

# The curtamous PAGE!!!

## My notes... December 2003

**December 29<sup>th</sup>, 2003 – Morning folks! Happy New Year! I hope everyone is doing well this fine morning... me, I feel like crap. I got some sort of nasty cold that's got my sinus's full, my butt dragging, and now I have an ear ache... this sorta sucks...**

**I hope everyone had a good Christmas! Mine was good despite this cold, but for some reason there wasn't quite the Christmas spirit that I normally feel. Maybe the lack of snow... but what a great present all of Wisconsin got yesterday when the Packers made it into the playoffs with their win in Lambeau and the ViQueens amazing choke job in Arizona. Serves the ViQueens right if you ask me... Thankfully, this means the football season continues for at least another week. Hopefully they can do some damage in the playoffs...**

**The highlight of Christmas, other than church services, was the Nelson gift exchange. This year, everyone brought a \$10 gift for exchange. Everyone got a number, and then you got to choose a gift in order. The fun part was, when your number came up, you could choose an unopened gift, OR, you could steal someone's opened gift that you liked better. I had #1 and opened a nice assortment of CherMake's finest products. Throughout the process, I had the meat, a nice outdoor tripod, beer, and finally golf balls with a couple lottery tickets. The FDA Chair started out with a free "massage" from the SEC-Transportation's girlfriend. Luckily for the girl, SEC-State's youngest stole it from him. The best was when the Sausage Stuffer had the nice tripod stolen from him. He decided to choose a new unopened gift, and got a nice teenage makeup kit, with perfume, lipstick, face powder, and all that type of crap, all in a very pretty purple bag... Unfortunately for him, it was late in the game, and NOBODY stole it from him..It was a lot of fun.**

**I got some other nice stuff, with probably the best coming from my favorite god-daughter...a new Christmas tie... Either she's just a master at timing, or last year she noticed all the gravy and shrimp sauce stains on it and decided it was time for a new one... She's a sweetie!**

**In other news, this week will also feature our Wisconsin Badgers in the Music City Bowl on New Years Eve Day. Kind of a crappy time to have the game, with kickoff at 11am. Especially for those of us who are supposed to work. Word out of Appletown is that the FDA Chair, the Sturgeon General, and the SEC-D'Fence are heading down to the game. I'm sure that they'll have a heck of a time. Maybe our sports reporter can even send in an account of the festivities for next week's update...**

**Hopefully this week will be uneventful from a work perspective. That way I can get to work on the newsletter and get that baby published before spring. I think I have all the material in to start putting it together, so now its time to edit and piece it together. Then I have to print it, which usually takes some time too...**

**I'm running out of time and ambition to be honest, so its time for a quick story from the boys up the road:**

**One day Jack and Ass were Deer Hunting and they got lost. Jack tells Ass, "wait, don't panic I learned what to do in case this happens. You're supposed to shoot up into the air three times and someone will here you and come with help,"**

**"Okay" said Ass. So he shoots three times into the air. They both wait an hour and no one shows up. So they shoot three times again and still no one shows up. Bewildered they try this again and again for the next couple of hours.**

**Ass starts to look a little worried, then he shouts "It better work this time, were down to our last three arrows!"**

**Well, that's it for today. Sorry for the short update, but that's all the energy I have... Before I go, a few words of wisdom for our junior members...**

**"If God had intended us to drink beer, He would have given us stomachs." -- David Daye.**

**And THAT'S a FACT!!!**

**Well, take care, and have a GREAT week and a Happy New Year!**

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

**curtamous**

**December 22<sup>th</sup>, 2003 – Good morning everyone!!! Well, the Christmas season is here! Happy Holidays everyone! Spent the weekend doing various holiday chores... caroling, putting up Ma/Pa's tree, decorating cookies, etc. Tonight, hopefully, we'll be cooking the holiday shrimp... always a good time!**

**My apologies for the lack of an update last week. My trip to Chicago certainly got in the way despite it being a very good time. Four of us spent Monday evening at a local establishment that serves delicious micro brews... Thirty-seven 20oz'ers later, we were very happy campers... When I returned on Wednesday, once again work seemed to want me to get things done... can you believe that crap? Well, we had major network changes to do Friday night (due to which I missed caroling) and the list of preparations was long... But, with no update, everyone had more time to work on their newsletter articles, right?**

**Speaking of the newsletter, Friday night, after my 15 hour day, our SEC-Transportation showed up at 11:54pm for his yearly visit to deliver his newsletter article. Actually, he had emailed me "his" article earlier, but he delivered SEC-State's article. This has become a time-honored tradition. He shows up every year 5 minutes before the deadline and scares the crap out of the Mrs... At least he gets his article in on time...**

**OK, just had a major interruption... I typed that last line about 4 hours ago... BUT, the delay allowed me time to receive the following from Dixie LaRue, Personal Assistant to the FM:**

**Subject: In Case You Missed It...**

**Dear Mr. V.P:**

**I'm assuming you have this all figured out already but, in the event that a portion of the Junior Membership is not quite as quick to catch on, please allow me to detail the circumstances and events that led to the capture of Saddam Hussein. Please note that this information would typically be tendered as classified. Given that it is all out in the open, however, it is safe for me to convey the following information.**

**As you'll recall, Saddam was found burrowed in a hole off a tunnel on a farm near a grove of fruit trees. His escape and hiding techniques very much resembled that of....you guessed it....a Woodchuck. Very wise and ingenious maneuver on his part but, ultimately, his actions would be detected and rooted out by experts in that particular field.. The mission actually was initiated last April 4 by an email correspondence sent out by none other than the FM himself. It read as follows....**

**April 4, 2003**

**To: Joint Chiefs of Staff**

**From: FM**

**Re: Capture of Saddam**

**Dear Chiefs:**

**Thought you could use a little help here. If you really want to track down and capture the Evil Element, you need to do only one thing. THINK LIKE A WOODCHUCK. Woodchucks prefer to burrow in rural areas near a source of water and feeding opportunities (typically fruit or vegetables) I believe if you follow this line of thought, you will find your prey. No thanks necessary. Just doing my part.**

**Sincerely,**

**The FM**

**Now, I don't know if the Pentagon's email server is a little slow, or it just took 9 months for the information to filter through the ranks. Regardless, it again shows as proof of the ingeniousness and dedicated efforts of my boss, the FM. He is far too humble to point any of this out himself, but I see it as part of my duty.**

**Additionally, if you followed the news reports closely, you may have also picked up another little tidbit involved with Saddam's capture. When queried as to who actually detected and found the hole that led to the capture, the official reply went like this " As part of a squad assigned to the Z coordinate, he was an unidentified member of the Elite Special Forces."**

**Now, if you read that statement a little more closely, the truth will be revealed. Let me point it out...."As part of a squad assigned to the Z coordinate, he was an U nidentified M em B er of the Elite Special F O rces.**

**As Paul Harvey would say, "And, now you know the REST of the story."**

**Yours in Patriotism,**

**Dixie La Rue.**

**Even though Dixie wasn't able to get the FM to submit his newsletter on time, she was able to get us this incredible news flash... But, as we all know, Zumbo is the man!!!**

**With the sad news about Brett Favre's father passing away, we should all keep them in our thoughts and prayers. Favre and his family are certainly well like, not only because of Brett's prowess on the field, but because despite that he and his family seem very common and down to earth. Here's a quick funny that the late Irv Favre might have liked:**

**Ole and Sven die and wake up in hell. The next day the devil stops in to check on them and sees them dressed in parkas, mittens and Bomber hats warming themselves around the fire. The devil asks them, "What are you doing? Isn't it hot enough for you?" Ole and Sven reply, "Vell, ya know, we're from norderen Minnesoda, the land of snow and ice and cold. We're just happy for a chance to warm up a little bit, ya know." The devil decides**

**that these two aren't miserable enough and turns up the heat. The next morning he stops in again and there they are, still dressed in parkas, hats and mittens. The devil asks them again, "Its awfully hot down here, can't you guys feel that?" Again, Ole and Sven reply, "Vell, like we told you yesterday, we're from norderen Minnesoda, the land of snow and ice and cold. We're just happy for a chance to warm up a little bit, ya know." This gets the devil a little steamed up and he decides to fix the two guys. He cranks the heat up as high as it will go. The people are wailing and screaming everywhere. He stops by the room with the two guys from Minnesoda and finds them in light jackets and hats, grilling walleye and drinking beer. The devil is astonished, "Everyone down here is in abject misery, and you two seem to be enjoying yourself." The two Minnesotans reply, "Vell, ya know, we don't get too much warm weather up dere in International Falls, we've just got to have a fish fry when the weather's this nice." The devil is absolutely furious, he can hardly see straight. Finally he comes up with the answer. The two guys love the heat because they have been cold all their lives. The devil decides to turn all the heat off in hell. The next morning, the temperature is below zero, icicles are hanging everywhere, people are shivering so bad that they are unable to wail, moan and gnash their teeth. The devil smiles and heads for the room with the two Minnesotans. He gets there and finds them back in their parkas, bomber hats, and mittens. They are jumping up and down, cheering, yelling and screaming like mad men. The devil is dumbfounded, "I don't understand, when I turn up the heat you're happy. Now it's freezing cold and you're still happy. What is wrong with you two?" Ole and Sven look at the devil in surprise, "Vell, don't ya know, if hell froze over dat must mean da Vikings won da Super Bowl!"**

**Well, I am WAY out of time, despite a million other things to catch up on..But, before I go, a few words of wisdom for our junior members. It's a bit deep, but hopefully they can decipher it...**

**"If you should die before me, ask if you could bring a friend." -- Stone Temple Pilots**

**Well, take care, and have a GREAT week and an EXTREMELY happy holiday!**

**OH YEAH!!! CRAP!!! I almost forgot! Happy Birthday to Pa Nelson and Sister Charlotte!!! 78 and 39, respectively, today!!!**

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

**curtamous**

**December 15<sup>th</sup>, 2003 – No update today... Heading to Chicago shortly... Hope to have something out on Wednesday... ARTICLES DUE ON FRIDAY!!!**

**December 8, 2003 – Happy, but "blurry" Monday!!! Gotta say, its a great day! Went to the Packer game yesterday, and it was a blast! The boss from New York was in town for the game and we made a day of it. He was very lucky to get a flight out due to the "Nor'easter" hitting the east coast. His buddy wasn't so lucky and didn't make it, so our Chief Inspector got to use his ticket.**

**The new Lambeau is pretty impressive. Really, the field and the bowl aren't much changed, but the concourses surely are. The new upper concourse is especially impressive... We had a good time, especially since we beat the Bares, but due to the number of "barley pops" consumed, today will be a little "blurry"... and today's update short...**

**Probably the coolest thing of the whole day was the F18 fly-over. HOLY CRAP!!! The anthem just got over and WHAM!! Four HUGE F18's scream right over the field! The timing was really impressive, but the size of these machines and how low they were to the field was absolutely incredible. VERY COOL!!!**

*I received an email from our esteemed FM last week. Seems the local gossip column featured a picture of our SEC-Weights/Measures with his "little buck" and the FM noticed something rather odd...*

**Subject: Congrats to Sec.Weights/Measures**

*That was a very impressive photo that appeared in this week's issue of the Denmark Press of our fellow BBC brother Sec. Weights/Measures. I'm proud to say I know him. The only thing that jumped out at me, though, was the peculiar fashion in which the Sec. had his hand draped around the buck's jaw. It almost appeared as though he was attempting to hold it all together....as if the buck had been shot in the jaw or something! Now, even a non-hunter like me knows that could never possibly be the case, but the way he was holding it sure made it look that way. Just grab it by the ears next time, Mr. Sec. ( if they're not shot off)*

*Now that another successful deer hunt has concluded, I await in chilled anticipation of the V.P.'s upcoming bunny hunting updates. Will there be more pictures? PLEASE let there be more pictures!*

*Funny thing that the FM noticed the unusual jawline of SEC-Weights/Measure's buck. Since he's a non-hunter, I am impressed that he noticed this oddity... Concerning the FM's call for more bunny pictures, I smell a hint of sarcasm there... what do you think? Despite his lame attempt at a slam, I am hoping to get a few new pictures from Deer Camp posted on the web site soon...*

*I was lucky enough to have Zumbo stop over last week to pick up some stuff left from the skinning party... Seems he's still working hard to fill tags... I pried a beer into him and got the latest news... nothing I can publish, but its always good to hear from Zumbo...*

*Last but not least, assignments have been made for the annual "Bob's Buck Camp" newsletter... I KNOW everyone got their assignment, but strangely I did not receive a single reply yet... Members better get writing!!!*

*Due to my "tired" state today, that's about all I have... here's a quick one that's all too true.*

*Once upon a time there was a female brain cell which by mistake happened to end up in a man's head. She looked around nervously but it was all empty and quiet.*

*"Hello?" she cried, but no answer.*

*"Is there anyone here?" she cried a little louder, but still no answer.*

*Now the female brain cell started to feel alone and scared and yelled at the top of her voice "HELLO, IS THERE ANYONE HERE?"*

*Then she heard a faint voice from far, far away.....*

*"We're down here ...."*

*Well, before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:*

*"People who drink light "beer" don't like the taste of beer; they just like to pee a lot."-  
Capital Brewery, Middleton, WI.*

*Our junior members who drink that cheap stuff should keep this in mind...*

*Well, take care, and have a GREAT week!!!*

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

*curtamous*

*December 2, 2003 – Good Morning!!! Sorry for the day's delay on the update, but yesterday was my first day back to work in a long time, so I had a lot to catch up on...once again, work getting in the way of what's REALLY important.*

*Before I get too far into the update, I want to cover an issue that our FM brought up in the last update concerning Zumbo. Here is Zumbo's response:*

*As you may well have figured out, the secret mission I was involved with several weeks ago has been leaked to the public by an unknown informant. The truth can finally be told.*

*I was pressed into duty to pilot a commercial airliner on a flight from Detroit to the frozen tundra. There had been unconfirmed reports of a hijacking by a lone terrorist boarding in Detroit. As I greeted the passengers as they boarded, I was suspect of a young fellow who kept looking at me as if he knew me. Shortly after take-off, a stewardess approached the cockpit and after unlocking the 17 locks and taking the door off the hinges she was able to report to me that there was a passenger who was harassing her, asking if zumbodah was in control of the plane, and muttering to himself "North of 64 stays North of 64". An immediate response from ground Air Traffic Control confirmed that there was a suspected hijacking in the works and the catch phrase "North of 64" must be some sort of command to commence the takeover. An immediate lockdown of the aircraft was enacted as we went to Mach 3 speed and precautionary measures including false wind sheer and IFR approach rules went into effect. The swift and speedy flight averted the hijacking or possible assassination attempt. I was quickly whisked away to a debriefing and never found out what happened to the suspected terrorist. It was later reported to me that he had made a slick getaway and was last known to be "North of 64" for the opening of deer camp.*

*Zumbo*

*As we all know, that Zumbo is really something! (His literary skills are pretty damn impressive too!) Unfortunately, even Zumbo has issues with getting decent intelligence information, as the "hijacker" never made it "North of 64"...*

*Which brings us to the subject of Deer Camp 2003. What a great time! As always, the spirit of Deer Camp was in full force and a great time was had by all. Two youngsters, the Attorney General and the newly named Chief Inspector attended camp for the first time, and a new member was recruited off the street, the new Ambassador from FCB. The only downers were the lack of deer seen and the fact that the FM did not attend due to the death of his father-in-law. Our sympathies go out to the FM and his family.*

*There are so many tales to tell about Deer Camp 2003, but most of it will wait until this year's issue of Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter. Obviously it won't tell all, but will surely remind us of many of the more "interesting" episodes.*

***On return from Deer Camp 2003, we ventured out to the woods and fields of Brown County in search of more southern whitetails. Not much luck there either, except for one, as deer drives turned up nothing other than one small doe on the last drive of the weekend. Pretty pathetic... I'm beginning to think the DNR has some issues with counting... it certainly can't be our hunting skills.***

***I mentioned a lack of luck other than one instance. Our SEC-Weights/Measures seem to take all the luck that should have been distributed to the group and used it up on Thanksgiving morning.***

***After waking up late, he stumbled to the fields and ran into a pair of bucks not 5 minutes into the hunt. His attempts to civilize one of them resulted in a 5-hour chase. And of course, it was Zumbo to the rescue as always, as he "assisted" the SEC-Weights/Measures and our SEC-Transportation in bringing in the VERY nice 8 pointer, forever referred to as a "small buck". I'd like to request a written description of the chase from the SEC-Weights/Measures, or possibly a more accurate account from Zumbo himself, to post on the site. It would be REALLY fun to have both accounts to compare! Here is a note from our SEC-Weights/Measures:***

***Curtamous,***

***I would like to publicly thank all of those who helped in the slaying of my buck this weekend. Had it not been for the great Zumbo and the Sec. of Transportation, I may still be out in rural Fontenoy searching for the deer. Also, the assistance from the esteemed President and Vice President was greatly appreciated. It turned out to be a long and tedious task from tracking to skinning, (and celebration of the kill), but all of the help was not only appreciated but needed. Also, thank you to the VP for the use of the new garage, I know that as I write this, his wife is out there scrubbing off the blood from the floor. I hope that the case of Miller Lite that was drunk on Friday was enough to make up for this.***

***Once again, Thanks.  
Sec. of Weights and Measures***

***P.S. Mr. VP: rumor has it that you may be looking for a boot dryer after the drive on the Mathis land Sunday. The mayor may know where a good deal may be.***

***Of course, congratulations to our SEC-Weights/Measures on his kill (or his shots followed by Zumbo's kill... whatever...). It was a really fine whitetail with an unusual jaw line. The post kill celebrations were certainly fun.***

***The SEC-Weights/Measures reference to boot drying concerns our last drive of the season where the President directed certain hunters through what he described as a "thick" woods. I didn't notice the thick part because I was too damn busy "island hopping" my way through the swamp... thanks for the offer, but my boots are dry now...***

***The few highlites of the season were had out on Zumbo's preserve where we were actually able to see a few live whitetails. Our many thanks to Zumbo for lettings us come out and hunt the preserve... especially for the opportunity for the Attorney General to hunt "HIS" black deer...***

***There are so many more things to mention, but for now we'll leave it at that. I'll try to bring up more tidbits as the month progresses. If anyone has anything specific to mention, please let me know.***

***In honor of the great Zumbo, here's a quick one:***

***Two hunters got a pilot to fly them into the far north for deer hunting. They were quite successful in their venture and bagged six big bucks. The pilot came back, as arranged, to pick them up.***

***They started loading their gear into the plane, including the six deer. But the pilot objected and he said, "The plane can only take four of your deer, you will have to leave two behind." They argued with him; the year before they had shot six and the pilot had allowed them to put all aboard. The plane was the same model and capacity. Reluctantly, the pilot finally permitted them to put all six aboard. But when they attempted to take off and leave the valley, the little plane could not make it and they crashed into the wilderness.***

***Climbing out of the wreckage, one hunter said to the other, "Do you know where we are?" "I think so," replied the other hunter. I think this is about the same place where we crashed last year!"***

***Obviously, Zumbo wasn't flying, or a crash never would have taken place... duh...***

***Well, before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:***

***"My life has a superb cast, but I can't figure out the plot." -- unknown***

***Ain't that a fact!!!***

***Well, take care, and have a GREAT week!!!***

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

***curtamous***

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