

# The curtamous PAGE!!!

## My notes... May 2003

**May 27, 2003** – Happy Memorial Day!!! I hope everyone had a good weekend! The weather was beautiful all weekend, so there was nothing to complain about there. (On the weather thing, I want to thank my family for not planning any camping trips, which I'm sure contributed to the good weather we had...) I really didn't do too much, which is usually a good indication that I had a nice weekend.

The hilite of the weekend was a trip down to the SEC. Weights/Measures yesterday for a little fishing. Our original intent was to get out with the sausage stuffer on his boat, but he had boat problems and then got sick. (Probably from swearing at the boat...) Our plans changed and we decided just to dock fish it and see what happens. So I ended up rolling him out of bed at his mother's house at 8am and we headed down... I was pretty impressed! The location is pretty nice. Right on the water off a bay on Lake Buttes Des Morts. There was a house there too that he lived in...

It was warm and sunny, which meant fishing would suck, but we had beer, so who cared. We ended up catching a carp, 4 perch, a white bass, and one nice bluegill. Didn't keep any, but had enough action to keep us awake. A bunch of the family showed up around 1pm for a cookout (including a sausage stuffer in his new sports car) and we had a nice meal... Overall, a great day! Thanks to Sec Weights/Measures for being a great host!

OH!!! I almost forgot, for the cookout, SEC. State and SEC. Finance showed up for the cookout, which was nice, but clearly the highlight of the day was when the President's daughter showed up with the President's future Son-In-Law. The son-in-law is a bit of a mystery... He hangs around Sec. Weights/Measures, which clearly shows he's at least a little demented, but yet he seems to have some sort of fear of the membership of Bob's Buck Camp... Whenever I bring up the fact that he HAS to come up to camp, he gets a scared look and stutters something about "not knowing about that", which really perplexes me. Has he somehow gotten the wrong idea about us? Does he think we are more than a bunch of fun loving guys that like to get away from the women folk whenever possible? He seems like a good shit, even though he hangs out with SEC. Weights/Measures, so I don't know what the deal is... Personally, if he's marrying into the President's family, he better get used to the idea, and sooner than later, set the precedent for going to Deer Camp every year as soon as possible...

I haven't heard directly from the President for quite some time. My fault of course, but with the rumors about the well, the bunkhouse, etc, I've been a little nervous to call him lately. I've vowed to call him tonight though and get the scoop. Hopefully by next week I'll be able to report a little more...

SEC. State said he saw him over the weekend and got some news. The "WELL" issue seems bigger than I thought... I think we have a major issue on this one, and for any of you that have gone on a Deer Camp water run, you know what I mean. Me, I'm not scared, but my liver has been a quivering mass of jelly since I got the word...

Speaking of "quivering mass of jelly", what's up with the FM? I haven't heard from him in a LONG time!!! I've seen him around town, so I know he isn't dead and the wife didn't lock him up in the basement, so I'm concerned. "HEY! FM!!! This site is starting to SUCK!!! Shoot me an email or six and give me some fresh material..." Hopefully he listens up and Dixie is willing to type an email or two out for him... the site just isn't the same without his BS on it... I'd like to know how the hunting is on Ranch Woodchuck...

For those of you that actually pay attention, (which is probably like 25% of the readers, or one) I've made quite a few changes to the web site, so surf around and see what you think. Mostly the changes are organizational, but I think it makes it look a little better too... I did add some "[Chicken Soup](#)" to the Beer Page, compliments of one of the cow lovers...

I don't think I have much going on this week... I know I get the honor of spending time with the FDA Chair on Saturday working the ancestor's deck, but if that's what I have to look forward to, life sucks... I do know that the sausage stuffer is heading to Canada this Thursday for a weeklong fly-in fishing week, so he's pretty excited. I'm jealous, but "Good luck Mr. Sausage!"

Before I sign off, he's one I'm sure you've seen. I think we'll have to test these out on the way back from Jack and Ass's on Deer Hunt Friday next year...

**THINGS THAT ARE DIFFICULT TO SAY WHEN YOU'RE DRUNK:**

- Indubitably
- Innovative
- Preliminary
- Proliferation
- Cinnamon

**THINGS THAT ARE VERY DIFFICULT TO SAY WHEN YOU'RE DRUNK:**

- Specificity
- British Constitution
- Passive-aggressive disorder
- Loquacious Transubstantiate

**THINGS THAT ARE DOWNRIGHT IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY WHEN YOU'RE DRUNK:**

- Thanks, but I don't want to have sex
- Nope, no more booze for me
- Sorry, but you're not really my type
- Good evening officer, isn't it lovely out tonight
- Oh, I just couldn't. No one wants to hear me sing
- Sorry I'm being such a jackass

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

*"You need only two tools: WD-40 and duct tape. If it doesn't move and it should, use WD-40. If it moves and shouldn't, use the tape." --Anonymous (Probably the President!)*

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

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

*curtamous*

*May 19, 2003 – Well, it's good to be back!!! Its been a long time between updates, but my schedule has been pretty busy. Since the FM and a few others "complained" about a lack of updates on this site, I've been pretty vigilant about getting something out every week and last Monday was the first miss in a LONG time. So, since I was in New York (and drinking on the company), we went out and got drunk to make up for it... more on that later...*

*Despite the fact that I've been off for two weeks, I haven't heard from the FM during that entire time span. I wonder if Dixie took away his palm pilot (See [Pics](#).) or if he's actually been working... Ha!!! Good one, huh? I did have the opportunity to talk to Mrs. FM the other day while she was tracking down one of the FM's offspring. She was very nice by the way... Anyway, hopefully the FM will chime in this week and let us know how his boondoggle to Utah went a few weeks ago, or possibly what his hiring practices are for therapists... (Max is a VERY happy camper for a reason...)*

*Well, the hi-lite of the last two weeks was obviously the Turkey Hunt two weeks ago. I had a permit for 5/7 thru 5/10, so on opening day I was out at Zumbo's game preserve at about 4:20am. (I case you were wondering, it is fricken dark out at that time of day...) It was cloudy and kinda misty, and Zumbo was in no rush, so I sat and waited patiently while he ate his fruit loops. When he was done, we loaded up and jumped into his Deere Mule and drove out to the stand. We hunted the same field as last year but from a different stand. I climbed into the stand and got comfortable while Zumbo put up the decoys. The stand was incredible... Behind us was a large round bale, we had a 4x8 sheet of plywood for a roof, two lawn chairs to sit in, and a camo wall to sit behind. It was a great view from the inside, but from the outside you could only see our heads... barely.*

*So we're in the stand by 5am and we're barely situated before we hear gobbling from across the river. At least two Toms, maybe three... Zumbo did all the calling, and we heard a lot, but nothing at all showed early... We sucked coffee and had breakfast, but by 9am we had heard at least three Toms, mostly moving east, but didn't even see a hen. It started to rain softly and Zumbo said that he'd give it another hour and then he had work to do... Well, at about 9:15 I see two heads in the next field to the east. Zumbo glasses them, and sure enough, its two Toms... nice ones... REALLY nice ones... and they're headed right towards us. After they cross the far field, we see them come into our field, but they are at the far end, and most of the far end of the filed is blocked by a rise right in front of us. So basically, we're waiting for them to come up the rise and check out the decoys on top the little hill. After what was probably only a few minutes, but seemed like an hour, we seem the two heads clear the rise, but they are angling toward the river instead of toward the decoys like we expected. Zumbo gauges the one in front as a little bigger than the other, and tells me to take one before they get to the fence line by the river. A few yards before they hit the fence, they separate a little, and I let the lead one have it at about 40 yards... the Tom makes an effort to get away, but Zumbo grabs him and wrings his neck... 9:30am and I'm done...*

We proceed to take a few photos and pack up and head back... we get it registered and show it off a little to the local gunsmith, ma and pa, and Steve's Mom... Turns out my Tom weighs in at 23lbs and has a 10.5" beard... Zumbo's Tom from the first season was 22lbs and had a 9.5"beard... he made a few comments on that, but I'm pretty sure he was pleased... lets face it, its one thing for him to get a big bird, but for him to be able to guide a bumbling hunter like me into a prize like that was quite an accomplishment. Overall, my turkey hunting career has encompassed two years, I've gotten two permits, I've hunted a total of 3 days (probably 15 hours total) and scored on two birds... pretty amazing for a bozo like me... obviously, Zumbo's the reason...

So, I've got the [PICS](#) up in the gallery, so be sure to check them out. Especially check out the ground blind we setup in... you can see why I do so well when Zumbo guides...

In another hi-point, we went to Madison yesterday for Scentless' college graduation... (Scentless: Sturgeon General, eldest offspring of the FDA Chairman, elder sibling of the Sec-Da-Fence...) Nice ceremony in the Kohl Center, and they got about 5 gazillion graduates in and out in 90 minutes... pretty good... So congrats to Tony!

After we got back from Madison, we dropped off my sis and talked to the Sec-Transportation, and he mentioned that he had the honor of assisting the President that day. Seems The President borrowed a trailer from someone to haul sand or dirt or something, and due to a "slight" overload, they got a flat. Well, Sec-Transportation, being an expert in this area, help the President out and fixed it up, hopefully to the point the owner will have no idea any damage was done... Sec-Transportation was pretty excited over the episode...

Well, my two weeks were pretty good except for the trip to New York... it didn't turn out all bad, as we did drink up a storm both nights, we did go see Letterman, and I do have at least one "Sensational" story to tell at camp, but for the most part Manhattan is not my kind of place. I can say I saw it now, but if I never see it again, that's fine with me... I can get drunk anywhere, Letterman is one TV every night, and if I never meet another "Sensation", that's fine with me... I'd take Athelstane or Crooked Lake any day...

Well, the web site is experiencing global reach... not only do we have numerous readers, (yes, by definition, four IS numerous) but I found out that a search on google for "curtamous" actually pulls up some offbeat personal site search that links to this page... amazing, ain't it? I'm hoping that in a year I have double the readers and that a search on "fat bald hunter" brings us to this page... I can dream, can't I?

Well, that pretty much covers my boring life and gets us back up to date... I caught a rerun of Cheers (The best sitcom ever!!!) the other night, and thought these would be appropriate:

WOODY: "Hey, Mr. Peterson, there's a cold one waiting for you."

NORM: "I know. If she calls, I'm not here."

WOODY: "Pour you a beer, Mr. Peterson?"

NORM: "All right, but stop me at one. Make that one-thirty."

WOODY: "Can I pour you a beer, Mr. Peterson?"

NORM: "A little early isn't it, Woody?"

WOODY: "For a beer?"

NORM: "No, for stupid questions."

WOODY: "How would a beer feel, Norm?"

NORM: "Pretty damn scared if I was in the room."

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

"The world is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first class. There's far less competition."--Dwight Morrow

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

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

curtamous

May 5, 2003

Hello! How's everyone doing? I hope everyone had a great weekend. If it was half as good as mine, you had a blast! Fish Camp 2003 was this past weekend, and we spent 4 glorious days and 3 incredible nights at my Uncle Dallas's north woods retreat on Nelligan Lake.

While the weekend is dedicated to fishing, the fishing gods were not with us... A total of three bass were caught in total, so we were not terribly successful on that front. But its quite possible that the beautiful weather had something to do with that, so that was an acceptable trade off.

Another highlight of the weekend was the absolutely incredible food!!! Friday night, the FDA Chairman led a small group of engineers in preparing his Beer Can Chicken. The preparation of the chicken itself was no small task, but it was nothing compared to the engineering feat required to build an outdoor cooking apparatus that would fit the upright chicken while maintaining an adequate enclosure to ensure thorough heating. After an old Weber cover, a few bricks, and a few yards of aluminum foil were assembled on a 1950 outdoor grill, the chicken was cooked to absolute perfection. A few pork chops were grilled over the open fire to complement the chicken, and PGOSA was served as a side dish. Absolutely Excellent!!! Saturday night's Steak feast was also excellent. An extended happy hour meant a rather late meal Saturday night, but a unanimous vote to skip the fried potatoes meant we ate before 10pm. The steak was really good, and definitely lived up to the hot dog man's claims...

Overall, we all had a great time, and already we're looking forward to Fish Camp 2004. Mark your calendars!

Last week, I received an email from the FM. (Big surprise, huh?) It was an urgent update for Bored Members in the unlikely event Bored Business was actually discussed at camp. (The fact that the President did not attend meant that any discussions really didn't matter anyway, but you never know...) I made hard copies of the message for attendees, but in case you didn't attend or see them, here is the message:

As, regretfully, neither of us will be in attendance at the 2003 Fish Camp, the Prez and I took time out from the First Communion celebration yesterday to discuss current events. As part of our discussion, the Prez relayed an up to the minute State of Bob's Buck Camp Address. I thought I should relay the contents of the Address to you immediately, as some of the items may merit discussion if there is, in fact, any resemblance of a Bored Meeting conducted in conjunction with Fish Camp.

Of notable concern:

1) Installation of the updated refrigeration unit went well. The Prez, however, is feeling a little uncomfortable with the refrigeration unit's presence in the cabin. To quote "It's almost starting to look a little TOO modern in there." He is willing to live with the situation, though, as, again in the words of the Prez, "The price was right."

2) Of greater concern is that fact that, as part of camp inspection, the Prez discovered a problem with the recently upgraded water supply line. Specifically, it appears that the problem may lie (again) with the actual water source. Either that, or the rumored terrorist attack did, in fact, occur. Straight to the point, however, is the advisory posted by the Prez that, as a result of this troubling discovery either A) Cabin rent will need to be raised in order to rectify the situation or B) Deer Camp attendees may need to be prepared to return to the days of the infamous "Water Run." Rest assured that, if Plan B goes into effect, your FM stands ready.

3) Upon being queried on the current status of the construction project, the Prez cited inevitable delays in the process. He stated that the problem lies not in finances, but in labor coordination. He is currently negotiating to resolve the issues, but did not appear optimistic regarding announcement of a groundbreaking ceremony. (You should have never made that bet, Mr. V.P.)

The Prez is returning to The Woodchuck Ranch this evening to remove his boat from storage. I'm most certain that this procedure will be followed by additional high-level discussion, as he usually brings along beer to toast the annual Boat Removal Process. If there are any further updates of interest that result from this discussion, I will be sure to pass them along.

Obviously, this did spark discussions in camp. The fact that The President is concerned about the modernization process didn't surprise anyone. We've been hinting for a few years that it's almost up to "cottage" status, but it seems that the fact is finally hit home. The Water caused great concern to us all, as no one cares to return to the days of the infamous "Water Run". The FM left out details on this issue, so we're hoping that the problem is not too great.

The construction project certainly raised concerns as well, but after some brainstorming, some ingenious ideas were brought up. Probably the best idea was an alternate housing concept for our junior members. See the [pics...](#) page for our latest idea!

I did not get any further updates on the "Boat Removal Process", which means either the FM was busy, or the toasts ran late into the evening and the FM was not up to that incredibly loud typing...

Fish Camp was vacated early Sunday morning so various camp members could attend the graduation ceremony for my nephew Chuck. Chuck is Zumbo's eldest (see the [pics...](#) page for his football picture) and he graduated from Lakeland College. Congrats Chuck!!! After the ceremony (and a shuttle bus process), Zumbo took us for a ride through the rural areas between the college and somewhere near Montana for a meal in St. Annas. Well, it turns out the meal (and the service!!!) was excellent and well worth the trip. Had a great time...

I'll admit I'm sorry the weekend is over so soon, but I have a lot to look forward to. This week is the fourth week of the spring turkey hunt, and I have a permit. So I'll be out at Zumbo's game preserve this week chasing elusive gobblers... should be a great time as always!

I have something to look forward to, but also something to dread... I have been scheduled to attend a meeting next week in New York. In order to attend, I need to drive to Chicago next Sunday night, fly to New York early Monday, stay till Wednesday, fly back, and drive back late Wednesday night. Can't wait... should be almost as fun as a dull stick in the eye... because of the trip, I doubt that I'll have an update next week... Maybe I'll put in a quick "Hello" from New York, but that would be it...



*Oh well, before I go, I got this from the FM a while back, and actually, I should have posted it for Fish Camp, just in case it was needed:*

**Beer Troubleshooting -**

*(In case you're having issues with your beer, we've provided some helpful hints for your convenience. No need to thank us, just buy us a beer.)*

**SYMPTOM:** Feet cold and wet.

**FAULT:** Glass being held at incorrect angle.

**ACTION:** Rotate glass so that open end points toward ceiling.

**SYMPTOM:** Feet warm and wet.

**FAULT:** Improper bladder control.

**ACTION:** Stand next to nearest dog, complain about house training.

**SYMPTOM:** Beer unusually pale and tasteless.

**FAULT:** Glass empty.

**ACTION:** Get someone to buy you another beer.

**SYMPTOM:** Opposite wall covered with fluorescent lights.

**FAULT:** You have fallen over backward.

**ACTION:** Have yourself leashed to bar.

**SYMPTOM:** Mouth contains cigarette butts.

**FAULT:** You have fallen forward.

**ACTION:** See above.

**SYMPTOM:** Beer tasteless, front of your shirt is wet.

**FAULT:** Mouth not open, or glass applied to wrong part of face.

**ACTION:** Retire to restroom, practice in mirror

**SYMPTOM:** Floor blurred.

**FAULT:** You are looking through bottom of empty glass.

**ACTION:** Get someone to buy you another beer.

**SYMPTOM:** Floor moving.

**FAULT:** You are being carried out.

**ACTION:** Find out if you are being taken to another bar.

**SYMPTOM:** Room seems unusually dark.

**FAULT:** Bar has closed.

**ACTION:** Confirm home address with bartender.

**SYMPTOM:** Taxi suddenly takes on colorful aspect and textures.

**FAULT:** Beer consumption has exceeded personal limitations.

**ACTION:** Cover mouth.

**SYMPTOM:** Everyone looks up to you and smiles.

**FAULT:** You are dancing on the table.

**ACTION:** Fall on somebody cushy-looking.

**SYMPTOM:** Beer is crystal-clear.

**FAULT:** It's water. Somebody is trying to sober you up.

**ACTION:** Punch him.

**SYMPTOM:** Hands hurt, nose hurts, mind unusually clear.

**FAULT:** You have been in a fight.

**ACTION:** Apologize to everyone you see, just in case it was them.

**SYMPTOM:** Don't recognize anyone, don't recognize the room you're in.

**FAULT:** You've wandered into the wrong party.

**ACTION:** See if they have free beer.

**SYMPTOM:** Your singing sounds distorted.

**FAULT:** The beer is too weak.

**ACTION:** Have more beer until your voice improves.

**SYMPTOM:** Don't remember the words to the song.

**FAULT:** Beer is just right.

***ACTION: Play air guitar***

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

***“The more you complain, the longer God lets you live. Great... my wife will never die...” -- Unknown***

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

***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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