



THE UNITED Spring 2026 BOWHUNTER



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



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The United Bowhunters of Missouri
 Spring 2026

Calendar of Events

April

- 6th-14th: Kansas archery turkey season
- 11th-12th: Missouri youth turkey season
- 15th: Kansas regular spring turkey season opens
- 20th: Missouri spring turkey season opens

May

- 10th: Missouri regular spring turkey season ends
- 23rd: Missouri squirrel season opens
- 31st: Kansas regular spring turkey season ends

June

- 11th-14th: Cloverdale Traditional Archery Nationals, Cloverdale, IN
- 18th-21st: Compton Rendezvous, Strawtown Kowteewi Park, Nobelsville, IN
- 26th-28th: United Bowhunters of Missouri Rendezvous, Marshall Bowhunters Club, Marshall, MO

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Full page	\$130.00	⅓ page	\$70.00
⅔ page (back cover)	\$125.00	¼ page	\$50.00
⅓ page	\$110.00	Less than ¼ page	\$30.00

Discount for commitment of 4 issues. No advertising will be accepted that promotes anti hunting or animal rights issues or anything derogatory to archery or bowhunting. The editor reserves final right of approval for inclusion in publication. Prepayment is required.

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.

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 —

A sure sign of spring!

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



WHAT A UBM FESTIVAL!!!
The United Bowhunters of Missouri took over the Oasis Hotel and Convention

Center in Springfield, Missouri from February 6th through 8th, 2026. Thank you to everyone who came in person or contributed from afar.

The UBM Festival was spectacular for a variety of reasons, but it starts with our love of the outdoors, family, adventure, and challenge. This is what brings us together. In a world that is very divided, WE came together and had a fantastic weekend.

Thank you to the UBM Board of Directors. Every single board member was present, involved, and wants UBM to continue to grow in quality and quantity. Thank you to our welcoming and merchandise front table folks: Brenda Hudson and Kristine Banderman. Thank you to the vendors. We had more vendors than usual, and a wide variety of products to enjoy. Thank you to all who helped set up and tear down because it truly takes a village to make this Festival happen. Thank you for the silent auction and the auction donations, as well as a special thank you to our auctioneer Dusty Essick and our silent auction extraordinaire, Barb Hilgedick. Thank you to those who brought mounts to display and mounts to be measured, with

another special thank you to Arlen Lipper for officially measuring our trophies. Thank you to the seminar presenters and to Cody Greenwood. What a variety of presentations, and I am grateful for the hours of generosity from our speakers to the UBM. WOW! I also want to thank the UBM Board for bringing back the Sunday morning worship service. It was great to gather and worship God!

We have a lot to be thankful for as a club! I am proud to be a part of UBM, and I hope you are too. Enjoy the shed antler hunting, the turkey hunting, and the bear hunting over the next few months. See you in June at the Rendezvous!!! ☺

William R. Brown

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UBM FAMILY,
I want to put a big “Save the Date” on everyone’s calendar right now: the **2026 UBM Rendezvous**

is June 26–28th in Marshall, Missouri, hosted at Marshall Bowhunters Archery Range.

Location:

Marshall Bowhunters Archery Range

1538 East Vest Street, Marshall, MO 65340

If you’ve been before, you already know the Rendezvous is one of the best weekends of the year—good people, good shooting, good food, and the kind of fellowship that reminds you why you joined UBM in the first place. If you’ve never been, this is the year to come see what it’s all about.

New for 2026, the UBM Board is building something we’re genuinely excited about: the first annual Missouri State Traditional Hunter Championship (MSTHC). This event will debut during part of the day at the Rendezvous and will feature 10 challenging stations designed around real-life hunting scenarios using 3-D targets.

Think practical, pressure-tested shots—angles, obstacles, decision-making—set up to reflect the kinds of situations we actually face in the woods. We want it to be fun, fair, and worthy of the title “State Championship.”

And of course, the crowd favorites are coming back:

- 3-Person Skirmish
- Harry’s Bottle Shoot
- Two archery courses and 3-D targets
- UBM merch
- CAN raffle / can drawing (please bring an item to donate if you can)

This Rendezvous is more than just shooting—it’s a full weekend of tradition and community. Here’s what you can expect:

- Bill Brown’s Famous Fish Fry — Friday evening
- Saturday seminar around the lunch hour
- Saturday night potluck dinner (meat is catered—please bring a side dish)
- Breakfast & lunch available through Marshall Bowhunters for a small cost (this helps support their club)
- Free primitive camping (and a few RV hookups available)

And here’s the best part: \$25.00 covers everything for the weekend. We work hard to keep this affordable for

families and for anyone who wants to come enjoy the weekend, shoot, camp, and spend time with fellow traditional bowhunters.

One more thing: we want the MSTHC stations to be creative and memorable—so if you have ideas for unique hunting scenarios, please send them our way. The Board is building this with the membership in mind, and your suggestions can help make year one something special.

Let’s make Marshall the place to be this June. Bring a friend, bring a kid, bring a new traditional shooter who needs a good weekend with good people. I’m looking forward to seeing everyone there.

May your arrow flight reach its destination safely,





THE CONSERVATION FEDERATION OF MISSOURI is one of the most important organizations in our state, as far as Missouri's flora and fauna are concerned, yet I still think it is one of Missouri's best kept secrets. I never ceased to be amazed at the number of folks I know who consider themselves to be avid outdoors people but have never heard of the CFM or have no idea of the importance the organization played in the creation of the modern conservation movement in Missouri. Since its creation in 1935, CFM has been the Voice of Conservation for the citizens of our state and represents us well at the national and international level.

The reason I'm thinking about all of this is because I recently attended the annual CFM convention at Lake of the Ozarks and was, once again, impressed by the passion of the people who were there. The UBM has been an affiliate member of CFM since our beginning in 1987, and I try to attend this convention every year to represent the club and its interests. A lot of folks think it's just a long day of boring meetings and long-winded speakers. What I see is a bunch of people with diverse interests who are working hard to promote, protect, and preserve Missouri's outdoor resources. How

could you not be excited about that?

In the past, Saturday was the big day for this convention because that's when the CFM committees held their meetings and resolutions were created to vote on by CFM members. UBM members were most interested in the reports given by the Shooting Sports and Big Game committees because decisions in those committees most directly affected our club. Some of those report meetings could drag on and discussions could get heated over resolutions being proposed under their purview. I remember, in particular, the passionate arguments, for and against, the inclusion of crossbow use for all into Missouri's archery season. We lost that battle, but we certainly did not go down without a fight!

Since the pandemic in 2020, the convention has been restructured such that all the committee meetings that used to be held on Saturday are now held virtually throughout the week leading up to that day. And they are held in the evenings so even working stiffs can attend. All you need is an internet connection and a passcode. Resolutions that will be voted on by the general assembly on Saturday and Sunday, have to be filed beforehand so that business

runs much more smoothly during the weekend. Saturday is now filled with informative seminars that you can attend, plus ample time for catching up with old friends and making new ones.

This year there were no resolutions adopted that directly affected archery, in particular, or hunting, in general. I still think it's interesting to see this process in action and hear these resolutions being discussed that involve other aspects of conservation. One topic that was discussed all throughout the day was Proposition One that



A little musical entertainment in the background.



Voting on proposed resolutions to be adopted.



There is always a crowd around the silent auction items.

will be on the November 2026 statewide ballot. This is a vote to renew the one tenth of one percent state sales tax that goes to the Missouri Department of Natural Resources. Known as the “Parks, Soils, and Water Sales Tax”, this money is the primary source of funding for the state park system and is also used for preserving soil and protecting Missouri’s water resources for future generations. Costing the average Missouri taxpayer around \$10 a year, this tax was originally passed in 1984 and has been reapproved four times in 1988, 1996, 2006, and 2016. Unless it is reapproved again this year, the tax will sunset in 2028. Because of this tax, Missouri is one of only eight states that does not charge an entry fee to any of its state parks. It also has helped reduce topsoil loss from 10.8 tons per acre before the tax to only 4.8 tons per acre. To me, I think that is a pretty good use of our tax dollars.

The two things that I most look forward to at this convention are the Affiliate Luncheon and visiting with the CLC students at the evening banquet. The Affiliate Luncheon is an invitation-only meal open to all affiliate members who wish to send a representative. There is always an interesting guest speaker, the food is good, and you get to meet new folks who are passionate about conservation, just differently than you are. Over the years I’ve had conversations with people trying to protect native prairie grasses and others who are working to reduce light pollution in our night skies. I find it fun trying to explain to these folks why I’m equally passionate about traditional archery and bowhunting and exploring the common ground we have between us.

The Conservation Leadership Corps (CLC) is a program dedicated to fostering the growth and development of young conservation leaders. Created in 2002, this CFM program is open to young people starting their junior year in high school all the way to those finishing their senior year in college and is designed to equip future generations with the skills, knowledge, and experiences necessary to become leaders in conservation-related careers. These folks are the backbone of the annual convention and do the majority of the heavy lifting when it comes to writing, presenting, and passing the resolutions. At the banquet, the CLC attendees are required to sit at random tables so that they meet and talk with older CFM members. It is always so uplifting to hear the plans these kids have for their futures and the passion in their voices as they explain what they hope to accomplish. It truly gives me hope for tomorrow knowing that these young people will be our country’s leaders in a few years.

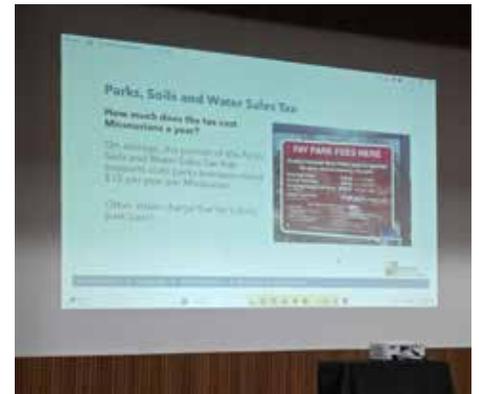
The Conservation Federation of Missouri is your way to be directly involved in the decisions and policies that impact how our state uses and protects its natural resources. The money you spend on a membership fee helps fund their work on your behalf. You can also be more active by joining a particular CFM committee and personally help do the work. I was the chairperson of the Share the Harvest committee for about 10



A slide from one of the informative seminars I attended.



Some points being made about Proposition One.



Jonathan Ratliff making a pitch at the Affiliate Luncheon.

years, and I learned a great deal about the many moving parts that make that program successful and what a monumental impact it has on our neighbors who suffer from food insecurity. If you enjoy our state’s abundant wildlife, clean rivers, and wonderful public outdoor spaces, you have this organization to thank for those. Show your support and become a member today. You’ll be glad you did! ☺

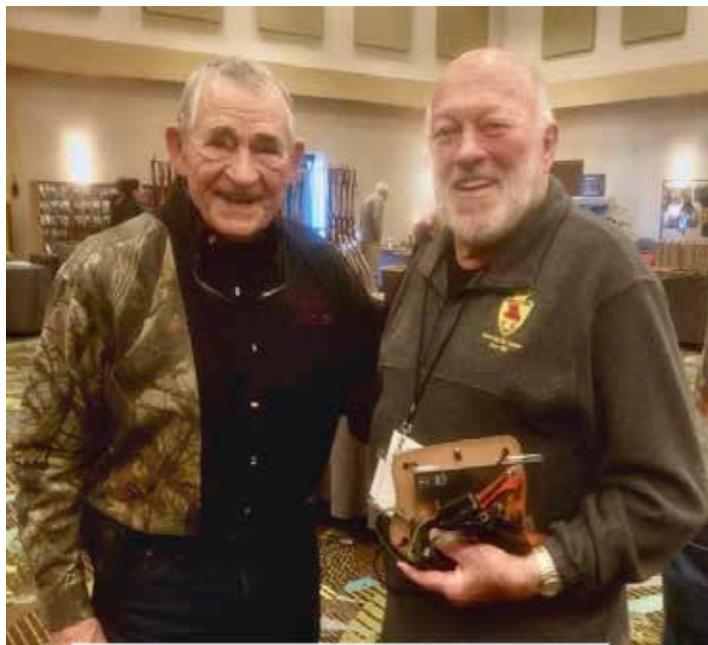
MYSELF AND THOSE I SPEND THE MAJORITY OF MY TIME with, are accustomed to dealing with age and physical wellbeing. Most of the Buffalo Tongue Stump bunch are retired. When stalking stumps, we make allowances and provide assistance while tripping through brush to retrieve arrows. We shoot one arrow, trying to spot, mostly “remember”, where it might have ended up. A ricochet increases the challenge, requiring assistance in the search and recovery procedure. It’s a slow adventure, allowing time for relaxing (resting) while exchanging stories.

In the recent edition of the UBM newsletter there was a similar theme. There are many referrals to age and physical conditions. Please don’t misunderstand my point. I am only noting the aging of our membership which has been discussed many times. Our board continues to look for ways to attract new members.

As I reflect on our need to attract new or younger members, I hear other organizations dealing with the same issue. The UBM teaming

with like organizations and activities along with advertising in outdoor publications might help. Mentoring friends and family are rewarding and provides opportunities to introduce others to our archery family. The average bowhunter isn’t a believer. Convincing them that the UBM fellowship and activities are worth being a member requires their attention. Folks are constantly approached by so many salespersons, they have built up an avoidance. It’s a tough assignment without a clear path. We should remain focused, UBM’s future depends on it.

UBM just completed another outstanding Festival. Every activity on the schedule was awesome. Recovering from a left shoulder (bow arm) complete reversed shoulder replacement, I was pleased to be able to attend. There were others in slings or the recovery mode and some were unable to attend. Seniors continued to compare age and medical conditions, hoping to not be the oldest or being thought of as unable to participate. One of my favorite annual age comparisons is with Ken Beck. Ken turned 90 in January 2026. Whenever we meet, Ken refers to me as an old timer. Ken’s positive influence throughout



Ken Beck our Archery Hall of Fame Member visiting with Larry Bauman at the UBM Festival

archery and bowhunting is admired and well received. He is a pillar of strength and support to UBM. Ken will be inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame in May 2026. This recognition and distinction are well deserved. Joining such inductees as the Hoyts, Fred Bear, Glen St. Charles, Ben Pearson, Howard Hill and many others, is a tremendous honor. These people established the standards in equipment, competition, and hunting that we enjoy today. Most are from the archery industry, archery competition, creating archery or bowhunting organizations and introducing archery hunting seasons. Many are referred to as pioneers. It is with great honor that one of UBM’s most senior members, Ken Beck, will be inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame. Thank you, Ken, for your constant support of UBM. We are happy and proud that you are being recognized by the Archery Hall of Fame. ©



Ken Beck & Larry Bauman Sharing Stories at the Festival

WE HAD ANOTHER FANTASTIC YEAR

of arrow flinging fury and hiking in the south Texas mountains with fellow UBM members at Fort Holland. This was my 3rd trip down to the Fort. I had always wanted to try hunting javelina and was invited by David Miller back in 2019 for my first trip ever and I can't thank him enough for the opportunities I've had in pursuing them now.

The previous property that many UBM members had hunted in years past was no longer an option and David saved the day by making a new place happen when he contacted his distant relative, Bill Miller, who oversees the Miller Ranch properties. So, in 2019 a good solid group of guys made the maiden voyage to Camp Holland and boy was it an experience. I won't divulge into our cave-diving excitement from that first trip as it has been written before, but that trip injected javelina hunting straight into my veins. David was able to procure us a permanent javelina hunting destination there since that first trip and I know many of us are thankful for it!

It had been a couple of years since I had been back to the ranch, and I naively decided that I would return this year with a spear in my hand. My reasoning being that I had been up close and personal to several javelina during my second trip in 2024, so if there was a chance of spearing an animal by spot

and stalk, this could be it. I had determined that my effective range would not be past seven yards, period, but with all the gusto of a man high on lofty dreams, I started on Day One of our hunt with a spear in my hands.

That first morning, Lyle Shaulis and I split up from Beau and Rayce Johnston on the southern border of the property. I had fond experiences on that end, so Lyle and I traversed and glassed all the way to the border fence along the base of the mountain range, while the Johnston men went straight up it! I think it was about 8:30 when I glassed a group of seven or eight javelina ascending into the hills not far from the fence, so Lyle and I made a move.

Lyle was able to sneak into the middle of five or six of them in the catclaws and eventually got a shot that the claws deflected. He was close to getting a second shot when I realized, standing a distance from him and observing, that I had four or five javelina coming from the other direction and right to me like

a magnet. I ended up having three separate pigs come within twelve yards of me, but I was caught in the open and unable to make a move to close the distance.

After they moved up, I decided to try my luck at tailing them. I had one in particular that I ended up within ten yards of repeatedly but just didn't feel like a throw was feasible with its body language or the distance. I found myself eventually about halfway up the mountain face watching even more javelins materialize from across the fence and start heading up the mountain when I realized that those Johnston guys were sitting there up top and had been getting a kick out of my spear stalking for quite a while.

I, with the lower vantage point, could see that three or four pigs were within easy bow range of either of the guys so I started making frantic motions for them to get ready to shoot. They, in the meantime, began to do the same to me because they could see a couple of pigs headed straight towards me.



So, there I was, trying to decide between holding my camcorder or my spear when I finally notice a sow barreling straight at me from 15 yards out. I quickly dove for my spear and barely got into position when she stopped no more than four steps away. She had caught me red handed, but I decided I might as well go down swinging, so I attempted to throw from an awkward uphill position while trying to lead with her expected flight away from me. The result was a loud clink as my spear bounced off the rocks just below her armpit. This whole spear thing wouldn't be the cake walk I had in mind!

The redeeming factor was when more javelina worked their way towards the other guys and I was able to roughly film Rayce take out a beautiful pig at the top. Beau had several opportunities as well, but I've determined that Beau is either an undercover PETA agent or just

really likes hiking and sweating for the pure leisure of it, because he opted not to shoot.

That afternoon, after we all enjoyed a lunch of sitting around watching Rayce dress his javelina, Wes McCain and I grabbed our longbows and decided to venture up and around camp midday with the plan to venture all along the mountain tops. Beau led us through the initial path before venturing his own direction and eventually Wes and I both thought we could smell javelina. So, Wes decided to climb along the steep edge of the creek embankment for an ambush.

That turned out to be a decision we regretted as we never encountered any javelina and the terrain quickly ascended on both of us to the point that we were essentially stuck with the only option of ascending 400 feet straight up. I won't lie, Wes got up there a bit before me and by

the time we both recovered from the climb, I had experienced a small bout of heat exhaustion or something like it and had only one water bottle remaining. There went all my gusto to say the least. So the new plan was to work around to first couple of ravines that faced the ranch around the corner from the fort.

Wes and I each chose a finger to glass over, and I, admittedly, took a snooze for about an hour. I had just returned from the Land of Nod when Wes informed me that he had spotted some pigs. With it being an hour until dark, we made the decision to try to work around downwind of them. My full intention was for Wes to take lead on this stalk as he hadn't harvested a javelina yet, so I stuck behind him like peanut butter on a cracker and tried to mimic his steps.

We had just gotten into the area that we had last seen them from



above when I whispered loudly to Wes that the wind was so low that I wouldn't be surprised if they came to investigate our noise. I'm not sure if Wes heard me or not but sure enough, they had worked around and had busted us at the outer range of where we'd want to shoot.

Now comes to the point in the story where I could portray Wes and I as the next Byron Ferguson or Howard Hill and recall how our flawless shooting forms and expert instinctive shooting abilities wowed these poor javelina to no end... instead I'll just flatly tell you that we nearly unloaded our quivers at the group to no avail (I still hold that near misses count!).

It was in the midst of recovering arrows and making certain that one of those near misses was in fact a miss when I spied an old boar who had been lagging behind the group and was ambling through the arrow forest before him. I had two sharp arrows remaining, so I made a bold move towards him and found myself about 18 steps from him when he stepped out from behind a yucca plant. I proceeded to place my arrow under his armpit, and he ran a few more steps and I repeated the same shot! That last shot had landed in a way that allowed to me to keep track of my arrow so I advanced, with all abandon now displaced, towards that arrow and quickly knocked it. That boar now bristled up and stared my way at around 20 yards hesitated one more time and I sent that arrow angling forward but still too far back into his midsection.

He quickly retreated into a catclaw, and I watched him hunker down. It was at this point that



Wes came to my rescue. I looked everywhere for another arrow but couldn't find one, and to say that I have trust issues with these animals expiring quickly would be an understatement, so I motioned him toward the pig. I don't want to betray my friend here, but I'll just say this last arrow glanced off of a branch but the pig remained in place. That's when we made the decision that a dead pig was more important than anything else, so Wes put a finishing bullet (or so we thought) into him with his sidearm. The boar actually bolted downhill again, but fortunately Wes recovered his arrow and finished him off at last. It wasn't a pretty affair, but a team effort led to the biggest javelina I've ever personally laid hands on. Fortunately the entire team of hunters from camp came to retrieve us in Don's Kubota so we didn't have to haul him home on our backs.

That javelina tipped the scales at 60 pounds, had cauliflower ears, most of his teeth were wore down or missing, and it had a skull that

would have (emphasis on would have) been well into the P&Y or Compton books. That being said, I'll take a guaranteed recovery over a book place any day and it was one extremely exciting adventure to procure him with one of my good friends!

It's at this point that I should admit that some falsified pictures might have been sent to Ken Webb and David Miller showing this boar to exceed 72 pounds in weight on a scale. I'm not saying I was behind this idea, but I was complicit with the other ex-president of the UBM in camp and his devious plans that evening!

Day Two for me started once again with a spear in hand. After observing Rayce arrow another pig, I made a move for the survivors but never got closer than 15 yards with my spear. We ended up blood trailing Rayce's pig through solid catclaws, boulders, and creek gravel bottom until we eventually stirred him up. Hand to my heart when I tell you that I observed Beau Johnston perfectly lace that pig

with an arrow while it was trotting uphill at close to 50 yards! All while retaining his usual, easy-going demeanor afterwards.. sometimes I want to hate him, but he's Beau so it's not possible.

On the evening of Day Two, Beau, Rayce, and my huffing and puffing rear end made a move up a mountain face thinking we would push some javelina down the mountain towards Don and Lyle's ambush location but the javelina were a little smarter than us I'm afraid and no shots were fired.

On the third morning, everyone from camp headed south and we began dropping off and unloading gear and hunters all along the southern range. We had just about gotten to Lyle's favorite location when we heard a loud pop and realized that Brian Peterson's bowstring had been rubbing on something in the back of the Kubota and had broken! So, we dropped Lyle off at the southern border and I decided to ride along with Brian back to camp to retrieve a new string. We had just returned to the area when we got the notification that Lyle had arrowed a javelina. Brian and I moved in quietly and separated to stalk fleeing pigs. Brian never got a good and ethical shot at one and, while trying to look for blood with Lyle, I jumped one and flat shot over it at 15 yards.

Brian and I ended up trailing Lyle's javelina all through a drainage ditch and I eventually caught up to it for just a fleeting second. I attempted to put it down with my sidearm, but my distance was too far for my own abilities if I'm being honest. The javelina descended higher up and into a neighboring property so we had no choice but to leave it be.

That evening, Lyle, Beau, Rayce, and I all gathered once again at the border. This would be the last hunt of the trip Lyle, Wes, and me. We spotted several pigs up high that evening and a few meandering lower. Beau and I decided to loop around and ascend to hopefully cut off and push a band of javelina that was up high back down towards Lyle while Rayce glassed for everyone. I would be a downright liar if I didn't say my knees and cardio were shot by that third evening, so Beau patiently waited for me to slowly ascend. We weren't totally committed to getting to the very top, but we had also lost sight of the others and had no clue where the javelina were at now. We eventually poked our heads around the side of mountain and realized the pigs were up high above us and moving away quickly.

With only 20 minutes of light remaining in the last hunt of the year, we pushed up ahead. I found myself breathlessly nocking an arrow and trying to stabilize myself when I thought there was no more time before they were out of sight. The shots were too far, if I'm being honest, and Beau was getting a lot of laughs in while trying to visually keep track of my arrows. The mountain face we were on was so steep that my arrows were never more than five feet off the ground while in flight! You might be asking why Beau wasn't shooting and I had the same question, but he said he'd rather wait until Thursday to kill a pig.. the guy ain't right, I'm telling you!

After Beau retrieved my higher elevation arrows while I sucked my lungs back into place and gathered the easy ones, we both stared out over the landscape below us and were cracking jokes about my phenomenal shooting skills. Beau

remarked that you couldn't pin a \$100 bill on a javelina up there that night that he would want to go to the trouble of carrying down that mountain. Of course, that's when we heard a javelina huffing nearby. Once again, a straggler had missed out on all the action, and since I'm not Beau, I nocked my last sharp arrow and waited.

This time it was an old sow, and she ended up walking straight towards Beau and me. It was apparent at some point that she was never going to fully turn before walking right into us, so at around three steps distance I drew my bow and sent a shaft quartering to into her lungs. She stumbled back a few steps, rolled over a yucca plant, and expired right then and there. I never cease to be amazed at the lethality of an arrow when we actually do our part correctly.

Beau remarked that he was surprised I even let her get remotely close to us given my earlier performance. What I didn't tell him was that I was too out of breathe to shoot until she was about three steps away anyhow!

Regardless of my own shortcoming on this trip, I've come to realize with each passing year that my heart yearns for camps spent with guys like Brian Peterson, Wes McCain, Don Vaughn, Beau and Rayce Johnston, or Lyle Shaulis. Javelina hunting can be as challenging or as easy going as you want to make it, but spending time with guys like those in a camp like Fort Holland is, in and of itself, all that a guy really needs from a trip like that to feel refreshed. I reckon that is perhaps what Beau figured out ahead of me about this whole ordeal... but I still think he should shoot some stuff from time to time!

©

THE SEASONS HAVE SLIPPED BY QUICKLY FOR MANY OF US older, or shall I say “mature”, bow hunters. We all have cherished memories of special hunts, special places and special friends, made over our lifetimes. Seems like just yesterday I was shooting cardboard boxes in the back yard with an old Osage Orange stick and cheap wooden arrows from Lawrence Drugstore in Mexico, Missouri. It’s hard to imagine that “yesterday” was actually sixty plus years ago.

As the years passed, my free time was spent either fishing or shooting bows. Pre driver’s license, my amazing mother would load my buddy and I up in the family vehicle and drive us to some Corp of Engineer ground (now Mark Twain Lake), and dump us out in the dark. We would spend all day sneaking around with recurve in hand, hoping to kill our first whitetail or turkey. This would have been around 1969 or so, when just seeing a deer was a really big deal and turkeys were just starting to come on the scene. Looking back

at those “all day hunts”, I suppose some folks would probably frown on leaving their kid alone in the woods all day (well before cell phones). I’m sure there were a lot worse places for a couple boys to spend their Saturdays, and I’m thankful for parents who didn’t just “tolerate” the hunting and fishing passion, but encouraged it.

1973 was a big milestone. Not only did I graduate from Mexico High School, but I ventured to Gunnison, Colorado for my first out of state bow hunt. Big mule deer was the game, and they were everywhere. Numerous giant bucks in velvet teased us on every



Plan “B”

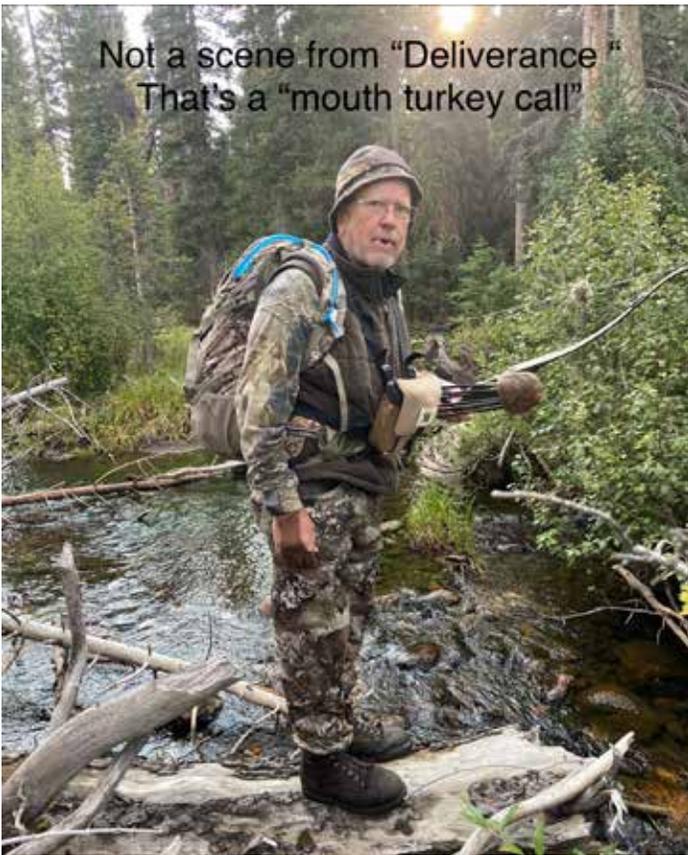
trip from the tent. Being new to serious bow hunting, the big boys were really not in much danger. I have often dreamed of going back to that time and place, now that I’m an old guy with some bow hunting experience under my belt. While no deer were taken, the experience of camping and hunting in the mountains was addictive. Like so many other UBM guys and gals, many vacations over the years involved chasing deer and elk in the Rocky Mountains. There is something about smelling those pines that keeps you coming back! (Interesting Fact: In 1973, a Colorado nonresident elk tag or nonresident deer tag was \$25)

Fast Forward 53 years since that first trip to Colorado:

Like so many others in UBM’s mix of members, I have been blessed with many years of outdoor adventure. Sneaking through



Ran into this young man and his buddy
Not bad for his first elk!



the mountains with bow in hand, wind in face, Missouri turkey call in mouth and elk on the brain, is still just as exciting as it ever was. Unfortunately, the days of buying a Wyoming Elk Tag across the counter when you get there, and hunting anywhere in the state, is no longer a reality. The last time I elk hunted was in 2019. I had an opportunity to take a spike bull the first evening of the hunt. Loving elk meat and knowing how tough public land hunts can be these days, I didn't hesitate. Six years of preference points and drawings later, I was elated to draw a 2025 general tag for Wyoming.

At 70 years of age, I was pretty excited to draw another elk tag. I spent March through August, walking and shooting. On August 25th, I arrived in Centennial, Wyoming. Rather than going directly to my friend's house, I headed straight for the base of the mountains and threw open the truck door. When I took a deep

breath, the smell of the pines was incredible. I knew that was the smell I'd been missing for the last six years....

From the September opener, until about the last five days of the month, I hunted elk. A friend from Arkansas joined me for the first leg of the hunt. Areas of National Forest that had been good to us in the past, resulted in very few elk sightings, lots of moose sightings, and unfortunately lots of people sightings. When my friend returned to Arkansas, I relocated three different times in search of elk and less hunting pressure. Thankfully, I eventually found both.

While my days of throwing on a pack and setting up camp miles from the road are gone, camping at the truck makes for an easier, more comfortable and safer setup for a senior bow hunter. As the rut kicked into gear, I finally got to hear the bugles an elk hunter lives for. On one occasion, I had a nice herd bull screaming at several smaller

satellite bulls that were getting too close to his cows. A couple soft cow calls later, a young bull was running flat out, up the hill to me. It seemed almost too easy. The bull was going to run past the big pine tree at about fifteen yards, where I would be waiting at full draw. As he disappeared behind the tree, I drew the old Widow and waited for the shot, which never came. As I wondered what was going on, I felt a slight breeze on the back of my neck. Anyone who has chased elk with a bow can relate. Those fickle mountain wind changes have saved countless elk over the years.

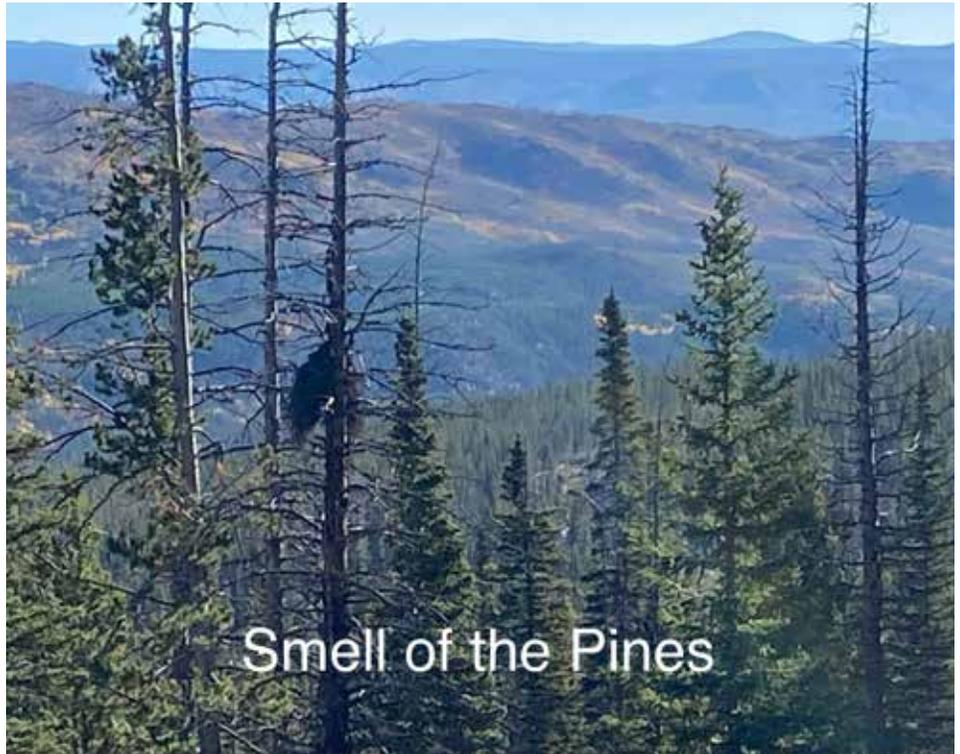
My next close call took place when I ran into a couple young guys who were packing out an absolute monster. It was the first elk either had taken, and to say it was a massive old bull would be an understatement. As we briefly visited, I could tell they were wondering what in the heck an old guy was doing out there by himself with an old stick bow. Our visit

was interrupted by a very real elk bugle about a quarter of a mile away. I congratulated the guys on an amazing bull, then headed quickly toward the bugle. As I got closer, the bull gave his position away with another bugle. I had the wind in my favor and it was “game on”, when I heard the crashing of elk coming down the hill toward me. As the two cows and calf ran by, I knew what would be coming behind them. Hindsight being 20/20, it is now plain that I should have sprinted uphill as the cows went by, to gain another ten to fifteen yards before the bull arrived. I wasn't quick enough, and within seconds the bull was directly uphill. I gave a loud cow call and the 5x5 stopped broadside at 40 yards. For my compound friends, this would have been a done deal, but it was not within my comfort zone and I let him pass to join his girls.

On another occasion, I had a respectable 6x6 coming around the edge of the clear cut with cows in tow. My wind powder said all was good, but for whatever reason, the bull turned and took his cows over the top of the mountain. Just elk being elk, but what a sight!

I solo hunted until the last four or five days of the archery season, with several other encounters that didn't quite come together. I absolutely love to solo hunt for elk. Every elk I have taken over the years has been while hunting by myself. There had always been friends and or horses to help pack the meat out, but more about that later.

After twenty some days of camping and hunting on the mountain, I could tell I was getting fatigued. The mountains can be very unforgiving when a guy gets careless. I decided it was time to throw in the towel and head back to town. It had been an awesome



hunt. I had come close to sealing the deal on several elk, and my mountain “itch” had been scratched once again.

It was time to store the hunting gear at my buddy's place in Centennial and reload the truck with kayaks and fly rods. My son had never trout fished “out west”, so it was a perfect opportunity to fix that! I picked him up at the airport in Casper, and we fished hard for three days before he had to return to work. We had an absolute blast catching dandy rainbows and browns from the Miracle Mile of the North Platte River. I fished a few days after my son left, and was pretty much rested up from chasing elk.

After over a month of bow hunting and trout fishing, you'd think a guy would have had enough. But, an unfilled general tag in Wyoming can be used in the rifle season, which opened Oct. 15th. I really wanted to bring some elk meat back to Missouri. A nice big cow elk would have been just fine, but about noon on

opening day, a single 4x4 wandered by. I made an amazing 35 yard, broadside shot with a 30-06 on a bull that had no clue I was around. Sure was wishing I had the old recurve at the time. Regardless, the freezer is full of meat and I am well pleased.

I mentioned earlier about loving to solo hunt for elk. I soon found out that solo “packing” is NOT so much fun. I purposely hunted uphill from the truck, and was just over a mile from it. I packed out the head and three loads of meat that evening and finished the last three loads the next morning. The temperature the next morning was 34 degrees, perfect for packing meat.

I'm hoping it doesn't take another six years to draw an elk tag, as there will come a time when a guy can't physically get it done. Enjoy it while you can folks! Plus, six years is way too long without the Smell of the Pines! ☺

Shoot Straight!

STUMP SEASON 2026 IS OFFICIALLY OPEN.

The annual breakfast at Cracker Barrel continued the tradition and attracts those that enjoy punishing their arrows. No fireworks, no TV coverage, no parades or flag-waving support groups. Just a bunch of not-so-famous local traditional bowhunters that are entertained by shooting at stumps and each other's arrows while sharing repeated stories. Ok, maybe they aren't all stumps. Logs, knot holes, sticks, branches or whatever someone identifies as a target.

It isn't the food or breakfast. It's knowing that we can share our experiences and help plan activities for 2026. After more years than I care to admit, I feel this group has transitioned into a fellowship. Many of the major traditional shoots like Cloverdale, Tennessee Classic, Compton and UBM are scheduled close together. It's difficult to attend all of them. The stump range is close and always open.

Everyone was happy to see and visit with our most senior member, Joe Marshall, who spent the last two months of 2025 in the hospital because of an accident. He has recently progressed from a walker to a cane. Joe is also working out with resistance bands with plans to resume shooting and hunting.

There were questions concerning regulation changes and how often we will be required to wear orange. The four-point requirement shifts by area and



Al Stever focusing on a bedded log

there are changes to the CWD testing. As the Conservation Department implements changes and adjustments, we need to be aware of those changes. There were conversations related to managed hunts. The comparison of last year's results and this year's opportunities aren't available. Registration is normally in July. A new year, new seasons with fresh ideas of being involved in what we might have missed out on last year.

There was talk about digging out arrows identified as "fighters". Those are usually the ones that have experienced previous ill-treatment or abuse. Grab



Mr. Hollywood - Chris Rackley taking aim



a couple fighters with judos and join the fun. Shooting unmarked distance in the woods does improve your shooting. However, the most exciting thing is peeling the feathers or trimming someone else's arrow who shot before you. This usually

creates a loud howl that echoes throughout the previously quiet woods.

Even with the temperature at 27 degrees on 3/1/26, there were five hardy souls desperate to shoot their bows on opening day. After a few

warmup shots, they were off to the woods in search of unsuspecting stumps. This weekly activity usually continues until the opening day for deer season. ©

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)



Scan this QR code to listen!

REMEMBER THE YEAR WELL. The year he first showed up on my trail camera. His rack was so much taller than the rest of the Texas hill country whitetail that I was used to seeing in the area. For those that aren't familiar with the Texas hill country whitetail let me introduce them. The Texas hill country whitetail are so very much smaller than their eastern cousins and the bigger whitetail that roam in other areas of Texas. They are very close in size to the Coues deer of southern Arizona, New Mexico and old Mexico. Some of us that have spent time hunting them believe they deserve a separate species classification but that's just our opinion.

The Texas brushy hill country that these deer inhabit can be very thick and full of plants that will poke, stab, and slice their way into your memory. The hill country bucks are masters at using the unfriendly landscape to their advantage and at times can be very difficult to pattern for stand placement. I have hunted them by stalking, tree stands, pop up blinds and brush blinds. I have hunted



them near water sources, feeding areas and travel routes. I am not too proud to admit that they have humbled me on many occasions.

Like most whitetail bucks, he is much more vulnerable in the rut and when the tall-racked buck first showed himself on my trail camera, it was that time of year. He was

moving along a travel route with several other bucks in an area that I knew very well. I immediately named him "Tall Boy" and began to earnestly focus on just him.

I set up a pop-up blind just off the trail near his travel route several days before I actually hunted in it trying to give the deer a chance to get used to the new "bush" in the area. The camera had indicated that he preferred that particular trail during his evening movement. Each day when the wind was favorable, and I was able to hunt him, I was in the blind by early afternoon to give the area plenty of time to settle down.

I had numerous encounters with smaller bucks most of the days that I hunted but "Tall Boy" remained a ghost for most of that November. I ended the season with some barren doe venison for the freezer but no filled buck tag.



Early the following year I set up trail cameras and scouted hard during the late summer. Nothing of real interest showed up until late October and then suddenly he showed up on the same camera that first betrayed him last year. He showed up in the late afternoon just like he had done the following year. He was coming in from the west, and I knew that he was most likely bedding in the thick cover of a property I could not hunt. I backtracked him to a property boundary fence to the west and found where he would jump the fence to enter the area I was hunting. I also discovered a secondary trail that he was using that enabled him to circumvent the main trail by my blind.

I now had much more respect for the old boy and realized he had played me well last season. I made adjustments to my blind accordingly and started hunting him again after the rut was well underway in mid-November. I had hunted several days seeing only smaller bucks but they were chasing does and I was still hopeful that “Tall Boy” would join the action.

On about hunting day 31, things began to ramp up. It was about 4:30 pm and the brush country started to come alive. At one point a buck chased a doe so close to my blind I could have reached out and slapped her as she went by. A few minutes later another decent buck followed a doe on the trail and stopped about 18 yards in front of my blind. He was tending the doe and not paying much attention to anything else. He was a good 8-point buck



with decent mass. I was eyeballing him pretty serious and thinking he was the best buck I'd seen all season and maybe I should consider taking this offering that was now standing quartering away focused on a lady. After all, I might not even see “Tall Boy”, let alone get a good shot at him.

I was seriously reconsidering changing my desired target when the buck suddenly whipped his head to the right and stood stiff legged staring at something. I eased to my left as quietly as possible with my recurve in my hand, arrow nocked and fingers tight against the string, trying to see what he was so focused on. Suddenly “Tall Boy” was there and coming from my right to my left to face down the 8-point.

He came in proud and defiant. He was postured up sideways and easing toward his adversary. My bow was coming up slowly to my shooting position as he turned slightly quartering away and exposed his vitals.

I drew slowly and felt the familiar touch of my middle finger in the corner of my mouth. I gained my instinctive sight picture and increased my drawing pressure as I focused on that small spot I wanted to hit that would allow the arrow to exit just behind the front leg on the off side. The arrow struck perfectly and my buck exploded at the impact.

I watched out the blind window to see his exit as far as I could and mentally marked where I saw him last. Even though I knew the shot was good, I still waited for an hour before exiting the blind.

It was approximately 30 minutes before dark, so I knew I would be most likely using a light for the recovery. The blood trail was pretty good for the first 30 yards but then got difficult to see because of the red gravel that was prevalent in the area. After losing, finding, losing, and finding the blood trail for about two hours there he was. As I lifted his head and admired the tall rack, I thanked the Lord for His gift.

I sat in silence for a few minutes before moving the buck to a place I could field dress and hang him overnight so the coyotes couldn't get him. Early the next morning I took some pictures and finished processing the meat for the freezer.

For me, different species are a blast to hunt with my bow. Each one may offer challenges not previously experienced, but all will give you the opportunity to be a student of the wild things. I do love that feeling. ©

I GREW UP ON A FARM WEST OF REPUBLIC, MISSOURI.

Back then, Black Widow bows were built right down the road in Billings and Allen Archery had just come out with the first compound bow. That tells many of you about how old I am.

After I outgrew or broke several homemade bows and a Ben Pearson Super Jet bow, I got a used Shakespeare recurve and shot and hunted with it for years. Later in college, I switched to a compound. Over time, I went back and forth between recurves and compounds. I loved both, but I always kept my recurves on display and got rid of the compounds when I stopped shooting them.



The same photo in different formats. I like this view for studying exactly how my hand, face, and bowstring move during the release process.



This angle allows me to watch the reaction of my release arm, bow hand and bow upon release. Moving the camera slightly and getting different angles can reveal if slight adjustments to my form result in more accurate and consistent groups.

A few years ago, I realized my passion was returning to shooting and hunting with a traditional bow and ordered a Black Widow longbow. I had taken some deer with recurves before, but I hadn't shot a longbow much. Years with compounds had made me a bit lazy in my form.

I started shooting the new Widow often. I was getting stronger from all the reps, but my groups weren't

tightening up. Like most of us when we want to learn how to do something, I turned to YouTube and watched great videos like the Master of the Barebow series (especially Volume 3) and studied Joel Turner's Shot IQ ideas.

Realizing I still needed help, I met with Cody Greenwood. He helped tune my bow and arrows and gave me solid tips on form. I was getting better, but I wanted to



I was playing around and tried positioning the camera below the bow and bow hand. I was surprised by how the bow arm and bow moved at the release and how big of a difference a slight change in how I gripped the bow made on how the bow jumped during the shot. I was playing around and tried positioning the camera below the bow and bow hand. I was surprised by how the bow arm and bow moved at the release and how big of a difference a slight change in how I gripped the bow made on how the bow jumped during the shot. I quickly found a grip that was easily repeatable and directed the bow straight toward the target. Without the camera, I thought the bow was jumping at the target no matter how I gripped the bow. Even a skilled coach may not detect what becomes obvious at 120 frames per second.

be more accurate and consistent before hunting season.

As part of the process, I noticed I shot way better when Cody was watching and giving feedback than when I practiced alone. When he left, my accuracy dropped. It made sense—having a coach right there helps. But having someone watch every practice session wasn't realistic.

Around that time, I was using my phone to record the sound of the arrow as it flew toward a target. My goal was to learn if different size and shaped feathers and fletching patterns were quieter in flight. I set a phone with the video camera on the target and recorded the sound of arrows in flight – from a deer's perspective if you will. If you are wondering, I never hit my phone.

Although my goal was to record the sound of the arrow in flight, by watching the video, I saw something shocking. My form at release looked nothing like what I thought! I believed my form was consistent with great back tension and my release hand was following my face and landing on my shoulder. The video showed my bow arm and release hand flailed around like a wildcat getting zapped by an electric fence when the grass is wet.

I was glad no one was watching. That video lit a fire under me. Instead of placing my phone on the target to record arrow noise, I propped the phone on a nearby propane tank to film my shot form. One angle helped, but I wanted to see the side view, front, back, even from below looking up or from above looking down.

Those angles would show how the bow and arrow reacts during the shot in addition to my shot form. I learned that by using the slow-motion video option on the phone's

camera, I could see lots of details of the entire shot process – frame by frame.

From another project, I had a cheap tripod (about \$30) made for phones. It extends over six feet tall, and the top part bends so the camera can be in almost any position. The slow-motion video mode on my phone was a game-changer. It let me see exactly where my release hand went during the entire release process, how my bow arm moved, and how the arrow bent around the riser, etc. I could spot flaws in my form I did not feel or realize I was doing.

This wasn't a one-and-done fix. I'd shoot a few arrows, watch the videos from different angles and then tweak my form. Cody and the instructional videos taught me the right way to shoot a traditional bow. The closeup, slow-motion videos of my shots showed me what I was really doing and by reviewing the videos, I could make changes and monitor how my accuracy and consistency changed.

We've all heard: Practice doesn't make perfect. Perfect practice makes perfect. Just slinging arrows builds muscle, but without knowing what you're really doing, bad habits can become reinforced. Using your phone's camera turns regular practice into smart, focused practice—like having a coach with you every time.

Most of you are likely better shots than me and may not need a coach. For me, this simple technique of recording and reviewing my shot form resulted in tighter groups and more confidence. It was important to honestly and critically review the videos and compare the consistency and accuracy of your groups with different shot forms.

For example, I learned by using a different anchor point which shortened my draw length about ½", both the consistency and accuracy of my groups improved! I doubt I would have learned that without reviewing video of my shot form and comparing the resulting groups.

Being a better shot increases my enjoyment of shooting a bow and my chances of putting more high-quality venison in the freezer!

Enjoy Creation, ©
Grant



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Photo Contest Winners

There is always a pile of entries for this annual contest and it's fun to see what everyone shares.

Here are this year's winners.



William R. Brown Squirrel/Small Game: Tim Donnelly



Outdoor Theory: Brad Harriman



*Bowhunter With Game:
Tim Donnelly*



General Wildlife: Wes McCain



Bowhunting Related: Bill Stewart



Trail Camera: Brad Harriman

➤➤➤ The 2026 UBM Festival

A few photos from the 2026 Festival. A big “Thank You!” to Kelsey Countryman for being our photographer.



Agent Ty Garrison telling us about a day in the life of a Conservation Agent.



Keynote speaker, Cody Greenwood, spoke about learning from our mistakes.



MDC deer biologist, Ashleigh Day, talking about land management.



A great demonstration on how to hunt from a tree saddle.



Lots of activity in the vendor's area!



Wes McCain made the beautiful holder for the Arrow Contest. Bill Stewart took home the prize again this year with his arrow on top.



Harry Mauchenheimer (left) accepting the Member of the Year award from Cole Davis.



Ken Beck encouraging everyone to see him get inducted into the Archery Hall of Fame.



Fred Bear Award winner, Ryan Plummer, stands next to his magnificent whitetail.



Bowhunter of the Year, Ron Crouch (far left) stands next to the last three award recipients, Tim Donnelly, Brenda Hudson, and Larry Hudson



Joel Davis (left) and William R. Brown (right) present the Conservation Agent of the Year award to Ty Garrison.



Ken Beck (left) and Wes McCain announce the Black Widow bow raffle winner.

BECOME A UBM MEMBER TODAY!



UBM Membership Application



Send to: Brenda Hudson/UBM Executive Secretary
24933 Helium Road
Newtown, MO 64667

Name: _____ Phone: () _____

Address: _____ County: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____ Email Address: _____

Age: _____ Years Bowhunted: _____ Hunting Bow Weight: ____ # @ ____”

of Family Members who bowhunt _____ Names: _____

Species Hunted in MO: _____

Other States: _____

Have you ever been convicted of a game law/code violation in any state? Yes: ____ No: ____
If yes, please explain on a separate sheet.

Date: _____ Applicants Signature: _____

Choose Membership

Individual: Benefits include: One vote per paid member, bi-monthly newsletter, seminars, annual banquet and rendezvous, big and small game awards, and voice in bowhunting. All memberships include family participation and eligibility for recognition.

____ One year \$30.00 Decal

____ Three year \$75.00 Patch, Decal

____ Lifetime \$300.00 Patch, Hat, Decal

Business Benefits include: Same as above plus business card ad in each newsletter issue and one free table at Festival.

____ One year \$50.00 Decal

UBM Logo Items Available

____ Patch @ \$3.00 each; ____ Decal (\$1.50) each; ____ Lapel Pin @ \$5.00 each

Total Enclosed \$ _____ (Check or Money Order)

Membership: Accepted _____ Denied _____ Date: _____

Note: Application must be filled out completely. Please allow 2 weeks for processing

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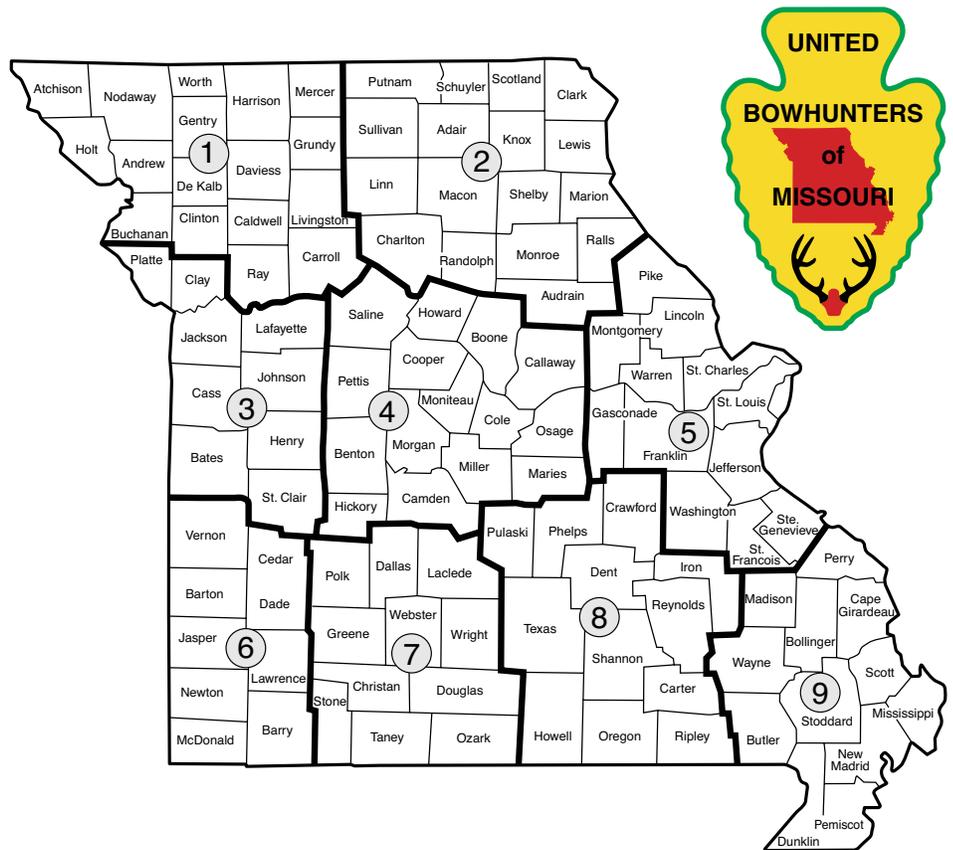
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9. Mike Calahan, 130 Plumwood, Cape Girardeau, MO 63701, kcjc.cal@charter.net, 573-335-3994

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Marshall Bow Hunters



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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 26)

