

Goat Tracks



Journal of the Working Goat - Fall 2017
Until You Have Loved an Animal, Part of Your Soul Remains Unawakened.



John 'M' at the NAPgA Colorado Rendy

Thoughts worth Noting...

Leave the city. Find the wilderness. Find some open solitude and let your mind fill it. Writer Edward Abbey had a wilderness explanation for the madness of poets, a kind of dark stupidity that strikes down the too intellectual. Abbey wrote, "Our suicidal poets (Plath, Berryman, Lowell, Jarrell, et. al.) spent too much of their lives inside rooms and classrooms when they should have been trudging up mountains, slogging through swamps, rowing down rivers. *The indoor life is the next best thing to premature burial.*"

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Goat Tracks

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I have so many problems that if a new one comes along today, it will be at least two weeks before I can worry about it.

On Track with Goat Tracks

by Larry Robinson



At the beginning of my column in the last issue of GT, I whined that we had yet to be able to get out to some serious hiking. At this point, that is definitely no longer true. I have been in and out of a number of Idaho destinations, Sleeping Deer, Bernard Lake, Knapp Lakes and Crimson Lake, as well as touring the Eagle Cap in Oregon with Curtis King. I am still anticipating a trip into the Sawtooths after I put GT to bed before the weather cuts off future high-country adventures.

Sadly, since it is August, Idaho is on fire. At the time of this writing, one of my favorite lakes is squarely in the gunsights of the Bearskin Fire, which so far has consumed over 24 ,000 acres. Not the biggest Idaho fire, as the now 100% contained Highline fire took out 71,000 acres before its forward rush was halted. It goes without saying that the white sky that the smoke from these conflagrations create, makes picture-taking a lost cause. No. 1 necessity for a great picture is a deep blue sky.

In the Shoshone NF FEIS, we submitted our comments to their proposed 'changes', which were not substantively changed from the original, making them a likely subject for further legal action. One of the common tactics of these government agencies is to wear you down until you have no money left to fight them, then to do what they bloody well please. Since at this point, the most recent science has unequivocally proved that they have absolutely no justification for keeping us out of the wilderness, it is mind-boggling that they can't just face the undeniable facts that we are no danger the their vaunted Bighorns, and therefore give up on their dogged determination to keep us out.

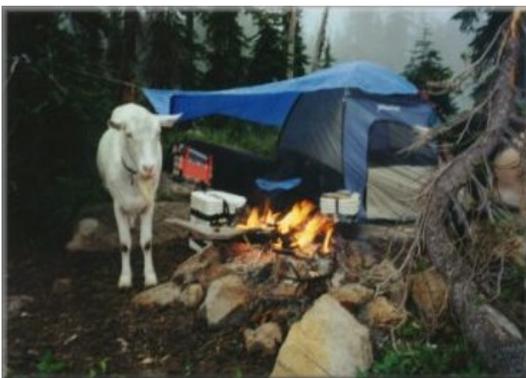
Now, after the FEIS is released, we will have to begin the appeal process. I wonder if I am going to live long enough to see the resolution of this nonsense.

In Idaho, as I reported earlier, the new wilderness is attempting to lump us all together as 'stock', and as a result, goat packers will be effectively locked out of this wilderness. I naturally commented on what I thought of this silliness, so we'll see.

Another great issue. A number of very good and informative articles from myself, Taffy Mercer, Nan Hassey and others. I hope you enjoy their efforts.



The 'Elk in the Fire'. A quite well-known picture taken some years ago during one of our more notable fires as it crossed the Salmon River.



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And from the 'Left Field' Department

In Itokin, goat-rearing is forbidden

September 5, 2017, [Matthew Asabor and Akin Adewakun - Lagos, The South West](#)
<http://www.tribuneonline.com/itokin-goat-rearing-forbidden/>

Nothing in the small, sleepy village of Itokin, in Ikosi Ejirin Local Council Development Area of Lagos State, betrays its rich history and those of its people. Though almost a 'shouting distance' from Ikorodu, linking Itokin from the neighbouring town could be likened to the biblical camel passing through the eye of the needle; very difficult. A journey that should have been undertaken in minutes lasts close to an hour.

A first timer to Itokin would be shocked that, despite its residents' love for goat-meat, nobody dared rear the domestic animal in the community. It is highly forbidden, and the community has its reasons for such law. **Goats, here, are believed to have been 'spiritually-compromised,' hence the ban.**

Over sixty years ago, a group of residents, said to be returning from a vigil, was stunned by an unusual spectacle of a goat, walking on its hind legs, a development they saw as very strange in the community.

The elders and traditional rulers in the community were contacted, and, after careful investigation, the decision to outlaw goat-rearing was taken.

Confirming the incident to Nigerian Tribune, Pa Isiaka Ogunsanya, an elder in the community, who was part of the group that witnessed the unusual spectacle, explained that before that 'unusual' incident, the people of Itokin never had any issue with goat-rearing. The domestic animal was just like any other in its category, then, in the community.

"This happened about sixty years ago. We were coming from a vigil and right in front of us was someone, from the opposite direction. On getting closer, we discovered it was not a human being, but a goat, walking on its hind feet, just like humans.

"Prior to this incident, we reared goats in the community. We hurriedly called the elders in the community and intimated them of the unusual spectacle. It was there the decision to get rid of all the goats in the community was taken, because it was unheard of seeing a goat walk like human being. Though goat-rearing is never a taboo here, but it is just that it is forbidden, due to that experience," explained Pa Ogunsanya, popularly known as Baba Gani in the community.



Curtis King
1 hr

Curtis King with Larry Robinson.
 My good friend Larry Robinson and our goats. Larry is a much more efficient packer than me. He is quick and lite. I can learn a few things from this man. Great trip into the Wallowa Whitman National Forest Eagle Cap and the surrounding lakes. Thank you Larry for guiding us on this wonderful expedition. What a great trip.



A post to FaceBook from Curtis...

Matt Lyon I think Larry is quick and light compared to most people. Stephen Barnhill would give him a run for his money, though.

And one from Matt Lyon...

Actually, to be described as 'quick and light' at just 3 years shy of 80 seems as a supreme compliment... however I can't help but wonder how old Señor Barnhill is... Hmmm...



In just three days, more rain fell on the Texas Gulf Coast than what flows out of the Mississippi River in three full weeks.

That certainly puts it in terms one can understand.

I couldn't help but think about the goat fanciers in this area, hoping that they were able to protect their little boys!

The NAPgA 2017 Rendy!

It may be 'history' at this point, but it left us all with fond memories. We had a great service project, and this year was certainly the best auction in NAPgA's almost 20-year history.

Packgoat Enthusiasts Aid Trail Work

Written by Jennifer from Silverworld, June 23, 2017
<http://lakecitysilverworld.com/SWN16/2017/06/23/packgoat-enthusiasts-aid-trail-work/>



In addition to carrying up to 70 pounds of rocks carefully proportioned in panniers, packgoats at last Saturday's trail improvement project on lower reaches of Alpine Gulch were among the enthusiastic vegetation trimmers.

Thorn, a five-year old Alpine packgoat with proudly arching horn and corresponding beard, contentedly stood by his owner, Marc Warnke of Boise, Idaho, happily munching on an alder bush.

Warnke, who designs goat packgear, alludes to the fact these goats are not just pack animals but also beloved family pets.

"They're like golden retrievers with horns," he says.

Warnke's sibling Alpine goats, Thorn and Merciless, were among upwards of 60 well-groomed goats and perhaps 70 proud goat owners taking part in the annual convention of the North American Packgoat Association.

This year's gathering was one of the best attended in recent years in terms of hooved, four-legged goats and their owners, according to association president Charlie Jennings from Willard, Utah.

"Using goats for packing," according to Jennings, "just makes sense... we're all getting older and who wants to carry a 50-lb. pack?"

This year's convention was organized by former Lake City residents Phil and Nan (Inge) Hassey, and was headquartered in Snowden Meadow just above Nellie Creek on Henson Creek.

Sleek and inquisitive-eyed Alpine goats were tehered with their bretheren, the slightly smaller-statured —



equally bright-eyed, with distinctive with fop ears — Nubian goats throughout the open park adjacent to the historic Pike Snowden Cabin.

The assemblage of goats included roughly 35 adolescent kid goats, along with does and bucks. In packgoat nomenclature, an "altered" male is known as a wether.

According to Nan Hassey, attendees at this year's convention came from as far away as Australia and Hawaii, with a smattering of association members from 10 continental U.S. states, including Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Minnesota.

Both convention coordinator Hassey and association president Jennings are complimentary of the organization's work with BLM officials, particularly

mentioning Gunnison Field Office Manager Elijah Waters and Outdoor Recreation Planner Jim Lovelace for being "accommodating and very easy to work with... we couldn't have done this without them."



Meeting at Snowden Park from Thursday, June 15, through Sunday morning, June 18, packgoat association members mixed sociable conversation around the campfire with recreational outings, including seven two-legged humans and seven adult, four-hooved goats, plus two goat kids, on a trek to Uncompahgre Peak.

An all-day service project on Saturday improved lower portions of the Alpine Gulch wilderness trail just in time for this weekend's San Juan Solstice. Solstice runners.

During the Saturday, June 17, service project, packgoat volunteers and their owners enthusiastically tackled trimming overgrown vegetation along the trail, as well as the more laborious process of loading rocks into panniers on the goats to fill in badly eroded sections of the trail. At the trail's first Alpine Gulch stream crossing, the BLM's Jim Lovelace and packgoat volunteers worked like beavers placing logs across the stream as a temporary crossing.

In welcoming the packgoat assoc. to Lake City, Lovelace termed the Alpine access a "super-super trail" and enthused, "I'm happy to see so many faces here today, both human and goat."

Five-year old Merciless, from Boise, Idaho, took it all in stride, casually stretching his white-furred neck outward toward a particularly tantalizing branch of currant bush.



Merciless' owner, Marc Warnke is an experienced trail runner when not designing custom pack gear for goats. Among his specialties are stoutly designed nylon panyards with loops

which fit over the goat's pack saddle. He explains that he designed the panyards for maximum adaptability in carrying venison, although on Saturday the packs were doing double duty carrying rocks.

After each panyard was loaded down with hand-size rocks, Warnke used scale to carefully calculate the weight. Each matching panyard was carefully apportioned with no more than 35-pounds.

Merciless and his sibling, Thorn, are five years old and at the peak of a packing life which usually extends from age four to seven. The maximum load for these larger scale Alpine goats, according to Warnke, is 70-lb., evenly divided 35-lb each panyard.

With loops and buckled straps properly aligned, Warnke heads off in the lead as Merciless and Thorn amble back up the trail with their rock cargo, Merciless momentarily distracted by the alluring bright green of an alder tree.



The work project 'water hazard' :-)

In addition to their trail improvement work on Alpine Gulch last Saturday, North American Packgoat Assoc.'s gathering included several nights of campfire lectures, the first of which, on June 15, features two experts who have spent their careers studying interaction between Big Horn Sheep and domestic animals, including packgoats.

Dr. Maggie Highland, from Pullman, Washington, worked with the USDA on Big Horn Sheep studies. Also addressing the Snowden Park group was John Mionczynski, from Atlantic City, Wyoming, a member of the Big Horn Sheep restoration team who is credited as the founder of the goat packing movement in 1972.

On Friday evening, June 16, Grant Houston of Hinsdale County Historical Society gave a talk on Lake City area history which addressed early day mining, characters such as Pike Snowden, and the various economic booms and busts which the area has experienced over the past 140 years.

Goat caught on video smashing Louisville business' front glass door

By Mitchell Byars, POSTED: 07/17/2017

http://www.dailycamera.com/louisville-news/ci_31145305/goat-shatters-window-louisville-colorado-video

Surveillance Footage shows vandal goat and its accomplices fleeing scene

[Video] <https://youtu.be/ynBxUw96M8U>

It was totes the goat.

A Louisville company caught a goat on surveillance video shattering its front glass door on Sunday before the animal — and its compatriots — fled the scene.



The goat vandalism, [first reported by 9News](#), took place at Argonics Inc., a small polyurethane manufacturer located at 740 S Pierce Ave. in Louisville.

Greg Cappaert with Argonics said the company's general manager came in Monday morning to find one of the building's front glass doors had been shattered.

"His instant reaction is, 'We've been robbed,'" Cappaert said. "So he called police right away, and they are taking pictures and everything, and then he goes and checks the video."

But the video did not catch a would-be burglar or even a couple of (human) kids playing a prank. Instead, it showed what Cappaert described as a "gang of goats" loitering around the front of the building.

One of the goats then started ramming the building's glass doors and windows.

"For like 20 minutes he sat and banged on the front door," Cappaert said. "He must have seen his reflection in the door and thought it was another goat. He was trying to beat up the whole building."

The goat eventually shattered the front door, and instantly took off, along with the rest of its cohorts.

Of course, that explanation initially caught the police off-guard.

"At first they thought (the general manager) said ghosts did it, and they thought he was a crazy person," Cappaert said. "But then he said, 'No, it was goats. You can come watch the video.'"

"Everybody had a good chuckle over it."

Cappaert said he has never seen this particular gang of goats, and is not sure where the goats came from or where they went.

"They're still on the loose," he said.

Mitchell Byars: 303-473-1329, byarsm@dailycamera.com or twitter.com/mitchellbyars.

Paradise Ranch

Pack Goats

Research & Development

Paradise Ranch Packgoats delivered 32 “Specifically “ bred Packgoat kids to the 2017 Rendezvous in Colorado in June. We had about 100 kids on the ground this year and are presently accepting orders for the 2018 breeding season.

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Our specifically bred-to-be **Packgoat** kids sell at a \$50 discount to NAPgA members. They each come with all vaccinations, coccidia treatment, wormings and a life time of support. All kids are hand raised, individually, with many hours of hands on personal training by the time you receive them. A percentage of the proceeds from our sales will be donated to NAPgA’s legal fund.

The “Best is Yet to Come”! Phone: (620)767-7888 or eMail: paradise27@tctelco.net.



Mudslide & Louis, Bridger-Teton NP, WY



You could be the proud owner of good-looking boys like these



These pictures are from this year’s crop of Dwite’s goats



Land Use Issues

As I said in my opening column, the current status with the Shoshone NF over the Winds is back in their court. They repeated their DEIS, we commented, and if this progresses as I expect it to, they will present their FEIS (final), relatively unchanged, especially as regards our goats, and we will be required to appeal. After that, our legal guy, Andy Irvine takes center stage. His comments for us vis-a-vis the current DEIS were lengthy and comprehensive, and regressing to our dreamworld, we would hope that the Shoshone sees the light. Hopefully they don't still have their eclipse glasses on.

Regarding the 'in progress' formulation of the new Idaho wilderness land use plan, it is looking less bright all the time. The suggested plan as presented during the recent comment period, pretty much sends us home, out goats relegated to their pens. The following comment from an article in the Magic Valley newspaper. "Pack goats could also see further restrictions than other recreational stock, Simpson said, due to their potential to transmit disease to bighorn sheep (em-

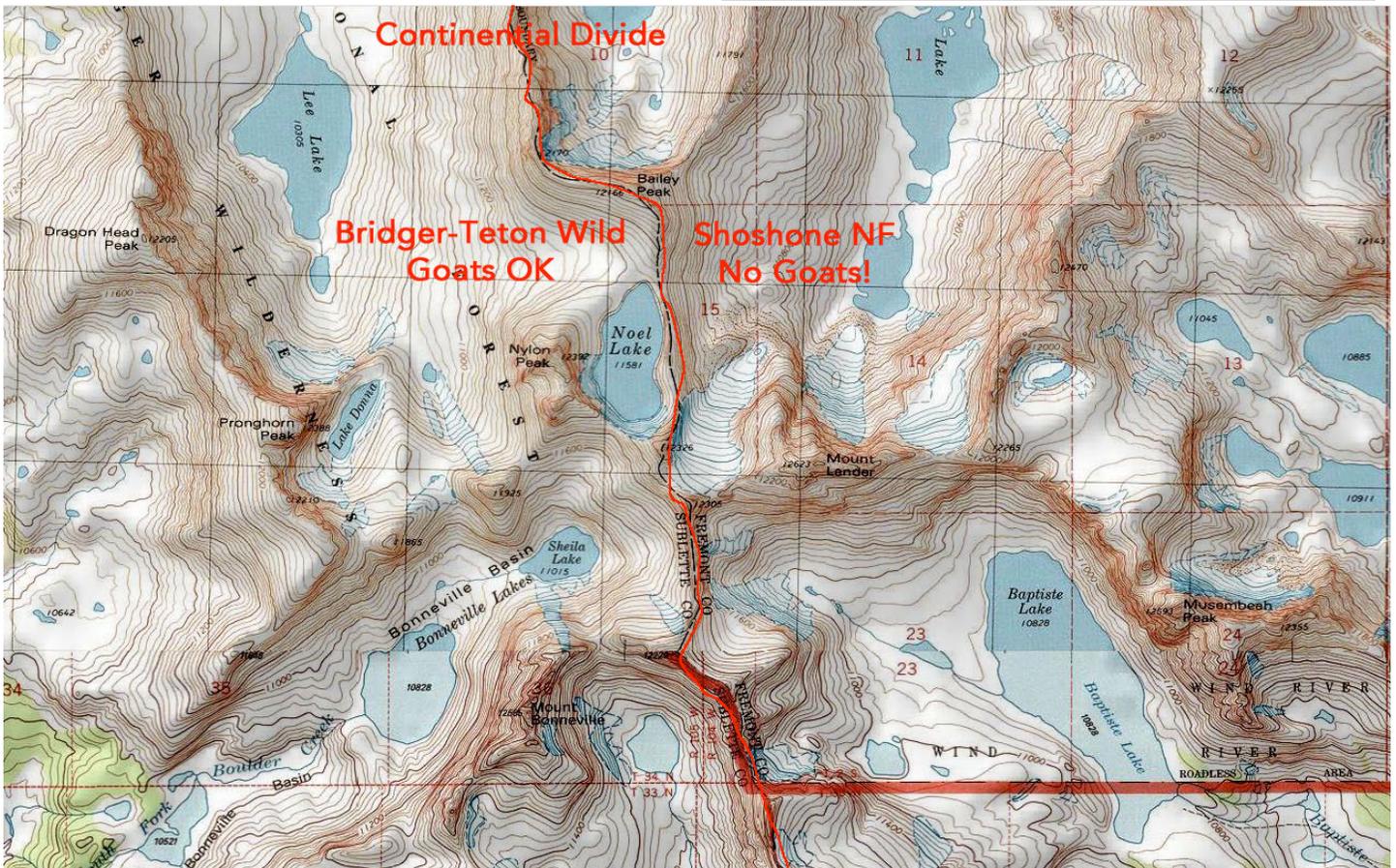
phasis mine, LR). The options range from no restrictions, to banning pack goats in areas where bighorn sheep range in the summer, to banning pack goats in the entire wilderness area."

So there's that tired old saw again, that they always fall back on 'cause they have nothing else but suspicion. It is wildly ludicrous that we are being banned in some areas, and potentially banned in others, simply on the basis that they think that maybe, possibly, we might be a carrier of the BHS plague.

The bugaboo is mycoplasma ovipneumoniae. Recent testing proves 94% or more of us don't carry it. Further, our boys can be tested for it. **If we don't got it, then we can't give it. End of story!**

A statement that I consider particularly relevant to what we are experiencing with this issue:

The Law of the Conservation of Ignorance
A false conclusion, once arrived at and widely accepted, is not easily dislodged, and the less it is understood, the more tenaciously it is held.



Looked at the Topo map the other day, and noted with some clarity the schizophrenia present in the current 'border war' with the Shoshone NF. The map below pretty much sums it up, especially when considering where the Bighorns hang out in the first place.

Regarding the Magic Valley newspaper article & in regard to USFS' Emily Simpson's comments.

<http://magicvalley.com/news/local/years-...a3836.html>

This article in the Twin Falls, Idaho paper needs to be responded to. Every time this BS appears in the media, we need to take action.

My comments to the writer of this article:

Every time I read an article like yours, I see the same old VERY TIRED line concerning Packgoats, "...due to their potential to transmit disease to bighorn sheep."

This entire mythical presupposition about Packgoats, i.e., that they are a clear hazard and have the potential to transmit disease to Bighorn Sheep (BHS) is absolute nonsense.

Why?

1) We DON'T carry pneumonia, such as **mycoplasma ovipneumoniae**, the current 'believed' first cause of BHS pneumonia. How do we know that? A recent testing of over 560 packgoats from around the west turned up extremely insignificant numbers of 'positives' from the testing, and even those were questionable.

2) We can be tested to see if we carry it, and are willing to do that to prove that we are safe to be in the woods. **If you don't got it, you can't 'give it'.**

3) Packgoats and BHS are NOT attracted to each other. In my one encounter with BHS, they were 1/8th of a mile away, and as soon as they were aware of our presence (I and my packgoats), they began to move AWAY, not towards us.

4) A lost Packgoat will NOT go looking for another herd of animals to join, they go looking for a human. Why? Because packgoats are tightly bonded to their human. They have been conditioned from birth to see a human as their leader. Therefore, on the extremely rare conditions that a packgoat does get lost, he goes looking for a human as that is his 'normal'. His brain is wired that way and once that programming is firmly implanted, is not easily changed. The two lost packgoats that are documented on the Internet that land managers love to point out, in the final analysis, went looking for a human to bond with, and I have personal experience with this issue myself. My boys are bonded to me, and want to be only one place, with me. When I leave camp to go to the bathroom, if they are not highlined, I have company. That's just the way it is.

5) Lastly, the most recent 'close penning' experiment done by Dr. Tom Besser, Washington State University, he penned the following in his final document, "Do Domestic Goats Represent a Risk to Bighorn Sheep?"

"If that low prevalence (of Movi) is confirmed, and

unless new information to the contrary arises, I believe that *M. ovipneumoniae* test-negative pack goats represent a negligible risk for triggering pneumonia outbreaks in bighorn sheep and that it would be reasonable to take this into account when setting public lands policies."

I am available at any time to discuss this issue.

Larry Robinson
lrobinson12441@gmail.com

SOUTH DAKOTA BIGHORN REINTRODUCTION REACHES POTENTIAL GRIDLOCK

<https://www.gohunt.com/read/news/south-dakota-bighorn-reintroduction-reaches-potential-gridlock>

For nearly two decades, the South Dakota Department of Game and Fish (SDDGF)



has worked towards **bighorn sheep** recovery through relocation and breeding projects. While the recovered herd continue to persist, despite **pneumonia outbreaks** and other factors, not all **South Dakota** residents are supportive, particularly a third-generation landowner in the Hell Canyon region of the southwestern Black Hills.

Dan Stearns lives on a ranch within this area and told the **Rapid City Journal** that the reintroduced bighorn sheep – now nearly 130 strong – steal food and water from his cattle, "damage his fences and flatten his grass and alfalfa." The SDDGF has not ignored Stearns's objections and has tried to fix the situation by offering to pay Stearns about \$30,000 to compensate for the damage and food eaten. The agency has also offered to help fence-in areas for hay storage and install special wildlife resistant fencing to protect his land. In fact, state officials have even "offered to guide wildlife away" via aircraft, the **Rapid City Journal** reports.

Yet Stearns has turned down all of this help, saying to give in lessens the blow bighorn sheep cause livestock producers and ranchers in general.

"If I take their money, then they're going to be done with me and I'll be forced into accepting their way," Stearns told the **Rapid City Journal**. "It won't change the way they do things."

Stearns believes that his standoff will show wildlife officials that they need to accommodate landowners rather than try to placate them. While SDDGF agrees that landowners are the key to bighorn sheep recovery, the agency argues that Stearns has been unwilling to cooperate or budge on his opposition to recovery efforts.

Training & Goat Use Issues

Goats at the end of their tethers

Written by Marjorie Orr, Monday, 22 May 2017

<http://www.ruralnewsgroup.co.nz/item/11910-goats-at-the-end-of-their-tethers>

Do you think the easiest way to keep your berm tidy might be to get a goat? Don't be fooled; it takes a lot of time and effort to properly care for a tethered goat.

Many people who tether goats truly think goats are tough creatures that will eat anything, but in fact they are remarkably fussy eaters, and they have a miserable life for many reasons.

They usually have insufficient food and water, they are always lonely, they are often cold and miserable, and they are very much at risk from vandals, dogs and vehicles.

The tethered goat is the subject of more complaints to the RNZSPCA and to MAF than any other animal, and in too many cases the complaints are justified.

Goats must have good shelter

Goats don't have a layer of fat under their skin as sheep do, and their coat is not greasy like wool so it's not so waterproof. For these reasons they suffer in cold wet weather. Tethered goats are particularly at risk from the elements, and they must be provided with a robust weatherproof hut.

Don't forget to clean the hut out regularly if it has a solid base or move it frequently if it hasn't. Goats will spend a lot of time in their shelter when the weather is bad and it will get very dirty inside.

Tethered goats often don't get enough food and water

Goats must get fresh browse or pasture every day and they are surprisingly fussy eaters. They may have a good appetite for young trees and the growing tips of expensive plants, but they don't like soiled food. The grass that grows by the roadside is often dusty, oily and rank. It is not good feed unless there is plenty of it and the goat is moved frequently.

Tethered goats need to have clean water available to drink at all times, especially when conditions are dry. The water container should be secured so it can't tip over easily.

Single goats are lonely

Goats are intelligent social creatures, and they like the company of other animals -- preferably other goats. Solitary goats will be lonely.

If a goat is to be tethered, it should be very tame, preferably hand-reared, and it should be given a lot of attention.

Tethered goats are vulnerable

Tethered goats are much at risk of theft and attack by dogs. They should be supervised at all times and brought close to home at night and at any other time when they can't be supervised.

The tether should not be long enough to allow the goat to wander onto the road where it could be hit by a vehicle and/or cause an accident.

They shouldn't be tethered beside gravel roads where they can't get away from the dust stirred up by traffic.

They are at risk of becoming tangled in their tether or even strangled by it, so they shouldn't be tethered on banks because of the risk of strangling if they should jump off, and they shouldn't be tethered near any object the rope could become tangled around.

Their general health is often neglected

Like sheep and all other goats, tethered goats may need anthelmintic drenches to get rid of internal worms. Your vet will advise how often you should drench them.

Their hooves should be trimmed at least once a year, and sometimes more often if the horn grows rapidly.

Angora-type goats must be shorn every year, preferably in spring.

So, if you need to keep your berm tidy, much better to use a scythe or a lawn mower rather than a tethered goat.

7 Medicines For Your Goat First-Aid Kit

by Lisa Seger, December 26, 2016

<http://www.hobbyfarms.com/7-medications-for-your-goat-first-aid-kit/>

Stock your goat's medicine cabinet for these remedies to use in an emergency.

As a rule, given plenty of fresh air, clean water and appropriate food and shelter, goats are easy keepers. They really are quite hardy. But sometimes accidents and illness happen, and when they do, it's good to be prepared. In addition to basic first-aid supplies, here is a list of things I like to keep in my goat medicine chest at all times.

Over-The-Counter Items

All of the following items can be bought either at a feed store or drugstore and do not require a prescription.

Fortified Vitamin B Complex

One of the more common and most easily remedied goat illnesses is goat polio, which is a deficiency of

thiamine (Vitamin B1). In a true polio case, you will want to have straight thiamine, which is available only by prescription, but if your goat is in an early stage, you can often turn them around with the more readily available Fortified B Complex. When we have goats off feed for more than one meal, we generally boost them with a big shot of this.

Broad Spectrum Antibiotic

Our usual choice to keep on hand is Biomecin 200. It is a low-sting formulation of the same antibiotic in LA 200, oxytetracycline. This antibiotic is our go-to for wounds or pneumonia cases. (As with all drugs, talk to your vet about proper usage/dosage, withdrawals for milk and meat, etc.)

Kaopectate Or Pepto Bismol

If you only have a few goats, just use the people formula. If you have a giant herd, you can get bulk sizes at the feed store. We rarely use these drugs, but they are good to have on hand if your goats get into weird plants that cause stomach upset or if you have scouring kids. A day or two of scours might not affect an adult too badly, but can really take a toll on kids.



Clostridium Perfringens C&D Antitoxin

If you are lucky, you will never need this, but I would never be without it. This is

the antidote to enterotoxemia, which can very quickly claim a kid's life, even after they have received their first vaccination of the toxin. Order this and keep it in your fridge. If a goat gets entero, this is the only thing that will save it. It's an inexpensive insurance policy.

Electrolytes

If your goat is scouring, off feed or otherwise losing hydration, things can go from bad to worse in a hurry. We like to use electrolyte packets (which we call "goat-orade") from the feed store, but in a pinch you could use Pedialyte. The livestock electrolyte powder can be stored long-term, unopened, so we always try to keep a few on hand.

Prescriptions

The following must be obtained from a vet. If you can explain why you are asking for it, they should be willing to release it to you.

Thiamine

Have this on hand for goat polio, as described earlier. If you have a full-blown case, you need to use just straight B1. You will be giving a lot of it, and the fortified B would have to be given in too high of a dose to be practical. Our vet trusts us with this, as it is just a vitamin. Yours may not. If not, start your goat on the fortified B and take it to the vet as soon as possible.

Banamine

This pain reliever is great to have on hand for accidents if your vet will agree to it. We don't need Banamine often, but when a goat's in obvious pain, it's a relief not to have to add to its distress by transporting it 30 miles to the vet. As with all drugs, talk to your vet about proper usage/dosage, withdrawals for milk and meat, etc.

Other

In addition to the medicines listed, we keep boxes of syringes in both 3cc and 12cc sizes, plus plenty of 1-inch needles for administering of any of the above medications. We also keep a 50cc drenching gun and, as noted at the beginning of the article, many standard first-aid items, like vet wrap and blood stop powder.

Keeping goats, like all other endeavors, is easier and more enjoyable when you are prepared. Stock your medicine cabinet now to help further your preparedness.

New habitat and bridge for miniature goats

<http://www.minotdailynews.com/news/local-news/2017/06/new-habitat-and-bridge-for-miniature-goats/>

The miniature goats at Roosevelt Park Zoo in Minot have a new habitat and bridge.



The Nigerian dwarf goats now can cross a

bridge from the Children's Zoo Barn to a second play area pen by going up and over the visitor walking path.

The zoo now has five Nigerian dwarf goats. Two of the goats were added to the group Wednesday.

The goats were born this spring at a local farm and at no more than 2 feet tall, they are nearly full grown. The habitat is sizable and additional goats may be added soon.

Community Rocks 2017 made the goat bridge possible. The local musician rock concert raised \$25,000 at a community event in February. Anderson, Wade & Witty architects designed the new habitat and A2 Customs contractors built the bridge. The goats have all been named for the contributors who made it possible..

On Wednesday, the Minot Park District along with the Minot Area Chamber of Commerce held a ribbon-cutting ceremony at the new addition and bridge.

An Insightful and Thought Provoking Examination of a very important issue

What happens to your goats, if something happens to you?

by Taffy Mercer

Have you made preparations for your goats in case you cannot care for them on either a temporary or long-term basis? Who do you want to take care of your goats? Where do you want them to live? What type of life do you wish for them? These questions – and more – should be considered *before* the need arises.

Failure to think ahead about what will happen if you're not there to provide care means that, sadly, your goats may end up in a bad situation.

My family and friends know who is to care for my goats temporarily and who to contact in case they need to go to new homes. The information is posted on my refrigerator and in the notebook I keep with all of my goat information. The notebook is in an easy to locate place for my family.

I have contacted the people I would like to have my goats and asked them if they will commit to taking my goats should something happen to me where I could no longer care for them.

It's not a decision I took lightly. My goats are very important to me. I want them to have homes where they will live a happy well cared for life. I want my packgoats to be used as packgoats – it's what they love. I want my does to be cared for by someone who knows them and will do what's best for them. I want my buck to go to someone who knows him and will either use him or find him a good home. I want them cared for as individuals. I do not want my goats placed into a setting such as a large herd of brush goats, a commercial herd, end up at the sale yard or worse.

I have not included my goats in my will or set up a trust for them. The person who has my Power of Attorney knows my wishes regarding my goats, understands what needs to be done and that expenses are to be paid from my funds to cover my goat's needs - both short and long term. In case something happens to that person I have given the same instructions to the person who would then become my Power of Attorney.

Below is information I have gleaned from the internet

regarding this subject that I've reworded for goats. No matter what you decide to do with your goats - *plan ahead* - make arrangements for them that *YOU* choose so family and friends know your wishes.

Temporary Caregivers

In the confusion that accompanies a person's unexpected illness, accident, or death, your goats may be overlooked. To prevent this from happening to your goats, take these simple precautions:

- Find at least two responsible friends or relatives who agree to serve as temporary emergency caregivers if something unexpected happens to you. Provide them with feeding and care instructions; the name of your veterinarian; and information about the permanent care provisions you have made for your goats.
- Make sure your neighbors, friends, and relatives know how many goats you have and the names and contact numbers of the individuals who have agreed to serve as emergency caregivers. Emergency caregivers should also know how to contact each other.
- Carry a wallet "alert card" that lists the names and phone numbers of your emergency goat caregivers.
- Because your goats need care daily and will need immediate attention should you die or become incapacitated, the importance of making these informal arrangements for temporary caregiving cannot be overemphasized.

How can I ensure long-term or permanent care for my goats if I become seriously ill or die?

The best way to make sure your wishes are fulfilled is by also making formal arrangements that specifically cover the care of your goats. It's not enough that long ago your friend verbally promised to take in your goats or even that you've decided to leave money to your friend for that purpose. Work with an attorney to draw up a special will, trust, or other document to provide for the care and ownership of your goats as well as the money necessary to care for them.

How do I choose a permanent caregiver?

First, decide whether you want all your goats to go to one person, or whether different goats should go to different people. When selecting caregivers, consider partners, adult children, parents, brothers,

sisters, and friends who have met your goats and have successfully cared for goats themselves. Also name alternate caregivers in case your first choice becomes unable or unwilling to take your goats. Be sure to discuss your expectations with potential caregivers so they understand the large responsibility of caring for your goats. Remember, the new owner will have full discretion over your goat's care - including veterinary treatment and euthanasia - so make sure you choose a person you trust implicitly and who will do what is in the best interests of your goats.

Stay in touch with the designated caregivers and alternates. Over time, people's circumstances and priorities change, and you want to make sure that the arrangements you have made continue to hold from the designated caregivers' vantage points. If all else fails, it is also possible to direct your executor or personal representative, in your will, to place the goats with another individual or family (that is, in a noninstitutionalized setting). Finding a satisfactory new home can take several weeks of searching, so again, it is important to line up temporary care. You also must know and trust your executor and provide useful, but not unrealistically confining, instructions in your will. You should also authorize your executor to expend funds from your estate for the temporary care of your goats as well as for the costs of looking for a new home and transporting the goats to it. The will should also grant broad discretion to your executor in making decisions about the goats and in expending estate funds on the goat's behalf.

Sample language for this approach is:

{Article Number} A. As a matter of high priority and importance, I direct my Personal Representative to place any and all goats I may own at the time of my death with another individual or family (that is, in a private, noninstitutionalized setting) where such goats will be cared for in a manner that any responsible, devoted goat owner would afford to his or her goat. Prior to initiating such efforts to place my goats, I direct my Personal Representative to consult _____, D.V.M. (currently at the _____ Hospital), or, in the event of Dr. _____'s unavailability, a veterinarian chosen by my Personal Representative, to ensure that each goat is in generally good health and is not suffering physically. In addition, I direct my Personal Representative to provide any needed, reasonable veterinary care that my goats may need at

that time to restore the goats to generally good health and to alleviate suffering, if possible. Any goats not in generally good health or who is so suffering - and whose care is beyond the capabilities of veterinary medicine, reasonably employed, to restore to generally good health or to alleviate suffering - shall be euthanized and disposed of at the discretion of my Personal Representative. Any expenses incurred for the care (including the costs of veterinary services), placement, or transportation of my goats, or to otherwise effect the purposes of this Article _____ up to the time of placement, shall be charged against the principal of my residuary estate. Decisions my Personal Representative makes under this Article _____ - for example, with respect to the veterinary care to be afforded to my goats and the costs of such care - shall be final. My intention is that my Personal Representative have the broadest possible discretion to carry out the purposes of this paragraph.

Do I need legal assistance?

Before making formal arrangements to provide for the long-term care of your goats, seek help from professionals who can guide you in preparing legal documents that can protect your interests and those of your goats. However, you must keep in mind the critical importance of making advance personal arrangements to ensure that your goats are cared for immediately if you die or become incapacitated. The formalities of a will or trust may not take over for some time.

Is a will the best way to provide for my goats?

Although your lawyer will help you decide what type of document best suits your needs, you should be aware of some drawbacks to wills. For example, a will takes effect only upon your death, and it will not be probated and formally recognized by a court for days or even weeks later. What's more, if legal disputes arise, the final settlement of your property may be prolonged. Even determining the rightful new owner of your goats can get delayed. In other words, it may take a long time before your instructions regarding your goat's long-term care can be carried out.

This doesn't necessarily mean that you should not include a provision in your will that provides for your goats. It just means that you should explore creating additional documents that compensate for the will's limitations.

How can setting up a trust help?

Unlike a will, a trust can provide for your goat immediately and can apply not only if you die, but also if you become ill or incapacitated. That's because you determine when your trust becomes effective. When you create a trust for your goats, you set aside money to be used for their care and you specify a trustee to control the funds.

- A trust created separately from the will carries certain benefits:
- It can be written to exclude certain assets from the probate process so that funds are more readily available to care for your goats.
- It can be structured to provide for your goats even during a lengthy disability.

Which is right for me - a will or a trust?

There are many types of wills and trusts; determining which is best for you and your goats depends on your situation and needs. It's important to seek the advice of an attorney who both understands your desire to provide for your goats and can help you create a will and/or trust that best provides for them.

You and your attorney also need to make sure that a trust for the benefit of one or more specific goats is valid and enforceable in your state. Even if your state law recognizes the validity of such trusts, keep in mind that tying up a substantial amount of money or property in a trust for a goat's benefit may prove to be controversial from the point of view of a relative or other heir. Moreover, trusts are legal entities that are relatively expensive to administer and maintain, all of which underscores the need for careful planning and legal advice. After you and your lawyer create a will, a trust, or both, leave copies with the person you've chosen to be executor of your estate as well as with the goat's designated caregiver so that he or she can look after your goat immediately. (The executor and caregiver may or may not be the same person.) Make sure the caregiver also has copies of your goat's veterinary records and information about their behavior traits and dietary preferences.

Consider also a Power of Attorney

Powers of attorney, which authorize someone else to conduct some or all of your affairs for you while you are alive, have become a standard planning device. Such documents can be written to take effect upon your physical or mental incapacity and to continue

in effect after you become incapacitated. They are simpler than trusts and do not create a legal entity that needs to be maintained by formal means. Provisions can be inserted in powers of attorney authorizing your attorney-in-fact - the person designated to handle your affairs - to take care of your goats, expend money to do so, and even to place your goats with permanent caregivers if appropriate.

Like any other legal device, however, powers of attorney are documents that by themselves cannot ensure that your goats are fed, watered, medicated, or otherwise cared for daily. Legal devices can only complement your personal efforts in thinking ahead and finding temporary and permanent caregivers who can take over your goat's care immediately when the need arises. It is critical to coordinate, with more formal legal planning, your own efforts in finding substitute caregivers.



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It's Finally Summer, So How's it Going?

Well, if I don't discuss the disasters, there'd be nothing here to talk about. So with that pregnant statement, let's dig right into the first of the year's hiking.

Bernard Lake/Ten Mile HS: <http://www.boiselarry.com/recents/2017/bernardtenmile/bernardtenmile.html>

Bernard Lake is always a great option for an early-season hike, due to its lower altitude (7229'), so great! Let's take a couple or three days in the wilderness, coupled with always great fishing.

Getting there is always the defining issue for Bernard Lake. It is surrounded by burn areas of various vintages, and in the case of the oldest ones, areas of near-complete impassability. I have tried many variations of access, from the south, from the north, around Crane Meadow in some of the more clear areas (meaning: a limited amount of trees on the ground to step over, around, under...), but the finding of a really good access route is still wildly elusive.

So this time, I researched Google Earth to the point of a stress headache trying to find the optimal route remaining in the clear, and printed out numbers of maps, annotated with Waypoints, to hopefully guide our steps in the way of 'truth' and good hiking... which lasted about a mile and a half or so, when we were faced with a swamp (and no waders), so I was forced to reluctantly make the decision to skirt the swamp which sadly takes you through the oldest burn, and the most impossible navigation on the face of this earth. After a long period of struggle through this hellish landscape, hiking partner was on the verge of jumping off the bridge, rather than continue. Fortunately, bridges were a very scarce commodity at that point, so we slogged on.

Eventually we crested the hill that overlooks the northwest end of Crane Meadow, and since it was: 1) getting late; 2) energy reserves were non-existent; & 3) there was a very black and ominous group of clouds on the southern horizon, which appeared to be hell-bent on visiting our location, I endeavoured to move my little group of goats & octogenarian hiking partner towards a small copse of trees that I figured on making home, at least for this evening... this along with anxious cries to hiking partner of, "We gotta get a tarp up for the goats, we gotta get a tarp up for the goats...!" But hiking partner apparently wasn't tuned to my frequency, as she began hurriedly putting up *her tent*, not the tarp. So I struggled the tarp up, combating the already capricious winds that signaled the arrival of nature's fury, getting things up and serviceable just in time. Which meant that all of us spent the next half hour to forty-five minutes huddled under that tarp that I had thoughtfully erected *WITHOUT* the help of hiking partner. But she had her tent up, hallelujah!

Now, time for a little déjà vu...

'member all that talk in the beginning about burn areas?

Well, we may have been in a small copse of live trees, but the rest of our surrounds was burned sticks that simply hadn't yet had the courtesy to lie down. But they were definitely contemplating horizontal now, as this storm had really put the pedal to the metal. We had trees crashing down on our right, we had trees crashing down on our left, and my hopes of long-term survival crashing in the middle.

Finally, abatement became the order of the day, and we all thought, well that was a delight, but 'OVER' was certainly the most desired action here, and so it seemed to be.

At last I could consider putting up my 1-room domicile, finish highlining the goats, doing dinner, and after the slog through the burn area, moving towards *rest*, which seemed like the ultimate blessing.

Would it have been that easy.

Around 2am, more or less, sleep was interrupted. By what? I was thinking, as I gazed around the area. Then I noticed that there was a considerable lightning show more or less on the horizon. What was distinctive about this particular weather phenomena, was that the lightning was constant, and NO, I do not mean frequent. It was 'constant', incidentally the first time in 76 years that I have seen such an intense display of nature's electricity. Well, hey, not to worry, lightning on the horizon is a non-event. So I lay back down, dreaming of dreamland, when lightning began to make it's presence known to the south, behind the hills just to the south of us, and the cirque wherein lies Bernard Lake. *Hmmm...* I definitely *DO NOT* like the direction all of this is heading.

Sure enough, the lightning got closer and closer, until the weather cell that was sponsoring this exciting show appeared to be positioned right above Bernard, which put us right on the periphery of the electro-works.

This went on for about 2 days it seemed, or maybe it was just scary enough that time expanded to fill our current future, a future which seemed to be getting shorter by the minute. At long last a short, and I do mean short, break in the festivities, just long enough for you to think, 'Praise God' hopefully it's over. Then, the coup de gras, or maybe the 'cherry' on this particular sundae, a blast of lightning that had **NO THUNDER!** Only a noise as if someone had exploded a stick of dynamite in your ear. Which meant that the other lightning was just the warm up, this one was close enough to tickle your nose. Do I have to mention here that having lightning tickle my nose is not one of my most fondly held desires?

Well, that last blast was thankfully the last blast, at least for this evening, and so after a considerable time devoted to attempting to return to a reasonable heart rate, sleep

was regained, and morning dawned bright and sunny.

Actually, it was also 'shiny' as the buckets of rain that had fallen during this nonsense, while failing to gain access to my tent, had filled up our entire camping area 2-3" deep. My tent had water between the ground cloth and the tent, and the goats were standing under the tarp, but in the previously mentioned lake. Which meant, in retrospect, that they had not been able to lie down since the extreme unpleasantness of the night before. For them? A bummer of the first magnitude!

We weren't able to get going towards Bernard until after noon, as considerable drying out had to occur, and the high humidity left behind last night made that a somewhat slow process.

The first roadblock that occurred when we were finally able to get moving, was the discovery that the creek that flows out of Crane Meadow, and which normally is an easy wade, was (due to the almost double snowpack we had the previous winter) running deep enough that we would have needed a ferry to cross... or maybe that bridge I mentioned earlier. Which would have been OK, since after a night of rest (or at least that part of the night that rest could be had) hiking partner had gotten out of the mood for bridge-jumping.

So, forget the creek, not in the mood for swimming, and neither were the goats. Now the slog begins around the east side of Crane Meadow (Have I mentioned that Crane Meadow is a 'meadow' in name only. It is a swamp, because in reality, it is a lake 'in transition' to a meadow. Maybe a meadow in another 200 years...). This proved to be a mixed blessing, because although the east edge of Crane was fairly passable, but the further we went, the more fallen trees were encountered (maybe some from last night), and more stuff to climb over and around, and progress became only a wishful hope.

Finally, late in the afternoon, we arrived at the trail up the lake's drainage, and actual progress began to be a reality. That is until about the last 1/8th mile, where we had to transition to walking on 3-4 feet of snow. The drainage for this cirque is somewhat protected and I have seen some snow in here before, but nothing like this.

However, arrival at Bernard is always a joy, as it is astoundingly beautiful. This time it was chock full, a circumstance that is not guaranteed, as sometimes it has a fair amount of bank.

After a day or so, we began to talk about my favorite hot spring, which is in this general area, and so made the decision to pull the plug on Bernard, and head for the hot spring, which we did the next morning.

Arriving at the hot spring TH, we expeditiously blasted off for the HS. The problem here is that the official trail crosses

Bear Valley Creek on a bridge, progresses about a mile to a mile and a half down the north side of the creek, and then you are supposed to wade across in order to continue to the HS down the south side of BV Creek. The problem here? BV Creek is **NOT** wadeable until August or maybe even late August, well, unless you have dreams of suicide.

The option is a 'hiker's trail' down the south side of the creek, across a shear cliff face, down to the point where you can rejoin the actual trail. Doesn't sound too bad, does it? Well, this trail has always been dangerous, clear back to when I first began to travel it 20 years ago, and in the years since, it definitely has NOT gotten any better, and so it is now hazardous in the extreme.

I have to admit to having some of those tingling sensations, you know, those that say, "This really isn't a very good idea, eh?" But they were largely ignored, and so on we went (In the pilot community we talk about the 'negative influence of desire'. Meaning, that wanting to do something badly enough, focuses us on all the reasons why we should, and causes us to distance ourselves from the reasons we shouldn't. This is evidenced clearly by what pilots also refer to as 'get-home-itis', which has sadly killed a lot of pilots).

And so, like the pilots, on we went. At about the halfway point across this cliff face, at a point where the footing was non-existent, there was a steep grade below the trail about 8 feet in length, with a then 30 foot drop to the creek, which as previously mentioned, was running at flood. Not sure how it happened, but the goat we call Mocha ended up falling and became positioned squarely on the very edge of this 30 foot drop. Had he gone over, it was goodbye goat, and goodbye gear. I immediately began to very softly and calmly engage in a running conversation to him, in hopes that he would remain still, with the thought in mind that he is my most sensitive and, prone to excitement, boy. I am presuming that we must have had the Lord's help here, as he, Mocha, remained absolutely still. One struggle on his part and he would have flown off the edge and into the big 'beyond'.

I slid down to where he was hanging, managed to find a single toehold to keep me from the 'beyond', and worked on getting the gear off him so he could extricate himself from this precarious situation. Once I got the gear off, and he realized he was free of it, he scrambled up to the trail, looked down at me, and said, "Lets go!" ☺ (What I have discovered through this incident and others, is that goats are painfully aware that with all that hi-center of gravity stuff on their backs, they are not anywhere as nimble as they are without it, and they do, whether or not we are aware, make concessions to their limitations, and do not try to do things that they would ordinarily be able to do, unencumbered by panniers, etc.)

I finally got the gear up, by my hiking partner throwing a lead down, attaching the panniers to it one at a time, and dragging them back up to the trail. When all the gear was

rescued, I used my hiking poles to dig in and drag myself up, sort of like what you'd use a ice axe for in the snow.

My next statement to my hiking partner was, "That, June (hiking partner), was the Lord saying, get you're a— out of here. And that is exactly what we are going to do!"

So, after making it back to the magic carpet (the truck), the next issue is 'what are we going to do' since we have the rest of the week in front of us. "I know", I said, "Let's go to Ten Mile hot springs!" Hiking partner said, "Yeah!"

So here we are, anxious to begin the trek into this HS. The normal method of getting onto this trail is to drive to where the road ends at Ten Mile Creek, wade across, and continue!

One look at Ten Mile Creek was enough to dispel that little bit of foolishness. Similar to Bear Valley Creek, it was a roaring tempest... and as we would later discover, at this point, it was only a shadow of what it had previously been.

Sigh!.. so back to the actual trailhead (which adds a couple of miles to the trek), where there is a brand new bridge (for the horse people, not we hikers), and, after dealing with the inevitable family that wanted to know all about goats, goatpacking, and 'can we pet them', we began our trek from the actual TH. Quite a ways down this trail, which clearly had been recently maintained, we came to an intersection. An intersection that had clearly been configured to indicate that 'you need to go to the left', the 'right is not acceptable'. Therefore, we went to the left.

After climbing for a very long ways, and looking down on the creek, which was disappearing in the haze, I said, "WAIT A MINUTE!" The HS is right beside the creek. This CANNOT be the right way to get there. And it wasn't. After descending all the way back down to the intersection, and taking the right-hand option, it was clear that trail clearers were clearing for the horse crowd, and their destination was **NOT** Ten Mile HS.

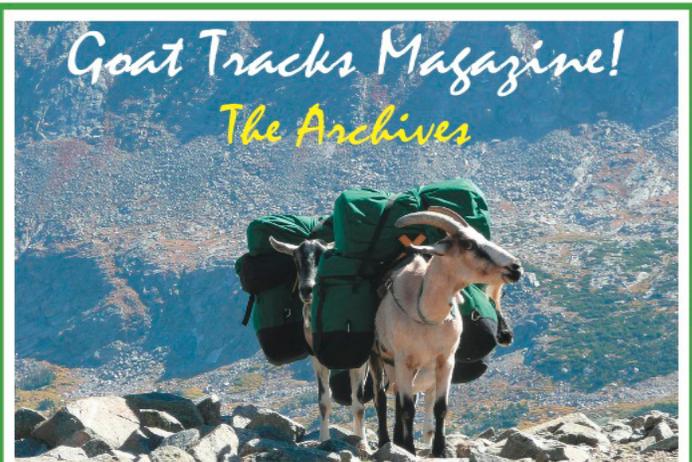
So...

On we went, following the obviously NOT maintained, RH branch, of the trail. Eventually we happened on the HS, or what was left of it.

The reason I say that, is because Ten Mile HS was no more. The creek had disassembled the pools, and in fact the HS was not hot. It was barely warm. Now, this was a HS that was too hot without mixing with creek water, so the immediate question was, **WHAT** is happening here?

My assumption, and this is only potentially partially accurate, is that the high water has gotten down into the ground water and cooled off this spring, and maybe later it will return to its formal glory... maybe.

What to do. It is too late to go anywhere else, so we camp overnight, and in the morning return to the magic carpet. Home beckons, and so ends this early-season adventure.



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In my frequent forays into the files that make up the GT Archives, I have come to the conclusion that the only reason that everyone doesn't have a copy of this information is that they just don't realize how completely entertaining lots of this stuff is. There have been some great writers for GT over the years!

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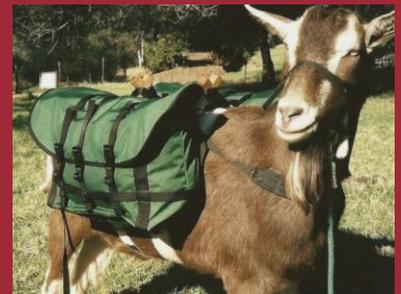
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Gods of Thunder Part II: Getting in Sync



When we last left our story, Thor was sorting out his team harnesses, getting them properly adjusted, and balancing his prancing pair in the hitch for best success at training. But now it's time to make those goats work together as a team!

Training a team of goats to pull is generally easier than training one goat by himself. Goats don't like to be alone, so it makes sense that they go better in pairs. Two goats are bolder, less likely to stop, less likely to try to turn around and go home, and less likely to forget verbal commands. Most of the time, the things that make one goat nervous don't make the other nervous so they are able to be brave together. When one goat forgets a command or isn't paying attention, his buddy is on the ball and helps the forgetful one make the right choice. On the other hand, if both goats are nervous, forgetful, angry, or disobedient at the same time, you have double trouble on your hands! Thankfully these times are fairly infrequent and you'll find that your goats go better together than as individuals.

That said, you need to make sure you set yourself up for success by selecting two goat who basically get along with each other and are similarly matched in size and stride. An experienced teamster can usually overcome major discrepancies in personality and size, but this is a lot more difficult than starting out with a team that works well together. There will always be one goat that is more dominant than the other, one that walks a little faster, one that's a bit spookier, etc. These minor differences are enough to overcome without adding extra challenges for you as their leader.

When you first get started, it's advisable to have two people. One person handles the reins and whip while the other walks behind the wagon and assists if necessary. Usually assistance comes in the form of walking ahead of the goats to provide moral support when they get nervous--creating a physical barrier

between the goats and whatever is scaring them. However, the walker should never get in the habit of leading the goats or staying out front. Once the goats find their courage, the walker should drop back and stay out of the way. The walker is also not to give vocal commands. This is the job of the driver.

When it comes to handling the reins and whip, driving two goats is not much different than driving one. One rein is held in each hand with the thumbs on top (see Winter 2016 issue of *Goat Tracks*). The whip is held alongside the rein in one hand and is used in conjunction with your voice to cue the goats to walk on.

One of the primary goals in training a team is to get them to pull together. When you first begin driving you'll notice that one goat generally prefers to walk ahead while the other lags behind. You'll also find that they often do not start and stop together, which makes their job more difficult and makes your ride bumpier. They get even more out-of-whack on turns, particularly if your faster goat is on the inside track. It is the driver's job to encourage the team to pull together by steadying them with voice and reins or applying extra motivation with the whip.

There should be a slight amount of tension on your reins so you can feel your goats' mouths and stay in constant communication with them. If one goat pulls ahead, put steady, even pressure on both reins. Most drivers instinctively pull the rein on the same side as the goat pulling ahead, but this is incorrect. With coupling lines, the right rein works on the right side of both goats while the left rein works on the left side of both goats. If your right-hand goat is charging ahead and you only pull the right rein, it will turn the goats right, not slow the fast one down. If you pull both reins evenly, only the goat who is charging ahead will feel pressure on his mouth. Once he falls back in line with his partner, your reins will even out and both goats will feel equal pressure again.

Sometimes the problem is not that one goat is too fast, but the other is too slow. He may need a firm tap on the haunches with the whip to remind him to step up and do his share. I use the command "Step up" along with the goat's name just before using the whip. Most goats learn quickly that lagging does not pay. Slowing down a fast goat is usually more difficult than speeding up a slow one.

If you have one goat that is consistently 'chargey', you can rig up some stay chains. These are chains or ropes that attach from the front axle of your vehicle to either end of your doubletree. They prevent the doubletree from swinging too far off-center, so if one goat steps too far ahead he ends up pulling most of the load by himself. One or two drives like this and most goats will fall back in line voluntarily and allow their buddy to help share

the load. This is better than hanging on the mouth of a goat that likes to lead.

The best way to train your goats to start and stop together is simply to practice, practice, practice. Use your voice *every* time you start and stop so your goats learn the commands “walk on” and “whoa”. Set them up for success by evening them up before you give the “whoa” command. Squeeze your reins back evenly and keep your fingers supple so there is “feel” in the reins. Sometimes it helps to see-saw back and forth gently on the reins rather than pulling straight back. This helps keep the goats from locking their jaws against the pressure of the bit and getting into a tug-of-war. Make sure your goats come to a complete stop before moving on again.



The goats demonstrate turning in sync by crossing their front legs over. Notice my use of the whip on the outside hip of the outside goat. Turning is another area where your goats will

need to learn how to move in sync. In a turn, the inside goat has to slow down while the outside goats speeds up a little. If the inside goat charges ahead, remember to pull *both* reins to slow him down. Practice large, sweeping turns and work up to tight ones. Eventually your goats will learn to step together around their turns rather than jostling and shoving. Remember that your goats also need to learn how to turn by crossing their front legs and stepping over since the pole prevents them from arcing their bodies. Often it is helpful to use your whip on the hip of the outside goat to tap his body over. It is usually easier to turn a goat by pushing it than by pulling on the reins. The outside goat will move away from the whip cue and push the inside goat over with him.

Sometimes if I need to use my whip more forcefully or reach it further over in a turn, I will bridge my reins in my left hand and hold the whip in my right. Bridge your reins by crossing them in one hand. If you need to drive one-handed in a turn, you'll need to pinch your reins off at the correct tension to maintain your arc. Learn

to become comfortable with sliding your hands up and back on the reins to adjust their length as needed.

Sometimes you have one goat that insists on picking fights with his teammate. At this point, I usually take my team up to a trot and give them some work to do. This gets the rowdy one to settle down and teaches him that picking fights means extra work. It also gives the subordinate goat a break from his annoying buddy and gets both their minds off each other. With practice your team will learn to keep their minds on their job.

Go to your goats heads frequently to reward them. If they are obedient, keep the lesson short. Always try to end on a good note. As they progress in their training you can take them more places and introduce them to new sights and sounds. Try not to over face them. If your goats start to panic, get out and help them past the challenge. It's better to reassure them than to get into a fight or into a situation where they might bolt or overturn the wagon. On the other hand, make sure you are firm in your commands so they don't learn to take advantage of “spookums” as a way to get out of work. This is where it's important to know your goats so you can strike the correct balance between challenging them to be brave and overwhelming them with things they're not ready to face. Trust is learned by gradually overcoming ever-increasing challenges and is not built in one day. Be a consistent and trust-worthy driver and soon your goats will be facing down all kinds of situations that would have terrified them in the beginning.”



These goats have learned enough trust to cross water without being led.

Happy driving!

~ Nan Hassey and the Goat-O-Rama Goats

www.goatorama.com



Protecting Our Goats in the Wilderness

Do we have that one covered? Or are there unmet threats we need to address?

In terms of threats, we talk about bears... we hang our food... we carry bear spray... we keep alert to their possible presence. But is that enough to insure that we will never lose a goat to a predatory presence? Maybe not. On a recent trip that issue was brought to bear on us with great force, and what we encountered had not been anywhere near 'up' on my radar. It also underscored that we could easily lose our boys if we are not prepared. The following narrative will explain what I mean.

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Late Summer 2017.

Matt Lyon (www.bantamsaddletack.com) and I embarked on a trip into the Sleeping Deer area of Idaho, a section of Idaho about 40 miles due west of Challis. Matt had his new babies as well as his packers, and I had my 4, making in all, 11 animal heartbeats in our little coterie.

This area is distinctive in that it takes over 40 miles of driving to get to the trailhead once you leave the paved road. On top of that, the first 10 miles or so of this road, until you cross the pass between Twin Peaks, Idaho, is an ABOMINATION! After that it is up over one pass then another, until you reach the last 18 miles which is perched on top of the ridgeline, and which is, at times, what Ralph Maughan describes in his guidebook, 'paint scratch thin'. Frequently, the only thing between the mountain wall, and the other side of your vehicle is your imagination (i.e., thin air).

After what seemed like an eternity, the TH appears over the hood ornament. Goats unloaded and off we go. This trail contours around the ridgetop to Sleeping Deer Pass, which, not surprisingly, is right below Sleeping Deer Lookout.

From there, the trail proceeds down several gravelly and loose-footing switchbacks, then across a talus slide to another ridgetop, which once over, leads down a drainage to the first of the Cache Creek Lakes that are on, or near, the trail. We came upon the first of these late in the afternoon, and it *was* a pretty lake, but clearly in the latter stages of its geological life. Since the next Cache Creek

Lake was a bigger lake, it had to be a better place to camp, ya think?

So on we go. To where we could see this 'better' lake. It was a shallow pothole of a lake. It may have been bigger, but it was small potatoes in the world of high mountain lakes. What to do, continue on? Or go back? We decided to continue, and reaching the last of the 4 lakes had to reluctantly accept the fact that this was the campsite for tonight, like it or not.

In reality, this was a swamp, not a 'lake'. But, making the best of a bad situation, we proceeded to try and find tent sites, and get the setup going afore the night set in.

Well, being this is the first night on the trail, and having lots to talk about, getting things going was a bit slow to master the art of understatement. Getting tents up was slow, getting dinner was slow, getting highlines up was dragging, and only the rope was hung 'from the tree with care', not the actual food.

So we find ourselves standing around in the dark with our headlamps shining into the night. By this time we have attached the goats to the highline with the long-term goal of sleep dancing on the periphery of our consciousness. At one point I happened to glance down Matt's highline, which in the glow of the headlamps, was mostly shiny sets of eyes staring back.

Wait a minute! How many goats are on the highline? Let's see... get out the fingers... one, two, three... end result? There was one set of eyes too many. Hmm... I think I'll go over there and see what this is (says the fool). When I was approximately 20 feet away from 'Señor eyes' the nature of this animal came clearly into focus.

(Very bad word...) That's a cougar!!! And not 'just' a cougar, but an adult cougar, fully crouched in the 'ready to spring' position. He did NOT appear to be 'just curious'.

I, and Matt, rapidly spun around and acquired our weapons, with the plan of engaging what was indeed a life-threatening presence.

At this point, one can only wonder as to why my actions, in terms of 'vaulting for the tent', did not trigger this predator's chase response. Thankfully it didn't, but by all rights it should have! The final

result; the noise from the discharge of our weapons, plus shooting in his close proximity, convinced him that hunting was probably better on the other side of the mountain.

What he left in his wake, however, were two agitated and very stimulated individuals. At this point it was clear that sleep was a long ways out on the horizon and fire restrictions be damned, we built a fire posthaste, and Matt maintained it all night.

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What this also did as a result, is pose the question, how do you prepare for this eventuality? This is a different threat in many respects than a bear, and not one that I had previously considered. This is a meat-eater, and his interest is NOT curiosity, but 'dinner'. And he is incredibly silent/stealthy in his approach. He was there, and in an opportune place to strike, way too near the goats, long before we were aware of his actual presence.

I have to confess that I have many more questions than answers. Matt & I agreed that keeping the highline a little more 'compact' and close to the 'living quarters' was at least part of the answer. One possible solution to goat arrangement rather than strung out on a highline, is a product that Curtis King demonstrated called the 'Orange Screw' (<http://www.angescrew.com>). It, as the name implies, screws into the ground, and is very firmly fixed in place once installed.

However, in real-world, normal scenario, you are likely to be already in your tent and bag when this animal approaches. As a result, he is likely going to have hold of one of your boys, and be trying to haul it off into the jungle, long before you can react. And weapon use becomes incredibly more difficult when a predator has an actual grip on one of your goats, as opposed to 'just contemplating it' as ours was.

One of the realities of this situation, is that you are going to be trying to get out of your sleeping bag (in my experience, a near impossibility in a hurry), open the door to the tent, and deal with the situation in a stress-charged and half-asleep condition. In my analysis, you are probably going to have to take whatever action you take, while still in

your bag, and maybe still largely inside the tent.

For those that are not willing to carry a weapon, it will clearly become chaos. The cougar (or maybe wolf) will be desperately trying to drag his prey off while still attached to the highline, and the other goats will be nuts, and involved simply by virtue of also being firmly attached to the line.

I suppose ultimately that one of the 'answers' here is that the wilderness is just that... wilderness. And that personal security and that of your goats is sometimes a little nebulous. I'm not sure that I didn't sleep a little better back when I was blissfully unaware. Now I seem to be back to 'trepidation' at the night sounds in a whole new way.

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Things to consider, from Matt: Highline/goat placement relative to tent, and firepit. Readiness of pepper spray and firearms; Selection of campsite relative to surrounding geology/other structures; General awareness vs. complacency; Patrolling of camp perimeter at dusk, before entering tents, and the timing of tethering your goats for the night.

Uganda: How Goats Are Keeping Girls in School

By Felix Basiime, 7 MAY 2017, [HTTP://ALLAFRICA.COM/STORIES/201705080597.HTML](http://ALLAFRICA.COM/STORIES/201705080597.HTML)

Kabarole — To safeguard against parents being tempted to pull their girls out of school to marry them off for goats, parents are given goats but on condition that they keep their daughters in school.

Naome Aisha, 12, walks over three kilometres daily from home to study in Primary Five at Mahyoro SDA Primary School in Mahyoro village, Karangura Sub County in Kabarole District.

Her parents, Nathan Mutera and Jackeline Biira, are peasants and at times fail to raise school fees and money for other scholastic materials.

Aisha is not alone facing this challenge. Annette Mbabazi, 14, also walks over three kilometres to study in Primary Seven at Kibyoo Primary School in Kibyoo village, also in Karangura. Her parents, Peter Rwabutuku and Topista Kirinda, are peasants too who grow beans and sell them to raise part of her school dues.

Both Aisha and Mbabazi grew up in a rural set up where early marriage is the order of the day due to the traditions and myths among the people in this hilly area. Here, a girl hardly studies beyond Primary Five. If she is not married off by her parents for quick money, she runs a risk of boys waylay her on the way back from school in the evenings.

The Shepherd

Kitty wanted to take the children on an extended vacation this summer. After convincing me that we could shoehorn it into the budget, if we cut out food and other fripperies, I relented. "Have fun at the beach while I'm slaving away keeping the goats out of the neighbor's garden -- and such." Kitty looked at me in stony silence while I flipped through the stack of unpaid bills. I felt an unusual chill, so I looked up to see if the window was open, but it was simply Kitty still staring at me.

"Are you still here?" I asked. "I thought you'd be off packing already!"

Kitty cleared away any ambiguity by saying, "This is supposed to be a *family* vacation! You *will* call a goat herder to watch the goats for a week, *won't you?!*"

I really wanted to tell Kitty that spending a week chasing goats around the farm in between my landscape jobs was all the adventure that I could stomach, but when she said it *that* way, I knew that any objections were null and void. "Where do you think I should go to find a goat-sitter?"

"Try the classifieds," Kitty said emphatically. So I did. After a week, my classified ad generated a single response.

"Last time I advertise in the free section of the local newspaper," I grumbled.

"You get what you pay for," Kitty reminded me, handing me the slip of paper upon which she'd written the caller's name. Then she beamed, "But, it only takes one!"

"I'm still gonna have to interview this George guy," I complained. "I don't want some unqualified hooligan to kill off the herd while we're off jaunting along the coast!"

"Have it your way," Kitty said. "But if you don't hire someone before we leave, then I'll just have my *brother* do it, and you know what *that* means!"

I shuddered as I thought about Kitty's brother showing up whenever he felt like it and heaving over loads of whatever he felt like feeding them. He would think, *I like jelly beans, and goats eat anything, so I'll give them these old jellybeans that I've had in storage for thirty years!*

The date for the interview soon arrived and I

anxiously watched the clock until the hour of George's arrival arrived. I pictured a jovial, gentle, family man, who loved goats like his own children. The man that pulled up in a rickety truck looked more like a serial killer.

"Are you George?" I asked, hoping he was lost.

"No," He replied.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Jorge," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"My name ees Jorge Sanchez," he replied.

"You here about the goat-sitting Job?" I asked.

"Si," Jorge said.

"You like goats?" I asked.

"Si," He answered. "They ees very gud."

I winced. "What experience do you have?"

Jorge smiled and said, "I eat goat almost all time!"

"I mean, what experience do you have raising goats?"

"Oh, I no raise goat, but I keen cook them!" he said.

"Well," I sighed. "These goats are not for eating. Come meet them."

Jorge eagerly followed me out to the goat paddock where the goats eyed him from a distance with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion. "You'll have to forgive them for being stand-offish," I said. "The last time I introduced them to a stranger, little BB went to the sale."

Eventually, my most gregarious goat came up to see if we had any treats. "Jorge," I said, "meet Ebony." Ebony, a solid black doe, nuzzled my hand looking for a treat.

"Wow!" Jorge exclaimed. "A black goat!"

I looked at him in stunned silence. "Have you no sense of political correctness? She prefers to be called an *African American* goat."

"Oh," Jorge remarked. "She is from Africa?"

"No," I said a little sheepishly, "She is a Boer goat born right here on my farm, but her *ancestors* are from Africa."

"She is very fat!" Jorge noted, licking his lips.

"Yes," I replied. "She should be carrying twins. Now,

here comes her twin sister, Ivory. She should be pregnant too." Ivory, as her name indicates, was all white, except for her black head. One by one, the goats came up to see if I had any food. All the goats were does except for four wethers.

"Are those goats for eating?" Jorge asked eagerly.

"No," I replied with concern. "These goats are pack goats. They only get eaten if they fail pack training!"

"How do they fail?" Jorge inquired.

I eyed him carefully. "Never mind. If you will come over here to the goat shed, I will show you what and how to feed them." After I was sure that all the basics were covered, I decided to go over the "extra curricula".

"Now," I said to Jorge, "it is not uncommon for my goats to get into mischief. They like to get out and go visit people, and once, they even went to the local bar! So, when this kind of stuff happens, they need to be disciplined. Do you know how to discipline a goat?"

"Si," Jorge said, pulling out a sheath knife and making a cutting motion across his throat.

"No, no, no!" I exclaimed. "Now put that knife away! The way to discipline a goat is with water. They hate to get wet! Take this here spray bottle and shoot a jet of water right in their face. It'll stop them from getting into things they shouldn't, stop them from head-butting another goat, and even stop them from fence jumping, but you have to catch them in the act!" I sprayed a jet of water towards the nearest goat and we watched it back away with an offended look on its face.

"Sometimes," I continued, "the goats get stressed out. The best way to calm them is to give them a rub down, kind of like a massage. Here, I'll demonstrate. I grabbed the just-offended goat and said, "Jorge, this is Unique. She isn't overly friendly, but you can warm her up by scratching behind her ears and then running your hands down her back and sides. Here, you try." Jorge pulled out his knife and lightly scratched Unique behind the ears with its point. She liked it -- too much! "Put that knife away!" I ordered. "This isn't a slaughterhouse!" Jorge reluctantly returned the knife to its sheath.

I thought about telling him to go home, but instead I said, "Don't worry about giving massages. There's

only one other thing you need to do. Once a day, I take these three pack goats out for a walk. Put this leash on the big one and the other two will follow you. His name is Ghost and he can be a real jerk sometimes. You must not let him push you around. Do you know what to do if he tries to head-butt you or another goat or tries to run ahead?"

"Si," said Jorge, reaching for his knife again. "I make jerky!"

"No, no, no!" I hollered. "The water! Use the spray bottle on his face!"

"Oh," Jorge said in embarrassment. "I so seely. I weel try to remember the water."

I concluded with the advice, "Should you have problems, here is a list of phone numbers I stapled to the wall. Call me, my neighbor or the vet. Any questions?"

"Si," Jorge said. "What eef goat break leg?"

"Call the vet," I replied.

"What eef goat break neck?" Jorge asked.

"What?" I gasped. "Why would goat break its neck?"

"Maybe eet het me with eets head?" Jorge tried. "I could put eet asleep."

"No, no, no," I sighed. "Just call me, OK?"

"OK," Jorge said smiling.

That night I woke up in a cold sweat. "Kitty!" I gasped. What's your brother's phone number? I want to hire him to watch the goats after all!"

"Why?" Kitty asked. "What happened?"

"I dreamt that Jorge called me and said that the goats tried to run away from home, so he cut off their legs."

"What happened then?" she asked.

I replied, "He cooked 'leg of goat', and all the neighbors lined up to get a helping!"



A far better use for a goat than dinner!

Kidding Around

By Kendal Hemphill | Mar. 6, 2017 9:34 am

<http://sanangelolive.com/news/live-thought/2017-03-06/kidding-around>

For several years, beginning in the late 1900s, I was privileged to be a judge at the World Championship Barbecue Goat Cookoff, which is held annually at Richard's Park in Brady, Texas on Labor Day Weekend. People come from all over to attend the event, and some of the best amateur barbecuers in the country compete for the title of World Champion Goat Barbecuer(s). This is a big deal.



Every year the judges each got an official WCBGC Judge shirt to wear during the event, so the people watching would know we were actually judges, and not just some random

people who were getting their goat. The shirts were different every year, so after a while, I ended up with a section in my closet full of judge shirts. I still wear them sometimes, to make people think I'm important. It doesn't work.

I know it doesn't work, because even the people in charge of the WCBGC don't care that I used to be a judge. They never listened to any of my suggestions about how to make the event even bigger and better than it is. For years, I've been trying to tell them how to Make Goat Great Again, but they keep ignoring me. I guess they think the WCBGC is already the best goat BBQ event in the world. And everybody knows it.

Once I used this column to suggest dropping a live goat from the top of the McCulloch County Courthouse into a BBQ pit, to begin the festivities. I got the idea from the Festival of St. Vincent, held every year in Mangeses de la Polvorosa, Spain. That event is begun by dropping a live goat from the top of a 50-foot church tower into a tarp. No one paid any attention.

Actually, the Festival of St. Vincent has deteriorated.

The animal rights activists have ruined it, just like they try to ruin every tiny detail of every aspect of our lives. They complained until the Spanish folks have started throwing a stuffed toy goat out of the church tower, instead of a real one. Which proves that, if everyone would just quit listening to the animal rights crowd, life



would be a lot more fun, and we'd all be happier. Well, maybe not the goats.

And then, just recently, I sent a link to my friend, James Stewart, about the North American Packgoat Association. This is an organization that, since 1999, has promoted the use of goats as pack animals for back country travel. It is, as stated on their website, which you can look up yourself on AlGore's interwebnets, 'on the front lines protecting your right to use packgoats on public land.'

All I can say is thank goodness for these people. After all, this is America. The bastion of world freedom. If they take away our right to travel with packgoats, what's next? Probably a ban on umbrellas, or a moratorium on recliners. It never ends, with the Fun Police.

And make no mistake, there are goat-haters in our midst, and plenty of them. Already, according to the NAPgA, the BLM and U.S. Forest Service have closed a lot of public land to goat access. The cads. And Congress does nothing. Are we going to stand for this? The NAPgA says naaaaaaay.

I'm thinking the WCBGC could coordinate with the NAPgA to promote goat access. The two could work hand in hand, or hand in hoof, to raise awareness about the nefarious government attempts to ban goats from public lands. The time has come for goat lovers to unite and make their voices heard. Or herd. Or something.

And now I've discovered another goat-related activity that would be perfect for the cookoff crowd: Goat Yoga. This idea was evidently thought up by Lainey Morse, who raises goats on her farm in Albany, Oregon. Lainey has started charging people to lie down on towels, facedown, in her goat pen, and allow the goats to walk on them. I'm sure you think I'm making this up. I'm not.



If you've ever watched goat kids play, you know they like to jump up on anything available. I guess they do that with the people lying in their pen. And a lot of people evidently want to be walked on by goats. Lainey says she has a waiting list of over 900 people. The folks in Oregon obviously don't get out much.

Lainey has quit her job, and does the goat yoga thing full-time. She's currently in negotiation with Oregon State University to provide goat yoga on their campus, and she's got a deal going with Emerson Vineyards to start 'Sunset Goat Yoga & Wine Tasting.' She even offers a

Cont. Pg27 Col 2

Submissions to Goat Tracks

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line of goat yoga apparel, which is presumably machine washable.

According to the story in the Oregonian, Lainey said, "People are desperate for something that is pure and peaceful. It's really hard to be in pain and sad when there's baby goats jumping around you." If you've ever had a baby goat step on your foot, with those razor-sharp hooves, you might disagree.

But goat kids are about the cutest animal there is, so I'm sure they cheer people up. Especially people so despondent they lie around in goat pens.

This Labor Day Weekend the WCBGC is liable to be the best ever, if they listen to my suggestions. And if they don't, they can't blame me when the whole thing tanks.

Either way, I'm keeping this shirt..

Kendal Hemphill is an outdoor humor columnist and public speaker who never kids around. Much. Write to him at khemphill1@harding.edu.

Genetically-altered goats produce less allergenic milk

Hongmei Zhu et al. | December 7, 2016 | FEBS Journal
<https://www.geneticliteracyproject.org/2016/12/07/genetically-altered-goats-produce-less-allergenic-milk/>

β -Lactoglobulin (BLG) is a dominant allergen present in the milk of goats and other ungulates, although it is not found in human breast milk. Thus, the presence of BLG restricts the consumption of goat's milk by humans. In the present study, we examined whether the disruption of the *BLG* gene in goats by homologous recombination (HR) reduced BLG content in goat's milk and decreased the allergic response to milk. ... [We generated] two transgenic goats possessing a *BLG* knockout allele or site-specific *hLA* [human α -lactalbumin] integration allele. Milk assays demonstrated a reduction in BLG levels in both the *BLG* knockout and *hLA* knock-in goats; furthermore, *hLA* was present in the *hLA* knock-in goat's milk. Allergenic analysis in mice indicated that the transgenic goat's milk was less allergenic than wild-type goat's milk. These results support the development of gene-targeted animals as an effective tool for reducing allergic reactions to milk and improving nutrition.



The GLP aggregated and excerpted this blog/article to reflect the diversity of news, opinion and analysis. Unfortunately the full article is paywalled. Non-subscribers can access it here for a fee: [Generation of \$\beta\$ -lactoglobulin-modified transgenic goats by homologous recombination](#)

Rare breed of goats saved from the Nazis go on show

August 6, 2016, <http://www.thenational.scot/news/rare-breed-of-goats-saved-from-the-nazis-go-on-show.20848>



breed-of-goats-saved-from-the-nazis-go-on-show.20848

A RARE breed of goat saved from being cooked into extinction by the Nazis goes

on show for the first time at Perth show this weekend.

There are just 500 to 1,000 breeding female Golden Guernsey goats in the world. They were almost wiped out during the Second World War, after German forces occupied the island of Guernsey, along with the rest of the Channel Islands, in June 1940.

The Nazis soldiers eventually ran out of food because of Royal Navy blockades so they turned to eating the red-coated goats as well as almost all of the other livestock on the island. The breed was saved by islander Miriam Mildbourne, who secretly hid a small group of her goats from the troops.

She eventually used the remaining animals to set up a breeding programme, although they still remain on the watch list of the Rare Breeds Survival Trust.

One of those helping keep the breed alive is Avril Garrett, from Glenfarg, south of Perth, who has spent the last 14 years improving her herd with the help of her husband Robert and daughter Lisa.

This weekend they will offer a rare chance to see more than a dozen of the animals in one place. Garrett, 55, a retired photographer, said: "I just wanted a pet goat. I ended up with two Golden Guernseys but I didn't know one goat from another.

"We don't breed them every year but we have 10 babies this year. It's so difficult to get a male - we had to go to Caithness to get one. There's not many people breed them in Scotland unfortunately.

"Because there are so few of them people are having to search far and wide to find ones that aren't related.

"I sold a male years ago to a lady in Northumbria and last year when I was looking for a male I found I had shot myself in the foot because all the males in the north of England and the Borders were all related to him.

"We show them locally. It's not often you get to see 16 Golden Guernseys in one place."

Twin endangered mountain goats born at Massachusetts zoo

Published: Aug 03, 2016

<http://www.wcvb.com/news/twin-endangered-mountain-goats-born-at-massachusetts-zoo/41032760>

Stone Zoo welcomes Markhor twins

STONEHAM, Mass. —Visitors to Stone Zoo will notice two new furry faces with the recent birth of Markhor twins.

Markhor are an endangered Asian mountain goat species.

The twins, both male, were born on July 26. The zoo said both appear very active and are staying close to their mother.

Stone Zoo is home to seven Markhor, three males and four females. The kids made their exhibit debut on Monday and have already been demonstrating the incredible agility that is a hallmark of this species.

"The first-time mother is very attentive and is doing everything she should be doing. These animals are skilled climbers suited to rough, rocky terrain, and it's amazing to observe the agility in the kids at such a young age," said Pete Costello, assistant curator of Stone Zoo.

Zoo New England participates in the Markhor Species Survival Plan (SSP), which is a cooperative, inter-zoo program coordinated nationally through the Association of Zoos and Aquariums (AZA).

Markhors are native to the Himalayan Mountains. Their range includes northern India, Pakistan, and Afghanistan, and they can typically be found living around or above the tree line.

The largest of the wild goat species, Markhor have broad hooves and striking spiral horns that can grow to three feet long in mature males.

These endangered species face a number of threats, including hunting as well as competition for food. The long corkscrew horns that males develop as they mature



are much sought after by trophy hunters.



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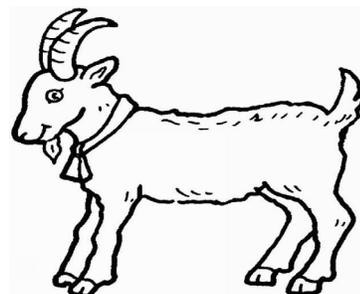
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