



THE HARDWARE HERALD

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GOOD TIME TO RAISE PRICES? NO!!!

We pride ourselves at the hardware for not always following the crowd. When items first are in short supply, merchants tend to raise prices, some because of higher costs and some just out of greed. Household paper goods (polite name for toilet paper) are still in somewhat short supply. Marce and her crew are still scrambling a little to keep the shelves stocked.

Is this a good time to raise prices? NO! We just lowered ours and removed the maximum quantity that you can buy. We ask that you take only what you need but we're not going to limit you.

Know that if the product is out there, we'll have it for you if it's possible. ALWAYS!

CHICKEN JUSTICE

Two of Orcas's largest farm fresh egg producers are currently charging \$7 and \$8 a dozen while our chickens' reps have been making do with just a five spot for a good number of years now. At \$5, the chickens or their representatives will be tempted to look for another outlet. We think it only fair to raise the retail and wholesale egg price to at least \$6.

Oh, wait a minute! As some of you old timers might remember, it's against the state law for us to "SELL" eggs without a license. We, at the hardware, are merely "Providers." You leave 6 bucks in the bucket and the chickens' representatives collect \$6 when their precious products are dropped off. Just like Sergeant Schultz in Hogan's Heros, "*I know nothing!*" This reminds me of my favorite wheelbarrow story:

Many years ago when Orcas Lumber was still in downtown Eastsound, a fellow asked me what the price was for our contractor wheelbarrows. I told him they were \$49. Quite indignantly, he stated that the current price at Orcas Lumber was \$39. I told him that sounded like a very fair price and suggested that he buy one there. He then stated that they were out of those wheelbarrows. I then replied that when we were out of wheelbarrows, our price was \$29. The message of this story can be applied to \$5 eggs.

ALL SOCKS \$2/PR!

LADIES PETITE TO SIZE 15 MENS

(like our toilet paper, we strive to keep 1000 in stock)



COVID-19 ISN'T THE ONLY THING THAT SUCKS!

My favorite, commercial lite-weight (8 lbs)

Incredible suction 160 CFM, all floors.

Bags capture 99% of pollens & sub-micros

Best of all — it's made in the USA!

Amazon's current price \$259.00

Island Hardware's price \$238.00

USA, USA!!

You may be getting tired of reading about the wonders of Costco (KIRKLAND) products. Much of America is just now realizing the dangers of relying on foreign countries manufacturing most of our medicines. Long before this pandemic, Costco has been concentrating on using US manufactures for their over-the-counter meds & supplements. The main household brands, NOT SO MUCH.



\$549,000

Want to know what \$549,000 can get you at one of Paul's favorite winter hangouts? Google "Goldfield real estate." It may blow you away—and there is no virus!

"All human beings are part of One Body. If One part of this Body is hurt, the Whole Body suffers."

~ Saadi Shirazi

13th century Persian Poet

END OF AN ERA

© WARREN MILLER, 8/12/2009

I was loading the remnants of the windsurfing era of my life into my suburban the other day because I needed the space in my garage.

In the late 1970s, I bought my first windsurfer and launched it in Marina del Rey, California where the wind blew every afternoon. I immediately got blown downwind and had to take my rig apart to carry it back to my car. By the end of that first summer, I was sailing at Cabrillo Beach in San Pedro, where the wind blew a lot harder.

Unfortunately, my athletic careers have always consisted of my imaginary skills exceeding my ability and this was definitely the case with my windsurfer. For example: I was sailing in the ocean outside the breakwater and was carried way south of my launching point and didn't yet have the skills to sail upwind. When I realized that it was almost dark, I took my boom off the mast, rolled up my sail, and started paddling towards the entrance to San Pedro Harbor. Since I had on a wet suit, my plan was now to paddle inside the entrance of the harbor and spend the night there. When the sun came out and the wind came up the next day, I would sail back inside the breakwater to where I launched. Nobody knew I was out sailing, so nobody would miss me anyway. As darkness completely took over, a boat approached me and fortunately it was the Coast Guard. They hauled me aboard and took me to where I could walk about a half-mile to my car.

I was thinking about my windsurfing career as I was loading my equipment to take it to a friend who had recently bought a home in the Columbia River Gorge. I thought about Laurie's and my first trip to Maui. The first thing I did was

immediately go to Hookipa where the world's best windsurfers and some of the world's biggest waves and steadiest wind come together. I thought it was no big deal so I rigged my board and paddled out a little ways because I still could not do a water start. I tried for half an hour to get the mast up and sail away before I realized that I had been blown downwind. Later on, I was trying to get over the reef in front of Mama's Fish House to the delight of all of the customers eating lunch. My fin caught as I was washed over the reef and I did two forward somersaults through shallow water, imbedded parts of three different sea urchins in my body, and called it a day.

Two years later, we owned a Sugar Cove condominium where I would write my film scripts from early in the morning until the wind started blowing to my level of sailing. I could then windsurf until the sun went down. I did this every spring and early fall for the next ten years.

As I was waiting in the ferry boat line with my car full of windsurfing equipment, other memories came spinning back: one day I was sailing two miles offshore when I crashed and landed on a Portuguese mano'war. It was all over my body and in my mouth, too. More lurching!

I have some very pleasant memories of acquiring enough skills on a windsurfer to go way outside on the outer reefs when the waves were over the top of my 16 foot mast. Those waves are some of those exciting things in my memory bank, or of the other survival experiences that I have lived through.

I was heading down I-5 with all of my windsurfing gear thinking about when Don and Barbara Guild,

Alan Cadiz, and I took a trip on our windsurfers across the eleven mile wide channel, between Maui and Molokai. To sail up and over the top of a wave and look down the face of it when you're in mid-channel and realize that if you crashed and lost your board, there was a very strong southbound current and with some luck, your body would float up on the island of Guam, or maybe even make it all away to Japan. Don, Barbara, and Alan got way ahead of me; when I got there the only lunch left was a couple of big bars and a lukewarm can of diet Pepsi. I was very tired, but so high after sailing across the channel that I knew I could sail back on adrenaline alone. Within ten minutes of when I got there, Alan said. "We have to be back on Maui no later than five o'clock or my wife will call the Coast Guard."

I gulped down my warm Pepsi, launched my board, negotiated the big shore break, and was back across the Molokai Channel once again. The ride back was perfect. I had exactly the right size sail, the windblown, very large waves had changed to giant ground swells and as you raced along the face of one of them, flying fish exploded all around me. Since I was sailing faster than they could fly, they would bounce off of my sail, my legs, my chest, and I realized that it would be impossible to explain the elation of an ocean crossing on a windsurfer.

Back on Maui, Don said he was 63 years old, Barbara admitted to 64 and I was 65. Then he said, "Out there we almost committed geritric genocide!"

As I was helping to unload most of the windsurfing equipment from that era of my life, I knew that the fantastic memories of that era of my life would be with me forever.