

I GOT MY BUCK, NOW WHAT?

By Jerry and Karen Harpt



The deer hunter sat up in his tree blind, waiting. It was 33 degrees and the wind was blowing. It wasn't fun. The air had a mist in it and an occasional snowflake blew by. Oh how he wished he had built a roof on his blind. Still, if he got his deer, it would be worth the discomfort.

Then he heard a rustling noise in the woods. His heart started to race. He took the safety off his gun and waited. The rustle of leaves came closer, closer. "Shoot," he said, as a porcupine ambled out of the woods. He watched the porky move to his apple pile to examine it. He put his sights onto the porky, watching it open and close its eyes. Finally the porky moved off and disappeared into the thick. The hunter clicked his safety back on.

"Crack," came a noise in the woods in front of him.

"That's no porky," he whispered. He waited and watched and soon a form started to take shape behind the brush. The body seems big he thought. Then the 8-point buck walked out of the woods.

The buck looked each way and sniffed the air. The hunter hoped it couldn't hear his raging heartbeat. Hoped it wouldn't look up. Slowly, the buck walked over to the apple pile, brushing leaves aside as it moved. It sniffed the apples and looked around. Then it turned sideways and started to eat.

The hunter raised his gun and aimed just behind the deer's shoulder. He took off the safety, took a slow deep breath, and fired. The deer fell right where it was eating. The hunter took

another deep breath, took his safety off the gun, and waited. "Within a week I'll be eating that fella," he whispered. It was only then that he realized it was snowing.

So now what, now that the hunter shot his deer, field dressed it, hung it up on his buck pole, and had his picture taken with it? Is he going to cut it up and package it himself or is he going to take it in to one of the many Upper Midwest's venison processing plants?

Let's say he's going to have it processed by someone. He'll order roasts, steaks, hamburger, and maybe some sausage. But does he know that there is a place in his territory where he can order over 40 specialty selections of home-made venison with names like Imperial or Black Forest Roasts (with pop-up timers), mock chicken legs, Filet Mignon, medallions, buffalo chips, and Salisbury Steaks?

At D + R Venison Processing, N 2437

