

JACK STEELE PARKER

GENERATION NEXT

The Boone and Crockett Club would like to celebrate young hunters who have embraced the outdoor way of life and embody the spirit of fair chase hunting. The following is a list of the most recent big game trophies accepted into Boone and Crockett Club's 29th Big Game Awards Program, 2013-2015, that have been taken by a youth hunter (16 years or younger). All of the field photos in this section are from entries that are listed in this issue and are shown in **bold orange text**.

This listing represents only those trophies accepted since the Summer 2015 issue of *Fair Chase* was published.

| FINAL SCORE | GROSS SCORE | LOCATION | HUNTER | DATE | MEASURER | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|----------------------------|--------------------|----------------------|-----------|--------------|
| BLACK BEAR | | | | | | |
| 20 | 12/16 | Preston Co., WV | Parker R. Calvert | 2013 | S. Rauch | |
| COUGAR | | | | | | |
| 14 | 13/16 | Moffat Co., CO | Trystan J. Lyons | 2013 | B. Wilkes | |
| TYPICAL MULE DEER | | | | | | |
| 194 | 4/8 | Coconino Co., AZ | Leslie M. Harris | 2012 | R. Black | |
| 184 | 1/8 | Elko Co., NV | Terry L. Fagg III | 2014 | C. Lacey | |
| TYPICAL SITKA BLACKTAIL DEER | | | | | | |
| 101 | 7/8 | Prince of Wales Island, AK | Ethan J. File | 2014 | M. Nilsen | |
| TYPICAL WHITETAIL DEER | | | | | | |
| 191 | 7/8 | Gage Co., NE | Frosty A. Adams | 2000 | S. Cowan | |
| 175 | 190 | Marion Co., IA | Kirkland A. Howard | 2014 | S. Grabow | |
| 174 | 7/8 | Beltrami Co., MN | Tyler R. McNamara | 2012 | S. Grabow | |
| 168 | 7/8 | Winnebago Co., IL | Picked Up | 2006 | J. Lunde | |
| 165 | 5/8 | Parke Co., IN | Justin A. Waymire | 2014 | R. Graber | |
| 162 | 2/8 | Cupar, SK | Trevor R. Macknack | 2014 | J. Lorenz | |
| NON-TYPICAL WHITETAIL DEER | | | | | | |
| 220 | 3/8 | 225 | Linn Co., IA | Hunter D. Carlson | 2014 | S. Grabow |
| 219 | 3/8 | 223 | Washington Co., IA | Matthew L. Hoening | 2014 | L. Miller |
| 207 | 3/8 | 211 | Jones Co., IA | Seth M.S. Deutmeyer | 2011 | D. Boland |
| 204 | 5/8 | 209 | Harrison Co., IA | Seth M. Christiansen | 2014 | D. Pfeiffer |
| 195 | 2/8 | 204 | Madison Co., TX | Makayla A. Hay | 2013 | B. Lambert |
| TYPICAL COUES' WHITETAIL | | | | | | |
| 113 | 5/8 | 117 | Gila Co., AZ | Robert K. MacMillan | 2012 | R. Stayner |
| PRONGHORN | | | | | | |
| 84 | 84 | 5/8 | Elmore Co., ID | Coy Braithwaite | 2014 | T. Boudreau |
| 80 | 6/8 | 82 | Elko Co., NV | Brycen D. Kelly | 2014 | G. Hernandez |
| ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT | | | | | | |
| 53 | 53 | 4/8 | West Kootenay, BC | Kyle C. Bartsoff | 2014 | L. Hill |

PARKER R. CALVERT



Read the story of Kyle Bartsoff's Rocky Mountain goat hunt on the following pages.



ROBERT MACMILLAN



COY BRAITHWAITE



FROSTY A. ADAMS



LESLIE M. HARRIS

JACK STEELE PARKER GENERATION NEXT

Kyle C. Bartsoff
B&C TROPHY OWNER
Photos Courtesy of Author

For weeks we had been scouting from various places to see multiple spots and different angles of the mountainside. We were seeing over 20 goats per day, but none of the big billies were in range for us to approach safely. After a while of not being able to go after a goat, I wanted to shoot the next goat that walked by, no matter how big or small it was.

On Friday I had gathered all of my gear and clothes that I would need to spend the weekend goat hunting with my Dad and Marco Marrello. That night I had been so excited to go hunting for the weekend that I was just lying in my bed wide awake for what seemed to be hours. This is the only time when waking up at 4:00 a.m. with only six hours of sleep could be so exciting. I quickly put my hunting clothes on, and then ran downstairs as if it were Christmas. I slipped on my boots and carried my backpack out to the truck. Almost an hour after leaving the driveway we arrived at the first spot we glassed from.

When it started to get light out, our binoculars were instantly on the mountain looking for any little, white dot. We would glass the mountain and then the fog would roll in causing us to wait ten to 15 minutes before we could continue. After spotting several groups of goats with no big billies or no billies at all, we spotted a group of three goats, which included two nannies, one with a broken horn and the other with horns that seemed to be 12 inches

long, and one billy. We watched the group of three for a couple minutes at a time, due to the fog floating down the valley. Although we could tell that the billy was fairly good, we couldn't confirm how big he actually was.

After half an hour of watching the three goats and waiting out the fog, we decided to go after the billy. Marco, my Dad, and I threw on our backpacks, got our hiking poles out, and started walking. About two and a half hours of bush-whacking later, we started to climb at a very steep incline for another hour and a half. We had to go down through a creek draw and back up the other side, placing us almost directly under the goats. Still having to get closer, we climbed higher up until we reached a spot I would be able to shoot from. My Dad helped me make a rest, which consisted of a big stump and two big backpacks, while Marco set up the spotting scope five feet behind me.

We could only see the two nannies, so I got set up and practiced holding my cross-hairs steady to make sure I wasn't shaking. The billy finally walked out and my dad ranged him at 340 yards. I was confident at this range because we have gone to the shooting range many times and practiced beyond this range. My Dad told me to hold higher than I normally

would, about three quarters of the way up the body of the goat. With nothing in the chamber, I held right where my dad told me to and squeezed the trigger, dry-firing the gun. I did this three times to get myself calm and ready. My dad then asked, "Do you think you can kill it?" I instantly replied "Yes."

I was ready to shoot it. I loaded one into the chamber, closing the bolt slowly. All I was waiting for was the billy to turn broadside. When the billy turned, I aimed carefully, three-quarters the way up the billy's body. Flicking the safety forward, I breathed in, then, squeezed the trigger while breathing out. The bullet hit the goat in the

perfect spot, causing him to hunch up. Before I could load another bullet into my gun, the billy sprinted forward. A flash of white went flying through the trees below the 60-foot cliff, which the goat had been standing atop. WHACK! The billy hit the ground below the cliff, leaving an uncertain feeling that the horns would be broken. Even after the shot, the two nannies stood on the side of the mountain, looking at us.

After celebrating and high-fiving for a few minutes, we packed up to go find the goat. When the hillside got thicker with trees, we split up to find it faster. My dad and I went one way and Marco went the other way. Almost two and



Fifteen-year-old Kyle Bartsoff was hunting near West Kootenay, British Columbia, in 2014, with his dad Mike, when he took this Rocky Mountain goat, scoring 53 points.

a half hours after I pulled the trigger, my dad stumbled upon some thick white hair in the alders, which led us directly to the goat. As I approached the billy, which was wrapped around a small tree, I could not believe how big it actually was. The first thing Marco said when he saw the huge billy was, "That thing's book!" All three of us were completely surprised by the size of the goat. Rather than being smaller than we thought, which normally happens, the billy actually was bigger.

We started snapping pictures of the humongous billy from every angle. We quickly skinned and deboned it, and then loaded our packs up. By the time we started heading back down it was getting dark. Walking down the mountain with loaded packs is hard enough, but on top of

that we had to do it in the dark. Finally we arrived back at the truck more than three hours later. We decided not to stay overnight, even though we had packed for the whole weekend. As soon as we were back at home we grabbed a tape-measure. We measured the bases at six inches each and measured the length of the horns at 11-2/8 inches and 11-4/8 inches.

Three days later after waiting for our legs to recover from the first trip up the mountain, we went after another goat to fill my dad's tag. While glassing from below we spotted the broken horned nanny and the long horned nanny again, and there was another big billy with them. We hiked to almost the exact same spot from which I had shot my goat. My dad rested his gun on a rock

Kyle's dad took a goat around the same area, unfortunately almost two inches of horn broke off during the roll down the mountain.

only 160 yards away from the goats. Waiting for more than a half-hour, he was finally able to shoot. After the third shot the goat rolled down the mountain, doing flips and snapping almost two inches off the left horn. When we found the goat we realized that had it not broken it would have been just as big, if not bigger, than my goat.

Before we could get both of our goats scored we had to wait the mandatory 60-day drying period, which felt more like six months. It was well worth the wait for me because the B&C gross score for my goat was 53-4/8 inches, and the official B&C net score was 53 inches exactly. For my



dad's goat the B&C gross score was 51-7/8 inches, but it had 2-1/8 inches in deductions due to a broken horn, making the B&C net score only 49-6/8 inches.

I would like to give a big thanks to Marco Marrello for all of his help and hard work. Also, I would like to thank my dad for taking me hunting every weekend. The hunt of a lifetime wouldn't have happened without them. ■



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