



THE UNITED Spring 2021 BOWHUNTER



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



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The United Bowhunters of Missouri
 Spring 2021

Calendar of Events

April

14th: Kansas regular turkey season opens
 19th: Missouri turkey season opens

May

9th: Missouri turkey season closes
 22nd: Missouri squirrel season opens
 31st: Kansas turkey season closes

June

25th -27th: UBM Rendezvous at Marshall Bowhunters Club, Marshall, MO
 30th: Missouri frog season opens

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

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

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

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— On the Cover —

Dan Novotny scouts for javelinas in Cat Claw Canyon.
 Photo by Mike McDonald

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



HELLO ALL, I hope that you are feeling as antsy about chasing turkeys and tuning new bows this spring as I am. I have a Nebraska turkey hunt planned and I'm itching to lose some arrows!

In other news: I'm quite glad to see life start to resume back to normal now that it's post-2020. Sarah and I have had car problems, sewer line problems, and Covid related delays in the adoption of my little Zeke boy in this past year. But, then again, the new taxidermy business location has worked out better than I imagined. We've just about finished the house addition, and the adoption is finally in the final stages, so, all in all, the year hasn't been a total wash.

Another thing I'm sure looking forward to is the Rendezvous in June! We all owe a tremendous amount of gratitude to Don Orrell for hosting this event for the last several years, but we will be changing our location back to Marshall, MO for the 2021 gathering June 25-27. I've been quite impressed by my conversations with the guys running things

over there these days and I'm positive we are going to have a great arrow-flinging time there this summer. So, mark your calendars to be there so we can all catch up on our hunting lies/stories!

Finally, it is that time of year again where we are looking for candidates to fill three positions on our Board of Directors. I've been asked already as to what it takes to be on the Board, and I will tell you that if you are serious about the growth of this club, willing to give input, and, most importantly, willing to reply to occasional emails, you are qualified to be on our Board of Directors! I will say that it's certainly due time for some of us to step up into leadership roles as I know that a couple of our Board members have put in the years and will be stepping down from this election. So then, if you'd like to see some changes, or your own ideas heard, please run for the Board.

Anyway, I hope you all have a fantastic spring chasing thunder chickens and I'll be forever jealous of the guys out there chasing javelina and hogs as of this writing. Tune those bows up and I'll see you at the Rendezvous! ■

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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THE MORNING OF 9/20/2020 was filled with anticipation as we had spotted three rams the evening before and made camp at the bottom of the mountains. It took us about thirty minutes with full packs to reach a spot where we could start looking for the sheep. As we peeked over every little rise there was no sign of them. When we reached the last spot we thought they would be, there was nothing. This was where we would start down to walk out as this was the last day of my 10-day hunt. Just as we thought all was lost, and that the sheep had moved out before we got there, Gabe, the packer, says, "I think I see them down in the trees." We had passed them.

We started a stalk and crawled to within 80 yards, but we couldn't see them through the trees. At that point the sheep got up, fed to within 60 yards of us, and then laid back down. For some unknown reason, they then bolted to our left - either they saw something or smelled something, we assumed. We jumped up and

ran parallel to the top, about 50 yards. Dennis, my hunting buddy for 40 years, was ahead of me and he peeked over the edge and told me that they were at 62 yards. It was now or never.

I was crouched down so I came to full draw and then stood up. The largest ram was in front. I aimed at him, settled in, and released the arrow. They all bolted off the mountain and I thought I had missed until two of the sheep appeared coming out of the trees below us at about 300 yards. Several minutes went by and the big ram appeared with blood on his side. I could tell he was hurt badly. We grabbed all our gear and headed down to where we saw him last to pick up the blood trail. We jumped him up and because he was so weak, he ledged



himself out. I was then able to put in a finishing arrow. He fell about 200 feet to the bottom of the canyon.

As I walk up to the ram, I was overcome with emotions at what had just happened. This completed my archery grand slam and my archery super slam. I want to thank Jonah Stewart for making a place for me in the late season. I also want to thank Doug Elliott, my guide, and Gabe Hupp, my packer who spotted the sheep. And a special thanks to Dennis Kallash, who had been carrying a sign with "#29" in his pack for two years. We had been in NWT the year before without success and it was going to be two years before they had another opening. I wasn't sure if I would be able to do a sheep hunt at 72. It was hard enough at 69 to do a backpack sheep hunt. We had endured four days of rain which kept us from crossing creeks and rivers because of high water. We had low visibility several days but, when I look back, this was a great hunt and adventure! ■



(Editor):

ONE OF THE MANY BLESSINGS I COUNT from my childhood is growing up among some of the finest storytellers in the country. My father, Kenneth, is a master of this craft and he passed on that skill to my brother and me. It is an art that is, sadly, becoming extinct in our society. A good story, no matter how many times you've heard it, is still enjoyable to hear and what follows are a few tales that Dad heard growing up. I hope they make you smile like they do me.

The following stories were a couple of generations old when I first heard them as a kid growing up and I am sure that some of the names were changed with each retelling over the years, but this is the way they were told to me. These are stories about the tellers of tall tales and other eccentric characters from the deep hollers and high hills of Shannon County, Missouri.

There were two characters, Rufe Chrisco and Tom Weber, who seemed to try and outdo each other when it came to telling whoppers. Rufe said he didn't know how old he was, but he could remember when The Sinks (see sidebar) was a just a groundhog hole in the side of hill. Tom countered by saying that he remembered when the Grand Canyon was just a deep wagon track in the dirt and the Rocky Mountains were still holes in the ground.

Rufe said he always hated to see anything go to waste so when the drilled well on his farm went dry, he just pulled it out of the ground, cut it into 2-foot lengths, and used those pieces for post holes.

Tom said he had ten featherbeds stuffed with hummingbird feathers and he had headshot every single one of those hummingbirds with a 10-gauge shotgun using double ought buckshot.

There was a man, I think the name was Carney, who had a little country store. Carney couldn't read or write so when a customer bought something on credit, he just drew a picture of what they bought on their bill. One time a feller came in complaining about being charged for a hoop of cheese that he swore he didn't buy. Carney showed him the circle on his bill and said right there it is in black and white. The feller still wouldn't back down and said that the only thing he'd bought recently was a small

cultivator wheel. Carney scratched his head and said he knew what the problem was now. He had forgotten to draw the small axle hole in the center.

Another old man had to go to the city for a couple of days on business and went to get himself a room at a hotel for the night. When he went up to the desk to check in, he said a young feller pushed an official looking book across it and told him to sign his name. He said, "I looked that feller right square in the eye and told him that I don't sign nothing without reading it first. That boy just grinned at me because he seen I had him dead to rights."

There was a man named Bunch who had a feud going on with a family by the name of Swiney. Bunch was supposed to have said, "I wish it would come a five-mile snow, go off with a slashing rain, and drown every damn Swiney on the face of the earth!" When asked what he would do if such a thing were to happen, he replied, "I'd cork me self up in a bottle and float around to watch the sonsabitches drown!"

A local preacher was riding around the country visiting with the people and he stopped at a farm inhabited by a man and his six children, the man's wife having died sometime in the past. It was about noontime, so the man asked the preacher to stay and eat lunch with them. The only thing on the table to eat was a pot of brown beans. There was a chair at each end of the table for the preacher and the man and a long bench down one side for the kids. After the preacher said the blessing, the man took a couple spoons full of beans, passed the pot to the first child who did the same, who then passed it to the next one right on down the line. When the pot got to the preacher there was barely a spoonful left and the man said, "Help yourself to the beans, Preacher, and take damn near all of them."

A lot of traveling preachers came through the rural areas holding revivals and brush arbor meetings and a few of those preachers were women. One old man was asked what he thought about a woman becoming a preacher and he answered that he thought a woman had just as much right to show her ignorance as a man did to show his. ■

The Sinks:

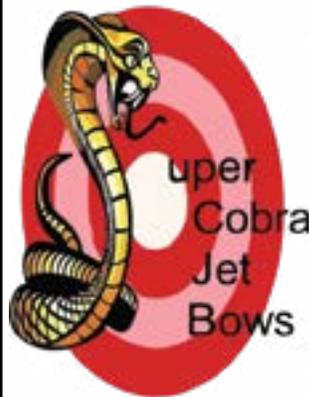
THIS GEOLOGICAL wonder is a local treasure on property that is strictly off-limits to the public now. It is a natural bridge where Sinkin' Creek has carved a 300-foot-long path through a limestone cliff. It was a favorite local swimming hole for decades and the place where I learned to swim. It is also rumored that one or two boys may have caught several trophy smallmouth there. The drawing seen here was done by



Eminence, MO native, Lennis Leonard Broadfoot, and adorns the inside cover of his coveted 1944 book, "Pioneers of the Ozarks". ■

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IT WAS MARCH OF 2020 AND I GOT EXCITED just thinking about the upcoming turkey hunt in Kansas. This would be my third year to bowhunt turkeys in the Sunflower State and so far it had been amazingly good to me.

Then Covid happened. Like everyone else, I tried to learn all I could about this menace, and how I could salvage my much-anticipated next encounter with a couple big old toms. But alas, Kansas announced they were not selling tags to non-residents, and visions of strutting gobblers vanished in a growing pandemic.

With dashed dreams of a Kansas hunt, my mind turned to a fall elk hunting adventure. At my age, a guy doesn't want to miss an opportunity to chase elk with a recurve, and my hunting buddy and I had enough preference points to obtain archery elk tags in Wyoming.... Or so we thought. Upon receiving our "sorry" cards from Wyoming and an explanation about not getting tags when we had two preference points (three would have gotten a tag), I began looking for other states where over the counter (OTC) tags were available.

Being an old guy, my mind wandered back to 1973 when I first bowhunted Colorado. A non-resident elk tag could be purchased over the counter, anywhere in the state, for \$25. For you young guys, that's not a typo, you read it right. After returning to reality, and a good deal of online study, my buddy and I decided to give Idaho a shot. We had never set foot in Idaho, much less chased any critters there. We decided our best chance of getting into elk,

was to go through an outfitter. We arranged for a drop camp and figured the horseback and wall tent aspect of the hunt would be great.

August 28th found us settled into our tent, south of Salmon, Idaho after about a seven mile horseback ride. The season didn't open for two days, so we spent the next couple days covering as much ground as possible scouting and getting acclimated to the lack of oxygen and the surroundings. Unfortunately, we bumped zero elk in our scouting efforts.

After a full day of scouting, we returned to camp just before dark. I hurried to a large rockslide where I could glass a big meadow waaayyyy above our camp. Sure enough, just as it was getting dark, a dandy bull emerged from the timber. Through the glasses, I saw exactly where he entered the meadow and I had renewed hope. The only problem was, getting to the meadow was a real killer of a hike. Nonetheless, I knew where a good bull was and I was eager with anticipation.

The next morning as my buddy and I headed out in the dark, I heard some muffled profanity behind me. Upon investigation, I found my buddy staring at

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a broken release (still from the dark side). There appeared to be no fix for the broken metal and a spare apparently didn't get packed in. He returned to camp where I had everything he needed to set the bow up to shoot with fingers. Geoff spent the rest of the day setting the bow up and practicing with it.

I continued up the mountain alone, the way I prefer to hunt, and caught a movement uphill. I did my best pine tree imitation and at first thought I was looking at a cow elk. When the cow finally moved, I saw that it was a half-racked bull. Turning my head away, I gave a soft calf mew. Several seconds passed and I saw a small five-point bull walking down to me. It stopped about fifty yards uphill and stared down toward me looking for the calf. A second, very soft mew started the bull in my direction again. At thirty yards, the bull again stopped. The angle wasn't quite right and there was a branch blocking the chest. With arrow nocked and bow raised, I felt like five more steps would seal the deal.

With the bull this close and still staring my direction, I remained silent and hoped he would give me the five steps I needed. After an eternity, the bull began the last few steps toward my position. In my mind I'm thinking, "two more steps" as my fingers tightened on the string. On step number four, the bull whirled and ran uphill to join his buddy. I hate swirling mountain winds. Close, but no cigar.

I continued on my way, sidehilling the mountain and getting into an area I had not yet ventured.



The sun was high and I was needing to shed some clothes, so I slid out of my day pack and settled into a dished out old mule deer bed. The bed was cushioned with layers of pine needles and made quite a comfortable napping spot. I am always amazed at the temperature difference in the mountains between direct sunlight and shade. I had removed a layer of clothing, but resting in the shade of the huge pines, became cold again. I lay alone on the mountain and listened for whatever I could hear. In this case, I could hear total silence. No planes, cars, people, birds, or animals of any kind. It was a kind of silence one rarely experiences and I drank it in with reverence. We've probably all had "spiritual" moments like this, it's one of the reasons we hunt. It was absolutely the most peaceful time I could have imagined. For this short time, I was totally removed from the dreaded virus, the riots and looting, and the perpetual promises of politicians. As I strained my ears for some sort of sound, the silence was broken by an over-zealous chipmunk, advertising another successful pinecone cutting in the forest below.

As I rested in my mountain bed, the wind picked up and the pines could be heard whispering across on the far side of the drainage. I enjoyed a pudding snack and a good long swig of water as I moved out of the shade to warm up a bit. As a “wanna be” banjo player, one line of a song kept going through my mind over and over, “Oh the whisper of those winter pines is in my memory still”. While winter was still a ways away, the whisper of those pines is something I will not soon forget.

Fully rested and renewed, I knew there were elk somewhere on the mountain resting and enjoying the shade just like me. They would soon be on their feet, so it was time to get the wind in my face and start still hunting back toward camp.

I reached camp right at dark, and ran to the rockslide to see if the big bull I’d seen on a previous even was there. Indeed he was, this time right out in the middle of the meadow and offering the only bugle I heard during this part of the trip. I spent the last four evenings of the hunt strategically hidden in the meadow above camp. It took two hours to reach the meadow, even though it was only nine tenths of a mile from camp. Coming down in the dark was

a challenge and I got back to camp late on several occasions. Unfortunately, I never saw the bull again.

After we made the ride back to the trucks at the end of our hunt, we drove to Montana to Geoff’s brother’s, where I had left my banjo, boat, and bride. We went to Yellowstone and did the tourist thing for a week, then I headed back to Idaho to an area suggested by the outfitter, where I did a solo hunt for eight days. It was an easy hunt, as I camped at the truck each night.

It was now late enough that the rut was in full swing, and I had some great hunts with several very close calls. I apparently smell really bad, as I got busted again several more times, despite my best efforts to watch the wind.

During the last couple days of the hunt, I got on a nice herd bull that was very vocal. His bugles, growls and chuckles were so loud and deep, the likes I had never heard. The last day, I chased this bull for five hours. I watched him rake trees and actually saw him five times, never being able to get close enough for a shot. I don’t think he ever saw me, and after five hours I was totally exhausted.

My last morning to hunt, I slipped up to where he had been so active and challenged him once again with a bugle. My plan was to go after him if he responded, otherwise my hunt was over and I was headed home. I listened as my challenge echoed off the other side of the drainage. With body exhausted and soul renewed, I was almost relieved when all I could hear was, “The Whisper of Those Winter Pines”.

I can honestly say, this was one of the best elk hunts I’ve been blessed to go on, even though I never dumped a bowstring.

Shoot Straight ■



THIS STORY HAS ITS BEGINNING in January 2020 when good friends and Alaskan residents Bob and Lisa Ameen invited Brenda and me to their winter hideout in Arizona. January 2020; way back before Covid 19, back before the “peaceful” demonstrations that saw buildings burned and looted in cities across our country and, yes, before the riots at our Capitol building in Washington D.C. (sorry about that, this is a huntin’ story).

The plan was for Bob and me to deer hunt and the girls to do whatever it is girls do when not hunting. Bob has a secret spot that requires a several-mile ATV ride then an hour or so backpack hike to camp. I was blindfolded most of the way in so all I can tell you is that we were deep in a canyon somewhere in southern Arizona! Unusual rains had caused the normally peaceful little stream to be a challenge to say the least, but the moisture had transformed the desert flora. I’m not much on remembering names of the flora and fauna, all I can say is it was beautiful. That hunt ended with Bob taking a really good (90+) Coues buck and me falling apart when the opportunity arose. All I can remember is that around 1:30 I heard rocks clink. I was down to long johns, (it was hot) with boots hanging in the tree to dry when he came through. I can still feel drawing the bow and reaching anchor on the side of my face but everything else is a literal blur-- good thing I had a safety belt on--- I also remember my mind screaming no—no, not again! My vision returned in time to watch the arrow fly harmlessly over his back. I should be used to those--episodes--- for lack of a better



description, it happens more than I care to admit, someday maybe I’ll figure it out but until then I’ll just keep wingin’ arrows! I did harvest a Coatimundi out of the same tree and same yardage I missed the buck from. It is a crazy critter, native to South America and the southwest USA, and is a member of the raccoon family but they look more like a monkey with a nose like an anteater. I hoped to have the mount at the UBM Festival but Covid got us there too-- next year!

Arizona deer season runs from mid-December to the end of January, so my unfilled tag was still good until December 31st. But the fires out west this summer did not spare our canyon and hopes of getting to redeem myself with another stab (pun intended) at one of the gray ghosts was looking pretty dim. Bob called, however, just before Christmas saying, despite the fire, deer were still there and did I want to give it a go? My affirmative response was quick, we would only have a few days, but

late December is normally high rut activity.

Flying out, we were again witness to the effects of Covid, airports almost devoid of travelers and planes with folks spread out, masks being required at all times - kinda makes a guy look at everyone suspiciously, only bank robbers should wear masks. Hopefully, this will be over soon.

Our hike in was much easier this time. There was no water in the creek but because of that we had to haul camp water from higher up the canyon. We did find running water and from all the deer sign around it, things were looking good. We saw four different bucks cruising around while setting up our stands with one little guy at 10 yards. Things were really looking good! Not enough daylight left for hunting after camp and stand chores were complete, so we settled in after a robust meal of Mountain House looking forward to the coming morning.

Coues deer have a habit I really like; they are not early risers. It seems like mid-morning to midafternoon are their favored travel times so there is no need to stumble around in predawn darkness. Instead, a guy can drink coffee until he's able to see good enough to walk; mighty hospitable of these little deer, I think! My stand location was not far from the water, a huge boulder and an East / West ridge made a neat little "pinch point" or funnel. Bob had taken a really good deer there a few years back. The fire damage was minimal in the immediate area and even a few trees were sporting nuts.

Right on cue, the first deer showed up at 9:30, a couple of does

south of me feeding under the live oaks. About 15 minutes later, they came blasting by my stand and I could not see anything behind them. However, about an half hour later, a lone doe came walking from the same direction with, lo and behold, a buck in tow. I am not a trophy hunter but when you travel this far, carry a backpack in with provisions for the hunt, what is the point of shooting a small deer? There are plenty of fat does running around back home in Mercer County, we have meat in the freezer, so a respectable buck was my goal. I didn't have long to decide, though, the doe was on course to pass at ten yards. Through the brush I could see the buck was

not wide but had long tines. I have only hunted these deer a few times, but I had never seen a buck like this. The doe was now entering my shooting lane so I just told myself, kill this buck-- maybe that's the answer--- anyhow it worked this time! The arrow was a bit further back than I like, these little guys are really fast. He ran 100 yards before slowing and finally stopped. I reached to hang the bow up and get my bins and here is another buck on the same path, another good deer too! When I looked back, the deer I shot was not visible anymore and the buck underneath me sensed things were not quite right so he took off. Watching the last spot my deer was I soon saw the two does running around with what I hoped was the other buck chasing them. Bad thoughts always start happening about now. Was the deer I just shot chasing those does?

Deciding to wait a full hour before attempting to track, I tried desperately to find the arrow in my bins. I saw the fletch disappear in his side, so it had to be at point of impact or really close. The hour went by agonizingly slow, another smaller buck showed up and bedded 30 yards from me intently watching the ridge above. He stayed there as I descended the tree and only left when I walked to where I had shot. The rut was for sure in full swing! I found running tracks in the hard ground but danged if I could find the arrow. I didn't find any blood for probably 50 yards and it wasn't much. Those bad thoughts came creeping back, I thought about Kasey, my faithful tracking dog that I had left behind in Missouri. She could figure this out! The tracking was not easy as the fire had burned very hot in the

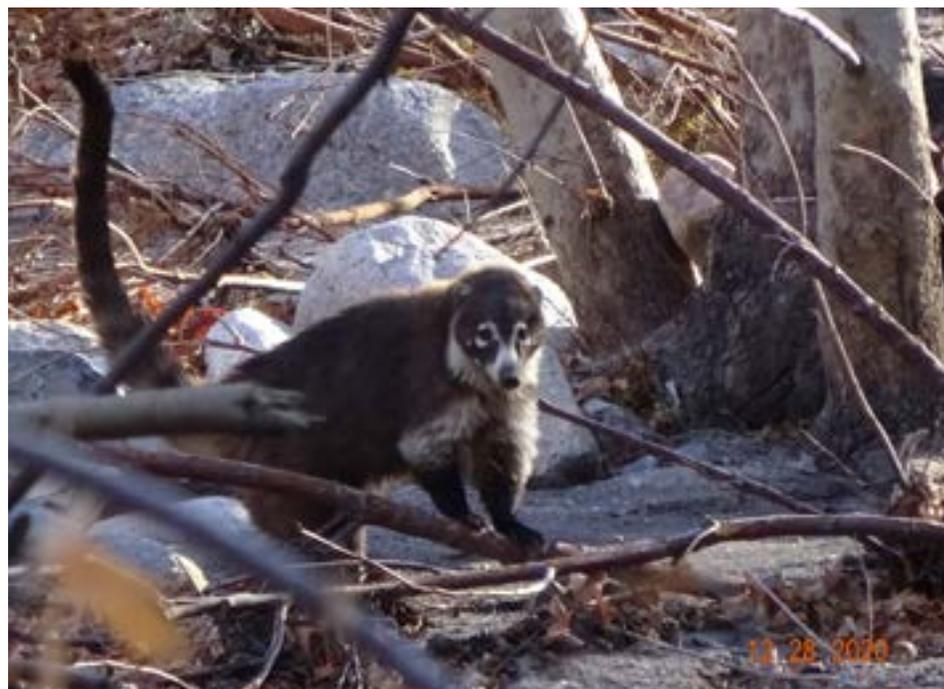
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area he ran into making the ground like stone. I couldn't find the arrow, no brush to hide it, just bare hard ground. I finally found the spot where he stopped, a good pool of blood but no sign as to which way he left out. I started off from that point in different directions and after the third attempt found another pool where he stopped again, but found no tracks going out. I started the circling again and this time it was quick. He had died within seconds of the shot but due to conditions (and the fact I left my dog at home) it took almost two hours for me to find him. I am always happy at any good ending to a blood trail and not sure I have ever been happier than this one.

I had lots of daylight for the work ahead, so I took my time, reveling in the hunt and patting myself on the back for a job well done. I suppose I should have taken more time with the pictures, but every aspect is still vividly clear in my mind. Pictures are for everyone else, an important part of an adventure for sure. I just sometimes seem to not worry about that part enough.



Backpack hunting dictates the animal be reduced to boned-out meat for transport and the big problem is keeping the meat clean. The charred earth was pretty nasty so I drug him up on a clean rock, removing the hide and boning out the quarters and back-strap as I went. I did not field dress him but, instead, used the peeled back hide to keep everything as clean as possible. The plan worked and by 3:30 I was sitting in camp, meat and cape hanging in the shade in game

bags, the head on a prominent rock for Bob to see when he returned from his hunt. I had another treat that afternoon as I got to sneak up and photograph several Coaimundi as they passed near camp.

I now think my lost wood arrow was broken inside of him. The exit wound was low in his off leg and the entrance was mid-ship at the back of his rib cage. The animal was broadside when I shot so how can that be? Like I said, these little guys can move! The only thing I've shot at that comes close is a Missouri gray squirrel or an antelope. All I can say is that arrows do crazy shit upon impacting a moving critter.

This was an extra special hunt for me. As many of you folks know, I lost my brother just before Thanksgiving to a two-year battle with lung cancer. The solitude of a backpack hunt in true wilderness gives one time to think-- it really helped me. Thanks to all the UBM family for their kind words and prayers, and thanks to Bob and Lisa for the reprieve. ■

MY DAUGHTER, GWEN, and her family are heavily involved in Boy Scouts. Her husband, Larry, is an Eagle Scout. Her son, Devin, is one project short of becoming an Eagle Scout. Their daughter, Eva, is a Cub Scout (Webelos) close to satisfying the Arrow of Light Requirements, soon to become a Boy Scout. Gwen is a Scout Leader and a strong supporter of her scouting family.

When asked to help Eva's den build arrows, I agreed to support whatever was required. You can't pass on a chance to support and hang out with your daughter and granddaughter! Like most bowhunters, I have extra stuff and came up with enough materials to build a dozen arrows. This was a good match for the dozen scouts in Eva's den. Scheduling a weekend to accommodate parents and scouts, plus complying within the COVID guidelines made



scheduling a bit tricky. Gwen scheduled two sessions of 4 Scouts and their parents on Saturday and one session of 4 Scouts and parents on Sunday. Because of a break in the weather, we were able to set up outdoors.

After introductions, everyone was shown how to safely handle arrows. It was pointed out that this is similar to previous training they have received for proper handling of knives. Everyone was made aware that the arrows were not toys.

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The arrow shafts have steel points and are to be pointed down.

With the groups being smaller, each Scout received individual attention permitting hands-on training for gluing nocks and feathers. All were attentive with positive attitudes. You could see the eagerness to get their hands on the arrows and fletching jig. Each Scout put the feather in the clamp, applied the glue, and placed the clamp in the jig. They later removed the clamp and feather before repeating the process. Most were quick to catch on and some had to remind me to index the fletching jig for the next feather. While waiting for the glue to dry, they were able to romp and enjoy being together. The COVID has cancelled so many of their activities that everyone appreciated being out and together.

All Scouts and Scout leaders departed with a completed arrow and a turkey feather wrapped with



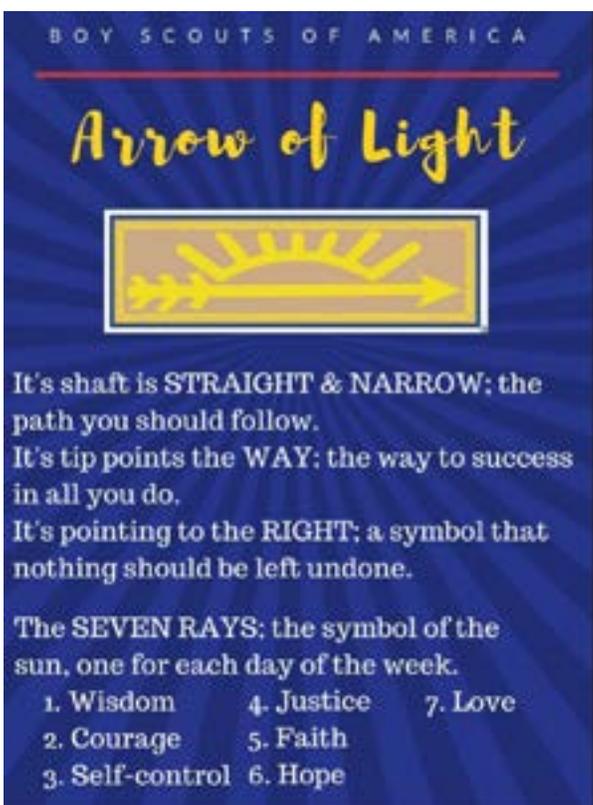
imitation sinew to hang where they display their arrow. Cub Scouts who complete requirements for the Arrow of Light will use the arrow they made in the cross over to Boy Scouts ceremony. Their arrow will be attached to the award plaque

and presented during the crossover ceremony.

The Scout leaders are now looking into taking the den to a static archery range so they can be introduced to shooting a bow, plus shoot the arrow they built. I have acquired a group of solid fiberglass longbows that we are building strings for and including rubber finger protectors called No-Gloves. We will shoot youth flu-flu arrows making them easier to locate and retrieve. Flu-flu fluttering sound along with their obvious flight,

will increase the Scout's ability to watch arrows fly.

If you haven't worked with youth groups teaching archery and would like to, join those UBM members supporting the hearing-impaired skills camp organized by the Missouri Department of Conservation. The St. Louis area Disabled Athletes annual skills camp always needs support. Scouting organizations in your hometown are sure to welcome assistance with their archery programs. You will forever remember the fascination and enthusiasm these youngsters express when being introduced to archery. I usually become focused on one youth that is mesmerized with the flight of an arrow. Even if the arrow doesn't hit a target, that broad grin they wear and the sparkle in their eyes, assures me of their happiness and my time is well spent. Get involved with our youth. Their happiness and enthusiasm are contagious. ■

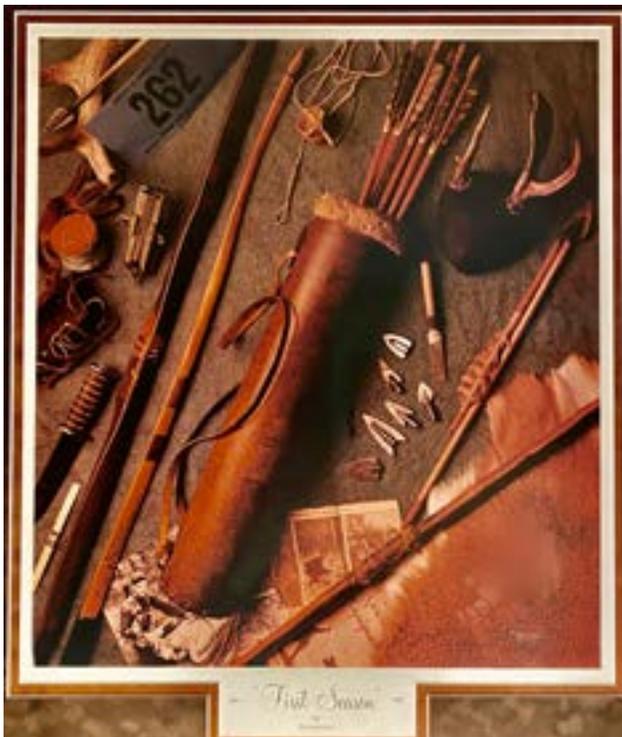
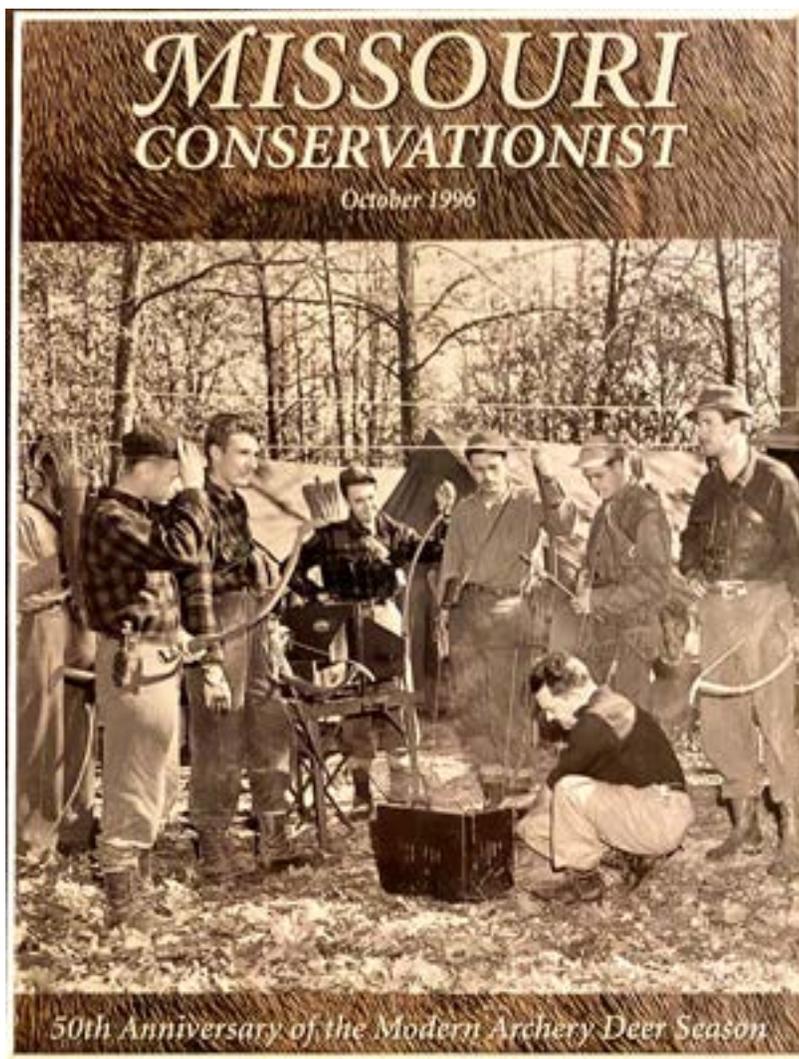
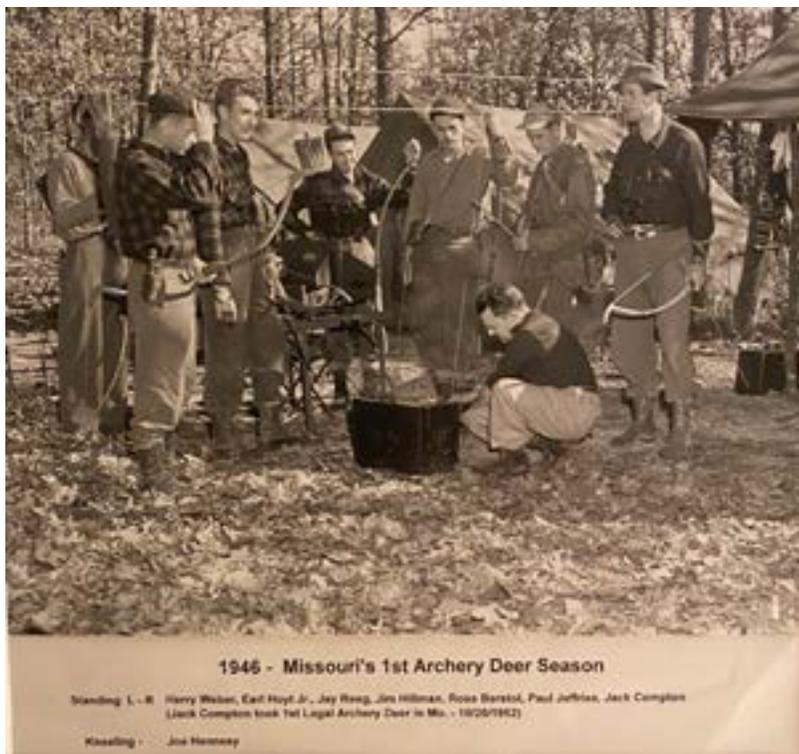


WOW, HOW TIME FLIES!

Seems like only yesterday the Missouri Conservation Department was celebrating the 50-year anniversary of its first legal archery deer season which was held in 1946. The Conservationist magazine had a picture of a group of bowhunters from 1946 on the cover of the October 1996 issue. The Conservationist magazine had a picture of a group of bowhunters from 1946 on the cover of the October 1996 issue. The first deer was taken during the 1952 season. I am an archery/bowhunting memorabilia junkie and held onto the October 1996 issue of that magazine. Ann Hoyt gave me the original black-and-white 8 x 10 photo including the names of those in the picture. I recently decided to have the magazine and original picture mounted and framed together. While arranging things, it dawned on me that another 25 years have slipped away. 2021 is the 75th Anniversary of Missouri's first archery deer season. We just celebrated 50 years. How does this happen? The years are flying by. So many of the things we have enjoyed throughout our lives are taken for granted, because they have always been there. Bowhunting is too often taken for granted.

A group of archers/bowhunters saw fit to lobby our game commission to establish an archery deer season 75 years ago. The two men

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that spearheaded this initiative were Earl Hoyt Jr. and Paul Jeffries. Both Earl and Paul were inducted into the Missouri Conservation Hall of Fame in 2012 for making significant contributions to the cause of conservation in Missouri. Thanks to all who provided support in the establishment of our Missouri archery deer season. We enjoy one of the longest and most liberal archery deer seasons in the U.S. I



am thankful and will do my best to preserve the legacy by projecting a

positive image of bowhunting. ■

Stump Bunch Follow-Up

Larry Bauman



IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE UBM NEWS LETTER, The Stump Bunch Story came to an abrupt halt as a result of COVID. James, Roger, my wife Gladys and myself, tested positive for COVID. All hunting activities related to the story were put on hold.

James, Roger, and I were able to work through the virus without any complications.

Gladys has had to deal with difficult side effects of the virus and is still recovering.

Missing the rut, as well as the most active portion of the season, was disappointing but understandable. Even with all holiday activities and family commitments, we tried to hunt Christmas week and into January. As most of you know, the end of the season is

slow and difficult. By taking advantage of the late season trail camera activity and identifying better runs, we will relocate and reposition several of the ladder / tree stands. Looking forward to the 2021 season with high expectations. We can only hope that COVID will be better controlled during 2021. ■

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HELLO AGAIN UBM READERS!

I hope you are doing well on the one-year anniversary of the pandemic, or "pandemiversary" as I am calling it.

It has been a few issues since the last edition of this column due to space restrictions and I am happy to report that I got

my job back in October. I guess the hat business got busy again sometime between March and October 2020 and, based on the number of orders in the system since I got back, doesn't seem to be slowing down anytime soon.

Other than my return to gainful employment, life is much the same for me. Despite the increased human contact of being in an office I have *knock on wood* remained Rona free and with vaccines readily available for the masses in the next few months, the end of this strange chapter of our lives is coming to a close.

I personally am very much looking forward to eating in an actual restaurant, going to any social gathering, and letting strangers see the bottom half of my face when out in public.

I am also looking forward to seeing my family without worrying about unknowingly spreading anything to my loved ones.

I'm sure you all are looking forward to much the same things as well, as well as any future hunting trips this year.

I hope that the recent bout of winter weather wasn't too awful for everyone. I was stuck in my apartment for two days with the accumulation of snow, which was not ideal, but at least work is very accommodating when it comes to 10 inches of snow and a 30+ minute commute. I had the distinct pleasure of getting stuck six feet from my parking space not one, not two, but three times in 72 hours. At that time, I did not own a snow shovel (I now own two), so I dug my way out with an ice scraper, broom, and a dustpan taped to a Swiffer handle. In my defense, it generally doesn't get bad enough to have to dig my way out of my parking space.

Thankfully, now that it's warmed up a bit I don't have to deal with cold temps, frost on my car, and the general joy of losing the feeling in my fingers after a mere minute of being outside. I will say the whole mask thing was very helpful in keeping some of my body heat from leaving my person.

I also became a true grownup earlier this year and bought myself a new mattress that isn't 20+ years old and selected by my parents. It must have sparked something in me and now I spend my time window shopping for replacement furniture that wasn't taken from my parents' house or falling apart after five moves.

As much as I disliked dropping a sizable chunk of change like that, mattresses are one of those things you don't skimp out on and it seemed a good use of Christmas money and what I squirreled away from unemployment.

That's all I have for you all today. Enjoy the upcoming hunting seasons, the Rendezvous, and anything else you are looking forward to in the coming months.

Happy hunting and stay safe out there! ■
Elise H



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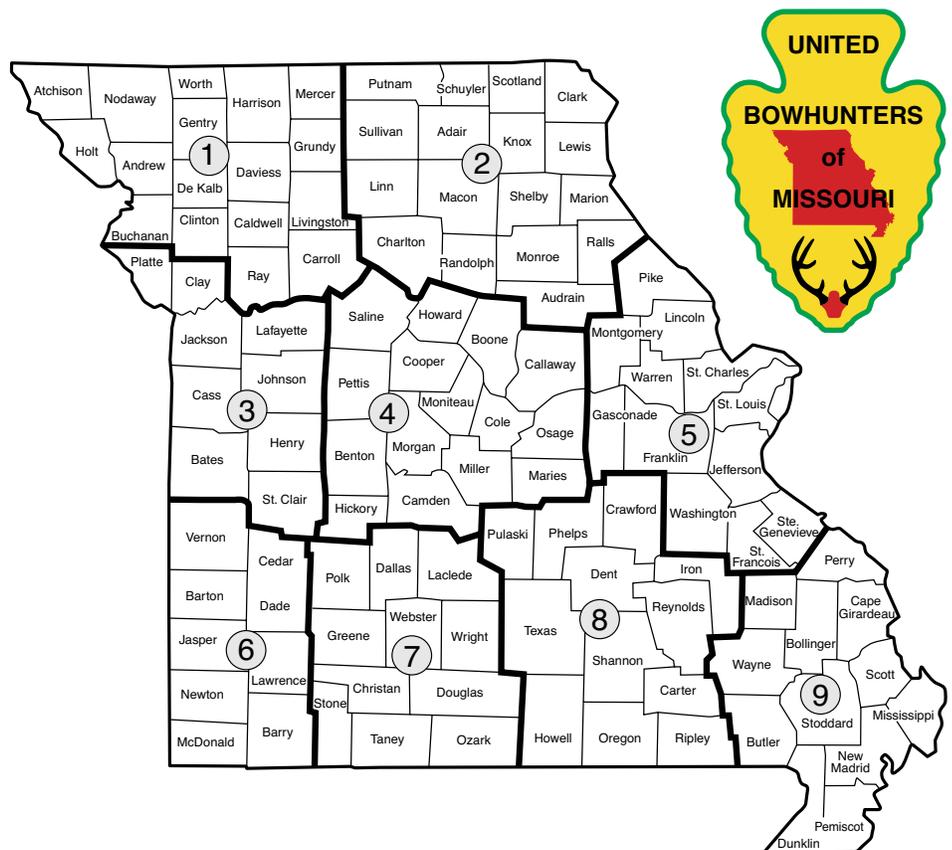
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