

# 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

### • Recognized Foreign Diplomats

- Ambassadors:
  - Jim Sipiorski ('da U.P.)
  - Frank Leiterman (Crooked Lake)
  - David Gutzman (Rep. of Texas)
  - Eric McCabe (Hooterville)
- LGBT President
  - Tom Anderson

Dateline: Crivitz, WI

## Deer Camp 2009: Gone Astray!

As seems to be the case each year, Deer Camp 2009 had its own characteristics that make it unique and memorable in its own fashion. 2009 may be best remembered for its resounding and deafening quiet. Perhaps this year's unique makeup of participants, character and timing contributed to this "perfect storm", but the lack of earth shattering craziness, outlandish endeavors, and legendary pratfalls lead somehow to one of the best Deer Camps on record, provided you could get there. Somehow, we all did...

Camp was opened slightly before noon by the Vice President and Sec-D'Fence and the little cabin on A greeted them to temps in the low 40's, rain, and the usual "CRACK" of an aluminum container opening. An earlier arrival was planned but the ridiculously confusing roadways of NE Wisconsin resulted in numerous detours and long-cuts. In short order the two man team had the cabin in order and ready for arrival of the rest of camp. The two were in constant awe of the newly installed kitchen cabinets. The Comptroller and SEC-State arrived in time for

the year's first cocktail hour and reported they did not get waylaid by the confusing roadways. After the traditional venture to downtown Athelstane and the fine fare there, the FDA Chairman arrived and reported a successful navigation through the complex transportation corridor.

Friday morning The President arrived and reported that he was able to blaze a direct path from home to the cabin and provided more than ample documentation for future explorers. After libations, more gizzards and another fine feast at the 5-star Nimrod, the trophy hanging was conducted at The Lodge and the Darwin Buck once again hung in honor. After gaming and such the return to the cabin showed telltale signs of visitors. A note of well wishes, "Happy Hunting Guys" had been left by the Gasman. Later, as food was served and hunt plans were discussed, the remaining hunters, the SEC-Transportation and Chief Inspector, arrived and reported The President's trail was well marked. Attendance was down, but all present were assembled and ready for the hunt.

Despite our extensive preparations, the time consuming research, thorough planning, and unmatched effort, Saturday's opener found the deer uncooperative. Two instances of stands occupied by foreign hunters and one misplaced tag caused pre-dawn delays, but maximum effort was applied, yet still zero deer sightings reported. A surprising and short visit to the couch by the SEC-HSS Saturday rounded out the team for camp. (Cont. on Page 3)

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## A Word from Bob...

*From the pen of Bob:*

*Well, it was another good year at 10224 County Highway A. A year of change, thanks to our construction engineers, and a year of good fun, food, and relaxation.*



*"...but remember in spring, we have a lot more to do."*

*The hunt could have been a little better, but I think a good year was had by all.*

*Thanks to all for helping on woodcutting weekend, but remember in spring we have a lot more to do.*

*A good time was had at fish camp last year and I am already counting the days until the spring opening 2010.*

*In closing, I would like to say it is an honor and a privilege that you let me be a part of a fine group of avid sportsmen such as yourselves.*

*As always, the words of wisdom...*

*"Two jacks, a queen, and 21 to bury... You cannot pass..."*

*-Bob*

### Heard in Camp...

*If you stop in Coleman you could buy one  
He drank how many layers out of the case?*

*Should have bet the pot!!!*

*Couldn't see 20 yards in front of me!*

*"Hey do you think if I setup a stand in that pothole...? HEY!*

*There goes one now!"*

*So, did you get lost on the way?*

*Non-returnable bottle... I thought they'd refill it!*

*It was a gift...*

*Answer that, it might be the phone...*

*"Happy Hunting Guys"*

*"Whrs the deerr"*

*That IS Benson Lake Road!*

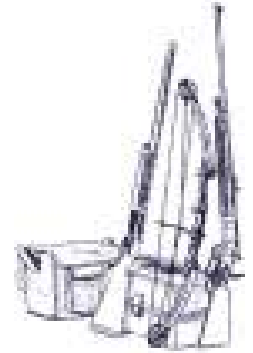
*No one home...*

*How come the yard light isn't on? It's on Eastern Time...*

*I'll bet on the come...*

*You have what in your pants?*

*I would say 2 years at the most.*

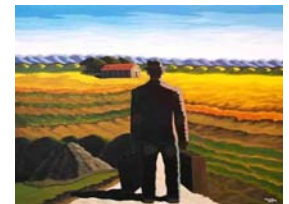


### (Cont from page 1) Gone Astray

Subsequent warm weather and unusual foggy conditions contributed to a quick drop in hunters seen and shots heard in the vicinity of the cabin. Three hunters conducted a mission north on Monday and finally spied an elusive whitetail, but no shot presented. A difficult hunt was on the books. The return to the cabin on Monday revealed another visitor during our trek. Zumbo had stopped in and left word. Another missed opportunity!

Despite the difficulties in the vast woodland, a fine variety of sustenance was assembled in the tiny cabin. Incredible breakfasts, highlighted by the newly added biscuits and gravy, tempted hunters from their stands. The legendary Ma Nelson Swiss Steak feast on Saturday night provided enough caloric intake for a week of hard hunting, and the uniquely assembled pork chop meal on Monday will take years to top. No hunter went hungry in 2009.

Slowly the small group began to disperse. Those that did not attend Deer Camp 2009 were sorely missed as the band of hunters dwindled quickly. Soon Tuesday arrived and The President was sighted alone on the deck of the cabin waving farewell as the last brother departed, hopefully all finding the shortest paths home. After scouting the area, The President closed camp on Wednesday, leaving the little cabin on A for another year.



## Where's the Deer?

By the SEC-State

Life's been a little crazy the last month and a half so my apologies go out to the VP for missing the deadline.

But once again I ask, "Where's the deer?"

As usual the BBC deer camp was once again a great time and I actually saw midnight all but one night.

But once again I ask, "Where's the deer?"

Although the attendance was a little down, those that did make it looked like they had a great time. Personally my card game winnings, or lack thereof, were down big time, but thanks to the VP and his dice skills, I ended up a head for the camp.

But once again I ask, "Where's the deer?"

Thursday night (also my favorite) was again awesome. Something about walking into Nimrod's and seeing the boys up the road gets everyone fired up for deer season, even as I ask,

"Where's the deer?"

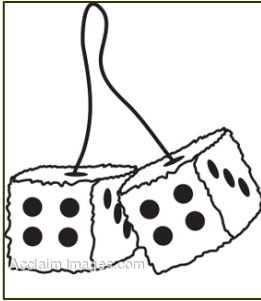
The rest of the weekend was pretty much as usual except that Saturday's cocktail hour was pretty weak.

But Monday was a little different; I saw a deer (not to be confused with Mr. Rick's "Bob, I shot a buck"). With a little trip to the De Broux compound, the VP and I managed to see a little tail. After a little scouting trip to the local drinking establishments, it was back to the BBC for another great meal.

The Darwin trophy was returned, good byes were said and BBC 09 was almost complete.

Hey did I ask, "Where's the deer?"

Looking forward to Fish Camp 10, where I will ask, "Where's the fish?"



***"...but thanks to the VP and his dice skills..."***



***They might be tunneling beneath the cabin...***



## A Step Back: On Man's Perspective

There are often two questions I get asked when I come back from a weekend of Deer Camp at The BBC.

The first question is did you get anything. The second question is the one that I think needs more explaining. Why do you keep going up there if you never see any deer?

Last year I didn't go up for the weekend (But for the record I did make an official appearance.) and it really helped me see why I go up there.

The first reason why I go to Bob's is to relax. It is nice to just get away from everything. I think you all know what I mean. It doesn't matter if you are just sitting around playing cards, hunting in the woods, or up there to do some work like making wood. It is just a relaxing atmosphere to be in.

The second reason why I go to Bob's is tradition. It is just what we

do. My father hunted there, my brother hunts up there and I hunt up there. One day maybe Noah will hunt there. There are many more traditions at Bob's but I am not sure how many I can talk about and not to be breaking the golden rule. WHAT HAPPENS NORTH OF 64 STAYS NORTH OF 64!!!!

The last but not least reason why I go to Bob's is because of the guys there. You always feel welcome at Bob's Buck Camp. It doesn't matter if you are a hunter, a cook, or just came up to sleep. There is always a place up there for you.

This is why I go up to Bob's Buck Camp year after year with never seeing a deer. Sometimes you might need to take a step back to realize there is a lot more to going up to Bob's than just going in the woods looking for that trophy buck.

-SEC-Transportation




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***"It is just a relaxing atmosphere to be in."***

## BOB'S BIG BUCK CAMP SPORTS REPORT

By Al B. Drunkbynoon

Deer hunting was very slow (I think I start off with that line every year). It appears The BBC is starting to affect the rest of the state, as the count was down everywhere. The Badgers lost to Northwestern in a game they should have won. At least they are having a good year, and have ended up playing in a decent bowl game. The Pack played a good game against the 69er's, starting fast, and holding on at the end.

I preparing to write this article, I thought back to some of my favorite sports memories at the BBC. At the top of the list would have to be 1998.

That was back in the days that I never missed a home Badger Game (I have now come to realize that the BBC comes 1st). Anyway, I went to the game, and it was a 2:30 start time. It was a great game and we beat Penn State to clinch a spot in the Rose Bowl. One of the highlights was a fantastic punt return by Nick Davis. So after the game I headed home, dropped off the family, and was on my way to the BBC. Somehow I arrived by 10:30, which is when tape replay started. We immediately started toasting the ROSE BOWL, with shots of cherry bounce. It was a large bottle, but it didn't last long. All in all it was a great day, although I didn't feel very good the next day.



***"It was a large bottle, but it didn't last long!"***

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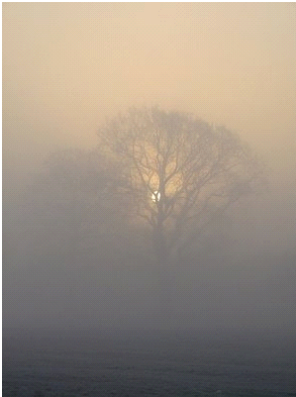


## NEWS FROM THE BOYS UP THE ROAD

### Looking Through the Fog

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***“Even without a buck on the pole, it was still a successful season...”***



The 2009 deer season will be remembered as much for what we could not see as for what we did see. With fog making it hard or even impossible to see until late morning, fewer deer in the area and warm weather limiting movement it made for a difficult hunt. The net result being there will be no venison tenderloins for the Friday evening feast next year.

Even without a buck on the pole, it was still a successful season because of good times and a safe hunt.

As usual Deer camp opened on Thursday with the typical meal at The Nimrod Inn (the gizzards were great) cards at The BBC and Jim reading and napping on the couch. Fortunately for most of us one member of the group had emptied a couple layers from a case of beer. The pharmacist's ability to maintain a pleasant level without going over the edge during the entire evening was impressive! His willingness to stay in most every hand was appreciated.

Friday brought the usual trip back to The Nimrod for lunch and cards at The Lodge. It was during this time that a kleptomaniac was discovered. It seems a certain person of high office was overly attached to a paper towel holder. It was rumored to have been hidden inside the high official's pants when he was leaving however no one was willing to admit to making the search and recovery. At any rate, the item was discovered on the back porch and no harm was done. The holders are available in Coleman in case anyone is looking for a present for the leader of the pack.

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***All Jim could say was “He was huge”.***

As mentioned earlier, the weather played a major factor in the hunt with some fog and warm weather on Saturday followed by really thick fog Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Deer sightings were down including some days with a total shut-out. Both Tom and Jim saw a buck but the deer and circumstances were very different. On Sunday at about 11:00 AM the only deer of the morning appeared crossing the valley at Tom's stand. After a good bit of study the short little antlers were finally located. This was followed by a shot that was a bit hurried in more brush than needed and resulted in a miss. The shot should have kept the streak alive but it was not to be. The buck Jim saw on Thanksgiving morning was just the opposite. All Jim could say was: “he was huge”. Unfortunately, the buck came from an unexpected direction on a seldom used trail and the Polish Prince was not able to get a shot at him. Let's hope he gets another try next year.

Perhaps the best example of what the 2009 season was like happened during the final day on stand. Saturday morning of the second weekend, two hours in the stand and only two shots heard at very long distance and so sightings. We can only hope the deer herd rebuilds quickly and the weather is more cooperative next year so all returns to normal. Still a great season and, God willing, we will all gather at The Nimrod Inn November 18, 2010 at 7:00 PM.

-Tom Anderson

## A Mission for the Greater Good

*(Editor's note: "Ladies and gentlemen: the story you are about to hear is true. Only the names (and facts) have been changed to protect the innocent.")*

*Fellow Bored Members.....I realize that, in some years past, my excuses for failing to attend Deer Camp have sometimes bordered on the lame and futile. This year, however, is a completely different story. Although my intentions right up to the last minute were to be present and accounted for at BBC 2009, an unforeseen development in Latin America, sadly, prevented me from making it home in time. I call it my "Mission for the greater good," and it played out like this....*

I was dispatched to Columbia as part of my "real job" to oversee an equipment installation. The schedule called for my return to Wisconsin on Friday, the 20th, allowing plenty of flexibility for making my way to BBC and sharing stories of my adventures with my comrades.

Well, things went awry almost immediately upon my arrival in Bogota on the evening of Nov. 15. My trusted sidekick Jaime picked me up at the airport as scheduled and on our way to the hotel he asked if I would care to stop for dinner. I gladly obliged and we sat down to a fine meal at one of Jaime's favorite hangouts.

Upon being served, I could not help but notice the delicious flavor of the potatoes that were part of the meal. I know, potatoes are potatoes, but the taste of these particular spuds was well beyond anything I had ever experienced before. I inquired Jaime as to why these Columbian potatoes tasted so good, and he replied "It is due to the cultivation methods utilized in this region." That is when the light bulb went on in my head. I knew the answer to that question meant one

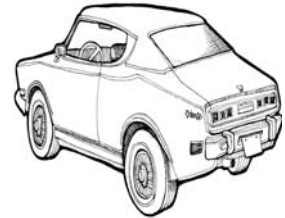
thing and one thing only. After three years of searching, I was FINALLY on the track of the President's long lost tiller! It was so close I could smell the exhaust from the broken muffler.

I immediately said to Jaime, "Tomorrow morning, you must take me to the region where these potatoes are grown." Astonished, Jaime replied, "But, senior" Pablo, what about the client? What about the install?" I realized Jaime did not comprehend the extent or intensity of my search. "Screw the client, compadre" I stated, "WE ARE ON A MISSION FOR THE GREATER GOOD!"

So, Jaime being Jaime, he willingly obliged and early the following morning I was picked up at the hotel by Jaime and our hired driver, Zeke. We converged into the mountain region where all the fruits and vegetables are grown by peasant farmers. Zeke said he knew the exact area where my particular potatoes were grown and he navigated the treacherous mountain roads with his '79 Datsun quite remarkably.

After a couple hours, he pulled to a stop amidst vast fields along the side of a mountain. I could not help but notice that this was, indeed, some very well cultivated soil. Upon getting out of the car, I immediately noted the infamous tire tracks from the President's tiller-the left one indented slightly deeper than the right-and my blood began to boil with anticipation. How pleased the President was going to be this weekend when I pulled into BBC and dropped that long lost tiller right on his deck! I could envision his tears of joy and shouts of gratitude. I knew I would instantly become the #1 Top Dog Favorite BBC Member of All Time!

(Cont. on Page 8)




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**"WE ARE ON A  
MISSION FOR THE  
GREATER  
GOOD!"**



## (Cont from Page 7) A Mission for the Greater Good

We were almost immediately surrounded by a group of curious peasant farmers. I extended my arms in peace and, with Jaime as my interpreter, explained our mission.

They all began looking at me somewhat untrustingly, naturally, but when I pulled my old Polaroid snapshot of the President's tiller out of my wallet and showed it to them, they all immediately dropped to their knees and began praising me in some strange Spanish chant that sounded eerily familiar to the song "La Bamba." I inquired Jaime as to what they were saying, and he replied, "They are saying you are the Father of the greatest cultivating machine ever invented." So, when they finally settled down a little bit, I inquired as to how this great cultivating machine ended up in their possession.

Their explanation went like this...

Seems like, a couple years back, an orange wrecker showed up one day with this curious machine on the back of it. A short gringo man—"an older looking version of Sonny Bono"—as they put it, with a name that sounded something like "Petoniak" approached them and offered the tilling machine in exchange for a load of fruit and vegetables. As they were curious about the capabilities of this mysterious machine, and had plenty of spare fruit and veggies on hand, they agreed to the exchange. The orange wrecker took off, and they never saw the short gringo man again. They claimed it was the best deal they had ever made, as they utilized this great tiller for almost three full growing seasons, and the results of it were they had produced the best crops ever.

None of this information came as any real surprise to me, but now came the

tricky part. So, I inquired (through Jaime) "So, where is it, and what's it going to take to get it back?" Their shoulders all sagged. Finally (through Jaime) they replied, "We would gladly return this great machine, Senior' Pablo, because we can see what it means to you, and you have come a long way. But, as it turns out, the machine was taken from us by the guerilla forces not more than three months ago. It seems they heard of our success with this great machine, and they wanted to obtain it to aid in the cultivation of the "other" types of crops that they grow. So, they raided us one evening and overpowered us. The Great Tilling Machine is now in their possession."

Jaime and Zeke looked at me dejectedly. "Sorry, boss," they said. "Guess it was a wasted trip." "We're going in to get that tiller," I replied.

"But, senior,' you don't understand!" they exclaimed. "We are talking guerillas here. Like nasty gauchos with assault rifles and knives and machetes and stuff. And, they are deep in the jungle. We know this tiller is important to you, but attempting to claim it from the guerillas would be insane and almost certain death for you and, more importantly, to us!"

I looked at them both squarely in the eyes. "Boys, we are going to get that tiller. WE ARE ON A MISSION FOR THE GREATER GOOD!"

Turning back to the peasants, I inquired, "So, where do we find these nasty dudes?"

"Don't worry, senior'", came the reply. "Just go into the jungle. You don't need to look for them, they will find you."

(Cont. on Page 10)

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***"They all began looking at me somewhat untrustingly..."***




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***"So where do we find these nasty dudes?"***



## From the Cookstove

By Chef-Boyardees-Guys-Drunk

First of all I want to tell everyone, especially our Junior members (Who will remain Junior members FOREVER if they don't step up) how disappointed I was (as was the President) in the extremely pathetic response to this year's recipe contest. I only got 1 half-baked Junior member response from the Sturgeon General suggesting the "steakinator" from this website:

<http://thisiswhyyourefat.com>

As is normally the case, a Senior member did come through with 2 excellent recipes:

### White Russian

Fill glass with ice  
Open bottle of White Russians  
Pour over ice  
Enjoy

### Mudslide

Fill glass with ice  
Open bottle of Mudslides  
Pour over ice  
Enjoy

This from the V.P. He not only submitted the recipes, he brought the ingredients, and made them to order. Delicious!

The big news on the food side this year was the replacement of one of our traditional recipes on the menu: *Eggs Bob*. This one I didn't see coming. The V.P. has often talked about how he and his family really like biscuits and gravy. So when we went up to make wood a couple of weeks before Deer Camp, I whipped up a batch and it was a big hit. As the menu was formulated this year, we figured we couldn't do both that *and* Eggs Bob, so we decided to go with something new. Based on the reaction at Camp, I think it was a good choice. It's pretty easy to make, incredibly bad for you (1 pound of bacon "with the fat" and 3 pounds of sausage), so if anyone wants the recipe, I'll be happy to share

Other than that, the food, as always, was great. It was a smaller crew than normal, but there's nothing wrong with that. I'll be working on coming up with something new for next year – it may be time to shake things up a bit.

Let me know how you liked this year's menu. As always, all complaints will be cheerfully ignored.




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***"I'm going to have a contest." – FDA Chairman 2008***




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***"We figured we couldn't do both!"***

## (Cont from Page 8) A Mission for the Greater Good



***“We are talking guerillas here.”***

So, off we went on a nice little hike into the Amazon jungle. And, sure enough, before long, we were surrounded by a bunch of guerilla dudes with guns. I immediately put on my Rambo face and pulled out my Polaroid of the tiller. Much to my surprise, their leader spoke remarkably good English.

“Glad you stopped by,” he stated. “We’ve been having a little problem with the choke on that thing. If you can show us how to keep it running without cutting out every five minutes, we might not kill you.” The tiller was close, I KNEW it!

“Well, it’s actually a pretty simple little trick....” I started to explain, but quickly realized the error of my ways. “Wait a minute. Before we do anything, I must see the tiller.” I was quickly developing a plan as to how Jaime, Zeke and I were going to heist the tiller away from these guys, drag it back through five miles of jungle terrain and get it into the trunk (or on the roof) of the Datsun, all without being maimed.

The guerillas were smarter than I gave them credit for, however. We went back to their camp, but they would not show me the tiller until we “negotiated.” Now the skills that I had acquired in all my years of arguing with the FDA Chairman came into play. I figured that, since they had assault rifles and I had Jaime and Zeke, that maybe peaceful arbitration might be the route to follow. So, we negotiated and negotiated. Back and forth, forth and back. Finally, we reached an accord.... My final offer was three bottles of cherry bounce, a weekend stay for two at the BBC Resort, the keys to the Datsun and “personal” pictures of one of the Junior Member’s girlfriends, in exchange for them handing over the tiller peacefully.



Just to be a nice guy, I also offered to cook them up a quick batch of my AWARD WINNING booyah.

When the final deal was made I remember thinking to myself, “That was almost too easy. Either these guerillas aren’t as sharp as I gave them credit for, or maybe they just ran out of gas for the tiller.” Before they would turn it over though, they insisted that we partake in the ancient jungle guerilla custom of sitting down over a couple drinks and a smoke. Nice tradition, or so I thought at the time.

Well, the drinks turned into more than a couple and the “smoke” was way beyond your typical Marlboro Light. To make a long story short, we partied into the night and Jaime, Zeke and I woke up on the jungle floor three days later. The guerillas were long gone and sadly, so was the tiller. It doesn’t happen often, but I knew right then and there I had been outfoxed and outwitted.

So close, and yet so far. By the time we found our way back out of the jungle, we realized that the guerillas had heisted Zeke’s keys and took the Datsun too, so we hitchhiked our way back to Bogota. It was now Sunday night. I finally returned to Denmark on Tuesday, the 24th, missing deer camp completely. And my wife was MAD! A big price to pay for nothing. But, as I had come so close to pleasing the President, it remained A MISSION FOR THE GREATER GOOD!

I believe the Bored should consider granting me an exemption for attendance this year.

That’s my story, and I’m sticking to it.

-The Foreign Minister

## Top Ten Sports and Entertainment Events at the BBC

**10 - Paddle game for hams at Tommy's during the Badger games. The only chance to bring home any meat most years.**

**9 - Gizzard eating contest at Nimrods. I think the V.P may hold the record at 3 bowls on a Thursday night.**

**8 - First Annual Competitive Arguing Contest held at the BBC in 2008. It was not held in 2009. The founding members were not in attendance, and nobody else would stoop that low.**

**7 - LGBT Sleep-in sponsored by the Boys up the Road. This is an invitation only event, and they never invite anyone else.**

**6 - World Championship Booyah Cookoff. Ok, so that doesn't happen at the BBC, but the BBC has been well represented both in participation and in bringing home trophies.**

**5 - Blinker check for all race cars in the area. The President doesn't actually have a race car, but he checks his blinkers anyway.**

**4 - Tour of Christmas lights in downtown Athelstane. I think the candy cane is my favorite. Brings a tear to my eye.**

**3 - Wood stacking contest held in the BBC woodshed. Some people are content to stack it once. The truly gifted stack it once for practice, and then after it falls, do it again to be sure.**

**2 - Darwin Award Hunting contest between the BBC and the Boys up the Road. Not much of a contest, really...**

**1 - Annual Rowing Regatta on Lake Athelstane. The local teams really like the home-lake advantage they have. But getting the boat in the water is tough!**

## The Beginning of a New Era

For 13 years I had the honor of attending Bob's Buck Camp for the annual opening weekend of Gun Deer Season. Year after year, I treated the camp and its members with the respect that would be demanded by those that have come and gone before me. Deer or no deer, each year was a success, and to some extent, a little more of a success than the year before.

This year, I chose to stay south. I would like to take a second to thank the Great Zumbo for allowing me to hunt on his ranch this year. Not to be disappointed, I saw more deer by 8:00 am than I had the past 3 years in Stephenson combined. I tell you that there is as much honor in the hunt at Zumbo's as there is in the Camp in Stephenson.

With a year that added to our family, in the form of my god son George, personally, there was the loss of the

BBC. The opportunity to hear stories of the past and creating of stories for the future cannot be replaced.

I will admit, the trip North was a bit missed. But in the same sense, starting out new has its own pride and a pride that has been instilled in me from the BBC itself. I can only hope to carry on that pride that had been initiated by my namesakes. Someday, I will again make that trip North of 64 for the hallowed weekend in November, Until then, rest assured members of the BBC, the mythological like figures and stories that are contained in that 20x20 cabin on A, will be held high as I carry on the traditions in the South. With the great invention of the cell phone, I can only hope that we will be able to make the call to the BBC and repeat those famous words, "Hey Bob! I got a buck!"

-Sec-Weights and Measures



*Better than Dave's  
Top Ten!*



*Is it new "and"  
improved?*

## A Look in the Rear View Mirror

Well the 2009 Deer Hunt was an interesting one for this member of the BBC. After awaking for the hunt on time and feeling better than normally can be expected, I headed out to the woods in hopes of shooting the next recipient of the Darwin Trophy. Those hopes were dashed when I got about half way out into the woods and looked at the V.P.'s back and realized "%\*!^&#, I forgot my backtag on my other sweatshirt." So I began the trek back to the cabin to retrieve my backtag.



After securing it to my jacket, I headed back out to the woods and subsequently met up with the Secretary of State. We made our way back to our stands and upon our arrival found that there were hunters everywhere. At that point I decided that unless I wanted to sit out in the woods and talk to them all day, my time was better spent in the cabin. Much to my surprise, the Chief Inspector was awake and we proceeded to drink our daily recommended dose of Vitamin C. Looking back at the events of the morning, it got me thinking about some other interesting opening mornings in my time at the BBC. I went back through the newsletter archives and here are a few that brought back some fond, if not hazy, memories:

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***"So I began the trek back to the cabin..."***

- 1996: My first year at the BBC. Regrettably, as memory serves, the Friday night strategy briefing runs late into the night/early morning. The camp awakes to fresh snow fall on the ground. Unfortunately, this isn't until after 7:00am. To make matters worse, on the way out to our stand, the Secretary of State and I get lost because for the fresh blanket of snow. It's almost time for breakfast by the time we sit down.
- 2000: The year of the Twinkie. The Secretary of Transportation uses Twinkies as a way to bait deer and satisfy his own hunger. It works as the Sec of Weights/Measures shoots an 8 pointer out of that stand.
- 2001: 43 Minutes. After another extended Friday night strategy briefing, the Surgeon General sets a new BBC record by hunting for a whole 43 minutes opening morning.
- 2002: Wake Up Call. The Attorney General and future record producer creates an energizing wake up medley for the BBC. Runner up this year is the marathon trek that the Secretary of Da'Fence takes through the woods looking for breakfast.
- 2008: COLD. The BBC awakes to some frigid temps. Although a few brave souls took on Mother Nature and the weather, many in the BBC determine the potential for frost bite is to steep a price to pay for a prospective trophy buck.

I hope you've all enjoyed this trip down memory lane. I know it brought a smile to my face looking back at the good times spent in my past years at the BBC.

Until 2010 and new memories,

Comptroller Rollin



## A Day in the Life



**The BBC Triathlon!**

Some people run marathons. For others, the thrill of completing a triathlon gives them the inspiration to endure countless hours of training. For this loyal Bob's Buck Camp member, though, neither of these endeavors can compare to the grueling experience that is a Thursday before Deer Hunting.

The first leg was a long trip to Denmark (completing a full-lap on I-43) to meet up with the VP followed by a relatively short drive up north to set up camp. Cracking a beverage before noon is something I try to save for special occasions (it's always noon somewhere!) but this was definitely an appropriate time to indulge. Bunks were arranged, beds were set, and camp was ready to welcome the respected members of the BBC. We may have set a world-record for the quickest finishing of a small box of brew this side of the Potomac, but then again at that time I was quickly forgetting what the Potomac exactly was.

The second leg was a needed trip to fill our flooded stomachs, complete with gizzards and prime steak. Details are fuzzy but I know I returned to camp with over half a steak, so it must have been so delicious that I wanted to save the rest for a midnight snack. Assuming I would be coherent and able to handle a knife and fork at midnight. Thank goodness pickled eggs were not included on the menu; otherwise things could have gotten messy.

The final leg of the journey was cards. It's amazing how hard it is to shuffle after 12+ hours of a BBC triathlon. Blood sugar is running low (combined with blood CH<sub>3</sub>CH<sub>2</sub>OH levels running high) causing cards to be dropped and ridiculous games to be called out; it's amazing this member had any currency left to speak of. Finally the marathon was over, and bed was a welcome site after a long day.

The training that goes into a Thursday at Bob's Buck Camp should not be underestimated. Years of being over served at various bars and restaurants (including countless awkward happenings on the dance floor) well prepared me for this epic journey. Overall I feel I tolerated the event fairly well, although there is always room for improvement! (i.e. next year).

-SEC-D'Fence

## About Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter...

Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter is brought to you by Bob. Without Bob's goodwill, cash, luck, perseverance, resources, guidance, and ingenuity, Bob's Buck Camp and Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter would cease to exist.

Our senior board members try to emulate Bob and make him proud of our endeavors.

Our junior members merely crave a morsel of Bob's attention whenever possible and are ecstatic at a simple word of praise.

Our thanks go out to Bob for his resolve, resourcefulness, money, grace, leadership, and assets, but most of all for his boyish good looks.

**The Editor...**

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In our next newsletter:

Reading a Map: 101  
Great Recipes  
Orienteering  
Locating Deer  
Cabinet Care  
Mission Impossible  
...and much, much,  
more!

We're Finally on the  
Web!

See us at:  
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