

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
- 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
- FM-Junior
 - Joe Lancelle
- (Probationary)**
 - Exec-Assistant
 - Dan Malfroid
 - Press Sec.
 - Steve Arveson

• 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 2006: Lessons Learned

By VP Nelson

Deer Camp is always another wonderful adventure, so much of the same traditions and rituals, yet always the new, exciting, and unexpected are experienced. Deer Camp 2006 met these goals and more, and left us waiting for next year long before we reached home.

Pre-camp festivities started a bit early this year with two junior members showing up on my doorstep the night before departure, *after* I had arrived home from church while spending the evening leading our parish's youth. While this didn't surprise me, having to restock beverages for the trip the next day did. Pre-departure anomalies didn't stop there. The next morning, after securing supplies for the weekend and packing the truck (and visiting with my eldest sister), we were a bit behind schedule, so instead of the normal malt beverage before hitting the road, it was decided (myself and the two junior members from the evening before) that we would imbibe a homemade libation secured by one of the junior members

specifically for the trip. "Great Stuff" was the description. To make a long story short, that gulp of lighter fluid resulted in the quietest trip north in history. The longest sentence recorded was, "Open the window". If you know these two junior members, you'll know it's a feat that may never be matched.

The trio, VP, Sec-Weights/Measures and Sturgeon General, arrived unscathed (after a brief stop at the corner in Crivitz) shortly after noon, to a balmy 38 degree cabin. Camp preparations were well under way when the Sec-State arrived mid afternoon. (For reasons unknown, the Sec-State partook in no libations until Athelstane was reached.)

Shortly after dark, the Comptroller arrived, followed shortly by the FDA Chairman and the Sec-D'Fence, filling out the crew for the evening. The motley crew headed for the thriving metropolis of Athelstane in time for their dinner meeting with the "Boys from up the Road", and things were under way.

After a grand evening, Friday arrived and brought

in the rest of the group. The President and AG arrived shortly after the crew left to return to Athelstane for lunch. Post lunch activities included touring the new northern recreation center east of Athelstane, owned and operated by none other than our own LGBT President. All were impressed by the facility and cards and libations followed.

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A Word from Bob...



*“Another year,
and yet not
another deer”*

From the pen of Bob:

Another year, and yet not another deer. Ah yes, anticipation makes the heart grow fonder.

It has been another good year for the BBC with the SEC-Transportation having a spectacular year of racing and the FDA Chairman for the impressive showing at the booyah cockoff. Be sure to give them an extra ATIA BOY when you see them. I would also like to thank the SEC-Transportation for purchasing a meeting place for all our BBC functions (What a guy!) and for the LGBT

President for the free use of the northern RYR Center, as they both will be greatly appreciated by the BBC members. Rumor has it the new RYR Center has applied for a license for exotic animals to be raised in the rearing pens behind the center. The animals would be coming from a foreign country which a present bored member might have had an inside encounter with. More to come on that... Thanks to all for making it another great year, and looking forward to next year being even better yet. The following words give a

little something to inspire us all into the new year and beyond.

*We the willing
Led by the unknowing
Are doing the impossible
For the ungrateful*

*We have done so much
For so long with so little*

*We are qualified
To do anything with nothing*

Bob



In Memory

In 2006, Bob's Buck Camp lost two unique members. One had not been to camp in years, and the other had never seen the inside of the cabin on "A". Ma Nelson passed in February 2006. She often referred to The President as her "favorite son" because he was the only one she could send home, and her Swiss Steak will live in infamy. Pa Nelson passed in June of 2006 and was responsible for establishing our Thursday night traditions, and was famous for "stupid pollack" comments and the slippery steps at the cabin... His legacy will live on in the BBC traveling trophy. Both are very much missed, but thanks to all they contributed to the BBC and have meant to its members, they will never be forgotten...

Heard in Camp...

Oh, shit... That looks like Frank, I may have to go hunting now...

Newman is smart...

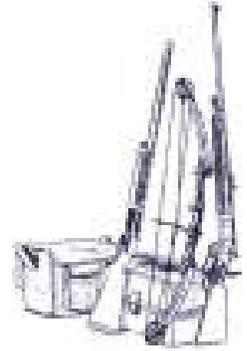
Omar... what a bastard...

Are those grouse drumming all the time...

Bob went big... So did he...

I was trying to multitask...

Hey! I even changed my filter today!



From Page 1: Lessons learned

After an uneventful trip back to the cabin on "A", the crew was completed by the arrival of the SEC-Trans, Chief Inspector, and FM Jr. The evening included excellent food and much hunt preparation. The highlight of the evening and perhaps the overall weekend was the viewing of the new BBC Trophy. The 9-point rack, secured by none other than the late Pa Nelson, adorned the shack and will become a traveling trophy, shared between the cabin on "A" and the "Boys up the Road", depending on each group's hunting prowess.

Saturday finally arrived. A beautiful day, but with deer density what it is in our area, no deer were seen. (Except of course by the AG, who was quite sure he might have seen a deer behind every tree.) Despite the lack of quarry, the BBC was not deterred and an excellent dinner of Ma Nelson's Swiss Steak Extravaganza followed that evening. A rather lengthy, but excellent Bored Meeting

followed, and Deer Camp 2006 was at its peak.

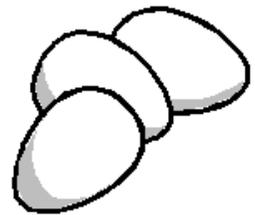
Sunday morning brought slower, if not less enthusiastic hunters, and the highlight of the season. While attempting to gain some much needed rest, the VP was visited in stand by The President and AG. After not more than a few minutes of discussion of the weather, hunt, and breakfast, the AG cried out, "DEER! DEER! DEER!". As the deer crashed away, so quick we were not even able to clearly identify its sex, we knew that were at least not complexly skunked. (And with all that yelling, we had at least one scared deer in the area.)

Sunday always brings the eventual start of the migration home. Junior members, some going back to new homes and some toward school the

next day, departed and slowly camp began to disperse. But the fun did not end despite it, and one late arrival, the Sec-HSS, helped keep the ranks in line.

Monday arrived and more hunting was attempted north with much the same results. The beautiful weather helped keep our spirits up, and we kept on our way. The evening brought another famous meal by our camp cook, and the festivities brought more egg-citement, egg-stravagance, and egg-straight extraordinary times! (At least as reported by various attendees)

Tuesday brought the close of camp, as all but The President headed south, happy with another successful Deer Camp, but saddened that it was over and another 51 weeks remained until next year. "...Deer Camp! My favorite time of year!"



"...the AG cried out, "DEER! DEER! DEER!"

'06 Bored Updates

Camp Pressure! Pressure, what is Pressure? Well according to Webster's dictionary:

1. A pressure or being pressed, 2. A condition of distress, 3. A compelling influence: constraining force (social pressure).

By now you're probably wondering what the heck I'm writing about? Well let me just say that north of 64 at BBC, we have various forms of pressure. Let's take a look at some of these.

Peer: Wanting to impress the Pres. or any other senior member.

Financial: Should I pick or mouer? Do I call, raise, or stay in for that matter.

Junior: The opposite of peer. What do the seniors think of me when I'm kicking their derriere in cards?

Natural: Should I pass it, or should I get up and go outside just in case of a little accident and be forced to change my filter.

Hunting: This type is hard to come by in these parts, unless you count the squirrels running by.

Adolescent: Do I act my age, my IQ, or my inner feelings?

Time: How do I possibly stay up past 9:00 p.m.?

These are just a few of the pressures the BBC crew face each year, and how we react, adapt, or ignore these, dictates how deer camp will be each year.

Speaking of camp, 2006 was a great year. As is custom, no deer hanging, no injuries. On the down side, no new lakes discovered, and minimal "heard at camp" renditions.

Age seems to be creeping in since I seem to remember more of camp than other years. Maybe it's the adolescent pressure affecting my inner feelings, or just wanting to wake up the next day feeling alive. As my dear darling wife says, I must be getting old. I like to look at it as being wiser. She adds as the female saying goes "Three Wise Men? Where the heck do I find them?" I think she's wrong; the BBC is full of them.

Oh by the way we had our annual Bored Meeting. Some of the topics discussed were:

- The cabin is semi leveled
- We will again sponsor T-Bone
- More banter about a deck
- Wood making in December
- Will the Sec. of Trans. ever propose?
- Camp members still missing
- Paint inside of bunk house
- Clean out the commode
- Promotion of Junior Member-Probationary to full membership

I believe there were others but I don't remember them.

Well I feel a nap coming on so I'll sign off till next year, but first let me say what a great time we had at BBC. Here's hoping that many more lakes, renditions and filter changes come our way.

Respectfully yours,
Secretary of State, Rice-R-Roni

"...you're probably wondering what the heck I'm writing about?"



"Three Wise Men? Where the heck do I find them?"

IT AIN'T EASY BEING ME

By: The Foreign Minister

Did you ever see or hear the story about the Jewish guy who, each Christmas Day, volunteered his time to perform the work of a Christian who was scheduled to work that day in order that the Christian could spend the sacred holiday with his loved ones?

Kind of restores your faith in mankind and humanity, doesn't it?

Well, here's my story regarding Bob's Buck Camp 2006, and I'm sticking to it.

My original plan had been that, although I was going to miss Opening Day, I was to head north on Sunday afternoon or Monday and be in attendance for the Vice President's BBC birthday celebration. To cover all the bases, I dispatched FM Jr. to head up Friday and return Sunday. That way, there would be an FM presence at BBC throughout most of the 2006 season. A first in history. I anticipated that the President would be pleased.

All was coming together according to plan. Then Black Friday struck. Friday before Opening Day, that

is. At my place of employment, we have a particular department in which only three people are employed. Two of the three are maniacal deer hunters. Each season, the non-hunter in the group willingly covers the hours of the others. One of the hunters schedules his vacation for Friday and Monday. The other takes off Monday through Wednesday. Well, when I got to work on Friday morning and walked around to check on things, I encountered a very sad department, indeed. You guessed it. The non-hunter in the department was bestricken with a kidney stone ailment the previous evening that was going to cause him to miss several days of work. One of the other two hunters was already off on vacation. The lone remaining hunter figured his 2006 hunt was literally shot.

So, now you must ask yourself, what would you do? Well, for me, I considered the WWBD (What Would Bob Do?) approach... then decided to do the right thing. You guessed it. I informed the hapless hunter to proceed with his vacation as planned, and that I, the FM, would cover the department.

With that being the case, all of my plans for BBC 2006 went down the drain. But, I felt good knowing that I was helping somebody out. The warm fuzzy feeling quickly subsided, however, when FM Jr. returned home Sunday and informed me of how much I was ridiculed and ripped on behind my back during the course of the weekend.

So, the moral of the story? It's very simple. Jewish guy at Christmas-praised, glorified, and lauded for his actions. FM at Deer Camp-scorned, ridiculed and chastised. Sometimes life just doesn't make sense. From now on, I'm just going to be a jerk to everybody.

(Editors Note: Will anyone be able to tell the difference...?)

Special Thanks must be expressed to the Sec-Transportation for providing FM Jr. both transportation and knowledge over the course of the weekend. To Sec-State for his excellent chaperoning skills, and last but not least to the Sec-HHS, who willingly offered to provide a ride up on Sunday afternoon to the FM. In doing so, this soon to be famous quote was delivered, "I'll gladly pick you up....if you drive."

"Well, here's my story regarding Bob's Buck Camp 2006, and I'm sticking to it."



FROM THE COOKSTOVE

By Chef-Boyardees-Guys-Drunk

Another great culinary year at Bob's Buck Camp! As I mentioned in last years article, I was going to try to extend the weekend to hit both Thursday and Monday. I was able to do so, sort of. Thursday night the Sec. D'Fence and I headed up a little later than planned. This meant we missed the meal at Nimrod's, but we did stop for some excellent pizza at Luigi's in Sobieski. At least we made it to the card game afterwards. We also made it Nimrod's for lunch on Friday where the gizzards are a treat. I tried to get the scoop on how they make them. I got a few pointers, so I've got that going for me.

There wasn't a lot of change food-wise, but here are some of the highlights:

For the second year in a row, there were no "men down" during cooking. I think leveling the cabin made a big difference on

that one. Thanks go out to the President. Apparently it wasn't all the drinking that caused my balance problems on prior years. Who'd of thunk.

We had a visitor for breakfast on Saturday, the esteemed Ambassador from Crooked Lake. He enjoyed the Eggs Bob. There were a lot of campers happy when he only stayed for 4 beers.

We continued our now traditional Beer Can Chicken on Monday night. No game to watch, but the chicken was great. Cooking in the dark is a lot of fun

The V.P. continued to out-do himself on the Swiss Steak Extravaganza. He filled the pot so full he didn't have room for spuds, but the Prez, in his infinite wisdom, suggested baked spuds. What a genius!

A couple junior members experimented with chili-kraut dogs. Sloppy as heck, but they claim they were excellent. I can't

imagine what the bunkhouse smelled like that night.

The President's Mom sent up shrimp, which the V.P. cooked to perfection. A great addition. We should probably bestow a title on her. That would be a first for the BBC.

I figured it's about time to start sharing some of the recipes for the great grub we have up at camp. This first recipe comes from the Secretary of State. It's a superb recipe, and one of the V.P.'s favorites:

Pickled Eggs

Brine (bring to a boil and then simmer for 5 minutes)

1 ½ cups vinegar
½ cup water
¾ cup sugar
½ tsp. salt

Put a dozen boiled eggs in a jar with 1 large sliced onion, and the brine.

Best server with generous portions of the Doctor and Jagermeister.



“There were a lot of campers happy when he only stayed for 4 beers.”



Thanks from the FDA Chair

As everyone knows the BBC has been participating in the World Booyah Cookoffs for the past 3 years. This is a great event. The FM and his crew run it, the President cooks breakfast, and it's a great excuse to start drinking at 5:00 in the morning. And we end the day drinking beer on the Sausage Stuffers porch. We've managed to win the People Choice award the past 3 years, due to a lot of help from many BBC members. I want to thank everyone who comes out to help cook, serve, or just buy tickets from the 50-50 girl.

Remembering Those who have Passed

When the lay people think about deer camp, they envision men sitting around a table, drinking, farting, burping and talking stupid. Well, they really aren't that far off. But the BBC is much more than that. It is brotherhood of men who hold an allegiance to a time tested tradition, a camp, each other and most importantly, Bob! Once in a while, that brotherhood is tested with the loss of a member. This year was especially hard.

This year, the camp lost two senior members, all though they had no official title, these two didn't need one. I am speaking of Grandma and Grandpa Nelson. Even though they were gone, they both were still there with us, mostly in the form of a story, or 10. Grandma was there in the great Saturday meal of Swiss Steak that she had dedicated hours to making over the years for her sons and grandsons. You may say that we aren't all sons or grandsons, but in her

eyes, those were the only two designations that she would ever put on any one that would walk through the doors of the BBC. She will always be remembered for her great spirit, love and of course, the Swiss Steak.

The other great loss was one of which I feel I have a special burden of carrying on his spirit. I am speaking of course of Grandpa Nelson, the man whose name I carry. His tribute was as grand as the others that have taken place. We remember grandpa always telling us that he never missed a deer. In his honor it was decided to have a traveling buck trophy. He too will have stories that will be passed around the table, year after year. Whether it will be of his crankiness, or of the great times together, those stories will always be of found memories of a father, grandfather, and friend.

See, the camp is much deeper than just

being men among men in a 20 x 20 cabin for 5 days. It is about being a family. Whether it is telling stories of a grumpy grandpa, a sweet little granny that the thought of brings a smile to all that knew her, or the man that spent the night of opening Saturday yelling, "Hey Bob, I got a Buck", the BBC is a ideal that has become a legacy of friends, or better yet, family, that will live on forever in our children and grandchildren.

Think about the stories we tell, then take a second to think about the stories that will be told about us for many years to come. Those stories would make those that have passed proud. I know that we live up to their expectations every year.

So in the words of our esteemed VP in honor of those who have passed, please raise your beer,

SAAALUUUTTEE!

The Other Darwin
Secretary of W/M



"...the BBC is a ideal that has become a legacy of friends, or better yet, family.."

BOB'S BIG BUCK CAMP SPORTS REPORT

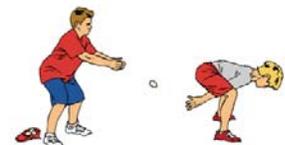
By
Al B. Asonofagun

Another slow year for sports at Bob's Buck Camp. The Badgers played, but it wasn't on TV (they played Buffalo). They started slow, but ended up winning big. The BCS system screwed them out of one of the top 5 bowls, but they had a

great year, and will be playing on New Years Day. The Packers got crushed in one of the poorest performances in years. And, surprise, surprise, the hunting left a lot to be desired.

I do want to give some recognition to our Sec-Transportation, who dominated his racing class

this year, easily winning the track championship. The BBC has been part of his sponsorship for the past few years, which is obviously a big help. He also gives us another reason for a BBC event, the BBC night at the races, which he had the good sense (and timing) to win again this year. Congratulations!



Next year's sporting event? The Egg toss?

Deer! Deer!! Deer!!!

Three words I thought I would never say during opening weekend of deer hunting.

Despite the really warm weather for November, I still had high hopes. Walking in from the long Saturday hunt and seeing nothing, I was looking forward to the always fun Saturday night at the legendary BBC.

While Sunday morning rolled around quickly, I wasn't too ambitious to get out into the stand. While everyone made a late start out into the woods, I met up with my dad at around 10:30. We were going to head in and stopped to see of the vice president wanted to head in as well. The three of use were talking for a few minutes, and all of a sudden a deer came

flying straight at us through the brush.

It happened so fast, none of us could get a chance at a shot (Much less identify the sex of the deer), but it was the high point of my hunting at the BBC this year.

Attorney General



"...all of a sudden a deer came flying straight at us through the brush."

From T-Bone Racing

The season of super stock racing at 141 Speedway didn't start out too promising for the 31 Chevy Lumina. It had a rocky start, but in the end I think that Bob's Buck Camp was once again proud to be a Sponsor of T-bone Racing.

The very first night of racing we broke a lifter in the motor. We qualified second with a broken motor and loaded it up on the trailer to head for home to switch it for the feature. Well at home we got the call that the races were cancelled so we got a break. There was nothing lost.

The weeks to come were nothing but good. I was tied for the lead

after the first night and one night in the middle of the season my teammate Todd Welsing was tied with me. Other than that I had the points lead from beginning to end.

I ended up having seven fast times, one heat win, and two feature wins. I couldn't have done it without all of the support from my wonderful sponsors and my pit crew.

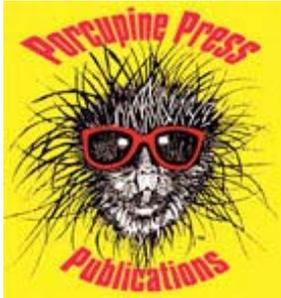
Needless to say, I am looking forward to Bob's Buck Camp night at the 141 Speedway again.

Sec-Transportation



"...I think that Bob's Buck Camp was once again proud to be a Sponsor of T-bone Racing."

News from the Boys Up the Road



“Fortunately the use of a cell phone and five people standing by the road got him successfully delivered...”



“The new northern mansion...”

In many ways the 2006 report from east of Athelstane could be a repeat of the last few years. The schedule of events remains the same because it would be difficult if not impossible to improve on the festivities the lead up to the Saturday morning opener.

There is also the fact that making any major change would require at least some degree of thought and we try to avoid taxing our brains with any decisions other than where to hunt or which bar to visit first.

One minor change of events did occur on Friday with the afternoon card game being held at Tom's new place on Palmer Road. It is always a fun time with some creative insults and maybe a few lessons for the Junior Members. Also, it is nice to have a new home for Stanley and to be able to welcome friends without worry of what the in-laws might say.

One additional note, it should be the responsibility of the VP to communicate all changes of location to the President to assure he has a completely stress free time in camp. After all, if it were not for his generosity none of this would be possible. Fortunately the use of a cell phone and five people

standing by the road got him successfully delivered to the new place and gave him a chance to find the whirlpool tub.

The hunting in the 2000 decade has been different than during the 90s with regard to deer sightings and the amount of work it has taken to fill our tags. Whether it is the landscape changes caused by the clearing of brush in the woods, too many bovines wandering around, baiting by neighbors, Zone T hunts, bears, coyotes or other causes is hard to determine. Each has been discussed in such scientific arenas as The Nimrod Inn, The Northwoods Bar and Rumors. A full report will be published in either the journal Science or The Porcupine Press as soon as the Farting Bartender has completed her review.

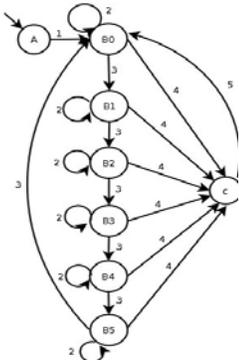
Even without the scientific review we realize the days of “Deer Central” are gone for a while. Regardless of the changes, success was realized and venison chops will be served again on Friday November 16, 2007 thanks to a successful drive made by Jim on Monday afternoon. As has occurred in previous seasons the Polish Deer Hound pushed a large doe out to Tom and a fortunate shot was made.

One lesson for the Junior members (and Senior) is to think about what is beyond your target. When the deer first showed itself the shot may have gone back toward Jim. Fortunately another opportunity was available with the deer in the open and Jim out of danger. The doe may support the coyote or bear theory because she was alone and had a completely dry udder.

As this is written the calendar year is nearing an end. For many of the unfortunate people in the world they see this as the sign another year has passed. For those of us lucky enough to spend time in Deer Camp we have a much better way to mark the passing of time and a reason to always look forward to another year. Time always passes far too quickly in camp but that is the way a celebration should be.

The next celebration will officially begin at The Nimrod Inn, 7:00 PM Thursday November 15, 2007. We hope to see you there!!





“Slot A goes into tab B... No, wait.. Slot B goes into Tab A...”

BBC 2006 Matching Game

I don't really know where to start when it comes to picking the highlights of Deer Camp 2006!! Needless to say, fun was had by all (some more than others of course). To change things up, I thought I would provide a fun game to be played by all. Names can be used more than once or not at all, so have fun... -SG

Match the “Events” listed to the “Contestants” below. (Answers in next issue...)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Purchased a nice new cabin | <input type="checkbox"/> Lost his CD's |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Discovered the joy of changing a filter | <input type="checkbox"/> Never went down! |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Turned another year older | <input type="checkbox"/> Failed to discover any new geographic anomalies |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Woke up with a headache | <input type="checkbox"/> Spent most time playing cards |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spent the most time in the woods | <input type="checkbox"/> Did NOT get lost in woods this year |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Claimed to see the most deer | <input type="checkbox"/> Donated towards Tony's college fund... Again... |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shot the most deer | <input type="checkbox"/> Actually remembered camp (Due to absence of Press Secretary) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Found a new way to scramble eggs | <input type="checkbox"/> Had VERY hot feet on Thursday night |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Slept the most | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Skipped another year of Deer Camp. | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tested the echo of the waste basket | |

- A. President
- B. VP
- C. Sec-State
- D. FDA Chair
- E. Foreign Minister
- F. Attorney General
- G. LGBT President
- H. Ambassador-UP

- I. Sec-Weights/Measures
- J. Surgeon General
- K. Comptroller
- L. Sec-D'Fence
- M. Sec-Transportation
- N. Sec-HSS
- O. Chief Inspector
- P. Foreign Minister Jr.

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...

Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter

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(Yea! Right!)

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In our next newsletter:

Cabins of the Rich and Famous
Egg-economics 101
Wheel of Fortune
WWBD?
Deer Identification
...and much, much, more!

We're Finally on the Web!

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