

Bob's Buck Camp

Camp Board:

• Senior Members

President
-Bob Mathies
Vice President
-Curt Nelson
Secretary of State
-Keith Rollin
FDA Chairman
-Carl Nelson
Foreign Minister
-Paul Lancelle
Attorney General
-Matt Mathies

• Junior Members

Sec.Interior/Exterior
-Mike Mathies
Sturgeon General
-Tony Nelson
Comptroller
-Adam Rollin
Sec. De'fence
-Casey Nelson
Sec. Of Trans.
-Greg Thompson
Weights/Measures
-Ric Thompson
Chief Inspector
-Jake Nelson

• Recognized Foreign Diplomats

Ambassadors:
-Jim Sipiorski ('da U.P.)
-Frank Leiterman (Crooked Lake)
-Shawn Krueger (FBC)
LGBT President
-Tom Anderson

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Dateline: Crivitz, WI

Deer Camp 2003: The Streak Continues

By VP Nelson

As has been the time honored tradition and legacy passed on from our forefathers, Deer Camp 2003 was another year of excellence. As is always the case, great friends, great food and drink, and great fun were had by all! This year the camp was opened early Thursday morning by the VP and our Comptroller.

As always, camp preparations kept the early arrivals from too

much mischief, but libations were shared as chores were completed. The FDA Chairman and Sturgeon General arrived mid-afternoon and spearheaded a supply run. The SEC-State and SEC-Weights/Measures arrived in time to make the annual run to the Nimrod for Thursday evening dinner with the boys up the road.

After an extremely good meal at the Nimrod, cards and libations were shared at the camp. Problems

with the well and a late night dispute over a card violation resulted in a much-unappreciated call to the President's home.

The President and Attorney General arrived early Friday before trekking back home to pay respects to the FM's late father-in-law. They returned shortly after the SEC-D'Fence, SEC-Transportation, and future Chief Inspector arrived, shortly before suppertime. (Cont. ► See Deer Camp 2003 – Page 2)

Bored Updates: What Might Have Been...

By SEC-State

Sitting in my blind on opening day is like no other. The excitement of the hunt has reached its pinnacle for every hunter. This year was different, or so I thought.

About 45 minutes into the hunt I heard a crackling noise to my right. Slowly I turned to see what it was but was disappointed to see nothing but trees. Two minutes later I heard the same noise. Again I turned slowly to look but saw nothing. A short time later I heard it again, but this time I waited to turn. I heard it again and again and slowly turned to look.

There he was! The biggest (size and antlers) buck I had ever seen. As I stared in amazement, my heart began to race wildly. Slowly I raised up my rifle to get a look at him through my scope. I focused on him only to find that he had spotted me, or so I thought. For what seemed like an eternity, we stared at each other. With only a straight on shot I patiently waited for him to turn in any direction. Finally he turned and gave me a perfect shot. As I began to gently pull the trigger I heard that same crackling noise again. I blinked for only a second... and then woke up.

The noise I had heard was me snoring. The biggest, best buck I had ever seen was just a dream. So in reality, this season was like any other; no deer, and lots of dozing off. We did log a lot of hours in the woods on opening day, but nobody got lost, and we did not have to wage war in the "President-in-Training's" blind.

Sunday was a wash, literally, with it raining all day. Thank goodness the Packers played an entertaining game and won. (Cont. ► See Bored Updates – Page 3)

A Word from Bob...



Congrats to all on the successful hunt again this year. As always it is a real pleasure hunting with such dedicated sportsmen as yourselves.

Our new junior members seemed to handle the pressure as first year members of the camp. The knowledge they gained, and their eagerness to gain more should help them in their

future years at Buck's camp. words to ponder:

Up coming events include woodcutting in spring and to finish the bunkhouse.

The all important thing to remember is on January 1, 2004 there will only be 324 days left till deer hunting season.

In closing, it is only proper to leave you with some

Stopping to contemplate what you have done is just a rest period before you try to do it better.

To all the members of the B.B.C. it is your dedicated duty to take a moment for a toast to the good year we had and to better years to come.

Bob

Deer Camp 2003/from Page 1

"Deer Camp 2003 was uniquely special with the latest additional of next generation hunters."

While I did not venture forth on Friday for the annual trek to the Nimrod for lunch and on the Sipiorski lodge for an afternoon of gaming, reports back show that traditional exploits were on target. A new lake was discovered and volumetrics were discussed. I was kept abreast of all adventures via cell technology and was envious, but thoroughly approved of all endeavors.

Deer Camp 2003 was uniquely special with the latest additional of next generation hunters. The Attorney General and young Master Nelson made the trip to Deer Camp for the first of many ventures north.

Deer Camp 2003's annual wakeup call on Opening Day morning provided stimulating, if not bizarre,

eye opening noise to greet our hunters well before sunrise. While not as articulate, organized, or as "pointed" as last year's version, it certainly accomplished its function.

Saturday night provided a special treat with the naming and appointment of our newest junior member to Chief Inspector. Also a special guest of our SEC-Weights/Measure arrived Saturday night and was unanimously (and soundly) appointed as the new Ambassador from FCB.

The new bunkhouse was a big hit in both adding additional space as well as providing additional gaming square footage for late night endeavors. Special thanks for the quality workmanship provided on Friday while insulating the new facility.

The new chapel/woodshed also has been a great addition to the camp. Its ability to provide both ample storage and for dry wood and act as a meeting place for services is a credit to the ingenuity of our President.

Halftime of the game on Sunday saw the first of our hunters depart Deer Camp 2003. More followed Monday, and Tuesday the last few hunters left our President to perform final camp shutdown on Wednesday.

Despite the lack of whitetail sightings this year, numerous if not record hours were spent in vain attempts at a harvest. However, fun and camaraderie were at all time highs.



BOB'S BUCK CAMP SPORTS REPORT

**By Al Havenanotherbeer
Sports Reporter**

This year some of the members actually participated in a sport other than hunting.

When the FDA Chair, and the Surgeon General arrived at camp on Thursday, the VP and the Comptroller were in the mood for a road trip. We headed off to a local establishment, where there happened to be a pool table. (There is a legend regarding the VP and pool, but that's another story.)

B. The 2 junior members challenged the senior members to a game, and were soundly beaten.

There were some truly amazing shots on both sides. That the VP was able to knock the cue ball off the table on a straight in 6-inch shot is hard to believe.

In regards to spectator sports, namely football, the results were mixed. The Badgers fell just short in their game against Iowa. The loss of the starting quarterback and tailback didn't help, but they still had a chance to win it in

the end. Oh well, they still got a bowl bid.

The Packers on the other hand, took care of business against the 49ers, in a great game.

Unfortunately the absence of the FM kept the 'discussions' to a minimum.

The boys from up the road showed up on Saturday with proof that there are deer to hunt in the area. It's good that they did since the hunters in our camp are starting to have some doubts.

"...the absence of the FM kept the 'discussions' to a minimum."

Bored Updates / from Page 1

Monday brought on a cold, snowy, and windy day. The four remaining hunters ventured off to hunt north of Athelstane.

The President spotted a buck but had no shot, but that kind of kept our interest going. Congrats to the cabin up the road for their annual Saturday visit to show their harvest of whitetail wonders.

As for the rest of Deer Camp 2003, we had a

great time. 2003 brought us two first time BBC hunters, some great one liners (featured in this newsletter), and another Ambassador.

The President kept us going with some great Buck Camp stories of yesteryear. The card games were bountiful for some, but not so much for others.

The highlight of the weekend was that one of

our fine young junior members discovered a lake in downtown Athelstane. The Bunkhouse was a great success. Thanks to everyone that made it possible.

In closing, I must say, we may not get many (or any) deer, but the times we have "North or 64" are priceless. Can't wait for BBC 2004. Hopefully Fish Camp 2004 will tide us over...



Card of Thanks!!!

The members of Bob's Buck Camp would like to note a very special thanks to the Mayor of Denmark for her very much-appreciated donation of a side-by-side refrigerator for Bob's Buck Camp cabin. The spacious unit was put to good use during Deer Camp 2003 and will continue to serve us in the future. Three Cheers for the Mayor!!!



Camp Financial Update

By Comptroller Rollin

“...it seemed as though I could not lose...”

The Bob's Buck Camp Finances this year took a hit due to an overrun in the costs of building the new bunkhouse. Shake of the Day funds were also down due to a lack of use.

However, this reporter's personal finances skyrocketed due to the supreme card playing of two junior members who shall remain unnamed due to tightened security at

Bob's Buck Camp (It can be mentioned that they are brothers however). During an early Saturday night card playing session between multiple junior members it seemed as though I could not lose, mostly because someone, again unnamed for security reasons, continued to pick and continued to lose. This is not however how this reporter came away with the majority of his winnings. That occurred

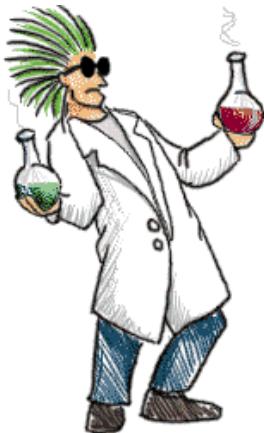
during late night Texas Hold'em tournaments in the new bunkhouse.

The games offered a chance for the junior members to not only win some cash but also to engage in intelligent conversation and discuss world events.

My thanks to all who played and I can't wait to continue the games next year.

The Science of Bob's Buck Camp

Education at BBC – By the Sturgeon General



Many people might argue that Deer Hunting is just a reason for men to get away and consume large quantities of alcohol. While that may be true, there are also other reasons for the annual trek to the north woods of Wisconsin: Education!!

It seems that every year I leave BBC a little bit wiser (and a little bit richer if I played cards with the right people), and this year was no different. On the suggestion of a certain bored member, a straw was placed in an empty whiskey bottle. We were trying to get the straw to shoot out of the bottle when we lit the fumes, but instead we discovered how curly straws were invented. Once the alcohol fumes burn off (which looks pretty cool), you are left with a perfectly curled straw. While no one actually tested the straw to see if it worked, we are going on the assumption that it did because otherwise this story is completely useless. After seeing how much fun it is to make a curly straw, I couldn't help but wonder why you don't see many curly straws around. The only logical conclusion I can come up with is

that all the curly straw makers are out of commission due to over consumption of whiskey. But who can blame them, drinking a whole bottle of whiskey to get one lousy curly straw would be a tough and demanding job.

The curly straw was not the only discovery made this year at BBC. Thanks to the keen eye of an unmentioned junior member, a new lake was discovered just outside of downtown Athelstane. We figure that it must have formed from the large amounts of snow that the area received last winter (either that or all the sheet metal). The DNR has been contacted so that maps can be updated. Last word I had from the DNR is that they are considering recalling all Wisconsin maps so this new natural wonder can be added for all people to enjoy.

So while some people may say that alcohol just kills brain cells and makes you act stupid, I think it is quite the opposite. Drinking allows you to freely think and experiment with ideas that any sober person would never consider. You just never know what you might learn, so bottoms up!!

“The only logical conclusion I can come up with is that all curly straw makers are out of commission...”

CWD Causes Map Corrections

Athelstane, WI,

After night and day of fine food and spirits, it appears as though I was struck by the CWD bug the day before the opening of the 2004 deer season. That being the biggest scare of my life, here is how it came about.

After spending the late morning enjoying food and spirits with fellow bored members at the local eating establishment, we ventured down the road to do a bit of gambling. After leaving the Nimrod, I began to feel a bit dizzy and realized that it might have been from the mass amounts of fresh air that my body had taken in and

I was having a weird reaction to it. As I sat in the truck and let this feeling continue, I began to wonder if this is what CWD feels like.

I began to review what I had ingested during the morning and the night previous, and continued to contemplate the many possibilities.

At this time a light shone upon me and I saw something that no one had ever seen before. The infamous Lake Athelstane. It was a color blue that was unlike anything that you would see anywhere but in heaven. The word was that it was home to some of the biggest and

most beautiful fish in the whole northern world.

After questioning my colleagues about the beauty that was in front of us, my assumption of a case of CWD had been confirmed. It turns out that CWD in combination with me not having my contacts in, led me to believe that a blue roofed building was a beautiful lake. I guess that this is another case of where CWD confirms the saying, "beauty is in the eyes of the beholder". And gosh, it sure was beautiful.

**Respectfully submitted
Sec. of Weights and Measures**



Lake Athelstane?

Heard in Camp...

When are you going to make those wings?

Damn!! I wanted to play at Ric's table, I need the money.

(This one applies every year)

What lake is that???

It was a full can, but I didn't think there was that much in it...

My sleeping bag stinks!

Man Down!!!

I collect beer cans until they're empty... then I get a new one...

If I had brown pants, I would.

I bets she's (BEEP) as (BEEP)...

We have 22 kids out... 10 on one team, 11 on the other...

Hey! Is your power on?

Now we have butter all over the TV...

It's already buttered...

How are you supposed to spoon something that can't be spooned?

Don't butter your TV if you want toast in the morning...

So that's where curly straws came from...

I'll have one on a rental program only...



News from the Boys Up The Road

"...The brown movement also had antlers which more than stood out in the early light of the morning."



"Remaining in the blind for the next twenty minutes seemed like a lifetime..."

As always, months prior to each deer season plans are made for the upcoming gun season, which includes several days in Athelstane in late October or early November. As fall approaches it seems that time crawls until November is turned on the calendar and then the season is over. Although previous deer seasons all blend into one each season is different and creates new memories.

As everyone arrives in camp, meeting at the Nimrod on Thursday evening is a tradition we hope will be something we enjoy for many years. Greeting and shaking hands or what ever gesture is appropriate with members of the Mathis Camp could probably be what happened over many centuries in northern Wisconsin as aboriginal tribes gathered for their great hunts. The Thursday evening card game at the Mathis camp is something that makes great entertainment and the evening ends too quickly. Just having the opportunity to take part on Thursday evening activities is almost like a privilege that you have to be there to understand.

Certainly missed Curt for the festivities on Friday hopefully he will not be bed-ridden with a similar illness next year. As you partake in the lunch at the Nimrod on Friday

afternoon until the card game breaks-up in Amberg one almost has the feeling that time is passing too fast and the season will be over soon.

Saturday is always exciting as the season opens and one never knows what to expect. We were both in the deer blinds at 6:15am. There is nothing like the forest waking up in the morning, it is an anxious time as to when the first deer may appear. For Jim things happened very quickly. At 6:30 with everything so quiet, the sound of a wire being hit by a deer crossing under the fence is very distinct. At 6:40 down the hill below the blind there is something brown moving west. It seems for me an east wind is good for deer movement and that probably is documented in my journals. The brown movement also had antlers, which more than stood out in the early light of the morning. The first shot was a miss the surprising part was that the deer kept moving slowly and did not seem startled by the sound. The next few moments seemed like slow motion waiting for the deer to walk to the next clear spot among the brush. To my surprise as always the second shot dropped the deer immediately. Remaining in the blind for the next twenty minutes seemed like a lifetime with the hope that you have

made a clean kill. Walking over to inspect the deer is a nervous time with a feeling of gratitude and appreciation with a prayer that one is so fortunate you have to quote the late Bob Debroux "puts the icing on the cake for this season".

After field dressing the animal I went over to inform Tom that I had shot my buck. We discussed the possibility of bringing the deer back to camp, but since it was still very early in the morning the decision was made to hang the deer in a nearby tree and Tom would continue to hunt. With a weather forecast that predicted not so ideal hunting conditions for the next couple of days it was important to keep hunting. I went back to the cabin to wash the blood off my hands and arms the plan was for me to return with the truck at 11:00am to pick up Tom and the deer. When I returned it was evident that Tom's hunt was successful by killing a large doe at 10:00am. After lunch a trip was made to Amberg to register both deer and then down to the Mathis camp. I suppose we looked liked a couple of barn cats bringing in a mouse and dropping at a persons feet to please our owners, but it was time to celebrate.

(Cont. ► See Boys up the Road – Page 7)

Security and the Bunkhouse

By the Secretary of De'fence

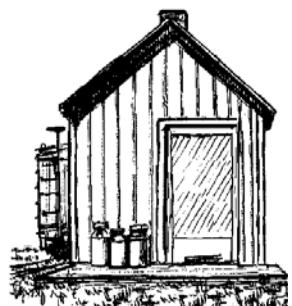
The coming of another hunting season saw a dramatic improvement to that little slice of heaven known as Bobs Buck Camp. The addition of a new bunkhouse not only added enough space to allow for induction of new members, but it also adds a bit of class and sophistication to the place. Although the bunkhouse worked great for this year, as Secretary of De'fence I feel there are a few things that must be done to ensure safety for all users of the bunkhouse (Note: funding for any improvements can be acquired from the Secretary of Trans, as he seems to like to give his money away, especially while in the bunkhouse).

First of all, I feel the walls of the bunkhouse need steel and/or concrete reinforcements. Seeing as I have hit or been in a car that has hit a deer twice in the last three weeks, I have decided that I am a natural deer attractant (except, of course, when I have a gun in my hand). Now if a deer decides life just isn't fun anymore and wants to end it all by running head first into the bunkhouse (much more likely to happen if I am in the vicinity) he's probably gonna do some major damage. With concrete and steel reinforced walls the deer would simply bounce off, causing the walls to shake less than most of the saur kraut and beer farts.

Another thing that would improve safety would be

to add a refrigerator to the bunkhouse. It doesn't need to be big or fancy; it should just be able to keep beer cold. During those late-night card games it gets very cold outside, and you never know when you might catch pneumonia or a cold from being outside in the cold for too long. With a refrigerator we wouldn't have to leave the bunkhouse, which would also give us more time to take Greg's money.

There are a few more things that could be done to improve safety in the bunkhouse, but they are less vital than the ones mentioned above. Although the bunkhouse works great as it is, a few improvements could ensure safety and fun at Bobs Buck Camp for many years to come.



Boys Up The Road / From Page 6

This hunting season, throughout the year, was maybe the most successful ever, with Tom tagging a gobbler in spring, a doe in T-Zone and both of us filling tags in the gun season.

Being in the Northwood's is really what it is all about.

For Jim the cost of the non-resident license is \$135.00, and when you only hunt for ten minutes the math comes to \$13.50 a minute to hunt as

described by Tom.

We certainly enjoyed the rest of the week in the area, which included many trips to the local establishments to discuss worldly matters with the local natives. Shaky Dave and the Farting Bartender at the Nimrod always provide entertainment. Things were not the same without Doris serving drinks at the Jug. There were issues at Rumors when the manager was fired one day and back to work the following day.

We assume she has vital information about the owner that keeps her the job. We also made a road trip north and would recommend it to view some of the waterfalls in Marinette County. Twelve Foot and Horseshoe Falls are worth the trip.

Looking forward to next year as both camps (tribes) meet in Athelstane for the "2004 Great Hunt"

...when you only hunt for ten minutes the math comes to \$13.50 a minute..."

***With Some Respect -
The Ambassador from
the UP***

2003 CWD Follow-up: Eggs in the Northwoods

By SEC-Transportation

In a follow-up to last years CWD Study in which I studied some of the causes and effects that CWD had on you, we had further discussion of the matter this season. We came up with some pretty interesting discoveries.

The first thing that we discussed was how some things would affect you after you have been infected with the CWD virus. The first thing that came to mind was pickled eggs. Last season we found out that the pickled eggs didn't sit very well with the infected member. It was OK at first, which lead to having more than one pickled eggs, but after time it finally caught up to him, and lets just say that they came out the same way they went in. That wrapped up discussion of last seasons study.

This season we got another infected member.

(IMAGINE THAT) I studied this member very closely to see if there were things that he could do and not do.

First, in the other member's eyes they love it that he was playing cards with them. They thought that he was doing a great job and so did he. But realistically, he wasn't playing well at all. He was losing a lot and had no value of money. Luckily there was a limit and he didn't bring his life saving .

Next, the opening hunt. He didn't get up bright eyed and bushy tailed as he usually did, but he did get out there before the sun came up, and he was smart enough to put his safety belt on in the tree stand.

Some heard strange noises and thought that maybe he was trying a new deer call, but once again, his food didn't settle with him from the

night before. From on top of his tree stand he deposited all of what was left in him to the ground. After that he took a few naps. It would have been one long nap but one over-charged little rascal came walking through and woke him up.

Well, this concludes this season CWD observation. I am going to leave you with a couple of hints of what to stay away from once you think or know you are infected:

1. Stay calm. Don't panic.
2. Stay away from the card tables. When you put your money on them it disappears.
3. Drink some water before you go to bed. You will have cotton mouth in the morning.
4. Wear extra warm socks to bed because you may have cold feet in the morning.
5. Stay away from PICKLED EGGS.



It would have been one long nap but one over-charged little rascal came walking through and woke him up...

The Rookie's Perspective

By The Chief Inspector.

Well it was Friday night playing cards, as the president needed someone else a board, the camp board. As everyone else was elected, I was the last one left. I was elected to "chief inspector". Now this job must be hard work. All you do is sit and watch someone do their work, or inspect something. Wow that's simple. As my first job was to be on, inspection to the cans! Sounds easy, more than EASY. You don't even do a thing! My job is perfect for me. You're really not doing much except when the President tells you to "inspect" something, its easy as 1-2-3. Since I got the other job with my

partner, attorney general, as the bartender. I had to inspect if everyone liked their drinks, which I know they all did. Even if they didn't like their "more than 5 count" whiskey, I know they always came for more. I even made 8 dollars worth of tips; everyone was very good with the tips, and I know they loved the drinks. As my weekend came to a close, I made 10 or more dollars off the Packer game. Man what a weekend! I made couple dollars in cards, couple dollars off of bartending, and sure enough to close it off, \$10 more on the Packer game. My grand total was like \$30. Man thirty dollars? Chief Inspector? Bartending? What's next!?!?



Inspector Clouseau?

Bartending: 101

By the Attorney General

This year was my first year of experiencing Bob's Buck Camp. And if the President tells you to do something you better do it.

So on Saturday night the President tells me and Jake to make cocktails for everybody. So I make the cocktails and the first person to comment on my drink was of course Ricky.

"Matt, this cocktail is weak!" President calls me over and says take Ricky's drink and bring it here. When I got the drink The President tells me to put in an 8 count. So I do as the President says and give it to Ricky. He looks at it and says "jesus crumps". I look at him and laugh, saying never make fun of my drinks. I ask if anybody needs theirs fixed up too. There were

no comments made.

I also experienced plenty of other things, but that is a whole other story. And that is my comment on my first year at the best camp north of 64, Bob's Buck Camp. Oh yeah I got word that the Hamburgler was not heard north of 64, but in central Brown county, he was heard in a thick woods. Not a swamp woods.



"The President tells me to put in an 8 count..."

**I think to myself,
"Why do all those
idiots go to Crivitz
every year?"**



Report from the Homefront

By The Foreign Minister

Given that I was unable to make the annual trek to Bob's Buck Camp this year, I thought it may prove insightful and refreshing to the rest of the membership if I provided a "diary" of sorts of events that took place Down South here on the homefront in their absence.

It goes as follows:

► *Friday, November 21*

10:00 p.m. - I should be at camp now, partaking in the pre-hunt activities but, it's just not meant to be this year. As a show of solidarity, I power slam a can of sauerkraut and wolf down two quick cans of beer. Still make it to bed before the Prez's midnight deadline.

► *Saturday, November 22*

7:00 a.m. - Opening Day!! It sure is lonely around here. Take a drive around town. See the Mayor of Denmark and Mrs. V.P. - boy, do they ever look happy! I sure miss the Prez. After awhile, I go down to the barn and sit in his boat for a while, but it doesn't make me feel any better. Time for a beer.

11:00 p.m. - Driving home from Circle Tap after putting on my "Chippendale" performance for the Deer Widows, I think to myself, "I wonder who Carl is arguing with right now?"

► *Sunday, November 23*

6:00 a.m. - Wake up and it's raining outside. Think to myself, "Sure am glad I'm not a deer hunter." Go back to sleep.

Have a weird dream involving Sec. Weights & Measures.

10:00 a.m. - Depressed again. Go over to the V.P.'s and "check" on his garage. No beer there. Head to the tavern. Get in a sheepshead game and maurer like hell. Now I'm feeling better! Tequila all around! Count to five when pouring!

► *Tuesday, November 25*

5:00 p.m.- Confer with the V.P. at a basketball game. He looks relatively good but shockingly, reports of no kill success at Bob's Buck Camp. I stop and buy some venison sausage.

► *Wednesday, November 26*

7:00 p.m. -Drive past D.J.'s and spot the Prez's truck. He's back!!! Life is good.

► *Friday, November 28*

3:00 p.m.- Today is corn-harvesting day at Woodchuck Ranch. The combine driver reports the rousting of at least a dozen deer out of the field directly behind my house. I think to myself, "Why do all those idiots go to Crivitz every year?" I hear all kinds of shooting coming from the direction of Zumbo's estate, and wonder what the tarnation is going on over there.

► *Sunday, November 30*

The 2003 Deer Hunt comes to a close. Time to start planning for Bob's Buck Camp 2004!

(Editors Note: The FM couldn't make BBC 2003 due to the passing of his father-in-law. BBC's thoughts and prayers go out to the FM's family.)



"Aptly named, Egg's Bob, were a hit with the campers..."

Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter

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In our next newsletter:

Hunting with Bob
Gutting a Deer P.3
Pickling: 101
2004 Outlook
Lake Identification
...and much, much,
more!

We're Finally on the
Web!

See us at:
<http://www.curtamous.com>

From the Cookstove...

by The Chairman of the Food and Drug Administration

This year's camp was another 'gas'tronomical success (with chili, and kraut on the menu, gas is inevitable). No food poisoning (unless you count alcohol as a food), the cabin didn't get burned down, and there was no kraut juggling, as has happened in the past.

Thursday night was the traditional meal at Nimrod's. Excellent food, but a crappy bartender. One of the highlights was the gizzards on the salad bar. Not something you see every day at a restaurant, and boy were they good. Of course, the boys up the road met us there, and the night was topped off by cards, cursing, insults, etc.

Friday we returned to Nimrod's for lunch. Unfortunately two of our senior members were not able to join us. The Prez headed back to Denmark to pay his respects to the FM's father-in-law, while the VP wasn't feeling up to it. As hard as it is to believe, the illness was NOT self-inflicted (No,

really, he was just sick). The food again was great. I, myself, feasted on more gizzards. The bartenders were much improved, also. We then had our regular card game with Jack, and Ass, which is always a good time. The view of the lake was also very impressive.

We got home earlier than normal (even though the Sec of Weights and Measures was wandering the streets of Athelstane). The fact that we had 2 less instigators helped a lot. That evening's meal was Kraut, chili, and whatever anyone else was willing to cook.

Saturday's opening day breakfast brought a new meal to Bobs Buck Camp. Aptly named, Egg's Bob, were a hit with the campers. Accompanied by sausages, the campers were filled to the top. It will definitely be on next year's menu. Of course the evening meal was, again, the highlight of our dining for the weekend. Ma's Swiss Steak Extravaganza was wonderful as always. The only complaint was the lack of potatoes. The VP said there was no room

for them in the pot. After much discussion about making potatoes, we got lazy, and decided to skip the idea. We made due with biscuits, and some excellent bread, provided by the Mayor of Denmark.

Sunday some of the hunters headed for home, but we sent them off with a hearty breakfast (that was interrupted by a bored meeting). That evening was mostly leftovers, but we did have the VP's turkey stew, which was great.

Other items of note:

* We had 2 pickled items, venison heart (courtesy of Zumbo) and eggs. Both were well received. The Sec. Trans is especially fond of the eggs.

* No matter how bad you burn cheese sauce, you can get it all clean.

* The idea to charge for the beef jerky was a good one, and should contribute to the camp treasury.

Once again, from a food standpoint I would have to consider this year's camp a huge success. All suggestions for next year will be considered, any complaints ignored, as always.

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...