



THE HARDWARE HERALD

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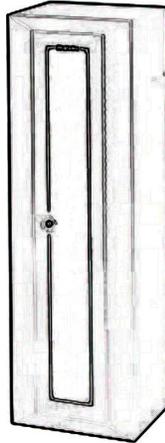
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ISLAND HARDWARE BELIEVES IN SAFE GUNS AT ALL COST—OOPS, "OUR" COST!

We're selling these gun cabinets at our cost in the hope that no loose gun could ever cost an islander a life.

10 gun safe Retail \$163.99; your cost \$116.87
14 gun safe Retail \$218.79; your cost \$142.57



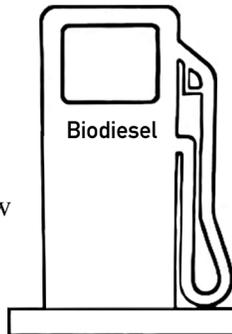
**SENTRY FIRE-SAFE,
WATER-RESISTANT,
DIGITAL-DIAL SAFE**

Only \$199.99



IT'S BACK!

More than 12 years ago, Island Hardware proudly became one of the West Coast's first "in ground" 99% BIODIESEL retailers. Recently, our supplier ceased doing business. Our very reliable long time fuel distributor (Island Petroleum Service) has located a new bio diesel source that they recommend. Look for our driver, Tim, to start squeezing the toilet paper enough to make room for "lots" of fresh 99% BIODIESEL coming to the island once again.



SHOPPER IN TRAINING

Our little tykes division is expanding! We're in need of an additional mini-shopping cart. If you have one, bring it by. We'll trade for toilet paper, paper towels, nuts, bolts, cash, or even breakfast burritos for it.

PINCH ME! I STILL SOMETIMES DON'T BELIEVE IT HAPPENED!

By June of 1992, my construction company in LA had grown to a point that I could travel a bit. By then I had realized that my business could run well without the "All unimportant owner" being present daily.

As with many of its residents, I hated LA; I dreamed and plotted my upcoming escape. A friend suggested a 4 day trip to Orcas Island. I suspect that well over half of Orcas's first time visitors, and at least 99% of LA folks, at least dream of what it would be like to live on this magical island.

Well, I was hooked. No matter what, I was going to live on Orcas, and here I am. Yearly as Christmas approaches, I need to pinch myself to see if it really happened **26 years ago!** Well, it did and while I know that I may not deserve it, I will thankfully take these very best years of my life.



NO PARKING

If you choose to park between this "No Parking" sign and the intersection, you *will* become a **TARGET** for the folks backing out of our parking lot!

IN PURSUIT OF ADVENTURE

© WARREN MILLER 5/28/2009

“A journey in a boat is not a lineal experience on a given compass heading. Rather it is an experience involving the outer reaches of your psyche. A journey glued together by your own strength, daring, an urge to explore, mixed together with a very conscious fear of potential death by drowning.”

Notes from the inner reaches of the instinct for survival: This story is dredged up from unwritten notes lodged somewhere in my memory bank and is triggered by smells, motion, cold, rain, isolation, exploration, fear, whales, porpoises, a sturdy twenty-foot runabout, and a 175-horsepower outboard motor that ran most of the time.

For a twenty dollar bill, Cap Sante Marina in Anacortes, Washington, launched our boat in 1986. We gassed it ourselves and filled the water tanks. Our water tank was a six-gallon Gatorade jug, and our two ice chests took up more space than we did.

It had been a long trailer haul up from Marina Del Rey, in southern California.

At the dock, we unloaded what seemed like a thousand boxes and bags full of stuff for our first ever two-week cruise into the wilds of British Columbia, with stops all through the San Juan Islands. As I gassed up and added too much premix, I looked to the east and saw Mt. Baker through eyes that were not accustomed to the clear blue sky of the Northwest. Mt. Baker was at least thirty miles away, but it seemed less than a mile from me, its glaciers a mixture of wind-driven dirt and new avalanches, cutting

ribbons of white down its volcanic sides.

Being new to power-boating in 1986, I assumed everyone took this much stuff with them when they cruised. How was I to know that there were small villages and gas docks every twenty miles or so, wherever we were going? There was even the occasional small lodge that would rent you a room with a sometimes lukewarm shower.

I signed the charge for the gas and premix and then knelt up on the driver's seat to fire up the engine. The outboard spat and sputtered and finally roared into life, as they are sometimes known to do. That one made a bigger racket than normal because I had forgotten to lower the propeller into the water. Well, I also discovered that I had forgotten to put the drain plug in the bottom of the boat until the gas dock lady hollered... “You're sinking by the stern.” I had to crawl over the pile of gear for our trip, pull up the floor boards, replace the plug and stop the flow of muddy, oily water. Once I did that, I could hear the hum of the bilge pump and the gurgle of the water going out of the boat instead of into it, and the outboard propeller was finally in the water.

Ten minutes later, Laurie cast off as I found reverse and discovered for the first time that power boats pivot around their propellers, not around the keel like the sailboats I had been steering for the last twenty years. The captain of a brand new 28-foot Bayliner found out how little I knew when I rammed into his port side. Luck was on his side,

however, because the hole I punched in his boat was above the water line. He had about one hour more experience than I did in power boating.

Someone hollered from the dock, “Take it out of reverse you Klutz.” I did, but the boat instantly leapt forward twenty feet, hit the dock with the bow and catapulted Laurie onto the gas dock. Fortunately for both of us, she had the foresight to hang onto the bowline and we were sort of safe for the time being.

After many years of making mistakes in sailboats, I had a form made up by my attorney for situations just like that. The form listed my insurance company, the name and fax number of my agent, his home and work phone number, the limits of liability of my policy, and the name of the law firm that represented me. On the back of the form, there was room for a diagram of the accident, and a place for witnesses to fill out what I had convinced them they had just seen.

Fortunately, the young kid on the Bayliner had on a life jacket because I hit their boat hard enough to knock him into the ice-cold, oily water of the harbor. The father had a boat-hook handy and was already fishing him out of the water from between the four dead seagulls. During that same time, I managed to convince his wife that it was their fault and she signed a release for me, while her mother-in-law was screaming from the public restroom that she had accidentally gotten locked in, “Don't leave without me or I'll make you trade that tub I just bought for you in for lawn furniture!”