

Hidek Herald

An online newsletter for your entertainment

July 2008

PROPRIETOR'S MESSAGE

By John Trotta, Proprietor

Hidek Supply



I'm sure you are all breathlessly awaiting a report on the basil project from last month. This year, I have two varieties of basil:

- a) Italian basil (pictured on right), good for tomato sauces or for making little hors d'oeuvres of tomato slices, mozzarella cheese and basil spritzed with olive oil (colors of the Italian flag);***
- b) Lemon basil (pictured left), good for seasoning meats and for making pesto.***

Both of the plants you see here started from seedlings. Three weeks later their leaves are ready to be harvested, as you need them. Only take the leaves you will be using, and the plants will continue to produce until October. The best part of this deal is that you can buy two seedlings for \$3, while a single serving of the leaves, purchased at your local mega mart will cost \$3 each serving.

When you're cooking with basil, be careful to not add it until the very end. It loses its flavor after maybe 10 minutes of cooking. Of course, you can always put one shot in at the beginning and freshen it at the end.

If you're cooking for a large army, you can buy an extra basil plant and you'll have all you need for the whole summer.

Pat Trotta

MAN STUFF

I shop for my husband. I know that is not something women do nowadays, but if you are old enough to know the word nowadays, you have probably been shopping for a long, long time.



Last week I bought him some deodorant that was the **WRONG KIND**. How can deodorant be so wrong? It didn't have the initials Old Spice. Once my husband starts using a certain brand name, he does not like to change. It is getting harder and harder to find that Canoe cologne.

So back to the deodorant. I was stuck with this big chunk of Alpine Forest that he would not use. Fine, I thought, I'll use it. Deodorant is deodorant.

I was wrong. This was a hand-held deodorant with big rubber grippers on the side. You were not going to drop it while using it, the way you would with that dainty women's stuff. The head of the stick was so huge, you only needed one swipe. I love my Alpine Force Big Rubber Gripper antiperspirant by Mennen.

What else are the men hiding from us? I took a peek.

Ahhhhhh. Big white cotton oversized T-shirts, with labels that are printed on so you don't scratch your neck with a tag. How pampered are we? I kept looking. Wow. Man Jewelry. Big clunky stuff that does not fall out of your fingers when you try to put it on.

What's in this closet? Jeez, a big soft flannel shirt, goes to my knees, covers a lot of sins. **BIG WHITE SOCKS**. Comfort in a tube.

And what's in this bathroom? Oh. Old Spice Eau de Cologne Original Scent. Oh. Old Spice Soothing Gel "After Shave and Moisturizer in One"—Original Scent. Oh. Nothing in here I want. Back to the dresser.

Man Pajamas. Big roomy ones with a fly. Man pants. Oh, a belt. Men have to wear belts all of their lives, but the location keeps changing as they get older. Women can just quit wearing them. My belt days are over. Oh, a Man Tuxwith a cummerbund. If I look bad in a belt, that cummerbund would really be lookin' for love in all the wrong places.

Gulp. Ties. Who in the world had the crazy idea to take a piece of cloth and choke yourself with it for decoration? Makes me itch.

I gotta run. I hear my husband in there stealing my deodorant because he's out of the Old Spice. Should I tell him I have an extra stick of Alpine Forest? Naw.....let him wear Velvet Powder Platinum with aluminum zirconium trichlorohydrate so he can see how we women suffer.

###

Larry Harris on Sports

PERFECT STORM: HOOPS AND JUNIOR

The Carolinas may be lacking in a lot of things, but no one can ever claim the folks who run the sports scene don't know how to market their products. That was never more evident than on the night of the National Basketball Association's annual draft of players a few weeks ago.



Hmmmm, somebody thought, we know there will be a huge bunch of Charlotte Bobcats fans waiting breathlessly for the team's first pick. And, hmmmm, the most popular race driver of them all, Dale Earnhardt Jr., has just opened a new nightclub called "Whisky River" (a tip of the name to country music legend Willie Nelson) in a high rise near the Bobcats' home.

A perfect blend, thought the spin gurus, and so Junior's new joint, featuring a mechanical bull and an incredible view of downtown Charlotte, played host to the Bobcats' draft party. Of course it was a sellout and the house no doubt prospered hugely because of the team's decision. Badly in need of a big man to sweep the backboards, eager spectators watched the Charlotte team somehow manage to draft a six-foot guard, D. J. Augustin, with its first pick.

By the time the boos had died down, the lines to the bars were pretty deep and the tip jars were ringing.

* *

Junior Nation's many thousands of members finally had their thirst for victory slaked in June when their favorite driver won a NASCAR Sprint Cup race after a long, long absence from Victory Lane. Though that win at Michigan was his first, Earnhardt has been amazingly consistent so far in this season's competition. He sits a comfortable third in points and seems content to watch the "Wild Thing," Kyle Busch, and his irascible teammate, Tony Stewart, spark most of the controversy.

Busch, who could create contention by just driving around the corner to get a soda, found a willing combatant in New Hampshire recently. Juan Pablo Montoya, a former Indy winner, Formula One driver and easily the most talented member of the open wheel

converts, admitted he deliberately turned left and wrecked Busch after the two banged fenders near the end of the rain-shortened race. You can bet there will be more love lost between the two before this race year is done.

Speaking of the New Hampshire track, owner Bruton Smith says he already has plans to enlarge and improve the area, including a new spacious place for RVs and campers.

Uh, Bruton, does the plan including filling up those monstrous gas tanks with that \$6 a gallon fuel?

And, by the way, when will NASCAR introduce a hybrid division?

* *

Some guys just have a magnet for money. David Carr, by far the worst quarterback in the National Football League last year, has a good chance to wind up as the top backup for Super Bowl-winning Eli Manning of the N.Y. Giants. Remember, Carr was so bad for the Carolina Panthers that he lost his job to 44-year-old Vinnie Testaverde and then to undrafted rookie Matt Moore. And now he has a shot to lock up a job with last year's champs.

Chase Stuart, who runs an Internet site called Pro-Football-Reference.com, came up with a formula to rank the worst QBs of all time in the NFL. Joey Harrington leads his list, followed by Rick Mirer, Carr, Ryan Leaf and Frank Tripucka. A lot of fans would doubtless have their own nominees.

####

Mark Lupton, Funnyman



Going to the DAWGS.....

Have you ever gotten one of those hot dogs from those street vendors? The ones who have a metal stove on wheels, usually you can see them on city streets or in front of stores? Those dogs are DEEEEEEEELICIOUS! And if there's one thing I like in life, it's my food. Especially food from vendors, county fairs or carnivals. The more grease, the nastier they are...the better they are. YUM!

To think I wonder why I've gained so much weight.....

The other day I happened to be in some small country town about a half an hour outside of where I live. As I was driving down the street I spotted one of those vendors. His little cart was shining in the sunlight, he was poking inside containers, moving things around. My taste buds started to go into over-drive as I could imagine what tasty treats he had inside of those containers! Without any suggestion from me my car suddenly pulled into the parking lot. Darn thing has a mind of it's own!

As I got out of my car two people were standing there, asking the vendor what he had to go with the dogs.

"Do you have any sauerkraut? No? How about some chili? No? Then I'm sure you don't have any cole slaw. Cole slaw is the best on dogs!"

Cole slaw? I've heard of that on turkey sandwiches but hot dogs??

After telling the vendor for what seemed hours about how great cole slaw was on dogs the couple finally got out of my way so I could order my dog. I stepped up to the vendor and with great anticipation asked if I could have a quarter pound dog.

"Nope. Sorry, those were the last ones. I really didn't expect this much business today."

"That's ok." I said. "How about a regular dog then?"

"Um...I sold out of those too."

What kind of vendor is he without any food? He did offer me a free dog if I came back the next day, but as I said it was 30 minutes from where I live and with gas prices going the way they are the free dog wasn't worth it. Ahhh well.

I went to my car and continued on my way home. As I got closer to home I spotted a 7-11. Knowing they have hot dogs and all the fixin's I decided to stop there. Might not be as good as the vendor's dogs but it would have to do to quench my hot dog cravings!

So I stopped, bought my dog and went over to the fixin's counter. No onions, no ketchup, no relish....nothing! But that was ok because they had a chili and cheese machine! My inner fat boy would not be denied!

However, my inner fat boy was mad because their stupid machine was out of order!

So I sat in my car and ate my hot dog without anything on it. It was probably the most bitter hot dog I have ever had. But that's ok. I had a hot dog today that made up for that. It had ketchup, mustard, chili, cheese, onions, relish, sauerkraut, peppers and no, I didn't put any stinkin' cole slaw on it.

Thing must have weighed five pounds....

And most of it ended up all over my belly. That's ok though, my inner fat boy was throwing a celebration!

WEB FIND OF THE MONTH

Pandora radio. Make up your own radio station! Check it out:

<http://www.pandora.com/>

###

Rochelle Bothe

The Fair's in Town

The annual county fair is in town. The colorful tents and rides were being set up all week. Every day bright reds, vivid blues and cheery oranges appeared; an invitation that seemed to reach from the past – tugging at the child in all of us to come and play. The hammering and banging noises promised a temporary town full of the sights and sounds that have been envisioned since the end of winter. All around town, the preparations for the fair were evident. Trailers carrying painted cars for the demolition derby, trucks with jumbo wheels for the monster truck show and colorful tractors for the tractor pull cascaded through town and on to the fairgrounds. Horses and livestock were carted into town; the smell of hay and manure, the sound of cattle – all indicators of a country style fair on the horizon.



Now that the fair has started, there is an excitement that lingers in the air. When I pass the fairgrounds I can hear the roller coaster cars rattling by, screams and laughter trailing behind them. Even from a distance, I can see the Ferris wheel reaching to the sky, riders gently rocking, their feet swaying. I catch glimpses of the Merry Go Round joyfully whirling, the glittering painted horses and unicorns magically dancing around, while the circus music infects the air. The smells of the grilled and fried concoctions of the food vendors, tease my senses. Polish sausages, corn dogs, deep fried pickles and Twinkies, funnel cakes, curly fries, and of course, corn cobs on a stick.

In town, I see people strolling towards the fair, their smiling faces eager with anticipation. The entire street has a festive mood – vendors have set up racks of hats, colorful t-shirts, shorts, sunscreen and bottles of water. The hotels have on display their “no-vacancy” signs, traffic is slow and the trolley transporting people from the main parking area is abundant with riders. Some of them smile and wave at passing cars, as if they were in a parade. Everywhere I go, people talk excitedly, asking “did you go to the fair?”

My favorite part of the fair is watching the people. Small children are dangling on their dads hands, pleading for tickets to go on the rides. Relaxed grandparents meander slowly and deliberately. They are dressed in bright shirts with khaki shorts, dark socks with sensible shoes and wide brimmed hats shading their faces. Young teenage couples, arm in arm, strolling through the dime tosses and bean bag throws – the girl proudly holding a large stuffed teddy bear prize, earned by the boy. Children running from the exit of an especially fun ride, right back to the entrance to get another thrill. Other kids getting measured for the major rides, concerned moms standing by with false smiles as they wave them on.

Many people enjoy the arts and crafts and food exhibits. I love to wander through, admiring everything from pickled beets to a collection of I Love Lucy memorabilia. You never know what you will find - handmade quilts and crocheted comforters on display in one booth, homegrown tomatoes and zucchini in the next. I always find myself making plans to enter something next year. I am so certain that I can do it, and I will enter that perfect apple pie or knitted scarf. At the end of the day the crowds drift out of the fairgrounds. Sunburned and sweaty, some are smiling, laughing and playful, still caught up in the fun and exhilaration of the day. Others, weary and worn, seem sad and displeased - perhaps because they don't want to end the day of escape from the daily demands of work and chores. Toddlers sleep in their strollers, cheeks flushed, arms and legs sprawled in awkward angles like the carnival rides of the day. Other little children nod off on their parent's shoulders, sliding into dreams full of fun houses and clowns.

A county fair is just what we need to get us right into summer. Long days of sunshine and laughter are ahead. Barbeques and picnics, family reunions and swimming parties are being planned. But before we know it, the colors will be changing, the air will cool down, and we will be eagerly awaiting a fall festival.

###

Quote of the Month:

“A perfect summer day is when the sun is shining, the breeze is blowing, the birds are singing, and the lawn mower is broken.

James Dent

Hidek Herald is a monthly publication of:

Hidek Supply

P.O. Box 77334

Greensboro, NC 27417

PH: (336) 454-1897

Publisher: John Trotta

Editor: Pat Trotta

Contributing writers:

Rochelle Bothe - lifestyle columnist

Pat Trotta – humor columnist

Mark Lupton – even funnier humor columnist

Larry Harris - sportswriter

© 2008