

**It was late August, 1962**, when I first saw Albert Parker. After all this time I still remember the year quite distinctly. It was my second teenage summer, part of life's first great transition, and I had been waiting months for something special to happen, something magical. Something like having Marilyn Monroe show up on my doorstep, wearing that flouncy white dress she wore over the subway grate in "The Seven Year Itch."

In my dreams she would ask me, in her breathless whisper, to "take her." At the time, I wasn't even sure what that meant. Hell, it didn't matter. Just having her show up would have been enough, as long as the rest of the gang saw her. Of course, Marilyn never came to 722 Reichold Street in Brickdale.

Albert did.