

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 Lancellle
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
(Probationary)
Exec-Assistant
-Dan Malfroid
Press Sec.
-Steve Arveson
Sec. HHS
-Chris Nelson
FM-Junior
-Joe Lancellle

• Recognized Foreign Diplomats

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

Dateline: Crivitz, WI

Deer Camp 2004: A Record Breaker!!!

By VP Nelson

Why is it that something that is done over and over is sometimes referred to as repetitive and boring while at other times it is considered time honored and traditional? I think it often has to do with the amount of enjoyment involved in the particular task, and as in all years past, Deer Camp 2004 was another great year! And not only was it another in a long line of years with great friends, great food and drink, and great fun, it was also a Record Breaking year at the BBC!

Camp 2004 was opened by the outgoing SEC-State and VP late Thursday morning with the Comptroller arriving shortly thereafter. The FDA Chair and Sturgeon General followed later, and accompanied by the boys up the road, a great feast was had in the nearby metropolis of Athelstane that evening.

The remainder of the crew, including The President, arrived at various times on Friday. A surprise guest (and future BBC member) accompanied the SEC-EXT / INT, and the SEC-Weights / Measures

brought the future son-in-law in tow. One of the highlights of the weekend was the arrival of the FM (breaking his record streak of non-attendance) and the FM-Junior on Saturday. More than one hunter thought he was seeing a ghost (and ghost-junior).

With the arrival of the FM on Saturday, a record breaking number of hunters participated in the annual BBC Bored Meeting. The highlighted of the event was the induction of new probationary members including Press Secretary, Executive Assistant, SEC-HHS, and FM-Junior (Also in charge of Maintenance and Sanitation). Much business was made and future direction decided. As always, the camp is in good hands.

With 16 members in camp, the hunting was bound to be much improved and our AG made sure that the output increased from previous years. The youngster plugged a fine young buck to lead the way in venison procurement. "We have a Buck down" will no doubt echo as long as the "Bob, I shot a Buck" cry in everyone's memory.

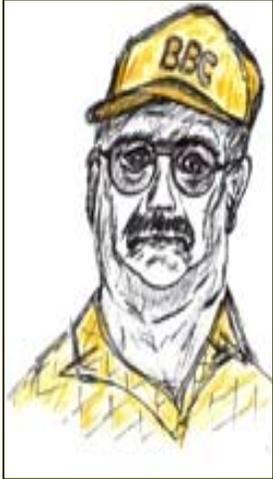
With venison on the pole, hunters slowly began to migrate back to civilization starting Sunday, finally leaving The President to close camp on Wednesday. The closed camp will no doubt resound with "We have a Buck down" once we gather again.

With another year closed, we all look back at a great time of fellowship, old and new, with new goals and old records to break. Deer Camp 2004 was just another in a long line of great chapters in our best known tradition.

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A Word from Bob...



SO MUCH TIME SPENT, SO LITTLE DID WE LEARN. These were the words of the G.B. Press headlines. My first thought was this BOZO was not at the BBC.

OH YES 2004; A YEAR TO REMEMBER: SEC of INT/EXT wedding, a great year of fishing [hope to see report on fish camp in newsletter] fall painting, fall wood cutting, and of course Deer HUNT 2004. A year to remember!

First off, I would like to thank all who were present at 10224 CTY. A.

It shall be a year to look back on for many to come. It is by no doubt a record breaker for attendance, not to over look our success as true hunters.

Your combined efforts as hunters and support staff lead to our success, and the phrase that will echo through the north woods for years to come; "WE HAVE A BUCK DOWN!"

I always knew my guidance as a true leader, a pillar of knowledge, and a source for guidance would pay off in the long run.

Credit must also go to all for the success of the hunt on the home front, THE ATT. GEN SCORES AGAIN. This AGAIN resulted in the famous cry; "WE HAVE A BUCK DOWN."

I would like to thank you all for a great year, and welcome all the new members.

"A LEADER IS THE FIRST PERSON IN A LONG LINE OF GREAT PEOPLE..."

-Bob

Sobriety at the BBC: Take 1

By the SEC-Ext/Int

This year at the BBC it was different for me as per doctor's orders, I was unable to participate in some of the social aspects that are had at a successful camp. The temptations were there and some camp members said a drink might help, (for medicinal purposes) but I listened to the doc and didn't have a sip.

As I found out this year, there were some pro's and con's to sobriety at the BBC that I would like to share:

PRO'S

- * Didn't wake up in the morning with a headache, cottonmouth or a sleeping bag full of vomit.
- * Knew exactly how much money I was losing at cards.
- * Did not lose balance and fall, possibly hurting myself or others.
- * Knew of my surroundings and whereabouts at all times (unlike lost in

woods or in a strange car).

- * Remembered what happened the entire weekend.

CON'S

- * BABYSITTING!
- * Knew exactly how much money I was losing at cards.
- * BABYSITTING!
- * Not able to take part in social drink during board meeting.
- * BABYSITTING!

Overall, it was a very fun and successful weekend. Congratulations to the Midget on getting a buck!

As I found out, you don't need alcohol to have fun at the BBC, but it never hurts to have a little in ya.

I conclude this article with a famous quote: "To alcohol...The cause of and solution to... all of life's problems." - Homer Simpson

"Did not lose balance and fall, possibly hurting myself or others"



My first year at Bob's Buck Camp was great. The best part was watching the antics of another rookie member. The worst part was when we didn't go on the "field trip". – New Member

Bored Updates: A Fond Farewell...

It is with a heavy heart that I am writing this year's article for the BBC newsletter. As some of you may have heard I am resigning my cabinet position, and retiring to a well-earned and restful lifestyle. So this year I would like to look back at some of my most interesting and memorable moments at BBC. But first I would like to congratulate Master Matt Mathies (3M) on his first and second buck, way to go Matt. As Sec. of State, I took great pride in being a senior member and leading the junior members on their trail of life. Following the North of 64 rule will be tough for this article so I will leave out the names to protect the guilty. In no particular order I will list my favorite moments, and one-liners heard at BBC.

-What's the name of that lake?

-A picture's worth a thousand words!

-Let's call and tell our wife's we are on our way home.

-My right blinker didn't work.

-Why is the white line on my left?

-Let's have just one.

-I knew it was full but I

didn't think it was that full.

-We had to check out the new black top.

-Always use butter when diagramming something on the television.

-Watching an unnamed young hunter walk by several times on his way to the cabin.

-Watching the blue jays enjoy a fine breakfast.

-Playing pool on a Sunday night at Tommy's

-Learning new ways to play Sheephead.

As you can see I could go on for a long time with this list. One of my favorite things to watch was when each new junior member came to the BBC for the first time. The excitement in their expressions was priceless. Learning when and what to say was very interesting. Excuse me a second while I wipe the tears from my eyes, this is getting harder and harder to write.

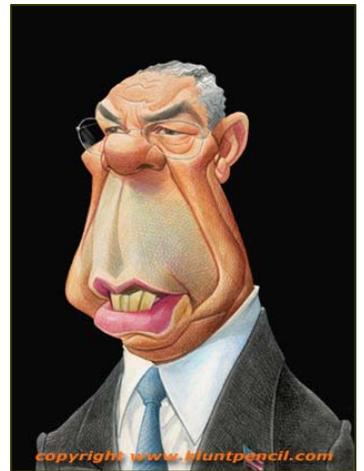
A little about this years BBC; **WOW!** Do you think we could get another body in that cabin? Welcome to our newest members, may you have as great of a time as I had serving on the BBC cabinet. The bunkhouse is really coming along nicely,

many thanks to those who did work on it this year. It was good to see that the deer herd is starting to return to the area. A lot of hunting hours were logged this year, that's always nice to see. The 2005 senior members that hunt will be discussing some deer blind changes for next year. Wish I were part of that decision making, but oh well. One of the projects for 2005 that the BBC board will be attempting is to level off the cabin. Another will be to finish the bunkhouse. An interesting project that could be coming down the road is an outdoor rec center (wouldn't Denmark love to have one).

To the guys of the BBC I've had a great time being associated with your organization, and I'm going to miss you and the camp. I'll try and get up there for a visit sometime soon. So before I sign off for the last time, thanks again for all the memories. The next time the BBC newsletter goes to print, the new sec. of state Condeleza Rice-er-roni will be addressing the deer camp of 2005. Gentlemen I bid you adio.

Colin Pollups
Former Sec. of State BBC

"So before I sign off for the last time, thanks again for all the memories."



Card of Thanks!!!

Bob's Buck Camp would like to send out a special word of thanks to our own Betsy Ross. Betsy has been instrumental in various BBC functions throughout the years, but this year her work on the BBC Booyah aprons was fantastic! The aprons were probably a bigger factor for winning the trophy than the Booyah. We also want to thank her for our new Buck pillows. We think the AG slept with them the night before he got his buck! THANKS!!!



Bob's Buck Camp Struck by Financial Crisis

By the Comptroller

In shocking news coming out of Athelstane, WI, it has been reported that Bob's Buck Camp has hit a financial crisis. The cause of this reported crisis has been said to be overcrowding at camp and major cabin improvements that are needed to keep Bob's Buck Camp up and running. Therefore, as Comptroller I have decided that major fundraising efforts are needed to be undertaken to keep Bob's Buck Camp up and running. In

discussions with a senior member, along with his wife, we have come up with a couple viable solutions to fund the needed improvements to the camp.

The first fundraising effort is that a stock sale will be taking place, pending approval from the President, during the first part of 2005. While the stock will offer no monetary returns, you can say that you are part owner of Bob's Buck Camp. The stock certificate will also come

in handy to those who hunt, as the certificates could be used for wiping purposes.

The second fundraiser will be a brick sale. For a yet to be determined price you can purchase a brick that will be engraved with a message of your choice to be placed in the new Walk of Shame leading from the cabin to the outhouse.

Any other viable ideas should be forwarded to the President.

"...I have decided that major fundraising efforts are needed to be undertaken..."

From the Cookstove

By Chef-Boyardees-Guys-Drunk



The story of this year's camp was attempted change. A lot of new menu items were planned. However, only some of the new culinary delights actually came about (due to poor execution on the FDA Chair's part). Considering that the Prez doesn't like to have too much change each year, it's probably for the best.

The addition to the menu that we actually had was shrimp, courtesy of the President's Mother. Many thanks (and postcards) were in order. I made my first attempt at cooking them, and with plenty of dill and salt they turned out great.

The other 2 possible additions to the menu (pancakes and an egg bake) just didn't happen. By the time we thought of them each morning, it was just too late (the chef doesn't always think so clearly in the morning). Maybe next year.

The rest of the standard menu was great as always. I missed the Thursday night meal at Nimrod's (I was taxiing my new friend Tim to Tommy's), but I was there on Friday and the food was good, as always. The Friday night chili, kraut, and turkey stew also hit the spot (especially the kosher pork). Eggs Bob were on the menu for Opening morning, and they went over well, again. Of course, no Deer Camp would be complete without the Swiss Steak Extravaganza, and the VP did a fine job on that as well.

Overall, it was another great camp. We had a big crew, but everyone seemed to be satisfied, even if we were missing the pickled eggs and venison heart. We're always looking for ideas for improvements (which we will probably ignore).

"The addition to the menu that we actually had was shrimp, courtesy of the President's Mother."

BOB'S BIG BUCK CAMP SPORTS REPORT

(For once we can start this article with a hunting story.)

The big news from this year's camp was the AG's first deer. It all started just before noon on Sunday. It was a beautiful day and some of the more ambitious hunters went out for a nap, or whatever it is they do out there. All of a sudden we hear a bunch of gibberish coming out of the walkie-talkie. I didn't think a male member of our species could talk that fast. Once he had taken a breath, we got the details out of him,

and after a few moments of doubt on our part, figured he did actually shoot a deer. So, as tradition dictates, we all headed out to celebrate the kill (with libations of course). It was a fine young buck he had gotten.

We watched while the Prez skillfully gutted it out, and then dragged the beast back to camp. Just to prove it was not a fluke, the AG shot another one the next weekend. Congrats to the AG.

From the spectator sports (namely football), it was

once again a fifty-fifty deal. The Badgers got beat in a game that would have gotten them a Rose Bowl berth. It was a disappointing finish to a great season. At least they got to a decent bowl game. From my point of view, the highlight of the game was being able to watch it with our own FM. It turns out we agree on a lot more than we thought.

Fortunately, the Pack, while starting slow, pulled out their game with a last minute field goal. Great game.



Heard in Camp...

I brought the mattress. I reminds me of his girlfriend; a little too wide for the bed.

That is the biggest Yakama I have ever seen.

Dance, Midget, Dance!

We haven't figured out how to put brakes on this...

Turn on your battery operated night light.

How do you make a pink squirrel?

Hold on to your butter!

I need to take that walk, .. pray for me...

Kosher pork roast right from a virgin pig.

Tomorrow we take it up a notch!

Its like a new date every night...

He's an elf!!

Holy cow, its pink!

We'll go broke buying toothpaste to keep the bugs off.

Don't look at me in that tone of voice!

Sponge Bob and Square Pants.

SSA!

I've been drinking since two... yesterday...

Love is a burning thing... but doctors can cure that...

And I thought those two were gay...

I forgot the fun...

Getting him to bed was like crucifying Christ...



You CAN Go Home Again!

The Prodigal Son Returns

Friday, Nov 19, 2004.

It was a dark and stormy night in San Diego. Mrs. FM and I were lulling about the hotel room, enjoying a much-deserved romantic getaway, when all of a sudden the hotline rang. It could only be one person on the other end, and it was, my loyal assistant Ms. Dixie LaRue. She sounded terse. "The Prez sent a dispatch from BBC," she informed me. "Seems like things have the potential to get out of control up there this year. He asked that you get there as soon as you can."

I knew immediately this could be a serious situation. Never one to make light of a direct request from the Prez, Mrs. FM and I hightailed it to the airport and caught a red-eye back to Wisconsin. Upon arriving home, I summoned Junior - Junior to assist with the expedition. We headed North just after noon on Opening Day.

Upon leaving Crivitz, Junior - Junior chided me.

"Do you think you'll remember which cabin to go to, Dad?" To which I replied, "Of course, son. It's easy. All you have to look for is the cabin that doesn't have any deer hanging on the pole."

We arrived promptly at BBC. A quick scan of the premises detected no sign of danger. It was not until we entered the Main Lodge did I understand the reason for the Prez's concern.... too many rookies. On top of that, everyone was looking at me like I was a ghost or something. When they finally believed it was me, it was just like the good old days. Beverages started flowing. FDA and I started arguing. We collectively cursed the Badgers and praised Ma Nelson's Swiss Steak Extravaganza. The Bored Meeting was conducted without once violating a Robert's Rule of Order.

Then things took another swing for the better as the Junior Membership was largely dispatched to the Bunk House, and the Seniors enjoyed a lively round of Sheepskull. The rookies faded fast and

defused themselves. Junior Junior appeared to firmly grasp the whole BBC experience, and earned his stripes as a potential Future Member candidate. As I settled before the fire in the wee morning hours, I sighed a contented sigh and asked myself, "How could you have missed this wonderful experience for so many years? Thank God the Prez devised the dispatch plan."

Sunday morning arrived way too soon. Unfortunately, we headed south shortly before the Attorney General's Big Slaughter. On the way home, the Comptroller and I lectured Junior-Junior extensively regarding the "North of 64" rules. Then we realized he had been sleeping in the back seat during the course of our lecture. Oh, well.

The highlight of the weekend occurred when we arrived home safely at the Ranch. As we unloaded the vehicle, Junior-Junior looked at me and said, "Just think, Dad. Only 364 days until Buck Camp 2005!"

"A quick scan of the premises detected no sign of danger..."



"How could you have missed this wonderful experience for so many years?"

Notes from a New Member...

- First, what Buck Camp means to me is great food. I have never had a weekend so gassy. It was great.
- Second, Buck Camp means lots of gaming. I ended the weekend a little lighter, but it wasn't as light as another rookie member.
- Third, Buck Camp means lots of celebrating. I have never seen one man or large animal take in so much in one weekend. That other new rookie member was one crazy dude.



Tips from a Proven Pro

“Tips to Buck Slaying (up north)”

Well as you all know or most of you know I got my first couple bucks this year. And I learned waking up early to get out to your stand before the sun comes up isn't always the key. I learned this on Sunday of opening weekend.

I guess they tried to wake me up like 4 times but that didn't work. So here is my first tip to buck hunters, get to bed early so you can wake up. Luckily waking up at 9:00 worked out for me, seeing how I got my buck at 11:00 that morning. After the buck went down my first instinct was to call for help.

Now here is my second tip; never say anything into the radio you will regret. Such as "we have a buck down". (I will never hear the end of it). Next came the waiting part. Ric was over by me already there telling me how he hates watching the deer die. Then the extraction team came and they brought the needed

supplies. Next: gutting it.

Now here is my third tip, when you're gutting a deer be ready for anything, even puking. (Right Chris?) Well after all that was done with we had to drag the deer back to the cabin. The walk to the cabin felt a lot longer when dragging a deer!!

And here is my last tip, when dragging a deer, watch out for unknown obstacles because ya might trip.

“Tips to Buck Slaying (around home)”

I don't have as many tips to give you for hunting around home as up north., but I will give you one right now; be PATIENT. I learned that on Friday out at Kane Lane.

Seeing how I was the rookie hunter out there they made me walk to the farthest post. Now they are all regretting it. It took me about 15 min. to get there, but once I sat down it only took about 15 min. for this buck to run right at me. Here is where the

being patient part comes in. As I said the deer is running right at me and he doesn't see me. He is about 20 yards away when I took my first shot. I hit him, he jumped up and I saw blood squirt out. He still didn't know where I was so he kept on running right at me, but I couldn't eject my shell.

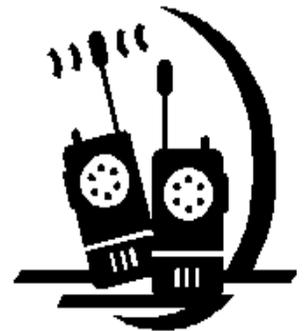
Tip 2; never say anything when a deer is running right at you. I made that mistake, my shell wouldn't eject so I said CRAP. He heard me so he ran. I finally got another shell in and shot, but completely missed. When he hopped the fence I ran after the deer. This is when my dad is yelling at me to sit down before you get shot. (I thought he was going to shoot me if I didn't sit down) So I sat down and waited for the hunters to be done driving. When we came out we searched for a blood trail and he ran about 50 yards before he went down.

And those are my tips to buck slaying.

-Attorney General



“This is when my dad is yelling at me to sit down...”



Foreign Language at BBC?

The call came out at about 1:30 on Sunday of Opening weekend. We were near the end of one of the greatest weekends of the year. Hopes were low on a kill in the great north. I headed out to hunt with the AG himself to end out the opening weekend.

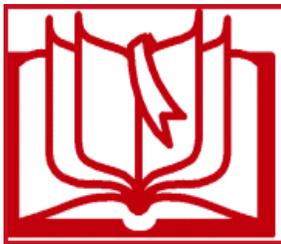
With the sounds of gun shots and wild celebration from a camp nearby, our hopes had dropped even lower. With the determination that can only be taught by our great President, we sat, hoping that a deer would stumble past us.

Shortly after sitting, shots were heard. The unusual part was what was heard next. It was a language that I had never heard before. Now, being studied in the Japanese language, my best guess was a hunter of Asian descent.(cont on Page 11)

“It was a language that I had never heard before.”

Sobriety at the BBC: Take 2

"It is amazing the stuff that happens during a Buck Camp weekend..."



A Whole New Experience

I have to admit, this years Buck Camp was a little weird for me. Due to some unfortunate scheduling circumstances with my school, I spent the weekend sober. I didn't think that the weekend would be too much fun, due to the lack of libations, but boy was I wrong. It is amazing the stuff that happens during a Buck Camp

weekend that you don't remember when you are partaking in the festivities. Due to the strict regulations regarding what really happens at Buck Camp, I can't divulge in all that I saw. But let me tell you, it was interesting and entertaining!! Hopefully I won't have any such scheduling problems in the future, but it is nice to know that it is fun to sit back and observe.
-Sturgeon General

An Ode to BBC: A Year Apart From Deer Camp (Sec-D'Fence)

This year was different, no deer camp for me
No sobering up with gun in hand at the base of a tree
I'd miss the crack of nearby hunters bagging their game
And the sad faces of our gang after a year of the same

It was a tough decision - have some fun or take a test
But school comes first, even if it means missing the fest
I'm sure all those there missed me with a shed of a tear
But do not fret, for sure as HELL I'll be there next year

Late Night on Opening Night...

"I was thinking a few rounds and I would be out..."

Well, it was 10 o'clock or so the night before opening day, when someone comes to me and says get ready, you're playing a round with us.

Since I was somewhat inexperienced to the game, I was thinking a few rounds and I would be out. But no, it went on for a while.

For the first few hands I did quite well, but then after I went up and down with my chips, a few times

here and there I was almost out, but lucky enough I had a good hand. It was nearing 2 and no one was in a clear lead. Then it came closer to 3 and the stakes went up. At first I was doing quite well, but towards the end I was about where I had started. I was not happy because after 5 hours I ended up with only half as much more as what I started with. Because of that card game, I didn't wake up early enough for opening

day. So out of luck I was on playing cards till 3 in the morning, making squat, and not waking up early enough for opening day. Bad News.

Well, although I didn't wake up early on opening day, I still got some time out in the woods. And although I only made a little that night, I really went down hill from there. What I learned is, it's not the way you start the game, it's how you end the game.

-Chief Inspector



Notes from a New Member...

Being up North for the first time was quite interesting, especially my first experience with a certain other new member. Saturday night went from card playing, to having a few drinks and the next thing I know I'm hugging the previously mentioned new member because of my own stupidity in trying to imbibe a paternal libation. Next year, Friday night will be a slower night so I can actually get up and hunt. Overall I had a great time up North, and by the way, Mr. President, I never apologized for using your bunk Saturday night but I'm sure you understand the circumstances.

News from the Boys Up the Road

One of the best things about Deer Camp is the traditional way each day is played out. Said another way, because we do the same things and eat the same things every year you can take the week off and really not have to think very much. Just make sure you get to the woods on time and remember to use some common sense with your gun. A couple small changes like Tom arriving in camp on Wednesday

and Jim staying until Thursday have been added over the years but for the most part Deer Camp is all about tradition. Again in 2004 there was the meeting at The Nimrod Inn with the crew from Bob's Buck Camp. As always the greetings were mostly insults heavy on comments about how ugly the VP has gotten over the years. One very non-traditional thing happened at dinner. Someone

actually ordered rice. Who the hell orders rice in deer season? Must be a Michigan thing. No need to go into all the details of the card game on Thursday night, drinks and lunch at The Nimrod and cards on Friday. All were accompanied by the usually allotment of beverages designed to get the entire crew relaxed for the hunt.

(Cont. on Page 11)



Moving Up!!!

I would like to start my article off by thanking all of the BBC members for the sponsorship last year. Also I would like to thank my other wonderful sponsors. You guys really turned my dream of racing Super Stock into a reality. If I didn't have sponsors I would have never made it to my goal of racing Super Stock.

Just a little review of how the season went. The first night of racing everything was going great until I went to qualify. I started my car and it was knocking. We took it apart and found a bent valve in the motor. That meant the end of the night for me. The first couple of weeks was pretty rough. We were changing engines or fixing them almost every week. We had a lot of bugs to work out being the first year moving up and the first super stock car we built. Slowly we got the car under control. The last two nights we had no luck. I was in the running for 2nd place going into the 2nd to last night. I didn't finish the feature because of a broken hub. This took me out of the running for 2nd but I could still get 3rd. In the feature of the last night my distributor took a hit and I didn't finish. I ended up losing 3rd by only a couple points and I finish the season in 4th. For all the bad luck we had and also for it being my rookie year in the division this

wasn't too bad of a finish.

My plans for this year: I am going to race super stock again. I am going to try some new stuff with the car to make it faster and handle better. I am hoping to have a better season this year and hopefully a better finish in the final point standings. Depending on how the season goes this year and how the funds are, there are plans for possibly moving up to the Mid American division after the coming season. But that is a long ways away and we are just focusing on this year.

Bob's Buck Camp Night at the Races was a big success. I hope that you all had a good time. I don't think you guys know how much it meant to me to have all of you there watching me. That was the best night of the season. It wasn't just winning the feature, it was winning the feature with all of my family and friends watching and cheering me on. It really meant a lot to me. I hope we will be able to schedule another BBC night at the races again this year.

I just want to thank you all again for the support that you have given me. Just a reminder to the BBC, I am still waiting for some of the pledges.

-SEC-Transportation

"I am going to try some new stuff with the car to make it faster and handle better."



"Thanks for the (foggy) memories..."

(or: "They tell me I had a great time...")



The BBC was not only an extraordinary time, but an educational experience as well. I learned that even though horses are air-breathing mammals, they are perfectly capable of surviving underwater. I did my best trying to save them the first night but, to my surprise, they survived and had enough energy left to kick the crap out of me on night two.

In a certain car, I learned that, if your hands are very, very cold and you place them in a delicate area for warmth, it doesn't take too long for the delicate area to become very, very frigid. And we all know what happens then – it's much like coming out of a cold Lake Newton in July, completely nude at 2 a.m., with Kevin Lotto's bright motorcycle light refracting off of your pale, naked flesh. Not that that's ever happened to anyone.

One of the most important lessons I learned is that Pepsi is not a good wash for olive juice, despite what the President says.

I learned that a rabbi wearing a "Santa-hat yalmaka" won't hear confession from a 28-year-old malcontent.

I learned the CCCP is a socialist institution, aimed at redistributing wealth among the populous. CCCP, of course, stands for the "Cutting Cards for Cash Program", an exercise that occurred Saturday evening in the bunkhouse.

We new/probationary members were asked to submit explanations of "What the BBC Means to Me," and I feel honored to do so.

1. BBC is not just a place for so-called "male bonding," It is a place where generations come together. Fathers, sons and someday grandsons will descend on the three-room cabin in Stephenson to lose money and kill things, hopefully not at the same time. I truly feel privileged, as somewhat of an outsider, that I was asked to be a part of the 2004 event.

2. BBC is a place where you won't be judged. Every day of the year we wake up, we shower, scrub behind our ears, wash "down-there," wash our hair and brush our teeth. Then we slather ourselves with deodorant, aftershave and mouthwash and head off to work. At the BBC, a guy can be a guy. Friday afternoon I meticulously

packed my toothbrush, toothpaste, three changes of clothes, a hair brush, sleeping bag, pillow and various toiletries. I showed up Friday night wearing a brown shirt and jeans, I left Sunday wearing the same thing. The only things I took out of Mike's car were refreshments. At one point (probably Sunday morning,) I was rather odiferous, but no one seemed to care. No one judged me, but I do feel bad for my car-mates on the ride home.

3. BBC means forgiveness. I'm not sure what I did or said Saturday night, but no one has yet filed charges. Thank you for not holding it against me.

In closing, I want to thank the aforementioned Sec. Int/Ext for the cordial invitation to BBC 2004. I would also like to thank the President for his hospitality and all of the BBC Cabinet members for the best November weekend I can remember. Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night...SSA!

Respectfully submitted,
Arvy (Steve Arveson)
BBC War Correspondent

"...Pepsi is not a good wash for olive juice, despite what the President says."





News from the Boys Up the Road (continued from page 9)

The rain on opening morning made us glad we had stands with roofs and surprisingly instilled some optimism because the last time it was raining on opening morning Jim shot the biggest deer of his life. While that did not happen it was another relatively short hunt for the Boys Up The Road. At 7:15 AM a nice 7 point buck came out of the brush about 150 yards in front of Tom's stand. A quick shot hit him high and right behind the shoulder so Tom was able to see him go down immediately. One lesson to pass along to the Junior Members, or anyone using a scope, make sure you take the time to get a secure grip on the fore

arm of your gun. Failing to do so will result in blood running down the bridge of your nose. After Tom and Jim celebrated and took the typical pictures in the woods it was off to Bob's Buck Camp for the bragging and insults as well as a beer or two with the group just rolling out of bed. Matt sure seemed to enjoy ringing that bell in the bunkhouse.

Though Jim saw a number of deer none met his standards for shooting. One highlight did occur on Monday when "Boo Boo and his little sister" walked by Jim's stand. He said the bear cubs were so fat they were round and that they just waddled more

than walked. Another unforgettable moment was hearing the President tell us about the AG screaming into the radio "We've got a buck down!!" Memories of the first buck will last a lifetime.

As always, the week in camp seemed to pass in the blink of an eye, which is a proof time flies when you are having fun. Too bad we still have to wait eleven months for camp to open, but there may be time for turkey hunting, fishing or other trips north of 64. If not, we will see you at the Nimrod at 7:00 PM on Thursday November 17, 2005.

-J & A

Foreign Language at the BBC? (continued from page 7)

"Anatawa, ima nonji desuka. Atsui konojo ga arimasu. Chitsu ga tabe tai desna. Tsu te ki shot deer o tabe tai."

This is the closest that I could come to an interpretation of what was heard: "I shot a deer, what do I do next. BANG! Ric get over here. BANG! It's still moving."

I think the Attorney General was trying to tell us was that he shot a deer. On the radio, the sound of question marks rained out. All were trying to figure out what the young AG was trying to tell us. After arriving, I found my interpretation to be correct. And the message was conveyed when the extraction team was called in.

Come to find out, it was just a form of English coming out of the Attorney General's mouth, just at a speed that would have made the Micro Machine Man jealous.

Congratulations young grasshopper!

SEC-Weights/Measures

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...

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How NOT to Gut a Deer
Midget Speak 101
NASCAR BBC Event
A Day with Condi
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