



# JACK STEELE PARKER GENERATION NEXT YOUTH BANQUET

**Morgan J. Burns**  
Black Bear – 20-13/16 Points  
Marshall Co., Minnesota – 2018



**MORGAN J. BURNS**

My late Uncle Jared got his first bear when I was three years old, and I fell in love with black bear hunting at that moment. While this isn't about the first big game I have harvested, it is about the first black bear I have taken.

I was hunting with my father on September 16, 2018, on the edge of a cornfield about nine miles from my home. It was shortly after shooting hours had begun, and I was carrying my late uncle Jared's Remington .270 semi-automatic. When the bear came out of a cornfield about 70 yards away from me, it turned broadside.

I knew I had one shot, so when the bear turned his head away from me, I took it. The double-lung shot caused him to jump and turn back into the cornfield.

My father and I waited about 40 minutes before we went in after it. We found the bear about 100 yards into the corn.

As big as it was, we had to call a few friends to come help get him out of the corn and haul the bear in for processing. While my father field dressed it, I was looking at the scars on its snout. You could tell that they were old scars from years prior.

It took four men to roll my bear onto a stretcher, back a Gator into the cornfield to haul it out and then roll it into the back of the truck. My bear weighed 473 pounds dressed and provided 350 pounds of meat that we turned into hamburger. I was also lucky enough to be able to use the same taxidermist that my uncle had used for his mount and had a similar one done, as well as having the record book skull cleaned.

**Landon T. Hayne**  
Pronghorn – 80-2/8 Points  
El Paso Co., Colorado – 2018

We live in Peyton, Colorado. In the fall of 2018, I waited in anticipation of my first big game hunt. I had the opportunity to hunt a piece of property owned by a family friend. My dad applied for tags earlier in the year, but we drew a single pronghorn doe tag.

The day before my hunt, we talked to our friend Randy, the owner of the ranch. He told us he'd received a pronghorn buck landowner voucher that day and asked if we wanted it. Of course, we took him up on his kind offer.

The day before the opener we scouted and saw lots of bucks running around in full rut. There were plenty of nice bucks I hoped to see the next day. In the morning, right at shooting light we saw a nice buck with a couple of does with him. I hopped out of the truck shaking with anticipation. When I shot at the buck at about 300 yards, I missed and then watched the trio run off into the distance.

We took off across the field to peek over the knob to try and get another shot. Instead, we saw about 15 other does and bucks. Dad and I laid down for a little while to see if a buck would present us with a clear shot. Before we could make another move, a doe came running up on our left and stared at us. Knowing we had no other choice, Dad told me to shoot the doe. As soon as I pulled my gun up, he grabbed my shoulder and whispered, "Wait."

As I looked over, I saw the buck come over the top of the knob we were sitting on. "Shoot that buck," he said. I took the shot; the pronghorn ran about 100 yards over the next hill and tipped over. Big buck down!

My family has always shown respect to the animals we harvest by honoring them by consuming and capturing their beauty in taxidermy. My dad is a taxidermist, and I enjoy helping him on mounts. This one was extra special because I was involved in putting the shoulder mount together.

As a young kid I didn't know my buck was all that big. I didn't know size, I just knew I was blessed to be in the outdoors and could harvest such an animal.



**LANDON T. HAYNE**



# STORIES FROM THE FIELD

This is just a sample of the inspiring stories read by Charles Hartford during the banquet. While each youth was presented their plaque and Buck knife on stage, the audience enjoyed each hunter's account of their adventure. All of the Generation Next stories will be featured in the *Boone and Crockett Club's 31st Big Game Awards Book* coming this fall.

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## Dominique P. Girard

**Non-Typical Whitetail Deer – 212-7/8 Points  
Lincoln Co., Kansas – 2018**

I was 12 years old, and it was my second year of hunting. My dad and I had driven up the night before with his friend to hunt the opening morning of the Kansas youth rifle season. Dad was going to sit with me. His buddy was going to dove hunt until we needed him, if we needed him.

We got up at about 5:30 a.m. and arrived at our stand an hour later. Still so new to hunting, all I knew was that we were hunting from a stand that my dad talked about constantly. A huge deer often passed our trail cam there, during the day. All I could tell from the pictures was that he had nice antlers.

At about 7:45, Dad pointed out a red rack sticking high above the milo. As I got ready, we watched the deer slowly work its way through the field and then drift off into the tree line. About five minutes later, a spike popped out. We could still hear the big buck off in the woods, rubbing on a tree. He was scraping the velvet off.

When a really nice, 160-inch, 10-point came out, I wanted to shoot. Thankfully, my dad was able to convince me that a bigger buck was close by. Almost immediately after he said that, out stepped the giant. I brought the gun up and rested it on the opening of the make-shift blind we'd made out of an old grain bin. BOOM!! My .243 going off was loud inside the metal blind, but I didn't hear it; my adrenaline was through the roof.

As we followed the blood trail through the milo, Dad told me to peek over the edge of a 50-foot ravine while he stayed in the field. I looked down and immediately saw a white belly down in the bottom. The buck's antlers were under his head after rolling down into the creek. As we rolled the deer over, Dad shouted, "THAT'S HIM!! THAT'S THE BIG ONE!!!" After we soaked in the moment, we called my dad's friend.

For my first deer with antlers, that's not too shabby. Sometimes I wish I could have shot this deer when I was more experienced, but had I not shot the buck when I did I might not have fallen in love with hunting.

## DOMINIQUE P. GIRARD



## Alexander L. Rowein

**Typical Mule Deer – 193-3/8 Points  
Raft Lake, Alberta – 2019**

During his second year of hunting in November of 2019, Alex Rowein headed into the field with his father, uncle, and brother. It was the first day of the hunt, and it didn't take long for them to find mule deer bucks. The first pair were only 50 yards away when they were spotted, but the deer spooked and quickly crossed over the top of a hill. As excited as he was, they were gone before Alex could position himself for a shot.

Soon, four more bucks were spotted on the other side of a large pasture roughly 300 yards away. Alex knew he needed to get closer and do so without running the deer off. As he and his dad shortened the distance and prepared to shoot, Alex questioned his effective range. Although he'd practiced with his rifle out to 200 yards, the bucks were still beyond that mark. His father then coached him through shot preparation as he readied his flat-shooting 7mm-08 rifle.

Still, the combination of excitement and a bit of buck fever got the best of him initially. Adding momentary insult to injury, the bucks became skittish and entered some heavy brush. The good news was that a cow moose, with calf in tow, ran the deer back out in the open almost as quickly.

A prayer to his departed grandfather helped him regain focus at that crucial moment. The hunter's nerves settled after he got the buck in his sights at the base of the hill. It was a big one indeed. His typical mule deer ranks as the 26th largest to ever come out of the province of Alberta.



ALEXANDER L. ROWEIN