



## Truckstop

**“You sure those are Morels?”** ... is the exact statement I made to Safety Mushroom Picker Todhunter at the end of a long, cold, and wet Memorial Day Weekend.

You see, he had stumbled onto a large patch of what he thought were Morels, but he wasn't quite sure because these were much paler in color than what he was used to finding. And now, as I write this some 5 days later, I haven't heard from him since. Perhaps they weren't Morels after all, but I am getting ahead of myself and must take you back to the beginning of the long weekend so I can fully explain how Safety Picker Todhunter found himself in that particular patch of pale mushrooms...

The Friday before Memorial weekend finds us off to Harlowton for a couple of days of High School Rodeo and if possible, perhaps some fishing. Mrs. Tee and Becca are driving out in front of me somewhere with the horses—and not wanting my Doubles/Triples Endorsement on my license to go to waste—I added a hitch to the back of my camper so I could pull my boat behind it. (The skeptical Ross Tee thought it a good way to get the Herbie Award back as he watched me pull out of the driveway narrowly missing the mailbox. [I told him I did that on purpose...])

As I made my way to Harlowton, visions of large Tiger Muskies played in my mind. Alas, the closer I got to Harlowton, the bigger the raindrops got, thus ruining the possibility of catching any fish. So there I sat, the only boat at the rodeo, until finally late the next day it quit raining, and the wind started blowing.

Fresh off a windy day of filming an episode of “Deadliest Catch” on Flathead Lake, Captain Todhunter decided it was indeed calm enough to take my boat out for its pre-season safety check, and muttered something about big waves are perfect for checking for leaks... (Note to Self: Contact National Weather Service about rewording “LAKE WIND ADVISORY” to something like “HEY STUPID, STAY HOME!!!”)

So anyway, we're out on Martinsdale Reservoir filming another episode of “Deadliest Catch” and young Ensign Badger Todhunter's arms are about to fall off from all of the fish he was reeling in. With the hold full to the top—actually I don't have a hold, or a live well of any sort yet & we forgot the cooler in the pickup so the fish were strewn about the boat as young Ensign Todhunter played this weird game of football with them—and the wind really starting to blow, we headed for home.

As we put the boat on the trailer, we noticed some people out on the water on surf boards holding onto a parachuty-wingy looking thing. They would go like crazy with the wind for a ways, then they would turn back into the wind and go right back to where they started. One obviously “New Guy” kept going way up in the air & was having trouble with the coming back up-wind concept. I think he went to Billings...

We went back to town and Safety Chef Todhunter cooked up a few of the fish we just caught for lunch. Right after lunch, one of his neighbors came over with a 5 gallon bucket of some sort of mushrooms that he had just picked. He said they were delicious. (He also hardly ever blinks & is kinda “twitchy”.) But it was getting late and I had to head for Big Timber for the next Rodeo, and Jason had family stuff planned for the rest of the weekend, so we said goodbye.

That said, I'm back now to the part of the weekend where the conversation about the pale Morels took place. Safety Family-Guy Todhunter promised young Badger Tee a bear hunt, and it was while on that hunt that they found the patch of pale Morels. I told them they were most likely young tender ones and should be quite tasty. Then when I didn't hear from him for a while I thought uh-oh, he ate the wrong ones, freaked out & was now at a large college campus west of here where those large bears hang out and was protesting something. I figured he would be ok as soon as the bad morels wore off, unless they discovered he was wearing his weasel-fur thong, at which point it could get ugly...

With that, I must close now as it is fast approaching dinner time and as it is still breakup, it's my turn to cook the Macaroni & Cheese again.

Until next month, That is All. Rich T.