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In this issue of *OVIS*, you will be seeing a lot of **Jerry Moschgat** (PA). In fact, you have already seen him on the **FRONT COVER** of this issue. Jerry completed his Ovis and Capra World Slams (and the Triple Slam) in September 2006. Here you will see the Ovis World Slam Milestone for Jerry and look for his Capra World Slam Milestone later on. Jerry can also be seen over in *GRAND SLAM* this time.

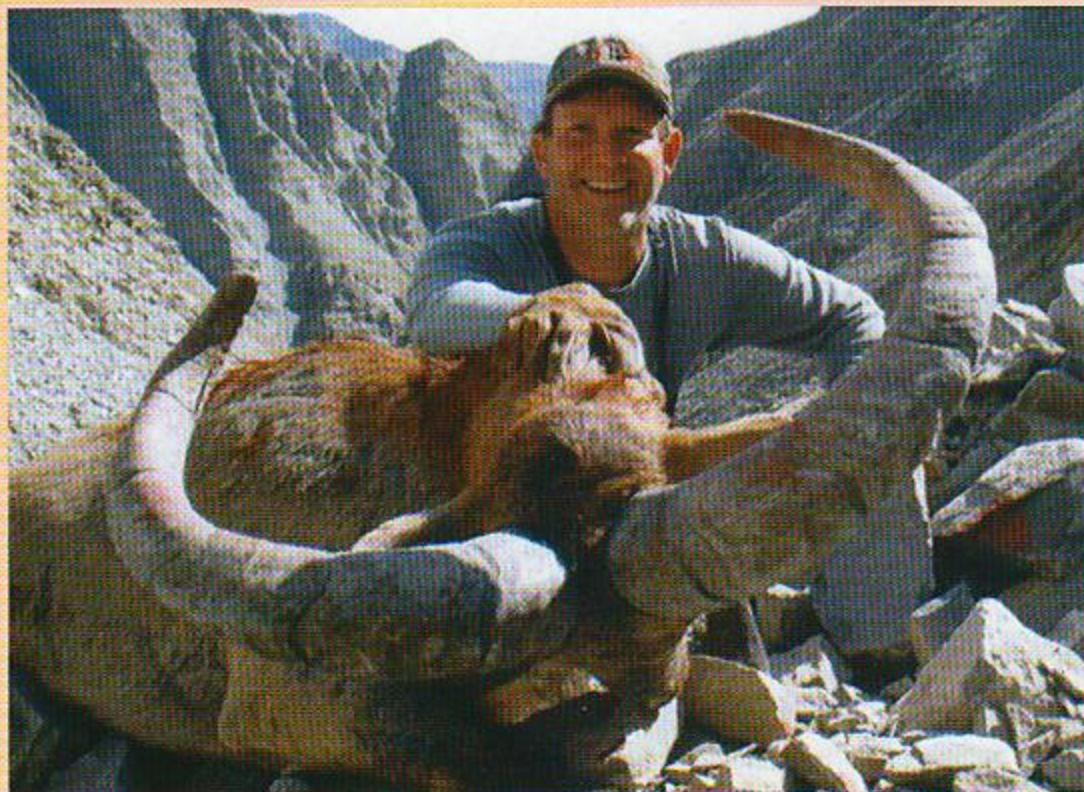
Incidentally, this will be the third issue in a row where we have had a report on the "Caucasus Slam on one trip."

Dean Heintzelman (PA) was the first to report this amazing feat, then you saw **Gervasio Negrete** (MX) was able to do it, and now you will see Jerry has done it. About his hunt in the Caucasus, Jerry writes:

*In August 2006 I departed on a hunt for the Dagestan (Eastern) tur; the first leg in an attempt to achieve the "Caucasus Slam." I was pleasantly surprised upon arrival in Baku to see a familiar face, **Mirbala**, whom I had met previously during a Marco Polo hunt in Tajikistan, and who was to be my camp manager for this first leg of the hunt. I then met my interpreter, **Alexey**, and the guide for the hunt, **Rajy**.*

I was shocked at the terrain we encountered. Despite being warned and spending three months preparing myself for the physical challenges of the Caucasus, the reality was stark and somewhat unexpected, not knowing at the time that I would lose 24 pounds during the course of these four hunts.

Our first day on the mountain, and the second of the hunt, was fairly uneventful. We had awakened to thick fog in the morning, which did not clear until the afternoon. We did manage to find a band of turs late in the day; too late, unfortunately, for our group to do anything but watch them. The third morning dawned clear, but with strong winds. Our hunt on this day found another band of turs in the late morning hours. This time, we put a stalk on the group. We saw the turs begin to move and started making our way around the mountainside in the direction that they were feeding. When I at last risked a glimpse over the ledge of the mountainside, I saw that there were five male turs bedded down. I crept closer to the edge to position myself for a shot; unfortunately, one of the turs saw my movements and imme-

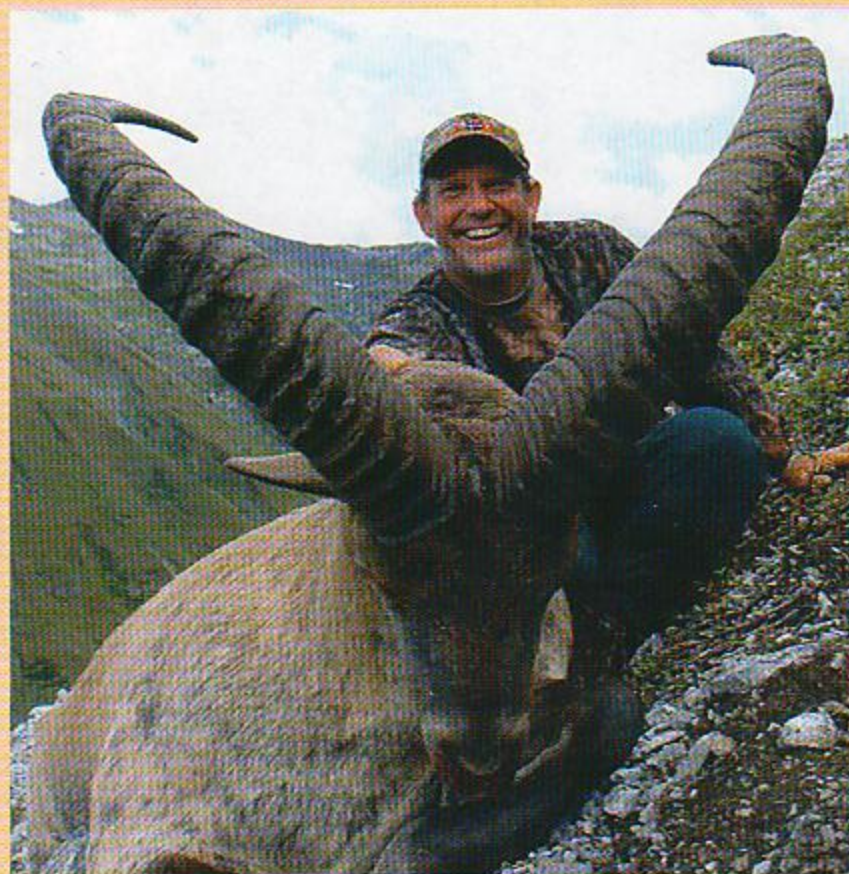


Jerry Moschgat (PA) took this Dagestan (Eastern) tur in Azerbaijan, August 2006.

diately leaped to his feet. While he tried to detect further movement, I prepared to shoot, and Alexey used the range finder and indicated it was 176 yards. I took one shot, and the tur rolled down the mountainside into a box canyon. When we reached the bottom of the extraordinarily steep slope, we found a 10-year-old trophy tur awaiting us. We spent the night at camp, and then returned to Baku the next morning.

Our first hunt had ended early, and we wanted to start the hunt for the Kuban (Western) tur early if possible. I had been in the motel for about two hours when Alexey called

*and told me that we would be leaving that night on the second leg of the hunt. We then flew to Mineral'nyye Vody, where the game manager picked us up, then drove us on to Cherkessk to meet the regional game manager and obtain our licenses. We continued on to the village and met **Rashid**, the guide; **Nurchuk**, his assistant; and **Rassou**, the driver, then stayed for the night. We left the next morning in a four wheel drive Russian military truck. A 10-hour drive brought us to the end of the road, at least so far as it was passable by vehicle. We spent the night in tents, and the next morning the guides went into the mountains to get our horses. By mid-afternoon, we were saddled and ready to ride into the small area of the Caucasus where the Kuban tur lives. The next seven days passed with very little activity. We hunted every available moment, but saw very few harvestable turs. On the eighth day, however, we found a band of four in the afternoon; a group crowned by a massive ram. It was all the encouragement we needed to gather our gear together and begin a stalk on the group. We made our way up a creek bed, and then began to climb up to the group. When we came level with the turs, we saw that three were bedded and one was feeding. We came to within 800 yards when we ran out of cover and had to risk coming out into the open. It seemed as if we spent hours crawling toward the turs; we could barely lift ourselves off the ground as we moved through open space, and had to freeze immediately each time the one that was feeding lifted his head. We had not covered half the distance yet, and all four turs were now standing and feeding. I decid-*



This huge Kuban (Western) tur was taken by Jerry Moschgat (PA) in Russia during September 2006. This great trophy and Jerry are featured as the **COVER PHOTO** of this issue of *OVIS*.

ed to take a shot from where we were; Alexey measured the distance at 454 yards, and I took my shot. We moved toward where the group had been standing, and saw the fallen tur within 100 yards. The tur was estimated at 15 to 16 years old, and Alexey and my guides were amazed at the size of it. It did, in fact, turn out to be the largest tur ever harvested from that area. The next morning, Alexey and I decided to hunt for a Caucasian chamois with our driver, Rassou, as our guide. We spotted a chamois soon after starting out and began to stalk it, but it winded us and made a rapid retreat. That, unfortunately, was the

extent of the opportunities we would have on this day. The next day, the tenth of this leg of the hunt, we found a group of chamois with several in the group that I would be proud to harvest. We stalked them throughout the day, and in the late evening, around 5:30 p.m., I was able to call one of those excellent Caucasian chamois my own.

After one full day of travel, our game manager drove us to Nalchik to meet our next hunt managers. This is where we would begin the hunt for a Mid-Caucasian tur, the final leg of the "Caucasus Slam." The next morning, they drove us to meet the family who would be our guides on this final hunt. They were **Mohammed**, the guide, and his two assistants, **Bulia**, his son, and **Nazir**, his brother-in-law. We began our trip to the camp soon afterward. The end of the day brought us halfway up the mountain and to a shack which had been prepared specifically for our hunt. The next day we reached the spike camp, which had a plywood shelter waiting for us. We made our way up the mountain on foot, and spotted a group of turs on another mountain, and we decided to attempt to get one of them. We climbed for another hour, when Mohammed saw a tur from another group outlined against



This Mid-Caucasian tur from Russia completed the "Caucasus Slam" for Jerry Moschgat (PA).

the sky around a thousand yards away. We quickly ducked to the ground, hoping they had not seen us. Mohammed wanted to move to the right and begin advancing upon the turs, but experience and instinct told me to stay where we were, which I insisted upon. Almost as a gift, to validate my decision to remain where we were, a group of eight turs began walking down the mountainside, directly toward us, with the largest of all in the lead. They began to move to our left, and I told Alexey to use the range finder. After doing so, he told me that the turs were 412 yards away. I took a shot, and the rams ran in the

direction they had been going, to our left, and appeared to be unharmed. We climbed further up the mountain, then looked out and saw the turs, still running, at least 1500 yards away. We did notice, however, that there were only seven turs in the group now, which begged the obvious question. It was not long before Mohammed found the eighth tur, lying on the ground but still alive. I walked to him, and made the final shot from 30 yards to complete my hunt with a fine 12-year-old Mid-Caucasian tur. I felt extremely fortunate that, after three hunts and 24 days, I had harvested this Mid-Caucasian on my first day, and by doing so, completed the "Caucasus Slam."