

The curtamous PAGE!!!

My notes...September 2003

September 29, 2003 – Good morning everyone... I am starting up update on Monday morning, on my vacation day off, waiting for the concrete guy to show up to yank out the old concrete from my backyard and start the new slab in front of the "almost" completed garage. I hope he shows up soon, as I'm hoping on heading up north to work on the bunk house... we'll see how that goes...

So yeah, the garage is almost complete... the siding was finished on Saturday, so the only big thing left to do is to get the garage door on. That will probably wait until after the concrete slab is completed. There are other odds and ends that need to be done, but we're pretty much finished... It looks pretty good, and I'm hoping to get some pictures up on the site one of these days...

The highlight of last week was definitely the Springsteen concert on Saturday night. The concert started late, and The Boss played until around 11:30, which meant I didn't get home until about 4am. Absolutely worth it! The concert was excellent, and the ringing in my ears is starting to diminish. Thanks again to the FDA Chairman for having me!

A couple side notes to the whole experience concern our Sturgeon General. We had the opportunity to visit his new digs in the Milwaukee area, and after seeing his new TV, I've decided that that hunting land that he'll be providing Bob's Buck camp has increased to 40 acres per member. (We also decided that the SEC-Da'Fence's 40 acres should be "fenced" in for security purposes, so he doesn't get too lost...) We were going to visit the Sturgeon General's new girl as well, but the morgue was closed for the evening... Finally, we will be pushing the Sturgeon General to a new specialty in place of pediatrics... Cosmetic Surgery is something that he should consider, as a young concert goer in the row in front of the FDA Chair and I noticed, had some very remarkable results... what better way to add beauty to our world?

Since I have plans on heading north today, I visited The President last evening to discuss my plans. He had spent the day at the Booyah Cookoff (with our FM no doubt) and looked slightly "tired". We had a good planning session, but curiously, I was not offered a beer. Not a problem, but interesting... If I ever get out of here and head north, I'll be working on the bunk house walls, roof, and trim... Hopefully I get out of here... hopefully...

Well, there's more to discuss, but time's running short... In honor of the impending hunt, here's a good one stolen from a whitetail website:

Three bucks are in a mountain meadow complaining. They've heard a rumor that a huge buck has entered their area, and they aren't happy about sharing any of their does.

The Alpha buck says, "You know, since we settled our differences and split up the does, I've been pretty happy with MY 30 does. I am not about to share any of MY does with this new buck."

The second toughest buck says, "Yeah, well I ended up with only 20 does, so I can't afford to share any of MY does."

The youngest buck says, "I may only be half as big as you guys, but I'm not going to give up any of My 10 does."

Suddenly the biggest, baddest buck they had ever seen appeared at the edge of the meadow. He must have weighed close to 375 pounds and with huge sweeping antlers. As the huge buck trotted towards the three other bucks the ground seemed to shake.

Suddenly the former Alpha buck is a bit more flexible, "Well, maybe I could spare a FEW does."

The second toughest buck says, "Maybe if I hide in the bushes, he'll leave me alone."

But the small, young buck is snorting, raking the brush and shaking his fledgling antlers in an extremely confrontational way.

Worried about the reckless youngster, the two older bucks trot over to the young buck and say, "Listen, son. It's not worth dying for. Just give the new buck your 10 does."

"He can HAVE my 10 does," replies the young buck, raking the brush and shaking his fledgling antlers again. "I'm just making sure he knows I'm a BUCK!"

The small buck seems pretty damn smart to me... too bad our junior members weren't that smart...

I think that's about it... Before I sign off, here's a little something for our junior members:

Dr. Sues' Lost Tongue Twister

See if you can do this. Read each line aloud.

**This is this cat
This is is cat
This is how cat
This is to cat
This is keep cat
This is a cat
This is dumbass cat
This is busy cat
This is for cat
This is forty cat
This is seconds cat**

Now go back and read the THIRD word in each line from the top

Do you think any of the junior members fell for that?

Well, still no contractor, so I'm going to post this update and go find him...

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

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

curtamous

September 22, 2003 - *Happy rainy Monday morning to all!!! A nice cool wet fall (not quite) morning for us all in God's country. I'm not sure where to kick things off this week, but I do know that football will NOT be a topic... too damn depressing...*

When all else fails, its always good to start off with a message from the FM:

Subject: Zumbo Strikes Again

Congrats to the Great Zumbo on yet another success! It's a pleasure to see that he took some of the stalking tactics learned while observing the FM this summer and put them to good use. As the saying goes, it's never too late for an old dog (VERY applicable to Zumbo) to learn new tricks. I'm only left with one question....after so many repeated successes, how can hunting even provide a challenge for Zumbo anymore? It would be interesting to hear his dissertation on this.

Congrats, also to the Bob's Buck Camp construction crew on your successful mission. I know that this particular project carried more than it's share of challenges along the way, but the Prez remains undaunted. His organizational and construction skills are in the same league as Zumbo's outdoorsmanship skills. I hope the Prez relayed to you that I fully intended to lend a hand with the dismantling process, but happened to be on a jaunt to the Windy City during the allocated time frame. It's also not a real good idea for the FDA Chair and I to spend too much time together in the same place at the same time (at least not prior to hunting season.) Such is life. My only remaining question to you is, how does this affect the bet we made last winter? It remains a very gray issue in my mind.

My humblest apologies on the communications error involving the Miller Lite episode. I would liken the whole situation to President Bush's claims involving the presence of "Weapons of Mass Destruction." There was some truth to the matter, but not in entirety. He was just misinformed.

Gotta go. Only a couple weeks left in Woodchuck Assault Season.

Carl

P.S.: I don't believe the DHS Football team is going to win a game this year. I hope I'm wrong.

All I can say is that it seem that the FM gets a little squirrelly every fall..now he's hinting that Zumbo is borrowing hunting technique?!?!? Preposterous! Next thing you know he'll be claiming that he taught The President how to drink... He must be a democrat, like Al Gore, who as you know, "Invented the Internet"... I do accept his excuse for not helping out with "disassembly" of the bunkhouse, as he's quite right in that he and the FDA Chair probably should be kept separated. As far as the DHS Football team is concerned, we're not talking about football, but they won... I was most curious concerning the "bet" we made last winter concerning the bunkhouse project, so I sent him a private email, and we agreed that we BOTH won the bet, and therefore will provide each other with a six-pack...That's my kind of bet... Of course, The President agreed to participate in the actual exchange, so we have that going for us.

I took a vacation day last Friday and went out on the hunt. Friday's forecast was for rain, but it was dry at 5am when I got up, so I ventured out. I reached my stand at about 5:50am, with legal shooting commencing at 6:04. At 6:05, it started to rain. Being early in the season, I was quite unprepared for any kind of weather, so when I was soaked by 7am, I was out of there...no deer, but the first day out in the stand is always great, even if you're soaked...

The garage project is in its final phases. 3 1/2 sides are completely sided, and the garage door needs to be installed. Other than that, only some minor stuff needs to be done, and its completed. Then comes the concrete, electrical, and the deck. I'm guessing that's all I'll get done this fall... I don't want to cut into my hunting time too much...

Speaking of hunting, Zumbo stopped by with more pictures, (I didn't get his buck scanned in yet) and its looks like there's plenty of bucks left on his preserve, so I'm hoping for good hunting yet. I was out at Zumbo's preserve before yesterday's FIASCO in Arizona cutting wood as well. I pulled him off his tractor while he was plowing and tried to pry a beer into him, but he wasn't taking... he had plans to go sit in his stand that night and hunt with his video camera. Maybe I'll be able to figure out a way to get movies on the page...that would be pretty cool...

Saturday night, we had some visitors of the short (and not too smart) kind. Seems a couple little whippersnappers had some extra toilet paper and thought they would "decorate" my abode. As I pulled into the driveway, they scrambled, but only darted to the nearby church, where they sat and watched me as I watched them. Had I known who they were (probable identification: Bored Member in waiting and cronie), I might had loaded up the supersoaker 2000 and chased them, but it was late, and I really didn't care that much...BUT, paybacks are a bitch...

One other late note from last week: The Sausage Stuffer celebrated his 57th year on Teran, so feel free to ask advice of this aged and wise man whenever you feel the need. Happy Birthday!

This week doesn't have too much on tap, other than further work on the garage. However, this weekend, the FDA Chair has tickets to the Springsteen concert at Miller Park. On invite, I am planning on tagging along, and am quite excited at the prospect of getting to see the Boss live. Should be a good time... I also have next Monday off so the update probably won't show until Tuesday. If I'm lucky, I'm heading up north to Buck Camp to do some work on the buck house...

Well, I'm thinking that I've missed about 50 things that I should be mentioning, but if they were that important, somebody should be reminding me... last week, in response to the FM's accusations, I mentioned the "hind-lick" maneuver. I had an inquiry as to the origins of the "hind-lick" maneuver. Here's a quick one that is my first memory of it, and it also explains why I wasn't too thrilled about performing it on The President, but it should show my absolute loyalty. Enjoy:

Two deer hunters walk into a roadhouse to wash the dust from their throats. They stand at the bar, drinking a beer & talking about their latest deer hunt. Suddenly a woman at a nearby table, who is eating a sandwich, begins to cough. After a minute or so, it becomes apparent that she is in real distress.

One of the deer hunters looks at her & says, "Can you swallow?" The woman shakes her head no.

The deer hunter says, "Can you breathe?" The woman begins to turn blue & shakes her head.

The deer hunter walks over to the woman, lifts up the back of her dress, yanks down her panties & slowly runs his tongue from the back of her thigh up to the small of her back. The woman is so shocked that she has a violent spasm & the obstruction flies out of her mouth. As she begins to breathe again, the cowboy walks slowly back to the bar & takes a drink from his beer.

His partner says, "You know, I'd heard of that there Hind Lick maneuver, but I ain't never seen nobody do it before.

I think that's about it... Before I sign off, in honor of The Sausage Stuffers incredible age, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"I smoke ten to fifteen cigars a day. At my age I have to hold on to something." - George Burns.

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

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

curtamous

September 15, 2003 – Good Morning ALL!!! *Is this a great time of year or what?!?! Its cool enough outside to make you really believe fall is almost here. Plus, the Packers won, so its really a pretty good day... (We won't mention the previously 14th ranked college team to the south in today's issue...) As always, I've got a lot to cover.*

To start off, we have breaking news:

Dateline Rural New Denmark

ZUMBO SCORES AGAIN

On the opening weekend of Wisconsin's Bowhunting season, Denmark's world renown sportsman Zumbo harvested another beautiful whitetail. The male whitetail officially sports a 6-point rack, but has an incredible 15 1/2 inch spread. The left antler has an incredible 4 points with the second tine almost 6 inches long. What makes this rack so unique is that the right antler is missing its brow tine and only has two points. Also, upon closer inspection, the right antler is less massive and slightly shorter, making this a very special sight. It is estimated that the buck weighs in at around 175 lbs dressed. The animal was harvested at around 6:30 pm on Sunday the 14th after the heavy rains of the weekend tapered off. The brute was sighted sparing with what is believed to be an even larger whitetail buck, and was felled with a single shot to the spine.

WOW!!! *That Zumbo sure is something. I was fortunate enough to get a call from Zumbo last night to help with the transport and dressing of the beast. I knew that as soon as he called it must be something pretty special... Along with one of Zumbo's neighbors, we were able to get the animal dressed and hung. We should have photos of the brute for next week's update... Congrats to Zumbo and another great effort!!!*

Before I get into all the other happenings of the week, I'd like to address the following email from our FM:

Subject: Setting the record straight.....

Mr. V.P.:

I fully understand that you were under a great deal of work-related stress and pressure while preparing this week's update (HAH!) Nonetheless, I feel it is my duty to more fully expand on your coverage of this past weekend's activities at Bob's Buck Camp, as I had the privilege of receiving a "Presidential Briefing" on Sunday afternoon. While I want to fully reiterate that I am not implying that you provided any "untruths" in your report, I do find it somewhat disconcerting that you failed to provide your loyal readers with the full details. Thankfully, the President obliged.

When queried as to what transpired at the Camp over the weekend, the Prez did mumble something about the need to obtain a brass pole for the "new stage," as well as a reference to serving wine at services to be held at the "new Chapel". In his explanations, however, the Prez seemed a little disoriented and out of sorts. When pressed for details, he finally unveiled "CURT DIDN'T LET ME HAVE A BEER UNTIL 3:30 ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON!" While I was recovering from just about falling off my stool upon hearing this revelation, he went on to concede that the first couple of beers consumed were actually MILLER LITE!!!!!!!

What in tarnation, may I ask, is going on at Bob's Buck Camp??? Given that the work crew consisted of only the Prez and VP, is this the early stages of a planned coup attempt by the VP?? Strong and serious allegations, I'll admit, but my suspicions were further validated when the Prez revealed that, while dining out that evening, he abided by the VP's consultation to order the Ribeye sandwich, on which he almost choked when taking the first bite!!!!!! Thinking quickly, as always, the Prez recovered in time to request a fork and knife in order to polish off the meal.

Maybe I'm jumping way too quickly to conclusions with my "coup" suspicions but, good golly almighty, you should know by now to NEVER mess with the Prez like that. No beverages until 3:30? Miller Lite??? Recommending "choke 'em" sandwiches to a guy who has already been through a rough day? C'mon Mr. VP, I know you've got a lot on your platter with the garage construction and shed moving and bow hunting and all that. But, do I really need to remind you that taking care of our President has been and remains to be your top priority in life?

I sincerely hope that this past weekend's endeavors were just a slight misstep on your part, and that you have learned from your experience, and that it has made you a better person. Please try to do a better job this weekend. Even though I trust you, I am still concerned. My weekend is booked, but as concerned and worried as I am, I may try to make the attempt to drive up and check on things Saturday afternoon.....for the good of Bob's Buck Camp.

In closing, our thoughts should all go out to "The Bartender" who is going through a bit of a health bitch right now...but who should also be reminded that you can still mix a damn good old-fashioned with only one arm!

Surf's Up

The FM

I'll be the first to admit that I was remiss in providing details to last week's trip to Bob's Buck Camp, but I'll defer to problems related to CWD. (Chronic Whiskey Disease) In retrospect, I will also say that I most definitely did have quite a few errors in judgment.(3:30 for the first beer? WHAT was I thinking???) I mean lets face it, there's a reason I'm the lowly VP and The President is the president. However, I am a little taken aback at another conspiracy theory coming from our FM. Maybe if he would spend just a "little" more time with the bored, he would be reminded of the reverence and respect that we all have for The President. Does he really think I would have the gall to recommend an entree to The President? I will admit that I was remiss in keeping an eye on The President during our dining experience, but I was pretty hungry myself, but as soon as I noticed there was a possible issue, I did prepare myself for the possibility of the dreaded "hind-lick" maneuver in the event The President did choke... thankfully, it was not needed... Finally, to throw any possible credence to the FM's accusations, did he really think I would let The President drink the Miller Lite? It was infact the VP that consumed the remaining Lite... I asked The President about this specific detail, and he's not sure at all where he got that idea... basically, the FM is all wet again...

Later last week, I did get another email from the FM. This one could probably be turned into one of those old "In Search of..." TV episodes... you know, like, "In Search of... Bigfoot", or "In Search of... The Loch Ness Monster..." This one would be "In Search of... the Junior Member Brain..."

Subject: Do All The Junior Members share one brain?

Would someone please consult with the Sec. Weights and Measures and advise him that it is pretty much common knowledge in these parts that softball season officially ends with Labor Day?

Thank You

To be honest, I don't know the protocol here concerning softball season, or why its an issue, but the question concerning all the junior members sharing one brain is a good one, because if that's the case, I think the Sturgeon General, (our future purchaser of prime hunting land) is getting to use it a lot more than the other junior members...

Well, in local news, my garage project continues to make progress. The siding is on the front, and I also had my electrical service upgraded in my house last week in preparation to extend it to the garage. I also went to the DOC last week and got a check up... The DOC said I'll probably live for a while, which seriously disappointed the wife...

Last week, in preparation for the 2nd big weekend up at Bob's Buck Camp, my storage shed and future bunkhouse was disassembled and loaded for transport. The President was there of course, but our FDA Chairman also chipped in and was a **HUGE help!!! The highlite of the week was when the SEC-Transportation stopped over to drop off some heavy duty straps to tie everything down. He brought over The Mayor's new vehicle, and when he tried to leave, it wouldn't start. Despite numerous attempts, he was unable to get it going and was forced to go get his trailer and load it up for transport back home. (His buddies assisted, and as soon as he had the car in the trailer, his buddies locked him in the trailer and proceeded to drive him around town locked inside...) I asked The Mayor about this later in the week, and she said that it was a pretty complicated issue... he ran out of gas...**

With the shed loaded, The President and I, along with the Attorney General and my junior-junior, ventured north on Friday evening and the pouring rain. Despite some tricky issues with the trailer lights, wiring, and blown fuses, we arrived safely at camp. Saturday turned out to be a great day despite constant rain. SEC-State showed up and was a **HUGE help in the re-assembly of the bunk house. In the process of re-assembly, I was time and time again awed at the incredible intellect of our President. The leadership he provided was essential and we were able to erect the entire facility with just the three of us. His ingenuity in engineering a way for the three of us to get the roof sections up was mind-boggling. Our biggest issue was that its very difficult to re-assemble a building onto a "square" surface when the original building was not "square" in the first place. But despite the nearly impossible issues we faced, The President, along with the SEC-State, were able to devise a way to get it together without too much problem.**

To address the FM's email from last week, I made a very conscious effort to watch myself and be sure that my actions were a little more proper...we had our first "refreshment" at noon, and despite my tendency to get ahead of myself and get a little excited, I think I did do a much better job and did not "push" as much as the previous weekend. I also noticed the interesting way The President will let me go on and on and make poor suggestions and give bad ideas only to then correct me and show me the errors in my plan. **VERY educational... he's an inspiration at every turn...**

As with last week, due to CWD issues, I am quite sure that I am missing VERY key details and specifics, but one that comes to mind involves the door to the new bunk house. The President think we should just cut the 4 foot door in half and have two 2 foot doors. I questioned whether a 2 foot door would be big enough, and of course said that if SEC-Weights/Measures brings up more girls that won't fit in a two foot door, he's just have to open both doors...

Well, I'm running out of time again. I'm going to have to start writing this earlier in the week so I don't have to cut anything short... here's a quick one that's a little bit spicy, but I think everyone can handle it:

"Four golfers met at a golf course and were discussing how they got their wives to let them play golf.

The first golfer said that he sent his wife a dozen red roses and fixed a gourmet dinner for two.

The second golfer related that he would do all of the vacuuming, dusting and laundry.

The third golfer said that he painted the kitchen so that his wife would let him play.

The fourth golfer said it was very simple. He set the alarm for 5:30 AM and then he would wake up and roll over and ask his wife "Intercourse or Golf course?" and his wife replied "Don't forget your sweater".

I think that's about it... Before I sign off, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with great pleasure." - Clarence Darrow

There's an honest man...

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

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

curtaceous

September 8, 2003 – Happy Monday! Well, after yesterday's debacle at Lambeau, its not so happy, but at least its a nice day... I've got quite a bit to cover today, but not much time, so I may have to cut it short again... so lets get right into it...

The big news of the week is the continuing efforts at Bob's Buck Camp. The President and I headed north on Friday, and spent the entire day Saturday installing the new bunk house floor AND erecting the new wood shed. (Note: SEC-Weights/Measures was SUPPOSE to attend, but left me a voice mail on Saturday morning that he ~worked~ late and would not make it...wait till he gets his cabin rent...) The floor went amazingly well. It turned out 10x10, its level, and its square... It looks like a dance floor or bandstand, so we're seeing what kind of talent we can book for opening day... I thought Springsteen would be a nice choice, but The President had other ideas... some involving midgets... oh my...

The new wood shed is beautiful... its not done yet, but pretty close... it just needs roofing, a little more sheeting, and the lattice... We didn't start it until after the floor was done around 3pm, so its not QUITE as perfect as the floor, but its pretty nice...in fact, its so nice it really resembles one of those little chapels... So The President may bring his preachers hat and have an opening day service...

With all that work done, we had very little time to play, but for some reason, I still feel a little groggy from the weekend. It could be that I'm just tired and sore, but I'm guessing it has something to do with the fact that we had no sweet for wash and had to use water...it would also explain why I can't remember many of the incredibly great ideas The President had over the weekend... I should write that stuff down...

We're well on our way to dismantling the shed, so this week we'll make that push and get it rolling out of there. The plan for the coming weekend is about the same... head up on Friday, work our butts off all day Saturday, and be back home in time for the game...If the Packers play as poorly as they did yesterday, I'm taking a nap....

Speaking of football, the Badgers game was interesting... we listened on the radio, so we kind of lost track of what was happening after they had a decent lead at the half. But all of a sudden we realize that the Badgers are only up by 3 and Akron is on our ten... Next thing you know, they stop 'em, and we have a 99 yard touchdown pass, and we're on our way... pretty exciting game... would have been fun to be there...

Time for the garage update!!! Things are going REALLY well... All the sheeting is now up, the doors and windows are in, and Steve installed the stairs on Friday. The stairs are REALLY cool... I'm pretty fired up about it, but I also realize I've got about 10 years of work ahead of me before I get it the way I want... should be fun though...

The bow hunting season opens this Saturday, but that's a little depressing as well, as I probably won't make it out for the opener since we'll be up north working our butts off. So, my current plan is to move the opener to NEXT weekend... I'll have to get an OK from the president, but that shouldn't be too hard. I'm not all that excited about bow season this year, but that may have to do with all the projects I got going, so I'm going to try to get as much done as possible, and really hit the woods hard in late October and November... We'll see...

OH! I almost forgot! I got an email from the FM last week... Not much news, but an excellent little story...

Subject: Doing my part

Given that part of this weekend's Buck Camp activities may or may not include the use of an ax, I thought I would pass along this little tidbit. This sounds very much like something our revered Prez would come up with.

Just doing my part....

Why Men Lie

One day, while a woodcutter (Bob) was cutting a branch of a tree above a river, his ax fell into the river. When he cried out, the Lord appeared and asked, "Why are you crying?" The woodcutter (Bob) replied that his ax has fallen into water, and he needed the ax to make his living.

The Lord went down into the water and reappeared with a golden ax.

"Is this your ax?" the Lord asked.

The woodcutter (Bob) replied, "No."

The Lord again went down and came up with a silver ax.

"Is this your ax?" the Lord asked.

Again, the woodcutter (Bob) replied, "No."

The Lord went down again and came up with an iron ax.

"Is this your ax?" the Lord asked.

The woodcutter (Bob) replied, "Yes."

The Lord was pleased with the man's honesty and gave him all three axes to keep, and Bob went home happy.

Some time later the woodcutter (Bob) was walking with The First Lady along the riverbank, and The First Lady fell into the river. When he cried out, the Lord again appeared and asked him, "Why are you crying?"

"Oh Lord, my wife has fallen into the water!"

The Lord went down into the water and came up with Jennifer Lopez.

"Is this your wife?" the Lord asked.

"Yes," cried the woodcutter (Bob).

The Lord was furious. "You lied! That is an untruth!"

The woodcutter (Bob) replied, "Oh, forgive me, my Lord. It is a misunderstanding. You see, if I had said 'no' to Jennifer Lopez, You would have come up with Catherine Zeta-Jones. Then if I also said 'no' to her, you would have come up with my wife. Had I then said 'yes,' you would have given me all three. Lord, I am a poor man, and am not able to take care of all three wives, so THAT'S why I said yes to Jennifer Lopez."

The moral of this story is: Whenever a man lies, it is for a good and honorable reason, and for the benefit of others.

That's our story, and we're sticking to it!

Now isn't that EXACTLY the way it is... I think women tend to think less of us and don't understand how we're usually thinking a few steps ahead, and even though it may LOOK like we're doing something bad, we're really just doing the right thing...

Well, time is running out... here's a little story sorta related to the FM's woodcutter theme. Hope you like it...

It is the year 2003 and Noah lives in the United States. The Lord speaks to Noah and says, "In one year I am going to make it rain and cover the whole earth with water until all is destroyed. But, I want you to save the righteous people and two of every kind of living thing on the earth. Therefore, I am commanding you to build an Ark."

In a flash of lightning, God delivered the specifications for an Ark.

Fearful and trembling, Noah took the plans and agreed to build the Ark.

"Remember," said the Lord, "You must complete the Ark and bring everything aboard in one year."

Exactly one year later, a fierce storm cloud covered the earth and all the seas of the earth went into a tumult. The Lord saw Noah sitting in his front yard weeping. "Noah," he shouted, "Where is the Ark?"

"Lord please forgive me!" cried Noah. "I did my best but, there were big problems. First, I had to get a permit for construction and your plans did not comply with the codes. I had to hire an engineering firm and redraw the plans. Then, I got into a fight with OSHA over whether or not the Ark needed a fire sprinkler system and flotation devices. Then my neighbor objected, claiming I was violating zoning ordinances by building the Ark in my front yard, so I had to get a variance from the city planning commission.

I had problems getting enough wood for the Ark because there was a ban on cutting trees to protect the Spotted Owl. I finally convinced the U.S. Forest Service that I needed the wood to save the owls. However, the Fish and Wildlife Service won't let me catch any owls. So, no owls.

The carpenters formed a union and went out on strike. I had to negotiate a settlement with the National Labor Union. Now I have 16 carpenters on the Ark but, still no owls.

When I started rounding up the other animals I got sued by an animal rights group. They objected to me only taking two of each kind aboard. Just when I got the suit dismissed, the EPA notified me that I could not complete the Ark without filing an environmental impact statement on your proposed flood.

They didn't take very kindly to the idea that they had no jurisdiction over the conduct of the Creator of the universe. Then the Army Corp of Engineers demanded a map of the proposed new flood plain. I sent them a globe.

Right now I am trying to resolve a complaint filed with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that I am practicing discrimination by not taking godless, unbelieving people aboard.

The IRS has seized all my assets, claiming that I'm building the Ark in preparation to flee the country to avoid paying taxes.

I just got a notice from the State that I owe some kind of user tax and failed to register the Ark as a recreational water craft.

Finally, the ACLU got the courts to issue an injunction against further construction of the Ark, saying that since God is flooding the earth, it is a religious event and therefore constitutional.

"I really don't think I can finish the Ark for another 5 or 6 years!" Noah wailed.

The sky began to clear, the sun began to shine and the seas began to calm.

A rainbow arched across the sky.

Noah looked up hopefully. "You mean you are not going to destroy the earth, Lord?"

"No," said the Lord, "The government already has."

Well, I hate to cut this short, but I gotta run. I know I have a lot more to update everyone on, but they'll just have to get their butts north and hear it directly from The President's mouth...

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

"You're not drunk if you can lie on the floor without holding on." -Joe E Lewis.

I think that should be this year's Deer Camp 2003 theme...

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

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

curtaceous

September 2, 2003 – Morning Folks... not the very best of weekends. Ma Nelson had some issues that required an overnight stay at the hospital. Some things were identified, others weren't, but the main thing is she's home and doing well. Makes for a rather hectic weekend though, but it sure was better than being here at work... lets get right into it, as I have a lot of ground to cover today...

Garage project updates continue with the latest accomplishment being that the roof was completed last week, so with the shingles all in place, its getting pretty close to being able to keep water out. Just a little more sheeting and she'll be enclosed. Hopefully this week a window or two will get installed so I can get some space to start moving stuff from the storage shed (future bunk house of the junior membership) so we can tear it down. More on that later...

Its great to have football season back in full swing. The Packer game last Thursday was quite a fiasco with the storm delay. I stayed up until 10:45 to see if they'd play. Glad I went to bed then, as they started again around 11, and I would have been pissed if I'd stayed up and watched them play so bad... Hopefully things get better for them REAL soon. The Badgers played Saturday, and had to come back in the 4th quarter to beat a good WV team. I'll take that any day considering the slow start the Badgers usually have... I didn't get to watch too much of the Badgers as I was outside listening to them on the radio. I was painting, and I HAVE OFFICIALLY COMPLETED PAINTING MY DAMN HOUSE!!! That's right, after 3 years and I don't know how many gallons of paint, its done... SEC-Weights/Measure and SEC-Transportation stopped over on Saturday morning to see the garage and wondered whether I was just going to start all over again... smart asses...

The President stopped over one night last week to discuss our work weekend. Specifically, we had to discuss how we're going to move my storage shed up north to take its place as the junior membership bunkhouse. Our original intention of taking it up in one piece on a trailer has hit a snag due to the fact that even though the permit to perform this move is relatively cheap (\$22), the insurance required is not... so now we're planning on breaking it down into six sections and taking it up like that...

After the President's visit, I received the following from the FM:

Subject: This is Scary

The Prez stopped over last night (on the way to your place...I can't quite figure out how my place ended up being a stop on the way to your place, but never mind) and detailed "The Plan" for the moving of the storage/sleeping structure to rural Athelstane. While ignoring my previous advise to "screw the permit process and just move it at night" the Prez was able to procure the proper permits and seemed quite pleased. Upon hearing "The Plan," I have only one request...."PLEASE DO NOT LET THE PREZ ENTER HARM'S WAY WHILE UNDERTAKING THIS ENDEAVOR." This Plan sounds scarier than any of the previous Plans introduced by the Prez as far back as I've known him. I'm sure it will all go without a hitch (get it?) but, given that I will be unable to be present to advise and consult on this mission, the responsibility lies on the shoulders of you, Mr. V.P. By the way, the reason that I will be unable to attend is that I will either be :A) casting lures and quaffing beers in the upper reaches of Marinette/Oconto counties or B) pounding nails into shingles on the roof of the Ranch House, that weekend. Neither comes close to the thrill and pleasure of a Bob's Buck Camp work retreat, but previous commitments are what they are.

By the way, given your deep and storied history with the Denmark Wrestling program, please allow me to remind you of the Denmark Wrestling Club slowpitch tournament being held at Lily Lake Park this weekend. The Rola-Rena squad is participating in the event (always good for a few laughs), and semi-interested fans and beer drinkers of all types are welcomed and encouraged to attend. A good time for a good cause.

Hasta la vista.

Well, first off, its good to hear from our esteemed FM. Its been awhile... However, I can't understand the FM's fear!!! This is The President's plan we're talking about. Has he ever failed us? Has he ever lead us astray? Have any of his plans ever turned into any type of fiasco? (OK, don't answer any of those!) Well, I think it may well have been the FM's ill thoughts that turned our fortunes to the worse, but now he will not have to fear, as we'll be dismantling the shed before transfer... As far as his lame excuses for not showing up, same old song, same old story...

Last week was a bit of a blur, especially with all the excitement of the weekend, but I know Zumbo stopped over somewhere along the line too... And I'm happy to announce that I have completed the initial PICS page with his "Zumbo Deer Cam". I moved the PIC on Gallery 2 to Page 8 and now Gallery 2 is dedicated to Hunting and Fishing Pics... Here's the link... When you check them out, please pay special attention to the last PIC. Tell me whether or not this little creature doesn't remind you of a certain junior member in waiting? Speaking of that "junior member in waiting", Zumbo sent me the following email that may have something to do with that junior member in waiting:

Subject: WoodChuck Update

Late one afternoon last week as I was headed home from work, I noticed something at Omars woodchuck ranch that caused me great alarm...

At first glance, I saw what appeared to be a large hairless woodchuck in the middle of the blue water pond. After a controlled skid and a remarkable overcorrection to keep the car from running in the ditch, I was able to get a closer look at the albino varmint. To my surprise it was not a maximus marmota monax, but rather a large child of the human kind.

You can imagine my surprise as I pondered the reasoning behind Omars quest for his quarry. Using a child (quite possibly his own) as bait for the flesh eating marmota monax is a tactic which would make Carl Spackler look like an amateur.

I glanced over the surrounding area to see if I could spot where Omar had set up his blind to ambush the short legged heavy set grizzled rodent, but he was so well concealed that even I could not detect his presence.

I left the area so as not leave my scent, leaving the hunting grounds as pristine as possible.

In the ensuing days from the sighting, I have not read or heard of any updates by Omar on his woodchuck escapades. One can only hope to assume that the human bait scheme was an unproductive excursion. But then again I have not seen that child around anywhere either.....

Ahhhh yes.....If only to see through the eyes and read the mind of the hunter

Zumbo

Holy crap!!! A "large hairless woodchuck"... "albino varmint"... What in heaven's name is the FM up too... No wonder the junior member in waiting isn't sure about Deer Camp 2003! He's too busy being BAIT!!!

Well, the week continued on, and I found myself at The President's abode on Saturday afternoon, presumably to discuss our shed moving plans, work weekend, etc. Well, The President, First Lady, and Attorney General were all in an exceptionally good mood, and for the most part, as soon as my can of beer was empty, a new one was in its place. I had a VERY nice time, and was sorely tempted to hang out there for the remainder of the evening, but chores at home beckoned me, and I was off despite serious efforts on the occupant's part to get me to stay... Considering the events of that evening, it was a good thing I left...

One thing we did discuss is that they are indeed online and checking out the website. Our illustrious President is already coming up with ideas to submit. He mentioned a few, but the only one I can remember regards cabin rent in the new junior member bunkhouse. Assuming its completed, in its inaugural year, ALL members will spend at least one evening in the new bunk house. Cabin rent for all those that assisted in construction with the new bunkhouse will have cabin rent of the usual \$5 a day. However those that did not help will be charged \$95 per day... Personally, I think any senior member that is not involved in construction should have a two night minimum. (Like the FM)... This should definitely provide some incentive...

There's more to discuss, like back to school time, the morning dove hunt, and the baiting issue, but I'm running out of time here... This week will probably entail more garage stuff, and of course we are heading north on Friday for our first of two "work weekends"... we'll be planning, and starting construction on the "floor" of the bunkhouse, as well as working on the new woodshed as time permits... should be a good time!!!

In preparation for the coming NFL season, here's a few Q&A's to prepare you for the season:

Q: What do you call a Minnesota Viking with a Super Bowl ring?
A: A thief.

Q: Why doesn't Iowa have a professional football team?
A: Because Minnesota would want one too.

Q: What separates the one good team from the bad teams in the NFC Central?
A: The Wisconsin border.

Q: Why don't the Vikings like to eat soup?

A: Because they choke on the bowl

Q: What does a stolen car and the Vikings have in common?

A: No Title

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

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY - Any married man should forget his mistakes. There's no use in two people remembering the same thing.

Sorry I couldn't get more into today's issue, but we'll get to it all eventually...

Take care, and have a GREAT week!!!

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

curtamous

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