

## “ROCKY BUMPS EXCERPT”

In this edition of the Judson Journal you will read many wonderful stories depicting life as it was in the old neighborhood. Vincent Pongia has provided us with a collective commemoration which not only gives us a glimpse of how it was, but also how much fun it was. We had so many humorous characters who roamed the streets of SwampPoodle such as the likes of BBBL. Nick-named by Cat because he was Boston Blackie's Brother-in Law. BBBL is the lead character in my next book. This will be the second in a series of fact based fictional characters such as Rocky Bumps. The new title is BBBL & His Merry Men. It is a humorous account of political corruption using Philadelphia as the setting. The book should be available by the summer of 2007.

I express a very special thank you to the Judson Journal readers who have provided many encouraging comments, and who have supported my work by purchasing Rocky Bumps. Those of you who have not made the purchase are still in luck, because there are some copies still available for purchased through the Judson Journal. Secure your copy before it is out of print and open your world to the poignant adventures of Rocky Bumps.

Until now a sample read was only available at [www.rockybumps.com](http://www.rockybumps.com). For our friends who do not have internet access the following is a sample read.

### THERE'S A SUCKER BORN EVERYDAY

The lobby of the Ben Franklin Hotel is nearly empty. There's one man sitting in an oversized chair, smoking a pipe – and then I spot Lois. She sees me and waves.

“Rocky, how are you?” She's got the smooth voice of a socialite.

“Fine, thanks. How are you?”

We moved to a bench off the lobby, and Lois gets right down to business.

“What can I do for you? She asks.

I proceed to tell her the entire story about the trolley incident; my brother taking revenge, his arrest and my family's concerns that he might be convicted.

“I was hoping you could direct me to someone who might be in a position to help my brother beat the rap,” I say. “Money is no object.”

She nods. “I can't promise anything, Rocky, but I'll talk to my boss and see what we can do. You are quite sure that money's no object?”

“Absolutely,” I answer. Lois stands. “I'll call Patti on Monday,” she says, “and let her know if there's anything we can do.”

Monday I am walking into the PSFS bank at 11<sup>th</sup> & Lehigh when Peggy motions me into her cubicle. “Patti called,” she says. “She wants you to call her now. Use the phone at the end of the counter.”

“Patti,” I whisper. “It's Rocky. What's up?”

“Lois called; she wants you to be at the Lewis Tower Building at five p.m. to meet with this lawyer.”

This law firm of Temple, Penn, and Drexel has at least forty lawyers – I learn this from the marquis in the lobby – and it covers two floors of this building. It is now 6:20 p.m. and no one has come to greet me. Suddenly out comes a tall, thin, fair-haired man in a blue pin-stripe suit.

“Rocky,” he extends a hand. “I'm Whitmore. How do you do?”

This Whitmore leads me into his office, and after the usual chitchat, he gets down to the facts. “Our fee is \$50 an hour,” he says, “and we'll need a retainer of \$1000 before we can start working on your case.”

“It's not my case,” I say. “You'll be representing my brother.”

“You are the one paying the bills, so I refer to it as your case.”

“I understand. So you're going to represent my brother in court?”

“Rocky, you don't understand.

We are not criminal lawyers. We do wills, divorces, and business law.”

“Who's going to represent my brother?”

“I don't have the slightest idea,” he says, “but we'll be working behind the scenes to ensure that everything is in place.”

“Oh, I get it.” I reach into my pocket and hand Whitmore \$1000 in cash. He calls in his secretary and asks her to prepare a receipt for legal services: \$1000 paid in full. With my receipt in hand, I'm feeling very, very good.

A week before my brother's trial, I give something that Louie the Lip calls a deposition at his office. It's a pretty swank place on Spruce Street. Louie the Lip suggests to my mom that I bring charges against the guys who jumped me on the trolley. Louie takes me to the 39<sup>th</sup> precinct where I file an official complaint against the Tioga T's.

I have been making regular payments to Whitmore, who assures me everything will be okay. The last receipt he gave me was a total of \$5000 for legal services. Thank God for that duffel bag.....

I am pleased to announce that I am now available to do speaking engagements about the book. There is no cost to your organization. This one hour talk also includes a reading from Rocky Bumps and BBBL & His Merry Men. If your senior citizens club, women's club, men's club, local library, school, or church, etc. is interested, call me at 610-362-0610 ext. 204 to arrange a meeting. To order your autographed copy of Rocky Bumps, send \$20 (check, money order, or credit card information) to Judson Journal PO Box 58, Haddon Heights, New Jersey 08035