



THE UNITED Spring 2025 BOWHUNTER



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



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The United Bowhunters of Missouri
 Spring 2025

Calendar of Events

April

- 7th-15th: Kansas archery turkey season
- 16th: Kansas regular spring turkey season opens
- 21st: Missouri regular spring turkey season opens

May

- 11th: Missouri regular spring turkey season ends
- 24th: Missouri squirrel season opens
- 31st: Kansas regular spring turkey season ends

June

- 19th-22nd: Compton Rendezvous, Berrien Springs, MI
- 27th-29th: United Bowhunters of Missouri Rendezvous, Marshall Bowhunters Club, Marshall, MO
- 30th: Missouri frog season opens

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 or you can email: Dchaverstick@gmail.com Cell phone: (417) 693-5304

President ----- William R. Brown
 Vice President ----- Joel Davis
 Executive Secretary ----- Brenda Hudson

Membership ----- Brenda Hudson

Graphic Designer ----- Elise Haverstick
Elise.Haverstick@gmail.com

Editor ----- Darren Haverstick
dchaverstick@gmail.com

Webmaster ----- Darren Haverstick
dchaverstick@gmail.com

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

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

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

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— On the Cover —

Dan Novotny with a dandy southwest Texas javelina!

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



THE UBM FEBRUARY FESTIVAL WAS AMAZING! Thank you to all who attended, our

vendors, our presenters, the official scorers, our Board of Directors, and the Oasis Convention Center. We raised a lot of money, but more importantly promoted bowhunting and made connections! Please mark your calendar for next year's Festival February 6-8, 2026 in Springfield, Missouri.

With the conclusion of the Festival, plans are already underway for our summer Rendezvous in Marshall, Missouri

June 27-29. Come and shoot your bow at a variety of targets, participate in the 3-person skirmish, attend the annual club meeting, and eat lots of great food!

I just got back from a scouting/shed antler hunting adventure. 36 hours was not enough time for this adventure, but I covered a lot of landscape. I only found one shed antler in over 12 miles of hiking, but I was in contact with the earth. I love being a part of the natural cycle of the earth. During my adventure, I touched the soil, the grass, the trees. I felt the cold north wind and the precipitation on my skin. I saw numerous waterfowl, spooked a pheasant, watched bald eagles soar above the hills, and I even had a coyote run by me. Did I mention I saw lots of deer?

I need more moments connecting to the earth. I know this is a big reason why I look forward to carrying my recurve bow into the wilderness every year. I look forward to hanging tree stands and figuring out deer movement through scrapes, rubs, and trails. I do enjoy my cell phone and computer, but these things do not compare to the literal connection to the earth.

I look forward to seeing each of you in June at the Rendezvous, but I hope we all get some dirt under our fingernails, some thorns in our legs, and some uncomfortable moments in a storm before we connect again. We need these natural and earthy moments for our mental health and well-being. See you soon! ■

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	

ALL SUMMER LONG, trail cam pics raised expectations for a wonderful archery deer season this year. Even though the weather was taking us into a drought and burn-ban conditions.

As for my younger brother and me, we kicked the season off in the seat of a canoe on a national wildlife refuge. We would row to an island that we had been scouting for a few seasons. Right out of the gate, on the 2nd hunt, I managed to take a beautiful doe and she earned a free ride in the boat. I was thinking, "This season is going to be awesome!"

The weather had other plans as the forecast was for hotter-than-usual temps and nighttime deer movements. Soon, the canoe was abandoned, and we changed to a 1 1/2-mile trek into an undisturbed area we had a few cameras about giving us possibilities.

The season opened in late September and suddenly I found myself on the morning of November 1st. In Arkansas, this is typically a magical time to be on the bow stand. I've been saddle hunting for the last three seasons and I move my set every two hunts, trying to keep the deer guessing. I had observed deer crossing out of my range and was thinking about moving there for my next hang when a deer begins to cross at that location again. My heart leaped as I saw him turn off that trail and come straight to me as though he had an innate sense that he wanted to die by my arrow! I stopped him at 15 steps, and my shot was true, taking him through the heart. Now, this buck did not check any of the boxes that I had in my imagination. However, it is easy to eat a tag if you become ungrateful, so giving

many thanks to the Lord for the outcome, I move on to fill one more tag before the season ends.

The Arkansas season is long and does not close until February 28th. Feeling grateful and full of hope, I face off to the remaining four months feeling that this should be no challenge:-). Boy was I wrong! The drought continued and so did nighttime movement. There were a couple of blunders in there on some truly pretty deer, and sickness kept me out of the woods for the entire month of January.

I am down to the last 28 days



of the season and full of hope to fill a third of my six tags available. By now, I would be grateful for another doe. I'm back in the saddle! The final month advances and three weeks go by when I get a break. My close friend and owner of Bar Paw Ranch invites me out to sit on his private ground with him to hunt the last week of February. I gladly embraced the idea since nothing I was doing was materializing. I have a standing invite on this property but had not hunted it for the last few seasons.

We set a time to meet and I brought out a blind and chairs that we brushed in for a couple of last-chance opportunities. It was four in the afternoon when that chore was completed, so rather than drive the 40 minutes back to the house, I would make the most of the day and go climb up in a ladder stand I had installed a few seasons back.

Expecting absolutely nothing, I decided to sound my doe call about every 15 minutes just in case a doe would engage. After the third call, I looked behind me to see a wide 8-point buck making his way into range very cautiously. He stopped and looked around, twitching his ears and standing very still. Then he plods on until he is clear for a 20-yard broadside shot. I stopped him and let the arrow fly, which found its way center-punching the heart.

He let out a loud guttural snort and dug in his heels. About 40 yards out, he stopped suddenly, took to his hind legs, standing tall as he could as though frozen there, suddenly falling backwards, driving his antlers into the dirt. Truly, it felt like a November hunt during the rut. In my hunting career, I have never harvested a buck after November.

Now Phil and I get our first opportunity to hunt the blind together, and on our second attempt, the landowner takes a beautiful doe. That memory will live on for both of us for seasons to come.

Looking back upon the 2024-25 deer season with all its highs and many lows, long hours, sore muscles, and sleepless nights, I can't wait to begin the fall deer season. God is truly the One who delivers last chances! ■

MY ADVENTURE TO TAKE A BULL ELK STARTED BACK IN SEPTEMBER 1996.

After three years going to New Mexico with one miss, I started the next chapter going to Colorado. In 2001 I found a place that had a cabin at 9000 feet. I packed my truck up, took my son Robert who was 11 at the time, and headed west for the first of many years to come. We continued this trip every year until he was a freshman in high school. We took the next 4 years off so he could play football and his mom and I could watch. Then we headed back out west. This trip has continued ever since. And although we got into elk almost trip, I never could get it done. Robert, on the other hand, has taken four good bulls.

Last year we headed back to what we figured would be my last time elk hunting. The new owner of the mountain said he may just let his friends and family hunt next year (2025). Well, this wound up being the best hunt of my life. Yes, I have missed a couple bulls and passed up some shots that I probably shouldn't have over these years. But, wow, what a hunt in 2024.

When we got camp set up, Robert took his bike out to check things out. Within an hour he called and said he was in elk already and told his buddy, Chuck, and I where to come. When we caught up to him, Robert was just getting ready to shoot a bull. His arrow just went low and the small herd eased off. The next morning, we found a herd with a stud bull. We were careful but couldn't get it done. The following morning, we heard a bull and Robert wanted this old man to get a shot so bad that he set me up and then he got behind me and

called. The bull was coming at 15 yards, straight to me, but I drew too soon and the bull saw me and froze. Then he left, but what a rush! That evening we found the stud bull with his herd. Several small bulls came to Robert's calling but the stud would not leave his cows. The next morning, Robert got me in position and called in a bull to me at ten yards. The bull was straight on, though, and I won't take that shot. He eventually left. Wow! Exciting again.

The next morning, we could hear a few bulls several hundred yards away. Robert said, "Dad, we have to move fast." I told them both, "You guys go kill an elk. You've been dragging me around so I'll stay back and hunt here." He asked, "Are you sure?" and I responded, "Yep." An hour later, Robert texted me that a bull was down. He got one! I got to them to congratulate him on a fine bull. We got his bull out and could hear a herd of bulls and cows not far away.

That evening, Chuck and I sat together while Robert got in position to call. A bull snuck into a water hole 60 yards from us, so we got Robert's attention. He started his soft cow calling and the bull started coming straight to me. Once again, under 20 yards, but I won't take the shot straight on. The bull finally made a half circle around us and got to 40 yards. Chuck shot but the arrow hit a twig and just missed a lung shot. Damn, another close one! We only had three days left.

The following morning, we headed back out and could hear the stud bull screaming his head off. We tried for three hours to stay downwind and try to get him in, but he would not come. Around 10:30 we regrouped and decided that we would stay out all day. As we ate a sandwich and water, Robert says, "Dad, get ready!!!!!" I thought, "What the heck is he talking about?" as I looked behind me. Robert was gone and Chuck was next to me pointing out front. They heard a log break. Robert was



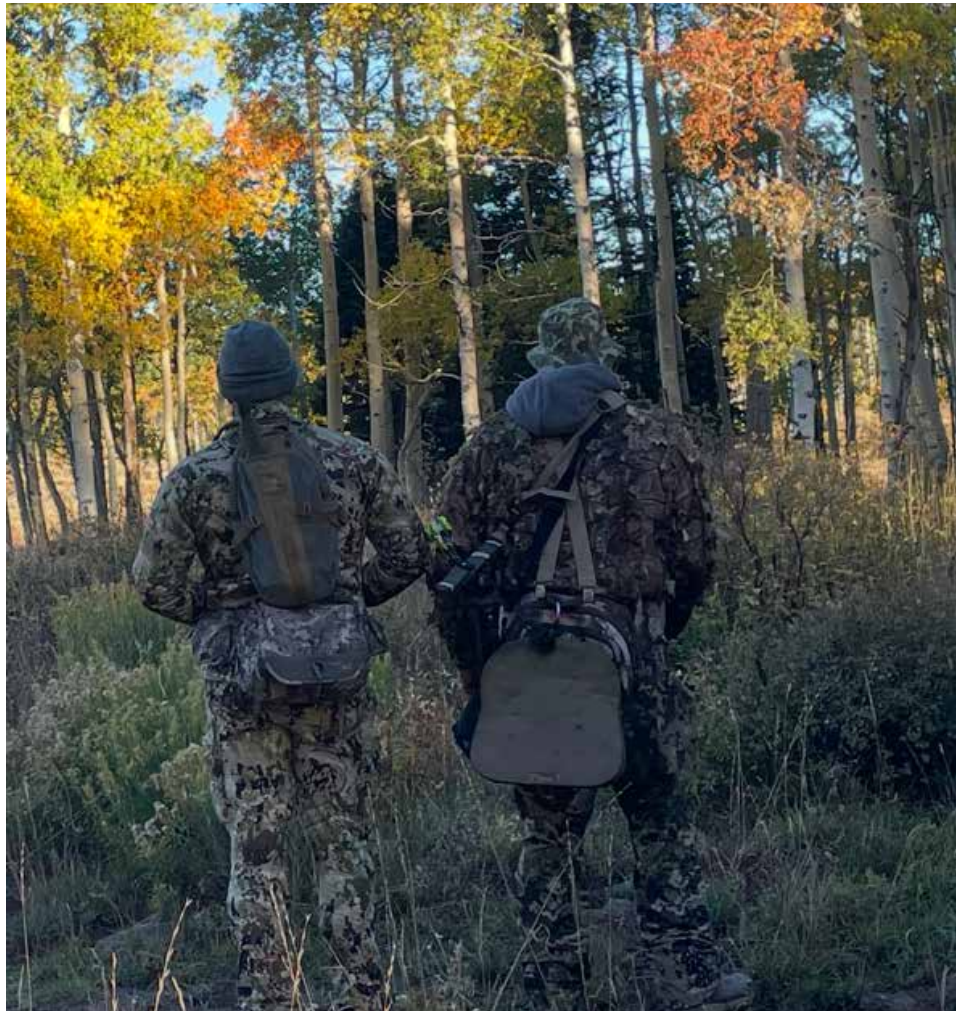
calling soft then a bull bugled. I knew he was big, but I still couldn't find him even though he was close. Then there he was. A big bull coming towards me.

He kept coming and got to 12 yards hard quartering to me. I kept saying, "Just turn a little." However, he turned fast and left. Damn, that's four bulls under 20 yards! Robert came in and I told him where the bull had stood. He said, "Dad, you can kill big-ass whitetails. Did you make a deal with the Devil to not kill a bull so you could kill big deer?" I answered that I must have.

The next morning, we headed back to the same area and immediately found the stud bull screaming. He was close so I got set up. This went on for an hour, but the bull would not show himself. He was to my left but then I heard a stick break to my right. A 6x6 was 30 yards away and I couldn't move because I was set up facing opposite direction. The 6x6 was stealing some of the stud's cows quietly and taking off with them. Another close call!

That evening we went back to the area again. It was very quiet, so we walked and called for a couple hours. Nothing. I was set up on a well-used trail ten yards in front of me off to my left. It presented an easy shot if one would come by. A half hour before dark, I looked back at Chuck and Robert. They were glassing and looking at something. A lone bull was 500 yards away in a meadow to our south. I asked if they wanted to move up, but Robert said to sit tight.

He started calling and I thought there was no way this guy was gonna come. Well, the bull heard the call and slowly walked our way. He closed the distance, and I kept thinking, "Are you kidding me?"



When the bull got to 100 yards, he came into the aspen I was in. I told myself to get ready. The bull was on the trail I was sitting next to. He continued to come 70-60-50-40 and I said, "This is going to happen." At ten yards the bull, for whatever reason, leaves the trail and is walking straight towards me and stops 5 FEET right in front of me. His mouth is dripping on my arrow! We stare at each other for 30 seconds and I keep saying just turn right or left. Instead, he bolts, runs back to 40 yards, and turns broadside. It was too far for me to shoot and kill him and eventually he leaves.

Robert and Chuck came up and they could not see the bull by me, so they asked what happened. I told Robert, "Come here. Move over here." He was now standing where the bull had stood and I

told Robert that the bull had stood there for 30 seconds. I'm not going to print all that what was said, but eventually Robert told me, "Dad, I admire you for not taking a front shot but, yes, you made a deal with the Devil at some time in your life."

The next day was our last and we didn't see or hear anything. I had Chuck take a picture of my son and me looking away as this would be my last, but best, elk hunt of my life. Thank you, Robert, for busting you butt trying to get your okay dad an elk. You did your job, but I didn't do mine.

But wait, we just found out a few days ago that the owner of the mountain is going to let us come back one more time. Who knows? I may get to get a bull yet!!!!!! ■

WHERE BETTER TO BE ON 1/1/25 THAN PERCHED IN A BIG LIVE-OAK TREE

in the Santa Catalina Mountains of southwest Arizona with a deer tag and mountain lion tag in my pocket? I couldn't think of much that could beat it. It's the first day of a new and promising year, my health is still good at 72 years young, and I had just carried a heavy pack up the canyon to camp with enough provisions for a weeklong hunt. A good friend and fellow bowhunter, Bob Ameen, had once again invited me to join in on the fun of hunting the elusive Coues bucks that inhabit this wild, rough country. Bob and his brother, Loren, had hunted from this camp the previous week so the tent was already up. All I had to do was stow my gear, put my bow together, and head to the woods. That's where I found myself at 1:00 pm on the first day of the new year, this story unfolding in my mind.

The walk in from camp was very promising as we encountered two bucks by one of our hunting spots. A bit troubling was the fact that one was a mature 2X2, the other a much younger buck, and they were grooming each other! Not really what you expect to see as they should be in the middle of rut, pretty neat to watch though. My afternoon set was uneventful with no deer sightings, but sitting there worried about a sunburn on my bare arms would definitely not be a concern back home in north Missouri.

My hunting strategy for the week consisted of hiking a mile or so above camp for the morning sit until the thermals changed, normally around 11:00 am, then move down to the area we saw the two bucks on our first day. With little to no precipitation for the past several months, our little creek was dry by camp but there was water higher up. We figured the deer would be there also. Another big change was the absence of acorns normally present around the bigger live oaks. The fire from a few years ago had damaged

some of the oaks, but the bigger trees seemed to be okay and the new growth from the burned-out areas looked like perfect browse. So where the heck were the deer? We never did figure that out. Hunting multiple locations and sitting all day produced nothing like we had experienced in the past years. Saturday was unfolding to look like another bust. The winds came up during the night and continued most of the day, but for whatever reason we both saw deer. I had a shooter buck chase a doe around in the brushy area north of me. He was close enough at one point, but I had no clear shot. Then later a younger 2X3 walked 12 yards in front of me. I had decided this year I would let the little guys walk, a decision I still feel good about. The work involved in packing a deer out of that rugged country seems a lot easier if a cape and rack are involved. Bob also had deer close that day. He got a shot at a decent buck, but as we all know, when hair and a heartbeat are involved sometimes our arrows don't go exactly where we intend.

We got a text from the women of our lives that night. It seems the plumbing was backed up at the house, no shower or commode. "Don't worry, just keep hunting. We are just fine." Yeah, right! We did stay and hunt Sunday but had no deer sightings, so we decided to hunt till noon Monday and head out. (no deer again!)

The trip in from the trailhead involves two hours in Bob's 500 Polaris Ranger side by side and then a three-mile hike to camp. Leaving camp at noon should



put us at the trailhead by 3:30, so plans were set. The ladies were to meet us at that time. To say the “road” is rough is like saying the Grand Canyon is a ditch, we were bouncing along almost to the halfway point when the machine suddenly lurched to a stop, I felt the floorboard come up under my feet and we looked at each other both saying, “Something is bad wrong!” An investigation revealed the front wheel on my side was jammed back under the machine with the “A” arm dangling loose. Yes, something is bad wrong! I could write on and on about our trials and tribulations over the next few hours, suffice it

to say we hiked to the top of the next ridge to get cell reception and get a friend of Bob’s to come rescue us. We did manage to cobble the machine back together enough to get it off the road and we made it home around 8:00 pm. We were treated to our first real meal in several days, dug the sewer line up to unclog it, and took an extremely refreshing shower. All’s well that ends well!

I know we have all been asked by friends and family, why do you go to such extremes to just shoot a deer and the simple answer is **JUST TO DO IT!** ■



➤➤➤ Thinking Back on Last Season

James Barker➤

WITH THE SEASON OVER, it was time to do some winter archery projects. Stuff like making some new woodies, new arm guards, and waiting for glue to cure (it takes forever!). During these chores, I recalled my conversation with Roxy, short for Roxanne, and Chucky, our local gray squirrel couple. It seems they were having quite the lovers spat!

Roxy, as she prefers to be called, was fed up with Chucky chasing any and every tail that flipped within eyesight. All the while, she was doing all the work, gathering nuts and leaves for the winter. Being the kind of guy I am and not caring too much for the taste of squirrel, I offered to help. I should have known better.

I tried to tell Chucky how Roxy felt but that didn't work out. He was just too busy chasing tail. I tried to let Roxy down easily, but she had heard enough. Only wet hornets get madder than heartbroken lady squirrels.

She tossed all of Chucky's seeds out of their nest, and she told me

to let Chucky know it was over and she wasn't sharing her knot hole with him anymore. As for Chucky, the last I saw of him, he was frozen to a shaggy bark hickory.

Well, hey, the glue has cured and I can move on to the next feather. Making arrows is fun but waiting

on glue to cure is a pain. As for me, I'll neither confirm or deny that this ever happened. It could be just the fumes from the glue and the combination of my favorite whiskey. Which reminds me of another story, but I'll save that for another day. ■



TURKEYS GET ME EXCITED, especially tom turkeys in the spring. I've bow hunted turkeys for many years and the excitement is just as intense now as it was when I had my first gobbler come strutting and gobbling straight at me. I wish I could tell you that I skewered that first fat jake, but alas, it was not meant to be. In fact, I didn't even get to full draw before he whirled and did what turkeys do best; disappear.

I've learned over the years just about everything that doesn't work to take a gobbler, but not everything that does work to take one. If you've ever played chess, you know that when you make your move, you not only have to determine how that move will work to your advantage, but how that move can disadvantage your opponent. While deciding what to do next, you must also determine what to do if your opponent counters your move with one of his many options. A chess player, as well as a successful turkey hunter, makes his moves not only to win but also to keep from losing. For every move the hunter makes, the gobbler can choose from several different countermoves. Therefore, if the hunter only knows strategies



that will help him win but hasn't worked out tactics that will prevent him from losing, he might be defeated.

Learn as much as you can about the wild turkey. For instance, did you know the gobbler prepares for the spring mating season weeks before it begins by feeding heavily? Soon his chest bulges and forms a sponge, a mass of thick, cellular tissue that the tom lives on during the mating season. Then he doesn't have to worry about much eating, just getting down to the business at hand.

There is no way to teach you all about turkey hunting in the confines of this short article. So

here are some of the basics and a few tricks I learned over the years. The real school of turkey hunting is waiting for you out in the oaks and brilliant green hills. Just don't be late for your first day of school!

- Scout well before the season to locate as many gobblers as possible.
- When scouting, call with a crow, hawk, or owl call to locate birds. Don't educate toms before season with a turkey call.
- Locate water sites, roost trees, feeding areas, and travel routes.
- Become as proficient as possible with turkey calls, especially the diaphragm. Learn the language and when to use it.



- Just as importantly, learn when to shut up.
- Set up carefully with brush and natural camouflage behind you, and use complete camo, (you and your equipment).
- When using a “pop up” blind, which is my preference, set it up concealed with natural cover.
- Don't be afraid to set your decoys close to your blind. I set my decoys up within ten yards of my shooting window.
- I usually set up two hen decoys and one gobbler. I also set my gobbler decoy looking at the spot directly in front of him, knowing that in most cases a gobbler will come in and confront my tom decoy first and while he is distracted by this point of confrontation, I will take my shot.
- When using a “pop up” blind wear all black from the waist up including head/face cover and gloves.
- Have your bow up and ready before the tom gets too close and always move and draw your bow extremely slow.
- If hunting without a “pop up”, don't attempt to draw while you can see their eyes. Let natural cover



such as a tree, bush or the gobbler's tail fan (as he turns) screen his head from you, then draw.

- .If there are other hunters in your area, find out what they are doing and do something different, you can bet most of the turkeys are.
- Remember a turkey's vitals are about the size of an orange and are located in the forward part of the chest, just behind the beard. Get proficient at shooting your bow from all kinds of positions and know your effective range, then stick to it.

- Use razor sharp broadheads on gobblers, they are tough animals.
- Be patient when trying to coax a gobbler in. Some come in fast, some nerve rackingly slow. Sometimes, if you miss a bird, keep calling. Sometimes he might come right back or you might get a chance at a second gobbler that was close by.

In closing, a successful turkey hunter has to be persistent and patient. It is not uncommon for me to hunt every day of the spring season or until I tag out. Turkey hunting is not for everyone, but neither is hunting with a bow. ■

DID YOU KNOW THE UBM HAS A PODCAST?

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We are always looking for new material so please contact us if you have some ideas!

Ethan Grotheer (stickbow17@yahoo.com)



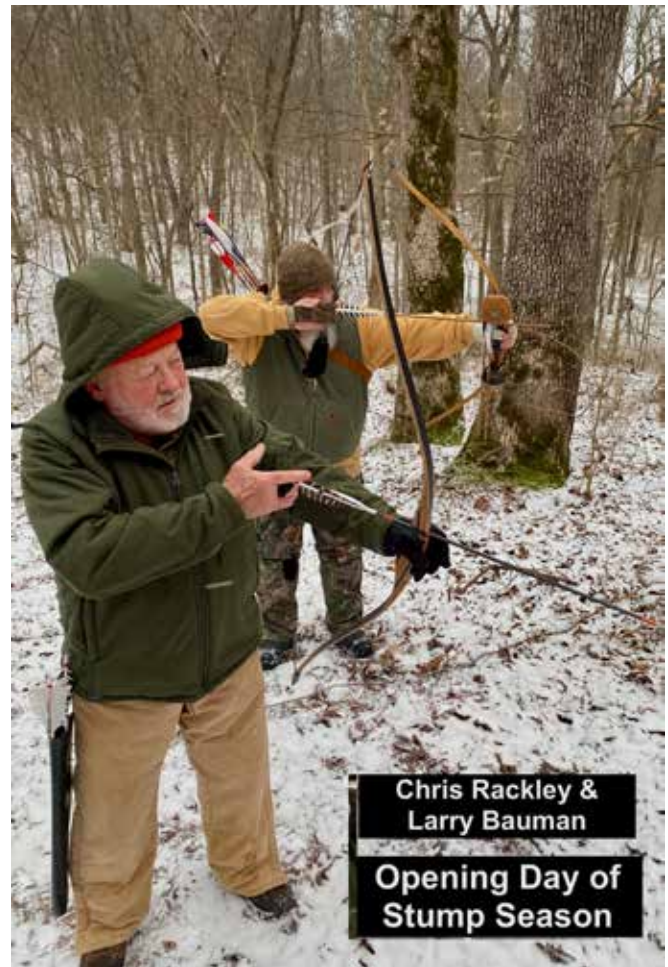
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JANUARY 16TH WAS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW season for most bowhunters in Missouri. The Buffalo Tongue Gang gathered for the annual Breakfast 2/2/25, to share and relive adventures of the recent season. As usual, cell phones were handed around as everyone took advantage of having an audience that could relate to their episodes or stories. I didn't see any trophy pictures. It was agreed to start the stump season 2/16/25, the week after the UBM Festival and Super Bowl. Opening day happened as planned. The range wasn't crowded due to 23-degree temps, snow and 16 mph winds. Sounds worse than it was. The snow didn't claim any arrows. Yay!

It's now time to rework and store equipment. Take down tree stands and scout hunting areas prior to the leaves reappearing. Winter weather and soggy leaves increase definition to travel routes and other activity that would otherwise not be noticed. This is the start of the race to find sheds before the critters claim them.

When returning stands to storage, inspect the condition of the bolts, nuts, cables and binder straps. Most of my stands are hang-on stands and rough treatment tends to loosen or bend bolts. Also remember, the platform cables are what is holding your entire weight. Weather and squirrels play havoc with straps.

Climbing and ladder stands require a similar inspection. We have an assortment of ladder stands which have the same hardware etc. as the hang-on and climbing stands. A friend shared a dangerous experience his family had with a ladder stand. They only take them down when relocating or adjusting. Ladder stands collect and hold water inside the legs, mostly in the lowest or bottom section since that



section usually is plugged into the ground. A stand they had left in place for a number of years rusted from the inside and collapsed when his son was climbing it. Thankfully, he wasn't hurt. I started drilling a hole in the bottom or lowest section just above the ground to provide a drain hole. Choose how you want to deal with it but check it out.

Chris Rackley, James Barker and I attended a Friday night traditional indoor 3D league shoot at Bluff City Archery in Alton, Illinois. I hadn't shot indoors for quite some time and the varied sizes, distances (5 to 30 yards) and positions of the Rinehart targets among the artificial Christmas trees requires you to pick your shot and spot. Challenging, or should I say entertaining? There were twenty targets across ten lanes which you shoot twice for forty arrows. Bluff City has the same traditional open shoot the last Friday of each month.

Spring turkey season is just around the corner. I send out early reminders to my turkey hunting friends to; "save those wing feathers". You can't imagine how many feathers I go through



building arrows for the grandkids, nieces and nephews. There is satisfaction and a feeling of accomplishment processing feathers, especially dying and combining various color combinations. Like everything you learn on your own, or when self-taught, you'll have a few mishaps that provide lessons learned, which translates to experience. I appreciate everything I have learned in life. But, I am not always happy with my learning experience..

Spring is a busy time of year when everyone is anxious to get outdoors. Shed hunting, stump shooting, archery shoots, turkey season, mushroom hunts, crappie fishing, grass cutting. Phew! I am worn out talking about it. We are receiving help from deer mowing our lawn, after they destroyed the shrubbery. Think they can read game calendars? We have often talked about putting a blind on the patio, close to an outlet for the coffee pot.

After talking with UBM member, Dan Novotny, about the Tennessee Classic, James Barker and I made reservations and plan to attend. This will be our first trip to the Classic and we are looking forward to a challenging shoot and associated activities.

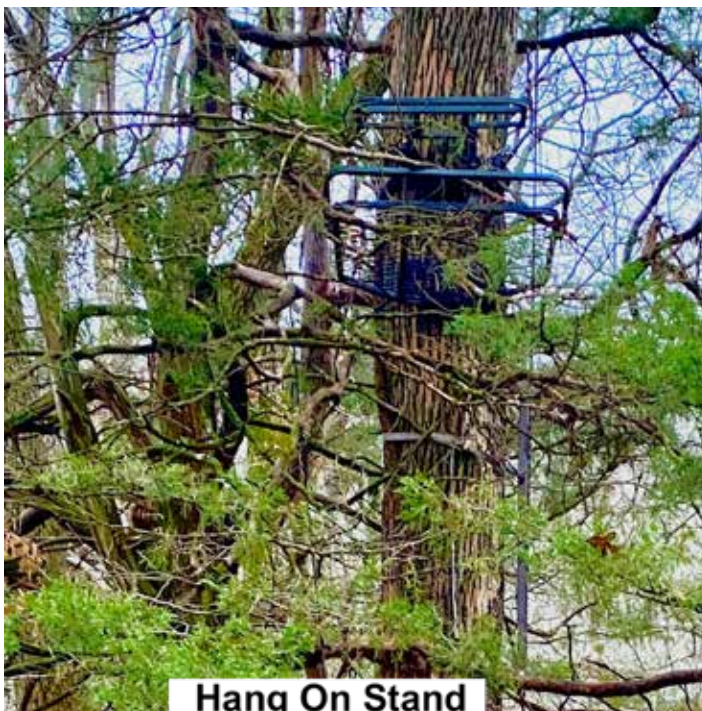
We are also looking forward to the UBM Rendezvous. There is so much going on that it's difficult to say what's the favorite. The early bird gathering on Thursday, the Friday Night Fish Fry, 3D Shoot, Bottle Launcher, 3-Person Skirmish, can raffle or the Saturday night barbeque. Don't forget to bring donations for the can raffle and side dishes for the potluck dinners. William Brown (fish fry) and Robin Baker (smoked pork). They both do an excellent job,



Lawn Service

preparing the meat for the two dinners. The Marshall Bowhunters have an outstanding facility. Their members go all out to ensure UBM's event is a success.

I didn't attend the Festival due to being double booked with my grandson's (Devin) Opera performance at DePauw University. Looking forward to seeing everyone at the Rendezvous. ■



Hang On Stand



Buffalo Tongue Breakfast

Trail Camera: Jim Thorpe



Squirrel and Small Game:
William R. Brown



Bowhunter with Game:
Tim Donnelly



Outdoor Theory: Darren Haverstick



Bowhunting Related: Bill Brown



General Wildlife: Bill Brown



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Elise Haverstick
GRAPHIC DESIGNER

417-693-6084
Elise.Haverstick@gmail.com
Facebook.com/elisehdesigns

Thomas Carder
Customer Solutions Manager

Mobile: (816)591-1350
Fax (866) 320-2336
Email: TCarder@MTPDrivetrain.com

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Tim Donnelly (far left) was this year's Bowhunter of the Year.



Past UBM president, Tom Dickerson, was voted Member of the Year.



Mike Dunnaway (left) was honored for his years of support and dedication to the club.



A show of appreciation to our keynote speaker, Mike Yancey (far left).



Feathers n Wood set up and ready for business!



Archery Team USA member, Joshua Miller, took us through his journey to make the team.



Our favorite award, Conservation Agent of the Year, went to Kyle Clinton of Crawford County.



Ryan Plummer showing folks the finer points of making a Flemish twist string.



MDC's Aaron Hildreth gave us an update on CWD in the state.



William R. Brown's P&Y black bear took this year's Fred Bear Award.

Board Members

William R. Brown, President (2026)
73 Tonka Shady Court
Camdenton, MO 65020
wrbwilderness@hotmail.com
(636) 290-5213

Joel Davis, Vice-President (2027)
110621 S Alley Jackson Road
Grain Valley, MO 64029
jcdavis@hotmail.com
(816) 522-4260

Darren Haverstick, Treasurer (2025)
10276 N Fr. 183
Fair Grove, MO 65648
dchaverstick@gmail.com
(417)693-5304

Ryan Plummer, Secretary (2027)
2118 Walnut St
Higginsville, MO 64037
rplummer9739@gmail.com
(918) 533-1856

Kevin Pinckney (2025)
22814 Hwy J
Pittsburg, MO 65724
kevin_pinckney@yahoo.com
417-733-3362

Wes McCain(2027)
17339 Business 60
Neosho, MO 64850
wesley.mccain0903@gmail.com
918-964-9726

Bob Burns,(2025)
11507 S. Cave Road
Lone Jack, MO 64070
backcountry73@gmail.com
(816) 520-5361

Arthur Kanneman (2026)
834 NE 501 Rd.
Warrensburg, MO 64093
ahkanneman@gmail.com
(870) 565-8838

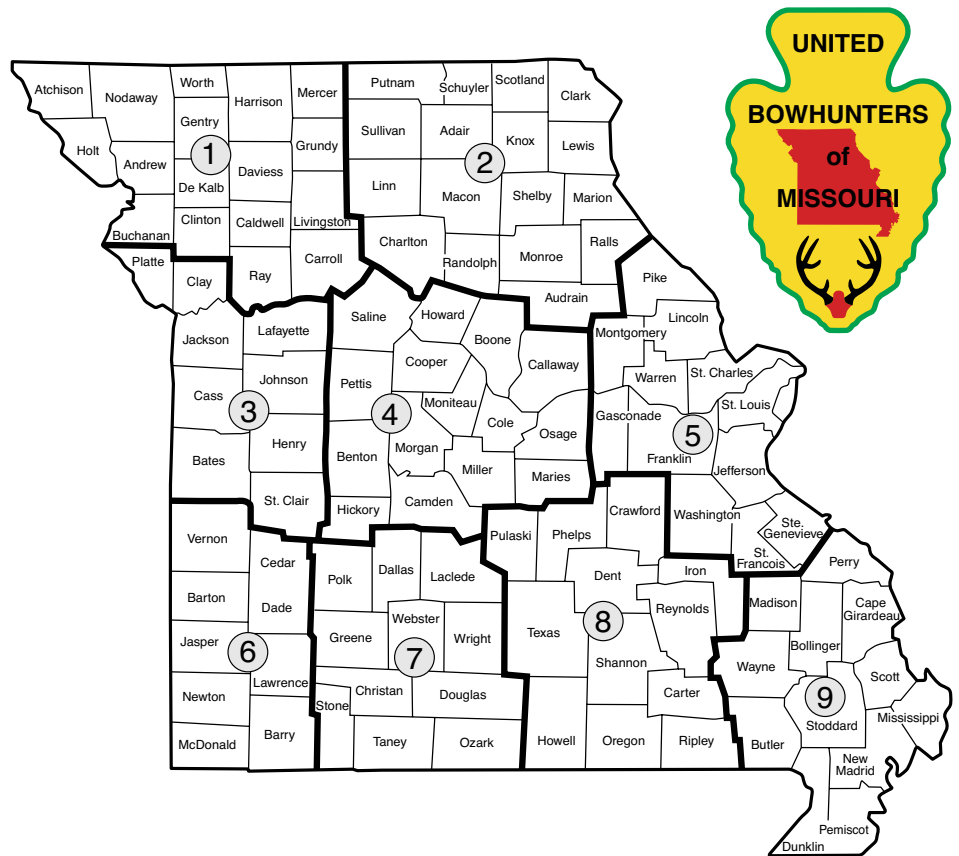
Cole Davis (2026)
210 SE 4th St
Lee's Summit, MO 64063
cdavis62103@gmail.com
(816) 527-3839

Tom Dickerson, Bowhunter Ed.
226 Country Road 436
Jackson, MO 63755
TRAD_5558@yahoo.com
(573) 243-7113

Elise Haverstick, Graphic Designer
201 Hyler Dr. #34
Farmington MO 63640
elise.haverstick@gmail.com
(417) 693-6084

Brenda Hudson, Executive Secretary
24933 Helium Rd.
Newtown, MO 64667
larrydeanhudson@hotmail.com
(660) 794-2591

UBM Contact Information



1. Max Medsker, 22363 State Hwy A. Graham, MO 64455 mjrrmeds@grm.net (660) 254-4558

2. Brandon Snider, 6784 Shelby 472, Shelbina, MO 63468 brandonsnider1986@gmail.com (660) 651-4875

3. Open Position

4. Carey Breshears, 33330 HWY AA, Edwards, MO 65326 cgbreshears@gmail.com (573) 347-2670

Rev. Dr. Nicholas J. Gray, 121 E. 32nd Street. Sedalia, MO 65301, 660-827-2448

5. Todd Goodman, 504 Willow Grove Ct., Troy, MO 63379 (636) 528-2278

Steve Bostic, 4234 Dogwood Lake Ct., Wentzville, MO 63385 stevenbostic@yahoo.com

(636) 828-4923

6. Mike Smith, 2512 N. Highview, Joplin, MO 64801 mikesmith.5120@gmail.com (417) 529-9255


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

8. Ronald Crouch, 6120 Private Rd 2532, Mountain View, MO 65548, bentbow@outlook.com, 559-740-9912

9. Mike Calahan, 130 Plumwood, Cape Girardeau, MO 63701, kcjc.cal@charter.net, 573-335-3994

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Save the Date!
2025 UBM Rendezvous



June 26-29, 2025

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Something for everyone!

Harry's famous bottle launcher, 3-man skirmish, 2 archery courses, 3d targets, UBM merch, can drawing, Friday night fish fry, Saturday night potluck (meat is catered, bring side dish), and a club meeting.

please donate items for the can drawing

Camping info:

Primitive camping is available, there are a few RV hookups.

QUESTIONS?

Contact UBM officers William R. Brown, Darren Haverstick,
Joel Davis, and Ryan Plumber

(contact info on page 18)

