

The curtamous PAGE!!!

My notes... February 2003

February 24, 2003

I'm sure there's a bunch of you that woke up early this morning and have been hitting the refresh button on your web browser in eager anticipation of today's update... Today is the day we will reveal the President's new Plan...

To set the stage, its an early evening last week, and the phone rings... Now those of you that know the president well have to picture him with one of his shit eating grins, beaming from ear to ear, with a 300 watt light bulb going off above his head. The President is clearly on a roll, and you know what that usually means... so as you read this, picture The President in the same mood as when he showed up on Friday of Deer Camp last year... remember when he founds those lovely barrels...

So The President proceeds to explain to me that he has a new plan for financing our expansion project. Seems he was extremely busy one night, but happen happened to catch a few minutes of the show "Funniest Home Videos" while simultaneously reading a magazine article on hammocks. (The ones you sleep in, not the ones off a pig that you eat...) It occurs to The President, based on the incredibly lame videos that win \$10,000 on the show, that we usually have funnier stuff happen on the way to Deer Camp, not to mention during Deer Camp. Then The President connects this thought to the article he's reading about hammocks and considers how funny it would be if we installed hammocks in the new bunkhouse and had the junior members try to sleep in them... Well, The President, the genius that he is, puts "2" and "2" together, gets "4", and figures all we have to do is put hammocks in the new bunk house, mount a wide view security camera connected to the VCR in the cabin, and begin taping as soon as the junior members head to bed, which is typically around 4am... Considering the liberal libations they usually imbibe, and the fact that in the past junior members have been know to, among other things, stab themselves in the gums, get lost in the woods at 9am a quarter mile from camp, redecorate their sleeping bags at 2am, or brag about their "30 Pak" purchases, he figures 30 minutes of taping them trying to get into those hammocks should lock up the weekly \$10,000 prize.

Well, by this time in the story, The President almost has me in tears, and he's proud let me tell you... he's DAMN proud of this idea... so, with the \$10,000 we pretty much have in the bank, he figures we can pretty much pay for the bunk house, camera, and once the check is cashed, new bunk beds for the bunk house so the junior members don't have to play Gilligan and the Skipper every year...

Jesus, I can barely type cause I'm still laughing my ass off... so The President wants to know what I think of this whole idea, and because I'm laughing so hard, he figures that I'm pretty much in agreement that the \$10,000 prize is all wrapped up... so we got that going for us this year as well...

On another front, the "Woodchuck Wars" continue... the FM, aka Carl Speckler, seems to be rather upset about the way I've been addressing his rather impotent "Woodchuck problem", and has sent me various vicious emails questioning my outdoor abilities (non-existent), my manhood (hibernating), and even my web site (lame). Carl even went so far as to send me a "Woodchuck" postcard... Considering the amount of material the FM (Carl) used, he undoubtedly spent a few hundreds hours on the web, so we'll have to contact Dixie again and see if she can smash his etch-a-sketch...

Considering how much the web site crack hurt, I'm probably going to dedicate a section to the FM's terrible "Woodchuck Problem" so that he won't have to try to come up with his own web site... look for that in the near future...

And that's all the time I have today...

To all you "wascally" Woodchucks, have a great week!

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February 20, 2003

Man, I've got more material this week than I know what to do with... so here's another midweek update... first off, I've updated my site to incorporate my latest notes onto the main page. So hopefully it looks OK... not that I care what you think...

Anyway, I'm still looking forward to publishing the President's new PLAN, but in the mean time, it seems that our FM, aka Carl Speckler, also has developed a new plan himself... if I remember right, one of Carl's better quotes from the movie was "Licensed to kill gophers by the government of the United Nations. Man, free to kill gophers at will. To kill, you must know your enemy, and in this case my enemy is a varmint, and a varmint will never quit, ever. They're like the Viet Cong, Varmint Cong." Well, seems the FM (aka Carl Speckler) took exception to my references to him in Tuesday's update, and he sent me the following email:

So, based on your webpage notes, you DON'T have what it takes. For a dude that claims to be such an avid sportsman, you disappoint me. Based on your reports, a 33% bunny hunter doesn't qualify for acceptance to the Woodchuck Hunting Reserve, anyway. Never mind, I have a new plan. I will begin to obey the law and will [SECTION EDITED OUT TO AVOID INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE] (for the most part) and have purchased a box trap. Guess where I plan on releasing the varmints? Maybe then you'll realize the definition of "woodchuck problem!"
Carl

Well, I don't know what got into the FM, but I think Dixie needs to tighten the straps on his jacket a little more... But in an effort to humor him, I'd like to address his concerns. As far as being an "avid" sportsman, I think the FM might have that confused with being rabid... and either way, I don't think either has anything to do with being a successful outdoorsman... if my 33% success rate doesn't impress him, clearly he hasn't been to deer camp for MUCH too long a time...

Time to address "THE PLAN"! Seems to me, Carl Speckler uttered the exact same phrase in the movie right before acquiring the C4 explosive... (Personally, I think he read about the Presidents plan, and this is just a copycat gimmick) At least Carl had the guts to try to kill the varmints, instead of trying use a girly live box trap. And despite the fact that woodchucks are rather slow stupid beasts, I doubt they will take an invitation to walk right into a metal cage, especially when they have a nice fresh garden to plunder. I think that we may want to take the Presidents idea (to be published next week) and video tape this fiasco... it could be made into a documentary called "Outsmarted by the Crafty Woodchuck!"

But, just incase the water on the premise really is the cause of the FM's lowered IQ, and that it has the same affect on the woodchucks and they actually do go into the "Carl Speckler Girly Live Box Trap Condo", below is a nice recipe for the FM and his family... oh wait, this would require actually killing the woodchuck... not going to happen...

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Carl Speckler's Country- Style Groundhog

1 groundhog
1/2 c. flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/4 tsp. soda
1/4 c. cooking oil
1/2 tsp. sugar

NOTE: Clean and skin as soon as possible. Remove all sent glands. Cut off head, feet and tail. Cure in cool place by suspending from hook approximately 4 days. When ready to cook, lard according to recipe.

Dress groundhog as for rabbit, removing the small sacs in the back and under the forearm. Soak groundhog overnight in salted water to remove wild flavor. Combine flour, salt, pepper and sada; rub into groundhog pieces. Brown grounhog in hot oil in skillet; sprinkle with sugar. Reduce heat; add 1/2 cup water. Cover; simmer for about 30 minutes or until tender. Remove cover; cook for 10 minutes longer.

February 18, 2003

I didn't plan on another update this week, but I've got things to report... since it feels like Monday anyway, I might as well...

Presidents Day was pretty good... I didn't get as much done as I hoped, but that's how I always am. I have big plans and ideas, and only a quarter of them come to fruition. I did go bunny hunting, but I got out in the woods a bit late. I had to let the Pepto Bismal do its work as I didn't didn't feel like squatting next to every other tree... Zumbo had to work, so I went out alone. I saw four, shot at three, and took one home. Not bad for a lone bunny hunter, Elmer Fudd or not... I didn't get any wood made because I was pretty well wiped out from humping it through all the snow. Good enough for me.

I got an email from that no good, meeting skipping FM of ours, and he's looking for someone to come over and hunt varmints... and like Carl in Caddy Shack said, "The only good varmint poontang is DEAD varmint poontang!" Now I can see the problem with getting rid of gophers on a golf course, but the FM has a woodchuck problem. Has ANYONE ever heard of a woodchuck problem? Woodchucks are pretty slow stupid beast, so I guess that would explain their ability to confound the FM. Maybe if he spent a little more time at Bored Meetings, he'd be more enlightened...

The President called last night, and he's got a plan... damn near had tears in my eyes. Now there's no way I can explain it and give it justice, but next week I will try... don't miss it.

I'm trying to further improve the site as well... I've look into adding frames, but I don't think I have enough material to justify it, so I'll probably just leave it as straight test. I do plan on moving the weekly notes section to the main page, so that you'll see the latest update right there. If you have any other suggestions, let me know... I like having something to ignore...

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Don't worry about the world coming to an end today. It's already tomorrow in Australia. ---
-- Charles Schultz

February 14, 2003

The update is early for a change... Monday we have the day off for Presidents Day, so its doubtful I'll care enough to actually put together a posting and actually upload it... so its Friday afternoon, and what the heck...

Monday's plans depend on the weather... bad weather, and I'm either working on my gun cabinet project (soon to be going on its third year!) or possibly seeing the LOTR flick... good weather and I'm rabbit hunting and making wood..

Which brings me to my next topic... Last month I had MLK Day off too... The weather was nice (but damn cold) so I went bunny hunting with my brother-in-law... Not the "Sausage Stufen" brother-in-law or the "Ass-Wipe" brother-in-law (aka Colin Phallups) or the late great Mr. Rick, but my farmin', car deal'en, hunter/fisherman brother-in-law... This guy reminds me of Zumbo of Outdoor Life... you know he's a good hunter because he connects almost every year, but the SOB has got some prime real-estate to hunt on, and that's gotta have something to do with it too... (Unlike Jack and his buddy Ass who hunt on a game preserve, but connect barely every other year, unless you count does, and have the nuts to complain about the "wind"...) This is the same guy who set me up as a first time turkey hunter last spring and I connected on the second day... Those of you who know me realize it would take a pretty good guide just to put me in position to SEE a turkey, much less shoot one, so either the guy is pretty good or there's so freaken many turkeys on his land someone's gonna get trampled some day... Bottom line is Zumbo's a good shit just like the udder brudder-in-laws even if they all were dumb enough to marry into the family...

Anyway, on MLK Day 2003 it was nice so I headed over to Zumbo's place and we wander out and after a couple of miles we're completely skunked, but on the way back, we head thru his sand pit to check if the coyotes have been chewing on a road kill deer carcass and he kicks out two nice coneys... they head for a nearby line fence, so he makes a nice push to me and I get both... nice ones... so to make a long story short, I posted the [pics...](#) keep in mind this is the same guy who's responsible for those turkey pics I'm so damn proud of...

Unlike the President who is against undeniable proof that something happened, Zumbo's big into taking pictures, so I told him maybe we should scan some of stuff he's got and post it... I think it would be pretty impressive... we'll see...

On another topic, saw the FM last night and the SOB already has an excuse for missing Fish Camp... something about fishing the Great Salt Lake... dumb ass... told him as long as his check for the expansion project is big enough we'll let it slide...

Saw the President last night too, but he didn't talk to me... didn't really even acknowledge me... maybe with us being in a code orange terrorist level, he figures its not such a good idea for the two of us to be out in public together...

So Happy Presidents Day!!! Hopefully everyone had a better Valentine's day than I did... probably not much to ask...

Here's one leftover from the football season... an oldy but goody...

Later...

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PS. On Monday's post I mistakenly posted the phrase "lick in the ass" instead of "kick in the ass"... cracked me up... but I corrected it..

A Packers fan in a bar leans over to the guy next to him and says, "Wanna hear a joke about Vikings fans?"

The guy next to him replies, "Let me tell you before you tell that joke you should know something. I'm 6' tall and 220 pounds and I'm a Vikings fan. The guy sitting next to me is 6'2" tall, 240 pounds and he's a Vikings fan, and the guy sitting next to him is 6'5", 280 pounds and he's a Vikings fan too.

Now, do you still wanna tell that joke?"

The Packers fan says, "Nah, not if I'm gonna have to explain it three times."

February 11, 2003

Well, once again a day late and a dollar short. I was in Chicago two days last week, and I got a bit behind, so I actually had work to do instead of updating the site. If Jack and the FM don't like it, they can go bite themselves... Had a great anniversary this weekend... can't wait for Valentine's Day and another kick in the crack...

I do have work to do, so I better git... I figured, with it being so damn cold and the flu bug out and about, this would be very appropriate...

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CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE DRINKER

"Sometimes when I reflect back on all the beer I drink I feel ashamed. Then I look into the glass and think about the workers in the brewery and all of their hopes and dreams. If I didn't drink this beer, they might be out of work and their dreams would be shattered. Then I say to myself, "It is better that I drink this beer and let their dreams come true than be selfish and worry about my liver."

By Jack Schitt

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"I feel sorry for people who don't drink. When they wake up in the morning, that's as good as they're going to feel all day."

Frank Sinatra

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"An intelligent man is sometimes forced to be drunk to spend time with his fools."

Ernest Hemingway

~~~~~

"When I read about the evils of drinking, I gave up reading."

Henny Youngman

~~~~~  
"24 hours in a day, 24 beers in a case. Coincidence?"

I think not."

Stephen Wright

~~~~~  
"When we drink, we get drunk.

When we get drunk, we fall asleep.

When we fall asleep, we commit no sin.

When we commit no sin, we go to heaven.

Sooooo, let's all get drunk and go to heaven!"

Brian O'Rourke

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"Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy."

Benjamin Franklin

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"Without question, the greatest invention in the history of mankind is beer. Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does not go nearly as well with pizza."

Dave Barry

~~~~~  
BEER: HELPING UGLY PEOPLE HAVE SEX SINCE 3000 B.C.!!!

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Remember "I" before "E", except in Budweiser.

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To some it's a six-pack, to me it's a Support Group.

Salvation in a can!

Dave Howell

~~~~~  
BEER - Helping White Guys Dance Since 1869

February 5, 2003

*A quote for our junior members...*

*"If you're playing a poker game and you look around the table and can't tell who the sucker is, it's you." -Paul Newman.*

February 3, 2003

*Well, football's done... another lousy ProBowl makes you kinda glad... thankfully there's enough prep BB to keep me busy until March Madness and spring...*

*Got an email from Jack, who complimented the content of the site because I have posted some of the drivel he sends me... well, if I made a living off of strange inter-relationships with bovines like he does, I'd probably have nothing better to do than find crap on the net just like him... so Jack, off...*

*Got my turkey permit for 5/7-5/11, so that's cool... Jack and his buddy Ass will be up North the last weekend of April on similar pursuits, but hopefully Jack's buddy Ass won't mess up the side of Jack's truck this year on the way to the hunt... seems last year a stop at Rumors had Ass feeling a bit queasy...*

*Got the below off another site (as usual) but I thought it was pretty cool. Like it says, its kinda along the lines of our parent's walking 15 miles back and forth to school, uphill both ways, in 16 feet of snow when its 40 below zero, but updated for post baby boomers. Its sad but true that the self beloved baby boomers would never make it thru a depression like the 1930's, but its even worse that their kids are even more messed up...*

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*P.S. Thoughts and prayers to the shuttle crew and their families...*

KIDS THESE DAYS

When I was a kid adults used to bore me to tears with their tedious lectures about how hard things were when they were growing up; what with walking twenty-five miles to school every morning uphill both ways through year 'round blizards carrying their younger siblings on their backs to their one-room schoolhouse where they maintained a straight-A average despite their full-time after-school job at the local textile mill where they worked for 35 cents an hour just to help keep their family from starving to death!

And I remember promising myself that when I grew up there was no way in hell I was going to lay a bunch of crap like that on kids about how hard I had it and how easy they've got it! But....

Now that I've reached the ripe old age of twenty-nine, I can't help but look around and notice the youth of today. You've got it so frickin' easy!

I mean, compared to my childhood, you live in a goddamned Utopia! And I hate to say it but you kids today you don't know how good you've got it!



I mean, when I was a kid we didn't have The Internet--we wanted to know something, we had to go to the goddamned library and look it up ourselves!

And there was no email! We had to actually write somebody a letter--with a pen!--and then you had to walk all the way across the street and put it in the frickin' mailbox and it would take like a week to get there!

And there were no MP3s or Napsters! You wanted to steal music, you had to go to the goddamned record store and shoplift it yourself! Or we had to wait around all day to tape it off the radio and the DJ'd usually talk over the beginning and screw it all up!

You want to hear about hardship?

You couldn't just download porn! You had to bribe some homeless dude to buy you a copy of "Hustler" at the 7-11! It was either that or jerkoff to the lingere section of the JC Penney catalog! Those were your options!

We didn't have fancy shit like Call Waiting! If you were on the phone and somebody else called they got a busy signal! And we didn't have fancy Caller ID Boxes either! When the the phone rang, you had no idea who it was it could be your boss, your mom, a collections agent, your drug dealer, you didn't know!!! You just had to pick it up and take your chances, mister!

And we didn't have any fancy Sony Playstation videogames with high-resolution 3-D graphics! We had the Atari 2600! With games like "Space Invaders" and "Asteroids" and the graphics sucked ass! Your guy was a little square! You had to use your imagination! And there were no multiple levels or screens, it was just one screen forever! And you could never win, the game just kept getting harder and faster until you died!

Just like LIFE!

When you went to the movie theater there no such thing as stadium seating! All the seats were the same height! A tall guy sat in front of you, you were screwed!

And sure, we had cable television, but back then that was only like 20 channels and there was no onscreen menu! You had to use a little book called a TV Guide to find out what was on!

And there was no Cartoon Network! You could only get cartoons on Saturday morning...  
...D'ya hear what the frick I'm saying!?! We had to wait ALL WEEK, you spoiled little bastards!

That's exactly what I'm talking about! You kids today have got it too easy! You're spoiled, I swear to God! You guys wouldn't last five minutes back in 1984!

