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## Stickeler's Answer Stickelers Answer

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## Construction

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by Steve Brower

Continued from October 30, 2019 edition
Well, after being freed from the elevator, and heading north again, it finally sank into my two buddies, we were way behind, and the stops need ed to get shorter and farther apart.
There are just some times a smoker has to smoke, so I have been told, having never smoked not one of those nasty things. One time being when you get out of a truck that has stopped; then you throw the cigarette butt on the ground to litter the earth that God loaned us to use.
My nephew knew he had the upper hand there we would always need to stop and refuel. We had done some research before leaving on this trip, and had found that gasoline was somewhat higher in Canada; so our plan was to limit the amount of gasoline we bought, seeing it was four-dollars, and fifty cents a gallon there.
We had another four-hundred fifty miles to go, to be at the lodge in "First Nation" Indian reservation. We seemed snake-bit to get there by four o'clock, but we had passed the point of no return, the minute we pulled from my drive
It never took long for those two; being big men and eaters, to start wanting to find a place to eat voted on waiting 'till we found a place to fue up. Since I was driving, they never had much of a choice.
Then came the sixty-four thousand dollar ques tion that I am always asked, no matter if I am hunt ing Florida or Maine; when I have other hunters with me, this question comes up. 'How well do you know this Outfitter, and how many times you hunt ed with them?' I usually hunt with the same Outfit ters, and have for many years. This eight-thousan dollar moose was my first with this Outfitter. You could have heard a pin drop. Again, panic was upon both my buddies.
Rick, who was in the front with me was the first to speak. "Are you telling me you don't know these guys, and have never met them?"
"That is right," I said, "and have never even met them." Sometimes I meet an Outfitter at a hunting show, but not this time.
"How do you know you can trust him? What if he is a crook, and has taken our money and ran?" I said, "Well, I guess we have lost our deposit of four thousand dollars and a trip to Canada.
Just every few minutes, someone would say something about how crazy it was, but we kept pushing north. The wind never stopped, the snow had lost us, but our time was still very much in doubt. They did well until we pulled into "The Battlefords," the last major cities before entering the "First Nation" reservation. It looked like we would make it; we had thirty six miles to go and two hours to make it; but remember we had pushed hard to cover the four-hundred plus miles today. They were hungry, the truck needed fuel; they were at that point not worried about getting the few miles left on time.
Well, things started to fall apart as I started to fuel the truck. I never, nor do I now, remember anyone telling me they was getting out to walk over to a Burger King to eat. I fueled the truck, looked around inside and out; they both were nowhere in sight. I pulled into the parking lot, and went into the first place I saw to eat. They were not there; the first place I saw to eat. They were not there,
same with the second, and third. On my fourth stop, at the Burger King, there they sat; asking where I at the Burger King, there they sat; asking where had been. They were still waiting on their order, placed mine, the cock on the wal said ten minutes after three. We had been here for an hour and ten minutes, and our meals still were being fixed, that included fueling. We left to drive the final miles; we pulled into the lodge at three minutes to four, the last to arrive
Next week, we will start there, yes the hunt will soon take place.


## Real Estate



