

Bob's Buck Camp

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-Tom Anderson

Dateline: Crivitz, WI

Deer Camp 2007: Stormy Changes

By VP Nelson

Deer Camp is the most anticipated time of the year, and in 2007, it started early. On a warm summer morning the buzz of the phone signaled another call from work. But alas, it was The President! The cabin had been hit by that week's storm and The President was in need. I cleared the schedule and wheeled 'er north to find devastation at the gray cabin on A.

Numerous trees were down. One had come across the bow of the good ship, dropping the power line to the structure, and one was leaning precariously over the mast. Other camp fire wood was littered across the landscape. Did Deer Camp come early this year and no one told me? No, it was a severe summer storm that caused major damage to the north and west and left a lot of cleanup before Deer Camp could open.

Come November the VP and SEC-W/M headed north, minus last year's belly warmer, to finalize the last of the preparations and open Deer Camp 2007. As we drove down the driveway, the yard was immaculate.

The down trees from the summer were cleared and the trashed lawn had new seed growing. The roof that had lost a corner was completely new and the crowning jewel, connected to the west of the humble abode and nearly doubling its floor space was a new deck, compliments of The President's Mother.

But the work was not done. As noon came and passed, the first beer was cracked, and chores and preparations were completed, the last ominous task remained. The summer's storm had dropped the power to the cabin and caused enough electrical damage to require new wiring. Among the casualties were the frig and the stove. The previous weekend the SEC-State had delivered a new frig, but in the back of the truck was a new (used) stove that had also failed the weekend before. The stove had proved operational after testing south of 64, so the issue had to be in the cabin.

The spirits of Deer Camps past were with our crew, and after careful inspection, testing, and calls to qualified professionals, the problem was identified. Part of the

new electrical box, new only to the cabin on A, had a special feature that had come from its previous home. Part of the ground, specifically used by the 220 line to the stove, was disconnected. Only hunters much smarter than the two early arrivals would be able to explain how it worked at all, but the problem was soon rectified and the weekend was on!

As the hunters slowly arrived, there was a different air in camp. (Cont on Page 3)

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“...there is excessive baiting of Blue Jays!”

According to Bob...

From the pen of Bob: one got hurt and it which I said we were seems that all had a within the limits on As we all know, it was good time. A special deer baiting. It was a very interesting year thanks goes out to all brought to my at 10224 Cty A. that made it to Deer attention that there is Camp, including the excessive baiting of

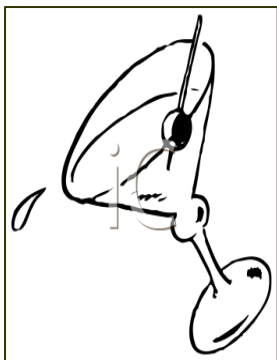
The storm in June new member. It was a Blue Jays! I assured helped us to update very educational year him that the problem and add something to say the least. would be addressed. new in a hurry. I Rumor has it the SEC- Also, when I guess it was a sign Transportation and mentioned something from above or SEC-State are already about Apple Pie, he something like that. working on projects informed me that no fine would be issued at

A special thanks goes am glad that they this time. out to The President's follow my good I would like to thank Mom for the new deck; example of not putting all for a great year! It is awesome! It was things off until the last minute. I'm looking forward to a well needed addition and is enjoyed by all. 2008 Fish Camp.

In a special note I had Bob It was another good a visit from the DNR on the issue of baiting, hunt this year as no

Another Year and No Deer

Well once again, there was plenty of sign but no deer. There were a few occasional sightings of deer though. I guess the extended cocktail hours got the best of us hunters. But Deer Camp isn't all about the hunting; its about the good times and the valuable life lessons that we learn. Believe me, there were plenty of lessons learned, but I won't go into any details. All in all, it was a good year and I'm looking forward to next year!



Attorney General

Heard in Camp...

How?!?! Now we have an Indian Camp!

Train! Train! Train! All I do is Train!!!

The Gay Shepherd

New frig... All these guys... and NO ICE!!!

I make the bellybutton go wild!

I have no idea what's going on but it sounds good to me!

Excuse me. Could you tell me which way to The Nimrod?

As far as I know Keith's not my dad.

You weren't HERE last Tuesday.

Here I come!

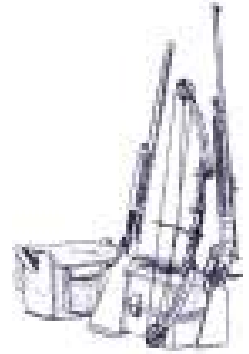
I just dealt 'em... I didn't put 'em in there...

Who drinks potatoes anyway?

Duck!

It's a controlled nap...

Even the mice wheeled 'er out!.



From Page 1: Stormy Changes

Oh, the same old traditions were continued, but with them came the new. The Thursday night trip (with directions) lived up to its reputation, but without the usual nap from our hunting companion up the road. Thanks to the new deck, no more falling off the steps. (Replaced with falling off the deck) The deck itself had its own set of rules and the Darwin Trophy had a new set of guidelines.

But despite voices that things had changed too greatly, as the weekend wore on, it was evident it was the same as always. Saturday night's feast and Bored Meeting were as good as ever. Plans were made for more improvements (some may even come to fruition) and members no longer with us were remembered with great joy and honor. The hunting itself

was as typical as it ever was with exuberant youthful hunters at 6am replaced with realistic men at dinner. No deer were harvested, but the world was as it should be. Great friends and great times.

Sunday brought the inevitable and one by one hunters began to leave to return to the real world. But a spark was found on Monday from the north with word of venison and a possible winner and from the south and a wide eyed Texan. Despite some issues and a trip further north for professional insight, the day and evening was one for the ages that would no doubt make the hunters of years past very proud.

As Tuesday arrived and the camp was prepared for closing, a somber crew gathered for a final libation and to reflect on another great year. As we climbed the driveway for our way home we turned to wave good bye to The President and the cabin on A. Yes, things had again changed and there was a slightly different look as we drove off, but we knew deep down that it was the same as it had been for many years. Even as the crew changes, matures and are replaced (but never forgotten), structures are updated, or even the site changes, while deer come and go, and even traditions are modified, God willing, Deer Camp will always be this way.

"...a somber crew gathered for a final libation and to reflect on another great year."

'07 Bored Updates

“Upon arrival the first thing I see is the VP jumping up and down with his arms up in the air?”



'07, although not the greatest BBC, it could have been the most stressful. What do we do? No refrigerator, no stove, no deer, no lights for the new deck, no picture to cover the breaker box.

Ok the VP and I came to the rescue on the frig front and almost on the stove mystery (although the VP and Sec.of Weights and Measures cured that problem). The deer problem, forget it. Facing immense pressure to get up north, a trip to Fleet Farm cured the lights and picture problem. Wow, and this is before deer camp even opened for '07.

Upon arrival the first thing I see is the VP jumping up and down with his arms up in the air? A long lunch or what! No the stove is fixed. Things got back to normal after that.

The next few days although great, were pretty UN-eventful (here's where the no deer part comes in). I must say that the few deer that are up there are pretty friendly. I mean how often will a female deer take time out of her busy schedule to give directions to The Nimrod?

Good times were had on Thurs. P.M. Someone even managed to stay awake for a full card game. Ditto for Friday. Good times and laughs for everyone, although I believe one high ranking senior member was taken to the cleaners in cards by some junior members. Saturday, what else; no deer, lots of food, beverages, and cards.

Oh yes, we also had our annual bored meeting. Very interesting, I

just wish I could remember what we did. I do believe I will have some steak dinners coming up.

Good win for the Pack on Sunday along with some more great food. Monday seemed like any other Monday at deer camp until the comptroller put out a 911 call. The next few hours were the most stressful of the camp. All is well and once again thanks to the VP for being my co-pilot.

Monday night was a lesson well learned by one of our unnamed jr. members. For all that went home early, stick around next year for the pork chops, they were Great!!! Tuesday I left early to solve another problem in Brew Town. Another success story although I don't recommend driving home in a rainstorm with bad wipers.

Well that's about all the time I have to stressfully write this years minutes. Also thanks to all the friendly reminders from my fellow bored members who seem to have nothing else to do at work. I must say some of the punishment wouldn't be that bad.

Till '08.
Secretary of State Rice



“Monday seemed like any other Monday at deer camp until the comptroller put out a 911 call.”

The End of the Good Old Days

By: The Foreign Minister

It goes without saying that there are many, many great things about being a part of BBC. The camaraderie. The enlightening conversation. The fantastic food. The gamesmanship. The peace and quiet from never hearing a shot fired in the woods. The pink latrine... I could go on and on, but why preach to the choir? Besides, that is not the point of this article. The point is that I am actually quite concerned over what the future may hold for BBC.

I've been venturing north for our annual sabbatical for more than enough years now that I consider myself one of the "veterans." (That sounds a lot better than admitting that I'm starting to get old.) With that comes some perspective and reflection. And, I must admit that it was somewhat disconcerting upon arrival at Camp '07. You see, there was a time that BBC was what it was called...a CAMP. Nothing frilly. Just the basics. A real man's deer camp. It now appears that BBC has become a microninism of the society in which we now live.

When I headed north on the day of the Opener, I went so with the comfortable impression that I was headed back to Deer Camp. Little did I realize that I was, instead,

headed for a weekend retreat at a high class northwoods resort. The new deck was disturbing enough in itself. Then, I looked up and saw the new roof with eaves troughs included!

I had to step back to make sure I had not turned into the wrong driveway! All that did little to prepare me for what lie ahead as I entered "Bob's Crivitz Condo." A new fridge. A new stove. Complete rewiring. Running water that actually worked. Junior Members "texting" their girlfriends during a card game. The VP figuring out finances on his laptop! It all shook me up so much, I immediately had to sit down and have a beer just to attempt to settle my nerves. It took four.

When the conversation in the cabin turned to the possibility of installation of a dish for satellite TV and wireless internet accessibility, I had had all I could take. I had to head down to the Corner for awhile just to regroup. While drifting off to sleep that night, I was sure I heard the conversation in the kitchen lead to the possibility of running blacktop trails out to the deer stands.

BBC used to be a retreat of tranquility. Aside from the occasional passing car on the road, we were separated from the rest of the world in our own little

retreat. Now, there's a yard light! What next, I dare ask? An indoor latrine? Lace doily curtains? A hot tub? A bottle of nice cabernet to accompany the Swiss Steak Extravaganza? How about a microwave oven in the kitchen and a gas grill on the deck? We might as well go all the way and install an exhaust fan in the bunkhouse. BBC now has become a haven of "convenience." The Crew has gone soft. Gone forever, I fear, are the days of water runs, steaks over the fire pit and late night forehead encounters with hanging tree limbs. There's even a rule now prohibiting "letting 'er fly" off the deck! I can only imagine what Darwin and Mr. Rick would have to say about all of this nonsense.

I know that you can't stop progress, and you can't question Bob. I wax nostalgia about the good old days and good old times, though, and fear that they may be history. I can't help but think it's all part of a Junior Member Conspiracy.

Next year I'm bringing a tent.

(Editors Note: I believe the Foreign Minister's final line in last's years newsletter certainly came to fruition. Hopefully this year's last line is as prophetic.)

"I had to step back to make sure I had not turned into the wrong driveway!"



"I know that you can't stop progress, and you can't question Bob."

NEWS FROM THE BOYS UP THE ROAD

A Season to Remember!

Deciding on a title for an article in a prestigious publication such as this is never easy. Some considered; "Two Strikes and a Home Run", "A Return to Glory" and "Comedy of Errors". The last one fits the shooting but nothing else. While it is true every deer season has its share of memorable events, 2007 provided more than usual for "The Boys up the Road". The first happened on Thursday afternoon with a successful partridge hunt and the chance to add some north woods décor to the living room at The Lodge. With a fortunate shot at a nice adult grouse Tom had the one he wanted for the wall. After locating a taxidermist and getting the grouse in the freezer it was time for the official opening of Deer Camp at The Nimrod Inn. As always the food was excellent and the insults were creative.

On Friday the grouse was delivered to a taxidermist near Wabeno. If you are ever looking for the middle of nowhere, Compound Taxidermy is on Main St. It was a fun drive and we also saw a nice buck prior to some interesting stories shared by Chris the taxidermist. Friday was spent with the traditional meal at The Nimrod and then cards at The Lodge. It is an honor to host the group from Bob's Buck Camp. When The President himself arrived after being tortured by the

dentist it was a privilege to be able to provide him with some Canadian liquid comfort. Following the card game there was the traditional meal of venison from the previous year and final preparations for the hunt.

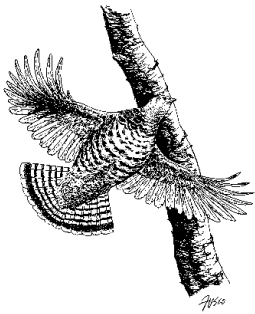
As the hunt began on Saturday it would have been hard to predict what would occur over the next days. Let's just say it is better to be lucky than good. The Saturday hunt included a big increase in deer sightings as compared to the last few years with Tom seeing 8 deer during the morning but no antlers... at least none until the walk out for lunch. As we approached the top of the hill Jim spotted a spike buck bedded down in some hazel brush. After a brief discussion (Jim shoots only 8's or better) Tom said "I'll take him." All that resulted was strike one after trying to shoot at nothing more than his head in the brush. He and a doe we did not see did not stick around to laugh. Jim handled that.

Saturday PM and Sunday provided over 20 deer seen but no antlers, or at least none that were clearly legal. Jim saw a buck with antlers he felt might have been less than three inches and weighed "about 50 pounds". With no antlerless tags and several more days to hunt there was still a good deal of optimism at the pork chop dinner on Sunday night.

On Monday morning the weather was perfect! It was raining. While most hate it, the covered stands have allowed us to see many relaxed and feeding deer. The best example was the monster Jim got in '92 on such a morning. As it turned out the deer were once again moving as the rain let up including a nice fork horn that now has some hair missing right behind his front legs and under his heart. (Strike Two) After a thorough search Jim was right in saying "deer are moving so let's get back in our stands". Then it got really interesting. Within 10 or 15 minutes there was a doe standing right where the fortunate buck had been. While watching her feed a really nice buck crossed the valley and was almost into the brush before Tom saw him. The first shot was rushed and high but a fortunate opening allowed for a second shot that hit the spine. The call on the walky talky saying "I am a little out of breath but I am looking at a really nice 8 pointer" will be remembered for many, many years.

Even though there is always a lot of bragging when showing off a nice buck the feeling of humble gratitude when it happens is far more lasting. It will be with great pride that the 2007 deer will share camp with the Darwin Trophy during Deer Camp 2008.

After a brief discussion (Jim shoots only 8's or better) Tom said "I'll take him."



"...a really nice buck crossed the valley and was almost into the brush before Tom saw him."

Detour from Dallas...

It all started with an innocent "good to see you, David. I hear you're going to be in Green Bay for Thanksgiving. You should come to Deer Camp." Deer Camp. Little did I know what those two words meant until I got to live them. I owe the invite to the SEC-W/M but it goes without saying that the Final Six of 2007 (You know who you are. No, Carl, you were not able to last that long!) made it a time I will never forget.

From the drive up on Monday afternoon to the drive back down to Titledown on Tuesday, it will be 18 hours I won't soon forget.

The SEC-HSS started off a strong with a very "generous" cocktail hour at 4:30 p.m. I think it goes without saying that the President set a fine tone as well (and by "tone" I mean a none too shabby pace) for the night and was a very gracious host. President Bob, I truly appreciated your kindness and hospitality.

In the spirit of Deer Camp 2007 and the "infamous" North of 64 rule, I won't disclose the name of a certain member of the Final Six of 2007 that could not hang with the visiting Texan as the night wore on, but the Final Six of 2007 plus the Texan

know your identity. Maybe next time don't challenge a native of the Lone Star State to a game in which you cannot win... In all honesty, what a night! I could not have had a better time. Hopefully an invite might be in the future for this Texan as there is really nothing quite like this (where else do you eat raw meat at 3 am and everyone acts like it's perfectly normal???) that I have experienced. I truly appreciated the hospitality and showing me just what "Deer Camp" really means.

Sincerely;
Your Representative from
Texas



BOB'S BIG BUCK CAMP SPORTS REPORT

By Al B. Drunkbynoon

I learned a couple of new things about deer and hunting this year. (No big surprise, it's not like I knew a lot before). First, even though deer up in the BBC area are hard to hunt down and shoot, they are actually quite friendly, and you can even stop to ask them for directions to the nearest bar if you need too.

Second I found out why hunters get a bad reputation. It seems that the Friday after camp closed, the V.P. was hunting back in the Denmark area. He happened upon a small wounded doe, and being the sportsman he is, he

put it out of its misery. He reported the events on his web site, and soon after he was savagely attacked by some bleeding heart liberal type (I think he might have been in Australia recently), who accused him a bragging about killing a poor defenseless animal. Even though the V.P. was just doing the right thing, he gets blasted for it. It just isn't right! Some day, if I ever meet up with this liberal, I'll tell the F.M. (Foul Mouth) just what I think of him.

On to a topic I'm more familiar with, football. The Badgers beat up on a pretty pathetic Minnesota Goofer team. I was honored to be able to

watch the game with the F.M., and several junior members at Tommy's (they get the Big Ten Network). The place was empty when we got there, but we did pull in quite a crowd. Just doing our part to help the local economy. The Badgers had a decent year, but probably didn't live up to the pre-season hype.

The Packers, on the other have had a great season, better than anyone could have expected. They beat up on the Panthers that weekend, and have continued rolling along. Number 4 and the whole team are having a great year. Lets hope it continues on to the Super Bowl.

***"...savagely
attacked by some
bleeding heart
liberal type..."***

From the Cookstove

By Chef-Boyardees-Guys-Drunk

Since we've been doing the newsletter for a few years, I decided to change things up a little. With that in mind, I present my Best of the BBC – Food and Drink Edition:

Best Way to Start Camp (Thursday): There are 2 choices here. Normally I would say the steaks and salad bar (including the finest gizzards in the land) at the Nimrod. I've never had a bad meal there. However, I believe last year some of our members started with a shot of moonshine before they even left Denmark. I hear that shut them up on the way to Crivitz. They may have been afraid to open their mouths in fear of an explosion. Way to take one for the team.

Best Way to Start Camp (Friday): For those who don't come up until Friday night, the meal of chili and kraut is a hell of a combination. Keeps the gas flowing all weekend. Just be careful, it can cause bleeding gums.

Best Meal in a Glass: The pint-sized bloody-marys at the Nimrod. Olives, pickles, mushrooms, brussel sprouts, and lemon. You don't need no stinking V-8 after having one of those. I wasn't sure if I needed to order lunch after having one, but I did of course (more gizzards).

Best Food Named After the President: Eggs Bob. No discussion needed here, is there? Of course I think it's the only food named after the President. It's a classic, just like the President himself.

Best Reproduction of a Classic: The VP does an awesome job on Ma Nelson's Swiss Steak Extravaganza. One of the true highlights of the camp, especially with some of the Mayor of Denmark's bread. It will never quite be as good as the original, but it's hard to improve on perfection.

Best Ethnic Food: It's got to be saurkraut, made with kosher pork. It's hard to find virgin pigs, but well worth it.

Best way to Celebrate the Badgers Going to the ROSE BOWL: Finishing

of a bottle of Cherry bounce in about 15 minutes, all the while chanting ROSE BOWL, ROSE BOWL! It didn't seem quite as good of an idea the next day.

Best Food/Drink for Celebrating Your 40th Birthday: Shots of the Doctor, followed by shots of Jaegermeister, followed by (part of) a pickled egg. The VP may not agree with this choice, but the bluejays enjoyed it.

Best Hors d'ourves: The Secretary of State started bringing up his nearly world famous chicken wings a couple years ago, and they are a big hit. I wonder if he could bring along a couple Hooters girls to serve them?

Best Soused Chef: I think that's how you spell it. It's the guy who helps the chef. This one goes to the Secretary of Weights and Measures for stepping up this year to cook the Monday night meal of stuffed pork chops. He even impressed the guest from Texas.

Best Soup: The President's own concoction of onion soup, peppers, radishes, more onions, and whatever he has on hand is a masterpiece. The ramen noodles put it over the top.

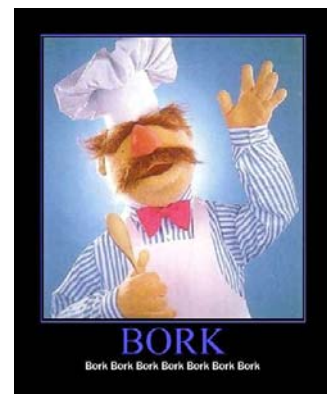
Best Dessert: The Comptroller's addition of Apple Pie this year was awesome. Some of our junior members really filled up on this item. We are all hoping this is an annual part of camp.

Best Recovery by a Chef: It seems a few years ago one of the Bored members was attempting to put the kraut on for the Friday feast and was having a little trouble with his feet. I think the floor was uneven. Even though he landed flat on his butt, he was able to keep the kraut upright, and didn't spill a drop. Boy, I wish I could remember who that might have been.

I hope you enjoyed the list, and maybe it brought back a few memories. As always, any complaints, or arguments will be cheerfully ignored. If you have any additions, they will have to wait for next year.



“...all the while chanting ROSE BOWL, ROSE BOWL!”



What About our Holiday???



“What does this have to do with deer hunting you might ask?”

This year, for some reason, I don't have the same zeal for Christmas that I have had in the past. As people ask me why this is, I took a second to sit back and think about it.

As I drove around the nights preceding Deer Camp 2007, I was amazed by what I saw. When I was just a wee lad, Christmas would start in December, or for the very enthusiastic, the day after Thanksgiving. This year, more than a month before the actual holiday I saw large blown up snow men in people's yards. Christmas lights on homes, well done I might add, but more than a month before Christmas? Even the sales aren't able to wait more than a minute after Thanksgiving! A mall in Oshkosh was opening

at midnight for those that can't wait for their turkey to digest to go shopping!

I don't mean to be a Grinch, but I would point out one quote that I have heard many times in the past: "Too much of a good thing!" That seems to be the theme to how Christmas has been made out to be in the recent years.

What does this have to do with deer hunting you might ask? For starters, soon my "Favorite Time Of Year" is going to get skipped right over, not to mention Thanksgiving also! Heck, even Fleet Farm is starting to celebrate in early November. I hate to see a time that is so important to so many get overshadowed by another

holiday. Yes, there is plenty of time to enjoy both!! A month, and sometimes more, in between holidays if I may say.

Had it not been for deer camp, things like "Hey Bob, I shot a buck" wouldn't have been heard and legends wouldn't have been made. A young man from Texas wouldn't have been able to experience this fabled time.

All that I ask is that let one thing happen at a time and let us have our holiday back!!

Until next year,

Secretary of Weights and Measures

(Editors Note: What???)

Deer Hunters at the Bar...



One night during the local deer hunting season a police officer was staking out a particularly rowdy country bar for possible DUI violations. At closing time, he saw a deer hunter stumble out of the bar, trip on the curb, then try his keys in 5 different cars before he found his. He sat in the front seat for several minutes fumbling around with his keys. All the other deer hunters left the bar and drove off. Finally he started his engine and started to pull away. The police office was waiting for him. He stopped the driver, read him his rights and administered a Breathalyzer test. The results showed a reading of 0.00.

The puzzled officer demanded to know how that could be. The deer hunter replied, "Tonight I'm the designated decoy!"

-From The President's Mother



**Better than Dave's
Top Ten!**

Top Ten Reason Why the Sturgeon General was MIA for Deer Camp 2007...

- #10-He couldn't bear the thought of seeing the cabin with new amenities.
- #9-He was busy rounding up supplies for subsequent deer camps, complete with IV's and catheters.
- #8-He couldn't find any cases, and then he couldn't find any 30-packs, so he said to hell with it.
- #7-At least the call room at the hospital does not smell of stale beer and flatulence.
- #6-He didn't have to drive up north to see the president, you can see the glow of the "special" sweater all the way in Milwaukee.
- #5-The thought of sitting between Jack and Ass made his behind tighten up so much he couldn't sit long enough to drive up north.
- #4-Attending to the ever-present "Milwaukee Knife & Gun Club".
- #3-He still has card money left over from last year so he didn't want to take any more from the already poor BBC members.
- #2-He didn't have to drive up north to hear The President, you can hear that voice all the way in Milwaukee.
...and the #1 reason...
- #1-Busy procuring new hunting land!**

*** ADVERTISEMENT ***

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Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter

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In our next newsletter:

Legal Wildlife Baiting
The Texas 2-Step
Porch Safety
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...and much, much,
more!

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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...