

Yarnell~Hoffer

Do-it center.

News

Yarnell-Hoffer Do-it Center News

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MIKE AND CRAIG - IN THE BOY SCOUTS



Mike Hoffer
Phillips J.H. School 1974



Craig Yarnell
Phillips J.H. School 1974



Mike Edmiston
Phillips J.H. School 1974

This month the town of Chapel Hill celebrated a special holiday. February 16 was *Jim Mackorell Day* in Chapel Hill. Now, some of you may not have the privilege of knowing "Jimbo" as we call him, but he is one of the people that brought Craig, Mike Edmiston (our store manager) and me together by trying to mold us into fine young men through the Boy Scouts. Jim has been the Scoutmaster of Boy Scout Troop 39 for 30 years now and has been a second father to half the boys in Chapel Hill. We are so proud of what he did for us and for the community that I wanted to dedicate the feature article to him this month.

As many of you know, I met Craig in the Boy Scouts in the fall of 1970 in the basement of the University Methodist Church on Franklin St. Nobody really liked Craig then because he used to be a big bully. He used to beat me up at least once a month at the scout meeting to prove how tough he was. He was bigger and taller than lots of us in the troop. He said he was a lot older too. In fact, I was 11, but Craig was a big 12 year old. Things all changed the next year though because something happened to the rest of us in the troop

that didn't happen to Craig. We all grew much taller over the summer of 1971 and Craig stayed at the same size. Come to think of it, he is as tall today as he was in 1971. I guess it serves him right for being such a bully. Anyway, after he realized that I was now bigger than he was he stopped trying to beat me up and we became friends.

I was a pretty benevolent child, kind of nerdy I guess, that enjoyed a few too many Oreo cookies in my childhood. This made me a little plump around the edges, thus I got the nickname "Heffer". I think Mike Edmiston, who had also joined the troop gave that name to me. He was so thin as a boy (and still is) that he had to hold onto the troop bus on camping trips to keep from getting knocked down from a strong wind. Well, Craig was a different story. Mr. Mackorell (as we used to call him) had his hands full here. As you can see from the picture, Craig had long hair and tried to look like he was in a motorcycle gang. Mr. Mackorell quickly nicknamed him "Wupp" because he like to wupp up on people. Jimbo (Mr. Mackorell) still calls him that today.

In the Boy Scouts there are groups of boys divided up into patrols. Each patrol acts as a unit that does things as a team on camping trips and during the weekly troop meetings. I think Mr. Mackorell wanted to tame Craig so he put "Wupp" in a patrol with some of the biggest guys in the troop. Their patrol sort of reminded me of the derelicts in the war movie "The Dirty Dozen". However, today, all of those guys are prominent in their field, some even right here in Chapel Hill. One is a police officer, several are doctors and one is a professional sports photographer

Every month, Mr. Mackorell would plan camping trips for us to go on, which were life changing for Craig, Mike E. and me. We learned more about common sense, how to grow up and

respect life and each other, not to mention the fact of learning how to start a fire in the rain with only two matches. I got to be buddies with Mike E. on the camping trips because we used to tent together. I always thought Mike E. was really cool because his room was in the basement of their house on Markham Dr. where he had a CB antenna rigged up outside the window. Let me tell you, this was an awesome (I know I use this word too much but it's so awesome... Oh, excuse me, I used it again) set up. He had a walkie talkie CB that plugged into the outside antenna and he could talk almost to University Mall from his house (by the fire station on Elliot Rd). CB's or Citizen Band radios were the really cool thing in the early 70's and I could sense the coming out of the electronics junkie that I

currently am (according to Craig anyway). We used to camp in these army type tents that Jim had gotten some great deal on, so he said, but they always leaked and seemingly weighed about 300 pounds when they got wet. As our allowance started to build, each of us began acquiring various camping equipment. Mike E. was one of the first ones to get a new nylon tent, which made me want to tent with him even more.

Every month, Mr. Mackorell spent countless hours arranging these trips and activities that would teach us how to become young men. He was always on every trip with us, teaching us everything we could absorb about the wilderness, how to respect nature and how to survive. He taught us how to tie knots, how to find our way out of the woods with a compass, and even how to locate poison ivy. We still use the skills we learned in the Boy Scouts every day in one form or another.

Every summer, Mr. Mackorell used to take us to scout camp for a week in Mt. Airy. We earned merit

badges and learned skills that we couldn't learn during the year. Our troop had a reputation to uphold because we were, and still are, the oldest chartered Boy Scout troop in the nation. We had always won the award for 100% completion of the mile swim. This may not seem like a big deal, but when you're 11 years old and your Scoutmaster tells you that you WILL at least try to swim the entire mile, it makes you grow up quick. I can remember the first time I swam the mile, I thought it would never end. But, I remembered how Mr. Mackorell taught us to always do our

best and we could accomplish anything. I think the mile was a little harder for me than for Mike E. or Craig because I had so much more weight to drag through the water than they did. As the years went by, Mr. Mackorell taught us how to respect

authority and always follow through with something we started. Craig and I progressed through Scouts eventually earning the highest rank awarded in Boy Scouts, the Eagle award.

Over the years, Craig and I became best friends and we still are today. Craig and I have a special bond because we've been through so much together. We each have different talents that make us operate perfectly as partners. Mike E. came to work with us several years ago and has fit in perfectly as our right hand man because he came from the same mold we did.

Jim Mackorell helped create this mold for us (along with our great parents) and we are honored to have had him as our second Dad for all these years. I mean who else could have gotten Craig to cut his hair to a respectable length and befriend a nerdy, pudgy kid? Thanks, Jim for building our character and teaching all three of us what a good work ethic really is. Now all you have to do is do the same for our boys, Luke Hoffer, Michael Yarnell and Carson Edmiston. They'll be in the troop to help you celebrate your 40th anniversary!

The HOME SHOW
*with 1360 WCHL's Larry Stone
 and Mike Hoffer and Craig Yarnell
 of Yarnell-Hoffer Hardware,
 Chapel Hill's Favorite Hardware Store*

Mike Hoffer
 Craig Yarnell

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The Talk of the Town

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