



# THE HARDWARE HERALD

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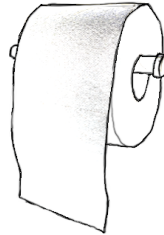
**Island Hardware & Supply, Inc.**

21 West Beach Road • Eastsound, WA 98245 • 376-4200 • Mon-Fri 7:30-5:30, Sat 8:30-5:30, Sun 9-3

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## COSTCO NORTH

Have you folks been wishing the Covid protocols would be less mandates and more on the best judgement of the individual? Well, here's our chance to shine! How can you not be happy to see people's faces again? Oh, and buy Kirkland paper towels *and* toilet paper at Island Hardware again... Some people call us "Costco North"; we just call it mighty convenient to purchase Costco essentials any day of the week without hitting the WSF — time is too valuable for day trips to get essentials! Hey, masks or no masks, we're just happy to see you! Come in wearing whatever makes you comfortable (on your face!) — clothes are required!



## A HELPING HAND?

Because of today's crazy inflationary prices, we at Island Hardware would like to give back some of our good fortune to Orcas families in need. We've created a modest assistance fund earmarked to help those families who find themselves in unexpected financial need.

Do you know of an island family who might need a little help paying, say, half of an unexpected repair bill, utility bill, food, or medical expense? If so, contact Marce and we'll see if we can provide some temporary help.

It has always been, and will continue to be, our policy to keep gifts to island families *strictly confidential*! Believe it or not, we're not asking for funds. We just need you to be our eyes, ears, and yes, heart to help us spread a little kindness among island families who find, through no fault of their own, that they can use a little temporary boost.



## GREAT GARDEN SHED!

Sooooo, we have this pretty neat looking Suncast shed for only **\$860.22**. We know that there's someone out there who needs a quick and easy to assemble 7'x7' two-toned gray shed to keep your dirty little yard and garden tools in!

## CHAMPION METAL ROOFS! 50% OFF REGULAR RETAIL

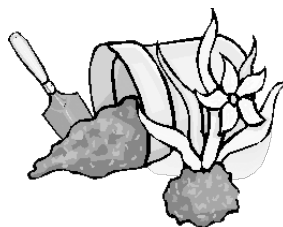
One way or other, sometimes things don't go as planned when ordering a roof package. We get it — things change. So, here we are offering an amazing deal on some great roofing. Here are two roof packages for your consideration:

1. **STREAMLINE** in color Stone White, 30 pcs, 16"x8'8"; flashing & screws, too! Regular retail is \$2,928.
2. **ULTRA PANEL** in color Black, 25 pcs, 36"x15'1"; this also has flashing & screws! Regular retail is \$1,255.

The only catch is no onesie, twosie on these roofs — it's an all or nothing deal! Wait! Did we forget to mention that these are 50% off the regular retail price?

## TIME TO GET PLANTING!

Our Spring bulbs are finally here! (Sheesh, that took long enough!) We also have bare root strawberries, seeds galore, and take a look at the beautiful plants that have been coming from Skagit Gardens!



## HOLY MAKEOVERS...

Check out our new look at Island Hardware's front entry way. Let us know if you like it or hate it! We think it's pretty snazzy!



## THE CONDO CAPER

I have spent most of my life traveling with suitcases full of cameras, lenses, film, and assorted stuff, but never have I traveled with as many suitcases as my wife brings along for a weekend of skiing. She can never make up her mind as to what clothes she will want to wear until she gets to wherever we are going. As a result, she always packs as though she is going on a nine-month-long ski trip around the world, visiting at least thirty different ski resorts. And keep in mind, each resort has different customs and different dress codes.

This particular time we were just going to stay in our friends' condominium for a weekend of early season, get-in-shape-skiing on man-made snow. After taking up a good portion of the cargo space in a 737 for her luggage, we rented a 12-passenger van for the four of us who were traveling together. We loaded the van with eleven suitcases and after the long stop-and-go drive from the airport to the ski resort, I was really exhausted.

Now we had to somehow get into the condominium we had borrowed for the weekend. To do this, we needed the owners' code that my wife got from them on her cell phone by calling our friend in his office in New York City. I punched that number into the keypad that was right next to a very intimidating eight foot tall iron gate which kept us from driving into the underground garage.

Once inside the garage, we walked up to the front door to be confronted by yet another keypad that required a different code. It took another long-distance cell phone call to New York to get it. By

this time, the owner had gone to lunch, so his secretary had to locate him on his cell phone. She put us on hold, while she waited for him to call his wife at the tennis club on her cell phone, all to get this code. Eleven minutes later we got the second code which gave us front door entrance. This let us into the lobby where there was no one in sight and not a sound to be heard. I sensed that aside from a guard somewhere and maybe the janitor, we were the only people in the seven-story building. (It was two weeks before the ski season would officially begin.)

Once we found the right condominium unit, a third keypad number was required to open the door into a four bedroom, four and a half bath penthouse condo. I don't know what my friend does for a living, but he sure is good at it.

Our weekend of skiing went off quite nicely, considering that we could only make turns on one run that was open with four inches of man made snow. To get to that run, we had to ride the lift over the obvious sight and smell of the remains of the brushfire from the weekend before.

Two days later when it came time to leave, I told my wife and our two guests that I would push the heavily loaded luggage cart down the hall to the garage. As I was pushing it down the hall, into the elevator and later to the garage, I again tried to figure out why women have a gene in their makeup that won't let them decide what clothes to wear until they get where they are going. I almost had the answer when I realized that the ramp down to the garage was a lot steeper than I

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remembered it. As I struggled with the eleven suitcases on the cart which was now rapidly gaining speed down the ramp, it got away from me and began bouncing off of the walls until it finally crashed through the glass door to the garage. A thousand pounds of suitcases full of clothes for my wife, me, and the other couple who were traveling with us went careening through the broken glass door, slammed into the side of our rented van and slowly tipped over.

Breaking the glass door triggered the fire alarm and before I could get the suitcases into the 12-passenger van, the condominium guard rushed out of a side door, screaming at me in Spanish. (Note: Spanish is the native language of many of the employees in that part of the Rocky Mountains). He made me put my hands over my head and then against the van while he patted me down for any concealed weapons. About that time, most of the fire department came running down the ramp into the subterranean garage with hoses at the ready.

This was when my wife, Laurie, showed up and produced enough identification for both of us to get into the Pentagon. She even produced a letter from our friends authorizing our stay in their condo. It was only then that the guard was convinced we weren't robbing one of the condos. As I stood there, surveying the damage to our rented van, I found myself wondering what was happening with everyone else on the first ski weekend this season. For me it was just another case of me lurching from one near disaster to the next.