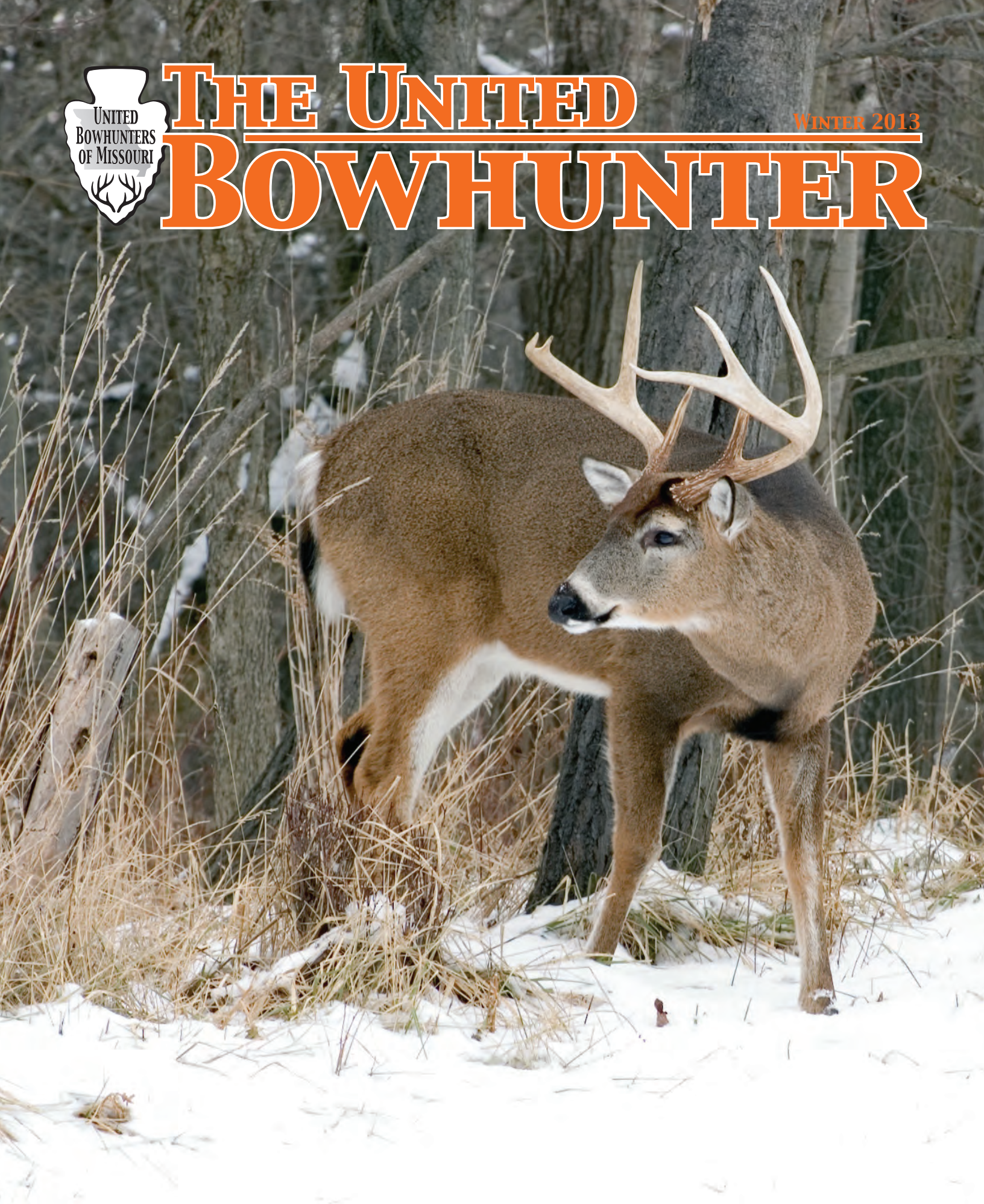




# THE UNITED BOWHUNTER

WINTER 2013





## UBM AWARD NOMINATIONS NEEDED!!

UBM is accepting nominations for the awards at the Festival. If you know of a person or animal worthy of being nominated for an award please contact one of the Board members with your nomination.

**FRED BEAR AWARD:** This award is for an animal which was taken by a member.

**BOWHUNTER OF THE YEAR:** This award is presented to a member who has served UBM and the Bowhunting community. There are several things that add up for this award. Animals taken in-state, out-of-state, large game, small game, bowfishing, bowhunter education, etc.

**HALL OF FAME:** Someone who has significantly contributed to bowhunting.

**JERRY PIERCE AWARD:** A Bowyer or Vendor who generously donates to UBM.

**AREA REPRESENTATIVE OF THE YEAR:** An Area representative who has done an outstanding job for UBM and bowhunting.

**DISTRICT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE YEAR:** A District representative who has done an outstanding job for UBM and bowhunting.

**YOUTH BOWHUNTER:** A youth bowhunter under the age of 16 who may have had a good year or taken some game.

**AGENT OF THE YEAR:** A Conservation agent who has made some cases usually bowhunting related. These usually come from within the Department but if you know of someone worthy let us know.

Read more on page 4.

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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 envelop with the materials you would like returned. The editors can assume no responsibility for any submitted materials.

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

Send articles and photos for submissions consideration, question and comments to:  
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 Attn: Joe Pendergrass,  
 411 Purdy Lane  
 Columbia, MO 65201.

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 The United Bowhunter, 6428 Hwy H, Gerald, MO 63037 or  
 you can email: mrjgrass@hotmail.com Cell: 573.368.1402

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

# President's Report

by Darren Haverstick



By the time you read this, the holidays will be over, archery season will almost be over, and we will all finally have a moment to catch our breath,

relax for a few minutes and then start planning hunts for next season. The 2013 Festival is looming in the very near future and many of us are already hard at work making sure it comes off without a hitch.

As you have probably noticed, the newsletter looks a little different and hopefully you like what you see. Even more importantly, I hope you received your copy in a timelier manner. One of the problems I have tackled since being elected is the inconsistent delivery of this publication. Due to postage costs, the newsletter is currently mailed as "standard mail class"; which the USPS considers the lowest of the low when it comes to handling priority. Our only other option is to upgrade to "first class" which will speed up delivery but at triple the cost. Right now, we pay between 40-50 cents for postage per copy. First class would cost us \$1.50 per copy so we are hesitant at this point to make that upgrade. But one other thing I learned about this whole situation is our newsletter is printed and mailed out of Rolla, MO and all standard class mail from Rolla is sent directly to Springfield, MO before being distributed to its final destination. So, I thought to myself, why not get it printed in Springfield? It would cut a few days' time off the process, wouldn't it? With that thought, I contacted a few printers in the Queen City and we settled on Trader's Printing. They gave us a price comparable to what we were already paying plus they upgraded us to a full-color cover at no extra charge. We will try this arrangement for a

couple of issues to see how everything pans out. If delivery is still a problem, the Board may reconsider going to a first-class mailing. We need your input, though, so contact your district rep, favorite Board member, or Joe Pendergrass to let us know what you think of the new rag.

I presided over my first club meeting on December 1st at the 6th annual squirrel hunt and I think it went fairly smoothly. I didn't butcher Robert's Rules of Order too much and I only had one or two folks wrestled to the ground for inappropriate outbursts (thank you, Mike Wirt!). Besides the newsletter thing, other topics of discussion included Festival plans, the search for a new philanthropy to support, and a new home for the 2014 Festival. Due to space constraints, I won't go into the details here. Those should be in the meeting's minutes which are also in this newsletter. However, if you have any questions about the business discussed, please don't hesitate to contact me.

The rest of this report will be devoted to Festival stuff. First, I want to remind everyone that it is still not too late to donate something to either the silent or live auction. We are always in need of quality items; especially handmade, and donated hunts are always readily accepted (and sold!) We've got a couple of great bear hunts already in the goodie bag but we could always use more. Even a weekend adventure on somebody's private ground is a great thing to offer. Keep this in mind; a good auction doesn't magically happen. It takes folks like you that donate sought-after items to make an auction a success. So don't complain about the quality of the merchandise if you didn't help bring anything to the table.

Our speaker lineup is going to have a little something for everyone this year. We've got Ryan Rothhaar doing a presentation on blood trailing dogs

and I understand that you'll want to run right out and get a beagle after it's over. For something a little different, Wayne and Angel Monckton are going to do a demonstration on the art and fun of cooking with dutch ovens. Yes, there will be plenty of samples to go around but seating will be limited so arrive early. Turkey hunter extraordinaire, Jay Faherty, will once again entertain and educate us on that bird we all love to hate and Denny Ballard will become Saxton Pope in his performance, "Pope and Young Hunt Grizzlies in Yellowstone". I have heard rave reviews about his portrayal of Art Young in a similar performance so you won't want to miss this! And lastly, we have Marv Clyncke as our banquet speaker doing a presentation on high-altitude hunting. Mr. Clyncke is an icon in our sport and was instrumental in promoting its success in his home state of Colorado as well as on the national scene. He is well-known for his fondness of hunting and guiding hunts for wild sheep and goats so you know his talk will be backed by many years of experience.

Well, boys and girls, that's all the news that's fit to print! I hope to get to meet some more of you in person in February. Don't be afraid to come up and introduce yourself. I'm a pretty friendly feller despite what the other board members say. And if you can't make the Festival, I'm readily available by phone, email or you can just show up to my house for a chat. I'll knock a dishrag in the head to make some gravy and we'll eat some quality vittles while you tell me what's on your mind.



# UBM Banquet Awards Criteria

“What does it take to win an award at the UBM Festival”? Have you ever wondered if you or your buddy may be deserving of one of the awards we present? Well we thought we should print some of the criteria for some of these awards so you can be gathering information or complete some of the things that help measure up for consideration.

Many times I have heard that the same people always win but I can assure you that all nominations are considered equally for each award. Sometimes we only have one or two nominated for a certain award, but you can help us out by making that nomination of a worthy member for these when we solicit for them.

Here are a few guidelines for some of our awards, not the total criteria here but just a few things for consideration.

**Hall of Fame:** This award does not have to be awarded annually. It is reserved for those who have displayed a long term dedication to UBM and bowhunting.

**Youth Bowhunter:** A bowhunter is considered a Youth if they are 15 years old or younger and have used the Bow and Arrow to pursue and possibly legally take some type of game. Taking of game is not a requirement but it does carry weight in the decision. It could be a rabbit, squirrel, fish, frog, deer, turkey, or ???

**District Representative of the Year:** A District Representative who is working to promote UBM and Bowhunting to others. You will probably see them helping at the Festival, Rendezvous, or any other activity UBM members may be involved in to promote UBM. They should be working with their respective Area Representatives to help promote UBM.

**Fred Bear Award:** This award is for an outstanding Animal which was taken during the year. Type of hunt and difficulty may have some weight but mostly it is the Animal that receives this award.

**Jerry Pierce Award:** This award is presented to a supporter of UBM in honor of the late Jerry Pierce. The person may be a vendor or other who donates to UBM and helps with our fundraising efforts to continue our mission of promoting Bowhunting. Most have been there for several years faithfully donating to UBM.

**Agent of the Year:** These nominations usually come from within the Department of Conservation but can come from any member who knows of an Agent who has worked to defend our Missouri Resources. Archery related cases do weigh in on this award but other cases are also considered. This past year we had some excellent nominations and a really competitive

group to select the winner from.

**Bowhunter of the Year:** This award is voted on by the last three recipients of it. However, nominations can be made by any member. Below are the categories considered for this honor and the maximum amount of points awarded for each category.

**Equipment Standards (10 points):** Using hunting equipment that is consistent with the UBM standards.

**Bowhunter Education (10 points):** To receive these points, the nominee must have completed a certified bowhunter education course.

**Bowhunting Instructor (10 points):** Eligibility for this category requires that the nominee be a current bowhunter instructor.

**Membership (10 points):** The nominee must have endorsed two new members that meet UBM standards. This information is recorded on a person's application for UBM membership and kept by the membership committee.

**Leadership (10 points):** Nominees are judged on their volunteer work on UBM programs, committee service, etc.

**In-State Large Game (10 points):** Points are awarded for taking at least one large game animal in Missouri. Large game can be; deer, turkey, coyote, fox, or bobcat.

**Out-Of-State Large Game (10 points):** Points are awarded for taking at least one large game animal somewhere other than Missouri.

**Bow Fishing (5 points):** Awarding of these points is based on the fish taken and turned in by the person who nominated the nominee.

**Small Game (5 points):** Awarding these points is based on evidence presented by the person nominating the nominee.

**Hunting Dedication (10 points):** In this category, a narrative must accompany the nomination. This is an open-ended category. Possible items in the narrative would be time spent hunting and scouting, habitat development, educating newcomers, and personalization of hunting gear.

**Newsletter Participation (10 points):** To be considered for these points, the nominee must have submitted a photo or story or both to the newsletter.

This information is just some guidelines and not all inclusive but just to give you some ideas as to who may be receiving or worthy of receiving one of these awards. Please help us recognize those who are working for UBM and Bowhunting by nominating them for an award for next year.

# Photo Contest


to be displayed and judged at the UBM conference in February.

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

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



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# Miracle At The Perfect Oops Tree

by Chad Matthews

After an ordinary work day, I met up with my hunting partner (my Dad) to discuss where we were going to hunt that evening. If I did not have any ideas, he told me he had four different ideas. I chose to hunt in a tree that Dad had found two years ago and had a picture of, but we had never sat this stand. We arrived at the hunting grounds about 4:00pm. My stand was only about 150-200 yards away from the truck in a pasture. The pasture had a place that necked down to about the size of a wagon with woods on each side that led to a pond, two water holes, and food plots on the other side. As I was walking in I was dragging a doe tarsal gland (from early Oct. doe 2011) to my stand site. When I was 50 yards away from the turn to the tree, walking in a hurry to get to the tree because of time, I spooked a large doe. She ran toward the pond, in the other direction from the stand, I thought "Shoot, if I had been paying attention I might have had a shot, and I probably messed up my hunt for the night", but I walked on anyway. I walked 20 yards down the narrow wagon trail looking for the tree in the picture. I saw an opening in the woods. I looked down the opening and about 20yards away I saw the tree. So I hung the tarsal gland in a small cedar tree at the edge of the wagon trail. On the way to the tree I was trimming the pesky arrow deflectors ( head high blackberries, multifora roses, and single stem briars). I heard the crunching of dead leaves in front and to my right side. I thought, " not again, I'm not ready." It was a yearling doe walking toward me. She stopped, looked at me, (with tree stand, arrows, and shoulder bag on my back, bow in left hand, and clippers in my right hand. ) I stopped and she started stomping her foot. This went on for 10 minutes and then she snorted one little, high pitched snort and ran off about 20 yards and stopped. "Great, I wish she would hurry up and leave so I can get in the tree", I thought to myself. Finally she ran off. "Now maybe I

can finally get in the tree before all the action is over!"

I made it to the tree and unloaded my gear and got everything ready to put the stand in the tree. I started up the tree with my Lone Wolf tree sticks sawing limbs as I climbed the tree. I had just reached the top step of the second stick when I heard the crunching of leaves again. Here came a button buck up from the ditch. Thinking to myself, "NO, I'm not ready-- my bow and stand are still on the ground, and I can't even get in this tree for all the deer." At about 15 yards the buck stopped; looked at me, and started stomping and head bobbing. Finally after another 10 minutes, the little buck decided he did not like the big, funny looking blob hanging off the tree, and ran off. Thank goodness he just flagged and ran! I put my last stick up and climbed to the top, ready to raise my stand. I looked back to the wagon trail, a limb on another tree was right in the way, " Ahhh!!!!", I thought quietly to myself. Nothing to do but, climb down the tree clear to the bottom; flipping the steps to the other side of the stick as I went down. I had to move my tree stand to the other side of the tree also. Then back up the tree to hang my stand and pull up all my gear. Finally, I was ready to shoot at 5:00pm. I figured that I had seen all I was going to see tonight, and if I did see more deer, as hot as I was they would smell me from miles away. I prayed that God would let dad and I see deer, and if it was His will, that I could get a shot at a deer. It did not matter what it was. I was also trying to decide whether to leave my stand in the tree for tomorrow morning's hunt, or move to a different spot.

At 5:11pm , I heard crunching leaves off to my left. Here came a doe. I stood up and prepared for the shot.

She finally stopped 6 yards from my stand. I started to slowly draw my bow. All of a sudden she spun and ran off 20 yards, stopping behind some brush. Confused, I refocused my attention on where my next chance at a shot would be. She started circling around in front of me, and I doe bleated at her. She stopped, but to my disappointment, behind some leaves—NOT A GOOD SHOT!. Then she walked off, only about 20-25 yards away, but behind brush the whole time. This had taken roughly 15 minutes and, AGAIN NO SHOT!

At 5:30pm I heard the crunching of leaves off to my left again. Here came another doe. She walked within 15 yards, stopped behind leaves and limbs, and looked up in my direction. While I waited for her to decide what she was going to do, she began stomping her foot at me. While she was stomping, I kept looking over my right shoulder to the wagon trail to make sure that nothing was sneaking up behind me. The first time I looked- nothing. The second time I looked, I saw a huge bodied deer. "Buck!" It eventually raised its head from behind the cedar tree that had the tarsal gland on it. It was the biggest doe (at least 150lbs.) I had ever seen in over twenty years of bowhunting. I decided that I was going to try to get a shot at this doe instead of waiting for the stomping doe to make up her mind. I was getting ready to turn around when, 10 yards away from the large doe stood 3 hens turkeys. I slowly started turning so I could get a shot to my right. At that precise moment, the hens began "perting" at the stomping doe. The big doe started to creep slowly around the cedar tree. She stopped, stretched her neck and nose around the tree, and bumped the gland hanging in the tree. She jumped back and again stretched her neck and nose around the tree and



smelled the gland. The whole time the turkeys were “perting”, and the other doe was stomping. But the big doe was more interested in the tarsal gland. She turned and started milling around, feeding on acorns. The other doe finally ran off and the turkeys disappeared, but I could still hear them “perting”. The huge doe meandered into an opening where I could get a shot. In order to get this shot, I had to squat down to shoot under a limb. I doe bleated at her. She stopped, turned quartering to me, and looked up in the tree at me. She started the stomping and head bobbing game while I was in this awkward position. “I hope she hurries up and runs off, or turns to give me a broadside shot, because I’m not going to be able to squat here much longer!”. Finally, she flagged and ran off back the direction she came from. It is now about 5:50pm. Sitting in my tree stand, I wondered if the deer super highway was going to be quiet for the rest of the night, or if the traffic was still going to be hot and heavy. The rut was still over three weeks away!

Between 5:50 and 6:30pm, the traffic changed from deer to squirrels. Then I looked over my right shoulder and down the wagon trail came another doe (deer number seven for the evening). I decided to go ahead and stand to get ready for the shot behind me or to my right. The doe started to walk down the right side of my stand, so I knelt down to get under the limb that was in the way earlier in the evening. When I knelt down my safety harness was fastened so high in the tree, that it was too tight to get on my knees. I stood back up to loosen my safety harness. I got it loose, and moved it down the tree. The doe looked like she was still heading in the same direction, so I knelt down again. Then she moved to go behind the my tree, so I stood up and moved as far to the right of my stand as I could to get the shot. I thought to myself, “I can get the shot behind the tree, at least I think I can. Oh well, I will try to draw my bow as though I was going to take the shot. “ Okay, I

can make the shot!” The doe decided to come out to the opening on the right of my stand. I knelt down, feet dangling off the front of my stand--just waiting while she meandered toward the opening. All of a sudden, I heard something walking behind me—crunch, crunch, crunch. I looked over my left shoulder and saw nothing, I thought it must be a squirrel. Crunch, crunch, crunch! I knew there was something walking behind me! I looked over my left shoulder and saw a head and huge rack! Biggest buck I have ever had a chance to shoot at, and I am on my knees with my feet dangling off the tree stand, facing the wrong direction,” SHOOT”!!! Oh well--I am going to try to stand up and turn around. I could not believe it! I got turned around and the buck did not see me, presenting me a clear shot! I drew my White Bison longbow back to my anchor, and let the arrow go. I watched the white crested and purple fletched arrow fly through the air and just over the withers of the large buck. He ducked down and ran off about ten yards. I figured it was over, but I stood still, trying not to be spotted. He headed toward an opening on the right side of my tree stand. I got my 2nd arrow out, nocked it, and patiently waited to see what he was going to do. He walked into the opening about 20 yards away. I grunted with my mouth. He looked up in my direction, I said to myself, “turn your head away buddy and I am going to let this arrow go”. He turned his head, and as I drew my bow I prayed, “Lord guide this arrow to make a good shot,” and I let it go. With the Lord in the driver’s seat, my arrow hit the buck squarely! It was a little farther back than I wanted, but I thought it was either in the liver or back of the lungs He tucked his tail tight and ran off. I sat down and thanked God for allowing me to hit the big buck. I waited about ten minutes and decided to get down and pack up my gear before I started looking for the buck. After I packed up, I made a brief search for the buck,

Continuedd on next page.



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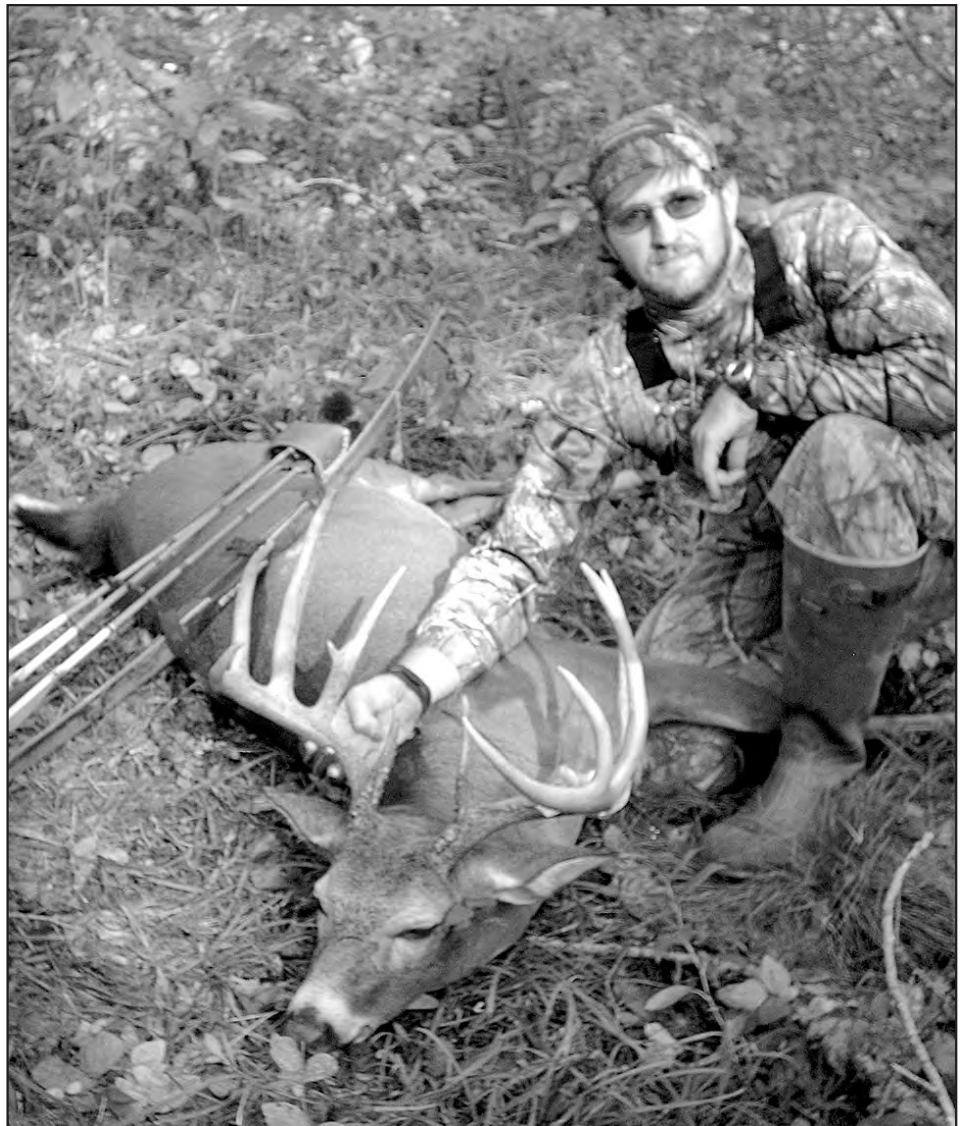


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but I found nothing. After walking back to the truck, I went to get dad and told him about the buck, and the shot. We decided it would be best to come back in the morning to make sure he was dead, and to have good light for tracking.

Saturday morning arriving back to the stand site, Dad said, "that's not the right tree. There's the tree I was talking about!" He was pointing to a tree 20 yards to the east of "my tree". OOPS! WRONG TREE! OH WELL, "MY TREE" WAS THE "RIGHT TREE!" Dad and I started searching for blood. We looked in the direction that I had last seen the buck-- but nothing. As we continued to search I kept praying, "Lord just give us any sign to let us know that we are on the right track." We found nothing! Finally after searching about an hour and half, we decided that he probably jumped the fence and went into a TSI section (timber stand improvement: cut down trees and where they fall is where they lie) that had probably been cut about 2 or 3 years ago. The longer we searched with no sign, the more discouraged I became. I still believed that with God in control of the search, and not us, we would find the buck! I walked down into a creek bed and dad stayed high up on the bank so he could see down into the thick tangle of briars and fallen trees.. Suddenly dad said, "I see your buck!" I was only 50 yards away from the buck, but could not see him. Dad guided me to the buck. As dad came to meet and see the buck, the brush and briars was so thick that we had to keep whistling back and forth so he could find my location. As each one of us reached the buck, the first thing we each did, was to thank God for the bountiful harvest and guidance in finding the buck. The amazing thing about it was that the spot where the deer died was a 5 yard opening in the tsi where the grass was only about 1" tall and there were no fallen trees, or briars! Now if that is not God's handiwork, I do not know what is! When dad found me, and saw the 11 pt. buck, he said



if he had been walking just 5 yards in either direction, he would not have spotted the brown and white hair of the buck lying in the opening, God's divinely appointed place!

We started looking for a way to get the buck out of the tsi and to the truck. I decided that we should go back to the fence we crossed. It would be the easiest way out. With 2 small folding saws and 2 hand clippers, it took dad and I an hour and half to cut a path (150 yards long) back to the fence to get the buck to the open pasture. After dragging the deer roughly 70 yards, we went and got the 2 wheeled "deer hauler". It only took 30 minutes to get the deer back to the truck! Sad that it took 3 times as long to trim a path,

than to get the deer back to the truck. Finally, the task was over; the buck loaded in the truck and headed home. HURRAY!; but I would do it all over again in a heartbeat as long as God's hand is in control.

I feel if I had not put God in control and took myself out of the driver's seat, I would have never seen-- got not just one, but two shots--made a killing shot-- or even found the buck! This was another one of those little BIG lessons that God showed me. When you put God in control of even the smallest thing-- the awesome blessing you will reap. Thank you God for the amazing blessing given to me every time I let you be the Driver.



# Editor's Notes

Just wanted to take this opportunity to thank everyone for providing content to fill another issue of The United Bowhunter. I also need to apologize for any errors you may find in this issue concerning your personal contact information or up to date advertising. My computer's hard drive went out shortly before this issue and of course I had not backed up my machine in over a month and lost the some content. We still have the digital copy, just not my working files. Everything had to redone from scratch this issue... and I am sure I have missed something. So if you notice an error,

please send me an email or give me a call and we will get it corrected in the next issue and I thank you for your patience.

The United Bowhunter will also be doing some spring clean up. Several of the business memberships have expired and your ad will be removed on the next issue. So if you are a paying business member, thank you and if you are running behind on payment, contact Brenda Hudson and get it squared away before the next issue deadline.

Joe Pendergrass  
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# When in Rome...

by Brian Peterson

It seems that every year there is something new to learn about the local deer herd and their behavior. This year was no exception and with the extreme drought and failure of the mast crop, it seemed as though the deer were more blatantly visible, boldly sharing hay and water with the horses, entering the fields well before dusk to feed, and even openly exhibiting their travel and feeding patterns for all to see. It was as if for all intents and purposes a truce had been posted and the war postponed. That being said, this year was an excellent one for deer watching—having seen more deer feeding in my uncut hay field during one evening hunt than I saw the entire archery season last year. Bad news was that there didn't seem to be any bucks beyond a small forkhorn in the group and there were rumors of Blue Tongue circulating through the area. Early season came and went playing stand tag with the deer and without any close encounters.

One thing I did notice was that when walking back to the house from the back woods after dark, I would almost always bump deer around an old dry pond a hundred yards or so from the house. It didn't take a rocket scientist to put the pieces of this puzzle together—there was an old persimmon tree on the dam of this pond that still bore fruit. All the other sweet persimmons had dropped and been picked up by a variety of hungry critters, but for some reason this particular tree held tight to its sour fruit. Despite several hard frosts, these 'simmons still had plenty of pucker power, and after some casual observation, I noted that it was the squirrels doing most of the harvesting, prematurely knocking a few to the ground but mostly sending chunks of orange flesh flying while they sat in their perches, gnawing away. When in Rome.....

November 2nd. Figuring that it was



getting late in the game—the freezer was empty from previous years lack of success and the persimmons were going to be gone in a matter of days—I opted to set a stand and hopefully strike while the iron was hot! At least the weather was hot that afternoon when I set a spare ladder stand in a cedar just off the berm of the pond. Figuring I had spoiled the area for days with my scent, I decided that I still needed to stand vigil over the fruit of the gods—just in case. After an hour of sitting, talking myself out of flinging arrows at squirrels, I heard footsteps in the leaves and glanced to my right to see a good sized mature doe come in to the fruit tree as if on a string. Somehow she miraculously avoided all the areas I had walked and sweated while erecting and trimming my hide, and as she crested the mound a mere 6 yards away, she lowered her head and began to munch the forbidden fruit. This was too much for me to take, and a moment later, my 750 grain, ACE-tipped cedar arrow found the line clean through her chest. She didn't make it 30 yards before piling up in the cedars behind me—dead before you could count to 10. That's the way it's supposed to happen! And as with the best "urban" bowhunting scenario, I was able to recover her easily and transport her to the house within minutes. I guess the old adage "...even a blind pig can find an acorn in the woods" applies to lucky bowhunters as well. I'll never turn down a gift of a good deer, and am forever thankful when things go right.

## Festival Donation



Quilt that Brenda Hudson has made out of old UBM T-shirts that she is donating to the auction.

## Member's Memories



Mike Calahan with Black Bear taken while hunting with Wolf River Bear Baits.



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Make copies of these tickets and sell them to friends, neighbors and fellow hunters. Fill out the tickets completely and cut apart.  
Mail tickets and money to UBM, 10276 N. Farm Rd. 183, Fair Grove, MO 65648 by January 20th or bring to the conference in Jeff City.

Leave  
Blank

# “Ubie” Lives

by Brian Peterson



I'd like to update you on the saga of Ubie, the beautiful muzzleloader that many of my UBM friends bestowed upon me at last years banquet. With venison in the freezer early in November, I took the new smokepole up to the top of Big Bone Hill during opening weekend of the Missouri firearms season. Despite some exceptionally warm and windy weather, I was able to score a nice, tender (and respectable for my area) 8-pointer early Sunday morning—before the cold front came through and stirred things up. Ironically, I took him with a .50 caliber ball-ette at 15 yards quartering towards and closing, and while he stood a stones throw away, faltering,

I looked up to see a much larger buck (body-wise at least), ears pinned back, circling around to kick my young bucks butt. With discretion being the better part of valor, I opted to reload and send another hunk of lead in to finish what I'd started. It worked and my prize fell a scant 10 yards from my stand. And while I've never been known to be an antler hunter, especially with the scarcity of deer on my property in Taney County (this was only the second deer harvested on Big Bone in 15 years of ownership), I found myself glad to have shot the smaller of the two bucks. It was a long haul back to the truck! Thanks again to all who contributed.

## 2013 UBM Festival Speaker Lineup

Ryan Rothhaar, Wayne and Angel Monckton,

Jay Faherty, Denny Ballard

**Marv Clyncke - Banquet Speaker**

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# My Kingdom For A Bull Tag

by Brian Peterson

I've yet to fully understand just how the preference point system works in Colorado and why 7 preference points doesn't get you drawn for a 6 point unit. Precisely why I don't play the lottery I guess. Regardless, since I was without a Colorado elk tag and nowhere to dance, my elk-hunting buddy, Lloyd, currently a resident of Utah, suggested "Why not get an over-the-counter elk tag and we'll go bowhunting in Utah". Why not, indeed. Being a first-timer in Utah, I found the licensing system a little foreign to other states, but certainly not insurmountable. It definitely helps to have a resident walk you through the procedure and the folks at the regional offices were helpful on the phone as well. I purchased an "Over-the-Counter" any elk tag over the internet, which for this year included cow, spike or hard antlered bull. The exception being that if hunting in a trophy draw unit (without having drawn and paid the extra trophy fee for an any elk/ trophy bull tag), the tag was only valid for cow or spike bull. We just happened to be hunting a mile inside such a unit. You can see where this story is headed.....

Utah was experiencing the same drought as southwest Missouri during the spring and summer months, and in fact the notorious western wildfires came to within a half-mile of our hunting area before the smoke-eaters had them squelched. Our chosen area was in the southern tip of the Ashley National Forest northeast of Price, Utah—one of those "you can't get there from here" affairs a mere 3 hour drive on dirt roads from Lloyd's but only about 30 miles as the crow flies. The terrain was weathered shale canyons with tons of sage and rabbit brush and isolated pockets of dark timber topping out at 9,000'. Not the vigorous blow-down and boulder-strewn Rockies what I was used to in Colorado, but evidently loaded with elk, bear, and mule deer. I was game.



With archery elk season opening in mid-August, we decided that hunting water would be key to locating and hopefully taking an elk. Lloyd had hunted the same area two years prior with the coveted trophy bull tag and was covered up with spike bulls around the water tanks, so we had high hopes

of a repeat this season and dreams of "easy" pickings. We arrived in the national forest a day early to do a little scouting and set up camp. We divvied up the water tanks, built blinds and set stands and then proceeded to sit in the truck waiting for the deluge to abate. Evidently the monsoons had arrived in eastern Utah and arrive they did with a vengeance as it rained nearly every day



This petroglyph is called "The Great Hunt Panel" (aka "Cottonwood Panel") from the Nine Mile Canyon near Wellington, Utah. One of the more famous of thousands of glyphs created by the Fremont culture (700-1300 AD).

during our 2-week hunt. Needless to say, water hole hunting didn't prove to be the most effective method, although had I actually had a bull tag in my pocket, there were multiple opportunities at a nice bull who came in, walked under my stand, and stood in front offering many decent chances at 15 yards or less. Same with the mule deer—they seemed to sense that I was without proper documentation and therefore no threat to their safety. All in all, we saw 14 branch-antlered bulls, the largest being well into the 330" class and not a single cow or spike bull. Guess that's why they call it hunting, but I guarantee I'll be applying for the coveted trophy tag next time around (and be happy with a chance at a spike bull—after all,

the bucket list just says shoot elk with longbow, it doesn't mention antlers).

Just FYI, a non-trophy any elk tag plus the annual non-resident hunting license still comes in at slightly less than a Colorado elk tag. The trophy bull tag however tops out around \$800 plus hunting license but having seen the quality of these public land bulls, I would say that it might be worth the investment. Also as a side note, be prepared to be annoyed by folks on 4-wheelers on a hunt like this. It seems that everyone in Utah has RV's and 4-wheelers and they're not afraid to use them on the weekends. National forest roads are fair game and you can guess where the water tanks are located....





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# Long Distance Doe

by Darren Haverstick

When it comes to deer, so far this season has been a mixed blessing. I have seen more whitetails while hunting these past couple of months than I have ever seen in seasons past. But when it comes to drawing my bow on those deer, my luck has been dismal at best. I've had the wind swirl when it shouldn't have, I've had deer coming my way and then decide to go back the way they came for no apparent reason; I even had one group of does come into a food plot and scare another group of does away that were there first. That little episode did not do much to bolster the reputation of a whitetail's amazing ability to hear, smell, and generally be aware of its surroundings. If I were a deer, I would be rather embarrassed about being frightened by members of my own kind. Anyway...what all this boils down to is that the season has been frustrating. Yes, I know I shouldn't complain because at least I'm seeing deer but, man, was I really growing tired of being a spectator!

I hunted pretty hard the last two weeks of October and it all came down to the weekend of the first firearms youth season. I would be at my farm in Shannon County because my nephew, Caleb, was coming in to try his luck and I wanted to be there to share in his success. I also REALLY wanted to kill a deer with my bow and my window of opportunity was shrinking fast. After firearms season and Thanksgiving, my chances of slipping away from the house for an extended period were pretty slim. I was going to have to make this time in the woods count for something.

Saturday started out great for Caleb. He made a clean kill on a beautiful, heavy 8-pointer around 9:15 that I had seen on at least two separate occasions. My Saturday, however, was like all my hunting days prior to that; I saw deer, they started my way, my pulse accelerated, some calamity took place, the deer never arrived, I practiced my profanity. After an evening hunt where I had two bucks and a doe spook on my scent even though the wind was in my face, I went back to Dad's house and took a liberal dose of blood pressure medicine (i.e. beer). Tomorrow would be my last chance and I really needed a mark in the win column.

Sunday morning, I decided to hunt on the ridge behind our barn. We had been seeing several deer up there but hadn't hunted it much this season so far. The wind was out of the north so I decided to hunt out of a ladder stand that was up there overlooking an old logging loading ground. I normally like to hunt on the ground but I really wanted to hunt that area and my ground blinds in that vicinity weren't ideal for a north wind. So I left the ghillie suit at home, grabbed my monkey-hunting gear, and headed up the mountain.

When I got to the top of the ridge, I fastened on a drag line and liberally doused the scent rag with doe pee. Each year, I swear I will never waste money on another bottle of that stuff. I might as well take the ten dollar bill I used to buy it and drag that on the ground for all the good the scent has done me. But,



by the time the pre-rut rolls around, I am desperate enough to try anything and I always end up purchasing another jug of that magic elixir.

I arrived at the ladder stand well before daylight and as I was getting my stuff ready for the ascent I could already hear a deer tromping around at the head of a holler about 50 yards in front of me. I quickly unhooked my drag line and threw it over a milkweed plant growing 15 yards in front of the stand. My thinking was that any deer that passed by would stop and sniff the rag; thereby giving me a chance to draw and shoot. I started up the ladder and, within ten minutes or so, had my gear stored away, an arrow nocked and was waiting for shooting light. The deer I had heard had not gotten alarmed by my presence so I took that to be a good sign.

The seat in the stand I was using was made in such a way that I would have to shoot while sitting down. That was not a bad thing since I practice doing that and I drew my bow a few times to make sure I had good limb clearance. Everything appeared to be okay and it was no more than 20 minutes after daylight that I heard a deer walking through the leaves in front of me. I finally caught its movement and could see that it was a young buck; a little 6-pointer. I doe bleated to it a couple of times and he turned my direction like he was on a string.



As I watched him approach, I saw that the first problem I was going to encounter was his trajectory. He was headed straight towards me. My drag rag was a little off to one side so when he stopped to smell it, MAYBE he would turn enough to give me a shot. But he didn't. He walked within a foot of my urine-soaked cloth like it wasn't even there and kept on going directly to my left. Now for most folks, this would have been the chance they were waiting for and as he walked by them at 15 yards, they would have skewered him with an arrow. But for the 1-in-11 of us who are left-handed, this shot presents all sorts of problems. In order to shoot, I would have to swing my body completely around without him noticing. I would also have to be able to clear various pieces of the stand with my bow. With no leaf cover, me moving undetected was not going to happen and with me sitting down, clearing the stand with my bow at that angle was not going to happen either. But I tried anyway with the end result being a white flag before I even got to anchor. Oh well, it was still early and if my past experiences were any indication of what was to come, I still had a couple of more foul-ups to endure before the morning was over.

Well, foul-up #2 came along right on schedule. It was only a half-hour after the first buck went by that I hear another deer crunching the leaves ahead of me. This one turned out to be a huge main-frame 10-pointer that had his head to the ground sniffing the trail of the previous buck. I can-called to him and he started coming to me just like his predecessor. However, I had learned from my earlier mistake and had removed the stand's seat altogether. I would now be shooting from a standing position which allowed me a little more mobility. The big fella walked right by drag rag (boy, was that money well spent!) and continued onto my left side. When his head went behind a small hickory, I drew my bow but since he never slowed down his vitals were now behind the same tree when I got to anchor. Now he was directly to my left and in order for my bow to clear the stand I had to lean way out. Of course he caught that movement and I was, once again, treated to a white tail and a derisive snort before any arrow could be launched. I couldn't believe it! Two bucks in less than an hour, at a shooting distance that bowhunters pray for and I couldn't capitalize on either situation!

After that last failure, I decided to get down from the ladder stand and re-evaluate hunting from the ground. I had a hidey-hole made up just to the west of where the two bucks had passed and from there the wind would mostly be in my favor. But upon further inspection, it would put the deer less than ten yards from my position and I didn't feel I had enough cover to pull that off. So I went back up into the stand to let the chips fall where they may. Before I left terra-firma, though, I threw my useless drag rag on the ground in hopes that a deer might get tangled up in the line and stumble itself to death.

Foul-up #3 took place after another half-hour had passed with me silently whining about the curse of being left-handed. I heard something behind me this time and turned to see a doe and fawn feeding some 40 yards away. They were downwind of me so I figured this party was over before it even started. However, they

were far enough to my LEFT again that I guess they were out of my scent stream. Whatever the case, they continued to feed my direction and my battered hopes started to rise. At least this time when a deer passed, it would be quartering away instead of quartering to me.

The youngster came in first, went right up to my scent rag and started sniffing on it like it was her favorite flavor of ice cream. I filed that information away for future reference, "If you wanna kill a fawn, use doe pee!" and prepared to draw on Bambi. However, Momma was facing towards me and I knew that if I moved then everything would go to pieces so I waited. The fawn finally got enough and walked closer to me. Then Mom decided to see what all the fuss was about and took her turn at the scent rag. Her reaction was entirely different. It was like she had stuck her nose on an electric fence. Apparently, there was enough of my odor on the rag to make her pin those ears back and start nervously looking around. I knew that the inevitable mad dash away from my setup was about to occur and I resigned myself to losing out on a third opportunity in a little less than two hours.

As scripted, the two deer bolted away like sprinters off of their blocks and it was at this time that something primal took over inside of me that triggered my swift reaction. I don't know if I was just fed up with failure or what; all I know is that I pulled that bowstring back and let that arrow fly. The doe was 30 yards out, quartering away, and I just remember thinking "aim high" when I let go. I shoot an ash shaft that looks like a log and I can still see it in my head; arcing through the air like an ICBM. Somehow, it landed perfectly and I saw my broadhead sticking out just behind her shoulder as the doe crashed through the brush off down the holler.

Standing there in complete disbelief, I know it was a full ten minutes before I quit saying "I can't believe I made that shot!" to myself over and over again. I don't ever shoot at anything that far away! I don't even practice at that distance because I know my limitations as an archer and 30 yards is definitely beyond the scope of what I can do consistently. But I have to admit, there was not a single aspect of that shot that did not feel "perfect" and as I watched that arrow sail through the air I knew it was dead on. Maybe the spirit of Howard Hill was with me that morning; who knows?

Well, that was the interesting part of the story; the rest is just about work. The blood trail turned out to be longer than I expected it to be and I began to doubt my miraculous shot placement. But when Dad found my deer piled up in a multi-flora rose thicket with that nice exit wound right behind her armpit, I felt quite vindicated. I said a few words of thanks to the doe's spirit and Dad got our pet deere, John, and drove him up to the kill site where I loaded my prize in his bucket and we headed towards the house. They say that shooting a bow is largely a mental exercise and that it sometimes can be overthought. Sometimes, you just need to let your body do what you have been training it to do and leave the thinking out of it. All I can say to that is, it certainly worked for me!

# Secretary Scribbles

by Mike Calahan

Our 25th Anniversary has come and gone, but what it a year it was. We had many great events with UBM members traveled all over the state promoting bow hunting and archery.

First of all, I want to thank Brian and JoAnn Peterson for another great time at the Squirrel Hunt. If you've never attended one of these Squirrel Hunt your missing out on plenty of fun and good food.

From talking to some of our members it sounds as if the hunting has been good for many of us. I for one have had some great times on the water and in the woods with my bow. The highlight of my year was an awesome Black Bear Hunt in Canada with nine fellow UBM members where I harvested a nice black bear.

It's now time to look to the future. There are some changes being made and those of us serving on the board

hope it will be good for the UBM. We are talking about some new activities that hopefully will build membership. We are open to new ideas and welcome your comments. Please feel free to contact your District Representatives or any board member with your ideas. The UBM is respected by the MDC, CFM and other organizations here in Missouri, as they often ask for our opinion on hunting related issues, so we need to stay in tune with the times. Together we can accomplish a lot for the sport of bow hunting.

Our Festival will be our first big event of 2013. As always we can use items for the auctions. No item goes unused. You can contact me or any board member with your donations.

**You can send the items to:**  
**Mike Calahan**  
**130 Plumwood Drive**  
**Cape Girardeau, MO 63701**

You can also bring them to the Festival, but it would help if you let us know ahead of time what you are donating so we can do the paperwork. You can reach us at 573-335-3994 or e-mail at [kcjc.cal@charter.net](mailto:kcjc.cal@charter.net).

We already have 2 nice bows donated. One by Steve McDaniel (Osage self bow) and another by Mike Dunnaway (Wild Horse Creek Bows). We also have 2 bear hunts, one in Canada with Doug Park of Wolf River Bear Baits and the other in Main with Squapan Mountain Outfitters and Regina Mackenberg is making another nice quilt for the auction.

Joan & I want to thank you in advance for your support and look forward to seeing everyone at the Festival.

Have a great 2013 and God Bless  
Mike Calahan

## Traditional Braised Squirrel Casserole

(Best in a Dutch oven, but any old covered pot or Crockpot will do)

### Ingredients\*:

- 6 Squirrels, dressed and quartered (fore legs, hams, and saddles) and refrigerated overnight in salted water
- Vegetable Oil
- Flour
- Salt & Pepper
- Garlic Powder
- Personal Spice Mix (I prefer "Cherie's Rib Rub" from Soulard Market in St. Louis but anything will work - Cajun, Italian, Mexican - your taste)
- Canned Diced Tomatoes
- Chicken Broth

\*As in any "Traditional" recipe, all amounts are negotiable and to taste.

In a plastic bag, combine handful of flour with pinch of salt & pepper, dash of garlic powder, and a generous dollop of spice mix to make a flavorful coating.

Rinse squirrel pieces, pat dry, and toss in flour/spice mix.

Heat a quarter inch of oil in skillet or Dutch oven and brown squirrel pieces to get a good crisp on all sides. It may take several batches to do all the pieces.

Place all browned squirrel in Dutch oven or Crockpot, add one 15 ounce can of petite diced tomatoes and a splash of chicken broth (to make the "gravy". Cover and bake in a 275° oven for a couple of hours (a dozen or so coals on the lid and 5-6 underneath for a traditional Dutch oven; low setting on Crockpot for 3-4 hours).

The meat should just fall off the bone and while the gravy is lumpy, it is mighty tasty when served over a coal-roasted baked potato or some wide egg noodles. Enjoy!

# Classifieds

## For Sale

62" takedown recurve, 54# @ 28", Shedua limbs and riser, rattlesnake under clear glass, antler knobs. \$350 OBO. Time Hennesy, 573-268-6127.

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

# Calendar of Events

## January

1/15/13 - Archery Season Ends.

1/31/13 - Bobcat Season Ends.

## February

2/1-3/13 - UBM Festival & Banquet in Jefferson City.

2/15/13 - Rabbit & Squirrel Season Ends.

2/15/13 - United Bowhunter Magazine deadline.

## March

3/1/13 - Trout Season Opens.

3/2-3/13 - Missouri Deer Classic & Outdoor Expo in Columbia.

3/3/13 - Crow Season Ends.

3/31/13 - Coyote Season Ends.

## April

4/6-7/13 - Youth Turkey Season.

4/15/13 - Turkey Season Opens.

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5/5/13 - Turkey Season Closes.

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Seminar Speakers - Ryan Rothhaar • Dennis Ballard  
Wade Monckton • Jay Faherty



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# **United Bowhunters of Missouri** **26th Annual Festival** **in Jefferson City at the Truman Hotel**

**February 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, & 3<sup>rd</sup> 2013**

**Product Vendors**

**Speakers**

**Seminars**

**Old Friends**

**Silent Auction**

**Live Auction**

**Traders Blanket**

**Dcf\_: ]`YhDinner**

**Contest & Raffles**

**Taxidermy Displays**



**Speakers: Ryan Rothhaar, Wayne and Angel Monckton, Jay Faherty, Denny Ballard**

**Dinner Saturday evening with featured keynote speaker Marv Clyncke.**

**Banquet Tickets are \$40 in advance, \$45 day of event.**

**As always, enter for your chance to win a**

## **Custom Black Widow Bow**

For information about the **UNITED BOWHUNTERS of MISSOURI** Festival

You can contact: Brian Peterson: 417-794-3417 or Brenda Hudson: 660-794-2591

Check the website for details closer to the Event ([www.unitedbowhunters.com](http://www.unitedbowhunters.com))

# UBM Meeting Minutes — December 2012

Meeting was called to order by President Darren Havrstick at 12 noon with 13 members present.

The Pledge of Allegiance was led by Darren.

Minutes of the June meeting were unavailable.

Treasures report was unavailable except to note that there is \$17,750.31 in the account.

## OLD BUSINESS:

Darren reported that signing card was now in order with current officers.

New account being set up will accept membership on line.

Brian Peterson reported that he is still looking for a trailer to purchase. A motion was made and 2nd to add \$250.00 to the \$2000.00 previously allotted. Motion carried.

There was discussion on a replacement group for Hunt of a Lifetime. Darren reported on some other groups to consider, he and Brian will be on a radio program Wednesday December 5th with a group called MO Kids Outdoors. This is a Missouri based organization. He will get information on this organization and report back to the board

## NEW BUSINESS:

Darren reported on Festival plans. The banquet and seminar speakers are all in line. He said he will need some help with the Dutch Oven cooking seminar.

Mike Calahan reported that some donation are already coming in for the auctions.

Dennis Voss is contacting vendors.

Award nominations are needed, criteria will be published in the news letter.

A motion was made and 2nd to purchase some new hats to sell at the Festival. Motion carried.

It was decided that knife sharpeners with UBM logo would be the table favors.

Banquet registration fee was discussed with a motion made and 2nd to raise fee to \$40.00. Motion carried.

Darren reported on problems with news letter mailing. He will look into changing printer and mailing rate.

The UBM will have a booth and shooting lanes at the 2013 mid Missouri deer classic. We will make and give away PVC bows.

A motion was made and 2nd to give \$500.00 to NASP if needed. Motion carried. Darren will check on other organizations in need of funds.

UBM will return to Marshall Bowhunters for 2013 rendezvous. They will cater the Saturday evening meal.

There was some discussion on moving the December board meeting but no decision was made at this time.

There was discussion on moving the 2014 Festival. A motion was made and 2nd to move to the Country Club Spa and Hotel at the lake of the Ozarks. Motion carried.

Darren will look into installing Apps. in the UBM website.

Bob Burns proposed giving away complimentary 1 year memberships to people we think might be interested in UBM. It was discussed and decided that this may boost membership. Board approval would be required. There was a motion and 2nd to accept this proposal. Motion carried.

Don Orrell asked the UBM to attend one of his shoots. He said he would let participants shoot for free if they would join UBM in hopes to help boost membership. Board would look into the idea.

Mike Wirt reported on the Truth in the Outdoors event in St. Clair, MO. It will be the second week in February. UBM will man a booth. Contact Mike if you can help.

Meeting adjourned at 2:30 pm

Respectfully submitted  
Mike Calahan – Secretary

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## From The Laptop

by Brian Peterson



Another deadline! And it seems like just yesterday that deer season opened! I hope you've all managed some quality time in the field. For a change, I have some venison in the freezer so life is good. Darren and I (mostly Darren) have been hard at work doing UBM stuff, making a living and hunting—not necessarily in that order. The weather cooperated for

the 6th annual squirrel hunt, although the squirrels again made themselves scarce. Funny how they all moved to the sanctuary of my barn—specifically the feeders in my chicken coops—immediately before the event. Evidently they weren't as safe

as they thought as we did manage a tasty braised squirrel casserole during the S.E.G.O.M.S.H. Raccoon barbeque and roast bobcat also topped the menu, so I have the feeling that some bucket lists were less one or two items after the weekend as well. I know it's a long way to the middle of nowhere to attend this event, but y'all really should come next year!

As we gear up for the February Festival in Jeff City, keep an eye on the UBM website for news and updates (thanks to Darren, the internet wiz). And as always, don't be afraid to step up if you have a few extra minutes to help out. Looking forward to seeing you all in a few short weeks.

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**Questions?** Contact Darren Haverstick 417-693-5304, dchaverstick@gmail.com or Doug Park 807-857-2942, dpark4@msn.com and bid on this one for sure.

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### **Questions?**

Contact Jim Pyles 636-346-6023,  
jpetraditional@aol.com or  
Tony Boucher 207-764-7844.