



THE HARDWARE HERALD

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THANKSGIVING PINE OVERSTOCK SALE

Woody's panic attack is a win for IHS customers! The pine shortage threat was just that, so we ordered a bit too much!

1x6 16' PINE TONGUE & GROOVE MATERIAL @ 20% OFF

Yup — that's right, 20%! 😊

Regularly priced @ \$1.00 a linear foot

Panic attack price: 80¢ a linear foot

Plan for the holiday closure and inside projects: line a closet, design a cool wall, use for a ceiling—ideas are endless!

Now this sale is for the stock on hand —no special orders!

HEADS UP!

Again this year, we'll be closing for Christmas at 1 PM on December 24 and won't reopen until 7:30 AM on Monday, January 4!

THANKSGIVING THANK YOU!

I'm extremely proud of our 15 employees who have been serving you at your hardware throughout the pandemic! Now they're not only dealing with the pandemic, they're facing the bone chilling weather. If it were not for your support during this last 9 months of hell, we could not have all gone home with full paychecks! All of us and our families thank you so very much and will not forget you!

ONE WAY TO FOIL THE VIRUS

If you're an islander wishing to go camping but feel stuck on the rock, here's a maybe silly way to start: For me, a campfire is a large part of my camping experience. Sleeping in an unfamiliar, cold, hard bunk is not!

Build a safe size campfire in your yard. Sit around your warm fire with **no electronic devices** in one of your old familiar camp chairs accompanied by family and friends. When someone starts to repeat previous camping adventures, the fire should now be coals. It's time for the grub.

This is the technical part. You must completely bury your double foil-wrapped meat (optional), potatoes, carrots, onions, and (for you youngsters) kale in the coals for about 20 minutes. It will take you this long to burn the garlic bread. After you've had your camp stew with your favorite beverage and the fire is completely out, you may now retire to your warm cozy bed in your house.

Happy island camping! 😊

THE CLOCK REPORT, PART 2

After 26 years of displaying the time at precisely 10:07, I'm pleased to report to you that a blessed change has occurred! If you didn't get a chance to read the October issue of the Herald, here's a synopsis of the "**Clock Report, Part 1**": I offered my broken clock to anyone who would attempt to repair my 40+ year old wall clock that has hung motionless on my wall for over a quarter of a century.

The folks on this island never cease to amaze me. Up stepped long time islander, Jim Hamilton and his 94-year old father, who just happens to be an accomplished clock repairman. The rules were simple: If you try, but fail to repair my old friend "**The Clock**," you then own it. If you succeed, not only do you own it, but you get to choose an Orcas restaurant whose two employees (based on need) should each receive half of a \$1,000 pot supplied by your local hardware. Restaurant workers, through no fault of their own, have been among the hardest hit workers by this miserable *pandemic*.

"**The Hamilton Men**" fixed the clock! They said they'd like the money to go to some of the employees of The Dear Harbor Inn or The Skillet, both fine Orcas eateries. The restaurant owners were able to narrow it down to four employees and since we had planned to give \$500 of the \$1,000 to two deserving families, there was no choice but to increase the "pot" to \$2,000 for the four families. (I think I paid \$75 for "**The Clock**" at an antique auction way back when.)

I've heard of more fortunate Islanders dropping a \$20 tip for a cup of coffee to help out a neighbor who might just be getting back to work only to find that his or her customer base is cut in half or worst! How would you like to join the secret \$20 tip club? I think I will. What do you get for joining? Just one word (**satisfaction**).

As for the four families who'll receive the IHS checks—we're going to respect their privacy. No thanks needed. Checks in the mail!

SKI EQUIPMENT PREPARATION

© WARREN MILLER 9/12/11

The day after Labor Day is when suddenly, almost anyone who owns ski or snowboard equipment, stops by the closet where it is stored. They get out their gear and fondle it as though it is their magic carpet to freedom and it is.

As soon as the snow comes and covers whatever blemishes the earth might have, everyone who can gets to the top of a mountain. They are all playing by the same rules: "gravity is the great equalizer!"

Many years ago, getting the wooden skis and boots ready to use again involved unclamping the pair of skis from the 2x4 that they had been fixed to all summer to keep them from warping, rubbing the tops with steel wool and applying another coat of varnish, putting yet another coat of lacquer on the bottoms (no P-tex or any of the more recent, faster bottom materials back then), and then checking all of the dozens and dozens of screws that held the edges on.

Then you turned your attention to your leather ski boots that you had weatherized with numerous polishing sessions of Dye-and-Shine shoe polish. It was the best. Your boots always looked new and shiny, at least for the first month or so. Some people rubbed their boots with Snow Seal over a hot stove to help it melt in but that really came later and they weren't nearly as shiny and sharp looking.

You had two options with that wool sweater your ex-girlfriend knit for you last year...you could store it all summer and spend the next winter smelling like moth balls, a smell that never goes away, (no wonder they use it as a raccoon repellent) or you

could get your new girlfriend to knit another one...or maybe knit the holes back together in the moth-eaten, moth-ball smelling one.

Your ski pants could stand up by themselves by the end of the last winter, so you had soaked them in the bathtub rather than spending the money on dry cleaning. They finally dried and you put them away. Who cares if they would be a little bit fuzzy from now on, until you fell in fresh snow and it all stuck to the fuzz!

You have now started making trips to all of the ski shops within driving range to see what was new and exciting... I know this to be true because I started doing all of this when I got out of the Navy in 1946 and have had the same experience every September since then.

I might have given up skiing many years ago if I didn't have so many sweaters. (Editor's comment: does your wife know you had that many girlfriends, Warren???)

In the summer of 1946, I bought half a dozen pair of Army surplus, 7'6", stiff wooden skis for \$5 a pair. I figured that I could sell them at \$10 a pair and double my money. I did just that, but one pair I sold to a friend who stood only 5'6", and was just starting to ski.

To make the skis work for him and complete the sale, I just used a saw to take 18" off the back of the skis. I didn't even charge him extra for the custom modifications. He sanded down the saw-marks, stripped off the white paint that all the Army surplus skis were painted with, and varnished them. He spent the next two winters having a great time on his 6' long skis! He didn't know the difference between where his bindings were and

where they should have been until years later.

He was such a happy guy; his hand knit sweater collection was the biggest of any other skier in Southern California.

Using shoe polish on ski boots was the best waterproofing for our soft leather boots. Among the ski school instructors at Badger Pass, there was an unofficial, polished ski boot contest going on all winter with some of the boots looking as shiny as patent leather tap dancing shoes.

Boots were shiny but not very supporting until the mid 1960's when Bob Lange invented the plastic boot.

In the early 1950's, some ski clubs ambitiously built ski club lodges in mountains less than 100 miles from where all of the members lived. An exception to that was the San Diego Ski Club. They had built their club at Mammoth Mountain, over 350 miles away. One member set the record when he drove to Mammoth every weekend, both winter and summer. He logged 129 weekends in a row working on the cabin every trip. He never did learn how to ski; he just liked to build things.

For the winters of 1946/47 and again 1947/48, I spent September outfitting my teardrop trailer for the winter. The floor plan was simple at best. It contained a double bed and an outside kitchen under the hatch at the back. It was very efficient, Spartan, and best of all, for Ward Baker and myself, it was very cheap!

Now at 65+ years later, I still get excited after Labor Day when the temperature drops a few degrees and I see the first leaves starting to change and drop. Time to check my ski sweaters for moth holes.

DON'T BE SO HEAVENLY MINDED that you are no earthly good. No, I have no idea what this means, but doesn't it sound COOL? Here's another one: If you do not stand for something, you might well fall for everything. No, still clueless.

Darth Vader reincarnated as a car:

