

The curtamous PAGE!!!

My notes... March 2003

March 30, 2003

I am very happy to report that the FM is alive and well! He checked in last week with a couple of items for the [Beer Page](#), and I also saw him (and the President) over the weekend at the youngest Nelson male's basketball tournament.

The FM was rather busy playing Mr. Mom. If I remember right, one of his last comments revolved around the fact that he and a number of Anheiser-Busch's products were going to become the best of buddies that evening...

The FM had the only comment on the [THE WOODCHUCK PAGE!](#). At the end of one of his submissions, his closing remark was as follows: "Oh, by the way, I think your new Woodchuck Page sucks!!! Grow up, you ingrate." So much for the attempt at flattery...

I was also lucky enough to see the FM AND The President last week at the youngest Nelson male's hunter safety course. (Did I have a GREAT week or what?) The Attorney General (in training) and the FM's male offspring are also attending the course. I was unable to get a seat near the President, as clearly everyone else wanted a seat near him as well. As I'm sure you're aware, the President could have easily taught this course at a much higher level than the blind man with the broken foot, but was never called upon. He did employ his expert ability to sleep in an upright seated position during the latter part of the first aid presentation.

Since The President was also at the tournament, I was able to get more updates on his inspirational ideas concerning Bored Meetings and our expansion plans. Concerning the Bored Meeting at the end of April, the President is pretty hot to get this going, but as of last night I may have found a conflict as well... We'll have to see how that shapes up. The President has found a couple of independent contractors for the concrete work on the expansion, so that seems to be progressing. Again, we'll have to see how that shapes up.

I've got lots more to say, but not a lot of time to say it. But before I sign off, here's a good lesson on economics:

A salesman is driving toward home in Northern Arizona when he sees a Native American man hitchhiking. Because the trip had been long and quiet, he stops the car and the Indian man gets in.

After a bit of small talk, the Indian man notices a brown bag on the front seat.

"What's in the bag? " he asks.

"It's a bottle of wine. I got it for my wife, " says the salesman.

The Indian man is silent for a while, nods several times, and then says, "Good trade."

In closing, a few words of wisdom for our junior members...

"Don't trust anything that bleeds for 5 days and doesn't die." -Men's restroom, Murphy's, Champaign, IL

I'm guessing, based on an email I received late last week from the FM, that I'll have a mid-week update, so stay tuned...

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

curtamous

March 24, 2003

I'm beginning to wonder if something terrible has happened to our illustrious Foreign Minister. For a while there, I was getting "multiple" comments, submissions, and general emails EVERY DAY! And now I haven't gotten anything from him for almost two weeks... I hope he's not dead...

I saw the President last week for a few minutes and he wants to get the Spring Meeting scheduled. I told him about the scheduling issues we're having, and he was quite unimpressed. We quickly identified the last weekend in April as a possibility. It's the weekend before Fish Camp 2003, so that makes it a little dicey, but we'll see what we can work out...

Hopefully, the Spring Meeting and Fish Camp get me going a little bit... been having a lack of ambition lately and I need something to fire me up a little and get me off the couch. This late winter season is always crappy if you ask me. Hunting's over, fishing hasn't started yet, and the weather is usually getting better, but still not good. The only thing you have is March Madness, and even though the tourney is pretty damn good this year, it's still just basketball.

Speaking of lazy asses, the FDA Chairman sent the following a week or two ago. Now, I'm not sure, but I would think that this type of information would be area of expertise of our Sturgeon General, but considering how full of shit the FDA Chairman is, I guess it's OK...

A gastroenterologist/proctologist claims that these are actual comments made by his patients made while he was performing Colonoscopies:

1. "Take it easy, Doc, you're boldly going where no man has gone before."
2. "Find Amelia Earhart yet?"
3. "Can you hear me NOW?"
4. "Oh boy, that was sphincterific!"
5. "Could you write me a note for my wife, saying that my head is not, in fact, up there?"
6. "You know, in some states, we're now legally married."
7. "Any sign of the trapped miners, Chief?"
8. "You put your left hand in, you take your left hand out. You do the Hokey Pokey...."
9. "Hey! Now I know how a Muppet feels!"
10. "If your hand doesn't fit, you must acquit!"
11. "Hey, Doc, let me know if you find my dignity."
12. "You used to be an executive at Enron, didn't you?"

I especially liked #5, having been accused of that particular affliction many times, but #12 comes in a pretty close second...

Speaking of the Sturgeon General, his mommy sent us all an email last week updating us on the status of his med school application. Turns out he has been put on a waiting list. Personally, I think he needs to get his ass in gear so he can get us that hunting land we deserve. Maybe we should get the President to speak on his behalf... but that probably wouldn't be fair to the other candidates...

Before I finish up, I wanted to let you all know that the FM's Wood Chuck Page has been started... I think that I'll post what I have so far and work on it as I go. Here's a link to see the initial page: [THE WOODCHUCK PAGE!](#)

In closing, here are a few words of wisdom for our junior members.

"The early bird may get the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese." – unknown.

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

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March 17, 2003

Happy St. Patty's Day! This is the kind of holiday I could get into if it wasn't during lent. You gotta love the Irish. Nothing but a bunch of drunks... what a great reputation. I swear we should officially claim Irish decent every Deer Camp.

Another quick note on the DHS boys basketball team... An anonymous subscriber had some very kind words and I thought I'd include them. "...that one of the most impressive things in my mind about these guys is that they have also, individually and collectively, been very supportive and helpful to many of the underclassmen-not just in basketball, but in all sports, and, for the most part, have demonstrated how to be a class act." Pretty nice comment not only on their sports careers, but in the way they handle themselves in life...

Last week we had a few milestones that need mentioning... The Late Great Mr. Rick's anniversary was on 3/11, the Sec. D'Fence had a birthday on 3/14, and our FDA Chairman had a birthday on 3/15... best wishes to all...

The FM must have been out of town or Dixie took his laptop (Actually an etch-a-sketch) away, because I didn't get much email traffic from him. But I did some digging and found a nice story about the FM you might like...

The FM patents some printing gadget and becomes independently rich. So he retires to his homestead, and to occupy his time (on something other than woodchucks) he gets a few animals to raise on his farmette. A few chickens, a horse, a cow, some sheep, a dog... you know, the usual stuff. He is very happy and content.

One day a ventriloquist walks into town and sees the FM sitting on his porch with his dog:

Ventriloquist: "Hey, cool dog. Mind if I speak to him?"

FM: "This dog don't talk!"

Ventriloquist: "Hey dog, how's it going?"

Dog: "Doin alright"

FM: (Extreme look of shock)

Ventriloquist: "Is this your owner? (pointing at the FM)"

Dog: "Yep."

Ventriloquist: "How's he treat you?"

Dog: "Real good. He walks me twice a day, feeds me great food, and takes me to the lake once a week to play."

FM: (Look of disbelief)

Ventriloquist: "Mind if I talk to your horse?"

FM: "Horses don't talk!"

Ventriloquist: "Hey horse, how's it goin?"

Horse: "Cool."

FM: (an even wilder look of shock)

Ventriloquist: "Is this your owner?" (pointing at the FM)

Horse: "Yep."

Ventriloquist: "How's he treat you?"

Horse: "Pretty good, thanks for asking. He rides me regularly, brushes me down often, and keeps me in the barn to protect me from the elements."

FM: (total look of amazement)

Ventriloquist: "Mind if I talk to your SHEEP?"

FM: (stuttering, and hardly able to talk).....

"Th-Th-Them sheep ain't nothin but liars!!!"

Not sure if anyone noticed, but I added another page to the site last week. It covers everyone's favorite topic: [BEER!!!](#) Just random things on the topic... it was inspired by a beer diet I found on the web... I'll add those types of things and various pictures...

Other than that, I had a pretty quiet weekend. The Nelson family had its annual bowling outing yesterday, and that's always a nice time. I also appropriated more supplies for my gun cabinet project. I picked up wood for the doors and drawer fronts, but I'm a little concerned about what hinges to use. That should help me procrastinate another year or two...

That's all I have for this week...

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

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[March 10, 2003](#)

Well, today's update is a bit late... I just got a new laptop at work and I've been a little busy getting it up and running. I usually start the update over the weekend, but I was a bit busy with basketball... 4 games this weekend. The youngest Nelson had a tournament and the hell-raiser's Denmark BB team lost in the regional finals. Congrats to a good season for the Viking Varsity, with special congrats to their seniors. I've been watching them since the 4th grade, and while I was a wrestler and basketball bigot, I can readily admit I am now a basketball fan... So along with the special congrats, a thanks to those boys for teaching me to enjoy the game.

We again have a ton of stuff thanks to our senior bored members. A special mention of our FM is in order as he is a constant contributor, which only goes to show you he needs more to do at work. I still have plans to dedicate a page to his woodchuck pursuits.

Most recently, the FM was able to find a picture of two of our junior members from the deer season. Obviously, the tables were turned on them... check them out on the [pics](#) page.

(March 11, 2003) OK... I didn't get the damn update done last night, so I'm finishing it today... I went to the Winter Sports Award Banquet last night and that kinda cut into my time, so I apologize for the further delay... Normally, I wouldn't care, but I saw the FM there last night, and he said that he checked the web site SIX times yesterday to get the update... poor bastard... He was quite upset... The FM's lovely wife suggested that we BOTH get a life...

I'm not sure where to start, but I think we need to continue with the general trend of posing new ideas for the furtherment of Bob's Buck Camp. Last week, Ms. Dixie LaRue, the FM's personal Executive Administrative Assistant and hot babe, under the guidance of the FM, sent me a "memo" concerning a new "profit-making opportunity"... Now personally, Ms. LaRue's correspondence is usually much more professional, if not a bit racy, so I think we might have a situation where the FM is using Dixie's letterhead... I'll leave all the misspellings and typos intact for your amusement... Anyway, it's a great idea, but you can judge for yourself... there are two follow-up messages after the original memo:

To: V.P. Curtamous

From: Dixie LaRue

Re: BBC profit-making opportunity

Mr. V.P.:

I don't know if it's a case of guilt over recent attendance failures at Bored Meetings, or if it's just a case of either cabin fever or Chronic Woodchuck Disease, but your honored FM has begun thinking and ranting again. Upon review of the President's OUTSTANDING debt-reduction video scheme, the FM detected one slight flaw in the overall plan (that's what FMs do best) While the "America's Funniest Video" idea is a great plan for paying off the long-term debt associated with the renovation project, the fact remains that the President's plan calls for the bunk and storage structure to actually be constructed and assembled prior to the implementation of the debt-reduction plan. Given that, in the entire history of the Bob's Buck Camp organization, the Bored has never placed the added burden of worrying about debt upon itself, the FM has initiated a plan to develop "seed money" for the construction project.

And what might that plan be, you ask?

In the words of the FM... "Never fail to overlook the obvious. Capitalize on your strengths!" For years now, the President has claimed that one of his favorite parts and highlights of his stays at the Bob's Buck Camp Resort involve the use of the high quality water drawn from the Bob's Buck Camp well. It's just better water or, in the words of the Prez himself, "It's just better water!" This, apparently, is particularly true when the water is mixed with Uncle Julius' favorite libation. The President, and a few trusted allies, have put a lot of research into this over the years. Why not share this awesome discovery with the rest of the world, and make a whole pile of money off of it? When you consider the growing popularity of certain "hybrid drinks" in bars and restaurants all over the country, the timing of this product's entry into the market could not be better. The FM's concept, in effect, is this..... "Bob's Buck Camp "North of 64" premium cocktail mix-just add whiskey."

Before you blow this suggestion off as "it sounds like too much work," consider his idea for manufacturing and distribution....it wouldn't have to be all that much work if all camp members would just save up some of their empty water bottles from home. Then, the President would select a weekend retreat to the Camp, where senior members could fill the empty water bottles with the "North of 64" brand. (while drinking beer, of course.) Junior members would be responsible for removing the existing labels from the bottles, and writing the new brand name on the bottle with a Sharpie, thereby keeping manufacturing costs to a minimum. Sales and distribution would get off to a quick start if it were bundled with a promotion....for example "Buy a case of "North of 64 brand premium cocktail mix, and we'll throw in a really ugly sweater."

The FM stresses that a very important component of this process is that the location of the Bob's Buck Camp well never be disclosed to the public. The last thing the Bored would want would be Bob's Buck Camp turning into a tourist trap spa!

So, anyway, given that the President's mind is often so full of many of his own brilliant ideas, I thought I would pass the FM's idea on to you, the Vice President, for consideration. You can then determine whether it has enough merit to take up any of the Prez's valuable time.

Respectfully,

Dixie

A Subsequent email...

Sorry....just one more. How about this.....
"Once you go' North of 64', you'll never go back!"

Okay, okay. I'll stop now.
Dixie

A Final follow-up email...

Mr V.P.:

I've taken the liberty to conduct some additional marketing-related research regarding the FM's earlier proposal.

My research has concluded that, due to actual instances of this occurring at numerous Buck Camp gatherings, it would be legal and safe to utilize the following phrase as part of your marketing promotion:

"North of 64 premium cocktail mix-after two or three of these, you'll be smarter, better looking AND feel like you can stay up all night!" (We'll leave the interpretation of the "stay up" part up to each individual-it's called subliminal advertising...very effective for other products)

Best regards,
Dixie LaRue

So, despite the excellent efforts from the FM, you see what I have to deal with... I have the feeling that the final message may have been a Dixie original based on the "subliminal" marketing idea... she's definitely a flirt...

So, to my fellow Bored members, we have another excellent idea on the table. (Excellent, but CLEARLY not as good as the President's idea!) I think we need to escalate the priority of scheduling our next Bored Meeting...

As a final parting gift, I have ANOTHER submission from the FM... (I swear to God, he has NOTHING else to do... If I thought it was even remotely possible, I'd teach the SOB to do this himself...) I've seen it before, more than once, but it still cracks me up... I think it has a definite link to Bob's Buck Camp and we may want to adopt it as an official rating system. We may need to modify it slightly to address Camp life, but I think you'll get the picture... For your enjoyment, we have the Hangover Rating System!

One Star Hangover (*)

No pain. No real feeling of illness. You're able to function relatively well. However, you are still parched. You can drink 5 sodas and still feel this way. For some reason, you are craving a steak & fries.

Two Star Hangover (**)

No pain, but something is definitely amiss. You may look okay, but you have the mental capacity of a staple gun. The coffee you are chugging is only increasing your rumbling gut, which is still tossing around the fruity pancake from the 3:00 AM, Waffle House excursion. There is some definite havoc being wreaked upon your bowels.

Three Star Hangover (***)

Slight headache. Stomach feels crappy. You are definitely not productive. Anytime a girl walks by you gag because her perfume reminds you of the flavored schnapps shots your alcoholic friends dared you to drink. Life would be better right now if you were home in your bed watching Lucy reruns. You've had 4 cups of coffee, a gallon of water, 3 iced teas and a diet Coke --- yet you haven't peed once.

Four Star Hangover (****)

Life sucks. Your head is throbbing. You can't speak too quickly or else you might puke. Your boss has already lambasted you for being late and has given you a lecture for reeking of booze. You wore nice clothes, but that can't hide the fact that you only shaved one side of your face. (For the ladies, it looks like you put your make-up on while riding the bumper cars.) Your eyes look like one big red vein, and even your hair hurts. Your sphincter is in perpetual spasm, and the first of about five shits you take during the day brings water to the eyes of everyone who enters the bathroom.

Five Star Hangover, (*****)

You have a second heartbeat in your head, which is actually annoying the employee who sits in the next cube. Vodka vapor is seeping out of every pore and making you dizzy. You still have toothpaste crust in the corners of your mouth from brushing your teeth in an attempt to get the remnants of the poop fairy out. Your body has lost the ability to generate saliva so your tongue is suffocating you. You don't have the foggiest idea who the hell the stranger was passed out in your bed this morning. Any attempt to defecate results in a fire hose like discharge of alcohol-scented fluid with a rare 'floater' thrown in. The sole purpose of this 'floater' seems to be to splash the toilet water all over your ass. Death sounds pretty good about right now....

I think each one of us can identify with each and every one of these levels...

Finally, words of wisdom for our junior members:

"Q: What do women and rocks have in common? A: You skip the flat ones." - unknown

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

curtamous

March 3, 2003

We've got a LOT of info to pass along again today... First, I hope everybody had a good week! I kinda expected to have a mid-week update last week, but I never had the time. I was either too busy at work, or too busy reading woodchuck junk email from the FM. (Even the FM's kid was giving him a hard time about his woodchuck "problem"...) So things had to wait until today. I'll reserve some stuff for later this week or next week, but I'm finding that certain key info is slipping thru the cracks. I'll address that later.

To start off, I got my hands on a scanner. What this means is I now have the ability to scan photos and put them on the site. So this weekend I was on call, and I got stuck working a stupid issue in Texas, so while I was waiting for info from (F)AT&T, I scanned a bunch of pictures from my 1998 Elk hunting trip. I put them into a page and posted it. Check it out if you're interested... ([1998 Elk Hunting...](#))

This brings me to a crossroads concerning this site. I'm getting near my upper limit of free disk space so I can't post a lot more data, especially pictures. So either I stop adding a lot more info, or I really geek out and rent web space and register a domain name. (How 'bout something like curtamous.com?) Obviously the problem with this is it costs money (like \$50 a year) and will officially brand me as a geek. But, its not a bad pastime, and I kinda get into it... but if nobody looks at this crap or cares one way or another, why bother, right? So, if you have an opinion, let me know...

Regarding The Plan our President has put forth, the general reaction has been good. A few junior members chimed in with irrelevant drivel, but I did get the following from a senior member:

Except for the fact that having a video camera in camp seems dangerous due to the fact that the possibility of a tape getting in the wrong hands would be VERY BAD, the President, as usual, has a great idea. In fact other thoughts come to mind:

- Ø We could super-glue a barrel to the side of the road to see who may try to pick it up.
- Ø We could videotape the refrigerator see if anyone attempts any food-juggling.
- Ø We could videotape one of the trails in the wood to see how many times a single hunter passes by.
- Ø Had we thought of this earlier, the "tree hitting the outhouse" incident would have been a \$100,000 winner.
- Ø We could trick someone into thinking there was an All-Boston, All-the-time station in the area (oops, that's already been done).

Heck, we may have enough for our own show.

This is what I love about the President! He comes up with a great idea, and he inspires everyone else to come up with their own ideas. That's what makes Bob's Buck Camp so great...

Our final topic on this Monday is the most pressing issue I've had to deal with for sometime. The Woodchuck Problem!!! I had the opportunity to see the FM this past week, and we discussed the various woodchuck information that he is sending me. I think the topic has some deep seated roots in an attempt by the FM last summer to run a woodchuck over with his vehicle... that's probably a story you should get directly from the FM. Anyway, I still plan on setting up a dedicated woodchuck page dedicated to the FM's infamous "Woodchuck Problem"!!! We'll see how that goes... here's a little tidbit for the FM:

No one's been able to answer this question, so I thought I'd ask you. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood? - Bob D.

Under present regulations, it is illegal to issue a federal logging permit to a woodchuck. A case is due for review by the Supreme Court (US v Chuck) in September which should clear up certain key issues. This case was prompted by a Mr. W. Chuck getting caught in the act of chucking wood, and he was arrested by federal agents before he'd finished. Thus we cannot go by the amount of wood Mr. Chuck chucked since he stopped chucking wood before he'd chucked all the wood he could.

I figured this inquiry from Bob D. (NOT related to our President in any way!!!) would help the FM feel a little better about his "Woodchuck Problem" because Bob D. is evidently having a "Woodchuck Problem" of his own. Hopefully the Supreme Court gets this resolved...

Well, that's all I have time for today... Here's a little something for the junior members:

"There's no limit to what a person can do or where he or she can go, if he or she doesn't mind who gets the credit." - Anonymous

In other words, the credit ALWAYS goes to the President!

Have a good one...

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Last Updated: Friday, January 30, 2009

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