

The curtamous page

August 2006 Archived Notes

[[Home](#)] [[OCT13](#)] [[SEPI3](#)] [[AUG13](#)] [[JUL13](#)] [[JUN13](#)] [[MAY13](#)] [[APRI3](#)] [[MARI3](#)] [[FEB13](#)] [[JAN13](#)] [[DEC12](#)] [[NOV12](#)] [[OCT12](#)] [[SEPI2](#)] [[AUG12](#)] [[JUL12](#)] [[JUN12](#)] [[MAY12](#)] [[APRI2](#)] [[MARI2](#)] [[FEB12](#)] [[JAN12](#)] [[2002_Notes](#)] [[2003_Notes](#)] [[2004_Notes](#)] [[2005_Notes](#)] [[2006_Notes](#)] [[2007_Notes](#)] [[2008_Notes](#)] [[2009_Notes](#)] [[2010_Notes](#)] [[2011_Notes](#)]

[Aug 7, 2006](#)

[Aug 14, 2006](#)

[Aug 28, 2006](#)

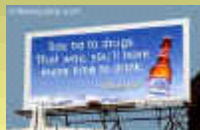
Aug 28, 2006 - *Jak se Maj! Morning! No, not "good" morning... just "morning"... We had our annual church meeting and picnic yesterday, and for some reason, I always feel REALLY lousy the next day... I don't know why... So anyway, this'll be a short update, despite the two week layoff...*

The highlite of the last two weeks? Well, the annual church meeting and picnic! It went incredibly well, most likely due to the fact that the FDA Chair came and made his real authentic Bohemian style booyah! It was awesome! RAVE reviews from all present. We even had a couple partial Belgians that agreed it was the best booyah they ever had.

In fact, one of the Belgians had a theory to this whole Belgian claim that they "invented" booyah. Seems that by the late 1800's and early 1900's, a few partial blooded Belgians actually got enough intelligence into their gene pool that they figured out how to boil water. After many years of training, they were able to teach a couple full blooded Belgians how to do it too. One of them dropped a piece of chicken in the water during a lesson and found out it flavored the water. Like a typical silly Belgian, they tried to patent this idea, only to find out most cultures had been making "soup" since the dawn of man... Years later they were at a church picnic, had a bowl of booyah, and exclaimed "Hey! We've been making this for years!!!" and they've been claiming it ever since...

Sounds like a plausible story to me...

How about a couple billboards...



Better get this weeks' drinking schedule posted right away too...

28 St. Augustine of Hippo's Day. Patron saint of brewers wrote that God didn't mind the occasional bender. **Trappist ale.**

29 Pardon the Sea Day (British). Damned polite of them, considering all the sailors they've lost. **Grog.**

30 Aga-Ou Festival (Voodoo). Top notch voodoo elephant festival. **Voodoo Spiced Rum.**

31 Snake Dance Festival (Hopi). Best performed after falling off a barstool. **King**

Cobra Malt Liquor

1 Labor Day Weekend Starts. "A person can work up a mean mean thirst after a hard day of nothin' much." —Replacements.

Working Man's Zinfandel

2 oz tequila

2 oz scotch

1 oz cinnamon schnapps

1 oz peach schnapps

Sprite

Mix liquor with ice, top with Sprite.

2 World War II ends (1945). Drunks save the free world from tyrannical teetotaler.

Victory Collins

1 1/2 oz Vodka

3 oz lemon juice

3 oz grape juice, unsweetened

1 tsp powdered sugar

1 slice orange

Shake with ice, strain into a Collins glass over ice cubes. Garnish with orange slice.

3 Lost Day. Good day to start a bender. Pint of rye.

Oh-oh... Sunday's going to be another doosey!

Here's a good one from a lady at work...

WISCONSIN FRIENDS

Other Friends: Never ask for food

WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Are the reason you have no food.

Other Friends: Call your parents Mr. and Mrs.

WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Call your parents mom and dad.

Other Friends: Bail you out of jail and tell you what you did was wrong.

WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Would be sitting next to you saying, Damn...we screwed up...but that shit was fun!"

Other Friends: Have never seen you cry.

WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Make you laugh so hard you cry.... then piss your pants.

Other Friends: Borrow your stuff for a few days then give it back.

WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Keep your stuff so long they forget it's yours.

Other Friends: know a few things about you.

WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Could write a book with direct quotes from you.

Other Friends: Will leave you behind if that's what the crowd is doing.

WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Will kick the whole crowds ass that left you.

Other Friends: Would knock on your door.

WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Walk right in and say, "I'm home!"

Other Friends: Are for a while.
WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Are for life.

Other Friends: Will take your drink away when they think you've had enough.
WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Will look at you stumbling all over the place and say, "Bitch, you better drink the rest of that, you know we don't waste!!"

Other Friends: Will talk shit to the person who talks shit about you.
WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Will knock them the hell out!!

Other Friends: Will ignore this.
WISCONSIN FRIENDS: Will repost this

I think that's pretty much perfect!

Well, I think that's about it... Last week was a total loss as I spent too much time traveling. This week should be better, as soon as I start feeling human again... With Labor Day next Monday, the diatribe will be late again...

That's it... I'm too tired to type anymore... But before I go, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"Sure, lets have another..." -- Fellow Parishioner

No wonder I don't feel good today...

Until next time, take care...

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

curtamous

Aug 14, 2006 - Jak se Maj! Good morning! Welcome back to work... I took Friday off last week, so it was a REALLY nice long weekend. Been so darn busy around here that just an extra day off was a real treat.

So, what did I do on my day off? Well, the original plan was to head north with the Chief. That blew up relatively early as he didn't ask off at work and was on the schedule for Saturday. So instead I did a bunch of crap around home. Actually it turned out to be a pretty nice low key type of day... I needed one of those...

I stopped over at the President's Friday evening to go over the plans and see what was up. The President got home late, and even had his garage locked so I couldn't even get a beer while I waited... As it turns out, it was good the Chief couldn't make it north as the AG couldn't go either due to football practice. So the President was heading north alone Friday night... and I started to get nervous...

I told The President I'd be up at the cabin early Saturday morning so we could get our work done. 7:30'ish... Well, I hit Moonshine by 7:15, and since I didn't really want to get The President out of bed, I took a ride on the back road to check out the logging... Looked ok... By the time I was back at the cabin, it was 7:30, and The President was just crawling out of bed... After a slightly harsh greeting, we got busy...

We started by tearing off the old skirting... When The President had to cut some so we wouldn't ruin the siding, and the gap from the cut was quickly closed by the weight of the cabin, he realized that maybe we DO have an issue here... We got a jack under the center beam just to help support the weight, finished tearing out the skirting, and got busy on the forms. The forms went well, and by 11am we were pitching concrete, and by 1pm we were pretty much done. We cleaned up a bit, and then had to decide what to do...

Well, I was pretty set on heading over to Townsend for the booyah, so I talked The President into it. The plan was to head over, eat, and get back early to clean up our mess and watch the game. It was a good plan!

We headed over, and after a nice ride, found the Gutzman beach house with little effort. Of course, the FDA Chair's booyah was EXCELLENT, despite its Bohemian origins... The first sign of trouble was the fact that my beer can was pretty much always empty. Then, the SEC-State got special dispensation to come back to the cabin with us. After taking quite some time to extract ourselves from the party (my beer finally ran out), we decided to try to find the Davister's place. The 3 of us packed in the truck with The President navigating... found it with no problem... Really nice place, and they had beer... Oh boy... After a tour and a "few" beers, it was almost dark, and we had a long drive ahead and the Packers were going to start soon...

Well, we made it back into Marinette County by 9pm, so we decided to stop so we could watch the kickoff. Got to see Brett get knocked down a few times and headed on. Until we stopped again... Got to see the second Charger touchdown and the then headed on... Until we stopped again... By this time we were pretty hungry, but Diane wasn't serving, so we headed home... Finally... The President fired up one of his famous Saur Kraut pizza's and we were good to go... Well, the SEC-State had been up since 3 the PREVIOUS day, so after a small spill on his part, he hit the bunk and it was just two to eat pizza and watch the rest of the game... Overall, a GREAT DAY!!!

Sunday morning wasn't too bad, so we got down as much breakfast as we could handle, checked out the concrete pads which looked fine, cleaned up the mess from the day before, and the SEC-State (who had to work at 5) and I were on our way.

I got home to an empty house, so I cleaned up and since I was a little tired, decided to punish myself by priming the ceiling of the shop. It turned out pretty good and I only sweat out about 8 pounds doing it...

Well, that's my story for this weekend, and I'm sticking to it...

How about a couple billboards...



A billboard for 'Good check out your stool samples' with a picture of a stool and a glass. The text on the billboard is 'Good check out your stool samples' and 'Lieschenstein'.

And not that I'm all that interested in it right now, we have to check out what are we drinking this week...

*14 Trifon Zaresan Festival. Bulgarian wine drinking celebration. **Bulgarian wine.***

15 Liechtenstein National Day. The populace of this tiny monarchy drink more per

capita than anyone on the planet.

Mighty Mouse

1 oz Vodka

3/4 oz Triple sec

3/4 oz Grenadine

Mix and shoot.

16 Charles Bukowski's Birthday (1920). Open and close a dive. *Thunderbird.*

17 Feast of the Hungry Ghosts (China). Remember: Ghosts are afraid of whiskey. *Whiskey.*

18 Bad Poetry Day. That's every day for some of you. *Port.*

19 Burn Witch Burn Day (1609). Among the crimes the Salem witches were accused of was making good beer go bad.

Frisky Witch

1 1/2 oz Black Sambuca

1 1/2 oz Vodka

Mix and shoot.

20 National Homeless Animals Day. If activists tied a bottle of scotch around every stray's neck, they would all be adopted immediately. And named Lucky. *Lucky Lager.*

I think if the BBC became a monarchy, we could take Liechtenstein... Also, gotta remember the 17th... Never knew that about ghosts and whiskey... No wonder there are none at the cabin...

If I didn't mention it, the SEC-HSS is out of town for a week. The flew to Phoenix, drove to San Diego for the game, and today are either back in Phoenix or on their way back from Vegas... Hope he has a good time... This morning the beautiful bride and the Chief headed south to FIB-land for school shopping... I can hear the cash registers ringing already... So anyway, at least for tonight, I'm bacheloring it... should be nice and quiet... Unless The President stops over...

Well, after the extra day off, I got lots to do... In fact, the next two weeks are going to be a real bitch, so if there's no update, you'll just have to wait... Before I go, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

*"Let me tell you the one thing I have against Moses. He took us forty years into the desert in order to bring us to the one place in the Middle East that has no oil!" -
- Golda Meir*

With all the crap going on in the middle east, I thought that was kinda funny...

Until next time, take care...

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

curtamous

Aug 7, 2006 - Jak se Maj! Howdy folks and happy Monday! Another beautiful day today! Had a nice weekend with a little rain to keep everyone at least somewhat happy. Lets see what's going on...

Actually, one quick note in regards to last week's diatribe. Once a Belgian has determined that

he/she is right, there's no changing course... I doubt God himself could convince them... In fact, there's a saying that God has a special love for small children and fools... that pretty much covers it...

Busy weekend at the Nelson place... My first task was to seal the fence... Started around 9am... Had about 4 gallons of Thompson's, and figured I'd be done by noon... At 3pm, after a trip to Menards to refill, I was wrapping up... It went well using a roller, but it sure is time consuming... Nice though... Had the radio on... beautiful weather... the wife was gone... Not bad at all... But I was kinda shot for the day...

I did get the mudding on my shop ceiling done though... Finished sanding Saturday, then touched it up and we're pretty much ready for primer... I'm amazed at how long that took. But it was a crappy job, and I have a way of avoiding those... On to the next project up there...

Here's a couple billboards...



That second one always makes me think of the junior membership...

Stopped by The President's on Saturday to check out the situation for this weekend. The plan is to head north either Friday or Saturday and get the cement pads poured so we can stabilize or jack up the cabin. I gotta wait on my work schedule and the Chief's schedule to see when we're heading up, but I'm sure we'll be up bright and early Saturday morning to start pitching cement. The idea is to get 'er done early so we can head to the Gutzman's for some of the FDA Chair's booyah... (Yes, Bohemian style booyah "stolen" from the Belgians...) But this is a "Bob" project, so we may be done either by noon or Monday... If you want in on the action, give The President a call or drop me a line...

With all the weird weather and talk of global warning, I had someone send me some proof...



Gotta love that... Can't wait until 2050!

Well, what are we drinking this week?

*7 Customer Appreciation Day. Hip your bartender to this one. **One on the cuff.***

*8 Anniversary of the Great Train Robbery (1963). Pub pals make off with \$7 million. **Beer with your more ambitious buddies.***

*9 National Polka Day. Doesn't sound so bad if you're really, really drunk. **Steins of beer.***

*10 St. Lawrence of Rome's Day. Patron saint of cooks, protector of vineyards. **Cooking sherry.***

11 Puck Fair (Irish). In Ireland Puck is often blamed for finishing pub-goers drinks. *Your barstool neighbor's drink.*

12 International Youth Day. When they march past the pub, taunt them with your drink. *Aged scotch.*

13 Don Ho's Birthday (1930). Patron saint of fat drunk guys in loud Hawaiian shirts. *Tiki drinks.*

Saturday sounds like fun!

The SEC-W/M celebrates another year this week, so if you see him, wish him well...

More work to do, so I better get rolling... But before I go, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"It's so simple to be wise. Just think of something stupid to say and then don't say it." --Sam Levenson

That's kinda in honor of this week's birthday boy... He usually has the first part right... :-)

Until next time, take care...

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

curtamous

[[Home](#)] [[Up](#)] [[DEC06](#)] [[NOV06](#)] [[Oct06](#)] [[Sep06](#)] [[Aug06](#)] [[Jul06](#)] [[Jun06](#)] [[May06](#)] [[APR06](#)] [[MAR06](#)] [[FEB06](#)] [[JAN06](#)]

Last Updated: Friday, January 30, 2009

Page Hits