



# THE UNITED Spring 2019 B BOWHUNTER

Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



# The Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri

Spring 2019

## Calendar of Events

### April

15<sup>th</sup> - Opening of Missouri Spring turkey season  
17<sup>th</sup> - Opening of Kansas Spring turkey season

### May

5<sup>th</sup> - Closing of Missouri Spring turkey season  
25<sup>th</sup> - Opening of Missouri squirrel season  
31<sup>st</sup> - Closing of Kansas Spring turkey season

### June

13<sup>th</sup>-16<sup>th</sup> - Compton Traditional Bowhunters Rendezvous  
28<sup>th</sup>-30<sup>th</sup> - UBM Rendezvous

Please feel free to contact the editor of the *United Bowhunter* to place a FREE classified ad in this publication. Please, no commercial or retail ads.

**Check out - [www.unitedbowhunters.com](http://www.unitedbowhunters.com)**

### Advertisements:

|                        |          |                  |         |
|------------------------|----------|------------------|---------|
| Full page inside cover | \$140.00 | ½ page           | \$90.00 |
| Full page              | \$130.00 | ⅓ page           | \$70.00 |
| ⅔ page (back cover)    | \$125.00 | ¼ page           | \$50.00 |
| ⅓ page                 | \$110.00 | Less than ¼ page | \$30.00 |

Discount for commitment of 4 issues. No advertising will be accepted that promotes anti hunting or animal rights issues or anything derogatory to archery or bowhunting. The editor reserves final right of approval for inclusion in publication. Prepayment is required.

### Submission Guidelines

Newsletter submissions must be done using a word processing program like Microsoft Word and must be submitted in an electronic format. Typed and handwritten hard copies will no longer be accepted. All effort will be made to use any submission sent but preference will be given to submissions that have photos accompanying them.

Submit all photos and stories to: Darren Haverstick, Editor  
*The United Bowhunter*, 10276 N FR 183 Fair Grove, MO 65648  
or you can email: Dchaverstick@gmail.com Cell phone: (417) 693-5304

|                     |       |  |
|---------------------|-------|--|
| President           | ----- | Jim Pyles                                      |
| Vice President      | ----- | Ethan Grotheer                                 |
| Executive Secretary | ----- | Brenda Hudson                                  |
| Membership          | ----- | Brenda Hudson                                  |
| Graphic Designer    | ----- | Elise Haverstick<br>Elise.Haverstick@gmail.com |
| Editor              | ----- | Darren Haverstick<br>dchaverstick@gmail.com    |
| Webmaster           | ----- | Darren Haverstick<br>dchaverstick@gmail.com    |

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  
10276 N FR 183  
Fair Grove, MO 65648

Opinions expressed, or materials used in this publication, are not necessarily endorsed by: the Board of Directors, officers, membership of the United Bowhunters of Missouri or the editor of The United Bowhunter magazine. Advertisements for merchandise or services are not necessarily endorsed or approved by the Board of Directors, officers, membership of the United Bowhunters of Missouri or the editor of The United Bowhunter Magazine.

### — On the Cover —

May apple blossoms:  
a sure sign of spring

deadlines for submitting copy and pictures to The United Bowhunter

**Mar. 10th, June 10th, Sept. 10th, Dec. 10th**



**WELL, I MISSED THE DEAD LINE** but in my defense, we have had massive problems here at home and in the business. Good thing is

the bandages are off my hand again and the healing continues.

I personally think that the Festival went very well. We were absolutely loaded with silent and live auction items. Our seminar and keynote speakers were excellent as usual. Fred Eichler and his family were a pleasure to be around and to listen to his stories was awesome. He and Michelle generously donated between \$800 and \$1000 worth of merchandise to the auctions. I

am not sure exactly how much we made but I feel we did very well.

Again, we are asking for volunteers for our upcoming camps. Deaf Camp has been moved to July and the Shriner's Hand Camp is still in September. I know from previous camps that we usually are well covered, but we can always use the help and it is a great personal experience also.

Here is hoping all of you that chase turkey have a prosperous season and, as always, please hunt safe and ethically. ■



3097 State Hwy EK Cedar Creek, MO 65621-7340 (417) 351-1135  
b.peterson@ccwtaxidermy.com email www.ccwtaxidermy.com



Mike Yancey Bowyer  
**PINE HOLLOW LONGBOWS INC**  
Primitive Archery Supplies  
www.pinehollowlongbows.com  
3020 Pine Hollow Road • Van Buren, AR 72956  
479-474-3800



**Like us on  
facebook**

<https://www.facebook.com/unitedbowhuntersofmissouri>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/unitedbowhuntersofmo/>

Be on the lookout for our new website coming this summer!



**Traditional Bowhunter® Magazine**

Leading the way for over 25 years!

Longbow • Recurve • Self Bow Hunting stories • Interviews How-to Articles • Print and Digital versions available

1 year \$25 • 2 years \$44 • 3 years \$63\* • 6 issues per year  
\*Receive a FREE Traditional Bowhunter decal with any 3 year subscription or renewal.

P O Box 519, Eagle, ID 83616 • toll-free 1-888-828-4882  
email: [subscriptions@tradbow.com](mailto:subscriptions@tradbow.com) • [www.tradbowl.com](http://www.tradbowl.com)

**T**AKing A BULL MOOSE with a bow has been a dream of mine for a long time. I had tried 15 years ago but didn't ever see a moose. As I said, I wanted to do it but never hooked up with anyone who shared my dream. Attending archery shoots is something I do, as did an acquaintance named Roger LaGrange. I knew Roger was an avid traditional archer, but one day our casual conversation turned to moose. It seemed that Roger and I shared the same dream of taking a moose with a bow and arrow. At that point we set about planning a hunt.

We booked an outfitting service in Ontario and this past September we were on our way. Roger and I both live in Kansas. Roger hails from Berryton and I live at Hays where



Another shot of the bull

I manage the water treatment plant. The drive would take us to Ontario and required 20 hours

behind the wheel. Once we arrived the next leg of the trip would be by float plane. We had chosen a drop camp requiring us to bring our own food and personal gear. We were provided with a "Bushnell Spot Device" which would allow us one way communication with our outfitter.

Our ride to camp was an experience via a wonderful ride in a De Havilland Beaver floatplane. Beavers are powered by Pratt Whitney Engines that deliver almost unreal power and are a pleasure to hunt from because gear weight is not an issue.

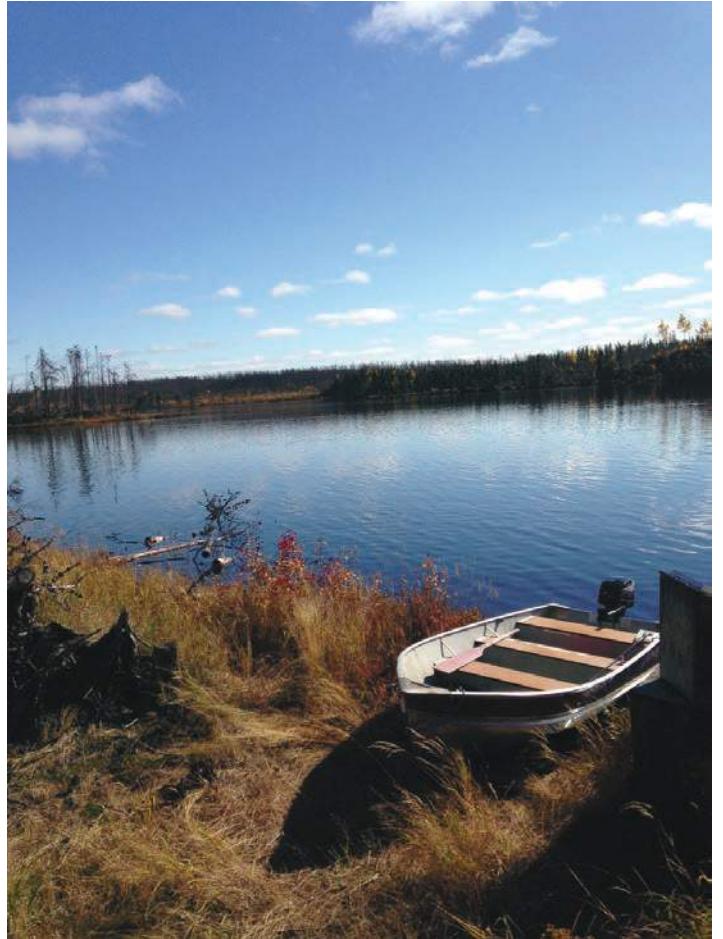
Once we were dropped at camp we were on our own. We would be hunting the Pipestone River system that we could maneuver by the boat, motor and virtually unlimited supply of gas we were provided with. We could hunt for miles



Beaver plane



Area I went into the morning of the 30th



Boat used at moose camp

on the river. Our only limitation would be that we stay between rapids above and below us.

While we brought food with us we ate mostly potatoes we would slice and fry and an endless supply of Walleye which were plentiful in the river. It would be tough but I knew I could take it.

On the eventful morning, I awoke early and decided I would get out without breakfast, although I did grab an apple! It was a clear, cool morning with fog hanging over the lake. I was not sure where to go as I had not really discovered any good fresh sign and had not seen or heard a moose as of yet. This was the third day out, I guess we had seen a moose; we had a cow swim by our camp taking what appeared to be an afternoon dip. It seemed the cow was enjoying getting away from the bugs and the heat. The old cow swam a long way before



Bull as far as we could get it out of the lake

leaving the water. She had stood directly across from camp for the longest time and didn't move until we fired up the outboard. Both

Roger and I had only bull tags so we just enjoyed the show, at least there was a moose in the area.

This country was a burn area



Fruits of our labor



Our camp for 10 days

about eight years old. Because a powerful straight line wind came through and blew the trees cross ways it was next to impossible to get around for scouting in the timber without putting your life and limb in danger.

I had discovered a small river running into the main river, and decided I would go back there that morning. I planned to just do some calling and see what the day would bring. If the moose didn't cooperate some fishing would surely yield a few of those tasty walleyes. Once I got the boat to point along the bank I could get to land easily. At that point I set off for an overlook on this smaller river, eating blue berries as I wondered along.

I soon realized the wind was wrong for me to spend much time at this location so I started back for the boat. Now, as I mentioned, this



Happy hunter!

is a slow process picking your way through the tangle of downed trees but it was better here than any place I had found thus the decision to

return that morning, do you believe in fate!

While on top of this big rock not far from the boat I thought I

heard something, "Wait!" I said to myself, and sure enough I heard a bull grunt! I cow called and received an immediate response from the bull. I called again, I could hear sticks breaking. The bull was across the lake about 600yds and did not think he would get to me but when I called again, he grunted. "Better get off this rock", I said to myself. It was time to get down into some cover and set up.

Soon he appeared on the far bank. I looked at him through my binoculars. I thought to myself, "He is a good bull" (any bull is a good bull to me). I did not really think he would swim across the river, but here he came. I was astonished; I have never called anything let alone a bull moose with so little effort. I had a million things go through my mind with the realization this might just happen. I kept calling, he keeps grunting the whole way across the river once on my side he shook himself off and began looking.

I turned my head away from him and called. At once he entered the timber where I was hoping to get a shot. I had time to utter a small



Rack with longbow the killer



Moose dead in the lake

prayer for the usual, "Please, let me be calm, make the arrow fly true with a clean miss or a clean kill". He was in the timber with me but farther than I would like. I honestly do not know the distance; I know it was beyond thirty yards, which is a long shot for me.

When he stopped I had a clear path for my arrow, I took the shot. The hit looked good. The moose headed toward the lake, stopped and immediately coughed. I was

thinking I hit him good but doubt still lingered, he stood for a bit and took a couple more steps and went down in the water. It was over! Remember that prayer? It does not apply to what happens after the shot because I was running back and forth as to what now!

After collecting myself I took a quick look at my moose and got into the boat to find my hunting partner. Roger proved to be an immense asset as he had waders! Once I located him the work began which honestly Roger did more than his share.

I had taken the shot about nine o'clock that morning and we hung the last of the meat to cool about five-thirty that evening. We sent a text to our outfitter which flew in to take our meat to the cooler the next morning. In closing I'm so humbled and grateful for this animal,

Thank You Lord! ■

Roger used a sixty inch, sixty-one pound Centaur Longbow with 250 grain Wensel Heads and Beeman arrows. Roger obtained export tags and brought the meat home to be processed.

I DON'T REMEMBER FOR SURE the very first time I met Jerry and Bettie Pierce, but I know it was at a United Bowhunters of Missouri event. Jerry and Bettie were great supporters of bowhunting and champion for all who would stand and be counted for the cause.

Jerry had a talent for making bows that were among the most beautiful I have ever seen. Besides their beauty, what made them so sought after was the fact that you couldn't just walk up and buy one. He either gave you a bow he had made specifically for you because he believed you deserved one because of your involvement with bowhunting, or if you were lucky you might win one he had donated to a club for their fundraiser.

I will never forget when he would bring a bow to donate he would always have it in a bow sock Bettie had made and say "hey I brought you one of those old home-made bows for the auction if you think anyone would want it" as he handed it over with a grin.. They were always one of a kind works of art and the highlight of any auction.

Bettie would always bring an afghan that she had crocheted that was just as much a work of art as Jerry's Bows. They would both say that they couldn't do what we did, meaning to run an organization, but donating bows and afghans was their way of helping, and help they did!



Close ups of the bow



Shooting the Choctaw

I don't think I ever saw a Choctaw sell at auction for less than \$2500.00 and Bettie's afghans would always bring \$250 to \$500 depending on the event and most sold for much more. I know he made over 200 bows and while he did give some away, most were sold or raffled making their contribution to bowhunting staggering, not many people can say they have helped raise that much money to support bowhunting.

Like many of the people we look up to, Jerry left us far too soon. In 1999 when I heard of his sudden passing I knew we had not only lost a great friend, but a great leader. Yeah he acted like he didn't do anything but make bows, but he was much more than that. He was a rock in the stream of bowhunting that many organization leaders would look to for advice.

His son Lenny and I had been talking about a way to keep his memory alive and a friend of his had won the second to the last bow Jerry ever made and had it stored in a gun safe in Mississippi. Since he shot a longbow he really didn't have any use for a recurve, no matter how beautiful. We worked out a deal to use it as a traveling memorial to Jerry with the promise it would return to our auction in Missouri each year to be auctioned off again. I was lucky enough to get to hunt with it that first year which unfortunately ended up being the only year we got to have the bow.

That was a magical year, I didn't get to hunt as much as I wanted, but somehow managed to take a cow elk in Montana and two whitetails in Missouri. I don't blame the guy who owned it for being nervous about having it out of his house because they were valued at around five thousand dollars at the time. So it went back to Mississippi and I told him that if he ever decided



Choctaw bow given to Glenn St Charles by Jerry Pierce in the Archery Hall of Fame



Dennis & Nathan Andersohn with two Missouri deer in 2001



Dennis & Tom Dickerson with a Montana Elk in 2001



November 2017 Missouri Buck

to sell it that would at least like to have an opportunity to buy it, and he promised he would let me know.

Fast forward Sixteen years Lenny called and said his friend was ready to sell the bow, and after a little negotiating and luck on my part I was able to bring the bow back to Missouri.

When I got the bow it was obvious it hadn't been shot since I hunted with it back in 2001. I believe I was the first person to shoot it then and so it just felt like a long-lost friend had returned. I immediately started shooting it. While I had a brand new Black Widow recurve my wife had bought for my 50<sup>th</sup> birthday I had to hunt with the Choctaw in Jerry's memory.

Like the old song about frosty the snowman goes there must have been a little magic left in that "old home-made bow" because I was able to fill both of my archery tags with bucks, which is something I hadn't done in several years.

I couldn't help but feel Jerry was looking over my shoulder and helping to guide me and my arrows that season. I will always remember the 2017 season and the time I got to spend in some of my favorite places remembering my friend Jerry.

Jerry loved to hunt squirrels with his bow and I've heard more than once that he would take his limit of 6 with six shots. Heck I'm lucky to get one with six shots. I do have a replica of one of his squirrel arrows on a plaque in my den, and for now The Choctaw has a place on the wall next to the arrow. But I do plan to take the Choctaw back to the woods and spend a little time chasing squirrels and remembering Jerry from time to time.

I hope we all have someone who can take one of our bows hunting and keep our memory alive long after we're gone. ■



December 2017 Missouri Buck

**H**ISTORY SHOWS THAT the American Indians used the scales of the alligator gar for hunting tips for their arrows. A friend of mine had sent me a few scales he obtained from a fishing trip in Texas. I read up on them and found the how to's of attaching them to an arrow shaft. The alligator gar scale is not the normal scale you find on most all fresh water fishes. They are made of enamel like our own teeth. The scales on the sides and back are pointed like an arrowhead and they are naturally sharp. One edge is smooth and the other is serrated like a steak knife but both are very sharp to the touch.

I used a Dremel tool to grind the base of the scale to have notches to tie them onto the arrow shaft like I do my regular flint tipped arrows I normally build. As for the arrow shaft I chose to use bamboo, which some call "Natures Carbon Arrow". With a lot of filing and sanding I got the shaft notched enough to have the tip fit snuggly. I used pine tar pitch to "glue" the tip into the slot. While the pitch was still soft, I adjusted the tip to spin straight on the shaft with no wobble to provide straight arrow flight. Once cooled I used real deer sinew for hafting the tip to the shaft. For the opposite end, I made a self nock and for added strength added a few wraps of sinew. The feathers I used for the fletching were Missouri wild turkey wing feathers that I had trimmed and tied on with some silk thread. To finish the arrow I put on a lite coat of Spar Urethane which helps make it weather proof.

At the 2019 UBM Festival, we had our very first arrow building contest where I entered this arrow. There was some pretty stiff competition from other UBM members. At the Saturday night banquet they announced the winner and to my amazement they called out my name. I was presented a nice walnut plaque to hang in my Man Cave, which is now proudly hung for



all to see. Next year at the Festival I'll have to come up with an even better arrow build. Put on your thinking caps guys and enter your own for next year's competition. ■

Bill Stewart  
Blue Springs, Missouri



**O**NCE UPON A TIME (CIRCA 1990), in a land far, far away (Hannibal, MO 3D shoot), a friend of mine purchased a Black Widow recurve from legendary bowyer, Ken Beck. After my friend's shoulder issue and better understanding of eye dominance, he switched to a left handed bow and I became the proud owner of a 60 pound Black Widow. She was a "greybark beauty" who put the fun back into archery for me after years of shooting a compound bow. Over the next twenty five plus years, this old recurve served me well chasing critters in Missouri as well as several other states and provinces.

Several years ago at a UBM banquet, I had the pleasure of eating breakfast with Ken Beck, Duane Carroll and several other fellow bowhunters. During our conversation, I explained to Ken that I was having trouble with the old recurve he sold my friend years ago. Ken, being the nice guy he is, listened intently to my complaint. For reasons unknown to me, the old Widow would somehow start putting on poundage when exposed to cold temperatures for extended periods of time. In fact, after being held in a cold deer stand for a few hours, I could barely draw the bow to anchor due to this increased poundage phenomenon. With a twinkle in his eye, Ken explained that taking the bow inside where it was warm would probably make it easier to pull back. It was then that I visited the boys in Nixa, MO to see how many pounds they

could take off the old bow. I was told the guys could probably reduce the draw weight by five pounds, and possibly a little more. I instructed them to take off all they could get.

After a brief period, my 60 pound bow was returned to me with a draw weight of 53 pounds and the refinish job was absolutely gorgeous. I could not have been any more pleased with my "brand new" bow.



2018 Missouri buck

My 2016 Missouri archery season went well until on one particular hunt, during which I "slapped" my newly refinished bow against the climbing stick on one of many trips up the tree. I know, a guy should always pull his bow up with a rope, but old habits are hard to break. It started out as a little blemish, a 'character mark' if you will. Before long, my "blemish" was getting ugly and I had a Wyoming elk tag in my pocket and a need to shoot lots of practice arrows. Another trip to Nixa was in order, where I showed

the limb to one of the Black Widow boys. After patching the limb to the best of their ability, I was instructed to "shoot the heck out of it" and keep an eye on it. If the nick in the limb got worse, I was assured they would get me a set of limbs to elk hunt with. Can't beat that for customer service, so practice I did.

After a good number of successful archery elk hunts in Wyoming in the past, it became harder to obtain a non-resident tag. It had

been fifteen years since I had hunted Wyoming, so I went back to the areas we had successfully hunted years ago. Arriving three or four days before the season opener, I spent two and a half days covering lots of ground. During those two and a half days, I saw zero elk and zero deer. The only fresh sign I found was from the motorcycles being used all over the National Forest. To make matters worse, I encountered two different cars driving the logging roads with crossguns "cocked and loaded" two days before the season opened.

After two and a half days, I finally bumped four or five cow elk. From that point it was as if someone had handed me a "map to the bulls", as I jumped six or seven bulls from their beds in a stretch of about a mile. I had found some elk, but things can change quickly on public forests. Nonetheless, camp was prepared and opening morning found us playing peek-a-boo with a small five point who apparently liked our cow calls. No shot pre-

sented itself and eventually the bull decided to go elsewhere.

Midday we returned to camp for lunch. I couldn't resist wandering around with a judo point and taking advantage of the soft golden stumps from huge pines of days gone by. It was during my stump shooting wanderings that I jumped a dandy bull from his bed. He stopped, well out of range, to let me get a look at his towering rack. I decided to hunt on alone and after a few soft cow calls I heard a branch break. At sixty yards and closing was a nice bull. The wind was good and I took one step downhill to prepare for the shot. It was then I spotted the spike bull getting ready to cross below me. I looked back for the big bull but he was now headed away from me. I thought about calling to him, but knew the spike would nail me if I did.

Now the question was, should a guy shoot a spike bull elk with a recurve on the first day of the hunt? My mind raced as I weighed the options.... I wanted to fish the "Miracle Mile" while I was in Wyoming. I also wanted to call for my buddy, who had never taken an elk before. I had plenty of time to hunt and like everyone would love to kill a huge bull. I have eaten elk tag stew in the past and I do like elk meat. As my mind raced, the spike began his stroll twenty yards downhill. I had to make up my mind quickly.....

As the string slipped from my fingers, the limbs of my patched up Widow recurve sent the shaft across the opening and I knew the work was about to begin. The spike stumbled about forty yards and went down. With darkness coming soon, I hurried to skin, bone out and fill meat sacks my mom had sewn for me some thirty plus years ago. Thank heaven for flashlights



The "Blemish"



A little rest break during elk hunting

and a good GPS. The next day was spent getting the elk off the mountain and to the locker.

The next week and a half was spent calling for my buddy. We saw enough elk to keep it interesting, and called in five or six bulls. Unfortunately, we were never able to seal the deal. We did take a few days off to rest up and do some trout fishing. The hot springs in Saratoga, Wyoming are a must, after chasing elk through the mountains. The water is extremely hot and you come out without a pain in your body.

While soaking in the hot tub, I visited with a couple young guys from Kansas. They were trout fishing with little success, so I suggested a couple places to try on the North Platte River and coached them as best I could. Somehow, I ended up with an invitation to turkey hunt on their farm in Kan-

sas. Having turkey hunted many years in Missouri, I had heard great things about Kansas turkey hunting, so was excited to head out come spring with blinds, decoys and patched up recurve in hand.

After a tour of the farm and explanation of the boundaries, I went ahead and set up my blind and decoys. Kansas allows two birds to be taken in the same day, and you can hunt all day. That evening, it sounded like Missouri in the "Glory" days. After flying up to roost, I heard five or six birds gobble to the east, and that many more to the south. Nothing really close, but hopefully close enough. The next morning, I had an old bird answer the slate call, then strut to the jake decoy. As he pushed against the decoy, he pirouetted the decoy three times before the old recurve with the patched limb sent a snuffer through the boiler room. One back

flip and a couple flops and it was “lights out” for the big tom. Having seen birds stomp and peck a dead bird many times in the past, I left the bird where he expired. About thirty minutes later, a second gobbler sounded off to my yelps and clucks. His jake buddy beat him to the decoy, but when the strutter showed up, he was mere steps from me, with only the camo material between us. When he stepped in front of the blind, the broadhead zipped through the netting of the blind and found its mark. It was as if the “repeat” button had been hit, as the old bird did a backflip, flopped and lay still next to the first gobbler. Now there is no “brag” in this article, just the facts as they happened. I have hunted turkeys for more years than I care to remember and I realize how special (and rare) it is to take a spring turkey with a bow, so I’m still pinching myself to see if it really happened twice in thirty minutes. I spent the next day helping the farmer attach barbed wire to the steel posts he had already set. Yes, I will be returning to Kansas this year if my old bow holds together and doesn’t delaminate. Remember that limb issue. I’m still shooting it.

The 2018 Missouri archery season was great. A good many deer were seen and a couple of does were put in the freezer in December. While one buck tag was used during the firearms season, I still had a buck tag in my pocket come Christmas time. I will not get on the soapbox about crossguns in the archery season. As long as I get to hunt the way I want to hunt and it doesn’t affect my season, I’ll reluctantly keep my mouth shut. Unfortunately, my season did change with the inclusion of crossguns as that’s when MDC decided only two bucks could be taken per year. Call me a



Wyoming elk

game hog, but now that I’m retired and have the time to hunt, the bag limit changes.....

So it’s Thanksgiving when the inevitable happens. While shooting in my living room (If you shoot arrows in your living room, you might be a redneck), the one and a half year old “blemish” on my Widow limb takes a turn for the worse. I now have a two inch “spike” of wood and fiberglass laminate that has broken away from the rest of the limb. To make matters worse, I have seen a mature whitetail buck on three occasions and have started having nightmares of my limb snapping when I finally get a crack at said buck.

Twas the day after Christmas when I in my stand, have a chance at the big boy with damaged bow in hand. I draw back my bow, pray the limb doesn’t “BREAK”, but the arrow flies true and we’re eating deer steak.

Guess I’ve pushed my luck about as far as I can with this old bow. It’s like a good wife: The new models are looking fine, but I’m kind of partial to the one I’ve had all these



My Kansas gobbler double

years. I’ll be headed back to Nixa to see about adding new limbs to this old riser. They’ve treated me well over the years. The only question now is, do I drop a little more in poundage so this old guy can keep chasing critters for a few years longer? ■

And they lived happily ever after.

**A**NYONE ELSE CATCHING HEAT about not having deer sausage or venison steaks in the freezer? Is your family starting to question or doubt your pictures, stories and abilities? Have your hunting trips been referred to as "a walk about"? Do your buddies ask if you have names for the deer that they believe are your pets? Have you been accused of spending too much time taking photos or watching deer when you could be releasing an arrow? People wonder when someone claims to be a hunter, but doesn't serve deer sausage, steaks or jerky at various get-togethers.

How much equipment does it take for a walk about? With so many tags (archery, bonus, landowners and managed hunts), it would be ok to shoot just any deer.

Ok! I got it. No sleeping in. Give up a couple late night campfires. No sleeping in the stand even though you wear a safety harness. Stop reading hunting magazines while on stand. Pay attention in the blind and quit dozing off. Leave the camera in the backpack. Go earlier, stay later. You got flashlights! Missing a couple of those

great meals at the end of the day won't hurt you. Focus more on shooting than watching. Quit

calling the four point that frequents the yard, "the lawn ornament". Stop talking to the does that eat



the wife's flowers. You don't need to continue watching their blank expressions when talking to them. Give up the idea of putting a pop up blind on the patio or sitting in between the shrubs at the front of the house. Stay in the current blinds and tree stands. Trail cameras prove they are in the proper place.

All right! After this painstaking examination of my hunting techniques supporting my failure to provide venison, I agree to a change in my approach.

OOPS! Now what? While moving one of my game cameras, I slipped in the muddy wet leaves, causing me to twist my leg while attempting a double backward flip, landing on my back, causing a brief

unplanned slide down the hillside. I continue to relive a slow motion visual of the eloquent performance ending with a sudden flop on the ground. When the pain let up and I regained my senses, I thought, "I think I can stand up and things will be okay". I was able to pull myself up, using a small tree where I stood for a short time. With my confidence restored, I took a step forward. That's when my left leg collapsed, giving me a second chance at improving my double backward flip score. Nothing improved. The only good thing about the second fall was I landed closer to the quad runner. Have you ever had to lay on your belly on a quad runner, using your left hand to reach the shifting lever while steering and

working the throttle with your right? Don't laugh, that's what got me back to the house.

Long story short. I suffered a complete rupture of the quadricep on my left leg.

Another long story short. After surgery, I have a full leg brace on from my ankle to the top of my leg allowing the tendon to reattach itself to the knee.

So much for the 2018 deer season. We will again have a full pot of tag soup this year.

There will be a new approach for hunting during the 2019 season. The pressure is on! If I don't produce this season, I might be shamed or encouraged to look into a new hobby. Stay tuned and we'll see how this works out. ■

## From The Designer



**HELLO AGAIN UBM READERS!** Spring has finally sprung and I couldn't be happier! I'm quite tired of the cold and I would like to leave for work without scraping frost off my car. Since the last newsletter I haven't done a whole lot besides work, binge watching tv, and general side projects.

I lead an exciting life for sure.

One new thing in my life is entering the Pin-Up community. My stage name is Hannah Belle Ectere (because I had to make a Hannibal Lecter pun). I've

competed in two contests in the past few months and made it to the top five in a fairy tale themed one. I was Edward Scissorhands because it was inevitable (he's literally on my arm), and princesses aren't my vibe. I will say buying a buckled corset makes your Amazon suggestions weird/NSFW, so that's not awkward at all.



Pin Up Edward Scissorhands, and yes I made many a bush trimming joke as a result of my prop.

If you browse my Facebook/Instagram it's pretty obvious I have an affinity towards the 50's vintage look and I figured why not make use of my closet full of poofy dresses and t-strap heels and make some friends in the process.

I fall into the rockabilly/alternative type of pin up since a) I have tattoo sleeves and b) the rotating door of rainbow hair put me squarely out of the traditional realm. It seems to work out fine and makes me stand out in a crowd.

So far, I've joined the local pin up group and have several Missouri based events to go to if I feel like taking a weekend trip to St. Louis. Now that it's no longer annoyingly cold I can drive to these things safely, and don't have to risk frostbite. Seriously, the pin up look requires exposed skin and it was always about 10 degrees when the event rolled around. Needless to say, I looked really odd with sweatpants and combat boots under a red floral dress and matching petticoat.

Other than that, I don't know a whole lot. I've gotten tickets for me and a friend to go see one of my favorite podcasts live and have several Alamo movie parties to attend in the next few months.

I hope that your spring is off to a good start and that the turkeys cooperate with you. I know I'm looking forward to the fruit of Dad's hunting and the fixings that go with it. ■

Happy hunting, Elise Haverstick

**I WAS KIND OF GETTING WORRIED.**

For all of last week, I had only seen the doe and yearling a couple of times, and nothing to take a shot at. I had not seen the lone buck, nor lone doe that I had watched earlier at all. On Thursday morning I didn't get up to hunt until 7:30 (guess that is no great surprise, I only manage that about one day a week). I decided to stay in and have coffee and toast. I then observed the doe and yearling walking down the road at 7:40 am. Yup, walking right towards the ground blind near the road then continued past my stand close to the house. I grumbled and finished breakfast. That evening I went out and still saw nothing, except the woodpeckers, squirrels, and nuthatches. The next morning, I forced myself to get up early (yes, it was 5:40) and went out and sat in the ground blind near the road till 9:00 am, and then came in. At 9:30 Cheryl pointed out to me that the doe and yearling were walking down the middle of the road, and into the woods, past my stand near the house, and down into the hollow to the west. That same night, I saw a lone buck with one antler about 14" long trying to get amorous with a doe. Both were yards to the west of me near the bottom of the hollow. Or maybe the one horned buck may have been a unicorn. Could be. But each and every deer was well out of range all week.

I continued to hunt each day that last week, including Sunday in the evenings, but saw nothing. Each day the woods were quiet, or only somewhat windy. No rest for me; for the horde of squirrels were arguing and running around doing their deer imitations. The place is noisy as the woodpeckers (all 50 of them) are continually having noisy turf battles, as well as their constant flitting about, flashing their underbellies, imitating deer tails.

I had decided to pass on the doe if the duo came back as she might have been bred and might be carrying a little one. It seemed there was a shortage of deer all of a sudden and this might help the herd. Furthermore, this last week was gun season, and there had been a fair amount of shooting around. I feared the gun hunters may have greatly thinned out the herd.

So the day before Thanksgiving, it was a balmy 62 degrees. I did some chores around the place in a tee-shirt, ran some errands on the motorcycle and got ready for the evening sit on the stand. I was sweating in the Scentlock coat and pants, even though I had but a tee-shirt under the jacket.

I was sitting there, trying to figure out the deer pattern, or lack thereof. I recalled that the news, as well as other hunters at church had stated this year was the biggest acorn crop in many years. They also noted that the deer had no regular patterns that fall, nor trails, as they were not lacking for food nor water. This fall had been slightly above normal for rainfall.

I was groaning and grumbling to myself about not seeing any deer since last Saturday morning. I was feeling sorry for myself, but I am not one to pray for a deer, or to be blessed in a special way for hunting. But I was complaining all the same. The woodpeckers had been flashing; the squirrels had been romping through the leaves doing their deer imitations. I heard another apparent squirrel, but it sounded like a man dragging his feet in the leaves. I looked and saw a deer approaching from about 50 yards doing its man imitation. It was now about 5:00 pm and I knew it would be totally dark by 5:35. I reached over, got the recurve, and tried to position myself for a long motionless sit. It was the doe and as she continued, and I heard the bleat of a younger one. Then I saw the yearling coming also. I complained to myself about the difficulty of taking a shot when two were present but felt I would make the shot on the yearling if I got a chance. The shot would be 20 yards or less since I was hunting with my recurve. Then I heard the "maah" of the bleat again, but it sounded further away. I spotted a third deer, and finally a fourth deer. I sat quietly as the first doe wanted to walk right under me, and out to my 10-yard marker. She was very curious, but she was uneasy about the scent pot in between her and the trail. She also noticed my fat, camouflaged, leafy lump up in the tree. She did the head bob, stomp the foot, look away and back, and all the rest of the routines which deer use to identify threatening conditions. The other four also followed her movements and watched me off and on. They were alert, ears up, attentive, but no flags, no purging of the nose. The bleat sounded again as I saw the fifth deer wander into the area. Finally, the bleating stopped as the sixth deer arrived on the scene. I had all six within less than 30 yards, several of them at 20. There was always one of them watching me at all times. (a little voice in my head, (it might have been God) said, 'bet you kind of feel like the Israelites, after they complained of having only manna, and then they had quail up past their armpits, heh, heh") The deer managed to stay just behind my right shoulder, or off to my right side. Thus, I could not even think

of taking a shot without standing and turning. I knew I should have stood up when I first saw the first doe. They cut back and passed within 10 yards of me, but to my rear, and then towards the main road. I still could not stand, for when I did; one of them would then stomp, etc. When I could see that 5 of them had passed, and the last one presented a quartering away shot at 20 yards, I slowly raised up. Before I could even pull the string back, he jumped behind a bush and sprinted out to 30 yards. I then watched half of them head north to the ground blind by the road and three of them head south past my stand which was near to the house. It was now 5:30.

I wondered why my trail camera had not taken a picture of the one, or if she had been close enough to be sensed by the activating beam. I waited until it was good and dark (another 10 minutes to let them

clear out, and for my hand to uncramp. I crawled down from the stand and walked towards the camera, but still no flash. Darn, must be dead batteries! I walked up to the tree where the camera was strapped and reached to shut it off. Then, FLASH, yup, it still works, but I can't see a thing. It was a full five minutes later before I could wander back up to the house and try to explain to Cheryl why I stayed out later than normal.

But now I knew several things for sure: God had not forgotten me. There were lots of deer in the woods. One deer at a time is best. Be careful what you wish for.

It is so typical of our human nature to complain when there is no real problem. Most of the time it is just that events aren't moving according to our timetable, or we only think we need more stuff, or more comfort. To be accepting of the place and conditions where I

am at is a sure sign of wisdom. No, it is not to settle for less, but to not demand from God. To realize much of what I experience is there for me to grow and stretch. Much of what happens is not a result to things I have done or said, but just occur due to people or conditions around me. Some of my experiences are a direct result of my poor decisions or wise choices.

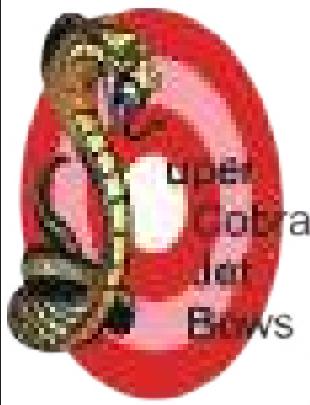
All in all, most of the time, everything is and will be okay. I just need to accept, learn, and grow. Most often our desires are the cause of our discontent, not our needs. ■



**Mike Dunnaway**  
► Bowyer & Arrowsmith  
  
4420 Linn Road  
Perry, Kansas  
66073  
  
785•597•2290

## Super Cobra Jet Bows

Cuztom Recurve and Long Bows



"Smooth,  
fast moving  
and on the  
mark."

We are a family owned and operated business since 1992. What started out as a hobby building bows for family, friends and neighbors soon transitioned into a business when others found out about our quality and wanted a bow of their own. We strive to build the best quality bow at a reasonable price and we hope you have half as much fun shooting them as we do building them!

Thanks,  
Dean Hogue and family

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

## The UBM Apparel Store

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



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

### O NE COULD EASILY SAY THAT, “IT WAS MEANT TO BE”.

About 35 years ago, Ken Decker, originally from Salem, MO was at our front door to say hello, as we had visited his church the day before, and that tiny doorbell resonated a long and lasting friendship. We had family visiting that night from where else ???Salem, MO. Was it by “coincidence” that my wife Cathy, as a child, had also lived in Salem?

The conversation soon turned to God’s Great Outdoors, and Ken stated that although he was a successful firearms deer hunter, he really wanted to become a bowhunter. I made eye contact with Les Conway, my visiting Salemite brother-in-law that I got into bowhunting during the early 60’s, and we both had grins on our faces. Was this a God thing or what?

Ken had been bass fishing small impoundments and farm ponds in NE Missouri for years, but did his deer hunting in Dent and Texas County. Even though I had enjoyed annual bowhunting success, I was itching to leave the Ted Shanks Area to get up into Knox and Scotland Counties to hunt unpressured deer. Ken had several contacts in that region due to his bass fishing.

Ken was easily coachable and caught on to archery quickly. He transferred into archery talent some of his incredible firearms abilities to head-shoot every squirrel whose image wound up in his bolt action .22 scope. He was equally accurate on whitetails with his loud barking aught-six!

Ken required major heart bypass surgery in 1985, several days after we had completed a long drag-out of his delicious Scotland County 100-pound button buck. The November rains had turned the bean fields into muck and the fescue edges were the long, but not wrong way around, from the deer recovery site to the vehicle. Although five years Ken’s junior, I remember being the one



needing to stop for breaks....and unbeknownst, he was the one needing by-pass surgery. Post-surgery found Ken doing work-outs and walking 3 miles at least 5 days a week. I would love to have a \$25 bill for every time Ken has awakened me at 4 a.m. in a camper/hunt shack/cabin/motel, completing his 30-40 push-ups routine. I always assured him that sometime that day I would try to jump to conclusions at least three times. Even after other cardiac problems; back and neck surgeries; shoulder problems; and

other maladies, Ken never gave any thought of retiring his conventional compound and using a crossbow.

Before Ken retired from Benjamin Moore Paints as a longtime highly regarded employee, he was the head of their Tint Division. Many years before that, I discovered that Ken was color-blind and most definitely could not distinguish the color red! The one thing I could not teach him was to blood trail despite the many opportunities he provided me.

As on many past occasions, on Friday evening, Nov. 10, 2017, Ken needed help to follow up a shot. However, the evening before and out of the same tree, Ken dropped a chunky button buck in its tracks and needed no assistance whatsoever. This evening, Ken was later than normal getting back to camp, and I suspected he had a story to tell.

While checking several trail cameras midday on that Friday, I was made aware of an unfamiliar buck that came onto the farm from the east that had a big gash on his rib cage from what appeared to be a souvenir from another buck. This trailcam was no closer than a half mile from Ken’s favorite stand, “Ole Faithful”, but due south. The magnificent buck captured by the camera was west bound. Odds were favorable that one of our group might lay eyes on him during the next day, the opening of firearms season. I intended to show the group this photo when others arrived that night. Most of our group bowhunt during firearms season, and the others are meat hunters.

Ken was down on himself, as he felt like he had missed a buck that was chasing a young doe in

the cedars. Ken first thought the doe was a coyote due to limited visibility and size. He stayed at full draw, staring through the peep, until the buck magically moved and stood in the only opening in the cedars. He waited for the ethical downrange shot, with no obstructions. Ken paid “no-never-mind” to the rack or body size, just the vision through the peep at full draw. The buck bucked and tore out in an instant! Darkness set in with Ken still up 16 feet in Ole Faithful. He later found no evidence of a hit. He surmised he overshot the deer and the cedars might conceal the shaft until good daylight.

After learning all the details, I dug out good trailing lights and was prepared to take up the trail when two more sets of much younger eyes made it to camp. Within a half-hour, son-in-law Dwight, Grandson Bret, Ken and I looked like we were ready to go on a snipe hunt! We had more candlepower than the 82 candles on Ken's recent birthday cake!

With Ken back up in his hang-on stand, we slowly searched from 20 yards on for an undershot shaft. We kept working to where Ken felt like the buck was standing. Just a little further out, Dwight saw first blood. Trailing was not easy and there wasn't much blood.....until I found the fletched end of the shaft. Then I relaxed, but did not set off any fireworks. The toilet paper trail Bret had established as we progressed, was exactly what I was hoping for.... a straight line as far as I could see up the hill to the rear. I could feel

the energy when I stupidly proclaimed, “Guys.....no more than 50 yards!! With that, somehow, Bret was no longer at the rear and his high held light gave him cause to shout “THERE HE IS!”

What a superb deer!!! What great arrow placement! What a chance I had to blow their minds by saying, “You won't believe what this guy's concealed left rib cage looks like”. If any of you had been there, I would have gotten 20 to 1 odds from you. BUT... You just don't do that with family, your church deacon, Dwight being a hospice minister, and 13 year old grandkids are too smart to bet against PaPa's.

It took a team effort to get that rascal on our well-used deer sled and take every precaution to protect the cape and antlers as we carefully got that deer of a lifetime to open country. The rough gross score was just under 165" on this beast!

Hopefully, Ken's determination to remain a bowhunter despite many health concerns, will be



an inspiration to all. Hopefully, you will have the stamina despite adversity, to continue to bowhunt in your 80's. Hopefully, the Lord is in your life to the extent that He just might help you aim on your most difficult shot ever taken, on the best buck you had ever encountered. Ken is convinced that he had heavenly assistance on that occasion. ■

May we all be so blessed.

Ken Decker (Deacon- Paint Maker-Soloist-Auctioneer-Pie Baker-Giant Bass Catcher-NBEEF Instructor -Bowhunter -Certified Instructor CAMO - Husband of 60+ Years - Proud Father -Friend to All)

**ONESTRINGER**  
Custom Arrow Wraps

[www.onestringer.com](http://www.onestringer.com)  
442 East Grace Republic, MO 65738

**Thomas Carder**  
Customer Solutions Manager  
Mobile: (816)591-1350  
Fax (866) 320-2336  
Email: [TCarder@MTPDrivetrain.com](mailto:TCarder@MTPDrivetrain.com)

MTP Drivetrain Services, LLC  
205 McDonald Drive  
Many, Louisiana, USA 71449

Office: 318-256-2083  
Toll-Free: 866-873-2454  
Web: [www.MTPDrivetrain.com](http://www.MTPDrivetrain.com)

**Elise Haverstick**  
GRAPHIC DESIGNER

417-693-6084  
[Elise.Haverstick@gmail.com](mailto:Elise.Haverstick@gmail.com)  
[Facebook.com/elisehdesigns](https://Facebook.com/elisehdesigns)

**Lanham Traditionals**  
Purpose Built Bows

Rick Lanham  
Bowyer  
Columbia, MO  
573.424.0994

[LanhamTraditionals.com](http://LanhamTraditionals.com)

**Feathers -n- Wood, LLC**  
Let's get back to the basics  
Traditional Archery Supplies  
Handmade Leather Products

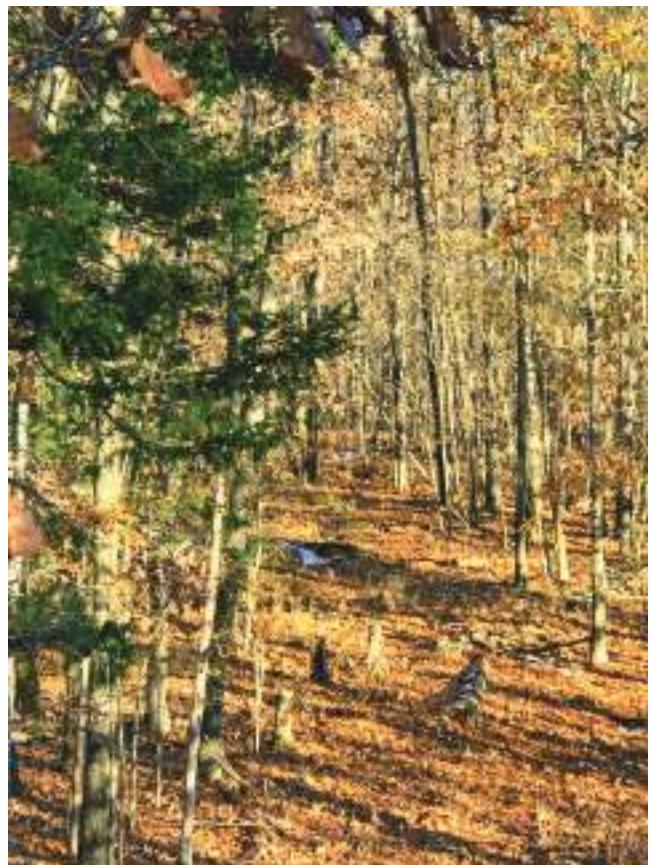
Andy, Sheryl & Wyatt Barnett  
Valley Falls, KS

website: [feathersnwwood.com](http://feathersnwwood.com)  
phone: 785-217-0965  
email: [customerservice@feathersnwwood.com](mailto:customerservice@feathersnwwood.com)

## Photo Contest Submissions



Outdoor Theory – Jim Pyles



Outdoor Theory – Jim Pyles



Outdoor Theory – Jim Pyles



Bowhunter with Game – Brian Peterson



Bowhunting Related – Darren Haverstick



Wildlife – Larry Bauman



Trail Camera –  
Tom Dickerson

## 2019 UBM Festival Photos



Keynote speaker, Fred Eichler, kept us all entertained with his litany of dumb stuff done while hunting.



As always, Mike Clark gave us another great live auction.



Darren Haverstick giving a pitch to the club for donating money to Deaf Camp, one of our favorite events.



This young lady won the Black Widow youth bow giveaway



Tom Dickerson with this year's winner of the Bowhunter of the Year Award.



DeKalb County agent, Mark McNeely, was chosen as the UBM Conservation Agent of the Year



Three of the biggest liars in the club: Brad Harriman, Tim Donnelly, and Larry Hesterly



Don Orrell was the 2019 recipient of the Fred Bear Award

## Board Members

# UBM Contact Information

**Jim Pyles, President (2020)**  
22815 Coffelt Road  
St. Mary, MO 63673  
jpetraditional@aol.com  
573-543-5357

**Ethan Grotheer, Vice-President (2019)**  
P.O. Box 62  
Fair Play, MO 65649  
stickbow17@yahoo.com  
(417) 399-3265

**John Banderman, Secretary (2019)**  
1427 Ramey Road  
St. Clair, MO 63077  
johnpaulx3@yahoo.com  
(314)402-0206

**Bob Burns (2019)**  
11507 S. Cave Road  
Lone Jack, MO 64070  
stonesheep@embarqmail.com  
(816) 520-5361

**Joel Davis (2021)**  
110621 S Alley Jackson Road  
Grain Valley, MO 64029  
jcdavis@hotmail.com  
(816) 522-4260

**Justin Glastetter (2021)**  
721 Corinne St. Jackson, MO 63755  
jhcglastetter@yahoo.com  
(573) 225-9098

**Beau Johnston (2020)**  
13500 S 1400 Rd  
Nevada, MO 64772  
bandjohnston@live.com  
(417) 321-1468

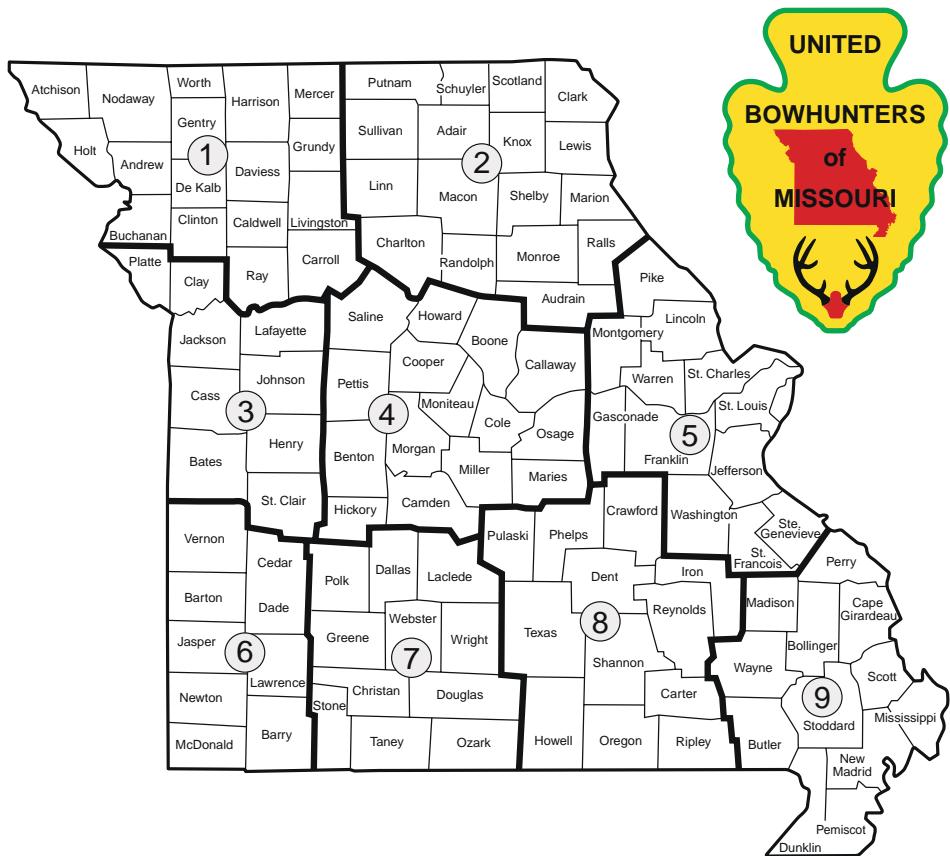
**Don Orrell (2020)**  
764 Low Gap Rd  
Fordland, MO 65652  
don@donorrellstirrups.com  
(417) 830-0876

**Lyle Shaulis (2021)**  
336 E 420 Rd  
Fair Play, MO 65749  
lyleshaulis@yahoo.com  
(417) 399-1820

**Tom Dickerson, Bowhunter Ed.**  
226 Country Road 436  
Jackson, MO 63755  
TRAD\_5558@yahoo.com  
(573) 243-7113

**Elise Haverstick, Graphic Designer**  
4314 S. Timbercreek Ave Apt. 28  
Battlefield, MO 65619  
elise.haverstick@gmail.com  
(417) 693-6084

**Brenda Hudson, Executive Secretary**  
24933 Helium Rd.  
Newtown, MO 64667  
larrydeanhudson@hotmail.com  
(660) 794-2591



1. Max Medsker, 22363 State Hwy A. Graham, MO 64455 mjrrmeds@grm.net (660) 254-4558

2. Brandon Snider, 6784 Shelby 472, Shelbina, MO 63468 brandonsnider1986@gmail.com (660) 651-4875

### 3. Open Position

4. Carey Breshears, 33330 HWY AA, Edwards, MO 65326 cbreshears@gmail.com (573) 347-2670

Rev. Dr. Nicholas J. Gray, 121 E. 32<sup>nd</sup> Street. Sedalia, MO 65301, 660-827-2448

5. Todd Goodman, 504 Willow Grove Ct., Troy, MO 63379 (636) 528-2278

Steve Bostic, 4234 Dogwood Lake Ct., Wentzville, MO 63385 stevenbostic@yahoo.com (636) 828-4923

Jim Pyles, 22815 Coffelt Rd., St. Mary, MO 63673 jpetraditional@aol.com (573) 543-5357

6. Mike Smith, 2512 N. Highview, Joplin, MO 64801 mikesmith.5120@gmail.com (417) 529-9255

7. Darren Haverstick, 10276 N. Farm Rd. 183, Fair Grove, MO 65648 dchaverstick@gmail.com (417) 759-6522

### 8. Open Position

9. Justin Glastetter, 721 Corinne St. Jackson, MO 63755 jhcglastetter@yahoo.com (573) 225-9098

### Out-of-State Members Representatives:

Byron Whitlock, 105 2nd Street Oswego, KS 67356 bwhitlock620@aol.com (620) 717-5340

Follow established guidelines for the use of  
instrumental bridges and permission to write or copy.

Black Widow Books

1301 Eaglecrest

Knox, MO, USA 65701

417-725-3113

[www.blackwidowbooks.com](http://www.blackwidowbooks.com)

[info@blackwidowbooks.com](mailto:info@blackwidowbooks.com)



**The United Bowhunter**  
24933 Helium Rd  
Newtown, MO 64667

Presort Standard  
U.S. Postage  
**PAID**  
Springfield, MO  
Permit Number 801

*Address Service Requested*

# Mark your Calendars!

## 2019 UBM Rendezvous

June 28<sup>th</sup>-30<sup>th</sup>, 2019

Panther Creek Traditional Bow Range,  
Fordland MO

Live music, potluck supper,  
and crawdad boil on Saturday night!  
3D Course | Novelty Shoots |  
3-Person Skirmish |  
Free Primitive Camping  
Vendors | Can Raffles

