



THE UNITED Winter 2019 BOWHUNTER



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



The Official Publication of
The United Bowhunters of Missouri
 Winter 2019

Calendar of Events

January

15th - Missouri archery season closes
 25th-10th- Traditional Bowhunters Expo, Kalamazoo, MI

February

8th-10th- United Bowhunters of Missouri Festival, Springfield, MO
 15th- Missouri rabbit and squirrel seasons close

March

8th-10th- Conservation Federation of Missouri Convention, Capitol Plaza Hotel, Jefferson City, 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.

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— On the Cover —

A sight we all like to see
 - photo by Brian Peterson

deadlines for submitting copy and pictures to The United Bowhunter
Feb. 15th, May 3rd, Sept. 15th, Dec. 10th

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE that its December already. The second rut is getting ready to start, the days are colder, more so this year than in years past. Or maybe I am just getting older. And we are gearing up for the Festival. Things are coming together nicely. We have our keynote speaker lined up. For those who don't know Bob Burns has talked Fred and Michele Eichler into speaking. He is also working on setting up several seminar speakers. And as usual I fully expect them to be interesting and informative.

I have also talked to Mike Clark our auctioneer and he has enthusiastically consented to preside over the live

auction again, so be sure to give him a big hello and thank you. And speaking of the auction we are in need of donations for both the live and silent auctions. They can be sent to Joel Davis, 10621 S. Alley Jackson Rd. Grain Valley, Mo. 64029 or to James Pyles 22815 Coffelt Rd. St. Mary, Mo. 63673 or to any other board member.

As far as vendors go we have our stand bys' The Nocking Point, J.P. enterprises, Feathers and Wood, Black Widow and hopefully some more that I cant think of. If anyone can think of any vendors they would like to see there please let us know and we will contact them.

All you arrow makers don't forget the arrow making contest. You will be making the best looking arrow you can and it will be judged by our keynote speaker. No professional arrow makers allowed. Lets see if we can get a few more photos for the photo contest too.

Don't forget to get your hotel reservations in as again there is a limited amount of rooms.

And finally as always if anyone has any questions or concerns feel free to give me a call. 636-346-6023 ■



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A FEW WEEKS AGO I was in for my 6 month check up from my heart attack I had last November. My Doctor and I are the same age and we both like to talk. I was telling him about my hobby of making self bows from hickory trees from my land plus the arrows etc. He





showed some interest and asked if I made any to sell. This took me by surprise so I told him about a trade I made with a fellow MWT member a couple months back. He said well...what dollar value was the trade. I told him the amount and he asked me if I could make two bows along with the arrows as a Christmas gift for his Son and Daughter (both in their 30's) and he was wanting something different that they wouldn't buy for themselves. He was willing to pay me for it. We agreed on a price so once home I got busy. I dug through my stash of hickory staves I had cut down last winter. Fast forward a few weeks and I was finished with the bows and arrows last week but I thought why not make a leather quiver for the arrows. So Tandy Leather was my next stop. I made both identical as best I could. In my opinion I think they turned out great. I hope the Doctor likes them as well as I do.

By the way....I made the bows, strings, bow handle leather including tip protectors, all 4 string nocks are deer antler tipped, cedar arrows with target tips along with wild turkey feather fletching.

The nocks on the arrows are store bought since the new owners may not prefer the self nocks I put on my arrows I shoot.

Now I need to call him and tell him they are ready to be delivered by The Mailman. ■

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

HAVE YOU EVER JUST HAD someone on your mind and you couldn't really explain why? That is the feeling I had been having for a few days before I got the news that my old friend John Marriott Sr. had passed away. After hearing the news, I decided I was going to dust off one of his bows that I had bought a few years before at one of our UBM Festivals and hunt with it for the next season.

Now most of you that know me probably have figured out that I prefer to shoot a recurve bow and I have been shooting the same Black Widow recurve since 2002. Switching to John's long-bow took me a little while to tune arrows and my shooting to feel proficient enough to take it to the woods. But I finally got comfortable enough to take "John" to the woods with me for the 2017 deer season.

After I found the shafts that flew for me, I contacted Onestriker Arrow Wraps with a design in mind for a memorial wrap that I used on the arrows and used a fletching combination that John had on the arrows that he had with the bow when I bought it at the auction. I was able to get John to sign the bow for me a couple of years later at another Festival. Those of you that knew John know how humble he was and I really had to stress that it meant a lot to me for him to sign it so he finally gave in and signed it for me.

The 2017 season found me targeting a couple special bucks that I had seen on trail cameras and "John" and I hunted them pretty hard but things just didn't come together for us before firearm season and two of the targets were taken on neighboring properties. Oh well, that's how it goes sometimes as we all know the risk of passing up shots at does

for a few years and I thought that shoot would be a good warmup session so we made the trip down. I wish I could say I was really hitting the targets at this shoot, but that was not the case. Either way, we had a great time and if you don't get your fill of "mudbugs" and fish down there, it is your own fault!



First deer with "John" and "Lester"!

Our year has been busy, as it seems everyone's is, so I really didn't have the time to dedicate to shooting a lot, but "John" and I were able to make it out to the UBM Rendezvous this year. The first round I shot was not my best but by the second round "John" and I were hitting it off fairly well. Our team didn't win the bow skirmish but we made it a few rounds and I was hitting better than average, for me anyway!

Many of you that have been to any of our Festivals have also met another UBM supporter, Lester McCoy. If you recall, Lester was always there with a few of the knives he had made. Well Lester was another UBM Member who had lost his battle with cancer but he had already donated a knife he had made for the

and decent bucks holding out for specific trophy bucks. At the end of the 2017 season, "John" and I had not let an arrow fly! Deciding to give "John" another season, since I didn't deliver on my part, we had a date for 2018.

Rendezvous. As luck would have it, I won the knife he had donated while shooting "John"! Right then, I decided that I had to take something this season while using "John" and "Lester"!

Some UBM members have been going to the Jerry Pierce Memorial Shoot at Lake Enid in Mississippi

Due to the early part of the 2018 season being unseasonably warm, not to mention very busy for our

family, I didn't get to make it out as much as I had hoped for. Is that not the case for all of us bowhunters? I had made some time to still feel comfortable enough with my shooting to be able to hunt so John, Lester and I had plans to hit the woods as soon as it cooled down some.

October 12, 2018 was the first day that we were able to make it out for a hunt. I had placed a new stand off an intersection of a couple old logging roads where I found some oaks dropping a few acorns. A short time after daylight I caught movement heading to the intersection. I spotted a fawn, a yearling doe and an old doe headed right into my stand site. They veered off the trail just enough to bring them in straight at me. Thinking that I would never be able to get a shot at the angle they were coming in without getting busted, I was just standing ready. Just then, the old doe turned broadside and looked away. I swung up and drew only to watch my arrow fly harmlessly over her back! To say I felt a little low about letting my friends down was an understatement! I could only be thankful that it was a clean miss and ask for another chance to redeem myself.

I sat down on my stand to fuss at myself for rushing a chip shot and not picking a spot on that old doe when I caught the yearling circling back in. After a few cautious steps, and seeing she was on edge, I chose to let her go by as I surely didn't want to spend the day looking for

a badly hit deer. She went off down the hill below me into the thick cover and out of sight. About that time, I got a couple text messages, yes, I know some of you think that is terrible but that's a discussion for another day, about seeing a couple deer and one guy had one down and asked if we could help with getting it out before leaving. I'm always ready to help with a blood



Second deer - The UBM is well represented here: A John Marriot Sr. bow, a Lester McCoy knife, and a Darren Haverstick arm guard.

trail or recovery. Some are easy and some are not but I always seem to learn something that I hope to will lead to me being a better hunter.

It had been about an hour since I had blown the first shot when I heard a deer behind me. I ease up and catch movement headed up the old trail coming in behind me.

Determined not to repeat my mistake, I was locked in right behind her leg as she cleared the limbs and stopped. Next thing I remember is watching my fletching appear on the spot and she jumps and bleats as she takes off up the trail. I could see the upper end where that path hit another logging road so I watched and listened but I never saw her reappear. I was sure she was down within seconds but I still never get down for a minimum of 30 minutes so I just sat back down to reflect on what just happened.

I truly felt the presence of my friends, John and Lester, as I reflected on what had just happened. Even though it was just a yearling doe, I felt their approval for the animal I had harvested. I was sure that they would have approved with the results or at least I felt like they would. I was elated that I had met my goal of having them with me when I harvested an animal this year. Besides, it was just our first day of hunting and I know if I do my part, they will fulfill theirs!

The yearling doe never made it to the opening as she was a short distance from the spot where the Muzzy Phantom had pierced her heart. After giving thanks for the harvest, and taking a few pictures, I truly felt blessed for what had just taken place.

It was a few days before I could make it out again to hunt and the wind conditions were right to hunt the same stand again. Shortly after sunrise, I caught some movement

in the brush heading to the log trail along the same path. At first glance I thought it was another doe but after it finally got within range, I spotted the small antlers on it. I watched it feed by at less than ten yards, totally unaware anything was there. I was hoping that a doe or an older brother was trailing behind but that was not the case and nothing else but a few squirrels made their appearance.

After getting a late start to hunting this season, I made it a point to hunt a little harder and spend some more time in the woods with my friends in the next few days. That, and I had cracked a tooth that was telling me it was going to require some attention pretty soon! Well we made it out nine times in a two-week timeframe so we were enjoying some time watching deer and passing up some smaller bucks.

October 24th found the conditions right to hunt that same stand site that I opened the season in so I made the ¾ mile hike in and settled in before sunrise. The clouds were persistent this morning and keeping the sun from brightening up the woods. I had visions of big bucks chasing does all over at every squirrel I heard bouncing through the leaves!

It wasn't too long before I saw a deer feeding my way off the ridge. It was a doe heading to my shooting lane but I kept watching her backtrail dreaming of the big boy following her up as she headed on down the hill. A few minutes passed before I saw another deer following her up. Nope, not any antlers on this one but there's movement behind that one so I just knew or hoped it was a buck. It was, but it was just a tall spike so now three deer had passed by.

About fifteen minutes passed after they went down the hill when I saw a deer coming back up the trail. I didn't see any antlers on this one so I was going to let it pass again hoping for a buck to be on the trail. As it fed up the hill, it stopped in the same spot that I had shot the deer at a couple of weeks before. I looked again and the next thing I knew my fletching appeared in the spot on its side. It tore out back into the thick stuff but I was sure it wasn't going far.

I hunted for another hour before getting down to recover my prize but I didn't see any other deer. The trail was easy to see but it went through the thickest, nastiest stuff on the farm!! I finally picked my way through and spotted the deer laying ahead. As I walked up to it, I found out that not only was I having problems with my teeth but I guess my eyesight was also failing!! It was a button buck and those "buttons" were going to be almost long enough that I would have to tag it as an antlered deer!

After the shock of finding antlers on what I swore was a doe I decided that I better use an any-deer tag on this one instead of an antlerless tag just in case it measured the 3" minimum requirement for buck status. I was not happy with myself

for not seeing those buttons, but I did have deer #2 with "John" and "Lester". Well, when I got the deer back to the truck, I measured them and also had two friends measure to make sure and the longest one was 2 5/8" with the other being less than 2". I still don't know how I missed them as I watched it feed up the hill and it was less than 15 yards for the shot but I sure did!!

I hope my friends are pleased that I have used their bow and knife to harvest these deer. I knew that they would both do their part if I only could fulfill my end of the task.

We only got to make it out five more trips before the firearms season but, with meat in the freezer, I was holding out for a mature buck and it just didn't happen - YET!

Thank you, John and Lester, for the memories!! ■

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AROUND THE FIRST YEAR I WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UBM, the Archery Hall of Fame in Springfield, MO held its first induction ceremony at the new museum. Longtime UBM member, Dick Wood, who is involved in all things archery related, urged me to attend the event so that the club was properly represented. He said it would also be an excellent opportunity for me to meet like-minded individuals from all over the world and to cultivate relationships with them. Seeing as how the event was being held on the opening weekend of Missouri's archery season, I wondered if anything positive could come out of the shindig when the planners obviously couldn't even read a calendar! Nevertheless, I felt it was my duty to the club so I bought a ticket and registered to attend.

The induction ceremony is a 2-day affair with a social mixer held at the museum inside of Bass Pro's Outdoor World on Friday night and the actual ceremony and banquet held at the White River Conference Center next door on Saturday night. The lure of free finger food and adult beverages was enough to get me to show up Friday night even though I didn't think I'd know anyone there other than Mr. Wood. As soon as I arrived, Dick took me by the hand and started introducing me to various folks in the packed museum. Most of the names I would not remember but one person that really stood out was a gentleman by the name of Ian Fenton. Mr.

Fenton hails from Australia and I spent the rest of the evening listening to his stories of hunting the Continent Down Under and tales of the many other things he had accomplished. Ian is one of those rare people who are never satisfied with what they have done. They are much more concerned about what there is left to do, and, at that time, Ian was working feverishly on getting the Australian Archery Hall of Fame up and running. We took an immediate liking to one another and have kept in touch ever since.

Now jump to this summer and the looming induction ceremony of 2018. The event was the weekend of September 21st-23rd and I had received an email from Ian earlier that month asking for a favor. There is an Australian national group called Traditional Archery Australia that is similar to our Compton Traditional Bowhunters group. The president, Keith Speight, and secretary, Les Simpson, were coming

with Ian to help promote an international bow shoot they are having in 2019 and Ian wanted to know if I could help entertain the guys while they were here. They were anxious to meet stickbow shooters in the US and they really wanted to go shooting if that was possible. Of course, I couldn't say no to Mr. Fenton, plus, I was excited about the opportunity of getting to represent traditional archery from the states to some fellers who had never set foot in the country before. Wheels in my head started turning and, soon, I had a list of activities I thought they would like.

On that Friday, around noon, I met Ian, Keith, and Les at their hotel where we then loaded up in my truck and headed towards Lost Signal Brewing Company, a local establishment known for its fine barbeque and craft beer. Over brisket and barley, we became acquainted with one another and then Keith and Les went with me for the



The screen says it all.

short drive to Black Widow Bows in Nixa where I had arranged a tour for them. I guess I kind of take the noted bow manufacturer for granted since I have lived so close to them for so long, but these guys acted like they were meeting Santa Claus himself while getting to peek in his workshop! As luck would have it, longtime Black Widow owner, Ken Beck, was there when we arrived and the current front man, Roger Fulton, asked him if he would give us the tour. What a treat!

While keeping up a running patter on the history of the company, Ken took us around the shop so we could see where the magic was made. Keith and Les were given some Black Widow memorabilia after the tour and then spent some time shooting a few of the bows in the showroom. By the look on their faces, I'd say this was better than meeting Santa Claus!



Traditional Archery Australia (left to right) Ian Fenton, Les Simpson, Keith Speight

Saturday night we met up again for the induction banquet with all its pomp and circumstance. I love attending this event because it is a chance to for me to actually meet the people who I think of as the movers and shakers of the archery world. The stories you get to listen to are worth the price of admission alone! However, I think my new aussie friends were actually more

excited about what I had in store for them the next day, shooting bows with their new US buddies. When Ian Fenton had asked me earlier to take them all shooting, I think he was under the assumption that I was a member of some local archery club that had a range. This is not the case and for an hour or so after the request, I was worried that I had promised something

that I could not deliver on. Then the little 10-watt bulb went on over my head and I realized that one of the best 3D ranges around these parts was owned by my good friend, and UBM Board member, Don Orrell, and this range was only a 30-minute drive from their hotel. I quickly called Don to see if we could impose on his hospitality and have a special shoot on his range that Sunday afternoon. Being one of the friendliest people I know, Don was happy to accommodate their request to sling some arrows and wouldn't think of taking any payment for the use of his facility. Mr. Orrell is also a one-man circus and I couldn't wait for the Boys from the Outback



New friends (left to right) Darren Haverstick, Dennis Harper, Keith Speight, Don Orrell, Les Simpson

to meet a Coon Ass from LA (Lower Arkansas).

So, a little before noon on Sunday, I picked up the Three Amigos and we headed towards the Panther Creek Traditional Bow Range in Fordland, MO. The drive took us through a typical Ozark hardwood forest that these gentlemen thought was anything but typical. They commented on how green everything looked at least a thousand times and told me how lucky I was to be able to hunt out my backdoor instead of driving six hours to get to a place. When we pulled up in front of Don's shop, I was pleasantly surprised to see past UBM president and current Compton president, Dennis Harper, there to join in the fun. Between Dennis, Don, and me, we had enough bows, arrows, and other archery equipment for our new friends to use and after a few practice shots we all headed out onto the range.

To say we all enjoyed ourselves shooting foam would be an understatement. No matter what conti-



Big names in archery – Ian Fenton (left), Fred Asbell (center), and M.R. James (right)

nent you are on, I guess traditional shoots are all the same. There was a lot of good-natured teasing, praise for well-placed shots, and an overabundance of help when looking for the occasional arrow that missed its mark. After we finished the course, we all went over to the

pavilion where Don has his concession stand where we partook of an apple pie that I had made the day before and some homemade hooch that Don had recently run off. The UBM club trailer is kept on the property so I rooted around in it to find some shirts and hats for the aussies to proudly wear back home. We took some photos to commemorate the event and we UBM members were told repeatedly that we had a place to stay if we ever made it over to their side of the planet.

There are many aspects of traditional archery that I find appealing; the challenge, making your own gear, the simplicity of the sport – but the thing I probably love the most is the closeness of this tightly knit community. In two short days, I had become friends with some people who live in a different hemisphere than I do, all because we like to tote around a stick and a string. I'm going to do my best to take them up on their offer to visit some day. I hear kangaroo tastes a lot like deer meat! ■



Don Orrell (foreground) telling some lie and making us smile.

EARLIER THIS FALL, the Missouri Department of Conservation (MDC) announced that their bowhunter education class was now available online. I had always wanted to take this course, just because, but could never get my schedule to sync up with the class provider's schedule in my area. Now I didn't have to worry about that. The email that MDC sent me announcing this class had a link to where I could go to sign up for it. I immediately clicked on the link, filled out the necessary forms, and in a few short minutes was eyeball-deep in learning all there was to learn about being safe while bowhunting. What follows is a brief description of the class and my opinion on its content.

To get started, you need to open a web browser on your computer and go to <https://www.bowhunter-ed.com/missouri/>. From here, you can learn a little bit more about the class. The class is actually provided by a company called bowhunter-ed.com who provides similar classes for several other states and Canadian provinces. When you click on the "Sign Up" link, you are taken there to begin. The class is taught in nine sections. Each section has a 10-question multiple-choice quiz at the end and you must answer at least 8 questions correctly to advance to the next section. What is great about this setup is that you can repeat a

section as many times as you need to in order to pass it and there is no cost for taking the class at all until you pass the final exam and want your certification. To get that, the fee is \$30. There is no time limit for taking the class and each time you log out of a session your place is bookmarked so that you can start right back where you left off.

The sections do a nice job of covering all the basics of bowhunting

this class are no exception. However, if you are halfway decent at remembering what you have read, regardless of its correctness, and regurgitating that information during the quizzes and tests then you will pass with flying colors.

Once you pass all nine sections, you can jump right in to the final exam or you can take a practice exam instead so that you know what to expect. Both the practice and final exam are of the comprehensive multiple-choice variety. If I remember correctly, each exam has 100 questions. You can take each exam as many times as you want but only the final exam counts towards getting your certification. After you pass the final exam, you will be required to pay \$30 to receive that certification.

Like I stated before, I had some real issues with some of the course material and what was accepted as correct answers on the quizzes and exams. The material is skewed towards folks shooting compound bows, which, I suppose, is understandable. An example of this can be found in the section where bow tuning is taught. One of the quiz questions asks for the best definition of bow tuning and the correct answer was something like "adjusting your nocking point and arrow rest to achieve proper arrow



flight". But what if you shoot a bow that has no arrow rest other than a shelf? How do you adjust that? I also thought it was funny when the material talked about compound bows having a let-off of 50% or more. I don't think a compound bow has been made with a 50% let-off in 30 years!

The incorrect material is what bothered me the most. In one section, you are told what the best distance to practice from is and the maximum distance you should shoot at a broadside animal from. I really have a problem with hard limits being given for something that is completely dependent on the shooter's skill and the equipment being used. For the maximum distance shot, the answer was 40 yards. Now I know how I shoot

and I would never attempt a shot that far; I'm just not that good. However, Howard Hill could shoot the eye out of a gnat at twice that distance so I imagine he would laugh if he was told he had to keep his shots much shorter in order to be ethical. Another example of just bad information was the accepted answer for the difference between a recurve and a longbow. That answer was that the limbs of a recurve are shorter than the limbs on a longbow. Wrong!!! The people writing this material had obviously never seen a Ruth target recurve or a Comanche horse bow. No mention was ever made of the bowstring touching the limbs on the former style and not on the latter.

The time it took me to complete this course was probably around 5

hours and that time was spread out over a week or so. If you are an experienced bowhunter, you can skim the majority of the material and still do well enough on the quizzes to pass them. Overall, I am glad I took the class because I now have the certification in case I ever hunt in a place where it is required. For the novice bowhunter, though, I certainly do not recommend taking the online version of this course. There is just too much ambiguous, misleading, and bad information given out with no one to ask, "Hey, are sure this is correct?" If you are a beginner, then I would strongly recommend that you take this class with a real teacher who has some real experience. But, if you are a grizzled veteran just needing to be certified, then this is the way to go!

Deer Don't Fly

Harry Mauchenheimer

PEOPLE ALWAYS ASK, how is deer season going? I can tell you, the same as always.

As the seasons pass, many seasons, the bow becomes harder to pull, it becomes harder to hold on target.

The arrows do not find the center consistently. The thought of what should be done is avoided.

Then one day a possible solution. A used bow for sale. Everything needed in a good bow is there, and this one will be easier to pull.

Two weeks of calls, questions,

anticipation, finally schedules work and the purchase is made.

It pulls good, shoots good, the groups on the target are once again small..Now I can lean around a tree and make the shot. Now I can walk through the woods and again make the difficult shots.

Everything has come together. Now I must practice, be ready, if I find a squirrel, deer, turkey, quail, duck any game with fur or feathers. So I practice, a bird flushing left then right then high, low everywhere.

These targets are really fun. A

new challenge. Ariel targets, every day, all day. Day by day every day improving.

Finally I'm ready. This is the day. Up early, out the door. At the best spot.

What a disappointment, now I find out,....deer don't fly! ■

Harry Mauchenheimer



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IT'S BEEN AWHILE SINCE I've written for THE UNITED BOW-HUNTER. The LORD willing, by the time you read this, I will have experienced 67 autumns. Forty-two or forty-three of them as a bow-hunter. Over that time period I've learned a lot of lessons---most of them the hard way! Some people call it "trial and error", but in my case it was "trial and error, error, error"...you get my drift. That is not to say I've never tasted success. I have enough deer hides, antlers, turkey fans, and small game items sitting around the house; back quivers, possible bags, knife sheaths, and armguards made from the hides of deer I have killed to attest to some lessons learned.

This year, due to my age and a knee that the doctors deem needs replaced, my wife gave the ultimate ultimatum. "No more hunting out of trees! All hunting MUST be done from the ground!" Well--turn back the clock! I started bow-hunting back in '76 on the ground--then rapidly moved to Baker Tree Stands, followed by names like LOC-ON-LEM, Timber Lock, and assorted homemade stands. Then after the '95 bow season I went back to strictly hunting from the ground, when my then 18-year old son said: "Dad it's getting too easy hunting out of tree stands." Twelve years later when the 4-point rule began producing eye popping results in northeast Missouri, we went back to the trees. Now some 11 years later I was OFFICIALLY GROUND-ED FOR LIFE by the boss!

For the last several years I had enjoyed some success and yearly opportunities at spring long beards with my 25 year old Black Widow longbow--"Ole Faithful", from pop-up blinds. Every fall I would try hunting deer a couple of times from pop-ups but could never get a shot! Now I had to learn how to successfully hunt deer from a pop-up blind. I read and watched all the information I could find on how



"Ole Faithful"--the old man--and the 10 Point

to hunt deer out of pop-up blinds. Two things kept being emphasized--putting the blind up early to let the deer become acclimated to it, and brushing it in.

After the 2017 bow season, I had left my trail cameras pointed at perennial scrape sites and licking branches. I left them out all this year and did not move them. I had read where some experts claimed that deer used these sites all year long. I considered it nothing more than a whitetail myth--having run across more than one such myth over forty odd years. I was shocked as photo after photo showed deer

of both sexes and all age groups throughout the entire year interacting with the licking branches! They were smelling, licking, nuzzling, or rubbing them with their faces. Deer very seldom passed by without at least scent checking the licking branch. Lesson learned--perennial scrape sites are not just active during the rut. Maybe instead of avoiding these areas until the rut phases, I should hunt them in the early season.

All summer I practiced shooting "Ole Faithful" from a small swivel chair. Sometimes I practiced from the confines of a pop-up blind and other times without--although always with the correct cant of "Ole Faithful" as though the blind walls were mere inches away from the limb tips.

I had two pop-ups that I took out the first weekend of August and brushed them in 10-15 yards from two perennial scrapes. I purchased a third blind to use on a daily basis to keep up with the changing patterns in the whitetail world. I did prepare some predetermined site locations in August, around previous tree stand locations. This would allow me to quickly enter and set-up my blind each day with a minimum of disturbance. I hoped I had learned my lessons well.

The spring and summer long drought ended Saturday, August 24th. From then until September 7th, Kirksville received 9.95" of rain. The initial plan of hunting water sources was scrapped. Grass and

forbs began growing like spring-time. Brown pastures turned green and farmers were no longer feeding hay to their cattle. Whatever acorns that had been produced began dropping. The weather was hot and humid, and as a result deer movement was lethargic. I was afraid that all my plans and preparations were of no avail--it was too hot and humid.

I hunted the opening morning of bow season--nothing. Then I hunted Tuesday morning the 18th. I saw a doe and fawn at 11:30, but it was just too hot and muggy. I felt like I was just leaving scent throughout the woods, creating problems for the future. I stayed out of the woods a couple of days, simply practicing with "Ole Faithful" each day.

Now it was the afternoon of Friday, September 21st. The summer heat wave had finally broken. At 3:15 pm the temperature was only 68 degrees. I decided it was time for an evening hunt. I chose to sit in my Blackout 300 blind which I had put up overlooking a scrape in August.

The wind was out of the WNW at 10 mph with gusts up to 14 mph. I hoped that would keep it cooler, and it also would make any of my movements in the blind less noticeable. I made my way slowly down the logging trail (LT). 200 yards out from my blind site, I began my drag with Tink's Doe P. At 50 yards, I freshened it and hung it 15" off the ground, just 11 yards from my blind. It was half way between the trail cam and the scrape. This was close quarters, and in my research the general consensus was that I

was set up way too close for success. However, I was deep into the woods, and it was sooo thick. Even at the edge of a LT my vision was highly limited. To the NW I could see about 30 yards, SW 20 yards, South 10 yards, and East nothing.

My trail cam was 11 yards SW of me, and the scrape 14 yards slightly NW of my blind window. From the waist up I was dressed in black, even a black face net covered my glasses and white beard. I had an arrow nocked on the string and



The brushed in blind

"Ole Faithful" lay across my lap. That too was a lesson learned many years ago. It takes a lot less movement to raise a bow from your lap to a canted shooting position, than reaching out away from a tree to take it off a limb or tree step.

The constant wind kept the leaves moving and it was a sloooow afternoon. At 5:00 I bleated a couple of times--nothing. A couple of times I thought I heard deer walking off to the NW, but I could see nothing.

Still it was a comfortable and enjoyable evening in the woods. At 5:40 I heard a deer snort somewhere off to the East of me. I didn't think too much about it. Even in a tree stand in this spot deer often snort, but it doesn't seem to affect their movement. Being cloudy, it would get dark earlier tonight. I sat there in anticipation. At 6:40 I could hear more walking to the WNW, but I could see nothing through the foliage.

At 7:05 HE was standing there beside my trail cam. You know how it is. I was looking right there for the two millionth time and suddenly--POOF--there he was! His light colored rack was wider than his ears and reached to his nose, he was either an 8 or 9 pt. Immediately I knew I would shoot him on the last day of the season OR the first day of the season. I don't claim to be an expert on deer aging, but I knew if I had my way, he would not get a day older! He walked directly behind my trail cam--avoiding having his photo taken--HMMN--I wonder how many times that happens? He stepped out from behind the trail cam tree--now he was broadside. He was 12 yards away, but he never paid attention to the blind. He was now where he could catch a whiff of the scent wick and the licking branch-- he stopped--looking in that direction. The red and white fletched larch arrow, tipped with a Grizzly Bruin broadhead was already streaking toward his chest. Lesson learned from long ago--don't debate--don't think--flip the switch to go and let the subconscious mind do what it does best! "CHUNK"--he spins and leaps. At the first jump I hear

the arrow break against the first tree. In my mind's eye, I see him run East toward the LT and he immediately disappears from my sight. Instinctively I nock another arrow, and lay "Ole Faithful" across my lap. Another lesson from long ago. I sit there for a few moments soaking in the totality of the moment--the sight--sounds--replaying everything over in my mind. Then I retrieve my cell phone from its' deerskin case to text my wife to let her know I will be a little late getting home--preserving her sanity, AND my ability to hunt! However, for some reason the text will not send. I look up from the lighted screen--and there HE stands... my buck...almost in the exact spot where I shot him--just headed in the opposite direction. "Ole Faithful" comes up, and the string starts back to its' anchor. WHISTLES and RED FLAGS start going off in my head--DON'T SHOOT!!! IT'S NOT MY BUCK!!! This buck's rack is narrower, but more massive, and it is mahogany colored. WHEW--close call.

This buck also ignores my blind. He stuck his nose to the ground and smelled where my buck stood when I shot. After a few seconds, he slowly walked off to the SW with his nose to the ground as though he was trailing something. Within 5 or 6 yards the brush swallows him up from my sight. WOW--nothing all afternoon--then within 5 minutes two shooter bucks stand within 12 yards of my pop-up blind--WOW--it just doesn't get any better than that! I quietly gathered up my gear and exited the blind. I went to where my buck was standing, and found the back 10" of my arrow. There wasn't any blood on it, but there is a thumb sized drop of bright red blood about a foot from where it lay. I stuck the broken

piece of arrow in the ground--a lesson learned from eons ago--marking the location of the blood. It is darkening fast now, and I pull my flashlight out to assist in the blood search. I walked East out into the LT searching for blood. Not finding any I move East across it about 10 yards into the woods. I shined my light around hoping to get a reflection off white belly hair--nothing. I back out quietly and head out to wait for morning. A lesson from the past--better to back out and wait for morning than to push a "dead" deer. Besides, it was going to be cooler tonight, so there wouldn't be much danger of spoilage. Better to let the broadhead and 15" of arrow still in the deer to finish its' work!

Daylight found my son, Chad and I back at the spot looking at the broken arrow. His eyes are 25 years younger than mine, and he is a good tracker--which is now important! The blood spot on the ground has dried, and the iron-wood leaves are starting to turn--having dark spots that imitate drops of dried blood. I showed him where he ran East and crossed the LT and entered the woods on the other side. We searched and searched, but could not find a single drop of blood. We grid searched, we followed out deer trails, ridges, ditch bottoms. We searched blackberry and multiflora rose thickets, we looked in brush piles. Two hours later we had not found a single clue. I was frustrated, tired, and that knee was screaming...I was lower than a snake's belly. What had seemed a "sure thing", now seemed a "total failure". If you've bowhunted very long, you know exactly what I was experiencing! I told Chad that maybe he had circled back to the NW where I felt certain he had come from--but before we searched that direction--my knee

needed a rest. We had made it back to the LT and he suggested that we go back to the blind, and I sit down and replay the shot while he stood where the buck had stood.

I had left my chair in the blind overnight, sitting in the exact spot it had been when I shot. As soon as I sat down and looked out the window, I realized how terribly wrong I had been. The buck could not have run east across the LT. I could not see the LT at that point because of all the brush against the blind! I told Chad the buck had to go SW--the direction the other buck had taken with his nose to the ground. Then the fog lifted--the second buck was trailing my buck--DUH....Within 3 yards Chad said: "I got blood--lot's of dried blood!" Ten minutes later, after unraveling a dried spotty blood trail--Chad said: "Dad there's your buck.--he's a 10 point instead of an 8 pt." He had only traveled about 80 yards and was dead before I tried to text my wife. He just ran SW, instead of East. What I thought had been the LT the night before was simply a small opening in the brush on the West side of the LT. He had NEVER gone East! In 10 minutes, I went from the LOWEST OF LOWS to the HIGHEST OF HIGHS. As I laid "Ole Faithful" down across the 10 points chest for photos, I was kicking myself for making such a rookie mistake. I had forgotten a VERY IMPORTANT lesson. ALWAYS--I repeat--ALWAYS--go back and replay the shot from the EACT SPOT--maybe even take a second shot with a judo tipped arrow if necessary. In the excitement of the moment our eyes and our minds can--and often will--play tricks on us! Hopefully, you will learn this very important lesson from my forgetfulness...LESSON LEARNED (?) ■

IHAVE ALWAYS LOOKED UP TO my dad as a hunter. I am a hunting reflection of him in so many ways. He is a legend in my eyes, and I will never measure up to his hunting adventures and accomplishments. So with this said, I had the opportunity to spend an entire week with him in southern Indiana, hunting public land. I could not pass up this opportunity because we have lived in different states for almost 20 years, and it is a rare treat to actually hunt together.

My work week ended on a Sunday night in mid-October, and I drove 7 hours to National Forest land in southern Indiana. I slept for 3.5 hours and started walking through the woods at first light, while my dad went another direction (this is a story for another article). I had never hunted this particular piece of land before, so I was searching for bottlenecks and fresh sign in the increasing light. The Indiana woods are unique in that they have very tall tree trunks with very few low branches. I enjoy the challenge of learning new spots, but my normal Missouri routine changed in this situation. In my more established hunting locations around Missouri, I have specific trees where I will go before shooting light, hang a stand in the dark, and then hunt all day before taking the stand down after shooting light. I usually utilize the mobile treestand philosophy of staying on the move from day to day (I do not keep hunting the same spot day after day), so I increase my chances of encountering an undisturbed

deer at ten yards with my recurve. Since I was in a new spot, my strategy had to be different because I did not know the deer patterns and the landscape. I hiked multiple miles, and finally found a spot with fresh tracks in the leaves, a few small rubs, and a bit of a bottleneck in the terrain. This national forest land was not high in deer density, so I worked hard to find this much sign. I put up my rope steps and placed my hang-on treestand. I



Dad and me starting our hunt

was settled by 12 noon. I saw multiple deer that afternoon, and a young deer got within 20 yards, but no ten yard broadside shot presented itself. I left the stand up, and used my compass and GPS to walk back to camp. Dad and I prepared our separate meals, and headed to bed in our separate sleeping locations (I sleep in my vehicle, while he was in a tent). It was so good to share a camp with my dad under the stars and to listen to the water

moving by in a nearby creek.

This Indiana hunting opportunity was extremely special to me. I was born and lived the first nine years of my life about 30 miles from where I was hunting that week. Furthermore, I was getting to hunt, for the first time, the very land where my dad harvested his first bow-killed deer 40 years before. Since I idolize my dad as a deer hunter, this was a sacred week for me. I really wanted to get a deer for him. Wouldn't that be a cool story if I would shoot a deer 40 years later in the same woods?

Early the next morning, I headed to the stand where I had hunted the day before. Yes, a GPS was helpful to find this location, but a compass, confidence, and experience comes in handy too. I climbed up in my treestand and enjoyed an amazing morning hunt with no deer sightings. What a spectacular place to "have" to spend time!

I relish spending long hours sitting quietly in the woods. I relish the preparation to even have the opportunity to be in the woods. I relish the journey into the wilderness to spend time with the deer, owls, squirrels, etc. After 12 noon, I took down my treestand and hiked to an interesting spot that I found on a topo map. At this spot, I found a ridgetop with two scrapes and some old rubs. It was a narrow spot that afforded ten yards shots. I was ready to go by 2 pm and sat until dark. No deer sightings.



The Indiana forest we hunted in

Wednesday morning brought me back to the stand I utilized the afternoon and evening before. A doe and her yearling got within 3 and 5 yards respectively. The beautiful doe stood there, just where I wanted her to be, but she was looking right up at me. Eventually, I slow-drew on her and got the shot off, but I made a bad shot. In terms of hunting, is there anything more frustrating than making a bad shot after all the hard work, all the preparation, all the patience, and all the dedication? Obviously, the next hours were frustrating on many levels. I did not execute on the opportunity, and now I was searching for a deer, instead of harvesting a deer with a good shot or continuing to hunt. I did not recover that doe. I feel sick during these situations (actually, I feel sick about these things months and months after it happens). Hours later I swallowed my pride and gave up the search for that doe. I headed to camp for lunch, and to get ready for a rare evening hunt together with my dad.

My dad had found a ridgetop with lots of fresh sign (tracks,

rubs, poop), so we headed there together. I drug his hang-on stand and climbing sticks in a sled, plus carried my own stuff. As my dad is approaching 70 years of age, his hunting behavior is changing. He is not going nearly as far into the woods as in years past. He accepts my help to carry or drag his supplies. Things are changing, and it just makes sense. He is amazing that he is even hunting as hard as he does. I am always honored to walk in the woods with my dad, each of us with our 45 pound recurves.

We were only 40 yards apart for the short Wednesday evening hunt. We did not see any deer, but we returned to the same spot the next morning. A small and alert



Helping Dad get settled in

6-pointer got within 15 yards of me, but was downwind so he did not stay around long. A couple hours later, a spike buck walked by at ten yards, but he showed up so quickly and at the wrong angle, I was unable to get situated for a shot before he was out of range.

At mid-day, my dad and I separated again. I walked west and dad headed south. It was fun to be close in the woods to hunt, but both of us are independent hunters, so it was good to venture off in our own directions. I hiked and hiked to find fresh sign, and there just was not much, so I settled for a ridgetop with a perpendicular ridge joining it. Beautiful spot, but no deer sightings.

Friday morning brought rain, a good soaking rain. I hunted the same spot as the evening before, with no deer sightings. It was a long, wet hike up and down the steep hills of southern Indiana back to camp.

It was now mid-day on Friday, and I was scheduled to head back to my home sweet home of Missouri early Saturday morning. Dad had wanted to try to go to the exact spot where he harvested his first bow kill 40 years ago, and so we spent Friday afternoon trying to accomplish that feat together. The rain persisted. We were unsuccessful in finding the exact location, but we were close, and it was a wonderful time walking through the wet woods with my hunting hero in that sacred spot. There is always so much to learn, and so much to observe.

So what are the takeaways from the week? #1 Happy endings do not always consist of a 15 point buck and a traditional bow laying on top of it for a picture. Real life hunting situations are usually many hours of no deer sightings or messing up opportunities. Wisdom can be gained from these realities. #2 Appreciation for anyone who guides us through the knowledge and growth of the hunting process

is important. I am grateful for my dad and everything he has taught me about hunting. #3 I could have stayed in Missouri to hunt, but new experiences and opportunities only enhance my hunting and outdoor learning, and by not hunting my Missouri deer for a week, they will be less pressured, so ten yard shots at calm, undisturbed deer could be reality (evidenced by a perfect ten yard shot at a 7-point buck two days later in northwest Missouri).

In conclusion, I did not stand with my recurve and experience the wonderful feel of brown fur of a harvested Indiana deer as my dad looked on. Life definitely does not produce those kind of sacred and speechless moments very often. But, I did venture into an unknown wilderness and challenged myself against the white-tailed deer with my traditional bow. I am a better person from this experience. Can we ask for anything more with our hunting? ■

Retirement..... Yeah I'm Adjusting!

Tim Donnelly

MARCH 14, 2018 WAS THE LAST day I pulled into the parking lot at work! Thirty years in one place was enough. Although the years went faster than I expected and overall I enjoyed the work and my work compadre's, I was ready to go! The party went fine and an hour later I walked out the door a free man. I am no longer relevant! I'm no longer a functional part of society! And I love it!



Tim Donnelly and his wide racked 8-pointer

The spring was filled with golf [a weeklong trip to Arkansas], unsuccessful turkey hunting, and successful fishing. The time in the woods with my son and grandson is always special. Summer was spent playing more golf [the wife says there is a trend here], shooting my bow, attending various 3-D shoots, and our UBM Rendezvous at Don's place [Panther Creek]. Some of you may have noticed my son [Jamie] was one of the winners of the long shot contest and my grandson [Jayden] won the youth division in a shoot off with a deserving young lady. All I did was provide the camper and walk around with my chest stuck out!

Finally fall arrived! As bow hunters, it is the time that we all dream about as we sit in the dentist office and wait for our name to be called. When Cheryl [my wife] says "you aren't listening" it's usually because my mind is picturing the next state record whitetail approaching my stand and picturing myself at full draw, rock steady and in perfect shooting form..... It could happen!

In my daydreaming I was having a little trouble adjusting to the thought that I could hunt Monday thru Friday. In my planning, I often found myself still thinking in the time table of Saturday and Sunday hunting. It seemed very foreign to think that I could go Monday thru Friday [without taking vacation] if I so desired. But I adjust quickly! So on October 26th [a Wednesday!] I found myself in the tree stand overlooking a small deserted pond. This mud hole of a pond is [maybe] 25 yards across and 35 yards long. It has long been forgotten by the farmer and serves no purpose to livestock.

If you don't count the deer, coyotes, raccoons, turkeys, squirrels or any other thirsty critter that comes along, this watering hole has no function. This woody oasis, no more than two or three feet deep, the dam of which is lined with brush and cedar trees, is perfect for a low level [8-10 ft.] stand. Just across the closest corner of the dam [18 yards away] is oak brush with low hanging branches that the deer think are perfect for scraping and licking. They have used these for years. This is a tricky setup to get into without being detected, hutable with only a north wind! You can get by with a northeast or northwest but it must have more north wind in it than east or west! You must be quiet as well [we rake a path through the leaves weeks in advance] as deer can be bedded within the oak brush a hundred yards or less from the stand. This stand has an "A1" rating on the "Donnelly scale" of tree stands! Due credit goes to Jamie for putting this stand in place. Dad is a little more cautious/conservative and has thought for years that we would be pushing the envelope to try and get that close to the bedding area. But the aggressiveness of youth is sometimes justified so two years ago we set this stand in place. Last year we sat it a few times [we try not to overuse it] and Jamie missed a P&Y nine-pointer from it. Wednesday, October 26th was the first time I sat it this season! I slipped in quietly at 2:45 pm, temperature was in the 50's and the sun was in and out of the clouds. The afternoon was full of activity. At 3:10 pm I saw my first deer; a little "knothead". He hung around the scrapes for a minute or two stretching his neck out to smell but never really getting in them. Uhm I thought, a "button" all alone maybe momma is out looking for

love! An hour later I saw another horizontal line in the brush and before long I had two 18 month old bucks [spikes] within sight. Over the next 15-20 minutes they were in and out of the scrapes/licking branches and browsing around for acorns. Then the woods became quiet again. I watched as a couple of birds [junco's, I think] flew in and landed on thick blades of grass that bobbed up and down [from their weight] into the water. One seemed to stand guard as the other bathed. It was kinda like stepping in and out of the bathtub and not caring how much mess you made. It was a splendid show! Then it was a fox squirrel's turn to quench his thirst at the fountain of life. It made me ponder the importance of Mother Nature's life giving water.

No sound, just movement, caught my attention at the far end of the pond, my eyes darted instinctively that direction and froze on one of the most beautiful bucks I think I have ever seen! His stride was confident, as if he owned the place, right into the water he went, all four feet several inches submerged, lowered his head [facing straight at me] and started filling the tank. The view looking down on that "crown" of a rack was truthfully breathtaking! This was a mature buck. Sure of himself and his surroundings, if he wasn't the "bull of the woods" he knew him personally! The rack was wide, tall, dark and heavy. He wasn't in his absolute prime years but he was close. The predator in my mind whispered "kill this buck". My grip firmed on the riser as my fingers found the bow string; my eyes locked onto his shoulder as he raised his head and started my way. The normal procedure for deer at that end of the pond is to come around the bank to the scrapes, but he didn't follow the norm. Head

erect and stride purposeful he stayed in the water, three or four feet from the bank, he didn't seem to care about the sloshing water as he walked the entire length of the pond and hit the bank a few steps shy of the scrapes. My bow was up and my draw two thirds finished as I "squirrel squeaked" at him. He took one more relaxed step, my fingers hit anchor. His head was turning to me as my eyes found the crease, mid-body, back pulling and my yellow feathers were in his side!

His death run was hard and fast, as they always are, and I heard him crash! Before I could get down from the stand I had a deer blowing

from the sound of the crash site. The wind was steady and in my favor. I knew it wasn't him and I knew I wasn't being smelled. Past experience told me it was likely one of the lesser deer that I had seen trying to figure out why this "bully" was down and why he had behaved in such a radical manner. My single bevel Grizzly broadhead had done its work. The trail was easy and at the end of it I found a magnificent animal. Many bow hunters say they pause and reflect at the end of a successful blood trail. I will admit to you that I haven't always, for myriad reasons. But this time it was as natural as a smile. I had just

taken the life of a beautiful, mature creature whose instincts on most days could run circles around mine, but on this day I had met him on his grounds, straight up, with what history tells us is one of the oldest weapons known to man, a stick and a string, and I was the victor! There was most surely a reason to give pause and reflection. If you have never experienced such a moment I hope that you someday will.

As far as retirement goes I am adjusting quite well. I can hunt any day of the season now and I have come to the realization that every day is.....well, Saturday! ■

Limbs

Ethan Grotheer

WELL, I FIND MYSELF ON THIS fine evening at the intersection between accepting total defeat or that "keep pushing" moment from the football movie, *Courageous*, about this bow season. You see, I actually procrastinated about writing anything for this newsletter until now in hopes that I would be able to write a harrowing tale of pulling off the shot of a lifetime on a massively antlered late-season buck at the first half of the 9th inning, but, alas, all I can claim to have harvested here of late with a bow is pithy, camouflaged, down-right scoundrel... Limbs (And, saplings. Don't forget those!).

For example, just last night I found myself positioned over a ridgeline that I had not hunted since a week before firearm season on a hunch that, given the perfect winds and my long-time absence in the area, that it would prove to be a productive night. My intuition proved correct as a fairly nice, heavy racked 9-point materialized from the clear cut before me thirty

minutes before dark. Unfortunately, his path was leading him on the very outskirts of my preferred range this late in the season, but I felt confident that my abilities were up to snuff as the buck entered through the only window of opportunity I had. I want to say that I had nerves of steel and executed a textbook shot, but the reality was that I just plain let loose before I was even settled into it and watched in dismay as my arrow skipped beneath his belly and smacked right into, you guessed it, a fallen limb.

I defeatedly hung my bow and proceeded to text all my buddies about the 200^{er} that I just barely missed while stalking and crawling on my hands and knees to within 15 yards of when I realized that the buck, bless his heart, had actually been less affected by the intrusion of my skipping arrow than I would have figured and started walking slightly my way yet again. So then, I nocked another arrow and gave a few soft grunts with my mouth and he slowly shifted his direction of

path more towards me again. I was quickly preparing for an incredibly close shot when the poor deer, bless his heart, decided to veer back away from me yet again. It seemed to me that his demeanor and body language was really quite relaxed for a deer that had already been shot at, so I decided to give it another go at the last shooting lane he was going to walk through. I managed to mouth a very soft "meh" to get him to stop and proceeded to mentally reprimand myself about making this one count (Oddly enough, my mental coach sounded a lot like Mr. T). This time, my shot broke the way a good shot does, and, while appreciating the mystical flight of the arrow and having this entire article of redemption prewritten in the semi-final draft from, I watched in astonishment as my arrow was about to hit money when I heard the loudest pop I've ever heard in the woods and watched my fletchings do acrobatics over the back of that buck. I probably don't need to tell you at this point that the buck, bless his heart, didn't return this

time, and, you guessed it, I struck wood again in the form of a 1" diameter sapling that had conveniently grown 3 feet in front of the crease of that buck's shoulder...

I know you are all thinking at this point: "This guy needs to learn to shoot and start paying better attention to his shot window opportunities!". But the sad truth is that I can make any of those shots on even the worst of days on the backyard range, and, my eye-doctor says I have 20-20 vision with these contact lenses in (Though, his Ford Astro office didn't allow for much distance during my exam.)!

I could go on to recount the hen turkey that was saved by, you guessed it, a limb back in October, or I could tell you about the 135"

public land bruiser that caught my buddies 150 grain Hornady two weeks after he escaped my clutches because of an unforeseen, dead limb through the grove of cedars that I was hunting (Oh, but I got to do the European mount on him. That was a fun reminder!) I could even tell you about the beginning of this season when I found myself shooting my own self-built long-bow better than I've shot a stickbow in years only to have, you guessed it, my LIMB de-laminate under the hot Wyoming sun during my last antelope hunt, but we won't go there either.

Suffice to say, I've decided to start my own tree-trimming business out of spite, petitioned the President about an Anti-Arbor Day, and, call me crazy, but crocheting blankets

is starting to sound like a more sensible and cost-effective hobby at this point. Then again, no one has ever called me sensible, logical, handsome, smart, or... Ok, anyhow, I'll probably be back out tomorrow night hoping to get another chance at that 200" buck. And, if I do happen to snag another trophy limb, I'll probably just mount it to a nice plaque and place it over my living room TV as reminder that I have enough shoulder mounts to do this season as it is and don't really have time to do one of my own anyhow.

Anyway, I hope you all have had a fantastic bow season this year, and that your arrows fly true for the remainder of this season.

Just watch out for those limbs! ■



An infestation of Arrowus Deflectus. Where is the Roundup when you need it?

Saturday Night Keynote Speaker: Fred Eichler

FRED IS THE HOST OF Easton's Bowhunting T.V. and is the owner and operator of Full Draw Outfitters in southern Colorado. He has taken all 29 species of North American big game with a recurve bow. Fred is humble, personable, and very entertaining. Be sure to get your banquet tickets early!!

Seminars (Friday and Saturday)

Friday night: Dennis Harper President of Compton Traditional Bowhunters will be speaking about the Compton Traditional Bowhunters Archives Program and its recent rule changes.

Saturday morning 10:30am:

From The Designer



HELLO AGAIN HUBM READERS! My how time flies! The holidays have snuck up on me once again and I'm currently laying out this

newsletter, making cookies for relatives, putting the final touches on my parent's gift, and dealing with the wonderful post office for those things I need to send out.

As you've probably guessed from reading my previous columns, I don't have a whole lot of new things going on, seeing as I'm a homebody who's in a long-term relationship with my couch and Netflix. I can say that my design business is taking off nicely. My internet sales have increased dramatically and I'm now making enough money from redbubble.com and other such sites to cover the cost of my Adobe Creative Cloud subscription, so yay breaking even!

"Photo Tips from a Pro" with professional photographer Ryan Newberry. Ryan is a freelance photographer and films for Heartland Bowhunter.

Saturday afternoon 1:30 pm:

Kevyn Wiskirchen the state deer biologist for the Missouri Department of Conservation will be speaking about several long-term



Keynote Speaker Fred Eichler

deer studies that are taking place in different parts of the state. ■

Elise Haverstick

Work has been going well. There's a steady stream of work to do and I still have time to make some new tv show prints in that week between when our magazine ends and starts. I recently made one for "The Good Place" that is selling really well, so it's nice that my "Last Podcast on the Left" design has some competition.

My office is getting some fresh faces as well. Both of our editors are retiring and we just finished the replacement process. The in-house editor started in early December and is actually younger than me, so I think that brings the average age of the office down to like 40 now. The other editor is an occasional columnist for the magazine and will be working remotely from Chicago. The in-house editor seems like a good guy and is taking to the job well, so the transition should go smoothly.

We've also, finally, made the

switch to the graphic design software platform, InDesign, so we're now joining the 21st century and leaving our outdated platform, Quark, behind. The transition process was a minor pain in the butt since I had to remake all the templates and reconfigure the text styles but now that that chore has been sorted out it has been smooth sailing.

That's all for me! I will see you at the Festival, assuming the weather cooperates. I will be donating a batch of cookies to the silent auction, as well as a custom pet portrait, so if those interest you don't forget to bid! Brian and JoAnn Peterson were quite happy with the portrait I did for them of their new dog, Charlie. Also, consider donating something to the auction yourself should the spirit move you. The more the merrier! ■

Happy hunting, Elise Haverstick

Consider Donating to the 2019 UBm Festival Auctions

Dear Friends of Bowhunting, The United Bowhunters of Missouri are once again preparing for our annual Festival held on February 8th-10th, 2019. This will be an exciting event that will be held at the Oasis Convention Center, Springfield, MO.

Our guest keynote speaker on Saturday Night will be Fred Eichler of Easton Bowhunting & Full Draw Outfitters.

Friday & Saturday will also have seminars relating to bowhunting and conservation.

The United Bowhunters of Missouri continues to promote Archery

throughout the state and to inspire new young bowhunters to carry on the Missouri Heritage. UBM also donates man/women service hours at the Missouri School for the Deaf & MDC Outdoor Skills Camp and Shriners Hand Camp. In addition, UBM has been able to donate money to various organizations in the state of Missouri

(NASP, Conservation Federation, and Missouri Dept. of Conservation Share the Harvest Program).

However, we cannot maintain our continued commitment to support and upgrade the sport of bowhunting and foster the spirit of

sportsmanship without the support of individuals like you!

If you plan to attend the Festival, you can bring your donations with you for the Live & Silent Auctions or send the items to Joel Davis's address listed below:

10621 S Alley Jackson Rd.
Grain Valley, MO 64029

You can also contact Joel by email or phone at jcdavis28@hotmail.com or 816-522-4260.

Sincerely,
United Bowhunters of Missouri ■

P.E.T.A Kitchen (People Eating Tasty Animals)

Brian Peterson

A seasonal installment of perennial favorites from the kitchen of Brian Peterson.

World's Easiest Venison Chili

(For a larger batch, simply double all ingredients)

Ingredients:

- 1 lb Ground Venison
- ¼ Cup Chili Powder
- 1 tsp Salt
- 1 tsp Black Pepper
- ¼ tsp Cayenne Pepper (More or Less to Taste)
- 1 tsp Ground Cumin
- 1 tsp Garlic Powder
- 1 tsp Onion Powder
- 2-15oz Cans Petite Diced Tomatoes
- 1-15oz Can Black Beans (or Substitute Favorite Type of Bean)
- 1-15oz Can Whole Kernel Corn (Optional)

Instructions:

- In a cast iron Dutch oven, over medium heat, brown ground venison in a little olive oil. If you have suet added to your ground venison, you may want to drain the browned meat.
- Add all spices to browned meat, stir to coat. "Toast" for a minute or so to enhance the flavor profiles.
- Add canned tomatoes, beans and corn (hint: I add all the juices from each can which yields a perfect thick, hearty chili. If you prefer to drain the cans or you like your chili a little soupier, you may need to add some water to attain the desired consistency).
- Simmer covered for an hour or so to meld all the flavors—chili's always better the next day, if you can resist the temptation. Feel free to modify ingredients to taste!
- Serve with oyster crackers and plenty of shredded sharp cheddar cheese and your favorite dark beer.

Persimmon Cupcakes

Ozark persimmons are a temperamental creature and some say an acquired taste. Lore has it that most persimmons ripen after the first hard frost in the fall and only ripe fruit falls from the tree (although we have one tree that produces sweet fruit early and can be picked straight from the low hanging branches). Unripe fruit has a distinct, bitter pucker factor and a single unripe fruit can ruin a batch of mash. I always “taste” just a bit of each fruit before it goes in the harvest bucket.

Persimmons also have huge, annoying seeds. To mash the fruits, I use a Foley mill and process one or two fruits at a time, removing the seeds and caps between batches and scrape the mash from the bottom of the sieve. It takes a bit of time, but these tasty cakes are worth the effort!

Ingredients:

- 1¼ Cup Flour
- 3/8 Cup White Sugar
- ¼ Cup Unsalted Butter, Softened
- ½ Cup Buttermilk
- 1 Cup Ozark Persimmon Mash
- ½ Cup Chopped Dates
- 2 Eggs, Separated
- 1 tsp Baking Soda
- ½ tsp Vanilla
- 1/8 tsp cinnamon
- Pinch Salt
- ½ Cup Chopped Pecans or Walnuts if desired

Instructions:

- Divide Eggs, beat whites with 1Tbs of the sugar to soft peaks. Set aside.
- Cream butter and sugar.
- Add vanilla, baking soda, cinnamon, persimmon mash, buttermilk, egg yolks and salt to creamed butter mixture and blend.
- Gradually add flour, careful not to overmix.
- Fold in egg whites with spatula.
- Add chopped nuts (optional).
- Fill cupcake liners about 2/3 full. Makes about 12 cupcakes.
- Bake at 350 degrees until tester comes out clean, about 20 minutes. They will be dark and moist. The cupcakes will also fall during cooling—this is normal but don't worry, that's what they make icing for!
- When cool, frost with Cream Cheese Icing. Best served chilled.

Cream Cheese Frosting

Ingredients:

- 4 Ounces Cream Cheese
- ½ Stick Unsalted Butter, Firm, but not Cold
- ¼ tsp Salt
- 1¾ Cups Powdered Sugar
- ¼ tsp Vanilla

Instructions:

- Combine butter, salt, and cream cheese in mixer and beat on medium speed 2-3 minutes. Add sugar until just incorporated. Do not over-mix. It should be thick but not fluffy. Add vanilla and spread or pipe generously onto cooled cupcakes. This recipe will frost approximately 12 cupcakes. ■

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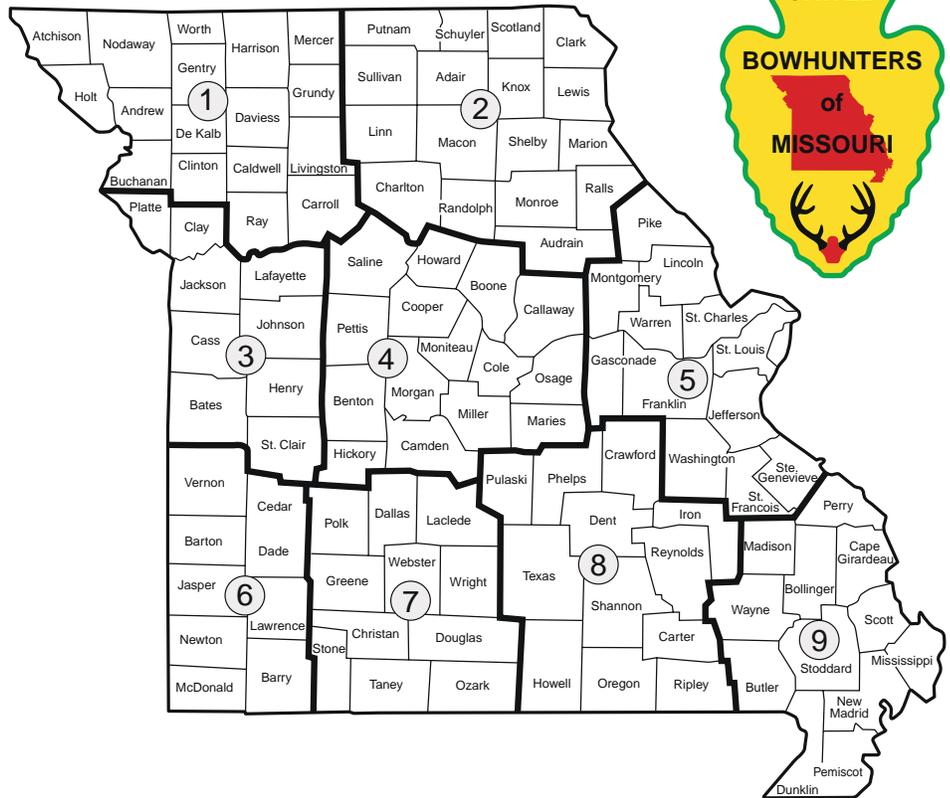
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Save the Date!

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**Keynote Address by Fred Eichler
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