



THE UNITED Winter 2024 BOWHUNTER



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



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Winter 2024

Calendar of Events

January

15th: Missouri archery season closes

26th-28th: Traditional Archery Expo, Kalamazoo, MI

February

9th-11th: UBM Festival, Springfield, MO

15th: Missouri rabbit and squirrel seasons close

March

1st-2nd: Conservation Federation of Missouri Convention, Lake Ozark, MO

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Submission Guidelines

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

Submit all photos and stories to: Darren Haverstick, Editor
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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 —

UBM Executive Secretary, Brenda Hudson, with her well-deserved bull elk! Hear the story on the UBM podcast.

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



IT IS VERY DIFFICULT BECAUSE life is so busy. It is very difficult to break away from work and family life. It is very difficult to get into the woods consistently to get sideways at calm deer at 10 yards. Well, I was fortunate to break away for a day, a day that

I looked forward to on the calendar. I parked my little car (my SUV had bad timing and broke down in October) in an empty parking lot in the early morning hours. I organized my gear and headed out in the total darkness. My goal was to hike over a half mile to the top of a ridge on this piece of public land and spend the entire day perched in a tree like a red-tailed hawk on a fence post along the interstate. I hung my treestand in the dark and organized my gear and thoughts. First light would be here in 15 minutes and I wanted to be ready. I sat the entire day in that forked oak tree at the top of a ridge that was so thick with vegetation that my shooting lanes and visibility were very limited. It was a perfect set-up for a traditional bowhunter. I was in my happy place, and it was a wonderful day.

The only deer I saw the entire day came from the south. I could hear footsteps coming and I got myself in position to shoot. A beautiful buck was on the move, half his rack had 6 points and the other side was a large fork. I heard him coming, I saw him trot by at 5 yards in my opening, and then he was gone down the ridge and out of my view. Twelve seconds max for the entire experience. WOW!

To the general public, the day was a failure: only one deer viewed, a "boring" all day sit, no shot taken, being alone. To me, it was wonderful! What a great day!

As you enjoy these winter months, I hope that you are filled with thoughts and memories of animal encounters on ridgetops, river bottoms, and soybean fields. No matter if you are in the prime of your life or slowing down, we are connected to one another with our experiences in the natural world.

Our annual Festival is coming up in February, and I hope to see each of you there. The Festival is a wonderful time of connecting, remembering, and sharing our lives with one another. See you there! ■

William R. Brown

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AS I SPENT A LEISURELY SATURDAY EVENING in front of the television, I decided to check the weather for the following morning and was happy to see cooler temps and a favorable wind predicted. Conditions had been somewhat unstable through the first week of the season, so I chose to set my alarm and capitalize on the weatherman's promise. 6 A.M. rolled around and I was already slipping through the darkness into my stand. The chill in the air and stillness truly felt like a recipe for success and I was certainly confident in seeing deer. Settling into my tree and waiting for the woods to awaken, I like to spend that time reflecting and being present with what I am doing. The truth of the situation was that I had experienced a rough start to the season involving multiple misses and I was looking for redemption.

To tell this story, we must rewind to the opening week of the season. On September 23rd, a rain front ushered in some cooler weather and good pressure levels that I was certain would have the deer feeding. As soon as it appeared the rain was breaking up, I made a mad dash for the woods. Fred Bear once said that "Rain is not a reason to leave the woods but a reason to stay." I have found much truth in those words over my time of hunting whitetails and turkeys alike. When the bad weather lifts, the animals get up and move! If you can be out there ready for them, you stand a good chance at seeing lots of game.

I parked my truck only to look up on the hillside and see deer already moving down to the fields. Time to reroute. Cutting out across the

field towards the tree line, I ran into two more deer already on the other field. Time to reroute again! I was able to get into the woods near my spot unnoticed but there was a problem. It had started to rain.

Hoping for a light shower, I found a leaning tree to shelter against until it blew over, but it didn't blow over quickly. For the next hour, I sat through an intense rainstorm. I knew that if I made a dash for the truck, I would be worse off than staying put. I just prayed for safety and waited it out under that old tree. I had a gut feeling that if I trusted the rain would stop, the good Lord would reward me for a steadfast attitude. The rain finally broke and I shot up into my stand for the evening.

My clothes were all wet, my bow was wet, and even my finger tab was wet. To add insult to injury, the tail end of most storms draws a nice breeze, and the sun was setting. All things considered, I had a rather miserable night in that tree. It paid off when a young doe came walking into range right before dark. I was on my feet, with bow in hand, as she passed in front of me at only eight yards. Just as I was about to draw, she stopped behind a small maple tree and I had no shot. Suddenly, I heard movement behind me. A mature doe with three fawns was standing broadside



My second chance doe

at twenty yards. I swung my bow over and drew for a shot. I picked a spot and let go. The shot looked good and that doe reacted to the shot and ran like a hit deer.

After sitting through a storm and having a miss under my belt that week, I had a flood of emotions and shook like a leaf, partially from being very cold. I gathered myself enough to climb down and go check for blood and find my arrow, but there was a problem. What I thought was only 20 yards in the dark woods turned into 25 and I found my arrow totally clean. Not a speck of blood or hair to be seen. I felt entirely crushed. Why had I not waited for the deer in front of me to offer a shot? How did I not think about my equipment being wet and aim a touch higher? I know that didn't help either. That hunt took the wind out of my sails for some time.

After hunting for over two weeks, I finally harvested a young buck to break the ice on my season. Although, that is story all its own, I was glad to at least have the monkey off my back. With ground

still to make up in the name of procuring meat, I found myself in the stand for that morning hunt I began talking about earlier. As the sun crested over the trees, I watched at least six deer feeding in and out of the beans. It was simply a perfect late September morning to be in the woods. I knew eventually one of those deer would swing over my way for a shot, but I was in no real rush as I was just enjoying nature. After an hour or two, the big doe I had my eye on walked into my shooting lane heading to the river that borders our farm. I drew my Wild Horse Creek bow and started through my mantra, "Pick a spot and do this right." I stopped her and let that arrow fly. The arrow struck its mark and passed completely through from 15 yards. She spun around and ran a short distance into the woods before I heard the crash.



The wound from my shot two weeks prior.

I was sure of my shot and waited only a short time before climbing down. Walking out to the shot location, I found my arrow coated in bubbly crimson. I followed blood for only 40 yards before glancing ahead to see a white belly. Then

I noticed something else. Three young does standing a little ways back in the woods watching me. As I approached the downed animal, I was elated to have performed a perfect hunt and clean kill. As any bowhunter knows, it takes diligence to do so, and it is worth celebrating. I bent down for some time to admire the gorgeous creature. Upon doing so, I noticed a nasty cut on the back of her front right leg just below the belly line. I had a hard time imagining what would cause such an injury. Then I was reminded of those three does that I saw a few moments ago and I began to put the pieces together. This was the same doe I had marked off as a miss after that rainstorm. I had, in fact, shot just low and nicked the leg. As if this successful hunting story could not get any better, my heart was full knowing that I had brought an incomplete story to a close. ■



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Mike Yancey
Bowyer

I LOVE TO HUNT IN NEW PLACES, and I especially like to hunt in places with big bucks around. Iowa meets both of these criteria. I have lived more than a quarter of my life in southern Missouri, so to leave the rocky, dense oak forests for the agricultural lands of southern Iowa, I am amazed at the size of the racks and the deer densities. It truly is amazing for a whitetail hunter, and I savor the years I am drawn for the elusive and expensive Iowa tag.

I was fortunate enough to be drawn for an Iowa tag this year and it never disappoints. Since I am not drawn for an Iowa tag each year, when I do get drawn, I spend most of my October and November hunting days in the Iowa public land woods. I do not even purchase a Missouri gun tag because I can bow hunt throughout the entire month of November in Iowa.

I thoroughly enjoyed the few days I spent in Iowa in October and November this year. I was surrounded by deer and nice bucks. I passed up multiple opportunities on bucks within ten yards because I was waiting on a really big buck. Even though my family would like more deer in the freezer this year, I chose to pass up multiple bucks

at point blank range. I am okay with this choice and enjoyed taking pictures and videos of all the deer that come by my treestand.

When you are drawn for an Iowa tag, you receive an antlerless tag in addition to your any-deer tag. On November 8, I looked to the south and there was a doe browsing 25 yards away. She was not just any doe, she was unique with light colored hair on her face and even a few tufts of light hair on her back. We all love bucks and how we can distinguish between them but does are more difficult to distinguish their differences. I videoed this doe at 20-25 yards, but then I picked up my old recurve bow. When the doe got inside ten yards, I went through my routine and made the

shot I was attempting to shoot. She ran 80 yards and piled up. What a beautiful, unique doe on public land! She was beautiful! It was very satisfying to harvest this deer more than a half-mile back on public land, find her myself, field dress her, and drag her out. It was even better that my dad met me halfway out of the woods for celebratory handshakes and pictures. I cherish these moments.



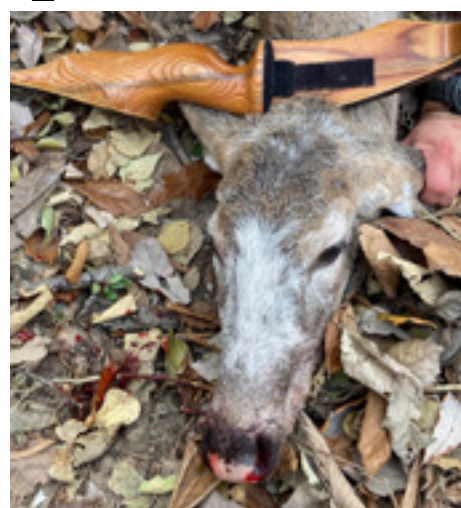
William R. Brown with unique doe



Doe alert to a bobcat passing through



Moments that don't last



Unique coloration on her face

ANOTHER HAND CAMP IS IN THE BOOKS and the campers, once again, enjoyed the sport of archery. They were having fun and even the cool, windy weather couldn't dampen their spirits. One group even came down the hill toward the range chanting, "Archery! Archery! Archery!" We knew they were ready to launch arrows.

We are not allowed to take pictures, but if we could they could say more than any words I can write. Even with the challenges they face, their "I can do this" attitude is nothing short of amazing. Think about it the next time you grip your bow and put your fingers on the string. Some of our campers don't have any hands. One camper sat on the ground, took off one of his shoes, and used his foot to hold the bow. They could teach a lot of people about effort.

I always enjoy the day spent at Hand Camp and I hope we can continue it for many years, but I also realize that some are moving along in age, so I'm asking for some young people to think about getting involved. If anyone thinks they might be able to help in the future, look me up at the Festival or the Rendezvous, or just contact me. My info is in the District Representative list of the newsletter. I want to give a big Thank You to my fellow UBM members who helped me; Harry Mauchenheimer, and his granddaughter,

Hannah, and Dan Novotny. They have all helped for a number of years and do a great job with the campers.

While I'm saying thank you, I would like to thank the UBM Board of Directors and membership for the Member of the Year award I received at the Festival last February, like Larry Bauman the year before. I was certainly caught off guard. We have so many people in this organization that are worthy of receiving this award that I really don't know how the board can decide who to choose. All I can say is that I feel it is a great honor and thank you.

By the time you read this, hunting season will be winding down so I'm looking forward to some great stories. ■

God Bless
Mike C

THANK YOU!



New Hats for Sale!!

THESE ARE THE DISTRICT DT605 DISTRESSED MILITARY cap with a 2 1/4" bill and a hook-and-loop fastener in back. They are selling for \$20 each if you buy them in person or \$25 shipped. You can buy them through PayPal by sending money to unitedbowhuntersofmissouri@gmail.com or you can mail a check made out to "UBM" to Darren Haverstick. His mailing address is in the back of every newsletter. ■



OUR 2023 ARCHERY SEASON PLANS

and preparations went well. We scouted our hunting area early and had tree stands in place long before opening day. I also took time to practice with my new longbow. Shooting at a 3D target requires you to pick a spot rather than shooting at a dot. This type of practice increased my confidence. With everything in place, my hunting partner, Joe Marshall, and I were out on opening day. I hunted a food plot that was over 100 yards long and watched ten deer (all does) from a distance feed throughout the morning. Around mid-morning, a young 4-point (2 x 2) came by within 15 yards. Being the opening day, with a full season ahead, I decided to pass and not give up my buck tag. I also have larger bucks recorded on my trail cameras.

I hunted that stand a couple more times and it became apparent that this was a great spot. Only if you enjoyed sitting in a tree, watching deer from a distance. Ok, it was time to relocate the stand. I found an active run in and out of the center of the food plot. Two fields, divided by a fence line and trees, funnel to the small, wooded area leading to the food plot. It seemed



**James
Barker
10/7/23**

to be a staging area inside the tree line. A large burr oak, loaded with acorns, centered the area. There is now a hang on stand in the burr oak tree!

While Joe and I continued to hunt this area, two of the Gang (James Barker & Roger Englert) hunted my property. They both tagged deer there last year and were determined to put meat in their freezers again this year. James wasn't saving his buck tag and he took a fork horn. James made a great shot with a 60-yard recovery. ■



3-D & NEW BOW



Bowhunting Quiver + Possible Bag / UBM Auction Item

At this point, my season encountered a snag. I had quadruple heart bypass surgery in 2009 and, a few years later, carotid artery surgery which requires annual testing. Additional blockage was found and surgery was required. Long story short, I had surgery and was on limited activity. I can't lift over ten pounds. I have a follow-up with the surgeon on 11/27 /23 which should allow me to return to hunting.

The Gang continues to hunt, though, and I enjoy listening to their stories. They were patient when listening to my suggestions regarding stand selection based on wind direction, etc. We do have lunches together after morning hunts: deer chili, deer kabobs or fried fish.

Now is the time to catch up on all those lightweight archery projects. Building arrows, grinding fletching and special leather projects. I finished a leather quiver for the UBM Festival auction to be held on February 10th, 2024. Those who don't care for a bow quiver mounted on your bow, might be interested. It's a bowhunting arrow quiver carried over your shoulder like a purse with a possibility bag attached below. It works well when sitting in a tree stand, hanging it next to your bow. This is the style my brother, Jerry, always built and used. I'm working on another leather project to be completed before February. You have plenty of time between now and February to identify what you can contribute.

I'm trying not to be too grouchy, or play the role of Pitiful Hannah, and I'm looking forward to getting back out in December and January. I might get lucky and have another opportunity with the 4-point. I am sure he'll look much better this late in the season! ■



THE HUNTING INDUSTRY (and others) would like to tell you just the opposite, but I'm here to tell you fellas (and gals), relax, hold your recurve or longbow tightly and be confident in your "woodsmanship"... Size isn't the issue!

The latest installment of my lifelong saga began last May when I aggravated an existing and chronic shoulder issue on my string arm during a kayak outing. To complicate matters, I thought I could push through the inconvenience, man-up and shoot a round of 3-D at the Jerry Pierce Memorial Shoot in Enid, Mississippi. WRONG! I was in trouble!

With my range of motion extremely limited and the pain approaching a 9+ when raising my arm, I was resigned to visit my friendly in-network provider. Four months and one referral later, I was able to get an MRI which showed two tears in my rotator cuff plus a ruptured bicep tendon tossed in for good measure. Boy, it sucks to get older! My orthopedist asked when I would like to schedule



Yearling doe with Choctaw.

the procedure, which will put me out of hunting weight archery commission for a year. I was wearing my PBS hat and a UBM shirt and with a wink and a nod, we agreed to postpone the inevitable until after archery season was over.

With my shooting extremely limited, I experimented with ways to draw my 52-pound recurve without peeing my pants. I finally settled on a way to nudge my elbow into position, hold the string to my anchor point, then push the bow outwards to full draw. A quick

settle to check all the boxes on form, then release the string. I was consistent and accurate out to 15 yards, so at least I could hunt with a clear conscience and have the option to shoot should the opportunity arise.

Sightings during the first 30+ days of the 2023 season were few and far between; the majority of my sits checking the "None Seen" box on my MDC Bowhunter Survey log. It didn't help that the neighbors hammered our



Any animal with a recurve is a trophy.



Charlie with his pot of gold.



Tauri's first blood trail.

herd during the 3-day early doe firearms season either. I was starting to get hungry... and worried.

Finally, on October 22, a young doe wandered into my view, meandering towards my stand. I was up, bow in hand, going through my mental checklist when she suddenly bedded down just out of range. Well, crap! The wait begins... Shortly, she rose and trotted off—WTH? Ahh, Mom was to my left. Well, as luck would have it, the mature doe ended up downwind, flagged and trotted off, quietly for a change, not a snort to be heard. The yearling wandered back into my view, headed towards my sweet spot opening, and... she bedded down again! A great show, but, really!?!

She was bedded at 15 yards, looking away, vitals exposed... a shot you see often at the 3-D range. However, this was real life, not a target, so I waited. And waited. And waited... She finally rose, and took three steps into the lane. As often happens in the heat of the moment, I was at full draw and the arrow was gone. I rarely see the “red bloom” on a deer at the moment of impact, but the 2-blade ACE 145 evidently did a number on something of value internally and the eruption began. She made it just out of sight before crashing.

I assessed the state of my shoulder, which was surprisingly intact, took a deep breath and shivered a little. With the bright red trail visible from my stand and the woods eerily still, I thought this would be the perfect opportunity to see how the new pup would react to trailing a deer. I snuck out of the woods and made my way back to the house. Of course, my #1 tracking dog, Charlie, had first dibs on the trail, but he made quick work of it and we were shortly back at the house to get Tauri.

She was excited as we made our way into the woods towards my stand, but once we were at the point of

impact, her demeanor changed and her instincts kicked in. If you've never watched a dog run a blood trail, it's fascinating to see how they work. Charlie tracks the actual deer (making it important to be on the right trail) and at a fast pace, Tauri was fixated on the blood, slowly and accurately making her way through the woods. She paused at the

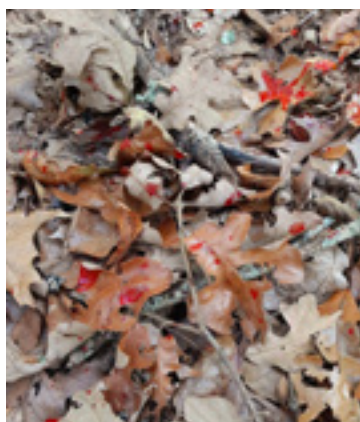
blood covered arrow shaft, veered once to investigate where the doe had bedded earlier, then slowly made her way to the downed deer. Both dogs' accuracy was impressive, despite the difference in method. A successful day on all counts!

I may not get another shot with the bow this year, but plan to work through my physical therapy with a passion and hope to be ready for the 2024 season. And believe me, I'm as proud of that 50-pound deer as any I have ever taken with my bow. Size doesn't matter, at least in the woods!

Equipment notes:

Brian is currently shooting a Jerry Pierce Choctaw recurve, 52#@28” with Dan Novotny cedar arrows tipped with 145gr ACE broadheads.

Charlie is a 6-year-old Australian Shepherd mix with an AKC Scent Work and Tracking pedigree a mile long and dozens of successful deer tracks under his harness. Tauri is a 2-year-old Miniature American Shepherd and is an up-and-comer in the Scent Work community.



An arrow worth sniffing.



Point of impact!

I GOT A LATE START HUNTING MY FARM THIS YEAR due to my Alberta moose hunt taking place the last week of September, so I was really looking forward to letting my dad feed me and roaming the land that I knew so well. The mast crop there is very poor this year due to some late freezes so I knew I would have to hunt field edges in order to see anything. I hate doing that because it's like playing a giant game of Whack-A-Mole: you never know where the deer are going to pop out at. I added an extra day to the first weekend of November and arrived at Dad's Thursday evening where I was treated to the usual, S*** on the Stove, and a batch of homemade peanut butter cookies.

Even though there were no acorns, I decided to hunt on the ridge behind the barn Friday morning anyway because it was rut time and I figured there would be deer moving about. Unfortunately, the deer didn't get the memo and I spent the morning in a very quiet forest. After eating some lunch and working on sighting in my 54 flintlock, I went down to our middle hay field to try to figure out where I could set up and give myself a reasonable chance of being in bow range of a deer.

I settled on a spot we call "The Briar Patch". It is a strip of trees and brush that stick out in the field, running generally west to east. The west end stops at Barren Fork Creek, which is usually dry this time of year on our place. On the other side of the creek is the mouth of Bee Tree Holler. Deer often come out of the holler and enter the field there. There is also something growing at the east end of the Briar Patch that deer seem to love. I cannot count the number of times I have seen deer congregate there and feed.



So glad to find my prize!

Dad had been doing some work at the east end, putting up a ladder stand to gun hunt out of. During his efforts, he inadvertently created me a perfect little hidey hole to bowhunt from. I set up my Ghostblind and chair in that spot, did a little trimming, and got settled in.

About 3:45 pm, a doe and fawn entered the field from the creek, just a little south of the Briar Patch, and I watched them feed for an hour or so. Meanwhile, another doe-fawn pair came out in the field south of an area we call "The Punkin Patch" and started feeding there. Dad put a salt lick in by the Punkin Patch several years ago so there is always good deer traffic in that area. Eventually, the two pair of deer met up and fed together for a while. Then one pair started coming my way and ended up leaving the field by the creek. The other pair would alternate bedding down and feeding in the field. Everyone was well out of my limited longbow range, but I was content to just watch. It was getting close to The Magic Hour, and I was hoping for a target-rich environment to develop.

With the sun starting to set, I was beginning to think that things just weren't gonna work out that day. The pair that was still left had worked their way over to the east side of the field and looked like they were heading to the woods. I saw a few more deer entering the very south end of the field below the mouth of Woodland Holler but there was no way there would be time for them to meander up to me before daylight ran out.

Right around 6, I noticed that the doe and fawn that I thought had gone to the woods were now back in the field, feeding my way. They were heading to that mysterious spot at the Briar Patch that deer seemed to love for some reason. That spot was also about 25



Dad's pets in the yard.



A doe's eye view.



My little hide hole.

yards from where I was sitting. My hope was that they would walk by me after feeding there while I could still see to shoot.

After the longest 15 minutes I had spent in a while, the pair finally started moving again my way. The doe was in the lead and, if things went correctly, would pass right in front of me at around 20 yards. The wind was still in my face, and they had no idea that I was there.

When the doe walked by, I patiently waited until she was a little past me with the front leg on my side extended forward a bit. I drew my bow and aimed at that pocket just behind the shoulder. I let go of the string and watched my arrow hit just as she turned away a bit. She took off running towards the creek with about a quarter of my arrow showing. In the last fading rays of daylight, I saw her standing at the field edge about 100 yards away. Both the shot angle and penetration were excellent, so I was confident she was piled up in the dry creek bed below where I had last seen her. I had killed a little buck a couple of years ago and watched him run almost the exact same circuit she had. I found him in the leaves on the other side of the creek in short order.

I wanted to give her some time, just in case, so I gathered up all

my goodies and went to fetch my truck. By now, the field was full of deer, and I heard them running and snorting all around me. I drove back to Dad's, had a bite to eat, and then we headed back to load my prize.

Imagine my surprise, though, when the doe was not laying where I expected her to be. In fact, even though I was confident of the hit, I could find no blood anywhere to back up my claim. I quickly got down into the creek bed looking for red on the bleached white gravel - nothing. I walked through the brushy bottom on the other side of the creek looking for any kind of

sign to indicate the doe had been in the vicinity - nothing. Meanwhile, Dad drove down the field towards the mouth of Woodland Holler to see if she was piled up next to the fence. He kept asking me if I was sure she had gone into the creek bed and I kept telling him that I wasn't sure but that's how it looked to me. I was also basing my assumption of her path on the way that buck I had killed had run. After a couple of hours of anxious searching, though, I decided to call it off until morning. Busting brush in the dark is a good way to break a leg and I was just getting frustrated. I knew she was dead somewhere close, I just couldn't see her. It was going to be cool enough that night that she wouldn't spoil with a lung hit. All I could do was hope I found her before the coyotes did.

Daylight took its own sweet time coming the next morning and I got to the scene of the crime early enough that I still needed a flashlight to search for blood with. Dad followed me on the tractor, both for its height advantage and its front end loader. He hadn't brought it the night before because he had torn some wiring loose bush hogging and the lights didn't work. I was staring at the tall grass on the field edge, looking for blood, when he went past me



Scene of the crime.

towards Woodland. Maybe 30 seconds passed by when he stopped and hollered, "She's over here!", pointing in the field. Three sweeter words I had never heard, as I took off his direction. Even from 50 yards, I could see her white belly shining in the sun. She had fallen on the entry wound side and my arrow was sticking straight up in the air out of the exit wound. Dad and I had both walked within 20 yards of her the night before but



Beautiful sunset on these sycamores

never thought to look into the field instead of the field edge.

Anyway, all's well that ends well. I hit her at the 3rd from the last rib going in at about a 60-degree angle and got both lungs, so I felt vindicated about my original assessment of her being mortally wounded. The meat was still good, and intact, so my biggest worry was gone. I got her hung up and quartered up in short order and spent that evening playing with more deer while hiding behind my Ghostblind. I had a chance to shoot a small doe and a little buck but just didn't feel good about either shot opportunity, so I passed. I still



A view from the blind.

have plenty of season left so I will, hopefully, get some more chances at filling the freezer.

Equipment notes: I used a custom two-piece Destiny longbow made by master bowyer, Mike Dunnaway, of Wild Horse Creek Bows (54#@28") and a homemade arrow consisting of a red balau shaft from Forrester Wood Shafts and a 190 grain Meathead (total arrow weight 760 grains). ■



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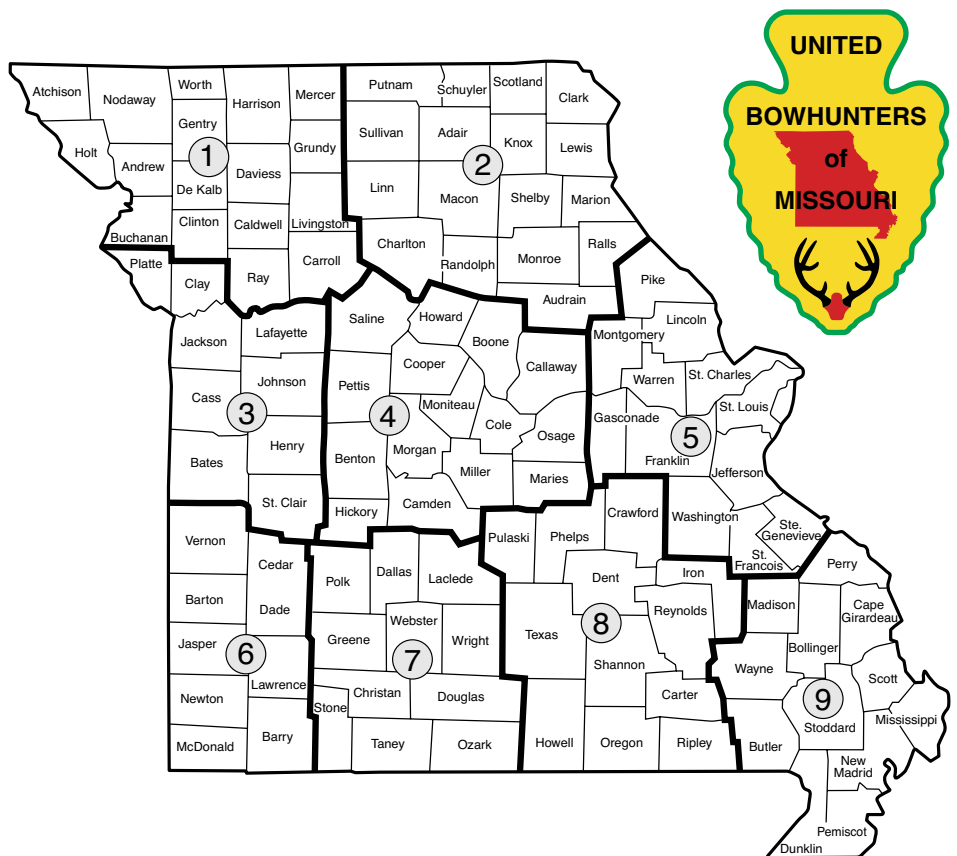
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