



## LET ME BE FRANK

Imagine early Illinois explorers Marquette, Jolliet, and LaSalle portaging between river and lake, hefting above their heads a huge hot dog. No one really knows what the Indians meant when they called this town *Checagou*—guesses range from wild onion or skunk, to strong or great. The way we got it figured, this Broad Shouldered Hog Butcher of the World called Chicago means great, strong hot dogs (all beef, no skunk) with wild onions—among other fixings called “the works.”

### GET THE ORDER RIGHT...

*And take your stand:* The frank is 100% beef (no pork, lamb, mutton, no nuttin mysterious like fillers, animal by-products, or stockyard surprises from the days of Upton Sinclair’s controversial book, *The Jungle*). Mind you, not all beef franks are kosher. Hot dog and bun are steamed. For Chi-Town dogs, S. Rosen’s Poppysseed buns are hard to beat. The mustard is bright yellow; the relish (or piccalli) is neon green. The hot dog is topped with raw white onions; 2 tomato wedges; a pickle spear; 2 sport peppers; and a sprinkle of celery salt.

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This humble American sausage could never be accused of putting on the dog. Unfortunately, almost all hot dogs contain sodium nitrite. Now you could always order low-fat, fat-free, or even vegetarian tofu franks, but why bother? A quintessential deli gourmand will simply shrug. “So what are you worrying about? This stuff’ll just bring on heart burn a little quicker!”

Frankly, if we knew exactly what we were eating, we’d never bite into anything! Don’t spoil the fun by pointing to all those unpronounceable chemicals and the hot dog’s atherosclerotic potential. People like franks—every year the average American eats 60 hot dogs. What people don’t like as much but need more than franks is frankness.

### GET YOUR FREE RED THOTS!

To enjoy the flavor of life, take big bites. When you come to a fork in the road, take it. One tablespoon of mustard will stop the hiccups. When the going gets tough, everybody leaves. A Smith and Wesson beats four aces. There are only two problems with people. One is that they don’t think. The other is that they do. Ignorance is no excuse. Free advice is worth every cent!

Life is like a hot dog: It’s good; it’s tasty; it’s messy; it bites; and 1-2-3 it’s gone. Life has a way of steaming and grilling us, and socking us with the works. Well franks a lot! Or as another Frank once put it, “That’s life.” The late great Chicago columnist Mike Royko once wrote, “Life is a big question mark. And the answer is often written on the page that has been torn out.”

## WURST CASE SCENARIO

The wurst that can happen usually does. For starters, *we are far from wieners*. Second, *we don't cut the mustard*— that is, “achieve the required standard.” Even when we try to do what's best, we come up short; we botch up the order; we don't take a stand. Third, our lives are like hot dogs. We might think we're kosher vay osher, when the truth is, *we have no idea what really lurks inside our skin*. See, people don't change; they only become more so.

## SOMEONE DID CUT THE MUSTARD

Like the good people at Hebrew-National (meats) say: “We answer to a Higher Authority.” That motto is no bologna. Left to our own devices, you can be sure we will only take a turn for the wurst. There is Someone who was 100% frank, a cut above the rest. Only this Someone is capable of achieving the Highest Authority's highest standard. No one else comes close, and nothing else “cuts it.” That Someone is the Jewish Messiah, Jesus. He arrived in this dog-eat-dog world to deal with all that stuff that lurks inside our skin: sin. The One who said he was the way, the truth, the life, the way to the Father, and the giver of eternal life is exactly what he said he is. Let him be frank. You'll be *glatt* you did (kosher-kosher).



**...AND REMEMBER: A FRANK-IN-A-BUN BEATS A FRANK-ON-A-PUN! SO FRANKS A LOT FOR PUTTING UP UP WITH US HOTDOG PUNSTERS.**