



THE UNITED

BOWHUNTER

Summer 2014



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



Calendar of Events

May

- 6th - Oklahoma spring turkey season closes
- 11th - Missouri spring turkey season closes
- 16th-18th - Jerry Pierce Memorial Shoot at Lake Enid, MS
- 31st - Kansas spring turkey season closes
- 31st - 2nd Annual UBM SEMO Fish Shoot, Jackson, MO

June

- 13th-15th - Cloverdale Traditional Archery Nationals, Cloverdale, IN
- 20th-22nd - Compton Traditional Bowhunters Rendezvous, Berrien Springs, MI
- 27th-29th - UBM Rendezvous at the Marshall Bowhunters Club in Marshall, MO

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

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

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

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— On the Cover —
**Morel Mushroom in
 Grass**

deadlines for submitting copy and pictures to The United Bowhunter

Feb. 15th, May 3rd, Sept. 15th, Dec. 10th

President's Report Winter 2014

Darren Haverstick



Well, I was going to wait to write this until after I had an amazing story to tell you about me killing a turkey with my bow. Then I realized that a lot of us don't have that kind of time left on this side of the dirt so in the interests of deadlines, both physical and printing, I decided I had better write anyhow sans dead gobbler tale.

I know some of you reading this are probably wondering why we went from a winter issue to a summer issue and did you miss something. Yes, you did; sort of. The spring 2014 issue of the newsletter was a digital-only copy. The issue can be found on our website under the "Newsletter" tab. I sent an email out to every member I had a valid address for notifying them of this. Not to beat a dead horse, but this is one of those cost-saving measures the Board has put in place. The fall 2014 issue will also be a digital-only copy. If we have another financially successful Festival in 2015 then we might go back to printing all four issues. In the meantime, if you cannot access the online version of the newsletter, I will be happy to email you a copy. Just let me know.

And speaking of email addresses and whatnot, this is a great time to remind you that you need to let me or Brenda Hudson know if any of your contact information has changed. We have a database of all the members' pertinent info but it is only as good as the information you provide us. I send out a lot of email to members about time-sensitive topics that affect us as bowhunters. If you want to receive that sort of thing then make sure I have your current email address.

In case you missed our popular booth at the Deer Classic this past March, all I can say is to make sure and come by next year! We had 800 PVC pipe bows to give away to the youngsters, plus a shooting booth and a bowfishing tank. Due to some nasty weather on Sunday, we ended up giving away only 600 of the bows but we sure made a lot of kids happy. Thanks to everyone who helped out with this project; both with your time and your monetary donations. Todd Goodman has a nice piece written up about the event in this issue and I think I will have something in the next Compton newsletter.

The 2014 Rendezvous will be upon us fairly soon. It will, once again, be at the Marshall Bowhunters Club in Marshall, MO the weekend of June 27th-29th. It's a pretty laid back affair with lots of shooting, lots of visiting and lots of fun. Ron Mackenberg and Mike Calahan will be hosting a fish-fry on Friday night for members and their families. There will also be a general membership meeting that night around 8:00 pm. Saturday; we will have the annual 3-Person Skirmish tournament plus some novelty shoots and an activity for the kids. There will be no catered supper Saturday night since a lot of you voiced your opinion saying you didn't want one. So you will be on your own to fend for yourself that evening.

I guess that's all I have for you right now. I'm pretty exhausted still from all my efforts to outsmart a feathered dinosaur whose brain is the size of a pea. You will find somewhere in this issue, a ballot to vote for new Board members and a registration form for the Rendezvous. Please fill these out and send them in as soon as you can. And if you need a bowfishing partner to make fun of, I should be available most any time.

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Yessiree, it has been quite a rollercoaster ride this spring! Winter finally gave way to spring, then straight on to summer, back to winter, a day or two of summer, and so on (it hit 98 here today). The poor carp, turkeys and mushrooms don't know which end is up, and I find myself dragging my long johns and heavy wools in and out of storage. That's OK, you'll generally not hear me complain about the cold, but I certainly do suffer in the heat! Anywho, I hope you all have had a chance to get outdoors and stretch your legs doing something other than mowing the lawn. I've been blessed this spring with two nice javelinas, Kansas and Missouri turkeys, enough morels for a meal or two, a good stringer of carp to can, and a couple of 75lb spoonbills to top it all off. I even have a spring spot & stalk coastal black bear hunt in Alaska scheduled in a couple of weeks. Like my old man used to say, "Do it now while you are physically able; you can sit back with your memories later". Amen, brothers and sisters... I'll keep you posted as to how it goes.

In the meanwhile, there's always some UBM business to attend to. We have a few board positions to fill, so look over our qualified candidates and make the choices that best represent your vision for the future of UBM. I know it's a lot to ask, but it would be so sweet to actually have more than 30 members take the time to cast their votes. It only takes a few minutes and costs the price of a stamp, but it shows the world that you care about the future of bowhunting in Missouri. If you don't vote, then you really don't have the right to complain.

On a more positive note, plan on attending the Southeast Missouri Fish Shoot at the end of May down in Jackson and the annual Rendezvous in Marshall the last weekend in June and we'll hang out.

Till then, keep 'em sharp!

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Missouri Deer Classic Pipe Bow Project

Todd Goodman

The goal: To build 800 PVC pipe bows to give away to kids. Sound like a daunting project? It was nothing too big for the UBM members spread out across the state.

This project was spearheaded by Darren Haverstick. He told us of the virtues of giving away so many pipe bows. Max Medsker, Brian Peterson and Mike Smith, to name a few, also helped out. We cut, notched, and drilled holes in PVC pipe and cut foam pipe insulation for the handles. Darren acquired, cut and prepped strings for the bows. He also got the other materials to install handles and arrow rests. Whew!!! That is a lot of repetitive work.

I wasn't even planning on being at the Deer Classic since I have a large, ongoing unfinished project (basement) at my house that has been in progress for way too long and I am bound and determined to get done this spring!!! But as the big day approached, Darren put out the call for volunteers. I was torn.



I needed to get my basement done but Darren doesn't ask for help that often. So I thought I could compromise; I would help out for half a day then drive home and work there too.

Well I'm glad I went. It did me a lot of good to see all those young families, and some grandparents, bring all those little kids by. There were lots of well-behaved kids with giant smiles on their faces coming up to us and getting their free bows. I saw young parents pulling out cameras and taking pictures of their kids becoming archers for the first time. We even had people coming up to us wanting to donate money to our club just to help our cause.

I also got to see these families after they left our booth. It did me good to see our bows in their hands. With some of the families, the parents were holding the unstrung bows. But the ones I liked seeing were the kids that had the strung bows on their back; Indian style. The odds are good that those kids got bit by the archery bug just like many of us did so many years ago.

Long story short, I was a bit of a skeptic going into the project. But I will say that giving away so many

pipe bows was absolutely worthwhile. I'm not so naïve in thinking that all those bows are going to be used after the kids get home. But I know that some of the children will continue to shoot those bows. And, who knows, later they might buy or make another bow and become a hunter or target shooter. That, to me, makes it worthwhile!!

Now as far as the costs go, 800 bows x \$1.60 per bow, that comes to \$1280. That's not chump change. The UBM fronted the money to get the project started. Then a call for donations went out and money came in from a variety of sources. Compton Traditional Bowhunters was a huge donor with a check for \$500. Other donors included local archery pro shops, UBM members, friends and coworkers. Lowes and Home Depot discounted and donated pipe. It was good to see others getting behind this project. The money that came in more than covered the cost of the materials.

I can only hope that next year we continue this project and that many other UBM members come to the Deer Classic and experience what we did. You will not be disappointed!

Season of the Choctaw

Larry Hudson

I first met Jerry Pierce sometime in the early '90's. One of the first out-of state members, Jerry was instrumental in helping get UBM off the ground, not only with his bow donations but more with his insight into what a state organization needed to accomplish. He understood and could convey a message without really saying very much; after talking with him a while you felt like you should really look at yourself and what you did, how and why you bowhunted. His bows are works of art and show his genuine feeling for the sport he cherished, and really, along with his family, that's what he lived for. Sadly, he was taken from us much too soon. I never took him up on his invitations to come and hunt thinking someday for sure I would, timing could work out better, several reasons not to go none ever very good. My only visit to his house was at his funeral.

I had always wanted one of Jerry's bows; not that the bows I have are lacking but just getting to hunt with his bow seemed a way to make up for time missed. This past winter, my chance came. A bow, donated to the UBM, sold at our auction but never shot or hunted with became available. When I talked to the owner about buying the bow the conversation was about something to hang on the wall. My thoughts/plans, however, were completely different. This was a bow built to hunt with; yes, it is a work of art but intended by the maker to be carried in the woods. I have done just that and have had one of the best years ever.

The adventure started with the early opening of the Kansas turkey season. My first trip out was with a good friend, and longtime UBMer, Tony Mihalevich. Tony and I had talked about hunting together in the past but never getting it done for various reasons; same story different day. We

didn't harvest anything on that trip but we did put a couple misses through our bows just to get them out of the way. Our next trip out went better as I was able to get a good arrow in a nice Eastern, recovery was short—all was good. Not only was it a good hunt because of game harvested; I was able to spend some quality time with a fellow traditionalist—Oh my! The stories and fun we had!! (some stories best not told!).



Jerry Pierce with one of his creations signed by Glen St. Charles. This bow was donated to the UBM by Lenny Pierce. It now resides in a locked and guarded vault at Brian Peterson's house.

In late May, my wife and I took our grandson on his first bear hunt. Northern Quebec was our destination and, again, what a fun filled adventure it was. I sat with Kaleb on his first night to witness a young man do everything right with an extremely close encounter with a good bear. Well, almost everything right. Kaleb, like his grandpa, sometimes misses! The Choctaw spoke again for me the next night as I was able to harvest my second animal with it; a beautiful 255-pound bear.

In September it was on to Colorado with plans of murdering elk and deer. The elk did not cooperate but a good 2x4 mulie buck just came too close

and I had to try the Choctaw again, with very good results-- #3 in the bag. My daughter came out for a week of hunting and I almost missed that experience due to my first thoughts of her not being "ready to hunt elk". What a time we had together and how close I came to missing that time. Again, this was a hunt with some folks I had not had the pleasure of sharing a fire with. Uhmm--- I'm starting to see a trend here!

Although far-off destinations are what we all dream about, the fall whitetail woods in the Midwest are, and always will, be my favorite place to be. October found me hunting again with good friend and fellow traditionalist, Richard Dewey, on his farm in Pike County, Illinois. The Choctaw was good to me again with the harvest of two does; one of which was shot off the ground with my tracking dog Kasey watching intently. He never moved as the deer came into my hide at less than ten yards. What a thrill, again, with a good friend nearby!

Last but not least, hunting on our farm in north mo., a birthday buck was presented to me at less than 10 yards, yes, on (11/15) my 61st birthday this guy (an 8pt) thought he would get a pass—not!

This story may sound like I am touting my bowhunting prowess, I assure you I am not, rather it is about possible experiences missed, the decisions we make thinking we don't have the time, good times with friends or family possibly missed forever.

Mine was an excellent season, not really sure the bow had anything to do with it but carrying it sure made things seem right. Shooting a bow instinctively is 90 plus percent a head game, perhaps if your head is right, the shot will be right! Moral of the story? Don't pass up a chance to get out there and do it, relax and have fun with each and every day afield, enjoy your friends and family or time alone, speaking of which, I think it's time to go for "a walk in the woods".

2014 UBM Election Ballot

Jim Pyles



My name is James Pyles. Most of you already know me. I am the owner of J.P Enterprises Traditional Archery and Antler Ridge knives. I have been a business member of the UBM for several years and have just become a regular member because I feel I need to get more involved.

I have been married to my wife, Mara (who most of you know from the banquets), for twenty-one years. Between us, we have five children, soon-to-be fourteen grandchildren, three dogs, two cats and three horses. We run J.P. Enterprises from our property in St. Genevieve County. Spring and fall, two nights a week, we teach youth archery at the community center. I know this is a phrase that has been beaten to death but the youth are the future of our sport. Without the guidance we can give them they may lose interest and wander away. They need us and we need them. Many children need positive role models to guide them through the tough times ahead in their lives and I believe that an organization like the UBM can, and does, supply such role models. We need them to help guide us. We need to continue to see the issues through fresh eyes and attitudes; not the worn-out thinking that every day struggle brings us to. We need to get them involved so they stay involved.

Michael Mogart



My name is Michael Morgart and I live in Dixon, MO (about 10 miles north of Fort Leonard Wood) with my wife and 14 year old daughter. I've been shooting a bow since I was about 10 years old. Mostly recurves, but some longbows, selfbows and compounds. I've been hunting with a bow for 20+ years, mostly whitetail and squirrel with a few elk and mule deer hunts thrown in. I retired from the us Army in 2006 after 24 years on active duty.

I think the UBM is a worthwhile organization and would like to see it grow. I think almost anything that encourages people (and especially kids) to get outside is a good thing. I've introduced dozens of people to archery over the years and it always seems to have a positive impact on them. I've helped out at the Royal Rangers Camporama archery course and have built and helped give away the PVC bows at the Columbia Deer Classic event and I enjoy doing that kind of thing.

BUT, I'm not the type to just sit and accept things based on "That's the way we've always done it" Especially if I'm on the board of an organization. And if I'm elected I'm going to open discussions on things like "why do all of us take a pledge not to use an overdraw and not to use an arrow under 400 grains"?

(Pope and Young which we also take an oath to abide by says 300 grains). And I'm not saying I disagree with any of the above, there may be perfectly good reasons for it, I'm just saying let's talk about it. But I will say if you sign a pledge to abide by Pope and Young and then do something that violates those principles like a high fence hunt, the club needs to address it or change the rules.

I think a man's word should count for something. If you're the type that just signs the paper to join without any thought to what you are promising to do and have never bothered to read the Pope and Young Club's "Rules of Fair Chase" that you pledged to abide by while hunting. Then I may not be your best choice for a board member.

I think ethics are a wonderful thing, and all of yours don't need to agree with all of mine for us to get along or for us to share a hunting camp. I've shared a camp with a lot of people over the years with a lot of widely differing opinions and the only ones I don't really care for are the ones who are too closed minded to discuss things.

Ernie Kon



Hunting is a way of life that starts with RESPECT for wildlife, RESPECT for nature, and RESPECT for the wild game a hunter pursues. These are the fundamental building blocks of hunting that my father instilled in me at a very young age. Any jackass can go out in the woods with a high powered rifle, and harvest a big buck. I've heard about it, I've witnessed it, and I've done it. My first year deer hunting I harvested a 125 class whitetail out of my father's deer stand with my father's 30-30 lever action. I would be lying if I said that this didn't excite me and arouse my interest in hunting, but that's not what it's about. It's about the hunter/mother nature relationship, it's about getting in touch with your roots, it's about becoming one with the woods, it's about challenging yourself, it's about perseverance, it's about therapy for one's mind and cleansing the soul, it's about comradery, and it's about passing this heritage to the future generations.

My history consists of countless hours enjoying the outdoors. I am fortunate that my father took interest in the outdoors after he met my mother, and was introduced to a 1200 acre family farm in Southeast Missouri. My father was city born and raised, but immediately took on to hunting, fishing, and other outdoor activities during the 70's. I came around in 1982, and some of my earliest memories include scouting the woods with my father, watching him build deer stands, observing wildlife, and witnessing my father bring in fresh harvests from the land. I had a bow in my hand as soon as I was old enough to hold one. I have many fond memories of target practicing with my dad, but it wasn't until I was 14 that I really started to take interest in the art of instinctive shooting.

When I first started getting heavy

into the art of shooting bow and arrow it was with a basic stripped down compound. This lasted 1 year, then my father purchased a Ram Horn Recurve from the big auction at the 1998 UBM Festival for me. We were inseparable! For the next few seasons I completely gave up any type of rifle hunting and strictly hunted with my recurve. I had a few opportunities to harvest game with my Ram Horn, but nothing materialized. Right before the 2000 bow season I was target practicing with my cousin, and tragedy struck. I coaxed my buddy into taking a crack at shooting my traditional bow, and when his ridiculously long draw length reached the max.....SNAP! My one-piece recurve ended up being a two piece. I wanted to cry with the upcoming season drawing near. Luckily I have amazing parents, and for an early birthday present they bought me a used take down Black Widow Recurve. This finely crafted traditional bow became an extension of me. I was fortunate enough to earn my first and my second whitetail bow harvest during the 2000 season with my second deer scoring 124.

The rest is history. Every season I spend every possible spare moment in the woods. Any time a new lady has come into my life I made it known from the get go that I will be for the most part absent from September 15th until January 15th, and to only expect afternoon visitation for 3 weeks during spring turkey season. I have a passion for the outdoors, and even if hunting were not permissible I would still be in the woods with a camera. It's not a numbers game, but I feel it notable that in my 17 years bowhunting I've been fortunate to have harvested 10 whitetail deer, 2 turkey, a coyote, a squirrel, and a skunk with my Black Widow Recurve. Equally

as gratifying, I have become pretty selective in the animals in which I harvest. If a person doesn't have the ability to let an animal walk followed by a smile, then they are in it for the wrong reason. Now if meat is getting low in the freezer, and a mature animal hasn't presented me with a harvest opportunity I will take a doe or young buck. None the less it's an amazing feeling to have an animal close enough to count its whiskers, and let it walk on through never knowing you were present. Bowhunting plays a huge role in my life, and that will always remain constant. I'm at the opposite end of the spectrum from your weekend warrior. I live to hunt, and keep in predominant in my life all year round.

Going forward I've been presented with an opportunity to take it to the next level. I have always kept up with the UBM, but for the last 10 years been somewhat disconnected. I've recently renewed my membership, and now look forward to making a difference. I'm ready to stand up and fight for bowhunting, and fight for the sound beliefs of the United Bowhunters of Missouri. I'm proud to be a part of an organization that stands for what I stand for, and shares the same beliefs. I want to be directly involved, I want to help grow our membership, I want to get the youth involved, and I want to help spread this organization to uncharted territories. I'm a devoted individual that's ready to do my part to help secure this traditional heritage that we call bowhunting.

-Good Hunting-

Yeller's Buck

Steve North

There was a nice buck I had been seeing sign from and I decided I had to make a move and slip into his core area. At 4:15 PM, I saw my quarry as I sat on a small log so I eased my fingers onto my string. I watched the buck slowly walk my way. This was his bedding area and he was in no hurry to leave it. The small patch of timber was 200 yards long by 50 yards wide at the widest part. The area contained a lot of thick brown honeysuckle.

I could see part of him at 50 yards, 40 yards, and 30 yards. This took 10 minutes or so to cover that distance to within 30 yards. I started thinking this may happen. I thought of my son, Robert, hunting another area and wished it was him here, but if I passed up a shot at this buck, Robert would not be happy with me.

As the buck came closer, I was ready. I stared at my spot and cleared everything else out of my sight. I told myself, "kill him" as I drew the bow and waited to release the arrow. I don't remember releasing but, as the arrow flew, I will never forget the hit. The arrow hit a two inch tree and glanced off ten yards in front of the buck. He stopped for a brief second,

turned and trotted away for 30 to 40 yards, then slowly walked back in the direction where he had come from.

I can't say what I called myself at that moment, but I was sick; I mean sick! I sent a text message with choice words to my son Robert. At 4:30 pm, I eased out and I knew I had just educated a mature buck and that's something you never want to do.

I had hunted this area many years ago. I have always thought this small but very thick area would be a mature buck's core area. After a season's end, I would go through it and look for sheds, etc. I never found any but I found buck sign. I had ladder stands in it but it's so thick it would be hard to shoot down through everything.

Fast forwarding to December 2013, I have been hunting a lot this year and I only saw two larger bucks all season. I just returned to camp from an 8-day hunt. Robert and New York Bob had gotten to camp on Friday. Two inches of snow fell that night. I scouted the thick timber from a safe distance and found one set of large deer tracks going into this area. I decided it must be a buck by himself and I was going to hunt and watch this area all week and either see a

buck or nothing; and I was okay with that.

Muzzleloader season was on so we had to wear the orange stuff. As I hunted the area each morning and evening watching the wind, I could find a single set of tracks leaving and entering in different areas. There must be a mature buck using the area and he is strictly nocturnal. He was in a survival mode.

This little patch of timber never gets hunted, as far as I know, in the past 27 years. It's one of those areas a lot of hunters look at and say no way! On two sides it butts up to a country gravel road. Three houses front on the other side of the road. The opposite side contains corn and bean fields, then no other cover for 400 yards.

Now I look at it as thick cover, a creek in the middle; food next to the timber and best of all no one goes in there.

As the week progressed, muzzleloader season ended and the snow started melting. I was running out of days to hunt. I had been staying on the edges but not seeing anything. I did find fresh sign each morning along the edges, though. I figured if there's a buck in there, I'm going to have to try and ease in there too. If he sees or smells me, it's all over for this year.

As I stated at the beginning of this story, I moved into his core area and blew my chance at a great buck. Stupid! That evening Robert had to leave and get back to work. New York Bob and I drank lots of wine that night and I hated myself for that. The next morning, Bob ask what I was going to do. I told him I was hunting one more evening in the buck's core area, but probably just going through the motions, then heading home.

Bob decided he would leave now and get the long trip back to his



house out of the way. I thought all day about what to do. Should I go on home or stay and hunt? You almost never get a second chance at a mature buck in an area where you have spooked him. I decided to stay and hunt. I went into the timber from the opposite side of where I was the day before keeping the wind in my face. Another thing I liked as a hunter was this timber was high on all sides so I could ease down half-way and be able to look down left and right.

As I got set up on a small knob, I thought of this last evening and how I should be home talking to Craig Schmelzle on mounting styles, after screwing up my previous chance at the buck.

Well 4:15 pm came and went; 4:30 pm, nothing; I told myself I really screwed this up; then I looked down the thick draw and thought I saw a deer move. Then I did see movement! Then I could see a rack: SOB, it's him and he's working this way! As I watched him ever so slowly walk, I could see that I wouldn't have a shot from where I was. I looked around and slowly got on my

backside and slid off the knob and got set up. I had moved only seven yards and had lost sight of him from my new position.

As I knelt behind some brush, I thought I blew it again! He's gone! I didn't think I had made any noise because everything was wet with the melted snow. Then, there he was; three more steps, please, please. He took them; I picked my spot and drew. The arrow hit back some; I figured the liver. Then I got overwhelmed with thought.

It's such a rush. Thoughts of Robert, New York Bob, the farmer, Darrel, and my wife who allows me to do this stuff, came to mind. I shot the buck while hunting off the ground. I'm not getting any younger and this could be my last deer ever.

Next I thought, okay, I need to get out of here quietly and come back in the morning. No need to screw this up again.

The next morning I got up at 5:00 as usual and decided I would take my big lab Yeller to find the buck; a decision I'm glad I made. He's not a tracker but what a nose, and he listens and obeys me.

At 6:45 AM we were in the timber.

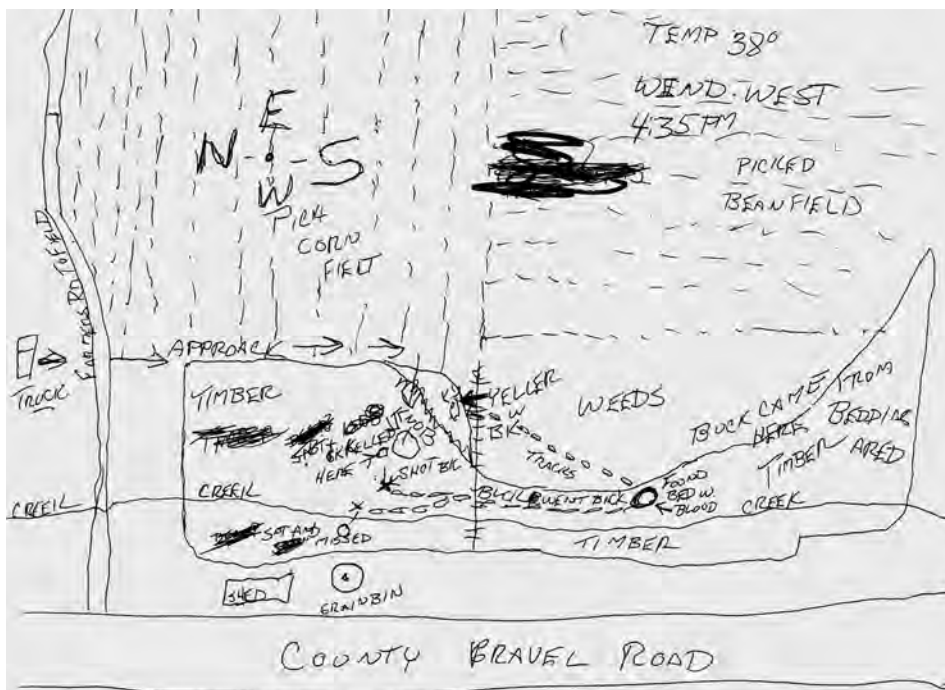
I knew in my heart the buck was dead and I just needed to find him. I only had a small section of woods to search and I thought it wouldn't take long to find the buck. I went about 75 yards and found a bed with blood in it. The ground was very wet, as the last remaining snow had melted overnight, and I didn't find much blood. I went to the end of the draw and no buck. I thought, "What the heck!"

If the buck left the timber and he's not lying in the fields, I don't know where to start looking. I decided to go back and look at the draw from the other direction; who knows?

As I walked, I thought, "Where the hell is Yeller?" I went a little further and saw Yeller out at the edge of the field by the timber. He was 30 yards behind where I was when I shot the buck. I yelled, "Yeller, leave the rabbits alone and find our deer!" He looked and wagged his tail and kept playing around. Damn kids!

I went a little further with no sight of the buck. I was really getting a bad feeling about this. I said as I have many times, okay let's take a break and regroup my thoughts. I decided to go up to Yeller and sit a minute. When I got there, Yeller was all playful and looked at me, then ran back to the edge of the timber. There was my buck! Yeller was probably at him within seconds of me looking for the buck.

Apparently the buck laid in the bed I found earlier; got up later and came back and died not 80 feet from where I was set up to shoot him. Oh yes, Yeller got extra treats that day!





Double Down in Texas

Brian Peterson

It was time for my annual javelina hunt in Sierra Blanca, TX, and this year I'd managed to talk Dave Long into a little warm weather respite from the frigid Alaska winter and come hunt with me. Maybe a little chance for paybacks for all the logistics work he does for me when I hunt in Alaska with him as well. Regardless, it promised to be a great week of hiking and chasing javelina in the Quitman Mountains of Southwest Texas.

The trip began with a resounding thud when about halfway to Dallas to pick Dave up at the airport, I got the call that there had been some issues with the plane leaving Anchorage. After a couple of attempts at working jets, Dave was finally able to leave on the red-eye; just in time to miss his Dallas connection at SEATAC. Next best option was to keep on trucking and meet him in Austin (as opposed to a full day delay to keep the Dallas connection). A few miles out of the way, but timing was perfect, and I pulled off the highway at the airport

exit just when Dave's plane was landing. Things were looking up, and once we finally got the over-the-counter 5-day non-resident license secured and topped off our groceries, we were on our way.

Javelina camp is getting to be just like a family reunion as most of the folks there are ones I have hunted with before. And as would be expected, Dave fit right in like the long, lost cousin from up north. It always seems to be way too late in the evening before we get to the racks that first night.

I had the greatest intentions of making this trip Dave's hunt, and things started off right. The first morning found us glassing up a high draw, and it didn't take long for Dave to pick a group of javies out of the rocks. The wind was good and the most logical plan was to send Dave down to work his way up the draw, wind in his face, and pick them off as he came upon them. I was going to gain some high ground to watch the action, and possibly block any escape routes. As luck would have

it, Dave had a chance at a javelina as he worked his way up the rear of the group, but coming off a recent shoulder surgery, he opted not to take the shot. Next thing I knew, a pair were headed my way. As the larger pig meandered at the outer limits of practical range, she was just inviting a try. My first arrow flew true, but she was too quick and dodged the shot. A quick follow-up shot had the same results (although this arrow sailed quite a ways down the valley on the ricochet) and the javelina huffed off over the rise. Down to two arrows in my quiver, I followed knowing that spooked pigs typically stopped just out of sight to regroup. I eased up over the rise and lo and behold, there was a small group feeding in the draw, totally unaware of my presence. I drew down on the largest one that was broadside and let fly at about 15 yards. The Woodsman hit a bit high and pulverized the spine of the poor javy, and the group huffed and scattered. My last arrow hit right next to the first, so there I was, out of "bullets" with a paralyzed, mortally wounded pig. My only option left was to place my pack over his head (to avoid being sliced by his tusks) and finish him with my belt knife. The deed done, I looked up to see one of his brethren charging me, jaws popping, seemingly upset with what was happening to his older cousin. First thing at hand was to grab my longbow and give him a whack upside his head to get his attention. That did the trick and the group abandoned their effort and headed off. As Dave appeared up the draw, he said it sounded like all heck had broken loose, he saw pigs scatter, then they all headed back down into the draw on the offensive, huffing and snapping their teeth. I'm not sure that he expected to find me in one piece, but was pleased to see a javelina down.

After taking care of my critter and having some lunch, we headed back out for the afternoon hunt. We decided to work the big draw to the south of where we had our morning success. As we picked our way along the edge of the rocky creek bottom, I slipped on some loose talus. Out popped a group of javelina, all eventually working up the draw only mildly spooked. We crossed the draw to gain the high ground to watch their progress. From the top, it was obvious that they had not left the canyon, so we proceeded to glass the cover at the bottom of the draw. I don't know if Dave eats a lot of carrots or if he's just blessed with excellent eyesight, but that man can pick out a bedded javy under a tree half hidden by a rock with the best of them. Pigs spotted, Dave worked his way down to the draw with the wind in his favor. I stayed on top to watch and give hand signals if necessary. The two javelinas stood up and stretched, then disappeared from view. They never reemerged, and by the time Dave stalked up to where

they had been, he waved me down. At the bottom was a huge boulder with a tiny crack underneath. Dave pitched a rock at the opening and we heard the telltale grunts of javelinas from within.

After hurling about 50 rocks at the opening with no results, we decided it was time to take drastic measures. We swapped places— Dave taking the post position atop the rock with open shooting lanes in several directions, and I stood in the brush where he had been pitching and produced my javelina distress call from my pack. On the count of three, I hit the call and javelina immediately started boiling out of the cave as if someone had poked a hornet's nest with a hot stick. One by one, the javies exited and ran up and past Dave, who wasn't able to connect on his running shot. As fate would have it, the last javelina paused for just a moment at the base of the clearing on my side, so a grizzly-tipped cedar arrow sparked its way through her and lay in pieces on the cave floor as she vacated the premises.

It always amazes me the subtle idiosyncrasies of javelina anatomy, and because of the angle of the shot, the "perfect" hit behind the shoulder turned out to be a solid liver hit. The mortally wounded javy still managed to make it several hundred yards straight up the side of the mountain before going out of sight. We regrouped for a minute, then started up after her. Following a decent blood trail, we found her just beyond the crest of the hill, wavering and shaking. A quick follow-up shot (right next to the first entrance wound, but exiting at the off shoulder, this time taking out the lungs and heart) and she was down within sight. Two javelinas in one day! How about that! This old girl was showing her age, too: at 53lbs, she had virtually no teeth and her ears had been frost-bitten back to mere nubs.

Despite our best efforts, Dave wasn't able to connect during the remainder of the hunt, although we certainly did enjoy the country and each other's company. We even saw a small band of free-ranging aoudad—a real treat on the ranch. And FYI, we will be booking a 4-day for UBM members hunt in 2015, so if you're interested, check out the information page elsewhere in this newsletter.

Equipment notes: Brian was using a 51lb Black Widow PLX with cedar arrows tipped with mixed bag of Woodsman's, Snuffers, and Grizzly single bevel broadheads. Dave was shooting a longbow he made himself along with heavy maple shafts he made from scratch.



Pierce the Predator

Ernie M Kon

Although coyote sightings are a pretty common occurrence while spending time in the field in south-east Missouri, shot opportunities with a traditional bow in hand are quite the contrary. I can say with certainty that our coyote populations around these parts are strong. Our decreasing rabbit population is a direct correlation. I've personally witnessed coyotes pack up on turkey, and make a successful harvest on a young bird. Judging by the congestion of coyote tracks around our farm I would say it is safe to say they are running in strong numbers. As far as I am aware the coyotes in this area have no natural predators, therefore I take on personal responsibility to put forth effort in attempting to keep their population at bay. I do my share after the Missouri bow season with rifle in hand, but what about the opportunities that present when I have a Zwickey broad head affixed to the end of my cedar arrow?

In my sixteen years of bow hunting I have had a good amount of opportunities to harvest these crafty critters while in my bow stands, but for one reason or another they just have a knack for eluding me. Maybe it could be the fact that they have pretty amazing eye sight, and seem to be really good at picking out my silhouette from the sky line just outside of my comfortable shot range. Possibly it has something do with their impeccable hearing, and the barely audible rubbing of my boot tread on my stand platform sent them running for the brush. I do not feel the need to elaborate on their sense of smell. If they come in downwind.....good luck. Lastly, coyotes do not like to sit still! They always seem to be on the move, and moving at a decent pace makes it difficult for a quality shot opportunity.



These animals are strong, and just as the other woodland creatures have the will to survive. With that being said I cannot help but to transition to some of my misfortune with these predators. Aside from my fair share of misses, I have actually hit about a half dozen of these cunning critters, but unfortunately was unable to retrieve them. My first year bow hunting my father and I took a trip to south Texas for a hog hunt. I made a twenty yard shot on a wild Texas coyote, and appeared to hit it really good. The animal tore out of there, but left little in terms of a blood trail. We put forth valid effort,

but no recovery. Another experience had me on hands and knees on our southeast Missouri farm about 200 yards into the blood trail. I followed the blood trail to a recent wind torn area of a pine grove. It brought me to a spot where about eight big evergreen tree canopies were toppled on top of each other making a perfect shelter for a critter den. The blood trail lead right into the den, and I was not about to pursue inside. I recall one hunt where the 70% snow covered ground aided me in tracking a coyote I hit for about three quarters of a mile. I tracked it on the neighbor's property as far as the blood and

snow tracks lead me. I even found a three foot segment of coyote intestine, but again it was not meant to be.

Now it's early November in the Missouri deer woods and the rut is upon us. All I can think about is a mature bruiser coming within comfortable distance of my bow stand. This particular morning I had a few hours to hit the woods before I had to go in to work. I get settled in my stand, look to the sky in homage as I typically do, take a deep breath letting the brisk air hit my lungs, and exhale as my mind settles into the frame of becoming one with the woodlands. Now I wait for first light. Things start slow, and the whitetail movement was nil as of my first couple hours. Then movement catches my eyes, and my eyes lock down on a coyote taking its good old time coming through the woods towards my tree. I thought it was a little indifferent that this coyote was meandering around due to most of the coyotes I see seem to be on a mission to get somewhere. Anyway, I was hoping that the sluggish ways of this animal would contribute to a successful hunt.

The coyote skirted just out of distance, and as I watched it head away from me I reached into my side pocket and pulled out the rabbit distress call. A couple quick squalls of the call flipped that coyote around, and it was heading straight towards my tree. As I go through my instinctive shooting mental checks, try to calm my heavy breathing, and prepare for the shot....the coyote approaches head on for my tree. At about twelve yards I hit my anchor point, focus on my intended point of impact, and follow through making an awesome hit! The coyote let out a growl, flipped back around, and dashed toward cover. I lost sight of

the animal, but heard some crashing about forty yards away. I knew my shot placement was right on, and felt very secure that I would retrieve this one.

Unless I witness the animal go down I always give a minimum of one hour before I pursue. One hour later I descend down my tree with positive anticipation. I walk to the spot where the animal was hit, and immediately spot blood. I start down the hill following a very sufficient blood trail. The trail lead me to the area where I heard the crashing. My eyes were tuned in like a hawk searching for a heap of tannish-brown fur, and then they locked on the downed animal. I approached using caution with arrow nocked. She was down for the count! I cracked a smile feeling a great sense of accomplishment. I patted her fur, and looked at my traditional equipment with pride. These are the moments that build confidence. These are the moments that mind, heart, and soul are all on the same page. These are the moments where I would trade nothing for my traditional bow hunting lifestyle.



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A "Tail" of Meleagris G. Gallopavo

Tony Milhalevich

In 1960, life for a young boy was changing fast in Adair County. My bows had transformed from plastic to mulberry to lemonwood to hickory to fiberglass and now a genuine laminated Fleetwood Mountaineer. A world of squirrels and rabbits and channel cats had recently added whitetail deer, and there was a rumor of a new addition; wild turkeys. Interested parties led by "Shag" Grossnickle had petitioned the Missouri Department of Conservation to transplant the wild turkey from southern Missouri to Adair County; an area the biologists thought could not support a population of turkeys. This very interesting story can be found by Googling (... It all Started with Twenty Birds) by Jim Low printed in the June 2005 issue of the Missouri Conservationist magazine.

Fast forward to April 2013.

It's the third-to-last day of the 2013 turkey season in Missouri. The temperature in Adair County is 33 degrees and it's trying to sleet and rain. The foliage looks more like it should for the first week of season but the storm has brought indigo buntings and rose breasted grosbeaks so the world is getting more colorful every day, as it is supposed to.

Sitting in a Double Bull at present is a quiet and wonderful place to reminisce. Turkey season 2013 started with a trip to Kansas with Larry Hudson, and, by the way, if there are pictures of me, that's my own white hair and in no way borrowed from Larry, I earned it. It was my first turkey hunt with Larry and the arrows we cast put a few more stitches in the quilt of my life carrying a bow.

Excuse me while I try to imitate a lost hen looking for Mr. Tom.



The first week of season held several opportunities without me getting it together. The second week, my friend, Mel of Metamora, took two nice birds on Andy's farm (my father) with Andy's shotgun. Dennis Harper hunted two days with me, being renamed Black Cloud and earning an exclusive membership in the Vienna Sausage Society.

Monday, the 29th, I ignored the alarm until guilt entered, got up, made coffee, and headed to the farm. It was a foggy morning. Immediately, a bird opened up 200 yards down the ridge. I strapped my tent to a golf bag carrier, put my day pack on, grabbed my decoy bag and bow and closed the distance to 70

yards before setting up. Having birds not really liking dekes so far this season, I placed a hen and jake shaded from Tom until he would have to pass in front of me. Tom came, but behind me in a brushy ditch, passed me and appeared to my right about 30 yards, on the side of me with the "hidden" decoys. He came forward gobbling; I didn't take a shot at 14 yards because I "knew" he would end up in the middle of my birds. Wrong. My calls were mostly cuts on a triple reed and yelps and purrs on a slate. He goes wide and unknown to him I shoot twice. I don't know why a person of my mental prowess gets involved with a bird that has none.

Unconcerned, he continues to collect hens as he goes over a rise.

Tom continues in an oval pattern on the ridge we are on and ends up where he began at daylight. We're talking; me not really fluent, but he's stuck on his spot, and he can't see my decoys! I have a feeding hen in my bag so I get her out, crawl out of my tent to the edge of the field, hold her up in the air as far as I can and wave her around. The response; gobble! I wave her around again and plant her, visible to Tom, and crawl back inside.

We're about 40 yards apart, both on the edge of last year's turnip patch. I call, he gobbles. Painfully slow, we continue for over thirty minutes. He's 15 feet from me now with a cedar tree between us. Again, he walks to the middle of the field, 25 yards before being in the open and, again, unconcerned as my arrow goes just high over his back. He disappears over the rise with five hens in tow. A hen appears on my right making hen noises, Tom reappears and makes a low gobble, she joins him and they are gone.

Now, I'm slow, but Tom loves one piece of turf and he's been there three times. In rock climbing there's a saying, "don't sacrifice mobility for stability". My turf is not working! I knock my tent down and move to tom's turf; two trips and I'm set. I take out an arrow, nock it and draw three times on imaginary turkeys trying to get myself together.

If there's one thing I have on this particular farm, it's conditions. It's now eleven o'clock and my wife, Melissa, calls asking if I'd like breakfast. Of course! A wild turkey's defenses are their total lack of curiosity and their eyes. If they don't see you, you do not exist, and Melissa has a brushy ditch behind me for delivery. I get a breakfast burrito and cinnamon melts and tell her what's going on. She leaves and I

think about what to do. This gobbler is the thunder of this ridge and I'm perched on his spot. Halfway through the burrito I do something I never do, I take my box call and rig it to gobble. Gobbble; twice. A couple minutes later, again. I'm enjoying my coffee and cinnamon melts and here comes a hen from over the rise, disappearing into a thicket, followed by Tom. She's gone, he's walking my way, I'm on his spot, my hen is three feet from the tent and I'm eating breakfast. I grab my Black Widow, nock a 2215 tipped with a Phantom and PICK A FEATHER on a walking broadside gobbler four inches in line with and above his legs. The arrow is gone and disappears through that feather. Tom lunges forward; crashing as he goes. I'm out of the tent, listening and looking as I go, a few seconds and more crashing and I'm with the bird and it's all over.

It has all come together! What also comes is a sense of sadness. A magnificent bird, King of Ridge Tops, who'll not gobble again, but whose magnificence and gobble is what inspired hunters to work with conservation departments to bring this bird back from near extinction. Truly, gladness and sadness are entwined in pursuit of the Wild Turkey.

I succeeded in taking old Tom with my bow, but that's not the success of this story. The success belongs with the man whose words are the title of this story and the people he influenced with his dream. It's a history of the return of the Wild Turkey to Adair County and all that followed. It's the reason a wide-eyed 13 year old youngster can stand on a ridge in Adair County at sixty- six years with a bow in his hand and hearing aids and for a moment return to that youth.



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Trophy Pictures



Doris Williamson with her first – a fine Kansas gobbler.



Steve Bostic puts some meat on the table!

Steve North finally got to send out his own dead bird picture.



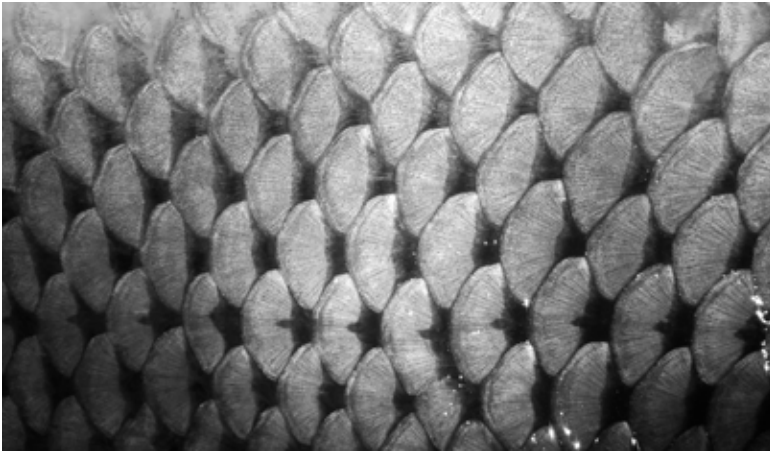
Larry Hesterly with his 2014 spring bird.



What's This?

Photos by Brian Peterson

1.



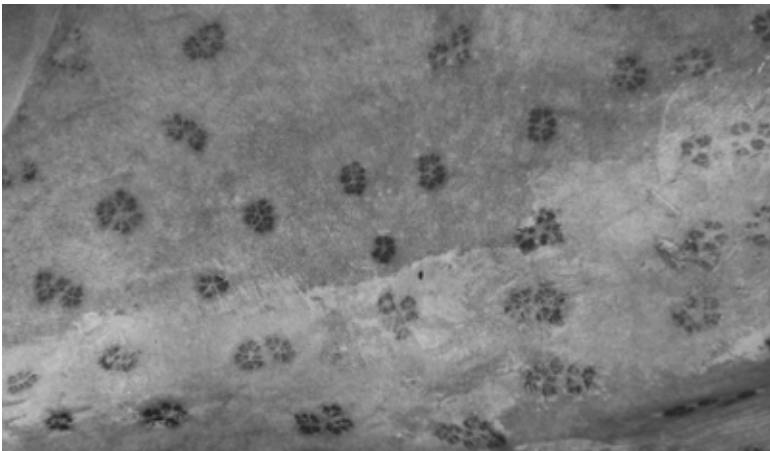
Hint: Summer gold

2.



Hint: Finger food

3.



Hint: Take a deep breath

Answers:

- 1. Scales of a common carp
- 2. Paddlefish eggs
- 3. Paddlefish gill cover

United Bowhunters of Missouri Rendezvous June 27th, 28th & 29th 2014 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

Cut on dashed line and detach

Cut on dashed line and detach

Pre-Registration Form

Number of Adult Shooters (15 and up) _____ **X \$10.00 = \$** _____

Number of Youth Shooters (14 and under) _____ **X FREE = \$** _____

Total (checks payable to UBM) = \$ _____

Name on check _____

Friday night fare: For the 5th straight year, Ron Mackenberg and Mike Calahan will stuff us with fried fish and hushpuppies. Hot dogs will be available for folks who don't like fish. This is a **FREE** offering to UBM members. Side dishes are welcome (and encouraged) to help round out the meal.

Saturday night fare: You are on your own this time. Open up a can of sardines, pop the top on a cold Keystone Light and chow down!

Mail registrations to:
UBM Rendezvous
10276 N Farm Road 183
Fair Grove, MO 65648

Registrations Must Be Received By June 25th, 2014 !



From the Designer

Elise Haverstick



Hello and welcome to From the Designer, summer edition. I hope that the past few months since the last edition have found you well,

and that summer is getting off to a good start.

As for me I have spent the past few months working like a dog to get to the end of the semester. All that work has payed off as I just finished with finals week, and am now one semester closer to graduating next May. I still have one more year left before master, read MSU, gives me a diploma and I'm free, but these next two semesters should be full of interesting and informative classes like advanced web design.

Cut on dashed line and detach

Luckily, I am at peace with my extended college sentence, and am on my way to enjoying some well deserved rest and relaxation this summer. As of now I will be going to a couple concerts, and spending time with the folks before I get to spend my summers working full time and most likely in a different city.

This summer isn't all fun and games though, I will be working at the university over the summer as to make enough money so I will be a slightly less than broke college student when next semester starts up in a few short months. Work has got me working on several new projects, including taking over the biweekly Help Desk ads in the university newspaper.

As for school, I have taken an unlikey interest in web design, or at least it makes sense to me. I passed my basic web class with flying colors

and am looking forward to taking advanced web design to learn more and better my chances of being hired when I graduate. I am also looking forward to my medieval art history class, as I am a bit of an art history nerd, and take 400 level classes for fun.

I don't know a whole lot else to say about my summer, or last semester, or anything else really. As far as I'm concerned my imediate future will be pretty uneventful save for a few concerts, work, and probably picking up another tv show or two, due to the summer hiatuses of the current ones.

I hope you all enjoy the newsletter and that you have successful hunting seasons and kill lots of tasty animals. I will see you all in a few months with the Fall edition of the newsletter, which, just as a reminder, will be digital and in full color!

Have a great summer and I will see you again in the fall!

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 and return this ballot to:

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

Ballots must be received by June 25, 2014

Election results will be announced at the Rendezvous June 27th, 2014

Ernie Kon

Michael Morgart

Jim Pyles

Write-in Candidate

2014 UBM Election Ballot

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 and some novelty shoots in the afternoon followed by the 3-Man Skirmish. This year there will be no catered supper in the evening so bring your own possum and throw it on the grill! The night's activity 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 have always been first-class and their prices are very reasonable. Let's do our best to support their organization and fill our bellies (while simplifying our weekend)! 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.

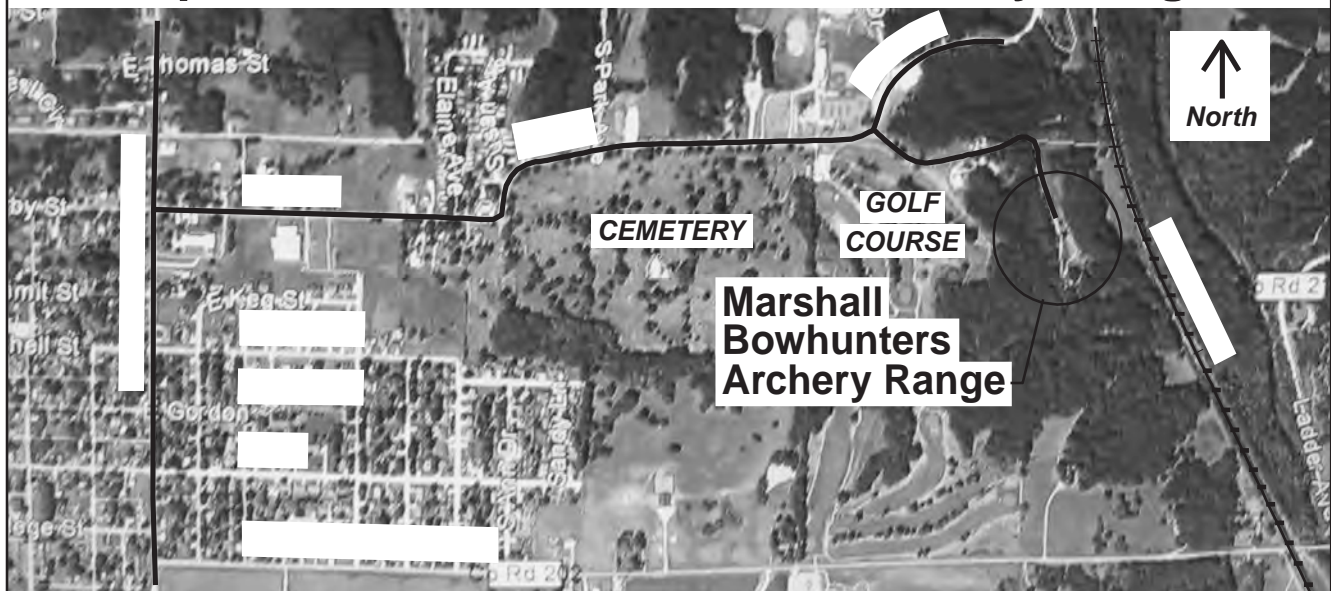
Back by popular demand will be some can raffles. If you have something to donate, let Darren Haverstick or Brian Peterson know or simply bring the item(s) with you to the Rendezvous. Anything you can spare is greatly appreciated. The can raffle drawings will be held early Saturday evening.

Questions or comments, please contact Brian Peterson (bpeterson007@centurytel.net, 417-331-1135) or Darren Haverstick (dchaverstick@gmail.com, 417-693-5304).

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

Registration information for this event can be found somewhere in this newsletter.

Map to Marshall Bowhunters Archery Range



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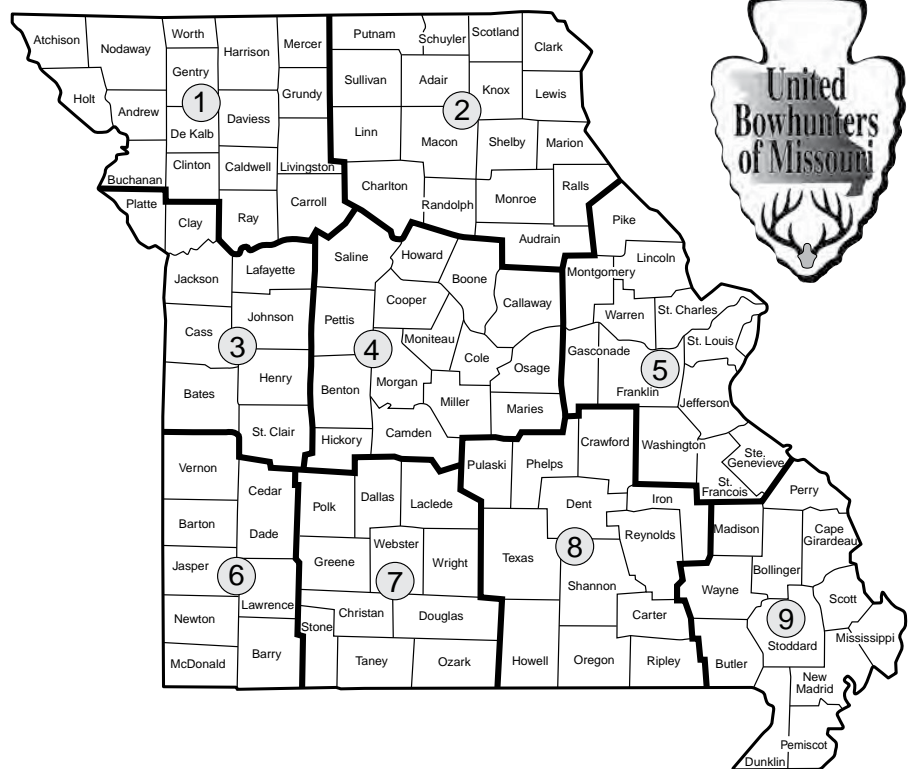
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(417) 331-1135
(bpeterson007@centurytel.net)
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