

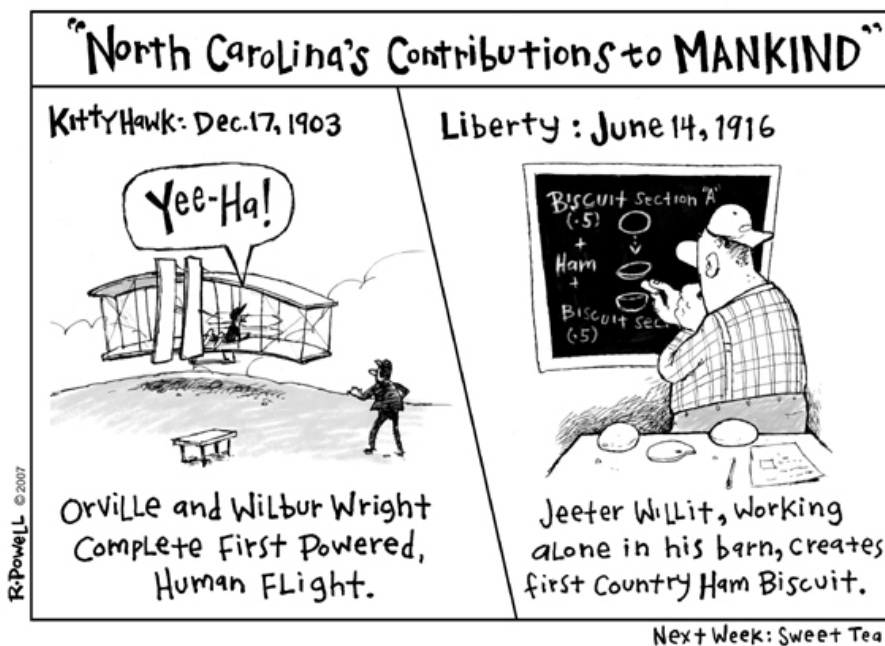
Hidek Herald

An online newsletter for your entertainment

August 2008

PROPRIETOR'S MESSAGE

By John Trotta, Proprietor - Hidek Supply



Introducing our new cartoonist.....

Hope you are all enjoying your summer.

In this month's issue, we would like to introduce you to freelance cartoonist Rich Powell of Asheboro.

Rich is an artist for computer games as well as MAD Magazine, with a little regional humor thrown in. You can look forward to Rich's cartoons in the coming months. Enjoy!

John Trotta, Proprietor, Hidek Supply

LARRY HARRIS on SPORTS



SWEET MEMORIES: BEAUTY, FLOWERS, DESPAIR AND HOPE

By Larry Harris

It was a magnificent day in Los Angeles those many years ago. Sunshine had wiped away the smog, at least for a while, and a gentle breeze was a vivid reminder of just how perfect southern California can sometimes be.

The young scribe felt privileged to be walking to lunch with the old quarterback. He knew he was supposed to maintain the “objective approach” that calloused journalists had always warned him to employ, but he was still a fan at heart. The baked enamel veneer of cynicism that every newsman eventually accrues had not yet hardened.

In his naive joy to be alive, he actually skipped a couple of steps, drawing a withering glance from the icy blue eyes of the old quarterback, who never enjoyed being recognized anywhere except on the football field.

*“Boy, what the hell’s the matter with you?” said the quarterback.
“It’s just a great day and I feel good. Don’t you?”*

“I haven’t felt good in a long time. When you’ve played the game as long as I have, the aches and pains never go away.”

A block later, the scribe spotted a flower vendor, and after sifting through the offerings, he selected and purchased what he considered a fitting bouquet.

“Boy, what the hell are you going to do with those?” said the quarterback.

“It’s such a great day, I’m going to give them to the next pretty girl we see,” said the scribe.

Well, in L.A. the next pretty girl was the next girl walking—and there were two of them. With all the Sir Walter Raleigh grandeur he could muster, the scribe made his finest flourish and proffered the bouquet to one of the ladies.

“It’s a beautiful day and you’re a beautiful girl and I want you to have these,” the scribe said. To his horror, she burst into tears.

While the scribe looked around for a sewer to crawl into, the second girl related how the two were returning from a doctor’s visit, where the first had received a serious diagnosis.

“Why don’t we all get a cup of coffee?” said the old quarterback.

Inside a nearby restaurant, the foursome took a table and the scribe chatted with the stricken lady’s friend. They exchanged names, made small talk and tried not to look at the old quarterback, who was in deep, quiet conversation with the woman trying to stifle her sobs. At one point he covered her hand with one of his own huge paws and they leaned towards each other, their foreheads almost touching.

In a few minutes the lady produced a smile; then she laughed. A short while later, the women excused themselves and left. The one who had received the bad news had a smile on her face that would have illuminated a football stadium at midnight.

The scribe and the old quarterback continued their walk in silence but now the pace and the mood were slower, somber, and the youngster knew he had experienced a moment to remember.

The scribe never asked the old quarterback what he said to the beautiful woman and he never volunteered. What the scribe came to realize, however, is that on that day the veteran went far beyond his myriad accomplishments on the football field. On that day he did not conjure up one of his miracle finishes, but for one woman he turned despair to hope.

The old quarterback’s name was John Unitas.

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Roosevelt Family Quotes

Do what you can, with what you have, where you are.

Theodore Roosevelt

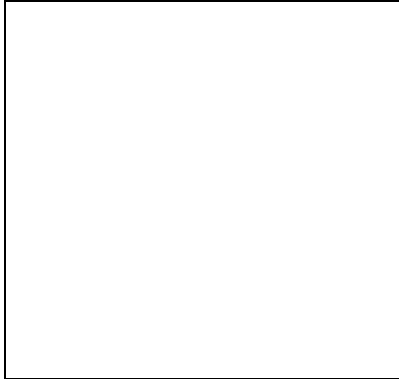
If you haven't got anything nice to say about anybody, come sit next to me.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

Campaign behavior for wives: Always be on time. Do as little talking as humanly possible. Lean back in the parade car so everybody can see the president.

Eleanor Roosevelt

Pat Trotta



What is Universal about Remotes?

Today, class, I will be complaining about the remote control.

When I was a kid, we had 5 channels, and we had to get up and actually WALK ACROSS THE ROOM to change the channel. I don't really remember the year the remote control was invented, but I do remember gaining 50 pounds in that year alone.

Here is my complaint: The term "universal remote" refers to one remote that will control all of your electronic devices, God forbid you will have to get up from the couch.

I propose that the use of the term "Universal Remote" be limited to remotes that have all of the buttons in the same predetermined position.

I have more TVs in my house than I care to admit, but the remote for each one is different. The oldest TV in the house actually has a built-in 4-head VCR, and I remember a time when it was considered chic to have four heads. That remote has the following buttons:

Power, R-tune, Tracking, 100 (like anybody really needs over 100 channels), add/dlt, slow, speed, counter, zero, reset, 1 min. Now, I have no idea what any of those things mean except for Power, which means On-Off.

My newest TV has the following buttons:

Standby-On, Picture/Sleep, Select, Open/Close, Display, +100 (like anybody really needs +100 channels), Prev, Next, Setup, Disc Menu, and Mode. I have no idea what any of those things mean except for Standby-On, which means On-Off.

Why can't they just make all remotes the same way?

I would like a simple remote with three buttons:

1. On-Off

2. Channel up and down.

3. DVD player on/off.

Worse yet, there are now remotes for things other than your TV. Your fireplace, for instance. Yes, you can control your gas logs with a remote. Your ceiling fan. Gosh, I'm exhausted from pulling that string. You can get a remote to locate your remote.

Life has gotten way too complicated for me. You know, I think I will get up to change the channel, just to clear the senses.

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