

Mark Jackson (IN) was seen earlier with his Ovis World Slam Milestone Feature. Mark completed his Capra World Slam and Triple Slam when he took a bezoar ibex in Turkey in March 2010. Mark submitted a report about his July 2009 hunt in Mongolia for Hangay argali, Altay ibex and Gobi ibex. We used the Hangay argali report earlier, and now we would like to let Mark tell the rest of the report about his Mongolian ibex hunt:

After the Hangay argali hunt, we went after the Altay ibex in the northwest portion of Mongolia. The Altay Mountains are the largest mountains in Mongolia. Emma and I quickly named this the "Hunt from Hell." We flew from Ulaanbaatar to Hovd. We arrived in Hovd around 4 p.m. and departed for camp around 4:30. Little did we know we were going to drive 14 hours all night long on the worst roads known to man. We arrived at camp right as the sun was breaking over the mountains. I moved our bags into the yurt, then I got Emma's sleeping bag out and let her go to bed. I dressed for the hunt and put together my equipment. Off I went for the ibex hunt with no sleep and no chance to check my gun's accuracy.

The guides were well prepared. They had located the ibex the night before and kept men on the mountain all night watching the ibex while waiting for our arrival. The strongest guide and I started up the mountain thinking we would be in position for a shot in about an hour. After 20 minutes of climbing, we could hear wolves howling and started to see ibex scattering all over the top of the mountain. We ranged the biggest ibex and I set up for a difficult 325-yard steep, uphill shot. Unfortunately, I missed. I found trying to smash my body into the ground, to get below the gun to make the uphill shot, almost impossible. The guide and I started climbing again and made it to the top. We glassed and looked for ibex until noon when I realized I was really hungry and thirsty. One of the secondary guides was sent to the top with food and water for us. Shortly after lunch we located another good ibex. We carefully moved into position for a 250-yard shot at about a 45° angle downhill. I was able to get rock solid, said my quick prayer, and squeezed the trigger. The shot was low and I broke the ibex's front leg. It seemed strange to me that I shot low, but the chase was on. The ibex ran up the mountain and down the other side to the valley and out of sight. My guide was up running right after the shot, so I was up and running as well. We made it to the top of the next mountain and started glassing for the ibex. It took approximately 10 minutes but we found him walking and watched him carefully hide behind some large boulders.

I said my thank you prayer and the stalk was on. We carefully

navigated the rocks and boulders for about 20 minutes. The guide was careful to culminate the stalk higher than where he thought the ibex was lying. Of course, the ram was nowhere to be found. After carefully searching we found him and I set up for an easy 100-yard shot. I made the shot and the hunt was over. Unfortunately, in my haste to pack in the morning, I forgot my camera. The guides gutted the ibex and left the front legs attached so back at camp we could take photos of an animal that looked decent.



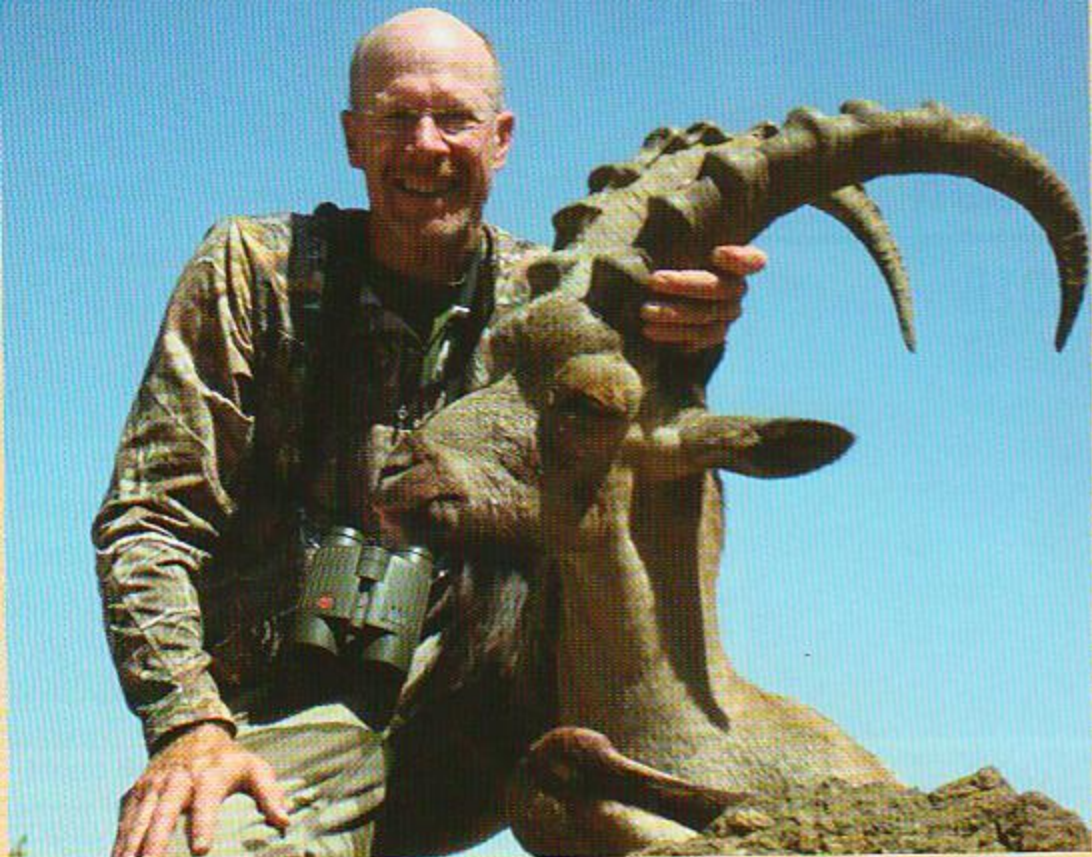
Mark Jackson (IN) completed his Capra World Slam and Triple Slam with this bezoar ibex from Turkey in 2010. Mark was hunting with Caprinae Safaris.

The third and final hunt took place in the Gobi Desert in southern Mongolia. We flew to Dalandzadgad, then drove three hours by jeep into the Gobi Desert. The accommodations were the best at this camp. We had a great cook, great beds and good food. The problem was there were very few ibex and we only had three hunting days left. I mentioned to our interpreter that I needed to sight in the handgun. I was suspect after the missed shots on the "Hunt from Hell." My hunch was correct. The gun was shooting 1 1/2" low at 100 yards. I shot well when the scope was zeroed accurately.

We were up at 4 a.m. and hunting at first light. The first day we completed a two-hour stalk only to be busted setting up the backpack for the shot. We were unable to find a stalkable ibex that night. Day two produced no stalks and only one ibex worth looking at. The only problem was that he had broken one horn off about halfway up his horn. On the

last day we spotted the large ibex with one broken horn and a smaller companion. Beggars can't be choosers, so the stalk was on. Once again we worked our way up the mountain parallel to the ibex, approximately 300 yards away. At every ridge my guide would carefully peek over the edge. He did find the ibex before they found us! We had one problem: we couldn't locate the large ibex, only the smaller sentry. My guide left me and looked for 20 minutes to no avail. The sentry ibex was bedded with his head straight toward us like the ibex that busted us the first day. The distance was 180 yards and the shot angle was approximately 70° downhill. I didn't want to risk bumping the ibex, so we didn't set up for the shot until he stood up and started feeding. Once he stood up I quickly placed my sweater on the ridge and set up for the shot. There was no time for prayers on this shot. I only waited a moment for the ibex to get in a good position for a shot and squeezed the trigger. I couldn't see the results of the shot but the guides were shouting in excitement. The ibex ran about 30 yards and piled up dead.

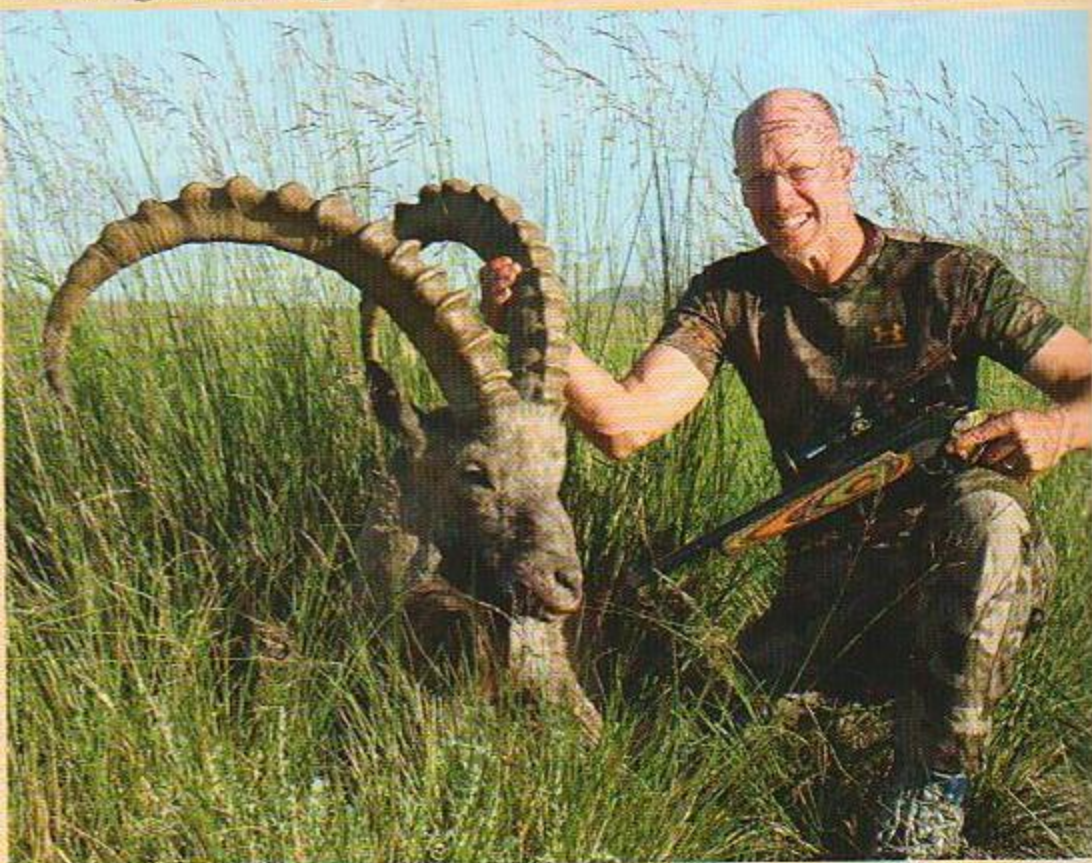
*The shot angle was so steep that when I hit the ibex high on the shoulder the bullet came out the bottom of his brisket. **Mark***



This Altay ibex from Mongolia was taken by Mark Jackson (IN) in July 2009.

Hampton had recommended Winchester bullets. I found that the Winchester 150-grain XP3 bullet shot flawlessly. The polycarbonate red tips, along with the adjustable reticle on the Leupold scope, made a deadly combination. I was lucky I hit high on the shoulder or the results might have been quite a bit different. The guides took the blood from the ibex and mixed it with a small bottle of vodka. They claim if you drink the concoction it will heal your broken bones. Emma and I sure were glad we hadn't broken any bones.

I would highly recommend a trip to Mongolia. Nowhere else in the world can you hunt the largest argali rams. The sunrises and sunsets in the Gobi Desert were beautiful and to experience such an unusual culture was the experience of a lifetime. Many thanks to J.D. for a special handgun, and Mark Hampton for his help, encouragement and planting the seed for the dream of international handgun hunting.



Mark Jackson (IN) and his Gobi ibex from Mongolia taken in July 2009.