



# THE UNITED

FALL 2012

# BOWHUNTER



THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE UNITED BOWHUNTERS OF MISSOURI



## Celebrating 25 Years

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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 envelop with the materials you would like returned. The editors can assume no responsibility for any submitted materials.

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## Calendar of Events

### October

10/1/2012 - Rabbit season begins in Missouri.  
10/1/2012 - Fall Turkey season begins in Missouri.

### November

11/10/2012 - Start of Missouri Firearms Deer Season. Closes Nov. 20.  
11/21/2012 - Archery season reopens.  
11/30/2012 - Kick off of the 6th Annual Sheep-Eater's Greater Ozark Mountain Squirrel Hunt. Open board meeting on Saturday evening, Dec. 1st

### December

12/10/2012 - Deadline for submissions for the next issue of *The United Bowhunter* publication.

### January

1/15/2013 - Archery season closes.

### February

2/1-3/2013 - UBM Festival & Banquet in Jefferson City, Missouri.  
2/15/2013 - Deadline for submissions for the next issue of *The United Bowhunter* publication.

### March

3/2-3/2013 - Missouri Deer Classic & Outdoor Expo  
3/31/2013 - Coyote season ends.

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2/3 page	\$110	less than 1/4 page	\$30

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## President's Report

by Darren Haverstick



Well, it's gonna take a while to get used to the change in my report title but I want to thank the general membership for having faith enough in me to re-elect me to the Board of Directors and thank the Board members for having faith enough in me to elect me as president of this fine organization. I also want to thank Brian Peterson and Mike Calahan for stepping up and taking officer positions and to Dan Novotny for continuing in his role as treasurer. As with any politician worth his salt, I can't possibly be expected to uphold any of the outlandish promises I made in my election profile but I will try to live up to the more reasonable expectations most of you have about me. I know I have some big shoes to fill but, fortunately, I can call on several past presidents for their advice and guidance when I run into trouble.

By the time you read this, our beloved archery season will have started and, hopefully, you will already have a couple deer in the freezer. Due to a very successful bear hunt I had in August, I went into the season with new meat already in the freezer. So anything else I get is just going to be a bonus. You have no idea how that takes the pressure off me! I have succeeded as a hunter-gatherer and my lovely squaw and papoose will not starve to death this winter! Of course, they might get pretty hungry; I didn't kill a very big bear.

Some business items I need to talk about include the possible relocation of the 2014 Festival, the December 2012 Board meeting/squirrel hunt and the 2013 Festival. Included in this newsletter somewhere is an article I wrote about a new venue that is courting us for our business. Please read it and let me or another Board member know how you feel about the idea of moving the Festival to a different location. We will

likely vote on this issue at the December meeting so it's important that you voice your opinion quickly.

I won't steal too much of Brian's thunder but I do want to invite everyone to the annual squirrel hunt at Brian's place where we will also just happen to have a Board meeting. The dates are most likely the weekend of December 7th-9th (Brian can confirm this) and it is always a good time. The food and company are always excellent and we always have a lot of fun at the expense of the Board members not in attendance.

The 2013 Festival will be on us before you know it and it will be the weekend of February 1st-3rd at the Truman Hotel in Jefferson City. We have Marv Clynke as our banquet speaker this year and I sure am looking forward to finally meeting him in person. As always, we are looking for donations for the silent and live auctions. We have a lot of talented artisans in our ranks and if each of you could make just one doodad to donate that would help out a great deal. Thank you, Steve McDaniel, for already donating a beautiful selfbow! We also need some hunts and outings donated as well. If you know an outfitter who might be interested in increasing their business, hit them up for a donated hunt. It has worked out well for Doug Park, of Wolf River Bear Baits in Dorion, Ontario! His first donated hunt three years ago brought him five hunters I think, the next year brought eight and this year he got ten. That's a pretty good ROI for a business not known for a large profit margin. Doug is already on board for a 2013 donation so start saving your pennies, fellers, because the bidding is gonna be fierce!

Well that's it for this issue, members. I hope your season goes well and you go about it safely. If you get the urge to discuss any club business, do not hesitate to contact me. That's what I'm here for.

*Darren Haverstick*

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Deadlines for submitting copy and pictures to *The United Bowhunter*.

**Feb. 15th — May 5th — Sept. 15th — Dec 10th**

# The Bear Facts

by Dan Novotny

Ontario, Aug 19th. Day 3 of our bear hunt. I sat in my stand patiently, pondering the events leading to my being here. I signed up for this hunt with a bunch of fellow UBM members back in Feb when Tom Dickerson bought this auction hunt at the banquet. Since that time I almost cancelled several times due to medical problems within the family. In fact, 2 days before we were due to leave one of my sons was thought to have some potential heart problems. He convinced me to go on the hunt. You can imagine the relief when I got the news that everything was great with him before we hit the Canadian border. Wait! There's a bear!



My first sighting of the trip. I had hunted a different spot the first 2 nights and had not seen anything. I had killed a couple average bears a few years before, so told myself to hold out for something better. It was hard to resist reaching for my bow, but could tell this was 150# bear at the most. He did not stay around long, acting nervous and looking around a lot.

I had hunted a different spot the first 2 nights and had not seen anything. Tonight would be fun with sightings of 3 bears.



There were 10 UBM members on this hunt and it was shaping up to be a good one. Half of the group left home 2 days before the rest of us could and when we pulled into the motel in Duluth, Minn. for the night on our way up, we got a phone call. 3 bears down the first night and a couple very respectable ones. Tom, Mike and Darren all had their bears already. Darren just shot his so he could try to get out of the freezing wind and rain to warm up. What a way to start!



We stopped at the outfitters house on our way in in time to view some serious bear skinning and butchering. We met Doug Park, our outfitter from Wolf River Bear Baits, and got to see a couple bears being converted to hide and meat. After getting settled in at the cabin, we had time to get out for an evening hunt. Several bears were seen but no shots were taken by members of our group. I did not see anything, but enjoyed sitting in the woods, unwinding from the road trip up and life in general.

**Day 2,** I saw nothing this night. Several bears were seen by other guys but no game was taken.

Another delicious breakfast prepared by our resident cook and club president, Darren.

Doug took me to a new spot for day 3.



**Day 3,** I was enjoying the action at my new spot. It was a neat setup with the thick brush all around, except that there was a hill sloping up to my left with a glade opening on it offering me a good view of that area. The bears I was watching would sit and walk across this area giving me a good view and multiple picture opportunities. All the bears were smaller and would take forever to come into the bait. I watched one bear walk behind the bait through the bait for 40 minutes before he finally ventured into the site. All in all a very enjoyable evening.

The next morning I sat my stand for 3 hours, with no bears in the area to be found.

After lunch back at the cabin, I headed back out for the evening hunt wondering what I would see that night. Little did I know, about 5 that evening, the biggest of the small bears I had seen the evening before would come in very slowly and cautious. I was filming him and he only stayed for 9 minutes and took off. With 45 minutes of light remaining I saw a bear walking up the road on my right. He turned and started to walk in on the trail we used to get to the bait, but turned suddenly and continued up the dirt road. I'm wondering

"How did I spook him?"

With 25 minutes of light remaining, I hear a branch snap and a bear walks into the bait. This time there is not even a thought of "Is he big enough".

He walks in, sniffs the barrel which is laying down from the small bear knocking it over, walks off about 10 feet to the side, stands there for a few seconds and just walks off. My heart is pounding.

Maybe 5 minutes later, I hear a stick crack behind me where I had heard a small bear the night before. Next thing, I see him in the clearing on the hill. He stands there for a few seconds then starts to angle down through the woods toward the bait. He comes in behind the barrel, turns to face up the hill the way he came in, which is broadside to me. Next thing I see is the white feather splices disappear into coal black fur. .

He bolted from the site and I could hear sticks breaking as he crashed through the woods. Then quiet. 30 seconds later I hear another crash. I start to gather my gear to get out of my stand. In Ontario you have to wear hunter orange cap and vest anytime you are not in a stand. Putting on my vest and pack, I had just lowered my bow down when I heard a moan from where I heard the last crash. Is that what I hope it is? It wasn't until I had walked back to the truck that it hit me. I had been so worried about running out of light, I didn't get nervous at the shot.

Whenever any hunters came into the cabin at night, everybody there turns to look at them and says "Well?" I paused for a few seconds and blurted out " I just shot a big so#@\*#&#@\*+##@".

After hearing my tale, Doug, the outfitter says congrats when I got to the part about the moan. He knew what that meant. Before we were ready to leave to trail it, Tom and John came in with John's bear. It's a good night. I think 7 of us went out on

the trail as everyone was as excited as I was. 35-40 yards later, there he is. Look at that! I can't believe the size of him. It took 5 of us to lift him in the sled into the pickup.



Never did I dream of anything this size. 410# bear with a heart shot from my Mohawk longbow, handcrafted cedar arrow tipped with a Zwickey Delta broadhead.

continued on next page

With several of the guys successful early on in the hunt, there was time to pick fresh blueberries and catch a few fish. Todd and Mike Callahan took off with Doug and came up with a nice mess of fresh blueberries that found their way into fresh biscuits the next morning.



While Larry and Mike McDonald were off killing bears the next evening, Todd Burns came back with a nice mess of walleye. We had a dandy fish fry the next night with enough walleye fillets to feed the entire group.



What a great trip! A great group of guys to hunt and enjoy a camp with. With the excellent eating, I'm sure we all gained a bit of weight but it was well earned. I know in the future that if Darren is going on a hunt, I will sign up just for his cooking!

This hunt ended with 9 of 10 hunters taking bears and 100% opportunities. This is a great hunt that has been offered for auction at our annual banquet for the last 3 years. Several of our group have been 3 years in a row.



**UBM Festival & Banquet**  
**Festival Dates: February 1, 2, 3, 2013**  
**at Truman Hotel, Jefferson City, Missouri.**

## 6th Annual Sheep-Eater's Greater Ozark Mountain Squirrel Hunt

Nov. 30, Dec. 1 & 2, 2012. Open Board meeting Saturday Dec. 1 @ noon.

Where: Brian & Jo Ann Peterson's Brushy Mountain Ranch

Activities: Good Food, Drink, and Camaraderie around the Campfire. 100's of Acres of Squirrel Hunting Woods (Assuming the Bushytails Cooperate). Mini-3D Course with Aerials. Pot-Luck Meal Saturday Night (Roast Lamb, Squirrel Stew, Home Brew Provided). Primitive Camping/Camper Trailers Welcome. Port-O-Potty on Site (Remember, it is December!)

Google 2933 State Hwy KK, Cedar creek, Missouri for directions, or Contact Brian Peterson (417) 794-3417, bpeterson007@centurytel.net

Check the UBM Website for Details Closer to the Event

### Missouri Hunting Seasons

information gathered from [www.mdc.mo.gov](http://www.mdc.mo.gov)

Game	Season Dates	Daily Limit	Possession Limit	Comments
Badger	11/15/2012 - 01/31/2013	Any number	Any number	
Bobcat	11/15/2012 - 01/31/2013	Any number	Any number	Bobcat pelts must be registered or tagged.
Fox (Red or Gray)	11/15/2012 - 01/31/2013	Any number	Any number	
Opossum	11/15/2012 - 01/31/2013	Any number	Any number	
Rabbit: Hunting	10/01/2012 - 02/15/2013	6	12	Swamp rabbits: bag limit 2, possession limit 4
Raccoon	11/15/2012 - 01/31/2013	Any number	Any number	
Striped Skunk	11/15/2012 - 01/31/2013	Any number	Any number	
Common Snipe	09/01/2012 - 12/16/2012	8	16	Quick Reg Lookup - Common Snipe
Coyote	05/07/2012 - 03/31/2013	Any number	Any number	Restrictions apply during deer and turkey seasons.
Crow	11/01/2012 - 03/03/2013	Any number	Any number	Quick Reg Lookup - Crow
Deer: Archery	09/15/2012 - 11/09/2012			
	11/21/2012 - 01/15/2013			Permits and regulations available in July
Deer: Firearms	11/10/2012 - 11/20/2012			Permits and regulations available in July
Deer: Firearms, Alt. Meth.	12/15/2012 - 12/25/2012			Permits and regulations available in July
Deer: Firearms, Antlerless	11/21/2012 - 12/02/2012			Permits and regulations available in July
Deer: Firearms, Urban	10/05/2012 - 10/08/2012			Permits and regulations available in July
Deer: Firearms, Youth	11/03/2012 - 11/04/2012			
	12/29/2012 - 12/30/2012			Permits and regulations available in July
Groundhog	05/07/2012 - 12/15/2012	Any number	Any number	Quick Reg Lookup - Groundhog
Pheasant Northern Zone	11/01/2012 - 01/15/2013	2	4	See Wildlife Code for limits and restrictions
Pheasant Southeast Zone	12/01/2012 - 12/12/2012	1	1	See Wildlife Code for limits and restrictions
Squirrel	05/26/2012 - 02/15/2013	10	20	Quick Reg Lookup - Squirrel
Turkey: Archery	09/15/2012 - 11/09/2012			
	11/21/2012 - 01/15/2013			Permits and regulations available in July
Turkey: Fall Firearms	10/01/2012 - 10/31/2012			Permits and regulations available in July
Woodcock	10/15/2012 - 11/28/2012	3	6	Quick Reg Lookup - Woodcock

# N.A.B.C. Report

Brian Peterson

This year's regional North American Bowhunting Coalition meetings were held in Chatfield, MN at the Pope & Young offices. As all other interested parties were headed to Canada bear hunting at the same time, I opted to attend the meetings again representing Missouri and UBM. The meeting started off with a status report of the NABC and its steering committees. Ideas were circulated about adding to the website an interactive map that would link to each states organization and their officers. Good ideas circulated about increasing attendance and membership in state organizations. I gave a presentation about the baffling inclusion of the Atlatl in Missouri's archery season and Brad Jansen of United Bowhunters of Illinois discussed how and why Illinois is losing the battle against the crossbow in their archery season. Discussions turned to state wildlife agencies keeping better tabs on hunter information such as method of take, etc. and finished with a roundtable explanation of each state's organizational structures. Sunday finished with NASP and funding ideas and some thoughts on accessing Pittman-Robertson funds through each state.

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# The 2012 Jerry Pierce Memorial Shoot

## Or "Darren vs. the Mudbugs"

One of the annual pilgrimages that UBM members always make is to the Jerry Pierce Memorial shoot held in the middle of May at Enid Lake near Batesville, MS. This shoot is put on by the Southern Traditional Archery Association of which Lenny Pierce, Jerry's son, is a long-time member. As you all probably know, Jerry had a long relationship with our organization before he passed away and Lenny and his wife, Karen, have continued with that tie. So it's kind of like going to visit your cousins when the folks in Missouri pack up their bows and head down south for that weekend.

I had never been to this event before but had heard so many good things about it that I was determined to attend the 2012 edition. It is always fun to shoot a new course, and it's great to be able to visit with a bunch of other stickbow shooters, but what I was really, really looking forward to was the all-you-can-eat crawdad boil they have on Saturday night! That was my prize; the rest was just a bonus. So with that in mind, I hitched a ride with Brian Peterson and we pointed his truck in that direction. Brian was anxious to use his refurbished Avion camper again and this seemed like a good excuse for him to do it.

When we arrived Friday afternoon, Brian and I were not the only UBM representatives at the Persimmon Hill campground. There were ten of us altogether and we wasted no time starting the hunting stories and trash talk that usually happens when two or more of us are together for any length of time. The campground catered to families and was absolutely beautiful with all the enormous pine trees it contained. It also contained a pretty healthy population of deer that didn't seem too bothered by all the people going by. Brian got the camper set up to his liking, we got our gear squared away and then we joined the boys for a potluck supper. Mike Wirt was the acting chef and the venison fajitas he prepared that night were outstanding.

Saturday morning started off with a big breakfast of scrambled eggs, taters and various fried meats and then we all ambled over to the 3D course to begin our day of shooting. It was beginning to get warm already so we wanted to be finished with the course before it became too uncomfortable. As we lined up to pay the shooting fee, we ran into Lenny and he personally assured me that they would not run out of "mudbugs" before I got my fill of them that evening. With that pressing weight lifted from my shoulders, I knew that my shooting performance on the course would be excellent.

My dear friend, Tim Wirt, was not going to be able to shoot with us that day so he offered to be the official scorekeeper for our group. And, at no extra charge, he would also colorfully critique your shooting, family heritage, and political affiliations. Words of encouragement, however, did cost extra and the fee for those was usually prohibitive. Higher scores could also be purchased and Mr. Wirt ran specials all day long to make the



cost of those more palatable. It always makes me happy to see someone so obviously handicapped trying to make a living just like the rest of us and we made sure to treat Tim with nothing less than the respect that he deserved.

One of the things that I had never experienced at a 3D shoot before was all of the "moving targets" this course had to offer. There were two different moving bear targets; one that was climbing a tree and one that was in an outhouse that you had to shoot through the door as it closed. Also included were a flying pig and a flying turkey. I got some great video of Art Fink hitting the metal bracket holding the turkey onto its cable as it zipped by. You can hear the "Plink!" as hit arrow smacks the bracket and you get to watch Art's arrow skip off into space. We all felt terrible for Art's loss.

Another cool thing about this shoot was that each target on the course could have a "sponsor". The money spent on sponsoring a target went to the Catch-A-Dream Foundation; an organization that brings once-in-a-lifetime hunting and fishing experiences to children with life-threatening illnesses. The UBM sponsored target #14 and there, next to that target, was a nice sign with our logo and name on it showing us to be the proud sponsors. Of course it made a great photo opportunity for the group and we had multiple pictures taken of us around our sign.

Once you completed the regular course, and still had money and energy left, you could shoot what was infamously known as the "Cry Baby" course. This was aptly named because, besides having some really tough shots, you were only allowed to bring one arrow and once that arrow was lost, or broken, you were out. I decided not to tempt fate and ruin my perfect score of 300 (I still owe Tim \$50) so I went to eat lunch instead. Several guys did shoot the course, though, and made it through with no more emotional damage than a little sniffing.

Finally, after many hot hours of anticipation, it was time to chow down on some spicy crustaceans! It was going to be hard

continued on back page

# New Home for Festival?

by Darren Haverstick

This past July, Brian Peterson and I once again got to check out a possible new venue for our apparently coveted Festival. The Country Club Hotel and Spa at Lake of the Ozarks had invited us, and our wives, up for a weekend of food and entertainment. It was their "Business Accounts" weekend where they wine and dine current and potential clients. All we had to do was show up and take the grand tour.

Now before I go any further, let me assure you that our Festival's current home, The Truman Hotel in Jefferson City, is not kicking the UBM to the curb. Our 2013 gathering is planned around that location and Brian or I should be receiving a contract from them very soon. They thoroughly enjoy us using their facility and go out of their way to make us feel welcome. However.....there is concern among some of our members that our Festival's location may have something to do with its attendance slowly going down. There has been grumbling that the Truman is in dire need of some renovation and that it, and Jefferson City, has nothing to offer children and families. Basically, if you don't like bowhunting then you better bring a book because that's the only game in town on that 1st weekend in February. The thinking is that maybe a new, more family-friendly location is just what the Festival needs to increase attendance. With these thoughts in mind, Brian and I felt it would be prudent to accept our invitations and see what this new place had to offer.

Another thing that I should probably get out of the way before I go any further is that I am not trying to give anyone the hard sell on moving our Festival. That sort of decision needs input from the general membership and will be voted on by the Board of Directors. But it is going to be very difficult for me to stay objective in this narrative because I was REALLY impressed with what the Country Club had to offer.

The resort is located off of Horse-shoe Bend Parkway, near Lodge of the Four Seasons, and when you pull through the security gate it's like coming into a little village. The hotel is near the back of the compound and the other buildings are condominiums. There is a nice swimming pool by the parking lot where I pulled in. It won't be of much use in February but there is an even nicer Olympic size pool inside the hotel that will be.

After Leah and I got checked in, I hooked up with Brian to get the business part of the weekend out of the way. When we met in the lobby, the first thing we said was "Can you believe the size of those rooms?" Each room at the hotel is considered a suite and is half again as big as most hotel rooms that I'm used to staying in. Besides the king size bed, the room contains a full size couch and two or three nice armchairs. A fridge, bar

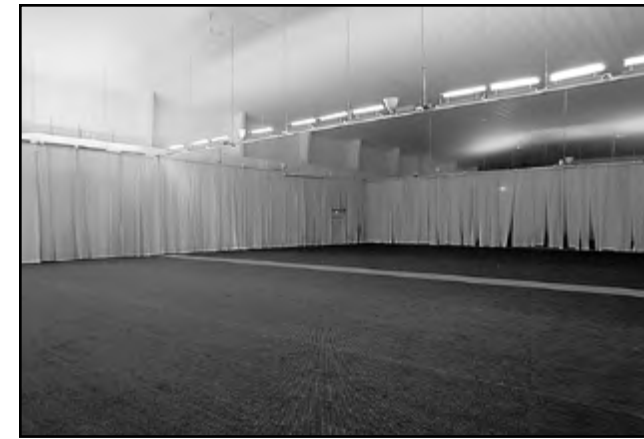


and sink round out the extras and it was nice to be able to drop my bags in the middle of the floor and not have to immediately kick them out of the way just to get to the bed.

Our hotel handler for the day was a nice young lady named Shannon Painter who had previously looked over our old contracts with the Truman and assured us that she could meet, or beat, their services and prices. We were rather surprised about the cost statement because we both figured the rooms, at least, would be more expensive. I guess the off-season is the right time to have our Festival after all! Shannon took us through the entire facility and showed us the rooms where the various parts of our Festival could be held. I noticed right away that kids would enjoy the two pool tables, and ping pong table; not to mention the indoor swimming pool I talked about earlier. However, the two areas that really stood out in my mind were the vendor's area and the seminar room

If I were to describe the vendor's area in one word, that word would be "huge". Jim Pyles, of JP Enterprises, could set up all 25 of his tables and still not make a dent in the place! Another thing that came to my mind as I looked around was that we would finally have room enough for a proper shooting range. I asked Shannon about that possibility and she said she didn't think there would be any problem. And in the event that we didn't need all the space, it can be partitioned off, so it won't appear to be empty. Our vendors would especially like the huge sliding door in one corner that they could drive through to load and unload their wares. We were told that this part of the hotel used to be a bunch of indoor tennis courts but the area was converted to banquet and event rooms. That would explain the almost tomb-like silence inside the place when you closed the doors leading to the

lobby. All the walls were soundproofed to keep the guests from hearing bouncing tennis balls.



that looked like it came from the set of Star Wars. The tech-dog in me had his tail waggin' as I ogled all the toys in there to play with!

After the tour, Brian and I again emphasized our concern about the cost of using such an upscale venue and Shannon assured us, again, that she could keep the cost within the range we wanted and still be able to feed us something besides beanie-weenies. She also talked up the lake area in general and the other things the resort had to offer like the top-notch fitness center and spa. All of us went away from the meeting feeling pretty good and I spent the rest of my time there taking advantage of the fine vittles they served us.



Now comes the participation part of this article. If you have the access, please go to the Country Club's website to see what they have to offer ([www.countryclubhotel.com](http://www.countryclubhotel.com)) or call them at 1-800-964-6698 to ask any questions you may have. And, more importantly, let your Board members know how you feel about moving the Festival to this location, or moving it at all. We are most likely talking about the 2014 Festival but we will probably vote on this issue at the December 2012 Board Meeting/Squirrel Hunt at Brian Peterson's place. So don't delay; if you have an opinion on this subject, please let us know as soon as possible.

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# Breaking All The Rules

by Garry Matthews

As I sat in the tree stand awaiting daylight, I couldn't help but feel somewhat uneasy. I thought of all the hunting rules that I had developed over 30 some years of chasing whitetails that I was breaking. The season had started on a good note, following all the rules. On opening morning I had taken a doe from Department of Conservation property at 8:37 am. However, by mid-October my son and I had been over-run with bowhunters and squirrel hunters. A friend at church offered us the free run of his 350 acre family farm. The only thing on the farm was a cabin, and three horses that hadn't been ridden in years.

First rule broken. Hunting new property without having winter, spring, and summer scouting under my belt. October 19th found me taking a morning to scout the property. Initially, it didn't look very promising as I scouted north of the cabin. Then when I began scouting the timber south of the cabin, I began to find a scattered scrape here and there, then more scrapes, then a line of scrapes along a logging trail. Some scrapes were quite large for our area.

In the two weeks since that initial scouting, my son and I had seen numerous does, and a couple of shooter bucks, as well as numerous small bucks. The rut was really beginning to fire up, and sightings were increasing. However, the weather was not cooperating, high winds were plaguing our hunting.

Daylight slowly crept across the sky. As the shadows began melting away, I looked to the southwest where I saw my 33 year old son, Chad, sitting in his treestand. He was sitting at the junction of "buck ridge" lined with 15 or more rubs on trees 3"-6" in diameter, and a deer trail parallel to the logging road I was sitting along. Another hard and fast rule broken, two hunters sitting within 50-60 yards of each other. Sitting there I looked down at the Black Widow longbow that lay in my lap. "Ole Faithful" and I had been hunting together for well over 15 years, and if ever a bow was a perfect fit, it was "Ole Faithful".

It was a beautiful morning! The thermometer had read 23 degrees in the truck on the way out this morning, and the wind had finally died down. This was Saturday morning, and I had hung the stand in this tree Thursday afternoon in high winds, too high in fact to hunt it. I had sat in this tree all day yesterday, except for 2 1/2 hours mid-day. I had seen does and a small buck yesterday morning, but they had spooked at my Montana Decoy in the wind. We had even moved Chad's stand mid-day to his present location, doing way more trimming than I was comfortable with. That was breaking several rules, and it seemed like I was throwing all my experience out the door—but I had a "feeling" I couldn't get over. Yesterday evening after slipping back in, and leaving the decoys at home, I had a large 8 pt. buck slip behind me 60 yards out. The wind had died down for a moment and I had heard a deer walking.

As he passed, I grunted, bleated, and tickled the antlers, but he didn't even slow down. Typical buck on a mission. Now I

was drawn back to the present by the sound of a running deer in the direction of my son.

Standing, I looked in that direction. I couldn't believe my eyes as a small doe ran by my son and came by me 25 yards out. She was totally black, except for the inside of the legs, and underneath the tail! A melanistic color phase! Chad later confirmed it, as she had passed within 10 yards of him. I had never seen one other than in photos. Man, I wished one of us had been able to shoot her!

What I didn't see and know was that she was being pursued by a coyote. Chad had, got him to stop momentarily, but he was gone before he could shoot. It was time for a practice shot, so I replaced the Snuffer broadhead with a judo point and concentrated on a small, dead branch lying on the ground across the logging trail, and beside the doe tarsal gland hanging from a branch. The judo hit the hard branch, and the arrow bounced back into the middle of the logging trail. Well at least that was one rule that I wasn't going to break this morning. I always shoot three practice arrows throughout the morning to keep the mental and physical side of hunting in tune.

Squirrels were running everywhere this morning. Enjoying the quiet calm after the incessant wind. I was constantly turning my head, trying to keep up with the constant scampering of squirrels. As I turned my head to the left, the sun blinded me. I looked at my watch and saw that it was 8:30. I reminded myself that this was about the time we saw deer movement in this area, and that the sun would be in my eyes when I looked this direction until about 9:15 when it moved behind a couple of trees.

A few minutes later I heard a squirrel rummaging in the leaves to my left. I turned my head to the left for the x-millionth time and was greeted by bright sunlight again. When I adjusted for the sunlight, I nearly fell out of my stand. There less than 25 yards stood a large buck, nosing the leaves. As his head was down, I slowly rose to my feet, using my thigh to fold the seat on my Lone Wolf tree stand. "Ole Faithful" had already started tracking him as I was getting to my feet. The buck turned and began heading toward Chad, who I noticed was already standing watching the buck. Slowly he meandered, as bucks often do, in Chad's direction. Then inexplicably, he began angling toward me. Time stood still as both of us concentrated on the buck. I felt sure it was the same buck that had passed behind me last night. I was glad that we had broken all the rules and moved Chad's stand, and left mine for the third day in a row. Surely one of us would get an opportunity! Nuzzling the leaves Mr. Big again turned and began moseying in the direction of Chad. It now looked like he would pass slightly behind Chad's tree, giving him a great 10-15 yard opportunity. I couldn't help but notice the swollen neck and large 8 pt. rack, but especially the light colored muzzle indicative of an older buck. Then as he stepped across the logging road he turned for

the fourth time toward me. This time I knew that he was committed. I don't know if he picked up the scent from the tarsal gland I had drug down the trail, or if he caught some other latent scent that attracted him.

Now his course was set, and he began walking down the logging trail toward me. Just before he reached my red fletched practice arrow laying in the middle of the logging trail, and the tarsal gland hanging from the tree branch—he stepped into the clear. He was approaching me broadside, but just a shade left of being directly in front of me. "Ole Faithful" thumped, and the red fletching appeared against his side with a satisfying "kerchunk". The shot looked perfect up and down, but a little farther back in the ribs than I was comfortable with. He tore out of there, and on the first jump I heard the birch arrow snap.

He jumped off the logging trail and ran about 80 yards parallel to the logging trail. When he got to the next ridge he stopped and stood—and stood, and stood, and stood. I looked at my watch—8:42 am. He took a couple steps and then stopped—and stood—and stood—and stood. Every once in awhile he twitched his tail—but just kept standing there. His hind quarters didn't appear to be weakening. He finally began to take a few steps, then stop, twitch his tail and then repeat the process. I looked down at my watch again. Now it showed 8:50 am. Almost 10 minutes, and he hasn't gone down. A sickening feeling hit my gut. Now I was sure the shot was too far back! The dreaded gut shot! I looked up from my watch and he was gone. I frantically scanned the area I had last seen him, but even with the binoculars he was gone! I was really on the downside of the rollercoaster ride of emotions following a shot.

Just when it couldn't get worse, I heard a deep snort from that location, and the sound of a deer running full tilt away. Black, black, black, black was my thoughts and emotions. I was beginning to wish I had never made the shot.

"Serves me right, for breaking all the rules" I said to myself as I sagged back into my tree stand seat. I knew a spooked, gut-shot buck was the worse scenario there could be for a successful recovery.

As I sat there I looked out at the logging trail where he had stood. I saw my practice arrow lying there in the middle of the trail. I stared at it, as I ran the options through my mind. The best thing would be to sit here a couple hours, then sneak out silently, and come back in the morning and track it before church. Yes, tomorrow was Sunday and I had a Sunday School class to teach, and church afterwards. Man it just couldn't seem to get any better no matter what. Black, black, black! I moved my head slightly, and there was my practice arrow further to the left. "Hey, wait, that arrow I've been staring at is the back 2/3rds of the arrow that hit the buck". I trained my binoculars on it and could see blood on about 4" up from the break, but not up around the fletching.

About that time I saw Chad starting to lower his bow to the ground. I whistled and motioned for him to stay in the tree. About 20 minutes later I saw him, lower his gear to the

ground, so I began the process of taking down my stand. At least I wouldn't break any more rules and leave my stand in this location any longer. After preparing my gear for the walk out, I went to the trail and looked at the broken arrow. I saw red blood, it looked like broken air bubbles, no stomach contents, or smell to the arrow. Could it be?—

No, I had seen him stand for almost 10 minutes—it just didn't make sense. I walked over to Chad's location and told him I thought it was shot too far back and we needed to sneak out and come back in the morning. He insisted on first going to look at the arrow. He looked, sniffed, and said he thought we needed to follow-up. I reminded him that I had watched him for several minutes without going down. Then as any good son does—HE REMINDED ME—that he had shot a buck the year before with his Hawken muzzleloader in the chest, only to watch it walk away apparently unharmed. It stood about 70 yards away, and only dropped over dead, after he decided he needed to reload and go after him, several minutes after the shot. Begrudgingly, I agreed to slipping up the logging trail to within about 50 yards of where I last saw him. When we got to that spot Chad stepped up on the slight bank above the logging trail and trained his binoculars on the spot I had last seen the buck. A couple moments later came—"Dad he's laying right where you last saw him, and he is bigger than you thought—he's a 9 pt. and he is HUGE!" In a split second I went from the blackest black—to incredible relief and thankfulness. As we approached the fallen monarch, we realized he was the buck I had seen the evening before, but he wasn't the biggest buck we had seen earlier in the week. The shot had been better than I thought, cutting a rib, penetrating lungs, and liver. After my prayer of praise and gratitude to the Creator God who made all this possible, I thought of all the rules I had broken—and came to the realization that SOME RULES ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN and some rules have just become habits they may need to be tested and perhaps altered—SOMETIMES!



"Ole Faithful" and the 9pt.

# Robin Hood Hats

by Ron Mackenberg

Always on the lookout for our children's activities. The original Robin Hood hat dispenser is Roy L. "Mudd" Williams. He is a UBM member and frequents "TradGang" on the INTERNET.

I contacted Mudd this past spring to see about help with the hats at the UBM rendezvous. Roy immediately sent me a paper pattern to use.

Regina and I procured the fabric and made a hard pattern so she could cut the design ahead of time.

Brian Peterson picked up rooster feathers for the hats. Darren Haverstick brought his leather tool box and some lacing.

The project was well received and soon the young folks were hard at work. We will let the pictures tell the rest of the story.



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# From the Laptop

Second verse, same as the first? I don't think so, but I think you all made a dandy choice in electing Darren Haverstick as your new President! "D" as I affectionately call him (better known as "Stick" to some and "Mr. President" to most) shares so much of the same passion for bowhunting and bowhunting related issues, it's scary. Almost twin-sons-of-different-mothers scary. That said, I'm happy to tuck in behind to become his left-hand man, as it were and continue to help him and UBM and Missouri bowhunting issues wherever possible.

That said, we've had a terrifically busy summer since we've last talked. To those of you who attended the new and improved rendezvous in Marshall, I think we've got a winner here! The folks at the Marshall Bowhunters really put out the red carpet for us and the atmosphere was great. Couldn't have ordered better weather either, especially considering the heat and draught that has followed. If you didn't attend, mark the third full weekend in June on your calendars for 2013 and plan on it—I promise you a good time.

July found us in the heat as could be expected, and we had a good UBM turnout helping at the 50th anniversary Royal Rangers Camporama. An estimated 5,500 kids were in attendance, and it seemed like we saw most of them at the archery range.

UBM also attended the North American Bowhunting Coalition meetings in Chatfield, MN. Volunteers made a huge impact at the Deaf Camp in Osceola as well as the Shriner's Hand Camp, and we even represented at the dedication ceremonies for the Archery Hall of Fame in Springfield. Busy, busy, busy!

Now, as everyone's attention turns to the fall woods, be it in an exotic location or simply your own back yard, be sure to keep UBM in the back of your mind. If you have time to help out with upcoming events, by all means drop us a line—we'd love to have you on board. If not, we'd love to see you anyway. The annual Squirrel Hunt is coming up and the Festival is only a short 4 months away.... Regardless, keep UBM close to your heart as you hit the woods. Keep 'em sharp and good luck!

Brian Peterson

# Editor's Notes

by Joe Pendergrass

Thanks to everyone that contributed to this issue of *The United Bowhunter*. And also a big THANK YOU to all of those that were out there this year volunteering at the events, promoting our sport and being a positive roll model to our youth and an upstanding representative for hunting.

*The United Bowhunter* publication is your publication. Always feel free to submit a article or a couple pictures from a hunt. If your district is doing something great for the sport of archery or bowhunting, let us know, share it with the group.

Get out there in the woods, and don't forget your camera.

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# Henrietta vs. Sgt. Rock Turkey

by Garry Matthews

After several seasons of poor turkey hatches, the 2012 season was proving to be a welcome come back in NE Missouri. This was Tuesday of the 2nd week, and I had already had two, count it, two, shots at gobblers. The first Wednesday morning I had nine different gobblers from thirty to eighteen yards away. I successfully cut feathers off the back of one of a group of three big toms at eighteen yards (that is, if you want to count that as success). I have found that deep fat fried feathers do not match the taste of deep fat fried gobbler, although the calories are less. Then to top it off, yesterday I flat out shot over a big gobbler I have named "Paint Brush" (because he has the widest, thickest beard I have seen in over 30 years of chasing turkeys with a bow). I had successfully (there's that word again) called him in across a gravel road, through the pasture, through a narrow tractor trail, to within sixteen yards, in full strut.

When he saw Henrietta (my 1980's model hard body alert hen—modified to curtsy by use of a spring and fishing line), he came in like a fish on a line (pun intended)! At sixteen yards, I decided that was close enough, as I don't miss at that distance! I drew my 19 year old Black Widow longbow ("Ole Faithful"), and sent the Snuffer tipped birch arrow millimeters over his strutting form.

He spent the next hour gobbling his indignities at me from the safety of the woods, often within bow range, but always out of my line of sight!

Last evening just before dark, I decided a little practice might not be a waste of time. "Ole Faithful" was kind of balking at my shooting proficiency. He is not very patient with me when the arrows he sends toward live game doesn't make that satisfying "whump" sound of broadhead meeting flesh. After "whumping" the foam turkey awhile, he agreed to participate in today's hunt.

I decided last night that I would hunt across the gravel road where two weeks before season I had an eleven yard encounter with "Paint Brush". For some reason he had accepted the lump sitting in front of the fallen tree top as nothing to fear. Now I wonder if he knew something I didn't. Now on the drive to the Happy Hunting Grounds, a strong feeling told me to change my ambush location. Over the three decades plus of chasing fur, feathers, and fins with bow and arrows I have learned to listen to this inner voice. It must come from some deep, long subdued, inner connection to the natural world that the Creator put in each of us. The only problem was, it was not a logical place to set-up, I had never seen turkeys there, or even found evidence of their passing through this particular location—AND, it was less than 40 yards from the gravel road! The one thing it had going for it—it was easy to get to, and I would be set-up long before daylight!

The location was the junction of my walk-in trail, and two parallel logging trails. Sounds almost logical, if it wasn't so close to the road, and so far from where I had experienced all my



Henrietta, (the decoy) "Sgt. Rock Turkey", "Ole Faithful" (longbow) and Cabela's blind.

previous encounters with gobblers. Well before daylight, my Cabela's pop-up blind was set-up directly on one of the logging trails, with the other logging trail in front of me, and the walk-in trail to my right. Henrietta was sitting at junction central—only seven yards away. The fishing line ran from her chest under the wall of the blind and across my lap.

As daylight approached the gobblers started sounding off. Why is it the first to gobble is always in the next county? As the owls started and then the crows, other gobblers began to announce their presence. I had at least four different birds in that many directions. Two were across the gravel road, one behind me to the left, one behind me to my right. Remembering my promise to "Ole Faithful", I pulled down the netting on one of my front windows and sent a Judo tipped arrow toward a pinky-sized sapling 25 yards away. No, I didn't hit it, but you couldn't put two fingers between it and my arrow passing by. "Ole Faithful" accepted that as "passable".

As I re-attached the netting, I let out a stream of yelps from my mouth call. Man, did that shake things up! The two gobblers across the road got into a screaming match. I felt sure that something was going to happen! Within a few minutes after fly-down, I could tell that the bird behind me on my right was close to the road. The bird behind me on my left was trying to catch-up. My calls were not slowing them down at all. They didn't seem to be stopping even to gobble, but gobbling on the run. Yes, I know, it just doesn't happen like that!

But it is the gospel truth, they were definitely coming—from behind—from two different directions. This might not be a good thing. I experienced too many birds, too many eyes last week! The next gobble I heard was just behind and to the right of my blind! I stood up, turned around, and pulled down a window flap just enough to peek out. Yep, there stood a gobbler in full strut 15 yards away.

Now what do I do? I began to put the windows up on the front of my blind so that I could lower the rear windows without being silhouetted. I could hear him strutting. No, don't take the chance of putting up and lowering window flaps. That is too much motion, and there is a chance of making noise and spooking him. He can't see Henrietta, she is too close to the front of the blind. Regardless, it is time for her to get in the act. I pull the string, and she begins to curtsy. She continues with her routine. I can hear him crossing behind me from right to left.

The temptation to peek is tremendous, but years of experience keeps the lid down tight. There is a downed tree across the logging trail about 5 yards behind my blind. I can hear him walking right behind it. Tension is so thick you could cut it! I try to limit the predatory thoughts, trying to keep Mr. Tom from picking up any negative vibes. Now he is walking on my left side—I can hear his wing tips dragging the ground, and the "drumming" sounds more like thunder. He is just outside the left side of my blind—can't be more than 5 yards. All my windows on that side are up, so I follow his progress with my ears rather than eyes. "Ole Faithful" has assumed his position. Within seconds he should be rounding the front left corner of my blind. One more curtsy from Henrietta—a double gobble from my left about 30 yards out. Oh no, the second gobbler is about to catch up!

The first gobbler is right at the front corner of the blind—he has to step into sight in mili-seconds. Just then I see a head, then a nice beard as he steps out onto the logging trail. I immediately realize two things: 1st, it isn't "Paint Brush", (but I'm not picky), AND 2nd he is all of 3 yards away. I double check to make sure the Snuffer will clear the fabric of the blind at that distance. Yep, even I don't miss at 3 yards! The Snuffer entered at the right wing butt and exited behind the left wing, knocking the big gobbler head over heels. He ended up on the ground looking up at Henrietta who was now standing over him. No, she didn't move—he flopped down to her. There was a thunderous gobble just outside the blind, and I thought the second gobbler was going to come claim his prize. Instead he moved off, thinking retreat might be the smarter move. For the next 5 minutes I sat and watched as "my" gobbler held his head up, giving Henrietta the "evil eye". I could hear him gurgling, and slowly his head sank to the ground. Not a single kick or flop since he landed at Henrietta's feet.

Now to go claim "my" gobbler. Little did I know, as I began unzipping the door of the blind, "my" gobbler raised his head AND fixed that "evil eye" on me! I won't have that! I picked up another arrow and "Ole Faithful" sent it on its way. Mr. Tom was lying at a 45 degree angle with his feet and tail toward me.

The arrow entered behind the right wing, going lengthwise through his body, protruding through his chest. At the "whump" of the arrow, he jumped up and took off like a black streak running into the woods. What in the world? How could a gobbler take two 145 grain Snuffers criss cross through the vitals and run off? I had just tangled with "Sgt. Rock" of the turkey world! For those of you too young to know, "Sgt. Rock" was a comic book hero, a GI who battled Rommel's Afrika

Corps during World War II.

I grabbed a couple of arrows and jammed them into my bow quiver. By the time I exited, and got to the front of the blind, "Sgt. Rock" was gone! I knew he couldn't fly, so I quietly walked in the direction he went, listening for him. Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Within 30 yards I came to a woven wire fence.

Not wanting to climb over, I walked along it 20 yards to where a tree had fallen across the fence. There the fence was completely on the ground. As I crossed the downed wire I noticed blood drops on the ground. Aha! He crossed here also. Now everyone knows you can't blood trail turkeys! Their feathers have a nasty habit of squelching blood flow. However, "Sgt. Rock" left just enough of a blood trail. I lost it a couple of times, but within several minutes picked it up again. He was paralleling the walk-in trail. Just as I determined that he had turned in the direction of the trail I heard flopping down by the road. Then all was quiet! I crossed through a dense patch of cedars and came to the woven wire fence that separates the woods from the road. Once again not wanting this short-legged 60 year old to climb over the fence, I headed north along the fence. About 50 yards away was the log landing where the fence was removed. I could cross to the road, and walk back along the road, trying to pick up his trail. As I started toward the landing, I had to walk around another cedar—and there not 5 yards away lay "Sgt. Rock" against the woven wire fence! Once again he raised that head and fixed me with that "evil eye".



Close-up of "Sgt. Rock Turkey", birch arrow with Snuffer, and "Ole Faithful" (19 yr. old Black Widow longbow).

No sir! Not again! The 3rd Snuffer delivered by "Ole Faithful" finished the job.

"Sgt. Rock Turkey" had managed to travel approximately 70 yards in a semi-circle, dead on his feet. One tough turkey! As I brought him back to the blind, I noticed that Henrietta had a twinkle in her eye. Yep, I sure hope this makes up for yesterday girl!

# Member's Memories



Brenda Hudson started this hunting season off right by decreasing the coyote population in her area.



Darren Haverstick is having his best year ever. Beside being elected as the new president of the UBM, he killed a bear in Canada and now two Missouri turkeys in the first week of archery season.



Dennis Voss also helped thin the coyote population in his area during the early portion of bow season.



Larry Hudson took this mature eight pointer, filling his first buck tag of 2012.

If you harvest an animal in 2012, be proud and send us a picture and a few details about the hunt. For those that get your animals mounted, make sure you bring them to the 2013 UBM Festival and Banquet in February so everyone can see your accomplishment and hear the story first hand.

## 2012 BOW SKIRMISH

The bow skirmish held at the 2012 UBM Rendezvous June 23 at 3 pm. Was one to rival any for fun shooting. Held at our new location in Marshall Mo. and hosted by a very friendly Marshall Bowhunters.

We had 9 teams a total of 27 shooters participated. The winners were Larry Hudson, Brenda Hudson and Todd Goodman. These guys managed to stay in the winners bracket all the way but not without some close calls several times they were within one shot of falling to the losers bracket.



The UBM Rendezvous Skirmish is always a big draw.



Congratulations to Todd Goodman, Brenda and Larry Hudson for winning this year's Skirmish.

# UBM Festival & Banquet

**Festival Dates: February 1, 2, 3, 2013**  
**at Truman Hotel, Jefferson City, Missouri.**

# Royal Rangers Camporama Report

by Brian Peterson

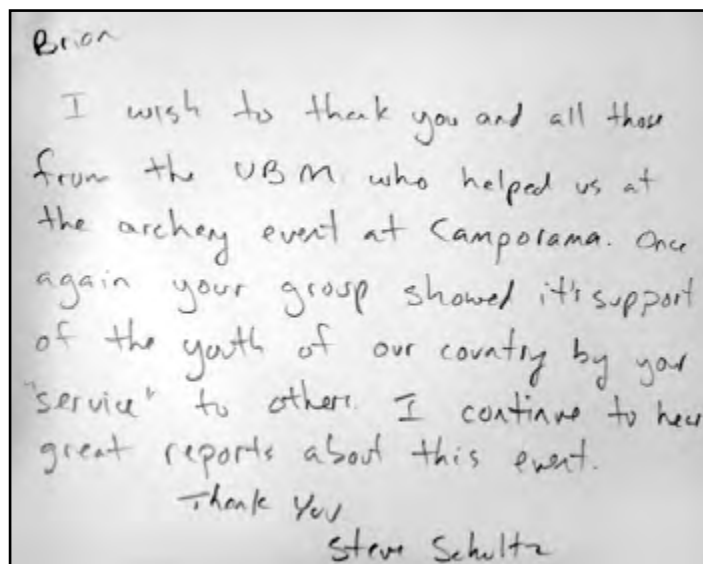
This year was the 50th anniversary of the Assembly of God's Royal Rangers Camporama, held in Eagle Rock near Cassville, MO. UBM has helped out with the archery range the past two Camporamas (normally held every four years) and with this year's milestone anniversary, an exceptional turnout was anticipated. Estimated numbers in attendance were in excess of 5,500 campers and commanders (leaders), and needless to say, the range was always busy. Centershot Ministries and Matthews Archery head-manned the event and Matthews and Sky Archery supplied the equipment. New this year was a traditional range and it was refreshing to see so many kids flocking to this end. Heck, it was just refreshing to see so many kids flocking to archery period! And as a side note, I've not seen a more polite, courteous, and attentive group of young men and boys or heard so many "Yes Sir", "Please" and "Thank You"'s in such a short period. Really gives you hope for the youth of today.

The first day was devoted to a tournament-style shoot. Top scores in each age bracket were awarded medals and top scores in each division won new Genesis bows or a sky recurve depending on division. The next 3 days saw a never-ending queue of kids waiting for their opportunity to shoot 4 arrows. The kids were welcome to return to the line as often as they cared until the range closed and there were more than a few kids whose return trips numbered in the 20's and 30's.

And of course, there were the ubiquitous trading pins! UBM came armed with about 500 hat pins (the same ones that you got at the banquet last year) to trade with the kids. The overall goal was to trade enough to fill a couple of hats to give to the Assemblies of God offices in appreciation for letting us participate in the event. Between the UBM volunteers and one creative commander who helped man the queue and had the kids undivided attention we filled 4 hats!

One personally touching story from the event: a commander had his young son with him—couldn't have been more than 4 or 5 years old—a very shy and reserved child. I invited him to shoot with me and even with the lightest weight Genesis bow on hand and help steadying the bow, he still couldn't launch an arrow far enough to reach the target. On his last arrow, I helped him hold the bow, drew the string for him, aimed and on my count had him release his hold. Lo and behold, the arrow stuck in the target! The budding archer looked wide-eyed at his dad, then at me, incredulous at his success. The father took me aside and thanked me saying neither his son nor he would ever forget that moment. I guaranteed him that neither would I.

This is why we do this stuff!



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for this food to match the build-up it had been given but it did so and then some. I ate myself through two bigger dress sizes and still left enough crayfish for Mike Wirt and Lenny to get their fill. But I wasn't finished just yet. There were several appealing items on the dessert table and I didn't want to turn my back on southern hospitality by not sampling at least one of them. So I continued to gorge myself into a stupor at which time I was dragged back to camp and thrown into a chair.

That evening I was miserable but it was a miserable accompanied by a sense of accomplishment. I had come to Mississippi to eat all the crawdads I could eat and I had done it! I had also gotten to do it after shooting bows and being around good friends. Some folks would say that was a mighty long drive just to eat but it was well worth it to me!

