ever, we would just sit in the rough bed of the hay wagon and tell wild stories. Here we would often imagine ourselves to be victims of dangerous bandits who had descended from the hayloft. Whatever we did we always had an exciting time. Toward the end of each busy day our imaginary Indians would find us in the barn, and we would let them chase us to the weatherbeaten house, to our waiting supper, and to our soft feather beds. Then we would fall asleep to dream about the farm, the Indians, and the wonderful vacation we were having.

Story of Tommy Gromeko
(In argot)
Ted Black

As a criminal reporter for the Chicago Comet, it was my job to investigate the criminal case of Tommy Gromeko, better known in the underworld as the "Chicago Kid." When Gromeko ambled into the line-up, I knew he was headed for the big house. A fag dangled loosely from his lips. His glad rags, tailor-fitted, marked him as a professional thug. I asked permission to interview Gromeko and the request was granted.

Upon entering the cooler I found Tommy cool as a cucumber. There was little gab on my part, but Gromeko had a few choice words for the occasion. "I ain't squealin' to any flatfoot. You cowboys may take me for a stool pigeon, but I ain't ratin' on nobody. Now scram before I slit your gizzard." I left, for cleverly concealed under Gromeko's coat was a shiv and a gat.

The boys in blue tried every possible method to make Tommy squawk. Under the heat lamp Tommy just sweat it out. I had this guy pegged from the start. Gromeko was nobody's stooge. However, this was one rap Gromeko wasn't going to skip.

The trial started slowly but finished fast. The dicks had the goods on Gromeko. Tommy said he had been framed and the trial had been fixed, but this defense was of no avail. The judge threw the book at Gromeko; the verdict was guilty, and the penalty was death.

On May 1, 1939, Gromeko walked the last mile. Tommy
was no longer a mug; he was no longer a hodlum; he was no longer the leader of the underworld. The "Chicago Kid" was now a gangster of the past, for he received the juice treatment at midnight. The famed Tommy Gromeko was dead.

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Man of Wisdom

Frederick Murphy

In the competitive world of today wisdom is a cheap commodity to be gained almost painlessly through the gigantic educational system which exists in America. At least this is what the majority of Americans seem to believe. America seems to have lost that humility and meekness of spirit which characterizes those who possess true wisdom. A truly wise person is one who, regardless of how much knowledge he may have attained, realizes with a feeling not unlike pain how infinitely much there remains for him to learn and how impossible is the task of even scratching the surface of the knowsome who possessed this secret of wisdom. It is hard to imitate of the ages. In all the world's history there have been agine how the world could have progressed without them.

One such man was a humble Greek whose wisdom, but for his illustrious pupil, might have been lost to the world. A completely unprepossessing man in appearance, his thoughts were to have an impact on the world such as those of few other men. His name was Socrates. He was a man who felt he had a mission and was willing to die, if need be, rather than to relinquish his dream. As with all men who attempt to show mankind its faults, he soon became the object of a hatred compounded with fear. Some of the citizens of Athens feared that he was perverting the minds of the young, turning them away from the ideals they should hold dear. Socrates met the opposition not with fear and trembling but with the courage that comes when one knows he espouses the right.

When he was finally brought to trial by his accusers, he showed himself a master of logic. Though aware of the great danger confronting him, he still could say and believe that to the good man nothing can happen save the good. If the fearful world of today could produce a few men of true wisdom like Socrates, there would be no reason for anyone to fear the world of tomorrow.