

A Few minutes with the Boss

By: Joseph Andalina

For those of us who bleed red, white, and black

Can you believe it? After a half century, my (and maybe yours) beloved Blackhawks have won the Cup!

My, my, my, a nice diversion from the baloney we have been experiencing for so long by our political leaders. And did you not, for those of you who saw the parade and rally, catch that the loudest boo's were received only by the politicians? Yeah, Mayor Daley (who couldn't even get the coach's name right) and Governor Quinn got the raspberries from the crowd. But politicians are used to it and continue talking, throwing in a "Blackhawk", "Rocky Wirtz", and other key words that would get a very polite crowd cheering.

The folks know, yes they do.

Is there any place in sports rallies for any political figure to stick their mugs and their sometimes disingenuous words on a dais that should be left for those who deserve it? We just can't get rid of politicians who have to primp for the masses, can we. Wouldn't be so bad if they actually did something. It's all just a show for them because it's popular and they have a chance to align themselves with winners. They cannot help themselves from spewing bull****.

But the folks know, yes they do.

So we put an end to a glorious hockey season. It truly was a season of Hope and Change for those of us who have committed to the "Indian." For me, it's been since 1957 when the first time I walked into the old Barn and saw "Moose" Vasko lay out some Detroit Redwing. Then a couple of years later, it was the big guy, Reg Flemming, all 5' 7" of him pounding an opponent to the ice.

Then Bobby and Stash and Kenny Wharram and Mr. Elbows himself. And how about '61 team captain Eddie Litzenberger? Yeah, I know—who? Then my favorite, Pierre Pilote, now a very dignified elder statesman. From Glen Hall, Tony O., Savvy, Maggie, and dozens of favorites over the years, to our boys now holding Lord Stanley high.

I loved every minute of it and sit back in my office looking over my autographed photos bringing so many memories to the forefront.

He shoots, he scores, as Lloyd Pettit would say.

It's a Niemi no-no from Pat Foley.

You can put it on the boarrd, as "Hawk" Harrelson from the White Sox would say.

Hey-hey from the great Cubbie Jack Brickhouse, and “Ykcepok is Kopecky spelled backwards,” as an idle Harry Carey might say between sips of his favorite lager.

But the best for last; Pat Foley once more—**Hawks Win! Hawks Win!** to the refrain of the air horn and *Chelsea's Dagger*. Sticks up, guys, let's do it again next year!

It will be a great summer.

Vita é bella, for sure.

ps: I put off my scheduled opinion on what else—politicians and pensions—for a tribute to the Hawks. Look for it in about a week.

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