

THE HARDWARE HERALD

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HOW MUCH MONEY CAN YOU EXPECT TO SAVE BY ACTING AS YOUR OWN GENERAL CONTRACTOR?

At first thought, acting as your own contractor should save you the contracting company's 5 to 15% profit. The problem is that, as a rule, subcontractors and material houses usually give their high volume repeat customers a 5 to 10% contractor's discount. The contractor, through trial and error, knows the best all-around subcontractors. You have one chance. "Dufus Painting, Electrical, and Storm Door Company did a great job for my



neighbor and now he won't even return my calls."

An Orcas subcontractor will usually have one or two crews. Human nature dictates that these good people will schedule high volume repeat customers first in the hope of continuing business. This likely will find you on the south end of the barnyard pig heading north.

When one sub lets you down, you then can easily lose your place in line with the following subs. I tried my hand at general contracting for 21 years prior to finding Orcas Island. Scheduling crews, subs, inspections, and material deliveries are NOT things you want to learn about on your own home.

Liability insurance, workman's compensation, lien releases, and building codes — these are all the contractor's responsibility or yours! The licensed building contractor, not the building department, is in reality responsible for your project's adherence to all state and local building and safety codes!

Most Orcas builders are reliable folks just trying to support their families. Island Hardware is not in the business of grading Orcas contractor's work. We can and will let you know how he or she has treated us in the past and maybe steer you towards someone who may have time to do your project. How a builder treats their suppliers can be a good indication of how they may treat you.

You are very lucky. There are so many good local builders. I'd be hard pressed to pick just one. Choose carefully and your local builder can be a bargain.

> Worrying doesn't take away tomorrow's troubles it takes away today's peace.

SIMPLER IS BETTER

Our simple, compact (16"x6") Sunbeam Food Saver sits on my counter and saves food from spoiling almost weekly. I just learned to make the bag a bit bigger so I could get into it, reseal it, save \$\$\$\$\$, & stop wasting food.



Our retail \$92.59 November sale \$85.99

At Amazon, it's 5 star rated but costs \$91.35 + shipping! You can get it here today cheaper! WLYB

A SIMPLE HEATING TIP OR A HEATING TIP FOR SIMPLETONS LIKE ME

What does a **BTU of heat** look like? Remember those 16" wide X 5' tall gas wall heaters that you could burn yourself on? Well, they were about 20,000 BTUs maximum. How did you know if the wall heater was working correctly? See the grill marks in the mirror on your back? Well, then it is.

ANY FRIDAY AFTERNOON THIS NOVEMBER

Quite often, the Herald has "WLYB" at the end of the articles on the front page. Come in on any Friday afternoon this November, translate it's true meaning, and receive an additional 5% on any one item in the store except power tools. (Many times power tools have a less than 5% mark up!) This is good for one time only and you must be a current account holder. WLYB

We had dinner last night in a new restaurant owned by a good friend of mine. It was so loud that I had to get up and sit on the other side of the table next to my wife so we could hear each other talk. Later the owner explained that restaurants today are designed with acoustics that will always be very loud.

On the way home, we talked about how night sounds have changed with each passing year. As we drove through the harvest-moon night, it brought back memories of some of the unique night sounds that I remembered for the rest of my life.

In 1943, I first heard a night sound that later became very familiar on clear moonlight nights. I had driven my date up to Malibu to show her what the ocean looks like under a full moon. (My wife says, "Yeah, right.")

I had my redwood surfboard sticking out of the back of my car and when I pulled off the highway onto the shoulder, high waves were breaking crisply along the beach. After sharing the evening with my date and a half an hour of mentally riding each and every one, I paddled out to try to ride a wave at midnight. I had never surfed at night before but when I finally managed to catch one, the sound of the waves breaking behind me along with a splash of the wake of my surfboard made me feel as though my overseas Navy assignment was a long way away.

Two years later, I heard almost that same sound but so much louder. I was surrounded by 60-foot high waves that were crashing all around me. This scene was mixed with the stinging spray of the typhoon force winds while I was aboard a ship that was sinking in the South Pacific in the end of World War II. The shouts

of the officers and the enlisted men, the plunk of the munitions that we threw over the side as rapidly as possible to lighten the ship, all came together in a symphony for survival. We somehow managed to stay afloat until dawn when we were picked up by another ship in the convoy.

In 1968, on a freezing cold clear evening, I heard the flup, flup, flup of helicopter blades as a pilot tried to lift our terrified bodies off the summit of the Tasman glacier in New Zealand aboard a three-place helicopter. Somehow, it lifted five of us plus an extra 100 pounds of camera equipment. There was room inside for only three of us so two skiers were tied on the outside like a couple of dead deer. The whine of the turbine engine was way above the red danger mark on the instrument panel when the pilot finally got us far enough into the air so we could fall off the nearby cliff and get enough airspeed for the rest of the trip. The sigh of the pilot as he finally quit holding his breath in his extra effort to help the engine get airborne was lower than the whine of the jet engine.

It was very quiet as my wife, Laurie, and I drove into our driveway and the harvest moon was shining brightly on the water in front of our house. We startled three deer nibbling on the bushes alongside of our fence and their cloven hoofs sounded alien. It was a cool night so we stayed in the hot tub long enough to want to fall asleep, climbed in a hot shower, and we were both finally in bed and falling asleep when we were startled by very strange sounds coming from the salt-chuck out in front of the house. There are sounds the dock makes when there

are waves and wind and there is no combination of letters in the alphabet that can describe it but we were used to those. Neither of us could figure out what was causing it so we put on our bathrobes and walked down towards our dock. The sound was as if it was a combination of waves breaking at Malibu, the howling wind in the typhoon in the South Pacific mixed with helicopter noises for counterpoint, and all mixed together with the volume turned down.

Swimming just off the end of our dock was a large pod of orcas or killer whales that even under the harvest moon was impossible to count. They spouted many times as they chased a school of salmon down the path of the moonlight on the water. They spy hopped and dove down with their tails appearing. They seemed to be having a great party. Their gradually lessening spouting sounds became quieter as they all swam west through the pass between the islands. Finally they were through the narrow pass and headed to who-knows-where as silence once again settled around us. We walked slowly back up to the house when the cooing of a loon disturbed by the noise of the passing orcas was a lovely sound in the night. Then there was darkness without a sound. Because of their very sophisticated underwater echo-ranging gear, whales are able to navigate through the inky black water through several hundred islands in the middle of the night while chasing their dinner and never hit a rock.

Night sounds can be terrifying but they also can be very soothing.

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"My father said there were two kinds of people in the world: givers and takers. The takers may eat better, but the givers sleep better." ~ Marlo Thomas