

When I was a kid most of my friends were rather good ball players. Louie was not. As a matter of fact, he was lousy. But, he had a chest protector, a mask and a catcher's mitt. So, we were happy to make him a member of our team.

When I was a small boy on Mogind Street nothing very exciting ever happened - except the occasional appearance of a band of gypsies. When this happened my friends and I knew exactly what to do. Run like mad. As far back as we could remember, we had been told that gypsies were bad news - that they would steal one blind and, worse yet, that they would kidnap little boys and girls. No gypsy ever caught me and none of my friends ever came up missing.

Not many people remember the Gem Theater. But I do. It seated no more than 100 people and there was nothing imposing about its appearance, but it was very special to me. I remember well its dim lights, the strident piano music and, most of all, its odor - something like the smell of stale peanut shells. Particularly special to me were the movies I saw there. Nothing but westerns, many of them serials. Standing out in my memory is the serial "Scarface". It was great. They don't make movies like that anymore. Best of all was the price of admission - 5¢ plus 1¢ war tax. The deluxe theater down the street, the Mall, charged 10¢ plus 1¢ war tax.

Boycott the Olympics - and don't let the girls go either.

He carried the nickname "Baboon" and that more or less describes him. He lived by his wits, making a buck here and a buck there. Much of his time was devoted to avoiding bill collectors. That did not prevent him from conning others into extending him credit. During the early part of World War II he suddenly disappeared from the scene. There were rumors that he had gotten a government job but every body laughed at that. Then one day I received word from the War Production Board that an inspection team would visit our plant. I expected a few military officers and a civilian or two so I was rather surprised when a fleet of limousines pulled up at our door. Hordes of officers poured forth - and one civilian who obviously was in charge of the mission. You guessed it - Baboon.

When you enter the rat race be aware of the possibility that the rats might win.

Special awards are nice but they are not always what they seem to be. When I was in the third grade we had a spelling bee. The teacher told us that the winner would get a nice book. I won. She told me that she had forgotten to bring the book from home but promised me that I would have it "tomorrow". She forgot to bring it - again and again and again. A few years ago, I met her on the street and she told me that she still had the book and was going to see that I got it. Apparently she forgot to do it. But, I have not given up hope. She lives only a few blocks from me and some day she will stumble on to that book and bring it to me.

Leon Czolgosz received an appropriate award on October 29, 1901.