



Dieter Ochsenbein (South Africa) took this Caucasian chamois in Russia during 2006.

**Dieter Ochsenbein** (South Africa) completed his Capra World Slam in Mongolia in September 2007. Dieter sent reports and photos on his 13 Capra species, but I have decided to use the last three hunt reports that completed this Milestone for him. Dieter writes:

*The Caucasian chamois I collected in the first half of October 2006. My flight was from South Africa to Moscow via Zurich and on to Mineral Nyye' Vody, where I was met by my interpreter **Evgeny** from **Profi-Hunt**. We left by jeep for the hunting area, picking up the chief game guard on the way, who also had my hunting license with him. I had to overnight on the way and the next day we made it into the beautiful Caucasus Mts. The weather was almost too nice, warm and sunny. Our fly camp was an extremely basic affair and the table consisted of a wooden plank removed from an old sheep corral, laid across the bumpers of two Russian jeeps facing each other. My tent was very small but provided cover. Three more game guards joined us to help spotting. All was well organized, the people friendly and helpful.*

*We walked and climbed the mountains for five days. We checked into canyons and glassed all the peaks and slopes but no sign of chamois, not even nannies and kids. My guides attributed this to the warm weather. The general consensus was that the chamois must be in the woods to stay out of the heat. The stag roaring season was in full swing and it was very enjoyable listening to their mating concert every morning and evening.*

*On the sixth day we headed for a long chain of ragged peaks and again the sun was merciless. We had climbed for about two hours without seeing anything when I decided to turn back and call it a day. My interpreter quite understood, but the guides decided to carry on, so Evgeny and I turned back to "camp." I was busy shaving as Evgeny, totally winded, came up to me with the news that he had spotted a single chamois. I was not totally convinced, since I was not sure whether my interpreter knew what a chamois looked like. However I gave him the benefit of the doubt, grabbed my rifle and hurried after him down the gentle slope toward a vertical drop from where we had often glassed in the days gone by.*

*The chamois was no longer in the spot where Evgeny had seen it 30 minutes ago, but we kept on searching through our binoculars and BINGO. I saw just the head of a single chamois sticking out of the grass right close to the bottom of the 250-meter vertical drop. Eventually I found a place to shoot from, almost hanging over the cliff with Evgeny holding me by the ankles. 250 meters straight down in a very awkward position, but I had no other choice. Hit in the neck, the chamois never heard the shot that killed him. Happy hunter and VERY happy interpreter!*