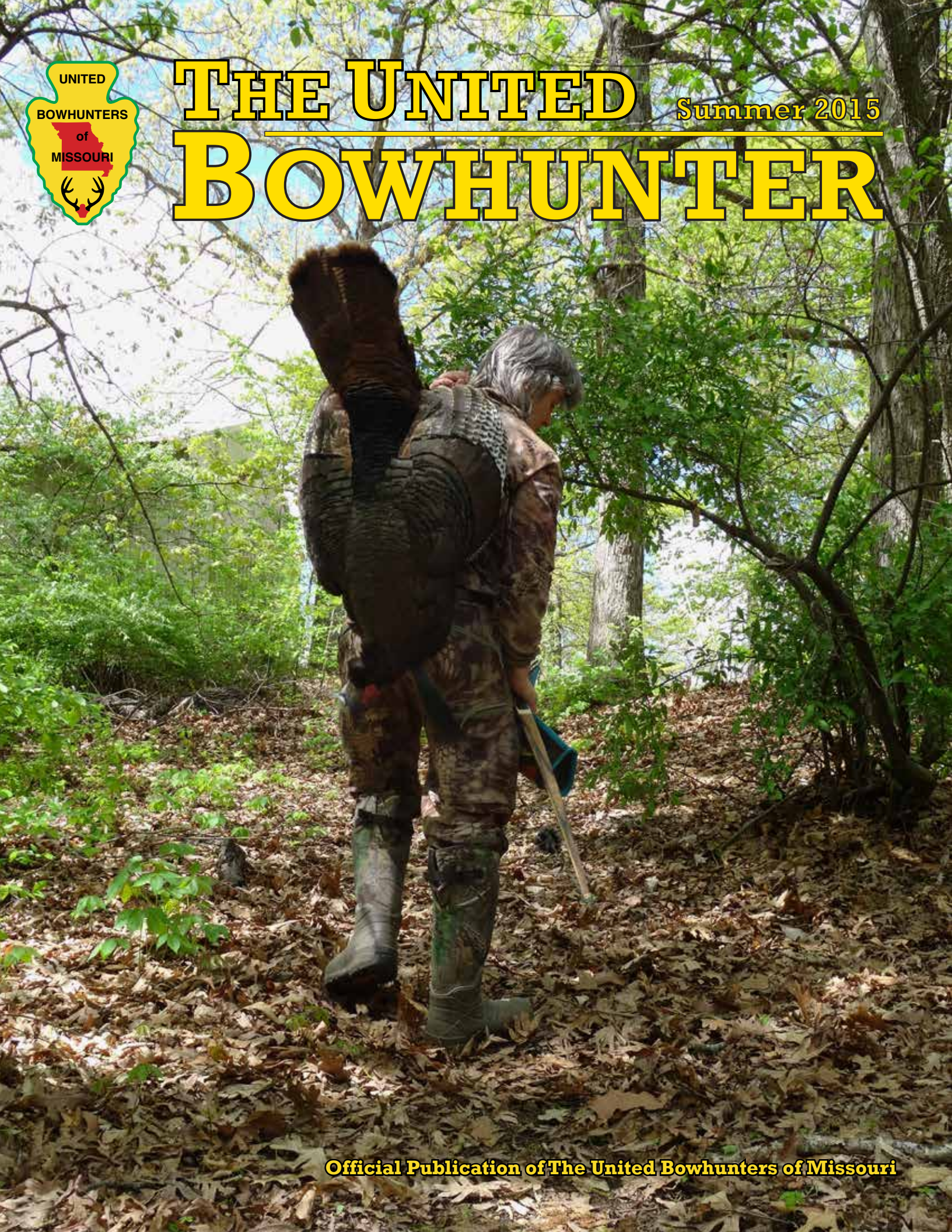




THE UNITED Summer 2015 BOWHUNTER



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



Calendar of Events

June

19th-21st: Compton Traditional Bowhunters Rendezvous, Berrien Springs, MI
 26th-28th: United Bowhunters of Missouri Rendezvous, Fordland, MO

July

16th-18th: MOJam – Marshall Bowhunters Club, Marshall, MO
 31st-August 2nd: Missouri Deer Classic – St. Charles Family Arena, St. Charles, MO

August

7th- 9th : Deaf Camp – H. Roe Bartle Boy Scout Ranch, Osceola, MO

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⅓ page	\$110.00	Less than ¼ page	\$30.00

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The United Bowhunter, 10276 N FR 183 Fair Grove, MO 65648
 or you can email: Elise.Haverstick@gmail.com Cell phone: (417) 693-6084

President	-----	Darren Haverstick
Vice President	-----	Brian Peterson
Executive Secretary	-----	Brenda Hudson
Membership	-----	Brenda Hudson
Graphic Designer	-----	Elise Haverstick Elise.Haverstick@gmail.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.

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 Fair Grove, MO 65648

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— On the Cover —

Darren Haverstick with his
 bow kill Spring gobbler

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



MISSOURI'S SPRING TURKEY SEASON ENDED YESTERDAY and as I climbed in my truck this morning to go to work, I felt all the stress from the past three weeks magically leave my body. No longer did I have to sit on the porch listening for gobbles before I went to work and hope that I wasn't going to be late. No longer did I have to rush home after work to get all my chores done so I would have time to try to roost a bird that evening. My life would return to normal and I no longer would be having a daily battle of wits against a critter whose brain is the size of my thumbnail. Then I remembered, "The season in Kansas runs until the end of May..." So much for no stress – now I gotta find out when my schedule syncs up with Brian Peterson's so we can run out west one more time and hunt. I can mow grass and sleep next month!

Actually, I cannot complain at all about my 2015 turkey season. It started on April 15th out in Kansas with Brian and I was able to kill a 20 pound jake with my flintlock smoothbore. The hunt involved mud, a belly crawl, thorns and ticks – everything you expect in a turkey hunt with the bonus of a dead bird. Then came our season and I FINALLY killed a spring gobbler with my bow! That hunt was like

the kind you see on TV. In fact, I'm now in negotiations with Sony for a full-length motion picture. I think Mark Wahlberg is gonna play me; either him or Eddie Murphy.

This will be my last report from the President's chair as my term in office ends in June. However, I will not be riding off into the sunset to write my memoirs and open a library. No, I decided to try to stay on the Board for another term and continue to help run things in some capacity. I still have a mess to clean up from our trailer and equipment being stolen and I'd hate to leave the other Board members with that problem.

Speaking of the trailer; it's still stolen but we do have its replacement. Thanks go out to John Banderman for picking it up for me and delivering it to Brian Peterson. Brian is in the process of putting some shelves in it now and then it will go to Mindy Hesterly's place so she can slap UBM stickers all over it. I have been ordering replacement bows, arrows and other stuff so we should be good to go when our first need for said equipment arises the last weekend in July. That is the Missouri Deer Classic in St. Charles, MO.

Other UBM events taking place this summer include our annual Rendezvous the weekend of June 26th-28th and Deaf Camp the weekend of August 7th-9th. You should have received a flyer about the Rendezvous by now but if you did not, there is one in this newsletter. It is always a great time with lots of shooting, visiting and eating. Once again, we will be having the 3-Person Skirmish tournament so get your team together and get ready to rumble! We will also have the can raffles and

are counting on you to donate some nice items to the cause. I know I've already started on a couple of leather doodads to donate so whip up some bowstrings, arrows or a free moose hunt and bring them to the party.

You've heard me talk about Deaf Camp for several years now but it certainly bears repeating. This is a great way for you to teach your love of archery to a child and we are always in need of volunteers. Archery is consistently the #1 activity sought by the campers each year and the UBM has been running that activity ever since the first camp took place fourteen years ago. Come join us for a rewarding and fun-filled weekend. I PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.

Lastly, I want to thank all you folks who read my squirrel hunting article in the May issue of the *Missouri Conservationist* magazine and let me know that you enjoyed it. I had been trying to get into that publication for a long time and it was very satisfying to see it finally happen. If you want to hear a great "behind the scenes" story about the hunt the photographer and I went on, just look me up at the Rendezvous and I'll tell it to you. Also, if you liked the article, please contact the magazine and let them know that and then tell them that you want to see more of my stuff. I have to pay for my hunting trips somehow!

Shoot till the quiver's empty!

Darren

From the Laptop

Brian Peterson



IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR WHERE THE TURKEYS ARE GOBBLING, the mushrooms are popping and the hay is growing. There might even be a fish or two to be landed and it seems that the rainy days are the only days to get some actual work done. It's also "shooting season" with the organized archery shoots starting up. A number of UBM members including myself just returned from the Jerry Pierce Memorial Shoot in Mississippi. Great shooting and the infamous All-You-Can-Eat crayfish boil... say no more other than to check out the recap later in this issue. Many of you will be attending shoots around the country as well this summer, so if you do, take plenty of pictures and write something up for your newsletter. Of course our very own Rendezvous will move to Panther Creek Traditional Bow Range in Fordland this year and we are busy with the finishing details for that. Don't be swayed by the extra drive; this year's event is on track to be another great one.

In the meantime on the last weekend in May, there is also the Southeast Missouri Fish Shoot in Jackson—contact Tom Dickerson or Mike Calahan for more information on that. Hope to see you at one or more of the upcoming events. As always, aim small and shoot straight, and keep 'em sharp.

New Membership Update: Please Read!

Brenda Hudson

Membership renewals notices will no longer be on a post card. Instead, it will be a letter. I have heard comments in the past that if a person doesn't renew they still keep receiving the newsletter anyway. Well, be informed that the club's monies will no longer be wasted on repeated renewal notices. The postage has gone up and up and it is the members' money being wasted on repeated renewal notices.

The new process will be that you will receive ONE letter informing you that your renewal is due. It will be mailed out at the beginning

of the month that your current membership expires. If you have not renewed your membership by the end of that month then your name will be removed from membership list. If you would like to receive this notice by email as well then please provide Darren or me with your email address and we will add it to the online membership list that sends out automatic renewal notices. This way you will be getting two notices; one electronic and one hard copy. My contact information, along with Darren's, is in this newsletter on the Contacts page.

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BY THE TIME THIS REACHES YOUR MAIL BOX we will be enjoying warm Midwest weather. I do hope everyone got to enjoy some spring activities and had a successful and safe turkey season.

Even with the rough start our club had this year we are off and running again.

In March I served as a line judge at the NASP State Tournament. Close to fourteen hundred young archers from around the state participated. Many of them may never become bowhunters but the potential is there and the program is still growing. I know many of our members don't like the equipment in the program but I for one would rather see young people shooting compound bows than playing video games. If they become involved in bowhunting they might change their minds on the equipment they use someday. It's worth the effort to me.

May found UBM members here in Southeast Missouri helping MDC celebrate their 10th Anniversary of the Nature Center. An article in our local paper gave us front page coverage. The article has been reprinted in this newsletter.

On June 6th we will be helping at the Nature Center once again for



another family day outing and later in the year many of us will be helping at Deaf Camp and Hand Camp. If you have time, please volunteer to help. These are two great events for people with disabilities.

We will be having our Rendezvous in June. We are moving to a new location this year (Don Orrell's place) and it sounds as though we will have a great time. While on the subject of the Rendezvous, it is also board election time. Please take time to vote.

I will be stepping down at the end of this term. I have enjoyed

working with the officers and board members and serving the UBM the past 6 years. I thank everyone for their support and look forward to seeing many of you at the upcoming events.

**Thanks and God Bless
Mike C**



**Mike Yancey
Bowyer**



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»» Nature Center marks 10th Anniversary Savanna Maue



Addison Downs of Cape Girardeau tries a compound bow with assistance from Ed Vangilder of Jackson, a member of United Bowhunters of Missouri, on Saturday at the Cape Girardeau County Conservation Nature Center.

FOR 7-YEAR-OLD CONNOR BAKER, he's all about shooting something or blowing it up. At least that's what his mom, Liz Cotner, says. Cotner and her two children were among more than 300 people who celebrated the 10-year anniversary of the Cape Girardeau Conservation Nature Center on Saturday by shooting arrows at traditional targets as well as miniaturized black bear, turkey and deer-shaped targets.

As Connor released the third arrow from his compound bow, he looked to his mom and said: "See, mom? I killed that deer." Cotner said for Christmas last year, Connor and his 8-year-old sister, Madison Sadler, received bows. The family hunts throughout the year, and she said the conservation center is a frequent summer destination.

"Honestly, I love when they change things indoors all the time, and the kids love to come up here and have fun. And it's just something to do; you know, there's just not much of that around here," Cotner said. "This is one of the few places we can bring kids up here, and there's something for them to do."

The two-day event also hosted a concert Friday night. On Saturday, the center gave participants the chance to canoe, fish, go hiking,

learn about nature art and native plant gathering.

A.J. Hendershott, a regional supervisor for outreach and education division at the center, was active in the center since the beginning, almost two decades ago. "I helped with the designs and planning, worked with the exhibits and interpretive themes and helped get the place going," Hendershott said. "Ten years, plus eight years it took to get to this point. So I've been here 18 years; it's like my own kid's birthday."

At Hendershott's primitive art station, he explained to visitors that even today, people continue to use natural materials in everyday life. "The whole point of the entire facility is to connect people with the land in some way shape or form," he said. "We're still living off the land today, and that's some of the points we're trying to make."



We're trying to convince people that they're living off the land, and if you take an interest in it you're going to treat it a whole lot better." Even though Hendershott was explaining the same tools throughout the day, his enthusiasm never faltered. From an arrow tip made of an alligator gar scale to a hoe made from a bison's shoulder blade, he explained each item and how it was used in the past.

While he holds a personal interest in the tools, Hendershott said the visitors and volunteers always will be a favorite part of working at the center. "I had a favorite program or a favorite exhibit, but what it boils down to is working with the people," he said. "The people who want to be here, volunteers and staff, that's probably my favorite thing, and that's what makes this place great."



Betti Li of Cape Girardeau tries a compound bow with Tom Dickerson, a member of United Bowhunters of Missouri, Saturday, May 2, 2015 at the Cape Girardeau County Conservation Nature Center.

A.J. Hendershott shows his collection of Native American replicas of tools, weapons and arts to Diana Ivanovich and her son, Daniel, Saturday, May 2, 2015 at the Cape Girardeau County Conservation Nature Center.

Thunderstorms, Fire Ants, and All-You-Can-Eat Mudbugs



PAINTS A PURTY PICTURE, DON'T IT? Don't let the scary parts fool you; the trip to Mississippi for the annual Jerry Pierce Memorial Shoot at Lake Enid is well worth the risk and effort. UBM has been supporting the Southern Traditional Archers for years now, and this year was another great event. Weather will always be an issue in northern Mississippi this time of year, but we seemed to dodge the heaviest squalls during the prime shooting and eating times. Our group even shot pretty decent on the ranges; seldomly scratching up the woods looking for more than one or two errant arrows



(disturbing the aforementioned fire ant mounds or offering a ride to a hitchhiking tick). But of course the main draw to the event is the legendary Saturday evening All-You-Can-Eat crayfish boil. And this year was no exception. One of UBM's finest (who shall remain nameless for the sake of discretion) took the prize with 10 plates of the delicious crustaceans and lived to tell. Truth be told, the



local club members were huddled around the container in the rain shucking bugs as fast as boiled peanuts as the evening waned. Our hosts later confessed that all 200 pounds of crayfish were devoured that evening. Quite a feat indeed! The Jerry Pierce Memorial Shoot is always the 3rd weekend in May at the Persimmon Hill Recreation Area at Lake Enid, and UBM regularly attends. Make plans for next year and enjoy some traditional fellowship and a great meal!

Top Left:
What everyone was waiting for!

Top Right:
Mike Calahan shows off his latest acquisition: a Jerry Pierce Choctaw

Bottom Left:
Tom Dickerson showing fine form

Bottom Right:
Swallow, Mike, before he gets away!

More photos on page 8

Thunderstorms, Fire Ants, and All-You-Can-Eat Mudbugs



Top Left:
Mike Wirt bearing down on a turkey

Top Right:
Where did that grapevine come from?

Middle:
Off to the course!

Bottom Right:
Another Novotny generation learning the way of the bow.



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MONTY BROWNING

I READ A STORY THE OTHER DAY about a battle that took place 200 years ago this month between early settlers and a number of Indian tribes at the confluence of the Osage and Missouri Rivers. Today we are manning missions to Mars. Can you even imagine what this world will be like in another 200 years?

The settlers pushed out the last remaining Indian tribes and began spreading out across a native landscape flush with fish and game. These early settlers found a fortune of deer, bison, elk, bears, ducks, turkeys and other wildlife species. They took what they needed and a whole lot more. Market hunting was rampant. Shipping game meat and hides back East and off to Europe quickly took a toll on wildlife. So did the booming lumber industry.

The Ozarks were logged bare; feeding sawmills like the one at Grandin that consumed seventy acres of woodland a day. Maybe those early settlers never dreamed they could exhaust the abundance of natural resources they found here in Missouri, or maybe it was a race to the end to see who could make the most money before the resources ran out. Either way, the damage was done.

In less than 100 years, the early settlers had killed every bison, every elk, and every bear in Missouri. Deer were almost gone, reaching a low of an estimated 400 in the state. Turkeys were not doing much better. In the early 1930s, there were only an estimated 2,000 turkeys left. To put that in perspective, during last year's Youth Turkey Season, youth hunters killed 4,332 turkeys. That's a harvest of two times the number of turkeys we had in the state just 80 years ago.



Our stunning Missouri Ozarks are once again teeming with wildlife thanks to the conservations who came before us

So just a couple of generations ago, when your father or grandfather was young, Missouri was on the brink of losing the few deer and turkeys we had left. But something amazing happened. Citizens stood up. People just like you said we have to do something about this. We cannot stand by and lose what is left of our precious wildlife resources. So they got together and formed the Conservation Federation of Missouri.

Then these early conservationists, led by legends like Aldo Leopold, Ding Darling, Nash Buckingham and E. Sydney Stephens, rallied Missourians together from all across the state to push an initiative petition to place a constitutional amendment on the ballot that would take politics out of conservation, thus allowing sound science to manage our natural resources. They did, and it passed.

The people of Missouri created the Conservation Commission, which you recognize today as the Missouri Department of Conservation. And if Missourians shall to continue to live a state with

thriving forest, fish and wildlife resources, then citizens must be engaged in the process of protecting our unique system of authority from the ever-encroaching attempts of certain industry-influenced legislators who are determined to undermine what most American conservationists refer to as the greatest state game agency to ever exist.

From 1935 until today, Missourians have been working to restore our natural resources and wildlife species. And because of citizens supporting the efforts of the Department of Conservation, Missouri has once more become a land rich in game and habitat. Today there are an estimated 1.4 million deer in Missouri. That's quite a recovery from 400. And Missouri now has 500,000 turkeys. We only have these resources because of the citizen conservationists who came before us. They restored our natural resources. Now we must conserve them for our children and our children's children. Please, do your part. **See you down the trail...**



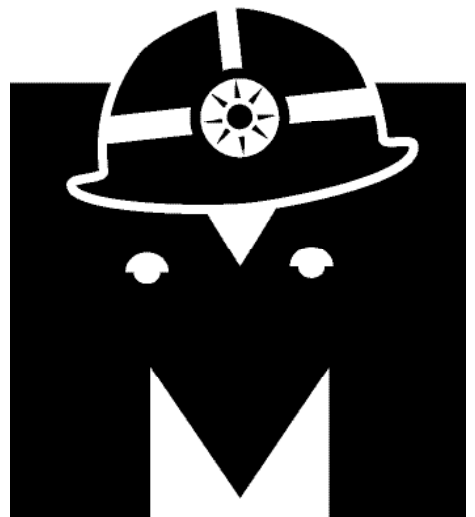
SINCE I LAST WROTE ONE OF THESE COLUMNS, my life has remained much the same except for one thing...I AM OFFICIALLY A COLLEGE GRADUATE!! That's right, after 6 years of blood, sweat, tears, and lots of Diet Coke I am finally free from the academic grip of Missouri State University. I wish I could say that I have cut ties completely but I can feel the alumni association calling me for money in my bones. As much as I complained about my college experience I can honestly say that I am going to miss the people I've gotten to know and the coworkers I've worked with for the past 2 years.

On the job front, I have had a few interviews, but nothing ever came of them beyond kindly worded rejection emails, but it's

experience so I'm not going to complain. As much as I would have loved to be employed right out of graduation, I am enjoying my new found free time that I can devote to finding a job and spending time with my folks before I move away to some unknown location for work.

Another big hurdle for me was completing my final project and finally completing my alphabet of characters based on my old logo. They all turned out quite well and I look forward to reworking them to sell on various items on Etsy and other online marketplaces. Hopefully they sell fairly well so I can earn some money from them and avoid going back into the food service industry while I look for a grown up job.

That's about all I know right now. Much like the past few newsletters, my life has revolved around graduation and finding employment. I hope you all have a great summer and enjoy the weather before it gets too dang hot to be outside for longer than 20 minutes. I look forward to seeing you all at the next event I find myself at, but for now I have to get back to finding some sort of gainful employment. Wish me luck!



A few examples of my letters

Post graduation family photo

The 2014 Missouri spring turkey season was a disappointing one for me as I was, once again, left with unfilled tags, unfulfilled dreams and a longbow that will probably rot away before it ever gets to take part in a successful gobbler hunt; at least as long as I own it. I was tired, broke and most of all, frustrated. It seemed that no matter how well prepared I was and/or how ideal the conditions were, something ALWAYS went wrong when it came time to pull back that bow string and seal the deal. And it wasn't just with archery tackle that things didn't work out. Shotguns, atlats, IEDs; you pick a weapon that is legal to use in a state's spring turkey season and I bet I can tell you about a time I was using it and the bird walked away no worse for the wear. As a good friend of mine, John Pruitt, often says, "A lesser man would have succumbed to the pressure by now". Me? I still went through the motions of my daily routine but I was mighty damn miserable as I went about doing it. After a week of feeling sorry for myself, though, my empathetic wife, Leah, suggested that I go out and do something to take my mind off my troubles. I think her exact words were, "Suck it up, Tiffany, and get out of my house!" or something to that effect. In any event, I decided to take her advice and go visit another old friend of mine, Ferd Weber, and get his take on my case of turkey hunting angst. Mr. Weber, as you may know, is a moonshiner of some renown in south-central Missouri and a legend in those parts when it comes to hunting and woodcraft. He has forgotten more about killing food and making whiskey than most of us will ever learn and his skill in

those areas is almost equaled by his knowledge of particle physics of which he is a self-taught expert. This unique blend of homespun savvy and cutting-edge science gives Ferd an outlook that is fresh and unfiltered in this age of choreographed media and I always seek his counsel when I am faced with a particularly perplexing problem. What follows is the exchange I had with Mr. Weber on a rainy afternoon in late May as we sampled the latest batch of his "snakebite medicine".

DH: Wheeew! That is some mighty tasty hooch you have here, Ferd! Kind of makes a man want to go out and find himself a snake to mess with just so he can get bit and have an excuse to drink this stuff.

Ferd: Well, son, I'm tickled that you like it. To tell you the truth, I actually had to add a dab of turpentine to this run so's it wouldn't be as pleasin' to the palate as normal. It seems that folks liked the regular recipe so much that they was doin' just what you said about them snakes. I got a call from the Missouri Department of Conservation the other day that said people was a combin' the countryside to find them pison ones and pervoking the little devils to bite. Then they'd sit back with a jug of my tonic and work hard at getting' theirselves well. I told the caller that this sounded to me more like a mental health issue than a wildlife one. The feller just laughed and said that the only reason they was involved was because this reptile harassment was a messin' with the breedin' season or sum such foolishness. Anyhow, the agent asked me if I could do anything and I told him that I'd dial my next batch down a notch or two

on the Taste-O-Meter to see if that would curtail folks from interferin' in the snake sex.

DH: "Snake Sex"; now that's a phrase you don't often hear in everyday conversation.

Ferd: Yeah, well around here, you just never know what topic we might jaw about. And speakin' of topics, I can tell by yer set that somethin' is a eatin' at you, boy. What is it that's on yer mind?

DH: (Sigh) Ferd, you know that turkey season just ended and I didn't kill anything again this year. And, well, it's tearing me up inside! I do everything I'm supposed to but, for one reason or another; I just cannot seem to get a bird! So I thought I'd come over here and pick your brain for a while to see if you could help me out. Right now, I'd take any advice you have.

Ferd: Turkeys? Is that all it is? Hellfire, son, I thought yer mule had died or somethin'! Heh, heh! It's good to know it ain't nothin' serious. So you want advice on turkey huntin', huh? Well, I can give that to you in one word; "Don't".

DH: Don't? What do you mean by that?

Ferd: I mean, "Don't"! Don't start turkey huntin' in the first place and you won't have all this achin' in yer innards. Turkeys is the Spawn of Satan, I tell you, and chasin' after them blasted birds will just lead you down a dark path to despair. It's a filthy habit that's bin the ruination of more than one man fer sure! I can tell you that from personal experience.

DH: Wow, Ferd, I never knew you felt so strongly about this subject. How come I've never heard you say anything about this before?

Ferd: Because my daddy learnt me a long time ago to keep my mouth shut about a matter if I don't have nothin' good to say about it.

Continued on page 13

DH: You mean you don't care much for turkeys in general?

Ferd: No, I like turkeys fine right! In fact, I never met one yet that I didn't want to wade off in a skillet of hot grease. It's the huntin' part I don't much cotton to. It's just too frustrating. Turkeys is a lot like them trout fish that folks is always palaverin' about. Trouts are a fickle lot. You cain't just go out and catch a mess of 'em. First you got to check the water temperature to see if it's just right. Then you got to figger out what bugs are a birthin' at that time so's you know what to throw at 'em. And then you got to see if you got a plug in yer tacklebox that looks like one of them bugs and if you don't then you gotta make one. By the time a feller gets done studying on all the things he needs to study just to get a trout interested, he's either starved hisself to death or got plum out of the notion of fishin' altogether. To me, spring gobblers are just trout with feathers.

DH: Well, I'd have to say that is the first time I've ever heard that comparison. So if turkey hunting is such an evil activity to take part in, why do you suppose so many people do it?

Ferd: Because them people is weak minded and was sold a pig in a poke by snake oil hucksters. Dang it, boy, it ain't even a real season! Like Valentine's Day, it was conjured out of thin air by sum fancy pants marketing firm. Listen up. Several years back, the sportin' goods stores noticed that they was not doing much tradin' during the months between the close of bow season and the start of summer fishin'. And since it goes against any merchant's nature to let a dollar rest in yer pocket, they hired sum slick, east coast outfit to increase revenue. Well them marketing boys figgered out that us hunters get kinda addled

during that time due to inactivity and become "highly suggestible". We ain't shot a bow or skint a deer in a coon's age and our minds can be talked into most anything. And what do you think they talked us into? Why, turkey huntin', of course! You don't believe me? Then why is it that around February 15th, yer mailbox is jammed plum full of brand new colorful turkey huntin' catalogs? You make the mistake of eyeballin' just one of them purty pictures and you are hooked! You practically slobber on yerself as you roll yer big, bloodshot eyes across



An "accurate" depiction of said turkey

pages of doodads that practically guarantee you that Ole Tom will fall in yer lap and foller you home. And before you know it, you've sold yer last milk cow and booked a trip to Ole Mexico to hunt them birds they claim is turkeys but don't even sound like one!

DH: Oh, you mean the Ocellated turkey?

Ferd: Ocellated, laminated; what difference does it make? My point is spring turkey huntin' is a sport that grewed from a bad seed and pisons everything it touches. It's all built on a pack of lies designed to do one thing; separate you from yer hard earned cash. Here's another example to prove what I'm a tellin' you. Right now, how many turkey calls do you recollect you own?

DH: I don't know, Ferd. It's hard to say. If I were to guess I'd say around 25 to 30 counting mouth, box, and slate calls.

Ferd: Uh huh, and them was mostly bought someplace, right?

DH: Yeah, I'd say most of them were bought somewhere.

Ferd: Well that just shows you I'm right because it is a solid gold fact that male wild turkeys DO NOT come to you when yer a callin' to 'em! Oh sure, one may saunter over yer direction whilst yer a sawin' away on that box call but it ain't because you lured him there. Don't believe me? Just do the math. How many times do you think the average hunter calls to a gobbler over the course of a season? Ten times, a hunnerd times, a thousand?

DH: Oh, I'd say a hundred or so.

Ferd: Alright, and of that hunnerd times a callin', how many times did a gobbler actually show up?

DH: Well, if most hunters are like me, I'd figure maybe once or twice.

Ferd: So two percent of the time, you can call a tom in. In statistics, they would label that result as "negligible". Hell, boy, you have just a good a chance at callin' a gobbler in if you was to be singin' "Hello, Dolly" at the top of yer lungs. Or better yet, just being quiet altogether. Yet you plunked down a lot of Momma's egg money to buy somethin' that don't do no good anyhow. You, sir, was hoodwinked and the cipherin' I just did proves it!

DH: Okay, Ferd, I see what you're saying and a lot of it has a weird sort of logic to it. But I still enjoy hunting those birds even if they make me so dang mad that I can't see straight half the time. Maybe next year will be the year I finally get lucky. Like you say, do the math. I've been unsuccessful for so long that, statistically, I should be due to kill a spring tom.

Continued on page 14

Ferd: That may be true. But if you do, I don't want to hear about it.

DH: Whoa! That kind of surprises me, Ferd. I thought you enjoyed hearing my hunting stories; especially the ones where I brought home some game.

Ferd: Well, most of the time I do. But turkeys is in a special category all their own and gentlemen turkey hunters and, uh, reformed turkey hunters have an unspoken rule about them. If you have any sort of success in the turkey woods, you just keep it to yerself. Otherwise, it's like rubbin' salt in a wound. A feller who ain't even heard a gobble don't give a tinker's damn about how many longbeards you called in that morning. All he wants to know is when does he get to try his hand at them birds? Nossir, unless yer tale of good fortune is follered by an invite fer me to join you the next time out, just keep yer mouth shut. Same goes fer findin' morel mushrooms; I don't want to hear about that neither. Now if you get et on by a bear or catch pison ivory whilst a answerin' the call of nature; I'd give a lissen to that adventure. I just don't want to hear nothin' about no dead turkeys.

DH: Okay, Ferd, you've once again given me a whole new perspective on a subject I thought I knew. I'd best get back to the house now and see if Leah has simmered down any.

Ferd: Well, it's always good to see you, son. Take sum of this here medicine with you and see if that don't calm the missus a bit. And grab one of them copperheads out of the box by the door on yer way out. You may need it. Come back anytime!

»»» **Darren, Why is this Newsletter so Thin?** →



to write something for the newsletter!

the club has with each issue costing between \$1100 and \$1200 to create, print and distribute. That's a bunch of money for something that everyone wants to receive but nobody wants to write. The Board decided to go back to printing four issues after many people complained about our cost saving measure of only printing two. Well, what's the point of printing four issues if there's nothing in them? I'm sure you all are tired of reading the drivel I write but if it wasn't for that drivel you would be holding a bunch of blank pages stapled together.

Our newsletter is for the members of the UBM and it is written by the members of the UBM. It is our best means of communicating to everybody what the club is doing and what individual members have been up to. I know that everyone has a story to tell or a "how-to" to share. Please help me out by letting me help you share that information. So maybe you're not a writer. Do you have any pictures you want to share? Send them to me or my daughter and we'll get them in. The submission deadlines for the newsletter are printed on the inside cover of each issue. If you don't have an old issue lying around you can always go to our website (www.unitedbowhunters.com) and look at one there to get the information. Or you can call me or email me and I can tell you when the next deadline is.

The next newsletter deadline is September 15th, an easy date to remember. In the meantime, go on a hunt, shoot a fish, or build some arrows. But most of all, send the story to me so I can have something to print!

»»» **A Big Thank You from Larry Wall** →

THIS PAST FEBRUARY, UBM life member, Larry Wall, fell and broke his right arm. He was having a pretty rough time and you all responded with kindness and sympathy. Larry asked me to put a note in the newsletter thanking all the members for their prayers, thoughts, calls and cards during his latest round of convalescence. It certainly meant a lot to him and he really appreciated it. He is mending slowly but surely and will hopefully be back close to normal in a month or so.



**Panther Creek Traditional Bow Range
Fordland, Missouri
June 26th-28th**

754 Low Gap Road - 30 minutes from Springfield, 15 minutes from Marshfield

3D Course • Novelty Shoots • 3-Person Skirmish Tournament
Can Raffles • Friday Night Fish Fry • Saturday Night Pot Luck
Free primitive camping on premises

**Prizes awarded for top scoring shooter in adult and youth classes
\$15/Adult shooter Free/Youth shooter 14 and under**

*Musical entertainment on Saturday night provided by
Shannon County Tradition*

Bring your family and friends and join the fun!

For more information, contact Darren Haverstick (417-693-5304) or Don Orrell (417-830-0876)

»» The UBM Receives Kindness from Strangers



AS YOU ARE ALL WELL AWARE BY NOW, we had our utility trailer stolen from my front yard the first week of February. The trailer contained all of the club's archery equipment, merchandise and some of the club's awards and memorabilia. I filed a police report

and then put the word out through social media in hopes of tracking the culprit down. I even had a local news station come out to my house to cover the story. While the trailer or its contents were never recovered, what we did receive was an outpouring of support from a lot

of folks who had heard our story and wanted to help out. This is one of the examples.

Sometime in mid-March, a lady named Jackie Green called me and said that she had heard about our trailer and archery equipment being stolen. Her uncle, Don Carver, had just passed away and the family wanted to donate some money to the UBM in his memory. Mr. Carver was an avid bowhunter and a competition shooter of some renown with him winning the world championship three times in the barebow class. Unbeknownst to me, he lived the last part of his life in Fair Grove, MO near where I live. Mrs. Green said she would be in touch when her family got the money together and I thanked her profusely for her generosity. About two weeks later, Jackie and her mother, Don's sister, came to my house and gave me \$1000 in cash. Just to have the family think about our club was touching enough but to have them display this kind of generosity was incredible. They also gave me these two pictures of Don and I promised that I would post them out on the web and spread the word about their kind deed done in his honor.

Right now, the Board is in the process of replacing the stolen archery equipment and the money given in Don's name has went a long ways in making this happen.





Mike Dunnaway
► Bowyer & Arrowsmith

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Perry, Kansas
66073

785-597-2290

REGISTRATION

This camp is limited to the first 200 participants. Complete the registration form and return it with the **\$25** nonrefundable fee to MCAA – Deaf Camp, Attn: Tisha Holder, 2352 S. Jefferson Ave., Lebanon, MO 65536. Registration is taken on a first-come, first serve basis. Fee and registration form **must** be received before you are considered enrolled.

CONFIRMATION PACKET

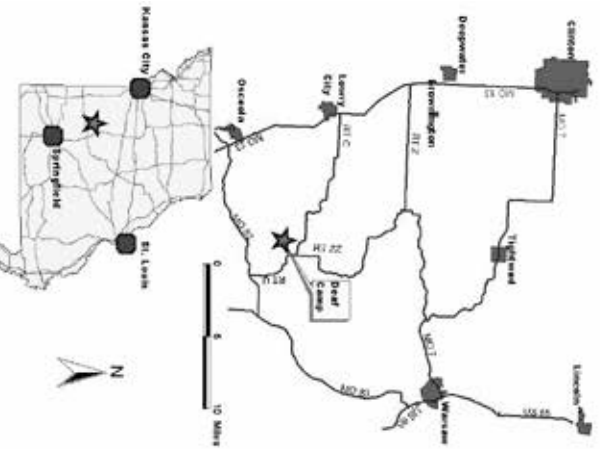
A packet with class schedule, directions, packing list and other pertinent details will be sent out approximately 2 weeks prior to camp.

CANCELLATION

Please contact us on or before Aug. 1 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 cots, air conditioning is not provided. Showers are available as well. Meals are eaten in Lonestar, the group dining hall.



Workshop Schedule

Saturday, Aug. 8

9-11 a.m. – Check-in at Lonestar Dining Hall & optional icebreakers, crafts & 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. 9

8:00 a.m. – Breakfast

9 a.m. – 12:15 p.m. – Outdoor Skills Workshops con't.

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

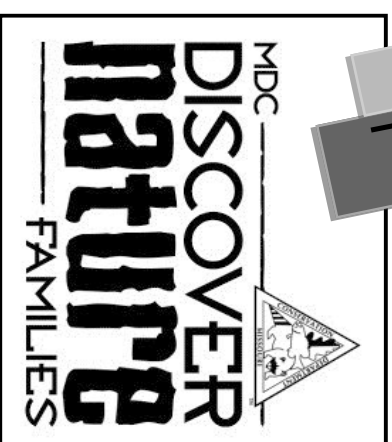
Missouri Department of Conservation

Missouri School for the Deaf

United Bowhunters of Missouri



14TH ANNUAL



Outdoor Skills Camp

for Deaf and

Hard of Hearing

Children

Aug. 8-9, 2015

UBM Contact Information

Darren Haverstick, President (2015)
 10276 N. Farm Rd. 183
 Fair Grove, MO 65648
 dchaverstick@gmail.com
 (417) 693-5304

Brian Peterson, Vice President (2015)
 3097 State Hwy KK
 Cedar creek, MO 65627
 bpeterson007@centurytel.net
 (417) 331-1135

Ernie Kon, Treasurer (2017)
 2629 County Road 553
 Jackson, MO 63755
 killzone.kon@gmail.com
 573-837-3351

Mike Calahan, Secretary (2016)
 130 Plumwood
 Cape Girardeau, MO 63701
 kcjc.cal@charter.net
 (573) 335-3994

Bob Burns (2015)
 11507 S. Cave Road
 Lone Jack, MO 64070
 stonessheep@embarqmail.com
 (816) 520-5361

Michael Morgart (2017)
 14085 Cairo Lane
 Dixon, MO 65459
 michaelmm88@hotmail.com
 573-433-4059

Brad Harriman (2016)
 15150 HWY. 135
 Piolet Grove, MO 65278
 bharriman@yahoo.com
 (660)-815-2920

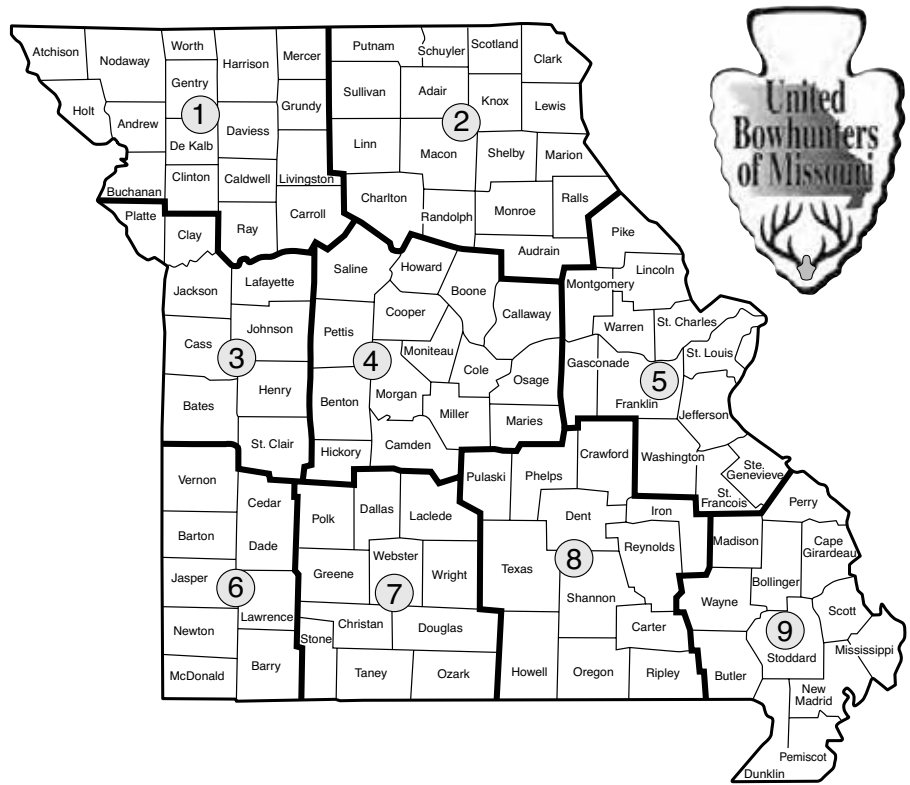
Mike Wirt (2016)
 713 B Tall Oaks Drive
 St. Clair, MO 63077
 scpd753@yahoo.com
 (636) 584-2649

Jim Pyles
 22815 Coffelt Road
 St. Mary, MO 63673
 jpetraditional@aol.com
 573-543-5357

Tom Dickerson, Bowhunter Ed.
 226 Country Road 436
 Jackson, MO 63755
 TRAD_5558@yahoo.com
 (573) 243-7113

Elise Haverstick, Graphic Designer
 10276 N. Farm Rd. 183
 Fair Grove, MO 65468
 elise.haverstick@gmail.com
 (417) 693-6084

Brenda Hudson, Executive Secretary
 24933 Helium Rd.
 Newtown, MO 64667
 larrydeanhusdon@hotmail.com
 (660) 794-2591



1. **John Marriott**, 24435 State Hwy JJ, Clearmont, MO 64431 mariott@unitedwb.coop (660) 778-3514
Max Medsker, 22363 State Hwy A. Graham, MO 64455 (mjrrmeds@grm.net 660) 939-2257
2. **Open**: Representative needed!
3. **Jay Faherty**, 5734 N. Clinton Lane, Gladstone, MO 64119 (816) 455-0617
4. **Open**: Representative needed!
5. **Mike Wirt**, PO Box 141, Lonedell, MO 63060 sepd753@yahoo.com (636) 584-2649
Todd Goodman, 504 Willow Grove Ct., Troy, MO 63379 (636) 528-2278
Steve Bostic, 4234 Dogwood Lake Ct., Wentzville, MO 63385 stevenbostic@yahoo.com (636) 828-4923
Jim Pyles, 22815 Coffelt Rd., St. Mary, MO 63673 jpetraditional@aol.com (573) 543-5357
6. **Jason Hensley**, 21 East Hawthorne, Aurora, MO 65605 mojasonh@gmail.com (417) 669-4424
7. **Darren Haverstick**, 10276 N. Farm Rd. 183, Fair Grove, MO 65648 dchaverstick@gmail.com (417) 759-6522
Kevin Pinckney, 4017 S. Fairway, Springfield, MO 65804 (kparchery@yahoo.com 417) 417-733-3362
8. **Bob Roach**, 19927 Bearclaw Rd., Eunice, MO 65468 roachw@wildblue.net (417) 457-6248
Charles Jetel, RR 1 Box 439, Ellington, MO 63638, jetelfarm@hotmail (573) 663-7244
9. **Justin Glastetter**, 721 Corinne St. Jackson, MO 63755 jhcglastetter@yahoo.com (573) 225-9098

Out-of-State Members Representatives:

Byron Whitlock, P.O. Box 31, Oswego, Ks. 67356 bwhitlock620@aol.com (620) 717-5340

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UBM Group Javelina Hunt

When:

January 10-14, 2016
Sunday Noon-Thursday Noon

Where:

Sierra Blanca, TX
(26 square mile private ranch)
Outfitted by Kent Ostrem
Mahaska Bows

Cost:

\$420 plus \$48 NR 5-day small game license
\$200 non-refundable deposit required
limited to 10 hunters

Contact:

Brian Peterson
(417)331-1135
bpeterson007@centurytel.net
or Kent Ostrem (575)687-4003