

Das Deutsch Hunta

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Young Buck Gets Doe

BURTON HEIGHTS – On opening day of gun season 2010, Melvin Detweiler bagged his first doe of the year. After a lot of frustrating bow hunting, things went better for the young marksman once he was able to brandish a firearm.

Hunting on public property in Ervin Troyer's woods, this Chone's Erf's boy tells a tale that is quite amazing. "I got tired of sitting in the tree stand – half an hour is a long time, y'know – and so I went off to look for a deer. I saw a deer in the distance and chased it across the river. Once I got within 300 yards, I started shooting. It only took 6 shots to get her down."

This fine doe was seen at the Detweiler barn where some younger Chone's Erf's smiled and chuckled when asked if Melly shot this one. "The pelt could be clearly seen to be swiss cheese," testified Wayne Hostetler. "Mel is a compassionate hunter. He always makes sure that the deer is good and dead," Norman Coblentz added.

Not that keen with a knife, the young Miller sends his deer to his neighbor to be processed. Rop Kurtz is always pleased to butcher Melly's prizes. "His deer is always quick to process," smiles Rop, "the meat doesn't need grinding."

Melvin, affectionately called Speedy Gonzalez by his closest friends, has gained quite a reputation as a hunter. He has tagged 4 deer this year and is still out prowling the local public lands for more. When asked what type of game he prefers - "I would really like to get a girl," he says, flashing his beautiful smile.



Mel Detweiler with a previous trophy buck.
(Face blurred to protect from ODOW.)

How To Prepare Road Kill

by Daniel Yoder

In the last three seasons, I have not been the most successful hunter. I have been the victim of a series of unfortunate events which have prevented me from reaching venison heaven. Weather, broken bows and bad barometric pressure can turn even the finest markman into a whimpering baby (that would be Wayne Weaver, not me). Even when the barometric pressure is perfect, the rut is in full swing and one is on prime hunting grounds, nothing can stop me from finding a reason that I didn't get one bagged.

For that reason, I have found a simpler solution. Roadkill. Sure, you can drive deer for other hunters or mock them for their hunting prowess, but neither will put some deer steaks on your table.

There are several ingredients to making a good roadkill recipe. The first is a good story. The story needs to be believable. Keep it brief and lacking in details so that you can fill the story in once you find your deer. Something like: "It was getting dark and I was ready to head in when I heard a noise. When I turned it started to leave so I shot. I think it was a gut shot and I followed the blood trail but lost it in the dark."

This should give you enough wiggle room.

Next you need to be lucky to find a deer within a few miles of where you placed your story. Again the less accurate your description of where your tree stand was, the more room you have to hunt for a downed deer. Once you find a deer, you can fill in the blanks of the story to show how the deer was the one you "shot" the night before.

There are five things you need to prepare your roadkill. First, soak it in salty ice water over night to draw out any poison. Next, onions, onions, onions - I think this goes without saying. And lastly a nice full glass of wine to wash it down. You will never be able to tell the difference between a legit hunter's trophy and your fender bender.

The Smokers' Lounge

by Wayne Hostetler

I do not believe that one should hunt more than necessary nor for more meat than one can consume. Being an excellent and most favored hunter, I usually fill my needs for venison on my first day out. While waiting for someone to process the meat, the sophisticated hunter needs time after the hunt to unwind and enjoy the spoils of victory. Personally, I find that smoking a fine cigarette is a great way to relieve the stresses of the day and shorten one's life expectancy all at the same time. Any time is a good time for a quick lung full. Lunch break, gas station, stop light can all be good for a puff.

For the optimal experience, I find that atmosphere is most important. First you need to find a relaxing location. While doing laundry, I find the entry way to be most satisfactory. Next, you need appropriate attire. As the saying goes, the clothes make the man. A nice handkerchief do rag, bath robe and slippers make me. And lastly, a nice beverage will top the whole event off. Lemonade of the Arnold Palmer variety is the supreme liquid refreshment for the man of refinement.

Venison, curls of smoke, emphysema. Booya!

Classified

For Sale – Hunting Dogs

Two pure bred blue tick beagles. Actually they are more purple tick since they have some red tick in them but you can't tell. Paid \$125 each. Asking \$100 each. Includes leash, collar, bowl and one month of food. Will throw in a chicken if a deal breaker.

Also have pigeons, chickens, nightcrawlers, field mice and anything else I can find on the farm.

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