it’s a joke! There’s only one thing that you need here; when your girl is here, see that she reports every week to get examined. That’s all”.

I said “Well, I suppose, now, there won’t be many boys coming over with girls because of the poor business”; he replied “Fancy Boy, Seeker and Max Diamonton will all be here next month; and each one has got something (girl) with him. They are all coming in on the X--(783-X). I only got a letter three days ago and Kleiner Abie Morganstein has got everything fixed so they will all get in without any trouble. And all it will cost will be 50 pesos gold apiece. I’m telling you it’s the best place in the world; better than Buenos Aires or any other place”.

About this time we were joined by Kleiner Abie Morganstein. I said “Well, are you going to go across (to Europe) again?”; he replied “In a little while”. I said “You must own an interest in the line (steamship company)”; he replied “Well, it does cost money”. I said “Well, if you go to Paris, give all the boys my best regards”. He said “I’ll do that”.

Sometime later, on another day, while alone with Kleiner Abie Morganstein, I said to him “I heard Fancy Boy and Seeker and Max Diamonton are coming over on the X_____”; he replied “Yes, I expect them between the 4th and 7th of November”. I said “Do you think they’ll have any trouble getting in?”; he replied “Not a bit; I’ve got everything fixed”.

I said “How’s the dog you brought the Chief of Police?”; he replied “The son of a b_____died! I promised to bring him another one the next time I go away. This one I get for that momser (bastard), if he keeps it, it will bite the ba_____ off him!”….continuing, he said to me “Well, are you going to bring your girl over?”. I replied “No, not for a while yet. I’ll stay here a little while, then I’ll beat it. If things get better I may come back”. He said “Vell, I’ll get you a nice place down there on Calle Cauhtolotzin”. I said “Well, what’ll it cost?”; he replied “Good location right where all the girls that
do the business are; nice beds; clean. I can get you them for 10 pesos a day. You give the cops on the beat 2 pesos a day or four and she makes at least 50 pesos.” I said “Well, how much can a girl make down there?”, he replied “Three or four pesos; but, that means for anything, you know. These fellows (mexicans) here all like french (perversion) and up the back (sodomy). A good three-way girl (natural, perversion and participator in sodomy) can make 50 pesos a day; that’s only 10, 12 or 15 men. That aint anything, and it’s good money”.

During my last day in Mexico City I purposely absented myself from the souteneurs’ haunts and spent considerable time in and about the Cuarto Messines (Crib District ) where I engaged in conversation at least 20 foreign prostitutes. A majority of these women admitted to me that they had come to Mexico within the last five years and all of them having previously known me or seen me going about with various souteneurs, admitted to me that their souteneurs had brought them here.

One of the prostitutes, Gittel Melgut (Wife of Abraham Malgut), said that she that arrived in Mexico a year ago with her husband Abraham Melgut and that she has been practicing prostitution ever since; she said she is 23 years of age, of Polish nationality, and left Germany with this fellow. She also said that she had practiced prostitution clandestinely in Berlin, Germany, before coming to Mexico.

Another prostitute, Mendel, who resides at 32-D Calle Canhtomotzin told me that she remembered me from having seen me in Paris; she said that she had been brought to Mexico City by Kleiner Abie Morganstein. I said “Is he your husband now?”; she replied “No, you spoke to my husband the other day, Welfky Russ”.

Still another prostitute, operating at 32-H Calle Canhtomotzin and who gave her name as Beckie said that she has been in Mexico for two years, with the exception of three months, when she operated in Havana. She said “I only got back. Things in Havana are tough” I said “Don’t I know your husband?”; she replied “Sure, didn’t you meet him up in the joint Calle Dos Avril: Motche Mexicaine?” I said “Oh yes, that’s right. I did meet him. Why do they call him M———?” She said “Oh, he’s been in Mexico for a long time and they think he’s a Mexican”. I said “Well, you couldn’t have been here very long; you don’t look very old”; she replied “Oh, I’m only 20. I’m only here two years”. I said “Well, where did you get him?”; she replied “I met him through Kleiner Abie Morganstein”. I said “Well, you must have had a lot of money to travel across to here (Europe to Mexico)”; she replied “He (Kleiner Abie Morganstein) paid for me”.

Before leaving Mexico City, I again called on Aron Kaplan and told him I had been down to the district to look things over in case I should return; I also stated that all the girls are complaining how bad business is; he said “I should say so! It’s terrible!”. I then said “Say, I was talking to a few girls down there and they told me that Kleiner Abie Morganstein pays their way over”. He said “He’s always bringing somebody over. I told you he is a suschicker (trafficker). Whenever a boy needs a girl, he fixes him up. He supplies a bunch of them. He can get you one quick”. I said “Here?”; he replied “Here, all the girls have boys; but he goes across and he will bring you something (girl) back. The police know about it. I’m telling you: It’s bad business! They’ll trip him up some day”.
In addition to visiting a majority of the cribs in the Cuarto Messines (Crib District), I also visited the other crib section of the city, on Calle Panama. In this section fully 90 per cent. of the women are natives. I also visited at least 15 of the better-class houses of prostitution scattered throughout the city, together with second and third-class houses and resorts which are situated along Calle Cuba, Calle Tacuba and streets parallel to them; also spending some time in and about cabarets frequented by prostitutes and their associates.

In my observations I found that a majority of the foreign prostitutes operate in cribs, and that they are of the nationalities previously named herein. I was very much surprised to find so few French prostitutes. While this statement may be directly contradictory to the statistics furnished me by the Department of Health, I am certain, not only from my personal observations, but also from information gathered from the underworld, that the slipshod and lax method by which prostitutes are inscribed, renders such figures useless for the purpose of comparing them with the real facts and conditions ascertained on the ground. The only reasons I can offer for prostitutes mistating their nationalities is that occasionally police activity has been directed against certain national groups; therefore, they feel it safer to represent themselves as of other nationalities than they really are.

In the better-class houses very few foreign prostitutes are to be found. The madames and operators of these resorts seem to specialize in Mexican girls, particularly young ones, i.e. with ages ranging from 15 years up, whom they procure for known patrons. I am certain that so far as foreign prostitutes in Mexico City are concerned, that more than 95 per cent. of them have been brought there by souteneurs and traffickers for the purpose of being exploited. The vast majority of this 95 per cent. are, however, above the age of 21 years. But, here and there, one may find foreign minors practicing prostitution.

So far as I was able to ascertain the chief activities of Mexico City's underworld are under the control of Russian, Polish, Romanian, Austrian and German souteneurs and traffickers who are fairly well organized, extremely boastful of their ability to corrupt the police and immigration authorities and as they themselves admit, scarcely a boat arrives from Europe without having several souteneurs with prostitutes aboard.

**Mexico City, Mexico**

*Oct. 14-21, 1926*

**Traffic in women and children**

*Official*

Shortly after my arrival in Mexico City, Mexico, I presented my credentials to private secretary of President Calles; the secretary informed me that because of the pressure of official business, it would be impossible for him to bring this matter to the attention of President Calles for at least a week; however, he advised me to present my letter addressed to the Lic Aaron Saenz, Secretary of Foreign Affairs immediately and assured me that in this way matters would be greatly expedited. I did as he
suggested and was very cordially received by Lic Aaron Saenz who said, after I had explained the purpose of my visit, that he would place at my disposal all officials who could be of assistance to me. In substance he said:

“You will find a very little, if any, traffic here. The best informed man on that subject is the Commissioner of Health, Federal District. If you are seeking statistics, he may be able to furnish them. I fear, however, that the statistics which he may have, you’ll find are incomplete. We have changed our regulations dealing with the problem of prostitution, and have not tried out sufficiently long enough our new plan to be able to gather or offer to you any reliable or conclusive figures”.

I told Lic Aaron Saenz that in addition to interviewing the Commissioner of Health I would also like to confer with the Police Commissioner and the Immigration Commissioner; he said “Very well; I’ll place you in the hands of my secretary and he will arrange conferences for you with all persons whom you desire to meet. Do you intend to visit any other cities of the Republic? If you do, it will be necessary for you to first confer with the governor of the state in which is located the city you desire to visit and secure his permission. I can only arrange to have you meet national officials. You know, each state has its own regulations regarding prostitution; our Immigration laws, however, are, of course, national laws. I might say that we are striving to have each state adopt these regulations, and we hope that by the first of the year the entire problem of prostitution will be handled by our National Board of Health”.

I informed the Lic Aaron Saenz that I had no intention of officially visiting any other state in the republic.

After some delay conferences were arranged with the Commissioner of Health, the Police Commissioner and the Immigration Commissioner, respectively.

In my conference with the commissioner of Health, Federal District he stated that he knew very little about the subject of traffic in women and children, and advised me to confer with one of his subordinates, Dr. Alvirez, Sanitary Bureau, in charge of enforcing the regulations.

This official, when asked as to whether or not he thought there is a traffic in women and children into or from Mexico said, in substance:

“I have never heard of it here”. I then explained that the Commission on Traffic in Women and Children of the League of Nations had agreed to conduct this study and defined such traffic to be the international procuration of women or girls to satisfy the passions of another, or their transportation for purposes of prostitution. He replied “Yes, I know what traffic is, but I am sure that nothing like that takes place in Mexico City. So far as the foreign prostitutes who come here are concerned, I am sure that they all come to Mexico of their own free will”.

I said “Do the foreign prostitutes in Mexico City have souteneurs?”; He replied “Why yes, of course; we know that they have”. I said “Are these souteneurs natives (Mexicans), or are they of their (girls) on nationality?”; he answered “Invariably the souteneurs are of the same nationality is the prostitutes”. I said “Is it not possible, then, that some of the souteneurs may have been instrumental
in bringing these women into the country and later exploiting them?"; he replied "Of course that may be, but they usually find their souteneurs after they arrive here. Our Immigration Department is very strict about that sort of thing. In fact, our new laws provide for the exclusion of prostitutes and souteneurs."

I then reverted to the question of whether or not he thought women are being brought in for immoral purposes by souteneurs, because the commissioner of Health, Federal District had said in effect that he suspected that this sort of thing was done to some extent by the French souteneurs; he said "I have felt that French girls have very often written to their friends in Europe requesting them to come to Mexico. I suspect that sometimes these letters are instigated by French souteneurs, but I never could be sure. Then again, I've been led to feel that most of these girls of all nationalities find their souteneurs after they arrive here. I may as well tell you that the problem of traffic has never presented itself to us. We are interested in prostitution here in Mexico and particularly this Department only from a health standpoint."

I said "When a foreign prostitute is inscribed (registered), do you question her as to whether or not she has practiced prostitution before? If the girl admitted that she did, I'm sure that with your new Immigration Law it would be quite easy for you to deport her inasmuch as she would be in the country in violation of law, would it not?"; he replied "We do not ask them any questions. If she comes voluntarily to register, she is immediately inscribed and that's all there is to it. If we find a girl practicing prostitution, however, and we have to force her to inscribe, we merely try to learn from her why she did not submit herself for inscription of her own accord. One thing I might add is this: That so far as foreign prostitutes are concerned, I do not remember a single case where we were compelled to inscribe the prostitute. They always submit voluntarily, whereas our native girls have to be forced."

I then said "How many foreign girls have you registered?" He replied "At the present time there are 156". I said "Could you tell me the ages and nationalities of these prostitutes, the dates of their inscriptions, and also give me similar data for each of the last 5 years?"; He replied "I can give you the nationalities of the 156 which we now have on record"... (See Exhibit A).... "But I cannot give you any further information, such as their ages, date of their inscription or similar records for the last 5 years. We do not classify our registered prostitutes that way. They are listed alphabetically; that is all. We have on record 2,890 prostitutes in all, and it would not be possible for me to get that information for you inasmuch as I have a very small staff."

I said "Well, concerning the ages of these foreign prostitutes: Could you give me some idea as to the number that are under 21 years of age?"; he replied "The best I could do would be to assure you that none of these foreign prostitutes are under 21. They all average between 25 and 35 years". I said "Could you give me some idea as to how long they have been in this country?"; He answered "A good part of them came within the last 2 years; some have been here 3 or 4 years, and others have been here for a long while. I can't tell because I really don't know the dates of their arrival. They come and go". I said "Well, how do you know that a good part came within the last two or three years?"; He replied "Because they don't speak Spanish, and I assume that they have been here but a short time."

I said "About what per cent. of the total of 156 do you imagine came here within the last two years?"; he replied "Oh, maybe 50 or 60 per cent." I said "And about what percentage between three
and five years?"; he replied "About 20 per cent. and about 20 per cent who have been here more than 5 years".

I then said "How can you be sure that none of these prostitutes are under 21?"; he replied "We ask them their ages and they tell it to us". I said "Well, do they not have to submit a birth certificate or passport?"; he said "No, nothing. We merely ask them how old they are, and we take their word for it". I said "Isn't it possible that they might tell you that they are older than they actually are?" He replied "They couldn't; you see, we examine them. By physical examination we can tell if they are over 21. One look into a person's mouth makes it possible for the examining doctor to approximate their ages". I said "Have any of the prostitutes whom you examined been suspected of having misrepresented their age?"; He replied "No, they are very truthful". I said "Concerning the nationalities, how can you be sure that they tell you their right nationality?" He replied "They always do". I said "Don't you require any proof?"; He said "No, we just ask them". I said "Will you register a foreign prostitute under 21 years of age?"; he answered "Oh yes; our regulations provide that we may inscribe any prostitute between the ages of 18 and 50". I said "But you are quite sure that none under 21 have ever asked to be inscribed?"; He replied "Absolutely".

I said "Since the passage of your new Immigration law, and the new regulations, has the number of foreign prostitutes increased or decreased?"; He replied "They have increased; but that is due to the fact that before we never knew how many we actually had, as our methods of inscribed prostitutes, I am sorry to say, were extremely lax".

I said "In the event a foreign girl under 18 were to present herself to be inscribed, would you inscribe her?"; he replied "No". I said "How about native girls? Don't you ever find any under that age practicing prostitution?"; he replied "Yes, but we send them to a reformatory and deprive their parent or guardian of their citizenship when we find a minor practicing prostitution".

I said "Have you at any time since the passage of the new laws asked for the deportation of any foreign prostitutes?"; He said "No. They do not violate our regulations. They abide by all of our rules. Occasionally one is guilty of breach of the peace; then we do threaten her with deportation. You see, we continually watch them very closely. We have 50 men in plain clothes to see that they don't violate any of our laws and regulations. The prostitutes must submit every week for a venereal-disease examination. They (prostitutes) must also operate only in sections of the city that we set apart for that purpose. Their places must not be in the center of the city nor in the aristocratic section of the city, nor any part of the city which is near a church, school, public building, etc; in fact, I will give you a complete copy of our new Regulations and then you will be able to see just how we are handling the entire problem of prostitution". (See Exhibit B).

I said "During your conversations with prostitutes, have you ever learned from any of them that they are dominated or exploited by souteneurs or traffickers?"; He replied "There is only one thing we are interested in; that is minimizing the venereal diseases. If any of these women were forced by their souteneurs or other persons to practice prostitution, I am sure we would learn of it. I have asked the women why they are engaged in the business of prostitution, and the two replies that I get are either that they like it, or that is the easiest way to make money". 
I said “How about entertainers in cabarets? Are they also inscribed?”; He replied “No; if any woman is engaged in a legitimate vocation, we cannot inscribe her unless we are sure that she is using that vocation as a cover for practicing prostitution. My men continually visit all places frequented by prostitutes, and irrespective of what they claim their vocations to be, if we find them promiscuous, we force them to inscribe”.

I said “How many foreign prostitutes are among this group?”; he replied “None; foreign prostitutes always voluntarily submit themselves for inscription”. I said “Could you tell me how many houses of prostitution you have in the city now?”; he replied “I should judge about 250. Of course, that includes also the one-room cribs in which one or two women operate. This is the amount at the beginning of last July (1926). There were 5 first-class houses, that is, houses in which a number of prostitutes reside and each one has a room; 25 second-class houses which are houses of rendezvous, in which the girls do not live; they merely come there to meet their customers; and 67 third-class class resorts which are hotels where the proprietors are licensed to rent rooms for immoral purposes. The rest are the one-room places. It is in these places that most of the foreign girls are to be found. Since our new Regulations have gone into effect, we have watched 356 places where my men have been looking for violations; and we have closed 113 of them. All of the places closed were guilty of violating the Regulations; some for a breach of the peace, and others were operating clandestinely”.

I said “During the last five years, do you think that the houses of prostitution have decreased?”; He replied “I am certain of it! Because they were spread all over the city and practically operated without the surveillance on our part. Now, we watch them closely and close them as soon as we find a violation”.

I then mentioned to him the names of a number of underworld characters whom I had met and heard of while in Mexico City. Among this group was a souteneur (trafficker also) by the name of Abraham Melgut; he admitted that he had never heard of such person. I then explained to him the case of Abraham Melgut and Gittel Melgut. He said “No, I never heard of either one of them”. I then gave him the addresses where I had heard that Gittel Melgut had operated and asked him if he had ever had a girl by that name operating at any of these addresses; he consulted his records and said “No, we never had anyone by that name registered”. I said “Perhaps she registered under an assumed name. The manifest of the S.S. Edam gives her name as Gittel Melgut”. He said “Well, I cant understand it; they usually give their right name”. I said “You are quite sure that you don’t demand any proof of the prostitute’s name, age and nationality?”; he replied, “No, we do not. We are here to see that they are kept clean; that’s all. Name and nationality doesn’t matter”.

**Mexico City, Mexico**

**Police department, Mexico City**

A conference was next arranged with Sr. Guerra Real, Secretary of the Police Department, Mexico City; he had been suggested to me by Lic Aaron Saenz, Secretary of Foreign Affairs as another official
well-versed on the question of traffic in women and children. I explained to this official the meaning of "traffic" as defined by the Commission of the League, and asked him if he thought there is or was a traffic to or from Mexico during the last five years. He said:

"We have no traffic now and we never had any traffic in Mexico. Foreign prostitutes do come to Mexico, but I know that they come here of their own accord. They don't remain here very long; they stay a while and then go to Havana and other places".

I said "About how long do you imagine they do remain in Mexico?"; he replied "Some a few months, some a few years; I can't say exactly". I said "Do they come alone, or are they brought here by souteneurs or traffickers?"; he said "Prostitutes migrate throughout the world; they travel from place to place alone. While they are in Mexico they'll pick up a souteneur and live with him here. Then they'll go on to some other place and get another".

I then explained to him that it is exceedingly costly for a prostitute to journey from Europe to Mexico City, and asked him if he didn't think it was quite unlikely for individual prostitutes to expend large sums of money in order to travel without having financial aid from persons such as souteneurs, traffickers and resort owners. He replied "We know the souteneurs; they have been here a long while. The prostitutes meet them when they come here". I said "Isn't it possible that they (souteneurs) encourage prostitutes and victims to come here?"; he said, "Of course, it is possible, but we never heard of any. The women come here of their own accord and meet their souteneurs here".

I said "Does your Department know the souteneurs in Mexico City?" He replied "Yes, we do. We know them and are continually watching them". I said "Are you watching them because they are souteneurs?"; he replied "No; we keep them under surveillance because they are undesirables; they are always closely affiliated with thieves and other violators of the law".

I said "Have you ever suspected any of them of having brought women into Mexico?"; he replied "No. You see, these souteneurs are very valuable persons for my men to know because they are always well-informed about other criminals and through their aid very often we are able to solve major crimes".

I said "Have you a list of these souteneurs, also their Rogue's Gallery pictures and finger prints?"; He replied "Yes, we have". I said "Could you tell me how many you have, their nationalities, names, and the dates of their arrival in Mexico?"; he said "No, I could not. We do not have them classified as souteneurs. All of them have been guilty of other wrong doing. The fact that they are souteneurs is only one of the points we have against them. At some time or other they have been brought in for gambling, fighting, robbery, suspicion of murder, and many other violations of the law. If they were souteneurs only, we could not bother them, because there is no law against a prostitute to giving money to any man; to be a prostitute is not an offense. So, how could we possibly regulate what she should do with her earnings?" I said "But surely, you have a law against men who exploit prostitutes, bring them into the country?".

He replied "Yes, there is a law against the importation of foreign women; but, as I told you before, these souteneurs are not doing that". I said "Do the souteneurs have any means of support other than the income they derive from the prostitutes?"; He replied "Some do". I said "Well, in that case, couldn't
they be deported for being vagrants?” He said “We do have a vagrancy law, and we could get them on that; but, you see, it isn’t necessary because all souteneurs eventually fall into our hands through complaints and because of breaches of the peace”.

I said “Well, have you ever had any complaints against these souteneurs for forcing prostitutes to engage in prostitution?”; he said “The only complaints along those lines we have had were against native souteneurs. They sometimes beat their women, but the cases are very rare. We have never had any cases involving foreign prostitutes or souteneurs”.

I said “Could you tell me the exact number of foreign souteneurs you have on your records?”; He replied “I could not give you the exact number. I can say, however, that we have between 30 and 40”.

I said “What are their nationalities?”; he replied “We have all kinds, Poles, Romanians, Russians, French, Spanish, and nearly all other nationalities. The vast majority of them, however, are of those I just named to you. The French used to predominate. But we got rid of a lot of them”.

I said “How is it possible for you to deport them?”; he said “They had committed breaches of the peace and under Article 33 of our Constitution it is only necessary for us to recommend to the President such cases and within 24 hours we can deport them”.

I then named to this official a number of souteneurs known to me and asked him if any of these individuals are known to his Department. Out of 8 so named, he was able to state, after consulting his records, that Bébé and Abe Morgenstein are known to him. I said to him “Are these men in Mexico now?” He consulted his records again and replied “Bébé is. He was deported but came back. The other fellow may be here or he may not; I cannot say. He travels a great deal”.

I said “How is it possible for him to gain admittance to the country after being deported? Is he not violating the law by returning?” He replied “Yes, we could put him in jail; he got back some way; I don’t know how”. I said “In addition to Bébé, how many others have you deported?”; he replied “About 25 in all; they were all French. We did not deport them because they were souteneurs, but because they are in general undesirable and always in trouble with the police. We have about 15 more whom we hope to be able to get rid of very soon. And if we find any of them come back again, we’ll put them in jail”.

I said “How is it that Bébé has not been arrested and placed in the penitentiary?”; he replied “I don’t know......but I think he corrupted some official to get back. But, now he is working and isn’t giving us any trouble”.

I said “Have these souteneurs been here very long?”; he replied “Some have and others are recent arrivals. We can’t really tell how long they have been here. We never went into that”. I said “How many prostitutes have you deported? Within the last five years?”; he replied “None, that I know of. They don’t bother anybody. Once in a while a man gets robbed and then they get in trouble with us. But these cases are very rare”. I then said “Have you ever received information from the Police Departments of other countries concerning traffickers?”; he replied “No, never”. I said “Have your detectives ever made an effort to ascertain whether souteneurs or other exploiters in women are engaged in traffic?”; he said, “No, but, of course, we would find it out if anything like that was going on”.

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...
I then explained to him the activities of a souteneur (also trafficker) named Abraham Melgut and asked him if his Department has any information concerning this person or his alleged victim Gittel Melgut; he replied “That case is not known to me, but I will look it up”. He then consulted his records and said “No, we do not have any information about such person at all”. I said “I suppose your men know the haunts of these souteneurs”. He replied “Oh yes indeed! We keep a sharp watch on them. And as soon as we find anything wrong among any of the foreign undesirables, we make it hot for them”.

Mexico City, Mexico

Immigration department

I next interviewed the immigration commissioner; he likewise informed me that there is no traffic either to or from Mexico, and that since the enactment of the new Immigration Law of March, 1926, prostitutes and souteneurs are excluded. He said that prior to this law (See attached Exhibit C, Art. 5, page 10) the authorities had no means of excluding these undesirables. I said “How can you be sure that they are not coming in at the present time?”; he replied “Before a person can receive a visa or a Card of Identification which permits the bearer to enter Mexico, he or she must submit to our Consuls abroad a certificate of good moral character. A copy of that together with the person’s picture, are kept on file at the Consulate. The original is visaed by the Consul and must be presented by the bearer upon arrival in Mexico. A minor can enter only when accompanied by a guardian, or if traveling alone, he or she must have the consent of the husbands, parent or guardian visaed by the Consul, and must inform us of some person in Mexico who is reputable and will take care of the minor after arrival”.

I said “If she names a person, is she detained until the person named has been investigated?”; he replied “She is held at the port until that person has been investigated. We always investigate the person to whom she is going. If that person is a reputable citizen, then she may enter. All unaccompanied women are questioned as to their reasons for coming to Mexico, how long they intend to remain, and they must name all persons whom they know here. If my men are at all suspicious they will not allow the person to enter”.

I said “The persons who are named: Are they investigated?”; he replied “In suspicious cases, yes”. I said “What do you mean by suspicious cases?”; He said “If the woman has the appearance of being a prostitute, she will be detained until we find out who the person is that she states she is going to, and until we are satisfied that she is not a prostitute”.

I said “Does the same inspection take place at the borders as at the ports?”; he replied “Exactly the same”. I then said “Is the same inspection given to first and second-class passengers as to those of the third class?”; he replied “Exactly the same”. I said “Suppose a woman over 21 years of age has a certificate of good moral character and gives her profession as a modiste or similar occupation, but admits that she has no friends in Mexico. Can she enter?”; He replied “Only provided she has a work contract proving that a position awaits her”. I said “But suppose she came to Mexico to seek
employment?"; he replied “She has to know someone here before we will admit her. If she does, we investigate it and detain her until we are sure that the person is reputable”.

I then questioned him concerning persons entering the country as artistes (actresses); he said “They are admitted only for limited periods provided they can show a contract and their manager deposits a sum of money equivalent to the person’s return passage with the government”. I said “Since the new law has been enacted, how many persons suspected of being prostitutes and souteneurs have been excluded?”; He replied “I cannot tell, but I can approximate it at about 50. There were at least 40 women and 10 men”. I said “From what countries did they come?”; He said “Mainly abroad, Europe”. I said “Do you think the new law has been effective?"; He replied “Yes, very; so much so, that they do not attempt to come here anymore. At one time each French boat brought at least 20 prostitutes”. I said “How did you know they were prostitutes?”; He answered “Upon their passports it was written”. I said “That seems very strange. It has always been my understanding that the French government would not issue a passport to a known prostitute”. He said “Well, they did. I’ll admit it was some time ago though”. I said “How long ago?”; he replied “Many many years”. I said “Passports only came into use after the war”. He said “Well, I guess it was around that time”.

He then explained that passports are issued to minors only when they have a parent, husband or guardian with them; and to women over 18 when they have three witnesses who can swear as to the person’s age, etc.

I also asked him if any of his immigration inspectors have ever detected false, altered or counterfeit passports; he replied “We have found a few among the Polish passports, but they were not in the hands of prostitutes or souteneurs”. I said “Do you think any persons enter or leave the country clandestinely?"; he replied “So far as our port cities are concerned, it is absolutely impossible. All ships that enter are guarded by the harbor police during the entire time that they are in port, and no one is permitted to leave the ship unless they have proper credentials. It is, however, very possible that there are a number of persons entering the country clandestinely along the borders. This we cannot prevent because of the fact that this open frontier cannot be sufficiently patrolled to be able to prevent individuals from entering surreptitiously”.

New York City, USA

Nov. 20, 1926

Unofficial

About 3 P.M. I engaged Joseph Schwartz in conversation; I said to him: “Are you still on the same job here?"; he replied “Yes, and I’m just getting along, too”.

I then explained to him that I had just recently returned from Europe; I said “I met a bunch of boys (souteneurs) in Paris and they are all hitting out (going to) for South America and Mexico”. He said “Well, that’s the only place where they can make a living now. I am God damned sorry that I didn’t beat it (go) with the rest of the crowd when they left here about 15 years ago”.

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I said, "I guess you are right about that, because they are all pretty well fixed (financially)". He said, "I know it. This God damned place (country) is no good!" I said, "I can't understand why a fellow can't make a living out of a house (of prostitution) here. I know it's tough in New York City, but there are other cities where things are wide open". He said, "The hell there are! Detroit was, but I hear it is closed now. But even in their best days, they never made the money we made here in New York City". He then went on to explain the income he had derived from various houses of prostitution that he had owned and operated in, and about the city of New York. He said "You know why the boys (soucheurs) are flocking to those places (South America and Mexico) don't you? It's because things are run right there. The game (business of prostitution) in those places in legitimate. It's a regular business. A fellow can run a regular whore house and never be bothered! But here, I don't care where you run, you've got to be under cover all the time!"

I said, "They are flocking into South America with a bunch of women; they are bringing the gals in all the time". He said, "Certainly! They need 'em! That's the way it was here years ago."

I said, "The boys around town like French girls, and any other kind. And I don't see why there aint some fellows taking chances and dragging then in". He said, "Why, God damn it! The boys (pimps) today are a lot of coffee and cake pimps! They are glad when they get a hand-out of a few dollars a day for cigarette money! Any of the fellows (pimps) who have been used to handling the dough (money) that our crowd (hevra pimps) used to handle in the balmy days, can't live on that!"

I said, "I heard Frank Schorr* brought something in for himself and that she is hustling the town". Joseph Schwartz said, "Whoever told you that, is crazy! First of all, I know he hasn't brought anything (girl) in, and he couldn't, if he wanted to. Why, God damn it! You know, as well as I do, it's the most difficult thing in the world for anybody to get into the United States now. The quota is always filled, and respectable people have got a hard job making it (getting in). And tell me this: After they get here, where the hell are they going to work (practice prostitution)? Why, I can show you places where swell joints opened up and inside of a week after they had gone to all the expense, they got hocked (raided). Tell me: Who the hell is going to take a chance and spend money bringing something (prostitutes) over here when conditions like that exist?"

Note: *(Frank Schorr, years ago, was alleged to have been a trafficker and was known to have brought into the United States foreign girls on the pretext of giving them positions as servants; and later inducing them to become prostitutes).*

I said, "Well, I heard it's being done; maybe they are beating it afterwards to South America". He said, "Like hell they are! That's too expensive that way; and why the hell should they come over here and go through all that trouble of trying to get in when they can go from Europe without any trouble and for less money?".

I said, "Why, in Mexico there is a lot of American girls, and in Havana too. You know, as well as I do, they don't go there unless they go with a boyfriend (pimp)". He said, "What the hell are you talking about? Havana is closed; and Mexico I know. These American hookers (prostitutes) are all right for Broadway, but they don't fit in those countries! I know boys (pimps) that tried to get American girls to go to South America with them years ago when the bunch left here, and they
wouldn't go. Take any foreign gal, and when she's once got a taste of America, she don't want to deal with a lot of grease balls (South Americans and Mexicans). Mrs. Regina Goldberg will prove that for you! And so far as American girls are concerned, you can't get them to move out of this country! Why Jesus Christ! Even in the old days here in New York City, any whorehouse keeper will tell you that the hardest girls we had to deal with were the Americans! If a wop (Italian) came into one of the houses here, she wouldn't want to stay with him and would try to pass him up! I don't know why it is, but they (girls) don't go after the dollar like the French and Russian girls do. When they got a few dollars they are satisfied and want to take a few days off. I'm telling you, it's all crap (untrue)!

New York City, USA

Nov. 22, 1926

Unofficial

About 8:10 P.M. I visited a restaurant-speak easy, owned and operated by Mr. And Mrs. Pinkus Morgenstern, formerly of Constantinople, Turkey. I have been informed that Pinkus Morgenstern was formerly a pimp in Constantinople before coming to the United States some fifteen or twenty years ago and that Mrs. Pinkus Morgenstern was formerly a prostitute also in that city and that upon her arrival here in the United States she was practicing prostitution and that both of them conducted, on the lower east side, rooms for assignation purposes.

I carried on a general conversation with Pinkus Morgenstern and mentioned, in a general way, that I had recently been to Constantinople. He inquired how business is there and asked whether Mishelum and Abraham Pungatsh were still there. I replied that Mishelum is dead and Abraham Pungatsh, I was told, has gone to South America. He said “I was in Rio about ten years ago with my woman, but I did not see Abraham Pungatsh”. I said “How long did you remain there?” He replied “About nine months, but I came back with my wife, Mrs. Pinkus Morgenstern, because we couldn't stand it down there”. I said “When you were in Rio, did you meet any of the boys (Pimps) from Constantinople?” He replied “There were some, but most of the boys and the girls (prostitutes) down there come from Austria and Poland”. I said “Why do they go down there? Is there so much money to be made? I should imagine that there are better chances here in the United States”. He replied “You don't know what you are talking about. It is like day and night. They make money in Rio and are not bothered”. I asked “What do you mean, bothered? Are they bothered here?” He replied “Don't be a yold (fool). You know what they do to a girl (prostitute) and a pimp when they catch them in this country (U.S.A). Why, they treat them like murderers. They put them in jail and do all sorts of things to them. In Rio, everything is like velvet.” I said “I cannot understand it. American dollars are better than milreis if exchanged into Turkish pounds. I believe that there are better chances for girls to make money here than in Brazil”. He replied “You are wrong. Down in South America while it is true that they don't make so many Turkish pounds, they can do anything they want. They live like Gott in Frankreich (life of Reilly) there. They make some money and go back home”.

I said “I have been to some restaurants here (New York) and have met a lot of girls (prostitutes) from Lemberg, Warsaw, and some even from Constantinople. I have also met their pimps, who come
from the same cities. I wonder, if business is as dangerous as you say here in America, why do they come here and don’t go to Rio instead”. He replied “I don’t believe you met very many”. I said “Oh yes, I have met about twenty or thirty and all of them seem to have been a short time in this country”. He replied “Many girls come here to my restaurant. I know their business and I can tell you that very few of them will take a chance of doing the same thing here as they do in Rio or Constantinople. In Constantinople, it is true that they charge only fifty cents a shot (sexual intercourse) and they may get from twenty to thirty men a day. Living is cheaper there. The same may be said about South America. They take no chances and there is nothing to be afraid of. Here in New York the girl can get a man or so a night and if she gets that she is lucky. She may charge $3 to $10. But she is always afraid of being pinched (arrested).” I said “Are there no houses (of prostitution) here as there used to be in the good old days?” He said “The good days are gone. No such luck.”

I said “Now these girls from Lemberg and Warsaw who I have met here must have their men (pimps). I wonder whether they came together to this country”. He replied “Sure they have their men (pimps); some are married it is true, but very few came with their husbands to New York to begin hustling.” I said “Do you mean to say that these girls were not hustlers on the other side?” He replied “Some of them were, but it is mighty poor business now for a husband to bring his wife here and send her out into the street to make money. If they do that they are liable to get into trouble and also there is not much money in it as there used to be years ago when everything was wide open.”

Pinkus Morgenstern then asked me about certain people (prostitutes and pimps) in Constantinople. I told him that while in Constantinople I was informed that some of them had left for America and I expressed surprise at not meeting them in New York. He replied “I know everybody here in New York who comes from Constantinople and lives on the lower east side. I don’t know anybody who has come from Constantinople recently. You may have misunderstood, or they didn’t know what they said. America is big. Many people in the old country misunderstand what America is. South America, Mexico, Cuba, New York, - everything is America to them. They may have meant South America.”

New York City, USA
Nov. 22, 1926

About 9 P.M. I called on Mrs. Regina Goldberg and told her that since I had last seen her I had again visited Motche Goldberg (her former husband); she immediately inquired as to the state of his health and prosperity. I commented that he was apparently well and doing as good as could be expected; she said “Aw, to hell with him! I heard things down there are not so good anymore. You know, I told you I was down there for a while. Take it from me: Every dollar that a gal gets in that country is well earned!”

I said “Why?”; she replied “Look at the trade (type of customers)! I never was used to anything like that! And after my going all the way down there, he (Motche Goldberg) instead of taking care of me as a housekeeper, wanted me to entertain! Something that I haven’t done, even in New York City for ten years.”. I said “I heard that a lot of girls from New York City are always going down there”;
she replied “I don’t think it’s so! When I was down there everything (prostitutes) came from the other side (Europe). The same way they used to come in here and the same way I landed here (United States). The only girls I met when I was there were girls who came right from home (Europe). Why, Christ! I know bunches of girls who used to work for us in the old days are still right here in New York City and they are all working, too”. I said “Well, isn’t there anything coming in from the other side at all?”; she replied “Where are they going to work? Why, when we want to rent a room to a couple, they have to have a bag so we can protect ourselves! What the hell would a business girl (professional prostitute) come here for? Do you think it’s easy to get into the United States? Why, I’ve been waiting five years to bring my niece in, and she can’t get within the quota! So how the hell are the others (prostitutes) going to come in? There’s no places here anymore (meaning houses of prostitution). A foreign girl comes in; she can’t hustle or work in a joint and make enough to support herself! You know, the girls are getting $5 and $10. So, what chance does a greenie (inexperienced girl) have in going out for money when she can’t even speak the language? Down there (South America), it’s all right; the houses are open; a man comes in; no questions are asked; she gets 4 or 5 pesos; he leaves and another customer comes in. But here, she aint got a chance”. 

New York City, USA

November 22, 1926

Unofficial

About 10:55 P.M. I visited a restaurant and speak easy located on the lower east side. While I was sitting with an entertainer and two prostitutes at a table, a musician, whose acquaintance I had previously made, came over. While discussing travel, this musician told me that he had recently returned from Buenos Aires, Argentina, where he had gone from the Transvaal, South Africa. I said “The women (prostitutes) in Buenos Aires certainly live the life of Reilly. I have met quite a number of them on my trips.” He said “Buenos Aires makes it very easy for the women. They make money.” I said “And the pimps take it all away.” He said “Like everywhere else. You are a business man; so are they. Live and let live.” I said “In B.A. I had a lot of trouble in getting papers to get into the country. I wonder how these women get in.” He replied “Don’t worry. It’s easy to get in. Papers can be gotten without trouble.” I said “Someone told me that they are very hard on pimps there”. He replied “I don’t think so.”

He then told me that he worked in cabarets in Buenos Aires. I said “I met a man on Rivington Street from my home town a few weeks ago and he told me he ran away from Buenos Aires because the police are after him. He told me that he has his woman hustling for him here.” He inquired for their names and I gave him two fictitious ones. He replied “I don’t know them, but it is foolish of them to come here. He will find that he either will have to go to work or get into trouble.” I said “I don’t see why this woman couldn’t make just as much money for him here as she did down South America.” He replied “Perhaps she can, but I don’t believe she can make very much. Over there they are free to go with anyone. Here they are afraid of their lives with whom they go out. Take for instance, some of the girls (prostitutes) who come here, our two friends especially, (pointing to the
two women at our table), ask them how much money they make.” He turned to one of the women and said “How much did you make last night?” She replied “It is none of your G.. d... business.” He continued “I’ll tell you, she did not make a helluva lot. The good days are gone.” I said “It’s funny, most of the girls I see here (lower east side) are in this country a short time. Business must be good. Otherwise they wouldn’t come.” He said “They didn’t come here to hustle. They came here to friends. Something goes wrong, their husbands leave them or they are caught having a good time and they become regulars (prostitutes).” I said “Look at my landsman (countryman); he came here with his woman (prostitute).” He replied “He didn’t know what he was doing. There are much better places to go than the United States if they want to make money that way (via prostitution).”

New York City, USA
Nov. 23, 1926

About 9 P.M. I met Tony Sianno at his father’s shop; we discussed general underworld conditions in New York City; I inquired at the same time about his prostitute, Big May; he said “Oh, she’s all right. She looks better today than she ever did.” I said “How does she find things?”; he replied “Oh Christ! We are out of that game (prostitution), you know. We aint doing a God damned thing that way. I’ve been bootlegging for years”.

I said “It’s a funny thing you dont see many of the old-timers around anymore”. He said “Oh, I’ve seen some of them, but you know, things are not what they used to be; they are scattered around; so, a fellow dont run into them very often”.

I said “Do you remember the old days when every few weeks you’d see a bunch of new young girls in the houses?”; he replied “I certainly do!”. I said “You know, I wasn’t busting around much in those days, but I heard they (pimps) used to bring a lot of those gals in from Europe”. He said “Certainly they did. Why, there were guys who used to go to France and Belgium and bring in any number of them. And then there were those Russians, Germans, wop gals (Italians); oh, there were all kinds brought in”.

I said “I suppose they are still doing it today, but you don’t see much of it”; he replied “Hell no! That thing is all done away with! They are doing that stuff down in South America, but not up here”. I said “Why not here?”; he replied “Where the hell are they going to work? The cops (police) are so God damned strict! If you had a girl here, she cant take a chance, because they would nick (arrest) her in no time!” . I said “Well, I was down in South America and I was surprised to see so few American girls”. He said “Naw, they don’t go down there. S_____! There aint any more whore houses around this town and there’s very little out of it. To be truthful with you: Christ, the women working today aint like they were in the old times. They dont go out to get all the johns (customers) they can; they make a few dollars, then quit, then go back again. In the old days a whore was a whore and you knew who she was. But, today, they are all that in-between stuff” (semi-professional prostitutes).

I said “But, you’d think a girl who wanted to make good jack (money) would go down there, wouldn’t you?”; he replied “Naw you wouldn’t, because they don’t want to monkey around those
countries. The furthest they go would be down to Panama or Havana and take a flier (make only a short stay)

I said “I was reading in the paper the other day about a guy who brought in a gal from Italy and tried to put her on the town (make a public prostitute of her), but they grabbed her” (arrested). (fictitious story). He said “Well, I don’t know how he could put it over, because it’s a God damned hard thing to get into this country. No man with sense would do it. I suppose it was some guy who went broke after the girl was here, and then he tried to make her support him. Those days are past for that sort of stuff! S—–! Every boy (pimp) I know is either working or is a bootlegger. There’s no more chances of making money like in the old days! I see them (ex-pimps) around, but they are off that end of it (not pimping any more). Some of them go out with a gun to get it, but I don’t call that easy graft”.

New York City, USA

Nov. 23, 1926

About 10 P.M. I met Frank Schorr after having made an appointment with him through Joseph Schwartz. During the course of my conversation with him I said “You are right about Motche Goldberg. You know, I went down to Buenos Aires and saw him. I could have sworn he was dead; but, I’ll tell you: He’s alive and kicking!”. Frank Schorr said “I told you! That s—— f– a b—— ain’t dying so quick. How’s he doing?” I said “Oh, he’s got a few houses and doing nicely”. He said “Has he got nice girls?” I replied “Yes, fine”. He said “Has he got Polish girls, and Russians?”. I said “Yes. They have been sending them down from the United States”. He said “WHAT? Those gals never saw the United States! They came from Poland! Where the hell are you going to get them here?”.

I said “Why, aren’t there plenty who will go down there?” He replied “For Christ sake don’t be foolish! They are getting them from the other side (Europe). Where the hell can you find girls around here?” I said “Well, how about the American girls? Couldn’t he get those?”; he replied “They wouldn’t work down there!” I said “Well, as tight as things are around this town and other cities, I heard there’s plenty coming in from Europe; and boys (pimps) are bringing them in, too”. He replied “You are about 20 years late when you say that! That’s all forgotten about! Yes, you’ll find it’s so in South America, but, here,–nothing! It can’t be done”.

Our conversation continued for some time; Frank Schorr pointed out practically the same reasons why women and girls are not being brought into the United States and taken out again by traffickers, as did the other persons whom I interviewed on this subject. At present Frank Schorr is employed by a well-known detective agency here.
New York City, USA

Nov. 24, 1926

Unofficial

About 2 P.M. I visited the offices of Harry Walker (See same party, Harry Walker 18-R). I informed Harry Walker that I am about to venture into the cabaret business in the city of Panama and that my partner is there at the present time. I said “I may as well be frank with you, I am green (inexperienced) in this game. My partner knows it from beginning to end and we want to open a cabaret, nothing exclusive, but just a medium-priced place. Of course, to get the boys (customers) in, we want to have about five girls who can sing and entertain the guests”.

Harry Walker said “Now, listen to me: I know just what you want. Jesus Christ, it’s a God damned shame that you wasn’t in here about five minutes ago! You would have seen the swellest flock of blondes that you ever saw! Gals that could get away with it at a swell joint like Harry Richman’s Night Club”.

I said “I don’t want anything that is as exclusive as all that”. He replied “Now listen: Don’t tell me what you want, because I know exactly what it is. I know that ______ of a ______ of a place in Panama City better than you do. Why, God damn it! Six years ago I went down there and cleaned up the town! I went to all the newspapers and we started a campaign against the whores in the cabarets. Now, if you go down there you won’t find a whore hustling in a cabaret! I’ll tell you exactly what you want: You don’t want virgins, do you? NO! You don’t want whores, do you? NO! But you want girls that ______ (practice sexual acts) don’t you? And you don’t want squealers, do you?” I said “What do you mean by squealers?”; he replied “Those God damned gals that go down there and after they are in a joint (resort) raise hell because they got to sit around and drink and mingle with the people. You know what I mean. You want the kind that ______. Aint that it?” I replied “Yes, you know how it is. Fellows are not coming in spending money on a lot of straight-laced Sunday-school girls”. He replied “That’s just it! These girls that I can get you are what you could call a happy medium. They aint whores, they aint virgins, but they ______.”

I said “You know, as well as I do, that to get a fellow to buy drinks, you’ve got to have someone to encourage him, and perhaps take him to bed after the show” He said:

“God damn it! Isn’t that what I’m telling you! These girls that I can get for you are not whores in the sense that they would make the place a whore house. Now, I’ll tell you what my prices are: I can give you girls from $125 to $200 apiece per month. It’s all according to their ability”. I said “Ability don’t mean anything. It’s the looks that count!” He said “I can give you good lookers. I wish to Christ that you only had time to come down to that boat tomorrow and see that bunch that are going to Panama City. I’m telling you, they are swell lookers! I booked them for the Ritz Cabaret. There aint any use of further talk. I know exactly what you want, but you have to give me two weeks’ notice to round ‘em up. Why, God damn it to hell! Last year I sent over 300 down there. I can get you as many as you want. I told you before, it will cost you $125 to $200 each for the gals; that’s their salary for the month. I get ten bucks ($10) bonus for every girl I get for you, and five per cent. of their monthly
salary. According to the contracts that I draw up, you must give me that bonus ($10) in advance and also the five per cent. of the first months salary of each gal. After the first month you will have to collect my commission and send it to me. That commission of five per cent. holds good throughout the entire contract. You see, that’s part of your agreement with me. You get the money from them and turn it over to me. The first month’s percentage and the bonus are paid to me in advance. You also have to pay their transportation there and return. Now, that’s the whole dope (information). All I need is two weeks’ notice to round them up. Now, let me tell you: There ain’t a s____ of a b____ in town who can get you better stuff (girls) than I can, and I don’t give a f____ who he is! As soon as you hear from your partner, drop in and see me. I’ll get the girls all in here, and you can pick them out; take the ones you want and we’ll sign them right up.”

I said “Well, I’d want to pick them out, because I don’t want to take down there any old tomatoes!”. He replied “Jesus Christ! I know what you want down there! I told you before, I know that better than yourself! They’ll all be good lookers. When you are ready, you know where I am. Let me have your name; just come in and ask for me. Call me Harry Walker. That’s what they all do. Why, God damn it! If you think I’m s____ (fooling) you, in the next office is a guy Bill Grey from Panama City. You know he has a joint in Panama City. He’s the one who is taking the girls I told you about down there tomorrow. I can show you letters about the bunch that I have been sending down there. I have been handling all of Kelly’s Cabaret’s business”. I said “I know that; that’s the reason why I came in to see you, but at first I was afraid that because you handle his business, you might not want to handle mine”. He said “That don’t make a bit of difference! When you are ready, I am here”.

I said “You understand now, I don’t want anything too old; girls between 19 and 25 should be the best”. He replied “That’s all right; I can get them.” I said “My partner told me that after we get them, we might have trouble getting them in”. He replied “F____ it NO! They got their contracts; they got their way paid there and back, and that’s all there is to it! All I ask is two weeks’ notice. You come up and I’ll have them here and you can pick ‘em out yourself”.

I agreed to return as soon as my partner arrives.

This conversation took place in a small office to the left of another small room which is used by Harry Walker as a sitting room for the entertainers and others awaiting engagements. There were present about 15 girls whom I judged to be between 20 and 25 years of age; also about 5 young men. After we entered the adjoining office, Harry Walker did not trouble to close the door. He spoke extremely loud so that his voice not only resounded through the office, but also the adjoining room.

The profanity and vulgarity used by him, I am sure, were clearly audible to all persons in the small sitting room.
New York City, USA  
Nov. 29, 1926

Unofficial

About 9 P.M. I met 53-R and after being in his company for a short time, made mention of the fact that I had been to South America where I had spent considerable time in the company of Motche Goldberg. He said “Yes, I know you were down there and I suppose that Motche Goldberg is a millionaire.” I replied “Well, he is getting by. It is a wonder you didn’t go down there when he did.” He said “When New York City went shut, I left with a lot of the boys for Johannesburg, but when they closed up down there, I quit.” I said “Did many of the girls follow down?” He answered “Just the old ones like my wife and Motche Goldberg’s and the other boys’ wives.” I said “How is it that they did not take a lot of the girls along?” He answered “Where is the money coming from? The girls didn’t have any money. We all had about enough to get away with. What do you need to send them all the way down there for? No matter where you are, you can always find plenty.” I said “That isn’t so in Buenos Aires, because they are always bringing them in from Europe.” He said “Well, that’s different down there. In days gone by those girls used to come in here, but now there is nothing for them and they can’t get in on account of these G.. d.. laws, so they are all going down there. The business girls (prostitutes) and the kosher ones (respectable) are going.” I said “Do you think any of them are going from the United States down there now?” He answered “Where are they around who would want to go? Every one of the boys who stayed in the States, or came back after they had been down there are out of that graft entirely. They all have got respectable businesses.” I said “Don’t you think there are boys (pimps) today who are of the younger generation and who know just as much of the business as the old timers did?” He answered “Sure there are boys today, but they ain’t going in for the money and the investments that we went in for. Today a fellow has got a woman, she makes a few dollars and he is satisfied. But in those days, we handled big money. That’s the way they are doing it in the Argentine today; there’s big investments and there’s big money made.” I said “Well, then why wouldn’t the girls and the boys be attracted from the States to Buenos Aires just the same way as they are attracted from Europe to there?” He answered “I’ll tell you why. First of all, here living is different. A boy or a girl (prostitute or pimp) can always make a living. If it ain’t one thing it’s another. Then, secondly, how many boys are there in the United States who know the situation in Buenos Aires like you and I do? You see, they are not interested. In Europe, they are starving to death; they are looking for a chance. All of their landslite (countrymen) and friends are in South America. They write to them and they tell them how good things are. They know that they can’t get in here and make a living for themselves in that business (prostitution), so they go down there. Then, there’s boys on the other side who work hand and hand with boys in South America. But here there is none. It shows you how much the boys here know and how much they work together with the hevra, that if you were to line up ten of the old timers who are still in New York City and ask them where Motche Goldberg is, nine out of the ten would say ‘He is dead’. You see, there is no more connection. That thing is all broken (contacts between souteneurs in United States and other countries).”
Montreal, Canada
December 1-2, 1926

Traffic in women and children
Unofficial

Upon arrival in Montreal I inquired concerning the Red-light District. I soon learned that it had been abolished about a year and a half ago, and, according to my informant, the houses of prostitution, and many of the individual prostitutes, have gradually spread throughout the better residential and business sections of the city.

I was also told that after the abolition of the Red-light District, the local authorities did little toward checking the spread and activities of those engaged in the business of prostitution.

Many houses of prostitution may be found in the up-town section (west Montreal), but not nearly as many as one is apt to encounter in the French section (east Montreal) particularly in that area bounded by St. Laurent, St Denis Streets, from Ontario Avenue to the St. Lawrence river.

During this survey I made the acquaintance of taxicab chauffeurs, bellboys, bartenders, and all persons in a position to be able to direct me to vice resorts. All such persons interviewed told me that I would have no difficulty in locating houses of prostitution and individual prostitutes in the French section of the city because the method of operation in this section is more or less open. The prostitutes were found in this section to be indulging in doorway and street solicitations.

In the up-town section the better-class resorts are situated, and the operators of these places seldom do what is known as “door” or “window” work (soliciting from doors or windows).

I canvassed at least fifty houses of prostitution, interviewed the inmates and operators, and did not locate a single foreign prostitute under 21 years of age. All of the inmates who I spoke to, except one, admitted being either French-Canadians or Canadians, and claimed to have been in Canada since birth.

At a house of prostitution located at 450, Guy Street, a prostitute, Fernanda, was interviewed. This prostitute admitted that she is an American and said that she was born in Boston, Mass. and came to Montreal about two years ago. I said to her “How did you ever come to pick on this city?”; she replied “My people are quite well to do and they objected when I went out at night. I drifted away from home. I go back to see them occasionally, but I can’t do business there, so as long as I am in this business I stay as far away from them as I can. When I left home I went to Detroit. I worked there awhile; then I went into this business”. I said “Did you come here from Detroit?”; she replied: “Yep. I used to have a flat in Detroit on John R and Alfred street”. I said “That’s funny! Well, if you know Detroit you must know the Penrose (apartment house devoted almost exclusively to the business of prostitution). I had a booze joint there”. She replied “Well what do you know about that!”; she then went on to describe conditions relative to prostitution in the city of Detroit, and finally ended by admitting that she had been an inmate in two separate houses of prostitution there.
(2501 Park Avenue and 2442 Brush Street, Detroit, Michigan). I said “I know them both very well”; she said “I heard Detroit is closed now. There were quite a few girls who came here last summer and they told me they (Detroit Authorities) raised hell. Detroit is a good town. But, the best day it ever had, it could not be compared with this town, especially in summer time”.

Although it was only 1 P.M. at the time I made this visit, there was a continuous stream of customers visiting the resort. The madame seemed very much annoyed because I was hesitating and conversing so long with this prostitute. Therefore I informed the prostitute that I would not take up any more of her time, but intimated that I would like to see her again when she was not quite so busy; I said “I’ll tell you the truth; I’d like to be wised (informed) up on this town. Perhaps someday when you are off, we could meet and go off some place and talk things over”. She said “All right. I am off tomorrow afternoon”. I then agreed to meet her on the mezzanine floor of my hotel at 2 P.M. the next day.

This prostitute, Fernanda, kept this appointment next day; after a short preliminary conversation I very confidentially informed her that I know of a girl who is seeking a location in a good house (of prostitution). She promptly said “I suppose she's your girl?”; I replied “What's the difference?”; she said “Oh, no matter. I just thought I'd ask you; that's all. In the joint (resort) where I'm working now, there isn't any chance. We got six girls now and the madame doesn't want any more. I'll tell you: I do know of a place though where I think you can get located. It's the first place I worked in when I came to Montreal. She is down on Cadieux Street. Her name is Madame Senegal. I know she's only got two girls, and she does a big business. She ought to be able to take on another girl. You can go down and see her and tell her. She's a helluva nice woman; she stands in good (with the police); and she's a square shooter (reliable). You can tell her you are a friend of mine and I know she'll help your girl out. She's the kind of a woman that is aces up (honest with her own friends) and you can always be sure of getting a fine break (square deal) from her”.

I said “How did you get in with her?”; she replied “When I was in Detroit, a little gal I knew told me about her; this gal had worked for her before. It was going rotten (business bad) then in Detroit so we came up here; and while I was in her house I'm telling you we made dough (lots of money)”. I said “What do you mean by 'we?'”; she replied “My boyfriend and I”. I said “I've been in Montreal a few days and it's funny that I run into so few American girls”; she said “There aren't many here in the winter time; but, in the summer there's always a big bunch drift in. We get a helluva big crowd of American tourists here in the summer. You'd be surprised how many we get. Why, St. Catherine Street is always filled with cars (automobiles) from the States; and that's when the girls drift in. It's easy picking (easy to make money) then. The hotels are all crowded. You see, when you are in Montreal you are in the center of everything. The Americans all come up for the booze and you know it ain't far away, it's only a night's run from any of the big cities; and then there's a lot of boats come in here and that's what makes business good here. But, at this time of the year it's tough here”.

I said “There must be a lot of French girls here too”. She replied “Why sure, they're nearly all French. Why, Christ! Some of them don't even speak English!” I said “I didn't think that girls from France are coming over here now!”; she said “Oh hell no. They are not from France. They are French Canucks; that's all you'll find here. They drift in from Quebec and all around the countryside”.
I said “Well, I guess they’ve all got sweethearts too”. She said “You said it. You know the cops (police) here are pretty tough on pimps. No madame will let a gal have her man in the house”. I said “Why?”; she replied “I don’t know, but they are dead nuts on them anyhow (police are against pimps) and if they found a guy hanging around a house they’d lock him up in a hurry. Outside of that the cops are easy”.

I said “Well, where do the boys (pimps) hang out? May be I know some of them”; she replied “They don’t hang out anywhere; nearly all the boys who drive cabs have girls. My friend drives a Diamond (taxicab). There’s a bunch of boys…maybe you know some of them…who hang out in that cigar store at 91 Cadieux Street. They are always around there, but it don’t pay to monkey with those guys because you are liable to get into a jam (trouble). I told you the cops are tough on them and the street hustlers always catch hell around Montreal. It’s a swell town to work in if you don’t get too raw. Look at the joint (resort) I work in where our back yard faces a police station! But, of course we are protected (police permit operation of resort). If it wasn’t for that they could jump right over the fence and get us. All the best joints (houses) are protected”.

I said “Does it cost very much?”; she replied “I don’t know what it costs, but they (police) get a good sized divvy (percentage of profits)”. I said “When we came into Canada I was afraid I would have some trouble with the immigration people”. She said “I don’t see why. Anybody can come and go as they please. I’ve been home three time and came back here and nobody ever questioned me”.

(On returning from Canada the United States immigration officer boards the train at Montreal and merely demands from each passenger the name of city where born; and if an alien, a passport is required, with the exception of Canadians).

I said “Well, if you were to get locked up and they found you were an American, would they send you out of the country (deport)”; she replied “I’ve been locked up twice and they never asked me anything like that. All they did was to fine me and look me over to see if I was burned up (diseased). I tell you one thing they do here and that is if you are arrested and convicted three times, they send you to jail for six months. But, hell! They can’t tell how many times you are locked up, because the girls always give another name, and as soon as a girl is knocked off at one place (arrested), she moves to another one when released, so that they can’t plaster her up against the same address. If they did, they’d be able to padlock the house. As soon as a girl gets arrested the madame always gets rid of her”.

I said “Don’t they finger-print you?”; she replied “No more; they used to when they had the district”. I said “I don’t think the party I have in mind would really want to work in Montreal, because if the place was right (profitable) I think there would be more American girls here”; she said “I told you NOT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR! In summer time there’s plenty. Last summer there was a bunch who came over with boys from Detroit. And there’s always a bunch of boys coming over from Chicago, Buffalo and all those towns along the line. Troy too. Why Christ! Girls who were making a buck ($1
per customer) in Troy would come up here and make three bucks ($3)! There's a helluva big difference in this town in the summer time. I'm telling you: Montreal is better than any city in the States! It's the best city in Canada! There's nothing in Quebec, Toronto, Ottawa or any other place! It's all right here. Anyhow…go down and see this woman Madame Senegal and tell her I sent you”.

After leaving this prostitute, Fernanda, I visited Madame Senegal’s house of prostitution. The door was opened by one of the two inmates, a French Canadian girl, apparently 25 years of age. I was admitted without question and ushered into a parlor extremely well furnished, clean and orderly. I inquired for Madame Senegal and shortly thereafter I was joined by her. I explained to her that Fernanda had referred me to her and that I knew Fernanda in Detroit; then I asked if I could speak privately with her. The madame dismissed the inmate from the room and asked me what I wanted. I said “I just blew into town and I know a nice little girl who wants to go to work. Fernanda told me to see you because she thought maybe you have room for another girl, or, if not, perhaps you would know some place that needs one”. She said “How old is this girl?”; I said “About 20, she's an American girl; she's from Detroit”. The madame said “Well, if she's a nice looking girl and she's done business (of prostitution) before, I could use her. I have two girls now, but I can always use another. In the summer time I have six or eight. But, this time of the year, you know, it's pretty slow here. I'll tell you what to do: Tell her to come down and see me; I've got a nice room I can let her have. I'll take her in; you see, all my trade is taxicab stuff (customers brought by taxi drivers) and I've got to have pretty good looking stuff (girls). I'm never open after 12 o'clock at night, and I let only gentlemen in the house (desirable customers only admitted). This place is quiet; it's clean and safe. I've been ten years right in this house and everybody knows me. And they'll tell you that I've never had a fuss here”.

I said “This used to be the Red Light District, didn't it?”; she replied “Oh no; the Red Light was on the same street as this house, but on the other side of St. Catherine (Street). Is this girl you are talking about your friend, or what?”. I said “Well, not exactly…but we have known each other for a long while. I came here over on a little booze proposition and I'll be in town for…on and off…. a long while….and she thought she'd like to stay up here. Because.. you know how it is…things are pretty tough in the States”.

She replied “I know…the good towns are all dead.. Detroit went to hell…there was a bunch up here last summer from Detroit. I'll tell you: How about tomorrow morning? Have her come down. I haven't got very much time now because there's somebody downstairs that I want to talk to”. I said “All right; I'll tell her, or perhaps I'll come down and see you myself.” She said “All right”. I then departed.

Montreal, Canada
December 3-4, 1926

About 2 P.M., Dec. 3, I again visited Madame Senegal at her house of prostitution; she immediately admitted me and ushered me into the reception room. I said “I told my girlfriend about you and she's going to drop down to see you, perhaps tonight. She's got a sucker (customer) she's with this
afternoon and that’s why she can’t come down now. Do you think it is safe for her to work here now?”; she replied “Why not?”; I said “Well, she’s an American girl and if they (authorities) knock her off (arrest her) I wonder if they would send her out of the country?”; she replied “They don’t do that here; where did you get that from?”; I said “Well, they do that in the States”; she said “Well, you’re not in the States now; they do a lot of things down there that we don’t do up here”.

I said “Do you know for sure, or are you just guessing?”; she replied “You don’t think she’s the only girl that’s working in Montreal who is an American, do you? Why there’s always plenty around”. I said “I haven’t seen any but Fernanda; she replied “Well, you’ll find them around the hotels and working alone; and in the summer, I told you, there’s plenty up here. Why, I had three myself here from Detroit!”

I said “Well how the hell do they know where to come to? If it wasn’t for Fernanda I wouldn’t know myself where to go”; she replied “One girl tells the other; sometimes their boys (pimps) know, and I’ve seen them come in and they didn’t know a soul! And when they got to the station they’d ask a taxi driver to take them to a dump (resort). This is a wide-open town, you know.”

I then said “Well, I’ve been down to South America and in a lot of other countries, and I found a helluva lot of French girls”; she said “Well, you won’t find many here: French-Canadians, yes; but that’s about all”. I said “You’d think that some of the French girls would be coming over here if things are so good”; she said “I know about every joint (resort) in this town; and there aint any of them (French girls) in the houses. I’ve been ten years in this graft (business) and I know what I’m talking about. The reason why we are getting so many American girls up here now is that things are going tough in the United States; you know, in the summer we get a helluva crowd of American tourists”.

I said “You’d think the American girls would have trouble crossing, wouldn’t you?”; she replied “You didn’t have any trouble, did you? Well, why then should they? Nobody is going to bother you! Why should they? Christ! We are not murderers, are we?”

I said “Well, how are the cops here now?”; she replied “It costs money to do business here, but they are all good fellows. I’m going down tomorrow to get my fingerprints and picture out of the Rogues Gallery; my lawyer told me that they have got no right to keep them! When the district was running, they fingerprinted and mugged (photographed) all of us. Now that the district has been abolished, they got to take our pictures out!”

I said “Well, in France if a person has his or her picture in the Rogues Gallery and they want a passport, they can’t get one”; she replied “Well, I don’t know anything about that”. I said “Well, if you wanted to go to the United States, would that interfere with you?”; she said “Why should it? I go over there every season. You don’t need anything; but, I have a card of identity in case they should want any identification”.

I said “Did you have any trouble getting the card?”; she replied “No, not a bit”. I said “I suppose you don’t have much trouble getting girls, do you?”; she said “Sometimes when you want them, and you want to get the right kind, I do have trouble. But all these little kids that are running around the streets here are glad to get into a place (house) to work. But they are no good! They’d rather give it away than sell it”.

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I said “There are no girls in Detroit who are giving it (sexual satisfaction) away”; she replied “They are all damned good hustlers”.

I then mentioned to this madame the names of a number of madames of disorderly-house keepers in Detroit, Chicago, Troy, Albany and Buffalo, and asked her if she knew any of them. My purpose was to try to establish if there is or was any connection between the underworld groups in those cities and those in Montreal. Madame Senegal replied that she had heard of several of the persons mentioned in Detroit, Buffalo and Troy, but did not know them personally. She admitted that her knowledge of them and their activities came to her only through discussions that she had had with American girls who had formerly operated in the resorts in the cities in question.

I then said to her “Well, now, tell me: What is the agreement between you and your girls?”; she replied “Fifty fifty and room and board extra; all according to the room. The girls get 25 per cent. on the drinks. The price of the house is five bucks ($5), and the girl must take care of their own rooms and help keep the rest of the house clean”.

Shortly afterwards I told her my girl would come to see her later in the day; I then departed.

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I next visited a pimps' hangout, 91 Cadieux Street where I found five men, all of whom appeared to be souteneurs. I engaged one of these pimps, later learned to be Red, in conversation during which I said to him “A fellow up at the hotel sent me down to a house on this street, but I see it's closed”. He said “Yes, that's been closed 16 months. Come on with me over to 122 Cadieux Street. There's a nice little girl in there”.

I visited 122 Cadieux Street with this fellow and found six inmates therein; all appeared to be between the ages of 25 and 35 years. All the women appeared to be, and later admitted that they are, French-Canadians.

After we left the house, I said to my informant Red “A friend of mine had a girl who used to work in there and I know a gal who wanted to work there with her”. He said “Aw that place is closed and been for the last 16 months. Come on over to the joint; maybe somebody there knows about her”. I accompanied him back to the hangout, 122 Cadieux Street, where I was introduced to another souteneur, later learned to be Lemieux. After meeting him I said “This girl is an American girl and she dont want to work the streets, but wants to work in a house. She preferred to go into that house where her girlfriend was”. He said “Well, that's closed. I tell you: I got a little place around the corner; it's a flat, and maybe she'd like to go in there”. I said “Where abouts is it?”; he replied “Just around the corner; come on and I'll show you”. He then took me to 202 City Hall Apt 5 where he introduced me to his prostitute, a French-Canadian girl, Rosette and another French-Canadian prostitute, whose name I did not secure.

After a short irrelevant conversation in this apartment, we departed. Upon reaching the street,
he said “Now don’t you think that’s a nice little place. Three dollars; the girl keeps half, she gets a cut (percentage) on the booze; and there are steady nice young fellows coming there all the time”.

I said “Well, I’ll tell the girl about it and let her come down and see about it for herself. Are those French girls or French-Canadians?”; he replied “They are all French-Canadians”. I then said “Well, this girl is an American girl. How do you think they’ll get on?”; he replied “Fine! We’ve had American girls here before. Where are you from?”; I replied “Detroit”. He said “There’s always a bunch of girls in Montreal from Detroit”. I said “There don’t seem to be many now”. He said “No, because the best time in Montreal is in the summer”. I said “Are there any real French gals here?”; he said “No”. I said “Well, mark down the address for me and I’ll turn it over to her and she can come down”. He then wrote the address upon a slip of paper and also handed me another card (see Exhibits) and said “Here’s my name on here; and on this other card in case your girl comes down and don’t find anybody in, have her come over to this café”. I said “Well, what’s that on the other side?”; he replied “Oh, that’s a card Rosette uses to give the address to anybody”.

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On Dec. 4 while loitering in the lobby of my hotel, I recognized a man whom I have known for many years. This man is a card shark, crooked gambler, confidence man, and the type of pimp that lives with a prostitute, but does not always share in her earnings. I approached him and said “Well, Sammy Berman, what the hell are you doing here?”; he replied “Oh, I come here up here very often. I’m up on a booze deal”. I said “Are you all alone?”. He said, “Oh, two or three others”. I said “Got the lady friend with you?”; he said “Yes, she’s at the hotel here”.

We then discussed prohibition and the general vice situation not only in New York, but also other large cities of the Eastern United States. I said “I just got back from Buenos Aires. I saw Motche Goldberg down there. He’s got the same strangle hold on the business there that he had in New York City”. Sammy Berman replied “I heard he’s doing good down there too”. I said “This is a wide-open town, isn’t it?”; he said “Sure it is. It’s wider open today than when they had the district”. I said “You’d think some of those old-timers would have come up here instead of beating it down to South America”. He said “Aw, I suppose there’s more money down there for them”. I said “Well, do you know any of the boys (pimps) in town here?”; he replied “Oh I see a bunch of them in and around…you know those slickers that hang cut at the Astor. In the summer time, you will see a bunch of these Broadway hustlers (girls) up here”. I said “Do the boys bring them over?”; he replied “Sure, they come together. It’s good picking (good money making) up here in the summer”. I said “Well, I seldom get up this way”. He said “Well, it’s a damned good place to come to. I made a lot of money up here; and that’s why the janes (women) flock up (come here). Christ! They are talking an awful chance in New York”. I said “Well, why the hell should they come up here in the summer and work down there the winter?”; he replied “It’s too God damned cold up here in the winter and it’s pretty slow too. Besides a gal can get away with it in New York in the winter easier than she can in the summer; besides those New York cops ain’t freezing their b—— off along Broadway in the winter looking for hustlers”.
I said “Well, if you aint doing anything, come along and we'll look a couple of the joints (houses of prostitution) over. We can buy a drink; we dont have to stay”; he consented and we then went to several houses of prostitution where it was again noticed that all of the inmates were either Canadians or French-Canadians.

Upon our return to the hotel, I said “Well, you see, there ain't any American girls in any of them (houses)”; he said “They dont go into the houses; they are in the hotels and rooming joints. These French Canadians are better and they are not such gold diggers!”

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Before leaving Montreal I again visited Fernanda and Madame Senegal. During the course of my conversation with both of these persons, I discussed the question of Canadian girls leaving Canada for the United States. Madame Senegal said “Oh, there’s a few that go over to Buffalo or Detroit, but by God they are all God damned glad to get back, because they are no sooner in any of those towns when they get nipped (arrested)! Here, if a girl knows her onions, she can run for years and never get into any trouble”.

Fernanda’s conception of the migration of Canadian girls to the United States was substantially the same as Madame Senegal’s, stated above.

The following houses of prostitution (which constitute the better and medium-class resorts of all of the houses visited) were visited: 450 Guy Street, 122 Cadieux Street, 202 City Hall Avenue Apt 5, 1628 Cadieux Street, 1871 St. Denis, 1713 St. Denis, 705 St. Denis, 4 St. Agathe, 6 St. Agathe, 1227 Cadieux, 1225 Cadieux, 1209 Cadieux, 1434 City Hall Avenue (Cigar store), 209, Mountain, 1170 City Hall Avenue, 1560 Sanguinet, 475 St. Laurent, 1445 Bleury Street, 965 Hotel de ville street, 1088 Hotel de ville, 1096 Hotel de ville, 2024 Cadieux, 2015 Cadieux, 2011 Cadieux. In addition to the above, a number (15 more or less) of other houses were also visited by me, but no notations were made of their addresses, inasmuch as they are of the cheaper type resorts and the inmates were nearly all mature women. Taken as a whole, these give a fair cross-section of all types of houses of prostitution found operating in Montreal.

Montreal, Canada
Dec. 1-4, 1926

General Summary

Montreal, Canada, has a population of approximately 750,000 people. It was found that the Red Light District was abolished by the local authorities about 16 months ago. This district formerly occupied a section of the city bounded roughly by Cadieux, Hotel de Ville, from St. Catherine to Craig Street, and adjoining streets.
A large number of the houses were closed, but Cadieux and Hotel de Ville streets still harbor a large number of individual prostitutes and also a considerable number of houses of prostitution. In addition to the resorts that are still located in this area, I found many houses of prostitution scattered throughout the better business and residential sections of the city. The better type house operates without any outward manifestations of its activities. Most of the trade is brought to these resorts by taxi chauffeurs or sent by bellboys and other employees of hotels.

In the downtown section of the city, particularly in that area surrounding the old Red Light District, I also noted a large number of prostitutes soliciting from doorways and upon the streets.

During the course of my interviews with various madams and inmates, I learned that there are no girls of French nationality operating in Montreal. I was also informed by these madames and inmates and also pimps that during the summer months a large number of American girls operate in this city. One madame particularly mentioned that during the summer of 1926 scores of girls came to Montreal from Detroit, Michigan. This sudden and large influx from that particular city was, she claimed, the result of a law-enforcement program enacted by the local authorities of Detroit. This madame also mentioned that in addition to the American prostitutes that come seasonally from that city, girls also come from such cities as Buffalo, Troy and Chicago.

A pimp, when interviewed, stated that the reason for the American girls invading Canada is because particularly in Montreal they can work without molestation by the police and in addition the large tourist element that comes to this city each summer helps to improve business conditions in that city.

Concerning the migration of prostitutes from Montreal, I learned that very few leave to practice prostitution in the United States. I was told that the reason for this is because in most of the large cities of the United States it is difficult for a prostitute to operate openly.

A thorough canvas was made of some 50 houses of prostitution and but one American prostitute was found in them. The other prostitute-inmates all appeared, or admitted, to be French-Canadians, or Canadians. Several hotels and rooming houses were also visited and the prostitutes found operating therein were likewise of the same nationalities, as above.

Concerning local prostitution conditions and the operation of the houses of prostitution, I was told that a majority of the houses are protected by the police and are seldom raided. Inmates of these houses, however, are occasionally arrested and fined. When a raid occurs for the third time and the same inmate is arrested for the third time, the house is padlocked. To circumvent this padlocking, the operators of the resorts immediately get rid of girls who have been arrested.

The houses average from two to six inmates apiece, and during the summer months, I was told, some of the larger resorts have as many as ten girls.

The prices charged in the houses of prostitution range from $2 to $10.

Intoxicating liquor is sold in all of these resorts. Any person may secure admittance by merely ringing the doorbell.
The inmates and madames spoken to were also questioned concerning Dorchester House and its activities. Apparently this institution is not seriously considered by the local underworld.

Although the weather was extremely cold and there was a continuous snow storm during this investigation, it was noted that in the eastern section of that city street prostitutes operated quite freely. They did not hesitate to accost prospective customers on the main streets in full view of other passersby.

In conclusion it may be said that although there are at this time of the year no apparently American girls operating in Montreal, from information I secured I believe that there is during the summer months a large migration of American girls (prostitutes) and pimps from nearby American cities to Montreal inasmuch as they can operate in that city quite freely.

The End

The views expressed and the designations employed in this publication are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the United Nations Secretariat