



THE UNITED BOWHUNTER

Summer 2013



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



Calendar of Events

June

- 6/8 - UBM Fish Shoot'n, Trail of Tears Campground, Jackson, MO
- 6/8 - Panther Creek Traditional Shoot, Don Orrell's place, Fordland, MO
- 6/14 - 6/16 Compton Traditional Rendezvous, Berrien Springs, MI
- 6/21 - 6/23 UBM Rendezvous, Marshall Bowhunters Club, Marshall, MO
- 6/30 - Frog season opens

July

- 7/18 - 7/21 MOJam, Marshall Bowhunters Club, Marshall, MO

August

- 8/9 - 8/11 Deaf Camp, H. Roe Bartle Boy Scout Camp, Osceola, MO

Please feel free to contact the editor of *The United Bowhunter* to place a FREE classified ad in this publication. Please, no commercial or retail ads.

Check out - www.unitedbowhunters.com

Advertisements:

Full Page (inside covers)...	\$140.00	1/2 page.....	\$90.00
Full Page.....	\$130.00	1/3 page.....	\$70.00
2/3 Page (back cover).....	\$125.00	1/4 page.....	\$50.00
2/3 Page.....	\$110.00	less than 1/4 page.....	\$30.00

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

**Submit all photos and stories to: Harold Kinder Graphic Designer
The United Bowhunter, 620 Green Glade Ct., Fenton, MO 63026
or you can email: haroldkinder@aol.com Land line: (636)343-6098**

- President Darren Haverstick
- Vice President Brian Peterson
- Executive Secretary Brenda Hudson
- Membership Brenda Hunson
- Graphic Designer Harold Kinder
haroldkinder@aol.com
- Webmaster Rick Wakeman
rwakeman49@yahoo.com

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

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

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

The editors reserve the right to edit or reject any material and the right to crop any submitted photographs.

Send articles and photos for submissions consideration, question and comments to:

The United Bowhunter
Attn: Harold Kinder
620 Green Glade Ct,
Fenton, MO 63026

Opinions expressed, or materials used in this publication, are not necessarily endorsed by: the Board of Directors, officers, membership of the United Bowhunters of Missouri or the editor of *The United Bowhunter* magazine. Advertisements for merchandise or services are not necessarily endorsed or approved by the Board of Directors, officers, membership of the United Bowhunters of Missouri or the editor of *The United Bowhunter* Magazine.

— On the Cover —
Darren Haverstick and Bobby
Wallace Bowfishing

**Deadlines for submitting copy and pictures to *The United Bowhunter*.
Feb. 15th — May 5th — Sept. 15th — Dec. 10th**

President's Report

by Darren Haverstick



Well, I hope everyone is having a good spring and is getting ready for summer and all that that brings; bugs, heat, yard work and heat. By the time you read this, spring turkey season will be

over and my jaw muscles will just about be back to normal. During those three weeks, they get so much exercise from the tongue-lashings I administer to the feathered spawn of Satan that I look like I've got a handful of marbles in my mouth. I really can't complain, though, because as of this writing I have put one bird in the freezer with a flintlock smoothbore shotgun that a friend made for me. I missed one two days later with my longbow but that is something that I don't want to talk about unless a beer is handy.

As you may have already noticed, there is some Board of Directors election stuff in this issue as well as Rendezvous registration information. I decided to do this, as opposed to doing a separate mailing, in order to save our organization a pile of money. Each time we do a mailing to the members, like the one your receive for the Festival, it costs the club \$200 to \$300; depending on the number of pages sent out, etc. And then there is the time it takes for somebody (me) to get all the envelopes addressed, stuffed, stamped and mailed. And since I am short on time and the club needs to watch its bank account, it just makes sense to use the newsletter as an election/event info delivery system.

There are three Board positions that are open so you will need to vote for three people. Please take the time to read the candidate profiles and, more importantly, **SEND IN YOUR COMPLETED BALLOT!** Historically, we get about a 10% return rate for these elections which are about par, nationally, with other organizations. However, I believe the UBM is an above-par group of folks so please help prove me correct by returning the supplied ballot. I suppose that ballots can also be turned in by hand the Friday of the Rendezvous since that is when we will have the next Board meeting and general meeting.

The 2013 Rendezvous will, once again, be held in Marshall, MO and hosted by

the Marshall Bowhunters club. The dates for the event are Friday, June 21st through Sunday, June 23rd. The Marshall Bowhunters will also be catering our Saturday evening meal and, since they have several competition barbeque specialists in their ranks, I suspect that the vittles will be spectacular. I may be speaking out of turn here, but I also suspect that there will be a fish fry on Friday evening. Ron Mackenberg and Mike Calahan have supplied the fish in the past and I sure am hoping they do it again this year. Please fill out the registration form supplied in here somewhere and send it in by Monday, June 14th. Walk-ins are certainly welcome but, if you plan to eat the barbeque, we need to have an accurate headcount so we know how much food to buy.

This may be too late but there is also a UBM Fish Shoot in southeast Missouri on June 8th. We are getting together at the Trail of Tears state park and it should be a good time. For more information, look it up on our website (www.unitedbowhunters.com) or contact Tom Dickerson (573-382-3659), Justin Glastetter (573-225-9098) or Mike Calahan (573-335-3994).

One last thing before I go is to reiterate to you that all the information I have talked about here is also posted somewhere on our website. You should be able to download the election ballot and Rendezvous registration from there too. You can now also renew your membership on the website. You will need a PayPal account to do so but if you don't have one you can get one for free. If you have any problems, questions, complaints or suggestions about any of this nerd stuff; don't hesitate to contact me about it.

Hope to see you at the Rendezvous! <<<
Darren

Brian Peterson brought to my attention the funny "QR" code that is all the rage these days - it is a specific code read by smart phones and the one shown here links the user directly with our website, www.unitedbowhunters.com

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My Most Special of all

by Steve North

In the early summer of 1993, I just wasn't sure if I would be able to hunt during the fall or winter. As the summer progressed I became somewhat stronger and felt that I would be able to bowhunt; (from the ground of course). I had to convince my son, Robert who was 3 1/2 at the time, that Daddy would like to continue to bowhunt.

He had terrible memories of me going off bowhunting last year and winding up at the hospital and not being able to come home. When I would ask him if I could go hunting that Fall he would say "No, I want you to stay home." I took him with me a few times in the woods in late August and we eased up on a doe now and then. He got to see them but wouldn't move until I told him. The last week of August we were in our backyard getting ready to shoot our bows and out of the blue he said, "Daddy, if you promise not to go in any trees, I'll let you hunt one time this year." I promised; I now knew I would be able to hunt with a clear conscience.

I wasn't able to get out and scout on foot during the spring and summer like I used to. I just drove around and did some looking. I felt I had to use the experience I gained over the years more than ever this season. I made up a very lightweight portable ground blind and practiced from it a lot. I started thinking about my hunting areas that not only produced deer sitings but some nice bucks in the past.

I couldn't travel over tough terrain yet so this would eliminate some areas.

About the third week of September I went into one of my areas, where I took the honeysuckle buck a few years earlier and within 5 minutes saw what looked like a decent buck going away from me through some cedars.

I had tried some mock scrapes last year but got hurt right after I put them out so I didn't know how well they worked. I decided I was going to try a few here this year. I knew this area very well. I had deer and turkey hunted here for years.

I hadn't hunted here at all for over a year and pretty much no one else had. I felt that bucks would be a little less disturbed here than some other areas. To hunt this area I would need a north wind to be effective. Then on October 24, a Sunday afternoon, I decided to slip in and set out a few mock scrapes, and try and hunt in a few days or so. I wanted the area to rest some after I set up the scrapes just in case I disturbed it some. I saw some good rubs around also.

A couple of days later we were getting a north breeze and I decided to give it a try. I had a mock scrape on the west and east side of a cedar glade that butted up next to a creek running east. Most of the deer activity in the past would come out of the east side of the glade and head towards crop fields.

I was wondering how well my approach would be; I use a walking stick to help in the timber, so I decided to hunt the west side that evening. I hoped to get the bugs out of my approach in case I messed up. I had been hunting other areas in another

state and was doing pretty well. I felt there was a nice buck around so I wanted to be careful.

I got in and set up quickly. I was about 50 to 60 yards downwind of the mock scrape. As darkness came, I saw nothing. I slipped out and decided if the wind stayed out of the north I would try the east side the next day.

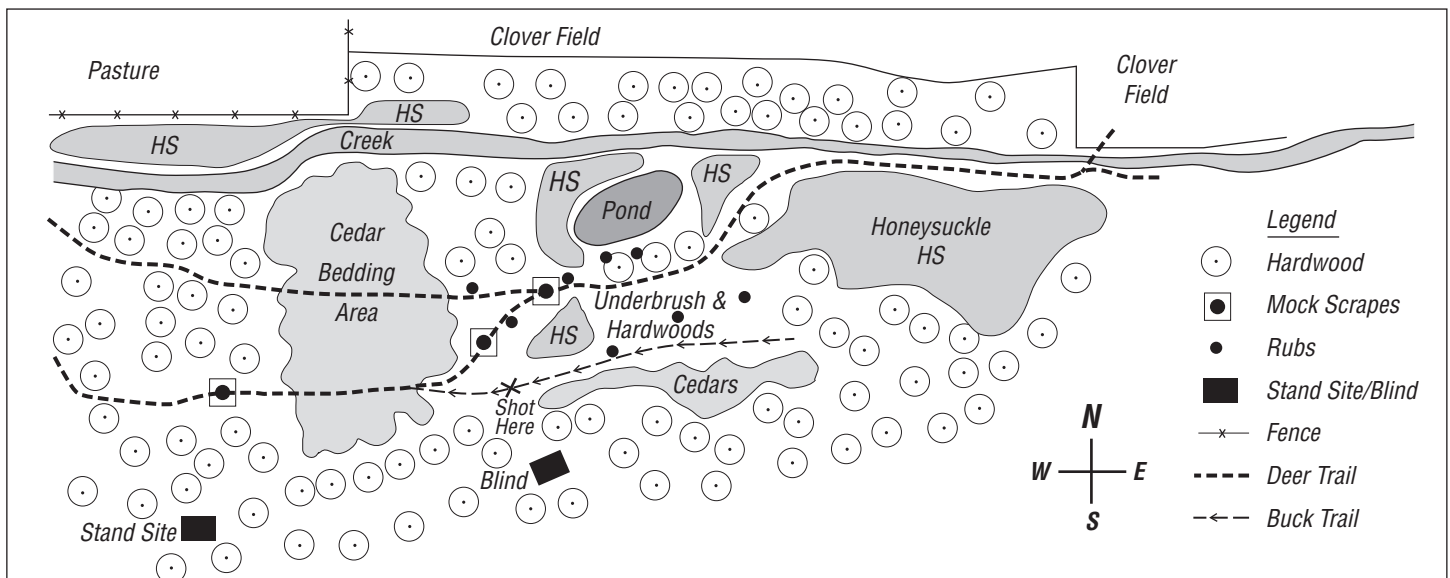
The next day at work I kept a check on the wind. When we quit for the day I took a shower at work and headed towards my hunting area. After arriving, I changed into my hunting clothes.

I came into the area from straight downwind. I walked to about 40 yards from the mock scrape and checked it out using my binoculars. It looked as if it had been getting hit. I also noticed a small faint trail paralleling a deer trail. This faint trail was on the downwind side of the main trail. It had to be a buck trail and he was scent checking the scrape.

I got up about 20 yards downwind of the faint trail. I set my portable blind up and sat down. After a half hour a doe came out of the cedars and walked around feeding on acorns. She started heading behind me. I knew she was going to wind me. She continued to feed on past me about 40 yards downwind but never acted as if she smelled me. My blind along with my fresh clean clothes must have kept my scent to a minimum.

The doe fed on past me and out of sight. About 20 minutes later I could hear

(Continued on Page 5)



My Most Special of all, (continued from page 4)

another deer walking in the leaves near me. It was coming from the cedars. I finally saw it; a nice buck walking on the faint trail and heading my way. He walked like a big buck too. Walk a little, stop, look around, stand still, then walk a little more. He finally got right in front of me. I wasn't going to move until he went past me for a quartering away shot. When he went past me and turned his head away from me, I raised up my Schafer Silvertip for the last time. I shot right through the blind material. He whirled and ran back into the cedars. I thought I may have shot back behind the lungs. I decided to leave him alone and go after him tomorrow. I called my boss and got the next day off.

The next morning I went out and found a good trail to follow; blood along with fresh kicked up leaves, I found him about 120 yards away. A nice 10 point buck scoring 140 plus. I had a lot of mixed feelings at that moment. My son was no longer afraid to let me go hunting again. I pulled on past experience I had to take this nice buck. I did it from the ground and out of a blind I made in late summer. I was thankful I could still hunt and that I was retiring my Schafer Silvertip bows. Paul Schafer was killed earlier that year. I found out and thought about how lucky I was. I also decided then that if I ever could bowhunt again I wanted to take one more nice buck with them and retire them for my son and myself later in the years to come.

I figured it would take me a couple of years though. Now I am going to use my Black Widow bow in the years to come. About a week later my wife asked me, "How does this buck rank with the others?" I knew she meant scoring but my answer was, "It's the most special of all."<<<

Steve North with his "Most Special" 10 Pointer



New District #4 Rep.

I'd like to thank Darren Haverstick and Brian Peterson for allowing me to serve as the District #4 Representative once again. Although I hated to see Joe Pendergrass step down from this and the Editor position, I wish him and his family the best in future endeavors. I hope to continue supporting UBM in any way I can. Having served in this same position several years ago until being elected to the Board of Directors (Membership). I stepped down from that position for personal reasons. I look forward to continue supporting UBM any way I can. I've always been proud to be a member and a Life Time Member of UBM. I've given Darren and Harold Kinder my

contact information so it can be posted in this Summer issue of the newsletter. If you happen to live in District #4 and have questions regarding our District or UBM, please contact me. I hope everyone in all of our Districts will continue to seek new members to join UBM. I'm sure there are many new members whom I have yet to meet and some old members whom I haven't seen for a while. I look forward to meeting new members and seeing old members in the near future.

Thank You! <<<

Ken Olson
District #4 Representative



**Mike Yancey
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From Your Graphic Designer

by Harold Kinder

This is my second attempt at creating another issue of *The United Bowhunter*. I want to thank the UBM members who called or emailed me congratulating me on a good job for the layout. The compliments meant a lot to me. Again, I'm not acting as an editor with this position. Thanks to the editorial committee of Darren Haverstick, Brian Peterson and Bob Burns for feeding me information and photos to be published in the newsletter. One thing that would help and take a load of work off my plate is to create text for your stories using microsoft word software if you have that capability. I use Adobe Illustrator and Adobe Photoshop software to create the graphics for the newsletter and I import the text provided to me as a "richtext" file I can save as, from a microsoft word document. Not being super fast at typing, this speeds up my production by not having to retype a story. If you don't have that capability, I'll take any story in any format; hand written, email, or a typed page.

An Email sent to me

Hello Mr. Kinder,

Congratulations on your position as graphic designer. If the 2013 spring edition of the UBM magazine is any indication of our future circulars, you will keep the position for as long as you wish! I just received my copy and what a surprise. The color cover looks fantastic. It was the first UBM magazine I read cover to cover in a long time.

I am a lifetime member of UBM, but have been away from the membership activities for some time. Married to a wonderful woman for almost 25 years now; helping to raise three children, (and keeping them on the right track), and keeping my self-employment business as productive as possible, have kept me busy enough to have to sacrifice time away from the organization.

Every once in a while, the family and business schedule opens up a bit, so I make a run to some property we own and manage for our bowhunting and firewood. You mentioned in your editorial that you would like members to send in pictures. I have attached a few pictures that you may be able to use. There are no stories attached to the pictures, but I can send in stories behind the photos at a later time. I am sure some of the older members have forgotten about me, but rest assured my love for traditional bowhunting runs deep, and if a picture makes it into the magazine, the members will know that I still find time to crawl around in the backwoods, and sleep under the stars.

UBM Lifetime Member,

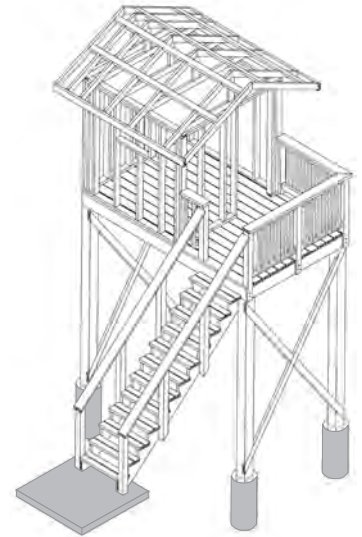
Joe Osvath
St. Paul, MO



I'm also keeping an eye out for good photographs that are sharp and have good color content. Now that we are able to use a full color photo on the front cover, why not use one that looks great in color. Keep in mind, there needs to be room at the top of your photograph to allow for "The United Bowhunter" title to appear. Look at the Spring issue to see how much room I'm talking about. Dan Novotny's 2012 winning photo for the category "Bowhunter with Game" (see page 20), would have made a great front cover photo had there been more room at the top of the photo.

My next home project is to build the playhouse I designed for my two grandchildren. (See Isometric Drawing to the right.) It will take a great effort on my part. This would probably make a nice gun stand for deer hunting. The material cost is around \$1,200.

Between golf and swing dancing, I'm staying pretty busy these days. <<<<



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Meet A Member



Gary Lutker

Gary joined the UBM last year at the Festival. His friend and UBM member, Darryl Schmidt, was responsible for bringing Gary and signing him up.

Darryl had bid on my bow making class the previous year and told Gary it would be a good thing for him to try.

Gary will be 73 years old this year. He has been retired for 15 years from his school teaching career. He is married; his wife's name is Lily. They have 3 children, a boy and 2 girls, all married. They have 8 grandchildren ranging in age from 9 to 15.

Gary does a lot of woodworking from cabinet making to wood carving in his spare time. He was successful in bidding on my class at the auction. He looks forward to building bows for his grand kids.

He only became involved with archery and bowhunting five years ago. He started with a compound and was successful in taking a deer his first year hunting in Indiana. Since then both he and Darryl have switched to longbows and recurves. He has not had a shot opportunity since. Gary missed the first part of the season due to a cyst on his back that set him back till late season. He has not bowhunted for any other game.

Gary currently shoots a Black Widow recurve. He also owns a longbow. Gary got his longbow from Darryl with the stipulation he could use it until one of them died, then the survivor got to keep the bow. Gary said no, so he worked a swap from another deal they had.

Being new to archery, Gary has not built any of his equipment at this time. When asked about heroes, he said he had no real heroes except for his friend Darryl that has helped him with everything involved with archery.

Gary currently hunts from tree stands. As a new archer himself, his only advice to new archers is to practice, practice, practice.

As a past swimming coach, he said it is the same, you have to put the practice time in. Also there is a lot of material out there to read. <<<

Submitted by
Ron Mackenberg

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UBM Election Ballot

Only voting members may return ballots (no business members or institutions, please). Do not photocopy!

Three Board positions are open so you need to choose (3) candidates from the four listed and return this ballot to:

UBM
10276 N. Farm Road 183
Fair Grove, MO 65648

Please return ballots no later than June 14, 2013

Election results will be announced
at the Rendezvous June 21, 2013

Mike Calahan

Brad Harriman

Kevin Pinckney

Mike Wirt

(Write-in candidate)

2013 UBM Election Ballot

United Bowhunters of Missouri Rendezvous

June 21st, 22nd & 23rd, 2013

Marshall Bowhunters Club, Marshall, Missouri

Local Hotels and Campgrounds

Hotels:

- Comfort Inn**, 1356 West College St., Marshall, MO (660)886-8080
Super 8, 1355 west College St., Marshall, MO (660)886-3359
Marshall Lodging, 1355 west Vest St., Marshall, MO (660)886-2326

RV Parks/Campgrounds: (Distances below from Marshall)

- Arrow Rock State Historic Site** (15 mi East on MO-240/MO-41) (660)837-3330
Van Meter State Park (15 Miles North on MO-41) (660)886-2326
Lazy Days RV Park (Jct. I-70 & 65, approx. 10 miles South) (660)879-4411

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Pre-Registration Form

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Number of Adult Shooters (15 and up) @ \$10.00 _____ **X \$10.00 = \$** _____
Number of Youth Shooters (14 and Under Free) _____
Saturday Evening Barbeque (One Menu) @ \$ 13.00 _____ **X \$13.00 = \$** _____

Mail Registration No Later Than June 14th, 2013 to:

**UBM Rendezvous
 10276 N. Farm Road 183
 Fair Grove, MO 65648**

Total (Checks Payable to UBM) \$ _____
Name on Check _____



MENU for the Saturday Evening Barbeque
 Smoked pork butt, grilled marinated chicken breast, potato salad, baked beans, bread, dessert and iced tea.

Friday Night Fish & Hush Puppy's
Note: For the 4th year on Friday Night, Ron Mackenberg and Mike Calahan will host the fish and hush puppy's. Hot dogs will be available for non fish eaters. This is a free offering to UBM Members and side dishes are welcome to help out.

United Bowhunters of Missouri Rendezvous

It's that time of the year again for all of us to get together in the summer heat and lie to one another about all our hunting conquests from this past winter and spring. Food and beverages will be shared and, who knows, a bow may even be shot every now and then. The Rendezvous is always a great family affair so pack up the kids, bring along 20 of your closest relatives and join the rest of us for some fun in the sun!

The event will be held in Marshall again due to the grand ole time we had there last year. For those of you not familiar with the Marshall Bowhunters site from the famous annual MO Jam event, it might be a little tough to find, but it is well worth the effort. There will be free primitive camping on site and the UBM and the Marshall Bowhunters have coordinated to have several fresh Port-o-Potties on site. There is potable water and ice available as well, but no hookups. There are picnic tables around, but be sure to bring your lawn chairs and maybe a pop-up shelter or two in case of rain. There is a pool and shower facility available for \$1/head at the park just opposite the turn into the Marshall Bowhunters drive which might be a nice respite if it's hot.

Friday evening will be an informal affair with an open Board Meeting around 8:00 pm. All are invited and encouraged to attend and participate. Open shooting is available Friday evening - "coon" shooting after dark at your own peril!

Saturday will start off with registration opening at 8:00 am and there will be two 12-target course loops available to shoot. There will be an activity for the young'uns around mid-morning (making duct tape quivers I think) and maybe a long-distance charity shoot in the afternoon followed by the 3-Man Skirmish. The festivities will culminate with a fine BBQ spread for those who choose to participate. The evening will just be a simple "hang out with your friends" and we can open up the "coon" shoot again if anyone's interested.

Marshall Bowhunters will have concessions available for Saturday morning and noon as well as Sunday morning. Their vittles were top-notch last year and their prices are very reasonable. Let's do our best to support their organization and fill our bellies (while simplifying our weekend)! The Saturday evening catering this year will also be provided by Marshall Bowhunters - they have several competition-class BBQ experts as members who are whipping up a culinary masterpiece to feed us. We'll also be putting our best "Green" foot forward this year with recycling receptacles for glass, aluminum and plastic. With some conscientious effort, we can reduce our footprint for the weekend.

Back by popular demand will be some can raffles. If you have something to donate, let Darren Haverstick, Mike Calahan or Brian Peterson know or simply bring the item(s) with you to the Rendezvous. Donations are graciously accepted.

This year the Rendezvous registration is included on page 8 of the newsletter. This will save the UBM hundreds of dollars in printing and postage but remember, this will be your only printed notice of the Rendezvous.

Questions or comments, please contact Brian Peterson (bpeterson007@centurytel.net, 417-331-1135), Darren Haverstick (dchaverstick@gmail.com, 417-693-5304), or Mike Calahan kcjc.cal@charter.net, 573-335-3994)

Marshall Bowhunters site information and directions available at www.marshallbowhunters.org.
(See Map Below)

Please return your registrations before June 14th to:

UBM Rendezvous
10276 N. Farm Road 183
Fair Grove, MO 65648

Map to Marshall Bowhunters Archery Range



2013 UBM Election Profiles

Please fill out the election ballot on the bottom of page 7
in this issue and mail in by the deadline of June 14, 2013

Mike Calahan

It's election time once again so I guess we're supposed to fill the papers with campaign promises. Not being a true politician I think I'll spare you of that and just introduce myself to those who don't know me.

I'm Mike Calahan and I live in Cape Girardeau, MO. I've served the past three years on the board and before that I was an area and district representative. I have enjoyed working with the officers, board members and UBM members on various activities and promoting bowhunting. I would like to continue working for our organization as a board member so I am seeking re-election. If re-elected I will still be here to support our cause because I feel the UBM is a great organization full of dedicated people. No matter who your choice is, please vote. The UBM needs all its members to continue being a strong voice for Missouri Bowhunters.

Thank you for your past support. <<<

God Bless

Mike Calahan



Brad Harriman

My name is Brad Harriman, from Pilot Grove, MO. My wife, Brenda, and I have twin boys, Peyton and Russell who are 2 ½. I also have two older children, Jessica and Jacob, who live in Marshall, MO. I am a retired firefighter from Marshall, MO and currently work as a Fire Safety Specialist and Maintenance



Supervisor for the State of Missouri. Brenda is a Firefighter in Columbia, MO. My wife and I own Traditional Skulls, a part time taxidermy business doing European Skull Mounts with Dermestid beetles.

I have been bow hunting since 1993 and shooting traditional archery since 1998. I have been a member of Marshall Bow Hunters since 1993 and have held several offices over the years in support of the club. I have been a UBM member off and on through the years and became a life member in 2006.

I have been lucky enough to hunt several places beside Missouri, including Texas, Kansas, Maine, Ontario, Iowa, Colorado, and Wyoming. If I had to pick a favorite hunting trip, it would have to be chasing pronghorn antelope in Wyoming with my recurve.

Besides bow hunting, some of my other hobbies include Civil War reenacting, black powder shooting, and measuring North American big game. I am an Official Measurer for the Pope and Young Club, Boone and

Crockett Club, The Long Hunters Society, Compton's Traditional Bow hunters, Missouri Show Me Bucks Club, and Archery Big Bucks of Missouri. I am also the Director of Records for the Show Me Big Bucks Club.

As a Board Member of UBM, I hope I can serve the members of UBM like we've been served in the past. <<<

Kevin J. Pinckney

First, a note to Mr. Haverstick: I'm submitting this with the understanding that there is a void that needs to be filled. If that's true, I will do my best to fill that void. I do, however, believe that there are better people for this position. I'm educated only through high school (Winona High at that). I often put in long hours at work along with family obligations. But with that said, if called upon to serve, I will do so to the best of my ability.



My name is Kevin J. Pinckney and I am a life member of the UBM. I started shooting a compound in 1975 and I knew no one that knew anything about archery. I converted to a recurve sometime in the 90's. I'm not sure when I was introduced to the UBM. I think it was at MOJam in the late 90's. I have been a member ever since.

(Continued on Page 11)

2013 UBM Election Profiles

Please fill out the election ballot on the bottom of page 7 in this issue and mail in by the deadline of June 14, 2013

Kevin J. Pinckney (continued from page 10)

I have a wife, 8 kids, 8 grandkids, and have had 3 marriages. The Brady Bunch has nothing on me. I love to deer and turkey hunt, bowfish, camp, and ride motorcycles.

I truly love this club, not only for its fun events and things going on, but what it represents, the kids it helps, and its commitment to help introduce people to archery.

If elected, I will continue the uphill fight against the crossbow and strive for continued excellence in the club. But I also have a couple of ideas for membership drives that I think are lacking in this club. <<<



Mike Wirt

My name is Mike Wirt and I have been married for 22 years to my wife, Deanna. We have two children, Michael, age 21, and Melissa, age 17. We live in Grubville, MO and I have been a police officer for the city of St. Clair for 23 years. I have also been the Assistant Chief of Police for 7 years. Currently I am the District Representative for the United Bowhunters of Missouri; District 5.



Mike Fishing and at Work

I try to participate in as many UBM functions as possible throughout the year. I have been to Deaf Camps, Shriners Hand Camps, and for the past two years helped build PVC bows for kids at the Columbia Deer Classic. I have fun at all of these events and try to promote the UBM at every opportunity and will continue to do so as long as I am able to.

The UBM is a fantastic organization full of great people and I feel I have benefitted from all of the new friendships I have developed since joining. I stand behind and support the UBM's bylaws and principals and will work hard to reinforce these standards when representing the UBM at any function or event. I am not going to make promises that I can't keep. I can only promise that I will work hard to promote the UBM and represent all of its members to the best of my ability. Thank you for your time and your support will be appreciated <<<

Members

Deaf Camp is coming up August 10 - 11, 2013.

Volunteers are Needed!

Contact: Darren Haverstick
1-417-693-5304

REGISTRATION
This camp is limited to the first 200 participants. Complete the registration form and return it with the \$25 non-refundable fee to MCAA - Deaf Camp, Attn: Tisha Holder, 2350 S. Jefferson Ave., Lebanon, MO 65538. Registration is taken on a first-come, first-served basis. Fee and registration form must be received before you are considered enrolled.

CONFIRMATION PACKET
A packet with class schedule, directions, packing list and other pertinent details will be sent out approximately 2 weeks prior to camp.

CANCELLATION
Please contact us on or before Aug. 7 if you need to cancel so that we may offer your spot to another family.

How to get there
Camp is located at the H. Roe Bartle Boy Scout Camp on Truman Lake near Osceola, Mo. While the single-family cabins do have electricity and coils, air conditioning is not provided. Showers are available as well. Meals are served in Lonestar, the group dining hall.

Workshop Schedule

Saturday, Aug 10
9-11 a.m. - Check-in at Lonestar Dining Hall & optional icebreakers & games
11:15-11:45 a.m. - Welcome & Lunch
12-6 p.m. - Outdoor Skills Workshops
6:15 p.m. - Dinner
7 - 8 p.m. - Swimming/Free Time
8-10 p.m. - Movie Time
10 p.m. - Free Time

Sunday, Aug 11
8:00 a.m. - Breakfast
9 a.m. - 12:15 p.m. - Outdoor Skills Workshops cont.
12:30-1:30 p.m. - Lunch
1:30 p.m. - Closing & Wrap up

Sponsored in part by:
Boy Scouts of America
Compton Traditional Bowhunters
Missouri Conservation Agents Association
Missouri Department of Conservation
Missouri School for the Deaf
United Bowhunters of Missouri

Aug. 10-11, 2013

Kids, Bows and Bigfoot

by Darren Haverstick

The UBM booth at the Missouri Deer Classic in Columbia was, once again, a huge success and I want to thank everyone who donated their time and materiel to make this thing happen. This is the second year that we have made and given away PVC pipe bows to the kids who attended and if our booth popularity is any indication of things to come then we are gonna need a lot more volunteers and bows again next year!

In 2012, when we first came up with this idea, those of us involved grossly underestimated several key parameters that drove the project. We underestimated the amount of time it would take to completely assemble the bows to give away. We underestimated the number of personnel it would require to assemble all the bows to give away. And, most importantly, we really underestimated how many people would visit our booth at the show. There were only four of us working that day and we assembled 200 bows for patiently-waiting children in a little over eight hours – a new world record for sure but not something that any of us would ever want to do again.

To make sure we didn't have a repeat in 2013, I got the ball rolling early and started getting folks committed way ahead of time to work our booth. Besides giving bows away, I wanted to have a shooting range for the children so I needed to sign up as many bodies as I could. The guys from our initial campaign agreed that having all the bows completely assembled beforehand would be the biggest improvement in the process so I also started recruiting people with power tools and construction skills to help us get all the pieces cut, drilled, whittled on, etc. so we could put all the bows together before the big weekend. Joe Pendergrass would be running the 2013 Classic and he said the UBM could have a booth for free IF we committed to being there for both the days the Classic would be going on. Doing some quick ciperin', I determined we would need around 400 completed bows to make it through the weekend. Sure, it was a big number, but nothing that a few determined members of the UBM couldn't handle. Unfortunately, while my math was correct, I once again grossly underestimated the mass of young'uns who would show up at our table wanting a bow. Of course, we wouldn't learn this until it was already too late...



At the December 2012 Board meeting, I made my pitch for the booth, shooting range, and need for help. The Compton Big Game Classic would be the same weekend as the Deer Classic and I knew I was fighting an uphill battle for guys to choose working over playing. But I generated enough interest that we decided to go ahead with the plan and Todd Goodman graciously offered to cut out and drill all the bow blanks if somebody else would do the assembly work. Figuring that I wouldn't be getting a better deal than that, I quickly took Todd up on his offer and said I would go about gathering up all the other stuff we would need to complete the project.

Now I am used to making five to ten of these bows at a time. Making 400 is a whole other ballgame and I really needed to sharpen my pencil to make sure we had the right amount of zip ties, cable clips, string, and what-have-you for this to work. Fortunately, there is the INTERNET, where anything and everything is available for purchase, and I soon had boxes showing up at my door with all the necessary supplies. Todd notified me in mid-January that his part of the project was complete and we agreed to divvy out all the pieces for assembly at the Festival in a couple of weeks.

After dispersing bow blanks and pipe foam insulation to the four corners of the

state, all I had to do then was wait until the first weekend of March for the Deer Classic and all the stuff to come back as completed bows. Oh yeah, and I needed to put together the 30 bows that I agreed to make. Aside from listening to my wife complain about the aroma of contact cement permeating the house, the bow building part was easy. I just made sure to add "ear plugs" to the list of supplies to get for next year's booth.

Finally, the weekend was upon us and the ten or so members who were going to work the booth arrived Saturday morning. If you have never seen 400 PVC pipe bows with brightly-colored handles all in one spot, I can tell you now that it is quite a sight! It looked like we had enough bows to last for six Classics! Word had already gotten around about what the UBM was doing and two different media outfits wanted to interview us about our club and our booth. At 9:00 am, the doors opened for business and our first customers started flowing in.

At first, we weren't really sure how everything should be run with the handing out of bows and helping kids on the shooting range but we quickly found a rhythm and things started going smoothly. We had guys out on the arena floor acting like carnival barkers to get

(Continued on Page 13)

children to come over to our booth, we had guys helping the kids pick out a bow and getting it strung up for them and we had guys then helping the youngsters shoot their three allotted arrows. This system seemed to work well until more people starting showing up to the Classic and our resources were overwhelmed. At one time, we had little ones standing three-deep at the shooting range and a looong line of boys and girls waiting to get a bow. I think the only thing that saved us from a meltdown was that our booth was directly across the arena from the Jack Link's beef jerky booth and their current spokesperson, Sasquatch. I actually saw two kids hunker down between the two booths, paralyzed with indecision, over shooting bows with us and possibly winning a T-shirt or getting their picture taken with the Big Guy. Ole Squatch won that particular round but they came back to us later on.

It was only after lunch, and a much-needed respite from the public, that we started to realize that our bow supply was not going to last the two days we needed it to. In fact, it looked like we were going to be lucky if it lasted through the first day. Where once stood a colossal mound of plastic pipe and electrical tape, there now was a little pile of leftovers. Harry Hoffert, from the charity MO Kids Outdoors, said he would buy us more supplies to build some bows on the fly but we kindly declined his offer. Scary visions from the Booth of 2012 filled some of our heads and we wanted no part of that again.

It was during the waning hours of Saturday afternoon that the coolest thing for me took place at our booth. I was helping out at the shooting range when a group of four "kids" in their early 20's came by and asked if they could try to shoot a bow. After getting them outfitted, I started working with one of the men in the group and it quickly became apparent that he was bitten by the archery bug but good! He asked all kinds of questions and kept shooting with this ear-to-ear grin on his face. When they left the booth, he carried off his youth bow that cost about \$1.50 to make like it was his prized possession. And it was no surprise, when a couple hours later, he came back and asked if he could shoot some more. We talked and shot for a long time and he kept saying how he was going to have to

get a target to shoot at in his backyard. That big grin never left his face and it didn't bother him at all that he was shooting what some folks would consider a toy. All he knew was that he was having fun and he wanted it to continue!

Sunday morning at our booth found us without anything to give to anybody. Our endless supply of bows was not so endless after all! Mr. Hoffert had the foresight to go home and get some fiberglass youth bows so we, at least, had something for the children to do. It was saddening to have youngsters show up after hearing about "free bows" only to tell them we were out but it was some consolation that they got to shoot bows anyway.

That day's issue of the Columbia Tribune was circulating around the complex and the UBM and its booth were prominently featured in an article about the Classic. Max Medsker was the focus of the accompanying photo and he immediately stopped speaking directly to anyone and said they must go through his publicist first. I think his swelled head finally went down enough to fit in his truck by the time we called it a day around lunchtime. Joe Pendergrass was already talking about expanding the UBM's presence at the Classic for 2014 and several of us were already calculating how many bows we needed to make to be ready for it. The show isn't for another nine months or so; we should be able to get 1000 done by then... <<<



Finished Pipe Bows



Ron Mackenberg giving instruction



Max Medsker at work attaching a string to the Pipe Bow



From the Ashes

by Garry Matthews

The 2013 spring turkey season was crumbling before my eyes! Last season "Ole Faithful", my Black Widow longbow, and "Henrietta", my old decoy overcame "Sgt. Rock Turkey". At the end of the 2012 season, Henrietta, who was approximately 30 years old, was in failing health and I was not sure she could be repaired. I finally found what I was looking for in a replacement this year in late February - "Sweet Thing". Now I was ready for this season. Then I watched as my plans began to crash and burn. At first there were the late blizzards in late February and March in the Kirksville area. Still I had trail cam photos of big gobblers walking in over a foot of snow. Then my mother-in-law had knee replacement surgery scheduled for the Thursday before the spring season opened. That meant my wife would be tied down with her mother during that time and I would have to be responsible for getting my five year old grandson to and from pre-school. When the surgery had to be rescheduled because of a severe sinus infection, I allowed a little hope to creep back into my heart. It was not to last.

As I was practicing and getting everything prepared Friday morning before the season opener, I decided to make a new string for Ole Faithful. I would get it set up but not shoot it until after turkey season. I wanted to use my old string for this year. While unstringing Ole Faithful, after setting the brace height and nocking point with the new string, disaster struck! A 1/4" by 5" splinter of fiberglass lifted up on the belly of the upper limb, just below the string groove. I was devastated!

You see, Ole Faithful has been my "bow of choice" since February of 1993. In fact, in those 20 years, I have not even shot another bow - not even once! Ole Faithful had been such a fit to my style of shooting, and we had accounted for so much game together, that I had no reason to. Those guys at Black Widow make such a great product that if everybody was like me they might go out of business! Thank goodness I'm kind of unique. In a panic, I grabbed the phone, called them and shipped Ole Faithful out that very day. My hopes for the season were dashed again.

I spent that afternoon replacing the string and setting up my even older Black

Widow recurve. Now equipped with a "new" 22 year old string and new silencers, I spent a lot of time twisting and untwisting the Flemish string to get decent flight from my Snuffer-tipped heavy birch arrows. Still, my confidence was weak and I put in long hours over the next two days trying to build up that confidence. Even though the bow was lower poundage and my arrow flight was good, it just felt unwieldy in my hand. Any shots would definitely need to be close - and still there was that lingering doubt...

Opening morning was gorgeous and birds started gobbling as I set up my old Cabela's blind. However, they didn't want to get acquainted with the new lady on the block so that day was a wash. The next few days, literally, were a washout. Heavy rains kept me home, spending an entire night vacuuming water in my basement.

It was Friday before I could get out again. I set up where I had killed Sgt. Rock, my turkey harvest from last spring. High winds were going to make things difficult. My practice shot was OK, but it still didn't feel "right"! As day broke, I began a conversation with two gobblers and after about an hour they were on the way to me.

Peeking out the top of the window in the back of my blind I saw the two birds standing about 20 yards away. I continued calling and felt certain that they would come down the left side of the blind gobbling, but not strutting in the high wind. I also thought they wouldn't come that close. They were 20 yards away but the brush was too thick to risk a shot. They gobbled at Sweet Thing, who was doing her most enticing dance, but they were "snooty" and gave her the cold shoulder. They then went behind me with one tom going back the way they had come while the other tom went off over the edge in another direction. All this was done while gobbling their "snooty" heads off!

The next morning found my son, Chad, and I set up in his Double Bull blind about 15 yards from where I first saw the gobblers the day before. Chad was only going to have two Saturday mornings to hunt because of his work schedule so he was using his shotgun. Shortly before daybreak, we heard the gobblers. I began yelping and cutting and Sweet Thing

began dancing. This time the conversation was getting pretty hot and heavy. Chad said, "I just heard a turkey fly down." Minutes dragged by as we anxiously waited. The two gobblers sounded like they had joined up and were slowly heading our direction. After about 40 minutes I saw the sun reflecting off a turkey's fan at the edge of the dead-end gravel road; then another fan. Yep, it was the same two gobblers - in full strut. Chad said "That's not good," as a hen walked up from behind and passed the two gobblers. She then headed down the gravel road away from us. I was continuing to encourage her and the gobblers when a second and third hen appeared. One of the hens finally crossed the road to our side and came up on top to check out the new girl decoy. I was afraid she would spook and take everyone with her. After a three yard inspection, the hen softly perted her approval and walked on into the timber. Soon the other two hens followed without even giving Sweet Thing a second look.

A few seconds later the gobblers followed but they were cutting across a little farther out trying to catch up with the hens. Chad shot, dropping the second gobbler in his tracks. The other gobbler came back to inspect his fallen comrade. The brush was too thick for an arrow so I kept calling and he walked closer to the blind. He came within 15 yards but kept brush between us which prevented a shot. After a few seconds he decided something evil was after him, ducked under the fence and went running down the center of the gravel road. The last we saw of him, he was 200 yards up the road running as if the Devil himself was on his tail feathers! So close - yet so far away! At least Chad had his turkey.

The following Monday was one of those special spring turkey days. This time I crossed the gravel road and set up along a wagon trail that went through a timber-lined bottleneck in a pasture. Across the trail from my location, about 20 yards, was the white oak I was in last fall where I killed a doe and let a nine-point buck walk by.

Shortly after daybreak, I began a conversation with three gobblers. One guy was definitely interested in this

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lovely hen. About 45 minutes later, there he was standing 15 yards from Sweet Thing. He was totally in love! Little did I know how much so. He began the turkey mating dance followed by "strutting his stuff." Once again, brush was presenting a problem. However, I anticipated him coming to the wagon trail to get up close and personal with Sweet Thing which would give me a seven yard shot. Like it often happens, though, he missed reading the script - dumb gobbler!! Instead, he came in a semicircle around me and came down the wagon trail from the left. He stopped less than 15 yards from my blind and, yep, you guessed it - behind saplings and a fallen tree right where a big scrape was last fall - no shot!! For the next hour he performed the mating dance over 20 times before I lost count; the only times he would break strut. My hand was about to crush my bow handle and my teeth were ground to the jaw bone. I was treated to the most spectacular turkey exhibition in my 30 years of chasing gobblers.

Finally he made a mistake and strutted out across the wagon trail into a small opening. Without a conscious thought, my bow was up and as the tom turned broadside in full strut the Snuffer sliced effortlessly through the window netting. I watched the red-and-white spliced fletching pass just under his breast and just an inch or two in front of his drumsticks!

Rats! Rats! Rats! If only I had had Ole Faithful! I would have had him! The longbeard responded by running off into the timber gobbling his displeasure with Sweet Thing. "Well, that's over!" I thought. Not exactly! This love-struck gobbler kept gobbling from the safety of the woods. With nothing to lose, I began cutting and yelping excitedly. Inexplicably, he appeared a few minutes later behind Sweet Thing and over the next half hour strutted and gobbled; appearing and disappearing behind her. She kept twitching in a most seductive manner and I kept whispering sweet nothings. Suddenly, he stepped from the timber onto the wagon trail at the opposite end of the bottleneck. As he sauntered onto the trail he broke into full strut, then performed the mating dance, and then back to full strut. After a few more moments he cleared the last obstacle between us. This time he was farther away, approximately 30 yards,

and I consciously told myself to shoot higher. Once again, the Snuffer sliced through the window netting but time the arrow spiraled just over the strutting form of the big gobbler.

Dirty dead rats! Dirty dead rats! Dirty, disgusting, dead rats!!! What I wouldn't give to have Ole Faithful in my hands again! Mr. Tom turned and ran back into the timber the way he had come; gobbling as he went. I looked at my watch - 9:30 am. What a morning! Two shots at the same gobbler who had been mostly in sight and in bow range for over 2 1/2 hours. What more can an avid turkey hunter ask for? This has been a very educational morning! I'd been treated to a turkey calling seminar! But...it wasn't over yet.

Unbelievably, the twice-missed tom begins to gobble and come back into view! For the next 20 minutes he appears and disappears along the crest of the ridge - gobbling and strutting in an effort to attract Sweet Thing. She continues flirting and I continue to send love notes. I hear a noise to the right of my blind and look out the top of a window. I see a hen heading straight for my target. Well, that certainly does it! Not so! This crazy gobbler seemingly ignores the real hen and circles back around to Sweet Thing. For the next couple of hours he continues to strut, gobble, and perform the mating dance but he is always just out of range or keeping brush between us.

Finally, at 11:20 am, I am totally frustrated. Here is a gobbler that has a death wish and I can't grant it! I unzip the blind and actually take three steps toward him before he gives up and runs into the timber. I pack up and go home with mixed emotions. On one hand I am thrilled to have enjoyed such a special morning but, on the other hand, I am totally frustrated at having two great shot opportunities without closing the deal. Now my confidence level is microscopic!

When I get home, my wife is just driving into the garage after taking my grandson to pre-school. I begin telling her my tale of woe and ended it with "If only I had Ole Faithful, I'm sure I'd have a gobbler."

"Oh, it came this morning. The UPS guy delivered it about 9:30", she said nonchalantly. Wow! Wow! I can't believe the guys at Black Widow got it turned around that quick!! (Note to all: there is not a better bow company around in my book!!) The rest of the day was spent

getting Ole Faithful ready to hunt again and shooting at the strutting tom target in my back yard. In no time, Ole Faithful and I were back in shooting form and looking forward to sunrise! I immediately began pondering the morning hunt location.

The next morning, Tuesday, found me walking in the bright moonlight. It was so bright that I didn't even need a flashlight. Another perfect turkey day appeared to be on the horizon! I had decided to go to the back of the farm, far away from where all the activity had been for the past few days. I was searching for new gobblers who were unfamiliar with Sweet Thing and her great, musical calling (ha!).

After a 50-minute walk I arrived at the chosen site. It was at the east end of a long, narrow, overgrown (emphasis on overgrown) pasture. I placed my blind two yards in front of two twelve-foot cedar trees. I then placed Sweet Thing seven yards in front of my blind but this time I had her quartering to me. I hooked a piece of fishing line to her tail, using tent spikes to keep the line in place along the ground, and passed it under the front of the blind. It was a little unnerving. Dawn was breaking and I had not heard a single gobble. The last thing I did was cut three cedar branches about two feet in length to use as markers. I paced off 20 steps and laid a branch on the ground. Then I did it again at 30 steps. Finally, I came back and put the last branch on the ground at 15 steps. That would give me some reference points in the open pasture.

I entered the blind and got ready. As is my normal routine, I lowered the netting on my front window and took a practice shot with a judo point. At 30 yards, I hit the middle of the cedar branch -alright! Just for good measure I picked up another judo-tipped arrow and sent it smack into the 15 yard branch. Alright!! Now all I need is a gobbler. I looked at my watch - 6:30 am. The early morning air was filled with calling - songbirds and geese, but no turkeys. I placed my call in my mouth and began yelping and cutting. After the third series of calls I heard a very faint gobble behind me. It was so far away I wondered if I had really heard it or just imagined it. I threw out another series of yelps and he answered back again. This time there was no doubt - it was a gobble!

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From The Ashes, (continued from Page 15)

I continued the loud yelps and cuts and, in a few minutes, it was apparent that the bird was closing the gap - and fast. He now sounded about two hundred yards away. However, at the next series of calls, another gobbler answered from the left front of my blind. He also was quite a ways off. Now the gobbling was fast and furious. Both toms were doing their best to convince Sweet Thing that they were the "real king of the woods."

In a couple of minutes the tom behind me was shaking the ground with his gobbles. The one off to the left front had closed the gap but he sounded like he was still in the creek bottom. I heard a thunderous gobble close by and I felt certain that a longbeard should be in sight. I stood and peaked out the top of a window on the right side of blind - nothing. I sat back down and gave another yelp. The tom's answer nearly knocked me off my stool! I again stood and peaked out the window. There he was in full strut coming down the wagon trail. He had just passed through the gap in the old fence where a gate used to hang. I hurriedly lowered the window just to the right of my double front window. When he centered that window, I would shoot. I sat down, checked my arrow to be certain it was nocked correctly and released the arrow holder. This only took a couple of seconds. When I looked up he had already passed the side window and was just strutting into view at the right edge of my front window.

With one more flirty little twitch from Sweet Thing, he angled toward her. Ole Faithful was already tracking him and a millisecond later my multicolored fletching was mating with the black coverlets covering his wing butt! He flopped about ten yards heading toward the timber but he never made it. I quickly grabbed some backup arrows and unzipped the blind. Recalling the toughness of Sgt. Rock last year (it took three Snuffers in the boiler to put him down for keeps) I hurried to the fallen gobbler. This time no follow-up arrow was necessary. Combined with a heavy laminated birch shaft, the 145-grain broadhead put him down for good. The bird's wing feathers were soaked in blood. Just for insurance, though, I rotated his head around his neck for a couple of rounds. I looked at my watch - 6:42 am. I couldn't believe it - a ten minute gobbler! After almost five hours

yesterday, and two missed shots with my recurve, Ole Faithful had delivered his first time out - ten minutes into the hunt!! Now, you understand why Ole Faithful is irreplaceable! Once again he came through just like he has been doing for twenty years.

From a season that seemed to be doomed from the start came the gift of a warrior. I walked back to the point where the feathers marked the spot of the shot - 14 paces from the edge of my blind. This fine gobbler had two tail feathers broken off and a bare spot on his breast bone from fighting. He weighed 24 1/2 pounds, had a 10 1/2" beard and 1 1/8" spurs. After a prayer of thanksgiving, I tagged the noble bird and took the prize to Sweet Thing to allow her and Ole Faithful to relish their victory! <<<



Garry Matthew's
Blind, Decoy, Bow and Turkey



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From The Laptop

by Brian Peterson



Man, time flies! Turkey season is just finishing up, the carp have been rolling, and lo and behold, it snowed this weekend! Welcome to May in the Ozarks! The old adage comes to mind—"If you don't like the weather, just wait 5 minutes..." Lots to look forward to this spring: plenty of club shoots (including the first annual fish shoot in Cape Girardeau), our rendezvous towards the end of June,

maybe a little groundhog and squirrel hunting... oh and maybe a little "working for a living" thrown in for good measure. Nah! I know a bunch of us are headed to Mississippi for the Jerry Pierce Memorial Shoot in May, and I look forward to seeing you all at Marshall again this year. Keep your eyes and ears peeled for upcoming events and give Darren or me a holler if you have any questions.

Stocking the Pantry, Ozarks-Style

by Brian Peterson

It was a busy day, and I really hadn't planned on doing much more than working in my shop or perhaps cutting the grass later. Just then, my phone buzzed with a text from my son, Chris... "Carp are rolling in Forsyth—grab your bow!" 30 minutes later, I was shin-deep in a flooded slough next to Chris who already had 8 big carp on his stringer.

The water there was muddy and visibility was about as good as a glass of chocolate milk, but the carp were in spawning mode and would present themselves fairly regularly for a quick shot.

There was plenty of missing, some spectacular "shoulda seen that one" shots; even a couple of double and triple opportunities, and in the end, we had 30 big German carp between us—the largest well over 10 pounds, and the average well into the 8 pound range. Even a couple of mirror carp graced my stringer, which is a rare treat as they few and far between 'round these parts.

Despite the fact that we still had a few fish each left to fill our limits, it was pretty evident that we were going to have

our hands full cleaning fish before the night was out so we called a day early and headed home to sharpen fillet knives. In the end, we had six gallons of cleaned, de-veined and ready-to-process chunks of

"Ozark Fighting Fish" for our efforts—enough to fill the pantry for another year. Once you've tasted Carp Croquettes, you'll agree—it's a treat well worth the effort!



Chris trying to be very very quiet!



The Author's Stringer

N.A.B.C. Report

by Brian Peterson

I recently traveled to Dallas, Texas to attend the annual North American Bowhunting Coalition meeting. This meeting was scheduled to follow the Pope & Young Convention in April. Due to some logistical issues within the NABC regional structure, the meeting was not well attended, and while I gave a presentation regarding some of the more worrisome trends in "modern" archery (exploding, bullet-tipped arrows, arrow-shooting air rifles, etc.) and discussed the issue of CWD in captive and wild deer populations; the remainder of the meeting was spent discussing the future of the NABC and the value it holds for all

state bowhunting organizations. While the NABC was organized in an effort to galvanize our forces against the ever-present crossbow issue (and this is still a primary focal point), the NABC has much to offer each and every state organization, from fundraising, membership drives, conventions and banquets, to legislative issues and how to deal with the regulation makers at the state level. Like all state organizations, the NABC is an all volunteer organization, and like UBM, its future depends on like-minded people who are willing to spend the time and effort to make it successful.

Swan Lake 8th Grade Days

by Brian Peterson

Once again this year, Swan Lake National Wildlife Refuge near Chillicothe held their 8th Grade Outdoor Days, and once again UBM volunteered to help out with the traditional archery station. The weather was exceptionally nice this year and the kids came in droves to shoot balloons and 3-D targets. Ron

Mackenberg, Fred McKinney, Max Medsker, Mike McDonald and Brian Peterson all made their trips from the 4 corners of the state to help introduce kids novice and experienced alike to traditional archery. It's always satisfying to see the light in the eyes of a young person at their first successful shot. Even

more satisfying when they return to the line time after time to keep shooting - even over the chance to shoot clay birds with shotguns!

We even had to turn some away when the final call came for the buses! It's a long walk home! <<<<



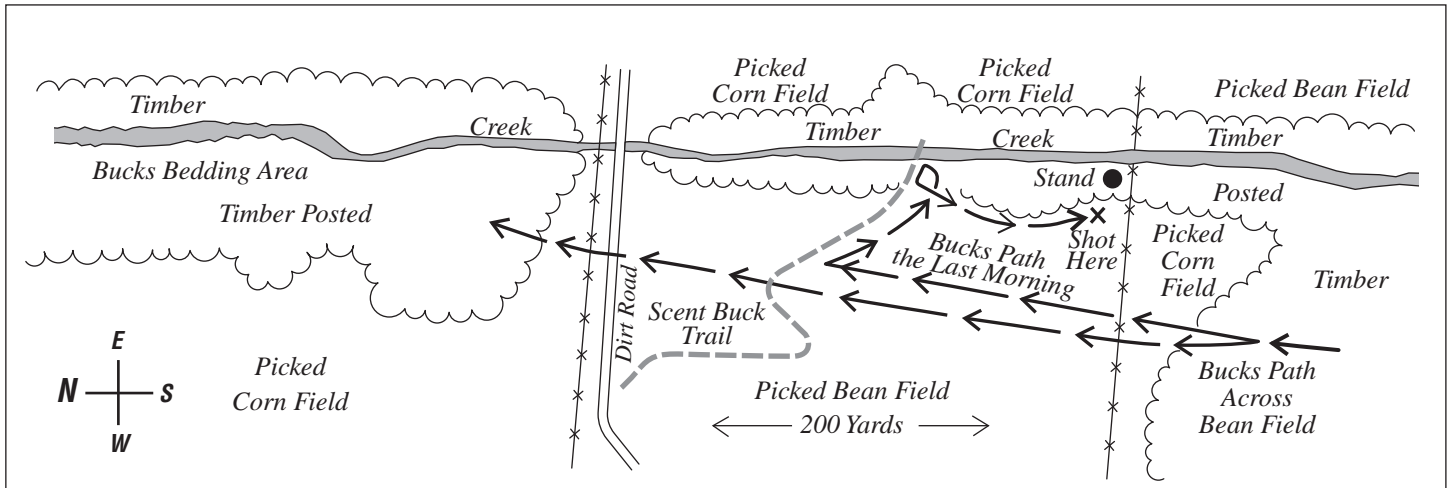
The Sock Buck

by Steve North

I was constantly seeing a 140-class 8-pointer cross an open field. He was using a west crosswind to leave a large posted wooded area, that I had permission to hunt, and enter another to bed in. The thing that had me scratching my head was, I was set up in a strip of timber downwind of him that connected both larger tracts of timber. There was a creek on the west side of the timber with a very steep bank on the west side. He could have easily used the timber I was set up in to get from one large area to another and never show himself, but he wouldn't. It was a perfect funnel area but he crossed the open field three mornings in a row at a trot. He would cross two fence lines and go from

one area into another. There were no trees large enough on the fence lines to reset up on him. He was about 60 yards from the closest tree I could have set up in to shoot him. That's entirely too far for an arrow shot in my opinion. I just couldn't believe he wouldn't use the strip of timber I was set up in. I was going to try and use his nose against him. I couldn't shoot him with the route he was using anyway and I wasn't going to trespass to set up and get him.

That evening I took the socks off I had worn that day and tied a 15 foot long string on them. I put them in a plastic bag and tied the bag shut. I left about one foot of the end of the string outside



of the bag to hold on to. The next morning I showered and sprayed down with scent shield. After parking my truck to hunt I changed into my hunting clothes like always and them sprayed with scent shield again. I took my bow and the plastic bag containing the socks and walked up a roadway the farmers use to get to their fields.

I was going along the north edge of the picked bean field the buck would cross. I arrived about 45 minutes early to my stand. I wanted to give myself some extra time to do what I had in my mind. I got two thirds of the way across the picked bean field where I had the same west wind as the three previous mornings. I took the end of the string that was outside of the plastic bag and untied the end of the bag so all I had to do was pull the socks out using the string. After picking up the plastic bag I took the end of the string and headed due south for about 70 yards dragging the socks on the ground. Then I zigged back northeast about 20 yards and then headed southeast towards the timber and creek where I was sitting. I entered the timber about the midway point of the field. I did this in hope the buck would travel across the field and hit

the human scent trail and either head to the timber I was in for immediate security or head straight back where he came from and then just maybe try and use the strip of timber I was in to get to his bedding area. At about eight in the morning, I saw him coming out of the first posted timber like he had done the other mornings. He jumped the fence and headed out across the picked bean field at a quick trot. He got about half way across the field and looked like he hit a brick wall. He stopped dead in his tracks for a second then ran towards the strip of timber I was in. He looked as if he wanted to head north towards his bedding area but the sock smell worked. He ran into the scent again and turned south and came out of the timber but skirted the edge of it. He came about 20 yards from me so fast that I had to give a short soft whistle sound to stop him. He stopped for only a second, but I was ready. I shot him at 15 yards.

I have since nicknamed him the sock buck. I was just lucky that he did what he did. He could have just as easily hit the scent block trail, turned around and headed straight back. I was out of time

and a week later who knew where he would be. Their noses can be used against them with some luck involved. <<<

Conditions:

west wind, overcast and 30 degrees.

Steve North with his "Sock Buck"



2012 Winning Photographs

Photo Contest

To be displayed and judged at the February UBM Festival.

Rules:

All pictures must be 8"x10" with no frame or Matting. The prints will not be returned and will become the property of the UBM. All photos must be turned in by 1:00 p.m. on the Saturday of the Banquet. Please keep all entries in good taste with respect for the game and hunter.

Categories

1. Bowhunter with game
2. Bowhunter related
3. Wildlife
4. Outdoor theory
5. Trail cam photo



Note:

Last year, no one entered a photo in the Wildlife Category. Ok members, you have all year to take some good photos now for this contest!



Bowhunter with Game - Dan Novotny



Bowhunting Related - Dan Novotny



Trail Cam Photo - Tom Dickerson



Outdoor Theory - Crystal Harper

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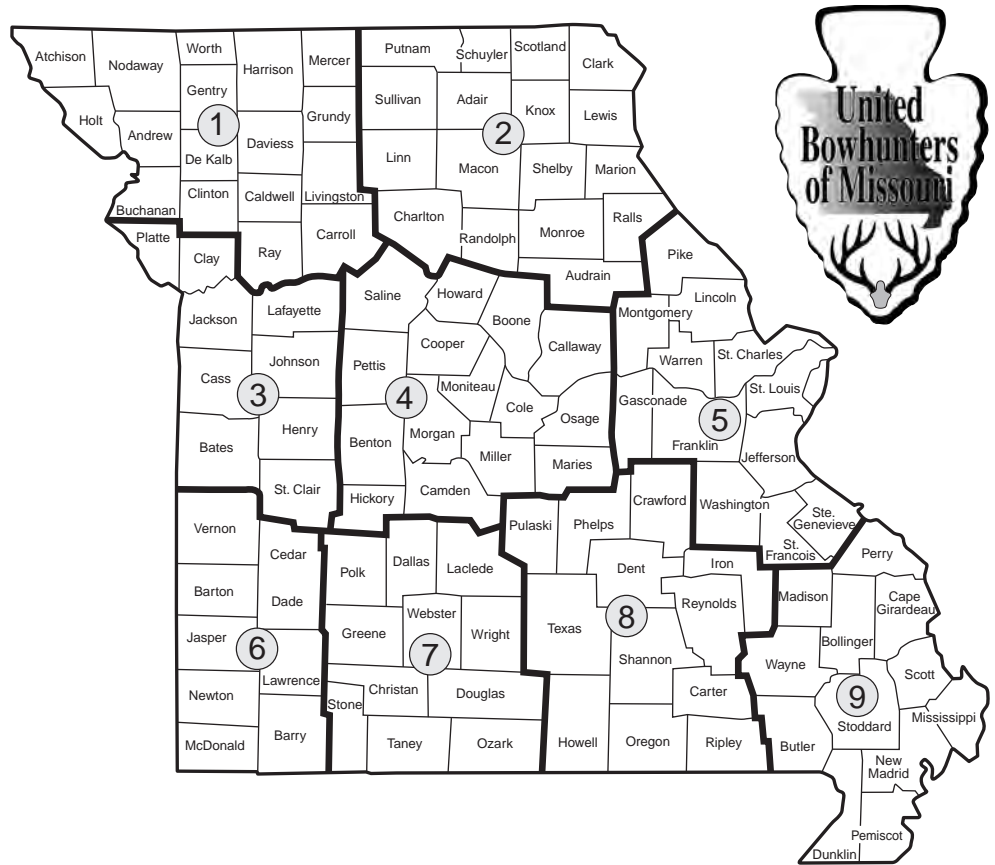
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Photo Gallery



Two hillbillies bow fishing



Mike Yancey with two photographs of the turkey he harvested in Texas



Brian Peterson overlooking Mexico



Brian Peterson with his 2013 turkey harvest



Larry Hesterly with nice 25 lb. gobbler taken in 2013



John Banderman with his 2013 turkey harvest



Joe Osvath - St. Paul, MO with nice 10-pointer



Darren Haverstick's 2013 flintlock turkey harvest



Joe Osvath - St. Paul, MO bobcat harvest



Harold Kinder with a little 4-Pointer



Dan Novotny with a nice buck



Harold Kinder with a favorite 10-pointer

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Larry Hesterly with his 2013 Spring 25 lb. Gobbler (left) two beards, 9" & 10" and one inch spurs.
On the right is his Spring 2013 Jake Turkey Harvest