

Truckstop

Rich Tee 1, Pneumonia 0... Yay.... Alberta-bound, finally

Dear Mr. Newsletter Editor, Sir; When One ponders the writing of an article to submit to you, One usually has a topic in his head that's been pondered over for several miles, and as a result the article practically writes itself. But lately there has been a general lack of miles behind the wheel for good quality pondering, so therefore this article shall be a collection of lesser ponderings with very few miles on them. I'm sure you'll notice the difference...

Roundabouts are now the norm for each and every one of us, and hopefully none of us has had any paint-trading episodes to speak of as we finally have it figured out whom has the right of way. But now I'm wondering why do we have to put a big vision blocking hump of "landscaping" right in the middle of the darned circle?

Quite often I've started into a roundabout and a few yards into the circle a car comes flying around from the other side of the "hump" and I am in the way. Whereas, I don't have the ability to go from 0 to 60 in 23 seconds with my fully-loaded truck.. if I could see what was racing my direction beyond the "hump" I would hold up and perhaps not get gestured at in an unfriendly way, again. Lose the "humps" I'd say...

Those darned Electronic Logging Devices... 4 days before Christmas I was helping Mrs. Tee with the shopping by accompanying her to the two large Box Stores here in the valley for some last minute shopping. I offered to drop her at the front door and come pick her up in a day or two, but she insisted that I accompany her within, in case things got rough amongst our fellow shoppers.

Even though there were tons of shoppers, there was an abundance of everything throughout the whole store. But our stop at the other Box Store (the one that has the hotdogs and smoothies up front...) was rather disappointing because they were in fact... out of Canned Green Beans. They informed us that the "Canned Green Beans Truck" was late... HmMMM....

Yesterday we ventured back to the other Box Store for a few provisions, and it was unbelievable how empty it was. Empty shelves galore... HmMMM, again.

Obviously the Electronic Logging Device is making an impact on the ability to keep store shelves stocked. Oh sure, there's been some rather nasty weather lately, but that doesn't slow trucks down at all. Get on I-90 during any particularly yucky day and you will see what I mean; they slow down for nothing... (Perhaps that is why there's been close to 30 truck crashes between Billings and the Idaho border in the past two weeks...)

Those darned Electronic Logging Devices, again... By now if you needed one, you have one and are adjusting to life with one.

I'm hearing of a way to cheat the system, and it goes something like this: Open up your ELD and go to the co-driver section. Enter the name of your favorite co-driver. (Don't use Bobby Gentry's nephew Billy-Jo McCallister, I already did...) Then when you use up all of your available time simply switch spots on the machine with Billy-Jo and you're good to go for several more hours.

I wish I was kidding, but some have actually tried this, and wouldn't it be way cool to be there when the Inspector Guy asks to visit with the imaginary other driver.

Don't call the nice Customs Lady at the British Columbia border "SIR"... It was an honest mistake, actually. I answered the first two questions about having any alcohol or tobacco with a friendly "No Ma'am", but for some strange reason when she asked me if I was packing any weapons I said "No Sir". Then suddenly she said my paperwork was not in order and I had 20 minutes to get out of British Columbia.

I asked if I could call my broker from here as there is no cell service where they were telling me that I had to go. She informed me I had better hurry because I now had 18 minutes left... I called the broker and went inside the Big Border Bulding and waited for the broker to call me back. I hid out in the men's restroom for well past my allotted 18 minutes and fully expected the guys with the German Shepherds to come and get me... so I headed to the truck to turn around, but on my way out I noticed the nice Customs Officers were a completely different bunch than before, so it must have been shift change time.

So I strolled up to the counter, gave the Nice Other Customs Lady my paperwork, which she immediately stamped with the big "Okey-dokey" stamp, and told me to have a nice day.... Go figure.....

That about wraps up enough of my ponderings for now; but before I forget, keep an eye on your e-mails from the MLA for updates on the spring time schedule of training events, as by the time you read this, they aren't that far away..

With that, I must close now as I've got to go find my ice fishing supplies because Safety Ranger Todhunter and that "Guy Named Spook" are hinting at an epic ice fishing adventure real soon, and I've got to be ready...

Until next time, That is All. ***Rich Tee***