



THE UNITED BOWHUNTER

Summer 2018



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



The Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri

Summer 2018

Calendar of Events

July

19th-21st - MOJam at the Marshall Bowhunters Club, marshal MO
26th-29th - ETAR, Denton Hill State Park, Ulysses, PA

August

11th-12th - Deaf Camp, H. Roe Bartyle Boy Scout Ranch, Osceola, MO

September

15th - Missouri archery season opens
21st-22nd - Archery Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony,
White River Conference Center, Springfield, MO

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It is the purpose of The United Bowhunters of Missouri to support and upgrade the sport of bowhunting and foster a spirit of sportsmanship.

The United Bowhunter is published quarterly by The United Bowhunters of Missouri for the membership. This publication is a public forum available to the members to voice their ideas, concerns and to share their experiences.

Written materials, photos and artwork for publication are welcome. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope with the materials you would like returned. The editors can assume no responsibility for any submitted materials.

The editors reserve the right to edit or reject any material and the right to crop any submitted photographs.

Send articles and photos for submissions consideration, question and comments to:

The United Bowhunter
Attn: Darren Haverstick
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Fair Grove, MO 65648

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— On the Cover —

A beautiful fire pink flower next to an unlucky Ozark gobbler.

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deadlines for submitting copy and pictures to The United Bowhunter

Feb. 15th, May 3rd, Sept. 15th, Dec. 10th



HELLO EVERYONE!

Well, I am late as usual, but this will be the last time as I have posted the due-by dates on

the screen of my computer (as long as I remember what they are for).

My turkey season consisted of standing on my deck before coming to the shop on the opening week and hearing a gobble. I went back in the house grabbed a call and proceeded to answer. Lo and behold, he answered so I did it again. I really had no idea what I was doing as I am not a avid turkey hunter. About the time I called the third time a large male red fox came running to my call. He came within about ten feet of the deck, looked around, and started stalking

a dove at the bird feeder. When he was finished there, less than a minute, he was back in the woods. That's my turkey season but I know a lot of you did much better than that so please get some stories and pictures to Darren.

I spoke to Don Orrell several weeks ago and the Rendezvous is coming along nicely. Don't forget that this year it is pot luck. We also have a couple of events coming up that we need volunteers for; the Shriners Hand Camp and Deaf Camp. I personally have never been to Deaf Camp but if it is anything like The Shriners camp, it is an awesome, humbling experience. The kids are great and full of life and nothing stands in their way. So please volunteer, it will help both the kids and you. ■



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I STARTED BOWHUNTING, or bow shooting, in 1982 when I found a little Bear compound under the Christmas tree as a kid. I hit the woods the following year and did the pretty typical transition most archers did at the time; finger release & no sights, to adding sights a few years later, then adding a release a few years later after that. In 1992 I bought my first Bear recurve, and of course, G. Fred Asbell's only book at that time. I shot the recurve on and off until 2000, when I hung up the compound and shot only traditional.

In the late 80's/early 90's, the Pearson Spoiler compound bow was the stuff, but I was a pretty broke young man too. However, I knew where one was at in a bow shop near my southern Illinois home that was a trade-in, and he had a \$125 tag stuck on it. I was saving what little cash I had, aiming to put that bow in my hand, but with very slow progress. In 1990, my mother's father, my "Papaw", passed away, and as a result of this an estate sale later occurred which was a several day affair for all of us in the family. At the closing of the estate sale, my mom handed me \$125 for my work, and told me a "go buy that bow you want". I don't remember specifically when I did it, but I believe I drove straight to the bow shop and bought it that day.

I used that bow for several years and made memories with a few deer here and there, and a successful wild boar chase in eastern Tennessee. Gradually I drifted into single-cam bows, releases, and it all became far more complicated than I thought it should be. And so it was in 2000 that I sold the new



model compounds, stuck the old Pearson and an older Browning in a closet, and went completely traditional.

In August 2016, I lost my mom. With all that, and life in general, I didn't get into the woods much that season. As most traditional folks are, I enjoy using old equipment in my woods endeavors, and I really wanted something from Mom to go with me that year. The only item I had linking hunting to Mom, though, was that old compound bow. I did some research online about shooting old compound bows, specifically, was it safe to shoot. Back and forth information led me to get it out of the closet and look it over. The strings and cables

looked stable, so I grabbed the heaviest arrow I had, a full length 2219. I walked out in the yard, pulled it back several times, gave it a couple of 2-3" snaps, and finally got my nerve up. I stood directly in front of the target, pulled it back, closed my eyes, and let it go. Nothing happened other than a really strange shot, well, comparably speaking to my recurves. I shot it more and more in the yard, eventually matching up some 80's era Autumn Orange 2216's and some period correct WASP cam-lok broadheads. It actually surprised me at how far I could consistently hit the vitals, even out to 50 yards.

And so it was in early November that I went out one crisp, south-

west Missouri morning when my wife, Sheila, went to work. I was watching a beautiful orange sunrise and sent a photo to her right at 7am from my phone. Sitting on my lap in the photo was that old Pearson Spoiler, with a brushy edge 20 yards in front of me. Fifteen minutes later, I glanced up in front of me and saw a nice buck for this region working his way through the brushy saplings. I picked out a spot in front of him, which would give me a 35-yard shot. As I kicked around my options at that distance, he turned, walked straight toward me, and turned broadside at 17 yards, stopping and looking back away from me. I squatted in my tree stand to shoot under a large limb, put the old 80's pin on his side, and let the orange arrow fly. It hit a tad high from what I would have preferred, and he exploded like no other bow-shot deer I've ever seen. He looked like a race horse crossing the finish line as he disappeared back into the brush in long, stretched out bounds.

I had seen the arrow, almost full length, out the opposite side when he made his first bounds, and about 15 yards into the blood trail, I found it. My concern was the blood appeared to be dark and had no bubbles in it, both on the arrow and on the ground. I slowly, very, very slowly, tracked the blood by sticking the arrow in the ground at each last found drop. At about 100 yards into the trail, I called Sheila and told her I didn't feel good about the trail, but I knew I saw the good hit and the lack of blood was likely consistent with the high hit. I went on, noting he had not veered at all, but was running a completely straight line. At almost 175 yards into the trail, I found blood on a leaf with bubbles in it. Ten yards later he made a 90 degree turn to

the right, and my heart began to race. Another 10 yards, and there he lay. The blood was sparse, and I only found it every 30 feet or so, which I attributed to his fast-paced long stride.

Evidence later indicated I had struck the closest lung 1" from the top, and 3" down on the opposite one. His cavity, of course, was full, which explained the lack of a trail behind him.

And so it was, the old bow that Mom had bought me almost three decades earlier had done it again. As it lay on this pretty buck, I remembered showing it to Mom shortly after I bought it as a gesture of thanks, even though Mom didn't know it from any other bow ever made. Just because I almost always have old clothes on too, the hat I wore was my dad's old brown camo Jones hat from the 80's and an original Trebark jacket from the

same time.

Getting the old compound bow out was adventurous and a sentimental act in remembrance of Mom. I'm not a re-converted compound shooter, although I did rediscover the accuracy of what the compound can do when it comes to placing arrows over and again in a little bulls-eye. Even after shooting it consistently all summer, it still feels cold, mechanical, and doesn't have "character" like my recurves. I still shoot it a little in the back yard, but only on those nights when I drag out a smorgasbord of recurves for a little variety. It has stirred thoughts though, for stuck in the back of the same closet is an old Browning I used in the 80's to take a few bucks; actually, I still have the arrow and WASP broad-head from the last buck it took. It gets me to thinking.... ■



A BUDDY OF MINE AND I were talking the other day about what a shame it is we can't be retired during our thirties and forties in exchange for working later in life. I know by the time we reach our seventies, we won't want to work either, but having time to roam while our bodies can still take more abuse would be a best use of life in my book.

As it is, for most of us in mid-life, adventures must be squeezed into an allocation of vacation days. When you have a young family, most of those vacation days are going to be spent with them. Leaving maybe a week per year if you're lucky to pursue a sporting quest. So when I suggest such an adventure to you, I do so personally understanding the immense value of the time I am suggesting you appropriate to such a trip.

Hunting whitetails along Montana's Milk River is one such trip I suggest. The Milk River is in the northeast portion of the state. It's a remote region that in some ways, time left behind. Bars still have bullet holes from the cowboy days. The badland topography looks like the setting of a Louis L'Amour novel. Except for much of the land following the river. Most of it has been planted in alfalfa. In September these lush fields are as green as spring in Ireland and deer flock to them.

Once you commit to tackling the travel issue, and it is a long drive, hunting the Milk River becomes a viable, affordable option. You don't need a guide. You don't need an outfitter. You just need to

understand Montana's Block Management Program (BMP).

The Montana Fish, Wildlife and Parks (FWP) website explains Block Management as, "a cooperative program between private landowners and FWP, Block Management helps landowners manage hunting activities and provides the public with free hunting access to private land, and sometimes to adjacent or isolated public lands."

Block Management Areas (BMA) vary in size and regulation. Some parcels are as small as 50 acres while others are larger than 100,000 acres. Landowners retain certain rights concerning how their land is managed. For instance, how hunters access the land and how hunters obtain permission. Some areas are walk-in only, while others are accessible by vehicle. Some require a face-to-face interaction before hunting permission is granted, while others are posted with sign-in boxes where hunters

simply fill out a slip before hunting. Individual landowners make their own rules.

Learning how to obtain permission for each specific piece of property is easily accomplished by reading posted signs or consulting a regional Hunter Access Guide, which lists the block management opportunities available for the current season. These are published on or before August 15, annually, and are available in hard copy and online. Montana is divided into seven regions. The Milk River is located in Region 6.

The first time I visited the Milk River was over a decade ago. I spent an entire day exploring the river bottoms from Glasgow to Malta. Although I had watched hunting shows featuring the Milk River for years, I wasn't prepared for what I saw. The number of deer is unimaginable. I believe I saw more bucks that first evening along the Milk River, than I had in any single year prior. I must have seen



Montana's Milk River is whitetail deer hunting destination worth the trip.

1,000 whitetails that day. Honestly, it was more than that, but I'm afraid you'll think I'm embellishing.

The first year I hunted the Milk River, I killed a great buck on a BMA. The field I hunted is on a bend in the river. Between the river bank and the field is a strip of timber, fluctuating in size from roughly 50 to 100 yards wide. The first night I hunted it, I watched somewhere in the neighborhood of 50 deer make their way from that woodlot into the alfalfa. As darkness fell, they were still filtering in.

A lot of people only hunt evenings along the Milk River. I think this is a mistake, especially when you have a limited number of days to hunt. The reasoning behind evening only hunting is the thought if let the deer reach their beds undisturbed in the morning, you

can catch them returning to alfalfa fields at night. My belief is, hunt as much as you can, but hunt smart. Don't go blowing through bedding areas or hunting a spot that could potentially block deer from returning to the timber they inhabit during daylight. But hunt them on their way there in the morning, or be on the fringe of where you know they are going.

Montana's Block Management Program makes finding a place to hunt much easier than one might expect. Even in the Milk River region, hunters can obtain access to quality ground. You can hunt the Milk River. All you have to do is research BMAs, and suffer a long drive, but if you love whitetails, this trip is worth every mile.

See you down the trail... ■

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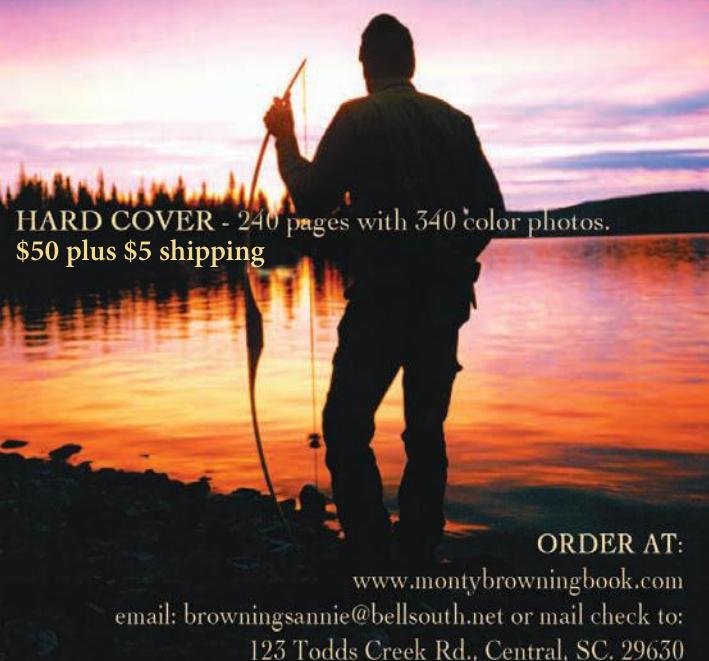


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2018 Jerry Pierce Memorial Shoot Recap

Brian Peterson

THIS YEAR'S JERRY PIERCE SHOOT in Enid, Mississippi was a hot one... Literally! And not just the spice level. I think the high temp was 96° and humidity was equally high—let's just say the AC units on the campers got a workout during the heat of the day. Three couples from Missouri represented the UBM at the shoot, John and Kristine Banderman, Tom and Ruth Ann Dickerson, and Brian and Jo Ann Peterson. Lenny and Karen Pierce from the Southern Traditional Archers (and great friends of UBM) filled out our little section of the campground. Attendance seemed a little light at the shoot, but there was still plenty of activity on the course. The crayfish supper of course, was FANTASTIC! It wasn't the 10-plate feast as in years past (your record still stands, Dan), but absolutely no one waddled away hungry. Same old song, if you haven't travelled to the Jerry Pierce Shoot yet, or even if you have, it's worth putting May 17-19 on your calendar for 2019. ■





HELLO AGAIN UBM READERS!
I hope you all had a productive turkey season and managed to

kill a turkey or two, or at least keep your sanity if the feathery devils eluded you. Dad managed to kill one at the 11th hour and it made for a mighty fine dinner last weekend.

As for me, not a whole lot has went on in the three months since I last wrote this column. Work is still going well, the magazine is still going out on time, and the building hasn't burned down so that's always good.

My side projects are still going well, and it doesn't seem to be winding down any time soon. The pet portrait business is on the up and up; I actually just finished one for one of Mom's teacher friends who just got a new diabetic alert dog named Batman. Casual reminder/shameless

promotion: If you want a portrait of your pet made, contact me via email and I will be happy to make one for you. I promise you, or the recipient of the portrait, will love it.

As for the TV show prints, I've taken a bit of a break from them as I temporarily lost the inspirational spark, AKA I got sick of making them. I recently finished an Office Space one that proudly hangs in my cubicle. I still haven't gotten to attack our office printer with a bat (or sledgehammer that resides in a corner of my apartment), but the wheels are slowly turning in the IT guy's mind and fingers are crossed that the art department will soon have a printer that isn't 20 years old. At that time, I plan on going full Office Space and taking the printer out back for some well-earned stress relief.

Outside of work and side projects I haven't really done anything exciting or overly interesting in the last few months. I did change my hair color to indigo a few weeks ago and that was fun. I had green hair for half a year, and two perfectly timed holidays, but it was time for a change.

As for the upcoming summer months I don't have a whole lot planned. Dad and I have been going to the big blockbuster movies that tickle our fancy. The whole family is going to the Home Free concert later this month as a Father's Day outing, and I will also be volunteering at the local Pride Festival this summer.

I went to the Pridefest last year and it was a great deal

of fun and a chance to meet others like me in the area and catch up with friends there. I know a few people who volunteer at the event, so it will be nice to see them, as well as help out a good cause. I'm not looking forward to the oppressive heat that comes with the mid-summer event, but I'll muddle through.

That's about all I know for this issue. I hope that your hunting ventures are successful, and that this awful summer heat doesn't put too much of a damper on your plans. I'm personally trying not to melt. I'm turning on every fan I can get my hands on and avoiding the outdoors as much as possible. Me and the heat/sun are not a good mix, and I'd like to not end up a melted puddle of sweat and lobster colored skin. Have a great summer!

Elise Haverstick ■



For Sale:

PRIMOS Ground Max hunting blind, slightly used - \$125

Fold-out antelope decoy - \$35

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Nick Gray – Sedalia, MO

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THIS PAST SPRING, fellow board member, Lyle Shaulis, and myself were contacted by the local FFA teacher about teaching himself and a couple of students in a bow-building class at the high school. Well, one thing led to another, and, after a meeting with the teacher to discuss what type of bow he would like the students to build, we soon found ourselves

spending every afternoon at the school guiding two upstanding young men and the FFA teacher in the process of building a glass-laminate bow.

Our decision of what laminates and woods options to purchase for the class was made easier by the expertise of fellow UBM'er, Mike Pyatt,, who is renown for his

knowledge and production of the very finest-quality material in the bowyer community. With Mike's guidance, we settled on the layout of red elm tapers under clear glass for the limbs with simple shedua blocks for the risers. This would make the glue-up and entire process as simple as possible for the boys, and it would still produce a good-looking bow that anyone would be proud of!

The initial work, of course, always seems the most frustrating for a new bowyer as the students delved into the process of cutting out and shaping their risers on the orbital sander to fit the form. This actually took a few classes (They lasted about 45 minutes every day.) as we wanted the boys to feel the satisfaction of building their bows entirely for themselves. Both of these young men proved them-



selves incredibly diligent and meticulous in their effort to shape their risers just right. Eventually, the risers fit to the form perfectly and the belly fade-outs were smoothed in, so the messy part was next.

The glue-up and placing of the bows in the form proved doable within one class's time frame for each bow thanks to the lower number of laminates used.

We decided to allow the bows to cure at room temperature given that the classes were held roughly a day apart. This proved to work just perfectly as, for three days, we would remove one bow from the form and then proceed with gluing another one up as each participant observed and learned. Fortunately, each bow proved to "take" at each glue-up and proved ready for the next step in the process.

Just as before, the shaping out and tillering of the limbs was ac-

complished for each bow one day at a time. We were also thrilled to see that each bow hit its desired weight for the boys of about 40-45#.

Once we had the bows tillered, cutting out the sight window and shaping the riser handle to fit the specific preferences of each budding bowyer seemed to pass by quickly. Although, the two students seemed a little impatient with the process of fine-sanding their risers before applying the finish. Regardless both of their bows were "func-

tional" in their completion and shootability.

We used a few coats of aerosol polyurethane for the finish on the bows. This gave the young men the chance to finish their bows for themselves, and, it was a great moment for the "big reveal" as the shedua and elm components of the bows popped out to the eye during this part of the process.

By this stage the students were able to shoot their bows the very next day. Neither of the stu-



dents had ever even shot a traditional bow, but after a few arrows, it was nearly impossible to get them to stop shooting! The wonder of it all and the satisfaction of building their very own piece of art that very well may last their entire lives, if taken care of properly, seemed overwhelming to the boys. Both expressed a strong desire to practice with and then hunt with their bows this fall. That's what I call a mission accomplished!

We didn't end the class there either. The FFA teacher and students were also able to learn from Lyle the arts string-making, yarn silenc-

er production, and even building a bow-drill, friction fire from native Missouri materials that can be found in the woods anywhere. The neat part about that was that one of the students is heading on a camping trip to Idaho after graduation this spring and now plans to wow his camping compadres with his newfound fire-making skills.

The icing on the cake of course was the interest that other students and teachers working in the same building of the high school showed in the what we were doing in class every day. Many of them would pop in for a few minutes just to see

where the young men were at in their progression with their bows. In fact, the FFA teacher has already informed us that he'd like to do another class this fall and expects several students to sign up for it this time around!

All in all, it was pleasure to see two young men who were dedicated to crafting something with their own hands and then "catch the fire" of archery and bowhunting. Lyle and I expect to receive text messages this fall of the students with game taken with their bows. ■

Closing the Laptop

So, I'M PRETTY SURE most of you know me by now for one reason or another... I don't know if that's good or bad, but it is what it is. I've been on the Board of Directors since 2005 and have worn every hat there is to wear at least once. I hope I've made a difference in UBM over the past 13 years. I've always maintained that UBM is a fantastic group of people, driven with a passion for bowhunting, and that being said, I'm going to step aside from Board responsibilities for a bit and let those passionate folks take the reins for a while. I'll still be involved, but feel the need to pass the torch for a while.

And while I have the soapbox for a minute, I want to remind everyone that UBM is your club. Please don't just let one or two people do all the work. The face of archery has changed dramatically over the past few years but the mission of UBM has not.

If you find yourself doubting this, I invite you to the Rendezvous in June or to help out at Deaf Camp in August... You'll see I'm right. And if you don't have the time or wherewithal to volunteer your time or support a funding project, then by all means pick up the phone, tap out an email, or drop a note to your board and tell them thanks. That

Brian Peterson

goes a long way.

See you at the Rendezvous, and as always, "Keep 'em Sharp". ■

Brian Peterson

Past President (5 years), Vice President (3 years), Secretary (3 years) and Treasurer (1 year)





HI BRENDA,

I'm Richard Johnson's daughter, Cindi. I'm not sure if you heard about my nephew Ryan selling my Dad's prize Choctaw bow, but I wanted to share the latest with the members of UBM who you feel would be interested. In particular, the gentlemen who bought the bow (I can NOT remember his name) and Marvin Cochran. I was able to buy the bow back, and have it mounted in my home at Lake of the Ozarks. I wanted to send you a picture of it - My mother Martha is still living, and in fact here with me right now - she wanted all of

Daddy's hunting buddies to see his bow. Is this the best email address to send the picture?

Thank you much, ~ Cindi

You will see from the picture how much I miss my Dad - he was a gem, and I was always 'Daddy's girl'. I appreciate you sharing with your members.

Thanks,

~ Cindi ■



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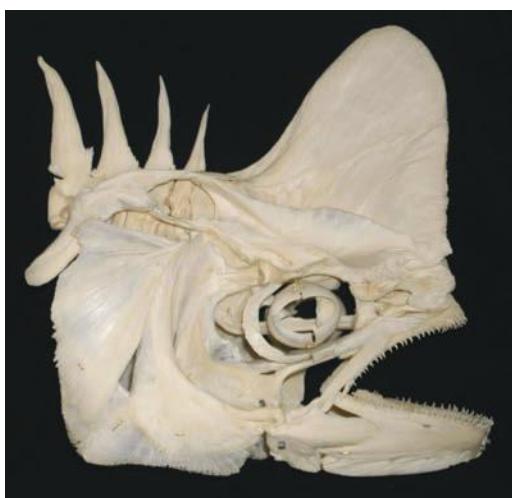
Different Kinds of Trophies

Brian Grotheer

DAVID SCHUMAKER IS A NEW BUSINESS MEMBER of the UBM, joining up at the last Festival. When I contacted him a couple months ago to send me a business card for the newsletter, he said he didn't have any, but he sent me something even better; examples of his work.

Mr. Schumaker's side business, Heronhead Outdoors LLC, is European style taxidermy using dermestid beetles. These bugs are very delicate cleaners and David says he will take on any project from moose to mice. As you can see from the photos, gar and dogfish also come out great as well. I especially like the paddlefish bill!

David can be contacted at 314-640-6242. ■





How to Make a Feral Hog

Darren Haverstick

SO HOW DID ALL THIS START? Well, I was on my way out to get the morning paper and there on my porch are two disheveled Hampshire hogs sniffing around for easy groceries. Now this unexpected sight might have startled a normal person and possibly got them to wondering where these two black-and-white pork roasts had come from. Me? I immediately start planning their untimely demise so that I could dine on the carcasses. Why this reaction? It's a conditioned reflex brought on by so many years of pursuing wild animals. My therapist would say I was expressing my Inner Predator. All I know is that I decided right then and there that I was gonna stick some pigs.

Now before you get all riled up, yes, I knew they were probably somebody's 4-H project that had just gotten loose. But the keen senses of my Inner Predator had detected that these pigs were almost feral and in Missouri that

makes them fair game. I mean, how else can you explain the malevolent look in their beady little eyes? And what about those maniacal squeals of ecstasy they uttered while devouring the dead squirrel our cat had left me for a present? The numbers on their ear tags had already started to fade and when the biggest one started scratching himself against a corner post, I swear I saw the beginnings of a tusk protruding from his mouth. It was only a matter of time, and maybe a little coaching, before they would leave all semblance of domestication behind and become a pair of razor-backed menaces!

Besides, I've been wanting to bowhunt hogs for years! And why drive a thousand miles to Texas if you don't have to? To have a couple of soon-to-be wild boars frolicking around in my wooded backyard, well, this was just too good to be true! Sure, there would be details to work out like 1) How could I accelerate the turning-feral process? 2) How

was I going to keep them in the area so I could hunt them? and 3) How was I going to convince my wife that spending hundreds of dollars and taking off a couple of weeks from work was a good idea. Number three would be the easiest to solve; Leah didn't need to know all my plans. Giggling like a school girl, I abandoned the paper fetching chore and scampered off to the study to work out all the particulars.

First off, I would have to come up with some sort of training regimen. My students wouldn't need too much tutoring on the finer points of being feral, but teaching has never been my strong point. Therefore, it was essential that I enlist the aid of my afore-mentioned wife because she is a grade school teacher and if anyone would know anything about training animals, it would definitely be her. Sure, the process Leah uses is the exact opposite of what I needed to do; take civilized mammals and try to turn them

wild, but why quibble over details? However, when I laid my plan all out for her, Leah was not the least bit interested in participating. And while I don't recall her exact response, I do remember the words "foolhardy" and "idiot" used several times, as well as a couple of other terms I didn't think were proper for a school teacher to say.

"Okay, Miss Stick-In-The-Mud schoolmarm", I thought to myself, "I will just go it alone". I had been with my beloved long enough to pick up a few pointers on class instruction and I had taken enough classes in my day, some of them two or three times, to know what students liked and disliked about that instruction. So, armed with this knowledge, I typed up a course syllabus and prepared my lessons. I had decided earlier to give the owner of these bacon sandwiches a week's grace period to claim them and today was the last day. The pigs were still around, evident by the numerous craters excavated in my front yard, so tomorrow morning I planned to stand in a copse of oak trees, empty a sack of corn onto the ground and bellow out an energetic "Sooooeeeeeeeiiii". Take your seats, boys and girls, school is now in session!

DAY ONE

The hundred-pound shoats arrived in my outdoor classroom as eager to learn about becoming feral as I was eager to teach them. I don't know what it is about that universal hog call, but no one can deny that it works like a charm! As my students greedily vacuumed up their yellow breakfast, I went about the task of getting them settled in. Attendance was taken, a class outline handed out, and the "Pledge of Allegiance" recited. I also touched on safety

issues like what to do in case of a fire, tornado, or my neighbor, Craig, practicing in his backyard pistol range. It would be a crying shame to see one of these youngsters die of an accidental gunshot wound before I got the chance to let the air out of him with a good, sharp broadhead.

After the administrative duties were tended to, I got down to the lesson for the day. My goal was simple enough. I would condition these porkers to fear all human contact but bait the grounds around my home with enough goodies to keep them in the vicinity. So, I fired up the



generator that would run the television and VCR and popped in their instructional video. The film, entitled "Hogs Gone Wild", was a collection of grisly scenes taken from hunting videos and slaughterhouse exposés; interspersed with some quality acting by yours truly wearing a Halloween pig costume and my bloodhound, Jack, tearing it to pieces. The intent was to show my students how awful people treat their brethren and, after seeing this revolting behavior, teach them to instinctively shun all humankind. Porky and Wilbur, however,

decided instead to root holes in the classroom floor and chew up their brand new pencil boxes. "Boys!" I yelled in my sternest headmaster voice, "Get back in your mudholes and pay attention! Wilbur, get that flag out of your mouth this instant! We do not desecrate Old Glory!" Unfortunately, the battle for control was lost; and in more ways than one. The combination of grain, school supplies, and rayon had quickly taken its toll on the trotters' delicate digestive systems and they abandoned my little no-room schoolhouse to take care of other business. Class dismissed.

DAY TWO

This morning I found my charges in the wife's vegetable garden earnestly trying to dig a passageway to their oriental cousins on the other side of the planet. It was apparent that these two were not the book-learning type, so I had decided to let them experience violence first-hand by taking them on a field trip. Making the sound of a Twinkie in distress, I immediately got their attention and informed them of our educational outing to be taken around the subdivision. Today's plan was to try to coax my neighbors into being hateful to the pair. If I could get Porky and Wilbur subjected to a bit old-fashioned human cruelty then maybe that would be enough to drive them over the edge. Mr. Ramsey, the old man that lived next to me, would be our first contestant.

As we walked into my neighbor's yard, I started pointing out the various plants, yard ornaments and such that the pigs could begin playing with. Mr. Ramsey was on his porch, turned away from us, picking the burrs out of his dog,

Lillybelle's coat. Upon hearing the loud crash of his concrete jockey being overturned, Mr. Ramsey whipped around to see what all the commotion was about. "Is that you, John?" he asked as he peered in our direction. I have lived next to this man for twelve years and he is yet to get my name right.

"Yes, Mr. Ramsey, it's me." In Mr. Ramsey's defense, neither his sight nor his mind is quite what it used to be. He also thinks my daughter is a son who sneaks out behind his house to smoke cigarettes. "Can you believe this?" I asked as I pointed at the destruction going on around us. "I was out taking a morning stroll when these hogs came out of nowhere and started tearing up your yard. Have you got a rock or a stick of firewood handy to chuck at them? Anything sharp or heavy will do."

"Dogs you say? When did you get more dogs?" Mr. Ramsey is now off his porch and approaching the pair who are gnawing on a plastic flamingo. Did I mention his hearing ain't too good either?

"Not dogs, Mr. Ramsey, ...hogs! Wild hogs, by the looks of them. Be careful now. You better chase them away before they attack you!"

"Oh nonsense, John! Dogs love me!" and to prove it he reaches out and starts scratching Wilbur behind the ears. Porky sees this, lets go of the mangled bird, and jealously shows up for his turn. "That's a mighty coarse hide you got on you, feller. What kind of dog is this, John?"

"It's a Hampshire" I answer somewhat dejectedly. I have given up all hope by now of making these

pigs afraid of James Ramsey.

"Hampshire? I never heard of that one. Must be one of them high-dollar crossbreeds. Hey, why don't you boys come over here and I'll get you a treat?" Mr. Ramsey gives Porky one last rub under the chin and then walks towards the shed by the house where he keeps LillyBelle's food. As he opens the shed door, Mr. Ramsey cheerfully hollers out to me, "So what do you call these mutts, John?"

"I call'em Porky and Wilbur."

"Pretty strange names for a couple of dogs", James mutters



to himself as he reaches into a bag of dog biscuits, "Sounds like something you might call a pig."

WEEK SIX

As I gaze out my kitchen window, watching Porky and Wilbur wallow about in what used to be our goldfish pond, I relive again the painful realization that I will never hunt feral hogs made for my own personal use. No matter what I tried, no matter how mean and nasty I acted towards those two, they would not abandon their domesticated nature. In fact, they seemed to embrace it that much more; so much so that they have now become the gluttonous

porcine pets that I never had as a child or wanted as an adult. Sure, I could have done things differently but, if truth be told, the mastermind behind my miserable failure was the evil woman I vowed to spend the rest of my life with. Instead of helping me lead these two to the Wild Side, the Pig Whisperer used her womanly wiles to brainwash the impressionable, teenage males into staying tame. It was all done clandestinely, of course, so I could never prove anything, but I had my suspicions. I knew for certain that Porky and Wilbur didn't paint their own toenails and how can you, in good conscience, put an arrow through an animal that shows up to its killing spot wearing a neon pink collar, complete with shiny nametag?

So now I just sit around waiting for my unwelcome guests to go away. Fair chase ethics prevent me from hunting these pests and a costly divorce keeps me from killing them outright. And, apparently, everyone already has a hog or two because the newspaper ads I've placed offering free pigs to a good home have went unanswered. My property looks like the foraging grounds for a pack of wild backhoes and I can't step outside without getting a friendly nuzzle from an overgrown sausage link. So, dear readers, if you someday find yourself in a situation like mine, please heed my advice. Ignore the pigs on the porch, go back in the house, and pretend the whole thing never happened. It may be a long, expensive journey to hunt wild hogs in Texas but it's a heckuva lot easier than making them yourself. ■

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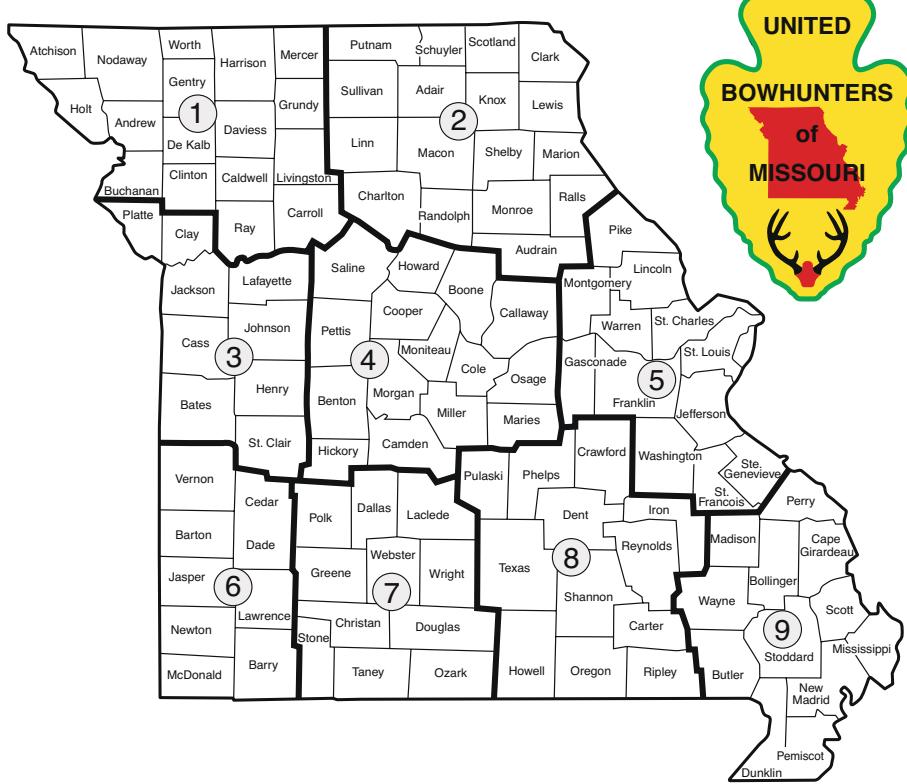
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