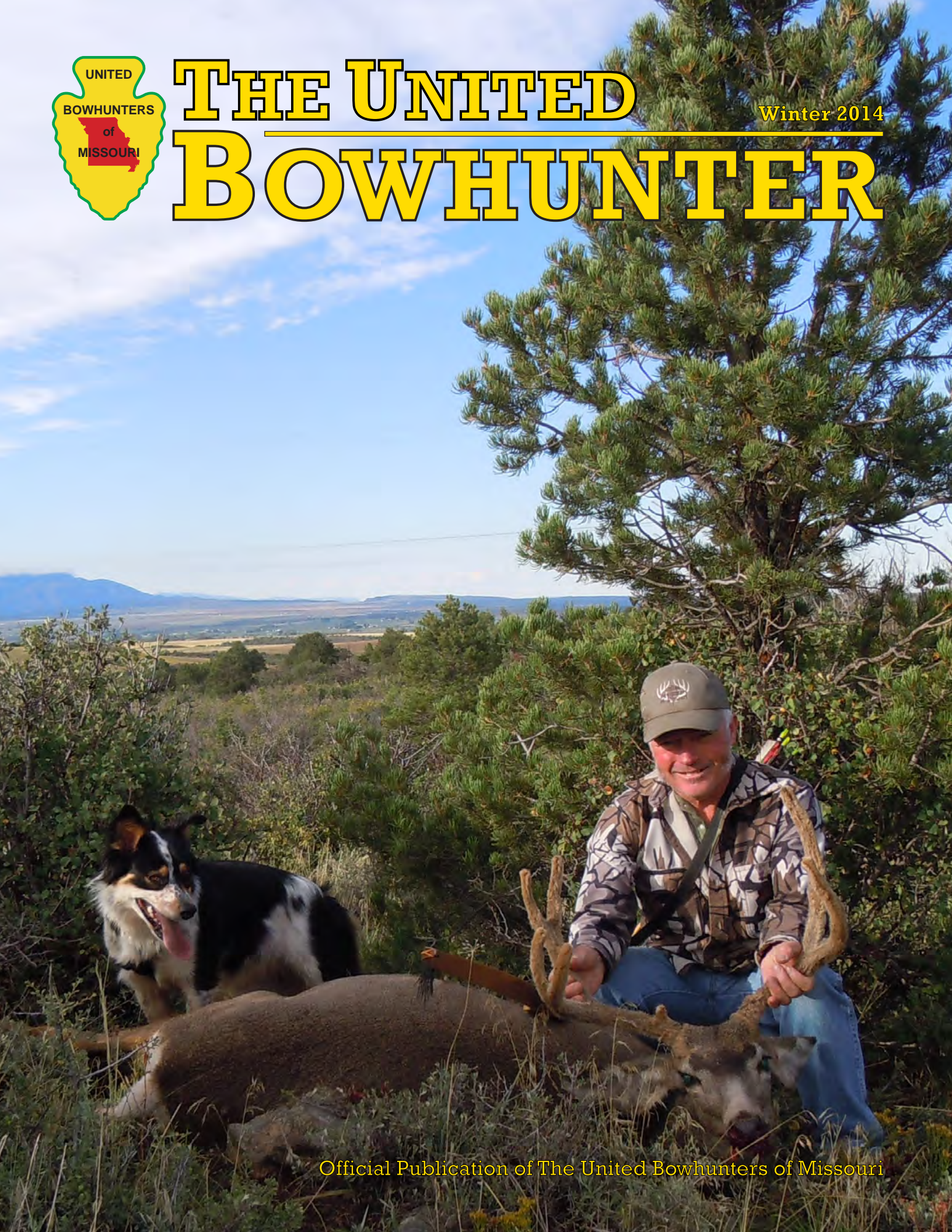




THE UNITED BOWHUNTER

Winter 2014



Official Publication of The United Bowhunters of Missouri



The Official Publication of
The United Bowhunters of Missouri
 Winter 2014

Calendar of Events

January

15th – Archery season closes
 24th-26th - Traditional Bowhunters Expo at Kalamazoo, MI

February

7th-9th - 27th Annual UBM Festival at Lake Ozark, MO
 15th – Rabbit and squirrel season close

March

14th-15th - Compton Traditional Bowhunters Big Game Classic at Louisville, KY
 15th-16th - Missouri Deer Classic and Outdoor Expo at Columbia, MO
 21st-23rd – Conservation Federation of Missouri Annual Convention at Jefferson City, MO

April

1st-8th – Kansas archery spring turkey season
 6th – Oklahoma spring turkey season opens
 9th – Kansas regular spring turkey season opens
 21st – Missouri spring turkey season opens

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Check out - www.unitedbowhunters.com

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Full page	\$130.00	⅓ page	\$70.00
⅔ page (back cover)	\$125.00	¼ page	\$50.00
⅓ page	\$110.00	Less than ¼ page	\$30.00

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Submit all photos and stories to: Elise Haverstick Graphic Designer
The United Bowhunter, 10276 N FR 183 Fair Grove, MO 65648
 or you can email: Elise.Haverstick@gmail.com Cell phone: (417) 693-6084

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

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

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

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— On the Cover —
**Larry Hudson with
 Mule Deer**

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

President's Report

Winter 2014



Hello, fellow members! It's hard to believe that the New Year is upon us by the time you read this newsletter. I hope

that everyone is having a good season so far. Judging by the reports I've been getting and the pictures I've seen, I know that several of you have fresh meat to enjoy and will not need any government cheese and peanut butter to get you through the winter. I am fortunate enough to count myself as one of those lucky folks. I shot a tasty little spike the week before firearms season started with my Tall Timbers Don Orrell special. Of course, the day before firearms season started, I had a Pope & Young 10-pointer at ten yards with no tag to put on him. Oh well, a deer in the freezer is worth two in the woods any day to me!

Before I go any further, I want to thank my daughter, Elise, for agreeing to do the graphic design on this issue of the newsletter. Harold Kinder, our normal layout guy, decided to winter in Florida this year with his new girlfriend and asked if I could find someone else to take his place. I told him I had just the person for the job and for him not to worry his pretty little head about it anymore. Since Elise's major in college is graphic design I saw this as a great opportunity 1) for her to exercise her skills in a real-world situation and 2) for me to get some return on my investment into her education expenses. So please look extra hard for any mistakes in this issue and let me know if you find any. I will base her punishment on the number and severity of the errors found. I guess I should be lenient, though. Elise will ultimately be the one picking out the nursing home I end up in.

I've got a lot to cover in this missive so I'm gonna quit visiting now and get down to business. I guess the first thing I'll go over is the highlights from the Board meeting held this past October. We met up at the Country Club Hotel and Spa at Lake of the Ozarks. This is the home of the 2014 Festival and the Board members who had not been to the place before were quite impressed with the facilities. Many things were discussed and most of them had to do with saving money and generating income. One of the decisions made concerning finances was that this newsletter will no longer be printed and mailed out four times a year. Instead, you will receive two print issues and the other two issues will be made available electronically only. It costs the club around \$1100 an issue to print and mail so this will be a significant savings for us. I know this decision is not going to set well with a lot of members but drastic times call for drastic measures and all that. The electronic issues will be posted on our website (www.unitedbowhunters.com) for your downloading pleasure and/or can be emailed to you at your request.

Another money decision made was we raised the annual dues for a business membership from \$35/year to \$50/year. The trade-off to this price increase is that all business members will get a complimentary vendor's table at the Festival when they join or renew at the new price. Since we charge \$100 for that table otherwise, this is overall a pretty good deal.

The rest of this column I will devote to our Festival coming up the weekend of February 7th-9th 2014. As you may have already noticed, registration information for the event is in this newsletter somewhere. This was another money saving maneuver so you will receive no other notices in the mail. I also will have the information posted on our website. We have a lot of great stuff lined up this year including

our banquet speaker, well-known author and co-editor of *Traditional Bowhunter* magazine; Don Thomas. I think the speaker I am most excited about hearing, though, is a young man that Brian Peterson became acquainted with, Hunter Watson. Even though he's only 16, this gentleman has done more with a bow than most grown men I know. He's going to talk to us about his various hog hunting adventures and, from the conversations we've had on the phone, I'm sure it's going to be entertaining!

As always, we are in dire need of donated items for our silent and live auctions at the Festival. These auctions generate the lion's share of our annual operating budget so what we have to offer to you at them has a direct impact on what services the club can provide later on. We have many talented artisans in our ranks and if each one of you could donate just one item it would help out a great deal. Or, if you don't want to make something, how about donating a hunting or fishing trip? If it's your land, you can stipulate the who, what, when and why of the trip. If you don't own land but know an outfitter, hit them up to donate a hunt. That has been a very lucrative venture for Doug Park, of Wolf River Bear Baits. This is his fifth year for donating a hunt and any outfitter would be very pleased with the return that Doug has received on his investment. Please contact me or Mike Calahan if you have something you wish to donate.

Well, I guess that's it for now. If you have any questions about the Festival, don't hesitate to give me a holler. Also, if you have any need for an inept but eager turkey hunting companion, my line is always open.

Hope to see you in February!
Darren

I hope everyone got to enjoy a great holiday season with family and friends, and that you had a safe and successful hunting season. At this time writing I have been blessed to fill one tag and have been doing a little horn hunting. In October the Board met at the Lake of the Ozarks in place of a December meeting at the Squirrel Hunt. This was a good idea because it was easier for everyone as it is was a more central location.

We are making some big changes in the operation of the UBM in an effort to help the club's bank account. The biggest change will be in the newsletter; we will still have the same great publication but it just won't come out in print as often. At this time I don't have the details for copy deadlines but we will get that information out to everyone as soon as possible. The website will be used more so we hope that it's not a big inconvenience on everyone. We also made cuts in some of the donations and other operating expenses.

We discussed membership and fund raising. We do need to boost our membership but dues alone don't give the club much financial support so that brings us to fund raising. Our main source of income is the auction and bow raffle at the Festival. In the past few years we have been down on our income, I'm sure the economy has a lot to do with that and it's been hard on everyone. We need to do the best we can because these fundraising efforts are what keep us going. Please consider making a donation to the auction and try and sell some raffle tickets.

Joan and I will be handling the auction again this year. As always, we need goodies for both the silent and live auction. If you wish to send items to us or contact us as to what you will be bringing to the Festival, our contact information is: Mike Calahan 130 Plumwood Drive, Cape Girardeau, MO 63701 phone # 573-335-3994 email: kcjc.cal@charter.net. Thank you in advance for your support.

On a brighter note, after the Board meeting we were given a tour of the new Festival facility. I think everyone will enjoy this place. It seems to be really user friendly with restaurant, bar, indoor swimming pool and more. All that, along with other restaurants, an outlet mall, and theaters close by, everyone should enjoy the weekend. As always we will have a great speaker lineup so let's hope we are blessed with good weather and have a big turnout. I'm looking forward to seeing old friends and hopefully making some new ones, and sharing some stories.

Thanks and God Bless,
Mike C.



Hunting season is upon us full force, and I know some of you have been successful in the field. There's still plenty of time left and a good chance to connect, so get on out there if you can find the time. Hopefully, you'll take a few moments to jot down your memories or share

a picture or two with your fellow UBM members in upcoming issues of the newsletter as well. I hope also that you all were able to attend the 7th Annual Sheep Eater's Greater Ozark Mountain Squirrel Hunt. Let's just say, the name may have changed to "Moose Eaters"; at least for this year.... Also pay close attention to upcoming changes in the Festival venue this February—Lake of the Ozarks, people... Lake of the Ozarks. I know Darren will be filling you in on all the upcoming UBM events, but if you can volunteer for the Great PVC Bow Giveaway at the Missouri Deer Classic in March, be sure to give Darren a holler. It's a blast and the more the merrier. Hope to see you all at the Festival and banquet in February, and as always.... Keep 'em sharp!

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The Raccoon Buck

Steve North

My first year to hunt whitetail bucks in another state was going to be really exciting for me, I hoped. I wasn't going to be limited to only hunt in my home state so I went out and got permission to hunt in others too. All I had to do now was make a few long weekends to get out and scout the new farms. Maps of the areas helped a lot before I got there. I still liked to cover a lot of ground by foot just to see what's there and what's been going on in the past (rubs, trails, scrapes, etc.).

By this time it was early summer. It was hot and with all the foliage on the trees and brush you couldn't see much. I knew I was late on scouting but I wanted to get a feel for the land anyway. I found a few thickets inside different wood lots and several well-used trails. A lot of this would probably change as the crops were harvested but it did give me an idea of what things looked like.

As the bow season started, I hunted hard in Missouri for the first three weeks. My hunting companion at the time wanted to give our new areas a try so we packed up his van and headed out. The first day of our hunt was overcast and cool. That evening I had a small eight-pointer come by my stand at around 15 yards. I pretended to draw on him like I do on a lot of deer that I'm not going to shoot. He wandered off.

At camp that night everyone (we stayed at my hunting buddy's friend's place) gave me grief for not shooting him. I told them that it was only the first day and I wasn't going to shoot a small buck or doe. The next day the wind had changed some so I decided to hunt a different part of the farm. I hunted all day long and never saw a deer.

The third day it started out pouring down rain. We stayed inside until 9 AM

or so. The rain let up some but was still steady. I had to go out and look around one of the areas I had found during the summer. I'm not really excited about walking in the rain but it's an excellent time to scout during the season.

I wound up walking most of the day in the rain. I found a thick, brushy area about 90 feet by 60 feet on a hillside about 80 yards inside a wood lot. I decided to work my way into the thicket a little. I got in there about 20 feet and found some rubs. As I looked around, I could see a lot of rubs on small saplings. The rain was making them stand out more. I decided to back out quickly. This had to be where a nice buck was staying. He probably felt safe here. With all the briars and underbrush, not much was going to slip up on him!

The way the land laid, a buck could watch anything below him and with a south, southwest or southeast wind, he could smell danger behind him. I only hoped that I didn't mess up by going in as far as I had. I shouldn't have done that. One of the big secrets to hunting big bucks is scouting your area right after the season is over. You can go anywhere and not worry about spooking anything. However, we didn't get permission to hunt this place until late spring so I just had to do what I felt I

needed to during the fall.

I just kind of walked around the thicket to look for any trails, rubs or scrapes entering or leaving the thicket and places for treestands at a later time. Sometimes I think that if deer see you walking around nonchalantly they will lay tight. But if they see you sneaking around then they will take off when you enter their comfort zone.

As I walked around I found three small faint trails going into and out of the thicket. When I left the area I walked parallel to one of the trails to see where it went or what I might see on it. I found two small scrapes and a few rubs. They appeared to have been made in the mornings. The sides of the trees were rubbed and the dirt (new mud) was thrown from the scrapes. One small trail connected two of the trails. I dragged some limbs and brush over one of these to block it. I decided that the next morning, if it quit raining, I would sit in a woodlot about 300 yards from the one I had found. I wanted to watch and see if anything was going on in the morning around this woodlot.

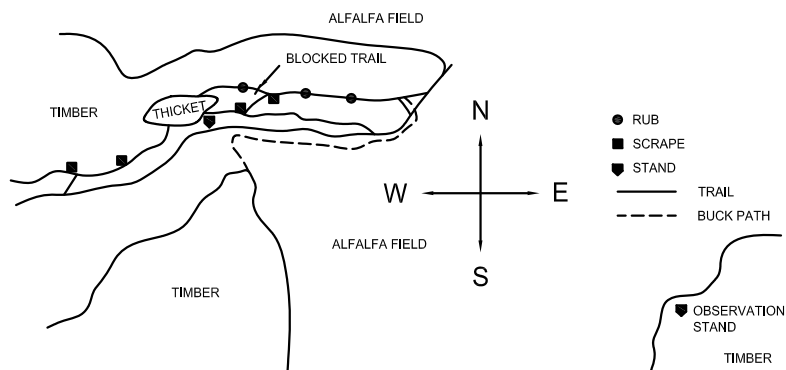
I picked a tree to watch from before I left the area. That night we decided where we were going to go. The friends of my hunting buddy wanted to know why I was going to where I was. I told



Raccoon... Continued from page 5

them I had a hunch about that area. I found out a long time ago that you can't trust anyone except maybe your best hunting buddy when it comes to telling the whereabouts of a big buck. As soon as you're not there, the locals will be either spotlighting to see him or just walking all over the place to try and find him.

The following morning I slipped over to the tree I had picked, got up in it with my portable stand and began to



wait. I didn't have to wait long either. I saw a very nice buck trotting along the edge of the wood line where the underbrush was. From where I was watching, it appeared that he was skirting the edge of the timber about 40 yards out to scent check it before entering. He didn't seem to be going to the west enough to actually scent check the thicket, though; at least not that morning anyway.

I sat down later that morning and thought of the situation with that same wind direction. I thought of the trees that were along the faint trails and close to the thicket and I decided that if everything was the same the next morning then I was going to try and come in from the west an hour earlier and set up close to the east side of the thicket. Hopefully, he would cut his scent checking short and I would get a crack at him as he was about to enter his bedding area. I would not be able to see the field from my position if it was too far down the hill inside the

timber. I could only wait and see if he'd show up.

The next morning it was raining again and my hunting partner wanted to head back home. After a lot of discussion, we did. Actually, he had driven so I was kind of out-voted. However, a couple of days later, I decided to make the two-hour drive back by myself and give it a try. The wind was supposed to be out of the north. I got there about 4:30 AM, changed clothes and started the long

walk to get to the area I wanted to be in. Fortunately, I had some moonlight to see by. I didn't want to use a flashlight for fear that there may be other deer feeding in the alfalfa field. It was a little harder to navigate but I took my time and, with a minimum amount of noise, made it in my stand, put my safety belt on and got my bow up. I had put an extra sweater on that morning due to the chill so now I just sat in the cool air and waited.

As daybreak started, a raccoon was walking around below me. He started climbing a tree next to the one I was in. I kept telling myself, "Man, I'm glad I didn't pick that tree". Come to find out, his den was in there. He got up his tree, perched himself on a limb and just seemed to be relaxing.

About 20 minutes later, I could hear some walking in the woods to my right (east). I kept looking out of the corner of my eye; then I saw him! He had nice tall tines and a wide rack. I quit looking at his rack and picked a

spot. He was still 50 yards or so away. I raised my bow slowly and got ready to shoot. All of a sudden, I heard the sound of bark rustling and scratching; the raccoon! I had forgotten he was still sitting about 20 yards from me. He must have seen me and took off into his hole. As I moved my eyes slowly towards the coon, I thought, "I don't believe this!" Then I looked back towards the buck. He was stopped and looking around slowly. He didn't seem nervous. After what seemed like forever, he started coming towards the thicket again and I got him at 18 yards. By blocking the lower trail well with brush and limbs, the buck was forced to take the upper one I was set up on. He couldn't go below it because there was a sudden drop in the terrain. That buck didn't look much like a raccoon but that's his name now!

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Compound + Turkeys = CONFIDENCE!!!!

Mike Wirt



A fine fall gobbler

As the sun rose in the eastern sky on October 20th, 2013, the flapping of large wings broke the morning silence, a sure give way that wild turkeys were coming off of their roost. My grip tensed on my bow handle as I waited for a turkey to walk past the shooting windows of my blind. Movement caught my eye about fifty yards out as I saw the gobbler drift into my set up. As the bird closed the distance, I could see a long, thick beard dangling from his chest. My heart began to pound, as the bird closed the distance and entered my thirty yard shooting lane. I drew my bow, and settled my sight pin on the butt the turkey's wing. I remember thinking to myself, "Man, I'm about to fill my second archery turkey tag!"

Rewind to August of this year. My brother Tim, Gordy Mathes, John Banderman and I made the nine-hour drive to the JP Ranch, in Omaha, TX, for a pig hunt. The temperatures were in the upper 90's to low 100's but the pigs were still moving. I attempted two shots at pigs, wounding one that could not be found, and missed another. Talk about a confidence killer! This, coupled with a bad outing in

Canada two years ago on bears (great trip, great time, bad shots on two bears that could not be found), prompted me to get with Gordy and return to my compound ways.

Now I love shooting my recurve (especially bow fishing) and my longbow. The longbow was made for the late, great Jerry Pierce and given to me by Mr. Pierce's son, and my good friend, Lenny Pierce, and it will never



Mike with his first bird

leave my sight. I am a firm believer that these types of bows, in the right hands, are lethal weapons, and I have the utmost respect for anyone who can consistently make clean kills with traditional equipment. I, unfortunately, am not one of these people. I need sights, release aids, range finders, and all the gizmos in order to have the confidence to harvest the animals I pursue. I, like the vast majority of bow hunters, do not take wounding an animal lightly and will do whatever it takes to make a clean, humane kill; period.

So, like I said, I got with Gordy at his shop, The Bow Shop, and he set me up with one of Bear Archery's latest, state of the art, compound bows. After a few practice sessions, I had arrows scraping each other at 20, 30, and 40 yards. Gordy's daughter, Jennifer, set me up with a dozen Bemem carbon arrows dipped and fletched in bright green and white and I tipped them with Muzzy 100 grain three-blade broadheads. My confidence was growing with each shot at my Styrofoam 3-D deer. I was ready for the Missouri bow season opener.

Now fast forward to September 28, 2013. I was sitting in one of the tree stands Tim and I set up before the



Good groupings build confidence



The finished product

Compound... continued from page 7

season opener. Dawn to about 8:45 AM was uneventful. I was playing with my phone and thinking about getting down when I heard a turkey cluck to my left. I slowly turned my head in that direction and saw a flock of about eight turkeys, all hens, walking towards the little food plot I was watching. As the first turkey in line came into my shooting lane, I drew back, settled the 20-yard pin on the turkey's wing, and released. The Muzzy three-blade found its mark and the young hen flopped twice before expiring. My first turkey with a bow! I called Tim and he came to get me. She was a small turkey, but a turkey none the less.

After numerous photos, back slapping, and phone calls/text messages, I breasted the bird out and fried some up for breakfast.

Now back to the beginning of the story. I settled the 30-yard pin (I had already ranged several areas around me) and slightly touched the release trigger. As the arrow hit home, I heard the "THUMP" of a solid hit. I watched the bird collapse to the ground without a twitch. Turkey number two was in the books!

I called Tim, who was hunting another stand about 100 yards from me. We met at my blind and walked up to the bird together. And what a bird it

was!! The arrow had passed through the bird and was sticking out of both sides. I could not have hit this bird any better. He tipped the scales at twenty pounds, had a ten inch beard, and inch long spurs. A MONSTER fall bird! Again after photos, phone calls and text messages, I breasted this bird and fried up some delicious turkey chunks for breakfast, again.

Needless to say, my confidence is back and I can't wait for an opportunity at a deer. As I type this, the rut is approaching and I have been drawn for a managed hunt in Busch Wildlife in St. Charles, MO in December. We also have another pig hunt planned for January 2014. Lord willing, my shooting and luck will hold out, but it already has been a fall to remember.

Déjà Vu

Mike McDonald

It was November 7th and the wind had shifted to the west; perfect for the stand I had planned to sit for an evening hunt. When I first saw him he was out in front of me at about 75 yards. He moved to my left to within 50 yards. Through the heavy honeysuckle brush I could see he was a pretty good buck. He opened a scrape then got on his hind legs and raked the honeysuckle above him. As he moved off the scrape he started to turn toward me. At 25 yards I could finally see his true mass, as he had to turn his rack to maneuver through the brush. I think my heart skipped a beat. He then turned to parallel me away from my anticipated shooting lanes. That's when the overwhelming feeling of déjà vu hit me. In what way would the Gods of the Hunt amuse themselves, at my expense, this time?

I had a run in with this very buck the year prior from the same stand. On last year's encounter he came in on my right. In front of my stand is a bridge of elevated ground that separates a couple of sinkholes. My anticipation

for the stand is to have the deer move past on the elevated ground passing within 15 yards. Last year when he reached the spot of ground, he opened a scrape, turned to his right and walked off not to be seen again that year.

But that wasn't the only reason for the apprehension I was feeling. Earlier this season, on this same property, I had another very nice buck with a heavy, wide rack come to within 5 yards of me. He had a typical left side with a palmated left antler. He left me without a shot, not once, but twice that evening; hitting a scrape and raking the brush right under me. The heavy honeysuckle that covers the area foiled each encounter. On the second encounter, about the time I was sure he would continue to walk into my shooting lane, he was run off by a large bodied buck who gave a snort-wheeze that sent the palmated buck trotting off. This "dominate" buck had essentially one large antler that stuck strait out the top of his head. I'm sure that no other buck would want to engage in a fight with him due to the high likelihood of injury that would be inflicted by that mega spike. Of course, this buck walked right through my shooting lane at under 15 yards. I had no interest in shooting him after the double encounter of the palmated buck. I wanted a third try at him.

A few weeks later, on the night before the encounter I began this story with, I got a good north wind that would allow me to hunt the stand I saw the palmated buck from. Despite the good wind and changing weather I didn't see a single deer. Speaking with the landowner after the hunt I found that "my" buck had been killed a few days earlier. I was dejected thinking about the close calls that just didn't pan out and seeming unlikelihood of me getting a chance at another good buck.

So, back to the 7th of November, there I sat. He had stopped behind a



Déjà Vu continued from page 8

tree and more thick brush just over 15 yards away. It appeared to me this encounter was about to end with another close but no shot opportunity. Rather than succumb to that feeling of déjà vu, I decided to stand and see if I could break the spell. As I did, I saw a washtub sized hole in the brush that looked as if he would pass through if he decided to continue straight ahead from his concealed position. I readied myself and concentrated on the center of the opening. It all happened quickly at that point. I saw his head enter the lane, I began to draw my longbow, his vitals centered the lane and I released. Even with the white fletched arrow I had difficulty seeing the shot placement in the shadows of the thick cover. The hit sounded solid and the arrow had passed through but he was moving, so I knew the shot was further back than I would have liked. He bolted off and was quickly out of sight. I was amazingly calm at this point, it all felt right. I took out my binoculars and could see my arrow covered in bright red blood. It was 4:30 pm, feeling the shot was a little too far back, the only thing to do was wait.

At 7:30 PM, with the help of Charlie, the property owner, and his friend, Mike, we took up the blood trail. It was

short lived. The massive buck had traveled just out of sight and had quickly expired. The shot was back but it had cut the aorta putting him down within 75 yards. High fives, pictures and a short drag later I had him in the back of the truck. I'm hoping the next time I experience déjà vu, my mind is conjuring up a scenario similar to this one!

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

Criteria... continued from page 9

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.

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UBM Kid's Bow Giveaway Project

By Darren Haverstick

For the third year in a row, the UBM will be hosting a booth at the Missouri Deer Classic and Outdoor Expo giving away bows to children and teaching folks about the joy of archery. This is a daunting task since the popularity of our booth surpasses our resources both in materiel and personnel. We made and gave away 400 PVC pipe bows last year plus we had a shooting range where the young'uns could try out their new bows. This year, I am told that a bowfishing tank has been added to the mix and we will be helping kids try their hand at shooting foam rubber carp. We also upped our bow goal to 800 units. This is a tall order for the club and we quickly realized that we were going to need some assistance.

Fortunately, Joe Pendergrass, who is in charge of the Deer Classic, is also an active UBM member and he started garnering support for our bow giveaway project by coming up with a flyer to hand out to businesses and regular folks asking them to sponsor our efforts. Boy, what a success that has been!

Since I first sent out Joe's flyer to every UBM member I had an email address for, the donations have been pouring in. Businesses, organizations and individuals from all over have shown their support for this outreach program with generous contributions of both money and bow building supplies. Thanks to the help of past UBM president, Marv Cochran, Compton Traditional Bowhunters alone gave us a check for \$500! Chris Rackley got his Home Depot store to donate 100 sticks of PVC pipe and Max Medsker said he would donate 100 sticks of pipe as well. That's enough pipe to make half the bows we need already.

So now we need volunteers to do some bow assembly work. The price tag for this year's project is somewhere around \$1300 and, if all the pledges come in, it looks like we should have that covered. But what we don't have covered is all the people it's going to take to make these bows and help run our booth when we set up shop the weekend of March 15th-16th 2014. However...we have a plan.

Members have already volunteered to make the bow blanks and get all the other pieces cut up and ready to go. All this stuff will be brought to the Festival where a booth will be set up to disperse it among the troops. What I need for you to do is come by this booth, gather up an armful of goodies, assemble said goodies into bows and get the finished bows to our booth at the Columbia fairgrounds by March 15th. Don't worry; assembly instructions will be provided and if I can make one of these bows then anyone should be able to handle the task.

It would also be great, while you're picking up these supplies, if you would seriously consider helping out at our Deer Classic booth when we give all these bows away. Last year, we had ten or fifteen people working and it was all we could do to keep up with handing out bows and helping kids shoot them. With twice as many bows to give away, and the added bowfishing tank, we are going to need lots more help. This is a fantastic way for the UBM to really let the public know what we are about and Mr. Pendergrass has dreams about making our club a premier part of the event. But it can't be done without members showing up to do the work

While our financial goal has pretty much been met, it never hurts to have extra for contingencies and for the 2015 Deer Classic. I have posted the sponsorship flyer on our website under the "Events" tab for you to download, print and hand out. Thanks to the quick thinking of lifetime member,

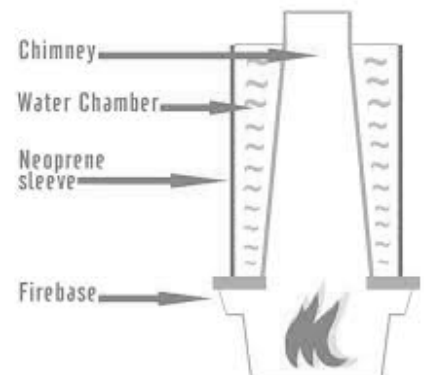
Dick Wood, there is also a link on our website that allows people to donate to the cause using PayPal. All the contributors will be proudly listed on a Sponsors Board at our booth in March. It's the least we can do to show our thanks to everyone who has helped us out in this endeavor.

I personally want to thank everyone who has already helped out with this project. I was a little skeptical when I set the goal at 800 bows for the next Classic but you all have shown me that anything is possible when we work together. I hope to see all the old faces, and lots of new ones, at our booth in March. Trust me, you are in for a very rewarding experience!

Product Review: mKettle Cooking Pot

By Brian Peterson

In trying to keep up with the mainstream publications, I've always thought that a gear review section would be valuable to our membership. I know a few of us are gear junkies, and often have the opportunity to use items that are not on the commercial radar. Case in point for this inaugural review is the mKettle, a self-contained ½ liter water heating pot/stove in the family of "volcano" pots such as the Backcountry Boiler, Thermette, Ghillie-Kettle and Kelly Kettle. All these pots work on the same basic principal of solid "found" fuels (twigs, grass, leaves) with accelerated burning in a specifically designed





Product... continued from page 11

burn chamber using the “chimney” effect. As a general rule, these pots are only used for boiling water (for drinks and rehydrating freeze-dried meals), not cooking. The advantage to them is in situations where taking or finding compressed or liquid fuels is problematic—such as on airlines or extreme wilderness situations where fuel canisters might not be available. Disadvantages include bulk (in the case of the larger base camp models that may boil 3+ liters of water), actually having to find or carry dry fuel, the fact they take a little finessing at times to catch and burn efficiently and that they do take longer to boil water than a Jet Boil.

I practiced with my mKettle quite a bit before my recent trip to Alaska, and was able to successfully boil the 16 oz capacity of water in well under 6 minutes using wet twigs and in a rain. Not the 2 minute boil times I could get with a commercial Iso-butane stove or even my little alcohol stoves, but those wouldn't be practical where we were headed. The biggest issues we faced in Alaska was the wind (which once the fire was lit actually amplified the “volcano effect” of the chimney) and the fact that the driftwood up there lacked BTU's compared to oak and

hickory twigs in my driveway. Wet and windy conditions were counteracted by the use of a small piece of fire starter (homemade or Esbit-type) to get things going, although with practice, tenacity, and a bit of luck one can get the same results with natural tinder. We did find it helpful to collect a small supply of twigs and such when conditions were dry and we found them plentiful (some beaches were pretty barren). Carrying these around in a backpack might defeat the purpose, but in a raft camp situation, it was nice to have a dry supply of firewood when it was time for a coffee break. Prices range from \$60-\$100 for the backpacker models of volcano kettles, and if you are socially aware or care, there is a bit of history between the makers of the mKettle and Backcountry Boiler. You can check the back packing threads for the “truth” as to who ripped off who and to what extent and what social ramifications are to be expected by supporting one side or the other. This all came to light after our trip, but suffice it to say, the mKettle performed well and we were never without hot water, no matter how long it took.

Tips and Tricks for Ghillies and Ground Hunting

Darren Haverstick

This is a little primer I put together on bowhunting from the ground in a ghillie suit. Most of the stuff I mention in the following paragraphs was learned the hard way and it is my hope that someone reading this will take my advice to heart and be able to avoid the sometimes painful mistakes I have made in the past. While I do not consider myself an authority on this subject, I do have enough experience with the material that I feel comfortable passing along some nuggets of wisdom to someone who might be considering hunting in this manner.

First off, I am writing this piece under the assumption that everyone reading it already knows what a ghillie suit is. If you do not, just imagine skinning Bigfoot and then wrapping his hide around you like a big, furry coat. That is what a ghillie suit looks like, minus the fleas and the blood. They are an excellent aid in concealment and, when correctly used with local flora, render the wearer virtually invisible.

I took up wearing one of these and hunting from the ground several years ago after an inspirational seminar at our Festival put on by UBM member, Steve North. Mr. North made this combination sound both exciting and deadly and I couldn't wait to try it out during the next season. Since then, I've spent a lot of hours hunkered up in the brush, killed a few animals this way and have had more really close encounters than you can imagine.

One of the first things I tell anyone who is considering getting a ghillie suit is to get the lightweight model made with synthetic nylon thread. Even wearing the lightest ghillie is oppressively hot in Missouri's early season. You would probably die of heat stroke wearing one made of burlap or jute! In fact, I consider my ghillie as another

layer of insulation when picking out my ensemble for the day's hunt.

The other suggestion I always make is to get a ghillie that was constructed by tying the thread bundles onto a backing layer of netting. This netting allows you to add vegetation to your suit for a more realistic look. Also, the thread bundles will wear down over time and you can patch the holes in your suit by tying your own bundles onto the netting with replacement thread. I have seen some ghillies where the thread bundles were sewn directly onto a nylon bug suit. Stay away from these models as this method of construction wouldn't allow you to easily fix the bald spots that will show up over time.

The two styles of ghillies I have seen are the one-piece poncho and the two-piece jacket and pants where a hood may or may not be attached to the jacket. I like the jacket and pants combination better than the poncho because sometimes I don't need to wear the pants. Both styles work equally well, though, so it is a matter of personal preference on which one you choose.

Through regular use, your ghillie will collect a lot of leaves, twigs, briars and dirt. I clean mine once a season by hand washing it outside in a bucket and then hanging it up to dry. I made the mistake, once, of putting my suit in the clothes dryer to get it dry. That is bad idea! My ghillie came out looking like a big green poodle. All the thread bundles got tangled up together and I finally ended up cutting most of them off and replacing them.

So how does a ghillie suit get so dirty? Well, basically they are like a giant piece of Velcro which is why you never, ever, ever want to wear your ghillie into where you are going to hunt. That is, unless you are hunting in an area that looks like a parking lot. One time, I decided to wear mine just

a little ways while ambling down a field edge. As I was walking, I got too close to a multi-flora rose thicket and was quickly snagged. This wouldn't have been so bad except that every time I freed myself from one entanglement I would create another. I soon looked like Brer Rabbit in the Uncle Remus tale, "Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby". Fortunately, my dad came along in a couple of days and cut me out. Now, I always carry my ghillie inside a backpack and put it on after I get to where I'm going. When I leave, I take it off and put it back in the pack. Sure, it's a little more work, but it saves me a lot of suffering in the long run.

Another thing a first-time ghillie wearer will want to do is practice shooting their bow while donning the suit. You will most certainly have to trim some of the threads on your bow arm to keep them out of the way of the bow string. Wearing a full-length arm guard also helps with this problem. You will also probably have to trim some of the threads on the hood so they don't interfere with your vision and/or your anchor point. There are ghillie suits sold specifically as bow-hunting models but I wouldn't recommend them. All the manufacturers are doing is charging you an extra \$50-\$100 to trim the suit up before you get it.

Okay, so I think I've covered the basic care and feeding of a ghillie suit. Now let's talk about ground hunting. Now when I say "ground hunting", I'm referring to hunting with my feet on terra firma in my ghillie while making use of natural blinds and vegetation. I am not talking about hunting out of pop-up blinds. There are a lot of factors to consider to successfully hunt this way but the most important, by far, is to hunt the wind. The wind direction is important when you are in a tree but it is ultra-critical when your stink and a deer's nose are at the same level. The second most important thing

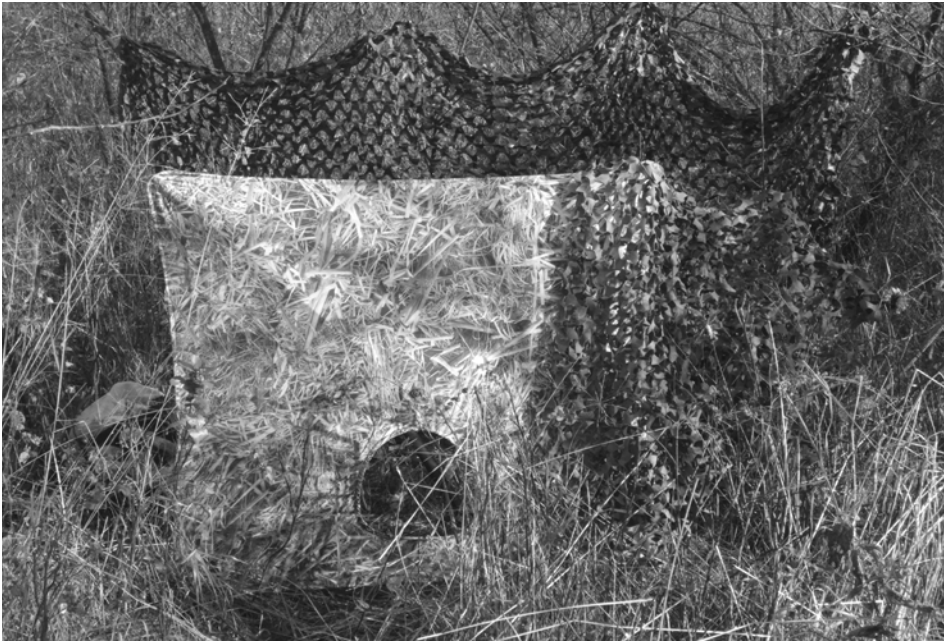


My portable deer killing command center.

to think about, in my opinion, is clear shooting lanes. When your arrow path is parallel to the ground, instead of down at it, there are a lot more things for said arrow to bounce off of. I have learned this lesson the hard way and, unfortunately, it took more than one class period for the lesson to take.

When I hunt from the ground I usually use a natural blind that I have built on the spot with a few handy tools I keep in my pack; a folding saw, a pair of anvil pruning shears and 14" zip ties. Paracord is also useful but oftentimes I can string two or more zip ties together to get the length I need so it is not essential.

I have probably gone through four or five folding saws and twice that many pruning shears since I started bowhunting. The main reason for this was that I bought junk; not intentionally, it just worked out that way. For some reason, the brands marketed to hunters are just not that good. My folding saws always broke at the joint where the handle and blade came together and the shears failed for a variety of reasons. Getting tired of annually replacing my equipment, I did a lot of research on these two tools to see what professional gardeners and landscapers used. For a saw, I settled on the Silky brand. That was the one



I made this imromptu hide in about 10 minutes. I had a doe walk within 5 yards of me.

Tips... continued from page 13

that got the best reviews by folks in the business. Its main selling point for me was that the joint where the blade and handle came together is made out of metal instead of plastic. Since buying that saw several years ago, I have not needed another. I understand that a new company, Wicked Tree Gear, also makes a top-notch saw. I talked with the company president, Todd Pringnitz, and his story was similar to my own. He took it one step further, though, and came up with his own saw. I kinda hope my Silky does break someday so I can have a good reason to buy one of his.

For pruning shears, I decided to go with the Florian brand. Again, that was a name consistently mentioned in a favorable light and they had a model that suited my needs. I like a ratchet-style anvil pruner as opposed to bypass shears. I've had several pairs of bypass shears in the past and the blades always got bent such that there was a gap between them as they bypassed one another. Pretty soon, I was chewing through the brush instead of cutting it.

A ground hunting tip I picked up from Fred Asbell is to keep a piece of camo netting in your pack to help fill

in the gaps in your brush blind. A lot of times you may need to set up in a hurry and you will be amazed at how well a piece of that stuff helps hide you. I also carry my Jay Faherty HIPS blind with me for the same purpose. I can quickly take it off my bow, prop it up on the ground and use it as the "door" to get in and out of my hidey hole. The last thing I want to mention is how important being comfortable is when you are hunting on the ground. Remember, you are now at eye and

nose level to a lot of critters and, I don't know about you, but being comfortable means that I'm not moving around trying to get that way. And not moving around means that I'm not giving away my position to every animal in my vicinity. Being comfortable also means that I am more apt to stay in the woods where the deer are as opposed to going back to the house. To achieve this level of comfort, I believe it is paramount that you have a good chair or stool to park your backside on. A La-Z-Boy recliner would probably do the trick but I don't think that it's practical for this application. It is too hard to lug around and difficult to shoot out of. No, for me, the only solution to this problem is the Huntmore 360 chair.

The Huntmore 360 is the brainchild of Scott Hoffman and has been on the market now for several years. Mr. Hoffman came up with his chair for all the reasons I mentioned above plus he wanted something that was durable enough to withstand the rigors of constant use. Like me, he was tired of spending money on hunting stools that MIGHT last the entire season. Before the Huntmore, there was nothing out there that came even remotely close



Ground hunting tools of the trade.

Tips... continued from page 1

to its level of durability and comfort. Using it, I have no problem sitting for a five-hour stretch and I can quietly swivel onto my target if the need arises. Now I won't go into all the features of this wonderful product here but I will address the two things that folks bring up when they say they wouldn't buy one; its weight and its price. Yes, the chair is relatively heavy with the 19" version weighing in at around 12 pounds. And, they are not cheap with the cost of that model being around \$220. But I always tell those folks to look at the situation this way; most bowhunters hunt from trees and those bowhunters get in those trees by either buying a lot of hang-on treestands and steps and/or a couple of climbing treestands. The last time I looked, those items had a pretty hefty price tag on them too but most hunters don't think twice about plunking down the cash for a Lone Wolf climber and then strapping that 20-pound piece of equipment on their back to take it where they want to go. Well, for a ground hunter, the chair you sit in is your "treestand" so you should expect nothing less from its performance than a tree hunter would from their chair in the air. My garage has the carcasses of several hunting stools I bought in the past that I keep thinking I'll fix someday and the money I spent on those chairs easily exceeded what I spent on my Huntmore. And since that chair is built like a tank, I know I won't be replacing it anytime soon.

Well, there you have it, free advice on ground hunting from someone who loves doing it! I hope I shared something with you that you didn't know before, or at least thought was interesting. If you want to bump up the challenge of taking an animal with your bow, try playing the ground game for a while. You won't be disappointed and, like me, you'll probably be hooked!

To Catch a Moose

Brian Peterson

The native peoples of western Alaska have a peculiar vernacular when it comes to moose hunting. "Did you catch your moose?" As I waited with the raft at the public ramp at the little village at the end of our hunt, the locals were abuzz with the news that two white men had floated the river with a raft, and had caught moose as well. And to beat all, when I told them I had taken mine with a longbow, the double-take in their expression was priceless. I doubt they had ever seen that before. I know I hadn't...

Our adventure began, as most do, over a year in advance with the planning. This was to be my third trip to Alaska and fourth try at a moose with a longbow with my good friend, UBM member and Alaska resident, Dave Long. Dave had successfully taken a cow and a bull moose with his recurve in previous seasons and he was itching to see me finally connect. In addition, Dave had built a beautiful lemonwood, bamboo and purple heart English longbow that he would carry on this hunt. To hedge my bet on finally tagging a bull, we had settled on one of the few units in Alaska where a non-resident could shoot any antlered bull, rather than the usual 50" or 4 brow tine restriction virtually state

wide. That worked just fine for me as my bucket list only mentioned "Shoot moose with longbow"—didn't say anything about antlers....

Our hunt would be a raft float hunt on the aptly dubbed "West Fork of the Windy River". We would fly into the bush in two trips on a Cessna 180 and be dropped with our gear on a gravel bar about 85 miles upstream of a small village close to the Yukon River in the delta region of western Alaska. We would have 16 days to float and hunt moose and bear in God's country; and it didn't take long to see moose... As we geared up the first morning, I was taking pictures of camp and looked up—there on the hill overlooking camp was a dandy bull, staring down at us! This bull's reaction to our calls was frustratingly typical of those we saw early in the hunt. Interested at a distance, but turned tail and ran when faced with a challenge. It was just too early in the rut. The upper stretches of the river would have been perfect for long distance rifle shooting as we saw several magnificent bulls, but we were looking for some up-close-and-personal encounters.

As we made our way down the winding river, it gradually widened and deepened, and the willows grew thicker and taller. Eventually, spruce trees appeared at the fringe of the tundra and the terrain began to look more





Moose... continued from page 15

like my preconceived notions of what moose country should look like. The weather also began to deteriorate, with frosty mornings (i.e. frozen stocking foot waders), daily snow squalls, and strong winds. On day 10 of the float, we were staked out in a willow thicket just downstream from camp when a doozy of a snow storm hit, dumping wet, quarter-sized flakes on us for several hours, most hitting horizontally. Whatever switch that flipped, the moose turned on, and bulls started filtering into camp in search of that lonely cow, convincingly portrayed by Dave. At one point that evening, we twice broke away from boiling water and fixing our Mt. House meals as small bulls crossed the river into camp, but no shots were taken.

It had been a long day and Dave hit the sack early, but my “Spidey-sense” was tingling and I thought I’d stay up till dark. I was sitting on a bucket writing in my daily journal when I looked up and there he was, a young paddle bull standing in the slough just above camp! I whispered to Dave “Bull!” and he started cow calling softly from his rack as I grabbed my bow and crab-crawled to the willows at the end of our gravel bar. The bull turned and headed towards the raft, and as moose are notorious for taking exception to foreign things on their beaches, I was thinking this might turn

out to be a “DLP” (Defense of Life and Property) situation. Fortunately, the young bull veered slightly, offered a perfect quartering away opportunity, and took a feathered shaft right behind the shoulder. At the hit, he ran about 50 yards into the middle of the river, stood for a few seconds, then reared up in an amazing impression of the Lone Ranger’s iconic “Hi-Ho, Silver”, then keeled over dead. By now, Dave had poked his head out of the tent, swearing the shot was 35 yards if it was a yard. All I know was that it felt right and was taken without hesitation. High 5’s and fist pumps (and yes, even a manly congratulatory embrace) quickly turned to “Ruh-Roh’s” as we noticed the deceased bull was slowly making his way downstream. Dave quickly dawned his chest waders (I was still wearing mine) while I grabbed the field bag containing ropes and block & tackle and tossed it in the inflatable canoe. We hustled down to the next bend in the fading light as we watched Bullwinkle gaining speed. Dave caught up to my bull in waist-deep water, and we slowly hauled him as close to shore as we could and tied him off to a tree. With no other choice than to jump in head first, I shed as many clothes as I dared, put my Helly Hanson slicker back on, grabbed my knife and did a passable job of field dressing the bull by feel in the dark, shoulder-deep

under water. That was fun and I still have the frostnipped fingers to prove it! At least the carcass would flush clean and cool overnight in the chilly water.

The next morning, we hiked down to tackle the daunting job of dressing and quartering my moose. Fortunately, we were able to heft him to the edge of shore so we could do the job above water. All things considered, this positioning was a blessing in disguise. We were able to keep the meat clean and free of debris, and more importantly, we didn’t have to pack heavy quarters across ankle-busting terrain. We simply loaded the meat bags into the inflatable canoe and lined the load back upstream to camp. Granted, it took two trips, but that was a great way to break into the moose butchering business.

The next week was spent slowly moving our way downstream with the focus on keeping the meat cache dry and bear-free as well as hopefully putting a bull within bow range of Dave’s longbow. At each camp site, we would create a mattress of driftwood and willow branches to elevate the meat off the beach and facilitate some air circulation to dry the bags. One item we used early on was a solution of citric acid, commercially available as an anti-bacterial spray to extend the freshness of meat in the field. This, combined with cool temperatures and the ever present wind, allowed the meat to age nicely. Another luxury item for the field was salt. I decided to save my cape as well, and after a few hours of turning ears, eyes, lips and nose, it was nice to be able to salt the hide. We had brought plenty, but figure a bare minimum of 5# of plain white salt per salting per cape; with at least 2 saltings required to stabilize the hide. I know that’s a lot of extra weight, but I figure that was the only reason my cape survived the trip, especially considering it was completely

Moose... continued from page 16

submerged in the river, then rained and snowed on the rest of the trip.

At one point, we started regularly seeing heavy boat traffic heading up and down the river; the natives actively pursuing their moose as well. Unbeknownst to us, we had inadvertently camped just upstream of a native cabin. As we floated past them the next morning, we felt a less than friendly atmosphere as the waves were small and unenthusiastic. And as if tempting us to rub salt in that wound, less than 300 yards past this cabin, we floated past a giant bull moose standing at the willows edge—totally unconcerned by this rubber ring floating by. As Dave quickly pointed out, this was a bull to be passed, as attempting to take him so close to a native holding would most assuredly be detrimental to native relations! Beautiful to watch, and definitely a wise decision to pass.

The last camp put us about 10 miles as the raven flies upstream of our takeout, and with meat to deal with and the end of moose season upon us, we had about figured to call it a trip and head on in to get things organized and shipped back to Anchorage. The morning of the 30th (the last day of moose season), found us breaking camp ready for the last leg of the journey. We had everything packed and ready to load into the raft and were sitting finishing our coffee when we heard the distinctive “glunk” of a bull moose coming from the thicket behind camp. We looked at each other with one of those “that figures” looks, and as Dave had already packed his bow and arrows away in their tubes, he grabbed the camp .45-70 lever action and headed to the edge of the willows behind camp. I sat at the edge of camp with the horn and cow-called while Dave proceeded to break branches and thrash the willows. That did the trick, and the bull was coming—and fast! A moment later, he stepped out

of the bush, stopping short at the sight of the raft and meat cache. Too late! Dave put two rounds into the bull at 20 yards. It was a bittersweet victory, as it would have been a perfect scenario for his new longbow, but let’s be honest, the Long’s now had a year’s supply of fresh meat, and it was still an awesome hunt! A dead moose is a good moose! And with an open sight lever rifle action no less.

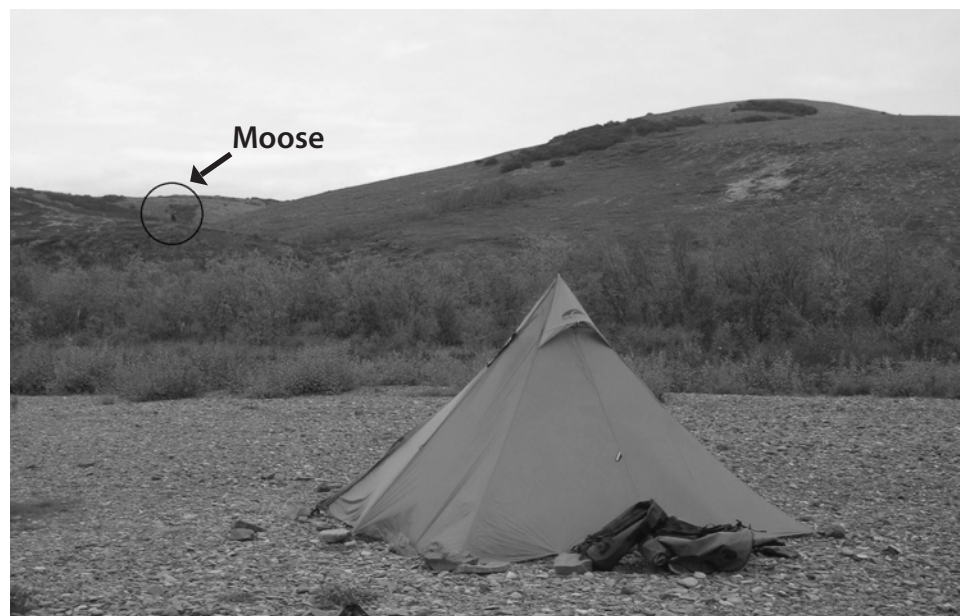
Needless to say, after a long afternoon of caping and butchering, we had to reset camp. Darkness fell as we finished the last of the chores and we were spent. Despite our exhaustion, we had a pretty sleepless night, being camped so close to a gutpile and two moose worth of meat. Let’s hope that electric bear fence and handfuls of moth balls actually worked as bear repellent! As fate would have it, that night was clear and cold—the coldest of the trip—but thankfully quiet. The water level of the river dropped leaving the raft high and dry and frozen to the gravel. We quickly discovered that our stocking foot waders and wading boots were frozen solid as well. “Ruh-Roh”, indeed! By the time we had camp packed, loaded on the raft and our fingers and toes somewhat thawed, the ice at the shoreline was approaching ½” thick. Time to make for the world

before we were iced in.

The “10” mile trip took nearly 4 hours, even with the little 6-hp outboard. The raft handled the weight just fine, but ice floes on the main river kept the speeds to an idle for long stretches. Once we finally landed at the village and visited with our new native friends, we made our way to the airport to palletize our gear for the backhaul to anchorage. Four pallets and 1,975 lbs later, we had a minute to catch our breath before our own flight. Once back in civilization, I had a few days to unpack, dry, and sort gear, debone and freeze my bulk meat, and arrange for shipping everything back to Missouri. My hunt of a lifetime was over—at least for this round. I can’t wait to do it again!

Equipment Note:

The author used a custom made 56lb@28” Tall Timbers hybrid longbow by Don Orrell, and 300 grains of ACE Standard broadheads, adapters, and weight inserts for extreme FOC on lifeless, soulless, Gold Tip “Traditional” XX5575 carbon arrows for a total arrow weight of 720 grains. This combination did the trick nicely and survived the tough Alaskan weather with honors.



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~ RAFFLE TICKET ~
 UBM Festival - February 2014
Black Widow Bow



Donation: \$1.00 per ticket or \$5.00 for 6 tickets
 (Need not be present to win)

**Drawing will be held at the
 United Bowhunters of Missouri Festival**

Name: _____ Phone: _____

Address: _____ City: _____ Zip: _____



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Name: _____ Phone: _____

Address: _____ City: _____ Zip: _____

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, 24933 Helium Rd., Newtown, MO 64667 by January 20th or bring to the UBM Festival.

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United Bowhunters of Missouri Festival 2014

February 7th-9th

Country Club Hotel & Spa Lake Ozark, MO

www.countryclubhotel.com · 800-964-6698



Keynote Speaker: Don Thomas

Seminar Speakers: Bob Burns-*High Country Backpacking*

Don & Lori Thomas-*Outdoor Photography* · Hunter Watson- *Georgia Hogs & Texas Javelinas*

Missouri Dept of Conservation's Joe DeBold- *Managing Your Local Deer Herd*

Darren Haverstick- *Sewing With Sinew: A Beginner's Guide To Archery Leatherwork*

Something of interest for everyone!

Black Widow bow raffle · Photography contest · Archery dealers

Custom bowyers · Trader's blanket · Live auction · Silent auction

Indoor shooting range · Game mount displays

For information call: Darren Haverstick (417) 693-5304 . email: dchaverstick@gmail.com

Brian Peterson (417) 331-1135 . email: bpeterson007@centurytel.net

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For Photo Contest contact: Mike Wirt (636) 584-2649 scpd753@yahoo.com

Hotel Accommodations: \$57 + tax/night (tell them you're with the UBM to get this special rate)

Detach at Dotted Line

Mail this portion back with your registration check

Pre-Registration must be postmarked by January 31, 2014

(Early Bird Drawing Deadline must be postmarked by January 15th, 2014)

MEMBER'S NAME _____

SPOUSE'S NAME (if attending) _____

OTHERS ATTENDING _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

DAY PHONE _____ EVENING PHONE _____

Adult Tickets _____ at \$40.00 = \$ _____

(\$45.00 each after January 31, 2013)

Youth (14 and Under) Tickets _____ at \$15.00 = \$ _____

(\$20.00 each after January 31, 2013)

TOTAL ENCLOSED = \$ _____

(Day passes for those not attending the banquet: members - \$5.00 non-members - \$7.00)

Mail Registration to: Brenda Hudson / UBM Festival
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Newtown, MO 64667
(660) 794-2591

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UBM Festival Bear Hunt Auctions

6 DAY CANADIAN BEAR HUNT

Wolf River Bear Baits, Doug Park, Outfitter — Dorion, Ontario
(just north of Thunder Bay)

Over 30 years guide experience and caters primarily
to bowhunters.

Spike camp (bring own food, ATV's, stands). Hunt over active
baited sites. Sites baited for six weeks in advance. Sites are cleared
and ready for you to set up your own stands. Some sites have
stands already.

Hunters can help check and bait sites. Outfitter helps with tracking,
bear retrieval, skinning and meat preparation. Freezer service is
also available. Excellent fishing in the area.

Tentative dates available:

August 23-29

Final dates to be worked out between hunter and outfitter.

Passport required to enter Canada

Expenses: Ontario non-resident bear license (\$225)
& export permit (\$35)

This is a donated hunt with two paid hunters
(regular price \$1400 US),
so find a friend and bid till it hurts!

*"There are no guarantees on any hunt, but if you don't kill a bear
on this one it's probably your own fault!" – Darren Haverstick*

**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.**

6 DAY MAINE BEAR HUNT

Squapan Mountain Outfitters, Tony Boucher, Outfitter

Near Presque Isle, ME

www.squapan.homestead.com

Hunt includes lodging, meals, baits, transportation
to and from bait sites, and game recovery.

**Dates available: 6-day hunt (Mon - Sat)
during bear season (August-September)**

Expenses: Non-resident bear license
(approximately \$200)

*"These guides not only work hard for you,
but are good guys to get along with." – Jim Pyles*

This is a single donated hunt (\$1400 value)

Questions?

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