

Yarnell~Hoffer

Do-it center.

News

Yarnell-Hoffer Do-it Center News 942-3500 Volume 8 Number 2 - May 1996
Chapel Hill's Favorite Hardware Store Mon-Sat 7:30 AM - 6:00 PM Sun 12:00 PM - 5:00 PM

Wow! A back to back newsletter. Now, that's almost a first for us. Thanks for all your great compliments from last month. I hope this month's newsletter will be just as informative. We have an exciting sale flyer enclosed for you this month. It features all items that we have hand picked. I think you will find some products in here that you never see on sale as well as some products that you never thought we would carry.

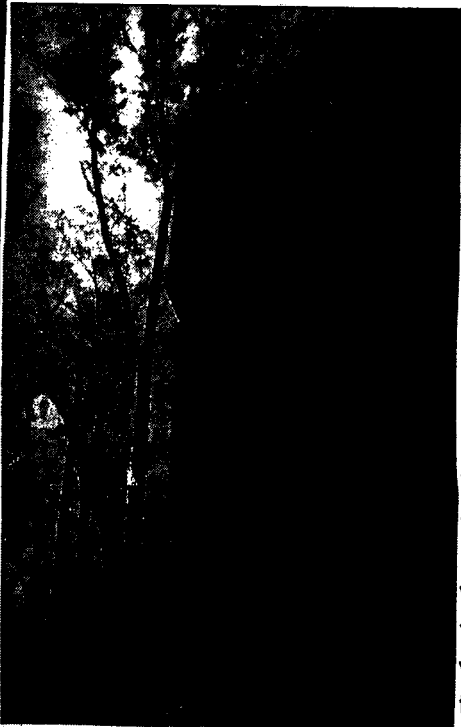
Remember, this is the last newsletter you'll get for a long time unless you come in and sign up with us to continue receiving it. It's not like those mail order catalogs that keep coming no matter what. After this, we are going to mail only from our database of Yarnell-Hoffer customers so don't miss out. As always, thanks for putting your trust in us. We are proud to have you as our customer.

MIKE AND CRAIG...AND THE GOOEY NIGHTMARE

I appreciate all of the great comments y'all gave us last time on the newsletter so I thought I would tell you one last story of Yarnell & Hoffer in the early days. This job should probably have been sent in to "That's Incredible" because it was so amazing. We were called over to a house on Roosevelt Dr. in the fall of 1981 to repair some knot holes in the cedar siding and to take care of a stain that was running down the inside walls. As you can see from the picture (page 2) we had to rent the biggest extension ladder we could find to reach up to the knotholes (about 50 feet off the ground). Craig was elected to climb the ladder since he was the short one and would do less damage to the ground if he fell. I mean, if I fell we would have to replace more landscaping which would cut down on our profit. That's the way I figured it anyway. So, up the ladder he went. We tied a rope around

him and the chimney so if he fell, he would hopefully only be left dangling from the house instead of buried in the ground (we would really lose money on the job if that happened). He got up to the top rung of the ladder (the one that you're not ever supposed to be on) and peered into the hole to see if there was any damage behind the siding. All of the sudden I heard a scream and felt the ladder swaying back and forth. I couldn't see because I was holding the ladder steady from underneath. I thought Craig had fallen off and was headed down on top of me. I covered my head, looked up and saw him gripping onto the ladder about halfway up just like I did when I tried to carry shingles up the roof for the first time (11/95 newsletter). As soon as he looked into the hole, a squirrel came out very upset that we were bothering him. He ran down the siding and jumped onto a nearby tree. Craig almost

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"Boy, that's a long way up"

most pleasure he ever got out of nailing up a piece of siding in his life.

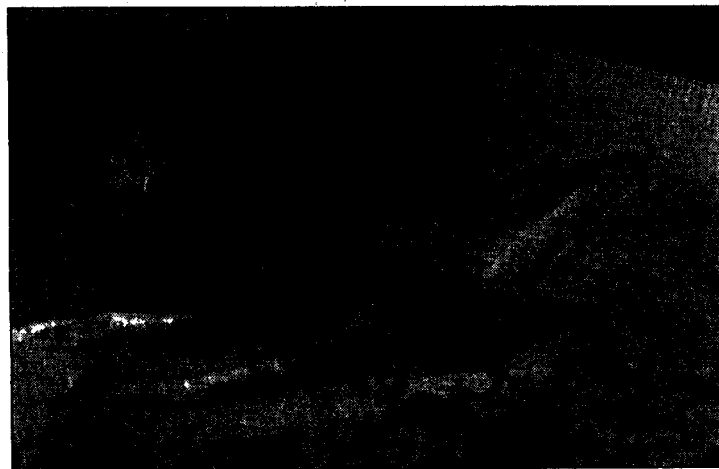
We finished the outside project and proceeded to tackle the stains on the inside. Since we did all types of work, we had seen just about everything, but we had never imagined we would come across what we were about to see. We pulled off a section of the wood molding at the ceiling to see where the stain was coming from. Behind the wood, there was a gooey substance all over the wood. Seeing how Craig had earned his pay for the day outside, it was my turn inside. I proceeded to remove some more of the wall and ceiling to get a better look. As soon as I took a small piece of the ceiling down, this stuff started dripping onto the floor. I reached up into the hole and pulled out part of a large honeycomb that was full of honey. Now, we had gotten pretty smart since the third grade and we knew if there was a dripping honeycomb there had to be some bees somewhere to go along with it. We slapped the molding back on the walls and ceiling and called the exterminator. He came over to spray the walls and ceiling for us.

Somehow, I was chosen to remove the molding again and expose everything. I got up there (with my gloves on this time) and started

had one of those accidents that only small children have from time to time. I guess it was a good thing he didn't since I was directly below him. I offered to take his place on the ladder but I think he was so mad at that squirrel he wanted to close that hole up himself. I think that was the

pulling out honeycomb after honeycomb full of honey. Then I reached over beside the honeycombs. My heart was already racing from the thought of being consumed by angry bees while Yarnell ran out of the house to hide in the truck. Anyway, I overcame my fear and proceeded. I scooped out something that felt different than honeycombs. It was kind of mushy and soft but not sticky like the honeycomb. I was glad I had my gloves on because I pulled out the biggest pile of dead bees I had ever seen. We made a pile on the floor about eight inches high. Before it was over with, we filled up about 2 one gallon buckets of dead bees. While I was doing all the dirty work, Craig was standing next to me with a can of wasp spray just in case we encountered some unfriendlies. Just about the time I had one of my last scoops of bees out, out came a couple of "unfriendlies". There were obviously headed right for me, so I jumped (leaped is more like it) off the ladder and almost mowed over Craig in the process. He was laughing so hard at me he couldn't have sprayed those little monsters if he wanted to. Then he had the nerve to ask me why I was afraid of a few little bees. I don't think I ever responded to that.

We cleaned out all the remains and patched up the ceiling and went on to the next exciting job on the list. Stop by the store and see our pictures. They're pretty amazing!



Now, that's a pile of dead bees!