

Hidek Herald

An online newsletter for your entertainment

January 2009

PROPRIETOR'S MESSAGE

*By John Trotta, Proprietor
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SIX MORE WEEKS?

I bet you all thought I was going to say Happy 2009, I hope the coming year is prosperous and good to you.

I really do wish you a fine year, but for those of us who look forward to holidays, a formerly obscure holiday is coming up, and there are signs that this holiday will be exploited and hyped.....very soon..... by yours truly.

The charming tale of the groundhog that ventured out of his den on February 2nd, only to see his shadow and retreat for another six weeks, is one of those stories that everyone somehow remembers since childhood.

Some of you might know that I play in a jazz trio. Last year we had a Groundhog Day gig at a tragically hip late-night jazz club. We thought it might be fun to play a Groundhog Day song, but we couldn't find one. The songwriter of my group took it as a personal challenge to write a Groundhog Day song. Click artwork to hear song.



This is a country tune. When we premiered it at that tragically hip late-night jazz club, the reaction was, shall we say, puzzled. That clientele was not amused; but I hope you are. Enjoy the song.

Pat Trotta

It's the Most Wonderful Time of the Year



No, not last month. Now. The beginning of January.

Christmas decorations: You can't wait to put 'em up, and you can't wait to take 'em down. When you do get around to that task of removing all the Christmas clutter from your house, you get an unexpected surprise..... You have more space! Wow! Of course, it's the same space you started with in November, but it looks much bigger.

Shuffling things around this time of the year gets you out of your rut. Since you have the ladder out anyway, you might as well clean those top surfaces you can never reach, and oh, those ceiling fans, and the worst job of all, the top of the refrigerator, and you never know what you are going to find up there.

Then you start on your desk. Can't keep last year's stuff around. Last year's bagel, last year's phone messages, oh, and there's some quarters in the bottom of that drawer!

For someone who lives in a "paperless society", I spend about two days filing away last year's papers.

It's a time to refresh, renew, declutter, and enjoy. Oh, and don't forget to relax. It's another 11 months before we have to start all over again.

Larry Harris on Sports



NBA IN JANUARY: BO-RING!

by Larry Harris

Here's a smorgasbord of New Year's wishes, New Year's presents and one-sided New Year's opinions:

- With the NFL playoffs grinding towards the Super Bowl and college basketball just revving its serious motors, is there anything more boring than the NBA's regular season at this time of year? Somebody call in when they get to the playoffs in June.

Perhaps the pros should consider playing an experimental game on hardwood laid down on a football field. In every sense of the word they have outgrown the dimensions of the surface they play on. The 94x50-foot court with 10-foot baskets just isn't big enough or high enough to contain the unique abilities that NBA stars possess. There is one old-timer wise in basketball ways who says that reducing the diameter of the 18-inch basket by two inches would make a world of difference.

The only thing making news in the NBA is that those who dare to coach in the league are about as safe as a man in a pit full of king cobras.

- How about presenting a football with an electronic chip in it to the NFL for use come the 2009 season? That would eliminate those controversial goal line decisions on touchdowns that have raised such a ruckus in recent years. The technology reportedly is available.

- How about a slap across the back of the head for the New York Yankees and Hank Steinbrenner, who gives new meaning to the word spendthrift? Anybody who can put out \$243 million for a couple of pitchers (CC Sabathia and A.J. Burnett) and then \$180 million for first baseman Mark Teixeira could surely help out the economy. Major league baseball hit the Yanks with a \$27 million luxury tax for last season recently and the team just laughed and laughed -- and then asked the city for bond help.

- Speaking of economy, auto racing officials heaved a huge sigh of relief when the Bush administration announced at least a temporary bailout for U.S. automakers. Without the Big Three, there is no NASCAR, no matter how often some of the big garages say they're immune.

- How about a good dose of conscience for all those coaches, college and pro, who boast about their senses of loyalty, then jump to a new position just as soon as the first dollar bill hits the floor, disregarding any past commitments or contracts?

- How about a Pro Bowl berth one of these years for Washington Redskins linebacker London Fletcher, a worthy candidate who describes himself as the "Susan Lucci of the Pro Bowl?" Ms. Lucci, recall, went for a TV Emmy 18 times before winning one.

- The great American humorist-author Mark Twain is generally given credit for saying, "Everybody talks about the weather, but no one does

anything about it." The same goes for the ridiculous major bowl situation, so how about somebody does something about it?

And don't even start about the "other" 30-something bowls. There's nothing finer than paying a ridiculous price to watch two 6-6 teams battle it out. The University of Maryland sold about 1,000 tickets to fans who were just salivating to get to the Roady's Humanitarian Bowl in Boise, Idaho.

- In the beloved "Wizard Of Oz," it is the Tin Man who searches for -- and finally finds -- a heart. Now it's Carolina Panthers owner Jerry Richardson who needs a new one and hopefully he will be one of the fortunate survivors of a transplant. Some Richardson fans say the reason he is in such dire straits is because he has given so much of his own heart to his players and organization.

- How about a new gadget for every sports figure who figures it is his right to get snookered and endanger not only himself but other people on the road? Recently making its debut is the iBreath, which attaches to Apple's iPod and sounds a signal if the user blows anything more than a 0.08, an alcohol level recognized as over the top in 50 states. It costs \$79 and just may save a bunch of lives.

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THE YEAR 1909

Shocking statistics compiled by Mark Lupton

This will boggle your mind, I know it did mine!

The year is 1909. One hundred years ago.
What a difference a century makes!

Here are some statistics for the Year 1908:

The average life expectancy was 47 years.

Only 14 percent of homes had a bathtub.

Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone. (Gasp...no cell phones!)

There were only 8,000 cars and only 144 miles of paved roads.

The tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower.

The average wage was 22 cents per hour.

The average worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year.

A competent accountant could expect to earn \$2000 per year, a dentist \$2,500 per year, a veterinarian between \$1,500 and \$4,000 and a mechanical engineer about \$5,000 a year.

More than 95% of all births took place at home.

90% of all doctors had no college education.

Instead they attended so called medical schools, many of which were condemned in the press and the government as "substandard."

Sugar cost four cents a pound.

Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen.

Coffee was 15 cents a pound.

Most women only washed their hair once a month and then they used Borax or egg yolks for shampoo.

Five leading causes of death:

1. Pneumonia and influenza.
2. Tuberculosis
3. Diarrhea
4. Heart disease
5. Stroke

The American flag only had 45 stars.

The population of Las Vegas, Nevada was only 30!

Crossword puzzles, canned beer and iced tea hadn't been invented yet.

Two out of every 10 adults couldn't read nor write.
Only 6% of all Americans had graduated from High School.

Marijuana, heroin and morphine were all available over the counter at the local corner drugstores. Back then pharmacists said, "Heroin clears the complexion, gives buoyancy to the mind, regulates the stomach and bowels and is, in fact, a perfect guardian of health."

I wonder what things will be like in another 100 years?

OUR MASCOT CONTINUES TO GROW

Tappy Quick, our neighbor's 8-month-old Jack Russell Terrier, has grown out of his shyness. Here he attacks a clothes basket containing John's Trotta's clean socks. Notice that smile of victory?



Tappy wants to be Hidek's Mascot, so we said okay, just quit running in circles, you are making us dizzy!

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