

The curtamous page

April 2004 Archived Notes

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April 26, 2004 - Good morning everyone! Well, its kind of a good morning... I got a call at 4am today from work, so I'm a little sleepy today... plus, I spent half the damn weekend on work stuff, so I have a ton to do this morning, which means a short update...

First off, if you haven't heard, The President scored last week... (no dummy, he got a turkey!) Various reports coming from Outdoor Life, Sports Afield, Zumbo, and the President himself describe a very exciting hunt. Old Tom was even bigger than Zumbo's weighing in at 24 lbs with a 10 /12 inch beard. Nice job Prez!!! Here's the [man himself](#)...

The President did stop by after the hunt, and he was a very excited man... the voice was high and numerous gestures were used to describe the action. To give you an idea of how excited he was, I was only able to get one beer into him...

Last week I got the following report/thank you from the SEC-Weights/Measures:

Thank you to those who made the President's eldest's bachelor party a great success. I had the honor of golfing with the Prez and his 2 son's. Witty and educational as usual. This is the first time since deer camp that I was able to have the chance to acquire a great deal of knowledge for 2 days. He and the Attorney General were at the car unveiling and the bachelor party. The bachelor was taken home a live on Saturday night. By the last look of him, I think he had a good time. We visited Green Bay saloons and establishments which was preceded by golf at Hilly Haven and the cards at the Mayors. I believe all had a good time. Once again, to nobody's surprise, the FM did not attend a BBC related event. At last call, he was getting more beer for a party deemed more important that celebrating a man's last days of freedom. I would also like to report that he disobeyed our esteemed president.

On happier notes, the night was again a success. I think that I speak for everyone in attendance and those who read this page when I say, Best of luck Mike, We all wish you many years of wedded bliss. About 5 to 10. Once again thanks to all that helped, I don't need to name all of you , you know who you are, and I probably would forget someone.

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

And from the rest of the BBC, same here...

Tough news over the weekend from T-Bone Racing... our SEC-Transportation blew his engine

running hot laps... this was his first weekend of racing in the new SuperStock division, and I imagine his disappointment was pretty intense... My guess is that knowing him, (unless there's HUGE damage) he'll have it fixed for this coming week's race...

Other than work this weekend, all I accomplished was getting the boat from the Sausage Stuffer... between conference calls I headed out to The Sausage Ranch and loaded the boat and enjoyed a cold one and a nice cigar... so far preparation for [Fish Camp 2004](#) is moving along...

YOU KNOW, [FISH CAMP 2004](#) IS THIS WEEKEND!!! That's right, Fish Camp 2004 at Nelligan Lake kicks off this weekend with the Sausage Stuffer, FDA Chair and myself heading north after lunch on Friday. Make sure you have everything on your [checklists](#) taken care of!!! See you at Nelligan Lake!!!

I just got this one in my mailbox this morning and it fits this week's message perfectly:

One Saturday morning a fisherman gets up early, dresses quietly, gets his lunch made, puts on his long johns, grabs the dog and goes to the garage to hook up his boat to the truck and head down to his favorite fishing area. Coming out of his garage, he is pounded by a torrential downpour of rain. It's freezing, there is snow mixed in with the rain and a hard wind is blowing with 50 mph. gusts. He retreats back into the garage and, in disgust, returns to the house and turns the TV on to the weather channel. He finds it's going to be bad weather all day long, so he puts his boat back in the garage, quietly undresses, and slips back into bed. There he cuddles up to his wife's back, now with a different kind of anticipation, and whispers: "The weather out there is terrible!" To which she sleepily replies: "Can you believe my stupid husband is out fishing in that shit?!"

Well, that's about all I have time for today... there's a lot I missed, like "Cousins Bowling", the NFL draft, the Brewers game I went to last week, etc, but I gotta go...

Before I go, here's a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"My body is here, but my mind has already made the first cast..." --Author Unknown

Just found that one this morning too... how appropriate!

Due to my participation in Fish Camp 2004, next week's update will either be a day late, or maybe a week late, you never know...

Well, until next time, take care, and have a GREAT week!

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

curtamous

April 19, 2004 - Happy Monday morning everyone! What a great day... well, at least it's a nice warm spring day. The weather this weekend was certainly good, and made for a time outdoors, if you were able to get out. Me, I spent most of Saturday in a gym watching the Chief Inspector play ball... They did win, but it still wasted some REALLY good outdoor time... I'll recover...

Last week was a busy one for sure... Thursday the great Zumbo scored the first turkey of the season out on his ranch. A really nice one... 23 1/2 lbs with a 10 in beard. Hopefully we'll have some pictures soon. And if we're really lucky, The President, who hunts the ranch this week, the AG, who hunts it next week, and myself, who hunts the second to last week, will all have pictures to add to the site as well...

Friday night the SEC-Transportation "un-tarped" his new race car. Libations were on hand of course, and a nice crew attended the festivities. The car is pretty impressive, considering the little tike built most of it himself, which I understand is somewhat unusual for the new division he's racing in, and almost unheard of for a driver new to the division. The President offered to deduct cabin rent for every win... What a guy... that just means everyone else's cabin rent goes up...

Before the festivities on Friday night, the Sausage Stuffer stopped by to share a cold one and a cigar... basically, it was too nice out to go home, and he wanted some male company... We checked out the garage progress and he also brought over some paper work for the boat he's dumping on me... boy, the beer and cigar sure tasted good...

Saturday, the SEC-Exterior/Interior has his bachelor party... the crew hit the golf course and then played a little "hold 'em" at the Mayor's until the bus took them on a tour of Green Bay. Due to basketball, I was only able to attend some of the card tourney, but a few beers were had, and the rest of the crew did a fine job in sending to poor guy off... due to the nature of the event, the "North of 64" rule was probably enacted to protect the innocent...

Strangely, the FM did not make EITHER event (which is getting to be par for the course) and I'm getting a little worried about the poor guy. Since The President was at both events, I thought he would have shown up. I think maybe the two met up yesterday at a local establishment, since both had their cars parked out front... The FM did send this last week, which I believe is the junior membership's new favorite bait shop...



Fish Camp 2004 is less than two weeks away... If you're attending, be sure to check out this year's [menu and checklists](#)... hopefully everything is ready to go...

Speaking of ready to go, I was going to work on the boat trailer yesterday... needs new lights and I decided to finally get another tire so I have two decent ones on it... I ran to the Man's Mall, and picked up two new lights, and being very care, I made sure I got the right sized tire... I got home, and proceeded to take the old tire off and I got ready to mount the new one... I couldn't get the damn luggs to matchup, when I realized the rim only had four luggs when I needed 5... right size, wrong rim... I started to steam... put the old tire back on and went to the lights... took off one of the lights and started putting on the new one, when I realized I purchased one light for the left only, and one with no turn signal... "THAT'S IT!" I said... I put everything away and cracked another beer... after two, my pressure was back down... what an idiot...

I'm hoping to archive some of the [guestbook](#) stuff today, but since I've never done that, I don't know how well it will work... hopefully I don't lose anything...

A quick one before I go. Probably something from one of our junior member's future:

A man spoke frantically into the phone, "My wife is pregnant and her contractions are only two minutes apart!" "Is this her first child?" the doctor asked. "No!" the man shouted, "This is her husband!"

Well, that's about all I have time for today... As always, if I forgot anything (again) put something out on the [guestbook](#) and fill us in...

Before I go, here's a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"My weight is perfect for my height - which varies." --unknown

Kinda deep, but hopefully they can figure it out...

Well, take care, and have a GREAT week!

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

curtamous

April 11, 2004 - Happy Easter everyone! Not only is Easter a great time of the year, but it also signifies that Lent is over... YES!!! Not that Lent isn't a great time to clean out the soul (and the body too) but towards the end it gets pretty long... so the beer tasted quite wonderful...

To start things off, I have some catching up to do from last week. First off, Zumbo sent me this email concerning his first annual "Talkin Turkey" seminar. As I mentioned last week, it was a great success, but here's some more info from Zumbo himself:

The first annual Talkin Turkey seminar was a huge success although several turkeys who reserved a seat failed to show. The Great One was there and I wrote down a few of his comments during the pool game because I figured I would never be able to remember them all.

"If you don't understand the game, stand up and take a look"

"You don't get much from a tight rack"

"It's Friday - I don't get tired on Friday!"

"That's my problem, I've got a crooked arm"

"I haven't been kissed twice in two years and I've been double kissed twice tonight"

"I don't have to worry about my effigy going on because it's right there"

"I'm going into professional pooling"

"We shouldn't be this far behind"

Zumbo

Damn, but isn't Mr. President just a walking quote machine... I think we should get him one of those little mini recorders so he can record everything for posterity... Can you imagine when they open HIS presidential library?

Next, our own SEC-Weights/Measures FINALLY sent in some updates to the [Toolman Diary](#). Personally, I was fine with the FDA Chairman's closing account, but the Toolman's adventures are not yet over... [click](#) over there and give it a read...

The Toolman mentions some sad news concerning one of Denmark's finest passing away this last week. Jerry Leiterman, affectionately known as "Trooper", passed after long battles with illness. He will be missed by many across the state, and BBC sends out our thoughts and prayers to his many family and friends.

Early last week, while lent was still in effect, I was in dire need of some straw for my grass planting escapades... Mr. President suggest that our one and only FM had a barn full, so I headed over there with a couple of bags... He was kind enough to take care of me, but I swear he almost had a tear in his eye as I drove off... seems I was the first to ever leave the Woodchuck Ranch without partaking in a beer...

So on Saturday, while coloring Easter eggs, I felt that it would be good to make an egg for our President, knowing his affection for them in their pickled state. With a gleam in my eye, I twisted the arm of our SEC-Weights/Measure to pick me up and head over to the Presidential estate. Mr. President wasn't there, but had left us with a message to meet him at the Woodchuck ranch. We shared a beer with the first lady and their oldest daughter, gathered up the Attorney General, and headed south... We met the FM and The President working on getting a really nice trailer back on the road. If you replaced the tires, axel, suspension, bed and rack on this trailer, you'd really have something... Anyway, after what seemed like a REALLY long time, the FM supplied some cold refreshment... good stuff!!! We were able to discuss and plan out fixing many world problems, so it was a good thing we all met up there...

One topic of discussion was the impending bachelor party for our SEC-Exterior/Interior this coming Saturday... I'm not sure I'll be able to attend the festivities due to more basketball, but I'm sure they will give the poor guy a good sendoff, and we'll have a high level update for next week.

One of the many great ideas of our President looks to be coming to fruition... read this message from the SEC-Weights/Measures:

Curt,

I have to talk to the mayor, but seen as the race season is but a couple weeks away, I think that it might be time for a BBC night at the shop. The car is going to get lettered by Mac on Friday. I don't know if it will be done, 35 sponsors is quite a bit. I don't think that it would hurt for some of us to stop in, lend a hand with the BBC SuperStock, and enjoy some conversation. Let me know and please post so I can get some feedback.

**Sec. Weights and Measures
Toolman**

So, it looks like this Friday may be another meeting of the minds... drop the SEC a line or update the [questbook](#) and let him know if you're going to show...

Here's a quick one that I SWEAR is unaltered... the names used are PURELY fictional and do not resemble anyone we know...

Paul was on his deathbed and gasped pitifully.

"Give me one last request, Dear," he said.

"Of course, Paul, " his wife said softly.

"Six months after I die," he said, "I want you to marry Bob."

"But I thought you hated Bob," she said.

With his last breath Paul said, "I do!"

Well, that's about all I have time for today... If I forgot anything (again) put something out on the [questbook](#) and fill us in...

Before I go, here's a few words of wisdom for our junior members, supplied by our one and only FM:

There was a fly buzzing around a barn one day when she happened to come upon a pile of fresh cow manure. Due to the fact that it had been hours since her last meal, she flew down and began to eat. She ate and ate and ate.

Finally, she decided she had eaten enough and tried to fly away. She had eaten too much though, and could not get off the ground. As she looked around wondering what to do now, she spotted a pitchfork leaning against the wall. She climbed to the top of the handle and jumped off, thinking that once she got airborne, she would be able to take flight. Unfortunately she was wrong and dropped like a rock, splaying when she hit the floor. DEAD The moral to the story; Never fly off the handle when you know you're full of SHIT.

That one could even apply to a few senior members...

Well, take care, and have a GREAT week!

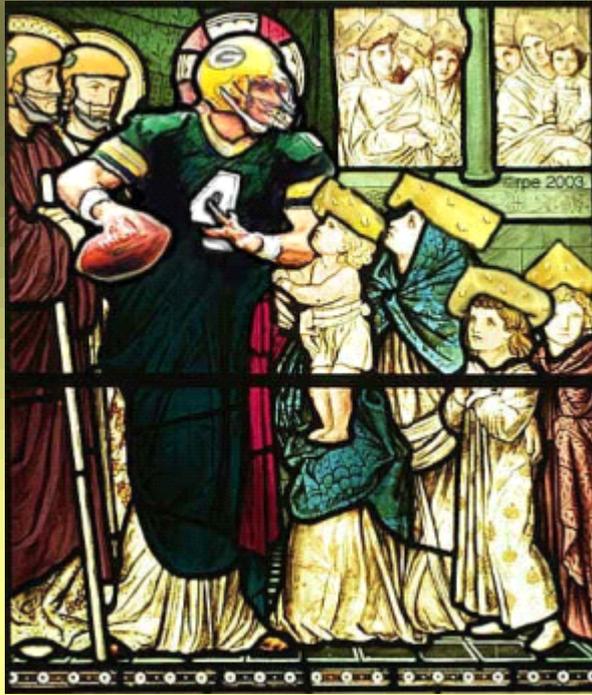
As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"

curtamous

April 5, 2004 - Good Monday morning!!! What a gorgeous day! Makes a guy want to skip out and spend some time on the Fox soaking a line... saw another 50 or so boats out there this morning on the way to work... those guys have their priorities right!

This should be a great week anyway... its Holy Week, so lent is soon over, which means the beer will soon flow at the headquarters of curtamous.com! And just to make it all the better this year, The President's Birthday is this week!!! I'm sure our boyish President will again be turning 13 going on 40 something... Happy Birthday Big GUY!!!! (How appropriate that lent is over on the birthday of the year!)

With it being Holy Week and all, I thought I'd put something religious on the site for a change...



The draft is this month too, so I thought that tied in rather well...

Last week Zumbo hosted his first annual "Talken Turkey" seminar. Due to a errantly scheduled basketball tournament by the Chief Inspector, we were quite late and only able to stay for a short time. The Chief Inspector and I, along with his basketball coach, FM junior-junior, made it in time to join Zumbo, The Prez, FDA Chair, Attorney General, and the Weiner King in a few games of pool. THEY were having a good time... Zumbo will have to fill us in on the details sometime...

I have to make mention the end of the Chief Inspectors tournament this weekend. Here's the setting... Championship game... two pretty good teams, great game, both deserved to win... 17-17 overtime... free throws... The Chief shoots first... makes his first one... SWISH! Makes his second... SWISH! BUT HE STEPPED OVER THE LINE! Its no good... That would have won the game, and they ended up losing... boy was he pissed... my laughing probably didn't help matters...

I got a message that our SEC-Weights/Measures is sending our SEC-Exterior/Interior to his impending doom... A bachelor party that is... The Chief Inspector has errantly scheduled another round ball outing that weekend, but that may turn out to be a good thing... we'll see if I can catch up to them somewhere along the line... I'm sure it will be a blast!

Fish Camp 2004 fast approaches! We're getting schedules and menus and lists and reservations and everything all set. Sometimes I wonder if all the planning, preparation and anticipation isn't as much fun as the actual weekend. Kinda gives you something to really look forward to...

The [questbook](#) continues to be a hit... Welcome to the guys from West Virginia, Arkansas, and Tennessee... if those guys are REALLY a rather large man out of the Carolinas, he better fess up or I'll shut down his access at work...

I saw this one and thought it would be nice to honor the Chief after he felt so bad this weekend...

Farmer Jake had a nagging wife who made his life miserable. The only real peace that he got was when he was out in the field plowing.

One day when he was out in the field, Jake's wife brought his lunch to him. Then

she stayed while he quietly ate and berated him with a constant stream of nagging and complaining. Suddenly, Jake's old mule kicked up his back legs, striking the wife in the head, and killing her instantly.

At the wake, Jake's minister noticed that when the women offered their sympathy to Jake he would nod his head up and down. But when the men came up and spoke quietly to him, he would shake his head from side to side.

When the wake was over and all the mourners had left, the minister approached Jake and asked, "Why was it that you nodded your head up and down to all the women and shook your head from side to side to all the men?"

"Well," Jake replied, "The women all said how nice she looked, and her dress was so pretty, so I agreed by nodding my head up and down. The men all asked, 'Is that mule for sale!?"

Well, that's about all I have time for today... Before I go, here's a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"If people concentrated on the really important things in life, there'd be a shortage of fishing poles." -- Author Unknown

That is an undeniable fact!!!

Well, take care, and have a GREAT week!

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

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