



# THE UNITED Spring 2020 BOWHUNTER



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



The Official Publication of  
**The United Bowhunters of Missouri**  
 Spring 2020

# Calendar of Events

## April

- 6<sup>th</sup>-14<sup>th</sup>- Kansas archery turkey season
- 15<sup>th</sup>- Kansas regular turkey season opens
- 20<sup>th</sup>- Missouri turkey season opens

## May

- 10<sup>th</sup>- Missouri turkey season closes
- 23<sup>rd</sup>- Missouri squirrel season opens
- 31<sup>st</sup>- Kansas turkey season closes

## June

- 18<sup>th</sup>-22<sup>nd</sup>- Compton Rendezvous Berrien County Sportsman's Club, MI
- 26<sup>th</sup>-28<sup>th</sup>- UBM Rendezvous, Panther Creep Traditional Bow Range, Fordland, MO

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### 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](mailto:Dchaverstick@gmail.com) Cell phone: (417) 693-5304

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

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

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

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

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— On the Cover —  
 UBM Festival Photo Contest  
 winner  
 (Outdoor Theory category)  
 taken by Brian Peterson

deadlines for submitting copy and pictures to The United Bowhunter  
**Mar. 10th, June 10th, Sept. 10th, Dec. 10th**



**W**ELL ANOTHER FESTIVAL IS IN THE BOOKS. From all I hear a good time was had by all even without me. I was told that it went off with only a couple small glitches. I want to thank everybody from the board that came and really stepped up to take up the

slack. And I cannot forget our two lovely ladies at the front table without whom the Festival probably would not take place. I want to give big shout out to Barbara Hilgedick and her husband, Marvin, who have taken over the silent auction for us.

Now the planning for the Rendezvous starts. We are planning a pot luck again this year but this time the club is supplying the meat. And, as always at the Rendezvous, the new board will be announced. We are most likely going to have two maybe three spots open so we are in need of members to step up and run for the board of YOUR CLUB!!!

I will plan on seeing you all in June and am looking forward to sitting by the fire and listening to bear and hunting stories and then reading them again in the newsletter.

Till then hunt safe and ethically. ■

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# The UBM Apparel Store

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



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

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**H**ELLO ALL,  
It's been quite the winter, personally, as my wife and I have balanced 4 jobs, a house remodel, and a baby boy between us, but I honestly wouldn't trade it for anything right now.

Bow season came to an end and I did manage one more doe on public land right before it closed by method of ground hunting. My archery buck tag went unfilled for another season given my drive to take a really astounding buck on public land that I was after all season. This coming year I suspect that my self-control might be less when it comes to passing deer, but I guess we will see when the moments arrive.

The Festival was an astounding success in my opinion! I couldn't be more impressed by the members that arrived early to set-up, and even help vendors set up. Many hands were on deck for the silent and live auctions as well, and I would likely leave a name out if I tried to start giving kudos out to everyone involved in those events, so I will simply say, thank you!

I was also grateful for Bob Burns' and Darren Haverstick's line up of seminar speakers this year. I can honestly say that each one of them was attention-grabbing and enjoyable to be in on.

Speaking of which, we also need to give a huge shout out to Clay Newcomb, our keynote speaker,

who coached his son's basketball team into victory in Arkansas and then jetted our way just in time to attend the banquet. Despite our sound system set-backs (which we've been assured won't be a problem next year), Clay managed to give us all a healthy reminder of the task we all have of carrying the torch for our sport, supporting organizations that fight the cause (like CFM), and mentoring in the next generation of hunters.

All in all, it was a fantastic year in my opinion, and I can't wait to see what the 2021 Festival will have in store for us.

Hope to see you all at the Rendezvous in June! ■

**Any Interest in a Bow Building Class?**

Darren Haverstick



**I**RECENTLY BECAME ACQUAINTED with a gentleman by the name of Mike Davis who has shown a whole lot of interest in our club in a very short time. I met him in person for the first time at the last Festival where he graciously donated a spot in his upcoming knife making class for our live auction. He lives just north of Mountain Grove, MO where he spends most of his time building traditional muzzleloader rifles and smoothbores. He also is an accomplished knife maker but, before all of that, he built laminat-

ed bows. Mike is originally from Mississippi where he studied the bowyer craft under Jerry Hill and Bobby Lofton. He prefers making the Hill style longbow but has made his share of the reflex/deflex variety as well.

Mike asked me a couple of weeks ago if there might be some interest from club members in taking a bow-making class. He envisions a class size of less than ten where each student will get hands-on training in creating their own laminated bow. The class will most

likely take place over a weekend and would cost around \$250-\$300. Mike will provide all the tools and materials and each student will go home with their creation at the end of the class. Everyone will camp at Mike's place and he will furnish the meals as well.

If this sounds like something that you would be interested in, please contact me at your earliest convenience so I can get an idea of the popularity of this class. ■

**DO YOU WANT TO LEARN TO BUILD A BOW?**



**T**HE BUFFALO TONGUE STUMP Shooters gathered for breakfast to kick off the 2020 Stump Season. It's become an annual event to regroup and share off season experiences, along with plans for 2020. Everyone enjoyed telling and listening to the successes of the 2019 season. The 'iPhones' were heating up just sharing pictures. My flip phone stayed in my pocket. For me, the highlight of the morning was Dave Schneider completing and bringing brother Jerry's bow.

Jerry and Dave regularly swapped bow materials, leathers and hides soon to become someone's treasures. Jerry was known for



The Buffalo Tongue Stump Shooters Breakfast



Dave Schneider and his creation

making awesome leather quivers, bags, gloves, arm guards or any other leather item someone would want or ask for. Dave is a leading selfbow craftsman in Missouri.

He is a consistent figure at MO JAM in Marshall, MO. He attends other bow building events such as Chris Rackley's March bow building weekend. He is always willing to share his experience and knowledge. Unbeknownst to me, Dave had been building a selfbow



The bow in its place of honor



Jerry's Bow - belly



Jerry's Bow - back

for Jerry. When he came to visit Jerry in the rehab hospital, he brought the bow for Jerry to admire and witness its progress. It wasn't finished, but entering its final prep. Since it was too heavy for Jerry to pull, Dave said he would reduce the weight to 30 pounds at 29". This put a smile on Jerry's face that he still wore when I came to visit. He told me all about it and was confident he would be able to shoot again. This is why this bow has such a special meaning.

After Jerry's passing, Dave said he would complete the bow, leaving it left-handed with a 30-pound draw at 29" the way it was meant to be. Previously, Jerry had given Dave the skin from a timber rattler and some ivory. Dave decided this was the perfect time to use them. He provided the Osage and balance of materials along with the many hours of hard work. Such is a binding friendship.

How fitting that Dave would bring the finished "Jerry Bow" to the Buffalo Tongue Breakfast. Everyone got to admire Dave's magnificent work. His skills and knowledge are apparent as you take time to examine the bow. The bow has found its place on the wall above Jerry's many leather creations. Thank you, Dave! What more can I say? The bow will serve as a reminder of our many good times, great friendships, and the obsession we all have for archery. ■

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**L** EAVING KODIAK ISLAND IN  
OCTOBER 2016

was bittersweet, we had a great hunt, swollen knees and tired bodies a testament to what it takes to conquer the rugged landscape that is Kodiak. I use the term “conquer” loosely. In all reality, I got my ass kicked, days before the Cessna 185 picked us up for the first leg of our journey home. However, I vowed a return trip was in the future...

Fast forward 3 years, plans were made for a mid-September excursion with my son-in-law, Jon Raney, accompanying. Our flight to the island went off without a hitch and it was 70 degrees and sunny as we walked around the harbor in town. I told Jon something was wrong and not to expect this weather to continue! Touring the island via the limited road system we were treated to an experience only before seen on TV or read about in outdoor magazines, a run of pink salmon in every creek— fish by the thousands carrying

out there life mission to spawn and eventually die. We thought about going to Wal-Mart and buying some gear to catch some fish but knowing our bush flight

to the cabin was scheduled for the next morning we opted to just watch the show--- we should have bought the gear! Getting to the cabin at Bumble Bay requires the



tide to be low enough to expose enough beach to land on plus favorable weather. High wind on the southwestern side of the island kept us grounded the next morning (Sunday 9/15) but maybe we could make it on the evening low tide-- -or not-- think the pilot's remark was "you guys are S.O.L!" Monday morning conditions were the same, but our pilot was hopeful again for an evening flight. We got a call around 3:00 pm to get to the airport and load our gear, we were going to ATTEMPT a flight! Bumble Bay is about a 45-minute ride, one hell of a ride that day, really not too bad until we got close to the cliffs surrounding the bay. The 30 mph winds caused updrafts, bouncing us around like a toy airplane, quite a white-knuckle experience! Keller, our pilot, being quite the jokester and typical Alaskan bush pilot nonchalantly stated we could PROBABLY land but didn't think he could take off again. I told him we were excited about hunting but if HE didn't think it was safe to land we were not about to hold that against him. I assured him we were really, REALLY, okay with living to actually get to hunt some day and a cushy motel room back in town was okay also and we would buy him a beer at the local tavern if we actually made it back! I, of course,

was worried more about what my daughter would do to me if I didn't bring her husband home! We made it back to town and beverages at the local tavern never tasted better.

Tuesday morning dawned cloudy with light rain but Bumble Bay was clear with low wind so we were off again. We had fantastic flight in this time and finally made it to the "Buck Shack". We spent most of the remainder of the day getting settled in. Water was a bit of a problem, as the summer had been abnormally dry. The seep close to the cabin that we typically used was a tiny trickle, so we dug out a "catch pool" for later use but had to tote water from a wash down the beach a ways. It started raining in the afternoon so we were also able to catch water from the roof. It is illegal to hunt most species in Alaska on the same day you fly, deer are an exception but we opted to wait, planning out a full day tomorrow.

Ascending the "cabin ridge" the next morning was as I remember, seeing deer was no problem but the route up is in full view. Jon tried a stalk but it is difficult to impossible to get close once they spot you. We did see a buck with complete blaze white face, looked like a Herford cow, unfortunately a long range picture did not turn out. Once on top, things change in a hunter's favor. Using the rocky ridge, it is possible to hide and sneak around until deer are spotted in a stalkable location. We separated after gaining said cover, Jon opting to drop back over the ridge to circle around a prominent pinnacle hoping to find a route down. I stayed put at a good lookout where I could watch the show. Two bucks were bedded off to my right and slightly above me with a good view of the entire hillside, so I was kind of stuck. I knew from past experience here that a buggered deer will alert the entire



countryside. After an hour or so the two lookouts had moved over the ridge and another good 4X4 had showed up below me. I had to slide on my back down the hill to get behind a dense stand of alders and willows. Once there I was able to crawl toward the spot where I last saw the deer. The stalk was going good but after getting in the brush I could no longer see the deer. Moving on down I finally spotted him bedded in a depression but, unfortunately, he saw me at about the same time. A standoff ensued with him staring intently at a blob 30 yards



above and me waiting for him to stand. He finally did, ever so slowly, turning to offer me a perfect broadside shot. The arrow looked perfect, maybe a bit low, but I heard

that sound we all want. The buck blew out and was out of sight in seconds. I moved as quickly as the dense brush would allow but saw nothing, no blood, and no way to see tracks in that stuff. He was just gone. I retraced his escape route

and found my arrow lying broken in his bed, no blood on the shaft or broadhead and just a few hairs present; definitely not a fatal hit. Jon showed up below me a while later, his stalk going about the same as mine—arrow loosed but no

harm—no foul. We cried on each other's shoulder for a while both agreeing it was fun but it would have been a lot more fun if we could just shoot! Looking around we also realized we were near the bottom of the ridge and all the deer were bugged leaving us to either climb the mountain again or tuck our tails and call it a day. We decided tomorrow would be better!

We hunted hard the next two days, both



The "Buck Shack" circled in white.

coming close on several stalks but never able to quite get close enough. This part of Kodiak is a Mecca for deer and we were each seeing dozens of deer each day, just as many if not more bucks than does, good bucks in the 80 – 90” range (Compton min. is 65”) but Lady Luck was never with us.

I decide to give my aching knees a rest on Saturday, replenishing our water supply and doing camp chores. Jon went to a spot we call the “nasty ridge” where he had seen several good bucks the day before. Shortly after taking up a lookout on the back side of the ridge he saw a furry critter show up a mile or more away out in the flat. Jon had never seen a brown bear in the wild, but identification was unmistakable. The bear was moving his direction but he didn’t get too



concerned until a second bear showed up with the two meeting together still a half mile out. The pair split up, disappearing in the brush still moving his direction. A few minutes later deer started flushing out of the brush not too far from him and then both bears showed up 100 yards below.

Jon said they looked like two Volkswagens and the pistol he was packing suddenly seemed awfully insignificant. I asked if he got any pictures, I cannot repeat in a family publication his exact words but, no he did not particularly care about getting a picture. His only thought was how quickly they had covered the last half mile and how long it would take him to just get back over the ridge! Fortunately, they did not follow him over the ridge; he wisely decided the better part of valor was to leave that country as quick as possible. His hunt was shortened by high winds that afternoon reaching 90 mph on the cabin indicator. (Anemometer for you scientific folks).

Sunday was another repeat with wind a bad factor at 30-40 mph, both of us close again but nothing close enough. That night the wind came up with a vengeance,



several gusts shaking our little cabin. Monday morning we saw 100 mph gusts with sustained winds of 40 to 70 mph. It turned into a long day of reading books and pacing around in the cabin. The wind died down too late in the day to get out but came back up again during the night keeping us holed up again most of the day Tuesday.

By 3:00 pm the wind had dropped a bit (still 30-40) but we were tired of sitting around so we took off using the beach to access some low "breaks", a series of cuts coming off the higher ground full of chest high grass we hoped the deer would be using to stay out of the wind. Jon had just cleared one of these cuts when he spotted a buck at the edge of a willow patch. The deer was watching him but he used the "lost wallet" routine moving slowly in no particular direction but getting a bit closer with each slow step, avoiding eye contact with his quarry. The ploy worked and at 30 yards a perfect arrow went through both lungs to put the deer down in short order. It was not a big buck, but a buck just the same, and finally meat for dinner!

Wednesday dawned clear with finally no wind. We hadn't been on the "cabin ridge" for a few days so I made the same climb as Day One and eventually ended up at the same high lookout point as before. Deer were up feeding around in and out of the high brush, the blaze face buck was at the bottom along with several does. Two bucks were sparring, not aggressively but shoving each other around; the blaze face tried to join in the ruckus but was run off by both of the other bucks. I stayed put for an hour or so just watching. The two combatants stayed at it the entire time. I had

just made up my mind to try a stalk on them when another buck, a decent 3X3 fed into view and bedded 200 yards or so below me. I slid down behind a rock, removed my pack and started the stalk. There was a doe bedded between us and a doe fawn just below the buck. I was able to sneak by the doe but when I got to the bush I had targeted I could not find the buck. The doe fawn was still bedded 15 yards away and tension was high as I moved around trying to locate the buck, but he had simply vanished. Retreating back up to my pack I was able to see the entire slope again and saw that the buck had moved over a small rise and down a bit. I was feeling pretty good in that I had not buggered anybody yet so off I went again, this time dragging my pack behind me. I had just gotten out of a particularly nasty patch of brush when a 2x2 buck crested a rise 40 yards below me. Once again, a standoff ensued. He could not figure out the strange blob on the hill as I was probably the first human he had ever seen. It seemed like an hour later but probably only minutes before he decided I was nothing to worry about. I had decided a small bird in the hand was worth two in the bush so when he turned broadside at 15 yards the arrow was away. This time I looked at a tuft of hair on his side and just like it is supposed to happen, I hit it. So easy when we do it right!!

After field dressing the deer, I decided the easiest way to pack for a while was to let gravity do the work. I started pulling the deer down the steep incline having trouble staying out of its way. I basically was trying to guide the carcass to an open spot where I could more easily watch for our furry friends while completing the

butchering job to fit him in my pack. Alaska has a pretty stringent wanton waste law, not only do you have to remove four quarters and back strap but neck and rib meat as well.

Spirits were high in the Buck Shack that night with two bucks down. Neither were big bucks but bucks just the same. A satellite phone (a very necessary piece of equipment) call to our pilot indicated we had to be picked up the next day due to potential bad weather later in the week.

Kodiak Island is a special place with an extremely harsh environment and rugged terrain. Words can't describe the beauty, though. It is pretty much a place you have to experience to appreciate. Our Missouri whitetails are pretty neat critters. The only word to describe the Sitka Blacktail is, as the island, "special".

Want to try it? Contact Bob Ameen at [blacktailbob.com](http://blacktailbob.com). ■



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**T**HAT WAS THE YEAR I MET WILLARD, a burly farmer who had been listening to us talk at a local coffee shop. He'd been sizing us up and, apparently, he decided we were OK because, out of the blue, he came over and said, "You boys can hunober on me, come get in the truck. I'll show you where." From that day on, Willard and the love of his life, his wife, Claudean, treated me like an extra grandkid. I was always welcome at their two-story farmhouse and each trip he was after me to stop for dinner or supper. There was always room for one more at the antique farm table. I felt welcome and would stop in once or twice a season for supper. Each homemade farm dinner included fresh hot homemade pie. Now according to Willard, a pie "Only has four slices in it" and, as a general rule, is only complete with a heaping scoop of ice cream on top.

During the Year of The Great Flood (1993), I bought an old 1966 Yellowstone camper trailer. I pulled the camper down to Missouri shortly after the Mississippi River flood waters receded, but before a twelve mile stretch of highway was completely cleared of the flood waters mud. The trip itself was a bit of an adventure. I parked the old trailer on one of Willard's farms, its days of travel completed, and that's where it retired. The door on the inside was completely covered with stickers from faraway places, reminiscent of journeys with the previous owners. It was Willard-approved; he considered it a great improvement over late winter tent camping. Elmer Servis, Mark Viehweg, and I spent several fall seasons using the old Yellowstone as base camp. One day in 2010 I

pulled up to the trailer and there was a plastic bag with a letter in it addressed "To Resident". It was a 2010 census form. I wondered if I could claim all the mice that were now living in the trailer as dependents. Guess that's when I realized that most of the locals really did accept me more as a

resident than most other hunters. Things were changing with the times, though. There seemed to be a new breed of hunter showing up in the general area. In fact, I had lost 95% of the ground I had originally been able to hunt due to sales of property or leasing. By 2015 Willard's property sold and



My 2019 buck

the leaking and mice infested 66 Yellowstone went to the scrap yard.

Throughout the years, Willard was concerned that I never did catch much with that bow and arrow, but found it amusing that I stayed in my tent in the snow and cold. He said I could stay with them, they had plenty of room and offered to loan me one of his guns if I needed one. Over time he grew to understand and respect my choice of hunting with a bow and I'd have to say he was pretty proud when I did get something, bragging to his farmer buddies.



The 1966 Yellowstone camper

On December 18, 1993 I made a shot on a nice 141 pound 8-point

buck while still hunting up a brushy creek bottom. As typical on

Saturday morning, Willard was headed to the local sale barn. He stopped to talk as I was opening the gate to drive back through the cow pasture to go get the deer. He was a bit hard-headed and insisted he help me get the deer even though I could drive the truck to within 50 yards of the carcass. He helped as he wanted to, then off to the sale barn he went. I checked in the deer at the registration station and headed home. That was the last time I saw Willard, he passed



Pat Cebuhar MO. buck taken from Black Oak stand 1st set 129 lb. 10 pt. Oct 13, 1984

away about a month later. I was shocked by the news but honored by the family's request that I be pall bearer. The same was the case a few years later when Claudian passed. Fond memories of friends made are successes in their own right.

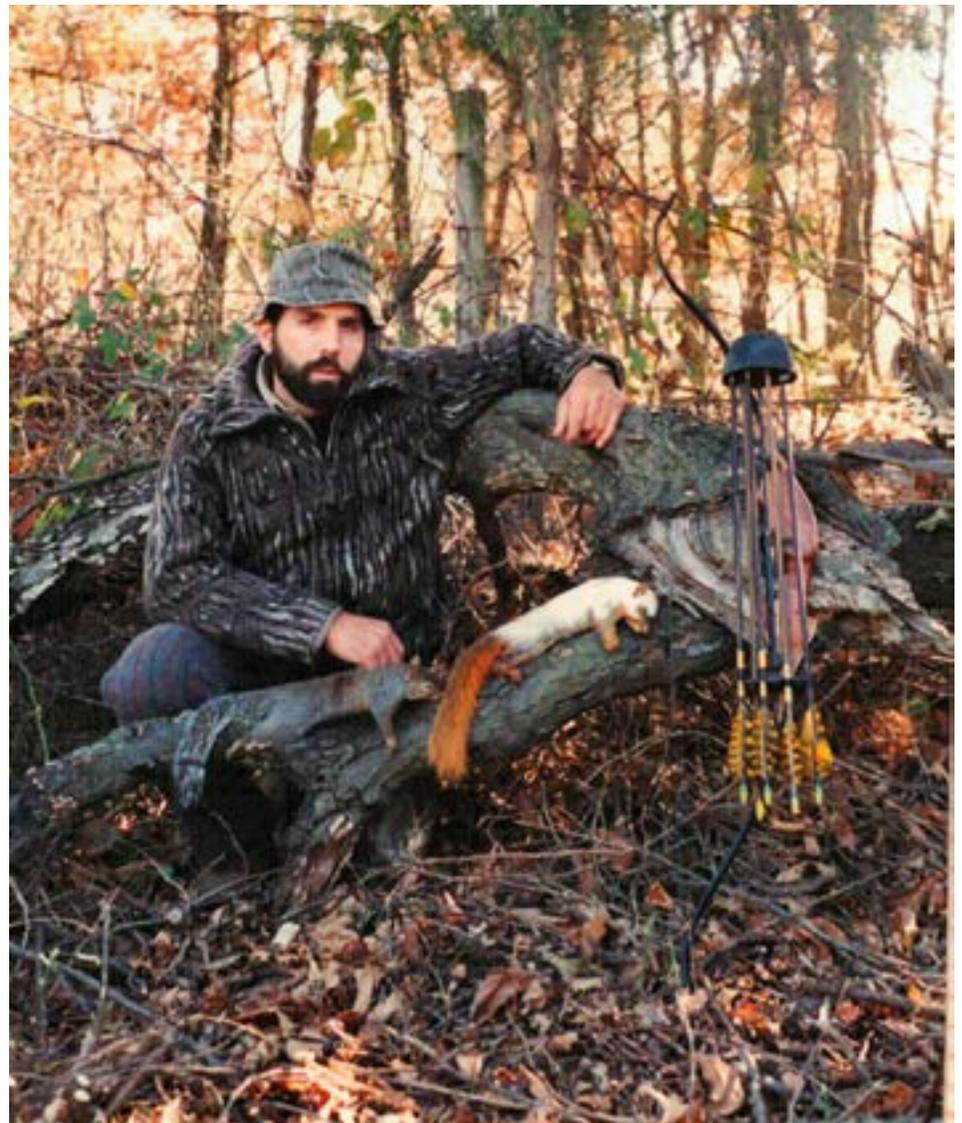
One of my most fond Missouri trophies is a piebald fox squirrel taken in the fall of 1995, in the same draw as the '93 buck. I had never seen a piebald squirrel before in the wild until the opening weekend of '95. The first time I saw him I wasn't really sure of what I saw. The next weekend I got a good look at him and finally on the third weekend I was able to arrow the squirrel. That full story, and one of an Illinois piebald fox squirrel, can be read in the 1st quarter 1996 issue of the Professional Bowhunter Society newsletter.

There are far too many stories over the past 45 years to tell here of a rural place called Missouri and its bountiful population of game. Stories of an EHD survivor called "Big Footed Hank", long beard gobblers and bearded hens, Steve Miller and I at the cabin during Christmas time, smoky tee-pee's, cold nights sleeping in the back of the truck, hunting deer with Dave Emken on "The Hundred" at 14 below, walking to the "Far River Bottom", crossing the Mississippi River on the ferry boat, bunches of Fred and Jerry stories, and a monsoon buck to name a few. I suppose most of those stories really are nothing more than everyone's similar hunting story told by a different author. Missouri has blessed me with the opportunity to make friends, bowhunt, and enjoy life at a slower pace.

From the start, our mentors had instilled a sense of keeping a journal of dates, weights, animals, numbers and details. With that, as I

reach milestone years or numbers, I somehow try to make those a little extra special, if for nothing else the story. Sometimes it even works out. So with 2019 being my 45th year hunting Missouri I wanted to reap a fall harvest. Visions of an antlered buck hanging on the meat pole for the end of the story danced through my head as did ruminations of the last 45 years. One of those ruminations was this exact same plan I had five years ago when I hit the 40-year milestone. As with many bowhunting adventures that didn't work out as planned, the 2019 season started out much the

same as any other, stands in place and me awaiting my first hunt of the year in Missouri. The first weekend trip resulted in a couple of young deer passing by eating acorns along with a spike buck. There was a spot I have been looking at for years that I thought would make a good place for a stand in an old locust tree. I had a stand up that just didn't have the right feel after sitting in it a few times, so I moved it to the locust tree. The following weekend I was back in Missouri hunting. It had rained a little over night and it was very foggy, damp, and cool that Saturday



Pat Cebular  
1 grey squirrel, 1 Semi-White red fox squirrel  
Scotland County Missouri

morning. The heads of the foxtail grass were heavy with moisture in the unplanted field and walking back through the waist high grass my wool pants could only repel so much water. The last 100 yards the wool was overburdened with them giving up and being soaked through. In the stand I stood still, leaned up against the tree and tried to keep the pants from touching my legs as they were wet and cold. The trees still holding their leaves were dripping water like it was raining. Cattle bawled for their morning hay, waiting for the sound of the Farmall tractor with the round bail hay spike on back to bring them breakfast, all the while the grain dryer moaned out it one lone tune. It was noisy but it was normal. The forest floor was quiet to the step, and there was no warning something was coming through the morning fog. By the time I sensed something was directly behind me it was too late. A decent buck had slipped in on me and figured me out well before I knew he was near. He hurriedly trotted back across the little creek. He was right there and I had no clue he was within five miles. That evening, back on stand, gave me only glimpses of does as they fed through the timber across the bigger creek. Only a few minutes later a wily coyote pretty much pulled off the same thing as the buck did.

The evening sounds were much different as the galvanized colored Gleaner combine worked through the surrounding fields. Trucks hauling grain groaned on their way up the small grade, and rattled coming back empty of their load. With a flip of a switch the Gleaner rattled to a stop, all was quiet as I wondered if it had completed its work for the evening or was the cussing and hammering about to

start. A pair of raccoons along the creek fussed over something and stirred the gray squirrels which responded in a chatter followed by their squeaky cries for minutes after. The buck never returned that evening. By the following Thursday evening I was back hunting in Missouri. I put up another stand in an oak grove that had proved successful in the past and it looked good. I went and hunted another old reliable stand that evening and watched a couple smaller deer pass by on the trail below.

Friday morning was much calmer and quieter than the past weekend. It was cool and crisp that morning as I walked through the golden colored foxtail grass laden with some frost. A small buck in the standing bean field was silhouetted against the dark gray skyline. He watched as I went by in the darkness not sure of what creature I was, he showed concern but never got spooked. Climbing into the locust stand, it was a cooler day but I was far more comfortable as I was dry this time. A lonely barred owl perched atop a dead snag against a dark gray sky, sang out his one known song awaiting a response from a nearby friend. He repeated himself several times but got no reply. As the dark gray sky faded into a lighter shade the owl abandoned his lookout. It was a hunter's morning with near perfect conditions. The first daytime creatures, gray squirrels, began their scramble out of their beds bringing life to the wood lot. More alert this morning and regularly "looking behind me" the one place I couldn't see well or far due to the leaves and brush in that direction, I saw part of a buck crossing the little creek headed in my direction down the trail. He passed a mere two feet from the base of the tree as he went

by as he continued down the trail. At three yards past the tree, the feather-fledged wood arrow and Bear broadhead buried deep in the buck. He bolted out into the foxtail field looped around and back into the timber. The blood trail started where the arrow hit and was good to the end. I placed my 45th year Missouri tag on the 221 pound buck and gave a quiet thanks. I sat there a few minutes reflecting on the last 45 years. I was in the same little creek bottom spot where I had shot the buck the day I last saw my friend Willard, the drag to the truck would be the same route. It was also the same place where I had taken the piebald squirrel.

Again I am blessed to have had the opportunity to experience this place called Missouri for the last four and a half decades. As a non-resident hunter, I truly appreciate the tolerance, the welcome hospitality, and acceptance as a good friend by most of the local residents of Missouri. They say as we grow older we appreciate simpler things, and I believe it is true. If I could roll back the hands of time I'd love to enjoy those simple days of the past with old friends, those forever lost to time. I like to think guys like Jerry, Fred, and Willard are looking over us and sharing the hunt with us, guiding our arrow to the mark. I hope to be enjoying and celebrating hunting in Missouri at my 50-year milestone. But as we know time brings with it change, and over the last 45 years we have experienced rapid change. They say we never know what the future holds. I encourage all of us to see and appreciate the beauty of our Midwest scenery, downhome country living and enjoy each hunt we get. ■

**A**FTER A SMALL WAIT a new bow arrived on the doorstep. While recruiting for membership with the Traditional Archers of Nevada I met, via online, Mike Mecredy of Maddog Archery. After a cordial visit I placed an order. His work was and is indeed beautiful. Now to shoot it!

But as often happens, work got in the way. For three weeks I was delayed the joy of sending feathered missiles downrange. Not just shooting but hunting was set back as well. There was no time to chase waterfowl on the river and chukars in the mountains. The last of hunting seasons open game.

Finally I was relieved. A day or two to recuperate. Another for nasty weather to pass by (who really wants to shoot in bad weather?) and on a frosty midafternoon I strung the bow and headed outside for the practice targets.

Now, there is a healthy bird population around the house. Songbirds (off limits), magpies (unfortunately also off limits), collared dove (shootable, but very wary!) and quail. I guess I considered the quail off limits too though in the field I would happily take them. A very challenging and super edible bird. We feed throughout the year and there is plenty of roost available. A good spot for all of us.

Before I could reach the backyard target, I noticed all of the quail in

the yard. "Wow", I thought. "Lots of birds today and lots of cockbirds." Something, a switch or whatever in my head just flicked. I froze. After an eternity, maybe two minutes, a lone cockbird slides into range. Pulling a judo tipped arrow from my stash, I pull back and send it towards the target. At ten yards

arrow shot from my new bow and there is meat on the table. Well, a little meat anyway. Amazingly, another bird tries me but I fail to connect. The three week lull is sated. I send a few arrows into the bag target then retreat to the house to clean my bird and ponder a name for the bow.

A week or so later I am returning home from work when my wife calls. "There was a loud thump on the big window in the living room", she said. "A Falcon is eating a bird, maybe a starling". After telling her that a falcon is rare in this part of the world we chat a bit, confirm no grocery order, and I drive on to see the spectacle.

After parking my truck, I slide around to the front of the house trying to be sneaky but the hen sparrow hawk is having none of it. She is up and away in moments. I investigate her work and determine that she flushed a covey of quail (there are multiple coveys at the house) into the window. Two lay dead right below. One, 90% consumed, the

other daisy fresh. I clean up after her dinner and pocket the other for a dinner of my own. Thanks to that mighty huntress!

While frying up my dinner I had to smile. I took a bird with a difficult weapon yet was outhunted by a bird with nothing but her speed and guile. I came in second place. It was not a bad spot to be. ■



or so I clearly see the spring arm and rear feather just miss the bird's head. He ducks, putts and skips off ten or so yards. I pull another shaft and send it in a rush. As usual, a rushed shots performs poorly. The bird runs across the shooting area as I pull a third arrow. Like he was scripted, he stops as I come to full draw and my shot pins him to the ground. He is mine! The third ever



HELLO AGAIN UBM READERS!

I hope that you all are alive, well, plague free, and have a decent supply of toilet paper.

I'm still alive and healthy, thanks in part to being young, complying with general health practices, and generally avoiding people as much as possible. I would like to say that this is a result of me practicing social distancing, but it's really just business as usual for me. It's almost like my introverted and antisocial ways has been a lifelong training course for how to survive during the COVID 19 pandemic.

In all seriousness I hope that everyone is healthy, well stocked, and doing their part to limit the spread of the virus. It may be hard but it saves lives. You're being asked to practice basic hygiene, stay home, work from your couch (maybe even in your sweatpants), spend time with your loved ones (and fur babies), and binge watch whatever streaming content you choose. Things could be worse.

I know this crisis has left many people unemployed/laid off, and

I truly hope that if you are one of those people that you will find a way to weather it. I will very soon be in that boat and have been doing a lot of budgeting math to see how long my current financial situation will last. I'm also really hoping that the economic stimulus bill passes soon as I could really use that check for things like rent and food.

If you are still working out in public, I appreciate everything you've done to keep the nation healthy, fed, and safe. When this is all over I'll buy you a beer to celebrate.

This crisis is a challenge we will successfully weather if we band together and help each other out. It may take a while but this will pass and the sun will shine again.

Wash your hands, check on your loved ones, help out your fellow man (especially the elderly/immune-compromised), and FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS GOOD, DON'T HOARD FOOD AND TOILET PAPER! If we are patient and share the supply with others we can continue to eat tasty meals and wipe our butts in peace.

Prior to the new plague, not a whole lot happened in my life. I went to work, slowly got trained on

the next level of the art department job tier, and went about my life as usual.

I had bought tickets to go see my favorite podcast live in St. Louis with my friend, but that has been rescheduled to a TBD time as a result of the aforementioned Coronavirus. When it gets rescheduled it will be a fun time that my friend and I can share without the fear of dying.

Another quick update was the surprise bed bug cleaning that my apartment complex sprung on me. Just to clarify, I never had them, but someone in the complex must have and they wanted to stop them from spreading. For that I am grateful. I got a note on my door that detailed the steps I had to take before the exterminators came in and sprayed everything down to kill them.

I never realized just how many garbage bags it takes to hold all my fabric things, how much space it takes up, and how long it takes to pack it all up. Ironically, it took half the time to put it all back, seems it should have been the other way around.

That's all I have for you this time around, be safe out there, and enjoy the coming hunting seasons! ■

Elise H

Advertisement for Elise Haverstick, Graphic Designer. Includes a stylized logo of a face with sunglasses and contact information: 417-693-6084, Elise.Haverstick@gmail.com, Facebook.com/elisehdesigns.

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## UBM 2020 Festival

The 2020 Festival was a nice break from the winter blues and was well attended. Thanks to everyone who helped make the event a success! Here are a few photos to highlight what went on.



Stocking up on supplies for hunts yet to come



Tim Donnelly won the Best Arrow contest with this fine projectile.



There were lots of good items to choose from in the silent auctions.



Bowhunter of the Year, Ethan Grotheer, showing off his knife and plaque



Dan Novotny's fine whitetail received the Fred Bear Award



Ozark Region's Darrin Wood took home UBM Agent of the Year Award



This year's keynote speaker was Clay Newcomb

UBM 2020 Festival Photo Contest Winners

Wildlife: Darren Haverstick



Bowhunter with game: Toby Essick



Bowhunting related: John Norris



Outdoor theory (front cover): Brian Peterson



Trail camera: Tom Dickerson

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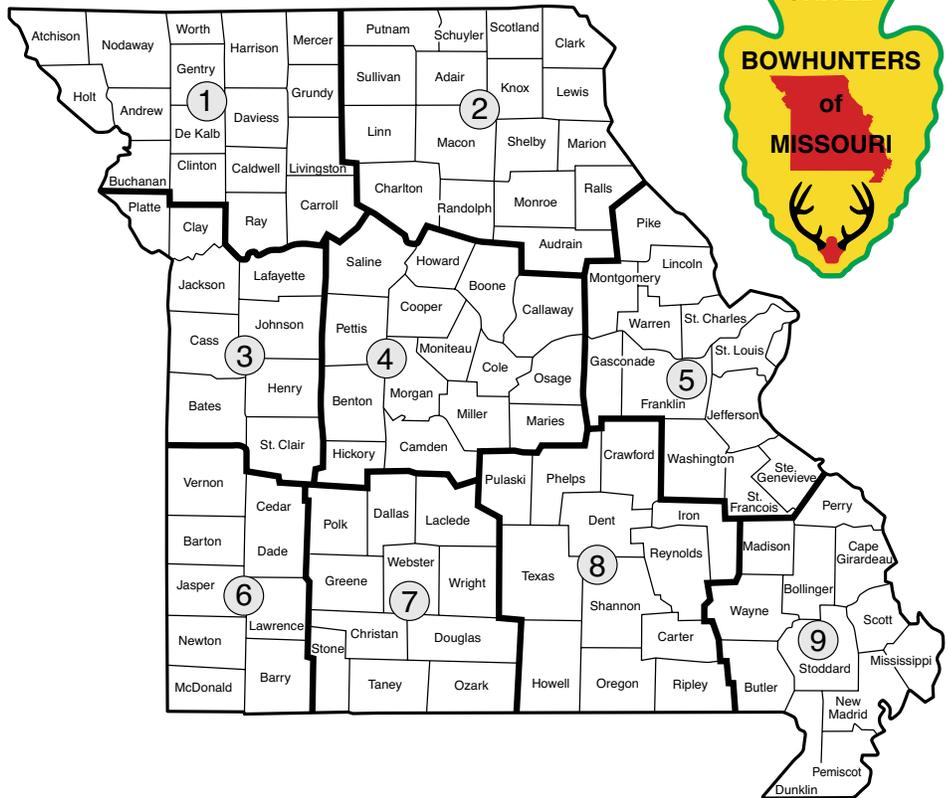
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# **The UBM needs volunteers for the 2020 Shriners**

**Camp Winning Hands**

**September 19th Potosi, MO**

For more information  
contact John Banderman  
314-402-0206

