



THE UNITED Winter 2021 BOWHUNTER



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



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The United Bowhunters of Missouri
 Winter 2021

Calendar of Events

January

15th: Missouri archery season closes
 1st-31st: MO fall turkey season
 31st: Start of 1st MO youth firearms deer season

February

15th: Missouri squirrel and rabbit seasons close

March

Everything is on hold due to Covid-19

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⅓ page	\$110.00	Less than ¼ page	\$30.00

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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 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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The United Bowhunter
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— On the Cover —

Brian Peterson with a fine buck taken with his WHB Destiny longbow

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



HELLO ALL, I hope that this season has been a remarkable one for you and that you still will be able to grab some time

and get out a little more before it all ends. Personally, I've yet to arrow anything in MO with either a stick or wheels. A feat that I haven't accomplished since I was 17 years old!

As for the big news concerning the 2021 Festival: I know that many of us have either very strong or conflicting thoughts about COVID 19, but from a

very straightforward and realistic position, our membership does consist predominately of a very at-risk demographic. Also, I'm very thankful for the vendors that do grace our Festival with oftentimes very little profit to show some years, so I fear they would have been "burned" significantly with this year's attendance. For these reasons, the Board voted unanimously to cancel this year's Festival. The Oasis Convention Center has been very gracious with us in allowing us to merely shift our contracted years forward and not penalize us for this year's cancellation and for that, I'm very thankful.

I know that many of you will feel outraged or upset about this decision. Please know that it was not an easy one and took

several weeks of pondering for the Board to come to this conclusion. However, this is the decision we are confident was the only choice at this time.

You can feel free to give your opinion or vent your frustration to me at EthanGrotheer@gmail.com. I feel that most members will understand and agree with this decision, but I can certainly understand if others are disappointed.

Hopefully, our outdoors Rendezvous will kick off without a hitch this June!

So then, keep your broadheads sharp, keep practicing with that bow, and I can't wait to be able to converse about bowhunting like a normal human being with many of you soon! ■

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!



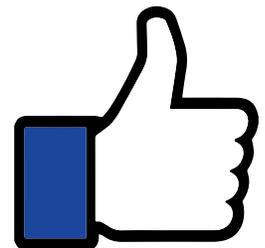
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Be on the lookout for our new website coming this summer!





ON THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING Missouri outdoor writer Bill Cooper published a very

bold article.

In his article Bill makes some disturbing accusations about regulations not being enforced on deer baiting.

Although I don't personally know Bill I do know he is a well-respected outdoor writer.

Bill Cooper's article entitled Winds of Change for Missouri Conservation suggests MDC Commissioners' Barry Orscheln and Dr. Steve Harrison were to blame. While I do agree that it looks bad when Barry Orscheln's stores are selling Deer Corn during deer season and it is a known fact that Dr. Steve Harrison maintained a high fence hunting enclosure on his farm for many years, we know he bought permits from MDC for his enclosure and that deer were hunted in the enclosure and were probably baited. So I can see where they could be suspect, however from all I can find out through my sources the Commissioner's did not issue any orders, regulation changes or pressure MDC Protection Personnel not to write tickets for baiting. I've personally heard from MDC folks that commissioners Orscheln and Harrison have been nothing but positive with MDC personnel in all interactions.

I've even had a friend suggest that the Greg Ritz violation for baiting and wanton waste last

January in Boone County may be driving reduced baiting violations. Greg Ritz is a well-known TV Hunter on the Outdoor Channel. Greg Ritz has

pleaded not guilty to this and is still awaiting trial because of Covid delays.

My friend's comment was "if corn sales for \$5 a bag can influence why wouldn't a man's millions?"

Again my sources have not seen any influence that would suggest relaxed baiting regulations or changes due to this violation.

Baiting/feeding is bad for Missouri deer as you well know because of CWD and has been illegal in Missouri for decades. I immediately contacted a couple of folks I know at MDC and the CFM executive director Tyler Schwartz. Everyone I've talked to says baiting in Missouri is still illegal and enforcement is still happening. I was told at least 70 tickets were written for illegal baiting in the last month. One MDC official I talked with said that the Conservation Agents were instructed to inform landowners that illegal baiting was found on their property and to remove the bait or be fined. The reasoning was that some landowners did not know that baiting was happening on their property because hunters were placing the bait. Regulations state



that an area cannot be hunted until 10 days after the bait has been removed. So by informing landowners before firearms season that bait had been spotted via flyover they could remove the bait and the hunter that spread it before Conservation Agents had to write tickets and shut down hunting on that property. One week later a reply to the editor of the same newspapers was printed. This reply was written by MDC Director Sara Parker Pauley. "While I have no concerns with criticism, especially differing opinions to help us improve on what we do, it was the strong accusations and assumptions that were in error that was disappointing, especially since his strong voice as an outdoor writer helps educate hunters and potential new hunters in our great state". She went on to say "The baiting regulation has not changed nor is there an effort to change baiting regulations by the Commissioners".

Lastly, and perhaps the most disheartening part, was Bill's personal attack on two of our conservation Commissioners, Barry Orscheln and Dr. Steve Harrison. He attacked one for

selling corn at his family farm store (a business that also sells camping, hunting, and fishing equipment year around) and the other for previously having a high-fenced hunting operation on his farm. Neither of those factor into our regulations process, including the proactive education by our staff on baiting regulations and our enforcement of those regulations. We are fortunate to have four Commissioners, who give thousands of hours each year guiding conservation decisions and direction on a volunteer basis, on our conservation team. They receive no payment or compensation, other than their dedication and service to the citizens and furthering the conservation mission of Missouri. To suggest their motives and vision are not to the highest standard is an oversight, in my humble opinion, on Bill's part. The Conservation Commissioners are appointed by the Governor so we as concerned citizens for Missouri Conservation must keep a watchful eye to these Commissioners' actions and demand explanations when we see or hear something that just doesn't seem right. So kudos to Bill Cooper for bringing to light some suspect practices but let's also remember to completely validate any information we hear before spreading false accusations.

Happy Bow Hunt'in
Jeff Blystone
jandkbly@gmail.com
Conservation Federation
Affiliate Board Member

Perfect Shot

Steve North

THIS YEAR ROBERT AND I drew Kansas bow hunting tags. We had planned on going the second week of November but when the temperatures started rising, we decided to wait awhile. We ended up leaving home November 21st on the six-hour drive to a farm we had not hunted in five years. Upon arriving, my buddy, Kevin, met us there to reacquaint us with the almost 800-acre spread. After a quick tour we set out for our hunts. Over the next few days, Robert and I both saw some deer including a couple of big bucks from far away. We were having a fun time hunting together and getting back to camp with Kevin each evening. Kevin had killed a buck during the early part of November and he cheered us on with his positive thoughts of never giving up.

Well, fast forward to the evening of the 23rd. Kevin was going to head back to Arkansas and the weather folks were calling for rain all day on the 24th. When Robert and I awoke that morning there was no rain yet, so we headed out. When I got to my spot, I texted Robert to see if he had cell service.

He responded that he did but it was weak. I went about getting set up in my makeshift ground blind when I noticed I had a message on my phone, "Dad, I just shot a stud." I got my stuff back together and went to Robert's spot where he had shot the buck. Now you could see DARK clouds coming. Robert had found blood already and he asked me what I thought. I told him the buck was dead, now we just have to get him. I almost shook his hand at that time, but I always wait until the deer is found. I'm glad I did. We started tracking a good blood trail for almost 90 yards when the heavens opened up with heavy rain - I mean HEAVY. It was only 7:45 am. The rain washed away all the blood and that problem was compounded with us being somewhat new to this farm. So for the next eight hours we searched three fields containing deep gullies and grass two feet high. At 4:30 that afternoon we went back to the truck. We were tired and soaked. It never stopped raining the entire day and some of the showers were toad stranglers.

I knew the deer was dead but Mother Nature was not helping us with our search. We looked some more Wednesday before admitting that we needed more eyes. Thanksgiving Day was also Robert's birthday this year but all he could



Continued on next page

Continued from previous page

think about was that deer. Two of his good diehard buddies, who have lived that nightmare, said they would be at his house at 2 am Friday to go back to Kansas to him find that buck. So Robert, his wife, Ashtyn, Chuck, Travis, and I headed back to farm early on the 27th.

After arriving at the farm at 7:30, we first walked a draw that Robert and I walked Tuesday evening as we wanted to look at it again with clearer eyes - no buck. We were hoping that we would at least see buzzards when we arrived, but they were absent as well. Even the coyotes let us down because we couldn't even locate pieces of the deer. The draw that we first went in connected to another that eventually would take us to the timber where Robert shot the buck. After almost two hours we regrouped close to where we lost blood Tuesday morning. Robert brought up his aerial map of the farm and we noticed a spot that, for whatever reason, we hadn't covered on Tuesday. Robert, Chuck, and Travis took off with renewed hope to the bottom of a ravine that had a flat area in it. Ashtyn and I stayed on top of the ravine to look down into it while also covering the top. After about ten minutes, Ashtyn and I heard Robert yelling, "Oh my god! Oh my god! I don't #@%*&^ believe this!" I told Ashtyn, "He just found his buck." Just then, Robert called my cell which I answered with, "Yes, we heard you and we're on our way." I gave Ashtyn a big hug and we made our way down the ravine to a bunch of smiling faces. There

was the buck in pristine condition, not touched by any critters. Robert said he saw a bald eagle fly up from the buck as he got close to it. The eagle was just starting to chew on his rear end. I had seen the same eagle fly up and thought it was cool. Little did I know he was at the deer. This was morning #4 since the perfect shot. Robert had hit the top of left lung with the arrow exiting through the bottom of right lung. The buck went 420 yards. We just went the wrong way in the rain. I should have known better. Robert kept second guessing his shot placement, but I told him the hit was good by all the sign we had before the heavens opened up. I have to say that during all this, Kevin continued to call us saying that we would find him - he's on that farm. Thank you, Kevin! Thank you, Chuck and Travis, for changing your plans on Black Friday to help us. And thank you, Ashtyn, for saying on



Thanksgiving evening that you would go since we couldn't get a fifth person. We just needed more eyes and clearer minds along with positive thoughts. As Kevin said after receiving the picture, "Persistence and a PERFECT shot!"



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Thanks,
Dean Hogue and family

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

IT ALL STARTED IN AUGUST of 2018 when several friends from Michigan asked if I wanted to go on a bear hunt in Canada with them. Since I would have two years to get the funds together, I quickly said yes. The first step was to get a passport. After a trip to our local health department, it was applied for and several weeks later it was in my hands. Then there was the process of getting my equipment together and much practice with my bow. My chosen set up was a 53-pound St. Joe River Torrent with mahogany arrows. The broadhead of choice was the Ace Standard 160 grain. I set up a ladder stand to practice out of all of 2020 as I am not a good tree stand shot and needed all the help I could get.

Finally, the truck is packed and I am on my way. I left two days early so I could take roads other than the interstate. That was a mistake. Between the county construction, school busses, and farmers trying to get their tractors to the fields, I was almost late.

After arrival at camp, the first order of business was to get my bed ready and put my kitchen in order. That afternoon we set out to pick our sites and set stands for the upcoming hunt. When that was all finished it was campfire time. A few adult beverages later, we were getting pretty well caught up with what had been happening in our respective worlds.

The first evening in my stand was interesting but uneventful. I saw a sow with cubs and one

small boar. Since I had two weeks I decided to pass on the boar. On the second night nothing showed at all. On the third night I was entertained by the sow with her cubs and a cow moose that wandered through.

The little boar was back on the fifth evening but was acting really spooky. He would take a bite from the bait and run into the woods looking over his shoulder the whole time. Just about dusk I saw why. A large bear (to me) came into the bait. He circled the bucket several times nose up in the air smelling in all four directions. He kept looking in my direction so I figured he had me pegged. Finally he settled down to eat. My bow came back, and the arrow was on its way. Just a tad back from where I wanted but I thought a good hit nevertheless. By this time, it was dark thirty. I met my ride at the road and after discussing it we decided to wait for daylight to track. This almost became a bad decision.

I was up before first light wanting to get going but had to wait. Those of you that have hunted and traveled with me know I am always up before first light. We eventually got on the road. It was a long half an hour to the bait. We found blood almost right away. As we followed the trail, we both became a little apprehensive. It was a feeling that something just was not right. Tracking slowly, we came upon the bear but he was not alone. Standing there like a guard were two wolves. We had a situation. I wanted my bear but so did they. The standoff seemed to last forever but really was only a few seconds. Luckily for us, they

decided to give it up. Now for my first good look at my bear. He was a young boar that weighed about 275-300 pounds. We had brought a sled with us and the direction he had taken led us back near a curve in the road so the drag was not bad at all.

Now that I had my bear and had a week left to hunt, I put him in a freezer and bought a wolf tag. I had no idea how to hunt wolves, but the outfitter said I needed to set up over a moose carcass, so that's what I did. After two evenings there, I had seen a total of zero. On the third night two wolves came in but offered no shot. I was encouraged and thankful, my hunt was already a success so I was not disappointed to not get a shot. We I got to the road I still had a mile to go back to the truck and Nature was calling. I did not think going in the road would mess up my hunt so I did.

The next afternoon I parked at my usual spot and started to my stand. I always walk the road just like I am hunting and stalking. As I came around a curve there in the road with their noses to the ground where I had relieved myself, were the two wolves I had been seeing. I stayed close to the timber and slowly stalked towards them. When I got to a spot where I could go no farther, the arrow was on its way. A short track later there he was. A beautiful 125-pound animal. To say these two weeks were a success would be an understatement. Am I going back? Well, of course, just as soon as I can! ■

FOR YEARS, I'VE WANTED a Wild Horse Creek bow, created by bowyer Mike Dunaway of Perry, KS—as much for its beauty and functionality as for the bowyer himself. 2017 was the year to scrape together my pennies, sell off a few unused toys and make the commitment. The choice for me was a no brainer: a left hand Destiny model takedown longbow in Osage and Bocote, 49#@28. A little lower poundage than I usually shoot, but figured my aging shoulders might appreciate a break. She arrived in time for plenty of spring and summer shooting and by fall, we were ready for the deer woods.

I had hunted the woods at the very back of our property for years, and as the understory has developed, found it increasingly difficult to bowhunt. There is an old, overgrown logging road system that parallels the hay field, so in an effort to facilitate deer and turkey movement, I ran the brush hog as far as I dared to clear the path. My “Spidey Sense” intuition told me to place a stand just off this newly cleared trail, over a dry creek drainage in a section of woods that opened up a bit. All within sight of the back hay barn. Scene set...

Act 1: First blood happened on November 7, 2018 when I rattled in a healthy Taney County 8-pointer and double lunged him at 21 steps. Longer than my typical range, but sometimes things just feel right, and instinct takes over. It was an easy recovery as he ran a mere 50 yards from the stand.

Act 2: With our freezer full, I decided to continue bowhunting in hopes of tagging some venison for our son, whose work commitments kept him out of our woods until very late in the season. As luck would have it, a family unit walked within seven yards of the same stand on December 9. Arrow loosed, doe down, his freezer filled just in time for his birthday (the best birthday present ever if you ask me)!

The 2019 season came and went without a single deer sighting from that stand... Hmmm... in hindsight I was carrying a different bow made by a friend... Hmmm... Jinx?

Fast forward to the 2019/2020 UBM Festival. While visiting with Mike Dunaway at his Wild



Horse Creek booth, he mentioned that he had just the bow for me—a left hand Quest model takedown longbow in Osage and Bocote, 56#@28, my usual moose-weight bow. Mike said he'd make me a great deal as he had recently discontinued the Quest line. I needed another bow like I needed another hole in my head, so I thanked him for the offer and went on about my merry way. As the weeks went by, the worm ate deeper into my brain and I finally succumbed and called Mike. “My” Quest was still up for adoption so the deal was made. With the Covid-cancellation of Mike and Susie’s annual customer appreciation get-together, Mike opted to ship my new moose bow. As the pandemic cancelled my Alaska plans, I decided to continue carrying the Quest in my deer woods, just because.

Act 3: The 2020 season has been one best described as “covered up with deer”. A glorious thing for sure, but I just can’t bring myself to shoot a doe nursing a late-hatch fawn. October 30 saw us with a nearly full moon, clear night skies and our first legitimate hard frost. A perfect morning to make the long trek to the aforementioned stand, but horrors—I somehow left my phone on the charger! How will I pass the hours on stand without texting Jim, John, Darren, or Dennis...? Ah well, hunting old school style—sit still and enjoy the morning. Ha!

Spidey Sense woke me from a light nap a little after 8 a.m. to see a small buck working his way down the

logging road checking scrapes. When he cleared my shooting lane at seven yards, I sent my arrow into his chest. The hit seemed a little high, but the angle was good and easily half an arrow penetration. I felt confident there would be a dead deer at the end of the trail, but with a high entrance and a questionable exit, I was in doubt as to what sort of bloodtrail would there be. I waited a half hour and snuck out of the woods. Enter Charlie, stage right...

My dog, Charlie, a 3-year old Aussie mix, excels at AKC Scentwork and Tracking and has several nosework titles to his "pedigree". He's also an exemplary deer tracker. I truly enjoy Charlie, from his excitement donning his tracking harness and long line to his nearly uncontrollable enthusiasm on a hot track. Whether there is a bloodtrail or not, I love to watch Charlie work.

After ninety minutes and a couple of cups of coffee, I showed Charlie his tracking gear, to which he immediately turned inside out with excitement! We drove to the back field, harnessed up and I led him to the old logging road. At this point, "the Nose" was down and hitting it hard. I am always impressed with his talent, but watching him trace the young buck's exact route to my stand got my blood pumping. He never paused at the point of impact and it was all I could do to hold on to his 20' lead while he zigged and zagged through the understory. I occasionally glanced down and was pleased to see spatters of blood. Encouraged because I knew I did in fact have an exit wound and that Charlie was hot on the trail. It didn't take long to cover the relatively short 75 yard track to our prize, and Charlie's excitement waned to a more subdued "sniff and lick"; satisfied

that he has done his job quickly and done it well.

Since we weren't very far from the truck, I went back to retrieve my bow for photo ops and the deer drag, and after lightening the load and feeding the coyotes, proceeded to slide my buck out past my stand. It occurred to me that I had shot three nice deer from that particular stand, and all with Wild Horse Creek Bows. With that idea in mind, I decided to christen the stand the Wild Horse Creek Stand. I wonder if I'll ever see a deer from that stand without a Dunaway bow in my hand. Thanks for some tremendous memories, Mike!

*Equipment notes: Deer 1 and 2 were taken with a 62" WHC Destiny, 49#@28", deer 3 with a 64" Quest, 56#@28. Both bows shoot the same "Dan Novotny Specials"—cedar arrows tipped with Zwickey Eskimo broadheads, totaling 625gr. ■

Lil' Buddy Burner

Harry Mauchenheimer

DARREN'S BUDDY BURNER article in the summer 2020 UBM newsletter brought back memories of cooking on my sisters' Girl Scout Buddy Burners. Some of the memories are better than others, but they were good summertime memories.

One winter after spending several days in a deer stand an idea presented itself. Since the temperature was in the teens, the longer the day, the colder the coffee. As I yearned for a hot cup of coffee, I thought back to the simple Buddy Burner. Maybe a modified Buddy Burner would work. Simple, lightweight, and inexpensive.

My modifications are simple. A can with a four inch diameter by about five inch high will work. Set the can open end up. Make several holes in the side of the can at the bottom with a pointed can opener or a ¼ inch drill bit, like Darren's. Make a wire rack



out of a thin metal coat hanger that will sit on top of the can to hold a metal coffee cup. Use a four ounce mushroom can to make the burner the exact way Darren made his. Save the lid from the can so you can drop it on the burner to put it out when you're coffee is hot. A small can of Sterno will also work.

You can also use this small stove to heat a cup of soup or stew. By the time your coffee is hot, no guarantee, but frequently, a deer will show up. Do not shoot your bow while holding a hot cup of coffee! ■

THIS SPRING AND MOST OF THE SUMMER HAS BEEN a bummer. Public campgrounds were closed through most of the good fishing time, travel anywhere was questionable, all due to the Covid-19 pandemic. Don't get me wrong, I know it is real and my prayers go out to anyone reading this that got sick or had loved ones affected. For us isolated folks up here in the woods of north Missouri, well let's just say that "social distancing" was not much of a problem.

Idle hands sometimes get a guy in trouble but projects around the farm are pretty easy to find and this project had been in the back of my mind for several years. Prior to building our house, I had built a room in the back of our pole barn with all the necessities for a weekend or longer stay. I had been thinking about re-purposing the room as it had turned into a catch-all storage spot for junk we didn't know what to do with and after 15 years it was quite a mess! My thoughts were for a walk-in cooler.

Locker plants used to be readily available and most small towns had one. I'm not sure but I think a combination of economic

downturns and folks just getting away from home-raised beef and pork put the small guys out of business. Coupling that with the rise in big-business cattle and pork producers has made the small family farms almost extinct. The locker plants that still exist are now getting inundated with people who, I think, are trying to go back to the "old ways", searching for good, safe meat.

Not knowing enough about refrigeration, I turned to Google for help with my project. A simple search for "how to build a walk-in cooler" turned up a couple from New York who, in 1999, were searching for a cheaper way to keep garden stuff (part of their livelihood) cool. To make a long story short (you can read all about it on their website, storeitcold.com) they invented a device to control a simple room air conditioner making it capable of reaching temperatures as low as 34 degrees.

The key to making this thing work is proper insulation. The north end of our room was the bathroom and shower with a concrete floor and fiberglass insulation. Unfortunately,



according to instructions, fiberglass insulation is a no-no. Closed cell polyisocyanurate foam in rigid 4X8 sheets or a spray form is the way to go. The cost comparison between the two types for me was pretty much a wash. Since they are the exact same material, I elected to use the sheets. After all, this was to be a DIY project! One note here is that acquiring the needed 2" thick sheets was a bit of a hassle but a personable manager at Kirksville Home Depot made it happen.

Wrecking out the old walls and insulation revealed access points for snakes, bugs and other crawly creatures as well as air gaps. After a few cans of triple expanding foam (I found out "Great Stuff" spray was not so great) and a couple bags of concrete, the



room was made airtight. I could go into more detail about the construction but the gist of it all is I needed to get the room to a minimum insulation value of R-25. To accomplish that, I created a 3 ½ inch “dead air space” and added 4 inches of R-Max Thermasheath-3 insulation. This got my room to an R-30 value. Again, the complete instruction / ideas can be found on storeitcold.



COSTS FOR MY ROOM:	
LG 12000 BTU A.C. unit	\$489.00
COOL-BOT controller	\$349.00
R-MAX Insulation	\$680.00 (18 sheets @ \$34.00)
RFB Shower board	\$296.00 (washable cover for insulation)
Misc.	\$225.00 (construction adhesive, cans spray foam.Aluminum HVAC tape for seams etc.)
GRAND TOTAL	\$2039.00

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Traditional Archery Bear Hunt 2020

Sam Orr

FOR THE PAST SEVERAL years Squapan Mountain Outfitters in Chapman, Maine has hosted a traditional archery focused bear hunt the first week of the Maine Bear Season, and in conjunction with Black Widow Bows has offered one hunt to United Bowhunters of Missouri for use in our annual Festival auction. Doug Smentkowski won the bid on this hunt in 2019 and wrangled me into going along; I think mostly to help with the driving! This article is intended to give some insight into what such a hunt entails from a travel as well as a hunting perspective.



Tony, Jess, Lynn and Josh Boucher, our Hosts!

We loaded Doug’s van on Friday, August 28, and left Jefferson

City, Missouri, about 8:45 that evening. After 23 hours and 45 minutes we arrived in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and stayed the night at a Motel 6. This year the issues regarding Covid were obvious on the road. Most states east of Illinois wanted folks to wear masks whenever you were out of your vehicle. Many motels, gas stations and rest areas did not have coffee available even in vending machines, but you could buy



Two cabins with the dining hall in the middle

Continued on next page

bottled drinks of various kinds. In Pennsylvania and New York the highway message boards, instead of “Don’t park in the passing lane.” messages, had “Keep our state safe and wear a mask.” messages.

Gas prices ran from \$2.60 in Milesburg, Pennsylvania to \$1.84 in St. Peters, Missouri on the way home on September 6th and 7th. Round trip the gas cost was about \$350.00 for a trip that was right at 1,700 miles one-way. Motel rooms for one night each way cost about \$275.00 total. Road signage east of Ohio can prove problematic for those of us from Missouri. We have become used to seeing signs that show what eateries, gas stations and hotels are available at upcoming highway exits. This does not occur as you go into the eastern US. You might see a sign with a couple of icons suggesting gas, hotel or food as you come to the exit ramp. If you decide to take the exit you often then find that those amenities are as much as 8 to 10 miles off the highway. Having an AAA trip planner book would have been a great idea. Finding a fast-food place to eat was a bit of a struggle.

Our route on the first day of driving there took us through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, then through New York to skirt around New Jersey, to Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire. I was struck by the beauty of western Massachusetts. It is part of the Appalachian Mountains and has stunning vistas, great elevation changes and lots of forest.

After just shy of 30 hours of driving we arrived at Squapan Mountain Outfitters on the south side of Chapman, Maine. The large town in the area is Presque Isle, about 9,000 in

population, and just a 15 minute drive from the hunting camp. It has an airport, so if you don’t like 30-hour drives you can fly in and your host, Tony Boucher (pronounced Boo-shay’ since its French), will pick you up and bring you to camp. Presque Isle also has a Wal-Mart and several restaurants and other stores. You won’t need any restaurants as Tony’s wife, Lynn, produces excellent fair every meal.

Tony met us as we arrived and showed us our cabin and which bunks were ours for the week. Due to the Covid situation, to allow for sufficient distancing, only the lower bunks were used. We had 14 hunters in camp, plus one local fellow who stayed at his home and this amount of clients proved to allow everyone a chance to use the shower and restroom facilities with no waiting. A natural timing-of-use developed and this was very effective. Also, we were asked to supply our own sleeping bags or blankets for the bunks because of the Covid extra laundry requirements for bedding. Pillows were provided. I found the bunks and pillows to be very comfortable. Everything was very clean and orderly about the camp and the cabins had both heat and air conditioning. A mini-fridge was available to keep any personal

beverages or snacks ready to consume.

Supper was provided on Sunday evening after everyone had arrived. We hunted from Monday through Saturday. Maine does not allow bear hunting on Sunday. The daily schedule was consistent through the week. Breakfast was continental with cereal, bagels and fruit available along with milk and orange juice, and of course plenty of coffee. This allows hunters to rise at the time of their choice and eat as they get awake. Lunch is served at noon and is the main meal of the day. As mentioned earlier, Lynn Boucher is the cook and puts a fine array of salads, meats, casseroles, soups and desserts on the buffet. No one leaves hungry!

Most hunters, either immediately before or after lunch, take their pre-hunt shower. At 1:00 p.m. hunters load up with



Path leading into one of the bait-sites - It’s woolly in bear country!

one of the guides and are taken to their respective bait sites. Shooting light, 30 minutes after sunset, during the first week of the season ends about 7:40 to 7:28 as the week proceeds. Guides begin pickup as shooting light is over and most hunters are back in camp for supper by 8:00 p.m. Supper is available so that as the various groups of hunters arrive they can eat. After supper, folks spend some time chatting around the fire and eventually wander off to slumber, unless

Now it's time to talk a bit about the hunting process. Bear are usually hunted in one of three ways. Out west often the spot and stalk or hunting with hounds methods are used. In the east and north often either hounds or baits are used. This hunt is over bait and baiting of the sites begins 30 days before the beginning of the bear season. (Hound hunts are conducted later in the season and are rifle hunts as you want the bear dead when it hits the ground or it can cause severe harm to the hounds.) Bait consists of waste from candy and confectionary factories. In these factories if any metal or other contaminants are detected in the conveyor lines the lines must be stopped and completely emptied to meet FDA guidelines. These cleanings are bear bait. The bears don't care about a little goop in their goodies! One might find M&Ms, popcorn, dry cake mix, peanut butter or cake icing depending on the day.

Each of the guides will take three or four hunters out to their bait site using either ATVs or pickup trucks. Some folks prefer ladder stands while others prefer ground blinds. Both hides are located about 12 to 15 yards from

the bait barrels. Some of the bait sites have cell phone reception so that if a hunter gets a bear early in the day they can call or text their guide and in most cases one of the guides can come out and help locate and bring in the bear rather than waiting until the end of the day. A few of the bait sites are located such that even if a bear is taken early in the day the guides can't come out until end of shooting light without disturbing the hunt on another bait. If there is no way of reaching the guides, or as is often the case the bear is taken close to end of shooting light, the hunter will simply sit until the guide comes at the end of the day.

When the guides come in to get hunters from the blinds the hunters stay still in the blinds until the guide comes to them. That way if there are any bears near the bait the guide's arrival will drive them away without the hunter revealing the location/existence of the blind. If the hunter has shot a bear the guide wants to know exactly where the bear was standing when the arrow hit, and then which direction

the bear went upon exiting the bait site. The guide then begins searching for blood and other sign and the hunter follows. If this is occurring as the hunters are being gathered from their respective blinds the trailing will only proceed 40 to 50 yards if the bear is not found. Then the trail is marked, and after all have returned to camp and had supper the guides will return to the bait site with the hunter, and maybe some others in camp, to finish tracking the bear. On occasion a tracking dog and its owner are brought in to help find a bear whose trail goes cold, if the dog is available and not on another tracking job.

What about this hunt?

15 hunters participated in this year's hunt. As noted above, the group photo had nine states represented. Emily and Konnor Smith were married in October 2019 and this hunt was their honeymoon! The background of the hunters really speaks to the universal allure of traditional archery. We had folks who drove trucks, handled government

Continued on next page



2020 Hunt Participants, Back Row: Shawn Carter, AL; Bill Meyer, PA; Phillip Fields, VA; Louis Shoffner, NC; Steve Coats, MO; Gill Amarantes, RI; Jeremiah Wade, MO; Lucas Ireland, ME; Kneeling: Sam Orr, MO; Brian Wheeler, RI; Tim Benton, AR; Doug Smentkowski, MO; Roger Fulton, MO; Emily and Konnor Smith, MI

Continued from previous page

contracts for the U.S. Navy, were firefighters and EMTs, product development engineers, and Ph.D. college professors. Many have hunted multiple game species; multiple states and a couple have even hunted in Africa and have the trophies to prove it. This eclectic group provided for a lot of fun and educational conversations.

The forest composition is quite different in northern Maine than in Missouri and bait sites were in a variety of landscape positions from upland to swamp. Species such as white pine, black and white spruce, balsam fir, eastern hemlock, paper birch grow wild in mixed stands in Maine. One species that was interesting to see was eastern larch, or tamarack. It shares some traits with bald cypress as it grows well in swampy locales provides strong wood and loses its needles each fall.

Of our 15 hunters, 12 used traditional archery tackle. Bow weights ran from 41 to 60 pounds. One used wooden shafts while most used carbon shafts. All used fixed blade broadheads with weights running from 100 to 190 grains. All but two of the hunters saw bear. Yes, I'm one of the two that never saw an *Ursus americanus*. Six bear were taken, ranging in weight from 109 to 330 pounds! Three bear were wounded but not recovered. One hunter had two bear encounters but never took a shot because the first was a sow with cubs and the second was so close to his blind that he feared if he shot the animal it might run over him.

The 190 grain broadheads (I can't remember the manufacturer.) have a two inch cutting width. This proved to be

very important. The archer was taking a quartering away shot and as he released the arrow the bear, facing to the archer's right, turned more to the right and the arrow hit further behind than intended. Due to the extreme cutting width the shot resulted in a good blood trail and recovery of the bear. This was a case where the bear was trailed about 50 yards and then the guide decided to leave it alone while supper was eaten. When the trailing was resumed about an hour and a half later, and took another 30 minutes or so, the guides agreed that the bear had not died very long before it was actually found. Sometimes it is best to let an animal have time to expire rather than pushing it too early.

Besides bear we saw squirrels, chipmunks, blue jays and Canadian jays who kept us entertained as they scavenged from the bait barrels. One squirrel at each site seemed to be the boss and would dive into the barrel, bring out a morsel to eat and then sit atop the barrel to keep others from getting to the goodies. When the guard squirrel was away it was surprising to see blue jays jump into the barrels and then fly back out in from three to 20 seconds. One of the hunters had a cow moose walk through his bait site and the size of that animal made a distinct impression! On another evening a fisher, a weasel family member about 36 inches long nose to tail, showed up and helped himself to some snacks. And, one evening on our way to the baits a yearling moose trotted across the road in front of the truck.

A unique element of this hunt is that the fine folks at Black Widow, NO not her!, Black Widow Bows in Nixa, Missouri!, awards a

custom Black Widow bow to the hunter that, using traditional archery gear, takes the largest, by weight, bear. This year, Shawn Carter from Alabama won the bow by taking a 330 pound boar. He made an excellent shot with the Black Widow bow he already owns and the bear was found within 50 yards of the bait barrel. But, Shawn had been wanting to obtain another Black Widow with different woods and draw weight, so now he has one coming! Hopefully, he'll come to Missouri and inspect the options first-hand at the Nixa facility.

In summary, if you can wrangle an opportunity to hunt bears with a stick and string I strongly recommend Squapan Mountain Outfitters as the place to go. Bid on this year's hunt at the 2021 UBM Festival and you'll be wonderfully rewarded. ■



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ON OCTOBER 23, 1992 I fell from a tree stand that changed my life as a hunter forever. I was paralyzed for a couple months from the waist down and then went through a long recovery. I told my wife that by the next August I wanted to try to hunt again. She said that would be okay but from the ground only. She also stipulated that I had to convince our son, Robert, who was almost four, that I would be okay. He remembered me going hunting and not coming home. A few days later, Robert and I were shooting our recurves and



27 years and 364 days ago this man laid in a field paralyzed after a treestand accident. Just wanting to sit in a wheelchair to play catch with me again. Lots of memories I am so fortunate to make with him over the past 28 years. Today my old man stalked this buck to 15 yards as he ate acorns and heart shot him with his recurve. Couldn't have been more excited to get a text from him this morning. Congrats buddy! Once again killers gonna kill!!

I said, "Hey, buddy, what would you think if Daddy went hunting again?" I could see him in deep thought. He looked at me and answered, "Okay, one time." On October 22, 1993 I shot a 10-point buck off the ground and my journey of hunting from terra firma began.

This season was no different. After missing all last year from knee surgery, in September I was really ready to hunt a lot. The afternoon of October 21st, I saw a big track in a scrape in one of my hunting areas. I had noticed some deer activity up on a nearby hardwood ridge that morning. So the morning of October 22nd, I put on my ghillie top and set up at daybreak close to the area where I had seen deer activity the day before. The wind was straight in my face. An hour after daybreak, I spotted a really nice buck about 70 yards away who was completely absorbed in his effort to eat all the acorns on the ridge. I told myself that there was no way he'd be coming my way, so I decided to go to him. If I could slip to my left about ten yards, I'd have a tree between him and me. I slipped off my ghillie top and slowly eased sideways. Now those of you that know me know that I'm not the most graceful person walking. Once I got a good size tree between him and me, the stalk began. It took me ten-plus minutes to cover 60 yards keeping the tree between us. He continued to eat acorns, oblivious to my approach. Once I got to The Tree, I could hear him chewing his breakfast. He was less than 20 yards away! I tried to figure out what to do next as my heart raced and adrenaline pumped. I couldn't just ease out around the tree because he would see me. Damn! I decided to wait and see if he would walk out where I could

maybe be able to kill him. It seemed like forever, but he did come out

at 17 yards and looked to his left away from me. That was all I needed. I drew my bow, let go of the string, and the arrow appeared to hit him in the heart. He took off like we've all seen. After running about 70 yards, though, he slowed to a stop and I could see that I had hit him good. He then trotted over the edge of the ridge and out of sight.

In that moment, I started thinking about a lot of things from past. I knew the buck was dead and that he was the first buck I had killed in seven years. As I walked to where he lay, I also thought, "Wow, I've never slipped up on any deer ever and been able to finish the hunt successfully!" Then as I stood over him, six people came to mind immediately; my wife, my son, and four friends who were there for me all the time after October 23, 1992 – Darrel, Bob, Steve, and Dennis. I sent them a group text with a photo of the buck laying at my feet, thanking each of them for being part of my journey. Robert said it all on his Facebook post. October 22 has become a very special day in my life. Not only have I taken two great deer on this date but during my senior year in high school at Ste Genevieve, our football team beat Farmington 22-0. That was a game we weren't supposed to win, and we went on to win the championship that year. Even the score had 22 in it! My dad, who I lost few years ago, met me in the center of field on the 22-yard line. This buck is for all of you special in my journey. Thank you all! ■

WHERE DO I BEGIN with a story like this? Do I start with the dream of hunting out west? Do I start with the excitement of four bucks chasing one doe on a warm, windy midday? Do I start with the hike into the woods and prairies with my dad to go find my buck hours after the shot? Where do I begin with a story like this?

Well, let's start in early September. My hunting partner (my dad) and I met in western Nebraska with our 45-pound recurves to hunt whitetail deer and mule deer. We explored multiple public lands and learned a few things. We saw mule deer, whitetail deer, multiple hunters, antelope, and a porcupine. We also heard elk bugle, watched a huge whitetail buck run over the crest of a sand hill, and witnessed the most beautiful night sky of our lives. No arrows were released, but it was an amazing trip of learning and preparation

for the upcoming bow season.

Let's fast forward to October. I took a week off work mid-month and spent the first part of the week on a farm in northwest Missouri. For the last couple days of my vacation week, I drove to the eastern part of Nebraska to some public land that my dad had identified. During the time since our early September western Nebraska adventure, my dad had researched and driven to multiple locations in eastern Nebraska hoping to find some public land that would give us some good quality hunts. It was much easier for him to do this crucial work because he is retired and lives closer, hunting mostly in southwest Iowa. I was grateful for my dad's efforts since I had been really busy at work, plus it was really fun to be able to potentially still use my unfilled Nebraska tag. I spent the next two days trying to figure out two of these properties but did not have any deer

sightings even though the properties looked promising. I was anxious to get back for another hunt in the future!

Two weeks later in early November, I returned to one of the eastern Nebraska public land spots I had hunted previously. When I was there before, I carefully worked the outside edges of the property in anticipation of November hunts ahead. I had also spent more time studying aerial photographs and I knew a couple areas I wanted to explore deeper on foot. I got set up in

one of these spots and spent the first evening watching a buck push a few deer along. This buck never got closer than 30 yards. My typical routine in new hunting locations is to find a good spot in the middle of the day and hang my tree stand and then hunt that stand for the evening and the next morning. So, I hunted the same stand the next morning and saw four deer with one of them getting within 15 yards. At midday, I headed north to another spot I had picked out from aerial photographs. The temperature was in the 70s and the wind was blowing. It was a challenge to find a spot to cross the creek due to the steepness of the creek banks, and then it was a challenge to find a tree that I felt concealed and still had shooting lanes at multiple deer trails. Finally, I settled on a tree and put up my stand. I was settled by 11:45 am. Within the hour, a doe was leading two bucks (spike and 8 pointer) on quite a chase. I would see them, and then I would not. The three deer were covering lots of territory. At 12:35 pm, the doe looped down into the creek bottom, and then ran up the trail five yards away. Within seconds, the 8-point came down the exact path. I kindly asked him to stop, and then quickly let the arrow release from my old and experienced recurve bow. I was not happy that the shot was further back than I wanted it to be, but penetration was great. I watched the buck run to the north and stop in a field. I videoed the buck walk slowly across the field and out of sight. I knew that he was going to die, but I was really hoping he would stop moving and lay down to die so I could find



The author with his hard-won prize.



He is way down there!

him later. I sat in my tree for the next hour trying to calm down and make a plan for recovery of the buck. Two more bucks appeared while I waited, and I videoed these deer. After one hour, I quietly climbed down and snuck away the opposite direction from where my buck went.

The next four hours were difficult because I was excited and upset all at the same time. I wanted to find that Nebraska buck soooooo bad, and I knew I had not made the perfect shot that was needed for a quick death. My dad traveled over from his southwest Iowa deer camp to join me for the search. We had quite a hike back into the spot where the buck had gone. It seemed like my dad was going as slow as possible, but he wasn't. I was just really excited and anxious to get there. We finally got to my stand location and off I went to follow along the creek. My dad decided to stay closer to the shot location to figure out what the buck did. As I poked my head over ravine edges, my heart sank multiple times when I did not see his body. It wasn't long until my dad texted that he found a bed with some blood, and it happened to be right on the edge of the field where I first lost sight of the buck after the



My dad maneuvering down into the ravine.

shot. I have no idea how long he lain in that bed, but it was good that I stayed put quietly in my stand for an hour after the shot, and that I snuck out the opposite direction after the hour wait. You simply do not want to spook them to the next county. I headed in my dad's direction after I received that text, and that's when I saw the buck. He had fallen into the deep creek ravine. It was a sight that made me literally jump for joy! I didn't go down to the deer yet, but rather ran towards where my dad was located. He watched me do my joyful/thankful/relieved dance. I was so thrilled. I had shot a Nebraska buck with a bow! It doesn't get any better than that! The sun was going down quickly and there was much work to do, so the celebration didn't last long.

My dad wanted to see the buck before I took the tree stand down, so we walked through the woods to the edge of the creek and peered down into the ravine. It was a long way down to the buck. We still did not go down to the buck but hurried back to my stand location. I excitedly took down the stand and described every detail of why I chose the spot due to aerial photographs, terrain, and fresh sign. The sun kept going down.



The hard work after the kill.

We then carefully made our way down to the buck in the creek and decided it would be easier to get him out by going a totally different direction than we walked in. The moment was beautiful. My dad was able to take quite a few pictures. After the deer was field dressed, we got it out of the creek bottom and into a flat area where we could walk a few hundred yards to the nearest road. Picture this: Nebraska buck with a recurve at five yards, sun going down, my dad carrying my bow, arrows, and tree stand (what a great hunting partner), ducks flying through the air across the last light in the sky, deer staring at you across a field of corn stubble, and the satisfaction of dragging out a deer on public land. This moment was so meaningful, and a snapshot in life that will never be forgotten. I cherish these moments. I thank God for the hunting process and to be able to share it with others. ■



THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE IS A NAME for an area in the Mark Twain National Forest. It is known for just what it sounds like; rugged, steep and sometimes even treacherous country. The "Backbone" is thirteen miles long and ranges in altitude from 600 feet above sea level to over 1000. It is supported on either side by massive oak, hickory, and pine trees. The spring-fed North Fork of the White River provides year round water to the flora and fauna of the area. I am by no means an expert on the Backbone, I have never hunted it, and I hunt mainly private land here in Missouri when



Please pass on this one



Chances passed

chasing my deer and turkeys. But this past October I was fortunate enough to hunt with a man that has spent many, many hours hunting and guiding on the Devil's Backbone; Joe Hollingshad built a distinguished reputation for his turkey hunts in this area of the Mark Twain, the list of people he has guided is long and impressive. People, celebrities and politians from all over the United States and even Canada have come to hunt with Joe and still do today. Joe made an adventure out of hunting the Backbone. He would take his equipment and hunters in by mule teams and wagons. They would then operate from a wall tent base camp, just as you might on an elk hunt out west. They chased Missouri gobblers up one side of the Backbone and down the other. I would venture a guess that only a handful of

men might know more about the Backbone than Joe and that would be a small hand for sure!

This adventure started at our UBM Festival last February. Joe, and his son, Chance, are now offering deer and turkey hunts on Joe's 1500 acre farm in Douglas County, Missouri (known to the locals as "Booger County") between the busy metropolises of Drury and Gentryville, Missouri. Joe, at the prodding of Darren Haverstick, had graciously donated a deer hunt for our live auction. Once Sergeant Cheryl (my wife) gave me the okay, I started throwing my hand up and when the dust settled I had an adventure awaiting me for the fall of 2020. Darren has known Joe and hunted turkeys with him in the past, so Joe invited Darren to come hunt with me. Well, as so many things have in this Covid-19 year, plans changed and Darren could not go. When Joe found out



Wheat food plot

that Darren could not make the hunt he graciously asked if my son would like to come hunt with me. After a phone call and very little prodding from me, Jamie, my son, was all in! Joe met us at the crossroads in Gentryville (actually the crossroads are Gentryville) on October 30th, and led us down the gravel, pot holed, washed out, sometimes one lane road to the farm. We got my camper situated and plugged in, and then Joe took us on a short tour of the area.

Joe and Chance have worked very hard at clearing land and scratching out places for food plots. If you are not familiar with south Missouri and Douglas County, you would be hard pressed to find some place with more rocks! South Texas would be the only place I can think of. In fact, when I can, I shoot a judo tipped arrow from my stand before I get down and I found that very hard to do on this hunt without tearing an arrow up on the rocks! The late dry summer and fall had made it tough for the plots to flourish. Combine that with the fact the acorns were falling and it made it tough to pattern the deer. Joe has many stands in place but he told us to bring stands of our own if we wanted and we could

throw them up if need be. He explained to us what bucks we could shoot and which ones he wanted left. There is a 130" minimum in place for any gun-hunters hunting with them and they are trying to establish the same requirement for bow-hunters. We hung our stands in a spot or two that Joe showed us and we actually moved them once or twice during our hunt. Mostly we hunted from the stands Joe provided. Every time we sat a stand, whether morning or evening, we saw deer. We both passed shots at does and small bucks. One morning I saw 13 deer out of my stand. Although we didn't see any shooters we did see evidence of shooters! There were multiple scrapes and rubs. We found two rubs that were on trees 6 to 8 inches in diameter. Those were not made by a fork-horn! On our 3-day hunt I'm sure that we saw over 50 deer. Were some of them repeat? Sure, but needless to say there are plenty of deer in Douglas County!

On the second day of our hunt, as we were driving down a two-track in the Ranger, we topped a hill and came upon an old building. It sat right in the middle of the timber. We were talking of our morning hunt but I had to break in and ask Joe to stop. "What is that"? I inquired. Joe replied "That is White Oak Grove School". Now my interest was piqued. I asked Joe several



White Oak Grove School

questions and the story of the school came to life. One room school houses were utilized in rural America at the turn of the century and beyond. Children rode horses, wagons & buggies to school, or walked. The next day, after more questions from me, Joe gave me the name and number of Susan Cave. Susan actually grew up in the area and has knowledge of the school. She told me that the Douglas County Museum in Ava, Missouri had records and information about the school. Records show that the school was operational and in service from 1908 thru 1957. But Susan told me that she has photos of her ancestors standing at the school in 1899. Maybe the school wasn't sanctioned or accredited by the state until 1908, who knows? Needless to say, it was there and many local children attended it. I remember back to my school years and I can just imagine the kind of adventures me and my friends could have found going to and from school! Do you think



Joe's success board

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previous page

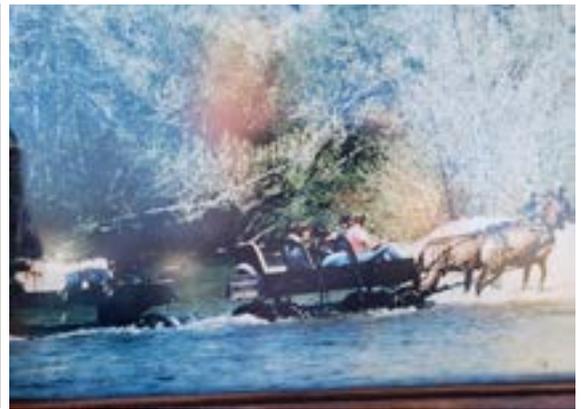
there were any rifles/bows leaned up against the front of the building when the kids were in class?

-2-

As we drove on from the school house and drew closer to the county road, Joe pointed out another structure on the edge of a pasture, next to the timber but across the fence on the neighbor's property, "That is the old Sedan building" he said. Again, the questions flew. What is the "Sedan Building"? What was its purpose? Between Joe and Susan this is what I discovered; at one time in the late 1800's, after the Civil War, this area was known as Sedan, Missouri. [Joe and Susan both put a long-e emphasis on the first syllable so it comes out more like "See-dan" instead of "Sa-dan"]. Don't know how you would label it other than an unincorporated community, but you can Google Sedan, Missouri and up it pops! Sedan is located 2 miles east of Gentryville and 5 miles south of Drury. Dora lies about 7 miles to the southeast. Both Joe and Susan told me that in its prime the building housed a merchant store, a blacksmith shop, and a post office. Susan told me that the Douglas County Museum in Ava had some of the findings from the old post office on display, also that records indicate it was active in 1891. Don't know exactly when it was established or ended, but I'm guessing that you could discover that at the museum. Susan also stated that her ancestors told her that there was a saloon across the road from this building.



Joe's base camp



Joe's mule train

And if anyone should know it would be Susan as her family (ancestors) homesteaded this country back in 1875! The family name was "Hicks". Robert Hicks was a politician in the area and his son, William, actually homesteaded the property. I believe some of the area south of Sedan and even part of Joe's farm was included in the original homestead. How amazing and intriguing is that? Joe told me that Sedan was a stopover for people traveling by horse and buggy/wagon etc. They would stop to stock up with goods, food and water, post anything they had to mail, make any necessary repairs, camp for the night and then travel on the next day to their destination. I find this kind of stuff fascinating! There is a large part of me that wishes we could go back to experience what this life was like. Was it harder and less comfortable? Yes, I'm quite sure, but did it teach you to value what you had and to respect what others worked so hard for? I'm pretty sure that is a yes as well. I know the next time I am in Douglas County I will take time to find the museum in Ava and spend some time looking at the rich history of this rural area.

On the last morning of our hunt I shaved the hair off of an alert doe's back. I want to say she

jumped the string on me but I can't say that for sure. Maybe I just shot high, don't know but I'm so glad I just cut hair. We took no deer on our hunt but we were still successful; a new friendship was formed and more respect and admiration for the forefathers that settled and survived in such rough country. At this time we don't know what will be happening with our UBM Festival come February. I hope the virus will be tamed and things can get back to a new normal. Devils Backbone Outfitters, Joe and Chance Hollingshad, have agreed to donate another hunt for our auction. They are trying to increase their bow-hunting clientele so look at their webpage [www.devilsbackboneoutfitters.com] and be ready to raise your hand at the auction. You will be supporting UBM, meeting some quality people in Joe and Chance, and giving yourself an opportunity to take a fine whitetail down in "Booger County"! ■



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OUR YARD AND SHRUBBERY are the food source for the local deer herd. If they would trim evenly or knew when to stop, it would be great. My wife just shakes her head when I open the door and talk to them. The deer give me a blank stare and it's clear they aren't really listening. It reminds me of when the kids were teenagers. It is time for change.

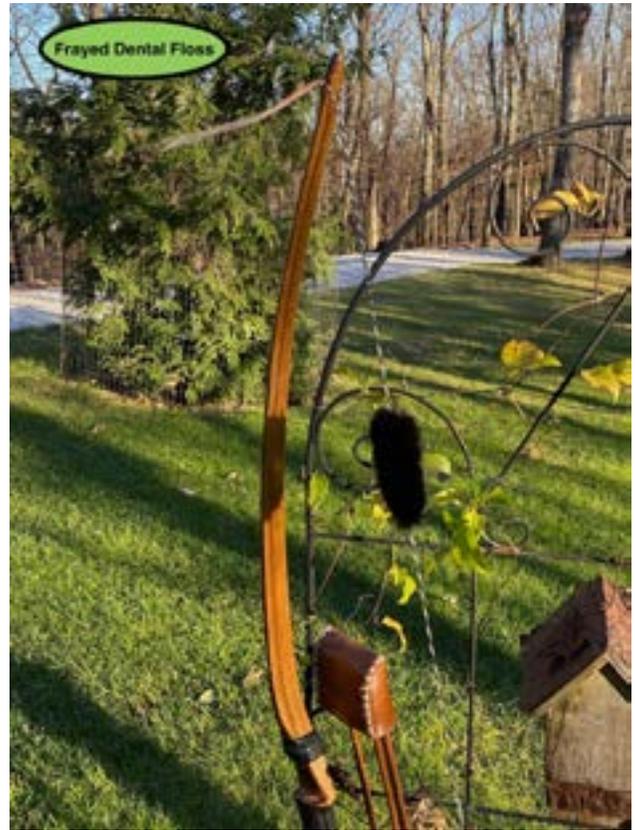
I asked our Sunday Morning Stump Bunch if they would help. It's longbows and recurves, plus bamboo, wood, aluminum and carbon arrows. Skills and experience are varied. The common thread? We all enjoy stump shooting and hunting with traditional equipment. You might call us diehard traditionalists. We don't oppose other methods or equipment, but we are satisfied with our uncomplicated single string ways. Proficiency depends on practice and determination, not high-tech equipment. That

challenge and fascination supports the romance I have with archery. It is difficult to describe the fulfillment felt, knowing the arrow you released is an extension of you and your ability.

The Stump Bunch came to see the area along with shooting broadheads and tweaking equipment. We tested and inspected the ladder stands while some sat in them and shot from each stand. Geographic direction was shared, making everyone aware of which stand to use relative to the wind. The hilly terrain creates backdrafts and twirling winds. I shared the

benefit of frayed dental floss tied to the tip of your bow which quickly signals changing wind direction. Travel to the stands was acknowledged to avoid spreading scent or crossing runs.

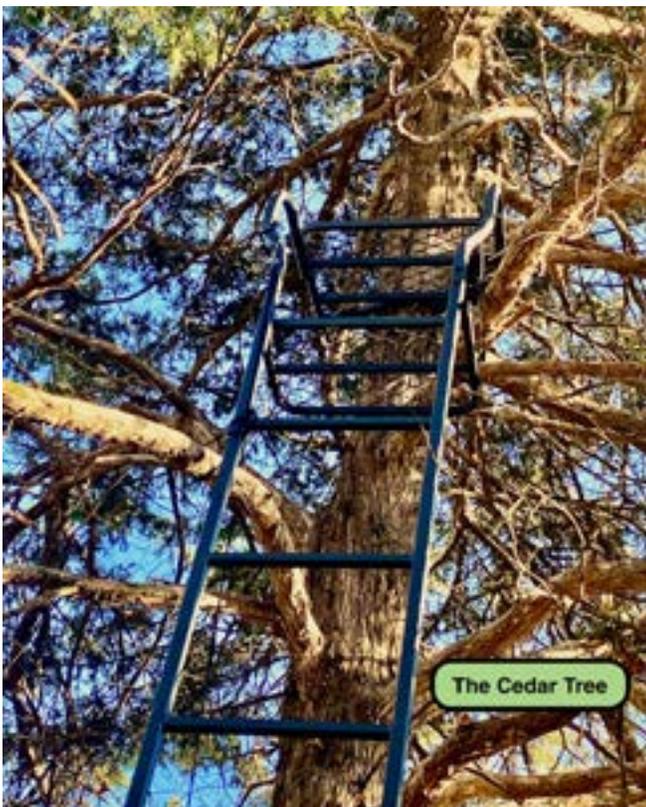
Opening Day arrives - Senior Moment arrived with it - For whatever reason I thought the 15th came on Wednesday. When I looked at our calendar on Tuesday morning, it was the 15th. Holy



Moly! It's opening day and I don't have my deer license. That was a first. I must be losing it. Don't tell anyone! Off to Walmart to buy my tags on Tuesday so I could hunt on Wednesday.

James, who is "Mr. Consistent", always hits anchor and holds like a rock. He is our best shot. James takes Friday vacations during the archery deer season. On Friday the 18th, he had his choice of the ladder stands. Long story short : James returned to the house around 9:30 (am) full of excitement. In a worked up choppy voice he said, "I missed!". "Shot 6 inches over a large doe at 20 yards, standing broadside!" He admits he gets buck fever and starts shaking as soon as he sees a deer. He got to watch this one come in from approximately 100 yards out. He described how his arrow shakes and looks blurry when released. He said

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he loses control of everything except his bladder. Now that is excitement! You would think he has never taken a deer. But he has. Both with a compound and a traditional bow.

James and Roger both hunted Saturday, seeing deer out of range. Roger has not taken a deer with a bow. On Roger's first morning hunt, I texted him at 10:30, asking if he was okay. His text response was, "I am and I am done for the day. But first, I have to tell you that I lied to you. I said I would shoot anything to help reduce the population. I passed on a fawn with spots at five yards."

All together he saw nine deer that morning without a shot. Since Roger was seeing deer, but out of range, it was time to move his stand. We moved the stand and trimmed shooting lanes to improve his chances.

COVID became a factor for James. One of his co-worker's wife tested positive so James quarantined himself for the next couple of weeks. His quarantine

got extended when a second employee tested positive.

Roger now had his choice of the stands. But he too had to deal with the COVID. His grandson was put on quarantine from school and Roger had been with him.

Let's fast forward two weeks. Roger returned to hunt on Saturday morning. Our morning coffee visit might have lasted a little too long since it was getting light when he headed to his stand. While attaching his safety strap to the tree, something caught his attention. Yep, you guessed it. An 8-point buck at approximately ten yards was staring at him. Roger was facing the tree peeking over his shoulder, trying not to move, knowing his

bow was still on the line to be pulled up. The buck eventually walked but caught Roger's scent causing him to spring out to approximately 20 yards. Still no shot, no bow. Finally, being able to bring his bow up, he was ready to hunt. About 20 minutes later, a second, but younger, buck came in from a different direction. This one walked a full circle at 20 yards but remained within the brush. Roger enjoyed sharing and reliving his morning hunt. Just seeing deer



and the related excitement made his day. This experience will be etched into his brain and I am sure we will hear the story again.

Having the OK from the neighbor, I placed a ladder stand in a cedar tree where deer vacuum the acorns along the edge of the field. Since placing the stand, the neighbor has seen a couple of bucks courting the does. I took James to the stand, making sure he knew the property lines etc. About an hour into my evening hunt, I received a text from the neighbor asking if someone was in the cedar tree. I replied "Yes, is something wrong?" "No, I can see the does feeding on acorns and wondered if they were being hunted." In just a few minutes, I received a second text. A buck (maybe a 120 buck) is now in the field. I assured him that James was watching. At dark, Roger and I were in the garage waiting on James. Roger had time to read and enjoy the text exchange with the neighbor which included a



distant fuzzy phone picture of the buck in the middle of the field. As expected, James came in revved up. He was overwhelmed and shaking, he could hardly talk. He was describing and referring to the buck as Godzilla. All the deer were out of range, but he was in the game and had a full evening of anticipation and readiness. His stories and excitement was almost better than actually hunting!

A couple evenings later, James is in his now favorite stand; "The Cedar Tree". I get a phone call and it is James. More calmly than I would expect, he said, "I just shot a doe." "Can you see what direction it ran?" "Yes, I can see the deer. It did a flip and fell." "I will be right there." It was a

good shot and the deer was down inside 30 yards. When I arrived at the stand, James was wearing a grin that lasted for days. After field dressing, we took the deer to the barn for processing. Thank goodness this was during the cold snap we had in October so it was okay to hang the deer in the barn overnight.

Roger was seeing deer every time he was in his tree stand but hadn't taken a shot. That changed one morning when he took a shot at a doe quartering away. He doesn't suffer from buck fever, target panic, or any of the other standard problems that most bowhunters experience. If he isn't right on, he is high. We think that is because of his 32" draw and his

33" 2219 arrows fly flat and don't drop. It is expected that he could knock a deer over. For whatever reason, he shot low.

We finished that morning with pancakes fresh off the Black Stone Griddle while admiring the fall colors and making plans for the balance of the season.

ATTENTION READERS - This story has come to an abrupt halt as a result of COVID. James and Roger have tested positive for COVID. My wife, Gladys, and I have also tested positive. All hunting activities related to this story are on hold. Our focus and attention is on our health.

If we are able to regroup and finish our hunting, a follow-up story will follow. ■

Unsung Heroes

Tom Dickerson

DURING THIS CRAZY YEAR of the pandemic, we have all heard and seen the title of "hero" for several well deserving people. Well let me tell you a little about a person who has been spreading the joy of archery for several years. I'm sure many of you know someone, or you might just be doing some of these things, but many members and other people may not know anything about what is happening in your area of the state.

Mike Calahan is one of Southeast Missouri's Unsung Heroes in Archery!

Mike is a past board member of UBM and many of you have met him or have seen him at one of the UBM events. If you have ever helped with the Shriner's Hospital Hand Camp, Deaf Camp, Royal Rangers, Deer Classic, or many of the other events that UBM has been involved in promoting archery then you may have seen Mike.

I want to share a few other things that he has been involved with in our area of the state that has promoted archery to thousands of youth and adults. All of these events are on a volunteer basis with no compensation other than possibly a free meal or two! And yes, some have required a background check and extra training to be able to "donate" your time due to the way things are in our society now.



Continued on next page Our unsung hero, Mike Calahan

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I'm sure I will not mention everything here, but I want to mention a few and hopefully you can share some things that you or someone you know that is working for our sport.

The National Archery in Schools Program is a great program for reaching thousands of young archers. Many of the participants are shooting bows for the first time. Mike has completed training as an instructor and has helped set up several ranges at local schools for them to host a tournament. Sometimes this might require assistance in physical setup the day or evening before the tournament and then help run the shooting line the day of the tournament.

Some parents volunteer to help with this but they may or may not have experience with the program so Mike is the trainer for them and the person they turn to for answers.

Last year there were three different host schools that we helped and now that they also shoot a 3D tournament it usually means another weekend for each tournament. We did help with one where we were able to run both bullseye and 3D at the same time. Mike ran one and I worked the other after we spent the entire day before helping lay out the ranges and get them set up. Each school is limited on the number of shooters that can participate due to space but there are usually three to six schools invited to shoot. Most of the time the tournament is



a qualifying round for the shooters or school to go to the State NASP Tournament.

Did I mention that only one school is local and the others are about 50 miles away? Mike has also volunteered to help the coaches with equipment repair and coaching their students to help the students improve their shooting. Nothing like a couple hundred archers to help keep you motivated!

For the past couple of years, Mr. Calahan has also taught archery at the summer camps for church youth. This is usually three different weeks with archery class being two days each week. Each session has 80 to 100 kids with some having some archery experience and others having never shot a bow. This camp also requires setting up the range for each session and driving over 100 miles round trip for each day.

Another program known to receive help is the local Missouri Department of Conservation Nature Center. Mike might help repair archery equipment or help staff the range for a public event. He has also helped MDC with many different programs. He has been known to help install targets and maintain the archery range at the local conservation area. He has also helped run a bowfishing program with MDC which helped introduce youth and their parents to another part of our sport.





I have not even touched on the number of neighborhood kids that have benefited from his giving nature. From donating bows and arrows to helping them learn the basics of archery, Mike is like others from this great organization. One huge problem is that WE don't do a very good job of letting others know what is going on!

I know that this is NOT a complete list of things done by Mike, or many of our other

members, but it might help you in the future when someone asks. What does the United Bowhunters of Missouri do and why would I want to join??

Let us recognize those that are carrying the torch of bowhunting and sharing our passion with the future! They are the Heroes that may or may not receive the credit that they are all due! ■

THANK YOU, MIKE!!

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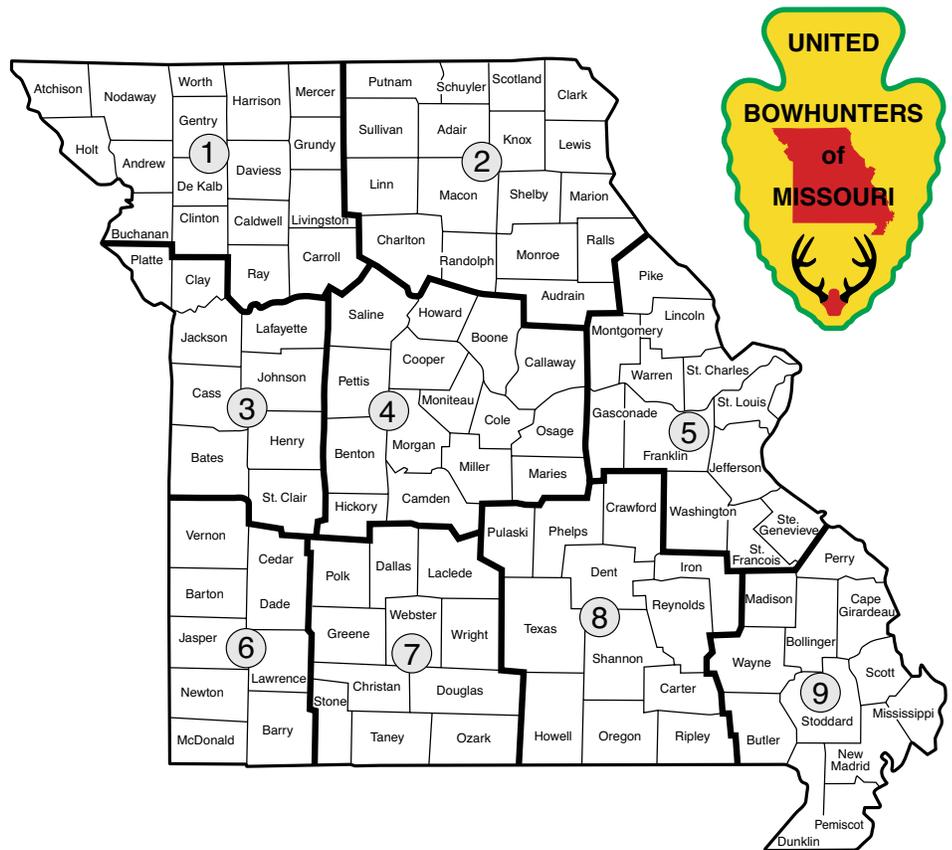
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