



# THE UNITED BOWHUNTER

Spring 2013



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



# President's Report

by Darren Haverstick



Well, folks, another Festival has come and gone and I sure hope all those that attended had an enjoyable time. I still find myself waking up in the middle of the night thinking that I forgot to do something in order to be ready for the event. Past Festival chairpersons have told me that this phenomenon is perfectly normal and will pass in four or five years. Death also seems to bring an end to this reaction. I want to thank again all the people who help make the Festival work and our wonderful speakers and seminar presenters who entertained and informed us. Without you all, the event simply wouldn't happen!

As you may, or may not, know the 2014 Festival will not be held at the Truman Hotel in Jefferson City as it has for so many years. Instead, it will be at the Country Club Spa and Hotel at Lake of the Ozarks ([www.countryclub-hotel.com](http://www.countryclub-hotel.com)). Attendance to the Festival has been dwindling in recent years and it was thought that maybe a change in location; one more family-oriented, would help boost those numbers. This decision was not an easy one to make and has been talked about for at least a couple of years. A lot of you weighed in on the subject and it was put to a vote at the general/board meeting last December. The move may be a bad thing but we won't know until we try. And nothing says that we can't go back to the Truman if things don't work out at the new location. After all, the staff at the Truman Hotel has done nothing but treat us well. Be on the lookout for more information about this move as it develops.

Another big change for the UBM has to do with this publication. I'm sure you have noticed by now the nice color covers and the slick paper on the inside; thanks to Traders Printing in Springfield, MO. But what you may not have noticed is the change in who puts this newsletter together. Joe Pendergrass, our long-standing editor, has stepped aside and Harold Kinder has taken over the job of Chief Putter-Togetherer of the publication. Harold has a piece in here somewhere introducing himself and I look forward to working with him on

future issues. I also wish Joe Pendergrass the best in his pursuits and thank him immensely for his past work. Being editor of any publication is a thankless job that requires a thick skin and a whole lot of patience. That is why we also have formed an editorial board to help Harold with the newsletter's content. That board currently consists of me, Bob Burns, and Brian Peterson. We figured that four sets of eyes were better than one at catching mistakes and we could spread the misery around as opposed to Harold keeping it all for himself. If you want to submit something for the newsletter, please send it to any one of us and we will take care of the rest.

Another thing that you may have noticed is the marked lack of advertisements in this issue. When Harold took over, he asked me to give him a list of paid advertisers so that he could get new artwork from them for their advertisements. After much investigation, it was learned that most of the ads had not been paid for in a loong time. Some of those we give away to certain businesses that solidly support the UBM year after year. The others, I decided, just don't belong in the newsletter anymore so I made an executive decision to cull them. I want the playing field to be level for ALL the businesses that support us and I don't think it's fair for someone to get preferential treatment for something they may have done for the club ten years ago. I know there will probably be some blow-back from all of this and I want to clearly state that this was MY decision; not anyone else's. My actions were business-minded, not malicious, in nature and if you feel that your advertisement was pulled without valid cause, please contact me so I can make it right. We value all the businesses that support us and would hate to lose any of you through my oversight. Also, we would like to have new advertising customers so talk your friends into joining as business members. The cost is \$35/year and it gets them a business-card size ad in four newsletters. That's a steal compared to the rates most publications charge!

I hope you all have a great spring and maybe I can hook up with a few of you to harass turkeys somewhere. I am the guy who can always be used as a bad example in any hunting situation. I'm also

available for bowfishing excursions and hardly complain at all when no fish are seen, shot, or clubbed to death with a policeman's baton (whoops, there goes my invitation from Mike Wirt. Remember, Mike, you love me!). The Rendezvous will be in Marshall, MO again this year (June 21st-23rd) and I look forward to pulling a string with you then! <<<

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# Meet your new Graphic Designer



## Personal Information

My name is Harold Kinder. I will be 72 years of age on April 4, 2013. You might say "Old as dirt". Saint Louis is my home (Fenton) since 1965. My home town is Fredericktown, MO; located approximately 80 miles south of St. Louis. I graduated from high school in 1959. I spent six months in the Army; basic training at Fort Leonard Wood and advanced training at Fort Knox, KY through a program with the Missouri National Guard. I went on to engineering school at Rolla, MO but quickly found out I wasn't smart enough to become an engineer. So I transferred to SEMO, (Southeast MO State University) and graduated in January of 1965 with a Bachelor of Science in Education (teaching degree). I did my student teaching at Sikeston, MO. I had a double major; Industrial Arts, and Fine Arts. No teaching jobs were available then so I worked for a Civil Engineering/City Planning firm for the next 20 years as supervisor over an in-house graphics/offset printing department of 8 people producing technical reports containing graphics and maps. I have worked most of my career in similar positions with other firms. When the digital age started, I went back to college in the evenings and completed classes, primarily for Computer Graphics. Currently, I am working part time one day a week for a company drawing maps on a computer where I have worked for the last 14 years. I do this to make extra money to finance my other hobby of playing golf. I'm not the smartest person around but I do have the graphic skills to undertake this position of Graphic Designer for the publication, *The United Bowhunter*. My interests include golf, archery/bowhunting, fishing, canoeing and camping.

This will be my seventh year as a member of UBM. I was a member of MBH, Missouri Bow Hunters, for more than 40 years before joining UBM. My closest three friends of UBM are Dan Novotny, Ron Mackenberg and Steve Bostic.

My wife of 47 years passed away suddenly on November 3, 2012 and I will miss her. She ran our household.

## Bowhunting Experience

My bowhunting started with a recurve in 1972 and my first harvest came in 1974 when I double lunged a nine pointer. That made me a bowhunter for life. Since then I have taken several deer with bow and arrow. 12 with a compound and the remainder with a recurve. I took 10 with a recurve I made from plans I obtained from Bingham Projects in Ogden, Utah. All together I made four bows. (See bow in photo) One of my harvests was a doe I took with a cedar arrow with a flint head. I don't pass up many chances at deer. Eight of my total I've taken were either yearling does or button bucks. They are good eating! All of my archery and bowhunting career I have been faced with "target panic" in varying degrees. I'm sure I am the only member of UBM experiencing this problem. Had it not been for this problem, my total deer count would have been much higher.

## Many Thanks to Joe Pendergrass

One of the main things that attracted me to becoming a member of UBM was the publication, *The United Bowhunter*, produced by Joe Pendergrass. The quality and professional look of the graphics in that publication was, on a scale of 1 to 10, an 11 compared to the MBH publication "*The Release*". Joe and I are not close friends and I'm not sure he even knows who I am. You will notice the look of this Spring issue of the publication hasn't changed much. Why should I change something that looks so Great? You members should feel fortunate to have had Joe preparing this publication over the years. It is a time consuming job creating each issue. From what I can tell, it is also a thankless job. I've got some big shoes to fill and I hope I can meet your expectations. I told Darren Haverstick I would step down in a minute with no regrets if the board wanted to replace me with another graphic designer. I will give this my best effort.

## How to Communicate with me

Address:

Harold Kinder  
620 Green Glade Ct.  
Fenton, MO 63026  
636-343-6098 land line  
haroldkinder@aol.com email

You can call me anytime. I usually go to bed around 9:00 in the evening and get up around 5:00 in the morning. I have an answering machine to leave a message if I'm not at home. Leave a message and call back phone number. I have unlimited long distance calling and I will return your call.

## Hunting Stories and Articles

You can email me and attach JPEG photos or you can send me a letter with photos enclosed that I will scan. Always include your address and phone number in case I need to call and ask questions.

I plan to print off emails and place them in a three ring binder in date order. The digital JPEG photos will be filed in a folder in my computer. Stories will be worked into the publication in the order I receive them with the exception of a special request from Darren Haverstick to bump up an article or story for time of year etc. I am dropping the "*Editor*" portion of my title. An editorial board will be reviewing the page layouts for content and spelling so any mistakes will fall back on their plate. This will make my job easier too. I am asking your help as UBM members to get your stories or articles to me way ahead of the deadline to give me as much time as possible since this is my first attempt at this task. Joe did a great job and he was probably much faster at layout than me. Good Luck bowhunting in 2013 and be careful up in those tree stands.

Graphic Designer  
Harold Kinder



My best, an 8 Pointer 195 lbs. field dressed



My dog Sam, A female black lab rescue dog

# Second Chance Doe

by Steve Bostic

The "Twelve Foot Stand" has been a great place to ambush a deer through the years. It's tucked inside the woods on an inside corner of the largest field on my farm in Northeast Missouri. Soybeans were strategically left at the field's edge, just as in this evening's hunt, to entice the game to take a short visit to the field.

The evening hunt was uneventful until those magical minutes just before dark when three does started up from the bottom of the main draw that runs diagonally through our farm. As they neared, side hilling, I could see that it was a doe and two yearlings and I had it in my mind that I was going to take the first opportunity that was offered for me to put some venison in the freezer.

Suddenly there was that point that I wished the tree stand I was in was ten feet higher in the tree; it felt as if they had pegged me. But actually, I think the doe was just looking in the direction that she wanted to go. The doe turned her head, and they continued on.

As the doe entered my shooting lane I picked a spot and drew back. At the release I could see the downhill shot was going low and, in the low light, I thought the shot was a miss below the brisket, but I wasn't for sure. The deer all ran to the bottom of the draw and I could see that they had stopped and were standing there, still. Within a few minutes they began milling around and disappeared. What I didn't realize was that they had circled around and came back around to be nearly in the same spot but behind me and were angling up toward the field that was talking to their stomachs.

As most of you know, shooting at a deer that is on alert is not a wise choice, but in this case, I was unsure of whether the doe had been hit by my previous shot or not, but I was sure that it was the same one. I had to make a quick decision but in retrospect, I am not sure it was the best one.

The large doe was staring me down trying to see me as I hid behind the large oak that my ladder stand was leaning against. It must have been just too tempting though for her, as her intentions were those juicy soybeans just a few yards away at the field's edge. With a tail twitch, I could see her let her guard down and begin to take that first step. In one fluid motion, I drew my Black Widow longbow and found "the spot" just behind her shoulder and released.

Now, it still amazes me how fast those dudes can react to sound. I have watched several slow motion videos of deer reacting to the sound of a bow shot and I can just imagine what this deer did at my shot. Even at twelve yards, she dropped and turned leaving only the base of her neck in the way of the arrow. It isn't a good feeling seeing a deer run away knowing your arrow didn't hit where you were looking. I was sick.

As darkness settled in, I thought about the doe's escape route being in the direction of the truck so I climbed down and took the long way around. It was a long night for sure, but the morning's trail was picked up quickly and was very evident. In a few short minutes, I was standing over my prized doe. I gave thanks, and with the help of my favorite hunting partner, my son, a few pictures were taken and we loaded her up.

It doesn't always go that way; getting a second chance AND being lucky, along with a lesson learned...even for an older veteran like me! <<<



Steve Bostic with his "Second Chance Doe"

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# Closing Time

by Darren Haverstick

It's 5:00 am on Sunday morning, January 6th; the last day I will be able to hunt in the 2012-2013 season. I haven't been out with a bow and broadhead since before Christmas and my craving to do it is so strong that my wife, Leah, has suggested that I check into rehab. Silly girl, everyone knows that bowhunting isn't an addiction. It's just a very powerful urge that overwhelms all rational thought to do something else.

Anyway... I am at my favorite place in the whole wide world, my family farm in Shannon County. The alarm has just gone off and I am heading to the bathroom to become unscented. Dad has already been up for who-knows-how-long and will begin making me his standard breakfast; fried eggs, fried meat of some sort and a bread of some kind. When I come out all fresh and clean I see that today's choice is sausage links and corn muffins. Variety is the spice of life, they say, and I chow down on this variety of vittles like a buzzard on a gut pile. It's 20 degrees this morning and I need to stoke the internal boiler if I want to keep from freezing when I'm out and about.

I have decided to make my last stand at a place we call the Deer Turnaround. I almost always see some deer when I'm up there and I figured it would be as good a place as any to go. My Christmas present this year was a new longbow and I really would like to break it in before the season closes. It's a Tall Timbers beauty made by our own Don Orrell. I could have paid extra and gotten the dead-animal guarantee with it but I thought that would be cheating. I'll just rely on my own skills and see what happens. I killed my first bear, my first two turkeys and a fat doe so far this season so my good juju must be pretty strong. It probably has something to do with all the fried food I've eaten.

Father is going up on the ridge behind the house so I say goodbye and good luck to him as I load one more layer of insulated clothing into my truck. I think these new materials don't trap heat as well as the old ones did. It seems like I get cold more easily these days. I shiver a little bit while I scrape the frost off of my windshield and then I herd my truck towards our destination. I don't see any eyes reflected back at me as I drive through the fields. I guess the critters are sleeping in today.

I park by the gate to the Granny Field and grab all my gear. I have traded in my ghillie suit this morning for my climbing stand. The wind is supposed to be out of the south today and my south-wind hidey hole at the Deer Turnaround is looking pretty bare this time of year. There's a good, straight hickory just off the food plot up there that I will set up in instead. I throw all my stuff across the barbed wire fence and then gracefully fall over it myself. As I cross the dry creek bed, I notice how completely still it is. Man, these are the types of mornings you dream about! I just know the deer are gonna be frolicking all over the place and I'm gonna put one more of those tasty cervids in my freezer.

I get across the creek and start up the familiar skid trail that leads to the ridge top. Although it is still a long time until shooting light, the moon provides plenty of illumination for me to see where I'm going. It is so still that you can hear for miles and the barred owls are loudly competing against one another to see who can out-cook for you all. Every now and then a great horned owl chimes in; I guess to place an order or something. I am ascending the hill at a leisurely pace. Another thing that I have noticed about these new insulating materials; they seem to weigh more than older ones did too. I imagine the extra exertion they cause is supposed to keep you warmer. Well, it's working for me.

When I arrive at my chosen spot, I unslung the climbing stand from my back and start getting everything ready as quietly as I can. The air is so cold and crisp that I swear I could break a piece off and chew on it. It also makes being quiet a real challenge. I finally get the straps strapped, ropes roped and harnesses harnessed and begin climbing the slick, hard trunk of my arboreal home for the next few hours. After I reach an acceptable height, I lock everything into place and pull up my hunting implements. It takes me another few minutes to get all that stuff stowed away and then I sit down to enjoy the serenity of the dark. I have about another 20 minutes before work starts so I am content to just relax and let the owls serenade me. Folks who don't hunt have no idea what they are missing at times like this and mere words don't even begin to describe what I am experiencing at this

moment. You guys understand, though. You all have been there.

The sun is slowly making its way up and over the horizon now and the nocturnal beasts are turning the job of being animals over to their daytime brethren. I start to hear a few crows and way over on the ridge behind the Short Cemetery there is a flock of turkeys doing some soft tree yelping. I am already planning my hunts for those guys. The local turkey hatch we had the past two years was phenomenal and if we don't have too much icy weather this winter there ought to be a bunch of birds to play with this spring.

It's game time now and I start, in earnest, to try to detect the movements of my quarry. I've gotten spoiled over the past few seasons. We had a major mast crop failure around four years ago and all the squirrels left the country to find food elsewhere. The lack of them tromping around everywhere has made listening for important animals much easier. However, the acorns have come back and the bushy tails are starting to come back too. I think someone could do a doctoral dissertation on how such a small rodent can make so much dang racket! I shouldn't complain, though. Instead of the normal 20 or 30 of the little #%#@% running around digging, eating and fighting I only have to put up with four or five.

As I sit here, taking it all in, I begin to get a little sad. The Last Hunt always does that to me. No matter what kind of season I've had, knowing that it is ending is a bummer. I try to think about the highlights of this particular year to cheer myself up a bit. Of all the things that have taken place, the times I've got to share with Dad were the best. We have grown so close over the years by bowhunting together that we've almost become an old married couple with our routine. There's breakfast, the morning hunt, lunch and the excuses for why no deer were killed that morning, our mid-day practice session (where I always let him win), the afternoon hunt, supper and more excuses, general discussion of thus and so and then bedtime. I treasure the time spent with him above all else but thinking about that starts to make me sad too. Each season I spend in Dad's

*Continued on Page 7*

company is great but it's also one less season that I will ever get to spend with him. And that, my friends, is an emotional Pandora's Box that I don't even want to open! I need to quit this glass-half-empty way of looking at things and snap out of my self-inflicted funk. As Dad would say, "There ain't nothin' you can do about it but swaller hard and go on".

I've been here a couple of hours now and still no deer have come to play with me. Instead, I have been invaded by three or four pileated woodpeckers that are trying their best to turn trees into toothpicks. The only break in their hammering is when they screech and caterwaul to one another. They are like squirrels with wings when it comes to making noise. Their activities do help keep me from noticing the cold starting to leak through my garments. The arrival of a fat slickhead would do the same thing, though, and would be much more appreciated. I decide to shoot a couple of field points to warm up some. I jacked up the middle finger on my bow hand a few days ago and I am concerned that my altered grip will affect my accuracy. The first arrow goes where I want it to so I forego the second one and sit back down. No sense wasting any more good shots.

When 10 o'clock arrives I decide it's time to pack up shop and go home. I'm not sure where the deer were at on such a fine morning but that's why it's called "hunting" instead of "killing". I decide I will go back to the house and blame Father for the lack of game seen. It's as good a reason as any. He's probably there waiting for me to show up so I can help him drag one out. "Sorry you didn't see anything, son, but since you're here why don't you help me get this He-Daddy out of the brush?" That's all I am to him; a pack mule. I guess it's the least I could do, though, since he's old, crippled and senile.

The possibility of me getting to help Dad with a deer he's killed does put a smile on my face and I have a spring in my step as I head off this ridge for the last time this winter. Turkey season ain't too far away and I'll be back up here then cussing the gobblers and their ilk. Summer, to me, is a good waste of three months so I mentally jump ahead to next fall and the beginning of archery season where Dad and I are again planning the

demise of the local whitetail population. Beginnings... There's an old pop song with a line that says "Every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end". Thinking about that song now makes me glad this archery season is over because that allows me to think about the next one starting up just around the corner. There's no sense dwelling on the past, even if the past is only five minutes old. <<<<

## Tribute to Kevin White

Dec. 4, 1963 - Nov. 7, 2012

by Harold Kinder



Forty eight years old is way too young to die. Kevin was my second cousin and probably the most dedicated traditional bowhunter I know. He ate, drank and talked traditional bowhunting and archery. It was as much a part of his life as his beautiful wife Michelle, his two children and his job as a nurse. Kevin was not a current member of UBM but, living in the Troy, MO area for several years and later moving to Fredericktown, MO, he probably met many of the UBM members at 3D shoots or on the TradGang web site. I know Chris Rackley will remember him when he sees his photo here. I put his photo on here in case you didn't remember Kevin by name but recognized him by his picture. His good nature, friendly smile, joke telling personality and giving someone a hug rather than a handshake was his way of life. I remember one of his jokes; one day I was organizing my fanny pack and he saw I had a small roll of toilet paper in with the other items. He asked what I used the toilet paper for. I said I used it to mark blood trails at night because it

shows up much better than orange flagging when you shine a light on it. He said, "I'm glad you don't use it for wiping after a dump." I asked, "why do you say that?" and he said, "That's called 'John Wayne Toilet Paper'- because it doesn't take crap off anybody. I always carry paper towels for that task.", and he gave me his great smile and chuckle.

Kevin was my cousin, friend and bow-hunting companion on occasion. He had a shop behind his home that would put some archery shops to shame. He had a sign as you enter that said "Traditional Archery Shop". (See Photo). He could do anything related to archery such as build his own hunting bows, making strings, grinding real turkey feathers and fletching them on cedar arrows.

I liked being around Kevin so much that I thought about asking his parents if I could adopt him. Then I remembered his hobby and all the traditional bows he continued to buy off Ebay and decided I couldn't afford him.

My wife Barbara passed away at age sixty nine after 47 years of marriage on November 3, 2012, some three months ago as of this writing. She died suddenly after complications at the hospital trying to reduce the size of two blood clots found in her lungs using a blood thinner. Her heart finally gave out. Kevin had called me the day she went into the emergency room and wanted to come up and hunt with me that weekend. He was devastated with the news of her passing and ask about the funeral arrangements. The funeral was scheduled for Wednesday November 7, 2012. That morning I was awakened by a call from Kevin's wife at 5:10 with the bad news that Kevin had just died from an aorta dissection. I was shocked after just losing my wife, now my cousin. Kevin was so much fun to be with and I will miss him; too young to pass on. <<<<



# The Right Medicine

by Larry Hudson

The summer of 2012 was one of the driest for the Midwest in many, many years. The year in general was, to say the least, abnormal. Typical spring turkey season in my neck of the north Missouri woods generally starts out with very little, if any, green foliage. There is often even snow on the ground! By contrast, 2012 Opening Day saw buck brush, multi-flora rose and even some trees leafed out. These abnormal conditions continued through spring and into summer and, worst of all, there was an early May freeze that killed the mast crop. Try as I might, my normally easy-to-raise forage soybeans I use for food plots did not fare well. A couple of the plots on low, protected ground did okay but the high ground just would not/could not grow. The corn/soybean crops on neighboring farms fared no better.

To make matters even worse, later in the summer I started hearing reports of an Epizootic Hemorrhagic Disease (EHD) outbreak. The conditions were perfect for the dreaded disease; the deer were watering in condensed areas as smaller drainages went dry. This forced the deer to concentrate at ponds where the damp clay edges are the preferred breeding grounds of the biting midge (or no-see-ums) that transmit the disease. Reports of 30+ dead deer at a single water hole were heard. I tromped the woods a lot in late summer searching around known backwoods ponds and fortunately did not see the evidence around our farm.

Nothing had changed when the Sept. 15th opener arrived except the thermometer had left the merciless high 80's & 90's. I hunted some of my favorite spots the first few days but didn't see much. On Sept. 20<sup>th</sup>, about mid-morning, I took a stroll through a field of standing corn. The higher part of the field's corn had no ears and was about waist high (Yeah, I can hear the short jokes coming) but as I got closer to the creek bottom the corn was better and the deer sign was everywhere. The west side of the field has a 100-foot buffer strip of fescue bordering the creek. Water was still flowing there; just a trickle, but water nonetheless. Little Medicine Creek, as this tributary is called, was a dredging project back in the mid 40's. At that time, the wandering little stream was transformed into straight line drainage.

Today the banks in some places are sheer 20-foot drops but Nature is taking back over by adding a few slight bends and sand bars with giant cottonwoods, soft maple and heavy willow thickets. At the edge of one of these thickets, I found a multi-trunked ash tree suitable for a stand. It would be hung very low; I could almost touch the bottom of the stand from the ground (here goes the short jokes again!) but the background was perfect. I sat the stand that night and only saw a small buck but jumped another deer in the dark as I left. The wind kept me away from my new hide for the next couple of days but things looked perfect for the morning of Sept. 23rd.

The day started off badly as I woke up at 4:00 am and barely made it to the bathroom. I don't remember what I had eaten but it was going through me like goose----! Mother Nature called again later, as I was getting dressed for the morning hunt, but I thought maybe that was it.

My plan to approach the stand was to drop into the creek ½ mile upstream of it, follow the creek bottom to the area but go up the bank 50 yards short of the stand so as not to cross the trail the deer were using. As I neared the spot to ascend the bank, though, Mother Nature once again made an immediate demand of my attention. With no other choice, I just did the deal right there in the creek! When all the appropriate paper work was completed, I started up the bank only to find myself on top of the stand—I had just made my deposit in the middle of the deer trail! Things were not looking good but I thought what the heck, maybe the deer will come from the other direction.

The first hour of light was uneventful and then deer started showing up from both directions. The first was a huge old matriarch doe with two fawns, you guessed it; she came right up the bank from my deposit zone! She was definitely on edge, smelling each weed that had brushed my legs. She stood for several minutes staring around. Her youngsters looked awfully small and I was trying to decide if they were big enough to make it in the unlikely event I would actually get a shot at her. I saw more movement in the willows to the south and another big doe was headed my direction; also with two toddlers in tow. Then things really got interesting when a pair of young coons

came out of the corn from the east. I was having a hard time keeping track of everybody!

The first set of youngsters was in front of me at 10 yards watching the coons and their mama was still not sure about things. I looked behind her and out of the creek came the small buck from a few days ago. Even better, I could also see the headgear of what appeared to be a good buck standing just below him. If you are keeping track, I now had 8 deer and 2 coons in various positions around my stand! I knew things were about to blow up but the decision not to shoot a doe was easy to make when the big guy finally showed himself.

The doe from the south was on a collision course with my tree and I couldn't turn to watch but I heard her come up the bank and stop under the stand. I could hear her sniffing what I assume was the only step I had put in the tree maybe a scant yard from my feet! At that point I gave up the thought of actually shooting anything and just immersed myself in what was happening—gun hunters never get to experience this type of stuff. Right then I knew the answer to the age-old question "Why do you bowhunt?"

The doe under my feet then did a much unexpected thing by just casually walking off towards the north. This seemed to satisfy Mama out in front as she started walking south. The small buck was watching her and the big guy had turned around to head back towards the creek. Mama then got into her "I got someplace to go" walk which, I think, convinced the small buck to follow. As the little guy walked past in front of me I knew things were going to work and, sure enough, Mr. He Daddy decided things must be okay so he turned and started following the group. As he entered my shooting lane, I thought about stopping him with a grunt but decided not to take the chance. The trail was maybe 12 yards away with only a slight downward angle. It was more like shooting from the ground than anything and I remember being oddly relaxed as I slowly drew my bow. This had taken a long time to develop and the eye-bulging, heart-pounding part of the situation had subsided.

*Continued on Page 9*



At the shot, I saw my arrow pass through the buck's thick body but go straight up in the air and land point down. He ran a tight 1/2 moon and then stopped 15 yards south of me. I was frantically getting another arrow on the string and when he looked my direction I squinted to avoid any direct eye contact. The deer then looked back to where the others had run. At that time, I couldn't shoot again due to some vines covering his side. I could see the entrance wound, though, and knew it was in the back part of the ribs. I scolded myself for not following through on a moving shot! Anxious minutes passed by with me being frozen still waiting for another shot and the deer trying to figure out what had happened. Then he staggered a bit and simply collapsed in front of me! I immediately thought of all the things that could have, and probably should have, gone wrong but the Gods of the Hunt had indeed smiled upon me. Little Medicine Creek,

at least for 2012, was the right medicine—in many ways.

I probably should just end this tale now but here is "the rest of the story". Due to the deer's close proximity to the stand site, I decided the best thing to do was try to get him out without field dressing him. With my wife's help, I was able to secure all 266 pounds of him on the front of our ATV. Brenda then suggested I should go back down the bank the way I came in but it looked a lot better, and quicker, going straight out. That didn't work out too well but I was able to jump off the ATV just as it flipped over, wheels in the air, with my deer underneath it! I guess, however, that all is well that ends well??

The deer green-scored 140 inches and was shot with a 60 pound Foley recurve, cedar arrow with a 100 grain Woody weight and 160 grain Woodsman Elite 3-blade broadhead. <<<<



Larry Hudson with his nice 140 inch buck

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# Secretary Scribbles

by Mike Calahan

Another festival has passed faster than the flight of an arrow. It was a great time and now we can look forward to next year at the new location. Joan and I want to thank everyone for their support. It's always fun to see what we will have to put in the auction and this year we had some interesting items. We do have some very talented people within the UBM. I have also listed the businesses that donated items or services, please remember to support them with your business.

It will soon be spring and I for one am looking forward to some springtime activities, turkey hunting, bowfishing, 3-D shoots etc.. Speaking of 3-D shoots, Don Orell and Panther Creek Traditional Bowshooters have invited the UBM to participate in a shoot at his place in Fordland, MO. He wants to incorporate a membership drive into the shoot (simply join the UBM and shoot for free). There is camping available and they

have a great potluck dinner on Saturday night, so keep an eye out for details in future issues or on the web.

The UBM will as usual be busy with many activities in the months ahead. One of the first will be the Deer Classic in Columbia, March 2nd and 3rd. We will be handing out PVC bows to the youngsters, so I know they will go home happy even if Mom and Dad aren't. I would like thank Todd Goodman for being our master PVC bowyer and everyone who helped with the finish work, it's some great team work.

I am going to plan on having another bucket raffle at the June Rendezvous, so if you have any items you forgot to donate to the festival auction we can still use them for this raffle.

That's all I have for now; hope to see many of you at upcoming events this year. <<<

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## A Big Thank You to UBM Friends and Members for your donations

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If we have overlooked anyone please accept our apology and thank you for your support  
Mike and Joan Calahan

# From The Laptop

by Brian Peterson



Yep, it's February already, which means you either slept through the Festival or enjoyed the heck out of it. Hopefully you weren't "under the weather", as it was a beautiful weekend in Jeff City. Kudos to our newest Bowhunter of the year Darren and the rest of the UBM volunteers who put a LOT of effort into making this another great Festival event for you to enjoy. As always, feedback is welcome, but be kind—we're always striving to make your experience a better one.

That said, there's a lot on the collective UBM plate this spring and summer, so if you feel the need to volunteer some time or have input before it becomes hindsight, you know where to find

us. Upcoming events include: Conservation Federation of Missouri annual meetings in Jeff City, February 22-24, the Missouri Deer Classic in Columbia (UBM will again be giving away PVC kids bows and manning a shooting booth along with representatives from MOKids), March 1-3, Truth and the Outdoors Wildlife Exposition in St. Clair, March 8-10, The North American Bowhunting Coalition meeting in Dallas this year, April 14-15, a new event (soon to be a standard)—a carp shoot in the Bootheel, June 8 sponsored by District 9 members, and of course the Rendezvous in Marshall, June 21-23. Not to mention all the local shoots and don't forget spring turkey season. Plenty to do, so keep your eyes and ears peeled for more info as these events unfold.

Keep 'em sharp, <<<

## Off Season Prep-itis

by Brian Peterson

I don't know about you, but when it's cold outside, there are no open seasons, and I have an upcoming dream hunt in the offing, I start planning. I'm not talking about running laps or lifting weights, (although I do a lot of hiking with the dog in the woods and shoot my bow in the back yard range); I'm referring to making lists, sorting, prepping and creating gear. I'm a professional tinkerer by nature, as those of you who attended my seminar on Ultralight Backpacking will attest. I love building the better mousetrap, alcohol cook stove or tent stove. Even if it's just practicing boiling water, seeing how long it takes to get wet wood to catch to boil coffee water for break time, I believe you can never be too prepared for a hunt. And you wonder why my work days usually run till 9:00 or 10:00 PM by the time I've accomplished a normal days workload?!?

With another "Hunt of a Lifetime" coming up in September—a fly in, raft out, ultralight moose hunt in western Alaska with good friend and UBM member Dave Long, it's "game on" time once again. The tinkering can't seem to come fast enough. This weeks projects include high-tech Cuben fiber water bowls (comfortably holds a quart of hot water for sponge baths, dishes, etc. and weighs less than 30 grams), a new version of a compact cylinder stove with roll-up flue pipe that weighs in at 5 pounds (replacing the 75 pounder that Dave usually carries with the big canvas tent), and modifying equipment to do double duty. The welding table in the

shop is cluttered with failed versions of stove boots and such, and the dining room table is sewing central, with machine, ironing board, cutting table and scraps of paracord and webbing dangling off the backs of the chairs serving as cat toys (double duty to the nth degree).

The internet is a dangerous place to visit around this time, too, especially when looking to shave off a few ounces or find the latest and greatest performance gear that could replace my older, heavier and bulkier stuff (it's only money, right?). I have to hide my credit cards and "misplace" my PayPal password until I am absolutely positive I just have to have the item(s). Too bad Christmas comes but once a year, and after moose season, to boot!

And of course there's the gear sorting. I need a separate room to serve as a year round gear warehouse. As my wife will no doubt attest (she's a saint, I tell you), there is hunting stuff strategically spread all around the house year round, even when there's no season open. It gets particularly bad before a big hunt, and I know there will be wool and cold weather gear usurping the living room in August, awaiting the final draft for the FedEx shipment to Alaska. Guess that's why an air conditioned gear room is a must—it's tough to wrap your head around wools and long underwear when it's 100° outside!

If you suffer from a similar malady, I feel your pain. But there is hope. Perhaps we should start a "Gear Anonymous" focus group to get together once a week to

commiserate—"Hello, my name is Brian, and I'm a Gear Head". In hindsight, that would probably only serve to enable our addictions. I can see it now, passing drawings of gear ideas in the back of the room, the under-the-table black market swap meet in the alley, little black books of favorite websites... I guess the only cure is to get out there and GO HUNTING! <<<





This year's new president Darren Haverstick received the well deserved UBM Bowhunter of the Year Award



Mike Wirt (little guy on left) of District 5 was awarded the District Representative of the Year Award



Darren Haverstick announcing the winner of a new youth bow to Hannah Scott. The other three youngsters received a gift also.



Robert North presented the Youth Bowhunter of the Year Award to Hannah Scott. Way to go Hannah!



Dan Novotny was awarded the 2013 Fred Bear Award



Mindy Hesterly was presented the Jerry Pierce award accepted by her father-in-law Larry Hesterly



Photo contest winner Dan Novotny for Bowhunter Related category



Photo contest winner Tom Dickerson for Trail Camera category



Photo contest winner Dan Novotny for Bowhunter With Game category



Conservation Agent Jeff Scott talking about The violations they encountered this season



Mark Henry receiving the UBM Conservation Agent of the Year Award



Photo contest winner Crystal Harper for Outdoor Theory category



Dave Murphy with The Conservation Federation of Missouri accepted a check from Darren Haverstick to support Share the Harvest



Julie Schmittler, Mike's Auctioneer helper is holding the winning ticket for the Black Widow Bow won by the happy winner, Mike Clark



Marv Cochran, President of Compton Traditional Bowhunters, introduced Marv Clyncke, guest speaker "Hunting The High Country"



Bob Burns presented Marv Clyncke a matching Wool Outfit in appreciation for his Great Presentation.



Marv Clyncke, Featured Speaker for the 2013 UBM Festival gave a wonderful presentation verbally and with slides to assist in his talk about "Hunting the High Country".



Mike Deshazo spoke and represented Mid America Special Sportsman's Association

**The United Bowhunters of Missouri  
Congratulates all Award  
Winners at the 2013  
UBM Festival  
and  
Thanks to all the Guest Speakers  
Seminar Speakers  
and Vendors**

Photographs taken of the 2013 UBM Festival furnished courtesy of Mike McDonald



Brian Peterson's Cedarcreek Taxidermy, LTD. Display



Compton Display, Novotny on the computer while Dennis Harper looks on



Dan Novotny's 400+lb. bear taken (longbow) in Canada 2012 Taxidermy by Brian Peterson, Cedarcreek Taxidermy, LTD.



Wild Horse Creek Bows Display  
Mike Dunnaway (Bowyer) and his wife Susie



Regina and Ron Mackenberg with R and R Traditions, showing off Regina's beautiful quilts and Ron with his bamboo backed wood longbows



Knives, the works of Lester McCoy and Butch Cummins of Kansas



Rick Lanham with his display of recurve bows



## A sampling of the 2013 UBM Festival Vendors and Displays

# One of The Lucky Ones

by Steve North

As I sit and reminisce about hunts as most all of us do from time to time, I think of something I have been asked numerous times by UBM members as well as others. Why are you limping? Well the answer I think of is I'm one of the lucky ones. There are so many who didn't luck out as I did. So here's my story of what happened to me a little over 20 years ago.

I'm telling this story because you can't be too safe. If I can help just one person avoid the experience that I went through, then it will be worth it. I was always one to pay attention to the little things; check stands, steps, ropes, safety belts etc. Never taking chances when it came to safety. -- and yet I did something wrong! My family and friends suffered as well. Be careful! Don't take chances in the trees! You owe it to yourself and to your friends and family.

October 23rd, 1992 was a morning that changed my life forever.

I had heard about a non-typical whitetail in an area that wasn't hunted at all; and I'd set up in this area on three occasions for evening hunts, but never in the morning. This area was perfect for a south/southwest wind. My stand was situated on a fenceline. On one side of the fence there was a pasture; on the other side, a field with thick weeds about three feet tall - a brushy thicket adjoining them. I selected a tree in which I could get up to a comfortable twelve feet to stand on a limb. From there it was easy to put in my commercially manufactured treestand.

Each evening I hunted, I'd seen a small, odd looking racked buck -- he also had a bad limp, apparently from an old injury. He would stay in the field. I thought, "If this is the non-typical I've been hearing about, I won't be shooting this buck!"

On the morning of October 23rd, the wind was perfect--out of the south. I thought I'd try the area one more time, during the morning, to see if just maybe there was indeed a bigger buck using the thicket. I'd yet to watch this area in the morning, so I thought I'd try it. I would only be able to hunt a few hours anyway because I had to get home by late afternoon, and it was a two and a half hour drive.

I arrived at my parking site and changed clothes as I always did, put on my rubber boots, sprayed down with scent shield and headed off with my bow and treestand. I took a nice, slow pace and came in from the pasture side, getting to my tree stand at 7:15 am.

I had a procedure which I normally followed--using treesteps to get to the desired height, standing on a sturdy limb, putting my safety belt on, then positioning my stand. I would also bear-hug the tree and jump up and down on the stand a bit to make certain it was secure. Then I'll turn, sit down and readjust my safety belt as needed. I also carry a police whistle in my pack and I always tell the farmers I have it - and that it will be blown only in an emergency situation - they all know this.

The procedure would be no different today, with one slight exception; after all, I'd hunted this tree three days now. My safety belt was in my pack as I climbed up the tree. Once on my sturdy limb I hung the pack and proceeded to install the stand. Once the stand was in, I bear hugged the tree--jumped up and down twice--then turned to sit and put on my safety belt. As soon as my butt touched the seat, the stand gave way. I knew I was falling and my mind flashed "God, don't break your back!", while still in the air.

As soon as I hit the ground, in a sitting position, my right leg went numb - my left leg went numb from the knee down. I sat there for a second thinking about what had just happened then reached to pick up my stand lying next to me. Not finding anything noticeably wrong with it- I threw it.

I looked at my watch -- 7:30 am. I knew I something was broken but I had to be sure. I thought to try and get to my knees and stand up. I went to push off with my hands and then saw that my right wrist was destroyed - all the bones were bunched up under the skin, but didn't come through the skin. I told myself to stay calm and not go into shock. The doctors later informed me that my Marine Corp survival training must have taken over. Still, I had to try and stand. I took hold of a tree and pulled up, getting my knees under me, but when I let go, my upper body flopped back and forth - and I fell to my back. My heart raced--I knew I was in trouble! I

immediately thought about my wife and son, Robert. He'd be three on Nov. 26 - and I wondered where I would be.

I kept telling myself, "Don't go into shock..... Fight This!" I looked for my whistle. The day pack was still up in the tree. I told myself I would not give up. I'm going to see my wife and son. They became my determination to make it through.

I was lying on the weed side of the fenceline. The bottom half of the fence was hog wire entwined with thick weeds. I wanted to get to the pasture side and try to crawl out into the open where I could be seen more easily. I pulled myself up with my left hand and threw my right arm over the top. I couldn't use my legs, so I couldn't get over. I then realized I had to choose between falling backwards or staying there. I let myself down as gently as possible and laid on my back. I kept blocking out the pain in my back and wrist somehow.

Using my left hand and right elbow, I rolled myself over to my belly. I'd remembered a low spot in the fence about fifty feet down. Every effort to even "move," up to this point, had been the toughest thing I'd ever done. I just kept saying, "Stay calm," and praying God would let me get home to Joann and Robert. "Just let me hug them again!"

I decided to try and crawl for the low spot. left hand, elbow..... left hand, elbow..... I went ten feet and was exhausted. I'd been running three miles a day before this, and I couldn't believe I was tired! I said, "OK, I'll stay calm and go five feet at a time and rest." I raised up on my elbows and crawled another five feet and laid down. After resting a few minutes, I attempted to repeat the task. Suddenly, an unexplainable and unbelievable pain ripped across my waistline and locked me in an arched position. I screamed for what seemed like forever, but the pain would not let up. I just kept screaming before somehow forcing my shoulders back to the ground. Once flat on my belly again, the pain stopped as suddenly as it had come. I knew I was in serious trouble, and I was now afraid to move anything.

*Continued on Page 17*



After a half hour, I decided to try raising my head to holler for help. I did this every five minutes for the next couple of hours. Around 10:30, I could hear a tractor about a hundred yards or so away--but they couldn't hear me. At one point, all the cattle came to the fence and stood near me. When I hollered for help, they scattered. I learned later that a farmer had seen the cattle running but couldn't figure out why. I continued to holler every five minutes, keeping tabs on the time with my watch on my left arm. Time really seemed to pass slowly.

I began to wonder if I'd ever be found alive. I've been known to change game plans in mid-stream, sometimes hunting longer and into the evening. Knowing that my friends were aware of this, I was certain I'd be laying there for quite a while. Still, the farmers and my hunting companions later told me they'd have come looking for me in the afternoon if I hadn't returned. I think they told me this to make me feel better.

Around 11:45 (still morning), I must have dozed off, because at 12:15 I woke up and discovered the loss of time. I got mad at myself for sleeping and again started hollering for help. I began to plan things out--like, if anyone found me how I'd ask them to not tell my wife how bad I was over the phone.

At five hours since my fall (now 12:30), I heard a 4-wheeler approaching and getting closer and closer. Then I heard my farmer friend call out, "Steve," as if he knew something was wrong. He shut off his engine and heard me hollering.

It happened that a new hunting companion, Roger, had been down by my truck for nearly two hours but hadn't heard me because he'd been sitting and waiting for me in his truck. He'd seen my clothing in my truck and assumed that I'd returned earlier but went back out to put up another stand. Around 12:15, he climbed out of his truck and heard me holler.

He went to get help and returned with two friends. Of course, their first question was, "Where's your whistle?" I told them it was still up in the tree. At some point during my rescue, I asked that they call Joann and my parents, but not

tell them I'd probably broken my back.

I was taken to St. Mary's Hospital in Quincy, Illinois and then later flown to Barnes Hospital in St. Louis, Missouri.

After 16 hours of surgery on my back, with metal rods placed along my lower spine, the pain I had been experiencing finally ended. Nine days later, my wrist was rebuilt - also with more metal. (Lookout airports!)

I laid there for three weeks and couldn't see my son. He cried and wanted his daddy so much after the first visit that it was decided we'd just talk to each other over the phone.

I so much missed shooting our bows together. He was 2 1/2 when he first started shooting with me; and he could hit the kill on a 3-D target at fifteen yards with his little recurve. My wife told me he didn't want to shoot again until Daddy came home. They both continued to be my driving force to get back on my feet again. My family and special friends wouldn't stay away. This helped more than I can put into words.

Everyone commented on how hard-headed I was and that I pushed myself at everything I did - and how, for those reasons, I would walk again! As I tried to learn to walk, I kept thinking about how I wanted to be shooting with Robert. He's a wonderful son and he would say on the phone, "Daddy, when you get better we'll go hunting together, OK?"

After a lot of hard therapy, along with a therapist named Angie who kept me pushing, and my son and wife as my inspiration, I am now taking a few steps.

In the past when I shot a deer with bow and arrow, I'd simply tell my hunting friends that I was just lucky. I guess it's really true! I could still be paralyzed, or my son might have never seen his daddy again.

I will never climb up in another tree, but I do hope and plan to one day return to bowhunt the whitetail in his wonderful world -- and while on the ground!

I don't know if I'll be able to bowhunt this coming fall yet, but I do know this. My son is shooting again with me at his side, and as he would say, "I'm so happy you're getting better, Daddy." <<<<

(Permission to reprint granted by Midwest BOWHUNTER news magazine, Ritch A. Stolpe, Publisher)



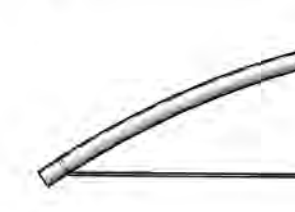
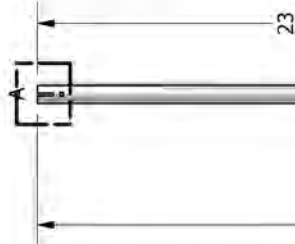
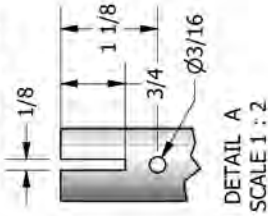
Steve North with one of his many trophy bucks taken with recurve bow

Denny Ballard, dressed in the proper attire, portrayed Dr. Saxton Pope and told Pope's famous story about the grizzly bear hunt with Art Young in Yellowstone National Park in 1920. They harvested four grizzly bears with longbows and wooden arrows and proved that the bow was a viable weapon in the modern world.



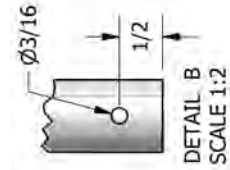
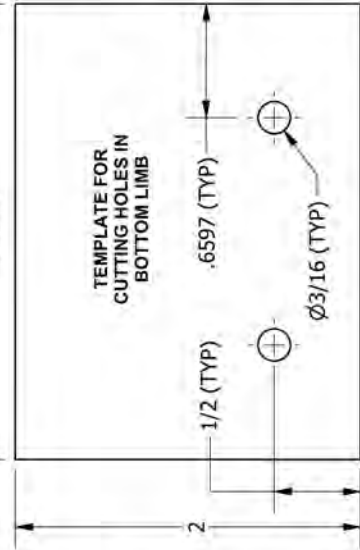
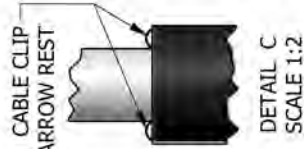
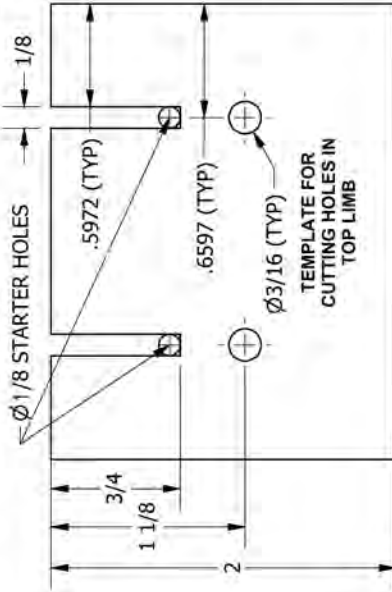
# PVC PIPE BOW PLANS

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Parts List		
ITEM NO.	NO. REQD	DESCRIPTION
1	1	1/2" PVC PRESSURE PIPE - 48" LONG
2	1	1" PIPE FOAM INSULATION - 5" LONG
3	1	#48 BRAIDED NYLON STRING - 54" LONG
4	2	1/4" COAXIAL CABLE CLIP
5	1	ELECTRICAL TAPE FOR HANDLE
6	2	PLASTIC ZIP TIES
7	1	GLUE

Ø1/8 STARTER HOLES



## BUILDING INSTRUCTIONS

- CUT THE PVC PIPE TO LENGTH. SAND EDGES SMOOTH AND REMOVE ANY WRITING ON PIPE. I USE ACETONE OR 200 GRIT SANDPAPER TO DO THIS.
- DRILL 3/16" HOLES IN THE END OF THE PIPE YOU DEEM THE LOWER LIMB. IT IS VERY IMPORTANT THAT THE HOLES GO THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE PIPE AND THAT THE HOLES LINE UP. USE A DRILL PRESS IF YOU HAVE ONE OR WRAP THE TEMPLATE PROVIDED AROUND THE LIMB. OTHERWISE, JUST BE CAREFUL.
- DRILL 3/16" HOLES IN THE UPPER LIMB. AGAIN, MAKE SURE THOSE HOLES LINE UP FROM FRONT TO BACK. YOU ALSO NEED TO MAKE SURE THE TOP AND BOTTOM HOLES LINE UP.
- CUT THE SLOT IN THE UPPER LIMB. I DRILL A 1/8" STARTER HOLE FIRST WHERE THE BOTTOM OF THE SLOT WILL BE AND USE A HACKSAW TO CUT FROM THE TOP OF THE PIPE TO THE HOLE. TRIM THE SLOT UP WITH A UTILITY KNIFE.
- STEP 5 IS OPTIONAL. DO IT IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A STIFFER BOW. OTHERWISE SKIP TO STEP #6)
- IF YOU ARE GOING TO PAINT THE BOW (I USE SPRAY PAINT), CLEAN THE PIPE WITH LACQUER THINNER BEFORE YOU PAINT IT.
- MARK THE BOW WHERE THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE FOAM HANDLE WILL BE. COVER THIS AREA WITH GLUE AND THEN PUT THE FOAM HANDLE IN PLACE.
- SLIDE THE CABLE CLIPS (ARROW RESTS) OVER THE TOP OF THE FOAM HANDLE ON THE LEFT AND RIGHT SIDES OF THE BOW. ONE SIDE OF THE CLIP SHOULD BE BETWEEN THE PIPE AND THE FOAM HANDLE AND THE OTHER SIDE SHOULD BE ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE HANDLE. SECURE THE CLIPS IN PLACE WITH A ZIP TIE. PLACE ANOTHER ZIP TIE AROUND THE BOTTOM OF THE FOAM HANDLE TO HELP SECURE THE HANDLE IN PLACE. CUT OFF THE ZIP TIE EXCESS AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN.
- WRAP THE ENTIRE HANDLE WITH ELECTRICAL TAPE.

## STRINGING INSTRUCTIONS

- TIE A KNOT IN ONE END OF THE STRING AND THEN RUN THE OTHER END THROUGH BOTH HOLES (FRONT TO BACK) IN THE BOTTOM LIMB.
- RUN THE SAME STRING END THROUGH BOTH HOLES IN THE TOP LIMB, BACK TO FRONT.
- WHILE NOT BENDING THE BOW, PULL THE STRING TAUT AND TIE ANOTHER KNOT IN IT AS CLOSE TO THE BOW AS YOU CAN. NOW THE STRING WILL ALWAYS BE WITH THE BOW.
- TO STRING THE BOW, BEND THE BOW TO THE DESIRED BRACE HEIGHT AND PULL THE STRING TAUT THROUGH THE TOP HOLES. WRAP THE EXCESS STRING AROUND THE TOP LIMB AND THROUGH THE SLOT CUT IN THE TOP LIMB. THE KNOT YOU TIED EARLIER SHOULD HOLD THE STRING IN PLACE. YOU MAY HAVE TO ADJUST THE KNOT'S POSITION TO ACHIEVE THE DESIRED BRACE HEIGHT.



Tools and Supplies needed



Checking for straightness



Drilling the 3/16" hole



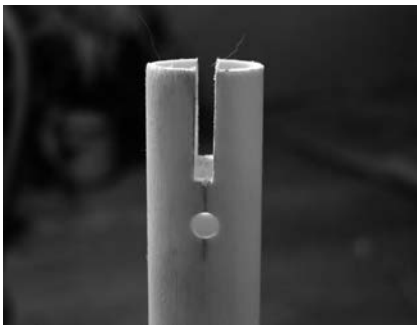
Cutting the slot with a hacksaw



Trimming up the slot with a utility knife



Using a file to finish up the slots



View of slot and string hole



Taping the bow for painting



The "Candy cane" Look



Securing the pipe foam with zip ties



View of zip ties around the foam



Electrical tape wrapped around handle



Finished pipe bows



View of string attached to end of pipe



It's time to start some shooting!

**1<sup>st</sup> ANNUAL  
SOUTHEAST MISSOURI  
CARP'N GAR  
FISH SHOOT'N AND GET  
TOGETHER**

**JUNE 8<sup>th</sup> 2013**

**PLAN TO COME DOWN TO SEMO AREA FOR A  
WEEKEND OF FUN**

**CAMPING AVAILABLE IN THE AREA**

**BRING YOUR RIG FOR SHOOTING FISH OR  
SOME SPOTS MAY BE OPEN IN ONE OF OUR  
BOATS**

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**Tom Dickerson 573-243-7113 or 573-382-3659**

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**Be sure to follow the UBM Website and Facebook**

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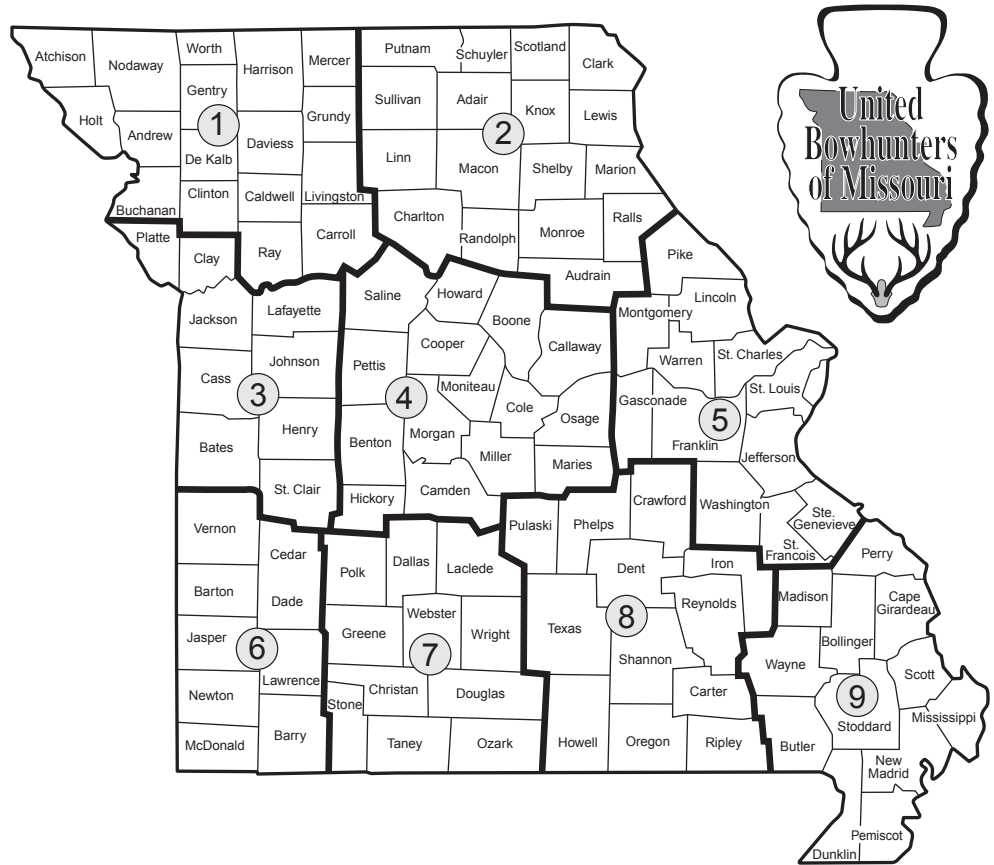
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# Photo Gallery



Chris with 8-Pointer



Dennis with 8-Pointer



Dickerson's Nice Buck



Lady Long bow Hunter



McDonald's Buck

UBM Members  
On future Publications, room permitting, a page will be devoted to a "Photo Gallery".

UBM members who do not like submitting stories can submit a photo of game taken with a caption, to be included in the Photo Gallery Page. Easy to do and adds interest to the publication. First come, first serve. Can be current harvests or older ones. Use common sense on picking good photos to submit.



Todd's 2012 Spike Buck



Dennis's Caribou

## *Last Minute Bulletin*

We just got **online membership application** up and running on our website. To join the UBM or renew your membership, just follow these easy steps (you must have a PayPal account to complete the process. You can set one up for free)

1. Go to the UBM website, [www.unitedbowhunters.com](http://www.unitedbowhunters.com)
2. Look on the left side of the page for the membership information and click on the appropriate button, "APPLY" or "RENEW"
3. Fill in the necessary information and click on the "SUBMIT" button.
4. You will then be directed to PayPal.com to pay for your membership.
5. Finished!



Brian's Javelina



Dennis with Cow Elk



Fox Squirrel



John with Nice Buck



The Hudson's Bear

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Nixa, MO 65714

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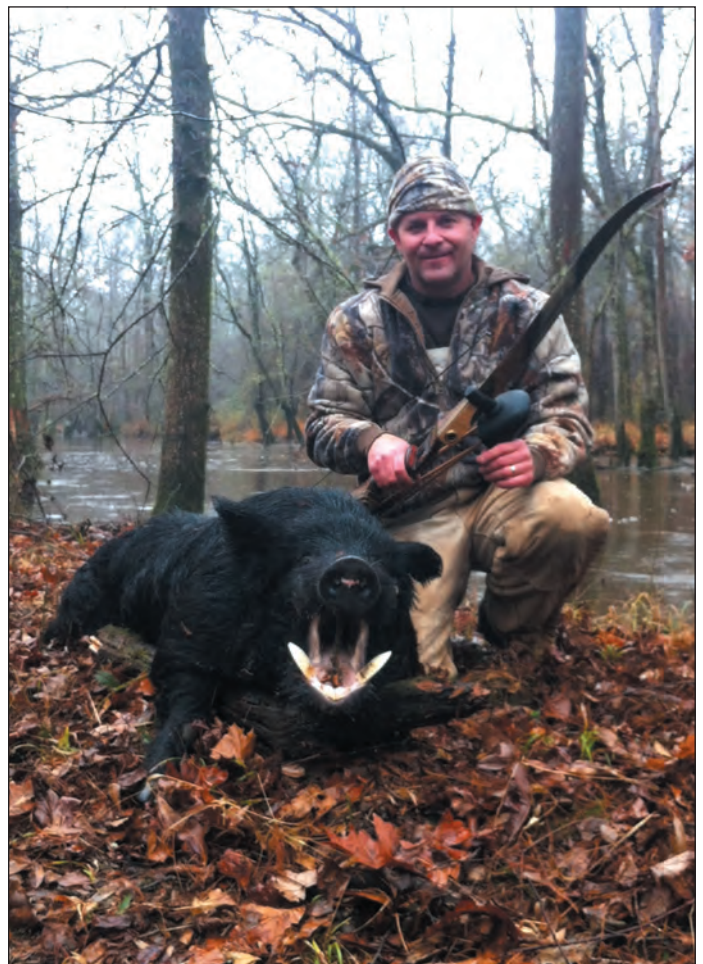


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Don Orrell with his Missouri 10 point buck and 300 lb. Arkansas boar taken in 2012 with a "Tall Timbers Recurve" he built.