

# The curtamous PAGE!!!

## My notes... April 2003

April 28 2003

*Hello everyone, I hope you all had a good weekend... Mine wasn't great, but it could always have been worse. I had to work in Fond du lac on Saturday morning at 6am, so that really sucked... not a good time, but things went OK, so that's cool...*

*I got a few interesting emails again last week. The first from a certain member of the junior staff that tends to prefer members of the opposite sex that have a little extra "heft"... When I read this, it gave me a little better insight to the trials and tribulations that our FM has had to endure. Here is an excerpt to give you an idea:*

*"...coming from a guy who has skipped out on all bored meetings and deer camps for the last two years, maybe three, I quit caring. Do not stray from the leadership that has shown dedication to us and the cause over the years, the standards of education that they have set in the ways of the deer camp are unsurpassable. The reason's that the FM has given for not attending the meetings and deer camps are at best insulting to the BBC."*

*Well, the only thing that I can think of is that the junior membership just has such an incredible thirst for guidance, that they are reaching out in a negative way. You know, like the juvenile delinquents the cities are having such a hard time with due to broken families, single parents, and apathy toward corporal punishment. Sometimes I wonder if the elders that so expertly trained our current senior leadership had the same doubts about us as I do about our current junior staff... Well, thankfully, the FM has taken a vow to rededicate himself, and that can only mean good things for our junior membership.*

*Later in the week, the FM himself sent an email that I have published below. Clearly he is already feeling bad that he can't make it to Fish Camp 2003, and maybe a little guilt as well. So the FM took the time to draft some helpful hints for the junior membership. Enjoy:*

**TO: Bob's Buck Camp Junior Membership**  
**FROM: The Foreign Minister**  
**RE: Fish Camp 2003**

**Dear Little Buddies:**

*I regret being unable to spend some quality time with you guys during this year's Fish Camp reunion. The whole situation saddens me in that, not only will I be missing out on some great fun and great fishing with a great bunch of guys, but an interesting fact that many of you may not be aware of is that I also have a long and storied history with your Fish Camp venue. Many years ago, under the previous owners of the Nelligan Lake Fish Camp Retreat, my siblings and I were recruited twice annually to assist with cabin cleaning and general upkeep. For busting our tails for two days straight, we were often compensated with about fifty cents and a bottle of pop. Ah, the memories. But, I digress...*

*The real reason for this correspondence is to dispense some advise to you, my little buddies, that other senior membership in attendance may possibly fail to remember and pass on. So here goes, the Foreign Minister's 2003 Fish Camp Advice Manual....*

**1) Before launching, always double check to make sure the plug is in the boat.(The Prez could share a more detailed explanation of this scenario, based on personal experience, but I'll leave that up to him)**

**2) Before leaving home, make sure there is line on the reels, the hooks are sharp, the beer is on ice and the driver knows which way "North" is.**

3) It's OK to take a leak off the side of the boat, as long as you apologize to the lake after doing so.

4) If you're going to stay up until 3 or 4 a.m. drinking and bullshitting, you might as well stay up until 6 and do a little fishing before hitting the sack. Fish generally tend to bite better around 6 than they do around noon.

5) Try to spend at least a little time putting up with your Uncle Sausage Stuffer's ramblings. As a wise man once said about an acquaintance "80% of what comes out of his mouth is pure bullshit, but the other 20% often makes a lot of sense. So, you have to listen to everything and sort it out for yourself."

6) Ever try woodchuck? It tastes great when marinated with soy sauce and slow roasted over an open fire.

7) Above all, make it a point to hoist at least one toast daily to your Uncle Dallas. He's an outstanding man.

Good Luck and Good Fishin'  
Your Foreign Minister

What a great guy, huh? I hadn't realized that the FM had a history with our fishing site, but his ties to the thriving metropolis of Pine Grove would readily explain that. Someday over an open fire (and beer!!!) we'll have to hear some stories of the cabin from the old days... I'm looking forward to that...

Speaking of the FM, I had some time last week while trapped on a conference call to put in a couple of updates on the [WoodChuck](#) page... take some time to check it out...

On Thursday I had the honor of assisting The President and the Attorney General in preparation for their stay in camp last weekend. That had procured some building supplies and required assistance with the loading of a new refrigeration unit for the camp. Our Sec. Transportation donated the new unit, but we have been unable to schedule a time when he could deliver it. So, as it often is, the President had to do it himself. I was glad to lend assistance, but I had mixed feelings, as I REALLY want to head up north with them... I'm sure they had a good time!

I got an update this morning from Jack and his buddy Ass, and it sounds like their Turkey adventure has been a success. The message was sent on Saturday, but it sounds like the two have spent some quality time together in a few local establishments, have made some "special" friendships with a few of the locals, and were even able to make it out and harvest at least one wild turkey... (I'm guessing they hit the turkey on the way home, but you never know!) I'm looking forward to some pictures from the two, and if there's tire tracks on the bird, we'll know the method of harvest for sure...

Here's a little something that hits pretty close to home:

A woman awakes during the night to find that her husband is not in bed. She puts on her robe and goes downstairs to look for him. She finds him sitting at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee in front of him.

He appears to be in deep thought, just staring at the wall. She watches as he wipes a tear from his eye and takes a sip of his coffee.

"What's the matter, dear?", she whispers as she steps into the room, "Why are you down here at this time of night?"

The husband looks up from his coffee, "Do you remember 20 years ago when we were dating, and you were only 16?" he asks solemnly.

"Yes I do" she replies. The husband pauses. The words are not coming easily.

"Do you remember when your father caught us in the back seat of my car having sex?"

"Yes, I remember" says the wife, lowering herself into a chair beside him.

The husband continues. "Do you remember when he shoved the shotgun in my face and said, either you marry my daughter, or I'll send you to jail for 20 years?"

"I remember that too" she replies softly.

He wipes another tear from his cheek and says, "I would have gotten out today".

Well, Fish Camp 2003 is this week! I am more than a little excited about it, and hope that we all have a good weekend! Its quite possible that next week's Monday update will be late, but you never know for sure...

I think that's all I have for this week, but before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

*"I drink with impunity...or anyone else who invites me." -- W.C. Fields*

**Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!**

**As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"**

**curtamous**

**April 21, 2003**

**Happy Easter! A day late... Hopefully everyone had a good, safe holiday... lent is over, and I am enjoying the Easter season!**

**Last week was a bit quieter than normal... the whole situation with the FM has calmed down for which I am very thankful. I saw a few of the junior members over the holiday weekend, and I think we need all the concerted effort the senior members of Bob's Buck Camp can muster to someday take over the reigns of responsibility. I'm more than a bit nervous about our future...**

**I did get one email from the FM. He starts out with some "interesting" comments about his personal executive assistant Dixie LaRue, which I will not re-print here. However, he made a few interesting comments:**

**Good idea on designating the Prez's birthday for holiday status. One additional thought on the subject....since we are in line to get a new Bishop, perhaps we could get on his good side and end up with April 8 being designated "St. Robert's Day." Just a thought.**

**Woodchuck season officially opened Sunday at 6:34 p.m..... I shot and missed..... Again. Bin Laden lives another day. I'll be repairing the lower northeast corner of the machine shed this evening.**

**Remember, if the women don't find you handsome, at least let 'em find you handy....**

**FM Carl**

**I think the "St. Robert's Day" is a pretty damn fine idea. I would have preferred "President's Day", but that's kinda taken... I'm not sure what our new Bishop will think of the idea, but I'm guessing since the FM has some pull with our Pope, he may have an inside track...**

**As far as the FM's incredibly comical attempts at hunting Woodchucks, I'm "almost" at a loss for words... I mean really! Woodchucks are fairly large rodents... they're pretty slow... not too smart... (No! I'm not describing the junior membership...) What in Bob's name is his problem? I am becoming more and more temped to take him up on his offer to visit the Lancelle "sheep" ranch and see what the problem is. Maybe these are magical Woodchuck... maybe the FM is trying to "shoot" them with his Durango again... who knows... at least that would explain the problem with the corner of the machine shed...**

**Speaking of hunting, Turkey season opened last week, and of course, Zumbo scored at around 7:30 am on opening day... not too hard to believe, but considering the circumstances, it was a little amazing... I had planned on going out with him, but the weather was a little suspect. I was up at 4am on Wednesday, looked outside, and it seemed fine, so I started getting ready. I had made a hot drink and had a quick bite to eat, I was pretty much dressed, and I was lacing my boots in the basement when I heard a strange tapping noise outside... It was around 4:45 and I was pretty much headed out the door, so I checked outside, and it was hailing. It shortly turned into a complete downpour... I got undressed and crawled back into bed. I would later be called a "whimp" for this, but at the time it seemed to be the obvious choice.**

**Well, Zumbo went out anyway... By 7am, despite the crappy weather, he had seen a few hens and 6 jakes... Another storm cell went thru along with some hail a little after 7am. The hail sent the turkeys into the fence line, but as soon as it stopped, they came back out. A rather large Tom (not the queer one) also arrived, and after being chased around a bit by the jakes, Zumbo dropped him... According to Zumbo, the shot didn't scare the jakes away, and they proceeded to rough up the dead Tom a bit... Zumbo had to get out of his stand and walk over to scare them away... If I remember right, Zumbo's Tom was around 24 lbs, had over a 10" beard, and had 3/4" spurs. I think...**

**So, I learned that turkeys seem to like crappy weather. Also, since my truck didn't start for me later in the morning, I learned not to mess with the hunting gods... If you say you're going, go...**

**I also heard from Jack and his buddy Ass last week... It turns out that they are headed north this week to the Athelstane area for Turkey season. I relayed my turkey story to them, and I was called a "whimp". Probably deservedly so... I hope they have good luck with their season, and don't end up for an extended time on "stand" at Rumors. Even if they do, hopefully no one's truck door with need washing the next day...**

**On a more serious note, my uncle Dallas had a stroke last Sunday. He's home already and seems to be doing OK, but please keep him in your thoughts and prayers... especially since we use his cabin for Fish Camp... :-)**

**Fish Camp 2003 is a short 10 days away! Hopefully everyone is ready and raring to go! I am, as always, looking forward to it VERY much! I will be sending out some more correspondence to the attendees this week to finalize plans...**

**Oh yeah! The FM also forwarded me an interesting email. I've seen this before in various formats, so I think this was modified to make it sound like it was done recently during the Iraq conflict, but it still cracks me up:**

**Marine Corp's General Reinwald was interviewed on the radio the other day and you have to read his reply to the lady who interviewed him concerning guns and children. Regardless of how you feel about gun laws you gotta love this!!!! This is one of the best comeback lines of all time. It is a portion of National Public Radio (NPR) interview between a female broadcaster and US Marine Corps General Reinwald who was about to sponsor a Boy Scout Troop visiting his military installation.**

**FEMALE INTERVIEWER: So, General Reinwald, what things are you going to teach these young boys when they visit your base?**

**GENERAL REINWALD: We're going to teach them climbing, canoeing, archery, and shooting.**

**FEMALE INTERVIEWER: Shooting! That's a bit irresponsible, isn't it?**

**GENERAL REINWALD: I don't see why, they'll be properly supervised on the rifle range.**

**FEMALE INTERVIEWER: Don't you admit that this is a terribly dangerous activity to be teaching children?**

**GENERAL REINWALD: I don't see how. We will be teaching them proper rifle discipline before they even touch a firearm.**

**FEMALE INTERVIEWER: But you're equipping them to become violent killers.**

**GENERAL REINWALD: Well, you're equipped to be a prostitute, but you're not one, are you? The radio went silent and the interview ended.**

**You gotta love the Marines.**

**Paul Lancelle**

**So thanks for that little submission Mr. Foreign Minister!**

**I think that's all I have for this week, but before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:**

**"Never be afraid to try something new. Remember, amateurs built the ark, professionals built the Titanic." - unknown**

**Personally, I think that sounds like something the President would say, especially if there are pickled eggs around...**

**As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"**

**curtamous**

**April 14, 2003**

**Last week was again a trying week for your correspondent. Email from the FM again plagued me, but in the end, everything turned out for the best. As you can guess, the President was again needed to clean up the mess...**

**It all started on Monday after the FM read last weeks update. It seems the FM's personal executive assistant Dixie LaRue was "supposedly" on vacation, so the FM was left to fend for himself. So, instead of working, he decided to check the website and provide me with his thoughts:**

**Dixie's on vacation in Aruba, so I decided to check out your weekly update on my own. Following are my thoughts....**

**"this may just be another attempt by the FM to cover up the fact that the Mrs. FM keeps the FM's balls in a locked container in her purse"**

**Ouch, that's a zinger! That's not to say I don't deserve it. But, it still hurts.**

**"The President has chosen to schedule his OWN conflict that jeopardizes the Bored Meeting at the end of the month. (Turns out he is also invited to the FM's junior-junior-junior First Communion, and there's free beer there...) "**

*I have to say I'm a little disappointed that you have, once again, failed to see the obvious here. Having learned at a very early age, (during my rough and tumble upbringing in the streets of Pine Grove), that every action requires an equal and opposite reaction, the tactical maneuver on my part to invite the President to the First Communion celebration was a genius check-mate on my part intended to foil my adversaries and leave them scratching their poor little heads in despair once again. For all of his wisdom and genius, in practically any situation that you lure the Prez with free beer, you've got it made. My plan to debunk the Bored meeting fiasco with this little side step is beautiful, largely because of it's simplicity. It was so simple, the sheer obviousness of it even got right past you, the esteemed VP!! I'll let you go on this one but, please, learn from your mistake. Are you beginning to understand why my services are in such popular demand all over the globe?*

*Less than two weeks left to the end of Lent, and Fish Camp 2003 is only 24 days away...As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"*

*Yeah, 24 short, cold days away....that means all of you will be sitting there at Nelligan Lake with your sticks on the ice come Opening Day. You better use the remainder of the Lenten season to pray for warmer weather.*

*Great update, as always.*

*Paul Lancelle*

***Well, I'm sure you could understand my shock at this almost blasphemous claim that the "FM", and NOT the President, was responsible for saving the day, and that he was somehow able to manipulate the President. I toiled over this incredible claim for over a day. I knew I had to point out, possibly in a rather harsh manner, the FM's huge mistake. I was worried over what this might mean to Bob's Buck Camp. I was extremely anxious...***

***On Tuesday, I went back to the email to read it over again to be sure that I had it right! I didn't want to misunderstand any of his email and make anything worse. Luckily, this is what I found in my inbox from the FM, titled "Reality Hits":***

*Reflecting upon my correspondence from earlier today, the truth of the situation hit me squarely between the eyes. While praising myself so profusely for my creativity and ingenuity in devising my "check-mate" maneuver, the obvious never occurred to me. The fact is, our President is all-knowing and all-encompassing. It's apparent to me now that he has been two or three steps ahead of the rest of us the whole while. While he states in public that he had no prior knowledge of any trace of turmoil within the ranks, the truth of the matter is that he has been aware of the infighting and controversy for some time, he probably sensed it before the first sling of bullshit was even cast. His latest maneuver in quelling the Bored Meeting controversy is just another brilliant example of how the Prez knows all and sees all. Let me boil it down for you....the Prez sees this controversy coming to an all-out crescendo. The last thing he wants is strife within the ranks-the Prez is a man of peace. He just wants us all to get along. He knows he needs all of us. He could have easily wiggled his way out of the First Communion celebration invitation...but instead, seized the opportunity to accept, thereby creating a smoke screen covering any evidence of fault or blame regarding scheduling or attendance at the Bored Meeting. (Although the free beer probably didn't hurt) Given the Prez's genius and impressive showing of unity and brotherhood, I have pledged to use it as an example and a reminder of what the Bob's Buck Camp fraternity is supposed to be all about. I am laying down my hatchet against the Junior Element and open my arms in peace (although I will admit this will prove to be a challenge with some more than others, as I had a chance encounter with the Sec. Weights and Measures at the Bar of Oshkosh Sunday night, and he remains as irritating and obnoxious as ever, as well as a lousy volleyball player (isn't volleyball a girl's sport??), but so be it) I will from this point forward try to provide a better example to our junior members as to what brotherhood, fraternity, drinking, cooking, woodchuck hunting, fishing and debauchery are all about. What can I say? Never try to bullshit a bullshitter. The Prez Rocks. Long live Bob's Buck Camp.*

*Respectfully submitted,*

*Carl Speckler*

*a.k.a "The kinder, gentler FM"*

*Paul Lancelle*

***My hours of worry, concern, and anxiety were all for naught. Not only did the President deal with the issue at hand, he was able to lead our beloved FM from his paranoid world and into the light! To top it off, the President now has the FM back setting himself as an example to all the junior members, which is extremely needed. I doubt anyone else could have said it better: "The Prez Rocks. Long live Bob's Buck Camp." But the FM wasn't done. Later in the week, he sends me this note:***

*This gets freakier....*

*Did it occur to you that the day I received by "revelation" just happened to also be the day of the Prez's BIRTHDAY?*

Coincidence? I think not!

With 3 more Hunter's Safety Certificates in hand, it appears that the future generation of Bob's Buck Camp membership is well-secured. A scary thought for the rest of the current membership, however,... can you envision an FM offspring actually taking to the woods on Opening Day? With a gun? Rick must be smiling somewhere, though. One of his biggest goals was to someday convince me to actually hunt. Perhaps this is a small consolation prize for him. He always got the last laugh.

Carl

So, all is once again well. Thanks to Mr. President again. And I doubt that anyone in Bob's Buck Camp knew or recognized the President's birthday. What an incredibly humble man he is... Personally, my biggest regret, other than missing the Prez's birthday, is that "I" didn't have enough faith to know all along that The President had this all under control... shame on me, but it just shows that we all have a lot to learn from the President...

Another word on the FM before I touch on a couple other topics... I ran into the FM last Wednesday and he pointed out a rather (OK, extremely) attractive young lady he claimed was his personal executive assistant Dixie LaRue... the only thing I can't figure out, is how could young Dixie have been in Denmark when she was also on vacation in Aruba? Wishful thinking on his part I'm guessing...

So, if you haven't been following along, the retreat up to Bob's Buck Camp the weekend of 4/26 is pretty much shot... We'll figure something out... The President and I are going to try to find some evening where we can head into town and check out garage plans... I'm trying to delay it until "after" Lent... ☺

On the bright side, the first week of Turkey Hunting opens this week. I am hoping to go out with Zumbo on Wednesday as he has a permit... With Zumbo's typical success ratio, I'm guessing he'll have his tag filled by 10am... I don't have a permit until the 2<sup>nd</sup> to last week...

On a sad note, this past week Matt "Matthew" Kane passed away... Matt was a damn good guy, always with a smile and ready to buy you a beer. He'll be missed... but on the bright side, I'm guessing that there IS beer in heaven, because if there wasn't, Matt would've been crying up a pretty massive rainstorm, and we had nothing but sunshine... so we got that going for us...

Before closing, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"You can't drink all day...Unless you start in the morning." -- Gary Larson

Four days left of Lent, and Fish Camp 2003 is only 17 days away...

As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"

curtamous

PS. I think we need to officially recognize April 8 as a new national holiday. Bob's Birthday! Also, when the new holiday of "Bob's Birthday" falls during lent, that the bishop allow a special day of dispensation like he does for St. Patrick's Day... We can cover this at the next Bored Meeting...

April 7, 2003

First, I apologize for not getting a mid-week update out last week. I was able to get an April Fools email out though... Personally, I thought it was kinda funny, and considering the responses I got, I assume that it worked... if there's anyone out there reading this that didn't get it, let me know...

Getting on to business, it sounds like we "had" a situation developing concerning The President's request for a Bored Meeting at the end of April. Seems the FM has issues, and instead of keeping his promises to the Bored, he has speculated that some conspiracy is occurring. To refresh your memory, here is an excerpt from the FM's article in "Bob's Buck Camp" concerning his absence from Deer Camp 2003:

"...he pledges to the entire Board that this will not happen again and barring any unexpected events, he will be present at EVERY future board function. He will accept any penalties the Board has decided to impose, short of being booted out. He further stated that his first order of business at the next Bored meeting will be to kick the snot out of every junior member who questioned the Minster's intents and motives."

Well, last week I got an email from Dixie LaRue, the FM's Executive Assistant. Normally, based on the FM's reputation, legacy, and position on the Bored, I would take his allegations seriously. But Ms. LaRue hints that this may just be another attempt by the FM to cover up the fact that the Mrs. FM keeps the FM's balls in a locked container in her purse... Here's Ms. LaRue's email:

**Mr. V.P.**

**Before I begin, please bear in mind that I am corresponding on behalf of the Foreign Minister. Most of the following words are his, certainly not mine. As part of my many and varied duties, I conduct a weekly check of the Curtamous Web Page to check on any impending items that may be of concern or interest to the FM. Naturally, as part of my duties this week I duly noted the scheduled dates of the upcoming Bored Meeting and Fish Camp Retreat, and immediately forwarded the info via secure satellite transmission to the FM, who is currently involved in high level negotiations and shenanigans near Kuwait City. While I will water down and edit the litany of his reply, let me just say that the FM is quite upset and disturbed over the dates selected for both events. It is the FM's opinion that EVERYONE should know that the FM junior-junior-junior is scheduled to partake in First Communion exercises on the weekend of the 26th. Additionally, the FM will be presiding over a high-level industry gathering ( yes, getting drunk and acting stupid) in Salt Lake City over the first weekend in May. The FM views this scheduling as an underhanded coup attempt by some of the junior board members who have garnered undue influence over the President, and are attempting to pull the blinders over his eyes. The "conspiracy theory," as the FM puts it, is that the junior members secretly and illegally gained access to the FM's upcoming itinerary (it wasn't from me, trust me!) and, when realizing that the two weekends since scheduled would never work out for the FM, they secretly plotted to influence the President that these would be the best overall dates to schedule the two events. By doing so, the "devious element," as the FM refers to them, would use the unattendance by the FM to hammer home their proposal for disbarment and exorcism.**

**While the FM fully realizes that the dates and events stand scheduled as is ( he wouldn't be so selfish as to think of himself) he has requested that I file an official protest with the Bored regarding the above-specified actions of the "lower class," and asks that the Bored consider the FM's scheduling dilemma (which was devised through no fault of his own) before taking any decisive action, which may or may not be influenced by alcoholic intake.**

**I hope all else is well with you.**

**Kindest regards, respect and admiration,  
Dixie LaRue**

**Over the past year or two of correspondence with Ms. LaRue, (despite her constant flirting with me) I have gained a true respect for her abilities and consider it quite possible that she will be canonized as a saint for her time spent here on earth working for the FM. Therefore, I think that this is quite possibly an attempt of a desperate man to retain both his testicles AND dignity... At the time I got this, I thought that we might have a SERIOUS problem...**

**But, TO THE RESCUE comes our wise, all knowing, and wonderful President!!! Claiming no knowledge of the conflicts in our ranks, The President has chosen to schedule his OWN conflict that jeopardizes the Bored Meeting at the end of the month. (Turns out he is also invited to the FM's junior-junior-junior First Communion, and there's free beer there...) Problem solved. Sometimes, I have a hard time comprehending the greatness of our President... brings a tear to my eye...**

**On to other news, the youngest male Nelson, the Attorney General, and the junior-junior FM continued their quest to finish their hunter safety course. Thursday's class was cancelled due to weather, but we spent all day Saturday at the club going thru various exercises... It was OK, but I sincerely wish they would have scheduled the President to speak and REALLY generate some interest in the class...**

**Speaking of weather, we had an ice storm, and lost power from 1pm on Friday until 5am on Saturday, and then again from 5am to 7am on Sunday. It didn't bother me too much, but it REALLY made everyone appreciate how good we really have it... hopefully that stays with us for a while...**

**Here's one for the FM's [Woodchuck Page](#):**

**A guy walks into a bar and there's a woodchuck sitting there drinking a 7&7. He sits down next to the woodchuck and says, "So, tell me something I've always wondered about. How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?"**

*The woodchuck snapped his swizzle stick in half and waved it in the guy's face. "I've got half a mind to remove your sinuses with this swizzle stick. Do you realize you are the tenth guy to ask me that since I came into this bar? Do you really think that just because I am a woodchuck I have nothing better to do than sit around all day chucking wood?"*

*The guy was somewhat taken aback and quickly apologized. Then he scratched his head. "So tell me, what does a woodchuck do all day?"*

*"Around here - answer stupid questions."*

*Before closing, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:*

*"USA Today has come out with a new survey: Apparently three out of four people make up 75 percent of the population." --David Letterman*

*Less than two weeks left to the end of Lent, and Fish Camp 2003 is only 24 days away...*

*As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"*

*curtamous*

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[ [Home](#) ] [ [Up](#) ] [ [JAN03](#) ] [ [FEB03](#) ] [ [MAR03](#) ] [ [APR03](#) ] [ [MAY03](#) ] [ [JUN03](#) ] [ [JUL03](#) ] [ [AUG03](#) ] [ [SEP03](#) ]  
[ [OCT03](#) ] [ [NOV03](#) ] [ [DEC03](#) ]

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