

# Hidek Herald

*An online newsletter for your entertainment*

**September 2008**

## **PROPRIETOR'S MESSAGE**

*By John Trotta, Proprietor  
Hidek Supply*

### ***ARE YOU READY FOR SOME FOOTBALL? I AM!***

The Fantasy Football world had remained a mystery to me until two seasons ago. At that time, a friend suggested to me that we join a local Fantasy Football league. He had played the game several years prior to that when he lived in California. So to satisfy my curiosity about this cult-like activity, I agreed, bought six Pro Football magazines, and began studying.

Fantasy Football begins with a draft. All the available "skill players" are listed, then each "Fantasy Owner" chooses one in turn, the order being drawn out of a hat. Your score is the total number or points that your "team" individually scores each Sunday, plus bonus points for things like 50 yard plays, fumble recoveries and interceptions. You play each game against another "owner," just like the real football teams do, and at the end of 14 games there is a final four with a playoff and a championship game.

Here's what I learned. Your first pick or two should be a running back, the theory being that an individual running back will account for most of the scoring. If it's 2007 and you know Bill Belichick is going to run up the score on everyone, though, you might want to take Tom Brady first. It's not a good idea to load up on players who all play for the same team, It's too easy to get shutout if that team has a bad day. The exception, again, is the 2007 New England Patriots.

The upside to having a Fantasy Football team is that you have an interest in watching each pro game, no matter how meaningless it might be to the season's outcome. This can be a curse, though, if you have better things to do.

### ***Quote of the Month:***

***"In order to cement your status in the cultural elite, you want to be already sick of everything no one else has ever heard of."***

***David Brooks***

**Pat Trotta**

## February 19, 2009



Pop Quiz: Why does this date sound familiar to you? Believe me, you have heard it. Over and over and over again. This is the date that we transition from analog to digital television, or to put it another way, as it says in my written notice, “Aviso sobre la transicion a la television digital”.

This is my question: Why did they have to start telling us about this over a year in advance? I see this commercial along with my morning coffee and morning news about 5 times before I’m even out of bed.

What I really don’t understand is that this commercial warning us about doomsday is broadcast on cable TV stations, like the Hallmark Channel, not that I watch it. If you have rabbit ears, you are not getting the Hallmark Channel.

Wouldn’t it have been cheaper to just find the three people who still use an antenna and buy them a new TV? Or just tell them it is snowing on February 19, 2009?

OK, onward to the subject I am not allowed to talk about...politics.

First of all, I will be glad when the conventions are over so I don’t have to hear the “presumptive” ever again.

Secondly, I have been forbidden by the publisher of this newsletter to talk about the presidential election. Okay. So I’ll talk about the vice-presidential election.

When Sarah Palin was introduced to the country on August 29<sup>th</sup>, I watched with fascination. She came out and made that speech, then lunged into the crowd to shake hands and sign autographs. All I could think about was..... “Where’s her purse”? Is somebody watching her purse? Don’t they have identity theft in Alaska?

You never see Queen Elizabeth without her purse. The Queen Mum always had her purse. Even Margaret Thatcher carried a purse. Where do these American women politicians keep their STUFF????????????????????? We women need our stuff.

Some designer is going to make a heck of a lot of money, coming up with garments that carry stuff, or an attractive fanny pack (oxymoron) that American women politicians can gracefully wear.

So that takes me back to February 17, 2009. Just think, the election will be over, the inauguration will be over, and that first candidate on “Road to the White House 2012” will be in New Hampshire. Make that presumptive candidate.



## **NASCAR SHOULD AWARD MEDALS, NOT SCOLDINGS**

By Larry Harris

As this column was written, there were only two races left until the "Chase" or championship portion of the NASCAR Sprint Cup series begins -- and the sanctioning body had once more made a fool of itself.

In the past, NASCAR has been widely mocked for making up the rules as it goes -- changing engine specifications, raising or lowering horsepower, bending the rules to favor a cash cow like Dale Earnhardt Jr., and setting different parameters for different tracks to the extent that a rulebook is outmoded before it is even published.

Now the arbiters of the sport have ridiculed themselves again. Last week they put Kyle Busch and Carl Edwards on "probation" -- whatever that means -- for banging fenders after the recent race at Bristol. Are they kidding? NASCAR should give both of them a gold medal!

Stock car racing is not a sport of subtlety. History shows that fans simply want there to be a good guy in a white hat and a bad guy in a black hat and damn the shades of gray in between. That's what this racing season has provided in the persons of Busch, the raging young Bad Guy, and Edwards, the likeable, well-conditioned

Good Guy.

Without a protagonist and antagonist, the sport degenerates into a bunch of guys in garishly painted cars standing on the accelerator and turning left. All Busch and Edwards have done is rescue the Sprint Cup series in this season that was crumbling under Car Of Today bickering and a serious lack of passionate rivalry.

The daring young Busch with his ability to handle the Toyota version of the COT evokes memories of past greats like Dale Earnhardt Sr., Fireball Roberts and Curtis Turner, men who wouldn't hesitate a split-second to take their best friends into the wall if it meant track position. Edwards, whose often-rocket-like Ford seems to be the only car in town that can catch Busch, has been bold enough to declare a good old-fashioned rivalry does exist. The grandstands love it.

Other favorites of the recent past have faded from view. Chevy aces Jeff Gordon and Jimmie Johnson haven't lost any driving ability, but really, aren't they just too cute and clean-cut on TV for NASCAR? Junior Earnhardt still outsells any driver in hats and jackets and trinkets, but he has been content this season to drive a steady race and put himself in good position for the "Chase."

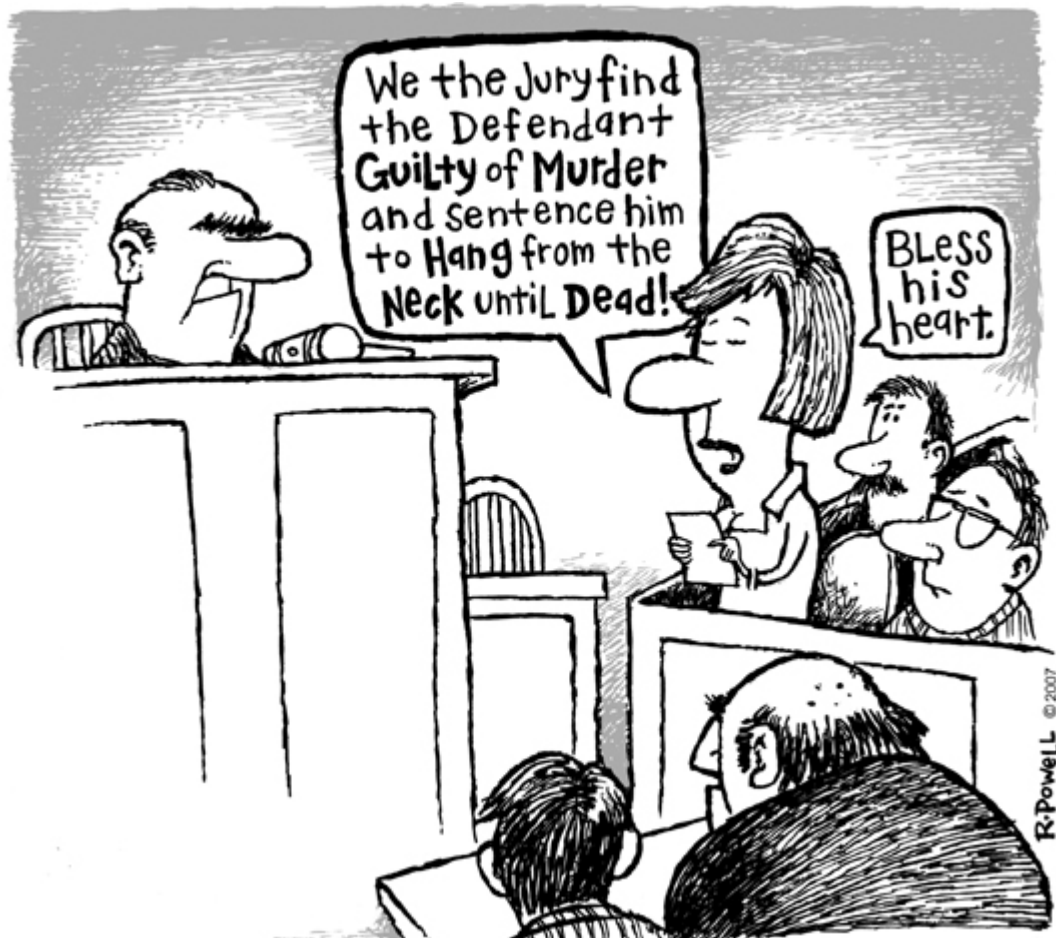
Ironically, all those racegoers who adore Junior seem to have forgotten his sainted dad once wore the black hat for many seasons before becoming the people's choice. Maybe it's simply like pro wrestling once used to be in the halcyon years of the Carolinas' great promoter, Jim Crockett. Whether you're the good guy or the bad guy depends on whether the show that night is in Charlotte or Greenville or Hickory.

\* \* \*

Carolina Panthers coach John Fox, who this season wagers his NFL coaching career on the strength of quarterback Jake Delhomme's reconstructed elbow, isn't known as a particularly sensitive sort -- at least outwardly. So it was a bit surprising to hear what he said recently when those mandatory roster cuts came around:

"You get close to these guys; you build relationships; this game's about relationships. I don't care how high or how low your interest level is, you still get attached to guys. They give all they can. That's what you ask for. There's no shame in it (getting cut). It just wasn't meant to be here, maybe somewhere else."

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