



THE HARDWARE HERALD

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CHANGES

If changes are as good as some say, then Island Hardware is going to do great! I don't think so... Our long time general manager, door and window expert, fix-almost-anything guy, and just all-around good human, Neal, is retiring after almost 20 years with us.

Our Island relationship started with the Hardware sponsoring its first wedding. Neal moved to the island, started a new career, and got married to his long time love, Jennie, in a Crescent Lake Pavilion all at the same time. This amazing time was capped off with a lavish one week honeymoon in a borrowed 18' camping trailer (there are no utility hook-ups at Moran State Park!).

From day one at Neal's new home, he dedicated his time and efforts to the success and wellbeing of all of our employees and our countless customers. How many times have you heard, "Where's Neal? He'll know how to do this"? No one can say that Neal gave less than his best.

Something you may not know about Neal is that he is devoted to his and Jennie's family. The main reason that he's relocating to the mainland is so that Jennie can be near her family members in case something were to happen to Neal! Something like his fourth heart attack!

Be aware that if you give Neal something, it will most likely end up in the hands of "his" kids. I gave him a used motorhome because I was fairly sure that he would not spend that kind of money on himself. Soon he gave it to one of his relatives because the kids needed a place to live. The Jeep Cherokees we gave him suffered the same kind of fate.

Neal's new home has a large workshop. Boy is he going to have happy neighbors when they find out what a giving man has moved in.

We'll have more for you to read about Neal's story in upcoming issues of the Herald.

If you have something to add about Neal, please get in touch with one of us. We'll try to share it with the HH readers.

SERVICE WHAT YOU SELL OR DON'T SELL IT

Did you know that Stihl power tool dealers must have a trained mechanic at the store to become and maintain a dealership? We've been fortunate enough to have one of the West Coast's premier door and window experts on our team for the last 20 years. Neal came from one of the biggest suppliers of doors and windows across the country and he was their best. I really believe that Neal can talk a door closed. Unfortunately, Neal Hartlerode's upcoming retirement will leave us without an adequate staff to be able to service door and window orders anywhere near the level that Neal has set and you deserve.

If you can't do something well, then it's best not to do it at all.

As of November 1st, 2019, we will no longer be taking door and window orders.

TIME TRAVEL FOR ONLY \$1.25 A TRIP

Take a trip down memory lane, when soda pop had real sugar and I was young! We're selling imported Pepsi made with pure cane sugar in old fashion bottles imported from Mexico—Olé! For those of us who don't think of sugar as a friend, try the new sugar-free Kick Me up!—**ROCKSTAR!** 0 calories, 0 carbs, but what a kick of energy thanks to vitamin B-12 and caffeine.



NEED AN AIR FITTING? WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



GOT YELLOW JACKETS?

We've got the goods to bring the bees to their knees! We have lots of different traps to attract these pests away from that special someone; no need to cause fear and anxiety at that barbecue, wedding, or friendly gathering.

Disposable



Reusable



SENIOR CIIZEN GOLF

WARREN MILLER ©6/15/2009

The other day I was asked to play golf with some friends of mine, after they had exhausted calling all of the good players they usually play with. Since the local golf club only has 70 members, good players sometimes have to scrape the bottom of the barrel to make up a foursome during the week. Now, I can catch salmon near my house, so I can't always go out and play golf at the drop of a fishing pole, but that time I did.

While I was busy trying to get into my shoes with the spikes on them, I was also watching the group ahead of us. They had rented two carts with internal combustion engines, and one of their carts had a blown muffler, so it sounded like a broken weed-whacker.

I'm not the best at golf, and in fact, I have never played a round of golf without losing at least a six-pack of golf balls. Thankfully, when I go looking for my poorly hit golf balls, I can usually find them a bit easier than others because mine are yellow and have a black stripe around them. But those guys, they might have been worse than me.

The first guy of their foursome hit five bad mulligans before he finally dribbled one about thirty yards—the best of his attempts. The third guy to tee off could be excused because he had lost one of his legs in World War II during the invasion of Normandy. He did quite well, I thought, when he out drove his three partners

by two and a half feet. That was far enough for the four of them to break out a bottle of scotch and pour a round of drinks for everyone to sip on while they played the rest of the hole.

All of their drives were about the same distance, so with a drink of scotch in their hands they drove their carts to the closest ball to watch its owner hit it. One of them struggled out of the cart, while they all discussed what club he should use. Finally, the three of them watched the designated driver hit his ball another thirty or forty yards. This called for another sip of scotch all around, and then they drove to where the next ball was buried in the deep grass, and so it went. It was twenty-five minutes before they were far enough down the fairway for me to finally tee off.

Now, there is a highway going down the left-hand side of the first fairway, with a lot of three-foot tall grass between the fairway and the road. I hooked my shot right over that tall grass and onto the asphalt highway. Once there, it narrowly missed the roof of a passing car, bounced under the car ahead of it and about a hundred yards down the highway, where it bounced out from under the car and back onto the only place where the fairway is close to the road. This was, by far, the longest drive I have ever hit in my so far meaningless golf career—an awesome hundred and thirty-four yards.

My flogging saga continued

for the rest of the round, and when we got to the ninth hole, I discovered that one of my partners had been keeping score. When he announced my score, I thought, "Wow! I've broken sixty for nine holes for the first time." It was then that I found out we had only played seven holes. You see, we probably should have played along behind the group of men who fought in the Great War, but we didn't have all day to play the nine holes, and our small course is laid out in such a way that you can skip the rest of the first hole, all of the second hole and move on to the third hole. So, we still had to play holes number one and two, which would become eight and nine, regardless of what it said on the flags.

My goal is to play a round of golf with a lower score than my age. Or at least it was, until I found out that you have to play eighteen holes for it to count. If I can just keep playing the way I did in that round, I will be able to play lower than my age in a couple more years, but I'll do it for nine holes.

I have always set realistic goals, but having watched me play golf on occasions, my wife tells me that I have finally set an unrealistic one. She tells this to a man who took up skiing in 1936 and built his first surfboard in 1938, a man who still thinks he is a fourteen-year-old kid. She admits that I am, but constantly reminds me that I am still trapped in a senior citizen's body.

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: The problem with the designated driver program—it's not a :
: desirable job. But if you ever get sucked into doing it, have fun with :
: it. At the end of the night, drop them off at the wrong house. :
: ~ Jeff Foxworthy :
:.....