

The curtamous PAGE!!!

My notes...June 2003

June 30, 2003 - *Happy Monday everyone!!! I hope all of you had a good week. Things were very good here. Last week I was able to make it out on the links with the Mrs' brothers. Had a good time, and shot pretty well despite one hole that devoured 3 balls and left me bitten and bleeding... had a great time. Gotta love golf!*

The weekly update on the garage project brings good news in the "preparation" department. With Zumbo's assistance, I was able to get my storage shed moved to make room for construction. The shed was already up on skids, and Zumbo showed up with his trusty John Deere, we chained it up, and away it went. Final placement was done using the loader, and we're set. The bank is cool with my request for funds, and the building permit application is with the village... concrete is next... rock on...

Last week I heard from the LGBT President (our buddy Jack). Haven't heard from him for a while, but I'm glad he's alive and well. He sent a nice photo of Alaska's response to PETA, and I thought you'd like it. It's in gallery 8 of the [pics](#) page...

With the FM in Canada this week, I didn't expect to get any email from him, but I did get a quick message from him early in the week:

Only one item of input...don't expect that the FM junior-junior will be accompanying me to Bob's Buck Camp anytime in the near future. Hunting ability is not the issue. He has a long ways to go in effectively and consistently demonstrating disciplined adherence to the "North of '64" rule. I've turned it over to the Attorney General to assist in shaping him up. FYI, the FM will be out of commission for the next couple weeks. I am departing for Ontario on Friday, which means "brain shutdown" will take place by Wednesday morning and will likely not return to "normal" status until about mid-July. This provides the perfect opportunity for our Junior Membership to step up to the plate and begin providing regular and meaningful input to the Curtamous web page.

Until we meet again....Good Luck and Good Fishin', eh?

(Canadian) Carl

Personally, I think he's got the FM junior-junior all wrong. If you know the kid, you HAVE to realize he's got more stuff going on than the FM could ever handle, so I think he's got huge potential to be poster kid for the "North of 64" rule...

Shortly before I got the FM's email, I received a "Coon" update from Zumbo. Now we all know Zumbo's a man of many talents, including operation of heavy machinery. However, I never knew he had such a flare for the written word. This is good! Enjoy...

Curtamous - seems the village of Denmark has a coon problem. I was recently contracted

to rid a senior citizens backyard of the mangy varmints. Seems the client had witnessed two of the masked marauders raiding said clients bird feeders on the back deck of the adobe. A trap was set and baited with a mixture of entrées known only to a select few. In a matter of five days the two culprits were behind bars and in need of a new home. I was instructed to get them out of town but didn't want to take them too far out of town because they might end up on the hunting preserve. I found a little farm just on the edge of town where I had noticed woodchucks cavorting on the front lawn on more than one occasion. I felt this would be a good home for the critters as the owner was obviously a wildlife enthusiast. As I opened the trap to let them out they both stopped to look at the church on the opposite side of the street and then quickly ran to the barn on the quaint little ranch. Another day, another good deed done.

Zumbo

Great, isn't it! Well, as soon as I read it, I realized that the FM would be in Canada and wouldn't see this week's update for a bit, so I forwarded Zumbo's email to the FM for an advance preview... since I had the feeling the "little farm" Zumbo described was actually the FM's sheep ranch, I felt it was only fair... well, I don't think the FM took it too kindly. Here's his response:

So much for #@%@?) Hero Worship! Zumbo is turning into that Marlon Brando character from "Apocolypse Now."
Carl doesn't get mad. Carl gets even.*

I'm sure Zumbo's shaking in his boots...

Last week I made a request of our junior members to give me some input for the page and let us know what they're up to this summer. Knowing the junior members like I do, I didn't expect much, but low and behold, I did get a message from the SEC-Weights/Measures:

At the VP's request, I would like to enlighten the membership of my summer. A summer of up's, down's, mass confusion and complete organization (?). With a summer as busy as this, I have been able to find time to keep up with latest on Bob's Buck Camp. The true high point to any week. I, just hours ago, closed on a new permanent residence. A formal invite to the warming of the abode will be sent out. Last week showed to be the highlight of the summer as far as softball goes. The Denmark Merchants were able to finish 7th in their first ever world class tournament. We beat the #28 team in the world, one out from beating the #13 team in the world and played exceptionally well against the #3 team in the world. A great backing by the community was enjoyed. It was hard to play under the pressure of having the first lady and the future Prez at each one of the games. We hope that we didn't disappoint. When not playing ball, I have the honor of being on the Sec. Transportation's pit crew. We have collectively put him 4th place in the standings, well within striking distance of winning a championship. With all of that going, I have still been able to find time to visit with family and keep a forever dedication to the one true leader in life, the all knowing and omnipotent President. A Bob's Buck Camp night at the races proposal will be coming soon.

**Life's a pitch
Sec. Weights and Measures**

Pretty nice little update. Not up to the FM's lofty standard, but who could reach that goal? Personally, this message shows what I've often thought, that the SEC-Weights/Measures has a lot of potential. But just as soon as you're convinced of that, he goes and does something stupid...

Speaking of SEC-Weights/Measures, he and the SEC-Transportation have a little project planned for the upcoming 4th weekend. Seems the SEC-Transportation's garage, the home of T-Bone Racing, needs a new roof. So we'll be peeling old shingles and replacing them this weekend. Hopefully enough of SEC-Transportation's groupies are around to do most of the work.

I'm hoping to get in some house painting this weekend as well. I've got one more side of my abode to finish, along with quite a few odds and ends, and I hope to make a serious dent in it this weekend. I'd like to have it done shortly so I can focus the rest of my summer on my garage project...

This 4th of July weekend will also feature the annual corn fest sponsored by the SEC-State's father (also my barber). Every year the Barber puts on a corn feed with all the fixen's followed by a dusk fireworks display. Always a good time!

As you know, the Sausage Stuffer was in Canada a little while back. His lovely wife was kind enough to send me a link to a web page that one of his co-fisherman put together. Boy this guy needs a life... he puts together this web page with pictures, lists, menus, the whole deal...what a loser... doesn't he have anything else to do? Anyway, here's the [link](#). Looks like a pretty awesome place... I may have to consider stowing away with these guys one of these years...

Any of you guys get into maps? I've got a couple on the [pics](#) page, gallery 6, from my account on MAPCARD. I just renewed for another year, and with that, I get 5 free map downloads, so if anyone is interested in something, let me know.

To buy me some space on the web site, I'm pulling the "2002 Bob's Buck Camp Newsletter" from the site. This will give me a couple meg of space to work with until I bite the bullet and buy some space on a real web host. If you want an electronic copy, download it before next week...

Before I finish up, Zumbo's eldest celebrated a birthday last week... Happy Birthday Chuck!

Here's a continuation of last week's "Kids Say the Darndest Things"... I think the last one could have been an actual quote from our SEC-Weights/Measures at age ten...

WHAT DO MOST PEOPLE DO ON A DATE?

*Dates are for having fun, and people should use them to get to know each other. Even boys have something to say if you listen long enough.
(Lynnette, age 8 ... Isn't she a treasure)*

*On the first date, they just tell each other lies and that usually gets them interested enough to go for a second date.
(Martin, age 10)*

WHEN IS IT OKAY TO KISS SOMEONE?

*When they're rich.
(Pam, age 7 ... Pam is so smart for her age)*

*The rule goes like this: If you kiss someone, then you should marry them and have kids with them. It's the right thing to do.
(Howard, age 8)*

IS IT BETTER TO BE SINGLE OR MARRIED?

It's better for girls to be single but not for boys. Boys need someone to clean up after them.

(Anita, age 9 ... Bless you child)

HOW WOULD THE WORLD BE DIFFERENT IF PEOPLE DIDN'T GET MARRIED?

There sure would be a lot of kids to explain, wouldn't there?

(Kelvin, age 8)

*** And the #1 Favorite is ...

HOW WOULD YOU MAKE A MARRIAGE WORK?

Tell your wife that she looks pretty even if she looks like a truck.

(Ricky, age 10)

I think that's all I have for this week, but before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"Learn the rules so you know how to break them properly..." -unknown

Now that's a life lesson...

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"

curtaceous

June 23, 2003 – Good morning!!! Another beautiful day in God's country. Well, it's been a busy week... I am knee deep in refinancing and garage building. This weekend I pruned my "considerable" hedge down and prepped my storage shed for moving. I jacked it up and put it on 4x4 skids. (Sec-Transportation was extremely helpful in making the trip with me to procure the 12 foot 4x4's) Hopefully, I can use someone's 4 wheeler or come-along to move it about 30 feet and out of the way for the building project. I "think" it will work, but you never know.

Last Friday I met up with the President to go get the Sausage Stuffer's camper. When he stopped to pick me up, he inspected the storage shed and declared it good. We are considering moving it up to the cabin for storage and to use as a small (and hopefully) temporary bunkhouse for deer camp. The President figures we can section it and move it up that way, but I'm still holding out hope that we can get it up there in one piece. We're probably more likely to get this project completed than a an all new bunk house, but we'll see what the rest of the membership thinks...

We proceeded to the Sausage Stuffer's residence and met he and his lovely wife. The President provided beverages and we indulged while the Sausage Stuffer demonstrated the many features of his 23-year-old camper. Actually, it's in really good shape and the President was quite pleased.

The funniest part was the Sausage Stuffer had to call me on Saturday to make sure that it was us that came and got the camper. It seems that he had gotten off work early and already had consumed a few beers before we got there, and by the time we left, he was pickled. I assured him that it was indeed the President and I, and he was able to go back to his hangover in peace...

As usual, I received another excellent email from our FM last week. This man certainly has a knack for the written word. I wonder where he got that from... read on:

Zumbo is so cool. He's like the Clint Eastwood of eastern rural Denmark. He's my new hero. I think you should rededicate the Woodchuck Page solely to him. See, I WAS on the right track when I went woodchuck hunting with my Durango last summer! Thanks to

Zumbo, I feel so much better about myself. It just goes to show that a novice like me would not realize that a Stratus is a much better Woodchuck-fightin' weapon, as it is sleeker and lower to the ground...making it easier to zero in on the prey. As luck would have it, my wife drives a Stratus! A question to post on the "Woodchuck discussion board," however....I'm wondering if a 2000-model Stratus will work as effectively as a 2002 model? I am in the midst of preparing an offer to Zumbo to grace his presence at the Woodchuck Ranch for a guided hunt, should my little excavation project fail me. (Why am I suddenly starting to feel like Wile E. Coyote?)

The other hero in my life is, naturally, our Prez. Went fishing with my daughter this weekend. There are several great campfire stories that evolved from this little misadventure but the really important message for our Junior Members is that some early intervention and sage advice from the Prez saved me a great deal of hassle and potential big fine in regard to my trailer lights. The only downer is that the night crawlers the Prez graciously provided me with seemed to serve as more of a "Fish Detractor." I also visited the Prez at his campsite on Saturday night, partly to check up on Junior-Junior, partly to report on the results of the fishing expedition and partly to drink some of the Prez's beer. It's amazing how the Prez can appear to be sleeping in a chair next to the fire when he is, in fact, in deep thought and plotting his next "caper." A versatile and amazing human, that's for sure. Anyway, I sleep much better at night now with not one, but TWO, heroes to emulate.

Glad to hear that the "Bartender" messed up. Of course, knowing the "Bartender" as well as I do, he will no doubt find a way to deflect all fault and blame. Maybe now the Junior Member pack of dogs will refocus their rage and wrath from me to him! (Maybe I don't show up all the time, but at least I know Rule #1 - when to keep my mouth shut) All in all, it's been a great week!

Any updates on "Bob's Buck Camp Night at the Races?"

*Regards,
Carl Speckler*

P.S.---Whenever the construction weekends are scheduled, just let me know. You know I'll be there. Well, except for the rest of June, most of July and August, part of September and some of October (and, of course, Sundays are shot once the Packer season starts) Other than that, I'm wide open!!!

The FM's witticism certainly makes working on this page easier...His admiration for Zumbo, albeit late, is certainly justified. However, Zumbo's escapades should be footnoted with the standard "Don't do this at home" warning. Zumbo is a consummate professional, and while I can see the FM's desire to emulate him, any attempts by him to duplicate Zumbo's Woodchuck endeavors, sounds like the making of the next "Jackass" episode. The fact that he even sees himself as the next Wile E Coyote should tell him something...

While I wait in extreme anticipation of his many tales of his fishing expedition, I am a bit concerned about the FM's "hero worship" phase. This is something I would expect of the junior members, not one of the senior staff... still, considering those that he's selected as his heroes, I can certainly understand...

Bob's Buck Camp night at the Races is still in the planning stage, but considering the schedule the FM outlined in his "PS", I'm, guessing he'll be a no-show there anyway...

Also on the home front, the FM's junior-junior slept over with my junior-junior last night. I tell you what, this kid is a chip off the old block. I hope the FM follows thru on his threat to attend deer camp this year with young master Lancelle. This kid is a riot and will fit right into that crowd.

I am a little nervous that when he turns "of age" he will be even worse than the current junior members, but I'm sure the President will be able to handle him with the midnight curfew.

I'm looking for input again this week to ease my duties on the page, so I'd like the junior members to take some time and let me know what they're doing this summer... THAT should be educating...

The page is really getting out there as well. Most major search engines (Yahoo, Google, etc) return my homepage on a search of "curtamous", so that makes me pretty happy...

I can't remember the exact name of the show, but it was something like "Kids Say the Darnedest Things". Well, here's a few... I especially like the first one:

HOW DO YOU DECIDE WHOM TO MARRY?

You got to find somebody who likes the same stuff. Like, if you like sports, she should like it that you like sports, and she should keep the chips and dip coming.

(Alan, age 10)

No person really decides before they grow up who they're going to marry. God decides it all way before, and you get to find out later who you're stuck with.

(Kristin, age 10)

WHAT IS THE RIGHT AGE TO GET MARRIED?

Twenty-three is the best age because you've known the person FOREVER by then.

(Camille, age 10)

HOW CAN A STRANGER TELL IF TWO PEOPLE ARE MARRIED?

You might have to guess, based on whether they seem to be yelling at the same kids.

(Derrick, age 8)

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOUR MOM AND DAD HAVE IN COMMON?

Both don't want any more kids.

(Lori, age 8)

I think that's all I have for this week, but before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"You are only young once, but you can stay immature indefinitely." -unknown

Now that sounds like an official motto if I ever heard one...

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"

curtamous

June 16, 2003 - Howdy! What a great weekend! The weather was absolutely great. Yesterday

we had a graduation party for the latest alumnus of DHS, the SEC-Transportation and my eldest. A nice get together, but I was a little surprised at how little beer was consumed (7 cases), despite the best efforts of the President and his staff. That's right, you heard me... THE President attended. Also a large portion of his staff, and despite the celebration, a fair amount of "unofficial" business was discussed. More on that later...

First, some GREAT news... Last week while the FDA Chair and his lovely wife were finishing Ma/Pa's deck staining project (Which looks Ma'velous by the way...) they mentioned that our esteemed Sturgeon General was quickly moving up the "waiting" list for Med-School. Since prime hunting land for Bob's Buck Camp depends on our future doc, I figured it would be fun to setup a little countdown on the site... The Sturgeon General was at the Grad party (weeding out the bad brain cells) and I approached him on his status. Well, it turns out the little guy is ALREADY in!!!! That's right!!! Young Master Anthony was accepted at Milwaukee's Medical School, and in a few short years, his earnings will be invested in the north woods... In all seriousness, congratulations Tony!

(Note: We did check with one of the local bankers, and he would investigate a loan based on "future earnings" to expedite the prime hunting land purchase, but I'm guessing we'll have to wait until after his residency...)

Getting back to last week's news, I received an email from Zumbo last week. He provided directions to anyone interested in checking out the SEC-Weights/Measures' new domicile on the internet, along with a few other topics:

CURT - THE SITE TO FIND RICS HOUSE IS WWW.VALLEYBYOWNER.COM
GO TO LISTINGS, CLICK ON OSHKOSH \$74,000 - \$99,000 RANGE AND THEN FIND 5847
MAIN ST, BUTTE DES MORTS we

OH BY THE WAY - AM I ALLOWED TO TAKE A GUESS ABOUT WHAT IS STRANGE ABOUT THE TURKEY PICTURE? MY GUESS WOULD BE THAT YOU CANT TELL WHICH ONE IN THE PICTURE IS THE TURKEY.

ON ANOTHER FRONT YOU CAN LET OMAR KNOW THAT THE WOODCHUCK COUNT IS AT TWO FOR THIS YEAR SO FAR, THE FIRST ONE GOT A TASTE OF LEAD POISONING FROM A REMINGTON 22-250 AND THE SECOND WAS BAGGED WITH THE RIGHT FRONT TIRE OF A 2002 DODGE STRATUS. I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT THE SECOND VARMINT WAS A BIT MORE OF A CHALLENGE, AS THE 100 YARD RIDE THROUGH THE DITCH REMINDED ME OF THE OLD DAYS WHEN I HUNG OUT WITH YOUR ESTEEMED AND HONORABLE PREZ ROBERT. ASK HIM IF HE HAS SMASHED ANY BEER BOTTLES ON MAILBOXES LATELY. OH YES... THE GOOD OLD DAYS

ZUMBO

Zumbo was at the party yesterday too, and I mentioned that I find it quite amazing that he was the only to take a guess about "what's strange about the turkey picture". Equally amazing is that since he and I are the only two that know the answer, how could he get the answer wrong... well, at least its not the answer was looking for... Zumbo's skill in the area of Woodchuck decimation doesn't surprise me at all, and I think it would be wise for the FM to contract him before he starts finding Woodchuck pelts in his mailbox... as far as the "smashed beer bottles on mailbox" topic goes, The President only quipped that he's very glad to still have his arm attached...

Speaking of the FM, as always I was in contact with him again last week. He dropped me a message concerning my building project (which was approved by the way) and claimed his position "As a lieutenant in the Danish Mafia" probably held sway in the decision. Actually,

considering Denmark, its not unlikely at all... I also ran into him at a local establishment later in the week. He was dealing with his litter of kids and was actually wearing a ball uniform. (Probably trying to pick up chicks...) I didn't have much time to chat, but it was good to see him...

Before I get into "unofficial" business, I wanted to brief everyone on a tender subject from a month of so ago... seems that our esteemed bartender at Fish Camp 2003 broke the golden rule of "What happens north of 64 stays north of 64!" Seems our bartender let a few stories out during some pillow talk with his beautiful bride. But as his beautiful bride is full blooded "denor", she was unable to keep the stories to herself and word got around... Let this be a lesson and a word of warning, especially to our junior members, that there are spies everywhere, and there are few we can truly trust... and don't let a pretty face fool you... we'll deal with our bartender's indiscretion at a later date...

Well, our President held court yesterday and spent considerable time educating all that would listen. Seems he had quite a vacation last week. Fishing wasn't too good, and the water pump on his truck was even worse... and to top that off, the brakes on the truck aren't very good anymore either... Other than that, and the fact that despite dismantling the well pump had no affect, he had a pretty good time. No one was surprised...

The President wants to venture out to the Sausage Stuffer's abode this week to inspect his camper for possible confiscation. That should be an amusing trip, and we plan on further discussing camp expansion plans at that time... It sounds like the President is still open to expansion, but he is very concerned about getting workers scheduled to complete the project... I have to admit, he is correct that this will be difficult and our biggest hurdle. What I think we'll do, based on the President's recommendation, is pick 4 weekends that work out best for him, and then see how many can commit to each weekend. We'll pick the two or three that have the highest attendance and go from there and see how far we can get... Hopefully we have some luck and can get the project moving...

Before I wrap up, this is a slightly different version of a joke I posted a while back, but it still cracks me up...

Curt was on his deathbed and gasped pitifully. "Give me one last request, Dear," he said.

"Of course, Curt," his wife said softly.

"Six months after I die," he said, "I want you to marry that nasty neighbor down the street."

"But I thought you hated him," she said.

...With his last breath Curt said, "I do!"

I think that's all I have for this week, but before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in hospitals dying of nothing." - unknown

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"

curtamous

June 9, 2003 - Hello everyone! A very busy week on the home front here... Last week Thursday

the eldest offspring and the Sec-Transportation graduated from DHS. Nice ceremony, not too long, and the weather held out for DHS's first outdoor ceremony. All in all it was a pretty standard deal. The highlight was probably a young lady, 21 years old, who at the age of 16 had dropped out and had a couple kids. With the help of some friends and quite a few members of the faculty, she returned to school and got her diploma. Toward the end of her short speech, she got quite emotional, and I doubt there was a dry eye in the entire gathering. She received a standing ovation. Very moving... it does show you that there are some very good things going on in our world... anyway, congratulations to young masters Nelson and Thompson!

Back to the world of Bob, it doesn't sound like he made any real progress on the "WELL". He installed a new switch but it still isn't operating correctly. So now he's not sure if its a problem with the whole system or what... personally, this gives me a scary sense of foreboding... this can't be good... The President is currently at the cabin with our Attorney General spending the week cleaning out all the fish populations of the local lakes, so hopefully we'll have an update next week with some good news...

I received multiple emails from the FM again this week...the first was a great little story about monkeys. I'll save that one for a later date, but its an oldie but goody...next he sent me a couple of emails concerning my proposed building project. He was trying to be helpful I'm sure, but as soon as I asked him for some detail, he clammed up... probably for the best. Next he sent me a rather offensive "list" that I won't publish due to its content, but I'd be more than happy to forward it on to anyone if you're interested. Finally, Ms. LaRue sent me an email with the subject of "Strange but True". Seems the craziness isn't limited to the FM's household, but extends to his relation as well... here's the email:

Mr. Curtamous:

It appears that the FM is currently on some sort of subversive, undercover, covert mission, as I have nothing interesting to report about his doings or whereabouts. His laptop Etch-a-Sketch must be out of commission, as I have not heard from him in days. I thought you may be interested in an update concerning one of the FM's relatives, however, that falls into the "Strange But True" category.

The saga involves the FM's brother-in-law (through marriage) "GW" (short for "Great White Hunter") Anyone who knows GW knows that he is a dedicated and conscientious, as well as a very successful, outdoorsman with a track record that falls just slightly shy of the Great Zumbo himself. When he's not partaking in a hunting or fishing experience, GW makes a living by driving a concrete truck, at which he is also very good at. To set the stage for the "Strange But True" crescendo of this update, please allow me to explain that GW had obtained his turkey permit for the last week of the season this year. Despite being presented with opportunities to "score" on both Saturday and Sunday of the hunt, GW happened to (uncharacteristically) miss on long range shots at his prey on consecutive days, thus bringing to a close a several year track record of turkey hunt success. Unfazed by this experienced, being the true outdoorsman that he is, GW shrugged it off and marked it up to "that's hunting."

Well, just this past Tuesday, GW was driving his fully-loaded concrete truck in the midst of heavy traffic down Highway 54 when, out of nowhere, a flying turkey came, "BAM!" right through the windshield of his truck. The windshield shattered. GW, by a stroke of luck, was wearing wrap-around sunglasses, which prevented shattered glass from hitting him in the eyes-his ears and hair were covered with glass. To top it off, the turkey was still alive and flopping around in the cab of the truck. As anyone familiar with wild turkeys knows, an injured turkey enclosed in tight quarters within a moving vehicle is not exactly passive. Anyone familiar with the concrete trade also knows that the cab of a concrete truck is not exactly spacious. The quick-thinking GW remained calm, grasped the turkey

by the neck while rolling down his window with his other hand and maneuvering the 15 tons of concrete through traffic with his knees(all of this while being covered with charred and shattered glass, mind you,) and threw the bird out the window. (THIS IS ALL TRUE, I SWEAR.) While physically and mentally shaken, GW dutifully continued on to the job site-broken windshield, claw-scratched arms and all- and delivered his load on time, as any good concrete man would do.

*Most sensible people, upon hearing of this near-death, heroic saga, would just shake their heads and exclaim, "Wow!" (as I'm sure you are doing right now) Not surprisingly, however, our esteemed FM couldn't just leave it at that. The first thing he had to do upon hearing of this story was to phone GW and exclaim, " Hey, I hear you finally got your turkey, when's the free meal?" Followed by, " Do you think your boss would let you take home the truck some night, and you could come over to my place and do some woodchuck hunting?" Needless to say, GW was not amused. One thing the dumb sh*t FM forgot about before making his insensitive comments is that, in just a couple short weeks, he will be sharing a boat with GW in the remote Ontario wilderness and GW typically does most of the boat driving. GW has taken a sudden interest in renting and rewatching the movie classic "Deliverance." Payback? Stay tuned.*

The lesson to be learned from this saga by all junior camp members, particularly the SEC Transportation, is to LOOK OUT FOR FLYING WILD TURKEYS. You never know when they may appear. Reports have it that there is a predominant flock in the area surrounding the 141 Speedway. The other lesson to learn here is that it's probably never a good idea to intentionally piss off your brother in law/fishing/drinking buddy.

*Speaking of SEC Transportation... Congrats and Good Luck to him, as well as the remainder of the SEC Transportation's "posse" AND the eldest Nelson offspring on their graduation from DHS. The FM has stated emphatically in the past that, all in all, this graduating class represents a pretty neat bunch of young adults. Hope you're ready for the real world, you poor little bas***ds.*

That's all I have for you now.

*Best regards,
Dixie LaRue*

I don't even have a comment on that one, but if the FM suddenly feels an anchor rope around his neck and "GW" yelling "HEAVE HO", he better grab onto the side of the boat AWEFULLY tight...

The FDA Chairman, his lovely wife, and our own SEC-Da'Fence got the primer and first coat of stain on the Ma/Pa's deck. Wonderful job! Really and truly, it looks beautiful! (Thankfully, I didn't have to help too much!) Later in the week the FDA Chair sent me a submission. Since he doesn't do that too often, I figured I better publish it right off...

A shepherd was herding his flock in a remote pasture when suddenly a brand-new BMW advanced out of a dust cloud towards him. The driver, a young man in a Broni suit, Gucci shoes, Ray Ban sunglasses and YSL tie, leans out the window and asks the shepherd, "If I tell you exactly how many sheep you have in your flock, will you give me one?" The shepherd looks at the man, obviously a yuppie, then looks at his peacefully grazing flock and calmly answers, "Sure. Why not?" The yuppie parks his car, whips out his Dell notebook computer, connects it to his AT&T cell phone, surfs to a NASA page on the Internet, where he calls up a GPS satellite navigation system to get an exact fix on his location which he then feeds to another NASA satellite that scans the area in an ultra-high-resolution photo. The young man then opens the digital photo in Adobe Photoshop

and exports it to an image processing facility in Hamburg, Germany. Within seconds, he receives an email on his Palm Pilot that the image has been processed and the data stored. He then accesses a MS-SQL database through an ODBC connected Excel spreadsheet with hundreds of complex formulas. He uploads all of this data via an email on his Blackberry and, after a few minutes, receives a response. Finally, he prints out a full-color, 150-page report on his hi-tech, miniaturized HP LaserJet printer and finally turns to the shepherd and says, "You have exactly 1586 sheep." "That's right. Well, I guess you can take one of my sheep," says the shepherd. He watches the young man select one of the animals and looks on amused as the young man stuffs it into the trunk of his car. Then the shepherd says to the young man, "Hey, if I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my sheep?" The young man thinks about it for a second and then says, "Okay, why not?" "You're a consultant," says the shepherd. "Wow! That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?" "No guessing required," answered the shepherd. "You showed up here even though nobody called you; you want to get paid for an answer I already knew; to a question I never asked; and you don't know crap about my business....." "Now give me back my dog."

Since the FDA Chair, in his normal life, spent many years working as a consultant, this was very fitting. He was highly successful in that profession, as he definitely has a knack for "...showing up even though nobody called him; getting paid for an answer everyone already knew, to a question no one asked; and not don't know crap about the business."

On to local news, the SEC-Weights/Measures is in the process of purchasing a domicile. Seems the offer has been taken and now its just a matter of getting the paperwork done and the check written. The house is out on a web site somewhere, but I don't have the link handy. Nice little ranch style home with no basement. "No basement" you ask? Well, at first I thought this may be a limitation, but after considerable thought, I realized that with the "heft" of some of his "companions", he won't have to worry about one of them ending up in the basement if he has any weak floorboards...

I added a few new PICS to the web site this week. I developed some film and scanned in a picture of the crew that attended Fish Camp 2003, a couple nice views of Nelligan Lake, as well as a picture of "Zumbo's" 2003 Turkey... now you'll have to take a close look at "Zumbo's" 2003 Turkey, and see if you can find out anything strange or suspicious... The first one to figure it out will win an all expenses paid trip to Bob's Outhouse.

With the addition of the pics, I realized that my quota on the website is almost at 100%...This means I have to make a decision on what I'm going to do with this thing. I can either clean off some old stuff, or bite the bullet an actually "pay" a web hosting site. If I do that, I can register it with a cool name, but I'm note sure I actually want to spend any money on this...we'll see...

One final note: I believe it's the SEC-Transportation's birthday today... Happy 19th Mr. Greg!!!!

I think that's all I have for this week, but before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy. -- Benjamin Franklin

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"

curtamous

June 2, 2003 – Happy Monday!!! Hope everyone is doing well! Last week was a red-letter week, and I have a lot to update everyone on... In my previous update, I was concerned about lack of contact from the FM and the fact that I hadn't seen the President for some time. Well, both issues were resolved...

First off, last Tuesday the FM's dear Personal Executive Assistant, Dixie LaRue, was kind enough to take time out of her extremely busy schedule to drop me a quick note. Here it is:

Dearest Mr. V.P:

The intent of this correspondence is to update you on the current whereabouts of the esteemed Foreign Minister. First off, to dispel a few of the recent rumors...

- 1) *He is not dead.*
- 2) *Mrs. FM did not lock him in the basement (at least not as of this morning)*
- 3) *He has not run off with the FM junior-junior-junior's therapist*
- 4) *He did not join up with the Mormon church while visiting Salt Lake and change his name to "Bring-em Young!"*
- 5) *His ever-expanding degenerate Woodchuck population has not (as of yet) taken him hostage.*

The primary reason that his contributions/updates to the curtaceous website have recently fallen off has largely to do with the whirlwind schedule he has been forced to maintain throughout the month of May. After spending nearly a week in Salt Lake City (spending most of his time in relentless and often exasperating pursuits of alcohol) he spent the better part of the next week at work actually working and trying to catch up. (Catch up on what, I'm not exactly sure) The following week was spent on vacation at home. He chose this week for vacation largely because he had obtained his Woodchuck Permit for that week. Other reasons involved the planting of the cash crops and various repairs and upkeep duties around the Ranch. (All scheduled with the intent of being able to clear the docket in order to spend more quality fishing time over the upcoming summer months) I'm proud to report that the crops got in, about 2/3 of the project list was completed and Anheuser-Busch stock took a sudden rise. The only downfall is that, despite conscious efforts to clear shooting lanes, create a blind and dutifully rising early each morning to post and root out his prey, at week's end there were no sightings to report and no varmints hanging on the meat pole. The FM is very disappointed in this in that he had hoped to rebound from his failure to provide updates for several weeks by submitting a photo of Bin Laden hanging on the meat pole. As always however, the FM remains undaunted and has devised a "New Plan!!" Upon consultation with the President, the FM is about to undertake what some would consider to be an unfair advantage over his prey. That's right, HE'S GOING TO BORROW ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S GUNS!!! In my mind, that's taking all the sport out of it but, on the other hand, I can understand the FM's frustration. He has also made plans to rent an excavator for a weekend with the intent of destroying the Woodchuck Condominium once and for all. We are dealing with a very sick man here, Mr. V.P.

The FM remains feverishly busy this week in preparing for a business meeting scheduled for Wednesday with none other than the Sausage Stuffer himself. No, you did not read the preceding sentence incorrectly-those two are actually meeting to discuss BUSINESS! What a hoot, eh?

In closing, the FM asked that I forward the following info. to you:

1) UTAH SUCKS-Don't ever go there. It's not as bad as Manhattan but it still sucks. Nice mountains. Strange state. He does however, have a couple of interesting experiences to share from his visit there that he will gladly expand upon at Deer Camp or the construction project, whichever comes first.

2) He extends his warmest and most sincere congratulations on your Turkey success, and wonders if Zumbo does Woodchuck hunts? Speaking of Zumbo, the FM is wondering if "Z" has taught his daughter not to tape her boyfriend's picture over the Oil Warning Light on her latest vehicle?

3) He would like reiterate that the President's future son-in-law is indeed a first rate guy(despite his choice of friends)-just a little naive and intimidated. Wouldn't you be too, if you were marrying the President's daughter? Give him some slack.

4) Big congrats to the Surgeon, as well as to the FDA Chair and his bride. That's quite an accomplishment. The FM is wondering if Scentless is yet qualified to write prescriptions for Viagra?

5) The President's sand-hauling, trailer-trashing experience is cause for an entire update all on it's own. You almost have to hear it straight from the Prez's mouth to fully appreciate it, however.

That's it for now. I cannot guarantee when the FM will be able to return to providing his own updates. Stay tuned (and listen out your back door for the sound of a .22 popping in the early morning hours-Dead Woodchuck Walking, baby!)

As always, my best to you.

With warmest regards,

Dixie LaRue

Ms. LaRue covers a lot ground here for the beloved FM. I'm glad to hear he's doing well, (ie, not dead) and that she's keeping a very close eye on him. I'm impressed with his "New Plan" to combat his expanding WoodChuck population, and while I understand his optimism, it still sounds as if the FM is going to be the one handling the gun. Me thinks the Woodchucks are quite safe... If he can contract the President, or even Zumbo to come out and assist, THEN he'll have a worthy plan... Other than that, a heartfelt "Thanks" to Dixie for the great update!!!

Dixie's email mentions our President's "sand-hauling, trailer-trashing experience"... well, I was fortune enough to see the President TWICE last week. The first evening I stopped by to touch base and see what's new in the President's world. I got an update on the "sand-hauling, trailer-trashing experience", which involves the SEC-Exterior/Interior's (or is it SEC-Interior/Exterior? I can never keep that straight...) new accommodations. Seems the SEC-Exterior/Interior had some settling next to his new home, and instead of listening to the President, he was talked into ordering 10 YARDS OF SAND!!! Now, 10 YARDS OF SAND is no small amount, so after the SEC-EXTERIOR/INTERIOR took a few wheel barrows of sand off the pile, he was still left with A REALLY BIG pile of sand... enter, stage right, our President, to the rescue. Unfortunately, the trailer our President borrowed could not handle the load of sand it was given, and there was an issue with a flat tire. Luckily, our SEC-Transportation was able to help with that. Obviously, I can't do this story justice, so you'll just have to wait until you next see the President to hear the whole saga...

The President also updated me on the "WELL" issue. Seems we have water, just not much of it... The well also had a broken switch, so he was unable to just let it run and see if it clears itself out. He was at the cabin this weekend, and planned on replacing the switch and letting 'er rip. Hopefully it clears itself out... if it doesn't, we probably have enough water for Camp, but its a lot of expense for 5 gallons at a time... If it doesn't clear out, the President can have the Well guy come in and either go a bit up or a bit deeper, but that will require that the shed is removed... That sounds like a 12x24 experience... (24 cans in a case, 12 oz. each...)

I stopped the night after as I was driving the Nelson matriarch about town. The Attorney General flagged me down, and we had a small discussion. The youngest member of my pack stayed to play some basketball with the Attorney General so I had to return to pick him up. Well, since the President was working on his boat lights, I HAD to stay and help... (and have a few beers!) As most of you know, there's **NOTHING** like helping the President on a Project...and to top it off, we ACTUALLY got the lights to work. Pretty damn amazing. To end our discussions, we actually planned on another excursion the next night to go pick up the Sausage Stuffers old camper. The President is pretty excited about the possibilities of this camper! However, with the Sausage Stuffer in Canada fishing, plans feel through when his lovely wife could not find the required equipment, (Like the crank...) so those plans will have to wait, but what a great week, huh?

I also made some updates to the page again last week. The home page has a little better looking menu box now, which had been bugging me for awhile. I also got a new sign from Zumbo for your "compost" pile. Seems to cover everything pretty thoroughly, so check it out [here](#)... I also added a map on the [PICS](#) page of the area around the Presidents cabin... pretty neat stuff...

This week should be pretty busy... Over the weekend, I helped the FDA Chairman work on Ma/Pa's deck, and this week we'll be priming and staining. Also, the eldest member of the pack and our esteemed SEC-Transportation will graduating from DHS this Thursday... At least, they're telling me they will be...

Here's a few one-liners for your enjoyment... I like the second one the best.

- There's too much blood in my alcohol system.
- I got a gun for my wife, best trade I've ever made.
- Beauty is in the eye of the beer holder.
- How can I be overdrawn, I still have checks!
- Missing your cat? Try looking under my tires.
- Sometimes I wake up grumpy; other times I let her sleep
- Ask me about microwaving cats for fun and profit.
- Lottery: A tax on people who are bad at math.
- Diplomacy is the art of saying 'Nice kittie!'... till you can find a rock.
- Sex on television can't hurt you... unless you fall off.

I think that's all I have for this week, but before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"Always remember that you're unique, just like everybody else."—Anonymous

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"

curtamous