



THE HARDWARE HERALD

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WE'RE HOPING FOR AN EARLY SPRING

Get yourself ready! Come in to pick out a few **flower bulbs** to beautify your garden. We've got:

Dahlias \$4.46 Gladiolus \$4.31 Caladium \$4.54
Eucomis \$5.38 Strawberry plants \$4.95



Keep your eyes open for the first arrivals of live plants from Skagit Garden.

If you're as anxious for spring as we are, come check out our distributor's (Orgill) great outdoor catalog. Get yourself a cup of coffee and some yummy popcorn and browse for some sweet new stuff. Check out Weber BBQs, porch swings, patio dining sets, lawn chairs, camping supplies, and even bikes, too.

"IT'S A BUNCH OF MALARKEY"

We have an ample supply (50 bundles) of architectural high end roofing bundles in "Storm Gray" and 47 bundles Pabco Professional in "Oakwood." We're doing a March blow-out sale! Come in to wheel & deal with the guys!

We can't help but think that March is the decking re-do month. Come on in and see the sample deckings that we carry: composite, hardwood, PVC, cedar, and, don't forget Paul's favorite—"Premium Fir" decking ©. Come see Marty or Woody for the latest & greatest information on these deals!

TIME FOR SOME OUTSIDE WORK!

How about de-mossing the roof? Get 4,000 sq ft of coverage for \$21.99. Plant some grass seed. We've got 25# bags of fescue grass seed that will do 2500 sq ft of new lawn for \$64.81.

Worried about deer ruining your plants? We've got a 32 oz jug of Deer Repellant for \$8.99

If you want to attract deer, we have a variety of flavored salt licks — just be sure they're not close to your favorite plants.

We have the ultimate in pruning tools at Island Hardware + we have 8', 10', and 12' Orchard ladders. Check out the **MAKITA** 18 volt tools—a starter kit comes with

2 batteries, a double charger, 1 string trimmer, and the shaft for \$390.00.

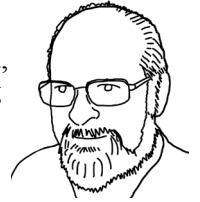
Mix and match your implements to meet your needs from the pole saw, brush cutter, and rototiller.

As always, all tools are \$ 20.00 over our landed cost.



NEAL

Good luck and God speed, old friend! We are writing this on behalf of the thousands of islanders who wish you and Jennie health and a happy retirement in your new house and, I hear, spectacular workshop in thriving Pe Ell, Washington. Pe Ell is a bustling community of over 600 in Lewis County, Washington. It can be reached by taking I5 south to Chehalis, then west on Hwy 6 until you're about to run out of gas and there you are.



There were over a dozen houses listed in Pe Ell for sale for Neal and Jennie from which to choose their new retirement home. The fact that most of their family lives nearby was the determining factor as to where to relocate. When the Pe Ell population discovers that the "*Ultimate Mr. Fix-it*" has moved into their town, Neal will find himself inundated with "Hey, call Neal—he'll know how to fix this" calls just like the last 20 years on Orcas. Our loss is Pe Ell's gain! Again, Neal, we at your Orcas home for the last twenty years wish you the absolute best!

RVERS ARE FICKLE

We live a good portion of our younger life planning and scrimping for our retirement. We usually live in a home whose square footage of between 1000-3000 square feet usually seems a bit small but we persevere so when retirement arrives, we RVers can live happy as clams in our \$100,000 to \$500,000, 250 to 400 **square foot RV!**

We love ours, even though it's almost 400 sq. ft. frame is a bit expensive to heat. Oh yeah, in its almost 12 year life span, it has depreciated only about \$180,000 or \$15,000 per year.

Boy, I love this little bargain.

MONKEYING AROUND ON SKIS

© WARREN MILLER 3/4/2009

In the old days, any hill of any kind that had a rope tow and was within walking distance of a muddy parking lot was called a ski resort. The rope always broke sometime just after lunch while you were hanging on and riding up the steepest part of the hill. If a rope tow was a ski resort, then in 1936 there was a ski resort at the summit of Cahuenga Pass in North Hollywood where Universal Studios stands today.

I rode my single speed, balloon-tired bicycle from Silver Lake, through Hollywood and up over Cahuenga Pass headed for the San Fernando Valley. I had ridden the six miles or so because of a new tourist attraction that I had heard about called Monkey Island. It had been built right near the first valley stop on the Pacific Electric Railroad route of the Big Red Cars. Some depression survivor/visionary had built a forty-three foot plaster and cement mountain and surrounded it with a thirty-foot wide and three feet deep pool of stagnant, slimy, green water. You paid your ten cents and then you got to stand alongside of the fake lagoon/moat and watch about a hundred under-nourished, morose monkeys sitting on the concrete mountain watching you watching them.

For another five cents, you could buy a bag of peanuts and throw them to the monkeys. If a peanut fell short and in the water, the more adventuresome of the monkeys would wade partway out into the water and try to retrieve it. Some customers tested the monkeys by throwing their peanuts into the deeper water of the moat to see if they would wade out farther and retrieve them. However the monkeys never got in water over their knees.

The combination ticket seller, ticket taker, peanut salesman, monkey keeper, and owner told me later, "My monkeys have been slowly

disappearing and I finally figured out that they were learning to swim across the moat at night to escape their concrete island prison." His suspicions had been confirmed the day before when an alert newspaper photographer had snapped a picture of a monkey in an orange tree about a mile away from his island.

As I gazed across Monkey Island and tried unsuccessfully to understand all of the ramifications of such a potential money making tourist attraction, I could see something moving on the hill about half a mile away. It looked as though half a dozen bent-over people were sliding up and down the hill below the solitary oak tree. Eventually I grew tired of the morose monkeys staring at me staring at them and climbed on my bicycle and pedaled over to see what was going on, over on the green grassy meadow under the lone oak tree. For the first time in my life, I was standing close to a genuine 1936 rope tow and a few skiers having a wonderful but sweaty time. It was so hot that the men were making ski turns with their shirts off.

Austrian ski instructor Sepp Benedikter had mounted an automobile wheel on the trunk of the old oak tree and the power to run the rope came from the jacked up rear wheel of his truck. This all happened on a hill with a great view of Burbank and the San Fernando Valley full of orange trees. In place of snow, Sepp and some of his skiing friends had hauled half a dozen truckloads of pine needles down from the nearby San Bernardino Mountains and spread it around with pitchforks and rakes.

I laid my bicycle down and walked up in the tall, green grass to watch those skiers on pine needles and squashed green grass. For the first time in my life, I heard German words like *stembogen*, *vorlage*, and

sitzmark—words that you never hear on a ski hill anymore. This ski slope could not have been longer than two hundred feet. I was awestruck when I got to the top of it and sat in the shade of the oak tree listening to the rope and the hum of the automobile wheel it turned around. The people on the skis were free to go all the way down to the edge of the pine needles. I was really excited about just being a spectator to such an unbelievable sight. The only spectator or so I thought.

As I was absorbing all of these new sights and sounds for a 12 year old kid, the remains of an acorn landed right in front of me quickly followed by another and another. Looking up, I saw two of the escapees from Monkey Island. They had found an ample supply of acorns to live on and enough crazy skiers to watch and keep them entertained. Not only had they learned to swim, they had learned to throw nuts at people.

The next weekend, I brought a friend along on my bicycle trip to Monkey Island and The Oak Tree Ski resort. There was a closed sign on the entrance to Monkey Island, the water had been drained from the lagoon/moat, the monkeys were all gone and so was the rope tow. I found out twenty years later that Sepp Benedikter, with his rope tow, his band of skiers and his Ford truck had moved down to a sand dune between Manhattan Beach and El Segundo to take advantage of the summer sea breezes. I'm not certain where the man and the monkeys went.

But I have been monkeying around on skis ever since that 1937 summer day.

For more of Warren's stories, his autobiography is available at <https://warrenmiller.net/freedom-found/>.