

A Traditional Bowhunting Organization

United Bowhunters of Illinois

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Winter 2017



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President's Report - Jim Ellis

As I write, Christmas is near and the main rut has been over for a month now. The drive to hunt is still there, and I am still climbing into tree stands almost every day. For the past several years I have kept records of my bowhunting, which includes, date, weather conditions, morning or evening set, stand location, number of hours in stand, and sightings of deer, turkey, coons, coyotes, opossum, and other notable wildlife. I also record the age class of the deer. If they're close enough, does and fawns are easy to age as well as 1 1/2 year old bucks. Bucks 2 1/2 and older are a little tougher for me to determine age, but I still do my best to give them an age when I see one. My entire count is only from a tree stand, not while walking to and from the stands. Based on my records I set anywhere from 40 to 75 times a year. I keep count of deer that I pass shots on (ones I could have shot), and deer that I have shot at and missed as well. I even record hits on deer, coyote, and turkey that are not recovered.

My data are very accurate up to the point of aging the deer. There might be slight flaws in accurate ages, but this information is only for me. All my data show me that in the past three seasons epizootic hemorrhagic disease (EHD) has done one hell of a job reducing the deer herd in my area of Knox County as well as across the state. I purchased acreage where I live now in 2001, and the 2016 season is looking to be the worst season of deer sightings (that is fewer deer) from a treestand I have had in Knox County. My son or I have not killed a doe in the past three seasons. That does not mean neighbors don't shoot them and then bitch about not seeing deer. I compared my 2016 season sightings to my 1995 season. The 1995 season is just in a different hunting area.

To let everyone know, my 2016 records show I hit a buck in the shoulder and did not recover it on October 31. I killed a 174 lb. 9-pointer on November 4, and cut a coyote on December 13 that I did not recover. I think I still had a good season with fewer deer. I find this type of record keeping is like having a head mounted. The mount reminds me of a hunt and records remind me of the entire season.

I will be happy to share my spreadsheet with anyone who would like to start keeping bowhunting records. You won't be sorry you take the time.

The UBI Board has been working hard to make the 2017 Banquet enjoyable and memorable. We are bringing in Solo Hunter Mike Mitten as the keynote speaker. This is a plus for our membership. I am looking forward to hearing and seeing Mike's stories and pictures his many hunting adventures. UBI's past President Mike Davenport will present his British Columbia goat hunt during a day seminar. Mike is planning to bring his full mounted goat to the banquet. Professor Matt Springer from the University of Kentucky will present findings on a Southern Illinois University deer travel study. It has been four years since Matt has been at our banquet when he presented the early parts of this study to the UBI membership. This will be very interesting seminar. I hope everyone is planning to attend the 2017 banquet to listen to seminar speakers, get in on raffles and the auction but most of all renew new and old friendships.

See you at the banquet,

Jim Ellis



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Director's Report - Peter Tarcha

As I write this report in mid-December 2016, the Conservation Committee is waiting in anticipation, like good children do for Santa, confidential performance data packages on conservation police officers who have demonstrated exemplary service in enforcing game laws that effect bowhunting. Rafael Gutierrez, the Director of Law Enforcement has asked his staff to provide this information so we can select an award winner to honor at our March 2017 banquet.

The Committee had decided earlier in the year to purchase a large robotic deer (a need expressed to us by Lt. Jay Danner, Director of Procurement, for IDNR enforcement) at total cost of \$2000. We had ordered the deer well in advance of the start of bow season, so it would be received by October 1, 2016, but delays in manufacturing resulting in IDNR receiving the deer just before the second firearm season. This was not a disaster because not many bowhunters would shoot an arrow illegally at a stuffed robotic deer, except for maybe those few 50-75 yard braggarts you may know, with compounds or crossbows. In any case, the robotic deer was put into service in Region 4, in Greene County, which is in the southwestern part of our state. On the decoy's first placement, during the Saturday night of the second firearm season, a grandfather allegedly coached his 13 year old grandson to take a shot at the decoy with a firearm. The deer appeared to be healthy after the incident, but an arrest was made. We need to teach them young, right? See the picture of the robotic deer in this newsletter issue.

Climate Change formally Global Warming is always mentioned in the news media. As the Conservation Committee Chair, I may be considered deplorable, if I was not alarmed at the effect Climate Change could have on our deer population in the future. As a retired pharmaceutical scientist, who has looked at some of the climate data and attended some talks on the subject, my opinion is that the effect on deer in our lifetimes is likely to be a positive one,




as carbon dioxide levels increase. In a published summary for policymakers¹, one of the key findings regarding plant characteristics is that rising carbon dioxide stimulates photosynthesis in nearly all plants, leading to increased in fruit, grain and vegetable yields of agricultural crops as well as increases in natural vegetation. The same summary report states "...the data on many animal species, including butterflies, insects, reptiles and other mammals, indicate global warming and its myriad ecological effects tend to foster the expansion and proliferation of animal habit ranges, and populations, or otherwise have no observable impacts one way or another". So if a deer is has awoken you sneaking up behind your tree stand and your not ready, or positioned to draw your bow, your

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 **Illinois Department of Natural Resources Conservation Police**

Yesterday at 3:33 PM

CPO's Michael Goetten and Chris Gushleff are pictured with a new deer decoy donated by the United Bow Hunters of Illinois (UBI) to combat illegal road hunting. Within 5 minutes of the very first time this decoy was put to use in Greene County, a 13 year old boy, under the direction of his grandfather, shot at the decoy from a roadway. While the grandfather was being cited for allowing the boy to shoot at the decoy, the boy stated he has seen decoys used by Game Wardens on the television show "North Woods Law" but could not believe how real this decoy looked. Road hunters beware!! You may not be shooting at the real thing!!!!

stress need not be compounded at this time by thoughts that this may be your last deer encounter due to climate change.

Even more stressful situation has been occurring. Opportunists armed with the tacit approval of government to save the planet can sneak up behind you, put a hand in your pocket and expect payment for the increased carbon dioxide being produced. In this situation you should ask informed questions first and shoot later. Through drilled ice cores that provide a historical record as far back as ~400,000 years, scientists have determined the temperature and carbon dioxide levels throughout this time span. It appeared that there was a warming and cooling cycle every 110,000 years and the peaks in temperature and carbon dioxide levels were correlated. But they were not correlated in the way we would expect as good students of Professor AI, of the Inconvenient Truth University. The data actually showed that for every cycle, the temperature rose, but there was an 800 year lag before the carbon dioxide level peaked. Certainly the temperature rise could not have been caused by that carbon dioxide and its greenhouse effect. It certainly makes sense that carbon dioxide levels rose after the global temperature rose. The oceans which make up more than two thirds of our global surface area are massive sinks for carbon dioxide and other gasses, e.g. oxygen, nitrogen, etc. Gasses become less soluble in water as the temperature rises. Out-gassing from the ocean waters occurred as the waters warmed. For a familiar example, recall that a carbonated beverage will go flat (due to out-gassing of carbon dioxide) much faster at room temperature than in the refrigerator.

A second question is why is the earth currently experiencing “a pause” in the average global warming rate, which has lasted over the last 18 years. The data was obtained from satellite surface temperature measurements (the RSS) and was not predicted by any of the current models for future global warming. Eighteen years is a very short time in the evolution of the earth and it is risky to make future judgments based on this. But none of the models of climate change in use today can predict the changes that have occurred in the past, never mind the future, and we have the data from the past to put into the models! The earth and its oceans and clouds, the Sun and the multitude of related variables that interact are too complex for the current models.

For more reading search:

The Vostok ice core samples -
The Pause (in global warming) -
Remote Sensing Systems Satellite (RSS) -

In addition:

Obtain from the Heartland Institute^{1,2}, 3939 North Wilke Road, Arlington Heights IL 60004. HEARTLAND.ORG: 312-377-4000

¹Climate Change Reconsidered II: Biological Impacts, Idso, Carter, and Singer, 2014 (Summary report may be free from Heartland. Should be of special interest to bowhunters and naturalists).

²Why Scientist Disagree About Global Warming, Idso, Carter, and Singer, 2015, 110 pages, \$6.50

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Director's Report - Jason Farr

From the "Farr Side of Fulton County"

Dear Traditional Bowhunters,

Time flies and before you know it, it will be banquet time. This is your organization. As I said earlier, if you have any suggestions we'd be happy to hear them. Is there anything you'd like to have or see at our next banquet? Let me know I'd be happy to discuss your thoughts.

The season will be closed by the time you receive this and I hope you had some great encounters this fall. It's been awhile since I've not filled both my buck permits but I filled my freezer with a few mature does and I was extremely selective hunting bucks.

Sometimes you just have to laugh. By the 13th of November I had deer that were 4.5 years or older come to me before and after shooting light. I had a 5.5 year old 5x5 run through my shooting lane twice at ten steps and not pause long enough for a shot. I rattled in another 5x5 and shot a tree branch at 8 yards. Then I had an eight point of a life time come in and stand facing me. Do you think he could have just gradually turned broadside? I had the deal sealed on November 9th. I looked to my left and at fifty yards and closing was a deer I was after all season. He was a 4x6 that was on a string soon to offer me that perfect shot. Standing motionless, anticipating what was about to happen, I noticed a doe coming down the hill side. Guess what? She saw him, he saw her and I saw my sure thing heading out of my life in the direct of the doe. On the 4th of November I put a friend of mine from southern

Indiana in a tree stand overlooking a pinch point with a wagon wheel of trails all coming under him. Just like the camera predicted, the buck came from the north at 7:30am. He paused and made a scrape within ten paces and my friend put an arrow from his Wes Wallace recurve right over the Boone and Crockett deer's back. The beauty of this is it's all documented by my trail camera.

You may ask what's the point? The point is bowhunting is full of peaks and valleys. We don't always win and if we did what would be the purpose of the entire journey? Like life in general, there is often success in failure. Each time we do not succeed we come closer and closer to our intended goal. If a missed opportunity at a deer keeps you up at night you may spend a lot of time staring at the ceiling. Thank God for the experience. Keep your chin up and realize both you and the deer will live to fight another day. Oh, and by the way, for Christmas my friend got an SD card in the mail so he's able relive that special day. Ha. What are friends for?

"A Bowhunter"

Jason Farr

Director's Report - Paul Ladner

Well the first regular gun season with inclusion of bow hunting has passed. It was pretty confusing and a somewhat last minute affair. I did have the good fortune to take a doe with my longbow. You all know the drill, "Was this deer taken in the archery season or one of the gun seasons?" Well... both? Gun since I needed gun tag to hunt at all? Bow season since it was taken with a bow? Well the deer is checked in as legitimately as I could figure. Hopefully things will be spelled out a bit better next year.

The harvest numbers for gun season (seven day shotgun is all the data I have seen at this point in time) are down considerably from last year. With the weather being reasonable (at least in my area) for even a modestly hardy gun hunter, I would conclude the deer population is down. This assumption could be incorrect as other factors could have figured in.

I am sure a number of you have seen the Facebook post reporting conservation officers catching a poacher within 5 minutes of deploying the "robo-deer" the UBI donated to them. Assuming it isn't "fake news" (as I know we did in fact give them the decoy) it was a pretty good bit of publicity for UBI. Thanks Peter Tarcha for seeing the donation through.

Another Illinois bow season will be in the books about the time you receive this newsletter. I hope it has been productive for you. Maybe you are planning a hog hunt or other adventure for the next couple months? In any case turkey season will be here before you know it.

Region 1 Spring Stump Shoot

April 22, 2017

The 7th anual Region 1 Spring Stump Shoot! It will be held at Denny Hayford's property in north western McLean County. Weather permitting there will be primitive camping available, a warming fire, bow bird shooting, target trail, and all the hunting stories you can tell.

A pot-luck meal will follow the shooting on Saturday afternoon. If you are coming in on Friday and camping please let us know. The weather will play a big role in what we will be able to do but we will HAVE FUN.

Bring field points, blunts, and Flu Flus! **Traditional Equipment only!**

Directions from Rt 150: Take county rd. 1650E south (west side of Congerville, go about 2.25 miles) to 2050N. Turn right and go about a qtr. mile. Look for the UBI sign on the left hand side of the road.

Directions from Rt. 9: Take the Danvers Y turn off into Danvers. Take Old Peoria Road west to 250 East Rd (right turn – watch closely or you will miss it). Go about 2.5 miles to 2050 N and turn left (right turn will and you in the creek). Go qtr. mile and look for UBI sign on the left.

Note: 250 E and 1650 N are the same road depending on which county you are in?!?! (also known as Irons Road)

Contact Denny Hayford @ 309-840-2327 for more information.

Manitoba Bear Hunt - Bill Kissner

I was walking out from my first evening in a ladder stand overlooking a bait pile of trail mix at Stickflingers Bear Camp in Manitoba. Ryan Derlago is the very competent owner. The evening had been eventful with several bears coming to the bait. One was a very aggressive sow with 3 cubs that were in their second year. She continually scooted them up trees for most of an hour while she gorged at the bait. Their agility was amazing and the tremendous heights they would climb made you wonder how they lived this long. Then while sitting precariously on a limb 40 feet up they would nonchalantly survey everything below. One was heavily rubbed and it climbed a tree that was close enough that I could touch with the end of my bow. After reaching my level it intently stared as if trying to figure what was looking back. Bears were at the bait almost continually. They came and went so I am not sure how many different ones there were. I have bear hunted quite a bit and have never seen this many in one evening. Needless to say I had bears at the bait 90 percent of the time. I was after a large bear or a decent color phase and none had fit that criteria. I had 4 more days and did not want to tag out the first evening anyway.

It was completely dark and I had about a half mile to walk. The first section was on a 4 wheeler trail that was overgrown with brush hanging over it. I had to hunker down and it was like going through a low ceiling tunnel. I was somewhat apprehensive because I knew there were bears in the area and I was afraid of walking directly into a confrontation. After only going a hundred yards or so a small bear entered the trail about 50 feet in front of me. My headlight must have been too bright for him as he immediately crossed the trail and disappeared. This made things kinda tighten up and I slowly approached the spot where he disappeared. I never saw him again but heard him breaking brush as he scurried off. Almost immediately another bear crossed the path no more than 15 yards ahead of me. A little shaky now, I was really keeping a sharp eye out and moving at a little faster pace. Finally with was only a hundred yards to where I had parked Ryans 4 wheeler, a very large bear stepped out in the trail and turned squarely toward me. My headlight is very bright and when it hit his eyes he stopped and seemed confused by it. I yelled loudly twice but he just stood there. I was fumbling for my bear spray when he turned and ran into the brush. By now I was about ready to run also but am a just a little too old for that. It was a good feeling to say the least when I reached where the Polaris was parked.

There were 5 other hunters in camp. Myself and 2 others were from Illinois, one was from Michigan, and the other 2, a father and son were from the east coast. We were all traditional shooters. Our accomodations were a couple wall tents with wooden floors. The netting over the doors had several tears making an easy entrance for for the mosquitoes. It was tough trying to sleep until we discovered the Thermacells would not only repel them but in the tents where they couldn't escape it would also kill them. I lit one when



going to bed each night and let it run until the pad was exhausted. This worked pretty well as later after the night cooled they were not as bad. Days were leisurely spent shooting and telling tales. It is always great to meet other trad shooters and spend time listening to their different stories and experiences while hunting. I always learn from these encounters.

The second day meant we were to ride the 4 wheelers about 20 miles to another area. It was very close to the Saskatchewan border. The trail we took was in the past a narrow gravel road. They have a moose poaching problem so it had been closed to normal traffic with barriers and several washouts. The baits were scattered several miles apart and most were less than a quarter mile off the

trail. The bait assigned to me was next to the last one which made for a long ride. Ryan was leading us and would take each one to their assigned bait before moving to the next. We left my Polaris on the road and I loaded on to the back of Ryans for the ride to the stand. We walked the last hundred yards or so. The ladder stand was situated 18 yards from the barrel and was about 10 feet off the ground. The way it was positioned made me mentioned it would be great for a left handed shooter but would be a little awkward for me. Ryan said he usually faces them directly towards the bait so either side can comfortably shoot but someone else had placed this one and he assured he would change it later.

He freshened the bait with a sack of trail mix and wished me luck. After he left I debated with myself as to whether I would shoot a bear on only the second day of the hunt. It still had to be a very large but I would not pass on a smaller color phase. Judd Cooney once wrote "I am a trophy hunter until the first legal animal comes along". I always tell myself this but sometimes am like him and don't follow through as itchy tab fingers occupy my right hand. Adding to the trail we walked in on there were three other well worn trails, one coming from the right side of the bait and two others from the left side. This stand was stationed in slightly more open timber and brush. Directly on the far side of the bait it was possible to see about 40 yards. To the left maybe 15 yards and to the right only a few yards.

I climbed into the stand about 4:00. At 10 past 5 a noise directly at the base of the ladder alerted me. Looking down, there looking back up was a medium sized cinnamon bear. It had came in behind me silently on the trail we had earlier walked in on. It knew exactly where I was as it had probably trailed us. It immediately ran to the left and after slowly circling came to the bait. It sat down and studied my location for several minutes before lying down. He began eating but would constantly check me out. It had a small rub in front of its right rear leg and was not a large bear so I had decided to pass on it. After eating a while he rose and walked out on one of the trails to the left. Then after a while he was back for more. I remained seated and watched as he was eating as if starved. Some minutes later he looked up and abruptly ran off. Suspicious that there might be a larger bear coming I stood and had to turn a half circle to the right because of the stand placement. Silently I took the bow off the hook.

I barely got ready when a huge black bear appeared coming from the right. It was obvious it was a boar and he was followed by a beautiful red/cinnamon female. They both laid down on opposite sides of the barrel and started eating trail mix off the ground. The big black was lying broadside on the right and the red was lying in the same position the left. I learned years ago to not shoot a bear lying down as the shoulder blade comes back and covers part of the kill area. They laid there for close to twenty minutes eating. I could not make up my mind which one I wanted as the black was huge but the red was absolutely beautiful and also a fairly big bear. They were so close I was afraid to move much and the waiting began to cause my body to ache. I made up my mind to shoot the first one

that stood and gave me a shot. The big black finally raised up on his front legs but remained sitting. I immediately came to full draw. At the release there was a loud pop and the arrow stuck in the ground an inch or two in front of the bears chest. I had felt a jerk and looked down at the pocket on my left chest. I was wearing Sitka Gear and the pocket had a zipper with a short zipper pull attached. I had earlier removed a camera from the pocket fearing it might interfere with the bowstring. I had inadvertently left the pocket unzipped and the string had caught on it tearing the zipper pull completely off.

The startled black ran behind the barrel and stopped. He wanted to come back but after standing there a while finally left. The sow was unfazed by all this and never stopped eating. Occasionally she would raise her head and look the direction the boar had went but continued to eat. I silently closed the troubling zipper and waited for her to stand up. After what seemed like a very long time, she too raised up on her front legs. Afraid she was getting ready to leave, I quickly came to full draw and the arrow was gone. It looked to be a perfect shot, just a few inches behind the leg and mid body. With the arrow sticking out both sides she whirled, ran to the left and disappeared in the brush. I was finally able to sit down and relieve my aching body as I had been standing with the bow at the ready for close to 45 minutes.

Ryan had explained that we were to not try tracking by ourselves but it was tough for me not to. I waited about 30 minutes, got down, and quietly walked out to the road. After arriving back at the main road Ryan was not at the truck and trailer. I was hoping we would be able to go back and find the bear as it was still daylight. When he came it was dark and he said we should wait until morning. I was a bit apprehensive as I once had a dead bear eaten by other bears when left overnight. Early the next day he, another helper, and I made the long ride back. He had asked more than once if I was sure of where I exactly hit the bear. Feeling confident, I finally said I thought we would find it within 60 yards. After saying this I started thinking maybe that would have been better off left unsaid. What if it was a tough track? We might not even find it at all! Ryan has a rule that once you bring blood, your hunt is over whether the animal is retrieved or not. When arriving at the site Ryan and his helper started looking for blood. I too was looking but was walking pretty quickly the direction the bear had taken. I spotted the beautiful sow pretty quick as she had went less than 50 yards. After handshakes and pictures we were able to get the 4 wheeler and small trailer right to the bear. We took the whole bear into camp and did not have to skin and debone it in the woods.

My bear was the first killed that week but all 6 hunters killed out without wounding a single animal. I ask Ryan what his kill

Then And Now - Linda Henderson

"Then" for me began in 1977 when I met Herb. Being a city girl, I didn't even know that people hunted with bows. I had just ended a relationship with a "3 piece suit" who had even given me a Corvette. He was a man who loved big bucks of another sort. Now a man named Herb comes along looking like Grizzly Adams in a canvas Jeep. No more lobster dinners on Saturday. It was hot dogs over an open fire, camping, and our first trips together...bear baiting! My love for this man grew, as did my love of nature. I started in archery and began hunting.

In the beginning, I used Herb's ex-wife's compound bow. We spent every weekend traveling to archery shoots all over northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. By my second year I was ready to hunt. Herb only had one spot in our area where he hunted. Lake County is not an easy place to get permission to hunt...unless you're a motivated, crazy lady like me! I began knocking on doors, asking students at the school where I worked, and even put an ad in the newspaper. I advertised that I'd be willing to pay the landowner with venison if we could hunt their land. I was so excited when I received a call. The landowner asked me a LOT of questions. I told him that I was new to bowhunting, and that I had put the advertisement in the newspaper to surprise my boyfriend. That comment saved me! The man was a federal game warden and he informed me that it was illegal to offer wild game in trade. He said that he'd let me go this time, because he was convinced that I really didn't know any better. Then to my surprise, he gave Herb and I permission to hunt his land! I also had a student's parents give us permission to hunt their land. I alone was given permission to hunt a mink farmer's land because he had never known a woman bowhunter, and he was fascinated with my desire to hunt with a bow. Herb decided to keep me. We've been together for almost 40 years; and we've been married for 36 of those years.

That was the then...now we don't have a single spot in Lake County, Illinois where we can hunt. Times have changed. Many "so called" hunters have ruined things for us by suing landowners when they get hurt. Others who shoot at crazy distances and only wound animals have also affected our ability to find places.

Times have changed.... Public land is an option, but it's not an easy option. It was one thing for Herb to put up a tree stand and take it down each day when he was in his 30's. Now that he's in his 70's that is just not possible. Besides, for me, it's scary being on public land all alone. I've run into some "questionable" characters out there in the woods. I'm also not comfortable being on public land now that crossbows are out there. It's frightening to think how any arrow can be deflected; and now knowing that someone may be aiming 40 or 50 yards out is really scary. Hunting now does not seem as safe as back in the good old days.

There was a great time in my life when we were part of a group that hunted together. One of the group owned a lot of land, and a house where we all spent every weekend all year long. We all worked his land for the privilege of hunting when October came around. It was there, with my new Hummingbird longbow, that I shot my first and only deer; a small six-pointer. They made me gut it myself. My best friend Laura taught me how to butcher the meat. I was so proud! We had seven years of this camaraderie. Life changes ended our group.

I realized that for me it wasn't so important if I got a deer, it was more about the entire experience of the hunt. It was talking about what everyone in the group saw and helping track someone's deer. It was the joking, teasing, laughter, and the shared meals that made hunting fun. It's also the smell of the woods, the sounds of the birds, spotting wildlife, the sunrises and sunsets. It was about being a part of something bigger than all of us. It was "The Great Spirit".

But wait....change has come again. I've retired and have a new found freedom. Last October, we were able to go to the U.B.I. Club Hunt at Eagle Creek. Once again I found friendships, laughter, and fabulous meals. It is camping and group hunting at its best. As I'm writing this article, we have only two weeks until we go to Eagle Creek for the second year to join our U.B.I. crowd. Who knows...maybe I'll even hunt again. Perhaps the hunting "now" will become like the hunting "then" once again.

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For more information or to be a vendor at our banquet please feel free to call or email:

Jim Ellis, ellis@mymctc.net (309) 253-3106

Then & Now, Second Thoughts - Pat Cebuhar

In the spring of 2016 Jim Ellis had asked me for some thoughts from then & now about bowhunting. Time in the tree has yielded additional thoughts, what I'll call Second Thoughts. Not in the traditional sense of the term but rather just additional thoughts.

Where's my stuff?

Hey anybody remember, Wooden arrow/accessory boxes? Back in the day every archer had an accessories box containing a few arrows held in place by equally spaced little metal clips, extra nocks, tabs,nock sets, strings, string wax, field points, broadheads and just about anything you could possibly need afield. Most of these boxes were handmade works of the archer himself. Some were built with craftsmanship equal to those fine wooden machinists tool chests of the era. Along with everything else, some of the boxes even held a takedown bow. Store bought boxes were comparable to musical instrument cases, more of a leather cardboard material outside, and lined with felt or a fur like material. On the outside almost everyone's box had decals of the NFAA & State archery or bowhunting organizations of which they belonged. Mixed in their display were Bear, Hoyt or other archery brand logos. Today, wow, we find monster pickup trucks covered with wraps of their sponsor's logos, much like NASCAR. And today's archery boxes, well they are some thin molded piece of plastic. I have to admit they are much lighter in weight, and the only way to go if you are flying to your destination.

Trophies

Tape measured size verses memories & what we make of them. As the years pass by and Bowhunters of yesteryear graduate into the Sportsman Stage of their bowhunting life, the trophy definition likely takes on a different measure or definition. Measured not by inches of antler but by the experience and the memories. Where the personal sentimental trophy or accomplishment outweighs the measuring tape. As the hunter reminisces of Memories Past those memories merge with Memories Present. Like harvesting game on the same date, from the same tree, with the same arrow. So it seems like some special event trophy when history repeats itself, rewarding me with some gift from the forest on these special days afield in special places. Today this aspect of the hunt seems far more rare, and far less appreciated. Today's hunters are too wrapped up in the tape measure and not wrapping themselves up in the total hunting experience.

Examples might be achieving a personal milestone taking your 25th, 50th or 100th deer with traditional equipment or equipment you personally made.

A personal milestone decision I made a couple years ago was I would harvest my 100th whitetail with an arrow made by my friend,

one of my mentor's the late Fred Miller. Fred was a numbers, statistics, record keeping kind of guy. It seemed only appropriate to honor his memory by shooting the 100th deer with one of Fred's arrows. In my heart, I knew that accomplishment would have meaning to Fred, and would be something he would be proud of. Fred was a hard hunter and a go getter. When you went hunting with Fred you knew something was going to happen, usually something exciting. Wasn't necessarily always turned out good, but something was going to happen. Well that year, & Fred's arrow, lived up to every expectation of a hunt with Fred. That 9 pt. buck was no trophy by any book standard, and a lot of people just wouldn't understand, but that small buck is a tremendous personal trophy to me. I would not trade that deer or the experience for the biggest buck in the woods.

Another example of building your own trophy. In the spring of 2016 I was very fortunate to harvest a nice spring gobbler during the second segment of the Illinois spring season. I split, and ground the left wing feathers. Using the Turkey's feathers I was able to build & fletch 6 really good arrows which I tipped with hand sharpened Bear broadheads. My trophy goal so to speak, was to harvest and animal with each of the six arrows. The original plan that I thought was realistic, was to start with 2 caribou in September. But unexpectedly during the 4th Illinois spring season I was again very lucky to arrow another turkey using arrow number 1 of 6. The caribou hunt yielded only a grouse using a different judo tipped arrow. Those remaining 5 arrows made a trip to Canada & back with their only flight being on an airplane. Arrows 2 of 6 & 3 of six made their mark on coyotes, as did 4 of 6 & 5 of six taking Illinois bucks. As of this writing 6 of six is nestled in the quiver patiently waiting it's turn. This in itself may be a story when it's finished, nothing like self-inflicted pressure to really mess things up.

My 40th Season bowhunting must have had some subliminal special feeling about it. Not sure what or why but it just seemed special somehow. I framed my very first Illinois bowhunting Permit and Missouri Archery License together along with the ones 40 years later. PS the prices went up.

Trophies can come in all shapes & sizes including stuff we pick up. Excluding the antler obsession because we all are going to pick up sheds, there are a lot of odd articles of interest in & on top of a curiosity cabinet along with other shelves piled with oddities in my basement. Rocks from a beach on Kodiak Island, a lower jaw bone from an alligator gar found in the bayou's of Louisiana, archery harvest pins, arrows made by friends who have gone on to happier Hunting Grounds, pheasant, duck & turkey feathers, waterfowl bands, porcupine quills, stone arrow heads, and unopened packages of Bear broadheads, a \$6.95 price per dozen marked on them. It

seems today's generation of hunters find far less sentimental value and no appreciation of these obscure trophies, many of which require only a minute to stop, pick up & hold on to.

In the past there was a reverence to all deer taken with a bow & arrow. Those deer whether it be a doe, fork horn or 12 pt. were treated with a level of honor & respect. Some were immortalized through the work of taxidermy artists, but all antlers, big or small were mounted in some way. Some became mounted to plaques to live on upon the walls of trophy rooms, next to pictures of critters whom didn't grow coveted bone on their head. While others may have been mounted to the barn, work shop or basement wall. At any rate there was some respect shown, and a memory bestowed to the animal who's life was taken. Sort of a memorial if you will. American Indians showed respect to the game they harvested in much the same way.

Today I'm sadden to see many hunters who have a pile of antlers, some very impressive, just lying there, cast aside, collecting dust in the corner of the garage, piled up on basement work room floor, or just stuck up in the rafters. Kind of like OK I shot it, cut the antlers off, got my 15 minutes of fame, & now move on to the next thing. No reverence for that animal's life or the journey they took to harvest it. I also get an odd feeling about those camo, chrome, or psychedelic water painted skull plate mounts. It's different, and yes there were American Indians who painted skulls, so maybe it ain't that "Far Out Man". But somehow it's not the same level of respect. The Indians had a different intent with their artwork. I guess maybe I just don't like this new stuff. Don't know for sure if it's rad, sick or awesome or some other new slang but it ain't "Cool" anymore.

More to come?

Maybe next time we'll talk about....."The value of Aesthetics"

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Bison On The Range - Jim Ellis

I do believe it was more than 15 years ago since I started looking to find a place to hunt bison. I wanted to have a reasonably fair chase hunt as I could. The capital was not in the bank to pay for a guided wild bison hunt in Canada or Alaska. If I was going to fulfill a “bucket list” hunt, it needed to be in the lower 48.

Over the years I have searched the internet and looked at many bison outfits offering trophy hunts for big bulls that cost thousands of dollars. Offerings to hunt younger bison are much less expensive. Some offer a chance to “kill” an animal in a 160 acre fenced area to others offering bison hunts on a 20,000-acre open range. After a number of calls to outfitters and first asking, “will you take a guy that shoots a longbow and wood arrows,” I settled on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in northeastern Montana. Fort Peck is comprised of two Indian Nations—Sioux Divisions and Assiniboine Bands.

Fort Peck has a herd of 450 bison. About 250 of those bison live in a 12,000 acre fenced range that they allow to be hunted. That’s about 18 square miles. This area offered about as fair chase a hunt for bison as I was going to find. First, I had to put in my name in to be drawn for a chance to hunt because the Fort Peck game department holds a lottery draw for their bison hunts. They receive about 160 applications to hunt, but they only take 45 bison hunters each year.

After a call out there to check on my status, I found out the first part of June that I had been drawn to hunt. The planning was on. I chose to take a 2 or 3 year old bison that would cost me \$1000. Not only did the cost fit my budget for that class of animal, but I also knew the meat would be the finest. My friend Ray volunteered to take the 1200-mile trek with me. I planned to pull a trailer behind my Winnebago motor home loaded with a small deep freezer and four large coolers planning for a successful hunt. I also planned to take five gallon buckets and to freeze gallon jugs of water to have ice on hand if needed.



For three months I shot my longbow everyday day preparing for the hunt. I even made a bison silhouette target and practiced out to 30 yard. I also changed my arrow set up going with Joe Furlong’s 190-grain Meathead single bevel broad head on an ash shaft that weighed in at 700 grains.

With gear loaded and checked, Ray and I headed for Montana on October 7. We planned to drive straight through to Poplar, Montana. At 3:00 a.m. we stopped at a self-serve gas station for fuel somewhere in North Dakota. Temperatures were in the 20’s F with light snow blowing. After filling the tank on my motor home, we jumped in the vehicle to continue our journey. I turned the key and nothing happened! The engine would not turn over. For 2 1/2 hours Ray and I wiggled wires and tried everything to find the problem until we said enough. We decided to wait (couldn’t go anywhere) until a mechanic could tow the motor home to a repair shop. We napped for about 1/2 hr when I reached up to try one more time to start the engine, and luckily it started. We quickly put things back together and down the road we went. This did not happen again until we were headed home. From the middle of North Dakota until we got home the motor home engine was not turned off.

Arriving in Poplar, Montana late on October 8, we found a campsite to park the motor home, and then we met Robert Magnan, head of the Fort Peck Game Department. Robert said he would pick us up the next morning to head to the bison range.

Right on time, Robert was there to pick us up to make the 15-mile drive to the bison range. On the way there we drove through Fort Peck’s bison that are off limits to hunting—the Yellowstone Herd. These bison were shipped there from Yellowstone National Park to be cared for by the people at Fort Peck. As we drove through this incredible herd of animals, Robert showed me how to field age and sex the bison. It was a no-brainer to identify the big bulls, but the cows and younger bison had subtle differences in head and horn shape. I was there to harvest a two-year old bison, bull or cow, so I needed to know what I was shooting at or the cost would go up! Robert told us about his tribe’s beliefs and respect for the bison. Members of their tribe would only kill a bison for a ceremonial gathering. They hold a ceremony prior to killing the bison, and at sunrise the bison would be killed and blessed. Robert explained how Indian family life was taken from the bison and how the bison was so much part of their culture. This was quite a fascinating tour and education that was worth the drive in itself. Their beliefs say that the bison should not suffer, so I knew going in that if I made a bad hit on a bison, Robert would not hesitate in putting it down with his .45-70 Henry rifle.

When we arrived at the 12,000-acre range, and it reminded me of the movie set for *Dances With Wolves*. I looked out over rolling

plains to the horizon marked with deep coulees. The tallest grasses were only 10 inches high, and at the very bottom of the coulees was scrub and brush five foot tall that only the bachelor bulls occupied. Most of these hills were covered with green and brown grass that looked like a manicured golf course. Where do I hide? I had a brown-colored, leafy ghillie suit to wear that blended in fairly good or so I thought. Robert told me a bison's sense of smell and hearing is very good, but their eyesight is not so good. Getting within my maximum shooting range of 30 yards was going to be tough. The terrain was all I had and that would limit me to 40 or 50 yards out on my stalks. Even in my ghillie suit and crouched down on hands and knees and not moving, if an old cow came in close, she would pick me up and make sure the rest of the herd did not come near that lump.

Even with these odds, I tried my best. After each failed stalk, Robert would move me by truck to find another herd. I ended up seeing three different herds of 50 to 80 bison each. Each group was lead by a boss cow, and within each herd there were calves, cows,

and non-breeding bulls. As soon as a bull started getting frisky he would be pushed out.

On my fourth stalk I eased up the side of a coulee to peak over the top onto a large flat with maybe 50 bison about 40 yards away. All I could see was the top of their backs. As I looked around, I saw a small peninsula about 60 yards away that jettied out from the flat. And wouldn't you know it—an old cow walked out on it and bingo. She said, "I see you." The coulee bank I was on was barely walkable, and I was all but lying down. She didn't spook and came in for a closer look. She still was not sure what I was, but she was not taking any chances and got between the herd and me. While all this was happening Robert must have called Darrel. Darrel is the bison herd caretaker. I could hear a truck coming from the opposite side of the bison, and all I could figure out was that Darrel was trying to push the bison to me with his truck. Now I am shaking my head and asking, "What are you doing?!" After five minutes of pushing the bison, they had enough and broke into a run away from both of us.





As we loaded up into Darrel's truck to find another herd I made a comment that the bison could care less about their trucks, and they really seemed concerned about me. After a bit of searching, we located another herd heading up out of a coulee onto a flat top. As we got out in front of the herd on the flat top I asked Darrel to stop the truck to let me out. Robert asked me what I was going to do, and I said do not move this truck. I'm going to use it as a rock.

I positioned myself at the front fender and waited for the bison to come up out of the coulee. A few bison filtered around the back of the truck and then the rest of the herd came around the front. As the bison got to the truck they broke into a trot about 20 yards away. I picked out a two year old cow and shot as she trotted by with a 15 mile-an-hour cross wind. I didn't lead her quite enough for a moving bison and the cross wind, and my arrow hit the cow just behind the ribs. The arrow buried deep in the bison, but it was still a gut shot.

The herd moved off about 200 yards away, and my cow stopped about 80 yards from where I shot it. Without hesitation Darrel and Robert left me standing there, drove up to my cow, and shot it in the neck with a rifle. It was my bad hit and their beliefs not to let the bison suffer. Would have I lost that bison? I say no. There was no place to hide as long as I kept that cow in sight and given it some time.

As soon as the cow expired, Darrel placed tobacco on its head to offer as a blessing and thanksgiving to the bison. The cow was then loaded onto a flatbed truck equipped with a hay bale loader, and we drove back to the Fort Peck ranch to field dress and skin my bison.

Just before I left home I remembered a stone knife I had made more than 20 years ago by Art Boehm from Wisconsin. It is a simple hand-held piece of oval stone with a sharp knapped edge. Earlier in my hunting career, I had killed two deer with stone points. I had planned to kill a third deer with a stone point, and I

would field dress that deer with this stone knife. The third deer is still waiting, and the knife was never used. So the knife went into my pack still wrapped in the paper towel that Art had handed it to me in.

Robert and Darrel were a little shocked when I brought out my stone knife. I had never used a stone knife on anything and was amazed at the ease of opening up the bison. When gutting the cow, the knife worked best when there was a little tension and resistance. It didn't do so well in soft flesh like muscle. As I used it in soft flesh, the knife edge would pick up small pieces of connective tissue in its serrations, but I would just wipe it off. As soon as the field dressing was done the cow was hung, and we begin skinning. I started on one side with the stone knife and Ray started on the other side with his steel bladed knife. We made quick work of the cow. Again to my amazement the stone knife made just as quick work as the steel bladed knife with a much neater look to the hide. There were no cut marks or nicks in the hide that you get with a sharp steel blade.

The next day Ray and I boned out my bison and placed the meat in coolers for the trip home. While we were doing that task Robert and Darrel were out guiding a South Carolina man. They led him to a 13-year-old solitary bull that cost him \$10,000 to shoot. We did get to see the 2000 lb. plus bull after it was killed. What an impressive animal!

I enjoyed the opportunity to hunt this iconic animal and would do it again. A rough live weight guess on my bison was about 550 lb. yielding 220 lb. of boned out meat. My wife and I agree that the meat is as fine table fare as you can eat. The fat on bison does not have any off taste, and I saved the extra fat to mix in when I grind deer meat. The hide is at the tannery and the skull at the taxidermist. These new trophies will grace my home soon and remind me of this "bucket list" hunt.

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Director's Report - Denny Hayford

Education Committee request for assistance

The education committee has voted to approve the purchase of arrows, fletching supplies, arrow rests, and two recurve bows for Eagle Creek camp ground on Lake Shelbyville. The superintendent there, Richard Glazebrook, provides archery equipment for the Lincoln Trails Council Boy Scouts Rendezvous in May. Several of our members assist with this archery event on Saturday by working as line helpers, arrow retrievers, or assisting with equipment issues. This is an great example of how UBI members are helping promote our sport. In turn the park staff goes above and beyond to help us with our Region 3 Rendezvous in October. The UBI has been fortunate to have a great working relationship with Richard and wish him well in his retirement.

As of this writing I have not had any contacts concerning the Jerry and Betty Pierce Scholarship Fund.

If you have a student that is in school and is pursuing a field in conservation or a related field they could be eligible for this award. Please contact me for an application. Applications will be reviewed by the education committee and awarded at the 2017 UBI banquet. (stykbow2@yahoo.com) or 309-840-2327

Banners

Randy Beasley has purchased 2 new banners for our organization. Thank you Randy for you dedication and support.

The banquet

Great News! We will have UBI T-shirts available at the 2017 banquet. The board has approved the purchase of the shirts and thanks to the generosity of our own Raymond Koehler we will have an original hand painted logo digitally printed on them. Ray discussed the idea of creating an original drawing for our T-shirts at the Compton Rendezvous with me in June of 2016. I received a preliminary sketch of his idea just before our directors meeting in July and presented it to the board. The board looked over the sketch and after a brief conference call with Ray agreed to have the T-shirts

made featuring Ray's artwork. Ray has generously offered this as a personal gift to the UBI so that we may use it in the way we think best. Thank You Ray for your gift and for taking the time to set up your fine artwork at our banquet each year. Please stop by Ray's table and thank him personally for his continued support for the UBI.

I'm looking forward to seeing everyone at the banquet. I look forward to this event almost more than I do Christmas. It's time to start gathering those donations or working on that personal hand crafted item that so many of us get to admire even if we get the high bid. These banquets are a lot of work but come Sunday morning I will feel a ting of regret that it's over for another year.

Region 1 Spring Stump Shoot

The Region 1 Spring Stump Shoot will be held on Saturday April 22, 2017 at my property in McLean County. There will be primitive camping available, a small 3D range, and potluck luncheon on Saturday. Let's make this one the biggest ever. See the flyer in this newsletter for more details or contact me directly.

Other Events

The coldest part of winter is still before us but my thoughts are fast forwarding to the Spring and Summer events. I write about this every year and I'm starting to see several of our members at the Twin Oaks Bowhunters' Tennessee Classic. If you have an interest in self bows or flint knapping you have to attend this event at least once. The dates are May 5,6,7, 2017.

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Expenses - Tom Bartolomucci III

March 01, 2016 - March 31, 2016

3/28/2016 IFOR Membership	\$	238.50	\$	13,423.67
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April 01, 2016 - April 29, 2016

St. Mathews School (NASP 4/29/2016 Ed Committee)	\$	785.00	\$	12,638.67
Michael Wiltse (Web 4/28/2016 Hosting)	\$	143.40	\$	12,495.27

April 30, 2016 - May 31, 2016

5/4/2016 Jim Ellis (IFOR Donation) Cusack Gilfillan & O'Day	\$	100.00	\$	12,395.27
5/16/2016 LLC (Insurance)	\$	75.00	\$	12,320.27

Michael Wiltse 5/13/2016 (Newsletter Spring 2016)	\$	669.00	\$	11,651.27
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June 1, 2016 - June 30, 2016

6/28/2016 Deposit		\$200	\$	11,851.27
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July 30, 2016 - August 31, 2016

Specialty Insurance Con- 8/1/2016 sultants LLC	\$	750.00	\$	11,101.27
Michael Wiltse (Summer 8/5/2016 Newsletter)	\$	522.07	\$	10,579.20
Denny Hayford (Region 1 8/11/2016 Stump Shoot)	\$	110.00	\$	10,469.20
Bill Secker (IDNR Archery 8/22/2016 Tent)	\$	500.00	\$	9,969.20
Ron Hayford (Summer 8/16/2016 Shoot)	\$	37.61	\$	9,931.59

September 1, 2016 - September 30, 2016

9/7/2016 Custom Robotic Wildlife Chesapeake Seafood	\$	2,000.00	\$	7,931.59
9/7/2016 House Gift Card	\$	75.00	\$	7,856.59

October 1, 2016 - November 30, 2016

Ron Hayford (Ed Com- 11/16/2016 mittee)	\$	292.94	\$	7,563.65
Michael Wiltse (Fall 2016 11/28/2016 News)	\$	708.81	\$	6,854.84

Region 4 Report - Gilbert Best

THE LONGBOW, defined as one over 4ft. in length, was probably first used by the Germans or Scandinavians in about 500AD. In about 1000AD it was being used in Wales but it is not known if it was developed there independently or if it was borrowed from other parts of Europe. Around 1300, during a skirmish with the Welsh, an English knight received a wound from an arrow that had penetrated his chain mail, passed through his thigh, the chain mail on the other side of his leg, a wooden saddle and wounded the horse. The English decided this was a weapon with real potential as lowly infantry could handle a weapon that could defeat the finest armor.

Early tests showed that the longbow could fire an arrow with such force that it could penetrate a four inch oak door with a handspan of the arrow's shaft exposed on the other side.

The first time it played a major role was at the Battle of Falkirk in 1298 when Edward I defeated William Wallace, largely due to a devastating hail of arrows from Welsh archers against the Scots.

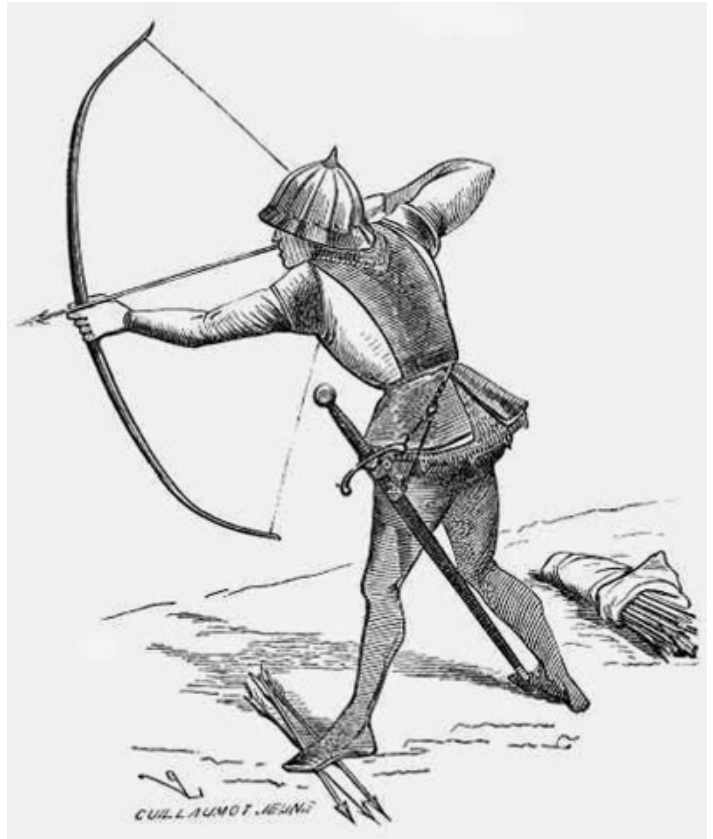
English archers proved decisive against the French during the 100 Years War (1337-1453) at the battles of Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt. Each of these major victories were won against far larger French armies.

The best longbows were made of yew. The staves were cut in winter when no sap was running, from the junction of the inner heartwood and the outer sapwood. The staves were seasoned and worked on gradually over a period of three to four years. Today only six longbows survive, none from the "golden age" and sources do not agree on the dimensions. Most give the length as about 70in. with a drawing pull of 75-100lbs. The arrows were between 27-36in. long. A trained archer could shoot 12 arrows a minute, but some sources say that the most skilled archers could fire twice this number. The arrow could wound at 250 yards, kill at 100 yards and penetrate armor at 60 yards.

At the battle of Agincourt in 1415, 1,000 arrows were fired every second. After the battle, observers wrote that the white feathers from the flights were so thick on the ground, it looked like snow.

The surviving examples of longbows look unfinished and it is probable that most of the bows had this appearance: the junction of the inner and outer woods would rarely be straight but this was not important. Interestingly English yew was not considered suitable to make bows and the staves were imported, largely from Italy and Spain. To ensure a regular supply, each ton of certain imports, including wine, had to be accompanied by 10 yew staves.

The French did not at first credit the major victories of the English to the longbow but to the other tactics, especially the use of the English knights fighting on foot. The French did start to train some infantry in the use of the longbow in the late 1300s but the king was most concerned about peasants having such powerful weapons and the idea was dropped.



The training adopted by the English was rigorous. All sports were banned on Sundays and men between 12 and 65 were expected to practice their archery. Every man with an income of over £2 a year was required to own a bow.

The longbow was the most powerful weapon in Europe from about 1300 to 1588. In that year, the Spanish Armada, aware of the English skill with the longbow, armed their troops with bows. The English however experimented by having 10,000 arquebusiers (early firearms) which proved superior. However, the longbow still had its supporters. After the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, a senior British officer seriously suggested the readoption of the longbow by the infantry.

This article extracted from the Oct/Nov 1999 issue.

<http://www.history-magazine.com/longbow.html>

Just a little history lesson from Region 4.

Happy Hunting!

Gilbert - best5@madisontelco.com

Region 3 Report - Ron Hayford

The Fall Rendezvous at Eagle Creek was a success again this year with around 50 people attending throughout the weekend. We had good weather and plenty of good food, but once again no deer were harmed. In addition to the camping, our activities include hunting deer or turkeys, shooting at 3D targets, campfire conversations, swapping or selling archery products, lounging, eating, and the ladies took a Saturday shopping trip to amishland around Arthur or Arcola.

Our camp host and Park superintendent quickly take care of anything we need whether it be more picnic tables or more firewood. The firewood has been a big bonus because sometimes the weather is cool. It has never been really cold but it sometimes gets a bit chilly. We try to reciprocate this kind of cooperation by running the archery event at the Wolf Creek Boy Scout Rendezvous in May. This is a big event put on by the Central Illinois Boy Scout Council and the IDNR, it is also called Links to the Future and it brings in 500 to 700 young people from all over central Illinois. In addition to archery some of the other event are tomahawk throwing, air rifles, clay birds with shotguns, fishing, orienteering, fire building, dutch oven cooking and more. Last year we felt the archery equipment was just not up to par. Some is kept at the park and some was borrowed from the state, which is the same equipment we use at the State Fair archery tent.

The park superintendent, Richard Glazebrook, was interested in having his own equipment at the park that could be more available and better maintained. So with some of the money from our Education Fund the UBI is upgrading his equipment with 4 dozen carbon arrows and two PSE Razorback recurve bows. We are also reconditioning and refletching his usable aluminum arrows and repairing strings and rests on his old bows. This will help the UBI volunteers by having good compatible and functioning equipment when we show up to help with the event. Richard has been very good about helping us with our Rendezvous and we are pleased to return the favor.



Ron is presenting 4 dozen arrows to Richard Glazebrook and Mika McCall of Eagle Creek State Park for use with their youth events.

The Education Fund is made possible by the money raised from the raffles and auctions at our banquet and the items raffled and auctioned are due to the hard work and generous donations by the UBI membership. So if you go to the banquet and donate or bid you are helping to promote young peoples interest in archery. Thank you. The banquet will be our next big event. I hope to see you all there.



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directions: from Nashville Take I-24 west towards Clarksville, exit onto maxey rd. (exit 19), turn left, go to the end of maxey road, and turn right onto 41-a (north), go approximately 5 miles, turn left onto oak plains road (look for twin oaks sign and smith auto salvage sign), turn left onto Knox road, turn right on Ashley road. Watch for the twin oaks signs!!!

Visit The New UBI Website at;

<http://www.unitedbowhuntersofillinois.org>

Region 2 Report - Dan Forystek

This past Christmas will be one my family will remember for a while. Shortly after an outstanding early dinner at my oldest daughters home I brought out three kids bows and my hunting bow and set up a target and hung up the net back stop in my son-in-laws garage. Before long almost everyone was in the garage screaming and cheering for the kids shooting and breaking balloons . Those kids took to shooting the bow like a duck takes to water. It was 1:00 a.m. when I convinced them that the old guy had to go home. I don't know how long it would have gone on if we didn't have to leave. The last shooter,my second oldest grandson is an Army Airborne Ranger who will be deployed over seas soon and we don't know when we will see him again. It was hard to say we had to stop.

A piece of land that I hunted for 35 years went up for sale and if all goes according to plans my son and myself will be the new owners. We have our fingers crossed. I don't want to get my hopes up but we are pumped about it. We haven't hunted it in 10 years.

I would like to hear some feedback on the topic of our donations. I am wondering if I am the only one that is questioning the idea of using \$2,000 for a decoy to catch poachers. Please don't get me wrong I love to see someone who shoots deer at night or from a truck on the road burned at the stake. I think the money would be better spent on getting more kids shooting and or bowhunting. I would like to think of us as promoters of bowhunting and not meddle in law enforcement issues. I think the DNR is doing a fine job without our help. That money could buy a lot of kids bows.

Good Luck to all with your turkey permits,

Dan Forystek



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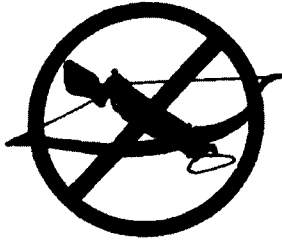
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UBI Crossbow Position Statement

The United Bowhunters of Illinois is adamantly opposed to the inclusion of any weapon that is not hand drawn and hand held in Illinois' archery season. Specifically, we are opposed to the use of the crossbow and the drawlock device, as well as any other weapon that does not require the shooter to draw by hand, hold by hand, and release by hand. Such weapons have the potential to negatively alter the primitive weapon status originally designated for archery seasons in Illinois

We are not opposed to the use of such devices by the truly handicapped, but we do question the legitimacy of some of these cases. Therefore we support all efforts by the IDNR to maintain the integrity in issuing handicap permits so as to minimize abuse in this practice

UBI Archery Season Position Statement

The United Bowhunters of Illinois is opposed to the creation of any new hunting season, or the extension of any existing hunting season which will decrease the length of the archery only season or displace the season into less favorable dates. While the United Bowhunters of Illinois recognizes the rights of hunters who choose to use other weapons in separate hunting seasons, we will oppose all efforts to include such users in Illinois' archery season

UBI Big Game Shooting Enclosure Position Statement

The United Bowhunters of Illinois opposes any big game hunting where the animal is within the confines of game proof enclosures. We oppose this despicable practice on the grounds of fair chase hunting, the threat of disease spreading from captive cervids to our wild deer populations, and the fact that privatizing wildlife is contrary to the North American model of game management. It is our position that the selling of hunts for big game animals that have been raised within an enclosure, or animals that currently are confined within an enclosure should be illegal in Illinois