

# 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  
Weights/Measures  
-Ric Thompson  
Sturgeon General  
-Tony Nelson  
Comptroller  
-Adam Rollin  
Sec. De'fence  
-Casey Nelson  
Sec. Of Trans.  
-Greg Thompson  
Sec. HHS  
-Chris Nelson  
Chief Inspector  
-Jake Nelson  
**(Probationary)**  
Exec-Assistant  
-Dan Malfroid  
Press Sec.  
-Steve Arveson  
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 2005: Back to Fundamentals!

By VP Nelson

After a record breaking Deer Camp in 2004, Bob's Buck Camp returned to its roots and came back to reality. While the time honored traditions were again a constant, the record breaking endeavors of the previous year were a distant memory and the camp returned to its strength; the fundamentals.

Camp 2005 was opened by the VP Thursday shortly after the noon hour, greeted by a cabin temp of 20°. Within minutes a fire was cracking, as was the first beverage. The cabin was hot (52°) within an hour, requiring more liquid refreshment. By mid-afternoon the SEC-State and Comptroller arrived and camp preparations were well underway. By the time cocktail hour arrived, the small but industrious team was ready for action, and soon headed north, meeting the boys up the road for a great feast in the bustling berg of Athelstane.

Friday soon arrived and lunch followed in the great northern berg. The small crew, as is the custom, headed to the northern teammates cabin for

libations and gaming. Soon the rest of the team began to arrive. The President and AG, followed shortly by the Sturgeon General, who sniffed out the game like a wizened pro. After the cards were laid to rest, the journey ended back at the cabin on "A". A contingent of junior members arrived, the SEC-Transportation, SEC-HSS, and Chief Inspector, followed shortly thereafter by the FDA Chair and the SEC-D'Fence, making the camp complete.

As the evening wore on and supper was completed, cocktails served, and discussion of the great hunt ensued, we knew the cabin was quieter than normal. The absence of the SEC-W/M surely calmed things down. Luckily, we had more than one volunteer to liven the crew, and we were more than ready for the big hunt!

Despite our best efforts over the next two days, deer were scarce and the buck pole remained empty. Numerous hours were spent in the quest, but to no avail. It was agreed the new logging along Moonshine affected our success rate, but we plugged on none-the-less.

As this was no abnormal occurrence, we went back to our roots and made deer camp what it had always been; MY FAVORITE TIME OF THE YEAR!

As Sunday drew to an end, members began to head back to civilization. By Tuesday, the camp was ready to close, and as we looked back at our camp as we headed south, we knew that once again we had done it: Another in a long line of incredibly successful deer camps. Congratulations.

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## A Word from Bob...



“...if it weren't for people like you, there wouldn't be anybody like you.”

From the pen of the president...

Ah yes, another year has passed. It seems like only yesterday that we were getting ready for the hunt. It was another great year even if our kill was down a little from last year. But I think a good time was had and that's all that matters.

My compliments to the booyah crew for it was another good year for them and of course the

racing team did us proud. Our hats are off to all of your hard work and dedication. Also a special thank you goes out to the Sec. of Weights and Measures for getting us to believe that he was going to New Zealand to play ball when really he went out to shuckle a few sheep to get the wool for warm clothing. What a guy, don't ya think?

Looking ahead to 2006; wood cutting in spring, fish camp, leveling the

cabin, look at putting a deck on the cabin! YA RIGHT!!!!!!!!!! So that is what we hope to happen in this off season of deer hunting.

So in closing I would just like to say it has been a honor and pleasure to be able to spend time with you and I'd like to say if it weren't for people like you, there wouldn't be anybody like you.

The President...  
BOB

## "How I'm Doing My Part to Expand Deer Camp"

By the SEC-Ext/Int

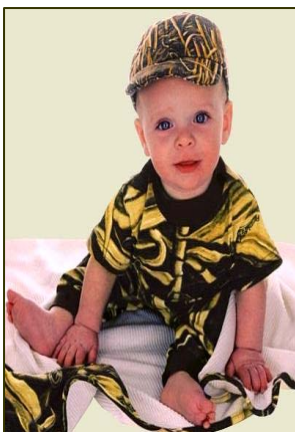
fun that is had up north.

I want to start by first apologizing for not making it up to deer camp this year, but I believe my punishment will be many sleepless nights in the near future. As you all are probably aware, my beautiful bride and I are expecting our first little one.

I will spare no expense when it comes to training Jr., as he will learn and experience his fishing/hunting skills with the President himself. (Known to Jr as grandpa.) Uncle Matt will also fill in this role when the President is busy on other projects.

It is a very exciting and joyous time for us as well as for the future of the BBC. For years to come, the little one will make trips to the north woods and learn the rules and the

I once again apologize for missing deer camp this year, but I'm very happy to report that the future of Bob's Buck Camp looks extremely promising!



## Similarities between Applying for a Job and Applying for Membership at the BBC

**By: Comptroller Rollin**

As most of you know during Deer Hunt 2005, while completing my duties as Comptroller I was also busy applying for employment outside of my responsibilities as a member of the BBC. I thought that now would be the perfect time to share my experiences with all of you on the similarities between applying for a job and applying for membership to the BBC.

The first thing that I realized was similar in the two application processes is that it must be a good fit for both the organization and the person applying. The difference in the selection process from there however differs greatly. While the BBC will take anyone that can consume as much food and beverage over a three-day period as possible, most companies have slightly more stringent criteria. This in no way

is meant to downplay the difficulties of trying to finish off some of the wonderful feasts prepared by the FDA Chairman, although having the Secretary of Transportation in camp helps immensely.

The next thing I found similar was during the interviewing process. For those prospects looking for membership into the BBC they must give a speech after the annual Bored Meeting. While looking for a job you may have to go through numerous interviews where you are asked all sorts of questions and you are judged based upon your answers. Where this step differs however is that while the answers you give to the interviewer for a job determine your future with the company, you can say pretty much say or slur anything during your speech and still be in the good graces of the BBC membership.

The final similarity in the application process that I noticed is that both organizations will give you a reward for being accepted into their clan. The similarity however ends there. Now while applying for a job, you may become disappointed to learn what your pay or benefits may be if you decide to accept the position you are applying for. However, at the BBC you always know that the reward for attending any BBC event is good food, plenty of cold beverages, and witty banter amongst intelligent, but rarely sober minds.

I hope that this article can serve as a guide to all of the younger junior members when their time comes to venture out into the working world. The process for me made me realize again just how lucky we BBC members have it. Here's to another successful year at the BBC.

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***"...most companies have slightly more stringent criteria."***




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***"...plenty of cold beverages, and witty banter amongst intelligent, but rarely sober minds."***

## '05 Bored Updates

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*"A slight disagreement of poker fundamentals also highlighted the evening..."*




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*"The President showed us a new way to play sheepshead..."*

My how time flies! It seems just like yesterday that my predecessor, Colin Pollups, was writing this article for the BBC Newsletter. I'm proud to be able to bring you the '05 Bored Updates. Where do I start? Well first of all, what a great year it was. Being a first time senior bored member I tried to observe as much as I could.

Thursday night brought great food and a lot of bantering between the members of BBC and the Boy's Up The Road. A slight disagreement of Poker fundamentals also highlighted the evening (I still think the senior member was right)!

Friday A.M. was a little fuzzy as usual, but we shook the cobwebs and set out for a great day of eating, friendship, cards, and greeting our fellow bored members as they arrived. Upon our arrival back at camp the President and the Attorney General greeted us. The Pres. seemed ready for the big hunt. (Did I mention that I thought the senior member was right?)

Saturday; what can I say? Hunting, great food, cocktail hour, and cards. Can it get any better? Oh yes it can because we had our annual Bored Meeting. Many topics were discussed during the meeting. I hope someone took notes. Some of the topics were:

- Leveling the cabin
- Sponsorship of the Sec. of Transportation's hobby
- A secret mission headed up by yours truly (hopefully in '06)
- Probationary members who chose not to show up
- Old business (north of 64 rule)
- New business (see above)
- Kudos to the Bunk House construction team

➤ And probably many more that I don't remember

A reminder to those Bored members who didn't get their pledge to the Sec. of Trans. so he can get his car back together. Greg don't forget about the orange and black stripes.

Sunday was pretty uneventful with no Packer game to watch. We said our goodbyes to some of our BBC brethren. We also managed to get some hunting in. The President showed us a new way to play Sheepshead (eliminating the mouerers).

On Monday the Comptroller and I took a drug run to Crivitz to help with the Sec. of State's battle with the gout. More hunting by the President and his trusty assistant the VP at the DeBroux compound. All enjoyed an evening meal of Beer Can Chicken. May I add what a great job by the FDA Chairman on this year's meals? The day ended with another Packer loss (boy would Reggie Bush look good in Green and Gold).

Tuesday came and it was time to head home. The end of another great trip up north to the BBC.

A special thanks to everyone for making my first year in office a great one. Hopefully the many projects that were discussed will be completed in '06. A reminder that Fish Camp '06 is only a few months away. I look forward to my first trip to the Neligan Lake complex. Did I mention that I still think the senior Bored member was right?

Respectfully yours,  
**Condezza Rice-r-Roni**  
**Sec. of State BBC**

## BOB'S BIG BUCK CAMP SPORTS REPORT

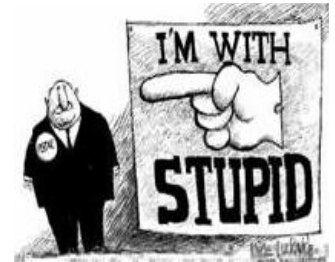
By  
Al B. Asonofagun

Not much of a year for sports at Bob's Buck Camp. The Badgers didn't play, the hunting was slow, and the Packers found a way to lose another close one on Monday Night Football to the ViQueens. There are some who would consider poker a

sport, but I'm not one of them.

The closest thing to a sports story was the absence of the Sec. Weights and Measures, who was recruited to play softball in New Zealand, of all things. Reports are that he is doing well, and having a great time. Of course he managed to get

kicked out of his first game, and was quoted in the local newspaper calling the opposing manager 'bush league'. Those Kiwi's take softball VERY seriously, so lets hope he comes back home in one piece. He was missed, mostly because it's more fun to rip on him to his face, rather than from across the world.



### Heard in Camp...

*It only cost a dime... No, 10 cents...*

*We could put up a first aid station by the corner post!*

*Boy, its going fast... You're just taking over Ric's spot...*

*Geez those are big olives.*

*If you fill the rest up with whiskey you'll be alright.*

*Are we going to the milkhouse?*

*Anybody want to buy any girlscout cookies?*

*I farted and it didn't even stink,*

*Oh, its dark chocolate... still warm...*

*We could go warfeling!*

*Do you know what he's talking about? No, and I live with him...*

*Downed pig! No... just got bred...*

*Looks hot! What, his yamaka?*

*Ice on the rocks!*

*Can't have an olive without a drink!*

*Its like one of those days when you shoot yourself and you miss...*

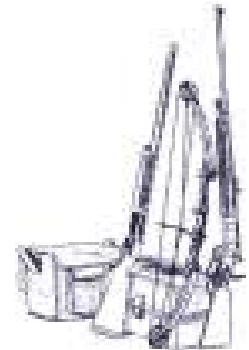
*Hopefully by then we'll evolve gills.*

*62... I got 62... That's weird!*

*Are you welding Bob?*

*Eternity would be just like eternity.*

*Walking around looking for a Pizza Hut.*



## FROM THE COOKSTOVE

By **Chef-Boyardees-Guys-Drunk**

This was a rather unusual year for the chef. First of all, for the first time in many years, I did not get up to camp, due to some logistical issues (the Sec. D'Fence needed a ride), until Friday. This possibly leads to the other unusual things; I didn't fall down while cooking, I remember everything about the weekend and my liver wasn't in pain on Tuesday. While those things were good, I can't say they were worth missing the first day of camp. Hopefully next year I can return to my 'normal' schedule.

If I have to say so myself, this years food was the best ever (being able to remember it all is a bonus). Like I mentioned above, the Sec. D-Fence and I arrived Friday evening. After a few beverages, we heated up the kraut (with kosher pork), and chili. A great way to get the intestines started for the rest of the weekend. Plus we were all safe from the bird flu. Saturday morning we had our

now traditional meal of Eggs Bob. We had a nice assembly line going, with everyone helping out. Next time I'll even use the big plates. That night, after some fine dinner music, we had the culinary highlight of the weekend, the Swiss Steak Extravaganza. The VP has taken over the preparation of this dish, and while it may never beat out Ma Nelson's version, it was excellent. We didn't have biscuits, but the Mayor of Denmark sent along some fine bread. What a treat!! The Prez didn't make his famous onion soup either, but he did clue me in on a new recipe involving Ramen noodles. I can't wait to try it.

At Sunday's breakfast things really got strange. First the VP showed me how he throws together his egg bake. We made them pretty plain, just eggs, bread, ham, and cheese, but next time we will be more creative. The other new thing was waffles (or was it warflles). Both items went over very well, and

everything was cleaned up. We also found an assistant to the Secretary of Transportation in making sure all the food was eaten.

Since I got to camp late, I decided to stay up until Tuesday. This meant we had to have another meal since the Packers were playing on Monday Night Football. We decided to have Beer Can Chicken, and boy did it turn out good! Along with potatoes, stuffing, gravy, etc., it was a great meal. Too bad the game after it wasn't as good.

I think next year, I will plan on getting to camp on Thursday, AND staying Monday night. The best of both worlds! Hopefully it will be as good as this year.

P.S. My apologies to Betsy Ross for not having the BBC aprons at camp this year. Seems they got misplaced while moving. The good news is that I did find them, and they will be back at BBC next year.




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*"...but he did clue me in on a new recipe involving Ramen noodles."*



## News from the Boys up the Road

### **Deer were like Packer Victories (We Would See Very Few)**

Much like the 2005 Green Bay Packer football season, this year's deer season could be considered similar. Deer were harder to find than a Packer victory even though anticipation was high before both seasons started. The Wisconsin DNR indicated that the deer herd was below levels in unit 45. Unfortunately that was a prediction they had right. One can only hope that the deer population in the Amberg/Athelstane area will rebound over time. Although we need to be thankful that at least Tom did fill the bonus tag he purchased for unit 49B. Tom did a good job dragging that deer up the hill and I'm still convinced the shot came from the other direction.

I did my part this year to help educate the public on what is most important about the November deer

hunt. Some of the "Trolls" below the bridge had wished me luck before departing for Deer Camp. I thanked them but indicated that the real luck was just arriving in Amberg and the mission would be accomplished. I'm sure that they did not understand my version of luck.

The big disappointment in Athelstane was found at the "Little Brown Jug". A change of ownership and total trashing of the inside (remodeling) was like the destruction of an historic site. In honor of the former owners, the late Robert DeBroux, Jim Heezen and Martin Kurth, we boycotted the place for the hunting season. The establishment should remain on probation and a hearing should be held at Bob's Buck Camp regarding future patronage with the "honorable" Robert Mathies presiding. Other area establishments continued their tradition of excellence for

entertainment value purposes during the deer season.

The one major accomplishment for this writer was having the opportunity to stay in camp through Thursday and partake in Thanksgiving dinner at the Nimrod. It's always great to achieve a highly valued goal in life. With a smile on my face, I thought of all you and enjoyed dinner. I highly recommend this dining pleasure if you have a chance to stay in camp over Thanksgiving.

As always the "Boys up the Road" appreciate spending Thursday and Friday before the opener with the crew from "Bob's Buck Camp".

Deer Camp 2005 is history and Deer Camp 2006 is on the schedule!

See you next year!

### **The Ambassador from the UP**

Jaws is playing, and in the end everything is gone because I want to go to bed. New Rule next Deer Camp: Leave when you want to leave. Its hard waking up and "The President" is expecting you to go out and hunt.

Maybe next camp I should decide to find a different hobby since there is more to do than play cards, isn't there?




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***"...was like the destruction of an historic site."***

## A Story of Late Night Cards

### **-Chief Inspector**

Late night of cards, I start off good. But by the time its 4 in the morning I'm back where I started.

Every year I go up to camp and I get sucked in to playing poker or hold 'em. Every year I start at 10 or 11 and don't go to bed until 3 or 4. There has to be some kind of new

rule next year when you can quit. I mean especially when you start off good and win a little and get taken in by the local "shark". This year the local "shark" was especially busy!

Hey I start off good, and a high level of excitement is shown from me. (Which rarely happens). Then bang, the theme from




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***A new camp hobby?***

## Cash Flow



*“Some might find it somewhat offensive.....”*

One of the disadvantages of being in your seventh year of college is that you tend to rack up a fair number of student loans. The debt keeps getting bigger and bigger, but there is one weekend of the year that allows you to make up for some of your financial shortcomings. Bob's Buck Camp allows even a modest card player the opportunities to strike it rich and come home with a little extra in your pockets. Some measure the success of deer camp by the number of deer on the buck pole or the number of hours spent in the woods, but not me. For the non-hunter, it is all about how much you can increase your bank roll over the weekend. Over the past couple of years, I have been fortunate enough to win a small fortune, mostly due to the card playing of intoxicated and young players. Some might find it somewhat offensive to take advantage of players who are too intoxicated or inexperienced to really know what they are doing. I say nonsense, I am providing them with education and experience to go out and take advantage of others and continue the tradition. BBC is a gamblers paradise because it gives me the opportunity to play cards with those less fortunate.

*-The Sturgeon General*

## Promises Not Kept / What Becoming an Official BBC Member Means to Me

*By SEC-HSS*

When people read the Scribe's article in the Denmark Press last year about BBC, I'm sure many people in the Denmark area, as well as others, had an idea what was going on: a bunch of guys getting together talking stupid and drinking beer (which actually wasn't said in the article at all, but who's naïve or even stupid enough to believe anything the Scribe says). But becoming a official

member of the BBC (Bob's Buck Camp, for those who don't know or **REMEMBER** what it means) doesn't just mean me getting acclimated to cocktail hour to the point where I dance with other group members, nor does it just mean supporting the Shark's college fund by horrendous car playing, and not even falling asleep in The President's bed. Most of all it means keeping your promise as a probationary member and coming back the following year (and every year after) and having a great time. Becoming an official member is great! Maybe I can finally shoot a deer some year or at least see one. But those three members, whom will remain nameless, should look to me as a role model, not in those ways mentioned, but in keeping your promise as a probationary member to come back the following year, and by **HAVING FUN!**

*“...those three members, whom will remain nameless...”*





## My Favorite Time of Year!!!

Christmas? No! Summer? Almost! My birthday? Not anymore. Thanksgiving? Kind of, it falls during this time.

The answer: Deer Camp. For the first time since I was 17, I missed the time honored tradition of Deer Camp. A tradition that for many years has brought men and boys together for a single weekend in search of one trophy: The big buck!

I didn't especially miss the cold, that is hard when it is 75 and sunny! I still got the shakes, but not from trying to drain the nation's supply of whiskey in one night though. It was withdrawal from not attending Bob's Buck Camp. This is a tradition that could not be

explained in words to my kiwi friends. Thanksgiving was easy; family, food and football. Deer camp is more of an unexplainable ideal. A must be there kind of thing. The camaraderie is something that cannot be duplicated.

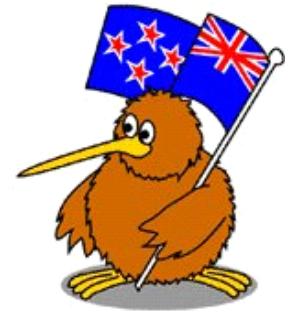
I know that there is no other place where I think a future doctor is smarter each time he says "night cap" after 3:00 in the morning. No other place wakes you up to the well known anthem of "Thirty Point Buck". And no other place is a meal served with more of a family feeling than at the bored table.

Deer camp! Where things such as "MAURER", "I didn't think the can was that full", "which lake is

that?" and the forever remembered, "Hey Bob, I shot a buck!", can be heard and laughed about for years. A time that when missed cannot be revisited, only a hope for the memories of the passed year to be rekindled and laughed about as have the many years before that, to take you to that lost year. Ask the FM, he is still trying to catch up from the last 5, and added this year to the list.

Deer Camp!! Is there anything better? It's my favorite time of year!!

*From Hastings, New Zealand  
Sec. Weights and Measures*



*"It was withdrawal from not attending Bob's Buck Camp."*

## EYES IN THE SKY

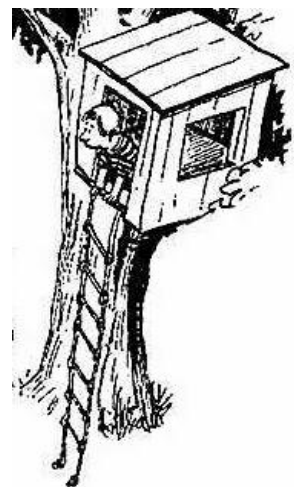
### *By the SEC- Transportation*

There are many different spots to sit at BBC. They range from a warm spot on the couch, behind a blind, up in a tree and a comforting spot in the out house. Everyone has their place at BBC. Luckily mine is up in a tree.

It is a nice spot to sit. I usually never have to fight the other members for the spot. I really don't know why. Maybe it has to do with the dizziness of all the fresh air of opening morning. I don't know. Never have I had another hunter go in my stand and put his stand just a couple of feet about my head. I also feel safe in the tree stand. Unless someone is hunting reindeer I don't think someone will mistake me for a deer.

On the hunting side of things, I haven't seen a deer since I have been sitting there. Since I'm never being disturbed by stampedes of deer it is a great thinking spot. I thought that maybe I wasn't in the stand enough. This year I was in the stand and conscious for the longest time ever. Still no deer. Maybe I need to try something different. Maybe some scents or deer calls. Just something different.

Well, whatever I try it isn't going to be a different stand. Even though I haven't seen any deer and other hunters may think there is a better spot to be in, I like being up in a tree and in the fresh air. Up looking over the trees is the spot for me.



## REPORT FROM BBC SOUTH

**By: The Foreign Minister**

For those of you who noticed that I was not at Bob's Buck Camp this season, I checked with The President, and he has advised that enough time has passed and that it is safe to "come clean."

Although you may be thinking that I have prepared yet another in a long line of excuses, I am proud to report that, this year, it is not the case. The truth is I was serving on "Special Assignment" by direct order of the President himself.

Here's how it all went down.... About a month before Opening Day, I received a call from Big Bob. "I know you're planning on heading north for Buck Camp this year," he said. "but, given that the Sec. W/M and Scribe will not be in attendance, your typical babysitting responsibilities won't be required. I have a more important responsibility in mind for you."

"Wait a minute," I replied. "No Sec. W&M or Scribe? What's up with that?"

The Prez responded that SEC-W&M was to be off attending some kind of softball camp and the Scribe was too busy preparing an article for the local paper that was titled "DHS Hoops Preview," but was actually focused on previous graduates.

So, as to not conflict with a direct request from The

President, I readily obliged, but became a bit confused when inquiring about my responsibilities.

"What I need you to do is stay put down south here and keep an eye on things," said The Man. "When it happens, react immediately and without hesitation."

"OK," I replied. "But what, exactly, am I supposed to be looking for?"

With a wink and a nod, The Prez responded, "When it happens, you'll know."

So, I followed orders and stayed home. On Opening Day morning, I took a drive and checked on the estates of the President, VP and The Mayor. Everything seemed under control. I even patrolled by the new Son-In-Law's abode. (Note to Dan-you're low on Budweiser.)

Then, thinking that I might be overlooking the obvious, I drove out Zumbo's way, parked by the road, walked as near as I could to Zumbo's isolated stand and yelled at the top of my lungs, "How's it going, Zumbo? See any Bucks yet?" When there was no response, I determined Zumbo to be taking his mid-morning nap and left.

The remainder of the first part of the season passed without incident. Wednesday evening arrived and I received a call from The President.

"Is everything under control?" he asked. "I think so," I replied. "Job well done." he pronounced.

Seeing that I had missed yet another Buck Camp, and that I really missed the guys, I asked the Big Man if I had earned the privilege to hang out with crew and assist with some drives during the remainder of The Hunt.

"Your job is not yet done," he answered. "I need you to stay home, with your eyes open, while we finish this thing out. There can be no surprises."

Well, the hunting season came and went. Nothing happened. But, I'm still confused as to what was supposed to happen. I felt sort of like Colonel Klink being sent to the Russian Front. Or, Barney Fife being placed on lookout for Ernest T. Bass. I do understand, though, that it is not my job to ask "Why?".

I did, however, turn to the Vice President for advice. His only reply was, "Is The President pleased?" When I responded that I thought he was, the VP gave me a knowing look, "If The President is pleased, then all is right in the world."

So, in short, I'm glad the President is happy and that I gained his trust (although I'm still not sure how), but I sure hope I get a better assignment next year. There's too much pressure in this job.




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***"When it happens, react immediately and without hesitation."***





*"This year I was pretty confident in myself..."*

## Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter

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In our next newsletter:

Wharfing or Warsling  
BBC Expansion  
Kiwi Hunting  
Jaws IV: Revenge  
F.M. P.I.  
Deer Grunts or UFO's  
...and much, much,  
more!

We're Finally on the  
Web!

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

## NO LUCK THIS YEAR

As everybody knows I got myself a couple of nice bucks last year deer season. The spike up north at BBC and a seven pointer here around Denmark.

This year I was pretty confident in myself after that amazing deer season.

So in the off season or scouting period, let's just say I did anything but scout. I watched the Outdoor Channel all summer and tried to freshen up my skills. Of course I just watched what the pros did, I never practiced them. While watching all of the hunting episodes I picked up a few pointers on whitetail hunting. So all summer that is what I planned on doing. Using what I learned from watching hunting and take it out the deer stand. Sounded like a good idea.

So opening weekend come rolling along and I couldn't be happier. I went out scouting the Friday I got to the cabin.

Some great deer sign. Scrapes, rubs, fresh tracks by the bait pile. It seemed like it would work out. So opening morning I was rattling and grunting. I though this was gonna all pay off when I got a grunt back. I heard 'em walking and I heard him grunt, I just never saw him. That was about the closest I got to seeing a deer up north.

Thanksgiving weekend. Time to hunt around home. Thursday morning the Mathies family set out for Mark's woods, where Melissa saw a nice eight pointer and about five does. Well, we had no such luck this time. So we headed back for some nice turkey.

Friday everybody met at our house (all 5 of us) and went out for the hunt. Well Friday was more interesting. No more than five minuets after I sit down a fork horn or small six pointer shows up. The deer runs and at about 150 yards he stops and stands broadside. Took

one shot at him and completely missed. Another junior member also got a shot but also missed.

Now Saturday morning was interesting. I woke up at about 4:30 and I couldn't move my neck. So I had to stay home Saturday morning and hope for the best. Come Saturday afternoon I went out feeling a little bit better. Melissa was with us but we still didn't see anything. So me, Melissa, and my dad went out to Zumbo's place for the rest of the afternoon, hoping to see something out there but no luck once again. Well I was hoping for one last shot at a deer on Sunday but it rained all day on us.

So I guess you could say my deer last year was luck or just being in the right place at the right time. But the way I look at it, it was just good and fun hunting.

***The Attorney General  
Matt Mathies***

## 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...***