

...smoking, great card playing, and taking drinks.

Around this time, I discovered what girls were for. Up to then, I hadn't known what intercourse actually was. When I found out, I was all for it.

I had always viewed girls with great curiosity. But there were no young females in the reform school; on Mr. Day's farm, I had no female company, and as I said, the small town nearby had provided no outlet.

I found I could get a lot of attention from girls, and I was delighted. Ironically, I became very particular about whom I went to bed with. The girl had to be feminine, and attractive, and she had to care about me. I always chose younger girls whom I could dominate. I didn't like prostitutes because they didn't provide ego fulfillment. They were available for money, and what I needed was a sense of conquest.

For me, it was essential to excel. It was even necessary for me to beat girls at rope-jumping and jacks. I couldn't abide a girl outdoing me in anything. Sex was an area where I maintained full control. I wanted so much to be manly that I over-reacted, and felt a great compulsion to take to bed every girl I met. I couldn't stand it if a girl lost interest in me; I had to be the one to break off the affair.

I was still, legally speaking, under age. So one fine day, John Stuart, a detective in the local police department, picked me up for keeping late hours.

I was taken to the detention prison. Two weeks later, I was appointed orderly. My jobs were cleaning up the kitchen, the dining room, and the basement, and washing the windows, and doing laundry.

The girls in the detention prison were housed in a se-

cluded side of the building. Because my work involved various areas of the buildings, I occasionally got the opportunity to be with the girls. Once in a while, I was able to steal a couple of minutes to kiss a girl I especially liked. These brief contacts led to my working out a scheme.

The laundry chutes led, from both the boys' dormitories and the girls' dormitories, to the same spot in the basement. I knew I would be down there sorting and washing clothes, and would be left alone for some three to four hours. On a certain Saturday afternoon, I arranged that the girl I had been kissing and writing notes to would slide down the clothing chute from the girls' dormitories into the basement.

We two spent a few delightful hours together. But it was difficult for her to get back up the chute, and she most certainly had to return before she was found missing. So we hollered up the chute to the girls in the dormitory, and asked them to tie three or four sheets together with strong

knots. I tied the end of the bottom sheet to my girl's wrists, and her friends upstairs pulled her up the chute.

This got to be such great fun that I actually reached the point of really enjoying that prison. I would anxiously await every Wednesday and Saturday, when I would be in the basement by myself and one of the girls would slide down the clothing chute. There were 15 girls in the detention prison; I managed to screw 12 of them.

Most of the girls were in for burglary, or prostitution, or breaking curfew. None of my 12 sexual partners was a virgin. I doubt that any of the three I didn't have relations with was a virgin. One of these was a girl who weighed about 190 pounds; and the only reason I didn't screw her was that she couldn't fit down the chute, though she tried