

# Bob's Buck Camp

## Camp Board:

### • Senior Members

President  
-Bob Mathis  
Vice President  
-Curt Nelson  
Secretary of State  
-Keith Rollin  
FDA Chairman  
-Carl Nelson  
Foreign Minister  
-Paul Lancell

### • Junior Members

Sturgeon General  
-Tony Nelson  
Comptroller  
-Adam Rollin  
Janitor  
-Casey Nelson  
Sec. Of Trans.  
-Greg Thompson  
Weights/Measures  
-Ric Thompson

### • Recognized

#### Foreign Diplomats

Ambassador from  
"da UP"  
-Jim Sipiorski  
LGBT President  
-Tom Anderson  
Ambassador from  
Crooked Lake  
-Frank Leiterman

## Individual

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Dateline: Crivitz, WI

## Another Banner Year at Deer Camp 2001!!!

By V.P. Nelson

The 2001 hunting season at Bob's Buck Camp again lived up to its reputation of good friends, good drink, good food, and good times.

The Camp was officially opened on Thursday by the vice president with foodstuffs being stocked, water turned on, and the floors mopped. Thursday night arrivals included our secretary of state and comptroller and the sturgeon general and

janitor. Friday night saw our president arrive followed by the secretary of transportation. Finally the secretary of weights/measures arrive with the president's son. Our FDA Chairman did not arrive until late Saturday, post Badger game. Notably absent this year was our Foreign Minister who, due to conflicting appointments, would not have left home without two certain personal possessions. He decided to skip this year...

By Tuesday the last of the senior staff cleared out leaving the president to close the cabin for winter.

The president once again conducted his safety seminar on Friday night. It was extremely well received and appreciated by all.

Despite the hunters spending numerous hours in the field tracking that elusive trophy, much fun was had with the dice box and at the card tables.

## DEER CAMP 2001 Results: No Big Surprises...

By Keith Rollin (AKA Colin Pallups)

With high expectations and excitement Deer Hunt '01 started early Saturday, November 17 with above normal temperatures and no snow. This is OK if you don't like the cold weather. With everyone out of the cottage (sorry Bob) and in the woods on time the hunt was on. With a slight frost turning into a melt down (drip, drip, drip) the hunt was slow with little or no shots heard. If I may go back a bit, 90% of the crew stayed out longer than 45 minutes Tony! But I've

been there before (Right Curt?) so don't be ashamed.

As the hours and candy bars went by, it became apparent that this was another fruitless year. But to our credit we stayed out until approx. 11:00.

Time for breakfast and Shiney's. (How little did we know what was in store for us from one of the inventors of Shiney's?).

The afternoon hunt brought little more than the morning, although V.P. Nelson did report the

sighting of three brave deer. No luck in getting any shots off though. The close of the day was upon us with nothing on the meat pole. Good job by all for racking up a record amount of man-hours in the woods for an opening day.

It was now cocktail hour(s), and Ma Nelson's finest. The rest of Saturday is now history and a bit foggy. But I'll let someone else recap that bit of history. Sunday's hunt was, well, it wasn't. Good Luck next year in Deer Hunt '02.



## News from the Boys Up the Road

By V.P. Nelson

The boys from Deer Central stopped on Monday night of Deer Camp to report on their results. Unlike most years, they did not report seeing as many deer as usual in their whitetail paradise.

Yet on Monday, Jim made a push toward Tom and saw deer as soon as he entered the field. He then jumped two bucks and sent them on their way in Tom's direction. Tom saw them in high gear, and made two snap shots. When Jim got to Tom's stand, he asked if he shot the "big one". Tom said,

"What big one?" as he barely saw more than a flash of brown. As their (typical) luck would have it, Tom dropped one of the bucks, but not the big one.

As I've had no further reports from either, I assume they never got the "big one".

## From the Stove...

By V.P. Nelson

Various culinary delights were again had during Deer Camp 2001. Thursday's trip to the Nimrod was once again enjoyed. Beef, pork and seafood were all ordered. As always, pickled herring was a mainstay on the salad bar. Lunch on

Friday was also at Nimrod's, with various hunters enjoying chicken dumping soup, chili, burgers and fries. Friday night's sour kraut was the highlight of the day and was enjoyed by many. Breakfast on Saturday and Sunday consisted of standard fair; eggs and sausage or side pork.

Lunches included a new addition to the menu, hot dogs. Loaded with chili, they kept us satisfied until cocktail hour. Again the peak of the weekend eating was had on Saturday night with "Ma Nelson's Swiss Steak Extravaganza". All had their fill with little leftover...

**"...loaded with chili, they kept us satisfied until cocktail hour."**

## Camp Financial Report

By Adam Rollin

The financial status for Bob's Cottage (its not a cabin anymore due to running water) is in strong condition. The "Shake of the Day" was very profitable and

was a much-needed financial boost. Also almost all of the cabin rent is collected. (I'm still calculating Tony's share due to an overuse fee.) Since the cottage is in such good financial condition I have nothing

else to report at this time.

*(Editor's Note: We're not sure of the reason for our Comptroller's brevity, but we're sure a more detailed report will be presented at our next board meeting.)*



## In Memory

2001 wasn't the first year that Mr. Rick (Thompson) didn't make it to Deer Camp, as he missed 2000, but after losing him last January, he was missed him all the more this year. The "I SHOT A BUCK" clock was put back up during camp, and will remain there in his memory.



## Bucky Badger and Bob's Deer Camp

### "A Match Made in Wisconsin"

By Carl Nelson

Wisconsin Badger football. Deer Camp at Bob's. A fall would not be complete without both of these. When you put them together, however, you get something truly special. Either event is great based on it's own merit, but their combination, that's the stuff that legends are made of.

They compliment each other perfectly. Throw in large amounts of beer, tequila, whiskey, beer, cigars, and of course, beer, and you have an experience like no other.

Here's how the magic began...

The year is 1993, and it's the first year I came up to deer camp. Dad and I came up on Saturday, late morning. We stopped for breakfast, a bottle of tequila (Curt's birthday present), and a few beers. While at the bar, we watched Michigan finish off Ohio State. This meant that Bucky was tied for 1<sup>st</sup> place, and if we could win out, we would be in the Rose Bowl. We headed up to the cabin, and watched Bucky kick the crap out of Illinois. It was a foregone conclusion that we would stomp Michigan State in a couple of weeks. We celebrated into the wee hours, including

getting rid of the tequila. Was it just fate that I go up to Bob's and the Badgers go to the Rose Bowl? You be the judge.

Now the year is 1998, and I have to make one of the most difficult decisions in my life. The Badgers are playing Penn State for the Big Ten title at 2:30 on the 1<sup>st</sup> day of Deer Camp 1998. Badgers, or Deer Camp, what should I do? I decided to sacrifice body, mind, and soul, (and what was left of my sanity) and do both. It wasn't easy, but it was worth it. Nick Davis broke the game open with a punt return, and we cruised to victory. I sat in the stands, in a daze, thinking, we made it to another Rose Bowl. I quickly snapped out of my fog, though, remembering I had a mission to complete. I made it to camp by 10:30pm, just in time to watch the replay. Fortunately I had a bottle of cherry bounce to help sustain me through the long, long night. Many a toast to the ROSE BOWL was raised that night. What a night!! I didn't recover until Tuesday. Once again Bucky Badger, and Bob's cabin combined to rule the world.

1993 and 1998 were the most memorable years, but every year we have something to cheer, or

bitch about in regards to the Badgers. We've had many, many deep conversation on the subject (mostly Omar, and I). Those discussions were always over several beers, so it fit perfectly into life at Deer Camp. The undisputable fact is that when I started coming to Bob's, the Badgers started their most successful decade of football.

Need more evidence linking Bucky Badger to Bob's Deer Camp:

- **Bucky** Badger and **Buck** hunting
- Hunters sit in **stands** at Deer **Camp**. I sit in the **stands** at **Camp** Randall
- Bucky and Bob both wear sweaters.
- The Badgers wear Red and White. Hunters wear orange (which is close to red), and hunt for whitetail deer
- Camp Randall and Bob's cabin are each 97.45 miles from my house.
- Crivitz and Madison both have 7 letters.

As you can see, it is undeniable. Bucky Badger and Bob's Deer Camp are truly a match made in Wisconsin.



Bucky and his chunk of Cheddar Cheese!

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*"I decided to sacrifice body, mind, and soul, (and what was left of my sanity) and do both."*



Scenes from Camp Randall West 2000

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*"Just to clear the record, there is a small water spring in front of my stand. That is why it looked slightly moist."*



Our Sec. Of Transportation on his way to his deer stand...?

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*"...and you knew you'd regret those last three bowls of saur kraut and dumplings."*

## Twinkies in the Stand

By Greg Thompson

I have the best deer scent that no Buck or Doe can refuse. It is the scent of Twinkies. It has just the right amount of sweetness that is necessary to bring in the trophy deer. I have done a lot of research in the two years that I have been up to Deer Camp.

The first year I used the original Twinkie, very delicious I might add. I took eight out with me in the first trial run. This was opening morning. I had them all eaten by nine or ten o'clock. You might be wondering why I ate them so fast. This was so that I could get a good scent out there. I saw no deer. In the second trial run that afternoon, I took eight

more and still no sign of any deer. Many accused me of sleeping and said that a deer urinated in front of my stand. Just to clear the record, there is a small water spring in front of my stand. That is why it looked slightly moist.

The second year I went up to Deer Camp I tried a different variation of Twinkie. I used Zingers. They have a same creamy filling as the original, but they have a delightful yellow frosting on them. Very Tasty I might say. Opening morning I once again took eight of them with me and ate them very quickly. And also once again I didn't see anything. That same afternoon I took eight again and saw nothing so

I went in early to watch the Badger game. When the guys came in they said that the deer went right past my stand. This means that I am right on the perfect scent because I left the wrappers out there to attract the deer.

So, as you can see, the scent must be working. And as you can also see, there is nothing wrong with my hunting techniques as most of you think. Now after analyzing my data I found out what I have to do to get a trophy buck. I have to stop being so selfish with my Zingers! This coming year I am going to bring two boxes of Zingers. One for me and one for that Trophy Buck out there.

## How to Have an Enjoyable Outdoor Experience

by the janitor

It's four o'clock in the morning, and you're laying in bed dreaming of the buck you're gonna shoot in the morning. Or in other cases, dreaming of the Twinkies you'll eat or the bed you'll crawl back into an hour into the hunt.

All of a sudden, you're woken by a sharp pain in your gut, and you knew you'd regret those last three bowls of saur kraut and dumplings. This pain is unbearable, and you know you've gotta do something about it: take a visit to your friend and mine, the outhouse. Here are some tips on how to have an enjoyable experience:

- ✓ Bring a couple of quarters. Cabin rent is always growing, and as long as you're on Bob's watch, you don't sit for free.
- ✓ Make sure you bring some high-class, quality reading material. My suggestion – (The Bible), and lots of it.
- ✓ Make sure you have toilet paper *before* you go. Leaves might sound like a good idea at the time, but band-aids don't really stick to that area of the body too well.
- ✓ Don't be alarmed by that horribly ugly man staring back at you, he's not a killer, it's just a mirror.

## Cabin Updates

Water! What else can be said? Deer Camp 2001 initiated a new era in Deer Camp with the addition of running water. While the 1960 era faucet was not completely leak proof, it eliminated the need of the much-dreaded "WATER RUN"!

With water prices high this year, a shake of the day "three of a kind" free drink of water was welcome to all hunters. And for the first time in memory,

dishes were properly rinsed after washing. With this kind of update, who knows what 2002 will bring. Hot showers?

Much discussion was had concerning new by-laws, especially a new lights out guideline. Notions concerning lights out at midnight, and all desiring to continue conversation being dispatched to the campfire will be discussed at the next quarterly meeting.

Donations to the "Shake of the Day" fund were exceptional. Proceeds will be directed toward new hunting equipment.

Improvements on tap for next year include a new wood shed and "drier, more plentiful wood" to occupy it as well as a new fixture for the sink. New kitchen cabinets were discussed but will likely come as quickly as the well and water line.



## Heard in Camp...

*"43 minutes... that's gotta be a record"*

*"Good Stuff!!!"*

*"30 Point Buck!"*

*"What does this look like, a \$%&#@& Tahoe?!"*

*"Damn Packers"*

*"More Shineys"*

*"I want to play at Ric's table when we play sheephead"*

*"Where's Tony?"*

*"I swear he was back here in 45 minutes!"*

*"You PASSED on that??? Maurer!!!"*

*"Whitey, maybe you should go to bed..."*

*"She's hot, but she's no Anna Kournikova"*

*"I gotta crush ALL the cans?"*

*"What was that smell?"*



## Sturgeon General: New Study Finds Alcohol to Have Profound Affect on Deer Stand Endurance

By Tony Nelson

In a study conducted by the newly appointed sturgeon general, alcohol was found to have a profound affect on the amount of time a hunter can remain in their deer stand.

The test patient was only able to remain on his stand for a little under an hour. The patient stated that his inability to remain on his stand was largely due to the extreme exhaustion from the previous night of drinking, considerable hangover, and I quote "those darn dogs next store just wouldn't stop barking, so what is the point of looking for deer when the dogs would scare them away". The exact validity of that quote is still under scrutiny.

The patient also said that the fact that he was up in a tree stand had an effect on his decision to pack it in early. In previous years, he would have just slept in his stand, much like many of the other hung-over hunters who are too tired to walk all the way back to the mansion to sleep. Other possible explanations for the lack of endurance could have been the relatively short distance back to the mansion, the fear of actually seeing a deer in the woods, or the fact that the patient couldn't afford

to process a deer if he ever shot one. However, all of these theories are not given much credibility.

The overall conclusion was that being still drunk/hung-over in your deer stand combined with waking up so darn early makes you want to go back to bed.

The purpose for the study was to try and get a better understanding for just exactly what effect alcohol has on the endurance of a stand hunter. Before this study was conducted, relatively little was actually known about how alcohol affected the hunter, other than the fact that it gives you a real bad headache in the morning.

Another known fact about large amounts of alcohol consumption is that it generally makes you feel bad. One thing that is still unknown is why the heavy use of alcohol affects hunters in different ways. It's probably because some hunters are bigger wimps than others.

Due to the incredible risk involved in conducting this study, the test subject shall remain anonymous. The protocol for the study called for the test subject to (and I quote from the grant application) "drink a safe but sizable amount of alcohol and see how you feel in the morning".

Obviously, the protocol was achieved on all three nights of the weekend, with the last night definitely being the pinnacle of the test.

The suburbs of Athelstane were chosen as the site for this revolutionary study. More specifically, the study was conducted on the plantation of our president. This plot of land was specifically chosen for its extreme unlikelihood to contain deer as well as the large population of really loud barking dogs next door. This groundbreaking study was conducted during the first weekend of the Wisconsin gun deer season.

In the future, the sturgeon general hopes to continue testing the results from this study. Some added details that may be tested are the effects of no alcohol (it will be a cold day in hell when that actually happens), not even buying a license (and spending that \$20 on more "supplies"), and bringing multiple bottles of cherry bounce. Other studies that the sturgeon general is considering are where to put the (edited), a follow up on the effect of Bob's priceless sweater at (edited), how to convince the UW system to give students off the week prior to deer hunting, and how to make a suburban into a Tahoe.




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*"In the future, the sturgeon general hopes to continue testing the results from this study."*





Some Bucks are luckier than others...

## A Lifetime of Luck on a Buck

By Ric Thompson

(Editors note: The following is an account based on an actual true saga. However, liberal amounts of fiction were applied to augment the stories appeal. History is often distorted in such ways...)

"Hey Bob!!! I shot a Buck!!!" These were the words that were heard repeatedly the last time that a Thompson had killed a deer at Deer Camp. "Shut... the hell... UP!!!" (or something like that) was heard in reply by the President. Last year, it was a younger Thompson that made the kill to earn the shineys and oreo cookies, and subsequent blue jay food at Deer Camp 2000.

The luck of the hunters at Deer Camp had not been good over the last few years. Issues ranged from forgetting ammo, to sleeping in a bed of Twinkie wrappers, to the Civil War reenactment of 1999. In 2000, the luck had swung in the direction of one young hunter,

hunting only due to the fear of the guest from Crooked Lake (The Ambassador from Crooked Lake no less) that he awoke to seated in front of him in the cabin.

For years there had not been a trophy buck seen during opening season at the camp. But in 2000, the Big One came by. At 3:30 in the afternoon on opening day, an eight pointer strolled along his path usually followed in search of the lovin' that all males set out to find. The first thought of a shot came at 120 yards from the young Thompson stand. The buck then turned to follow a runway that went directly past the stand. The second chance to pull the trigger came at 20 yards. The nerves were beginning to set in. Finally, at the 20 yard point, the buck made the suicidal move and turned broadside and stood hoping to catch the aroma of amorous doe that was his goal. BANG!!! The first shot was fired dropping the monster buck where he stood, ass only. With a

strategic shot, Thompson had taken out the back leg to give him a clearer killing shot. BANG!!! Shot two was the killer, straight through the heart; the buck's hunt for lust was over. After three more earth moving shots the buck stopped its dying seizure.

After a brief celebration, the traditional gutting of the deer took place, headed by the president and his cabinet. Shineys were cracked (some left along the trail) and men rejoiced in song about the kill. The camp spoke of lucky shots and killing in self-defense. Thompson knew though, that the only luck involved was the luck that brought the buck to him. If it was a lifetime of luck that was used in slaying the great beast, now mounted on the wall as you enter 1135 High Avenue, it was well worth it. And by the looks of the 2001 season, there may be none like it left. To the members of the camp, young Thompson smiles and says as his father did, "Hey Bob!!! I shot a Buck!!!"

### Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter

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In our next newsletter:

The Life of Bob  
Gutting a Deer  
Dehydration in Camp  
2002 Projections  
Clocks and Their Usage  
...and much, much,  
more!

We're ALMOST on  
the Web!

See us soon at:  
[www.nytimes.com](http://www.nytimes.com)

## About Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter...

Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter is brought to you by Bob. Without Bob's goodwill, cash, luck, perseverance, resources, guidance, and ingenuity, Bob's Buck Camp and Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter would cease to exist.

Our senior board members try to emulate Bob and make him proud of our endeavors.

Our junior members merely crave a morsel of Bob's attention whenever possible and are ecstatic at a simple word of praise.

Our thanks go out to Bob for his resolve, resourcefulness, money, grace, leadership, and assets, but most of all for his boyish good looks.

*The Editor...*