



THE HARDWARE HERALD

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WE'RE IN THE GRAIN BUSINESS!

GRAIN TYPE	RETAIL
Whole Corn 50#	12.00
All Flock Pellet 40#	17.46
All Flock Crumble 40#	18.64
Meat Bird 40#	20.70
Game Bird 50#	23.60
Chick Starter 25#	11.71
Chick Starter 40#	17.84
Layer Pellet 40#	17.10
Layer Crumble 40#	17.10
Scratch Grain 50#	14.17
Cracked Corn 50#	12.05
Organic Chick Starter 35#	29.86
Organic Layer Pellet 35#	27.18
Organic Layer Crumble 35#	27.18

GRAIN TYPE	RETAIL
Beet Pulp 50#	19.20
Senior Horse 50#	26.78
Triumph Horse 50#	20.48
Equine Shine 50#	47.12
Stock & Stable 50#	16.40
Alfalfa Pellet 50#	20.72
Llama Pellet 50#	22.40
Goat Grain 50#	17.68
Wet Cobb (molasses)50#	14.10
Dry Cobb 50#	14.10
Pig Grain 50#	21.20
Rabbit Pellet 25#	10.02
Rabbit Pellet 40#	15.90
Black Oil Sunflower 50#	33.90

Knock off another 10% from these everyday low prices if you pick up a full pallet at our store. Reasonable deliveries are available... WLYB?

NEW SACK GARDEN SOIL BRAND

Through our main hardware supplier's buying clout, we're able to buy direct truck & trailer loads from a 40-year-old company called **Waupaca Northwoods**. Start with superior materials, batch them fresh in the little town of Parker (just south of Yakima), and rush 45,000 lb loads direct to us and you have a WINNER!

SOIL TYPE	RETAIL
Potting Soil, 1.5cf	7.19
Top Soil, 1cf	3.99
Seed Starter, 1.5cf	5.49
Chicken Manure, 1cf	5.89
Steer manure, 1cf	3.89
Planting Compost, 1.5cf	6.29
Soil Conditioner, 2cf	4.89
Small Bark, 2cf	6.19
Bark Mulch, 2cf	6.09



FREE OR INCLUDED

I get sick and tired of listening to nationwide companies lying about "free delivery" and "buy one, get one free" where the small print includes "for an extra fee." How does that work? Then there's \$75-a-night motel rooms that charge you \$105 and give you a **free** breakfast. Come on!

The cost of our complimentary popcorn, coffee, cookies, candy, and carpenter pencils are included in your cost of our products. I hope Island Hardware & Supply will always be thought of as an honest island store.

"I am easily satisfied with the very best."
~ Winston Churchill

With the passing of our great friend, Warren Miller, our newspaper has suffered a great loss. The majority of the Hardware Herald's compliments have been directed to Warren's columns. His wife, Laurie, has given us complete access to his printed works. She knows how much Warren loves his hardware store, its staff, and, yes, its island customers (especially its kids). From time to time, we'll slip in some of his stories. I know he would be happy to know that his memory carries on.

SO YOU WANT TO BE IN A SKI MOVIE?

Years ago in Vancouver, a man approached me after my show and asked, "How can I get to be in your next ski movie?" Without waiting for my answer, he went on to say, "I want to be famous for the rest of my life and this will be a great way to get that way."

"Why should I put you in my next movie? What can you do that's different than turning your skis right or left or just going straight and leaping off of a cliff?"

He answered, "A friend and I have bought a \$10 Army Surplus asbestos fire fighting suit. It even includes a complete asbestos helmet and Pyrex face mask. Here's our plan. I'll wear the suit, my partner will pour gasoline all over me, then he'll light me on fire, I'll ski down the hill in flames and jump off of a big cliff."

It sounded like a pretty good scene to me, so I said, "You do that, and I'll make sure that I have a camera crew there to make you world famous."

Sixty-one days later, the drama unfolded on an overcast day at Squaw Valley, CA, under the watchful eye of the local ski patrol. My ace cameraman, Don Brolin, had hired eight or ten extra people to help him with fire extinguishers, first aid supplies, and to run a couple of extra cameras. Don wisely figured that if they bought the fireproof suit for only \$10, it probably had seen better days and would have a leak here or there.

Our soon-to-be-world-famous Barbecued Hot Dog skier had selected just the right rock to jump off a few days earlier and had laboriously hauled fifteen gallons of gasoline up to where he would start skiing down in flames. By his calculations, it would take five gallons of gasoline per try. He also had decided that the suit could probably withstand three flaming trips before it would

be leaking too badly. The next day, everything was ready.

"Cameramen ready?"

"Yes."

"Fire extinguishers ready?"

"Yes."

"Asbestos Man, are you ready?"

A mumble came from inside the helmet, then a wave and thumbs up.

The gasoline started flowing over his helmet, down over his shoulders and back, his chest and then a little extra shot of gasoline on his skis.

"Get ready for ignition."

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

An explosion roared across Squaw Valley and everyone instantly had second thoughts about the wisdom of this Barbecued Hot Dog trick for the cameras.

With three cameras rolling and flames leaping six or eight feet high, he shoved off, and before he had skied fifteen feet, the viewing port on his fireproof helmet fogged up. He couldn't see where to hit his take off properly but he had to jump anyway to get down the hill to where the men with the fire extinguishers were waiting.

The world's first Barbecued Hot Dog flew about 100 feet and crashed in flames.

The fire retardant fog was spewing out of the many fire extinguishers as the minimum-wage firemen skied down the hill shooting foam at the skier in flames.

Don Brolin knew he couldn't come back from this shoot without spectacular footage. He also knew he had a problem because Hot Dog Man's face mask was fogging up due to the flames.

At lunch, Asbestos Man, his assistant, Don Brolin, the firemen and the three other cameramen, figured out that Asbestos Man needed to get warm air to inhale instead of the cold

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mountain air. This would eliminate the fogging problem. They decided to rig up a breathing tube that went down under his armpit. That way he could breathe toasty warm armpit-air that he alone would generate.

After lunch, he once again suited up (but not until after he took a shower and sprayed on a heavy dose of deodorant). Don was set for another try at filming the "Barbecued Hot Dog Skier."

Asbestos Man's partner had suggested more gasoline for bigger flames the next time with, "Let's try for ten gallons." While more gasoline was hauled to the top of the in-run by three off-duty bartenders, the cameramen practiced their pans so they wouldn't miss and the firemen each squeezed out a practice squirt of foam. Everything was now ready.

"Pour gasoline!"

"Second can."

"Roll cameras."

"Ignition."

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!

This time, it was really spooky as Asbestos Man took off down the in-run looking like a jet airplane going down in flames. Flying 100 feet through the air while looking through a clear visor, and breathing warm armpit-air, he still crashed in flames. The crash was immediately followed by the foaming-fire-extinguishing-ski patrolmen converging on him while he slid and finally rolled to a stop.

Asbestos Man's first question after he wiped the foam from his face plate and removed his still smoking helmet, "Will I be world famous?"

Don Brolin replied, "Sure, you'll be world famous as Asbestos Man, but no one will recognize you because your entire body, including your head and face, were covered up with your \$10 asbestos suit."