

## The curtamous PAGE!!!

# My notes...November 2003

November 17, 2003 - *Holy Crap!!! Its here!!! Its Deer Camp 2003!!! Is there any better time of year? To be honest, its hard to believe that its here already...time has just been flying. I am not even in the least bit ready, but I'll be there assuming no unforeseen events. The fall has just flown by. I've only been out bow hunting 4 times! That's pitiful... but as the FM points out later, not as pitiful as my aim...*

*To say I'm not ready for Deer Camp 2003 probably isn't completely true. Last Saturday I headed out to Zumbo's ranch to sight in guns. SEC-Weights/Measures and SEC-Transportation attended, along with junior and junior-junior... All went well, despite SEC-Transportations inability to hit the target...*

*Junior-junior and I headed north Sunday morning (we were going Saturday night until my beautiful bride got lost coming back from Madison, thanks to my sisters...How can you get lost at The Bar in Oshkosh?) to meet up with The President, The Attorney General, and the FM's junior-junior. We carpeted the bunkhouse with a donation from the Mayor of Denmark and then headed to the woods to prepare some deer stands. Despite the short time and damp weather, we had a good time.*

*Did I mention that Deer Camp 2003 opens this Thursday?*

*Anyway, a week or tow ago I mentioned junior's car troubles... He needed a new motor, and he got the car back last Saturday... Well, he proceeded to smack a nice 8 pointer with it, and now he's without a vehicle again... at least he's got a nice big bill to pay now... Since he's in the doghouse, he may even head north for the opener to avoid his mother's wrath... personally, I think his mother just wants the house to herself... I don't want to know why...*

*Deer Camp 2003 is ALMOST HERE!!!*

*This week is a busy one, as shopping, cooking, packing, etc. will keep me rather busy. I'm hoping to get Ma' Nelson's Swiss Steak Extravaganza done on Tuesday night or Wednesday, and I have turkey from the spring hunt that is destined for the pot as well.*

*Hey, did we had a good weekend for Wisconsin football, didn't we? Badgers romp over Michigan State, and the Packers beat the evil Bucs... Gotta love that, but not as much as Deer Camp 2003!!!*

*Last week I mentioned no garage updates... well, since then, I got the electrical service out to the garage, and on Friday, I got 4 yards of black dirt to fill in the back yard. Well, needless to say, after I moved those 4 yards, I was damn sore... There shouldn't be anymore garage updates for quite a while now...*

I got a couple of emails from the FM last week. First, it seems that he's procured a wedge of prime aged "cheese" for The President, which is much better than when he procures a fine bottle of German liquor... he also sent me the following email:

Subject: Buck Fever

- 1) Regarding this week's update....that's an awful long-winded version of informing us that you are a lousy shot.
- 2) Regarding the Bohemian Brothers weekend...I have lots to tell, but most of it revolves around a visit to a local establishment (except for the leg injury part) so I think I'll save it for Deer Camp.
- 3) Regarding Deer Camp...in previewing the Menu, etc. I noticed that I am not listed in attendance until Saturday. I was planning on coming Friday. Do I need to stay at Dick and Dee's Friday night, or what? Not trying to mess up "The Plan", I just want to know.
- 4) Speaking of church last Sunday, you failed to mention that Sec. Transportation and Sec. Weights/Measures were also in attendance at the same service. Not that anyone really cares. The issue here is that I had the opportunity to share a brief discussion with Sec. Weights/Measures following the service regarding plans for Deer Hunt 2003. When I told the Sec. of my plans to attend Deer Camp this year, he SCOFFED at me! In CHURCH, mind you! All I'm left to wonder is if there is ANY remaining hope for the upcoming generations of BBC brethren.
- 5) The Biggest News of All.....boarding the airplane in the process of flying home from Detroit last night, the pilot is standing right outside the cockpit jovially greeting the passengers as they board. As I approach, I think to myself, " Man, that pilot could pass as Zumbo's twin brother!" Upon being seated, it occurs to me, "Maybe the pilot doesn't just bear a remarkable resemblance to Zumbo...maybe it IS Zumbo!" I never had the chance to find out for sure ( I asked the flight attendant if the pilot's name was Zumbo, but she just looked at me kind of weirdly. I think she was having a bad day) but given the speed and accuracy in which we were delivered safe and sound to Green Bay, especially considering the menacing winds howling around at the time, I deboarded convinced that Zumbo is indeed a jack of more trades that most of us even imagine. For all you do, this Bud's for you, Zumbo!

Gotta go. I need to get the decks of cards sighted in before Opening Day.

Carl

I'll further ignore his comment about my aim, but I apologize for boring anyone last week with my tale... The FM seems pretty fired up about his trip north, his first in many years. I'm to the point where I think he may actually come. Of course, if he shows, we'll make room for him...As far as him running into Zumbo on a flight (and frightening the flight attendant), after my mention of Zumbo's secret mission last week, he really shouldn't be surprised at anything Zumbo does. To say he's a "jack of all trades" probably doesn't do him justice... he's more like 007... he does it all...

With the youngsters coming up to camp this year (hopefully) I thought the following story would be a good one:

*It was a clear, cold November morning, every condition imaginable was just right. The young deer hunter sat still and quiet in the tree stand hoping to get his first deer. Just after daybreak, he could hear the crunching of the leaves as a deer made it way down the trail toward his stand. His heart quickened.*

*Moments later, a HUGE 10-pointer at least 20" wide stood still broadside not more than 20 yards away. He slowly raised the rifle, clicked off the safety, squeeze, boom. The deer dropped instantly in his tracks. The guy was so excited, he quickly hung the gun back on the nail in the tree, scampered down the ladder and ran over the where the buck lay.*

*Reaching for his knife to begin field-dressing the deer, he realized that he must first tag the deer. Not wanting to get into any trouble, he laid down his knife, pulled the tag from his pocket, filled it out, and neatly tied it to the buck's massive antlers.*

*He reached down picked up the knife to resume field-dressing the deer, then the buck did something unexpected, he jumped up, snorted, and ran back up the trail over the ridge. The hunter stood there in amazement for a moment, glanced back up in the tree at his rifle hanging near the stand, looked at the knife in his hand, then mumbled a couple of choice words then tore out running after the big buck.*

*Moments after the buck crossed over the ridge top, there was a boom from another hunter's rifle. The young deer hunter thought to himself, "oh no, not my deer". As he reached the ridge top and crossed over, he saw the big buck lying on the trail ahead of him as a hunter cautiously approached the downed deer checking it for dead. The young hunter runs up to the guy, out of breath he explains "That's my deer, huff, huff, that's my deer". "Like heck it is" said the other guy. "I just shot this one". "No, no, look, it's got my tag on his antlers".*

*The second hunter looked down at the deer, sure enough, there were tags attached to the antlers. He looked back at the young guy completely exhausted and out of breath holding the pocket knife and says, "Fella, if you're man enough to tag 'em first and then run 'em down, you can have this deer."*

*So, if you see the Attorney General sprinting thru the woods after a deer, you'll know what happened...*

*Well, that's all I have time for...I have a lot more stuff to do to prep for Deer Camp 2003, and I'm hoping work doesn't interfere... I have posted the latest and greatest menu/schedule/checklists on the site here: [HUNT2003](#)*

*As you can tell, I'm really looking forward to the trip...*

*Before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:*

*"Fermentation may have been a greater discovery than fire." --David Rains Wallace*

*This will no doubt be proven this weekend... just to point out the obvious, there won't be an update next week. Duh! We'll be at Deer camp 2003!!! And the first update after Deer Camp "could" be a little late too... you know, recovery time...*

*Well, take care, and have a GREAT Deer Camp 2003!!!*

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

*curtamous*

*November 11, 2003 – Hi All!!! Sorry about the late update... yesterday was a bitch at work, and I just didn't have the time to dedicate to getting the update out. It takes time, thought, and preparation, and nothing ticks me off more than to have work get in the way...By the way, Happy Veterans Day!!!*

*How 'bout that game last night? They screwed up just enough to lose... At times they sure looked good, but then, BAM! Another mistake... I've had years like that too, where nothing goes quite right... in fact, I've had quite a few of them...*

Well, it was an eventful weekend. Thanks to more scheduling conflicts with my family, I wasn't able to make it north this weekend, but our illustrious SEC-State and Comptroller ventured north for the day on Saturday. All went well until they headed to Dockside for lunch, when they mistakenly left the spare set of keys locked on the kitchen table. They found that the cabin is indeed quite secure, and had to drive home and back up to the cabin to get the keys and properly lock up... I'm sure no one will mention the event at Deer Camp 2003, or beyond...

For my part, work interfered with taking Thursday and Friday off for vacation, but I was able to sneak out early enough on Friday to hit the deer stand down the lane. At around 4:45, after I sat in that cold wind for almost 2.5 hours, I finally thought I saw something a ways off toward the road. By the time I got my binoculars out and looked, the damn deer (a little buck to boot) busted me at about 25 yards. Because of the wind, I didn't hear him until he was that close. After checking me out for a minute, he moved into a PERFECT shooting lane with his head behind a tree. By the time I got turned and the bow up and drawn, he stepped out of the lane and moved slowly down the trail. I was able to follow him with my bow, and was just about to whistle to get him to stop, when my bow hit the tree on my right. In a snap decision, thinking I couldn't follow him anymore because of the tree, I shot. I was in a bit of a precarious position, and not wanting to fall out of the tree, I didn't follow the arrow very well, and assumed I missed. Off he went...

After five minutes or so, I went down to retrieve my arrow. I couldn't find it. After a few minutes of searching, I checked the trail, and damned if I didn't find blood. I checked the trail a little further, found more blood, and headed back to the truck. I immediately called Zumbo. He also had a surprise, but one that I can't mention... a secret mission of sorts... this was going to be interesting...

I ran home, went and picked up Zumbo, and we headed out to look for my deer. We trailed him for a couple hundred yards, and by then we realized he hadn't slowed down, wasn't bleeding much, and probably wasn't hurt bad. Plus, we were off the land I had permission to be on, so we decided to let him sit till morning, hoping to find him then. We then went off on another adventure, one that can't be mentioned... damn but he's fun to hang around with. You can tell him and The President are from the same generation...

The next day dawned, very cold, and I was off to find my deer. I had called to get permission to wander the neighbor's land, so I followed him across the crick, but lost the blood trail... after criss-crossing the tall grass for a long time, I finally found a few drops at the next line fence. He was hauling ass across country, with nothing but a nasty cut to piss him off... I never found the arrow, which still leaves me a little doubtful, but I'm pretty sure he's fine. I headed to Ma and Pa's for the daily vital sign monitoring, and Zumbo calls me, looking for help... Have I mentioned that HE'S GOOD! Well, I probably can't mention that...

Onto depressing news, no garage updates... I can't wait 'till this damn thing is done...

On Sunday we headed to Ma and Pa's for a going away party for Zumbo's eldest. This is the former star of the Lakeland Muskie's football team, and a week from Wednesday, he's headed to the navy. A nice party with all the family. Good luck Chuck!!!

Oh yeah, on Saturday, I headed over to The President's to borrow his wheelbarrow to move more sand. He pried two beers into me and offered a few lessons. (He was busy cleaning his garage, so I only stayed a bit.) He's heading north this weekend for the "Pre-Opener". I hope to be able to get up there for a least a little bit to work on the deer stands, but my family has been doing a really great job at messing up my schedule this year... we'll see... if not, I at least hope to get the guns sighted in, as we're less than two weeks away from the opener...

*Is it just me, or has this fall just flown past? I had so many plans for the fall, and very few are coming about. Really pissing me off...*

*I had a few minutes to talk to the FM at church on Sunday, (Yes, the FM AND I were in church, together, and the roof DID NOT CAVE IN!!!) and he said they had quite an adventure with the Bohemian brothers last weekend. Hopefully we'll get some details from him soon, including the trip to the hospital...*

*With Deer Camp 2003 so close, here's another hunting related story:*

*A man takes his wife to the Big Horn show. As they strolled through the show enjoying sites they noticed a seminar on the life cycle of the deer. They thought that this sounded interesting so they went in and joined the seminar already in progress.*

*About that time the speaker stated that "A dominant buck may mate 100 or more times in a single season."*

*His wife's mouth drops open and says, "WOW! 100 times in a season, that's more than once a day! You could really learn from these deer."*

*The man turns to his wife and says, "Raise your hand and inquire if it was 100 times with the same doe."*

*That guy had some sore ribs after that comment...*

*Well, that's about all I have time for...one quick last note, the SEC-State asked about this years Deer Camp 2003 menu... the current version is posted here, along with schedules, lists, etc: [HUNT2003](#). If you have any questions, comments, concerns, requests, or complaints... too bad...*

*Before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:*

*"I think this would be a good time for a beer" -- FDR*

*No wonder they kept electing this guy as President... Same reason we're so damn proud of OUR President!*

*Well, take care, and have a GREAT week!!!*

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

*curtamous*

*November 3, 2003 - Good morning everyone!!! What a GREAT day!!! The Packers defeated the mighty ViQueens in the Hell Dome, so its pretty much bound to be a good day today. Despite the fact that I doubted that the Packers had any chance of winning, I am overjoyed at the results. The ViQueen fan here at work that I bet with every game will be clad in green and gold tomorrow...*

*Last week was a pretty good week overall. On the home front, my concrete was poured on Wednesday. That's a good thing, but I was a little upset with the results, as there is a lot more of an incline than I wanted, but at least its done. Now its on to landscaping and deck work, if the weather holds.*

Also, on Wednesday, I got some bad news... the eldest called to say he had car troubles... turns out his Blazer ran dry of oil, and now he needs a new motor... Not a good way to start a couple days off, but despite the bad news, junior-junior and I headed north Wednesday evening to meet up with The President and Attorney General at Bucks Camp.

Considering the news I had received considering the eldest's vehicle, the first sound heard when we reached camp with a shiny being opened. However, we managed to behave ourselves and were up early for T-Zone hunting the next morning. We sat for an hour or so, and to backup The President's theory that there are no deer behind the cabin, we saw no deer. We headed in for a GREAT Presidential breakfast. After the meal, none other than Jack from up the road showed up with that shit-eating grin on his face. Turns out he had already been to Crivitz to drop off his T-Zone kill. He actually had to get off his post on the porch and get all the way out into the field, and after missing once, collected a nice young doe. Congrats!

We spent the majority of the day hunting near Debroux' old cabin, and didn't see much, other than a baby red that the Attorney General civilized. After a few miles of walking, we headed back to the cabin to sit for deer the last hour of the day...nothing... Then it was cocktail hour and suppertime. I master the outdoor fire and worked on The President's technique of handling an inside beer AND an outside beer, which I found to be quite difficult, so I kept on trying...The President (Bob the Baker) fried fish and made delicious cornbread muffins, while the Attorney General mixed cocktails. Despite his youth, he must learn that the Sturgeon General is WRONG in the fact that you DO NOT count to 5 1/2 when making an old fashion, even if they do taste really good that way. Jack and Ass showed up after dinner (a little inebriated too boot) and we played a little cards until we were all too bushed to continue...

Friday morning it rained, so we didn't sit for deer, but after a wonderful breakfast of pancakes by none other than "Bob the Baker", we headed out behind the cabin for small game. After much walking, we were able to flush 8 grouse. Unfortunately, yours truly was the only one able to get off a shot, and I missed twice. I had a perfect opportunity when The President, great man that he is, flushed one right in front of me. However, my feet tangled in brush, and my split second decision to remain upright instead of shooting may have been a bad one... We also were able to get the soffets and trim done on the new bunkhouse...

Junior-junior and I headed home after lunch while The President and Attorney General stayed up until Sunday... I felt bad going home so early, but we must do what we must...Junior-junior's basketball tourney went well as they went 4-0 and took the championship, so I guess it was OK...

When I got home, I checked email and saw that I received the following from the FM:

Subject: Good Luck and Good Hunting

As I write this, I know that you are already North of 64 and partaking in many manly endeavors. In the event that you have not yet wired T1 access at Bob's Buck Camp (I'm assuming it's on the "to-do" list, though) I hope that your weekend was safe and successful. I myself and Junior-Junior are heading northwest to the rural Neilsville area this weekend to partake in some squirrel hunting and paintball competition with the Bohemian Brothers and their assorted offspring. I thought it best to explain my actions before the rumor gets out that "The FM is abandoning his BBC brethren and weaseling his way into a different hunting camp." I'm sure if there was any potential truth to that rumor it may be met with relief and celebration by certain members of our fraternal society, but the truth of the matter is it just ain't that easy to get rid of me.

The primary reason that I have chosen to head this weekend to the Bohemian Brothers Camp is, in fact, for the overall benefit of Bob's Buck Camp. It is a surveillance and propaganda mission. Given that the kill yield at BBC has fallen somewhat short of record

levels the past couple years, I have laid out a plan to recruit Big Bucks to displace themselves and make themselves more available to the hunters that I really care about. So, my intent is to spend the first day of our mission scouting around for signs of Big Buck activity in the area. Should that mission prove fruitful, the second day of the assignment will be spent posting signs throughout the area. The signs read as follows.. "Attention Studly Bucks with Huge Racks...Looking for a GOOOOOOOOOO TIME? Head due east toward Athelstane and look for the woodshed that resembles a church. Plenty of Hot, Young Doe Babes ready for action". Remember, Male Bucks this time of year are very similar to Male Humans-they're not always thinking with their brains. This type of tactic has been highly successful on the Internet, it should work in the woods. Either way, it can't hurt, right? Not to worry about the Bohemian Brothers and their clan getting upset by my actions...I planned ahead for that, too, and wrote the signs in Belgian-the Bohemians won't understand what the signs say.

No need for thanks---it's just part of the FM job description. I'll keep you posted.

Carl

That FM is a funny guy, isn't he... always on the offensive to cover his butt and get his cover story out... But hopefully he had a good AND productive time with those wild and crazy Bohemians... I'm sure he'll get me an update for next week's page...

With Deer Camp 2003 less than 3 weeks away, the highlite of my weekend came when I went into junior-junior's room yesterday, and instead of hearing that gangster-rap noise he usually listens to, he had on "The Thirty Point Buck" and "The Second Week of Deercamp". Almost brought tears to my eyes...

Well, its getting late, so here's the weekly story:

Three deer hunters go to Heaven. (Jack, Ass, and The President) They are met at the pearly gates by St. Peter. St. Peter says to them, "Welcome to Heaven, you three will get along hear just fine, as long as you remember our number one rule. Don't harm any deer. God really gets mad if you harm any of his deer"

The three deer hunters thought that was pretty reasonable and they all went off to explore Heaven.

The first deer hunter (Jack) was driving along enjoying the sights of Heaven, and "CRASH" he runs right over a deer and kills it. Then instantly this really ugly woman appears in the seat right next to him. He then realizes that they are shackled together with a heavy chain.

The voice of God rings out "You two will be shackled together for eternity."

The second deer hunter (Ass) heard about this and decided that he better be more careful with his driving. He was driving along enjoying the sights of Heaven, and this buck jumped out of the ditch and "CRASH" he runs right over the buck and kills it. Then instantly this even uglier woman appears in the seat right next to him. He then realizes that they are shackled together with a heavy chain.

The voice of God again rings out "You two will be shackled together for eternity."

*The third hunter (The President) hears about this and decides he is going to quit driving. The next day he decides he will go for a walk in the forest. After walking for about a mile he spots a log over looking a meadow and sits down for a rest. Then instantly this beautiful woman appears on the log right next to him. He then realizes that they are shackled together with a heavy chain.*

*The deer hunter says to her "Where did you come from?"*

*The beautiful woman says "The last thing that I remember, I was just driving along and "CRASH" I hit this deer."*

*Yes, yes, I know... Picking on The President isn't recommended, but he's a very strong man and can take it...*

*Well, that's all I have time for, but before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:*

*"It is said that if you line up all the cars in the world end to end, someone would be stupid enough to try and pass them." -- UNKNOWN*

*Obviously, some FIB from Illinoiz....*

*Well, take care, and have a GREAT week!!!*

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

*curtamous*

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