

BEYOND P.R. APP'D. 252 Tc The SCORE

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George Ira Tice and the “TICE” Buck

Harvested over 70 years ago, this great buck has gained its rightful ranking as the number one Vermont non-typical whitetail. This rack, taken by George I. Tice, proudly hung on his wall until his passing in 1965. After his death, the rack was kept in its rightful spot by his wife Ethel for six more years. After her passing, their son Robert was given the rack and it was placed in his basement until an improvement project required the space, and the rack moved to an old milk house. It was from here that the guardianship was transferred to their great nephew, who had the rack measured and entered into Vermont's and Boone and Crockett Club's big game records. After being measured and discussed by numerous members of the Vermont Big Game Trophy Club (VBGTC) and B&C Official Measurers, a final score was arrived upon and accepted by VBGTC and eventually, by Boone and Crockett Club as the state record.

This is a perfect scenario for Boone and Crockett Club: a detailed narrative of the ownership and location of the trophy from the time it was taken until it was entered. What makes it even more intriguing is that a family member works for the historical society and was able to check the local records and obtain a few photographs to help corroborate the story.

George I. Tice was born on January 18, 1899, 12 years after the Boone and Crockett Club was founded and three years before any recorded history of the Club's involvement in big game records. He purchased his first hunting license in 1911 at the age of 12, which he kept until his death. It was one of his proudest possessions.

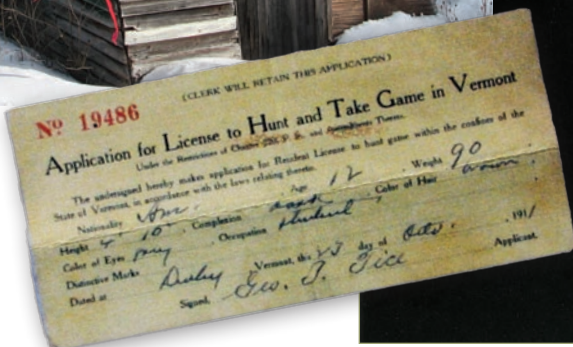
George was an ultimate outdoorsman, spending countless hours fishing the brooks surrounding his cabin and also bee lining—the practice of following a honey bee back to its nest and marking it for the extraction of honey in the fall. The family could not recall a single deer season he had missed. In fact they could only recall him leaving the camp twice during season—once because his LL Bean boots were to be re-topped and hadn't been finished in time for the season, and second, for the birth of his youngest son Earl.

Reading this story takes one back to a simpler time and place, the thought of hunting and fishing the Vermont woods in the early 20th century as George did, carrying his Winchester 1907 .351 self-loader and taking the greatest deer to ever be recorded from the state. This scenario must be nearly every modern-day outdoorsman's dream. Everything from this entry story falls into place perfectly, except for the fact that the rifle is no longer in the family. When George tried to have it converted to shooting smokeless powder, it began misfiring, and he got rid of it due to its impracticality. Even in those days, technological advancements must have been frustrating.

It is always exciting to be able to give a trophy and fair chase hunter due credit no matter how many years have passed. Boone and Crockett Club does not have a time limit on when a trophy can be entered. All we require is a narrative to corroborate the facts and location of kill before it can be accepted, especially in the case of a state record. ■



LEFT: The Tice milk house. BOTTOM LEFT: George's first hunting license from 1911. BELOW: George Tice's Vermont state record non-typical whitetail, taken in 1938, scores 190-6/8 points.



This column is dedicated to those trophies that catch our eye as they come across the records desk at Boone and Crockett Club's headquarters. Some score high, some are downright entertaining, and many are just unique.

Rob Springer's 2009 Yukon Moose Hunt

This adventure started in the summer of 2006 when my good friend Chuck Lamar booked a combination hunt for both of us with Dan Reynolds Outfitting in Dawson City, Yukon Territory. Chuck had done his research and found the Alaska-Yukon moose in his area were world-class. He planned to hunt sheep and moose while I hunted caribou and moose.

After four long years of waiting, the time had come to leave warm and sunny Florida for the distant expansive wilderness of the Yukon. I arrived in Dawson City late on the evening of October 5, 2009, having driven from Whitehorse due to inclement weather. Chuck was unable to make the hunt due to the success of the Philadelphia Phillies baseball team, where he served as assistant general manager.

The hunt was delayed for two days because of continued sleet and fog, but it allowed me and Dan to discuss his operation and the phases I would be hunting during the moose rut and caribou migration. After arriving at base camp on October 8, we had time to sight in my rifle and plan our first hunt away from base camp. It was also my first opportunity to meet my guide Frank Ross. Frank and I discussed the type of moose I was looking for and the challenges we would face with the rut nearly complete prior to the approach of winter.

Early on the morning of October 10, we climbed atop a small knob above our spike cabin to glass for moose as we prepared to depart for the day. Within the first 15 minutes of calling, Frank spotted a nice bull coming from the timber to his grunts and moans. This was my first exposure to the Alaska-Yukon subspecies of moose, and I really had no experience to judge how good this bull actually was. As it approached to within 100 yards, Frank guessed its antlers to be around 65 inches wide. He felt it would not score well on one side, so we passed and watched it walk down the runway and out of sight back into the timber.

After our first encounter, we started our journey to an upper basin known to hold good numbers of moose and traditionally large bulls. Around noon we made it into the basin and Frank immediately spotted several bulls herded together with cows in the willows along a timber patch. The snow and the height of the willows made it difficult to see them well, so we moved several

times attempting to get a better look. It was around 2 p.m. when Frank reacted like a kid on Christmas morning as a new bull appeared from the timber. We discussed a plan to get a better look at this bull, and within minutes, Frank and I were off again to get a closer look as bad weather was setting in. The bull and his three cows eventually broke away from the other bulls and cows, which numbered around a dozen in all.

We had watched the four moose alternately feed and bed for about two hours. Frank was becoming concerned that darkness would end the hunt before the bull was within range, yet he insisted we should remain where we were. He sensed they would feed through the willows back to the timber where he had spotted them originally. He was right on his assumption, and around 4:30 p.m., all four approached our position traveling through head-high willows. The cows were leading this bull right to us. My heart was about to jump out of my chest. I was extremely cold, but warming up quickly as the bull approached. I rested my .300 Ultra Mag rifle onto the shooting sticks and waited on Frank's famous words, "Make her happen captain!" at which time I gently squeezed and watched the massive bull collapse at approximately 250 yards.

As we approached the bull, Frank and Dan erupted into jubilation for they knew we had just taken the bull of a lifetime. Quick measurements told us they were correct as they had estimated a green score at nearly 250 inches and almost 70 inches wide. The final score is 242 and the greatest spread is an impressive 65-2/8 inches.

I owe a "Yukon-size" thank you to Frank Ross and Dan Reynolds for making this hunt a lifetime memory and for getting me out safely. They are the reason I was able to harvest such a trophy and should be included whenever this trophy is discussed. ■

Rob Springer was hunting on Sheep Mt., in Yukon Territory during the 2009 season when he took this Alaska-Yukon moose scoring 242 points. The bull was recognized with a Second Place Award at the 27th Big Game Awards Banquet in Reno, Nevada, on June 26, 2010.



Prince of Wales Island Black Bear

On June 5th, 2009, Sara Weythman, her husband, father, and a couple friends headed north for the first leg of their 30-hour ferry-and-highway adventure to Southeast Alaska for a do-it-yourself spring black bear hunt. We pick up Sara's account on the final leg of their journey.

On our ferry to Hollis, we saw a giant black bear rummaging one of the island beaches just outside Ketchikan. The skies were blue, and our spirits were high. On the way, we joked several times about how great it would be to start the trip with a bear on the first night.

Right off the bat, Eddie spotted a monster bear just off the main road. The bear was eating grass in a bog about 60 yards off the road. I remember hearing Eddie yell, "There is a big bear!"

My husband explained to me later that the bear had gone only 60 yards into the bog, stopped to look at them, then sat down. Eddie asked Rylan if the bear was a shooter. After looking the bear over again and confirming the tiny ears, boxy stature, and obvious boar-like characteristics, Rylan gave the okay. That was all Eddie needed to hear. He fired once and the bear dropped in its tracks.

Still in his traveling clothes with a fully-packed truck, my husband opted to stay behind and field dress the bear while the rest of us went to find the cabin and unload the gear. We had to make room for the bear.

It took us several hours, but we eventually made it back to Rylan and the bear. It was dark by the time we arrived, and the mosquitoes had come alive. The bugs, the cooler temperatures, and the sounds of wolves all made my husband glad to see us. We parked the truck and all pitched in dragging the brute back to the road and into the pickup. Thank God for tarps!

Eddie and Rylan stayed up into the early morning hours skinning and boning out the bear. They used the truck canopy to hang the meat and finished the next morning getting it bagged and cooling.

Meanwhile, my dad and I were back at the cabin enjoying a pretty lax morning. The deck overlooked a giant estuary which is home to a variety of wildlife, including sandhill cranes, seals, orcas, geese, blacktail deer, and of course, black bears.

Later that morning, I spotted a large bear from the deck and ran up the trail to get my husband. By the time we returned, it had ducked back into the woods. We sat and glassed for a bit longer, but we didn't see it again.

After filling a bucket with shellfish, we sat down for a little breakfast. From the table inside the cabin, I spotted another bear on the far side of the estuary. In a rush, Rylan and I grabbed our guns and started running the 1.5 miles across the tidal flats. We were able to get within about 200 yards of the bear—a nice one—but were unable to seal the deal. The grass was too tall for

a prone shot, and the wind was blowing too hard for me to steady my rifle while sitting. That evening we decided to drive down to one of the inlets to try for some crab and hopefully catch a bear out on one of the beaches. We saw a couple bears on the way there and one on the way back, but no luck in getting into position for a shot.

The next day was very warm and clear. The bears didn't seem to be out as much in the warm weather, so Rylan and I dropped the other guys off at the boat to do some halibut fishing and scout for bears, while the two of us spent the day on land poking around looking for bears. Just when we thought it was hopeless, we rounded the corner of an old logging road and came face-to-face with a giant bear not more than 50 yards away. Unlike the bears from the previous day, this bear wasted no time in boogying off the road and into the thicket, leaving us with nothing more than a vivid image of a huge black butt running down the road.

The fishing hadn't been any more successful than the bear hunting, and we dejectedly returned to the cabin. Since we had about two hours of daylight left, Rylan and I decided to launch the boat on the inlet near our cabin and cruise the grassy areas around it in hopes of seeing a bear.

The first couple of inlets were empty, but as we passed the third, Rylan noticed the distinct silhouette of a bear on the beach—something I thought just looked like a stump pushed up against the tree line.

Rylan raised his binoculars, and sure enough it was a nice black bear feeding on grass out in the open. He quickly flipped the boat around and headed for a piece of shore about 150 yards



Sara Weythman harvested this black bear in the summer of 2009 while hunting with her husband on Prince of Wales Island, Alaska. It scores 20-4/16 points.

downwind. After reaching shore, he wasted no time in handing me his gun, and saying, "This is your bear. Now go get it."

I grabbed that little .308 and ran along the treeline. My boots were loose, having come untied in the boat, but I didn't even notice. The path led over a series of grassy knolls. After the second knoll, I could see the bear. He was feeding along the tree line on the far side of a creek. I knelt down on one knee and steadied myself for a shot. It didn't feel right—not a kill shot—so I picked back up and headed to the third knoll. I figured by the time I reached the last knoll he'd smell me and be gone. Yet after cresting the final rise, I could see the bear clear as day and knelt again. This time I was sure. My heart was pounding, but I remember how remarkably steady I felt. I placed my crosshairs just behind the shoulder and exhaled. Boiler room—lung, heart, shoulder! I saw him stumble from the impact and then run.

Immediately my husband ran up to my side. He had watched the whole thing, and I couldn't tell who was more excited. We waded the creek to the other side, and headed toward the area where the bear had been standing. There was no sign of him. I began to get a bit worried. Rylan could sense it. He turned to me and said, "You hit him square. Keep your chin up. That bear is dead."

Sure enough, about 20 feet into the grass, hidden behind a large log, was my bear. He hadn't walked more than a few steps from where I shot him. I couldn't believe it. I started shouting, "I shot a bear! All on my own, I shot a bear!"

Looking at it closer, Rylan showed me that it was a boar,

and a big one at that. Its hide was a bit rubbed, and its face looked like someone had painted designs on it. Rylan told me that those rub marks were probably the reason this bear survived as long as it did—that most people wouldn't shoot a bear with a rubbed hide. I didn't care. He was my bear, and he was perfect.

Rylan wanted to quarter the bear to get it down to the boat 100 yards away, but I wanted my dad to see him whole.

Rylan is a stocky guy—a weightlifter and thrower in college—but I am far from it. It took every ounce of strength I had to help Rylan pull that bear down the beach. Adrenaline fueled our efforts, and it took us nearly half an hour, but we did it.

After struggling to get the bear into the boat, we motored back to camp. No room for me, I sat on top of my bear, grinning from ear to ear. Pulling the boat directly up to the boat launch by the cabin, my dad could see the giant bear occupying the majority of our inflatable. We opted to have my dad drive the truck to the boat launch so we could load the bear directly into the back. We ended that day with plenty of hugs, pictures, and food. Then the skinning began.

The next day Rylan and I went back out on a nearby inlet to hunt and check our crab traps. After filling the boat with keeper Dungeness, we searched on the beaches for bears. Rylan quickly spotted a good bear with over an 18-inch skull and we finished out the trip with the third bear for our third tag. My dad hadn't bought a tag for this trip but the next time we return, I am sure that will change.

Sara's bear scored 20-4/16 inches and is included in the 27th Awards book, which will be out this fall. ■

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LEFT: View from the deck where Sara spotted a black bear. **BELOW:** Eddie Salguero and Rylan (right) with Eddie's bear. For more coverage of hunting on Prince of Wales Island, check out page 58 of this issue.