



THE UNITED

BOWHUNTER

Fall 2015



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



Calendar of Events

September

15th- Missouri archery season begins

October

1st- Missouri rabbit season opens
 1st-31st- Missouri fall turkey season
 9th-12th- Missouri deer firearms season (urban portion)
 31th- Missouri early youth season opens

November

1st- Missouri early youth season closes
 14th-24th- Missouri firearms deer season
 25th- Missouri firearms antlerless deer season opens

December

4th-6th- UBM squirrel hunt
 6th- Missouri firearms antlerless deer season closes
 19th-29th- Missouri deer alternative methods season

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

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

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

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— On the Cover —

Mom and child enjoy archery at
 Deaf Camp 2015

deadlines for submitting copy and pictures to The United Bowhunter
Feb. 15th, May 3rd, Sept. 15th, Dec. 10th



WELL, WHAT COMES AROUND GOES AROUND...

Another election has come and gone and lo & behold, it appears that Darren and I have switched roles again. Not that I mind so much, but we need to have some folks willing and able to stand up and take charge of the UBM. It's not rocket science, but it helps with the transition to have someone in training within the ranks, ready to step up and take the reins when Darren and I inevitably burn out.

And speaking of apathy, we only had one volunteer besides Darren and myself to help man the bow-fishing demonstration tank at the Missouri Deer Classic. Sadly, the UBM had to cancel their participation in that event. Our faith in our membership was somewhat renewed at Deaf Camp as we had a good showing of "newbies" volunteer to help out. Many thanks to all who helped—it's always a fantastic time with the kids and their families.

And in a related matter, it appears that the bowhunting community has succumbed to the indifference bug as well with the inclusion of crossbows in

Missouri's archery season being all but a done deal. Several of us have done all we can, traveling to Jefferson City to attend and speak with the Regulations Committee meetings, writing letter after letter, and basically making a nuisance of ourselves with MDC. Sadly, according to the committee, as well as the deer biologists, there is significant pressure from the hunting community to add crossbows to the archery arsenal. "The times, they are a changing" they say... (never been a big fan of Bob Dylan). MDC's stance is primarily based on an overwhelmingly biased questionnaire sent to rifle hunters about inclusion of this otherwise ignored weapon in an effort to spur interest. They also relied on some other flawed statistics. Alas, we appear to be at the beginning of the end of

archery in Missouri as we know it. They use the buzz-phrase: hunter recruitment and retention –what kind of "hunters" are we recruiting? While MDC swears there has been no outside influence from the retailers, a quick glance at the latest Cabela's archery catalog or the archery aisles at Bass Pro tells the story! The ATA and major retailers are knee-deep in the affair. Well, as my dad always said, "If you didn't vote, you don't have the right to complain about politics". The same applies about the fight to preserve our traditions. I hope to hear you complain!

OK, time to step off the soap box and onto a plane (literally)... Off on a 6 week series of adventure hunts in Alaska. Stay tuned for stories...

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WOW, IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY that I started my first stint as VP of this organization! Oh sure, there were times when I got tired of being in Brian Peterson's shadow; carrying his baggage on trips, writing his speeches and generally being his lackey but I knew that someday I would ascend to the throne if I worked hard and kept my nose clean. Then I got the top job and Brian became MY man servant and I led the idyllic life of power and prestige for three wonderful years. Now Brian and I have swapped jobs once again and it appears that this cycle will repeat itself in perpetuity unless somebody steps up to stop this merry-go-round of madness or one of us dies or we both walk away. If you are a betting person, I strongly suggest that you put all your money on the latter option. Brian and I dream of attending a UBM function soon and knowing that we have absolutely nothing to do there but enjoy ourselves. We plan on making that dream a reality in the very near future. Of course, there may be no UBM functions to attend unless SOMEBODY besides us decides to take the reins and make them happen. If you want a Rendezvous, a Festival, Squirrel Hunt, Deaf Camp or any of the other stuff the UBM participates in

then you better take these words to heart and consider volunteering for service. It ain't that hard and it ain't that time consuming but we are really tired of doing it.

And speaking of UBM events, thanks again to everyone who showed up to help out at Deaf Camp this year. We had a slew of volunteers and many of them were first-timers to this fun and rewarding weekend. It was also the first time we got to use all the replacement archery equipment we had acquired over the summer. The archery grounds were, once again, not in the best condition but one of the newbies, Harry Machenheimer, just happened to have his riding lawnmower with him and got the target range in usable condition lickety split. I just wish the Boy Scouts would take our safety concerns to heart and replace the rotten archery curtain behind the targets.

Festival plans are well underway and the speaker/seminar lineup is finally filled with some great help from Bob Burns and Joel Davis. The Ramada Oasis Convention Center in Springfield, MO will be the home of the 2016 event and I've had a lot of folks tell me that they are excited about the new location. Well-known bowhunter and author, Mike Mitten, will be our banquet speaker this year. Mike is a regular contributor to Traditional Bowhunter magazine and his stories of mid-western whitetail and solo Alaskan moose hunts I'm sure will interest all who attend. And, as a gentle reminder, it's never too early to arrange a donation to our live auction. Bows, arrows, and hunts are all readily accepted and the proceeds from this auction are the club's primary source of income. This money covers our

day-to-day expenses and many other things including this expensive newsletter.

Since Brian is off in the Alaskan wilderness right now, and we didn't get a chance to discuss this beforehand, I am going to say that the annual UBM squirrel hunt will most likely be the weekend of December 4th-6th. Last year, those attending included him and me and nobody else. I hope we have a better showing this time around.

Lastly, I want to mention again one of our lifetime members, Larry Wall. As many of you know, Larry's health has not been good. His cancer has come back and it has now spread to his brain. He is currently staying at the Magnolia Square Nursing Home but hopes to go home soon. He told me to tell everyone that he really enjoyed visiting with you all at the Rendezvous and he thanks everyone for the letters of encouragement, thoughts and prayers.

Our season is just about to start and it will be the last one we have without sharing the woods with crossbow users. Good luck on your hunts, be safe and tell me all your stories when you get a chance.

Darren



“**H**OW MANY BEARS DOES HIT TAKE?” That was a question I heard after I had committed to heading to Ontario to hunt with Larry Hesterly. It seemed Larry had purchased the hunt at the UBM Festival donated by Bear Trak Outfitters and he was having trouble finding another hunter to go with him this year. Larry and I had been on three bear hunts together with Doug Park who had donated hunts to UBM as Wolf River Bear Baits. Doug is retiring after 30 plus years and has sold his lease to Bear Trak who has continued with the hunt donation to UBM.

“I could not let a friend make this trip all alone” was one of my excuses. I don’t think my wife bought that reason anymore than any of the others I used. After nearly 40 years, she knew that I really wanted to go and keeping Larry from going alone was as good a reason as any. I made the call to Larry to let him know that if he had room for me to ride along I was in for another bear hunt. This was bear hunt number 5 for me and I’m



Rubin and his bruin

just a rookie. Larry is more of an addict than I am as he has only been on 16 bear hunts and as I write this he is on the road to hunt again out of Grand Marias, Minnesota.

Doug Park has become a good friend and I’m hoping he will be able to come down to a Festival soon to visit with some of the 33 or so UBM hunters who have hunted with him

on one of the 5 hunts I have been on. I can also say that all but a couple of UBM hunters had an opportunity to take a bear. If my memory is correct, all saw at least one bear.

I’m hoping that the UBM will continue a good relationship with the new owner, Corey Hayward. He has been great to us so far and allowed Rubin Qualls to postpone the hunt he bought in 2014 until this year. It just so happened that all 5 of us from the UBM would be in the same camp. We had found out a few days before that there would be 3 other Missouri hunters sharing the camp. It turned out Larry knew one of those hunters and they all lived near him; small world after all!

Larry wanted to meet with the guide he was hunting with in Minnesota so we had plans to spend the night in Grand Marias before crossing into Ontario. Rubin and his group of Josh Shinn and Rick Baumhoegger were going to meet up with us there so we could all cross the border and take care of tags and last minute stuff before

Larry Hesterly and Tom Dickerson show off their bears with good friend Doug Park



heading out on the 90 mile trek into the bush out of Thunder Bay. We were hunting a different area this year and due to some timbering in the region we were going to a new-to-us area. Exciting, but even with all 5 of us trying to follow the directions we had, more than one conference was held on whether we were on the right path or not. When we made the last turnoff, I was still wondering as the brush was nearly rubbing the truck from both sides.

Well, we had finally arrived and we found a camp to be like it had been describe; 3 camping trailers, 2 cooking and eating shelters, a butchering shelter, freezers, generator, and a trailer stuffed with bait minus some the bear ate the night before we arrived. A bear hit that bait our first night in camp even with 8 of us sleeping within shooting distance. After we had the generator running, due to needing the freezers, the bruin must have decided the neighborhood was too crowded.

Doug and Nate came up the path from the lake as they were seeking



This is the trailer where the bait was kept

relief from the unusual heat wave that had arrived just before us. It felt more like Missouri weather than Ontario weather! Our first couple of days, the lake, aka bath, really felt great! Now the big question, would the hot weather impact bear sightings?? The season opened the next morning and we would soon be able to tell.

Rubin Quall and Josh Shinn with Josh's bear



Larry and I loaded our stands on our 4-wheelers. Doug took his 4-wheeler to take us to the bait sites to get set up. For you guys who know Doug, he was taking his 4-wheeler instead of his truck so that gives you an idea of the trail we went on. It was 7 ½ miles from camp to the first bait where I was to sit. After hanging my stand, it was another 5-6 miles to the site that Larry was to sit. That bait was not being hit so Doug chose to relocate Larry to another site. Nate had taken Rubin and his group out to the bait sites that they were to set up on.

Opening day was another warm one but we all hit the lake and headed out that afternoon hoping a couple of us would have some luck. Larry and I were both talking about trying to hold out for a big bear since we have both taken bears before. Rubin, Josh and Rick were hoping to see a bear and then decide. Josh was the first to shoot a bear. Rubin passed on a decent bear, Larry passed, and Rick and I saw nothing the first night. One of the other hunters in camp also shot a bear the first night. One of the others had missed a big bear. The second day found us swapping

Bear continued on page 7



Larry taking a dip in the lake. The water was actually tolerable this year!

tales and enjoying a good breakfast. It was still going to be a warm day so the afternoon dip was refreshing as well as needed. We all headed out again with Josh going out with Rubin hoping to video his hunt. They did get some video of a bear coming in but there was no shot opportunity. Rick shot a bear shortly after getting on stand and returned to camp with it. Larry passed again after the same bear visited multiple times. I saw nothing again. One of the other hunters had passed a bear hoping to get another chance at the big bear he missed the night before. The other guy was not having any luck seeing any bears either. Camp was 3 for 8 on the second night.

Monday, day 3 of 2015 season, was a little cooler but still warm for Ontario. Doug had seen a couple of bears crossing the road while baiting other sites the evening before. I asked to check out another site as mine had not been hit for 4 days. I loaded my second stand into Doug's truck and we set out to refresh some baits and possibly hang a stand. All the sites we checked had been hit which was better than where I had been sitting. The site I chose to sit was only

4 miles from camp and there were some woodcutters camped less than a mile away. Doug thought this bear would most likely become a pest to their camp so I decided I would shoot whatever bear showed up. Larry had decided if the one he had been passing came in today it was a sign that he was meant to shoot it.

After hitting the lake for a bath, we headed out again for the evening. I crawled into my stand at 4:00 and fired up my Thermacell as the mosquitos were already buzzing about. A few minutes before 5:00 I heard what I thought to be a bear turning over logs back in a cut-over area a hundred yards or so away. As I was sitting and watching, a couple of minutes later I spotted a bear as it moved into the opening. Not a big bear but I made up my mind that I was going to shoot if

it presented a good shot. It walked on the path that we used to refresh the bait that morning and just as it reached a bunch of brush we had walked through it froze about 6 yards from me, quartering toward me. No shot here so I watched it sneak off, circling around behind the bait site. I could just catch glimpses of it or hear the occasional subtle sound. It had almost made a complete circle when I caught it moving in toward the bait from my right side. It stopped with its vitals right behind a couple of trees about 8 yards from me and stood there for a few minutes. I was sure it was going to turn back out as it was still acting nervous so I really didn't think it was going to happen on this trip in. Finally it relaxed and stepped forward a couple of steps sampling some goods I had

Rick Baumhoegger with his bear



Bear continued on page 8

placed just outside the barrel. As it brought the front leg forward I hit anchor and watched as my fletching appeared where I was looking. It tore off straight away about 50 yards from the stand and then took a hard right turn where I heard it crash. Then I heard The Moan. Bear #5 on trip #5 was down!! I looked at my watch and it had been 18 minutes from the first sighting until the moan. After giving Thanks to God for the bear and the chance to enjoy the beauty, I headed back to camp to get a sled and people to help get it out. Rick was there as I returned and we went down to Doug's trailer to get his sled for retrieval. All 3 of us headed back to my site in Doug's truck to retrieve it. We followed a short easy blood trail and it was right where I had heard it, about 50 yards from my stand. After a couple of on-site photos, we headed to the truck. If you see Rick be sure to ask him about the rule of the sled!!

As we lifted the sled into the truck we heard a 4-wheeler coming up the road. Since there were only 2 people who knew where my stand was besides Doug and me, I told Doug that it had to be Larry. Sure enough, Larry had shot a bear and went back to get Doug when he spotted my 4-wheeler at camp. Since we were already half way to Larry's site from camp we headed on to his site to recover his bear. He had watched it drop about 40 yards from his stand and heard the moan. After 16 hunts and several bears he said it was the first moan he had heard. We had both our bears skinned out and in the freezer before dark! The UBM hunters were 4 bears for 5 hunters so far with Ruben passing 2 times.

Tuesday morning, Larry and I decided we would take the day to retrieve our stands and pack things up to head home on Wednesday.

My first bait site had still not been hit so the move was a good choice if I was hoping to take a bear. We got all but our sleeping gear loaded and ready to roll for early the next morning. Of course, we wished we had all taken BIG bears but we came to hunt bear and bears we had taken! And all were recovered within 50 yards of the stands! Now we are all hoping that Ruben would get another chance.

As we visited around camp, waiting for the remaining hunters to return, we heard someone coming in. Ruben has made it 5 bears for 5 UBM hunters and all were short, daylight recoveries!! After some pictures and congratulatory high 5's, the skinning was done in short order. Just about that time one of the other hunters rolled in right at dusk. He had shot a bear and needed help. Nate loaded him up to head back out to start tracking. Doug and I decided just maybe we should go help since this was the first after-dark tracking job this year. Every year we have had a few of those and Doug and I seemed to work well together on them. I have learned a lot from him and we seem to make a pretty good team on trailing. We arrived and I pulled the sled in as we saw some lights in the bush. They had found the trail and were starting in. Doug started with them as I sent Brent back to the truck for toilet paper to flag the trail. As we got started in the trail, Doug called for the sled. Bear recovered!! Now we had 7 bears for 8 hunters with another still hunting.

Later that night it started raining. Since neither Larry nor I were sleeping we decided to head out about 5 AM. We loaded our meat and hides into the cooler from the freezer and headed out. On looking at the Facebook page, it seems that the remaining hunter also shot a

bear. Either way, it was a great trip once again.

I don't know if I'll ever be going on bear hunt number 16 like Larry but I recall M.R. James asking at a UBM Festival, "Have I told you I love bear hunting?" Of course he went on to say the same thing about deer, elk, moose, and a host of other species. I have to agree with M.R. and Larry, though, "Have I told you I love hunting bear??" I fear an addiction is setting in!

I'm hoping Bear Trak Outfitters continues to donate to the UBM but, either way, they have a lot of bears. If you are thinking about a bear hunt I recommend you check them out. We have truly enjoyed hunting with Doug and he had nothing but good things to say about Corey. I'm sure you can find their ad in the UBM newsletter.

Enjoy your retirement my friend!!!
Thanks for the memories!!



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AS YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN in the Missouri Conservationist, the Busch Wildlife Archery Range at Weldon Spring, MO got a much needed face lift. The range had a closed sign posted since last fall while it was being renovated. On June 4th of this year, the opening ceremony/dedication took place with a large crowd in attendance. Many local shooters, along with MDC employees, were there to take part in the festivities. The UBM, MBH and the Conservation Federation of Missouri were well represented. I heard someone say that the area is almost too pretty for bowhunters. The sight-in, practice or static area has been expanded, leveled and enhanced beyond expectations. It now has handicap parking, shelter access and elevated

shooting. They have concrete walkways to each of the twenty 4' x 4' fiberboard targets plus benches, arrow holders and bow racks. There are two ranges routed through the woods. Range "B" has 14-4' X 4' fiberboard targets and is a quarter mile long one way (half mile round trip). It is a straight line out and back on the same path, shooting seven targets each side in opposite

directions. Range "A" has 14-4' X 4' fiberboard targets and is one mile long circling through the woods returning to the starting area. The archery range is not staffed and there is no fee. It is open one hour before sun up and closed one hour after sundown. The range is open Tuesday through Sunday and is closed on Mondays for maintenance. Check it out, you will enjoy it!



Longtime champion of archery causes, Dick Wood enjoys the day and the revamped range



HELLO AGAIN EVERYONE! It's time again for the newest edition of "From The Designer"! Not much has changed in the past 3 months for me. As you may know I graduated college recently and have been job hunting continuously since then.

Unfortunately, the job market hasn't been so kind to me and despite my sparkling personality and impressive portfolio I keep getting edged out of positions by candidates with more experience. It's a vicious circle I find myself in and it's more than a little bit disheartening. But I'm still hunting for the ever elusive

graphic designer job armed with positivity, person-ality, and a willingness to do just about anything to get my foot in the door.

Despite this temporary setback, I have been applying for other full time type jobs as well so I can start the process of being a real adult. That hunt, though, is going about as well as the design job one. That being said, I just accepted a job at Target so I'm at least employed in a part time capacity and I can make some money and allow my bank account to recover from the hit it took during my 3 month unemployment period.

In other news, I finally got my long awaited tattoo! It was going to be a graduation gift but I held off on it in case potential employers had issues with visible ink in the workplace. Eventually I got tired of waiting and for my 25th birthday I got my first tattoo. I was smart and got it right below the elbow joint

so I can cover it with a cardigan or jacket in a conservative workplace. Since getting it I have realized the itch for ink is real and I've already started planning a *Benny and Joon* themed piece that I will get once I have money again.

I will leave you now to finish reading the rest of the newsletter. Make sure to check out the copper-head piece I wrote and I wish you all a fun and bountiful hunting season! Be sure to write about them and send them to us for the next newsletter!



My tattoo!

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2015 UBM Rendezvous Photos

Top: This year's winning team of the Three-Person Skirmish: Zach Salsig, Glen Cron and Andy Patterson

Middle Left: Shannon County Tradition entertains the crowd. Notice how the band waits patiently for Darren to shut up

Middle Right: Little Ryan Novotny following in his family's footsteps

Bottom Left: Bear Marley, everyone's favorite target

Bottom Right: John Hernandez sings us a Native American song. Ben Glass wanted to join in but he didn't know the words



Rendezvous continued on page 12



Top Left: Head-to-head competition at the Three-Person Skirmish

Top Right: Steve Young won the Adult Division shoot off for the second year in a row

Middle Left: Ryan Novotny makin' bacon!

Middle Right: Olivia Crawford competing in the Youth shoot off

Bottom Left: Austin Thompson was the winner of the Youth Division shoot off

Bottom Right: Two teams waiting for the signal to shoot





Top Left: The crowd relaxes while listening to Saturday night's entertainment.

Top Right: Dale Haverstick singing a little ditty.

Middle: Birds just waiting to be broken

Bottom Left: The crowd peruses the can raffle items

Bottom Right: Members enjoy the course at Panther Creek Traditional Archery Range.





AFTER MANY VISITS TO GRANDPA'S HOUSE, climbing around in the travel trailer (now identified as the hunting castle), while shooting countless arrows in Grandpa's front yard, my grandson (Devin Best) and I planned a guy's campout along with a 3D shoot. Plans were made to attend the UBM 2015 Rendezvous at Panther Creek. Devin's father (Larry Best) was able to get away from work to join us for our first (father-son-grandpa) camping and rendezvous experience. No practice or planning meetings were necessary. Grandpa gladly volunteered to put things together for a three day week-end with the boys. You can't let these opportunities pass you by. Larry and Larry both agreed that this would be Devin's week-end. As we headed south, Devin continuously translated the GPS for us. He monitored my speed (I was driving too slow or fast), kept track of the miles to the next turn, total miles, etc. He also identified our lunch

stop as Wendy's in Rolla; only about a mile off the highway. Traveling was much easier when he couldn't read the signs.

We arrived at Panther Creek mid-afternoon and joined the many that had arrived ahead of us. After locating a shady camp site and positioning the trailer, we were set for the weekend. Devin was quick to wander throughout the camps, locating other kids and surveyed

the activities for the weekend. He knew more people in that quick walk-about than I did after the entire weekend. The wife and I both often comment that we don't know half as many neighbors since the kids left for college.

We were looking forward to the exceptional weather forecast. We had a light rain Friday night but it was sunny and cool the remainder of the weekend. We had to grab for covers at night which is unusual for the last of June. The bugs gave us a break and took the weekend off. The stars were in alignment! Devin's plan to sleep in the bunk above the front table didn't seem to work as planned since he is now ten and too big for the narrow area between the ceiling and the bed.

His dad and I were entertained while he continued to work at convincing himself that it was going to work out. I believe his mom told him about that being her bed when she was young.

The Friday night fish fry, thanks to the many that brought the various bags of fish, was great! I still think I heard someone say that they brought gold fish. I was corrected when they told me it was catfish.



Devin's First continued on page 15

The fish, hushpuppies and many side dishes everyone brought made the dinner a hit! After dinner, the band, "Common Ground", played into the night. Everyone was taken aback when Don Orrell sat in for the drummer and displayed his talent from a previous life. Devin wore himself out visiting all the camps and trying to keep up with the activities at the shelter while following Don around waiting for the next ride on the golf cart and wagon. We did once see the cart and wagon go by in the dark with Devin hanging on the back waving.

Mid-morning on Saturday (after breakfast) we registered for the 3D shoot and headed for target #1. Without warming up or practicing, we were finally ready for our first 3D shoot. Devin would lead the way. He scored one kill and one wound. Larry and Larry didn't do nearly as well. Devin was flying high!

Target #2 was close to the same except it took a little longer to find Grandpa's arrow. As we continued through the course, Larry and Larry started to gain ground on Devin. He wasn't nearly as cool now. Since he doesn't shoot often enough, he started to get tired and was having trouble holding on target. We encouraged him and worked on his form and release. Overall, the shoot improved all of our shooting and more importantly, our attention to each other. We located the loud bullfrog in the small pond next to the antelope target. He was every bit as big as his sound and sat still as we took his picture. If it were a couple days later when the frog season opened, he might have attended the fish fry.

Saturday afternoon, John Hernandez from Rogersville entertained everyone with his Native American drum and song. John shared his knowledge, heritage and



customs with everyone. Devin took a lot of pictures of that. After looking through John's catalog, Devin was reminded of the tomahawk he got to throw at the Daniel Boone Camp several weeks earlier. I was reminded, again, that he wants a tomahawk of his own. We need to talk with his mom (my daughter) to ensure that we don't create a problem. We got somewhat involved in the Saturday afternoon three-person skirmish shoot. Devin and I got to replace the clay birds that were shot after each round. Everyone seemed to get into this fun competition, especially Brenda Hudson. Larry Hudson should encourage Brenda to not hold back and express herself more. The skirmish was the highlight of the afternoon.

Saturday night's dinner of gumbo was prepared by a couple of friends of Don's from Louisiana. Again, many side dishes were brought by members. Everyone was raving about how good the gumbo was. Yes, it was spicy with many different meats; a little too spicy for Devin. This was followed by the bluegrass band, Shannon County Tradition. Darren Haverstick's family and friends had us tapping our toes and entertained into the evening. By bedtime, it was

time to clean the mud off Devin's shoes, clothes and legs. It looked as though he was field testing his hiking boots in every mud puddle around before calling it a night. He told us about the homemade ice cream with chocolate chips at Brian Peterson's camp.

Sunday morning, Devin and his dad slept in. I went to the shelter for coffee with biscuits and gravy. It was another good time to visit. I returned to camp to find Devin and his dad getting things in order to head for home. We finished preparing the trailer and the back of the truck for travel before going to the shelter to tell everyone goodbye. As we drove off, Devin was hanging out the window telling everyone that he would see them again next year. That expression of his intent to return for next year's shoot assured me that he had a good time. It doesn't get much better than that! I shared a beautiful weekend with my grandson, son-in-law and a large group of folks that share the same passion for archery and bowhunting. I feel safe in saying that Devin's 1st campout and 3D shoot was a success!



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I'M THE FIRST TO ADMIT that I have about as much experience in the outdoors as a sloth does with the 100-meter dash. But when push comes to shove, and there is eminent danger slithering right under the porch, I muster up the courage to brave the outdoors and protect the household with the help of a splitting hammer.

Starting about mid-July or so, our yard became infested with copperheads. My dad managed to kill three of them, all far too close to the house for comfort, and it seemed like the infestation had been taken care of. We all breathed a sigh of relief but it turned out to be premature and I was going to be the one that had to deal with it.

The fateful day came and it was a day like any other. I had gotten up and eaten breakfast, checked emails, applied for jobs, etc. The next thing on my agenda was to bring the dogs in as it was

The instrument of death



a sweltering ninety something degrees and they didn't need to be out in the heat. As I walk onto the porch I saw something right against the porch and walked over to take a look. Upon realizing it was a copperhead I immediately walked back into the house and called Dad to figure out what to do.

He promptly called me back, asked if I could kill it, and I answered yes. He first suggested using his pellet gun but changed his mind because he didn't think I would be able to find the pellets for it. His next suggestion was to use his trusty 22 rifle. I vetoed this option as A) the snake was wedged in a corner and B) I have never shot a gun in my life and didn't want to make the snake angry at me if I missed. He then told me to get his splitting hammer out of the garage and bop the snake on the head with it and I told him that was something I could do. So I went to get said hammer with the snake still being there, sun bathing in the corner. With weapon in hand, I mustered up my courage and proceeded to swing the hammer at the snake hoping to chop its head off. You see, in all the chaos and nervousness of deciding to kill the snake, I somehow thought bopping it on the head meant swinging the hammer like an ax. Needless to say, the copperhead slithered back under the porch when I tried to swing the hammer into the small enclosed space where it was coiled up. Satisfied the snake was gone for the day, I went to get the dogs, all the while keeping an eye out for the enemy that evaded me.

The next day, I went to get the dogs and made sure to check for the copperhead before I brought two mini horse sized hounds into the mix. I got the dogs inside and



The freshly dead copperhead

went to get the mail or something, only to find the snake in the same spot on my way back to the house. So I grabbed the hammer again, bound and determined to kill this thing once and for all. Unfortunately my efforts to bash the snake's head in were thwarted by the quick slithering away of my adversary before I could get to him. Content to let the snake hide under the porch for the rest of the day, I went back inside, informed Dad about my second attempt and proceeded to go about my day.

The next day, I did the pre dog-bringing-in check but this time the snake was just slithering out and I knew today was the day he was going to meet his maker. I grabbed the splitting hammer and proceeded to beat the crap out of thing, first hitting his body, slowing him down, and then bashing around where his head was hidden by some grass. After many blows to the head and body, a broken hammer handle and a great deal of anger, the copperhead was dead.

2015 Trophy Pictures

Relieved, I went in the house to call the folks to tell them that the snake was dead as they were in St. Louis at the time. As luck would have it, my mom had just texted me to ask if I had seen the snake as I picked up my phone, so I quickly responded that I just killed it. She was apparently telling this story to my grandparents and wanted an update. Within seconds she was calling me and demanded all the gory details of how the snake met his timely demise. I proceeded to relay the story to her and the listening gallery seemed to get quite a kick out of it.

Photos were demanded by the parents and grandparents so I hung up the phone and used a stick to get the snake out of his corner and onto the concrete part of our porch so I could take a proper picture. Of course, the snake was still moving slightly when I went to pick him up and as an uneducated outdoorsman I thought it was still clinging to life. Feeling threatened again, I used the broken hammer handle to bash its head in a few more times to make sure it was dead. It turns out that the movement was just residual nerve twitch but I wasn't taking any chances. After all that, I took the picture and sent it to them at which time Dad said that it was quite fat and most likely pregnant; another reason to kill it before it could spawn more baby copperheads.

After that, life went back to normal and my stint as "Lisie the Snake Killer" was over. Do I ever want to do it again? Hell no, but if the situation calls for it I can always bring back my inner snake killer and have another story to tell. For now, though, I'm more than content to just have this one.



Larry Hesterly with his Minnesota bear. This was his third attempt to get a bear in that state. I guess the third time is a charm!



Member Carey Breshears with a fine bear he took in Maine with longtime UBM supporters, Squapan Mountain Outfitters. The bear weighed 178 pounds and enabled Carey to win a Black Widow bow for the biggest bear in camp.

»» 2015 Deaf Camp Photos —————>



Deaf Camp continued on page 20





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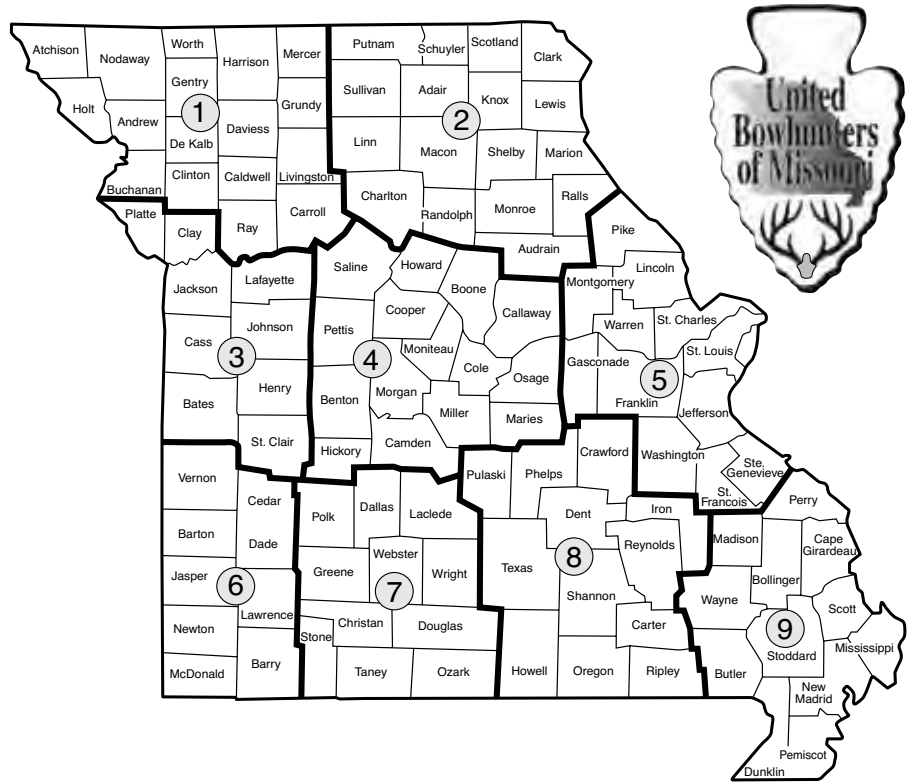
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9th Annual Sheep-Eater's Greater Ozark Mountain Squirrel Hunt

When:

December 4th-6th, 2015

(There will be no board meeting)

Where:

Brian and Jo Ann Peterson's Brushy Mountain Ranch
2933 State Hwy KK, Cedar creek, MO

Activities:

Good food, drink, and camaraderie around the campfire. 100s of acres of squirrel hunting woods (assuming they cooperate)! Mini 3-D 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).

Contact:

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Check the UBM website for details closer to the event