

The curtamous PAGE!!!

My notes...July 2003

July 28, 2003 – Howdy Folks! How's everyone today? I hope everyone had a great week! On my part it was a very busy, but uneventful week, so I think that we'll have a pretty short update today... We'll see...

Last week I got ZERO emails from the crew! Can you believe that? Everyone must be taking the summer off... I was kinda hoping for "Part 2" of the FM's Canadian quest, but no dice... I hope to hear from someone this week...

Today I got a forwarded email from our buddy Jack with some good information...something you probably never knew:

Subject: Ship High in Transit

In the 16th and 17th centuries, everything had to be transported by ship. This was well before the invention of commercial fertilizer, so large shipments of manure were common. It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than it did when wet, but once water (eg, at sea) hit it the manure not only became heavier, but the process of fermentation began again. Methane is a by-product of that fermentation, and methane is heavier than air.

As the stuff was stored below decks in bundles you can see what could (and did) happen. Methane began to build up below decks and the first time someone came below at night with a lantern, BOOOOM!

Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was discovered just what was happening. After the discovery, the bundles of manure were always stamped with the term "Ship High In Transit" on them. This meant that the sailors were to stow it high enough off the floor of the lower decks so that any water that came into the hold would not touch this volatile cargo and start the fermentation and the production of methane.

Thus evolved the term "S. H. I. T." which has come down through the centuries and is in use to this very day. You probably did not know the true history of this word. Neither did I. I always thought it was a golf term.

Good to hear from Jack, and since he is so full of his "subject material" it was very appropriate. He didn't mention his pending charges against Ass for breaking the "North of 64" rule, so maybe he's considering dropping charges... This issue may linger until Deer Camp 2003...

Not much else to report from last week... Ma Nelson had surgery and is recovering nicely, the Denmark Lion's Fest seemed to be a big success despite the fact that I didn't get to attend very much of the festivities. I did eat about 4000 leftover crabs from Ma Nelson's birthday fest last week, and I hope to clean up the last 1000 tonight...

Really no updates on the home front as I was only able to get a little time to paint, and the garage has made no progress at all. We can't get into our driveway due to the road construction, but they did complete the gutter and sidewalks on Friday, so we should be able to get materials delivered this Friday. Whoopie!

This is something I got from the FDA Chair a little bit back. He claims that he received it from his lovely bride...

Subject: HUSBAND SHOPPING CENTER

Husband Shopping Center has opened where a woman can go to choose a husband from among many men. It is laid out in five floors, and the men increase in positive attributes as the shopper ascends the flights.

There is, however, a catch. As you arrive on any floor you may choose a man from that floor, but if you go up a floor, you cannot go back down, except to exit the building.

So, a woman goes to the shopping center to find a husband. On the first floor the sign says:

Floor 1: These men have jobs and love kids. The woman reads the sign. "Well that's better than not having a job, or not loving kids, but I wonder what's further up?"

So up she goes.

The second floor sign says:

Floor 2: These men have high paying jobs, love kids, and are extremely good looking. "Hmmm, better." says the woman. "But, I wonder what's further up?"

The third floor sign reads:

Floor 3: These men have high paying jobs, love kids, are extremely good looking, and will help with the housework.

"Wow," says the woman, "very tempting. BUT, there must be better further up!"

And, again, she goes up.

On the fourth floor the sign reads:

Floor 4: These men have high paying jobs, love kids, are extremely good looking, help with the housework, and have a strong romantic streak.

"Oh, mercy me! But just think... what must be awaiting me further on?"

So up to the fifth floor she goes.

The sign on that door says:

Floor 5: This floor is just to prove that women are impossible to please.

Thank you for shopping and have a nice day...

Duh! Its not like men didn't already know that...

I don't think there's much planned for this week. I know most of the Nelson clan is heading north for family camping. I've got painting I need to do and I'm hoping the garage gets started this week, but that's about it... hopefully something interesting comes up...

Well, that's all I have for today. Either I'm not very long winded today, or nothing's going on... Before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"Horse sense is the thing a horse has which keeps it from betting on people."-- W.C. Fields

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

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

curtamous

July 21, 2003 – Happy Monday! How's everyone doing? I hope everyone had as great a weekend as I did. We had a great birthday party for the Nelson Matriarch. More on that later... We have a lot of ground to cover today, so lets get started.

First off, I received an email from our FM last week with an update from his Canadian fishing trip. Not a lot of substance, but I certainly respect their overall mission. They don't get into specifics too much, but generally follow the golden rule; Have Fun! Read on...

Okay, since you've requested it more than once, here it is... "The FM's Canadian Adventure Chronicle, 2003 Edition." In an attempt to spare the boring details, as well as save you some precious disk space, I'll just hit the highlights.....Fish, Beer, Cards, Laughs, Whiskey, Bear, Moose, Mosquitoes. Save for the moose and bear, there was ample supply of each. Also, not much sleep to speak of. Sound like the typical Canadian adventure? Actually, the highlights of the trip were a raging forest fire taking place on the lake we fished (no, it wasn't my fault, it was well in progress before we got there) and a "wallhanger" 40 inch, 18 pound pike landed by none other than GW himself (and expertly netted by none other than the FM, I might add.) During the post-game celebration, GW absolved the FM of all past sins, so I got that going for me, too. I was also able to "nail" a mouse climbing up the wall of the bathroom in the cabin with a toilet plunger (while 7/8 in the bag, mind you) Not quite in Zumbo's league, but getting closer.

I took the liberty to check out the web page put together by the Sausage Stuffer and his crew and was both impressed and amazed by the planning and preparation involved by their group. After 12 years of making this trip, we just kind of throw our stuff together and head north. Particularly amusing was the web page's "menu" listing. Let me provide a comparison to our group's daily meal planning:

DAY 1-- Breakfast: Coffee, Aspirin and ExLax and/or Maalox, Lunch: Beer, Fish and Bread, Supper: Whiskey, Fish and Potatoes, followed by Beer.

DAY 2, 3 and 4: See DAY 1.

Upon reviewing the aforementioned web page, I was left with only one other question. I see pictures of everyone else in the group either catching or holding up fish, but NOT the Sausage Stuffer. Interesting.

Not much else to report. 50 weeks remaining to Canadian Adventure 2004. Stay tuned. In closing, some advise to our junior membership, borrowed from an old, good friend:

"Just remember, the Disciples were all fishermen, too. And most of them didn't turn out too bad."

Sounds like a hell of a time. I'm very impressed with the "wall hanger" GW reeled in, and I'm rather glad our FM didn't try to take too much credit for it...After all, there's only so much we'll believe. I kinda like their approach to their menu as well. Good, nutritious, and consistent, especially if there was too much of the last item the night before...The closing quote is also a favorite. I considered using as our "closing" quote today, but our junior members will get this as a bonus...

Of note in the FM's message, is a reference to a "kill" of a lowly mouse...() While he seems quite proud of this fact, he obviously was not anticipating his actions later in the week.Here's an email from the FM on Friday:

Hey Curt:

I SHOT A 'CHUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Thursday, July 17, 2003. 7:44 p.m. Remington single shot 12 ga. 30 yards. Steel met Hog. End of story.

An amazing coincidence...I'm making booyah for all my outlaws this weekend...heh, heh, heh.

Carl

I'm sure you can imagine the surprise I felt when I read this message.(At least we didn't have to hear "I SHOT A CHUCK!" 9 million time through out the night...) Its almost too outlandish NOT be true. I wish I had been home at that time of day, as I'm guessing some kind of galactic phenomenon occurred for this to happen. Like the planets aligned, black holes collided, sunspots, El Nino, tidal waves, earthquakes, and the such. Probably all of the above occurred at precisely the right time to throw the poor chuck into the path of the stray bullet...or maybe the chuck just tripped over the tons of lead that had already been thrown in his direction. Anyway, my hats off to our FM, and my condolences to the "Chuck" family. Interesting comment on the "booyah", but more on that later...

Back to the weekend's festivities... Ma Nelson turned 79 on the 15th, so we had to be sure to celebrate accordingly. Ma's party pretty much revolves around beer, crabs, and oos-moos-noos.

The mayor of Denmark procured the fresh peas for the oos-moos-noos on Thursday (no small feat mind you) and she and the SEC-STATE's lovely bride prepared the delicacy on Saturday. The task of providing crabs for the party had been laid out at my feet. My plan was to make attempts on Saturday and Sunday so I was pretty sure to get at least some. On Saturday, I gathered up my eldest and two of his buddies (a future room mate of his and the self proclaimed Jim Thorpe of Denmark) and we headed out to the crick... The three were pretty fired up about the event, but I think that had something to do with the cooler in my truck...We got to the crick and found it pretty much full of suspended green crap, but despite this obstacle, we were able to pull a pail full of pretty nice ones. In fact, some cosmic affect on the crick allowed us to only catch medium to large crabs. Pretty nice... We emptied the cooler and proceeded back to Ma's to clean and cook the crabs. The "next generation" crabbers were extremely helpful, again, a frig full of beer being their incentive, and we produced a very nice kettle full.During the process, the trio were able to both empty the frig and educate Ma and Pa Nelson... The elders were quite amused... Since they emptied the frig, I made them come with me and help re-supply...by 5pm, we were done...

That evening we were invited to a "moving out" party at the train conductor's home... There I met up with Zumbo, the Attorney General, and of course, The President. (Zumbo, per our discussion, the flag was red... I was told of this fact BEFORE we even got to the car.)I had a nice discussion with the President, who was on a roll. I updated him on the cost of the Coleman

High School cottage and other current events. Before long, he started speaking in "Darwinese", due to an extended time that he had spent at the FM's booyah party (Wedding I think). Since I am quite fluent in "Darwinese" I didn't notice right away when he slipped into that dialect, but the First Lady pointed it out shortly. Soon, the President made use of his expert ability to snooze in a perfectly upright position...

That gave me an opportunity to continue indoctrination of our young Attorney General. (I wonder if JFK had this much trouble with RFK?) He is still having a difficult task of grasping the concept of senior board membership, but he's a good student and will learn. I think he only got us in trouble twice with the First Lady, so he didn't do too bad...He did have a rather hard time understanding the recipe our FM used that day for his booyah, but when I pointed out a Woodchuck hair stuck in his teeth, he was less doubtful... He had a hard time believing it still, but then I pointed out some of the actions of the FM junior-junior, and he then understood.I think our Attorney General has a lot of potential...

Well, Sunday arrived, the day of the party, and I shook out the cobwebs, but I woke up crabby..I should have let her sleep in... Anyway, after lunch, the FDA Chair, the SEC-Transportation, the SEC-Weights/Measures and his past/present/future love (very hungover) interest headed back to the crick. The day before we must have cleared out most of the green crap and the crabbing was much better... 20 minutes and we had another bucket full... The strangest thing was, again mostly medium to large crabs. No small ones... I wish we could do that every year... We had a beer and headed back to clean and cook 'em and enjoy the party.

It was a very nice bunch and everyone had a great time... Later in the afternoon the SEC-Transportation approached the SEC-STATE and I about Bob's Buck Camp Night at the Races. We called The President to confer, and it looks like August 23rd is the date.The President is camping that weekend, but he's in the vicinity of 141 Speedway, so hopefully that will work out, so mark your calendars...

Is it just me, or is this a really long update? Back to on-going news... the garage project has stalled due to new curbing/sidewalks going in on my road. This is preventing the workers from getting the materials delivered, so I don't know when it will get going.Painting is continuing as expected... boring...

I still haven't heard from our buddy Ass from across the pond concerning his breaking of the "North of 64" rule... He may have to be tried and convicted in "abstention"... Although, he may be better off if he keeps his mouth shut and doesn't try to defend himself...

Here's one that was forward to me, but I think someone messed with the names a bit...

While attending a marriage seminar on communication, Curt and his wife listened to the instructor declare, "It is essential that husbands and wives know the things that are important to each other."

He addressed the men, "Can you describe your wife's favorite flower?"

Curt leaned over, touched his wife's arm gently and whispered, "Pillsbury All-Purpose, isn't it?"

Curt's ribs will heal in a few weeks.

After a weak issue last week, this one was pretty jammed.I know there's stuff I've forgotten about, but I don't have any more time. Before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"A pessimist sees the difficulty in every opportunity; an optimist sees the opportunity in every difficulty." -Winston Churchill

Kinda deep, but it will give the junior members something to try to figure out...

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

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

curtamous

July 14, 2003 – Hey folks! Sorry for the late posting of this week's diatribe. Better late than never... I can't believe they actually expected me to start doing actual work at 7:30 on Monday morning... are they CRAZY? Thankfully, things have calmed down and I've had time to put stuff together.

First off, the 2002 Deer Camp Newsletter is no longer posted on the site. I ran out of room, and that freed up almost 2mb of space... that should hold me for a little while... at least until I start posting pictures of my new garage... speaking of which, the flatwork is done! I have a 24x32 slam of concrete in my backyard. Awesome... Construction now has to wait for materials to show up and for road construction on my street to get done, but we're well on our way...

My crazy brother-in-law, the tractor dude, also showed up again on Sunday for painting. We're probably half done on the west (and last) side of the house. I think I figured out why he's showing up to help... he just wants to get out of his own house... smarter than I thought...

Last week, I mentioned that the President called me regarding a "cabin" at Coleman High School that he wanted checked out. Well, I called the school, and talked to a very nice lady, and she gave me the specs. 12x24, insulated, two doors, 6 windows, delivered, \$7000, blah, blah, blah... after the \$7000, I didn't hear a thing... I haven't even taken the time to inform the President yet... figured no sense in getting his jaw dislocated as well...

I got an email from the FM last week, but it was just a "forwarded" message that really wouldn't fit in too well on the page (adult content), but I'll forward it on to anyone that wants it! I'm waiting for the FM to give us an update on his Canadian trip. There's got to be a few interesting tales that he could share... then maybe Dixie could tell us what really happened...

The final follow-up from last week regards the "North of 64" rule... I was very disappointed that NO ONE chimed in on that one. Even the accused gave me the cold shoulder, so I'm now leaning on throwing the book at him... see what happens when a guy ends up on the wrong side of the pond...

Last week, our SEC-State celebrated his birthday, so hopefully everyone remembered, especially the junior members, to send him a card with \$20 in it...right SEC-State? Let me know how that turned out...

This week Tuesday, 7/15, our matriarch, Ma Nelson, celebrates her 79th year on the planet. Next weekend we'll celebrate with crabs and oos-moos-noos (hopefully), and possibly a few cold ones... Should be a good time, so be sure to wish her a happy birthday...

Last week was an interesting week in the news. I'm sure everyone heard about the "Sausage" incident at Miller Park. I'm kinda wondering if the Sausage Stuffer was in on that whole fiasco. It kinda smelled of one of his stunts, but the fact that it seem to turn out OK would contradict that... Also in the news, our FM's alias "Carl Spackler" made the news on [ESPN](#) (Click on ESPN for the

story). Now who in their right mind would fire a guy for mentioning our own FM? That's gotta kinda tick him off...

Last week was a quiet one at work, so I met the FDA Chairman for lunch and pool on Friday (he bought). Had a good time, but it made me remember this little story from way back:

Little Carl was in the garden filling in a hole when his neighbor peered over the fence.

Interested in what the cheeky faced youngster was up to, he politely asked, "What are you up to there, Carl?"

"My goldfish died", replied Carl tearfully, without looking up, "and I've just buried him."

The neighbor was concerned, "That's an awfully big hole for a goldfish, isn't it?"

Carl patted down the last heap of earth then replied, "that's because he's inside your fricken cat."

No wonder he has such a thing for kitties...

Kind of a weak issue, but I think that's all I have for this week (no pun intended), but before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

*"Blessed are they who can laugh at themselves, for they shall never cease to be amused."
-Anonymous*

No wonder SEC-Weights/Measures is such a happy guy...

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

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

curtamous

July 7, 2003 – Good Morning!!! How was everyone's 4th of July weekend? Hopefully, everyone had an extended weekend and enjoyed it! Me, my weekend was good, but hard and physically exerting. The 4th of July started out with me on the garage roof of the Mayor of Denmark. Yes, the same Mayor of Denmark who is responsible for bringing the SEC-Weights/Measures and SEC-Transportation into this world. The mayor needed a new roof, and we were there to handle it. Despite some early rain, we were able to get started around 8:30am... The FDA Chair and the Sausage Stuffer were on hand to help out, as well as SEC-Transportation's woman and a crew of his cronies. (Not hard to believe, but the SEC-Transportation's girl did more work than the SEC and infinitely more than his cronies...) The work went well, despite the SEC-Weights/Measures being in charge, and the project was more or less completed by 2pm... By that time, I was hot, sore, sunburned, and pretty much wiped out...

That evening, despite feeling like an 80 year old, we headed out to the Barber's annual 4th of July Festival. A great time was had by all. The corn roast and assorted food and spirits were great, and the fireworks were excellent as always. A special thanks to the SEC-Transportation for accompanying me on the fireworks expedition on Wednesday, despite the fact that he CLEARLY wanted to get back home just as soon as humanly possible... (That's a whole story in itself that involves his girl and potential water applications...) I appreciate him taking the time to maintain the traditional Thompson/Nelson fireworks appropriation excursion.

My weekend took another turn for the worse Saturday as my time was spent painting the

remaining "unpainted" side of my house. I spent Saturday figuring out the scaffolding and pressure washing and prepping the area, and Sunday was spent up in the air flinging paint. A very special HUGE thanks goes out to Tractor Dude (one of the out-laws on the wife's side) who not only helped appropriate the scaffolding, but was stupid enough to come help paint on Sunday... great guy... not too smart, but a great guy...

Today is the ground breaking for the "Great Garage" project. I considered having a ceremony, but the President had to work, so what was the point if he couldn't attend? As I type this email the crew is digging up my driveway and backyard trying to level things out and get ready for concrete. Hopefully all goes well...

I got a call from the President yesterday... I was about 25 feet up in the air, with my ass hanging out trying to paint the fascia board when the call came in. Had anyone else called, obviously, I would have told them to shove it. But seeing it was the President, what else could I do. Seems the President had been up at the cabin enjoying his weekend, but noticed a small "cabin" type structure for sale in the parking lot of Coleman High School. He thought it was maybe 12x20, but it was up on a trailer ready for moving. He wants me to check it out and see if its affordable. I'm assuming this is a potential option for our bunkhouse. I couldn't find anything about it on the Coleman High School web site, so I'll put in a call today and see what we can find out...

Last week I posted a submission from our buddy Jack (The LGBT President) and mentioned that it had been a while since we heard from Jack or his buddy Ass. Well, I got another email from Jack this week, and he has quite a dilemma... Here it is:

Curt,

I am in need of your advice and possible assistance in dealing with a person (Ass) that broke the number one rule of the north woods. That is "what happens north of Highway 64 stays north of Highway 64". It seems this former trusted companion thought it would be fun to share some of the incidents that have occurred over the years at the cultural centers of Marinette County with some people that work for me. While the occasion was to be at a birthday roast, I do not believe that is any excuse. Rules are rules and this is one we have all held as a tradition of Deer Camp and all other retreats to the best place on earth.

Please provide your guidance on actions we should take against the traitor. Consultation with other members of the Mathis Camp would be highly recommended.

Best Regards,

Tom

To be honest, I'm not sure how to handle this one... We all know the rule and why we have it. However, we must also accept the fact that it is not all encompassing. There are situations where it is incredibly obvious that the rule needs to be invoked. (I'm sure we can all think of at least one such time...) Then there are other times when its clear that it NOT needed. ie: "Rick shot a buck", "We hunted all day", "We had a good time", "The food was great", etc. Then there are also times when, depending on the audience, things can be either discussed freely, or possibly veiled references can be made to certain events.

Now we can all think of times when the Golden Rule has been broken. In my history, I would consider the "Spaghetti" incident of my 16th birthday to be a perfect example. Its a case where that information "should" have remained north of 64, yet it is widely known. There are numerous other examples...

So, I guess it comes down to the need for more evidence... To me, a birthday roast sounds like a perfect time to "bend" this rule. However, who was in the audience? Wife, daughters, boss? What information was dispersed? Has Jack since been contacted by the Athelstane police? Has he been sleeping on the couch or in the garage? Were there pictures? I think further investigation must be done before sentence is passed... Maybe Ass would like to explain himself?

Well, on to other news, I understand the FM made it back alive and well. The FM junior-junior was over and reported his arrival. I haven't heard from him yet, but I am waiting in eager anticipation for word on his trip... then, maybe Dixie can find out what really happened...

I started this update about 5 hours ago, and a lot has changed, but I better go... here's one that hits close to home:

An older man wearing a stovepipe hat, a waistcoat and a phony beard sat down at a bar and ordered a drink. As the bartender set it down, he asked, "Going to a party?"

"Yeah, a costume party," the man answered, "I'm supposed to come dressed as my love life."

"But you look like Abe Lincoln." protested the barkeep.

"That's right. My last four scores were seven years ago."

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

"If you think that something small cannot make a difference - try going to sleep with a mosquito in the room." -Unknown

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

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

curtamous

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

Last Updated: Friday, January 30, 2009
Page Hits