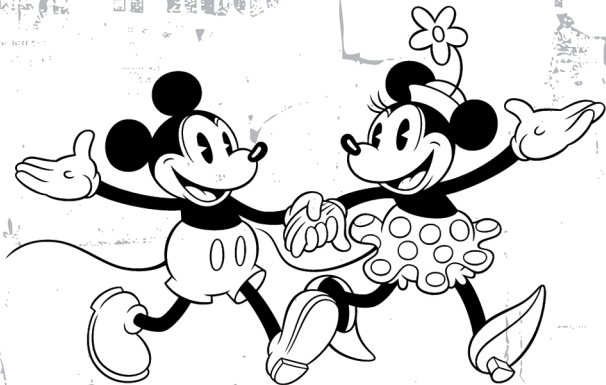


MOUSECAPADES



When I was ten years old I delivered the early morning Pittsburgh Post Gazette paper to twenty five customers. My paper route took me down the hall of an apartment house from the boulevard to fifth street in McKeesport.

One morning as I was going through this apartment building, I found a little magazine in the hall. It was a pornographic cartoon of Mickey and Minnie Mouse having sex.

“Say, what is this?” I wondered.
“What are they doing?” At thirteen in 1945 it occurred to me that this must be something illicit that my parents shouldn’t see. Could this be sex? In that one moment I had lost my innocence, and I became initiated into the adult cult of sex.

I hid the magazine in my bureau appropriately under my stash of underwear. It was really amazing, I was a just a naive kid.

Who knew Mickey was so well hung.