

Time for our semi-regular report from **Eduardo Gerlero** (Argentina):

During the 2011 GSCO convention, I booked this 15-day hunt for Kuban (Western) tur and Caucasian chamois with Profihunt for October 2011. After arriving in Moscow, I spent one night at the airport hotel and the next morning we flew to Mineralnye Vody. Ivan, my guide, drove me to Cherkessk, where I fulfilled all the paperwork. We drove to the hunting area early the next morning, with all the staff and equipment.

The weather was good, so we decided to go for the tur first. After breakfast we moved to Alibeck Canyon to set a fly camp. This took us about four hours of riding. Close to camp we saw some females and started climbing to the top, first on horseback and later walking. We glassed everywhere and saw two nice, big males very far away. Almost at sunset, we saw another big male closer but there was no way to get into shooting distance, as it was too late. We returned to camp, hoping



Eduardo Gerlero (Argentina) braved some harsh Russian weather to get this Kuban (Western) tur in October 2011.

we could see him again the next day.

While walking down, the weather changed dramatically. With strong winds, rain, and ice balls, we got into camp completely soaked. After having soup, we tried to go to sleep, but we were caught in the middle of a blizzard; the wind was so strong, it was not possible to sleep. I went outside three times to fix the tent and clear off some snow, but it was already partially broken. The guide's tent was also down and broken. In what was left of my tent, just 2" above my head, I spent the rest of the night quietly and in a fetal position until 8 a.m. Alexey came with the guides and told me we needed to abort the hunt, as the bad weather would remain for some days and our tents were destroyed, as well as most of our equipment. We started packing to go back slowly to main camp.

After two hours, Ivan, ahead of the line, started making signs to call me. Quickly I moved to the place: in the opposite mountains across the valley, a big male tur was feeding at 500 yards. I chambered my 270 Win, lay over a flat rock, rested the rifle on the bipod, aimed the cross hair in the back line of the tur and slowly squeezed the trigger. I hit him behind, the animal moved down, I shot again twice, missing once in the lower leg.

The tur moved into a cave to cover himself, and was facing us.

I had only one bullet left in the magazine, as the rest of my bullets were in my backpack, packed on one of the horses, so I decided not to risk the shot and try to get closer. We walked halfway up the valley, and when we were at 240 yards, the tur came out of the cave and gave me a perfect broad-side shot. As far as Ivan and Ali were concerned, this was the same tur we saw the day before late in the evening. He was a very nice trophy with horns over 33" long.

After pictures and skinning, we walked all the way back to main camp, where we discovered the effects of the big storm too: in the tent our gear was wet, from the continuous raining. The mountains were completely covered with fog and with snow at least 10". We packed while Vladimir the cook prepared some soup. We said farewell to Ali and returned to Cherkessk. The hunt was over but the bad weather remained for quite a few more days, with no tents... and of course, no chamois.

Russian weather has been always a big issue in my hunts, but this time at least I was lucky and got a nice Kuban tur. Hopefully next year I will go back for the chamois and mid-Caucasian tur.