



New World's Record

Mountain Caribou, Hunter Honored

Paul T. Deuling of Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, has received the Sagamore Hill Award, the highest honor given by the Boone and Crockett Club. Though Deuling harvested his World's Record caribou more than 20 years ago, he was unable to participate in the Club's triennial awards celebrations until this year. He was honored on June 26th at the Boone and Crockett Club's 27th Awards Banquet in Reno, Nevada.

The Sagamore Hill Award was created in 1948 in memory of Theodore Roosevelt, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Kermit Roosevelt to honor outstanding trophies worthy of great distinction. Only one award may be given in any three-year period, but the actual frequency has been even less often. Deuling is only the 17th recipient of a Sagamore Hill Award.

Deuling received the award for taking a World's Record mountain caribou in a hunt that exemplifies the sporting values that Roosevelt championed—fair chase, self reliance, perseverance, selective hunting, and mastery of challenges. The bull scores 459-3/8, more than 6 inches larger than the next-largest mountain caribou in Boone and Crockett Club's records book.

Deuling, who was 38 years old at the time, spotted the huge caribou during an August 1988 solo hunt for Dall's sheep in the Pelly Mountains of the Yukon Territory. The following is his own account of the hunt that was published several years ago in a book on Yukon hunts. One detail that Deuling is too modest to explain in the published story is that his hike into his hunting area was six miles. After he took his trophy it took five days, three round-trips—a total of 36 miles—to pack out his trophy and his camp.

CLANCY THE CARIBOU

By Paul Deuling

A lovely blonde lady from Vancouver who was visiting our family quizzically asked me, "Is that a very big moose you have on the wall there, Paul?" She had shown some interest in the taxidermy mounts in my basement as I had been explaining what the various animals were and generally where they were found in the Yukon. I replied that the animal she was referring to was a mountain caribou and that yes, it was a fairly large one.

"Oh," she replied, "does he have a name?"

This took me by surprise until she followed with, "I'm a vegetarian and the only way I can deal with seeing these animals is by giving them a name. His name is Clancy. Clancy the caribou." And so it came to be that after all the years of roaming the Pelly Mountains

By Kyle C. Krause

B&C Regular Member
Deputy Chairman, B&C Publications Committee

Deuling's new World's Record mountain caribou was verified by the 27th Big Game Awards Judges Panel in Reno, Nevada. **OPPOSITE TOP:** A newspaper clipping photo dated November 2, 1988, shows Deuling with his caribou, which scores 459-3/8 points. **OPPOSITE BOTTOM:** Simon Roosevelt (far right) presented Deuling with the Sagamore Hill Award during the 27th Big Game Awards Banquet held on June 26. B&C's Vice President of Big Game Records Eldon L. "Buck" Buckner (far left) was on hand to make the presentation as well.

and a few more [mounts] on my wall, Clancy finally received his name.

My hunt for Clancy was incidental to a Stone's sheep hunt that I had planned in late August of 1988 in the northern Pelly Mountains of the Yukon. All of my boys had either returned to school or hockey training camp so I decided to head out for a week's solitary Stone's sheep hunt before I, too, resumed my high school teaching duties. And I was frantic to go. That season had been a wet one and I had made several trips after sheep but either did not find them or sat in the tent for days before heading down the mountain for home.

With my old GMC 4x4 loaded down with my camper and extra gasoline, I headed for the Ketz country where I would have a walk of nearly a day before reaching my sheep area. The weather was absolutely beautiful with sunshine, a gentle breeze, and best of all, no bugs. Upon arriving that afternoon at my camp spot, a tiny side-hill bench, I kicked out a seat in the shale and chewed on some trail mix while watching a cow caribou in the basin below. She was foraging in the lichen, shaking her head and rubbing her back legs against one another in an effort, I supposed, to be rid of the bugs that were now appearing as the heat of the day dissipated. I watched her for a few minutes before she suddenly bolted off across the basin with head held high. And, just as caribou are apt to do, a few moments later she pranced right back to the origin of her fright. A wolverine was meandering in and out of the rocks and bushes, snooping into everything before loping off in his hunched-back fashion. The caribou was apparently fascinated by this, as she repeatedly ran off a short distance before turning, sniffing, and trotting right back to the disinterested mustelid, who just kept snooping for food. All this made great entertainment for a weary packer who was still sitting in sweat-soaked clothes and had yet to set up camp.

After pitching my tent, building a water pool from a tiny stream and setting out clothing to dry, I spent the next two hours having a snooze. Later that evening, I began to hike up the knob behind my camp where my boys had spotted rams on previous trips. Halfway up I remembered the silly cow and stopped to peer into the basin to see what she was up to. She had left the basin and climbed the very ridge I was on but was grazing about 900 meters north of me. About 50 yards away from her was a large animal that appeared to have a black oak tree growing from his head. The huge bull caribou immediately grabbed my attention and I set up my scope to have a better look at him. After a quick calculation

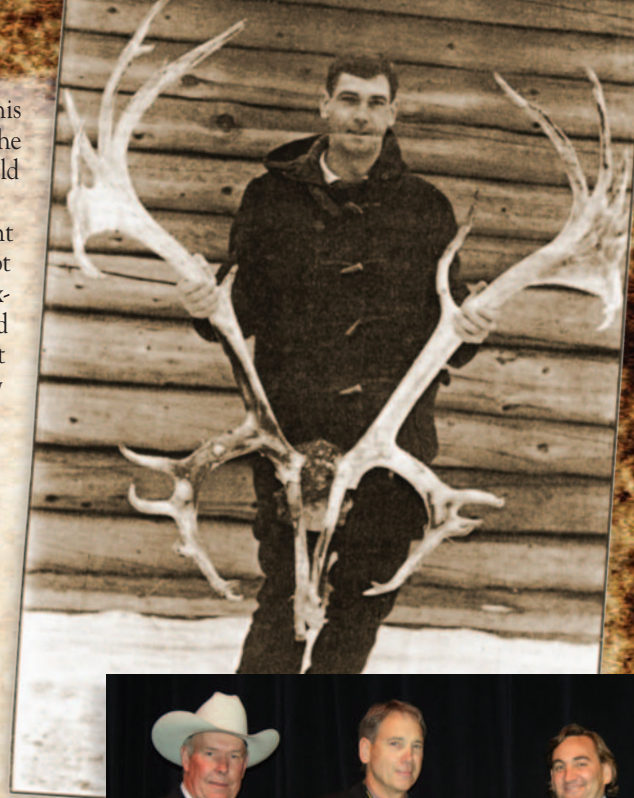
of the number of days I had to pack this guy out if I shot him, I decided that he was worth taking home. Big sheep could wait until next year.

The hike down to the tent became a scramble, as the closer I got to the tent and my rifle, the more excited I became. I had seen a lot of good bulls in the Pellys over the years, but nothing quite matched what this guy was wearing. A quick drop off for the scope and a snatch of the .270 sent me on my way down the ridge formulating a plan of approach as I crept between boulders. Dropping off the ridge and paralleling it seemed the sensible thing to do, and the stalk became much easier with a distinct dip in the topography ahead. I was able to walk onto a ridge-cut that contained a pretty little tarn and then climbed about 40 feet to the rim where the bull was feeding. My last step was only enough to clear the ridge to allow viewing through my riflescope. Only 10 yards away, the large bull, resplendent in black velvet antlers and summer coat, could be heard munching as he tore up the lichen. I could see only a black mass through the scope, so I lowered it for a moment to assure myself that it was his shoulder that was filling up the aperture. At the shot, he bolted away and headed downhill toward the cow while I stood there dumbfounded that he would run at all. A second shot from 50 yards quickly brought him down.

I had not packed a camera since weight is an important factor in a solitary hunt, so I just sat beside the big fellow and stared at him. For how long, I don't know, but it was getting dark before I got around to caping and cleaning him. Few words can describe the feeling one has after killing such a magnificent animal, and I stopped many times just to stand back and view the scene.

The real work began the next morning when, loaded with meat, I began the first of three trips back to the truck. The loads were heavy, much heavier than I should have made them, but a 12-mile round trip up hills and over ridges is easier three times, rather than four. The next five days were spent pushing through willow brush and shin tangle with many a cuss word. "What a stupid, stupid thing to do!" was the most muttered phrase until I was done.

However, the trip was worth the effort and my family dined on very tender caribou the following winter. Tony Grabowski did a super taxidermy job on a shoulder mount and Clancy continues to impress hunters with his tremendous antlers.



And, from time to time, when the urbanites come to visit, I still receive a "that's a fine looking moose you have there!"

"A Yukon game officer told me that Paul was the only person he knew who would have tackled that job, as the area where Paul killed his caribou is extremely tough country to get around in," said Eldon Buckner, chairman of the Boone and Crockett Club's Records of North American Big Game Committee. "Along with being a hunter of the highest ethics, Paul also is an extremely modest man. It's a story in itself, but he was finally persuaded to strip the hardened velvet from the antlers and have the caribou measured."

Boone and Crockett Regular Members, Bob and Arlene Hanson, generously sponsor the Outstanding Guide Award each year for the Wild Sheep Foundation. Last year, based on the support of his former clients, Mr. Deuling was chosen to be the 2009 Outstanding Guide Award winner.

Congratulations to a very hardworking, gracious, and humble gentleman. ■

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