

Yarnell~Hoffer

Do-it center.

News

Yarnell-Hoffer Do-It Center News

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HOURS: Mon-Fri 7:30 AM - 7:00 PM

Sat 7:30 AM - 6:00 PM

Sun 12:00 PM - 6:00

Well, here it is! You've all been asking where the next newsletter is and I finally got around to writing one just in time for one of our favorite times at Yarnell-Hoffer - Fall. I know it's still in the 90's, but Fall is just around the corner and it's time to get back outside and do some home improvements.

This month we're going to tell you our foolproof method for planting grass and show you some great feature products. We also have an awesome sale flyer inside where we chose the merchandise. One more thing - if this newsletter is addressed to resident on the back, you might drop off of the mailing list. We must have your personal name and address to keep you on our database so please come by and sign up when you come in for the sale. If this newsletter is already addressed to you personally, you're stuck with us unless you tell us to take you off. So, go get yourself a nice, cool drink out of the frig and enjoy. All of us here sincerely appreciate your continued support in spite of the big box down the street trying to take our business away.

MIKE AND CRAIG INVADE... LAS VEGAS!

As many of you know, we sell Snapper lawn mowers. Well, not long after we became dealers, we were invited to the Snapper convention to be held in Las Vegas in February of 1995. We didn't think to much of it, in fact we even thought about not going, but we figured we probably could learn something we didn't know about selling Snapper products so we sent in our reservation.



Now, neither one of us have been further than New Mexico in our adult life so it would be a new experience for us. We were supposed to leave on Sunday, February 5 and return on Wednesday February 8. So, we worked the week before without thinking much about it. In accordance with the normal Yarnell-Hoffer road trip routine, we started thinking about what



to pack Saturday night before we left. It was winter here, so we were packing warm clothes to wear. Terri, my wife, came in the room and asked me what I was doing packing for winter. She said it would probably be pretty hot out there. Of course, not because I didn't believe her, I flipped on the weather channel to make sure she was right. She was of course. You know, wives always seem to have a tendency to be right. Anyway, I repacked my suitcase with short sleeve shirts and even a couple pairs of shorts still not really believing there could be a 40 degree temperature difference between Chapel Hill and Las Vegas.

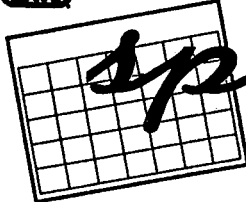
males there together. Everyone else had their spouse with them, so I guess we did look a little odd (probably not quite as odd as us having to sleep in the same bed on the way back from the Outdoor Power Equipment Show several weekends ago). When we entered the hotel, we both thought about the same thing. Boy, I wonder who sells these people light bulbs. There were tons of bulbs flashing everywhere. As I waited in a one hour line for check in, I noticed we were in line with every other *Snapper*

dealer from all over the United States. I thought our name was weird until I saw some of the shirts that some of these people had on. The best one I think was the store name of "Bill's Bait Shop and Mower Repair". Now, ole' Bill was about 300 pounds but he

must have been a heck of a lawnmower salesman to be there for the *Snapper* convention. Beside him was a guy with shiny black mechanics shoes and white socks with a big "chaw" in his mouth. I guess we looked kind of normal compared to them. I finally got to the desk to check in (the most important part about traveling with Craig is to make sure your room has at least two beds). The clerk assured me the room had two beds so I was on my way. I was exhausted by this time.

Craig had gone to get our information packet so we could see what was on the agenda. The schedule was pretty full every day until about 4 pm where the free time started. Craig had promised me he wouldn't get carried

September



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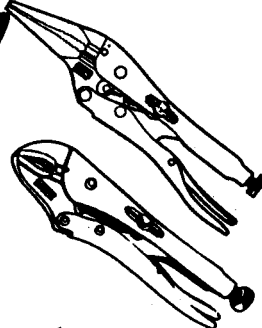
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We took off from RDU on Sunday morning and arrived in Las Vegas Sunday afternoon. This was a national convention so we were all herded toward one area in the Las Vegas airport when we arrived. We got our bags and boarded a bus to the big city. That's when I started to get nervous. I may have told some of you the story about Craig and his gambling habits in Florida during one of our summers a long time ago. That time we lost the entire \$7.00 we started out with. I looked over at Craig on the bus and his eyes were big and he didn't look quite right. I began my lecture to him about what happened in Florida but he immediately told me that was a long time ago and he was grown up now. We arrived at the Las Vegas strip several minutes later at the Bally's Resort and Casino Hotel. I knew we were in trouble then. Not only did I have to keep an eye on Craig, everyone else had their eyes on us. As usual, we were the only two

away so I agreed to go to the casino with him. I figured we could play the slot machines for a quarter each and not lose too much money. There is a slot machine on every corner. There was even one in the bathroom. The entire bottom floor of the hotel was a casino with every way to gamble your money away you could imagine. I soon found out that there were only a few rows of slot machines that took quarters. Most of them took one dollar and five dollar tokens. We brought about \$120.00 to split so we went to it. We started out at the high price slots for one dollar each. Craig purposely went to another row from me I think so I wouldn't see how many dollars were going in to his machine. I played for a few minutes before I went upstairs to call home. That was the most costly mistake I made the entire trip. I had left Craig with a stack of dollar tokens and no supervision. It took me a few minutes to find Craig when I went back to the casino. I got sidetracked looking at all the pictures of people who had won anywhere from \$10,000 to \$50,000 at the slot machines. I wondered what our goofy pictures would look like up there. I think they put the same pictures in every casino so you think anyone can win. I finally got up with the "slot king" several rows over from where I left him. His eyes were kind of glazed over from staring at the apples and oranges going around on the wheels inside the machines. By this time, it was 9pm which was way past our bedtime when converted to Chapel Hill time. Craig had two big empty cups beside him about the size of a 64 oz. Super Big Gulp. I asked him what had happened and he looked at me with that same glazed over look in his eyes and said that he had a little streak of bad luck and lost all his money. This was only the first night I told him and he just spent \$60.00. That was the good part. He proceeded to tell me about his jackpot strike and how I should have been there. The bell was ringing at his machine and dollar tokens were overflowing onto the floor. He said he was double pumping at the time. That's when you sit in between two machines and pull the arms at the same time. He had filled up both of those cups with money and still had a handful only 15 minutes ago. He won

\$150.00 on one pull and he was in heaven. Now, instead of being a true businessman like he normally is and putting away 1/2 of what he won so he would come out ahead, he thought he was invincible. By the time I saw him, he had blown all the winnings and had nothing left. The look on his face was kind of like the one on my face in Germany when we saw a *McDonalds* sign. I had been without an ice cold Dr. Pepper for 4 days and I was willing to pay anything for one with lots of ice. Craig wanted more money from me and I wanted a Dr. Pepper with lots of ice. Neither one of us got our wish. We went back to the room that night 1/2 broke and went to sleep.

By the time the last night arrived, we were experts at this gambling stuff. It had been beautiful in Las Vegas and was even better after the sun went down. The best casino on the strip was the MGM Grand which was brand new. There were more lights on that building than in all Chapel Hill combined. All the casinos were the same so we went back to our hotel for our final night. We had seen people betting \$100.00 a hand on Black Jack and losing eight and nine hundred dollars in a row. I even got a little frenzied when my slot machine paid out \$80.00 to me in one pull. That all sounds great until you figure how much you spent to win that \$80.00. At that moment when all those tokens were clinging and pinging together against the metal drum in the basket of the machine, I felt a little like Craig did. I won and I could keep winning if I just played one more time. Well, it never seems to work that way. We flew out on Wednesday morning at 5am to get back to reality. We were in for a relaxing flight home where we could catch up on our sleep when we learned of our last schedule change. We had to fly a puddle-jumper (commuter plane) from Charlotte. We probably deserved it though. We could have come home at least \$100.00 richer if Craig would have only listened to me. I guess it was payback time.

You can ask Craig for his version of this story but then you would have to choose who to believe, him or me?