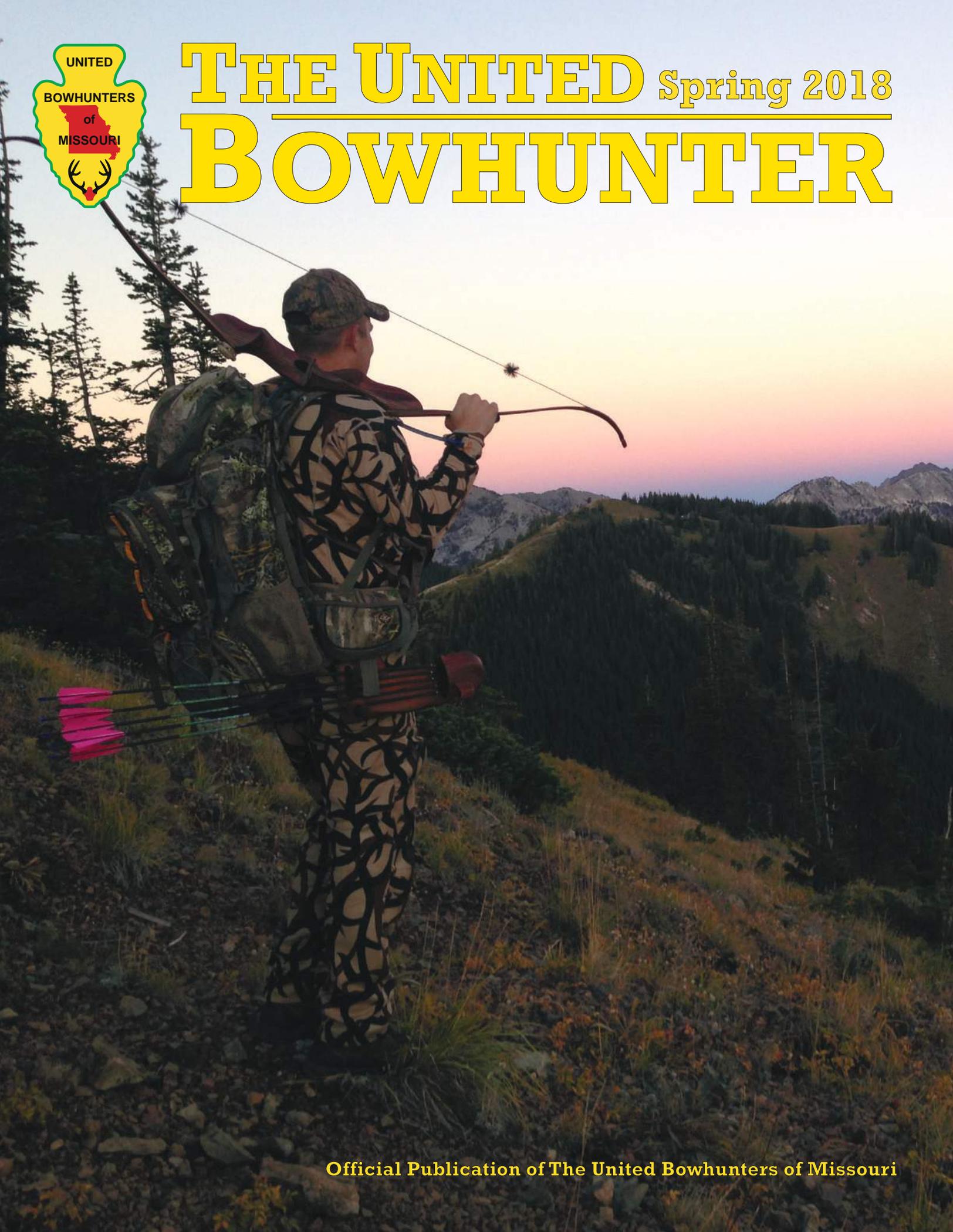




THE UNITED Spring 2018 BOWHUNTER



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



AS I AM SITTING HERE writing this, it is snow flurrying again. We are in between hunting seasons and in between UBM activities.

The Festival has come and gone and the Rendezvous is still to come. I believe all went well at the Festival and that is because we have such a great crew. Everyone had their jobs to do and all did them to perfection.

I would like to thank Bob Burns and Ethan Grotheer for stepping up to do the announcements, as I am a terrible speaker.

We could not have pulled any of this off without our front desk registration team, Brenda Hudson along with Kristine and John Banderman.

And a BIG thanks to Brian Peterson and Darren Haverstick for guiding me and picking up the slack when I dropped the ball.

And thank you to all those who stepped up and helped the vendors bring their stuff in and set up where needed.

Thank you to my wife, Mara, for watching our booth while I was away doing other things.

The Rendezvous is set for the weekend of June 22nd-24th. Again, it will be held at Don Orrell's place. The Saturday night meal is going to be potluck this year. Looking forward to seeing everyone there.

Hope everyone has a safe and eventful turkey season and remember to flood Darren with stories. ■



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I T WAS THE 6TH DAY of our annual foray into the wilds of southwest Colorado's tangled scrub oak country chasing the high-racked mule deer that inhabit our little piece of private land paradise. The morning started out as usual, checking in the pre-dawn darkness for prevailing wind to determine assault plans, as also usual, slight east/northeast breeze. "What you gonna do this morning?" "I don't know, what are you gonna do?" "Whatever you decide I'll go the other way." "No you decide first and I'll go the other way!"

It is good to have friends hunting together. I had planned this hunt a bit differently this year by having six hunters in camp at the same time. I normally keep that number to four or less but thought maybe we could "surround 'em and let fly". Richard Dewey was the first to speak up this morning stating matter-of-factly, "Well I'm going north from the old house". Hmm, he must have a plan! Everyone else finally chimed in scattering out over the several thousand acres left. I decided to hunt north out of the cabin, Richard would be a mile or so west, Dennis Harper & Keith Griffith a mile north, Dan Novotny & Mike McDonald southwest—it was a dang big circle but maybe, just maybe!

My hunt plan was to intercept deer moving into the scrub to bed via the myriad of travel routes I had found in the past years. The trouble with mule deer, unlike their white-tail cousins, is they never seem to use the same trail twice. I sat for the first hour or so at a hide just a cou-

ple hundred yards from the cabin. Nothing showed up so I decided to move on north, slowly weaving my way through the scrub toward the canyon rim. The sun had gotten up pretty good when I reached a high plateau overlooking a good chunk of real estate so I decided to just sit and watch. The gate Dennis & Keith had used to get north into the Tower pasture was visible, as well as a part of the CRP to the southwest where I knew Dan & Mike were. I could also see, in the distance, part of the fence line I knew Richard had walked earlier.



The show started just a few minutes after I sat down, piecing it all together later. Dan had spotted a group of five or six bucks, waited for them to bed, then made a big circle to get the wind right. He made one hell of a stalk getting into bow range (bootless last 60 yards or so) but the Spirit of the Arrow was not with him as his shot at a big 4X4 went awry. That group of bucks took off, and must have picked some buddies up on their way north, because by the time they got to me (well ¼ mile west of me)

there were 21 bucks in a line. Heck of a sight with all those antlers bobbing around! One monster in the group that we had seen before was a big 5X5 with an abnormal kicker on his right beam. We had guessed he scored at 200+ inches. There were also several good 4X4's and smaller 1 1/2 year olds. Unbeknownst to me at the time, Richard had also spotted the deer as they moved north. He knew the area well but also knew he had to basically run over ½ mile in rough terrain to try to intercept their advance. (Not bad for an old fart!)

I could tell the deer were pretty nervous. They danced around on a ridge east of me then disappeared only to come storming back over just minutes later with a few of them headed my direction. I took off after them but pretty quickly ran into a wall of impenetrable scrub oak and watched helplessly as several of the smaller bucks got by me headed east. Retreating to my vantage point, I soon saw the reason for the disturbance in the form of Richard pacing around on top of the ridge looking at the ground then, with a determined look and gait, heading back toward the cabin.

Richard had indeed intercepted the deer and he related later that when he got to the ridge he thought they were on, he collapsed to get his wind back. An old doe led the string of deer and she was getting too close and almost downwind. Fortunately, one of the big 4X4's then made the mistake of cutting in front and offered Richard a quartering-in 40 yard shot. Problem was, after the shot, the mortally wound-

ed buck hopped a fence headed onto land we could not hunt. After a quick call to the landowner, though, we were graciously granted permission to look for the deer.

The weather had been extremely hot and dry the entire week. That fact, plus very little blood, made the tracking job for us difficult to say the least. Richard felt good about the shot and was sure we had a dead deer. We spent the rest of the day combing through the dense brush but came up empty. Amazingly, just before dark, we met at a vantage point overlooking the drainage the deer had vanished in and saw several bucks come out of the same area.

Richard, after a restless night, was back at that overlook the next morning. It didn't take the magpies long to find his deer and lead him to the carcass 400 yards from where the deer was hit. Richard's shot was good but angled back with the arrow exit hole plugged. This disallowed external blood loss and deer that big don't quit easily. We found my footprints within 20 yards of the deer—that scrub oak is thick stuff! There was a big celebration at camp that night and everyone was elated that things had finally worked out.

It was now the 9th day of our hunt and we were down to three hunters as Dan & Mike headed home the day before. I had watched several small bucks and one good one the evening before come out of a drainage we call "The Honey Hole". Dennis & Keith were headed home that morning but were going out for one last hurrah so I caught a ride, accompanying Dennis to his

spot then continuing farther south into bottom of the "hole". I had MaMaMISSED a good deer two evenings ago. After watching where they had went to bed that morning, I had laid out a perfect plan for the evening. I built a perfect hide, had a perfect wind, and had perfect cooperation from the deer--- then piss poor execution on my part! Once again, I felt I had a perfect plan for the day but, after sitting through sunup in my chosen hide, some things just didn't feel right. So I decided to move across the



draw and up the hill where I could see the open field the bucks were in last night. In addition, I would be on the west-facing slope out of the hot sun. Gaining enough elevation to see out, I soon spotted the deer heading to bed just as I anticipated. However, as I said before, you never know exactly where or how they will move so my plan evolved quickly to attempting to simply stay in front of them. I lost sight of the deer as they moved into the brush and doubt overwhelmed me as I tried to decide which way to move. Finally, I decided it would be better to gain elevation. The top of the

ridge was just to my right and when I moved that direction, I soon saw antlers a scant 50 yards up the hill through the scattered mixture of short juniper and scrub oak. The deer were moving my direction way too fast, not running but they were in that "I gotta get to bed now" mode. Kneeling in a small clearing, there was a clear lane to an opening 20 yards to my right at the peak of the ridge with 5 to 7 foot brush between the approaching deer and me. There was no way I could move so I knew this was it. I could only

see the antlers and neck of the lead deer, a 1 ½ year old forky. Behind him was the deer I wanted and both were on course to pass through the opening. I have had many opportunities foiled in the past by just this type of behavior; the bigger bucks always seem to use the smaller guys as sentries. Watching their approach through the top of the nearest bush, I was elated to see the big 4X4 cut to his right but now at 15 yards, he was on a collision course with my bush! My luck held as he changed direction a bit again, just enough to keep him from

stepping on me. I was on my knees swiveling my head from the fast approaching deer to where I could possibly shoot. At eight yards his head and neck cleared a thick juniper and he must have seen me start to draw because he slammed on the brakes with no vitals showing. I looked at where I knew the arrow needed to go and am not sure I finished the draw completely before I released it. After that, all hell broke loose with deer exploding out of the brush. I almost passed out from the rush, closing my eyes to envision the last 3 seconds. Yes, I had just shot a good mule deer buck.

Yes, the arrow went through the tips of the short juniper. Yes, that would be just in front of his leg but the angle should be perfect. Yes, it looked like he almost fell at the shot and, yes, he was digging, running low and hard as he went over the ridge—I think we are good! I had to calm myself so, with shaking hands, I methodically put my little nifty seat together and sat for the next ½ hour, face in sweaty palms staring at the ground running it all through my mind a thousand times.

Tracking the deer was easy. There was not much blood but he was running hard over the ridge then cut towards the bottom with his tracks fairly close together, not bounding—ok this looks good. Tracks suddenly disappeared 50 yards over the ridge with a good trail leading into the draw but no tracks or blood. Moving back up the trail, the deer jumped up a few yards to my right running like nothing was wrong. Well hell, guess

my “perfect” shot was not so much. He took the original trail and I ran after him wanting to keep him in sight. As he crossed the drainage he slowed to a walk, moved up the far hill, looked back at me kneeling in an opening, and then laid down behind some brush with only his massive antlers visible. Once again, doubt took over, was he done--- should I try to get closer--- no I will wait. I marked the spot in my mind knowing how the movement of the sun changes everything. Constantly moving shadows changed the appearance and I needed to know exactly where he was. I had spent maybe five minutes scanning the hillside with binoculars marking landmarks near his bed when I lost sight of his antlers—was he down or am I not looking at the right spot? I waited another hour before starting the gut-wrenching slow sneak, expecting him to come boiling out again but the arrow had done its job, he had expired when his head went down. My autopsy

showed later that the three-blade Woodsman was buried in his spine just behind the shoulder blades as if he were shot from below. The entrance was just in front of the leg, lower shoulder high. The only thing that makes sense is he was starting to bolt when the arrow hit with his legs coiled leaning away from me. It's also the reason it appeared he almost went down at the shot. I guess we could maybe understand better if we had an NFL slowmo video to replay--- don't like it that much in the NFL, don't need it in the bush!

We had a great hunt, shared with good friends. We had several close encounters with a few arrows loosed, memories and stories to share at future campfires. Chasing these deer in this country is quite a challenge, especially when coupled with the type of equipment we chose to limit ourselves to using. Collecting two good mature deer made this hunt double good! ■

➤➤➤ Shriner's Thank You Note ➤➤➤

Missouri Bow Hunters

Mike Callahan

What a wonderful experience you provided for our campers!

Some of our campers would not have been able to participate in archery without your help! It is a great learning experience for the children with hand differences.

Your generous donation of time is appreciated.

Wood Camp Committee

PRESIDENT JIM PYLES received this note from the Shriners organization and wanted to share it with the club. ■



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THE YEAR WAS 2008 and I was a young, vibrant, mullet-headed 18 year-old boy/man when I began what would become a routine hobby for myself every spring for the last decade now: feather collecting.

You see, that particular spring I had begun to practice quite often with a friend of mine's fine-shooting Black Widow recurve, and I was shooting that bow so well that I got to thinking that perhaps I could harvest a tom turkey with it. On top of that, I was so confident that I would soon be the next Fred Eichler that I then insisted that my friend (The owner of said bow) video tape this "sure thing" of a turkey hunt. So, during the second week of that season, the two of us hustled a little before daylight to a piece of public land a few miles from my home, that was designated to archery hunting only, and popped up our ground blind on the short arm of an L-shaped clearing. It wasn't long before shooting light that we began to hear the nearby gobbles of, not one, but 7 different gobblers within 150 yards of us. My confidence soared to never before known levels when I soon saw that we had four of those gobblers now on the ground and headed right to our seductive calls and quite alluring decoy spread.

The lead bird, which easily had a 16 inch beard (or was it 12.. or 11) came in charging first, and when he closed the distance to ten yards and still coming I peered over my shoulder smugly to confirm that my camera man was doing his job and had the bird in focus. I then uttered these quite regrettable words: "I'm going to let him come in right to the decoy and I'll shoot



him right here in front of us. Let me know if you have don't have him on camera." As though on cue, the tom came trotting right up to ole' Henrietta at 3 yards and then proceeded past her to do a turn around. The moment that he turned back around a went broadside, I yanked that bowstring to anchor, bored down on that bird's wingbutt, and let loose of that feathered shaft.

First of all, I still don't know where exactly that arrow went. Some have reported seeing it floating atop Stockton lake, but I can neither deny nor confirm those claims. Secondly, that bird just simply stopped, looked around, and then trotted toward the other three incoming toms twenty yards out. I wish I could tell you that I then channeled an inner archery Jedi within myself and proceeded to send a two-blade through that rotten bird's noggin' right there and then, but the reality is that I pro-

ceeded to shove my poor camera man into the sidewall of our blind as I grabbed for two more arrows and began launching shafts at the still unknowing bird at 23 and 18 yards respectively. The second arrow actually grazed the tom low and it was upon later arrow retrieval that I discovered my first prize to be treasured in my jar of shame: a lone, black feather. The bird, no worse for wear, simply came back into strut and waddled his way around the corner to find some less confusing ladies to court.

The car ride home was quite silent..

In 2009 I reasoned that my problem had been the pressure of having a camera over my shoulder, the fact that I was really a longbow man at heart, and that the peripheral distraction of my mullet had been to blame. So, I shaved my head and went solo with a longbow that year. Like the year before, my foam turkeys were sufficiently

killed time and time again and as often as I could shoot at them. But, when I proceeded to call a bird to twenty yards on my first hunt that spring, I watched in dismay as my arrow sailed ever so graciously between his two legs. Not 30 minutes later, I deduced that the blind was to blame, so I ditched it and called in another tom and three jakes to within fifteen yards. I was caught drawing that time and as they all began to scatter, I picked a jake running away from me, quickly aimed, and sent a wishful arrow his way... A tail feather is all that I recovered at the scene of the incident. On more for the jar!

Several more springs have come and gone. Some while hunting with a stick and some with the wheels. I do enjoy hunting without a blind when using the wheels in a run-and-gun style of hunting, and I've even stalked some birds only to have rangefinder readings lead my arrows amiss. In both 2016 and 2017 I found myself at full draw for nearly two minutes only to "bail" out of the shot at release and collect, well, you guessed it: more feathers.

All of these past springs have brought similar highs and lows. And, truthfully, I've skewered a half dozen or so of those frustrating birds during the fall archery season and have been able to enjoy my famous breaded, honey mustard fried turkey strips. The sad reality though is that I've personally kept Easton, Gold Tip, and Carbon Express in business over the last decade while chasing thunder chickens in the spring.

The commonality behind every hunt though has been the smile draped across my face after every encounter. It didn't matter how much sweat and effort I put into those misses, I was still satisfied to play the "game" my own way.

Of course, when all else has failed and my emotions have gotten the better of me, I've employed the use of several small and copper-plated projectiles to exact my frustrations and get my literal pound of flesh.

My point is.. Okay, I don't really have a point to all this except to say that I wish you all a fantastic spring turkey season, and I hope that none of my fellow UBM members find themselves sharing with me in this hobby of feather collecting! ■

The UBM Apparel Store

The UBM, in cooperation with Queensboro.com, now has its own online store selling quality clothing branded with the club's logo. There are hundreds of items to choose from and the UBM makes a modest 5% profit from each sale. Visit often because there are new sales taking place each week!



Don't wait for the Festival or Rendezvous to get your UBM apparel. Order yours today online at <http://ubmmerchandise.qbstores.com/>

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HELLO
AGAIN
UBM READERS!
I hope that you all had productive hunting seasons and brought

home some tasty venison, rabbit, squirrel, alligator, or yeti meat (I hear it's hell trying to get to the yeti, but the meat is worth it).

As for me, the last few months have been uneventful as per usual. The new year came and went, magazines got laid out, and TV shows were watched at a slightly frightening pace and duration.

The only real fun thing about the first few months of the year for me was the much-awaited tax return, and the tattoos that came with it. I was responsible with most of my refund and paid off a credit card, but, being the ink addict I am, I ended up with two new additions to my growing sleeves. I got an educated snail on the food part of my sleeve to represent my favorite idiom for "don't be an idiot" and a simplified drawing of my favorite camera in my collection on the "art" section of my arm.

Aside from the new ink, not much has happened in my life. Work is still going well, and they haven't found any big enough faults in me to give me the boot so that's good.

Outside of work I continue to make dog portraits, TV show posters, and other various side projects as they come, someone pays me, or I decide to exercise my creative side.

I will say the TV/movie/podcast posters have turned out to be a

decent side hustle, income wise. Thanks to Redbubble I'm making a steady profit on my little pet projects and it doesn't seem to be slowing down. The way I see it I can splurge and get a steak every now and then with the extra income or buy some frivolous clothing item that speaks to me.

I apologize for not coming to the Festival, but the weather decided to not cooperate with my desire to not drive in the ice and snow. I like going to the Festival and seeing you all, but I like not slipping and sliding on the ice in a 2-ton vehicle too. I find that being alive is quite nice.

I heard from Dad that the Festival was a success and people had a good time so all ended up well at least. I also heard that the baked goods I donated to the silent auction went over well, as well as the dog portrait, so I will be donating those again next year. I might make a double batch of the cookie bars, I mean, it's for a good cause.

And with that I'm out of things to talk about, so I'll end this edition of "From the Designer" and let you get back to the rest of the newsletter. Happy hunting and may

the Turkey Gods be kind to you in this coming season. I've heard my fill of cursing the stupid feathery Thanksgiving main dishes from my father while being at home for less than a day each week.

Elise ■



I collect old things, especially cameras, so I finally got the camera tattoo I've been contemplating for at least 4 years. I used the Argus C3 as reference as it's my favorite one in my collection.



Instead of saying "smarter than the average bear", I use "smarter than the average garden snail" to say don't be an idiot. The tattoo seemed appropriate.

My daughter wanted to get back into shooting traditional bows and I decided to make her an arm guard. I'd made one for myself and for Doug Smentkowski several years ago and decided I should go a step further in making one for my daughter. Hopefully, these directions will be of help to any of you that wish to take on another project.

A picture of the finished product is a good place to start the tale. Four holes are needed on one side of the guard (I recommend the side that will be on the top of your forearm.) for hooks or buttons. Five holes are needed on the opposite side to allow for a cord (I used leather cord) to be run through to form four loops to loop over the hooks/buttons. I'll provide more detail later. I chose to use metal eyelets to protect the integrity of the holes, but it is not absolutely necessary.

The first thing I learned in doing



Finished Product

this project is that different thicknesses of leather require different sizes of eyelets! The earlier arm guards I have made used leather that is about 3/64" thick and the eyelet on the left worked great. The leather shown in the photo is 1/8" thick and that small difference required the use



Different thicknesses

of the larger eyelet on the right. That also required the purchase of a larger leather punch.

You need a punch, a hammer and a board to make your (eyelet) holes. I found the mini-punch set here at our local Jo-Ann's Fabric store.

In my earlier arm guards I used hooks I salvaged from worn out hunting boots, but in this project I decided to make buttons from a small deer antler I had laying in the basement. (I can provide small antlers to any of you who only kill large-racked deer.) I used a band saw and made a jig to allow me to cut consistent thicknesses from the antler. I then used a drill press

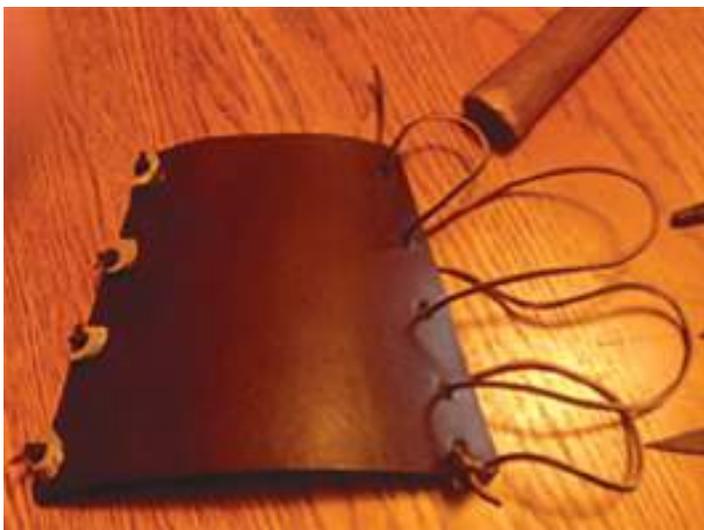


Tools needed

to make the holes. Notice that one hole looks centered in the button and the other appears off-center. This is the result of the antler being sawed at an acute angle rather than a right angle. In fact, if you look at the off-center button from the other side the hole appears to be centered as shown in the photos of the completed guard. You just need to pay attention to which side you put on top. Also, notice the left eyelet looks a bit rougher than the one on the right. One really needs the right sized eyelet setter and anvil to do a quality job of setting eyelets. I did the first eyelet with the wrong tools. The rest of the eyelets I set using a tool at a local cobbler's shop and they look very professional. My thanks to Linn Shoe Store!!

By tying a knot on the top of the buttons and running the cord underneath the guard the smooth cord is against your arm rather than knots. Remember to lay a piece of your cord beneath the buttons to make sure you leave space for the cord once you tie your buttons in place.

Here you see the cord run through the five holes opposite your buttons/hooks. This creates four loops, one for each button/



Cord running through the holes opposite the antler buttons

hook. The length of your cord is determined by the size of the user's arm. Just tie a knot in the cord at the wide, rear, end of the guard and run it through your eyelets. You need to remember to size your guard and cord to allow for use both with a bare arm in the summer and a thick coat during the winter. This means you will have some extra cord length during warm weather. Simply wrap this extra cord around your wrist and wrap the loose end around the cord away from the inside of your wrist.

I wrapped an 8.5"x 11" piece of paper around my daughter's forearm to see how big the guard should be. I marked the paper and cut a template from it that I then used to mark and cut out the leather guard blank. (I used a piece of scrap leather I had bought earlier. Buying end



Deer antler buttons



Securing the buttons with leather cording

scraps is much cheaper than buying a side of leather.) I figure a gap of about a half to one inch should be left between the long sides of the guard for use on the bare arm. This should leave sufficient size to guard the arm when wearing winter clothes. Your guard will be an isosceles trapezoid (How's that for fancy language?) in shape since it tapers from the larger part of your forearm down to your wrist. This particular guard ended up being 5 1/2" x 8 3/4" x 7" on the equal sides. Rounding the four corners keeps them from rolling up or getting bent into ugly shapes.

Hope you enjoyed this project report. If you have questions just contact me through your editor. ■

I BECAME CHAIRPERSON of the Conservation Federation of Missouri committee that oversees the program last August and I wanted to share some numbers with you all that I think are pretty remarkable. They are a testament to our state's healthy deer herd and the kindness that hunters have in their hearts.

Despite the added burden of mandatory CWD testing on some of the donated deer, the program saw a significant increase in the number of donations. The Missouri Department of Conservation reported that 5,752 deer were donated to the program for a total of



SHARE THE HARVEST

289,292 pounds of meat. This is a 34.4% increase in the total number of deer over the 2016-2017 season (4,280) and a 45.9% increase in the number of pounds of meat (198,277). The CFM paid out \$75

per donated whole deer to help offset the processing cost and several other organizations donated money to help pick up the rest of the tab.

Sponsors that help with the cost of this program include MDC, Missouri Food Banks Association, Bass Pro Shops, Shelter Insurance, Central Missouri Chapter of Safari Club International, and many more. Please take the time to thank these sponsors if you get the chance to. I also want to personally thank you hunters who donated deer to the program. You make us look good in the public eye and you are helping out your fellow man. I don't get much better than that! ■

Harpster Turkeys

David Harpster

I LOOKED OUT INTO my front driveway last Thursday morning (2-22) and saw this flock of turkeys. The rest of the flock was off camera. They have been staying close by through most of the winter so I hope they continue to stay. I'm looking forward to turkey season this spring. I won't be setting up my pop up blind in the driveway but will in the valley below in back of my house.

Happy hunting David Harpster. ■



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UBM 2018 Festival Auction

ANOTHER FESTIVAL has come and gone. Even with bad weather being predicted we had a good attendance. The silent and live auction was no less than amazing. The auctions seem to get better every year and that wouldn't be possible without the help and the generosity of not only our UBM family, but the donations of concerned organizations and individuals who support our organization. The Ramada Oasis staff has once again gone out of their way to make the facility we use a first class spot to hold our Festival and the staff was always around to help us. It was good to see all our friends again and catch up on what has been going on in everybody's lives. You can't have a festival without the stories!

Many excellent items were donated and the bidding was fierce at both the live and silent auction, which is a big win for the UBM! Glenda and I appreciate the help we received; we could not have done it without you.

I want to thank the following individuals and business for their donations.

Butch Ball
John & Kristine Banderman
Mike Callahan
Doug & Karen Campbell
Mike Clark
Tim Donnelly
Mike & Susie Dunaway
Fred Eichler
Roger Fulton
Dennis Harper
Darren Haverstick

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I also want to give a special thanks to the people that helped make the silent auction run smoothly.

Theresa McDonald

Suzie Novotny

I am apologizing in advance for anyone I missed ■

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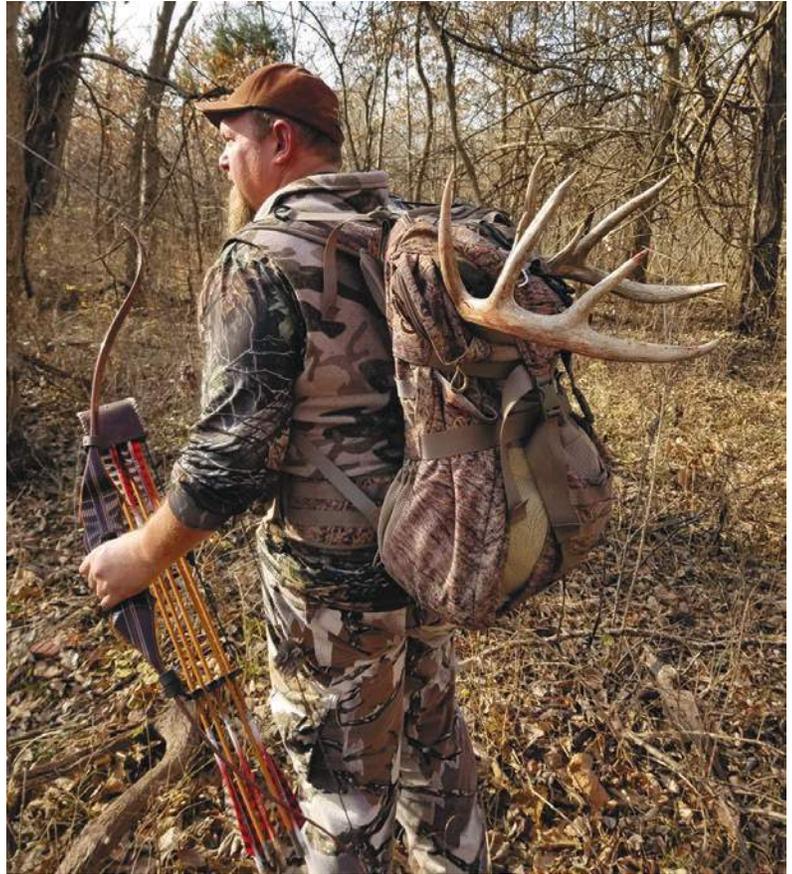
Thanks,
Dean Hogue and family

Dean Hogue Nixa, MO 65714 (417) 827-0078

UBM Festival Photo Contest Winners



Outdoor Theory – Brian Peterson



Bowhunter With Game – Dennis Harper



Bowhunting Related – Cody Hasson



Wildlife - Cody Hasson



Trailcam - Mike Dunnaway

EVEN THOUGH THE weather was not ideal for travelling, many brave souls took their chances to attend the annual Festival. Here are some of the event highlights.

Our favorite award to give out each year is the MDC Agent of the Year Award. We agonize over choosing between several deserving candidates and this year the award went to Agent Willie Carr of Jasper County. Agent Carr not only did outstanding fieldwork but he also diligently preached the Gospel of Archery to the youth in his area. Congratulations, Agent Carr!



MDC Agent of the Year, Willie Carr



Black Widow Bow Raffle winner, Ron Mackenburg

This year's winner of the Black Widow Bow raffle is lifetime UBM member and past UBM Board member, Ron Mackenberg. Here is Ron, sporting a nice Stetson, with UBM Board member, Joel Davis.

The photography contest we have always has a lot of participation and here are a couple of those winners. Past UBM president, Brian Peterson, won the Outdoor Theory category. Member, Cody Hasson, took the top prize in two categories,

Wildlife and Bowhunting Related.

Each year we give out the Fred Bear Award to the person who has taken a game animal that we feel best exemplifies a trophy for that species. This year's winner was UBM Board member, Bob Burns. Bob killed a nice 10-point whitetail that easily made the P&Y record book.



UBM Banquet Speaker, Neil Byce III



Fred Bear Award Winner, Bob Burns

Our banquet speaker this year was Neil Byce III, Director of Operations for Bear Archery. Mr. Byce has worked for Bear Archery for over 40 years and he took us on a fascinating trip over the history of the company as seen through his eyes. Neil is also passionate about fly fishing and here he is with some gifts the UBM bestowed upon him as a gesture of our appreciation.

An award we don't give out every year is the Youth Bowhunter of the Year. However, this past season, we had a young man who not only

proved his mettle in the field, but also contributed to the club whenever he got a chance. This lad is 14 year old, Cole Davis, who killed a nice 7-pointer on his very first bowhunt. Then he wrote up a great article about the hunt for the club newsletter, which is something that I can't get most adults to do! To sweeten Cole's accomplishment, the folks at Black Widow gave him a nice bow and some archery equipment to go along with the plaque. Congratulations, Cole!

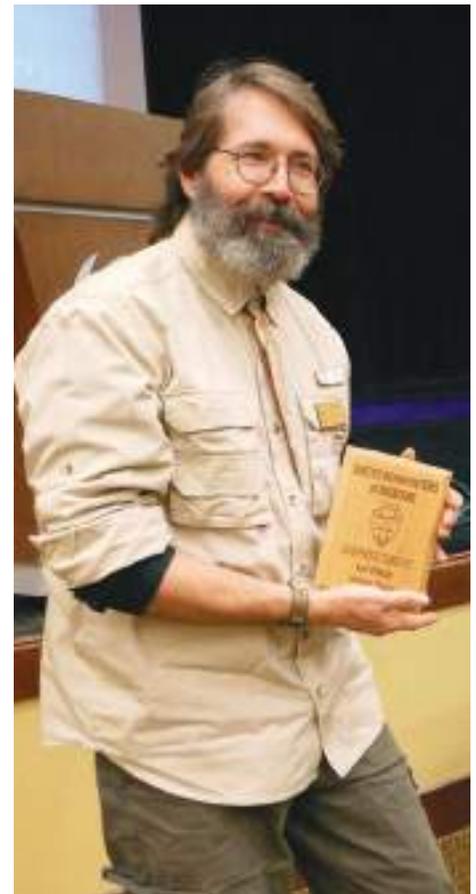
As if they don't do enough for us, Black Widow also gives away a bow and arrows to some lucky youth attending the banquet. This year's winner was Joshua Haden. His father told me that this was the first Festival that they had ever attended. I bet they'll be repeat customers now!

Darren Haverstick was the recipient of 2018 Bowhunter of the Year award. I guess the field of choices must have been pretty slim this

time around! In any event, he was honored and humbled to receive this prize and is proud to be part of such a great organization. ■



Double Category Photo Contest Winner, Cody Hasson with son.



Outdoor Theory Photo Contest Winner, Brian Peterson



Bowhunter of the Year Winner, Darren Haverstick



Youth Bowhunter of the Year Winner, Cole Davis



Black Widow youth Bow Raffle Winner, Johua Haden

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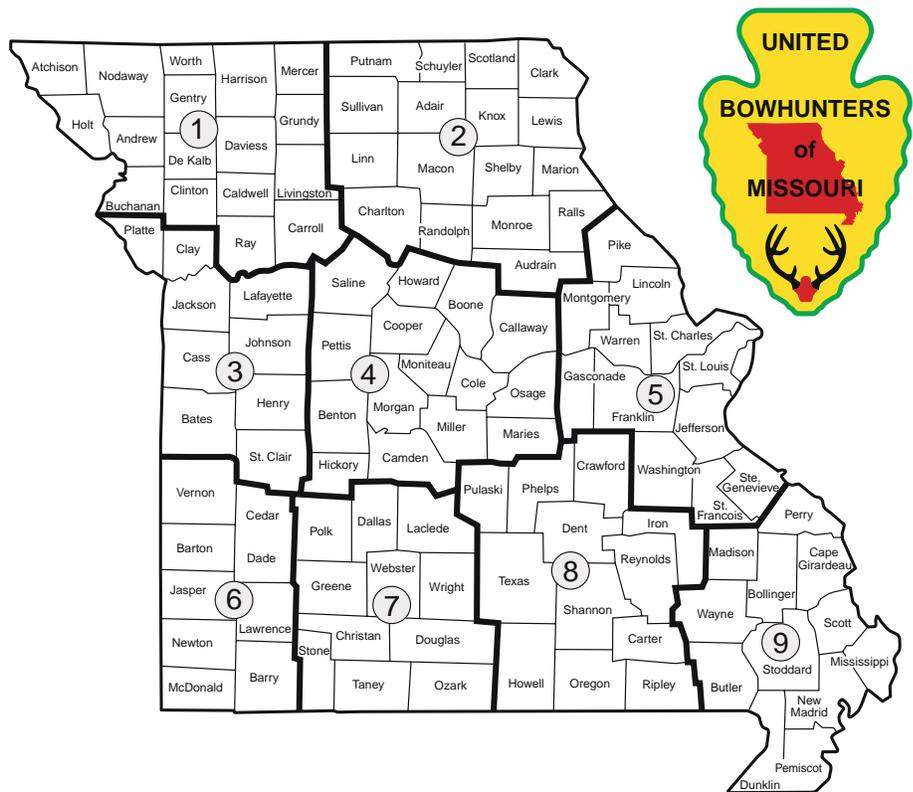
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