

THE HARDWARE HERALD

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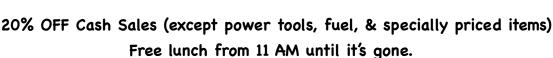
21 West Beach Road • Eastsound, WA 98245 • 376-4200 • Mon-Fri 7:30-5:30, Sat 8:30-5:30, Sun 9-3

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AREA 51 ON ORCAS! Anniversary Celebration Saturday, June 23, 2018

7:30 AM to 3:30 PM



Kiwanis Breakfast (7:30 to 10) Vendor Displays, Door Prizes, Contests, Music Knife sharpening (knives & scissors only, limit 6)

Come and have fun. Enjoy yourselves!
It's a great time to visit with your neighbors.
We hope that you will leave happy, full, and with the knowledge that this celebration is just for you!

Mark the date
See you there
If you're late
We'll still care
It's June 23rd
Is what I've heard!
Burma Shave

You list buyers need to get your wishlists in to Neal or Woody early for most building materials.

See Marce's crew for paint and hardware. See me for toilet paper.

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY!

Show Dad how special he really is! Here's two special gifts and we're making all of 2¢ on them for your special **Father**. After June 17, hold on to your wallet—it's back to regular prices. These are steel tools, chrome vanadium plated to resist rust & corrosion.



•	Our Cost	+2¢	Your Cost
Crescent 170 pc tool set	\$90.37	+2¢	\$90.39
Crescent 148 pc tool set	\$76.06	+2¢	\$76.08

POP·A·TISSUE

Get 'em off the counter with the clear **POP·A·TISSUE** holder. It mounts

just about anywhere. Amazon has it for \$8.97 with about a three day wait. Island Hardware has it in stock for \$6.89 including a bag of popcorn!



THREE INCHES OF RAIN IS PAR

The slap, slap of the windshield wipers emphasized that it was going to be a really miserable day to be playing golf. It further substantiated my personal belief that golf is as dumb as skiing, but is just for older people. I had made the arrangements a month ago, and the two people I was going to play with had set the day aside in their busy schedules of corporate life. Since both of them are good golfers, I felt I could learn something if I hacked my way around 18 holes with them. What I learned is that the more I play golf, the dumber I am, especially when I try and play 18 holes while it is raining a half inch of cold rain an hour and the snow level is down to 2,000 feet and I am playing at about fifteen-hundred feet above sea level.

My friends assured me when they made the reservation that the course is never crowded on a Tuesday. It turned out that we were the only three people in this part of the world who were foolish enough to wade around this particular golf course.

Several times, the slowly flowing water was up over the floorboards of our golf cart, but I didn't even bother lifting my feet out of the muddy water because on the first hole I had walked towards, my ball was in the center of a large puddle. The saturated clay topsoil had the tenacity of a five-foot octopus and it sucked my right shoe off. By the time I got it back on, my sock was the color of the muddy clay and I had started to doubt my theory that if a scratch golfer will play in this kind

of weather, there must be something I can learn from him besides being so stupid to be doing it.

We laughed at how hard it was to try and hit a golf ball that was always half under water, no matter where it landed on the fairway. Winter rules notwithstanding, we had to move the ball as much as a hundred feet from what would be considered the drop zone to get a spot dry enough to where we could put the ball on grass and still have enough room to get some sort of a hold with our spikes in the deep sticky clay.

I forgot to mention that before I left the clubhouse, I got nailed on the price of a pair of waterproof pants and a waterproof windbreaker. What I really should have bought was a facemask, a snorkel, and a pair of swim fins. When the club pro loaned me his waterproof hat and his waterproof glove, I realized that he knew something which I didn't. The hat worked the best because when I stood over the ball, the rain would really pour off of the brim. All I had to do was to figure out where to line up the flowing water in relation to the ball. Maybe Golf Magazine could offer a tip of the month about lining up your hat-brim-rain-drippings with the ball.

Most of the sand traps were two-thirds full of water so we played winter rules and took a drop on the sandy edge of the miniature lakes. When we sloshed into the lunchstand at the turn to thaw out, I bought my own pair of Northwestern golf galoshes. Northwestern golf galoshes

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are fourteen inch high rubber boots with golf spikes on the bottom. One can see how they might normally work on a rainy day, but that day, in some of the deeper puddles, the cold water just came right over the top of 'em.

Bob, Dan, and I were laughing so much at the silliness of our first nine holes that we decided to keep right on playing. However, Dan knew the course a lot better than either of us and he magically skipped a hole. In the driving rain and the low-lying clouds, Bob and I had no idea where we were. As we approached the green on what we thought was the third hole of the back nine, it turned out to be the green for the ninth hole. We had been sloshing around in the pouring down rain for two-and-ahalf hours, so when our tour-guide, Dan, said, "How does a cup of coffee sound to the two of you," we didn't even bother finishing that ninth hole for the second time.

In the end, it turned out that the clubhouse restaurant was closed for the day due to lack of customers. However, we did get to play on our own private golf course that day, and the green fee was only \$18.00 a person. Or for me, \$18.00 plus my cost of a waterproof windbreaker, a pair of waterproof pants, and a pair of galoshes with golf spikes. After all, there is a small, but doubtful chance that some other time in my life I just might be dumb enough to get into a situation where I can't phone in sick for golf when it's raining a half-an-inch an hour.

- When bad things happen, don't make things worse by starting to see ourself as a victim, or someone who
- doesn't deserve better, or someone who deserves what
 you get.
- None of this is true!

What happens to you says nothing about who you are or what you deserve, but your response says everything about who you will be and whether the experience makes you weaker or stronger.

~ Michael Josephson of charactercounts.org