

Dave Myrup (UT) filed the following report about his three-species Capra hunts in Europe during November 2011 with **Joe Jakab of Point Blank Hunts**:

*On this hunt I was with **Jim Lake (CO)**. We got weathered out in Switzerland, so we went to Slovenia, where we were weathered out once again. We then traveled to Romania, where both Jim and I got our Carpathian chamois. Unfortunately I have no field photo of mine, because it was shot late in the day. I watched him fall off a cliff and collapse on the ground. We went to recover him and found lots of blood, but no chamois. We lost the track and blood in the thick leaves. Dogs were used the next day and the chamois was recovered. The problem was that we were on our way back to Switzerland. They had an opening and we had to get there. Jim and I both got our ibex and then went back to Slovenia to hunt the Alpine chamois. On the last day I could hunt, I got my Alpine chamois. It was a Sunday and Jim went to church to pray that I would get one, and it worked.*

*I know this sounds like a short trip, but we were gone for 22 days. We saw Europe by car, and the weather was the pits. We got to hunt with **Craig Nakamoto** and **Pat O'Neill**. Joe Jakab made sure I was hunting every day that was possible to hunt.*

We had lots of fun with some lows, especially on the Carpathian chamois. Craig and Pat saw my Carpathian chamois before me when they hunted in Romania after Jim and I had returned home. Joe put us with the right people. Great time and great hunt!

⌞Dave also filed a great report from his most recent Capra adventure, which was for the Altay ibex in Mongolia, and it took place in September 2015. He writes:

After waiting four years, Ryan, Bruce, Jody and I were finally on our way to hunt Altay ibex in Mongolia. We had anticipated this time and were looking forward to carve another adventure into our lives. We flew from Salt Lake to L.A. and then on to South Korea. When we arrived in South Korea, everything was going just fine. We walked down to Starbucks for a drink and upon our return to the boarding area, there was an agent holding a sign for Jody that said, "Please come with me to the security area, we have a problem with your ammo." Jody wasn't gone long when he returned. They wanted to see all of us in the security area. When we arrived at the area, everyone's luggage and gun cases were

there except my luggage. That's when one of the agents said to me, "Where is your luggage?" I replied, "You tell me, all I have is my baggage claim." He took my baggage claim and was gone. I asked the one agent who spoke English, "What is the problem?" He told me that I couldn't have any ammo. I then explained to him that this isn't so, as many hunters pass through South Korea with guns and ammo. I wasn't rude, but just questioned what he was telling me. By now they had asked us to open our gun cases and show them our ammo. They were taking photos and video of the guns, ammo and gun permits from the Mongolian Government. Then the agent who took my baggage claim returned and handed me my claim back. My luggage never did show up after more questions, more photos and more video. We told them we had a plane to catch and our boarding time and departure time had come and gone. Finally one agent told us it was okay to go to the gate as they had held the plane for us.

Once we were all on the plane, we wondered if any of our guns or gear would show up in Ulaanbaatar. Three hours later, we landed in U.B. We cleared customs, and went to check on our baggage. It was all there: guns, gear, and yes, our ammo. Outside the baggage area we were met by our connections from the hunting company. They all smiled and welcomed us to U.B. We then headed to our hotel, had a quick shower and went out to lunch, sightseeing, shopping and an early supper. We were to fly the following day to Hovd.

We were to fly early in the morning, but the flight was delayed, so we left about 2 p.m. Once we landed we were greeted by our drivers, loaded up our gear and wished one another good luck. We then split up and headed in different locations to start the hunt. The road that was once dirt to get closer to the hunting area is now a paved road. China has built a road from China to Russia and it is just about 100% finished. Seven hours later we were getting close to the hunting area. Sol, my interpreter, said, "Dave, you must check your gun before we get to camp. We will find a marmot to shoot, but you must hit him in the head so it won't ruin the meat." Two marmots later proved my gun had shot straight. Little did I know that I had provided meat for breakfast and lunch. I must say it was good with a great flavor and very tender. When we arrived at camp we were greeted by the local hunting party: one main guide,



Dave Myrup (UT) took this Alpine chamois in Slovenia, November 2011. It scored 27 4/8 SCI. Dave was hunting with Point Blank Hunts.



This Alpine ibex was taken in Switzerland by Dave Myrup (UT) in October 2011. Dave hunted with Point Blank Safaris.

two assistant guides, one cook and one camp guy. With the three of us, we were a party of eight.

The next morning we left camp at daylight and took the jeep as far as we could. We were then met by the guides with horses and rode to the highest peaks to spot ibex. My guide said that morning was the best time to locate the ibex; when it gets warmer, they seek shade and are much harder to spot. We looked for hours only to find ibex two mountain ranges away, which was too far to go after. We all got together for lunch and a short time afterward, the jeep driver located some ibex lying in the shade. The plan was to send the two assistant guides around the mountain and spook the ibex. We would watch where they would go and maybe put a stalk on them. The ibex were shaded up out in the open with no way to attempt a stalk. The assistant guides were gone for about an hour when the ibex started to move. We watched them for a long time. They finally moved into a place that reminded me of southern Utah's Red Rock Country and rougher than hell. As we watched them, they headed into a real rocky area with a large cliff-like mountain, almost straight up and down. I watched as the ibex ran up high on this rocky mountain. They would jump from rock to rock until finally they were on top, bedding down in different directions. Some were in the shade and others in the sun. It was hot that day, maybe even in the 80s, which is too hot for hunting.

We watched the ibex for some time and then finally my guide said we must get closer to get a better look. To do this, we would have to hike around a mountain out of sight and try to get the wind right so as not to spook them. An hour and a half later we were in a position for a better look. But the ibex had moved, and now we needed to find them. A couple of hours passed and then it seemed like the whole mountain was moving with ibex. They were going everywhere! We were watching a big ibex go out the bottom of the canyon at 1200 yards, which was too far to shoot. Then all of a sudden, more ibex took off to our left. I was unable to get a shot at the largest ibex. We could only watch as they headed into the cliffs. So we headed off the mountain and were met by the assistant guides with horses. We rode back to the area about where we had first spotted the ibex. It was now getting late, but my guide said we might have a chance for the big ibex. We had to go fast. We worked our way up to this rugged, red rock country with only one spot to see if we could locate the ibex.

We hadn't been looking long when my guide motioned for me to move to his side. He had found the big ibex lying in a crevice of a sheer cliff. He propped my binoculars on a rock and I was finally able to find the ibex. He was lying in the shade of the crevice. I rested my rifle on a large rock and shot the ibex. He stood up and



Dave Myrup (UT) with an Altay ibex he took in Mongolia, August 2015. Dave booked through ProfiHunt.

I shot him again. The ibex was down! We all worked toward the downed ibex, but it was too steep to get up to him, so they called for one of the assistant guides to bring a rope. If this didn't work, I wondered if the ibex could even be recovered at all. After several attempts the guide had thrown a loop over the ibex's horn. Then with three guys pulling on the rope, the ibex was pulled free from the cliff. I wondered if the ibex and guides would all fall off the cliff and into the bottom of the canyon, but the Mongolians won the tug. As I sat there in awe of this beautiful animal, I came to the conclusion that the best spotting scopes are not made in Austria or Germany, but are bred and built in the eyes of the Mongolian people. They can find the proverbial needle in the haystack. We got back to camp after dark, had supper and were off to bed. What a great day.

We booked through **ProfiHunt**, and once we all got back to Hovd, we all had connected and taken nice ibex. We had no trouble on our return trip home. I ran into a hunter from Mexico who was on the plane to L.A. on his way home. I asked him if he had any hassle in Korea. "No," was his answer, "only in the U.S."

