



# THE UNITED Winter 2026 BOWHUNTER

Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri





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Winter 2026

## Calendar of Events

### January

15<sup>th</sup>: Missouri archery season closes

30<sup>th</sup>: Start of Trad Archers Expo, Kalamazoo, MI

### February

6<sup>th</sup>-8<sup>th</sup>: UBM Festival, Oasis Convention Center, Springfield, MO

15<sup>th</sup>: Missouri rabbit and squirrel seasons close

### March

6<sup>th</sup>-8<sup>th</sup>: CFM Convention, Lodge of the 4 Seasons, Lake Ozark, MO

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

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

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

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

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

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### — On the Cover —

Honorary UBM member, Charlie Peterson, claims his prize after a short track.

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



**THERE IS  
DEFINITELY  
MORE DEER  
SEASON BEHIND**  
us than in front  
of us. I hope  
everyone has  
enjoyed some  
moments in the

woods with all the critters and with people you care about. This is the most wonderful time of year as the hunting season is nearly behind us and Christmas greets us with cooler weather outside. AND THEN, just a few weeks later, our 38th annual United Bowhunters of Missouri Festival will be February 6-8, 2026 in Springfield, Missouri. Your UBM Board of Directors is putting together a great Festival to promote challenging, ethical, and life-giving hunting experiences. We would love to have you attend! Bring your family and friends, and let's make this the best festival ever!

I was fortunate to hunt bear and elk in Colorado, and whitetail deer in Missouri, Iowa, and Indiana. 2025 was full of close

species, as I carried my traditional bow into many landscapes. Out of necessity and challenge, I enjoy hunting public land and trying out new pieces of public land. I am GRATEFUL that we have land set aside for hunting opportunities, as well as many other recreational and outdoor opportunities. It is definitely a challenge because most public land locations have a lower population density than their private counterparts, but the challenge and beauty make the experiences amazing. I personally love to get lost in wild places. I loved hiking back into new Hoosier National Forest areas this year in southern Indiana along the Ohio River. I have personal connections to Indiana, but just being in the woods is awesome! Indiana tree species and growth patterns are definitely different from what we see in Missouri. The trees are very tall with very few low branches. I also went to Colorado and hunted bear and elk on national forest land. It is always good to be in the mountains and be ready to

lion, etc. WOW! What a primal experience!

Obviously, I could share more details of all these locations and experiences (I have tons of pictures and videos), but what was most important for me this year was the people: the text messages with friends, the actual hunting with UBM members, and the deer camp sharing with my dad. I value these people and experiences. But I also need to share how a supportive spouse is critical to my traditional bowhunting passion. My wife, Sara, supports me every day. She deals with the responsibilities and stresses of daily life, so I can go on adventures and build relationships. Sara knows that I am a better person due to the adventures and friendships that I gain through hunting. She is the best, and I am thankful to walk through life with her.

Have a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! See you in February at the Festival! ☺

William R. Brown

## STAY UP TO DATE ON UBM INFORMATION!

### -MEMBERS-

To make sure you can stay abreast of club news, please send us your updated contact information, INCLUDING AN EMAIL ADDRESS.

## LISTEN TO THE UBM PODCAST!

Listen to your friends and fellow hunters everywhere podcasts can be found, and learn more about the sport and hear some fun stories along the way.

*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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**AS I WRITE THIS, I'M LOOKING OUT AT WINDS** pushing past 50 miles an hour—scattering fresh brown leaves and wildflower

seed across the landscape like spring's future fertilizer. It's a reminder that nature is always moving, always adjusting, and sometimes nudging us toward a new path rather than letting us stay perched in the same old swirling tree. My deer season has been bountiful—plenty of deer inside bow range—but I still haven't flung an arrow. Honestly, I've enjoyed the observing as much as the hunting: watching patterns, habits, and the quiet rhythm of the woods. One of the biggest highlights of the season, though, was my 11-year-old nephew, Clark Davis, harvesting his first deer—a big-bodied 6-point buck—right here at Maple Leaf Meadows from the Old Dairy Barn in Jackson County, Missouri. I'm also looking forward to taking Clark and a young friend on the youth doe hunt in the big woods down south in Ozark Country this weekend.

I'm excited to see the photos rolling in from all the successful hunts across our UBM community, keep sending them in for our Instagram and Facebook Page, this keeps the hype up for our younger generation to attend UBM events to learn more about the bow. A quick reminder: you're welcome to bring your antlers, skulls, and mounts to the Festival

for official scoring (Compton, Pope & Young, Boone & Crockett, etc.). These displays also add a lot to the Festival décor and make the experience more enjoyable for everyone.

The UBM Board recently had a strong meeting as we coordinated the Festival itinerary. Our vendor lineup is shaping up nicely, but we'd love to add more. If you have vendor recommendations or want to be a vendor—please contact me at [jcdavis28@hotmail.com](mailto:jcdavis28@hotmail.com) or by phone at 816-522-4260. Also, please consider donating items for the Live and Silent Auctions. Those contributions make a big impact and directly support the UBM organization and mission.

A Challenge to Our Members As we move toward the 2026 Festival and Rendezvous, I challenge each of you to bring along a friend or family member—especially the younger generation. Let's show them the rewards of the stick bow and pass on the traditions that have given us so many cherished memories in the field. This is our heritage, and together we can keep it alive.

Thank you for your continued support of the United Bowhunters of Missouri and bowhunting in our great state. Together, we can ensure the legacy of this cherished tradition thrives for years to come. ©





**I**T WAS NOVEMBER 3RD, a beautiful, crisp fall morning. I don't know whether I first heard him or caught a glimpse of movement off to my right, but I saw enough in that quick assessment to know that if he stayed on course, I would shoot. As he passed at about twelve yards, I drew, followed, and released. The arrow passed cleanly through as he quartered slightly away. He was gone in a flash on what I was sure was his final sprint.

Looking down, I could see the arrow sticking in the ground, covered in bright blood—the green lighted nock shining not a foot from another green lighted nock sticking in the ground, side by side.

Although many can relate to how quickly an encounter can happen in the deer woods, this one had roots that started forty-five minutes



earlier. At around 7:45, about a hundred yards to my right, I saw movement. Not sure what it was, I lifted my binoculars to confirm that it was a doe. She was slowly heading my way. As she approached closer, I began to think she would walk right under my stand with no

chance of a shot. Fortunately, she angled a bit, and I knew I was about to get a gimme shot.

She was in the freezer... until she wasn't.

How do you miss a shot that close? Easy: don't pick a spot and shoot at the whole deer! She scooted off a couple of yards but had no idea what had just happened. I fumbled around trying to remove another arrow from my quiver hanging on the opposite side of the tree. When I finally had it nocked, I turned—only to find that she had quietly disappeared.

So, for the next forty-five minutes, I sat there beating myself up and vowing that if given another chance, I would make good. I was blessed with a second opportunity, and this time I did. Nothing like getting a mulligan in the deer woods! ©





**I**N MY SEVENTY PLUS YEARS I'VE BEEN BLESSED to bow hunt all over North America, but there is something very special about the whitetail and their woods. Not only are they very trophy worthy of our efforts, but they also provide delectable table fare. But aside from those attributes, the whitetail deer woods themselves are their own special magic.

When the leaves of fall start their downward descent, I too go through a change. The call of the whitetail woods comes to me strong and clear, and I cannot ignore its draw. Scouting new areas, hanging stands, clearing shooting lanes, and shooting my bow every day is nothing less than a labor of love.

This year, however, was going to be even more special. My grandson, Sean, would be accompanying me for a week in November and I was so excited to be able to share a hunt with him. November couldn't get here soon enough, and I packed, repacked, and checked all necessary gear numerous times to assure I had everything needed for the both of us.

I checked weather predictions, moon phases, wind directions, etc. and hoped for that special cold snap at the right time. I hooked up the camping trailer and headed to our chosen spot a week early so I could get things set. Sean, who is currently serving in the Air Force, would be flying into Kansas City and I wanted us to just concentrate on hunting without any needed preparation work.

Based on my findings, I made sure four different stands were secure, safe and ready for the coming days ahead. All we needed now was some colder weather to spur things on and my weather app promised just that a couple of days after Sean's arrival. Since Sean had just taken his first buck with a bow the prior year, I planned on Sean sitting the best stands upon his arrival and we



would alternate stands every couple of days to avoid overhunting one spot.

Sean flew in on Saturday morning and we wasted no time getting changed and in our stands by the afternoon. We had already decided to not let any big barren does pass as we wanted to put venison in the freezer to enjoy during the long winter months.

Sean wasted no time in arrowing a big doe on the first evening with a well-placed shot. He was busy retrieving his doe about the same time that I shot my own doe, so we were both happy about getting our meat early. Now both of us could settle in and hunt for bucks without being sidetracked by venison on the hoof walking past.

The first few days of the cold snap had bucks and does seemingly coming out of every direction. I hunt using a modified system of saddle and stand and was able to change locations as needed.

By our fourth day, we both had given hall passes to several bucks that had passed inside twenty yards below our stands. I had been busy filming all of the activity and was not in a big hurry to bring our hunt to an end.

My attitude changed on the evening of the fourth day. The big guy came in from my right on my weak side. There was no time to get the camera in position as he changed course and came in fast on my left side. I already had my recurve in my hand as he momentarily stopped and put his nose to the ground at about 12 yards. I felt the familiar touch of my finger at the corner of my mouth just prior to my release and watched over my hand as the arrow entered the crease





low and just behind the shoulder. The buck exploded to the north and I mentally mapped his direction of travel and point last seen.

Breathing a sigh of relief, and satisfaction at the shot, I settled in for the wait. It's during these times that I reflect on God's goodness and my thankfulness for His creation that I am privileged to enjoy. After the allotted wait time, I lowered my bow and eased down for what I thought was going to be a short easy recovery, but I was wrong. The blood trail was minimal from the start, and I lost the trail soon after I started. I tried everything I knew. I circled in ever winding circles at the last blood found, took compass headings at different angles in case he veered off, and followed those out and found no sign of him. After hours of fruitless searching I went back to the stand, climbed up and contemplated my dilemma. While sitting there I watched a doe come in from my left and stop above a briar thicket to my west approximately 150 yards away. I watched as she looked toward the briar thicket and then stopped and changed direction, choosing to not go through it. A still, small voice resonated loud and clear "Your buck is in that briar thicket". I almost laughed at this inner

suggestion, after all the buck was not even headed in that direction. But I've learned over my many years to listen to that "still small voice". I've learned that God cares even about the seemingly small things in our lives and will speak to us if we only allow our spirits to listen. Sure enough, when I walked over to that briar thicket, my buck was lying dead right there. Thank you, Lord!

I spent the rest of the next day cleaning and caring for our growing meat collection. I also used the down time to calculate where I thought Sean's best odds of a good buck would be.

On the sixth day, Sean was in that chosen location and ready. At approximately 9:30 am a good buck came in moving from his right to his left. Sean eased into shooting position and drew on the buck as he slowly walked by his stand. Sean told me later that at just about the moment of release,



he caught movement to his right. He said that a bigger buck was now walking the same path that the buck he had drawn on had just used. He said he switched targets as the bigger buck slowed at ten yards beneath his stand. The shot was good, taking out both lungs in its direction of travel. My grandson was on cloud nine as he related the story. We recovered his buck, which had only gone about 100 yards to the south of Sean's stand. We spent the remainder of that day caring for meat and preparing for our departure.

Yes, the whitetail and the woods of our Missouri home are special, and sharing them with people who are special to us puts a smile on my face you can't wipe off. ©





AS TIME MOVES ON, AND WE SETTLE INTO OUR HUNTING routines and disciplines, some people may wonder why they do what they do. Maybe they've seen someone to emulate online and they copy their routine or practices. Maybe they have been a part of a hunting club and the group kinda sets the trends. For me, it was one man and I never saw him harvest anything.

Dolan was my third cousin's husband and was 30 years my senior. He'd spent his lifetime coaching football, loving family, and being outdoors. We lived in two different states most of my life and as we went to visit him, my attention was always drawn to his walls full of hunting successes. He's harvested all but two of North America's big game and did it back in the 60's and 70's. Often I wouldn't even know who else was in the house when he would tell his stories as I was completely immersed in his life outdoors.

My father was a great man, and taught me so much about having good character, but Dolan had a special appeal to me because of his hunting prowess. Dad didn't hunt much, and he didn't spend a lot of time in the woods. But he showed

me how to appreciate them. Fast forward much to adulthood - my father contracted a deadly cancer and passed away in 2005. He was 59, I was 34.

I decided to reach out to Dolan to join him on an elk hunt in Colorado. Now during our lives, Dolan (67) and I had short interactions, but this hunt was the beginning of something far deeper. Over that hunt in Colorado (with rifles) one person harvested a beauty of a 6x6. The rest of us fell short on animal harvests, but what I gained in knowledge from him fueled the next 10 years of lessons that I never saw coming. We started a guide service, and those years are stories of their own that I cherish. And the closeness Dolan and I felt for each other grew rapidly during that time.

I began to express an interest in traditional archery, as it seemed to me to be the next level of true hunting, and I obtained a gift from Dolan to help me. It was a 1965 Bear Grizzly recurve. He told me that he had taken six deer with it over the years and I was welcome to it. Dolan told me that I needed to shoot the bow naturally, "Just imagine and shoot". So that's what I did and I never looked back.

Dolan then would take me on walks to show me how to be more aware of little things that might help me gain an advantage to getting "spittin' close". Using terrain,



patience, absorbing the process more than the result, all became part of my outdoor education from him, and I could tell he saw me really taking it in and putting to use what he was saying and teaching.

I was thrilled and became very skilled. From that, the guide service soared. We had a very simple down-home operation, and the clients were coming back year after year. It was more like a reunion of family with an occasional newcomer. These hunts were primarily rifle hunts, and it left me all the archery season to sharpen my trad skills.

Finally, after many misses, I scored on a fine 11-point four-year-old buck and that's all it took for me to feel what so many had before me. The harvest was with a custom-made bow that I had made to preserve the one Dolan had given me. Dolan shared with me that the harvest of an animal is a sacred thing. They give their life for your pleasure, and from that, I've never been one to brag or be boastful.







A harvest with trad equipment is special and I loved the way that felt. Our culture sometimes drives people to a totally different place than where I wanted to be.

Now Dolan was a buck hunter and had no time for does. He boasted a lot and took pride in filling his walls, but I got to him after all and I'm thankful I did. It

showed me a side of him I could relate to more and share with my family what we are really doing out here with a stick and string.

Dolan passed in 2023. He was my second father, and I remembered that bow he gave me. I decided to have another custom bow made to honor him, as I'm in my late 50's now. In the photos you'll see me

and Dolan. You'll see the bow that was made in his honor, and you'll see the first harvest with that bow was a doe. She gave her life so I could honor my mentor and friend. The man that spent time with me as he aged to pass on the skill of getting "spittin' close". ©

## ➤➤➤ Sharpening Info

James Barker ➤

**F**IRST OFF, ANYONE WHO'S BEEN AROUND ME MUCH knows that I have very shaky hands due to a medical condition known as essential tremors. So, I need all the help I can get sharpening knives or broadheads since I can no longer sharpen them by hand. Maybe you're like me or just have trouble sharpening blades. I hope you will find this info helpful.

I came across this sharpener called a Rada Sharpener. This device is the easiest and best sharpener I have used. It can be found on Amazon for under \$20, making it very affordable. It's small enough to be kept in a backpack or arrow case and above all else, easy to use.

Simply drag your blade through the wheels repeatedly until you reach the degree of sharpness you want or need. I had to buy two because my wife stole one for the kitchen knives. I can even get three-blade broadheads like the Woodsman to shave.

I hope this helps some people that are sharpening-handicapped like me. I hope everyone had a great hunting season and will have a great Christmas season too. In closing, I look forward to seeing everyone in Springfield, MO for our banquet. ©





**WE OFTEN OVERLOOK THE CHALLENGES OR ADJUSTMENTS MANY OF OUR** bowhunting partners and friends face. The normal aging process alone reduces strength, balance, and coordination. I hear many of our UBM members talking about reducing bow poundage, limiting their shot distances, or hunting more on the ground.

There is one member who has been my hunting partner for many years. He was shooting right-handed when I first met him. When he found out he was left eye dominant, he switched to a left-handed bow and soon became one of the top hunters and stump shooters with the Buffalo Tongue Bowhunters. Joe Marshall has been a quiet mainstay of our group

for many years. He shares his knowledge and is often quoted by those who follow his advice.

Joe and I have shared many hunting camps and trips. I haven't hunted with anyone who is more dedicated than Joe. He's out early and stays late. If you have ever hunted Shanks, you have seen Joe somewhere, sometime.

Without going into his entire medical history, I'll focus on his most recent challenge which is his vision. I explain this so you understand his issues. When he started having problems with his left eye, he found out he had macular degeneration in that eye. In order to continue bowhunting, Joe returned to a right-handed bow. He was quick to adapt and began leading the way in our weekly shoots.

As he continued his follow-up with the eye specialist, they would only approve his driver's license for daytime driving. Bummer!! Now he can't head out for a hunting area until daylight and needs to be home before dark. Disappointing? Yes! How did Joe address it? He called it Cinderella hunting.

When we were successful this year drawing a tag for the Busch Wildlife Managed Hunt, Joe didn't miss a step. Being a daily 3-mile walker, scouting was a normal day. He hung a deer stand along a clover field joined by beans. He soon learned his Cinderella hunting wasn't working out with normal feeding habits of the deer.



Joe decided to move into the bedding areas where he could catch them coming home or leaving home to feed. Now he is on his stool setting in the brush, with his older, less poundage, right-handed Hoyt recurve. Joe's plan worked. Being patient, he was able to take a large, mature doe which traveled approximately 70 yards. As Joe related the story, she piled up in the nastiest sticker patch at Busch. He only fell down a couple times fighting the thorns and getting her out to field dress. He said it should have been on America's Funniest Videos. He carted and hauled her to his home without any assistance.

Joe's determination and ability to deal with adjustments and challenges is an example of what can be accomplished when you don't give up. One last comment. Joe will be 86 years old come January 30, 2026. Still shooting traditional. ©





## LET'S FACE IT, WE'RE GETTING OLDER

With every passing season. And if you're like me, you're dealing with the aches, pains, and replacement parts that come along with 60-plus years of playing the game. We do what we gotta do and hope it doesn't interfere with important things like bowhunting. Total hip replacements, triple hernia repairs and rotator cuff/bicep reattachment surgeries have done their best to waylay my quality time in the woods, but with some creative scheduling, I was still able to have some memorable hunts.

Of all the adversities, the shoulder surgery to my string arm was the most challenging. After months of immobility and painful rehab, I was finally able to start shooting a bow again. I owe a multitude of thanks to fellow UBM'er, Bill Lemming, for re-homing his lefty 40-pound Wild Horse Creek Kestrel into my care—it was game on. Sadly, my shooting form had suffered and the 2024 season ended with two clean misses.

I was really looking forward to this season. I had put in lots of work to regain poundage, form and accuracy in anticipation of chasing some of the numerous bucks showing up on my trail camera. When it came down to crunch time, I was feeling a little overbowed with my 51-pound Black Widow PLX, so I fell back into the comfortable grip of the lightweight Kestrel. Feeling confident with my decision to opt for accuracy over power, the vigil began.

Hour after hour was logged on stand... it seemed like I was chasing my tail as the deer were being seen wherever I wasn't. I was finally able to locate a patternable four-corner confluence of a woods/hay field/pasture/grown over food plot where deer were regularly being spotted scarfing acorns under the shade of a large oak. Ironically, this is one of my favorite stands, an old double stand, a mere 10' off the



ground, but with a history of many deer taken over the years. Time to commit and sit.

The bucks were cooperating... to a point... but I was quickly coming to the realization that I needed to clear some limbs as the old shooting lanes were a bit overgrown and didn't match the new travel patterns. But before I could grab the pole saw, this dandy shooter appeared, on the troll, and from downwind no less! It became obvious that he was going to cross in front of my stand at close range unabated. It was Show Time, Folks!!! Auto Pilot engaged... Zero Hour, 9 AM.

He took my arrow directly through the shoulder blade, with lots of arrow sticking out. "Clackity-clack" played on the trees as he tore through the woods—it was reminiscent of a baseball card in the spokes of a bicycle (yes, I am that old). I was a little worried about the amount of penetration, but comparing the arrows in my quiver, I realized that I had plenty of the business end in the boiler room. And one can imagine what was going on internally as he banged his way through the woods! Forty pounds was certainly enough at six yards!

Discretion being what it is, and not seeing or hearing my buck fall, I gave him 45 minutes before moving. I could make out a few spots of blood in the leaves with binoculars so I was feeling fairly confident, but he was headed downhill and I know it can get pretty woolly down there depending on the path taken. Enter Charlie, my ace tracking dog. I put him on all my tracks, regardless of necessity, and I was hoping this





was going to be a simple practice track. I led him to the path the deer was on when I first saw him (Charlie tracks the deer, not the blood, so it's important to isolate the correct target animal). He took to the scent directly, and with a sharp turn at the point of impact, his pace quickened as he wound through the saplings and downed limbs. I tether him with a 20' drag line as there's no way I can keep up with him otherwise. It was all I could do to hang on and keep ahold

of my hat. What seemed like several minutes of dodging branches, spotting a splash of blood here and there, and hanging on to Charlie for dear life, we came upon my intact arrow laying on the ground, and then, lo and behold, my buck. In reality, the track took not much more than a minute and was less than 80 yards! Man, I love watching Charlie work!

A moment of reflection and thanks while Charlie cleaned up the buck, and then the short drag across the woods to a finger of the adjacent field where I could get some photos and drive the truck down to retrieve him. For an Ozark Mountain buck, he was respectable, our primary cash crop being rocks after all. For a Peterson property buck, he was outstanding. One hundred sixty pounds, live weight, and a freezer full of delicious venison. ☺

## ➤➤➤ Bradford Pear Bow Stave Debate

Tom Bohl

**T**HE INTENT OF THIS ARTICLE is to mainly act as a starting point for a couple of things regarding traditional bow building. Any bow building conducted after reading this article is conducted at the bow builder's risk. With this stated, I am by no means an expert in any of this as I have only ever built one bow in my life. But I would like to share some thoughts and ideas.

At present, the state of Missouri has deemed the Callery, or Bradford pear, as an invasive species and has begun programs

to eradicate it from the state. In light of this, I had to wonder if Bradford pear trees would make good bows or not. After reading several chat boards on the internet, I had concluded that I would like to attempt to build a bow from the Bradford pear tree in my backyard. There are some sources that say the wood does make a great bow, but it is prone to shattering. Others have said that it makes a great bow and will not shatter. Keeping all of this in mind, I have decided to attempt to build one.

The branch that I have selected is mostly straight and I was able to trim it from the tree with a chainsaw. Eventually the rest of the tree will be taken down and used for firewood. Once I had removed the branch from the tree, I used a permanent marker and wrote "12/27" on the end of it. That tells me the month and year that the stave will be ready to start making into a bow. I



prefer to let any green staves that I cut age for at least two years. In fact, I probably won't even touch this stave until January 2028. After I had written down the month and date, I took a lot of wood glue and covered both ends of the stave, as well as a couple of spots where I trimmed off small branches. This will keep insects from burrowing into the stave as it goes through the drying process. Finally, I stored it in my tool shed with my other staves. I am hopeful that this Bradford pear makes a great bow. I also hope that I will be able to start giving you updates in two years. ☺



**WE HAD JUST RETURNED HOME FROM OUR THANKSGIVING WEEKEND** at my son's house in Wentzville, Missouri and when I checked my email, I found the proverbial quarterly correspondence from Darren asking for material for the UBM Newsletter. I had already considered sending something in as it is hunting season and my son and I had been successful in harvesting two bucks. But the scenario was different this year, there were changes involved.

Jamie and I always hit the woods hard for the first two weeks of November. Our goal is to get a buck on the ground before the orange clad hunters invade the peaceful Missouri woods. This year we were not sure how our time would go due to the changes in our hunting area. We have been very fortunate to hunt on the same private property for many years, but this year was going to be different. Eighty acres of this property had been logged 20 years ago and then left to recover on its own. It is now an oak brush thicket, and the biggest and best bedding area for the deer that we have. This

past July, ground was broken and dozer work began as the farmer had decided to get into the egg laying business! Fifty-two acres of the 80 were now partially cleared as fences and gates were built to create eight separate "paddocks" for 20,000 free range chickens! In the center of the paddocks, a 50-foot wide and 540-foot-long building had been built to give the birds someplace to roost and lay their eggs. Our deer bedding area had been drastically changed! As you all know, the only thing consistent in life is change. So, we tried to figure out new travel patterns and set stands in new areas and some old areas that we had abandoned.

The first week of November was not productive. I don't know if you had the same experiences that week as we did but we were wondering if the deer had moved off the property. We had few sightings, and I mean few!

I don't think I saw half a dozen deer all week, and Jamie experienced the same thing. It is common on this property to see five or six deer every time you set a stand. We were worried! I know that there can be a "lock down"



Jamie's 8-pointer

period during this time of year but if that was the case, I have never seen it so severe. We headed home on the weekend to restock and revitalize ourselves.

We were back at the camper Monday morning, November 10th, ready to go. It was unusually warm, as I'm sure many of you remember, as I headed to my stand that afternoon. The warm weather makes for a beautiful and relaxing sit. How entertaining it is to watch the wonders of nature. The squirrels go about their activities as do the birds. I like seeing the birds and trying to name them all. I hear the high-flying geese long before I locate them as they journey southward. The striped chipmunks dart back and forth, never staying out of cover very long. I smile at nobody as I finally discover the source of the rustling sound I've been hearing; Mr. box turtle pushing leaf litter out of his



Tim's buck



Enjoying the beautiful fall day!



way as he plods along. That tells me it is unseasonably warm! I see movement through the cedar boughs and think “that is too big to be a squirrel”. I reach for my hanging bow and now I see horns emerging from the cedar maze, a small 8-point buck is browsing towards me. Nose to the ground hoping to catch the scent of a receptive doe. I am adjusting my stance as he draws near, right side of my tree, no left side of me, no back right. I must shift my feet and he is to the right of my stand now, can’t be more than 12 or 13 yards. My finger anchors in the corner of my mouth as I softly grunt, and he stops. In my field of vision, I see his head turning to look my way, but it is too late, my arrow is driving into his chest, the opposite leg stops its penetration. He is immediately into his death run, his left front leg is broken, and he is plowing leaves with his brisket as he tries to escape. He can’t get his front legs under himself, yet his hind legs are still pushing hard! He crashes into a barbed wire fence, somehow gets through it, breaking more brush as he stumbles deeper into the timber, then all is quiet.

I am still standing and listening for more clues as to where he is when I see another buck moving along the fence line. Another 8-point, bigger than the one I had



*Sticker Shock in front of the empty stand*

just shot. He jumps the fence right where my buck crashed through it and heads into the brush at the same angle as the smaller buck had taken. I’m sure he wanted to find the source of all that noise, whether it was a buck chasing a doe or two bucks having a little scuffle. He felt the need to know. Again, isn’t nature awe inspiring? I texted Jamie and let him know I had a blood trail to follow. He asked if I needed help, I told him probably not and I was correct. I found the buck in short order, snapped a couple of pictures, and texted Jamie that I was headed to the barn to get the Ranger. We retrieved the buck and had him hanging in the barn in no time.

The rest of the week was more like what we are accustomed to, deer sightings increased and we were seeing more bucks than we were does. Of course, I could only hunt does now and figured that I would have “Sticker Shock” walk right in front of me, but luckily that did not happen. Sticker Shock is the name we gave to a buck that we had pictures of on our trail cameras. We did not get a chance at him, and we hoped he made it through gun season. Thursday evening, before gun season, came and again we were in the stands. Jamie texted me just before dark and said he had shot a buck. After the shot he had seen the buck lay down, he said the buck could not keep his head up and he had seen him roll over as if he wasn’t able to sit up anymore. We met up after dark and again we went to the barn to get the Ranger.



*20,000 chickens!*

We drove back to the scene of the shot and approached slowly looking for eyes, but no eyes were visible as the buck was stretched out on his side and expired. We were both excited as this was the best buck Jamie had taken. The shot was a little off center, but when Jamie saw the buck roll over it was because he had expired. This was a nice 8-point buck. He had been chasing a doe when Jamie grunted him to a stop and made the shot. In short order we had him dressed and hanging in the barn.

We drove into town and got bags of ice to place in the carcass as the weather was still unseasonably warm. From our camper we could see the pole lights as they lit up the freshly graveled drive leading to the well-lit poultry barn. I shot my buck from an area of the farm we hadn’t had a stand in for a few years. Jamie shot his buck from a stand that we had only put up the week before. We lost 52 acres of prime bedding area. We had not seen the deer activity we normally see, yet we had one of the best seasons ever. Dad and son had taken two bucks, three days apart, with our Black Widow bows! I guess change isn’t always bad... ©



**M**Y LAST UBM NEWSLETTER article was centered around the disruptions to my hunting season. We won't relive those happenings. I also mentioned losing my primary hunting area. Now that requires attention. I pulled out old folders and started revisiting the conservation areas I've hunted over the years. Like always, I got stuck on memory lane, reliving trips, remembering who was there, and what we did rather than the amount of game, restrictions, camping areas, access and travel. I somehow forgot how many different areas we had hunted. After several sessions, I narrowed it down to the Ranacker and Shanks Conservation areas near Frankford, MO. Both are in Pike County (requiring four points) and allow primitive camping.

I contacted the group that brother, Jerry, and I camped and hunted with at Ranacker. They have continued their annual group hunting camp ahead of gun season and welcomed me to join their camp. I had to start digging things out, making sure everything



**Breakfast off the Black Stone**



**Cap of person who missed a deer**

worked. It's been a while since I hunted from the camper, using a generator, and cooking meals under the canopy.

I asked James Barker if he wanted to join me. He gave an anxious yes, since he has always hunted solo and hadn't experienced a hunting camp. We were only staying three nights, so planning the meals was easy. Sausage, hash browns and eggs on the Blackstone Griddle. Fried fish in cast iron, plus salmon and kabobs on the Smokey Joe. Large bag of peanuts for around the campfire. It might sound like a social affair, but we ate well.



**Reduced Dump Truck Load of fire wood**

We arrived on Monday and were not surprised to see the group had updated their tents and tarps to camping trailers. Their standard dump truck load of firewood was close to the fire pit. After introductions and updates, we established a comfortable camp knowing we would do more relaxing than hunting since we hadn't preplanned or scouted the area.

One of their group had a 38-foot fifth wheel, (toy hauler) where he hauled an electric golf cart. Being electric, it was quiet, but more powerful than





expected. The cart was being used by a younger fellow with walking disabilities related to an accident. He provided the Conservation Department his doctor's description and verification of his disability. He was required to identify the conservation area he planned to hunt, listing the day he would arrive, days he would hunt, and what day he would leave. The Conservation Department issued an 8x10 bright orange permit listing the hunt information he had provided. The permit was attached to the cart. He was allowed to have one passenger. Local agents came to the area dropping the cables to the service roads he would travel. It obviously took preplanning in order to have the permit in time for his hunt. This was new to me. I wasn't aware you could include a person's disability vehicle in your hunting camp.

Late night campfires often reduced the turnout for early morning hunting. Stories were relived with peanut shells being tossed at the fire. The daily routine had everyone putting on their hunting costumes and hurrying to their tree stands or hunt areas. James and I took slow walks in different directions, with hopes of catching bucks chasing. As

everyone returned to camp and shared their adventures and someone admitted they missed a deer, their cap was grabbed and pinned on the practice target. Everyone would shoot one broadhead at the cap.

We did take time to visit Shanks Conservation area, which is only 15 miles from Ranacker. The same Conservation staff supports both areas. It wasn't crowded, with maybe ten vehicles parked throughout the hunting areas. The waterfowl hunting areas were pumped full with only a few ducks.

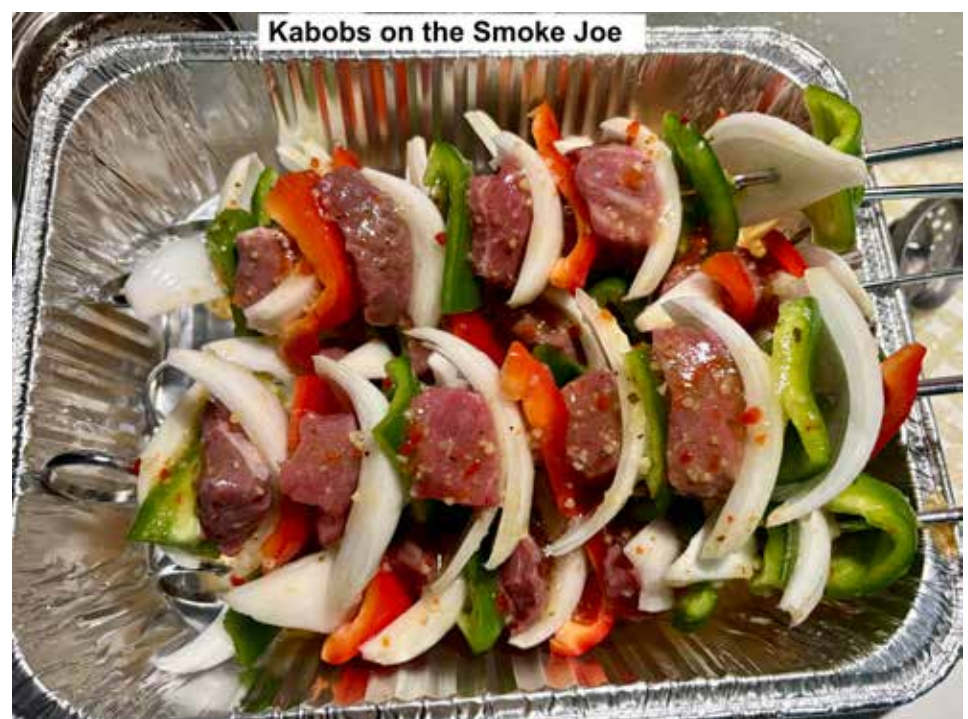
Being warm, they hadn't started south.

Ranacker has an unsupervised gun range. James and I brought handguns and took advantage of the range. I wish I could tell you I shoot guns better than I shoot bows!

We did take time to shoot our bows, too. We threw a bright green tennis ball around the field, shooting judos at it. I shoot better at the ball than a 3D or field target. The small target requires me to focus, similar to picking a spot.

After four fun-filled days, we packed up and headed home. We laughingly told everyone that we walked in the woods and pretended we were hunting. It was a good outing and fun to spend time with a group that has continued their annual hunting camp. We plan to return to these areas to better prepare ourselves for our next hunt.

P.S. The "Gang" does actually hunt. James Barker and Joe Marshall took does during our Busch Wildlife Managed Hunt. ©





**A**S I WAS WATCHED THREE BUCKS CROSS THE FIELD and slip into the finger of trees I was sitting in, I let out a small grunt. Almost instantly, I heard antlers cracking together. It took a little while, but as the light started to fade, I could make out all three bucks working their way toward me.

I started shooting a bow when I was probably fourteen. I never had any big influence in archery besides flipping through Field & Stream magazines as a kid. My dad got me into hunting, but he never really got into archery himself. For whatever reason, the challenge of a bow and arrow always stuck with me.

I started with a compound bow and used one for years. I learned a lot, took plenty of deer, and felt comfortable with it. But a few years back, I started getting the itch to try something different. A good buddy of mine has always hunted with a

recurve and longbow, and I was always intrigued by the way he did things. I kept asking him questions, did my own research, but still kept going back to the compound.

Then one day, after another conversation about trad bows, my friend Matheson handed me a Fred Bear Kodiak Magnum 43# recurve. I had no clue what I was doing when I picked it up and sent an arrow at the target for the first time.

After years of practicing and slowly building confidence, I finally reached a point where I felt ready to carry the recurve into the woods. I sat many times without anything getting close enough, and I found myself switching back to the compound.

Fast forward a couple of years. I'd already had success with the compound during the 2024 season. Meanwhile, I'd been practicing with the recurve every day. I was starting to feel really good with it. Good enough that I believed I could take it into the woods and harvest a deer just like I could with the compound. Hunting with a traditional bow flips a mental switch for me. I feel more focused, more connected to the woods, and definitely more connected to the deer.

December 15, 2024: cold, sunny, and calm. Matheson invited me to hunt a property he had access to in the middle of Missouri. I'd never stepped foot on it and only knew what I'd seen on the map during the



drive up. Once we got to the gate, he pointed out a few spots I could take my climber. We split up, and I made my way to a finger of timber that looked promising. I followed a solid game trail until I found a fresh rub on a cedar, then looked around for a tree I could climb. Once I got set up, I felt good about the setup. I was right on the trail, perfect for the recurve and close enough to the edge of the field to cover that too. After many sits with the recurve and a couple close calls, this one just felt right. New property, new setup. Something about it clicked.

While I was sitting, I was texting my brother, who was hunting in Washington state. We were sending pictures of our setups, talking about the weather, what we were seeing. I stood up to glance behind me and spotted three bucks out in the field to the northeast, through the finger of trees.





At first, I didn't get too excited. They were pretty far away and I didn't think there was any way they'd come my direction. Still, I grabbed my grunt tube and gave a soft grunt. They heard it. I gave another. Suddenly, they vanished into the same timber I was sitting in. I went still. Quiet. Then I heard antlers hitting together again. Now I was wondering if they were asserting dominance... at me?



Light was fading fast. I had my bow in hand, thinking about the three bucks I'd seen: a nice eight or ten point, a smaller buck, and a little forky. I told myself I'd take whichever one gave me the first clean shot before dark. Then I saw the big one slip through the cedars to the east. Then the second one. Then the small one. They moved slowly but steady in my direction. I stayed frozen.

It felt like forever, but finally the smallest buck worked right down the trail I had set up on. The other two were only about fifteen yards away, but stuck in the thick cedars. With just a couple minutes before last light, and the small buck now only six yards away, I took the shot. It felt good.

I texted Matheson that I'd shot a buck, and he headed my way. Once it was dark, I climbed down to look for blood. About ten yards past where I'd shot him, my arrow was laying there covered in blood with a solid trail to follow.

Even then, I was skeptical of the shot because it was so close and mostly straight down.

Once Matheson showed up, we started following the trail. It just kept getting better. Every bend we thought, "He's gotta be right here." But it kept going. After a couple switchbacks and 270 yards, we finally found him lying in some briars in a dry creek bed.

I was over the moon! My first deer with a trad bow. And to do it with the friend who gave me the bow and

taught me the ropes of traditional archery... it couldn't have played out any better. It's no wall hanger, but a wall hanger in my book!

What an incredible hunt. ©

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# >>> **Elk, Bear, and Deer Tag Soup (William R. Brown's secret recipe)** William R. Brown

**Serves: 1 hungry, lonely hunter**

## Ingredients

- 45-pound traditional bow
- Flemish twist string, razor sharp broadheads
- vehicle-load of hunting supplies and gear
- GPS
- cell phone
- laughter

## Cook Time

September through January

## Directions

- Mix together vacation and hunting for many, many hours in a variety of states, habitats, and public lands.
- Sift through the fact that you have many close encounters but holding the most challenging weapon for harvest.
- Sprinkle in a miss or two and add a dash of bad luck.
- Challenge the public's knowledge of what a successful hunt is at every social interaction.
- Bake all this together for a day-after-day reality.
- Repeat year after year if you want to, but it's not preferred because venison is desired. ☺



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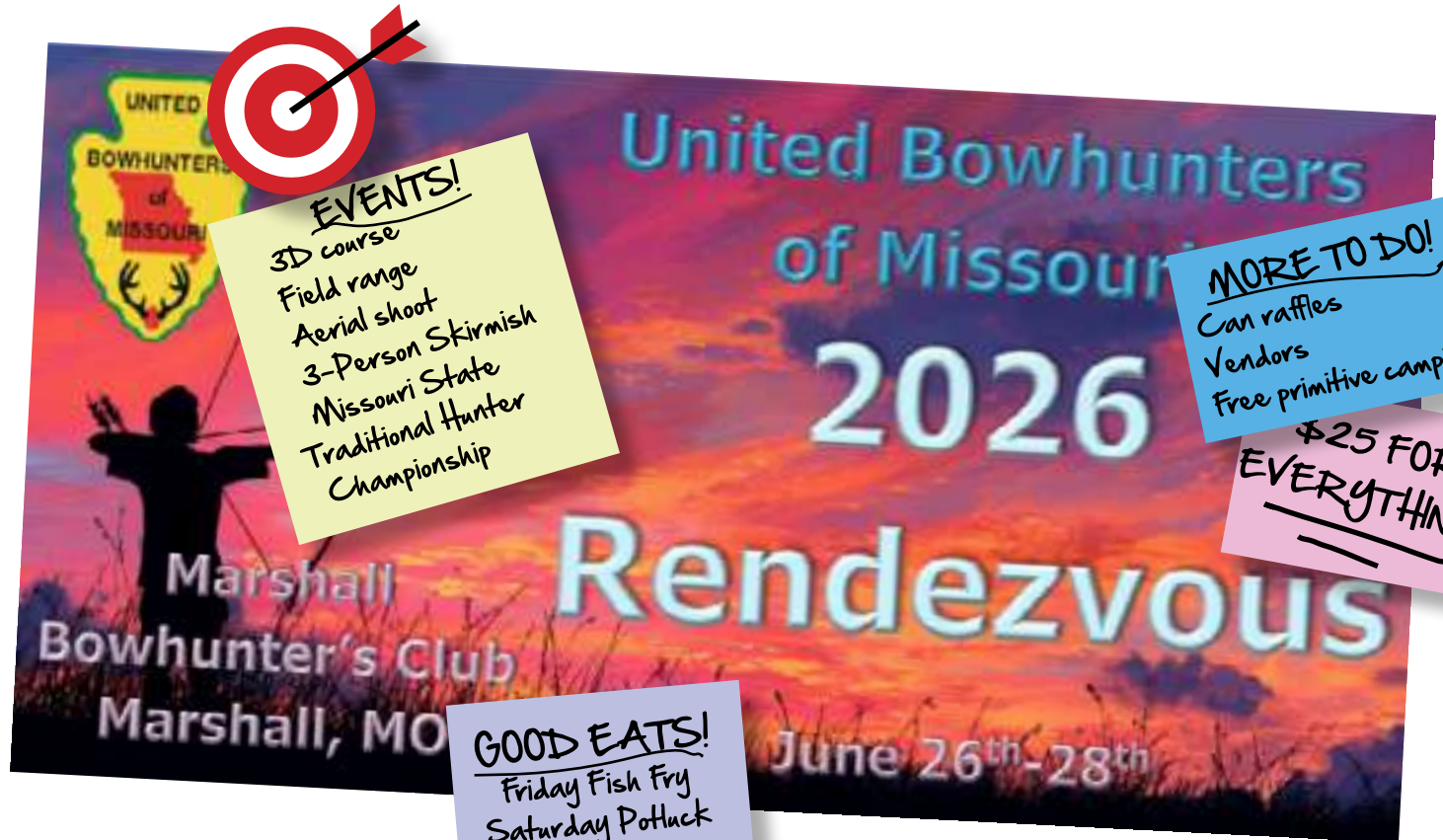
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# UPCOMING UBM EVENTS!



United Bowhunters of Missouri  
2026  
Rendezvous  
June 26<sup>th</sup>-28<sup>th</sup>  
Marshall Bowhunter's Club  
Marshall, MO

**EVENTS!**  
3D course  
Field range  
Aerial shoot  
3-Person Skirmish  
Missouri State  
Traditional Hunter  
Championship

**MORE TO DO!**  
Can raffles  
Vendors  
Free primitive camping

**\$25 FOR EVERYTHING!**

**GOOD EATS!**  
Friday Fish Fry  
Saturday Potluck



United Bowhunter of Missouri  
2026  
Festival  
February 6<sup>th</sup>-8<sup>th</sup>  
Oasis Hotel & Convention Center  
Springfield, MO

**KEYNOTE SPEAKER!**  
Cody Greenwood  
from The Trad Lab

**SEMINARS!**  
Bow tuning  
Making turkey  
feather fletching  
Saddle hunting  
Making arrow shafts  
Habitat management

**EVENTS, CONTESTS, AND ACTIVITIES!**  
Silent Auction  
Live Auction  
Goodie Auction  
Vendors Banquet  
Awards  
Photo Contest  
Best Arrow Contest

**\$60 FOR EVERYTHING!**



# **FESTIVAL SCHEDULE**

## **Friday, February 6<sup>th</sup>**

- 5:00 PM** Registration Begins & Vendors Room Opens
- 6:00 PM** Seminar: Cody Greenwood – Tuning Process
- 9:00 PM** Registration & Vendors Room Closes

## **Saturday, February 7<sup>th</sup>**

- 8:00 AM** Registration Room & Vendor Room Opens
- 9:00 AM** Silent Auction and Goodie Auction Begins

### **SEMINARS & ACTIVITIES**

- 10:00-10:55 AM** Seminar: TBD Stay tuned!
- 11:05-12:00 PM** Seminar: John Tucker (tactisaddle.com) – Saddle Hunting
- 12:00 PM** Goodie Auction Closes
- BREAK FOR LUNCH**-----
- 1:00 PM** Selected Tables of Silent Auction begin closing
- 1:00-1:55 PM** Seminar: Dan Novotny – Turkey Wings to Fletching
- 2:05-3:00 PM** Seminar: Ashleigh Day (Missouri Department of Conservation) - Land Management
- 3:30 PM** Final Closing of Silent Auction (please pay for your silent auction items now)
- 4:00 PM** Vendor & Auction Display Rooms Close

### **BANQUET SCHEDULE**

- 5:00 PM** Banquet Room Doors Open (Tickets Required)
- 5:25 PM** Pledge of Allegiance and Blessing of the Meal
- 5:30 PM** Dinner
- After Dinner: Welcome and Introduction of Guests
- Awards and Recognitions: Arrow Contest, Photo Contest, Fred Bear Award, Bowhunter of the Year, Member of the Year, Conservation Agent of the Year
- Guest Speaker Introduction
- Guest Speaker – Cody Greenwood (TradLab)
- Guest Recognition
- Final Black Widow Raffle Ticket Sales
- 15 MINUTE BREAK BEFORE THE BLACK WIDOW DRAWING AND LIVE AUCTION**
- Cash Bar located in Banquet Room*
- Drawing for Black Widow Bow Raffle
- Live Auction
- Closing Comments

## **Sunday, February 8<sup>th</sup>**

- 8:00 AM** Vendor Booths open
- 9:00 AM** Worship Service (30 minutes)
- 10:30 AM** Vendor Booth close (Festival/Vendor breakdown (help is always needed to assist our vendors loading up))

Interested in getting more involved in UBM and serving on the Board? Please let any board member know.

*Check us out at [unitedbowhunters.com](http://unitedbowhunters.com), on Facebook, and/or on Instagram.  
See you in Marshall on June 25-28, 2026 for our Rendezvous!*



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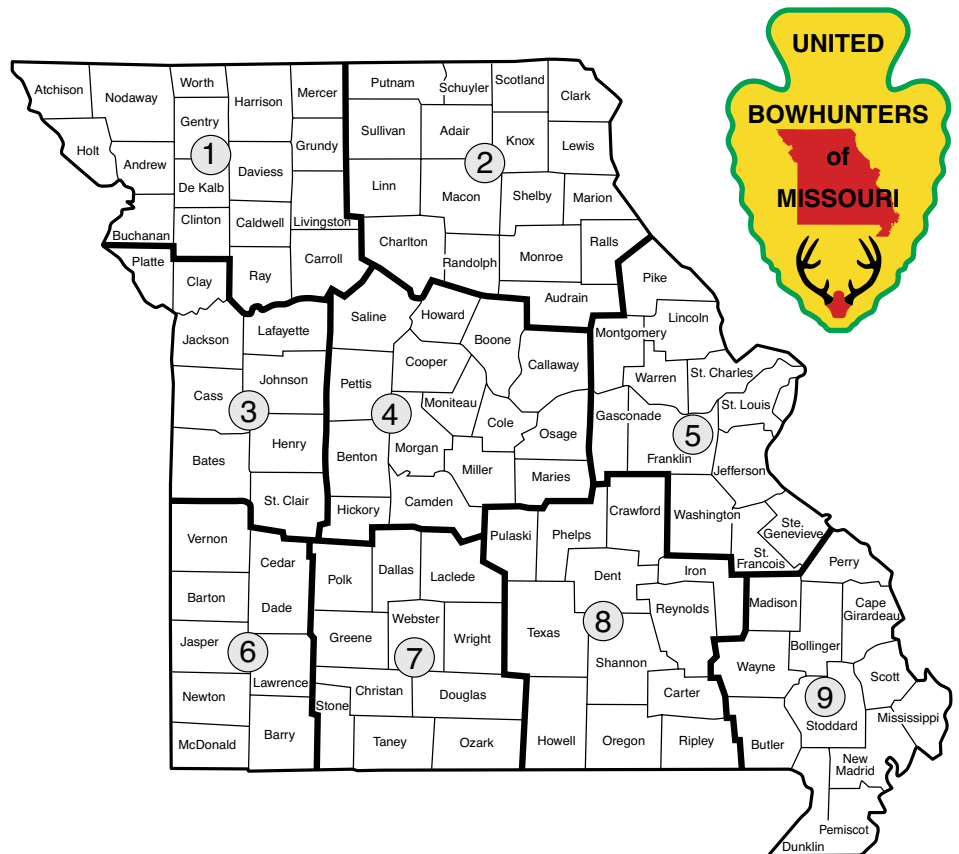
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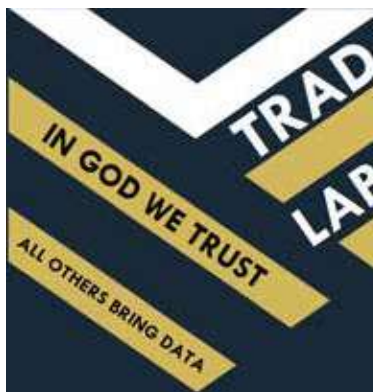


# Cody Greenwood of Trad Lab

## 2026 UBM Festival Keynote Speaker



**You Gotta Play to Win:  
Learning from Your Failures to  
Become a Better Hunter**



**February 6-8, 2026**

Oasis Convention  
Center, Springfield MO