



The native American game of craps was introduced at Monte Carlo six years ago, but the Casino's croupiers still are baffled by crapsshooters' jargon and antics.

Dirty Work at Monte Carlo

How three Las Vegas con men, equipped with 164 pairs of loaded dice, tried to take this old gambling den to the cleaners.

By TONI HOWARD

MONTE CARLO.

The idea was a solid one. Let Prince Rainier run off to America to woo and win the beautiful commoner from Philadelphia. Let the United States and the tiny theatrical principality of Monaco enter into a romantic hands-across-the-sea alliance, and let 150 journalists celebrate it in song and story. Let the Stars and Stripes and the Monégasque flag fly side by side from the Prince's Palace in the clear Mediterranean breeze. But let it not be said that such mundane sentimental distraction could alter the course of true gambling. Pom and pageantry may come and go, but a galloping pair of dice is a lovely thing to watch, an perchance fade. And romance or no romance the New World can still teach the Old World thing or two, especially in the eternal verities: Snake Eyes, Big Dick and Seven-Come-Eleven.

In short, although the year 1936 may be known to some as the year of The Wedding, it is also the hundredth anniversary of a well-renowned gambling parlor called Monte Carlo.



These are the custom-built, fraudulent dice the swindlers brought from Los Angeles, Calif. Casino inspectors found them two milligrams overweight and too dark a shade of green.



The three thieves from California in the hoosegow at Nice under guard of an *agent de la République*.

an establishment that occupies a luxurious corner of Prince Rainier's hereditary real estate and pays an equally luxurious share of his expenses; an establishment that still clings to the old nineteenth-century humanist tradition of cleaning its customers with artistry, and so might now be ripe for a little twentieth-century applied science.

With something like this in mind, on the nineteenth of February of this year three rather ruffled-looking Americans climbed out of the plane from Paris into the mild winter sunshine of the French Riviera and told the taxi driver to take them to the Ambassador Hotel in Monte Carlo. Felt has discreetly pulled down over their foreheads, they made the trip in tense but companionable silence, and, on arriving at their hotel in Monte Carlo, went immediately to their rooms.

In spite of their American passports, they were not what the *conciergerie* behind the desk regarded as typical Americans. Obvious boss of the trio, he who barked out the orders and gave the tips, was a spectacled sixty-year-old Oriental named Jason Lee, a Korean with the flat brown face, suspicious slit eyes and twice-broken nose of a man who has garnered valuable experience in both East and West. According to his passport, Mr. Lee was a Los Angeles businessman on his way to Tokyo, where he had important import-export connections. His main reason for coming to Monte Carlo, he said, was not gambling—as one might have thought—but marine salts, which he wished to buy in the Mediterranean and sell to Japan. Traveling with Papa Lee as com-

panion and confidant was Philip Aggie, also of Los Angeles, an unassuming little man with gold teeth, long, sensitive fingers and quick, observant eyes. Aggie was also supposedly on his way to Tokyo in the interest of marine salts, his ticket and expenses paid, and closely watched, by the globe-trotting Mr. Lee.

The third man was an odd ball named Arif Shaker, a big, laconic, dark-haired Lebanese-American whose English, when he spoke at all, combined a thick Levantine accent with a simplified underworld syntax. Shaker, too, was a businessman from the Los Angeles area, but, unlike the others, he wasn't going to Tokyo, he wasn't going anywhere; he didn't care about marine salts at all, or indeed about anything much. An unruffled giant, his value to the trio seems to have been based more on mass than on momentum. Following at the heels of the boss man Lee, he and little Aggie made a perfect Mutt-and-Jeff escort.

Had the *conciergerie* but known, there was something heroic about this threesome—Jason Lee and his modern Argonauts, in search of the Golden Fleece. But *concierges* are notoriously unimaginative, and this one, not swallowing any of that marine salt, put them down in his mind as run-of-the-mill gamblers and promptly forgot all about them.

At five the following afternoon, the three men, quiet as always, left the hotel and made their way through the gardens of Monte Carlo toward the Casino. On the way they separated company, and then, one by one, strolled into the big, drafty, crystal-chandeliered gambling room known to

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They tried to break the bank at Monte Carlo. Philip Aggie's nimble fingers rolled too many sixes. Arif Shaker, the silent strongman, got caught with the goods. "Papa" Jason Lee, a broken-nosed Korean-American, and master mind of the conspiracy, lost his nerve at the crucial moment.

Dirty Work at Monte Carlo

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the faithful as "the Kitchen." One by one, they drifted to the crap table in the back of the room and rather desultorily began betting. By this time Jason Lee and Aggie had been recognized, first by Monsieur Lebré, the "physiognomist" attendant at the entrance, and second by the croupiers of the dice table. They had spent a week at Monte Carlo earlier in the month, had shot a lot of craps and lost

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heavily. Or rather, Lee had lost heavily. Aggie of the invisible apron strings had played only with what chips Lee gave him. Now here they were back again, probably trying to recoup. Shaker no one had seen before.

For almost an hour the dice game went along normally, and then, as this form of entertainment can sometimes do, it got markedly warmer. Capering across the felt as Lee threw them, clicking sweetly against the backboard, the little green plastic cubes were beginning to dance, backed by more and more important money. "Six the point, six is the point!" sang the croupier, shooting them back across the felt toward Lee. And then: "Six the winner!" Lee and Company collected their winnings and went down heavily for the next one.

"Coming out, coming out! Eight is the point!" chanted the slickman.

"Eight, dice!" begged Lee. And the dice, as dice should, obeyed.

"Eight! Eight the winner!"

Sensing drama, a crowd began to gather until they were standing two and three deep around the sixteen to eighteen men playing at the big kidney-shaped table. The pile in front of Jason Lee was attaining architectural stature, yet his flat, simian Oriental face never changed expression. Like a sleepy brown monkey, he watched the game, placing his bets and nodding, invariably playing the front of the table marked "Win." Since the top bet allowed at this table is 40,000 francs (about \$115), Lee was now distributing chips not only to his boy, Aggie, but to strangers on either side to bet for him, dragging only his winnings and letting his stakes ride at the maximum.

Now Aggie had the dice, a frolicsome pair of bones in those fine, competent hands, and was throwing sixes, an occasional four or eight, then more sixes. For fifteen minutes Aggie worked it up, a series of over twenty consecutive passes.

"That's my boy!" croaked Papa Lee, pulling in one fat pot after another. The crowd at the table was hushed and tense.

"Man!" breathed an American next to Lee. "Don't that boy of yours ever throw nothing but sixes?"

Six after six, and then finally a seven, and the dice passed to a stranger at Aggie's right. But the croupiers had exchanged a glance.

"For the love of heaven, take it easy, son," Lee counseled Aggie quietly, and waited for the dice to come round again.

But at that moment, before the dice could make it home to one of our trio, the croupier raked them in, tucked them away in his dice box and threw in a new pair—this pair red, unworked and distinctly cool. In the general uproar of protest that followed, no one fought the injustice more insistently than Lee, who pelted the croupier with a rain of tips and, that failing, made several loud and invidious comparisons between Monte Carlo usage and that which prevailed on the tables of Las Vegas. But the croupier, seemingly indifferent both to the tips and to the folkways of Las Vegas, stood by his guns and his fresh dice, and the game went on. Disgruntled, Aggie and Shaker left the table, walked out of the Casino and went back to their hotel. After a few minutes and a few more bets, Lee cashed in his considerable stacks of chips and followed them.

During the evening the three conferred behind closed doors, and later that night, Lee, alone, went back to the Casino to prowling the crap table, presumably to see

the game. They hadn't. They were by that time sitting on the chief inspector's desk in a back office of the Casino, calipers and scales ready for a thorough examination when the inspector came on duty in the morning.

Nothing had apparently happened, and nothing perhaps would have happened, if Papa Lee had not lost his *sang-froid*. Supposing that the dice on the inspector's desk were not exactly *comme il faut*, no one, without additional evidence, could possibly have known which of eighteen players had palmed them into the game. Moreover, nothing is more conspicuous than an inscrutable Oriental suddenly going scrutable. Like a man lost, Lee rushed back to his hotel, tossed his bags together and moved across to the chic Hotel de Paris, probably hoping thereby to pick up a little additional prestige and also to put three blocks between himself and his low-life friends. The next morning he abruptly switched plans again, repacked his bags and made tracks for Nice, taking Shaker with him and leaving Aggie behind as a decoy, but forgetting in his hurry to bribe the taxi driver to keep his mouth shut. In Monte Carlo practically everybody, in one way or another, works for the Casino, and the first thing the unbribed taxi driver did when he got back was tell the police what a couple of strange

An experienced cook is one who can operate any kind of can opener.

FLOYD R. MILLER.

birds he'd just rushed out of town. This was the tip-off the police were waiting for.

Meanwhile Lee's obedient decoy had gone dormouse, lay down on the bed to take a nice peaceful nap, and woke to find himself arrested. Questioned, Aggie knew nothing of Lee or Shaker—just passing acquaintances, that's all—and nothing at all about any kind of skin game. Frisked, he was as mystified as the police were over a receipt found in his wallet from T. R. King & Co., of Los Angeles, for \$220 worth of loaded dice.

This was already enough for the police to go on. But to fix matters even better, Aggie's taciturn old pal, Shaker, chose just that moment to phone from Nice to tell him to hot-foot it over, he and Lee were waiting for him at the Air France terminal, ready to jump on the first plane that came along. Having tapped that call, the Monegasque police dropped Aggie like a hot brick, banded him his walking papers, and while he packed to get out of town, tipped off the Nice police. Aggie was jaywalked to the border and followed all the way to the air terminal at Nice, where the French cops obligingly arrested all three. When Shaker's baggage was turned upside down, the police found 164 pairs of loaded, mismarked and fixed dice in three paper cartons and two long wool socks. In cash they picked up \$5670 from Shaker, and \$8400 in traveler's checks from Papa Lee, all of it supposedly won the day before with the custom-tailored dice. Little Aggie was, as usual, flat broke; all he ever had was what Lee doled out to him.

French police reporters covering the arrest were lost in admiration of those 164 pairs of dice—one more example of American manufacturing ingenuity! Many of them lacked a three, or a two, or a five, many were loaded for seven and

slightly darker color than the Casino dice—sea-green instead of water-green—said the Casino, poetically—and if this, plus Jason Lee's over-the-top betting, that had tipped off the crowd. On closer examination, the calipers scales of Chief Inspector Louis Cerno also shown that they were one millimeter too small and two milligrams too heavy.

Now, with three crapshooters in headlines, the French press had to tell its readers just what the game of was. "A rapid and brutal game in the disciplined American of today—release for his native violence and to risk," explained Paris-Match. "Cr said Detective solemnly, "is an apt name for la Passe Anglaise, which is forbidden in France, practically known in England, and currently played only in the Far East, in Tangier and U.S.A." But then Detective thought ought to give its readers an idea of "singular and mysterious incantations that accompanies the game, and sent Jason Lee tossing the dice shouting: "Put your money on the line; it won't grow between your fingers. I am so warm I'll need no blanket tonight! Don't let us allow the dice to down!" Whereupon, still according Detective, a croupier was heard to mark: "This client has surely passed the school of Idaho, which is the state the U.S.A. where craps is best played. And yet there are sixty-five different versions back there of playing craps. This must know all of them." Detective made a stab at explaining "le petit," "la petite Phoebe," and "Ten-the-Hundred," however, that this was a gauge comprehensible only to the states of the game."

In common accord, the French found "the brain," "the Asiatic, Lee," most interesting of the three and jumped to the conclusion that it was he who palmed the loaded dice into the game. But had he? Although it was Lee who stood to profit by it most, it seems to have been Aggie who actually pulled the dice, just as it was Aggie who, financed by his late Monte Carlo partner in the morning and flown back to Los Angeles to the improved dice made. Yet even it is hard to determine, given the fluidity with which all three kept changing stories. First, of course, they denied Lee denied knowing Shaker, Shaker denied knowing Aggie—until the police covered that they were brothers-in-law all three denied knowing where those pairs of fake dice had come from. A year later, in return for the Casino's promise to drop its charges, all three signed confessions. But charges, once preferred are difficult to withdraw, particularly when an extradition demand has been made, and when the Monaco authorities announced that they would be tried, the three retracted their confessions and started all over.

There is a thrifty old adage in these circles that says that one can take the money as three, and once our trio saw economy of this maxim, it was only a matter of time before the faithful Aggie got in for the role. Aggie now confessed his role, and abundantly. It was he who had bought the dice in Los Angeles, it was he who had cunningly planted the cartons and socks full of dice in his brother-in-law's luggage—all without two others suspecting a thing. It had a deplorably underhanded thing to do and he was sincerely sorry. However, Las Vegas, Aggie added, you can't pair of dice out of a game any time

Continued from Page 120... he'd really wanted was something to remember Monte Carlo by.

Now began a series of shuntings from the French prison to another—from Nice to Aix-en-Provence to Marseilles and back—while the publicity-conscious Longasques waited for their prince to get his marriage over and get rid of all those American guests and reporters. sooner or later, the three would have to be extradited back to Monaco and tried, and everyone was agreed that it would be poor taste indeed to try three of Miss Kelly's countrymen for running a con game in Monaco at the very moment that romantically inclined young lady was becoming its princess. If Mr. Jason Lee, who was already screaming and swearing and banging the bars of his various cells, could have known that his case was being held up by a point of international etiquette, he would have hit the ceiling as well as the walls.

As it was, he was like a small caged animal, furiously biting and scratching and pulling out at everyone and everything within reach. It was all an anti-American conspiracy—"These guys hate us because we're Americans!" It was a Casino fix—I hired eight lawyers and every one is working for the Casino!" Aggie and haker were trying to frame him—"It's a nakedown! They were campin' out on me!" The French authorities were corrupt, the Monégasque authorities were corrupt—"They're all crooks!"—and the only reason he was "in the tank" was that the Casino had to "save their faces" and "railroad" him through a rigged trial. When, in the midst of all this raving, the American consul informed the three that their passports had been lifted and would be visaed only for a quick, no-way ride home to the States if they were found guilty, poor old Jason got the gas.

For any American abroad, that little green passport is an infinitely precious document. For Lee, it was an absolute necessity, to his life, his business, his way of living. Without it, he could not possibly keep up his business operations in Tokyo, and in Tokyo, despite the Japanese resentment against Koreans, Lee was big man. He was owner and operator of \$200,000 Western-style night club, owner of substantial real estate, some of which was leased to the United States Embassy, and codirector of an import-export com-

pany called the Unasia Corporation, which covered a multitude of enterprises. All his life he had been a gambler, and had got where he was through gambling and running illicit gambling joints. One of the best known was a North Clark Street dive in Chicago that he ran from 1941 to 1953 with such excellent patronage and protection that in twelve years it was never closed. Now, after years of setting out the bait for the suckers, here he was in the humiliating position of having swallowed the hook himself.

Old hands as they were at the floating back-room kind of game, he and Aggie and Shaker had forgotten that the Casino of Monte Carlo was legal, solidly backed by the Monaco government and by the law. They had also forgotten that to take on Monte Carlo was to take on an entrenched little police state owned and controlled by one of the richest and most powerful men in the world, Mr. Socrates Onassis. Levantine-Americans themselves, Aggie and Shaker should have thought twice before trying to muscle in on Mr. Onassis. Mr. Onassis knows his way around the fringe of legality, too, but it is a fringe that in Monte Carlo he reserves for himself. A man's home is his castle, no matter what it's moated with, and the new Seigneur of Monte Carlo evidently likes his castle to be impregnable. With a little more humor, he might have quashed the whole affair and let the three off with a reprimand, but Mr. Onassis has only recently arrived himself, and humor is something that comes later.

As a matter of fact, in its one hundred years of existence, the Casino of Monte Carlo has seen many a swindler come and go, and in that time has learned to cope with almost every known kind of gambling dodge. Although Lee and Aggie and Shaker scored two notable firsts—the first Americans caught at it, and the first to fob their own dice at craps—they are only the most recent in a long line of rogues who have tried to prove at the Casino's tables that cheating can prosper. And it can—for a while. Lee and Company just happened to come on the scene a little late, after the barn door had been fitted with too many locks.

In the 1850's, when the Casino was first struggling to establish itself as Europe's off-bounds gambling den, it was a favorite hangout for international swindlers and card sharks, counterfeiters, cocottes, spies, pickpockets and thieves. Monte Carlo in those days was as open as the

Yukon, and for much the same reason—fortunes were won and lost so fast here that no one could keep track. Crooks congregated freely in the gambling rooms, playing with counterfeit money and even tampering with the roulette wheels. Hold-ups and jewel thefts were so common that the safest thing you could do with your money and valuables was to lose them to the Casino.

Then, in the 1880's, came the bombings, which shook Monte Carlo to its foundations and blew up such a scandal that the Casino was forced to take security measures for its own survival. The first was a time bomb set by a gang of thieves who were going to hold up the Casino and everybody in it. The second was planted by a crackpot who had been reading the propaganda of the Victorian "moral-hygiene" movement and wanted to rain destruction on this "large house of sin, blazing with gas lamps by night, flaming and shining by the shore like the habitation of some romantic witch." Both bombs fizzled, but the lesson was there. To protect itself against crooks and reformers both, the Casino had to lay on an anti-demolition squad of house detectives.

Bombs away, the sharp boys now turned to monkeying with the machinery. One of the most successful at this was an athletic young gambler who jimmied a Casino window late one night and slipped in to adjust a certain roulette wheel more to his liking. With a pair of pliers he widened the slots of the 15 and 3, and narrowed the slots of the three numbers in between. He won the equivalent of \$20,000 on that wheel before the help noticed. Another young man with a similar bright idea went up to Switzerland, where the Casino's roulette wheels were made, and bribed a worker in the factory to misbalance one wheel and mark it for identification. For two months this character had a terrific run of luck, until, in his youthful enthusiasm, he pushed it so far that an inspector got suspicious and examined and retired the wheel.

Counterfeiters, too, had some good sport with the Casino. In the early years, bets were made in bank notes or coins, usually the French gold louis or the English pound, and one of the croupier's jobs was to left or ring or bite a coin before placing it on a number. One innocent English gambler who had sent home for funds and got a five-pound note in the mail, ran it up to £10,000 before anyone discovered it was literally stage money, a phony bill used on the stage of the Drury Lane Theater. When the Casino finally inaugurated the chip system, things quieted down for a while, but only until the boys could get a bead on the chips. Two enterprising Frenchmen then began counterfeiting 200-franc chips—worth about three dollars—a neat little forgery that lasted almost a month and cost the Casino plenty, including the cost of tossing out all its chips and plaques and buying an entire set of new ones.

In the flush period between the two wars, when baccarat and trente et quarante got the big-money play, the nimble-fingered crowd turned its attention to the cards. One foursome bribed a dealer at trente et quarante to "sandwich" a stacked deck into the shoe, made a fabulous kill while the deck lasted, and then walked calmly down to the railway station and skipped to France without ever getting caught. The dealer, left behind, confessed and was fired.

An even more ingenious gimmick was tried in the late '30's, when another four-man combine took the precaution at baccarat of putting a phosphorescent chemical under their fingernails and mark-

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tiny flecks invisible to the naked eye. When that deck came into play again, they upped their stakes and went to work. This went on for three days, the takings so lush that the Casino knew something was wrong, but didn't know what. All that distinguished the four was that they all wore dark glasses, à la Farouk. Puzzled at the connection between phenomenal luck and dark spectacles, one of the inspectors got a pair of sun glasses himself and immediately spotted the phosphorescent flecks on the cards. The four were arrested, tried and got three years.

With the development and perfection of a staff of inspectors, such ambitious swindles are becoming increasingly rare. What worries the staff much more now is the petty thief, the surreptitious cheat and, above all, the woman gambler. "Our mission," explains Chief Inspector Cérisol, a handsome, white-haired Monégasque of superb *politesse*, "is to make it possible for our clients to gamble in tranquility. And what disturbs the tranquility is not so much men engaged in the big swindle as women engaged in the little ruse." It's not that women are less honest than men, or "not necessarily," says Cérisol, smiling. "But they just don't like to lose."

And so they try their little tricks. There is, for example, *la poussette*, or the little push. A woman sits down at the *rente et quarante* or roulette table and spreads her handbag, papers, notebook and cigarettes in front of her. She makes an even-money bet and then, as soon as even or odd or red or black is announced, reaches a graceful finger around her clutter of belongings and flicks her chip from the losing to the winning category. She is always paid off the first time, sometimes the second and third. After that, she is politely asked to leave. Next most popular gambit among the ladies is what the Casino calls "*réclamations*," a gambit especially hard to put the finger on if the woman in question is an attractive one. What the lady does in this one is wait until a big gambler, preferably a little drunk, starts strewing the roulette table with chips. Then, when one of his chips or *plaques* wins, she claims it as hers. If the man holds out for his chip, then both are paid off, and the second time the lady tries it she is shown the door. But if, as is more usual, the gentleman concedes, there is nothing the Casino can do. "The Casino," Cérisol shrugs, "cannot control the gallantry of men."

The ladies who go in for such little spoofs are seldom adventuresses or professionals, but usually sweet, simple little housewives who, as Inspector Cérisol says, "just don't like to lose." Many of them also flirt outrageously with the croupiers, under the impression that the croupier can influence the wheel or the fall of a card. Few errors are committed by the Casino's dealers, but those few are committed because of such distractions.

Monte Carlo's security force is now so quiet and efficient as to be virtually imperceptible, but when it moves, as it did with Lee, Aggie and Shaker, it moves with gumshoe swiftness. The Casino will not say how many inspectors it has on its payroll, but it is safe to guess around 200. These are known as "*les œuvres*," and are popularly rumored to have eyes in the backs of their heads. In addition, the house has an untold number of tipsters ready to pick up a little extra cash for spotting anything unusual. And, of course, the croupiers and supervisors. Outside, not allowed in the Casino unless called in, but more or less aching to be called, is the Monaco police force, the strongest in the world for its national area, with roughly five policemen to the block. And beyond that, like a great shadowy protective net,

stands Interpol, Europe's international police clearinghouse, which tips off all the casinos in Europe on the latest con game and who's practicing it.

With all that stacked against them, one might think the smooth operators would prefer to do their operating somewhere else. But this is Monte Carlo, the biggest citadel of them all and the biggest challenge, and the hope of a fast kill never fades. With their instinct for the easy mark, it's no wonder, either, that the sharp set should now regard the crap table as the new field to conquer. For if the Casino has one weak point, craps is it. Since February, since what Cérisol is already calling "*L'expérience Las Vegas*," the dice have been redesigned and their colors gone more Homeric—"water-green, blood-red or wine-dreg purple"—but the Casino is still decidedly edgy about the whole thing. Even after six years—craps was introduced here in 1950—the croupiers still handle the game as if it were an unexploded land mine. They don't quite hold their noses, but they don't look happy either, particularly when the United States 6th Fleet is in port and the boys get to blowing on the bones. "They talk so much, they get you rattled," one croupier complained. He lowered his voice. "They even talk to the dice!"

One week after Mr. Grimaldi and Miss Kelly had said "I do," and sailed off into the sunset, our three Las Vegas rover boys were transferred to the tiny sun-splashed prison of Monaco, put through five weeks of interrogation, and tried. Yet what seemed to be on trial was not the three culprits, but the game of craps itself. Once it came out that Lee and Aggie had United States criminal records—larceny, vagrancy, assault, bootlegging, illegal gambling, disorderly conduct—the fate of the trio was no longer in doubt. Papa Lee made like an outraged businessman and went back into the marine-salts-for-Japan routine. "They got lotsa little fishes out there," he explained hopefully. "Need salt." But the judge wasn't buying any

marine salts either. Before much more could be said, the entire court set down to a Gallic discussion of the game of craps.

Everybody joined in to explain it to judge. Everybody, that is, except the accused, who, not understanding French, looked morose and sleepy.

"This game," said the judge, gesturing. "Do the dice pass from hand to hand a player wins, does he conserve the dice. Can it arrive that a player keep the dice ten minutes or a quarter of an hour?"

"Yes," said Aliprandi, one of the croupiers involved. "Or he may lose them quite quickly. In which case, he and friends might show their annoyance."

A witness cut in to elucidate. "That game of craps, in effect," he said, "does not take place in a very silent or distinguished atmosphere. Unlike roulette, baccarat, one says and does many things while playing, while throwing."

"There are *plaisanteries* of tradition in this game, then?" asked the judge.

Everyone agreed that there were *plaisanteries* of tradition in this game.

A defense lawyer was reminded of member of Miss Kelly's wedding party who had been much criticized for his attitude at the crap table. "It is said that he comported himself lamentably, slapping his thighs, spitting on the dice and telling them little love stories —"

"Love stories!" said the judge, incredulous. "It is like this that this game played?"

That settled it. Looking exceedingly stern, the judge gave Shaker six months, Lee and Aggie one year each and 200,000 francs' fine.

Two weeks later Prince Rainier, a little less stern and a little less averse to American love stories, let Lee off with his fine and the three months in prison he had already served.

Yet, loaded or legal, one has not the impression that "this game" is here, Monte Carlo to stay. —THE EN



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The O'Sombre Funeral Home parked its hearses in empty lots until nearby residents complained that it got on their nerves. At that, the funeral home parked the hearses in the streets instead. The exasperated residents sued to stop this practice.

"The lots are restricted by law to residential use, and so, in effect, are the streets in a residential district," the homeowners argued. "To park hearses there amounts to using the streets for business purposes."

"The streets belong to everyone," counsel for the funeral home replied. "They aren't covered by residential restrictions such as would apply to dwellings and lots."

If you were the judge, would you make the hearses move?

The hearses stayed. The court ruled that the streets, public generally, including the operators of hearses, that street parking is open to the

Based upon a 1953 Kentucky decision.