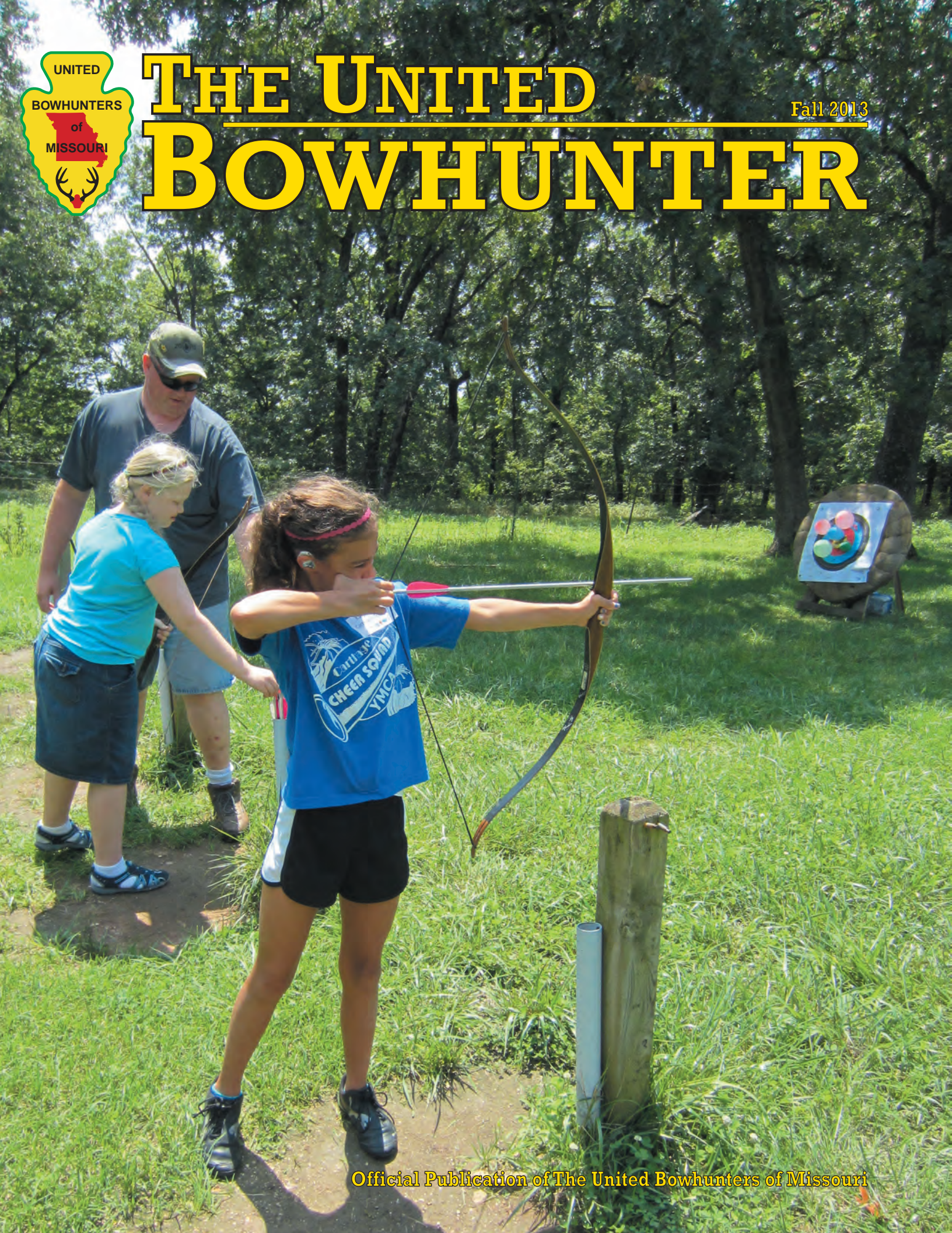




THE UNITED BOWHUNTER

Fall 2013



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri

President's Report

by Darren Haverstick



Hello, boys and girls! By the time you are actually reading these words, many of you will already be celebrating the addition of fresh meat to your freezer. That meat may have come

from the supermarket, or killed with something other than a bow, but it is still fresh meat nevertheless. I remember one the best meals I ever had was brought about by the unyielding undercarriage of a 2005 Pontiac Bonneville. Why those armadillos don't stay hunkered down when you pass over them is a mystery to me. But its loss was my gain and I still use the shell to put my car keys and mail in.

I keep hearing everybody saying that the summer has passed by so fast but that is perfectly fine by me. If we could get rid of those months altogether, it wouldn't hurt my feelings any. Wouldn't it be great to finish up spring turkey season, rest for a couple of weeks and then go right on into bow season? I guess as your president, I need to start looking into who I need to contact to make that happen. I'll keep you posted.

But, even with summer still taking place, the UBM was busy, busy, busy! We had a fish shoot over near Jackson, MO in June. We had the Rendezvous. We had a membership drive over at the Panther Creek Bow Range in Fordland, MO in July and then in August there was Deaf Camp and Greenwing Day. The last thing we were part of just before archery season opened was the Shriner's Hand Camp over in Potosi, MO. I want to personally thank everyone who helped out at these events and/or donated their time, money and materiel. Some names that stand out are Tom Dickerson, Justin Glastetter and Mike Calahan (Fish Shoot); John Banderman for making a bunch of bowstrings for the UBM bows; Max Medsker for repairing a bunch of UBM arrows; Mike Wirt for riding herd on the Hand Camp thing and Brian Peterson for just being Brian Peterson. It's folks like you that make me proud to be a part of this organization and want to keep fighting the good fight when it comes to archery and bowhunting.

One of the things that I have been trying to do over the past few months is to keep members more up to date on

items that concern the club. There are a lot of topics out there that are time-sensitive and you need to hear about them quicker than every three months in this newsletter. The way I have been doing this is by sending out email to every member that I have an address for about various topics that concern us. This also gives you a chance to voice your opinion on these subjects in a timelier manner. The emails sent out most recently have had to do with Chronic Wasting Disease in Missouri and the political things being done, or not being done, to curb its spread. If you have not been getting these emails, and would like to, please send me your email address. If you have been receiving these emails, and don't like it, please just delete them. I may send you one yet that holds your interest.

While I know it may seem like a long way off to most of you, but plans are already well underway for the 2014 Festival. Don't forget, it will be at the Country Club Hotel & Spa in Lake Ozark this time. I have arranged for the well-known bowhunting author, and Traditional Bowhunter co-editor, Don Thomas, to be our banquet speaker. He and his lovely wife, Lori, will also be giving us a seminar on outdoor photography during the day. We always need lots of quality items for the auctions so please consider donating something this year. I often hear people complain about these auctions that there wasn't much worth bidding on. Well, these items don't just magically appear. They come from regular folks like you and me who decided to give a little something back to the UBM. So the next time you are whipping up a quiver or a dozen arrows or a knife; make two instead and donate one of them. Also, if you know of a guide or an outfitter who might be interested in getting a bunch of business, talk him into donating a hunt. Odds are they won't be disappointed. Just ask Doug Park of Wolf River Bear Baits. I think he's retiring off of what he made from UBM members.

Well, I guess I'll call this newsletter's entry finished. I'll let you have your eyes back now so you can do more important things with them like notice the twitch of a deer's ear hidden in plain sight (sorry, Jay, for stealing that!) or see that hairline crack in the limb of your favorite bow. If you're climbing a tree this fall, remember to wear your safety harness and if you're

hunting on the ground remember to bathe regularly. I am available, day or night, for comments, complaints, or hunting invitations. Please feel free to contact me. Until we meet again...<<<<

Darren

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The Lovesick Buck

by Steve North

One afternoon I went to an area that I hunted off and on and saw the farmer working in a field picking beans. I saw his wife at their truck and I stopped to give my respects. As we talked the subject went to whitetails. She said she and her husband had seen a few does and a very big buck come out into the field the last couple of evenings. The area she pointed to was a corner of the bean field being picked by her husband where a point of timber came up to the field. There was a fence line that bordered the bean field and went up to the point of timber where she said the deer came out. The other end of the fence line connected to a larger tract of timber that I had always seen does frequent. On the other side of the fence line was a picked corn field. The corn field and the timber were on property I couldn't get permission to hunt.

I decided to get in a gun stand that evening and watch with binoculars to see if anything happened. This land was hunted a lot, but to my knowledge only one other person bowhunted at this time. He usually quit after three weeks or so into the season.

I could see the entire fence line and the point of timber from my location about 400 yards away. About an hour before sunset a doe and two yearlings come out of the point of timber and messed around about five minutes. The doe kept looking back into the timber. About 10 minutes later a nice high racked buck came into the field and trotted up to the doe. She bolted away about 20 yards and stopped. He stood there a while then went over to her again. She ran away again behind a small hill and out of my sight. The buck trotted over to one of the yearlings and it ran away fast with the other yearling right on its heels.

The buck stood there looking confused. He just wandered around a while and eventually went out of sight. It was about two and one half weeks before the does would really come into heat. I've never been much on doe-in-heat lure but I thought that if he wanted her that bad, maybe he would follow a doe he hadn't really seen yet but smelled ever so good. I had bought some new scent from a well known trophy whitetail hunter and decided to try it out the following evening if the wind was right.

I had one big problem. The closest tree I could legally hunt was about 80 yards away from the point of timber he came out of. The fence line only had small trees and very little underbrush; so I couldn't set up there. I decided to try and lure him from one end of the fence row to the other end; a real long shot. As long as I didn't get a west wind I could set up on him. The wind had been out of the southwest the past couple days with lots of sun and a temperature around 45 degrees at sunset. The next afternoon we had a slight but steady south wind. The buck could come out of the timber if he was there using a breeze to his nose. I wondered if he would smell me and spook and thus not come out. The farmer and his wife were in another field but not far away.

Around 3:30 I asked the farmer's wife if she would drive me down to the corner of the bean field where I had seen the deer the evening before. I carried a rubber bag on my lap that contained a pair of rubber boots, two bottles of buck lure, and a lot of spray scent shield. She never asked what the bag was for but I think she thought my elevator didn't go all the way to the top. I mean I'm bowhunting and all I had was this rubber bag and no bow.

I hoped if any deer were close, they would not be alarmed seeing the farmer's truck. It had been in the area the past few days and thought it would be natural for them to see it. I jumped out and thanked her for the lift. I told her I was going to look around and would walk back later. As she drove away I slipped my prewashed rubber boots on and sprayed down with scent shield. I wanted to leave

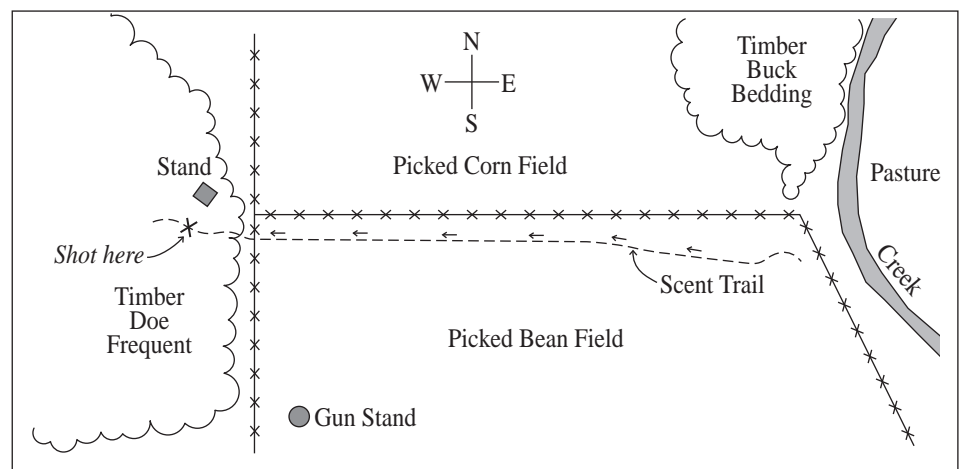
a minimum amount of human scent around while I laid down the scent lure trail for the buck. That's another reason I had the farmer's wife take me down in the truck. I could get out and leave the area quickly by not walking to the area where I would set up for the buck.

Now I made a heavy half moon scent trail about 50 yards long. in front of the point of timber and took off walking down the fence line. I put down a drop of scent every other step, as I left my half moon starting point. From the time I got out of the truck until now, two minutes had elapsed so I wasn't in the area long at all and hopefully hadn't spooked any deer.

After 15 steps I started putting a drop of scent every fourth step. I hoped by giving him a wiff of the love of his life, then spacing out the scent drops, he would think his love was leaving him and would follow her to the edge of the earth. I put the lure down the fence line and into the timber where I saw does on a regular basis. I put my stand in a nice tree with a lot of back cover early in the afternoon. My bow was there too and all I had to do was put the scent trail a little past my tree. I put a few drops of lure on the ground where I hoped he would stop and then I got into my stand.

Now in my stand, I put on my safety belt and pulled up my bow and settled in to see what the evening would hold. From my stand I could only see down the fence row about 50 to 60 yards. About an hour later, I was glassing down the fence row and could see a doe walking around the bean field, then went out of sight.

(Continued on Page 5)



A doe walked around the timber in front of me about 40 yards away. As I watched her, I glanced down the fence line and my heart jumped. A nice buck was coming toward me with his nose halfway to the ground. He was following my scent lure trail! I hoped but really wondered if I could get a trophy buck to follow a lure trail that far, if at all.

Now I had to get in shooting position without the doe seeing me and spooking. She had her tail to me now just browsing so I got my bow up and ready. The buck, now almost 30 yards away and entering the timber still following the scent trail. My heart was pounding with excitement and disbelief. As he came closer he saw the doe now and thought she was the love of his life.

I knew he was going to go to her and he did. She ran around wondering what was going on. Now the buck was out of range and following the doe everywhere. Just when my heart sank, the doe ran straight toward my tree about 10 yards away. The buck looked at her then trotted towards her. She ran again but he was only 12 yards away and completely broadside. I drew and don't remember letting the arrow go but I saw it hit him perfect. He was a beautiful 10 point buck.

Conditions: Sunny, south wind, and 50 degrees.<<<

Steve North with his Lovesick Buck



From Your Graphic Designer

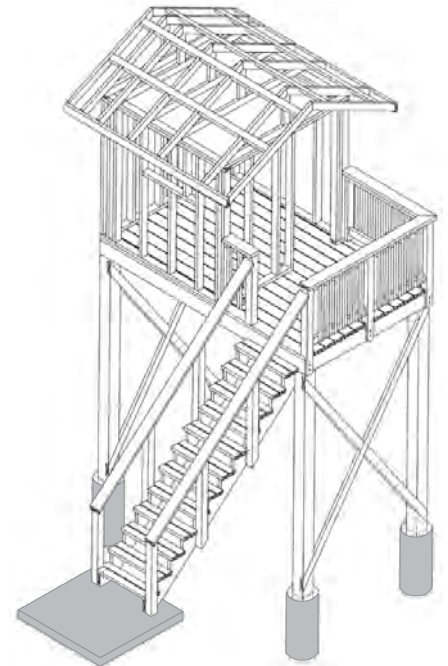
by Harold Kinder

As I stated in the Spring issue of the newsletter, *The United Bowhunter*, my wife of 47 years passed away unexpectedly on November 3, 2012, some eleven months ago. I joined a singles golfing group called "Fore!Singles" which is 60% women, 39% men and 1% other. We have a golf league every Friday afternoon at the Sunset Hills golf course in St. Louis, MO. They also have a 10 week bowling league in the winter. Joining this group has been good for me and I've met many new friends and ladies. It has helped me through the grieving period after losing my wife.

I also joined a dance club called "The West County Swing Dance Club". They have a dance every Tuesday night at the Moolah Shrine near I-270 and Page Avenue in St. Louis. My wife and I never danced much, and I always loved dancing in high school and college, so this has become one of my bright spots to look forward to every week. Here again, if you know how to fast and slow dance, the ladies are abundant! This has occupied much of my time, sometimes dancing three nights a week at other locations in the area.

Through the golf and dancing, I've gotten back into the dating game. Wow!, it can get expensive. \$76.00 for one meal for two! Ouch! It's worth it though and I'm having a good time. My mother-in-law is my best supporter. She told me her daughter would have wanted me to look for another mate and enjoy my life. I have been!

The last thing that has kept me busy is building the playhouse for two of my grandchildren in the St. Louis area. I designed this on my computer using AutoCAD software. I broke ground on it around June 16, some two months ago. I put a drawing of it in the summer issue of *The United Bowhunter*. During construction my daughter issued some change orders to the design. She wanted the actual playhouse to be larger, and wanted a small deck off to the side with railing and a slide. She also wanted it wired for electric service and wall to wall carpeting. It's a 20 mile drive from my home to hers and I've made many trips working on it. I've included photos of it here and about the only thing I have to do to finish is to hang the ceiling fan and wire it to the switch. I made the two undersized doors from 19 pieces of wood. No, I won't build another for any amount of money! Material cost about \$2,500.00. <<<



Isometric drawing of the original design



Lindsay and Will enjoying their new playhouse



2013 Marshall Rendezvous Photos



2013 Bow Skirmish

by Ron Mackenberg

Three-member teams were signed up and ready to get started. I, Ron Mackenberg, started off the skirmish by setting the shooting line with the help of a few members. This year it was in the 16 to 17 yard distance. The clay birds were set on golf tees on the backstops.

This was a double elimination type tournament. If you lose out the first round there is still a chance to make it through to the championship final.

There were seven teams signed up. One team was given a first round bye, due to the odd number of teams.

Team one: Henson, Churchill and Calahan
Team two: Haverstick, Peterson and McKinney
Team three: Brenda & Larry Hudson and Bill Leeming
Team four: Daniel & Mike Smith and Tanner Marvin
Team five: Don Orrell, Garrett Lowder and Ray Salzig
Team six: Kerwin, Kevin P. and Mike Mc.
Team seven: Von Schmidt, Dan N and John B

Team three drew the first round bye. This may have had a impact on the outcome. After the first round, teams two, three, four and six had won their first bout (team three with a bye). I'll refer to the teams by the first name listed as I continue.

In the winners side, Team Brenda and Team Haverstick went next. Team Brenda won a heated battle so Brenda's team stayed in the winners bracket with Team Haverstick moving to the losers bracket.

Team Daniel and Team Kerwin battled in the winners bracket with Team Kerwin staying in the winners side. This left Team Brenda and Kerwin face to face as the last two in the winners bracket. Team Brenda was successful. Team Kerwin joined the remaining six teams in the losers brackets.

First up was Don Orrell and Von Schmidt. Team Von were the victors, making Don Orrell's team the first eliminated. Team Haverstick took on Team Von and managed to come out on top. Team Von was finished. Team Henson and Daniel finished with Team Daniel moving on.

Next up Team Daniel once again against Team Haverstick with Team Daniel the winner. Team Daniel then took on Team Kerwin with Team Daniel winning the losers bracket and now the chance to take on the winners bracket Team Brenda.

Now left are Team Brenda & Larry Hudson and Bill Leeming, going against Team Daniel & Mike Smith and Tanner Marvin. With a double elimination, Team Daniel would need to win twice to become the champs. Team Daniel won the first bout leaving them in a tie.

Some good shooting finally resulted in the team of Brenda & Larry and Bill Leeming winning. This was Brenda & Larry Hudson's second win at Marshall.

While reading an account of the skirmish is pretty dull; participating is nerve racking. Trying to be fast and accurate can be frustrating. Just getting an arrow on the string can be a challenge. All this, along with the cat calls and derogatory remarks, make for a very fun event. Some very fine shooting, was displayed though. I said some; many are vowing to do much better next year.



The Winning Team



2013 Marshall Rendezvous Photos



Dan Novotny won the Long Shot contest



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The Bedded Buck

by Steve North

In late September, I was going to check out an area that always seemed to have three active trails come together in the past. A lot of white oaks along with cornfields and heavy brushy areas for bedding seemed to keep these trails active. This was an area suitable for a couple of well placed ground blinds. A bowhunter could most likely take a doe in October or possibly a nice buck during the November rut.

I wanted to take my four year old son with me in early October a couple times and possibly take a doe while he was with me. The easy approach was to walk the edge of a cornfield along a woodline. The edge of the woodline had old trees and brush bulldozed up from the now cornfield. The trees and brush along the edge had been there for years; was about eight feet high, and I couldn't see over it. The brush pile was about 100 yards long. About 40 yards on the other side was an 80 foot rock bluff, straight up. The brush and bluff connected at the north end.

We walked into the timber; the ground was full of acorns and we began checking the still very active trails. My son and I made a couple of ground blinds for different wind directions. After this we came out of the timber and were walking and talking along the same field edge we had just came in on. As we walked along the old brushpiles I heard a couple of deer run and then stop on the other side of the brushpiles. I asked my son softly, "Did you hear that?" "There's a couple of does over there." I told him to walk back to where we came out of the woods and maybe he could see them if I climbed over the top of the brushpile and give them a little push.

There was only one way in and out for them to run. The brush was eight foot high and thick along with the rock bluff on the other side; the does would have to run out on the south side. It was like a big mouth on the south side. When Robert walked the 60 yards or so, I motioned for him to stop and watch.

I climbed up the brushpile and just peeked my head over the top and I saw the deer. They were looking back at me kind of puzzled; but they weren't does. They were two beautiful bucks. The largest was close to if not 170 plus. The smaller I figured would be about a 150. They both took off but not very fast. My son saw them trot my him at about 30 yards.

After they left, I looked down the opposite side of the brushpile and saw four different beds that were practically down to bare dirt. Also 10 to 15 different rubs right there. I was shocked! I couldn't believe these bucks would be using the area this much with only one way in and out. They let us walk in without bolting, but our exit was too much of a disturbance and they had to move.

I decided right away to make myself a quick place to set up in the brush just in case I wanted to try this area later. I also created a little easier way for me to get up and over the brushpile with little disturbance and noise. I did this quickly. At the same time I decided not to hunt the groundblinds we had just built. I wanted to let this area cool off just in case.

I got another bit of luck that same day. It wasn't one hour after all this happened that it started raining for about 45 minutes. I hoped this rain would help wash away some of my scent I may have left behind.

Later in the season I decided to give the setup a try. I had a good wind which would take my scent away from the rubs and beds I had found earlier.

Down deep I knew this was a very long shot. What were the odds that even one of the bucks would keep using this area? Two mature bucks had both spooked; they wouldn't tolerate this.

I wanted to give it a try since I had put in the earlier work. I made a decision I was going to be in position at my spot by 4:30 in the morning and let things have plenty of time to calm down. If I was going to have any chance I figured it would be by 8:30 or nothing. I got to my spot and set up. I was happy I didn't hear any deer snort or run off on my approach.

As I sat and waited for daylight, I thought I could hear deer walking close in the dark but I figured it was opossums or raccoons.

It was a cool morning as pink light started to show. I was dozing some when I looked in front of me and strained my eyes to see what I thought I was looking at. Yes, both of the nice bucks were bedded less than 20 yards from me. Now I've had my heart beat on other hunts but I really felt and heard my heart pounding!

They were there! I really didn't think in my heart this was going to happen but I wanted to try.

The larger of the two was facing away; he was at least in the 170 plus class. The smaller one was perfectly broadside at 15 yards. I started wondering if I could even pull this off. How was I going to move? I decided there was no way I could shoot the big boy unless I spined him and I wasn't going to try that. If I could get the other one I would. I made a decision that when he turned his head away from me I was going to try. What seemed like forever, my stress level was going through the roof waiting for a shot. I kept thinking they would hear my heart pounding.

Finally he turned and my hand was already on the string; I raised my bow about two inches off the ground; pulled the string back and didn't remember anything except seeing my arrow hit the buck good.

He jumped up and actually bumped the larger buck. They both ran like rabbits with their tails on fire.

I sat down; got myself together and waited. Later, before looking for the buck I thought to myself; really Steve, no one is going to believe this story.

I found the buck about 150 yards away where he fell on a dead run. To my knowledge the 170 class buck was not harvested that season or I would have heard about it. <<<

Conditions:
cool, low 40's with a slight breeze

Steve North with his 150 plus class 12-pointer, "The Bedded Buck"



Canadian Bear Hunt

by Brenda Hudson

Planning a bear hunt for Quebec, Canada was exciting business, especially when the trip included our grandson on his first bear hunt. We had in previous years been on a caribou hunt in Quebec with the same couple who had contacted us to go on this bear hunt. In the year between us booking the hunt and actually getting there, however, the couple had moved on so we lost someone we could use as translators. The problem with Quebec is that most all of the residents speak only French so communication can be an issue.

Crossing the border into Canada is always like opening up Pandora's Box and wondering what is going to jump out this time. We crossed with no issues but took along more info on our grandson than was necessary according to their rules and it proved very helpful. Canada is always very vague on their regulations so they can be adjusted according to who is on duty at the time. Our grandson, Kaleb, is sixteen and didn't need a parent's signature on his passport when he applied. However, we did not trust that it would be enough so we got a notarized statement from our daughter, his mother; saying it was okay to be with us and it included a picture of her driver's license with her picture. All the info we took along from Karla was asked for and looked at. So, in other words, take everything you can think of for a border crossing if you are taking along a youth.

The place where we would be staying is on Lake Gouin. When we booked our hunt we bought the package that included food, a boat, boat motor, a five-gallon can of gas, fishing bait and a cabin to stay in. We asked what the boat was like when we booked and understood that one tank of fuel was also included. Now with all that said, when we arrived we

found out the boat was for only one day and the bait was only a suggestion. It could be purchased, though, for \$7 which got you a small tub of worms or leaches. If we wanted the boat for more than the one day it would be an additional \$25 a day. Another little surprise was the fact that we had to pay a fee to fish the lake. The fee was \$7 a person every day and was to go to a local Indian tribe. The cabin was a nice 2-bedroom affair with a view of the lake; only because we chose that particular cabin on the website. All the cabins were near the lake but only two faced the water. The beds were bunks with mattresses. To address the meals, there was a restaurant on site that was run by the hunting camp and there was one waitress who spoke English fairly well and another who could sort of speak some English if you kept it really simple.

That brings us to the guides. Ours spoke a few words of English and NO sentences. Do you know how hard it is to communicate with someone so limited? To be fair, there was a fishing guide in their camp that was around most of the time and we could go find him to help communicate with our guide if we needed to.

We were assigned bait stations for hunting and, upon inspection, found they were designed for gun hunters. We were told it was not necessary to bring our own stands but we did anyway and it was a good thing that we did. The stands they had were platforms about four feet off the ground. They consisted of a wooden platform about four feet square and a waist-high metal railing that went all the way around with a camo cloth surrounding the bottom. Now the part that was not so good about them was the fact that they had a metal framework across the top and sides. Not so good for a recurve or a

longbow for sure. Larry removed the metal from the top of the stands after the third day of hunting when my upper limb hit the metal and diverted the arrow to the ground. The railing around the bottom, though, was a challenge. We should have removed the upper metal frame earlier but Larry never seemed to have his pliers on him at the time we remembered we would need them.

Kaleb and I chose to hunt from their stands even though they were not ideal. Kaleb would lean out over the rail to shoot but this caused him to compromise his form. My longbow was too long to get the cant I needed so I shot from center of the platform over the rail. We had a lot of shot opportunities but the distance was 20 to 25 yards. To fix this, we moved the bait sites closer to the stands.

We shared the camp with six other hunters. Some of them were shooting muzzleloaders and others were using compounds. We were the only traditional bowhunters there. There were numerous bears in the areas we hunted but the other hunters weren't seeing the bears we were seeing. I think I know the reason why. At the last UBM auction, Larry purchased an ozone generator (the Health First Intelligent 2-in-1 Anion Ozonizer). This device took all the odor out of our clothes and perhaps that was what made our luck. We will be trying it out again on our elk hunt this September and I will know for sure then if it is as truly amazing as we think it is. The other hunters were wearing scent-blocking stuff, etc., but we saw more bears than they did. We treated our clothes after every hunt by placing them in a small container and running the ozone through them.

We had small bears regularly coming in and Kaleb had a great

(Continued on Page 11)

opportunity at a very nice bear the first night out but didn't connect. He had two other opportunities with no luck and I had three opportunities where I decided to shoot that also didn't pan out. I had a total of 20 or more bears around my stand in the seven days we hunted but most were not offering shots. I have great footage of a lynx that came in one night and stayed for ten or fifteen minutes. Another night I had ten bears in and very active for the entire evening but I chose not to shoot at any of the ones that actually gave me an opportunity. This animal activity still made for some good memories and if I had had my act together better I should have had a decent bear. Kaleb and I have no one to blame but ourselves. Even so, we totally enjoyed our hunt.

On the first night out, Larry and Kaleb sat together so Larry could ease Kaleb's nerves. Unfortunately, they sat in a steady rain all evening with no rain gear. And, since this is my story, I will put in the fact that I had my rain gear and was very comfortable. Kaleb finally got frozen out and said he wanted to go back so they started packing up their gear. With Larry busy packing, it took him a while to notice Kaleb standing completely still and staring off down the path. He was watching a bear approach at less than five yards away, looking Kaleb straight in the eye, and it was almost as tall as the platform! Larry exclaimed, "Holy #\$\$%^, Kaleb!", only to receive daggers from his grandson for speaking so loud. Kaleb had already handed Larry his arrow to put back in his shoulder quiver so here they were with no arrow on the bow and a bear looking at them in a standoff. Kaleb said he had his bear spray in sight, and ready to grab, the moment things went wrong. The bear circled the stand, watching Kaleb, so he stayed frozen

and shortly the bear went out of his sight. He could, though, see Larry's expression and eyes and came to the conclusion that the bear was going around behind them where the ladder into the stand was. Kaleb said he was sure he could grab the bear spray easily if Larry made any movement indicating the bear was coming up. As it turned out, the bear went off into woods and circled back in about ten minutes to go to the bait. Kaleb was able to make a shot but it didn't connect with the bear. What a perfect "first encounter" for Kaleb!

Larry had much better stories to tell and hung his own stand his first night out and took a very nice 255-pound bear. He would suggest to anyone to take their own stand. This particular camp let tourists in the off-season climb up in the stands we were hunting to take pictures of the bears. This little fact didn't come out until after the hunt. Communication was our worst enemy on this trip. There were several occasions where what was said was interpreted incorrectly by us and by them. My suggestion to

anyone hunting Quebec is to make sure you can easily communicate with your outfitters. If you can't, be prepared for additional expenses. We paid our agreed-upon hunt fees and then were surprised with an additional \$700 worth of fees. Quite a misunderstanding don't you think?

Would we recommend this hunt camp to anyone? Yes....But with proper planning and more precise questions. We saw a lot of bears and all three of us should have had bears. The guides knew the area and the habits of bears very well.



Kaleb with a nice walleye

Larry with his nice 255 pound black bear



Bowfishing in the Bootheel

by Darren Haverstick

When I received the notice from Tom Dickerson this past spring that there was going to be an official UBM fish shoot over in southeast Missouri, I was ecstatic! I had heard his tales about the big carp and gar they habitually kill over in his neck of the woods and now I was being offered the opportunity to shoot some of them myself. All I had to do was clear my calendar for that weekend, get permission from the missus and find someone who would let me ride in their boat.

Yeah, I know it may seem odd for someone who claims to love bowfishing as much as I do to not own a boat but there you have it; Life is complicated. Still yet, it reminds me of a situation I experienced back in college. I had a fraternity brother whose favorite band of all time was The Doors. This, in itself, was not unusual except that the man didn't own a single album, cassette tape or cd from their discography. Like me, he relied on the kindness of others to provide him with his "fix".

While I was waiting for the weekend of June 8th to come around, I decided I had better take stock of my bowfishing implements of destruction. I knew my supply of arrows was down to two or three and the line in my AMS Retriever reel had seen better days. With a purchasing target in mind now, I went out on the internet in search of the best deals I could find. And wouldn't you know it; of all the places on the planet where you can buy bowfishing goodies, one of the biggest is located in Willard, MO. That's practically in my backyard! Bowfishing Extreme is a web-based company owned and operated by Scott Henslee and he runs the business out of his garage. I figured why pay shipping costs when I could pick stuff up in person so after a quick phone call, I set up a meeting with Scott out at his house after work. Google Maps got me to where I needed to go and Mr. Henslee sent me home with a handful of trinkets and a smile on my face.

The initial plan for the shoot was for everyone to camp at the Trail of Tears state park near Jackson, MO. That would be our rendezvous point from which we would then disperse to several different aquatic hunting spots. Mother Nature, however, stepped in just before the blessed event was to take place and dumped several inches of rain on

southern Missouri in general and the Bootheel in particular. This made camping at the park at bit of a challenge since most everyone's tents and campers would now be underwater. Fortunately, Tom was able to procure the Little Ole Opry Campground for us to stay at instead. This actually turned out to be a better place because it was prettier, cheaper, and a whole lot drier. They also had a really nice clubhouse they let us use for our Saturday night feed and entertainment.

After taking a leisurely drive across the lower part of the state, I arrived at our campground in the middle of the afternoon on Friday, the 7th. Wow, was it gorgeous! The place sits on top of this grassy ridge overlooking a beautiful ten-acre lake. All the camping spots have water and electric hookups and the cost is about half of what they were getting at the state park. I quickly pitched my tent, grabbed a cold beer and went to visit with the folks who had already arrived. As with all UBM events, supper was a gastronomical orgy and we were then treated to a spectacular sunset. I took all of this to be a good omen for what would take place the following day.

Saturday morning started early with a quick bowl of oatmeal before Tom showed up, dusted off his leadership skills and got everyone assigned to their boats. With the amount of water there was all over the place, it was decided that everyone would go to Apple Creek for the day's outing. Dan Novotny and I would be in Justin Glastetter's boat so we loaded up in Justin's truck and headed for the access point. I was excited about being part of Justin's crew since I think he's a fine feller and I don't get to see him that often. His job as a highway patrolman keeps him away from a lot of UBM events so today would be a treat.

Now to call Apple Creek a "creek" on this particular day is like referring to Mt. Everest as "just another high place". There was water everywhere! I am assuming, when the creek isn't flooded, that it has two banks and a channel. However, as we backed the boats down the ramp that morning, it looked to me like the Mississippi Delta. I couldn't tell where the actual creek was at; it was just wet as far as the eye could see. I understood now why Mr. Dickerson figured we could all hunt here at the

same time. There were enough places to go for all of us plus ten more boats.

Justin got us underway in no time at all and Dan and I were on the shooting platform, bows in hand, looking for targets. In my part of the state, we don't have any bighead or silver carp so I was excited about shooting a new kind of fish. I was also excited about the good possibility of shooting a large fish. Tom had shot a 55-pound bighead the week before in this area so we knew that they were around. However, when it comes to bowfishing, I'll take quantity over size any day of the year. I like to shoot more than anything else so I ain't too particular about the trophy quality of what I'm shooting at.

The morning started off kind of slow with Dan and me shooting just enough fish to keep our interest. I seemed to specialize in silver carp while Mr. Novotny was only shooting gar. I witnessed him make a couple of phenomenal shots but, upon reflection, I think they were actually done with the help of mirrors and stunt doubles. Meanwhile, Justin captained the boat and shouted out derogatory words of discouragement whenever he thought they were needed.

About midday, I shot a bighead carp that came in around the ten pound range. What was cool about this fish was that I never did really see it. I just saw some grass moving close to the bank and I summoned the Jedi Force to point my arrow where it needed to go. After the shot, the water exploded and I knew that I had made a hit. Justin was also excited about this carp because he finally got a chance to use his fish club on something. I'm not sure exactly what a bighead's skull is made out of but I do know that when Justin smacked it with his piece of steel pipe, it sounded just like somebody whacking a pipe on a flag pole.

We came upon some of the other boats throughout the day and it seemed like everyone had the same story to tell; not many fish in the morning but the afternoon brought up schools of silvers which gave us flurries of activity. Nobody was killing anything of size but we all were getting in a good amount of shooting. I heard that Tom's brother, George, ended up killing the biggest fish

(Continued on Page 13)

*Bowfishing in the Bootheel,
(Continued from page 12)*

of the day. He shot a bighead that weighed right at 19 pounds. By late afternoon, though, things had slowed down again and Justin, Dan and I decided we would go back in. We were all thinking about the fried chicken supper we were scheduled to have and I really wanted to wash some of the fish slime off of me before we ate. I had posed for a photo with my Jedi bighead and ended up hugging the damn thing in an effort to get it situated.

We got back to camp with just enough time to clean up a little before the herd arrived to be fed. The spread around the dinner table was, once again, what you would expect. Lots of people brought side dishes and desserts and we all tried to eat ourselves into a coma. The evening was topped off with a performance from the Whitewater Bluegrass Band featuring George Dickerson on the banjo. It was a great way to end the day and I went to sleep that night with those sweet, high harmonies running through my head.

While there was no official contest, and I don't know for sure what exactly went on in the other boats, I am pretty confident that the crew I was part of killed the most fish that day. Also, since I saw no physical evidence of George's alleged bighead, I will also claim killing the biggest fish that day. So it looks like Dan, Justin and I have a self-declared title to defend at the next UBM fish shoot. The gauntlet has been thrown down. I will see you all on Apple Creek next year if the good folks over there will have us back. <<<



CWD Press Release

Public Meetings on Deadly Disease of Deer

Few Missourians understand the grave threat Chronic Wasting Disease (CWD) poses to the long term future of the wild deer herd. The Missouri Department of Conservation (MDC) has scheduled a series of eight public meetings around the state to educate and get feedback from the public regarding this critical emerging problem.

The Conservation Federation of Missouri (CFM) wants all deer hunters, land owners and wildlife watchers who care about the future of the deer herd to attend one of these meetings.

Managing this bizarre disease is a complex problem both scientifically and politically. Properly managing white-tail deer, both wild and privately owned, will involve cooperation with all parties with vested interests. If you enjoy this resource, you are too a stakeholder.

This issue is one that could negatively impact our white-tail resource for future generations. Informing the public is the first step to turning that around.

Wildlife resources in Missouri are managed by the MDC with decisions based upon the best available science, with public input, for the good of both the resource and the citizenry. This formula is time tested and founded in the principles of the North American Model of Wildlife Conservation.

Currently the captive deer industry is co-managed by the Missouri Department of Agriculture and the MDC. However, the CWD issue has brought to the forefront a push for MDC to be removed from this equation, injecting politics into management decisions that impact deer on both sides of the fence.

If you enjoy viewing or hunting deer in Missouri, please make every effort to attend one of these meetings, get informed and speak up. They are free and open to the public -- each running from 6:30-8:30 PM.

Here is the schedule:

Tue Sep 3 Macon - Macon County Expo Center , Hwy 63
Thu Sep 5 Kirkw ood (St. Louis) - MDC Powder Valley
Nature Center
Mon Sep 16 W est Plains Civic Center
Wed Sep 18 Cape Girardeau Nature Center
Mon Sep 23 Jef ferson City - Runge Nature Center
Mon Sep 30 St. Joseph - MO Western University Kemper
Recital Hall
Tue Oct 1 Blue Springs - MDC Burr Oak Woods Nature
Center
Wed Oct 9 Springf ield - MDC Springfield Nature Center

Those who cannot attend these meetings should instead visit <http://mdc.mo.gov/node/16478> to learn more, then visit <http://mdc.mo.gov/deerhealth> for an opportunity to comment online.

For additional information or comment email us at CWD@ConFedMO.org. A good source of additional information about both the biology and the politics of CWD is <http://NoMOCwd.org> <<<<

CWD Sidebar

by Darren Haverstick

Our legislature has formed a CWD Interim Committee and it has scheduled hearings throughout the state to solicit information from the public on this matter. As of this writing, two hearings have already been held and the reports I received about these hearing were not good. The game farmers spared no expense to make sure their supporters were in attendance and were heard. So-called "CWD experts" were brought in from other states to tell the committee how the high-fence industry is safe and offers no threat at all to our wild deer herd. One of our members, Kevin Pinckney, attended the last hearing in Buffalo, MO and said it was "a disaster". He told me these experts spent so much time patting themselves on the back that there was no time left for regular folks to get up and voice their opinion on the subject.

What this fight boils down to is money. Game farming is big business and if tighter regulations are put in place in this state then these folks stand to lose profits. And since politicians love money, guess what side of this fight they are listening to the most?

On the flip side of this coin is this; if stricter regulations are not put in effect, or current regulations are relaxed, then game farmers in other states might look at Missouri as a lucrative place to move to. This will only increase the chance that CWD will spread throughout the state.

Below is a list of the members on this CWD Interim committee and their contact information. Please take a moment to let these folks know how you feel about the subject. Remember, it's YOUR wild deer herd that is at stake here.

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Secretary Scribbles

by Mike Calahan

Hope everyone had a great summer. As always, our UBM activity was high. Once again we had members traveling all over the state participating in various events to help promote the UBM and bowhunting; we also attended some fun events.

A number of our members made the trip to Enid, Mississippi to visit Lenny Pierce and our bow bending friends in the Southern Traditional Archery Association. They put on a great shoot and, of course, there is the Saturday night meal. It's a weekend that's hard to beat.

We had our first ever Southeast Missouri UBM fish shoot. It was a beautiful weekend for camping, bow fishing and a great Saturday night meal with some great entertainment. I think all who attended enjoyed the weekend and I hope we can do it again in the future.

The Rendezvous was as always another great weekend. I would like to thank the Marshall Bowhunters for their hospitality. We do need to work on the annual bow skirmish rules; maybe we should make the "Hudson Team" shoot blindfolded!!

One order of business at the Rendezvous was the board meeting and the election of board members. I want to take time to thank all who

voted. We welcome Brad Harriman and Mike Wirt to the board; I know they will do a good job. I, (Mike Calahan) was also re-elected to the board and will continue my duties as secretary. As new members come on board, that means others are stepping down, so we want to thank Bret Shaw and Dan Novotny for their service to the UBM. Dan has served as treasurer for some time and has done a great job. Todd Goodman has stepped up to take that position; thanks Todd. We also have a new District 9 Representative as Justin Glastetter has been appointed to that position.

One event I didn't get to make was the UBM shoot at Panther Creek Traditional Bowhunters. Don Orrell offered free shooting to anyone who joined the UBM. This is a great way to introduce people to the UBM. I hope we can have more events like this, hopefully in different parts of the state. We have all talked about boosting our membership and any ideas are welcome. If you think of an activity that might work, contact a board member or your District Representative. Strength is in numbers and new ideas are always welcome.

With all this behind us, it's not too early to start thinking about our Festival next year. With the move to

the new location there will be challenges to be met. We will need everyone's cooperation and patience. Please help if you can. I also ask everyone to consider donating to the auction. This is our major source of fundraising. Joan and I will be taking care of the auction items again this year. You can contact us at 573-335-3994 or send us an e-mail at kcjc.cal@charter.net. We will be stepping down from this job after the Festival. We are looking for someone to step up and take over.

I'll close for now with the hope that everyone enjoys a safe and successful hunting season. God Bless! <<<



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Bowhunting 101

by Mike Calahan

With turkey season over, District 9 members wasted no time in getting back in the woods. This time it wasn't in pursuit of game, but to help others become more efficient bowhunters. In partnership with the Missouri Department of Conservation, we conducted a hands-on class at the Maintz Wildlife Area archery range. We used the same format that is taught in bowhunter education classes, but participants were exposed to lifelike hunting situations. We covered topics such as equipment, shot placement, yardage estimation, tree stand safety, blood trailing and our local

conservation agents answered questions on bow hunting regulations. Some of these areas such as tree stand safety and blood trailing can't be taught in a classroom and our hope is that we can impress upon hunters the proper way to handle situations they might encounter in the woods. We had people of all experience levels from beginners to 20+ years of bowhunting. With this type of group we were able to share our knowledge and we hope everyone benefitted from the program.

After a morning spent with class type instructions we had a great

lunch provided by the MDC Nature Center in Cape Girardeau. After lunch we put the people in the woods; this time with bows in hand. What better way way to test people than having them shoot 3-D targets in lifelike hunting situations. This part of bowhunting is impossible to cover in a classroom. We were able to help some of the people tune and sight in their bows.

The pledge of bowhunter instructors is to create **SAFE, KNOWLEDGEABLE, RESPONSIBLE** bowhunters.<<<



Tom Dickerson and Justin Glastetter covering tree stand safety



Daniel Cook discussing bowhunting



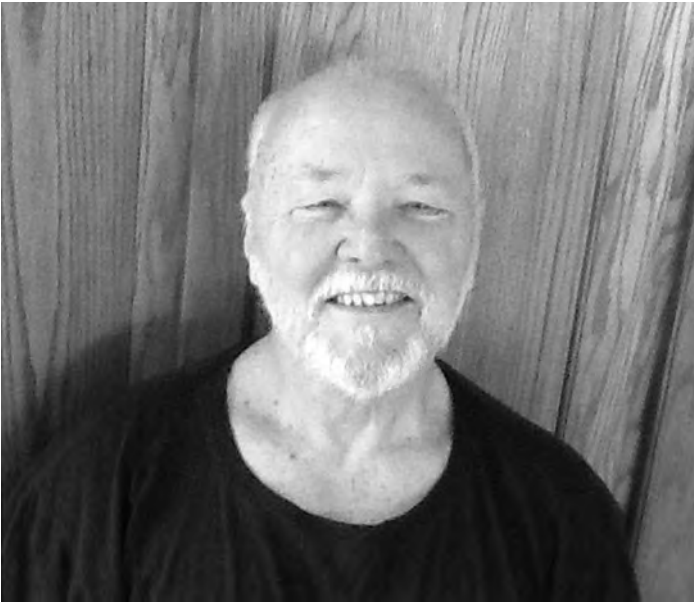
Ed Vangilder instructing on proper shot placement



Conservation Agent Kyle Booth answering questions on bow hunting regulations

Meet a new Member

by Ron Mackenberg



Darryl Schmidt

Darryl is married to Cheryl; they have 3 grown children and 7 grandchildren. He is retired from the police department in St. Paul, MN with 32 years service in the Twin Cities; 29 of those on the S.W.A.T. Team. They moved to Eldon, MO in the fall of 2005. Darryl first got involved with shooting a bow at 10 years of age. First as a fun hobby and then with the Boy Scouts.

He only hunted small game as he grew up. It was difficult to find hunting ground in the area. In the mid 1990's he started deer hunting. He has taken deer with his bows and his family enjoys eating venison. He made one trip to Ontario for a bear hunt but did not see any. He hopes to make another bear hunt soon.

His children do not shoot bows but when the grandkids visit they can't wait to shoot.

When asked about memorable hunts there were two. The first was in Minnesota hunting with a compound bow. He called this a comedy of errors. On an evening hunt a spike buck came into range. Darryl missed, with his shot hitting short. The very next evening on the same stand here comes the spike again. This time his shot was low. He went back and practiced by flashlight and hit right on target. So he knew it was him and not the equipment. The conclusion was he was peeking; trying to watch the arrow hit the deer. So back to the stand he went for the third evening and here again is the spike. This time the arrow flew true. Darryl said the deer probably needed to be removed from the gene pool.

The second memorable hunt was the first season at his Eldon home. He had a ladder stand within 50 yards of his back door. It was an evening hunt. A small eight point walked right in and he had his first longbow kill. He had

gone back to traditional bows in 2004; mostly because he liked the challenge. Along those lines, when he hunts in gun season he prefers pistols or his flintlock rifle.

His current setup for bow hunting is a Black Widow longbow shooting carbon arrows with 3 blade broadheads. The only homemade archery equipment he has built was a BBI bow from the build a bow class he purchased at the 2011 UBM Festival auction.

When asked about archery heroes, Darryl replied he had two. The first was Ben Pearson, mostly because his first bow was a Pearson and then he worked and saved money to purchase another Pearson bow. He read anything he could find about Ben Pearson. The second was Dan Stringh. Dan took time to teach archery to the Boy Scouts. They would meet in the school basement. He remembers they had to be careful not to hit the ceiling with their bow tips.

One day Dan put on a demonstration that impressed Darryl. He took a broadhead arrow and shot it into some compacted cotton batting; then shot the same target with a 22 cal. rifle. This showed the kids that the arrow penetrated much further than the bullet. Dan was also renowned for his skill as a wing shot with his bow; taking many pheasant this way.

I asked Darryl if he used camo clothing. The answer was a resounding "YES". Through all the years on the S.W.A.T. Team he wore camo cloths as well as ghillie suits. The clothes were a write off as part of the job. He still has most of those clothes. He wears more camo than regular outfits.

Up until recently, he has mostly hunted deer from tree stands. Lately he has used more ground blinds and will be using the ghillie suit more.

On another note, Darryl was in on 707 missions while a member of the S.W.A.T. Team. During that service he was not seriously hurt on the job. However, during a 1998 deer hunt, he was removing his pistol from its holster after coming back to camp and it discharged; hitting his left hand. He lost his little and ring finger and about 1/3 or more of his lower hand. As a result of this injury he has to shoot very straight handled bows and has to have a surface that will not slip.

Darryl is very involved with his church. Every year, since 2005 he has gone to Israel on a archeological dig. He spends a month there, living in a Kibbutz which is a communal farm building. He will be attending again this year.

My wife, Regina, and I visited Darryl and Cheryl at their home in Eldon. This is where I was able to do the interview.

His friends, Gary and Lil, were also there. The guys got in some shooting on the walking range before we were called in by the fog horn to a great lunch the ladies had prepared. These are great folks and will be good additions to the UBM family.

Deaf Camp 2013

by Darren Haverstick

The UBM was, once again, well represented at the 12th annual Outdoors Skills Camp for the Missouri School of the Deaf and Hard of Hearing. This year was really a treat with the unseasonably cool weather we enjoyed the weekend of August 9th-11th. Instead of locking ourselves in the air-conditioned cabins after camp was over Saturday afternoon, we took advantage of the mild evening temperatures and sat outside to visit with one another. I had my first taste of a world-famous peach ice cream float (vanilla ice cream and Peach Nehi soda) from Scott's Iconium Store in Iconium, MO and I think the thing that impressed me the most about it was the fact that it

didn't melt immediately after it was made.

Camper attendance appeared to be down this year but that didn't stop those who were there from enjoying the chance to sling a few arrows with us. I especially like it when the parents shoot too. To see an entire family participate in an activity together really warms my heart! We had a steady stream of shooters both days and it's always cool when the kids tell you that archery is their favorite thing to do at the camp.

We had some UBM newcomers to help out this year at Deaf Camp and from the smiles I saw plastered on their faces; I

think they'll be back. I want to thank them for coming and thank all the oldtimers too. Whether you think so or not, your presence really does make a difference to these children and their families. One little girl was heartbroken when she learned that longtime Deaf Camp participant, Dennis Voss, was not there this year. And archery is consistently voted "favorite activity" at the exit poll conducted each year. This wouldn't happen without dedicated and caring people like you.

Thanks again and I'll see you there next August! <<<



Budget Woes

by Darren Haverstick

At the general membership meeting held this summer at the Rendezvous, I brought up the topic of our club's finances and how we have seen our coffers being steadily depleted over the past three or four years. Our primary money-makers, the auctions at the Festival, have not provided us with the revenue they have in the past and that, combined with the rising cost of everything, has made the Board members very budget-conscious. I believe we cleared around \$3750 from the 2013 Festival which is about half of what we usually clear.

The club's other source of income is the revenue generated by dues-paying members. According to our online membership database, we have 144 of those. Eleven of those are business members that pay \$35 a year. The rest are regular members. Now let's just assume that all the regular members purchased a three-year membership for \$65. If I pro-rate that out for a year, I calculate the annual dues collected to be \$2881.67 plus the \$385 from the business members. This is a conservative number but good enough for my purposes. Add the dues amount to what we made from the last festival and that gives us total annual revenue of \$7016.67. Remember, lifetime members pay no annual membership dues.

So you can see where the money is going, I will list some of our annual expenditures and the approximate amount of each one. This list is not 100% complete but it does cover the lion's share of what we spend each year: Insurance (\$500), donations to various things (\$500-\$1500), travel reimbursements (\$250), Festival table favors (\$750), Festival ad in Traditional Bowhunter (\$800), goodwill gestures like the kids bow giveaway (\$500), and this newsletter (\$4500). The grand total of these expenditures is between \$7800 and \$8800. Let's just split it down the middle and call it \$8300. Also, the UBM finally got around to purchasing a utility trailer this past February for \$2200. The money had been allocated for a couple of years but we took this hit in 2013. Total money spent for 2013 is now \$10500.

As you can see, we will spend more than we will make which has caused us to eat into our cash reserves. If this was an isolated incident, that might be okay but this has been going on for a few years now and it is really beginning to worry me. Even throwing out the expense of the utility trailer, we went in the hole over \$1000.

So, what are our options? The problem is simple enough to understand; we are currently spending more annually than we are taking in and this really has cut into our savings. So we can either find ways to generate more revenue, cut our current spending, or a combination thereof. Obviously, an easy way to generate more revenue is to raise the price of membership dues. However, I think doing something like that would probably backfire and cause our membership numbers to go down and our income along with it. Our dues are in line with what other organizations are charging so we probably ought to let that sleeping dog lie.

What else can we do? We could have club fundraisers like Compton does. All we need is a few good ideas and some folks who want to be in charge of the fundraisers. Step right up and don't be shy; there is no waiting at this aisle.

Another thing the club could do is get more advertising in our newsletter to offset the printing and mailing costs. Right now, it costs the club around \$1100 to print and mail each issue. It would be great to have advertising sales offset a significant portion of that but, unless someone steps up to become the official Director of Advertising, I don't see that happening. Beating the bushes for advertising dollars is not an easy task and most businesses don't just call you up and beg for you to take their money. That's why magazines have Advertising departments.

So that leaves us with spending cuts. Again, there are some easy items to look at like Festival table favors. I don't know about you but it wouldn't hurt my feelings to not get these trinkets at the banquet. The Board has already cut back on donating money to other organizations and it has been suggested by a few people to do away with the print version of this newsletter to save money. There is already an online version of it available at our website that is no different, content-wise, than what is in your hands. Why not have people get the newsletter that way? Or, I could email everyone a copy of the digital newsletter. That is what the Colorado Traditional Archers Society does. I'm sure other clubs do the same thing.

Now I know there are many of you out there that are dead set against having to read this on a dang computer screen or have no way to do it in the first place. You like your newspapers, newsletters and books to be made out of paper that you can hold in your hands and read. I know how you feel; I stare at a computer monitor eight hours a day so the last thing I want to do when I come home is stare at another one to read about the news of the UBM. However, the fact remains that the club needs to do something to continue to be financially healthy and the cost of this newsletter is its #1 ailment right now.

The reason I bring all this up is because I would like some feedback. The Board is going to have to act on this issue fairly soon and it would be great if we knew how the general membership felt about it. Do you agree there is a problem? Have I covered all the bases here? Do you have a solution that I haven't mentioned? Let us know what your solution to this problem is. Our contact info is in the back of this newsletter and can also be found on our website. Please speak up! <<<

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From the Laptop

by Brian Peterson



Please excuse the brevity of this installment as I'm sitting in the airport awaiting my connecting flight to

Anchorage, AK, and Darren just reminded me via email that Harold was chomping at the bit for my newsletter material. Suffice it to say, the phone is not the ideal

tool to pen such a document and with all the weeks of planning and packing, this task somehow slipped to the bottom of the stack. My apologies.

While the details of my upcoming (and hopefully successful) moose hunt with Dave Long will have to wait, I can say we had a fun time at the Swan Lake NWR Greenwing Days in August. Thanks to Larry Hudson, Jack Williamson, Max

and Janet Medsker, and Jay Faherty for helping me out with the day.

I will be talking to you all shortly, either by SPOT transmission, web post, or in person at the annual squirrel hunt down at our place in Cedar creek in December. Keep your fingers crossed for some good news.

As always, Keep "em sharp!"<<<<

Photo Gallery



Steven Bostic with his 2013 Spring Turkey harvest



This photo shows where Dickerson's bear was found in the thick stuff



A large wolf taken in 2013?



Mike Smith shooting his Bamboo Backed Long Bow he just finished making



Tom Dickerson with his bear taken in 2013



Mike Horman with his first bear, taken in 2013

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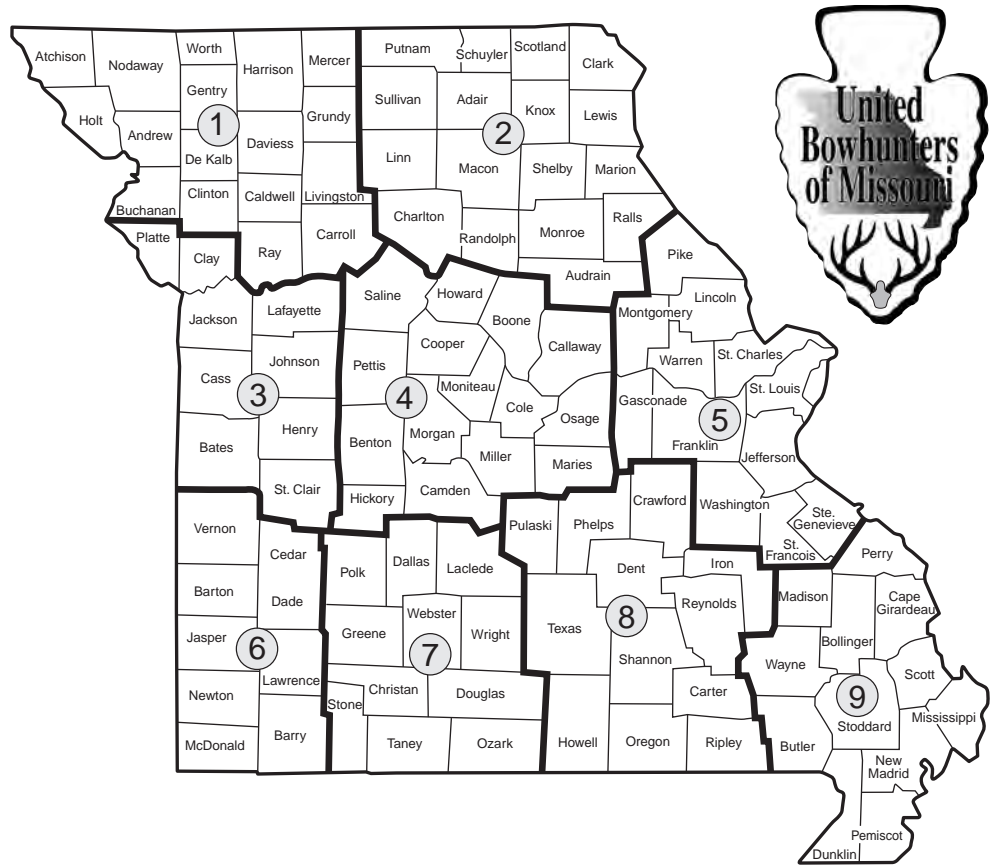
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My Bamboo Backed Longbow

by Mike Smith

Several years ago, at one of the UBM Rendezvous, I talked with several members who made bamboo backed bows. Impressed with how the bows looked and how well they performed I said to myself, "I have to make one of those."

Shortly after that, at the 2012 Deaf Camp, I talked with Ron Mackenberg and admired his bamboo backed bows. He said we needed to set up a time when I could come down to his place so he could work with me and I could make a bow. Ron said he had a shop, the equipment, all the materials needed, and he even had a place for me to stay. What a deal! I told him I would think about it, and that is what I did. I thought about it for almost a year. About two weeks before the 2013 Deaf Camp my wife said since I was going to be in the area near Ron and Regina's home, why not see if I could spend some time with them and build that bow. I loved the idea; what a wife!

I called Ron and it was set. Spending about two and a half days with him and Regina I would have a finished bow to take home.

I arrived at Ron's place Sunday afternoon and drove to his shop. The sound of machines and voices greeted me as I walked in and saw Fred McKinney and Gary Lutker working on bows. Being a retired Industrial Arts teacher, the sound of machines was music to my ears. Then Ron and I talked about bow weight, length and materials and he filled me in on the sequence of making a bow. That afternoon we had a little time left so we glued the bamboo and ipe together and clamped them in the form.

We then headed to the house where Regina had prepared a very nice meal followed by an evening filled with hunting and fishing stories.

The next morning it was time to take the bow from the form and glue on the handle wood. Then, after it dried we started the cutting and sanding. Once I had the basic shape completed it was time for the tillering. I would sand and check, sand and check and then sand and check some more. At first I thought it would take forever to get a bow done following this procedure but I realized later this is one step you can't rush. Make a mistake during this process and you could have some big problems. Ron has a very good eye for tillering and helped show me exactly where I needed to remove material and how much.

It was exciting to place the bow on the

tillering tree, pull the string and watch the limbs bend. At the same time it was a little scary to pull the limbs and know they had never been bent that far before. More than once I said to myself as I pulled the bow, "Hang on, baby, hang on!" Ron and I both watched as the limbs bent more and more after each sanding. A little more off here, a little more off there, trying not to create any hinges (weak spots). After the tillering was complete we concentrated on the bow weight. Though there wasn't much to concentrate on because we were already at the desired weight. I don't think this is the norm for bow building, however that's, what happened. There was still the final sanding to do on the limbs and the bow could lose a pound in weight during the process. I felt the bow weight was close enough for me. We then finished the string grooves, cut out the arrow rest and shaped the handle. Then after a little more sanding it was ready for the big test, shooting an arrow. I grabbed my arrows and we headed for Ron's practice targets. I nocked an arrow, studied the target and started the draw. Once again I heard myself say, "Hang on, baby, hang on!". I wasn't quite to full draw when I let it fly.

I will admit I was not quite sure of what was going to happen. The arrow didn't hit quite where I was looking but it was close. The second arrow I shot with a little more confidence and it hit right on the mark. Impressive ... the performance of the bow that is. I think Ron could tell by the look on my face how pleased I was with the bow.

It was near noon on the third day of my visit and time to pack up and head for home. I said my goodbyes to Ron and Regina and thanked them for their very warm hospitality. I told Ron how much I enjoyed my visit and thanked him for showing me the ins and outs of making a bamboo backed bow.

With everything loaded in my truck I was headed home with thoughts of my first hunt with my new bow. <<<<

Ron's Contact information shown below.

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7th Annual Sheep-Eater's Greater Ozark Mountain Squirrel Hunt

December 6th - 8th, 2013 There will be no board meeting!

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

Activities: Good Food, Drink, and Camaraderie around the Campfire. 100's of acres of Squirrerl 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, Cedarcreek, Missouri for directions,
or contact Brian Peterson (417)-331-1135, bpeterson007@centurytel.net

Check the UBM Website for Details Closer to the Event