

SB

211

COMMITTEE REPORT
HOUSE

FURTHER:

March 29, 1979

Date: 4/5/79

Mr. Speaker:

The Committee on RESOURCES has had SB 211

"An Act creating the title of honorary master guide for life."

under consideration and (a majority of the committee) (the committee) reports it back with the following recommendations:

- do pass do not pass
- do pass with attached amendments(s)
- replace with CS for _____ same title
- and recommends _____ new title
- AND attaches a "Letter of Intent" New Fiscal Note
- reports it back without recommendation
- referred to the _____ Committee

MEMBERS SIGNING
DO PASS

[Signature]

[Signature]

[Signature]

[Signature]

[Signature]

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[Signature]

MEMBERS HAVING
OTHER RECOMMENDATIONS:

[Signature]
CHAIRMAN

SR 211

3/30

Dept. of Fish and Game

4/5 4/16

3/30

Sen. Rodey - sponsor

4/5 4/16



Representative Joe Hayes
✓ Senator Pat Rodey
Senator John Butrovich

Gentlemen:

This request is in response to action taken at a March 1977 meeting of the GUIDE LICENSING AND CONTROL BOARD, in which a resolution was passed giving Master Guide Slim Moore, an honorary master guide's license for life.

In order to implement that resolution, enclosed is the pertinent information that should be sufficient to have their action implemented. Slim would be very pleased and honored to have this, as he approaches his 80th birthday April 8.

For your information ten Master Guides received that designation the first year-- Carl Lane, Juneau; Marc Jensen, Juneau; Jay Hammond, Lake Clark; Hal Waugh (decd) Fairbanks; Alf Madson, (decd) Kodiak; Slim Moore, Fairbanks; Bud Branham and Dennis Branham, both of Rainy Pass; Don DeHart, (decd) Slana; and Bob Busby, Harding Lake.

I have known Slim for over 25 years, and he is an honorable man. To keep himself busy, Slim raises most of the food that he and his wife use, with enough left over for friends who stop by during harvest time. Slim has a method of expressing himself, with his sense and humor and story telling, that it is a delight and privilege to any listener who has the opportunity to be around, when he talks of his true experiences of a lifetime of hunting. Pat used to deliver papers in Soenard where Slim lives now.

Attached are copies of articles which appeared in different magazines during some of the span of his hunting years. If there is other information that you think necessary, please let me know and I will get it. Slim's address is 4106 Arkansas Drive, 99503; phone 272-0324.

Yours very truly,

Helen A. Butcher
Helen A. Butcher (Mrs Owen)

* Bill or Resolution

SLIM MOORE, MASTER GUIDE

In 1964 the State of Alaska upgraded its ranks of big game guides. The system had been getting a poor reputation through unethical practices of guides who were exploiting the Great Land, and Slim Moore was one of the ten who received the Master Guide designation that first year. Others were Carl Lane, Marc Jensen, Jay Hammond, Hal Waugh, Alf Madsen, Bud and Dennis Branham, Don DeHart, and Bob Busby.

A Master Guide had to meet all the requirements of a Registered Guide, in addition to having legally hunted in Alaska for a part of each of 10 years during which his principal source of income was from guiding or related activities. He must have held a Registered Guide license and have been actively engaged in guiding for at least 5 years. He must not have been convicted of violating federal or state fishing, game or guiding laws within the preceding 5 years, and he must have consistently performed in a superior manner as evidenced by reports submitted to the department, and by inquiries made by the Alaska Guide Licensing and Control Board to at least two of the guide's clients of record, in addition to other qualifications which the board may require.

During the March 1977 meeting of the GUIDE LICENSING AND CONTROL BOARD, the following motion was passed unanimously; "RESOLVED, that master guide "Slim" Moore, after 45 years in the guiding industry was retiring, and would be an honorary master guide for life." According to Board Member Chuck Keim, the entire audience stood up and applauded. To implement this resolution will take legislative action.

M. W. (Slim) Moore, Grand Old Man of Alaska Guides, was awarded the first Simon-Waugh Award for excellence in 1974. This award is given by the Alaska Professional Hunters Association each year to guides who have dedicated their lives to guiding, have always believed in fair chase, and have contributed to the profession's excellence. In Slim's years of guiding, no complaint has ever been recorded, and he is the only living guide who has retired from a lifetime occupation as a guide.

Slim arrived in Alaska in 1926 from Texas and in 1931 booked his first hunt--three of the trophies later made the second edition in 1937 of the Boone and Crocket record book. He has trapped, packed with horses, used dog teams, and guided or hunted in almost every corner of the state except the panhandle. He guided the hunt which the record book shows two hunters' names (1950 Johnson and Brennan) for a sheep that neither knew who shot it, so both agreed to claim the distinction. When fur prices were low in 1933 and there was no demand for packers, Slim moved back to Fairbanks to his trade as an electrician lineman. In 1952 he and his wife, Margaret, took over Summit Lake Lodge on the Richardson Highway and operated it for ten years before moving to Anchorage in 1963.

Slim is a member of Pioneers Igloo #15, the Alaska Professional Hunters Association, and a retired member of the IBEW union. When the Denali Highway was completed from Paxson to Cantwell, Slim was instrumental in getting the north side of the road closed to all hunting; and he still follows the hearings and testifies from his long experiences regarding the regulation of game in the State.

Slim retired in 1977, which led to the resolution passed at the March 1977 Guide Licensing and Control Board. Demonstrating his character, Slim felt he should release his guiding territory so that it could be reassigned.

(copies of several articles which have appeared throughout the years are attached. I can send a Polaroid picture of Slim wearing the Simon-Waugh award, which is a carved powder horn, carved in Fairbanks in April 1974)

Submitted by

Helen A. Butcher
P. O. Box 4-1203
Anchorage, Alaska 99509

279-6448 or 277-6202

FURTHER RESOLVED that those guides qualifying for Subunit C be granted exclusive guide areas with joint usage for those areas that overlap.

Those guides applying for exclusive guiding areas in game management Unit 9, Subunit C, were;

Alfred Burnett
K. H. Jensen
Jack Myers
Richard Sjoden
Ben White

Grenold Collins
Ed King
Robert L. Myers
Reinhold Thiele

Ray Foldager
William D. Morrow
John Pangborn
Denny Thompson

After discussion and on motion duly made, seconded and carried unanimously it was

RESOLVED that Ed King, Jack Myers, Denny Thompson and Ben White agree to a corridor of two and one-half (2 1/2) miles on both sides of the branch on Alkagnok River for common or shared usage within the boundaries of their exclusive areas. Ben White, Denny Thompson and Edward King have no conflict on their exclusive guiding areas. Denny Thompson and Jack Myers do have a conflict. Jack Myers will readjust his map, pulling back his boundaries so they are no longer in conflict.

After discussion and on motion duly made, seconded and carried unanimously it was

RESOLVED that master guide "Slim" Moore, after 45 years in the guiding industry was retiring, and would be an honorary master guide for life.

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RESOLVED that Richard Herscher did not hold a qualified registered guide license at this time, and that Mr. Herscher could petition the board for an exclusive guiding area at such as he obtained his license.

Mr. Ray Loesche then addressed the board (Mr. Loesche's guide license is revoked). Mr. Loesche stated he was putting the board on notice that if he had to take it to every court in the land, he would prove that what the Guide Licensing and Control Board was doing by assigning of exclusive guide areas was illegal.

After discussion and on motion duly made, seconded and carried unanimously it was

RESOLVED that a permanent permit be assigned to those guides in Unit 9, Subunit E, who applied by November 1, 1976, having in the last five years three Statements of Financial Remuneration on file and/or had in the last five years three Bear Camp registrations;

FURTHER RESOLVED that a temporary permit would be assigned to those guides applying in Unit 9 Subunit E, by November 1, 1976, who had in the last five years two (2) Statements of Financial Remuneration on file and/or had in the last five years two (2) Bear Camp registrations, and/or had a written statement from three registered guides that they had conducted hunts in Unit 9 in the last five years;

*✓ Slim:
This was a unanimous vote of the Board,
and the entire audience stood up and
applauded you.
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Chuck Keim
7/16/77*

Grand old man of Alaska guides

By SALLY W. JONES
Daily News Staff Writer

As near as anyone can figure, Slim Moore's been guiding big game hunters in Alaska for, oh, say, about 200 years.

In truth, however, Moore has been guiding since 1931, and at 76 is the oldest active guide in Alaska. He has been given the Alaska Professional Hunters' Association first Simon-Waugh Award for excellence.

Clark Engle, head of the association, said the award will be given each year for guides "who have dedicated their lives to guiding, have always believed in fair chase" and have contributed to the profession's excellence. "We will keep this award on a high plane," Engle said soon after Moore was given the powder horn trophy.

AS HE RELAXED at Engle's home Sunday, Moore was talking about not renewing his master guide's license this year. "I don't take a new client anymore — I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to keep up with him," he said with a chuckle.

Moore booked his first hunt in 1931.

It was the hunter's first hunt, also, and the result was three trophies — two sheep and a goat — that were to make the next Boone and Crockett record book in 1937.

Since that hunt, he's taken hunters to nearly every game animal Alaska has to offer.

HIS KNOWLEDGE of Alaska wildlife has come with the intimacy no biologist could hope to gain from books, test tubes or laboratories.

He guides for the Alaska brown bear on Kodiak Island and the Kenai Peninsula and for moose, caribou and Dall sheep in the Nelchina-Upper Susitna, Wrangell Mountains, and Fairbanks-Central Tanana game management units.

He maintains permanent hunting camps in the mountains and valleys



Slim Moore with his award

rearing and tending his garden — I've never been a vegetarian before. — his tone has the ring of nonconviction.

SLIM MOORE lives big game. He talks of grizzlies as if the big bears were as predictable as the tides. Yet he respects their beauty, power and cunning. He talks of sheep and his theory that the Dalls in lime-rock areas grow the largest curls, from the lime in their diet.

And he talks of how Alaska's game has changed during his 49 years of hunting here.

"The sheep are coming back — there was a sheep epidemic in the '30s and '40s, in the '50s they went all out on (controlling) wolves, and the moose exploded; the bears have gone to the bottom of the barrel and Kodiak may end up to be the brown's last stronghold."

WHEN MOORE started guiding, packhorses were the mode of transportation and a 30-day hunt was the rule. Today, the aircraft hounds the bear and the hunter wants his trophy haggled in 10 days. "Overhunting," Moore said.

And he talks of the Outsiders who seek the majestic brown and grizzly.

"I had one fella' who was really nervous," Moore grins. "He shot the bear, we walked to it and I leaned on its stomach (in order to expel stomach gas.)

The carcass let out a "wruumphh."

"That man high-tailed it out of there so fast I nearly had to cut the

tree down to get him down," Moore says with a mischievous straight face.

THE HUNTING stories he and Engle swap for endless hours — "they get better with the telling," Moore said — reveal as nothing else could why Moore moved to Alaska before the Depression.

"I always liked to hunt and fish," Moore said. "And it was hard getting away from farmers with pitchforks when they saw me fishing in their alfalfa fields." Outside, he was an electrician on constant vacation.

In his early years here, he provided pack trains for gold-seekers, led his pack train for federal Geological Survey work, trapped an 80-mile line and found odd jobs until that day when a client was referred to him in 1931.

"I came to Alaska when I was in my 20's — figuring I'd get this hunting and fishing thing out of my system here," Moore said.

But he never did get it out of his system — "I keep putting it off one more year" he said, and mumbled something about maybe getting that license renewed for one more year . . .



Slim Moore

Thirty Years
on
Alaskan Guide

by
Jim Rearden

←
Veteran woodsman Moore sharpens a beaver-skinning knife in his comfortable log cabin home high in the remote fastness of his Alaska Range hunting country.

DON'T let him chase me too far," the guide told his hunter.

A wounded grizzly had fled snarling into the brush. The guide proposed to go in and get the bear to chase him into the open, so the hunter could get a clear shot.

Before the amazed hunter could object, the long-legged guide crashed into the brush and disappeared. Shortly the guide came legging it out of the thicket, occasionally peering over his shoulder at the bear, which, sure enough, was chasing him. Though unnerved, the hunter managed to shoot the bear and end the chase.

Sounds foolhardy, but it wasn't. The guide knew exactly what he was doing. His name was and is Slim Moore, and he is regarded by many who are qualified to judge as one of the greatest of all Alaskan guides.

Another top-notch guide, Warren Tilman of Fairbanks, remarked to me,

"Slim's like a hungry Indian when he gets on a good trophy's trail. He stays with it until his hunter quits or gets it."

Slim—he is called nothing else, and has even been listed as such in a telephone directory—and his wife, Margaret, own and operate Summit Lake Lodge, 3,210 feet above sea level in the glacier-hung reaches of the wild Alaska Range. The paved Richardson Highway winds past their door.

It was thirty degrees below zero on a recent winter's day when I pulled off the highway in front of the snow-banked log cabin the Moores call home. Slim, shrugging into a parka, came out to welcome me. Tall—he's six feet two—craggy faced, with bushy brows, a magnificent head of silver hair and piercing blue eyes, he looks every inch the big game guide.

Though I had intended to visit the Moores only a few days, I stayed a week, yarning with Slim, looking over his pic-

tures, snowshoeing with him and outdoor-loving Margaret in search of ptarmigan.

Slim enjoys hunting any kind of game. I have seen him happy as a kid just hunting ptarmigan. Brown and grizzly bears are his favorite game, however. "They have a little bit of fight-back," he says.

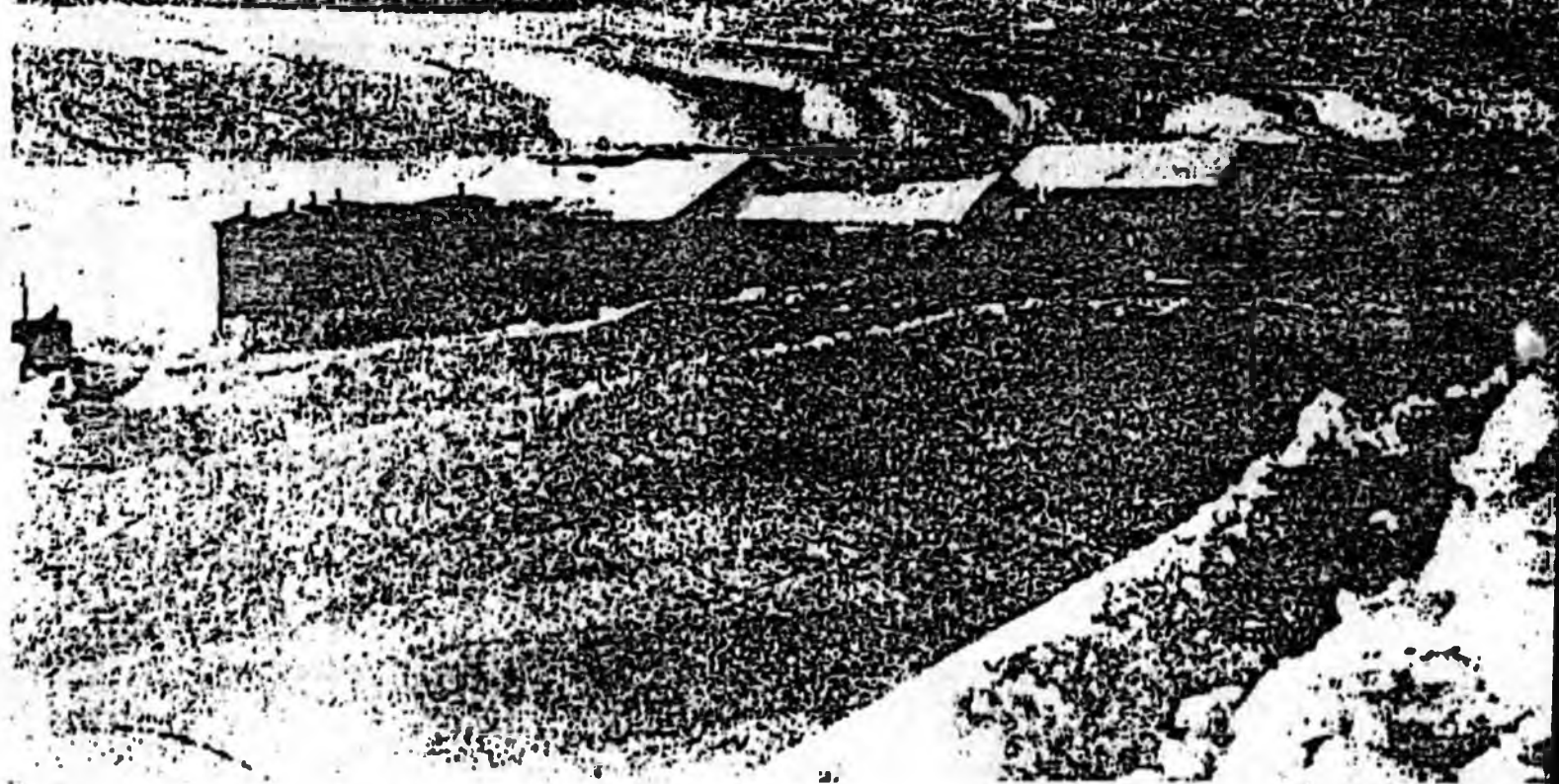
Sometimes they have a little too much "fight-back."

Once while guiding the well-known outdoorsman, Fred Hollander, on the Kenai Peninsula, Slim came upon a small grizzly digging out a parka squirrel. All they could see were the bear's round rump and a shower of dirt.

"Wanta see something funny?" Slim asked.

He yelled and beat his leg with his hat, thinking the bear would run—and the south end of a bear rapidly moving north is a ludicrous sight.

But the bear bounced out of the hole,



Guide Moore and his wife, Margaret, operate Summit Lake Lodge on the Richardson Highway in Interior Alaska for hunters, fishermen, "just plain travelers" and a host of friends.

Photo by Jim Reardon

took one look at the men, peeled his lips back and charged. It took a few fumbling moments for Slim to lift his rifle from his packboard and shoot. When the bear lay dead a few yards from them, Hollander turned to Slim and demanded angrily, "What in hell was so funny?"

Slim won't estimate the number of brown and grizzly bears that have charged him. He maintains it is unusual for a bear to charge, but when a man has hunted as much as he, there are bound to be exceptions. At various times he has described to me six "exceptions."

One occurred when he was hunting alone—and the story shows what kind of outdoorsman is this soft-talking big guide. It happened in October. Slim headed downriver from Paxson's Lodge, a landmark a few miles from where his Summit Lake Lodge now is, hunting a bear for sled-dog feed.

He found tracks and followed them until the bear jumped about two hundred yards away. At Slim's shot the

animal reared, dropped, and spun into a canyon.

The bear printed a bloody hole in the snow where it fell, but it was on its feet and legging it for distant places when Slim got there. His shot had struck the flesh of a foreleg. Slim trotted up the trail following the wounded grizzly's tracks and blood sign where they crossed a five-thousand-foot mountain—despite eighteen inches of snow and his lack of snowshoes.

Hours later, slogging toward the Tangle Lake country, he managed to get within five hundred yards of the bear. He sat down, aimed carefully, and hit it again, this time in a heel.

Now he started to gain. The grizzly limped into a big draw, and Slim guessed that he would cut left and follow a deep cut. He ran across the bend and the animal was plodding along directly below him as he reached the rim.

"Where do you think you're goin' now?" Slim yelled. The big grizzly

turned and charged, snarling. Slim waited as the animal clawed up the side of the draw. When it was about seventy-five feet away he shot it through the shoulder hump, killing it instantly.

It was nearly dark and Slim was fourteen miles from his starting point—with a five-thousand-foot peak between himself and home. He had no food nor bedding. He skinned the bear quickly, dragged the eight-foot-square hide to a level spot and curled up in it, using the head for a pillow and throwing the unskinned feet over him to hold the cover in place. The temperature dropped to zero that night, but he was warm.

"It made a nice blanket," he recalled, "though it did smell fishy."

Late the next day, on his way home around the mountain, he shot the heads off two spruce hens with his .30-'06, built a fire, cooked the birds and ate them—the first food he'd had since breakfast the previous day. The grizzly meat had smelled too fishy for his taste.



Two hunters divided honors on this record sheep taken during a hunt with Moore.

In November he returned with his dog team for the bear carcass. A heavy snow was falling. He tied his team and approached on foot, rifle ready. It never pays, in Alaska, to approach meat incautiously, even in winter. If a bear finds meat, he hates to leave it.

Slim missed the bear by about a hundred yards. The thick snow was whipping about in a steady glacier wind. He circled a bit, working uphill. A sudden rift in the storm let him glimpse the location of the carcass—and he saw an animal lying beside it, covered lightly with snow. Slim thought it another bear. He was downhill from it—a bad tactical position. He craned his neck and walked back and forth, trying to determine where the animal's head was. Then a camp robber, a northern jay, flew down and lit on the bear carcass.

A big wolf got up, shook off snow and reached for the bird. Slim snapped off a shot, knocking the wolf down. At the noise of the rifle the hillside exploded with wolves, leaping from the snow and

had been curled in the snow around the bear.

One great gray-maned wolf ran toward Slim, ears pinned back, and swung aside to pass him. Letting it go for the moment, he fired five quick shots and rolled three of the others dead. He crammed more shells into his empty rifle, swung around, and made a spectacular shot at the receding form of the gray that had sprinted by him. He had killed five out of the six.

"You know," he told me disgustedly, "I could have killed four of 'em with one shot as they lay in their beds, if I'd been on the ball. Four of 'em were in perfect line when I slapped that one that got up to chase the jay off. I'll never have a chance like that again."

Slim came to Alaska from Texas in 1926, for a short stay that has turned into a long one. He has trapped, packed with horses, guided or hunted in almost every corner of the state except the panhandle. Though he has guided many famous men, he won't talk about those who are living. He feels that their hunts are part of their private lives, and he has no right to publicize them.

Two he will name are Wiley Post, the famed flyer who was killed with Will Rogers near Barrow, and Fred Hollander, the wealthy sportsman-naturalist-photographer. He guided Hollander on several hunts.

A big, powerful man, Slim is known for his stamina on the trail and for his packing ability. He once ran down and killed a healthy wolf, almost with his bare hands.

It happened years ago, near Summit Lake. A wolf got into one of his traps, broke the chain, and got away with the trap.

A week later Slim was checking

Slim and the John-Brennan trophy Dall sheep ram at the scene of the kill high in the Alaska Range in 1950.



he neared Faxon's Lake he picked up a timber wolf track and followed it, thinking perhaps it was the one that had escaped. He followed the trail to the lake's edge and saw a black animal running across the ice about three hundred yards away.

It was too far off to expect to hit with the .30-30, but he pitched a few rounds at it anyway. Just as it went into the brush, it looked as if it up-ended a shot. Slim ran after it.

He found drops of blood in the snow where the wolf had entered the brush, so he was sure it was hit. Somehow he mixed a .32 Special shell with the fodder for the .30-30, and the rifle jammed. It was useless.

The wolf ran into deep, loose snow and the tall man, on snowshoes, gained until he got within feet of the frantic brute. Every turn the wolf made allowed Slim to cut across and gain more. As he charged by a ten-foot-high "geopole" spruce, he broke it off to use as a club.

Slim Gives Chase

The wolf tried to hide under thick spruce trees. Slim followed him, punching him out with the pole, driving him farther through the deep snow. Finally he forced the growling animal into a clearing. Slim gave it all he had then, his snowshoes flying until he was right behind the wolf.

"Hayuuuuuuuh!" he screamed, to fluster it.

The wolf turned with a snarl to face Slim, lips curled, mane up. Slim slammed the spruce club across its back and the club broke. He dropped it and climbed right on top of the surprised wolf.

"He sure gave me a rough time, trying to get out from under," Slim laughed. "I think I invented a new dance step trying to stay balanced on him."

After a few furious moments of tumbling and kicking in the four-foot-deep snow, the wolf managed to work his head up between the snowshoes, mouth open, big teeth popping and slamming against the hardwood and babiche. His roars and growls had Slim's hair on end. Slim did the only thing he could think of. He shoved the gun barrel into its mouth and "kept shovin' and twistin' and shovin' and twistin'." The gun right tore the wolf's lungs apart and it ~~man~~ died.

Slim's shot hadn't touched the wolf. The toes were gone from one of its feet and the foot was bleeding slightly. Otherwise the animal was whole and healthy until Slim climbed on top of it.

"Some tell that story and claim I had hold of both ends of my .30-30 when I was through with that wolf," he chuckled.

During his years of guiding, Slim has led hunters to "around a dozen" caribou, sheep, bears and mountain goats that have been listed in various Boone

doesn't know the exact number. "It's just in recent years that we've been paying much attention to records," Slim says, "and it's a great thing, too. Hunters are now after the best trophies, which is as it should be."

One of the finest records for which Slim is responsible, a Dall ram which now stands sixth from the top, is unique in being the only trophy in the book credited to two men.

Slim led the two, Phil Johnson and "Honest Jonn" Brennan—both from Fairbanks and both now dead—to the top of a little ridge in the rugged, rock-ribbed, snow-capped Johnson River country and pointed out three snow-white rams about two hundred yards across a canyon. Two of the rams were feeding. The third was lookout.

"When I put glasses on that third one I couldn't pull 'em off," Slim said. "My eyes ran out like the eyes of a snail. I'd never seen anything so nearly perfect as that head."

Slim told the hunters to be sure to kill the big one. They crouched behind rocks and matched coins to see who got the first shot. Phil Johnson won. He took careful aim and overshot. His bullet exploded on a rock behind the huge ram, causing it to leap toward the hunters.

Brennan then undershot, which turned the ram back. Then Johnson overshot again, and the confused ram whirled once more.

Whose Trophy?

Five or six shots were fired before anything was hit—and then it was a small ram that collected a slug. Then one of the men connected with the big ram. It dropped dead. But who had hit it?

No one was sure. The men, good friends, decided to claim it jointly, and that's the way it appears in the Boone and Crockett records. The beautifully mounted head of this magnificent sheep is on display in a Fairbanks bank.

Slim has an interesting theory to account for broomed or broken-tipped horns found commonly on sheep. "It may sound hill-billy," he said, "but I have an idea that horn gets in the way of its vision. You'll notice that a wide, sweeping horn is seldom broomed. Those with a tight curl that comes right next to the eyes are the ones that most often are broomed."

This man Moore has an appreciation of nature and the out-of-doors that goes far beyond enjoyment of hunting and fishing. You sense it in his stories, and in his half-spoken thoughts. This is probably the reason he is the guide's guide in Interior Alaska. When he depended upon park horses for a living, often when business was slow he'd take a few nags, pick a spot on the map and go there alone just to see what it looked like.



One of Slim's hunters who shot this black bear in 1937 posed Moore with his trophy.

One of his favorite areas was the McClaren River country, a couple of days' travel from Summit Lake. There, high in the wild Alaska Range, he enjoyed sitting on the lush hillsides watching mouse, caribou and grizzly bears move about the rich basin and across the mountains as far as he could see.

"I felt wealthy amidst all that game, all by myself," he says today. "Times like that, I wouldn't have traded places with anyone alive."

The Denali Highway to McKinley Park now winds through the McClaren country, and anyone can drive there. Slim was instrumental in having a huge block on the north side of this new road closed to all hunting, for it is so open that the abundant game would have little chance against hunters.

It was a sad day for Slim when, in 1938, he had to abandon his packing and trapping and move to town. Low fur prices and few packing jobs—hence little money—forced the move. He went to Fairbanks and got a job as an electrician-lineman, a profession he had followed before coming to Alaska. He continued to guide and work as a lineman until 1952, when he took over Summit Lake Lodge.

How does a guide consistently lead hunters to outstanding trophies? It obviously isn't luck. Slim's explanation is surprisingly simple. "When I want a big trophy for a hunter," he said thought-

fully, "I try to figure out where climate and food conditions are best for that animal to grow big. Mild weather, long growing seasons and plenty to eat are all important, in my opinion."

"And when you want to know where the game is in an area, there's one basic thing you can usually depend upon. It reminds me of the two Africans trailing a jeep, thinking they were after two big snakes. After about forty miles they held a council of war and decided they

—please turn to page 39



Although fur prices are "not too good" Slim still keeps his trapline in operation and his holes for beaver sets open.

SLIM MOORE, MASTER GUIDE

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(copies of several articles which have appeared throughout the years are attached. I can send a Polaroid picture of Slim wearing the Simon-Waugh award, which is a carved powder horn, carved in Fairbanks in April 1974)

Submitted by

Helen A. Butcher
P. O. Box 4-1203
Anchorage, Alaska 99509

279-6448 or 277-6202

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276'
JAN 27 2007