

HERZOGS FOR THE HUSKY:

by Joe 'Kirsch' Curcio

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HERZOG'S FOR THE HUSKY



Every year before the holidays my father would take me for a new suit to Herzog's clothing store on the south side of Williamsburg Brooklyn New York. They specialized in *husky kid-wear* for us *unique* boys and girls who were destined to a future of bench warming, untied shoelaces and perhaps someday who would even grace the cover of the Quest Diagnostics holiday calendar – “*God fa-bit*” as my *Brooklyn-Italian* mother would say as she made the sign of the cross if she was still around to read this.

It was the early 70's and even though all of the other kids were wearing red and yellow blazers and avocado-colored shirts with cool platform footwear, I'd inevitably end up with a turkey leg stain on the pants of a very – dark – blue – suit. Once again, I'd most likely be sporting an eventually food stained plain white shirt and wearing those shiny black *casket shoes* that you'd usually see on the deceased at a wake.

Apparently, us *unique* kids didn't wear bright rainbow colors and evidently were more likely than the skinny kids to topple over in 4" cork wedge soles - so *casket shoes* it was.

One year my father decided to take me on the subway from Brooklyn to “*New York*” - known by everyone else, other than my father, as the borough of Manhattan. But I guess to my father “*Brook-uh-leen*” was a city in itself and crossing the river using the BMT subway (the Brooklyn–Manhattan Transit Corporation) is what took us to the Robert Hall clothing store near 34th Street in *New York*.

“...when values go up this season, Robert Hall will show you the reason...50% off, including 2-pair of pants and an oxford shirt with every suit...”

Although I was hopeful and naive enough to think that maybe this new place didn't carry anything in dark blue, I was kind of bummed out about not going to Herzogs. You see, usually right before buying my suit my father and I would split a giant hot dog and a pastrami sandwich from the deli around the corner. Plus, there was *Moe* who sold pickles out of wooden barrels just down the street on Havermeier. Mind you that none of this really helped very much with the upcoming fitting or the eventual required letting out of the trousers.

But there I stood on the creaky wooden platform with *Izzy the tailor* at Robert Hall in *New York*. Soap markings on the legs of my pinned pant cuffs. Enduring the polite terms of the trade: *husky, burly, portly, stocky, heavyset*. Yet somehow, knowing that the nice Jewish man with the tape measure was really thinking, “*Oy vey, is this kid a fat bastard - I hope that the platform holds up*”

But being the nice man that he was, *Izzy* did advise my father and I where we could get a “*delicious knish and a nice cold Dr. Brown cream soda*” after the fitting. Apparently, there was some sort of connection between the cured meats, kosher potato-based products and Jewish owned haberdasheries.

Joe "Kirsch" Curcio: Call or Text: 347-558-1105,
Website: www.greenpointmusic.com
Email: websodafm@yahoo.com

Well, at the end of the day, knish or pastrami it didn't really matter whether it was a nice Jewish man from Herzog's or Robert Hall - come Thanksgiving morning I still ended up with the same very – dark – blue – suit, a white shirt *violated* and soiled by a runaway stuffed mushroom and a brown turkey leg stain on at least one of the free pair of Robert Hall pants - oh and of course wearing those shiny black *casket shoes*.

I now sit here for the past few hours still in Brooklyn with only occasional trips to *the city*, on this park bench after taking my morning regimen of statins, blood thinners, and a Semaglutide - wearing a fairly conservative dark blue sport jacket and avoiding any toppling from dangling shoelaces - my feet resting comfortably inside my shiny black slip-on loafers and thanking God, as I cross myself, that the apple or possibly the knish really doesn't fall far from the tree – and being a Brooklyn guy just like my father and his father, I'll gladly take that in whatever color suit that I'll be wearing this Thanksgiving.

ABOUT JOE "KIRSCH" CURCIO

Joe "Kirsch" Curcio, a Tops online member from Brooklyn, New York is a former ABC radio and networks employee. Now retired, Joe maintains a 70-pound weight loss and has taken his A1C from nearly 12 to 5.4 with glucose levels as high as 300 down to a current average of 90-105.

He is the author of *"Ah-Shpet: 101 words you'll need to survive the neighborhood"* and *"The Welcome to Greenpoint Manuscript"*.

Joe generates over 2K monthly audience interactions on combined social media platforms as well as his website at www.GreenpointMusic.com. He recently has celebrated over 60K streaming media plays of his music and *audio/video antics*. He maintains a 55% engagement rate on Facebook as well as a 74% retention rate on YouTube.

CONTACT:

Joe "Kirsch" Curcio

Tel/Text: 347-558-1105

Email: websodafm@yahoo.com

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