

## Pirate House-Ship

As early as I can remember I dreamed of becoming a pirate and built my first pirate ship from a large cardboard box I got at the grocery store where Mom was demonstrating the advantages of *Borden's Starlac Powered Milk* and giving customers a taste. When I was around six, I tagged along when she didn't have someone to "watch" me. We struggled home with the box in a seat next to me in the trolley car.

I decorated the box on three sides with pirate regalia, cut portholes in front and the side, and would push it around the house, on my knees, my head in the box, an old Army blanket taped to the top, covering my butt and legs. Luckily, my dog, Katie, was small enough that, after a few jittery shake-down cruises, she lay inside on my house-ship's lower deck. I "docked" it next to the big wooden console radio to listen to adventure programs, read pirate books and comics with a flashlight.