

# The curtamous page

## JULY 2005 Archived Notes

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**July 25, 2005 - Howdy folks! How's everything going? Did everyone survive the heat yesterday? I didn't think it was as bad as they said it would be, but I'll admit it was pretty hot. Nice breeze though, otherwise it might have been bad... Weather this week sounds nice... back to some reasonable temps, and hopefully some more rain...**

**Last Thursday I spent the afternoon at a work "outing"... More golf, of which I am starting to really suck at. Lately, I've been putting REALLY bad... Thursday I putt OK but couldn't hit the ball off the tee at all... and I was worse in the fairway... What a frustrating game... Luckily, the beer was cold AND free. Funny what a pig a guy can be in that situation. Pretty "tired" on Friday...**

**Not much going on last week... Denmark had its annual "Lions" picnic. Went down to the park Friday night for the bands, which was a first time thing. I thought it was a pretty good time. Lots of beer though, so Saturday was a little tough... I was just "tired" again I'm sure... After two nights of that, I had enough...**

**Saturday had me in Kaukauna watching the AG, FM Jr, and Chief play bball... another tournament. Not a bad time tough, and the AG had an outstanding game at 1 o'clock. Nailed a few three's to pretty much win the game. "On Fire"! The son-in-law (and official brother-in-law to the AG) was there too, and his first comment to the AG was "You missed one!". Pretty funny...**

**Sunday brought the 80 minute Lions parade thru downtown Denville. Pretty nice... we headed down to the park for lunch and a little horse pulling action. Those horses had to be hot though... Overall a good weekend...**

**Our "thought" of the week?**

**Who was the first to see a cow and think "I wonder what will happen if I squeeze these dangly things and drink whatever comes out?"**

**I'm guessing it was someone a LOT like the SEC-W/M...**

**If The President ever gets rid of "the bus", he could replace it with this:**



**How 'bout some more Rodney Dangerfield... Here are some more of his words of wisdom...**

**RODNEY DANGERFIELD-ISH.....**

**I'm at the age where food has taken the place of sex in my life. In fact, I've just had a mirror put over my kitchen table**

**I'm taking Viagra and drinking prune juice - I don't know if I'm coming or going.**

**If it wasn't for pick-pockets I'd have no sex life at all.**

**It's tough to stay married. My wife kisses the dog on the lips, yet she won't drink from my glass.**

**My father carries around the picture of the kid who came with his wallet.**

**My kids scotch tape worms to the sidewalk and watch the birds get hernias.**

**My mother had morning sickness after I was born.**

**My mother never breast fed me, she told me she only liked me as a friend.**

**My psychiatrist told me I was crazy and I said I want a second opinion. He said okay, you're ugly too.**

**My uncle's dying wish - he wanted me on his lap. He was in the electric chair.**

**My marriage is on the rocks again, yeah, my wife just broke up with her boyfriend.**

**I hate when that last one happens...**

**Well, that's about it... before I go, a few words of wisdom for our junior members... this one comes "compliments" of the FM...**

**"Progress might have been right once. But, it's gone on too long" - Ogden Nash**

**Sounds like the FM is showing his age again...**

**Until next time, take care...**

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

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**July 17, 2005 - Good morning all... Another Monday morning... I've got the ambition of a snail... a big fat lazy snail... Not much to report this week, but maybe it'll come to me as I write this up...**

**Speaking of snails, I saw the FM yesterday at the AG/FM Jr/Chief's last summer league BBall game... they won the league by the way, which is somewhat surprising... Anyway, the FM had sent me a retort to last week's fishing story titled "All Fishermen are Liars"... Well, no kidding... His basic take is that it's well worth the time to drive 20 hours to fish in Canada because he catches more fish... Hmmm... I think his title is VERY appropriate...**

**The President was also at the game... he didn't finish painting his house as expected... (You can take that comment EITHER way) BUT, he is in the planning stages for this year's BBC Night at the Races... Some Saturday night in August, but not the 6th... We're also waiting for the mayor to see if there are any special events planned that we want to avoid... Should be a great time!!!**

**Last Friday was Ma Nelson's 81st birthday, so we spent some time this weekend catching some crabs... The FDA Chair, SEC-W/M, his buddy "Jimmy the Shadow", Ma/Pa Nelson's housekeeper's 8 year old son and I headed to the usual hole and filled a 5 gallon bucket in a half an hour or so. The water was low and a little scummy, but there were plenty of crabs, if not as many big ones as usual.**

**We had the usual celebratory beverage at the crick and headed back to my place to clean them... didn't take long... One note of interest: Always bring an 8 year old with you when the**

**SEC-W/M is along. Then he has someone of his intellect to discuss world issues with and also some competition for the most talkative... Never a dull moment... Cooked up the crabs at Ma/Pa Nelson's and ate some yesterday. Plenty left if you're interested... They're excellent!**

**I mentioned the BBC Night at the races before... I haven't had too many updates from there as I often forget and [T-BONE Racing's website](#) is NEVER updated. Jimmy-the-Shadow claims he gets no reports so he can't update the site... Good excuse... I think he should just make stuff up... Anyway, I saw the SEC-Transportation Sunday after church and he reported a tough night at the races the night before and a lot of work to be done on the car. Luckily, no injuries... Maybe we'll get an update from there someday...**

**Our "thought" of the week?**

**If the professor on Gilligan's Island can make a radio out of coconuts, why can't he fix a hole in a boat?**

**Is there ANYONE that doesn't love Gilligan's Island?**

**What else went on last week? Oh yeah... I headed south to FIB-land for work... Team building it was called... I think the proper name is GOLF. Had a good time but NO DRINK LADY on the front nine. I thought my buddy BO was going to DIE. We survived, and made up for it on the back nine... but I cannot putt... I am HORRIBLE this year... Oh well...**

**Gotta love Rodney Dangerfield... I ran across a couple of his words of wisdom...**

**RODNEY DANGERFIELD-ISH.....**

**I take my wife everywhere, but she keeps finding her way back home.  
I drink too much. The last time I gave a urine sample it had an olive in it.  
I get no respect. The way my luck is running, if I was a politician I would be honest.**

**I have good looking kids. Thank goodness my wife cheats on me.  
I haven't spoken to my wife in years. I didn't want to interrupt her.  
I met the surgeon general - he offered me a cigarette.  
I told my psychiatrist that everyone hates me. He said I was being ridiculous - everyone hasn't met me yet.**

**I told my wife the truth. I told her I was seeing a psychiatrist. Then she told me the truth: that she was seeing a psychiatrist, two plumbers, and a bartender.  
I found there was only one way to look thin, hang out with fat people.**

**The last one's funny, and quite true, but the SEC-W/M takes it WAY too far...**

**Well, that's about it... before I go, a few words of wisdom for our junior members...**

**It's better to be silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt." - Barry McCullagh**

**I think I've used that before, but it seems so profound, especially after spending time with the SEC-W/M this weekend, that I had to post it again...**

**Until next time, take care...**

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

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**July 8, 2005 - The beginning of this week's update takes place a few thousand feet up**

somewhere over Iowa or some other midwestern local. I'm on a plane headed for Dallas and I'm bored... Couldn't find a book in that backwater airport in Minnehaha, and the F&S only lasted so long. (I did learn how to clean a bullhead though... looking forward to trying that...)

Anyway, I have a couple weeks to cover here, but I wanted to start off with the highlight of the summer, maybe of the year, and probably the best fishing day of my life. The story starts off with that no good Sausage Stuffer calling me about fireworks, but more importantly, he says two of the four guys he wanted to go fishing with backed out, so he's down to me, and I need to go. He talks me into it... I know that even if my beautiful bride says "go ahead and have fun", she'll be pissed for something or other when I get back... At least I know that's going in...

So the morning before the Fourth, I'm up early, and can't find any of my coolers, I have almost NO beer, and the better half is already on a tare because I'm playing and she has to work... NOT a good start... Worse yet, the damn store has those damn Styrofoam coolers, but they're \$4! And they don't sell beer until 8am... WHAT SENSE DOES THAT MAKE??? So I'm still crabby from my wisdom teeth extraction, and all this crap is already happening... So I pack up anyway, end having to take some Bud Lite (better than nothing) and the Sausage Stuffer picks me up in his damn sports car. Cripes... I thought we were going fishing???

So we head over to his buddy's place, the one taking us fishing. BM I'll call him for now, because I don't quite have him pegged. Let's just say he's a very interesting guy and an avid fisherman. His boat is way cool! He does this thing right, that's for sure... So we head north to the Menominee River, stopping for some food and stuff (I should have gotten more beer here, but I did OK), drop off the sports car at the X put in and launch at JJ. More on the boat... did I mention it was pretty cool? It's a Hyde Drift boat, and looks kinda like a cross between a whaling boat and a john boat... very comfy and built for fishing. BM motors us north toward the damn a mile or two and we start drifting back... BM is at the oars, and I soon learn why...

Anyway, things are a little slow on the fishing front, but it is really gorgeous out... I'm not really expecting much as my fishing luck the past few years has been pretty bad. SS nails a little northern which gets me going because I like to catch those... We tie into a couple smallies (I lost one) when we head into a stretch with a little faster water... I'm throwing a chartreuse spinner, and all of a sudden it gets nailed... WHAM! After a little horsing of the fish, BM sees it and suggests that I take it easy because it's a pretty nice one... After a good fight, we get it netted, and it's a 20" smallie. (approximate measurement based on BM's expertise and the length of my leg to the first joint). I'm pretty happy, and BM is impressed enough to even take a picture... Needless to say we refloated that section and hit on a few more... Next thing we know, it's lunch time...

So far, the way the boat thing works is two guys fish and the middle guy rows... so BM motors us back to our original put in for lunch, which puts me in the middle, and I'm requested to row us back into shore... I've got some rudimentary rowing knowledge, but this is a slightly bigger boat than your normal row boat, and the oar locks don't maintain your oar angles... So I'm pretty much floundering for a few minutes when our rowing instructor, who was either a little impatient or just really hungry, failed me on the spot... He got the oars and managed to row us to shore in about 11 seconds... I wasn't allowed to touch the oars again...

So far, that was the only even slightly bad part of the day, at least since we left my house... And to be honest, I don't like to row or anything, but it made me feel pretty guilty, not taking my turn... I made up for it by fishing hard, bailing when told to, and only losing two of BM's chartreuse spinners... Oh yeah... lunch...

Did I mention BM does this thing right? After he gets us to shore, we unpack a few items from the boat. A portable gas grill, table, and three chairs. We have a picnic lunch up and running in about five minutes. The SS's cheese brats were pretty good as it was the first solid food I had



since I had the teeth pulled, and it was a really great lunch... really great... After few cigars and cleaning up, we were back on the river drifting down toward the sports car... A few more hits... a few more fish, and then we hit a nice section of faster water... About half way thru the rapids, WHAM!!! Another really nice one, but this one doesn't feel like a smallie... As I get it to the surface, its a freaken walleye! A nice one! On that same chartreuse spinner... we get it netted, and its like 26"! A whopper! (approximate measurement based on BM's expertise and the length of my leg to the first joint plus the length of my outstretched hand...) BM says he's never caught one like that on a spinner, and another picture is taken... Back to the river she goes...

Obviously, we re-fish that section again as well, and more fish are caught... We float/row the most of the rest of the way down and catch a bunch more... How many? I don't know... I think I landed 3 more smallies other than the two big fish... I missed or lost about that many as well... I'd guess SS caught about the same, and BM probably a few more despite the fact that he did most of the rowing... pretty awesome if you ask me...

Anyway, despite my total lack of rowing skills, I was allowed to guard the boat while SS and BM fetched the trailer with the sports car... as I waited, I realized it was probably the most successful fishing day of my life... Either it was a truly great day or I'm just a pathetic fisherman... I'll let you decide that...

Anyway, we loaded the boat and headed home... We stopped and caught a bite to eat on the way home and that was pretty much the end of the day... I had even pretty much forgot about how bad it started, at least until I stepped in the door again... And yes, someone was pissed because I was late... I really didn't even care...

So that's my story... We're getting ready to land, so I'll start this back up Monday... hopefully... Have a great weekend!!!

July 11, 2005 - Good morning and Happy Monday everyone! Well, I made it back alive from Dallas... barely... that's a story for another time, but I am pretty wiped. We "went" in to work at 4 or so on Saturday, got everything ready, then went out and got something to eat, and back at midnight. We worked until 4am, then went straight to the airport and on the way home. Arrived at 1pm or so... a hour nap on the flight and that was it... another hour nap, and then more work, which didn't go well, and off to the Chief's BBall game... 2 hours of sleep... not good... but its over with, and we're on with our update...

First off, "Happy Birthday SEC-State"!!! Colin Phallups celebrated his birthday yesterday, with a picnic style dinner. I was unable to attend due to my other commitments, but I hope he had a great day!

What did you think of my fishing trip? Awesome, huh? Thanks again to BM and SS for taking me, putting up with me, and not throwing me over... It really was a great time. I hope to get the pics from BM and post 'em...

What else is going on...? Well, I mentioned my wisdom teeth extraction... that was fun... the actual pulling wasn't bad at all, but if they send me a bill for \$2K for the 20 minutes it took 'em, I'll be a little pissed... could have been worse though... the recovery wasn't bad, especially the first 3 days or so, but since then my jaw has been pretty sore... but getting better... Oh yeah, that vicodin is pretty good stuff...

Went to the "somewhat" annual 4th party at the Barber's place... had a nice time, but again, I couldn't eat... but the beer was quite delicious. The SEC-State's fireworks dodging was quite enjoyable as well...

**Saw The President... he borrowed my power washer so he could "finish" painting his house... I thought it took ME a long time to paint my house... he's on like 5 years... I suppose I should help him, but I'll wait until the FM offers...**

**Our "thought" of the week...**

**Why don't sheep shrink in the rain?**

**I don't know why, but that makes me think of the SEC-W/M... he has a special affinity for large sheep...**

**Got this one from a couple guys... Half of the Jack/Ass team and Sturgeon General... Got it a bit ago and forgot to post it... its kinda blurry, but AWESOME!**



**I'd love to make one of those, but how would it ever come out that cool?**

**Man, is it ever a Monday... makes this little story seem appropriate...**

**An Indian walks into a cafe with a shotgun in one hand and a bucket of buffalo manure in the other.**

**He says to the waiter, "Me want coffee."**

**The waiter says, "Sure chief, coming right up."**

**He gets the Indian a tall mug of coffee, and the Indian drinks it down in one gulp, picks up the bucket of manure, throws it into the air, blasts it with the shotgun, then just walks out.**

**The next morning the Indian returns.**

**He has his shotgun in one hand and a bucket of buffalo manure in the other.**

**He walks up to the counter and says to the waiter, "Me want coffee."**

**The waiter says, "Whoa, Tonto. We're still cleaning up your mess from the last time you were here. What the heck was all that about, anyway?"**

**The Indian smiles and proudly says, "Me training for upper management position: Come in, drink coffee, shoot shit, leave mess for others to clean up, disappear for rest of day."**

**We got a LOT of that going on around here...**

**Heading south on Wednesday for more work (golf) and some team building (beer) with BO and the boys. Should be a good time... Ma Nelson's birthday is coming up, so that means crabbing... SEC-W/M stopped by yesterday and we're looking at 2 or so on Saturday for the first pull... should be a good time... If you can, wish Ma Nelson a happy 81st on Friday...**

**Well, that's all I got time for... before I go, a few words of wisdom for our junior members...**

***"If you find yourself pleased that you locate more balls in the rough than you actually have lost, your focus is totally wrong and your personality might not be right for golf... it is also just a matter of time before the IRS investigates your business." -- unknown***

***I'm not sure exactly what that means, but I'm usually pretty happy when I leave the golf course with as many balls as I arrived with... I like my balls... I'll have to get The President or FM to explain that one to me...***

***Until next time, take care...***

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

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