



# THE UNITED Winter 2023 BOWHUNTER



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



The Official Publication of  
**The United Bowhunters of Missouri**  
 Winter 2023

# Calendar of Events

## January

15<sup>th</sup>: Missouri archery season closes  
 27<sup>th</sup>-29<sup>th</sup>: Traditional Archery Expo, Kalamazoo, MI

## February

10<sup>th</sup>-12<sup>nd</sup>: UBM Festival, Springfield, MO  
 15<sup>th</sup>: Missouri rabbit and squirrel seasons close

## March

17<sup>th</sup>-18<sup>th</sup>: Compton Big Game Classic, Grand Rapids, MI

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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.

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

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— On the Cover —

Brian Peterson with his brace of deer. Leave some for the rest of us, B!

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



**I WANT TO BEGIN BY INVITING** you to our annual UBM Festival in Springfield, Missouri at the Oasis Hotel and Convention Center on February 10-12, 2023. This event begins on Friday evening and concludes on Sunday morning. Your UBM board of directors has worked diligently to create an event that benefits our club, but more importantly, it benefits the overall hunting community to promote fair-chase ethics. If you have never attended the Festival, come check it out. If you have attended the Festival for years, keep coming and please share ideas that will make the event even better.

I remember as a teenager coming to the Festival in Columbia and Jefferson City. I was in awe of the vendors with all their hunting items. I was in awe of the hunters that shared their stories. I pray that we can continue to create the next generation of ethical hunters through our annual Festival event.

As you are reading this, bow season is probably over or nearing its conclusion. I hope it was a successful season for each of you. I used the language "successful" on purpose, but what baggage that word has for us hunters. I have been asked by countless people about my "success" in the woods this year.

For 99.9% of people I interact with, they just want a number of deer response and they move on. They don't really want to hear the story behind the number. When I respond that I did not put a deer in the freezer this year, and that I only have challenging experiences, memories, and photographs, people are really concerned that I have "failed" or that I am a bad hunter. For any of us that enter the forests or fields with a traditional bow in hand, we are rewarded. We are rewarded to be connected with the earth, the sky, and the hunting process. We are rewarded by being challenged, and to reflect on the meaning of life. We are rewarded to be connected to a natural cycle that cannot be experienced through a screen. As we grow as the United Bowhunters of Missouri, I invite us to keep the true hunting spirit alive. The Youtube hunting shows, the gadgets, and the bragging and competitive attitude are part of the hunting experience, but there is also the hard work, the dreaming, the challenge, and the tradition that needs to be communicated to the 5-year-old and the 95-year-old. Let's be careful with how we use the word "success". I love all of you and it is great to be in the UBM family together!

Get outside, have fun, and learn something new. ■  
William R. Brown

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**Arrow of Light**

It's shaft is **STRAIGHT & NARROW**; the path you should follow.  
 It's tip points the **WAY**; the way to success in all you do.  
 It's pointing to the **RIGHT**; a symbol that nothing should be left undone.

The **SEVEN RAYS**; the symbol of the sun, one for each day of the week.

1. Wisdom	4. Justice	7. Love
2. Courage	5. Faith	
3. Self-control	6. Hope	

**M**Y FIRST ELK HUNT TOOK place sometime in the mid '80's at Fort Peck reservoir in Northeastern Montana. My first encounter with a bull elk was on that hunt. I was still-hunting the rough terrain close to the lake when I found some tracks, humm, these must be elk! Following the tracks was easy, I soon topped a rise and sure enough below me less than 100 yards was a group of 7 cows and calves. As I watched the herd I noticed a good size pine tree moving around and when that 6X6 bull stepped out in all his splendor I remember looking down at my little 50-lb Bear Kodiak Magnum and wood arrows thinking--- no way this is gonna work! What an awesome sight he was! The elk started moving off, so I halfheartedly tried to follow, not really sure if I wanted to get close enough to actually try to shoot a critter that size. First lesson learned, a lowly man cannot keep up with an elk in their environment if they decide they want to be somewhere else and they don't have to be in a hurry! I didn't see another elk on that trip but I had a blast running around the country. Second lesson learned; elk don't play like Missouri whitetails.

There were not many seasons over the next 40 years or so that we missed heading west to either chase mule deer or elk around, often with both tags in our pockets. I was fortunate to harvest a cow on public land, not sure what decade

that was. We had hauled our mule and horse to Colorado, packing in to a remote area, tent camping and pretty much sleeping on the ground, tough stuff but seemed easy at the time. Wouldn't trade those days for anything, fantastic memories made but success was measured in close calls and the fun just getting to see or hear an elk. These were mostly weeklong hunts, really had only 4 or 5 days of actual hunting. The rest of the vacation days off work were taken up with driving and packing in and out. Later on, we started hunting private ground in southwest Colorado, paying a trespass fee and doing some guiding and cooking for the outfitter to keep the cost down. I did manage to take a good 6X6 bull on one of those hunts, more memories made and lessons learned - private land is the ticket!

Access is normally way easier and chances of actually seeing an elk were much better.

Fast forward to 2020, our days of 10 to 12 thousand feet pack-in tent camping were over. Yes, those past hunts were a hoot of a time but Mother Nature and Father Time had dictated we no longer try to do that kind of stuff. It was still okay for deer size critters but elk, no way. I was on an antelope hunt with Tom Menhennett, of Atmore Outfitters, by Canon City, Colorado. The antelope hunt went great, 3 traditionalists, myself, Richard Dewey and Phil Belchar took 3 bucks on the last day of a 4-day hunt! We were all in agreement that Tom had the right idea about limiting harvest on his private land leases. Tom and his guides spend many hours prior to the seasons watching their properties, accessing



the number of animals and setting quotas for each property. This kept the herd in check, but it was never in danger of being over-harvested. Tom's dedication to this type of management convinced me to book a hunt for my wife, Brenda, for an elk hunt in 2021. Brenda has had many a close call over the years but, as bowhunting goes, it has just never quite come together.

Luck sometimes runs in spurts and her bad luck elk nemesis unfortunately stayed with her. I spent the first two days of the 2021 hunt inside a pop-up blind with her. We saw elk, had one really good bull close, but no shot. The third day I opted to sit in the truck and get a look at the country from a high vantage point ½ mile away. That morning was the first daylight look I had at the surrounding area and what I saw erased all doubts about this being a place to kill an elk. Imagine the beautiful Arkansas River flowing through a canyon with 500 foot pretty much vertical walls and 300 yards of flat bottom ground between the bluff and river. Add in a mixture of mature cottonwood trees and extremely dense small cottonwoods along the river extending out to the flat ground. The habitat was perfect; water, security and good year-round food source. The elk lived their life out in this 7-mile stretch of utopia! Before we left, Tom agreed to let us return in '22 but next time I wanted to play.

Our hunt this year took place the last 10 days of the season, same as last year but the moon phase was

much better, directly overhead during the middle of the day. We hunted the same country, but we used ladder tree stands versus blinds. Brenda was sitting in a grove of cottonwoods basically in the middle of the field. I was 200 yards east of her on the edge of the field within 100 yards of the river. She called in a good 6X6 the first



morning but he became suspicious with no cow to go with the calls he was hearing, so he never got close enough for her to shoot. He headed my way but passed too far for a shot. I watched him head towards the river and later heard him and another unseen bull bugle at each other. I could hear them splashing in the river and they traded bugles for next couple hours but the brush was so heavy I couldn't see them - very exciting first sit! The next three days went about the same,

we would see and/or hear elk every sit with bugling being intense and close at times. Brenda saw 13 bulls and 15 cows/calves one evening, all a ½ mile or more away. Six mature bulls were hanging out together taking turns checking out the cows and nobody fighting, I didn't know quite what to think of that!

Saturday evening started out pretty slow but an hour before sundown I heard a bull way north. I could hear Brenda's Hoochie Mama cow call start working and pretty quickly I saw him enter the north end of the field. Casey Evans, our guide, had given Brenda two Montana cow decoys which we sat up close to her tree, one on either side. The disguise seemed to be working so I hung my bow up and sat down to watch the show, hoping to see the culmination of her lifelong dream. The bull was really fired up, stopping to scream out a bugle every 20 yards or so, dripping with water as he had just come out of the river. I was watching through binoculars and it appeared he passed

the tree close enough for a shot but in reality he was 40 yards out. When he went south past her tree I thought, "What the heck", so I cow called and he immediately turned, walking right back on the same path, still no shot! I was beside myself and still thinking he was close enough and not understanding what I was seeing so I cow called again. This time he looked my direction and started towards me in a trot. He came trotting straight in and stopped

25 yards out behind a clump of small cottonwoods. Still facing me straight on, he let out a bugle that words can't describe, about blew me out of the tree! Turning east, he was headed for the same trail the bull took on the first day so as he got behind the clump of trees, I gave him a quiet meow. He immediately trotted around the bush and was now again coming straight towards me, grunting with each step. My mind was in overdrive but surprisingly I was still calm. At 10 yards, he slowed from his trot and turned perfectly broadside. I looked just behind his shoulder and watched the arrow disappear through his chest. I bugled at him with my voice after he swirled around and he stopped for a few seconds. I already had the second barrel loaded and as he cleared some brush, I started to draw but he was already starting to stagger, going down 44 paces from where the arrow struck.

One of the most exciting experiences I have had in my

many, many years of bowhunting and I thought about Ken Beck as I watched the bull fall. Why you ask? Following is the "rest of the story".

If you attended the UBM Festival in Springfield this past winter, you will remember Ken Beck as our Saturday night speaker. Ken entertained the crowd first with the very interesting history of Black Widow Bows and how he transformed a failing business into the premier traditional bow company it is today. Ken continued the night with wild west stories of his years of bowhunting, bringing three of his closest hunting buddies up on the stage to help relive past adventures. Ken's enthusiasm sharing his stories kept the crowd entertained but I got a little worried towards the end when he said he was going to sing us a song he had written. I have known Ken Beck most of my adult life and I knew he was a talented individual but couldn't imagine how this "singing" was going to turn out! My worries were unfounded as he did a wonderful job and I got to thinking

I hoped someone was recording this! The lyrics of the song were "I don't need this bow no more", and after the standing ovation from the crowd, Ken said he had one more thing to do and that was to auction off a hunting bow he built himself in 1998. Ken held up the bow, a 58" 50# @ 28" SAIV model in Mossy Oak camouflage with arrow holders on either side of the riser explaining it was his "Double Barrel" bow. One of his stories that night was about a 320" bull elk he had taken in 1999 with that bow and how he retired it after that hunt. I only had to think about bidding for a few seconds and I just kept raising my hand until Mike Clark, our auctioneer, pointed at me and said SOLD! Think about it, 22 years had separated shots out of that bow at bull elk, as the late Paul Harvey would say, now you know the--- rest of the story. ■

## My Glove

Brian Peterson

**I'M THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT** I'm a creature of habit. Given my druthers, I'll eat the same lunch every day (Black Forest ham and Swiss on a multi grain sandwich round, chips and a honey crisp apple). I prefer my same rotation of Merino base, Wiggy's mid and plaid wool outerwear any time I go afield. I suppose I'm borderline superstitious (I do carry a lucky buckeye in my pack) but I do draw the line at wearing the same "lucky" underwear all season.

With this insight, allow me to introduce you to my glove. Not my 3-fingered Damascus doeskin/cordura shooting glove (although

I've had this same shooting glove for at least 15 years) but the tattered remnants of my fingerless wool outer glove. I honestly can't remember when or where I found these unique brown wool fingerless gloves and I've yet to find another pair that makes me smile. I can't say what's happened to its mate over the years, but the one that warms my string hand has been with me through thick and thin, warm climes and cold, slow days and those memorable harvests. It's more of a ghillie glove than a functional accessory at this point but I just can't bring myself to retire it.

Perhaps you have one, too...? ■



Brian entertains himself with similar musings during the slow days on stand

IT MIGHT SEEM ODD TO MOST, but my favorite sitcom of all times is “Frasier”. I can’t tell you why but it’s my “background” noise oftentimes when I’m working in the shop or unwinding before bed.

There’s one particular episode in which Frazier is supposed to sing his annual rendition of “buttons and bows” for a PBS (not our PBS, the other one) pledge drive. Except, he sets his mind on trying a more intricate song to only end up attempting to sing “buttons and bows” on live air and, despite having sang it all those years, somehow completely blanking on the lyrics. Before long, he’s just gibbering and making up words for the lyrics and it’s obvious that there’s no redemption for him.

I sort of had my own moment like that this fall.

You see, I had built a bow last spring but had finally finished it this summer. The downside is that by the time I messed up the finish, sanded, and subsequently had to re-tiller the bow, it had lost just enough poundage to really frustrate me. Nonetheless, I knew it was capable of making a clean kill and dedicated the first month of this season behind that bow. I shot it really well and even bragged to a few friends about how well it shot for me.

Then, out of the blue, something went haywire between my ears and my routine practice shots before hitting the woods one afternoon were insanely off target. I don’t just mean a little, I mean barely hitting the target. It didn’t feel like target panic, it just felt like I’d never even known how to properly aim or execute a shot with a bow. I opted that afternoon to take my wheel bow and try again the next outing.

Problem was, I still couldn’t hit the broadside of a barn the next time I practiced. In fact, it was any longbow or recurve I owned that I just flat lost it with!

You can probably surmise how that ended. I proceeded to hunt peak of season with my compound and filled several antlerless tags. But I still felt that tinge of regret over not following through with my own personal goals for the years.

So, during the last week of November, I took notice of the forward handle bow Lyle Shaulis built me this year hanging in the shop and pulled it down. It’s a beautiful bow that features curly maple and bubinga veneers and a maple riser. It pulls right around 50# at my draw and flat sends an arrow. A little tinkering with an extreme high nocking point, and I

had it shooting darts. Even better though, was that I found myself shooting even better groups that I had all summer before season!

After a few consistent days of good results and accuracy I decided to take that bow to the woods.

So, on November 30th I found myself perched on “Acorn Ridge” with a feeling of excitement over what the evening might bring. I was, however, quickly dismayed to have the new neighboring landowners cruise by on their Polaris rangers and proceed to chainsaw and blaze trails in the area from where most deer originate from when passing through my section of woods. They finally let up around 4:30 and I had already concluded that the evening would be a dud.



Then, that sound that strikes fear in all of our hearts echoed through the woods; the majestic blowing of a whitetail deer. Yup, the wind had swirled just enough and a doe had been making her way right down the trail I was hoping to meet my prey at and away she went. I was certain the night was over now!

But, sure enough, at around 5 pm, here came another deer down the trail. I quickly realized that it was a button buck, but I had already concluded that I wasn't letting any opportunity pass with my longbow.

When he cruised through an opening between two cedars at 19 yards, I drew my bow and walked myself through the process of solidifying an anchor point and a strong bow arm while I aimed. Like most times in these instances, I don't remember the exacts, but I do

know that all of a sudden, my arrow appeared in that deer and it was on the ground instantly. To be honest, my first instinct was a spine hit, so this fat boy was sliding down that ladder stand in a flash and ran up to deliver a second arrow to the chest cavity, but further examination showed that my first arrow had simply impacted a couple inches forward of perfect and clipped some of the shield of the shoulder blade thus causing the drop. Nonetheless, it had penetrated both lungs.

The feeling I felt was simply unexplainable in that moment. I've been fortunate to harvest a fair amount of game with a traditional bow, but I never cease to be amazed by the stupid simplicity of taking game with such a basic weapon aimed seemingly by sheer

will! I was literally mouthing to myself over and over again how unbelievable this was.

I sent several texts a few minutes later to fellow UBM members and friends that simply said, "FINALLY".

I'm likely always going to be that guy that likes playing with all kinds of weapons and equipment, but, in that moment, I felt like I had confidence in remembering my own "lyrics" of sorts again when it came to carrying a stick bow in the woods. To be honest though, I would trade any of my harvests and encounters this past season for the experience I had that evening of my own version of "Buttons and Bows".



## ➤➤➤ In the Fields, in the Woods, Far Far Away

Darryl Schmidt

(Thoughts of an old, retired law enforcement officer, bowhunter, still a dreamer)

**OUT IN THE FIELD, OR DEEP IN THE WOODS, OUT ON THE LAKE, FAR AWAY,**

The little boy inside steals away from life and plays.  
Whether dreaming in bed or under the tree,  
He imagines adventure, of things which might be.  
He fought battles, and victories were often won.  
He has stood for right, fought for those who had no one.  
He knows the reward was then or will be some later day.

Out in the field, or deep in the woods, out on the lake, far away,  
Now an old man, but still a boy inside, he has toiled many a day

Not for power, nor riches nor fame,  
Just to do what is right was his bright flame.  
Working the nightshift or when the sun was high,  
To bring justice was where the joy did lie.  
Whether justice was swift, or late, it comes always.

Out in the field, or deep in the woods, out on the lake, far away,  
An old man lingers at the close of another day,  
Now that his life's journey is almost done,  
His battles were fought, but by grace he won.  
He tried to be man of God, for honesty and truth.  
Winter is now his season of life, gone is youth,  
Still dreaming of fields, woods, water, adventure far away.

Still in the field, deep in the woods of his mind, far away,  
He sits on the porch, listens, watches the trees sway.  
Now his aches, pains, scars of battle past.  
Accompany him each day, they will till his last.  
He cannot easily pull the heavy bow used in past hunts.  
He has gear aplenty, lots of bows, strings and arrows,  
But that inner drive, the drive to hunt now narrows.  
Maybe tomorrow, I will hunt, fish, play.. but I shall sit and rest today  
He looks to the future, and of adventures and dream away.  
Out in the field, or deep in the woods, out on the lake, far away. ■



**T**HIS IS A STORY OF A BOW, A NEW BOW, a beautiful bow and how it changed my life forever! Too dramatic? Yeah, probably so. Okay, the part about “new” and “beautiful” I will stick with but let’s change the rest. I am speaking about my new WILD HORSE CREEK LONGBOW. This story begins at last year’s UBM Festival here in Springfield, Missouri. The owners of Wild Horse Creek Bows, Mike and Susie Dunnaway graciously donated a bow for our live auction. If you are the high bidder, Mike will walk you through the entire process. You will shoot different models and weights of bows. Once you decide on the model, draw weight, and length of your bow, the real fun starts as you go through all the exotic woods Mike has to offer. By the end of the process, you will know you have met a master bowyer and made a new friend.

In April of each year, Mike and Susie host a get-together at their home in Perry, Kansas for anyone that shoots a Wild Horse Creek bow. Everyone brings food and, of course, Mike and Susie supply more than anyone. Mike has a 3-D course set up on his farm. There are lots of fun and challenging shots along with storytelling to entertain all. Darren [Haverstick] and I arrived in Perry, Kansas about noonish and as we walked into Mike’s place the first thing that caught my eye were the cluster of bows and custom arrows hanging on the wall. I was checking out the craftsmanship and the different woods when Darren said, “well look there”, I turned around to see one more

beautiful bow laying on a table with a sign saying, “Today is new bow day for Tim Donnelly”. Laying there, just waiting for me was my new “Condor” longbow! An antler center piece on the table and the window directly above looking out on the festivities outdoors made for some real eye candy. People like Mike and Susan are the reason this traditional archery lifestyle is so personal and satisfying. We had a great day. We ate too much food, shot too many arrows [not sure you can do that], told too many tales, and stayed longer than we should have.

Now let’s fast forward to hunting season. It is November and my son, Jamie, and I are at our favorite hunting spot in Osceola, Missouri. Throughout the summer I had been bonding with my new bow and the relationship had developed nicely. You see, I started bowhunting in the late 70’s and have virtually taken a deer annually ever since, many years more than one! Yet never have I used a longbow. I was determined to change that this year. You see I have never been comfortable shooting longbows; I always preferred the feel and looks of the recurve bows. Anytime I had tried a longbow I felt they were so light that there was more hand shock or “jump”, if you will, at the release of the arrow than I cared for. With that said, you are probably wondering why I bid on Mike’s bow. Well, I haven’t learned a lot of things in life but one thing I have learned is to listen to people that have “been there and done that” and more than one told me that hand shock

is not a factor with Mike’s bows. I wholeheartedly concur!

Jamie and I always get serious those last couple of weeks before gun season, as I’m sure you all know things change after the long guns have done their damage. And for any of you that were in the woods at that same time you know how hot it was. We were hunting in 60- and 70-degree weather. Really great for sitting and relaxing in the tree but not the best for hunting deer. Well, there I was anyway on November 10th at 9:30



in the morning sitting a stand that we had just put up a day or two before. It is in some very thick oak brush; it is truly a bow stand.

You only have close shots. You might see pieces of the deer, but you couldn't get an arrow to them. They must be right on you to have a shot. Jamie had set the stand a couple of times and seen some good bucks so he said I should try it. It was warm and I was just enjoying the morning when I saw the back of a deer moving through the brush 80 yards south. I thought it looked too big to be a doe, but that was just a guess. I tracked the path of the movement to an opening ahead of the deer and sure enough I saw antlers. Not huge but not hard to see at all. He turned north and continued to another opening where I could see him better. I had made up my mind that with two days to gun season that I would take the first good shot any deer offers me, buck or doe. He stopped and briefly stood, then turned and headed due west, directly away from me. I must do something, so I mouth-grunted, he didn't hear me, I grunted again, louder. He stopped and his head turned, looking my way. I slowly turned my head away from him and grunted again, softer this time. I rolled my head back his way and discovered he was already 20 yards closer and coming on a steady walk! My bow was in my hand, all I had to do was shift my feet a little and wait. As he went behind a big oak and its branches I raised the longbow, drew about halfway and as he cleared the oak a soft mouth grunt brought him to a stop, 16 or 18 yards in front of me. He raised his head trying to locate the soft grunt that he thought he heard. I completed my draw, and the arrow was on its way.

This is where I wish I could tell you it was a perfect hit and I saw him go down but, alas, that is not the case. I was center body but 8 to 10 inches back [left] of where I wanted to be. I knew it was a liver or gut shot, possibly both, damn! He ran a short distance and stopped. I could still see his legs and side, I watched as he slowly walked into the brush, tail down and stopping from time to time. I had just killed my first buck with a longbow! All I must do now is find him. I should have been excited but all I could do was chastise myself for the lack of concentration on the shot. Ups and downs I can understand in Instinctual shooting,

but lefts and rights are maddening. I stayed in the tree another hour then got down and snuck out the back way. I knew he would be bedded not far from the stand.

About three o'clock, Jamie and I headed out to start the search. Slow and deliberately, we paced ourselves. Where I saw him stop and stand, we found very little blood, exit wound likely plugged. I didn't want to think about that. Our pace was slow and calculated. Trying to stay in sight of each other and still check all the brush piles and cuts in the creek bank. About an hour after we started, Jamie bumped him. We found multiple beds under a massive Sycamore tree



that had been uprooted by a storm. The treetop was supporting the huge trunk a few feet off the ground allowing the buck to tuck himself securely under it. We immediately backed out and headed to the camper. Thirty minutes after daylight the next morning found us back on the track. Same procedure, gridding and checking the thick stuff. Jamie's young legs were covering more ground than mine and about an hour after we started the search Jamie hollered "Dad, I got him"! I was relieved and thankful. The 2-year-old 7-point had laid, and expired, under the

branches of a Cedar tree. His position allowed him to see and smell anything in front of him and hear anything coming over the rise behind him. Handshakes and "gee whizzes" were exchanged and then Jamie headed to the barn for the Ranger.

I sat on a stump and reclined on the trunk of the tree behind it. The rising sun streaming down through the oaks and hickories made the success of our search satisfying. I was enjoying the feeling when movement to the left caught my eye.

There 50 or 60 yards away a mature bobcat was striding through the timber. His walk told me that this was his domain and there wasn't much for him to fear. Although I don't know for sure the thickness of his head and shoulders suggested that this was indeed a male. Awed by the sight, I soaked it in! What a magnificent animal. I really cherish the times I see bobcats. Thirty years ago, I never saw them, now every few years I will see one and almost annually we get pictures on our trail cameras. His direction would take him close to my downed buck. The wind was not right for him to have smelled it, but I thought I better make sure. I clapped my hands and shouted, "hey buddy"! His morning stroll changed to a dash, and he was gone. The timber returned to its mesmerizing self, and I smiled at the thought that only I got to see this secretive Missouri mammal. A few more minutes passed, and I heard the distant buzz of the Ranger. Down the hill he came, I watched as he forded the creek and drove up the grade to me. I told Jamie about the bobcat. He wished he could have seen him, so did I.

General Information: I chose Curly Bubinga and Black Dymondwood for my new 64" longbow. The draw weight is 44# @28 inches, making it 50# at my draw length. I used a three-blade Grizzly Instinct broadhead on this hunt. If Mike & Susie choose to donate another bow for live auction this year, I would recommend that you bid on it. Mike is a true Master Bowyer. The smooth shooting and beauty of his bows are a testament to his Craftsmanship! ■



**A**T LEAST ONCE A SEASON, I go to my farm with a bag packed for 70-degree hunts when I should have packed for 30-degree hunts. This usually happens during the middle of October when we get our first cold snap. There are a couple of reasons I continue to make this mistake, well, three, if you count just plain stupidity. The first is that my mind is still stuck on the miserable, sweat dripping sits I did when the season first opened. As I pack for first October trip, I again grab my lightweight hunting clothes, no hat, and then a light jacket as an afterthought. Sure, it's supposed to be cooler, but that will be a nice change of pace, right? Wrong! As I have adjusted to a body with 50 plus years on it, I have learned that, along with my memory, my tolerance for the cold is fading. Unfortunately, my mind still thinks I'm in my 30s and it would have me in the bush covered in nothing but mud and hunting down the closest Predator. So it takes a couple of outings in colder weather before the two come to a compromise and I dress appropriately for the conditions at hand.

The other reason for not packing heavy clothes is a self-defense mechanism of sorts. If you have ever been to my dad's home, you will know exactly what I'm talking about. Dad lives in a big, old, drafty house that takes a while to heat up and is hard to keep that way. His only heat source is a wood

stove and he feeds that thing with the fervor of an engineer on a steam locomotive. And since there is no such thing as building a little fire, unless it's near zero outside, it's always a tad warm inside Chateau Haverstick. To further compound matters, the stove he has breaks all the laws of thermodynamics by producing more heat than its fuel contains. Throw a handful of wet elm branches on the three tiny coals in the firebox and you soon will be opening all the doors and windows to cool the house down to the mid-80s. Horseshoes could be forged on its surface and I once saw a mouse vaporize when it scampered too close to the Iron Sun. Thus, dressing for an outdoor adventure in the morning can be a bit tricky. On one hand, you know that you will need X number of layers on to be comfortable during your hunt. On the other hand, you know that you can only put on Y number of layers before you succumb to heat exhaustion. Can you make it out the door, carrying the (X minus Y) layers, before passing out? Have you voided your bowels and bladder before starting this exercise? That added time will figure directly into your chances of survival. As you

can see, it's a complicated process and I'm not in the right frame of mind in mid-October to make these kinds of calculations. Hence, I always run out the door half naked and end up paying for it on the stand. Note to self: your safety harness does not count as a layer of insulation.

So that brings us to the hunt that started me thinking about all this. When I left Dad's house that morning it was a cool 35 degrees outside. I was going to hunt on the ridge behind the barn and all I was thinking about as I threw my stuff in the truck was the plethora of buck sign I had seen up there the day before. I had on an extra shirt as a feeble attempt to make up for my lack of insulated clothing and I figured I would most likely be good to go. I got to my hunting spot well before daylight, climbed a nice, big hickory, and settled in for the magic that was about to happen.

That magic turned out to be the 25 mph winds, straight out of the north, which turned the cool 35 into something more like a frigid -147 with the wind chill factored in. As I sat there, wishing for the 100th time that my safety harness had wider straps and a fleece lining,

I decided it was probably in my best interest to pack up, climb down, and go hug the nuclear furnace in Dad's living room. Unfortunately, I was so cold by then that my muscles couldn't operate my climbing tree stand. My mental faculties were also beginning to shut down so,



instead of thinking of a way to get out of the tree, I just fixated on the embarrassing way I was going to die – semi naked and afraid. I thought it best that I at least try to leave my loved ones a note and I remember my hands feeling like clubs as I dug around in my pack for suitable materials, a small roll of toilet paper and a half-eaten bar of chocolate. With my last remaining bit of body heat, I softened the chocolate and then added a few drops of doe pee to make a writing medium. Then I gnawed a feather off one of my arrows and, using it as a makeshift quill, started scrawling out my last will and testament. Even in my catatonic condition, though, the irony was not lost on me that I was using smelly, brown ink and toilet paper to document my crappy demise.

So, as I scribbled in midair for a while, trying to record something profound in chocolate, the sun continued its climb in the sky and the combination of its radiation and my physical exertions allowed my extremities to finally unlock enough for me to be able to begin my descent. Woohoo! No death today! But what's the old saying? "Out of the frying pan and into the fire"? Did I mention earlier that I was in a hickory tree?

Despite what botanists will tell you, there are really only

two species of hickory, Shagbark Hickories and Steel Pole Hickories. If you are a veteran of climbing tree stands, you know that you should stay away from shagbarks because they are moderately easy to climb up but almost impossible to climb back down. The other variety is prized for climbing, mainly because they are straight and usually don't have any limbs on them for the first 100 feet or so. Their only drawback is that their bark is so tough and smooth that getting a good bite into it with the tree stand's teeth is a very hard thing to do. Going up is not so bad but, coming down, you may find yourself in an unplanned accelerated plunge to the base of the tree. Yeah, that's what happened to me.

Now I don't remember the exact series of events, but I can kind of fill in the blanks. As I was working the lower part of the stand to bite into the tree, it suddenly slipped down about two feet, and this caused me to pitch way over the sitting bar on the upper part of the stand. In an effort to arrest my fall, I overcorrected in the opposite direction and smacked my head, face first, into the tree's steel side. I guess I must have blacked out after that and my aluminum elevator, and its passenger, continued in freefall to the ground. All I know is that I woke up a few minutes

later, half hanging out of the stand, dazed and confused. I felt a warm fluid running down my face, which I first thought was blood, but the expected coppery bouquet had ammonia notes instead. My dad has a neighbor who lets his hounds run loose 24/7 in an effort to keep the deer properly exercised. One of those had come by while I was incapacitated, taken a sniff of my toilet paper testament, and decided to highlight my work with an ink of a different color. I now stared at the world through my urine-colored glasses and remarked to myself that at least I was alive, and I was certainly no longer cold.

After untangling myself from the tree stand, I gathered up all my gear, dried myself off the best I could from my canine golden shower, and then walked back to my truck. Dad met me on the front porch as I walked to the door and, after getting a whiff of his son, made me strip off my soiled garments in the chilly front yard before allowing me into the warmth of the house. Yeah, the hits just kept on coming. They say that a person does not truly learn a lesson unless there is a sufficient amount of pain attached to the experience. I think I can safely say that I will never pack too light for a cold weather hunt again! ■

## Scouts Earn Their Archery Merit Badges

Gwen Best and Larry Bauman

**I**T WAS AN UNUSUALLY WARM AUTUMN DAY as the girls of Scouts BSA Troop 911 arrived at the Bauman's Friday evening. Excitement was in the air for earning their Archery Merit Badge. In anticipation of the strong winds and storms coming that night, the girls set up tents in the barn while some of the parents looking for a thrill, pitched their tents in the woods. I believe the girls choose wisely since some parents chased their tents down the hill and through the woods.

Anyone familiar with Scouting understands how one of these campouts operates. Never being a part of Scouts myself, this was a new experience. I watched as the weekend camp unfurled. They set up "base-camp" in the garage to get out of the elements. Out came their patrol box, food, camp stove, and tables. They were pleased to have such luxury accommodations! They said making pancakes in a downpour is not fun. You end up with pancake smoothies.

Being that Scouts are scout-led, the Scouts are responsible for planning and preparing their meals, organizing duty rosters, and camp cleanup for their campouts. They decide when they are getting up in the morning and when activities start. It was nice seeing them have their “business” discussions.

Since Friday night is dedicated to camp set up, we had time to get acquainted while the rest of the troop filtered in. We discussed how to organize the following day. Scouts BSA has strict requirements on merit badges. They want to make sure everyone is doing it the same way to provide consistency across the program. To make sure we covered all the requirements, we decided it would be easier to have stations, each addressing a different part of the badge.

I made a quick call to fellow UBM member, James Barker, to see if he would teach bowstring making. He would be there in the morning. What a trooper!

To say we woke up to a blustery Saturday is an understatement. The mild weather of the previous day



was gone. The wind was whipping and it was cold. It didn't dampen enthusiasm, though. The Scouts went into action making breakfast which was something called Shipwreck. If you were a Scout, you probably know what this is, but it was new to me. It was sausage, hash browns, eggs, cheese, onions all thrown in a tortilla. It was tasty but lives up to its name on looks. After cleanup, the Scouts broke into their stations ready to learn.

Station One: Gwen Best, Scout Leader, covered range safety, parts of a bow, difference between recurves and compounds, how to safely handle a bow and how to



**Range Master teaching technique**



**Building / fletching cedar arrows**

safely retrieve and handle arrows. Devin Best, Eagle Scout and UBM member, acted as Range Master and shooting instructor. Each Scout had to shoot five rounds following safety standards and range calls. This was especially challenging with the wind that day.

Station Two: Larry Bauman, UBM member, taught the parts of an arrow and arrow building. Each Scout was able to attach a nock and point and fletch an arrow using a fletching jig.

James Barker, UBM member, manned Station Three, teaching how to build a bow string. Each Scout got to build a string.

They ended the day with a celebratory swing on the rope swing and off to make dinner.

Sunday morning brought on more hustle by the Scouts in providing breakfast and gathering



their personal gear. I was cautioned by my daughter to stand aside and allow the Scouts to police their campout areas. I learned something alongside these Scouts. I was expecting this weekend to be strictly camping and archery but was introduced to Scouting activities and conduct that establishes a positive foundation as they approach their adult life. It presents them with chances to try new things, provide service to others, build self-confidence, and develop leadership skills all while doing something fun.

Thanks to all those that are willing to contribute their time and talent to benefit our youth. It has never been more important to be involved with the generation that is replacing us in this ever-changing and busy society. As our society gets busier and faster, our time is the greatest gift we can give.

If you would like to help inspire kids to explore and learn about their world, get involved in the Greater St. Louis Area Council of Scouts BSA. For more information go to [stlbsa.org/get-involved/volunteer](http://stlbsa.org/get-involved/volunteer). ■

**SILENT GAZING, FOREST BATHING**, whitetail chasing and your heart racing; that's what it's all about! It was a brisk, early Sunday morning and the flaming fall leaves had finally been laid to rest. The pre-rut was starting to transition into the full-on rut. I started my ¾ mile trek down the ol' wooded path when I heard a buck grunt roughly thirty yards away under the cover of the early morning shadows. I stopped in my tracks and listened to the buck slowly walk off and after a couple minutes, I continued my trek to the stand. It was at this moment I knew that the antlered testosterone junkies of the northwestern Ozark hills would be chasin' tail. Boy was that just the perfect heart throbbing precursor to what was to come.

I continued my walk down the trail until I made it to the stand. The stand itself sits up in a white oak sitting directly over a rugged gravel road that leads to our family's cabin. The location itself is on top of a "saddle" according to contoured maps. Once I got situated in the stand, my mind started to wander from romanticized dreams of big bucks to the questions of life itself. Ultimately, it is these moments of solitude slowly melting away into the tranquility of nature that really nurture the soul. Apparently, these moments of tranquility also lead to "sleepiness" because I seem to have accidentally mastered the art of tree stand napping. There is just something about those neck craning, tree stand naps that really hit me differently. For some reason when that head nodding starts, I seem to forget that I'm fifteen feet up in a tree. At this point I'm not really sure if I should label this as

some kind of skill or not because who knows how many bruisers have eluded me while I've slept. Luckily for me, my skill in tree stand napping seemed to wane on that beautiful fall morning because I never did release any "Z's."

Slowly the sun started to rise behind me towards the lake and all of nature's creatures started to move. Behind me I hear the rustling of leaves and I peer behind me to see a healthy doe running south and up a hill.

She stopped to look behind her to see her pursuer and I look in the direction she was looking. A nice buck comes running in my view with his nose in the dirt like a hound dog. The doe then trots further up the hill and eludes my sight behind the boughs of an eastern red cedar. The buck then caught up to her and in an instant, they were both out of my line of sight. Close to a minute had passed and I knew in my gut that I had to do something. I pulled out my grunt call beneath a couple layers of clothing and I hit it three times mimicking the tonality of a young buck. A few seconds later the doe starts to head back in my direction walking down the gravel road. After a few seconds the buck started to follow her about ten yards behind her. The doe then came within



fifteen yards and then trailed off the road walking behind my stand. The buck slowly but surely continued to follow her and he started to veer off the path at the same spot. To my dismay, there was no clear shot there except for a small opening in the understory branches. I slowly anchored back, anticipating him to walk towards that opening but to my surprise he stopped. I slowly let off and the buck then turned and faced the road. As he took that first step back towards the path, I knew this was going to be the moment. Once again, I anchored back ready to shoot and the buck walked right down the road. With a sobering intensity I eyed my mark and released. THUNK! In an instant, the buck dropped down to the ground immediately and I saw that my arrow had hit high over his main vitals. The arrow





had struck his spine and paralyzed him instantly. My lack of tree stand shooting experience at a close shot really showed in this moment. I immediately followed up with a second shot to be ethical and this shot struck his vitals as he lay on the ground. Within a minute of the first shot I got to experience his last breath with relief as I knew the kill was ethical, despite my first shot not hitting my intended mark. Next came the monsoon of mixed emotions of joy, sorrow, gratitude, triumph and an unrivaled primal adrenaline rush. The moment I had worked so hard for over the past few years with a stickbow finally came and my passion for

bowhunting burned even brighter. I spent the next couple of minutes wallowing in ecstasy acting like a complete crazy person. Finally, I shot out a few texts to my close friends and relatives and had some very funny interactions due to my “enthusiasm.” The funniest text was between my father and me. A minute before my shot he had received a photo of my buck on his game camera and had sent me the photo; I responded saying “my picture is better” and had sent a picture of the buck on the ground. After a few good laughs I climbed down and grasped my first ever traditional archery kill.

I have nothing but gratitude for these beautiful creatures and the land that provides them. As I held those antlers I slobbered in anticipation over future meals. I was especially excited for all the deer meat that would fuel my body for more adventures to come. As of last year, I have really incorporated deer meat as a staple of my diet and I regularly eat it more than once a week. The feeling of knowing where my meat came from, how it was sourced and the story behind it really just makes those bites even more enjoyable.

Finally, my mind ceased to wander as I heard the familiar hum of a tractor coming up the road. My father was rolling up over the hill on his tractor with a big smile on his face. He seemed beaming with pride and there were tears welled up in his eyes. But, to my amazement he held his cool and didn't cry like a baby so I decided to put his binky away for the time being. Jokes aside, his dedication as a father and an outdoorsman got me to this moment and for that I am forever grateful. ■

## ➤➤➤ Never Mess with MuskoX Bulls in the Rut!

Dennis Dunn

**W**HEN I INVITED MY SON, Bryant, to join me for the last week of August 2022, on a “do-it-ourselves,” Alaskan caribou hunt, I could never have guessed that the biggest excitement of our time together would revolve around a bull muskox, rather than a bull caribou! Thanks to a friendly airboat transporter, we were able to pitch our camp on the far side of the Sag River, opposite the Haul Road, and about 40 miles south of Prudhoe Bay.

While setting up our tents near the edge of the bluff above the river, we noticed a few stray caribou here and there — as well as three

muskoxen out on the river-plain below us. We'd been told we might see some, but that there would be no open season on them until 2023. Several days of hiking and glassing turned up a few more muskoxen in different places, but no mature caribou bulls worthy of hanging on a wall.

The fourth day, however, produced an adrenaline rush for me which I will never forget — neither in this lifetime, nor the next.

I was sitting that afternoon on the edge of a little draw, upslope about 200 yards from the edge of the river plain. I suddenly heard the sound of hooves on gravel directly



underneath me, and I quickly realized a muskox bull was headed straight up the little game trail I was seated right at the top of.

Having my cell phone handy in an open jacket pocket, I managed to snap a picture of the beast as he reached a point just five or six yards below my still-sedentary posterior. The click of the camera lens turned him around, and — after spending about 15 seconds sparring with some nearby willow branches, much like a caribou bull in the velvet — he moseyed back down the trail, then turned and started walking further up the little canyon.

The thought immediately struck me that I might be able to get some really great video of the bull, if I kept out of sight and quickly scurried after him, being careful to stay out of sight until I figured I was probably more-or-less right above him again. My calculation proved to be on the money, but I'd NOT imagined he might head directly up the steep 45-degree slope to meet me!

Only steps away from the edge of the bluff, I had just pushed the video record-button, when suddenly the big fellow popped up over the top, right in front of me — no more than 10 or 12 feet away. The camera was rolling, so to speak, but all of a sudden, I was no longer focused on filming my “quarry.” I was focused like a laser beam on reviewing what options might be available to me, in the event of a full-on charge.

Escaping death or serious injury was now foremost on my mind.

If the charge did come, I knew that running straight away from him out into the flat, wide-open tundra would very likely result

in an ugly outcome. The thought occurred to me that, since his rear hooves were still below the edge of the bluff on the steep gravelly slope he had just ascended, the bull would probably not be able to launch his charge quite as quickly as if all four hooves had been resting on the same level terrain I was standing on.

Hoping to defuse the situation, I made my best imitation of a dog bark. Showing no reaction whatsoever, the animal just stood there glowering at me. I thought of backing away from him slowly,



but then realized that my only real escape route — of catapulting myself off the bluff, by shooting just past the side of his oncoming head — would then no longer be a possibility. I realized I was on the horns of a dilemma, but the last thing I wanted to be on was the horns of an enraged muskox.

Since the dog bark had left my antagonist unimpressed and unwilling to turn around, I waved my arms over my head and let out

as loud a yell as I could muster. With that, the bull lowered his head, and the charge was on. I believe he tried to hook me with his horns as I sailed past him into the void, but I felt nothing — other than a huge sense of relief as I landed about 30 feet below, lost my balance, and tumbled the rest of the way to the bottom of the ravine. Totally unhurt (by God's Almighty grace), I popped to my feet and turned to look up at him. There he stood, fully silhouetted against the sky, staring down at me, just daring me to come mess with him again.

As the reader can imagine, he didn't need to teach me a second lesson. The muskox mating-season was in full swing, and I had just been reminded that this was precisely the time for it. Later that evening, as my son and I were preparing and enjoying a Mountain House dinner outside our tent, two muskox bulls showed up and put on a full half-hour-long rutting spectacle just 250 yards away. There was no doubt in my mind that one of the two protagonists was the one I'd become acquainted with earlier that day.

Charging each other again and again, the pair put on a display of rutting violence and ferocity exceeding anything either of us had ever witnessed before — even from the other horned or antlered species of North American big game. Needless to say, my cell-phone video captured many segments of that awesome drama.

Such film footage will forever remind me of the lesson I almost had to learn “the hard way.” ■

**WE GOT TO BE BACK AT HAND CAMP THIS YEAR.** Hand Camp had been cancelled for two years due to Covid. The number of kids at camp was down but they still had a great time. Many balloons were popped by kids and parents. When you think you are having a bad day go see how these happy kids get through life.

We had a great group of UBM members help this year. A Big Thank You to Jim Pyles, Mike Calahan, Harry Mauchenheimer, Dan Novotny and John Banderman.

Never be afraid to volunteer. It's the best medicine for the soul!



**S**EASON TWO WITH MY JERRY SPIERCE CHOCTAW RECURVE started innocently enough. This year's mast crop was phenomenal and once the tasty nuggets started hitting the duff, the deer sightings on stand petered off. The trick, as usual, was to find the same food source that the deer were using.

I have stands placed all around our property; some on travel routes, some to play the wind, and some near good oak trees. When the Venn diagrams dictate I hunt a particular area, color me there. This particular stand screamed "Hunt Here" on September 25th!

As luck would have it, a brace of mature does fed towards me shortly after dawn. The larger meandered in and out of my optimal range while her partner sniffed the small cedar at the base of my ladder. After 30 minutes of Cat & Mouse, I finally had my shot and let 'er fly at 10 yards. Everything looked great, and I didn't figure she'd make it to the back fence. Wrong!

You may remember Charlie, my talented Aussie mix (who by the way has earned 3 AKC Master level scent work titles as well as his

Tracking Dog title since we last spoke)? We love to trail deer, so figuring this was an easy track for him, suited him up, grabbed the 20' lead and headed back to the point of impact.

The blood trail was plentiful and easy to read, but veered away from the property line and began to take us on an odd, circuitous path. Eventually, she crossed the fence heading south toward a brushy draw, and I figured recovery would be soon. Wrong again! The blood trail had all but disappeared after the crossing, but Charlie was hot on a game trail and insisted on skirting the draw. Trust your dog...

Eventually the path dipped into the draw and crossed the dry creek and up into another section of pasture, the trail paralleling another brush choked draw. Surely the doe was bedded up in this draw! Nope, TRUST YOUR DOG! Charlie followed this path until it crossed onto yet another neighbor (it's good to have a working relationship with your neighbors!!)



and there she was! Charlie had worked his magic and I could breathe a sigh of relief while he nuzzled his prize!

Now, the question... why? Upon examination, it was evident that the 2 blade ACE, hitting the pocket behind the shoulder at 10 yards, quartering away had somehow skipped on a rib, nicking every rib forward and eventually exiting at the brisket but never entering the chest cavity. What eventually killed her was the huge cut on the inside of her bicep, severing the brachial artery. According to the aerial map, she took us nearly 500yds!

But wait... there's more!

With a doe in the freezer, it was time to concentrate on the fall scent work trial circuit with Charlie. I have to wonder who would schedule a dog show during opening weekend of firearms season, but guess where we were? Needless to say, I was anxious to hit the woods as soon as we got home and since the freezer was happy, I thought maybe the Choctaw could use some more exercise.

Tuesday morning dawned with a smattering of heavy, wet snow, already beginning to melt. The kind of morning that chilled you to the bone, soaked you as the trees lost their grip on their snowballs, and kept you on your toes as it was so noisy, you couldn't even hear a flat-footed squirrel bouncing around in the leaves.

In a futile effort to stay somewhat dry, I stood as close to the trunk of my tree as I could, bow hanging from its hook and my hands stuffed in the pockets of my plaid wool jacket. In short order, a decent little 8-point buck walked through the area, stopping just behind enough of a cedar to make shooting him an ethical no-no. Deer were moving and this was going to be an interesting morning...

A short time later, a single large doe entered my shooting lane from behind, stopping at 15 yards. Each year, I try to fill an extra tag to make sure my son has enough venison for the year. Partly because I enjoy shooting deer and partly because I'm cheap and what else do you get a 40 year old for

his birthday? Venison, cut, wrapped, vacuum packed and frozen is a mighty fine birthday present if you ask me.

Needless to say, the Choctaw spoke without hesitation, and although the hit was a smidge back, I could see the blood soaked arrow in the ground behind where she had stood. I placed my bow back on its hook in time for the onset of a good case of the shivers, my usual response to a close encounter of the cervid kind.

I had no more than controlled my quivers when a second buck came in from the opposite direction and began to track my does exit trail. "That was cool" I thought, just as he did an abrupt 180 to follow the trail she had walked in on. He stood for a full minute sniffing the bloody carnage in front of him-- not one of those "minutes" we describe when at full draw, but a legitimate 60 second one. Satisfied that it somehow didn't present a danger



to him (boy, was he wrong), he proceeded to walk directly to my stand.

I've had that stand located on the same tree for years, just waiting for that exact shot to present itself. As he walked behind the tree at 8 yards, he took my second Dan Novotny Cedar Special just behind the shoulder. I think I was as surprised as he was when at full throttle, he began to stumble and crashed by 30 yards. All in less than a half a dozen Mississippis!!

I could see my plump 6-pointer laying there, so I turned my attention to some more shivering and waiting a bit longer on the doe. With the melting snow creating pools of water in the leaves, it was obvious that any blood trail had been diluted so discretion being the better part of valor, opted to run home and see if Charlie was interested in tracking another deer.

He was.



And a good thing I did, as there was no obvious blood trail and the disturbed tracks in the leaves settled in shortly after her exit. Of course, Charlie wondered why I was having him sniff tracks when the buck laying directly upwind was filling his nostrils, but once I assured him there was another pot of gold to seek, he settled in on her trail. I was confident as he started into the woods, but was startled when he made an abrupt left turn. Again, I've learned to trust my dog, so I hung on to his lead and to my hat and followed him down into the holler. We shortly exited the woods into a glade and as he approached the old fenceline, this would have been where I normally would have challenged his decision. My little conscience angel was perched on my shoulder whispering "Trust Your Dog" in my ear, so over the downed stands of old barbed wire we went. But only for another 30 yards as there she lay! By golly, it's fun to watch Charlie work!!!

He enjoyed his well earned nuzzle while I telechecked her on my MDC app (I love that tool) and we went back to satisfy his urge to check out the little buck. Of course, now the real work began, but it was well worth it. With friend's and family's freezers filled, will there be time for a "Choctaw Saga, Part Three" to hang on the wall?

Stay tuned...

Equipment notes: Brian is finding the stories waiting to be told in his left handed Jerry Pierce Choctaw recurve, 52lbs@28", Dan Novotny cedar shafts and ACE 145 broadheads. ■

## UBM 2023 FESTIVAL PHOTO AND ARROW CONTESTS!

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Ok fellow UBM members it is almost that time! Time to dust off those pictures and handmade arrows for our annual Photo and Arrow contest! Below is some information for each.

### Photo contest:

This year, like years past, will include the following categories.

- Trail Camera - Pretty straight forward here, pick out your best trail cam picture to enter it into this category
- Bowhunter with game - Also pretty self-explanatory, let's see those hero pictures!
- General Wildlife - Can be any wildlife picture for this category
- Bow hunting related - This category can include pictures of bows, arrows, gear, set ups really anything that can be related to the sport of bowhunting
- Outdoor Theory - this category is a little more open for interpretation. I like to think of things like scenery pictures, pictures of the outdoors, interesting finds in the woods, etc. These can be pretty fun.

As far as photo submission, please bring the photos with you to the banquet. Photos must be 8X10 in size and need to include your name and the category you wish to enter them into written on the back or attached to your photo. There will be a limit of 2 entries per category per person. If you would like to display additional photos there will be a section for that as well! Please note that submitted photos will become property of the UBM and may appear in future UBM publications.

### Arrow Contest:

The arrow contest is pretty straight forward. Members may submit any number of handmade wooden arrows into the contest. Arrows must have a tag that includes your name along with any additional information you would like to include such as materials used in the arrow.

As in years past, the winners of the photo and arrow contest will be chosen by this year's keynote speaker! Winners will win \$50 vendor credit to be used at any vendor at the banquet. Good luck! ■

If you have any questions, please feel free to contact me.

Ryan Plummer  
918-533-1856  
Rplummer9739@gmail.com

**T**HIS PAST SUMMER, I received an email from Nick Diener, a student support professional at the City Garden Montessori School in St. Louis, MO, asking the UBM for a donation to help start their NASP program. Their prospective coaches had received their NASP Basic Instructor certification and were now looking to buy

the equipment. I brought this request up for discussion at the August UBM board meeting and we agreed to send them \$500 with the stipulation that the school send us photos and an article for our newsletter. In November, I received this nice letter to the club along with the following photos. This is what the UBM is all about, folks. ■



Dear United Bow Hunters of Missouri,

The City Garden Montessori community wholeheartedly thanks you for your generous donation to start our archery program. This is our first year as a National Archery in Schools Program (NASP) participant and receiving these funds has allowed us to purchase the base equipment needed to start.

We have just begun the archery program in PE and as an after school extracurricular activity. Even though we have just started, the feedback we have received from our families is overwhelmingly positive and the students are engaged and focused in the lessons. NASP has been available to many schools in Missouri and in St. Louis County, but remarkably fewer in St. Louis City. We are excited to be one of those few schools who offer archery to our students.

The archery program allows our students who may not have regular access to nature in rural Missouri to experience target archery. Our new program also gives our students opportunities to learn about conservation and hunting. Since this is our introductory year of NASP, the coaches are focusing on target shooting, but we plan to introduce 3D targets in the future to give our kids a full archery experience.

We especially want to give thanks to Darren Haverstick and John Banderman for their guidance, support, and friendship while we navigate through our first year. With their help, we received the UBHM's generous donation; but because they went above and beyond our expectations, we were able to ensure that every student is able to enjoy archery. One of our students has a bone condition which makes it difficult for him to use the equipment. With Darren and John's experience with Hand Camp, we were able to try different accommodations for our student. I can happily say that he is shooting with confidence and success.

Thank you all for your support, generosity, and graciousness! We wish you all the best in hunting and the merriest Christmas season and New Year!

Sincerely,

The Coaches and Community of City Garden Montessori School

Trisha Anderson  
Athletic Director

Nick Diener  
Archery Coach

Amy Denother  
Archery Coach

Dean Meyer  
Parent Volunteer



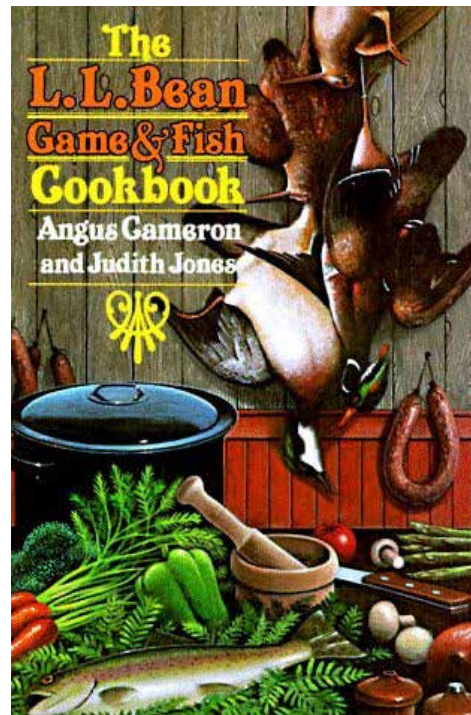
## Buck and Bourbon

### Ingredients

- 2 – 2 ½ lb. venison, cut in 1 ½ cubes
- 5 Tb. Flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 ½ Tb. oil or lard
- 2 onions, diced
- ½ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 cloves garlic, diced
- 1 cup tomato sauce, canned or homemade
- ½ tsp. thyme or crushed rosemary ( or both)
- 3 oz. bourbon
- ½ cup water with bouillon cube

### Instructions

- In a skillet (with a lid for later use), brown over slow to medium fire the meat cubes shaken or rolled in flour, salt, and pepper. Don't crowd the meat pieces, but brown in the oil or lard and remove as they are ready and set aside. Sauté the onions, green pepper, and garlic in the same skillet until soft.
- Add browned meat cubes and remaining ingredients, cover, and simmer slowly for 1 ½ hours. Check for liquid two or three times.
- Note: If the meat cubes are well floured the stew will be properly thickened when finished ■



Original recipe is from *The L.L. Bean Game & Fish Cookbook*, Angus Cameron and Judith Jones, 1983, by Angus Cameron, Judith Jones and L/L/ Bean Inc., Random House, New York, p.31



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## United Bowhunters of Missouri

2023 Rendezvous

June 22-25

(organized events only on 23rd & 24<sup>th</sup>)

Location: Marshall Bow Hunters  
1538 East Vest Street Marshall, MO



## Something for everyone!

3D Targets

Archery Range

2 Archery Courses

Harry's Famous Bottle Launcher

Friday Night Fish Fry

Saturday's 3-person skirmish

Can Drawing

Open Club Meeting

Potluck Meal with catered meat

A detailed map is forthcoming.



Primitive camping is available.

There are a few RV hook-ups.

Join UBM or renew your membership.

Purchase merchandise.

Donate items for the can drawing.

More detailed information will be shared with the spring UBM publication.

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

Questions?

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Vice-President: Joel Davis 816-522-4260

Treasurer: Darren Haverstick 417-693-5304

Secretary: Ryan Plummer 918-533-1856



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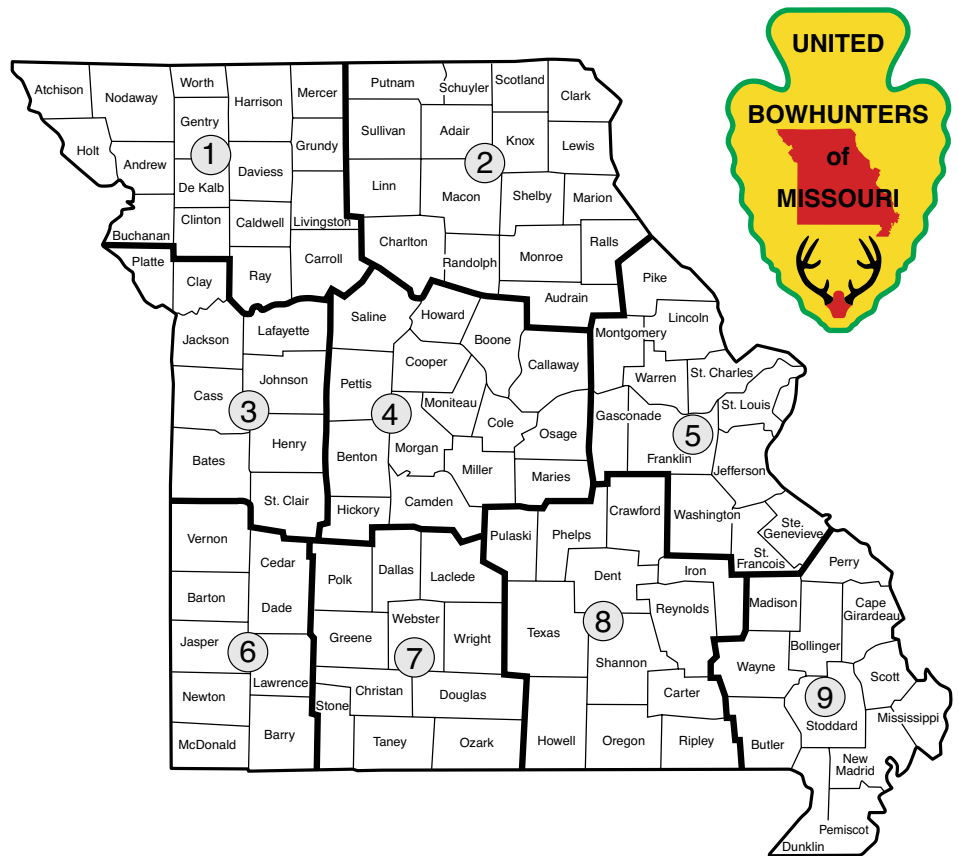
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7. Darren Haverstick, 10276 N. Farm Rd. 183, Fair Grove, MO 65648 dchaverstick@gmail.com (417) 759-6522

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# You don't want to miss



**UBM Festival Keynote Speaker**  
**Bryce Olson**  
"Hunting for Polar Bears"  
Saturday, February 11th  
Oasis Convention Center, Springfield, MO

