

## HANK Speaks Again... So Listen By Hank

I have gotten a little pushback from folks who bemoan the absence of any Shakespeare or other classic reference in last month's article. I will attempt to make amends out of a sense of duty as well as the realization that in this month "He's making a list and checking it twice". A recent leaf peeping trip in the Hudson Valley introduced us to their love of fermented liquids since before the Revolution including their many spins on Apple Jack. The Volstead Act in many towns was considered "a federal law which did not apply as long as we didn't ship our stuff too far". Old Plank Road Tavern, Newburgh's well known bootlegging outlet and source of smuggled stuff from not too distant Canada during Prohibition has been quenching thirst since 1801 and hosts an annual End of Prohibition Party on December 5.

Esteemed members of CCH,

I respectfully suggest we rename our December 5, 2015 event as CCH Christmas Party/End of Prohibition Eve Celebration

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Freddie was a bright 7 year old who picked up on things quickly and also spoke up quickly. He came down with a cold and sought medical attention. He and Mom were walking through the Medical Plaza when they saw a crooked knee older gentleman and Freddie scrutinized him thoroughly, even turning around to watch then announced : "God damned Sam, the bowlegged man!"

His Mother was mortified and admonished him but after his appointment and they were leaving and spied another similarly limb distorted fellow and once again, the halls rang with: "God damned Sam, the bowlegged man!"

She turned on him and (probably due to not having attended the same Corporal Punishment mandatory Grammar School I did and probably due to having a Master's degree in Societal Amalgamation) gave him the ultimatum: One more outburst and severe punishment will come your way!

Next week when they went back to the Medical center for the follow up, they saw another and the same words were shouted out: "God damned Sam, the bowlegged man!"

School term was ending so she locked him in his room allowing only food and bathroom breaks and filling the shelves with ONLY a nicely bound collection of THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.

As summer break ended, she released him and he seemed happy and all was well. A few weeks later, they had to go to the clinic since as Kid's parents often do, now she came down with a cold.

Strolling through the lobby, they spied a fellow who had at least a 6 inch gap between inner seams and Freddie looked at him then up at his Mom and said NOTHING. And she was so pleased . . . so pleased. A few paces later he broke away and ran up a staircase and with a sweeping gesture proclaimed: "Hark, what manner of men are these who wear their balls in parentheses!!"