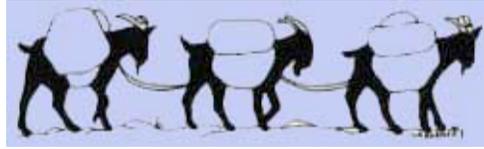


Goat Tracks



Journal of the Working Goat - Fall 2021

Until You Have Loved an Animal, Part of Your Soul Remains Unawakened. --Anatole France

The indoor life is the next best thing to premature burial. --Edward Abbey



Scenic Lakes Area, Queens River, Sawtooth Wilderness
Page 27-28

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Page 16-17: Off Leash Dogs and Knees

Page 19-20: Leader of the Herd

Page 22-24: NAPgA Doings as well as the Pictures from the Recent Rendezvous

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Goat Tracks

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On Track with Goat Tracks

by Larry Robinson



Well, here we are with another Summer winding down on the way to its natural end to the goatpacking season. I'm back in New Mexico, early I might add, since I discovered that 'Murphy' had relocated to Idaho, and I couldn't seem to get free of his ironclad grip on me and my circumstances. Should you be foolish enough to want to read the long, boring recounting of the July misadventure, a PDF version will download here: <http://www.boiselarry.com/recent/2021/thetrip2021.pdf>

Like I said, I'm back, I returned at the end of July rather than put up with any more of the pain, as well as having to endure almost no hiking, and so am now turning my attention to the Fall issue of Goat Tracks Magazine.

Somewhat quiet in the Land Use business, with the exception of a couple of Land Use plans that are under review. The details for that are on Page 8.

Don't overlook the NAPgA news beginning on Page 22. There is plenty going on in the world of NAPgA, not the least of which was the recent Rendezvous they staged in Idaho.

And finally, I am usually reluctant to place myself on the 'opinion' altar, but I am going to in this issue. These are answers to questions I have frequently fielded, or just my unvarnished opinions.

=====

Back sometime in 2003, as a part of my plan to get some goats to hike with, I spent a year researching the whole subject of goat husbandry, and it became apparent that horns-no horns was one of the main considerations that had to be dealt with while the new boys were just babies. At that time, the goat groups were on Yahoo, and any time the 'horns' issue came up, it was fire and smoke. There were only two kinds of folks, those that loved horns, and those that didn't think they were a real asset. I eventually came down on the side of no horns. And I have **never** been sorry.

Keep in mind as I give my 'opinions', that I am basing my conclusions on my on-trail experiences and have spent a lot of years since 2004 doing actual trail time with my goats in the wilderness environment. I have spent a number of years getting 200+ miles on-trail during the summer, and I have had many of the possible goat-related experiences. When one of my boys crosses the rainbow bridge, he has had well over 1000 miles on him. They have been wonderful little helpers enabling me to spend time in the woods well past the point where I no longer felt that I could carry a full pack.

Why Horns... or not:

- 1) Heat/Temperature control
- 2) Defense
- 3) They make the animal look 'regal'

My comments:

1) I think the whole temperature thing is, at the very least, overrated. In my experience, each goat has a different tolerance for heat and heat build-up. I've had goats that never panted. On the other hand, I had one that if it looked like we were going to start climbing he began panting just in case it might be necessary. Yes, there is a blood supply to the horns. No, I don't see it as being sufficiently recirculating as to adequately function to cool an entire animal that has a core temperature of 102 degrees in the first place. In 1000 to 2000 miles, I have never had a goat that appeared to be in crisis due to heat build-up, and I have only very, very infrequently had one lie down and basically 'opt out of this chicken outfit'. The one I did have that did that was just lazy and the second

time he basically refused to go on, I noted to him rather loudly that 'he would never see the woods again'. And he didn't.

2) Defense? Why would they need horns for defense? I am packing heat and bear spray should there be an issue. The only time I did have an issue, it was a cougar that was hell-bent on having goat for dinner, and a 357 was the only thing that caused him to change his mind. Horns? Forget it. Without the gun the goat was TOAST!

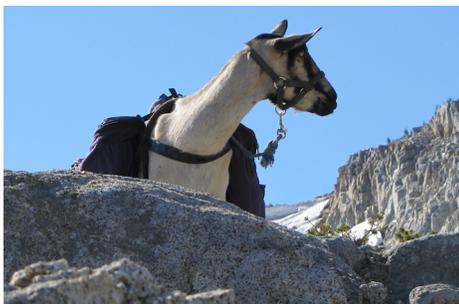
3) Regal???? I don't need 'regal', I need these wonderful little packers to carry my stuff, not parade around the throne. In reality, one time I was at Josephus Lake (Idaho), and the horseflies were impossible. As a result the goats were nuts. Their little heads were blurry they were swinging around so much. I am convinced that if they had had nice big REGAL horns, I would never had gotten them saddled, i.e., that would have been the end of the trip. Also, I love coming up to my boys and giving them a big around-the-neck hug. Not having horns makes that much easier. As I said, I have never been sorry.

As an aside, I brought 2 beautiful big 'regal' boys back from the Naches, WA, Rendy to pass on to another individual in Salt Lake. Why? Because their owner was starting over with goats that didn't have horns as he was concerned about having his 'regal' boys around his grandchildren.

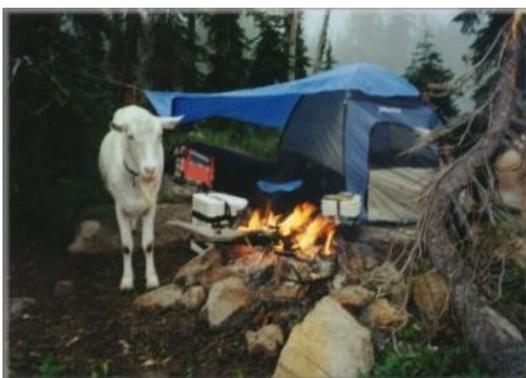
Yes, I have opinions. But as I have noted, most all of what I believe is founded on extensive, on-trail, experience.

Re: the lady in NM that was selling her goats. Not sure of the entire story there, but all over the west we are having trouble with land managers that want to send our goats to the moon. It is a very large subject, information-wise, and would take a long time to communicate the entirety of this issue provided you do not already have an awareness of the basics. The facts? Our goats are NOT a danger to Bighorn Sheep, and the land managers have drunk the koolaid that says that they are. They have the power, and they are engaged in a program to close us out of any NF that has Bighorns anywhere in the 'their' forest. In the relatively new Wilderness in Idaho, you cannot take your goats any further than Walker Lake in the Big Boulder Basin in the White Clouds. I submitted 3-1/2 pages of documentation on that one, but they ignored it and steam-rolled ahead this useless restriction into force. There is also a restriction on the number of goats each individual may possess (3).

Sorry, this was a bit long-winded, but in answer to the last question, why did I want to return to Idaho in the summer? I came to NM for reasons that have nothing to do with hiking. My heart is in Idaho, and my hiking has always been to see lakes, and take pictures. I always planned on returning to Idaho in the summer and hiking to the places I hadn't seen yet. And that is still the intention.



I am always looking for folks to describe their goat-travels here in Goat Tracks. I have a lot of my stories on backlog, but you are going to get real tired of just reading about me! Please consider sending me a narrative of your adventures. I can edit like mad, but can't describe your travels!



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An ad from a *GT* reader:

Potential business opportunity for an accomplished goatherd desiring to develop goat businesses on 40 acres in the Idaho Panhandle that are available for lease. Michael Poe anonymuncule@hotmail.com



The following two articles are a case-in-point demonstration of the degree to which the rise to nuttiness can occur with 'religious grounds' being used as the excuse. Both warrant some degree of caution as reading has the potential to give an large element of queasiness.



The sexual assault of the goat has led some on social media to ask Pakistan Prime Minister Imran Khan if goats also need to be modest with their appearance. (Picture for representation/Reuters)

<https://www.indiatoday.in/world/story/pakistan-okara-goat-raped-killed-protest-imran-khan-remarks-1834314-2021-07-29>

Investigation: People practicing Santeria may be dumping headless goats in the Chattahoochee

August 30, 2021 at 6:15 pm EDT By Dave Huddleston, WSB-TV

<https://www.wsbtv.com/news/local/atlanta/people-practicing-santeria-may-be-dumping-headless-goats-chattahoochee-investigation-finds/NEDWIMYQVFA7JDD5M5O7ILY34Y/>

ATLANTA — **Channel 2 Action News** is investigating headless goats found floating in the Chattahoochee River. Someone has dumped hundreds of decapitated goats over the past few years.

Channel 2's Dave Huddleston cruised up the Chattahoochee River with Jason Ulseth, who works for the environmental group *the Chattahoochee Riverkeeper*.

As they approached the Interstate 20 bridge near the

Fulton County and Cobb County border, "There's a goat," Ulseth said.

"Lately it's become a lot more frequent, and on Friday we were out here and saw 30 of them floating down the river," Ulseth said.

A witness recorded cellphone video of goats being tossed into the river from the I-20 bridge.

The video shows the splash as the goat hits the water.

"He actually hears the body splashing down, not only in the middle of the night, but he told me he hears them in the middle of the day," Ulseth said.

But a lot of questions remain unanswered.

"These goats have to be coming from somewhere, but we haven't been able to determine who's buying the goats, who's providing the goats or actually how they are making their way here in the river," Ulseth said.

It turns out it was part of a religious ceremony for the followers of Santeria, a religion that mixes West African culture with Cuban Catholicism.

Channel 2 talked to a Shango priest in 2019, who explained the significance of the goats.

"We use a he goat as also a victory. Then we use she goat for the baby, for the for also for the blessing. That is the significance of all these animals that we use," Akinton Shingods Anjoula said.

Ulseth said he is concerned that the number of headless goats being dumped in the river is growing.

"Over the past couple of years, I've seen a couple hundred, but never more than 20 to 30 at one given time like we've started to see here lately," Ulseth said.

The decapitated goats are a public health danger not just for people who fish or play on the Chattahoochee River, but for just about everyone in metro Atlanta.

"This is drinking water for 5 million people, and we all have to do our part to take care of it," Ulseth said.

Some people treat the river as a dumping ground, throwing everything from tires to couches to flat-screen TVs into it.

Ulseth urges everyone to do their part and not throw anything into the water. [*Especially living, breathing little lives that deserve a chance to live out the lifespan that God has given them. Ed.*]



Rare breeds of goats seem to be turning up in a number of different locations.

Rare Siberian Goat Caught on Camera Trap in Almaty Region (Video)

BY [AIZADA ARYSTANBEK](#) IN [SOCIETY](#) ON 25 APRIL 2021
<https://astanatimes.com/2021/04/rare-siberian-goat-caught-on-camera-trap-in-almaty-region-video/>

ALMATY – A rare Siberian mountain goat was caught by a camera trap in the Zhongar-Alatau National Park of the Almaty region, Kazinform reports.



“I present to you a photo from a camera trap where you can see how a Siberian mountain goat looks at the camera with

conscious eyes and a deep gaze as if talking about the importance of a caring relationship between humans and nature,” shared Samal Ibrayeva, the press secretary of the Ministry of Ecology, Geology and Natural Resources of the Republic of Kazakhstan.

Last year, the national park recorded 1,596 goats of this breed on its territory.

One of the peculiarities of the Siberian goat is that the length of its horns reaches 140 cm in males and 40 cm in females.

According to Ibrayeva, the habitat and seasonal phenomena of the Siberian mountain goat are regularly observed by the staff of the national park as part of their daily task of taking care of the animal.

a Video: <https://youtu.be/THjKsojcSe0>

Rare breed of goat born at Miller Park Zoo

May 6, 2021, by Drew Veskauf

<https://hoiabc.com/2021/05/06/rare-breed-of-goat-born-at-miller-park-zoo/>

BLOOMINGTON (HOI) — A rare breed of goat has been born at the Miller Park Zoo.

The San Clemente goats are native to one of the Channel Islands off the coast of California.

The goats are listed as a critically rare heritage breed, according to the Zoo’s announcement. The global population of San Clemente Island goats is around 700.

On April 15, “Storm” gave birth to a male. This was Storm’s third litter here at the Zoo.

“Having San Clemente goat kids is significant because they are a critically rare breed and makes the Children’s Zoo area a must-see area of the Zoo. The Miller Park Zoo is invested in the long-term success of San Clemente

Island Goats.” said Jay Tetzloff, Zoo Director.

The Miller Park Zoo was the first Zoo to have a San Clemente Island Goat born in the state of Illinois. Only a small number of zoos exhibit San Clemente Island Goats. The breed is relatively small, but larger than dwarf breeds. They are typically red or tan with black markings.



The goat kid can be seen on exhibit in the Children’s Zoo area.

Rarest breed of goat gives birth in Mattapoissett

Aidan Pollard, editor@sippicanweek.com, Apr 6, 2021

<https://sippican.theweektoday.com/article/no-kidding-rarest-breed-goat-gives-birth-mattapoissett/52479>

MATTAPOISETT — The kids are alright.

Three baby goats were born at Pine Meadow Alpacas on April 3, just as the farm gets ready to reopen to the public.

But the kids aren’t just any old goats. Their moms, Sunshine and Moonshine, are Arapawa goats — the world’s rarest breed.

Diana Paine of Pine Meadow Alpacas said there are only around 500 Arapawas on Earth.

“We feel that having something so different — so rare — is important,” Paine said.

The breed is originally from New Zealand, where the goats lived much more independently than at the farm.

“They definitely still are that independent, do my own thing — jerk — kind of goat,” Paine said.

While Sunshine and Moonshine are both Arapawas, only one of the kids is fully Arapawa. The other two are only half Arapawa.

None of the three kids have names yet, but Paine said she and her sister have started thinking about what to call the newborns.

Last year, she said, the farm went with a naming theme of food. One goat at the farm is named Eggs Benedict — “Benny” for short.

For now, the farm is focused on taking care of the little ones.

“They usually come out kicking and screaming and ready for the world,” Paine said.

And as the weather gets warmer, Pine Meadow is getting ready to reopen its doors to the public.

The farm stopped tours in December, as it does every year. But Paine said 2020 was especially difficult for the farm due to covid.

Pine Meadow began doing goat yoga to supplement losses during the pandemic, but still ended up having to downsize, according to Paine.

She added that the community came together in support of the farm last year, donating items needed to keep the farm going.

“It was a very, very tough year last year,” she said.



The Green Secrets of Goat Poop – Smarter Materials, Better Medicines, and Sustainable Biofuels

By Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory March 12, 2021
<https://scitechdaily.com/the-green-secrets-of-goat-poop-smarter-materials-better-medicines-and-sustainable-biofuels/>



An illustration featuring Elway, the San Clemente Island goat whose poop samples were used in this study. Credit: Santa Barbara Zoo, Shutterstock, Aliyah Kovner

Microbes found in the goat gut microbiome could help humans convert plant material into valuable, eco-friendly commodities.

Converting the tough fibers and complex sugars in plants into biofuels and other products could be humanity’s ticket to smarter materials, better medicines, and a petroleum-free, sustainable future. But harnessing the chemical commodities stored in these molecules is no simple task. We may take it for granted because our bodies seem to do it automatically, but in reality, every time we eat a vegetable or leafy green, the microbial communities living inside of us are performing an elaborate disassembly line of coordinated chemical reactions to break the plant matter into simple sugars that human cells can use.

Hoping to discover new and improved ways of processing plant material for industrial purposes, scientists like Michelle O’Malley at UC Santa Barbara (UCSB) and the Joint BioEnergy Institute (JBEI) have been studying the gut microbiomes of the planet’s most prolific herbivores: ruminant animals such as goats.

“The digestive tract of ruminant animals is populated with numerous microbes, including fungi, which evolved for millions of years to perform vital chemistry more effectively than we can in a lab,” said Igor Grigoriev, a senior scientist and Fungal Program Head at the U.S. Department of Energy Joint Genome Institute (JGI). “Eventually, we want to use these processes to convert plant material into products humans need that are currently in limited supply.”

Grigoriev and other Berkeley lab scientists contributed to O’Malley’s latest study, published in *Nature Microbiology*. The team generated reconstructions of the many thousands of microbial genomes present in goat-poop samples – taken from a Santa Barbara Zoo resident named “Elway” – and helped identify genes for metabolic enzymes and other digestion-related proteins.

The work revealed 700 previously unknown microbial species, and also highlighted the importance of anaerobic fungi in the goat gut.

According to O’Malley, her team had previously discovered the presence of a small minority of fungal species among the gut’s cornucopia of bacteria, but they did not realize what an outsize role these organisms play.

“Fungi produce the lion’s share of the biomass degrading enzymes that the microbial community relies on to function,” O’Malley noted in a [UCSB article on this research](#).

The team’s ultimate goal is to develop an artificial version of an herbivore microbiome, cultured in a bioreactor, that could be used to perform the complex chemistry needed to break down plant matter on an industrial scale.

Reference: “Genomic and functional analyses of fungal and bacterial consortia that enable lignocellulose breakdown in goat gut microbiome” by Xuefeng Peng, St. Elmo Wilken, Thomas S. Lankiewicz, Sean P. Gilmore, Jennifer L. Brown, John K. Henske, Candice L. Swift, Asaf Salamov, Kerrie Barry, Igor V. Grigoriev, Michael K. Theodorou, David L. Valentine and Michelle A. O’Malley, 1 February 2021, *Nature Microbiology*.

[DOI: 10.1038/s41564-020-00861-0](https://doi.org/10.1038/s41564-020-00861-0)

JBEI is a U.S. Department of Energy (DOE) Bioenergy Research Center led by Berkeley Lab. JGI is a DOE user facility located at Berkeley Lab.

Land Use Issues

It is pretty standard stuff that when a new Land Use plan comes into being, goats will have a place in the prohibited category. In the two below, only one it seems has our goats firmly fixed in the crosshairs of their 'Land Use Ejection Plan'.

Grand Mesa, Uncompahgre and Gunnison (GMUG) National Forests, CO

At long last the draft revised forest plan and draft environmental impact statement are available and ready for your review and comment! The materials you need are all located here:

<http://www.fs.usda.gov/goto/DraftForestPlan>

The **Grand Mesa, Uncompahgre and Gunnison (GMUG) National Forests** is excited to host a virtual webinar series to provide an introduction the Draft Forest Plan. We will give an overview of the planning process and the plan alternatives on Tuesday August 17 and delve deeper into key issues identified by the public on Thursday August 19. Your questions and feedback are welcomed!

Additionally, dates have been selected for virtual open houses in September. Stay tuned to the forest webpage and social media for updates and Zoom links. The GMUG will be hosting a virtual open house event for each ranger district. Please stop in and engage with the planning team and district staff. It may also be an opportunity to hear from your county commissioners about their engagement in the planning process.

NAPgA's Points of Interest

Pg. 24:

To increase awareness, educate partners and visitors of the potential for pathogen transmission affecting native plants and animals (e.g., recreation pack goats and bighorn sheep,)

Pg. 39: **FW-GDL-SPEC-14:** To maintain long-term population viability for bighorn sheep, the Forest Service should minimize the potential for recreational pack goats to interact with bighorn sheep. The Forest Service should manage recreational pack goats consistently with its management of domestic sheep within the comparable allotment(s) area.

Pg. 40:

To implement **GDL-SPEC-13**, Tier 1 bighorn sheep herds with the greatest potential to contribute to population viability in the plan area should be prioritized. Tier 2 herds, where they interact or have the potential to interact with Tier 1 herds, should also be prioritized. Use the most current version of the Western Association of Fish and Wildlife Agency's *Recommendations for Domestic Sheep and Goat Management in Wild Sheep Habitat* to inform management.

Pg. 344: **Top Areas of Interest** (Opposition to pack goat ban)

Pg. 349: **FW-STND-SPEC-16:** To maintain effective separation among species in habitat occupied by bighorn sheep, the use of recreational pack goats and the use of goats and sheep for invasives and/or noxious weed management is prohibited.

Justification: This was a topic of much public comment and discussion. A pack goat ban was not commensurate with the treatment of domestic sheep within the forest plan, and not commensurate with the perceived or documented risk. Environmental groups also did not want to see a ban on the use of goats/sheep for weed management.

Santa Fe National Forest, NM

The Santa Fe National Forest is pleased to announce that preview versions of our final land management plan, final environmental impact statement, and draft record of decision are now available on our website(www.fs.usda.gov/goto/santafeforestplan). The final forest plan provides guidance for managing the Santa Fe National Forest to best meet the current and future needs of the American people through integrated resource management and ecological, social, and economic sustainability. The final environmental impact statement analyzed multiple alternatives for updating our existing plan and guided our selection of the preferred alternative. By emphasizing multiple uses supported by healthy ecosystems and working closely with our neighbors on shared interests, the new plan best meets the needs of the Santa Fe National Forest and its partners, now and into the future.

These final documents are being posted prior to the start of the objection filing period to provide additional time for public review and familiarization; we are not soliciting objections at this time. Once it begins, the objection filing period will last 60 days. The objection process provides any individuals and groups that have previously commented the opportunity to resolve remaining concerns prior to final plan approval and implementation. More information about the objection process and how to file an objection will be sent to all commenters, published in the *Albuquerque Journal*, published in the Federal Register, and posted on the Santa Fe National Forest planning website.

For further information about the plan revision process, please contact Claudia Rumold, Acting Forest Planner at (505) 438-5442 or claudia.u.rumold@usda.gov. Thank you for your interest in the management of the Santa Fe National Forest.

Sincerely, Claudia Rumold

S.D. tag to kill a bighorn brought big bucks again

Posted: Jun 9, 2021

<https://www.keloland.com/news/capitol-news-bureau/s-d-tag-to-kill-a-bighorn-brought-big-bucks-again/>

[At least one entity recognizes what this is all about. Ed.]

PIERRE, S.D. (KELO) — The South Dakota Game, Fish and Parks Department is getting \$240,250 for the 2021 bighorn sheep hunting license that recently was sold to the highest bidder.

The [Game, Fish and Parks Commission](#) received the news from John Kanta, western regional supervisor for the state Wildlife Division.

“I’m happy to report we had another great auction,” Kanta told the commission.

The sale occurred through the [Midwest Wild Sheep Foundation](#).

The Minnesota-based organization also sold the 2020 South Dakota bighorn license for \$312,000. That was a record amount for a South Dakota bighorn license.

In previous years, GFP’s revenue from the auction license and other sheep-related sales [generated from \\$61,600 to \\$109,750](#) for South Dakota’s program.

GFP holds a residents-only drawing for [seven other bighorn licenses](#). The 2021 licenses cost \$280 apiece, plus a \$10 non-refundable application fee.

The seven are spread among four specific hunting units, including one for Custer State Park in the southern Black Hills. Nearly 5,000 South Dakota hunters applied this year for six Black Hills tags and the department received 3,159 applications for the Custer State Park tag.

The auction license can be used in the Elk Mountain and Hell Canyon hunting units. Kanta said individuals bid for the auction license at the foundation’s banquet, over the phone, and online.

Governor Kristi Noem agreed beforehand, he said, that the high bidder could accompany her on the governor’s pheasant hunt the fourth Saturday of October or at the Custer State Park buffalo roundup earlier in the fall, or both.

Part of the proceeds — \$85,000 — will go to GFP’s bighorn sheep fund and the remaining \$155,250 will be split between GFP’s game-production area management and the state’s Second Century Habitat Fund.

“We’re already starting to think about next year and how we can improve or do things differently and make this better and hopefully raise some record-setting money,” Kanta said.

One consideration will be whether the Midwest Wild Sheep Foundation remains the right place to auction the license. “Do we continue with them, or should we pursue some other avenues?” he said.

The 2021 high bidder is from Las Vegas, Nevada, but the name is being withheld, according to Kanta.

Wildlife officials issue warning on the dangers of mixing domestic livestock with our wild bighorn sheep herds

<https://cpw.state.co.us/aboutus/Pages/News-Release-Details.aspx?NewsID=7823>

[At least here you can have all the propaganda and myths in one ‘container’. Ed.]

ESTES PARK, Colo. - The use of domestic goats and sheep for hobby livestock or commercialized purposes employed by municipalities and landowners for weed and vegetation control has wildlife officials issuing a warning of potential implications that could impact our wild Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep populations.

These large groups of domestic animals do quick work on weed control, but there is another side of the equation that conveniently gets left out of the overall picture.

Wildlife officials have concerns with these ‘weed-control’ domestic goat battalions descending on Estes Park this week. The reason - potential interaction with three different Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep herds in and around Estes Park - may have detrimental impacts.

Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep historically existed in tremendous numbers in the western United States. Reduced to near extirpation, bighorn sheep have made strong recoveries due to dedicated western wildlife management agencies and forward thinking conservation groups. However, bighorn sheep still face significant threats, especially from diseases transmitted by domestic sheep and goats.

The mechanism of disease introduction into wild herds is almost always through comingling. Backyard hobby herds with poor enclosures, escaped domestics and large groups of domestic sheep and goats too close to wild sheep can result in contact and subsequent infection.

“It only takes one sheep that contracts a disease to hinder an entire herd,” said Chase Rylands, wildlife officer out of Estes Park.

“The suite of pathogens which kill bighorns are well understood,’ added CPW Wildlife Biologist Joe Halseth. “They cause severe respiratory illness in wild bighorns resulting in low lamb survival, all age die-offs and may inhibit population growth for long periods of time. Unfortunately, there are countless instances in Colorado where this has occurred and many bighorn herds in the state have some low level of chronic illness that limits population growth.”

The progression of respiratory disease varies

depending on the pathogens present. Symptoms include coughing, nasal discharge and respiratory distress. Adult survivors can become chronic carriers and infect lambs every year.

Wildlife viewing is a strong economic driver in the Estes Park area, which lies at the center of three distinct sheep herds. The Big Thompson Canyon has the most visible bighorn sheep herd in northern Colorado, with sheep occupying habitat from the mouth of the canyon well up to the town of Estes Park. These sheep often cause ‘sheep jams’ with visitors clamoring for a photograph when they show up close to the highway. The St. Vrain herd readily occupies good habitat along Highway 7 and Highway 36, and Rocky Mountain National Park has a robust herd often viewable to park visitors.

Bighorn sheep are emblematic of Colorado and Colorado Parks and Wildlife is proud of the decades of work in restoring bighorns and can only hope that future efforts will see more sheep in more wild places in Colorado. Domestic grazers are very important to Colorado’s economy through the meat and wool markets as well as certain ecosystem services they provide.

“There are numerous best management practices to reduce disease risk to wild bighorns, but the most successful is to keep domestics far away from wild sheep,” Halseth said.

The threat of disease introduction when domestics do come in contact with our wild herds is so severe that wildlife officials are sometimes forced to euthanize any wild bighorns that come into contact with the domestics, or ones that appear to show signs of illness afterwards. Inaction may result in a cascading effect of disease outbreak, death and poor population performance, which may take decades to overcome.

“Disease transmission is nothing to be taken lightly with Colorado’s wildlife, especially with bighorns,” Ryands said. “Coexisting with wildlife isn’t always easy, but preventing the comingling of domestic animals with wildlife is most often preventable and essential to sustaining populations of all wildlife.”

Colorado is home to an estimated 7,000 bighorn sheep. CPW, as well as other state agencies across the west, cannot take the risk of having an entire wild herd devastated due to a ram coming back to ewes after comingling with domestics.

“Goats for weed management have been advertised as a win-win,” said Area Wildlife Manager Jason Duetsch. “Although that is in many cases true, it’s also true that they result in a lose-lose scenario in areas where wild sheep are near. Our historic and

iconic bighorn populations are extremely susceptible to diseases that domestic sheep can carry with ease.

“This is most often on small hobby farms in this part of the state or by landowners who rent herds for weed management, unaware or sometimes unwilling to accept the potential for harm.”

CPW suggests implementing sound fencing practices, such as using an electric outrigger fence (two feet from wire fencing) or double fencing (two wire fences with a minimum spacing of at least 10 feet in between and a height of eight feet). Considerations could also be made for different weed management strategies when effective separation from wild sheep is not practical.

To learn more about Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep, please visit our website at <https://cpw.state.co.us/conservation/Pages/CON-Sheep.aspx>.

Very relevant stuff when considering all the ‘re-installing’ Land Managers are doing with various species.

Transplanted mammals take a century to learn to “surf the green wave”

JOHN TIMMER 9/7/2018

<https://arstechnica.com/science/2018/09/transplanted-mammals-take-a-century-to-learn-to-surf-the-green-wave/>

Animals returned to their native range don’t understand the unfamiliar territory.



In many areas of the globe, native species have been wiped out of large areas of their range even though some habitats that

could support them were left intact or later restored. That has allowed conservationists to reintroduce these species, sometimes with spectacular success. The North American bison, for example, has gradually returned from near extinction largely due to reintroductions from the few small herds that were once left.

But not all of these reintroductions have worked out, and a paper in this week’s *Science* suggests a reason: over generations, native populations develop a “culture” that helps them to understand when and where to migrate. New populations, dropped into an unfamiliar landscape, tend to sit still and don’t make the most out of their habitat.

Waves of green

Seasonal migrations are common throughout the animal kingdom, and most of the attention is drawn to the more dramatic ones, like the multigenerational travels of the monarch butterfly or the spectacular distances covered by some birds. But many migrations are relatively local, as animals may shift locations without venturing out of their larger habitat. The reasons for this are typically practical: moving to breeding grounds that predators can't reach easily, for example.

Another motivation is food. The best grazing tends to be on plants that have just started their seasonal growth, and the site of that growth shifts with the temperatures. That typically means such locations shift uphill and toward the poles as the warming of spring progresses. Ecologists refer to following the areas of peak growth as "surfing the green wave," and it drives the movement of mammalian populations around the world.

But how do herbivores know how to surf? The new research takes advantage of transplanted populations to find out.

This team's primary research subject is the bighorn sheep, which was wiped out in many locations due to hunting and diseases transmitted by domestic sheep. In recent decades, with the population in many areas rebounding, conservationists have begun restoring it to areas where it was once common by transplanting sheep from existing populations. In some cases, the animals have gone into completely empty habitats; in others, they've supplemented a small existing population. (Some parts of the new analysis also include data on moose, which are reintroducing themselves to many areas of the US, such as New York.)

To track the animals themselves, the authors took advantage of GPS collars fitted to more than 200 bighorns, some from native populations and some that had been recently reintroduced. The location of the sheep could be compared to the green wave using satellite data, which can show areas of the habitat literally turning green in the spring. They used this data to produce an idealized surfing pattern, showing what a migration optimized to get the most out of the vegetation change would look like.

Sitting still

In established populations of bighorns, anywhere from two-thirds to all of the sheep migrated to follow the foliage. By contrast, less than 10 percent of the transplanted populations went anywhere. The few that did migrate were all transplants that went into areas with existing populations, suggesting that they learned when and where to move through social interactions with the existing populations. This finding helps settle a debate about how existing populations maintain their

migration patterns across generations.

Compared to the foliage-optimized migration pattern, the existing populations did twice as well as the ones transplanted into new habitats. This didn't mean the migratory animals were completely efficient; things like predators and calving also influence when and where they move. It's just that established populations balanced their needs much better.

So are transplanted individuals doomed to sit still? To find out, the researchers expanded the study to look at populations that had been transplanted anywhere from 10 to 110 years earlier (this is where the moose data was added). The analysis shows a clear trend: it takes anywhere from 30 years to a century for populations to begin surfing the green wave. So animals do start to work out good migratory patterns over time, but it takes decades for that to become established cultural knowledge in their herds.

The report is interesting science in that it shows the importance of knowledge diffusion within social networks among grazing animals. But it also has practical implications for wildlife reintroduction programs. It may not be successful if we try to reintroduce animals to areas where they once existed if human development has blocked off access to the best migratory routes. And planning for the animals' return can't simply involve where they're being placed—it will need to account for where they'll be moving decades from now. *Science*, 2018. DOI: [10.1126/science.aat0985](https://doi.org/10.1126/science.aat0985), ([About DOIs](#)).

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to increase the meat production of the herds.

Many of the bones that come from the small goat's embryo indicate that domestic eves are often miscarried. The researchers explained that animal husbandry and animal accumulation led to infectious diseases such as brucellosis.

It has been known for a long time, Based on archaeological finds, agriculture first appeared in the crescent-shaped region known as the "fertile crescent". It stretches from the Jordan Valley in present-day Jordan, Israel and Palestine, along the Euphrates and Tigris rivers in northern Syria and eastern Turkey, to the Zakros Mountains in present-day Iran.

New DNA research shows that the newly arrived farmers in eastern Turkey and the Iranian hunter-gatherers in each area of the Zakros Mountains were descendants and genetically distinct groups.

But is it true that different people invented agriculture individually and independently of each other? Rarely. It is about 650 km between the two farm cradles and it is not impossible for the nomads of that time to fall.

Of course they changed knowledge and bred animals and seeds. Sheep, pigs, cows, goats, barley, various types of wheat and pulses ...

The current study of PNAS indicates that the journey of domestic sheep began in the Zagros Mountains.

Importance of Imprinting

The Importance of Imprinting in Kid Goats

By Charlie Goggin

Imprinting is a neurological process, which takes place in species that need parental bonding to survive. The neurons in the brain form important connections with repeated, early exposure, linking the parent with safety, food and warmth. The specific neurons involved create in the mind of the baby a set of social patterns that last for life. The window of opportunity for imprinting closes after a genetically programmed period of time. Ducks and geese will imprint on the first large, moving object they see after hatching. I remember a duck in college who was raised singly (a bad idea) by a kid with huge, white Nike sneakers. The poor duck imprinted not on the college student, but on his Nikes. Because the duck had no siblings (ducks and geese sexually imprint by having siblings of the same species) to imprint on as well, he grew into a fine drake with the odd habit of trying to court and mate with white Nike sneakers.

Animal behavior develops through a complex series of interactions between what is innate (inherited) and what is learned (environmental). After 48 hours in goats and horses, the window of opportunity for imprinting closes forever. This bonding is species specific and allows the young animal to recognize its own kind, a truly important concept for social animals. Without this ability the animal will not know how to form social bonds, making survival and reproduction nearly impossible. Once humans are considered part of the herd, most goats will easily form new social attachments to new humans. It is important to take advantage of this unique time when the young animal learns to recognize what is 'us' and what is 'other'. 'Other' is never to be trusted completely. The brain only remains open to imprinting during the short period of time in which the momma is separate from the herd during parturition. During this brief period, the mother is likely to be the only living creature the newborn encounters. This insures the newborn will follow and obey its mother during its fragile early life when she is the sole guardian and caregiver.

Humans began taking advantage this phenomenon with horses years ago. The idea is to make horses believe humans are part of the herd instead of a predator to be feared. Properly imprinted horses are calmer and safer animals to work around as the fear response toward humans (which is innate as we are a predator) is reduced or eliminated. This process must take place within 48 hours of birth; any handling after that is socialization, not imprinting. Both are important but the latter is made easier by the former.

Socialization is conditioning an animal to accept and not

fear the world at large. This means contact with humans, dogs, horses, cars and other potentially scary objects. An animal that receives no socialization outside of its yard is usually fearful, unpredictable and too flighty to work efficiently. They are afraid of the boogey man, so to speak. Once your goat has 'been there, seen that' he will work better as he won't be wasting time and energy with fear responses to strange sights, smells and sounds. Socialization is very important for raising a well-adjusted animal, which remains trustworthy even during unusual circumstances. Yet it is the imprinting that ensures that a bedrock of trust in humans is laid down under all life experiences.

Let's look at the typical wild scenario: Just before a doe gives birth, she leaves the herd and goes off alone. It is difficult for a predator to find a lone female, whereas a herd is easy to locate. The doe will spend hours after delivering her young family licking them, nuzzling them and talking to them. When the mother and kid return to the main herd a few days later the new family will not only know each other by sight but also by smell and sound. If they become separated they can quickly relocate each other even in the mayhem that follows a predator's chase.

If a kid is imprinted on a human, it can more easily form strong bonds with new handlers in the future because they consider humans to be 'us' and thus one of their natural allies. This makes sense as goats are social animals and must be able to form new attachments as the herd's numbers wax and wane during its life. Herd animals have safety in numbers and need the herd for protection but they also form strong familial and social bonds that can last a lifetime. If a kid is left in isolation, without social contact from birth, it will not be able to form normal social attachments with anyone, and will live in constant fear, as everything will be perceived as 'other'.

Those of us with goat-friendly dogs in the kidding pen understand the huge difference imprinting can make. Dog-imprinted goats quickly accept friendly new dogs and will put rambunctious ones in their place with confidence. They also exhibit less fear when confronted with aggressive dogs on the trail. They are better able to assess a dog's intentions, thus causing fewer moments of overreaction and fear on the trail. They already know the body language of dogs, as dogs are part of the herd. Goats raised without dogs tend to be fearful of dogs and remain fearful even after repeated exposure to friendly, well-mannered, dogs. Fearful goats are more likely to run from dogs and thus fall victim to a dog attack. Dogs, being predators, will chase a goat that runs away. A goat that stands and looks aggressive is far less likely to be bitten by a dog.

If a newborn kid is exposed to loving human contact from the very first, we become 'us' to them and they will trust

humans for life. When they feel fear on the trail, they run to their human herd mates for mutual protection and confidence. This quaint little behavior can mean the difference between life and death for your goat. An un-imprinted goat is far more likely to bolt off into the woods with the predator in hot pursuit (with your gear flapping along with him), leaving you completely unable to guard him from attack.

Un-imprinted goats can also be difficult to catch on the trail, which can make saddling a chore that ranges from mildly annoying to downright impossible. The bond formed when humans handle a goat from birth can be critical if the goat is injured or sick. When first aid or medical care is needed it can be both scary and painful. The well bonded goat will tolerate this important care with more trust, making it more likely to end successfully.

So, how to imprint a newborn goat? The process is quite simple. Although being there when they are born is ideal, handling them soon after birth will suffice; clearly you don't want to wait until the 47th hour. Catch the kids when they emerge (if you can) and let the cuddling begin! While you are drying them off, touch them all over. Handle their faces, ears, mouths, noses, bodies and feet, over and over and over again. During these critical hours, hold them in your lap, spend hours with them, cuddling them and stroking them. Talk to them and the momma goat. Let them explore you as well as the mother. They will want to share breath with you, sniff, lick, climb on, chew or suck on you. If you want to bottle feed now is the time; if the kid will be dam raised, stay in close contact as much as is humanly possible for the first 48 hours. They are learning about you the way they will their dam and this aspect is important. Besides, there are few things more darling than a curious, tottering new-born kid in your face with those great big, eager eyes. Don't miss it!

The first two weeks following the initial imprinting are also very important for the newborn kid. This time is especially important for socialization, which is now easy because the new kid believes humans and hopefully dogs, are part of his or her herd. Socialization and imprinting go hand in hand, but they are not the same thing, one without the other will not yield the same results as using the two symbiotically.

I don't want to sound like an un-imprinted kid can never be a good companion, this would be untrue. Flower was wild when I got her, at a month old, but we raised her on a bottle after that. She is NOT imprinted on humans, but since an early age she has been well socialized; as a result she is a very sweet and loyal goat. The later you get such a kid, the harder it will be to make them bond with humans. Ideally your packer will be imprinted by the breeder at birth and then well socialized until you bring them home.

I want to say a few words about spoiled bottle babies. Simply bottle feeding a kid will not create a great working animal or companion. The first 48 hours a newborn kid who is bottle raised should be living with its human herd, preferably in the house. Walking out to the kidding pen every few hours, giving the kid a bottle and walking out again will not produce an emotionally normal animal. This kid will be deprived of contact and 'mothering' which it needs as much as it needs food, warmth and shelter. This situation will create a desperate, pushy, obnoxious and possibly dangerous goat. If the kid goat is raised without other goats it will be afraid of its own kind ('other!') and will not form normal social attachments to them. There are many ways to raise a goat right, but there are more ways to mess them up.

Goats, like any social baby, require limits, love, and positive social contact. Imprinting is the foundation of your packgoats social and working life. It creates an innate sense of trust and security with people. I have heard Carolyn mention that it amazes her when a goat is lost, as she cannot manage to scrape hers off. My herd follows suit, they would be nearly impossible to lose in the wilderness. I have tried to sneak away from them when they are relaxed and resting in camp... so far, no luck.

The ideal situation would involve a goat that is highly bonded to humans, yet still understands that is it a goat. This animal will display proper goat behavior among its own kind, yet will also be a companion-able working animal. Goats are social animals, which made domesticating them easy back when humans were just forming larger civilizations. This may be the main reason they, and dogs, share the status as 'first' to be domesticated so early in our own history. They are naturally easy to work with and train. They bond easily to humans and are willing partners in a working relationship. Because of this relationship, the goat's distribution spread to nearly everywhere humans live. Their numbers far exceed what they would have been if goats had remained on their wild mountain tops. There are trade offs; we eat them, drink their milk and sometimes abuse or neglect them. We use their fur, leather, milk, meat, and muscle power. In return we protect them from predators, feed them through the lean times and doctor them when they are injured or ill.

There is, however, something more between us than food, fiber and work, something that goes much deeper. Anyone who works with these gregarious, intelligent and loyal creatures on a daily basis can attest to this truth. A truly bonded goat and his human are not only working partners, but true friends.

Charlie was a very active part of the goat community in times past. She contributed much to goat health issues.

The following from my sister requires some background. As some might know, Sally has written a number of articles for this magazine. She began that when she retired from her Tennessee job and came to Boise to live with me. And necessarily she was obliged to tag along when I relocated to NM.

When she moved from Tennessee, she had with her a miniature dachshund named Piper. Piper could be a handful, and the names mentioned in Sally's short article represent a loving illumination of some of the many facets of her character. As Sally notes, our home is now emptier without her.

Ode to Princess Garbage Breath (Piper)

She was sneaky and disobedient sometimes, but she was incredibly affectionate and playful as well. She loved hiking with us and although she was obviously NOT a goat, she was an accepted member of the herd. We had several names for her including, but not limited to, "The Bullet," "The Doorbell," and "Princess Butthead."

Our mornings are dismal without her. As a follower of Christ, I am aware that my obligation now is to pray for the individual that so carelessly and callously took her life, but I'm finding it a definite challenge.



Here we are on a hike to Marten Lake in the Stanley Basin, ID. Piper is bringing up the rear, although that was not her desired position in the que. However she must have happened on some delightful (doubtful) smell that just couldn't be passed up without a thorough examination.



Here we have reached Marten Lake, dropped much of our gear, and journeyed on up to Kelly Lake. All told that probably adds up to at least 5-3/4 miles. Piper is here demonstrating her views on any further hiking. As a result, I felt the need to carry her at least some of the way back. :-)

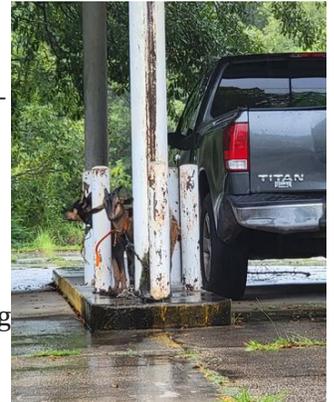
'Things are getting a little weird' police say after finding goat, dog and Toyota truck at abandoned bank

Published 1:51 pm Sunday, August 29, 2021

<https://www.magnoliastatelive.com/2021/08/29/things-are-getting-a-little-weird-police-say-after-finding-goat-dog-and-toyota-truck-at-abandoned-bank/>

A Mississippi police department found an unusual scene at an abandoned bank — a Toyota truck, a stray dog and an abandoned goat all seeking shelter from Hurricane Ida.

Moss Point, Mississippi, police shared a photo of the scene to social media in hopes of finding the owners.



"Things are getting a little weird!" the police wrote. "If you relocated your goat to the abandoned bank on Kreole Avenue for safe shelter, please come back for it. If you are the owner of a grey Nissan Titan at same location, goat is eating your bumper. Please come move your vehicle. Anyone with information about goat owner, please call the station!"

Police officers later provided an update that the goat had been rescued, but that the dog ran away before they could catch it.

High Springs Fire Department rescues a goat trapped in a sinkhole

By WCJB Staff, Aug. 30, 2021

<https://www.wcjb.com/2021/08/30/high-springs-fire-department-rescues-goat-trapped-sinkhole/>

HIGH SPRINGS, Fla. (WCJB) - People in High Springs were not joking around when a call about a goat trapped in a sinkhole came in.

The High Springs Fire Department responded to the call around 2:30 on Sunday that claimed a goat had fallen into a sinkhole near NW 268th St.

A crew descended 30 feet into the hole to pull the goat to safety.

Crew members say this is the fifth sinkhole rescue they have responded to in 2021



Health department warns against drinking raw goat milk

By Coral Beach, July 6, 2021

<https://www.foodsafetynews.com/2021/07/health-department-warns-against-drinking-raw-goat-milk-issues-cease-and-desist-order-for-retailers/>

[Thankfully our govt. is protecting us from those evil goats!]

Officials in Hawaii are clamping down on retailers that sell raw goat's milk, using the threat of seizure and fines up to \$10,000 per day.

The state Department of Health has embargoed raw milk products, which it says are not safe for human consumption, according to a public warning from the department.

Officials took action when they became aware of pet stores selling raw goat's milk and marketing it for pets.

"The goat milk is being advertised as 'pet food,' but the sale of any form of raw fluid milk is a risk to public health because it is easily diverted for human consumption," said Peter Oshiro, chief of the health department's Food Safety Branch.

"There are many in our community that mistakenly believe that drinking raw milk is healthy, but this is simply untrue."

Nearly 20 O'ahu pet stores have been caught selling the raw milk, according to a statement from the health department. The department is continuing to investigate the situation and could find more retailers selling the illegal product.

Under Hawaii law, only Grade A pasteurized milk and milk products may be sold to the final consumer or to restaurants.

Pet stores or any other retailer that has raw milk in their possession must remove the product from sale immediately and destroy or return the product to their supplier, the health department warned. Failure to do so may result in seizure and fines of up to \$10,000 per day.

The health department has issued cease and desist orders across the state, ordering pet stores and find retailers to stop selling illegal unpasteurized goat milk.

"Drinking unpasteurized milk is unsafe because it may result in serious illnesses, hospitalizations and even death," according to the health department's public alert.

Raw milk has the potential to carry and transmit dangerous pathogens including E. Coli, Salmonella, and a host of other bacteria that can cause disease. It is especially dangerous for children, the elderly, or those with weakened immune systems to drink raw milk because they may not be able to fend off these pathogens as a normal healthy individual would, the health department warning states.

Drinking raw milk is particularly dangerous because children infected through consumption of raw milk can spread disease through microscopic amounts of fecal matter that can infect others. This can cause a serious disease outbreak among other people with whom they come into contact.

"Raw milk consumption by a few individuals has the potential to negatively impact our community at large by causing an outbreak of disease," according to the health department's warning.

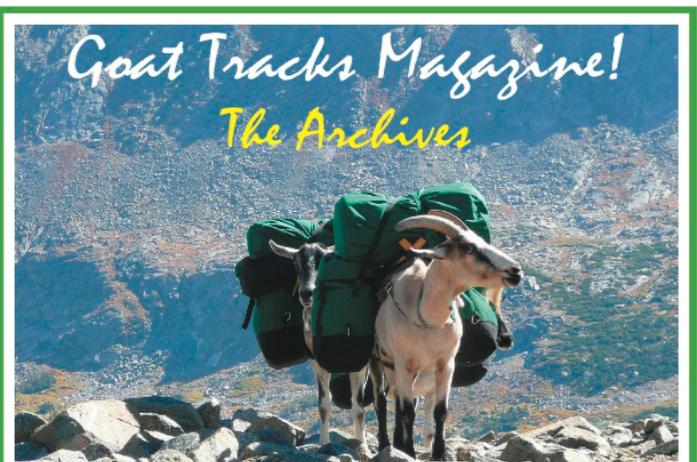


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<http://www.packgoatcentral.com/forums/>



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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!

Off-Leash Dogs & Knees

by Nancy Tanner

Owner: <https://pawsandpeople.com>

I have been an advocate for hiking with dogs for almost three decades. I have also been that same advocate for trail etiquette with your dog in the back country.

The best way to phrase it is, you are hiking with a predator and opportunistic scavenger in the back country, you have a responsibility to train your dog to be with you while a guest on these trails. You are a team, and must work like a team. Once you take your dogs leash off you are signaling the world that your dog is 100% under your control on that trail and will not interfere with others.

Trails, 100% of the time are NOT dog parks.

I often times hear the phrase *I just need to let my dog be a dog.*

Well here is your wake up call, dogs are 100% of the time dogs, they wake up each morning with canine DNA.

If letting your dog run and interfere with others on trails, chase wildlife, nip at bikers, or have a grand ol' walk about without you, is your definition of a *dog being a dog*, it is warped, permissive, and inaccurate.

One year ago this week I had an encounter on a trail that left a gigantic impression, literally and figuratively, that I think is appropriate to share now.

While I usually write about me and my dogs adventures on trails, last year I entered the *hiking with pack goats world*. Our goats are for our enjoyment, pasture management, and to get more gear into the backcountry for climbing and/or hunting and camping. So they have jobs, as do all of our animals.

I became a member of NAPgA (North American Packgoat Association), pretty awesome group of animal loving people, and I started my education with prey animals, packgoats.

What I learned from my mentors before hitting the backcountry was this --

- Collars with bells
- Identification on their collars
- Training saddles
- Lead ropes with carabiner clips
- Hike with a walking stick/s, gun, and/or guardian dog
- First Aid kit for all involved
- Hike in your desired hunting area or trails less traveled, remote
- Grain & Peanuts for goats learning about water crossings

When I asked my mentors about the most common trail problems they encountered, hands down, in every state, every single goatpacking Team said, domestic dogs and their people. Not mountain lions, not wolves, but domestic dogs running free on trails.

When I asked my goat veterinarian what I should carry in regards to first aid while on remote trails, he very quickly said, *the only thing I ever do with packgoats is stitch them up after they get ripped open by a dog on a trail, carry sutures if you are ready for that.*

I know the dog-culture in our area intimately, so our outings were chosen on remote trails in the middle of no place.

I will be honest, after the first couple of hikes, short and successful, I had a feeling of stoke I have never had with my dogs on trails. A pack Team, with purpose.

A year ago I took my goats onto a remote trail as usual, walking sticks in hand, and off we went, and in a blink, a dog came crashing into us, with a voice in the distance, *my dog has always wanted to meet goats*, and then the dog took off, and the person far behind caught up and kept walking past us.

What happened as this dog crashed into us?

When a predator runs head-on with intention into prey animals, prey animals either scatter, and in no particular direction, especially if they are youngish, or they defend themselves, which is why packgoats almost always have their horns intact.

My goats scattered and as the dog barked they tried to get back to me, and then they slammed sideways into my knees, pushing my knees backwards. It all happened so quickly, yet in slo-mo, and truly in a blink the damage was done. I didn't have time to use my walking sticks. I didn't have my hunting rifle and even if I did I wouldn't have had time to get it and use it, and I didn't have a guardian dog or any of my dogs with me. Blink.

As with all big events, adrenalin carries you for a while. I made it home, the goats went back to eating their hay, I did some chores, sat down for dinner, and then realized I couldn't stand up. And then the swelling and pain set in, big time.

Just to make it easy to understand, if you take a soda can, twist it and then stomp on it for recycling, that was my left knee, the right knee was half of that. A laundry list of injuries, that also caused other injuries through compensating.

It has been a year of working with professionals, weekly and monthly appointments, to get me to where I am today. Walking squarely on two legs. I have been told that the host of injuries is about a two year process to fully recover.

Each day, and I am told not super uncommon, each step I take is intentional and I have to think about it, and think about walking with balance in mind. I have become so present with my motion.

I can just now, this past month, for the most part, walk without a limp, walk down stairs without pain, I can stand up in the morning and move without pain, and get up from the ground without an 18 point turn around.

I am super dedicated to walking fully again, hiking again, and living pain free and healthy. So onwards with healing. This isn't about seeking out sympathy, that ship sailed a long time ago, just acknowledging the damage one irresponsible dog team can cause.

And ...

This was all because of an irresponsible hiker that had no control over their dog while on a trail.

My goats are older now, and while they still greet our puppy clients at the fence, I have seen their behavior change with older dogs, where they will stand their ground and level their head/horns at the dog.

My pack goat mentors mentioned that when goats have encounters like this with dogs they can become very aggressive to dogs from then on. I can say confidently that I would not want to be on the receiving end of a goat slamming their head/horns into any body part.

But that is their defense, and if they ever needed to do that on a trail, they will now do that.

As I have said a bazillion times, trails are for everyone, and everyone is a guest whether in the front or back country. You *DO* have an obligation to be responsible and respectful of those you are sharing the trail with, whether domestic or wildlife, and even more so if you are hiking with a dog.

There is so much work to do with you and your dog before hitting the trails. While hiking is just one foot in front of the other, hiking with your dog is teaching two species how to connect with understanding and skill.

Mother Nature has given us this beautiful world to interact with, to exchange energy with. Use it with care.

Nancy

[In line with the article above, I was hiking along the middle fork of the Gila River, near where I currently live in NM, and also near a popular hot spring called Lightfeather. It had been unoccupied when I went upriver, but was full of soakers when I returned (with my goats). As I passed the HS, a very large shepherd-type dog leaped up and immediately began bluff charging me (the goats wisely remained behind). It got a little chaotic then as I had my hiking poles out in front of me, I was very LOUDLY yelling NO! And would have not hesitated to cause this unruly and uncontrolled canine more than a

little pain had he persisted. Thankfully a body appeared and encouraged this aggressive animal back to his group. But as the writer above noted, dogs, etc., are a clear and present danger to goats on the trail. I have thousands of miles on trail with mine and have had enough experiences to justify making that claim. I've also gotten crosswise with a cougar, but then one expects that they will be interested in a menu loaded with 'goat'. I have even have had the unpleasant occasion to fall into the crosshairs of an attitude-bearing horse in Idaho.

The reality is, while dragging around the backcountry what I commonly refer to as 'these little predator baits', one needs to be ready (and prepared!) for just about any and all possible types of aggressive encounters. Ed.

Man Wakes to Intruder Trying to Head-butt into his House

BY SUMMER LIN, AUGUST 27, 2021 05:42 PM

<https://www.heraldsun.com/news/nation-world/national/article253798768.html>

A man woke up to an unwanted intruder trying to break into his Nevada home, according to authorities.

It turned out to be a goat.

[The Washoe County Sheriff's Office](#) said that Deputy Oscar Tejada was called to a home because a man "had woken up to intense banging," according to a Facebook post from Thursday night. A goat was "head-butting" the front window and door of the house and the homeowner tried to get the animal to leave, but it wouldn't budge.

I don't even know how I GOAT here!" officials wrote.

Tejada was able to get the goat into his patrol car due to his previous animal control experience, authorities said.

The animal was transported to Animal Control, according to officials.

The Facebook post about the goat encounter had received more than 1,500 reactions on Facebook by Friday afternoon.

Some commenters on the post couldn't help but joke about the strange incident. "Does the goat need bail money?" one asked. "What Washoe County K-9 is being replaced by a head butting goat!! LOL," another commented.

Others wondered where the goat came from. "Wonder who lost their goat?" someone asked. Some questioned if the deputy was planning to adopt the goat. "Please tell me that officer adopted the goat," one person commented.

Washoe County is the second-most populous county in Nevada and its largest city is Reno.

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Leader of the Herd by Christina Hatton-Fearnley Wheatland County, Alberta, Canada

Christina recounts her husband's entry into the world of Goat Packing



When you begin the deranged journey of training any animal, you need to know what you are getting into. It is a back breaking, heart aching and sweat inducing struggle between man and beast. Have you ever looked in the eye of a goat that wants nothing to do with you? A goat that once grazed pastures for pleasure, now being forced under man's control. The purpose of sharing my story is to offer a necessary reality check and strip away your fantasy of pack animals.

You may be asking, why goats? Why not llamas or donkeys, the more obvious choices. The idea came to me one afternoon while hiking with my father. I was blazing a trail while he huffed behind. The man was always too proud to admit he had ever made a mistake. Every camping trip, I would remind him to not overpack but every trip ended the same way, with a grumpy old man who overexerted himself. I can picture him now, slowly climbing the incline before us. His chest, rising and falling quickly as he struggles to catch his breath. The perspiration, falling off his forehead and making its way onto his shirt.

A select few, who shall remain nameless, thought the idea was utter nonsense. They thought I had enough on my plate. But working long hours in the wood shop and tending to my children's needs, proved to be unsatisfying. The everyday routine of, getting up at 6 a.m., going to work, breaking my back, coming home, kissing my wife then tucking my children into bed, was becoming mundane.

The day the herd arrived at our quaint farm was a picture I will never forget. I couldn't figure out if my heart was racing from excitement or fear. Watching them walk down the trailer ramp and onto the ground

created a pure child-like excitement in me. A city mouse turned into a country mouse overnight.

It took a good day or two to familiarize myself with the art of working with pack animals. I knew it would be a learning curve. I learned that a good pack goat begins before a kid is even born. Supposedly, any breed of goat can be used to pack. The list consisted of Oberhasli, Saanen, Boer, Nubian, Alpine, Lamancha and Nubian. They all seem to have the most heart, enthusiasm and have a genetic line that produces 250-pound wethers. They say each breed has their own characteristics and personalities. This all made sense to me because I figure all animals have this similarity. At least I had one thing right, the herd I purchased were Alpines. I learned that goats are not only social animals, but they also need to learn to trust you. After reading this, I imagine myself doing a trust fall with a goat -- the activity does not end well.

If my pride could be used for the forces of good, it would keep me focused and determined to succeed in this crazy endeavor. I took the time to research the animal and found out its basic needs: shelter, water, and food. The concept seemed simple enough, it was the training part that had me at a loss. Training animals is not an unusual form of passing the time, people have been doing for centuries. How hard could it be? I was too proud to admit that I may have made a mistake by thinking I could be any sort of capable trainer.

Day one of training could have been summarized into two words: goat rodeo. Goats jumping to the left, goats running to the right, and me running down the middle. Goats are herd animals, so in theory they should follow the leader. I must have proven to be a poor one because they were acting like kindergarteners with a substitute teacher.

Day two of training was laughable. I could not even get them out of the barn. Pulling them by the horns and using the most encouraging of words; could not get them to budge. I let go of the goat and watched it walk back to its feeding trough. I stood there for a long moment looking at that goat. I studied its hooves, its movements, its build. I wondered if this endeavor was too much for an inexperienced "newbie" country mouse.

Day three of training started earlier than the others. The sun rose early behind the hill and warmed my face. I closed my eyes and let myself be overwhelmed by the peace sunrises can give. The peace I felt slowly faded and was replaced by doubt. What was I thinking? Those nameless people were right, my plate was too full. The past few days started out with exhilarating anticipation that quickly turned to exhaustion. My enthusiasm from just days before faded as quickly as the colours in the sunrise that morning. I gathered myself and headed back to the barn. I opened the gate and was approached by a goat. I gave him a friendly pet on the head where he then

proceeded to pee on the leg of my pants. Day three of training ended quickly.

By the time day four of training came, I was consumed. The morning started like any other, as I tended to their feed and their care. When I approached the goats, they slowly started surrounding me. I wasn't scared, just surprised. The goats usually crowd around the feeders rather than me. I slowly started backing away in confusion when the herd started following me. Curious, I wanted to test this new behavior slowly by backing to the gate and walking out. They walked through the gate, still following. I cautiously turned around and proceeded forwards. I took about fifty paces before turning around, when I did, there they were, walking in single file. Was this the trust I read about? Had I become the leader of the herd?

When evening came that day, I found myself sitting on my front step. I thought back to the first day the goats arrived. I let myself relive the feelings of excitement and fear. I drew in a deep breath and let it out slowly. I brought a hot cup of coffee to my lips and sipped it carefully before placing it back down. Although I smelt of pee and had blisters on the back on my heels, I felt less repulsed and more fascinated with the idea of pack goats.

A Few Words About Goat Management

Forrest Hartley, Jul 11, 2021

https://poststar.com/opinion/columnists/column-a-few-words-about-goat-management/article_d169cbe2-5639-5c4c-a454-c261e4d763a8.html

I spent a lot of time putting fence posts into the ground last week with my human-powered T-post driver. I installed some wooden posts with the help of my human-powered post-hole digger.

I cut goat fencing into manageable sections, up to 40 feet long, dragged them around, connected them to the posts and slowly stretched them.

After expanding one side of the goat yard, I placed insulator caps and wire on top of the posts, removed a section of the old yard fencing and let the goats look around.

The babies were most interested. The older goats acted like it was no big deal until later, when they pressed against the new fence, using it as a brush and back-scratcher and testing it for flaws.

"Oh, good grief!"

The changes to their fence had become a necessity,



Melissa Goat cools off after the great goat escape at Forrest Hartley's farm in Hadley.

because Fireball, Melissa, Luna and Midnight Goat were making a habit of jumping out every morning.

They weren't doing any more mischief than pushing on the feed cans before they were tethered out for the day. Still, you want to be able to keep goats inside a yard if you need to. A lot of chaos can result in a very little time with goats wandering around if you are busy changing oil on a tractor or up on a ladder trying to fix the chimney or, worse, not paying attention.

There was also the issue of Miss Deer. She has shown us that it was time to put an electric wire around the gardens.

During the day she stands near the goat yard and grazes just outside while the goats watch her in awe.

Sometimes in the morning I notice, due to fresh deer tracks and a nibble here and another there, that small incursions have been made into the gardens during the night.

When I went out to get supplies for the goat fencing, I also picked up insulators for the garden fencing.

All looked good, until a few days into the new fencing when baby Eve Goat made her way out of the yard through a small gap in the gate. That's OK, she just wanders around visiting landmarks like the hay shed, the front door, the dog.

The problem this time was that she had grown so big she could not get back through the gate.

I was busy cleaning the scratch feed can. There was no scratch or corn nearby. The goats will almost always run for corn.

All of a sudden, little Eve became horribly distressed and started screaming for her mother as she ran back and forth along the fence on the garden side of the goat yard.

All of the other goats, in sympathy, started blatting and crying in return, "THE BABY! THE POOR BABY!"

They all leaned on the fence, 15 of them. Melissa Goat jumped over my brand-new masterpiece. At a seam between two sections, the fence gave way as all 15 goats — mother, aunts and cousins — pushed in an effort to save the "POOR BABY!"

Before I knew, there was a garden full of goats, trampling, especially the sweet corn, nibbling and freaking me out.

I ran in with a switch, like a berserker charging an enemy line, issuing some rather salty language.

The market garden was mostly saved. At the sight and sound of my charge the goats bugged out, jumping fences, running through fences and getting as far from me as they thought advisable.

Interestingly, they didn't cross property lines. But Maggie's front flower garden was consumed before I could get the tribe under control.

Days of work had actually made the fence situation worse.

Baby Eve Goat had to sit on my lap for almost an hour to calm down after my horrible charge. The result: She now has a big-girl collar and can be caught and returned to the yard when she gets out.

And the installation of electric wire seems to have created a least some sense of respect for the new fence section.

But still, this week, I am back to the drawing board.



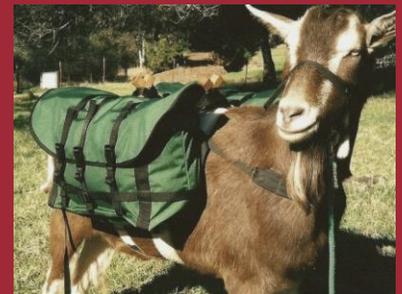
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NAPgA

The latest in the 'goings-on' with the North American Packgoat Association

A message from the President July- August 2021

Rendezvous Recap: The North American Packgoat Association 2021 Rendezvous in Stanley Idaho was a huge success and a very eventful seminar for all that attended. We logged over seventy in attendance throughout the three-day weekend that was filled with warm weather and lots of Idaho Sunshine. No cold weather this year. Even with the COVID concerns still lingering for some it was great to look out over the camp site and see a string of campfires in front of small groups of goat folks talking, laughing singing, roasting marsh-mellows, telling Sasquatch stories and even playing a metal drum in the shape of a turtles back. Yes, this really happens at the Rendy. The only thing missing was John Mionczynski with his squeeze box and Phil with his fiddle.

My apologies to anyone whom I did not get to meet and greet in person. Lori and I attempted to make our rounds the first Friday evening to meet everyone. With all the facilitating, teaching and presenting for three days we were as usual very busy with goat business.

I want to extend a very heart felt Thank You to all the volunteers who stepped up to help with our service project for the Forest Service. We had almost a dozen or more of our members jump in with the Forest Service staff and quickly got to work on erecting and installing a very large forest service sign. Quick construction, post hole digging, leveling and tamping in the dirt and rock made quick work of the project that left a feather in our cap. I did not get all the names of those that participated in this project however the Zimmerman's did post a photo and a short write up about the service project event on our NAPgA Facebook site. Thank you again to everyone that participated.

I would also like to thank all our instructors and presenters who participated in this year's event. We have some of the most knowledgeable presenters with years of experience that always makes attending the Rendy a learning experience even for veterans.

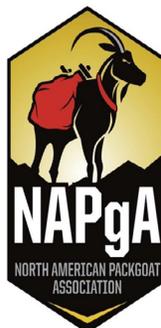
With our BMP's Best Management Practices being the focal point of education awareness at the

Rendy, I want to remind and encourage all of you to be messengers and mentors in promoting and encouraging others to follow our best practices while managing goats in the backcountry. We had more packgoats lost this summer (July 2021) and this came because of failure to high line or tether at night. Please adopt and encourage others to adopt securing and highlining goats at night with bells attached. It's simple its easy, and it ensures the safety of your goats as well as protecting our reputation of being extremely responsible and conservation minded to all wildlife.

Enjoy your packgoats this summer and fall. I look forward to seeing some of those great photos in our NAPgA calendar as we close out 2021. Be safe everyone and give your goats a big hug.

"Long Live The Packgoat"

Curtis King President, North American Packgoat Association



North American Packgoat Association

Your source for up-to-date goatpacking information. NAPgA works hard to protect your right to pack on public lands.

Join today!

 www.napga.org 

The NAPgA Rendezvous, 2021 Stanley Basin, Idaho

NAPgA, as a part of its yearly Rendezvous, has always worked with the Land Managers in the area of the Rendezvous, in order to find a work project we can do as a means to bring attention to NAPgA, to demonstrate the practical uses of goats, and to communicate to them the value of our animals in the woods.

This year, that project was to rehab the Wagon Town sign that noted the presence of the Wagon Town Freight Station that existed to serve the Greyhound Mine during its boom years.

Stanley Idaho Rendezvous Service Project 2021

The new (old) sign post installation:



This is that we saw as we arrived, the old posts were still in place.



Upon inspection the posts were found to be weathered, burnt, and not as solid as they first looked.



Several of the huskier men, manhandled and dead lifted the old posts out of the ground.



They then cleaned out the holes and measured to insure adequate depth.



The more construction/tool savvy man decided on sign placement for new posts.



Holes were drilled, mostly through the old holes in the sign. But the drill bit wouldn't go through, so the sign

had to be lifted for the holes to be drilled through the posts.



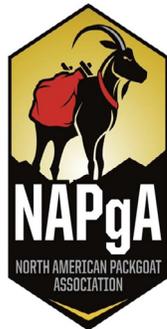
Once the new bolts were pounded through the sign was tipped up to place the washers and nuts on the back.



Then the sign was moved to the existing holes and leveled. While leveling we learned from the ranger that the sign was itself was actually the original signage, but while down had been sanded and totally repainted to look like it did when originally placed.



The whole Crew



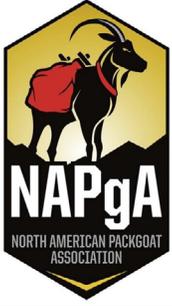
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NAPgA The North American Packgoat Association

Why Join NAPgA? NAPgA is the only organization that exclusively represents goatpackers, and works tirelessly to open areas for camping and hiking with your goats that are closed right now, or have come under fire for the supposed danger of goats to Bighorn Sheep. The NAPgA governing board holds regular quarterly meetings, which are open to the entire membership (Meetings are conducted via computer and Internet-base meeting software).

Where do Your Dues Go? Since this is an all-volunteer organization, there is very little 'manpower overhead' and so your dues are exclusively used for issues directly connected to goatpacker concerns. As of late, we have spent a lot of money for our legal representation, but that has been well-rewarded in our successes with our fight to keep goatpacking open in the Shoshone and other unfriendly locations. Goat packers, due to our limited time as a recognized pack entity, have our work cut out for us in order to gain recognition as a viable part of the overall 'packer' spectrum. NAPgA is the only means to get that done, and those that are a part of the current BOD are working daily to make that happen.

Please join with us NOW and help us to encourage and develop packgoating nationwide. Dues may be paid with PayPal or with a check to:

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By becoming a member, you help NAPgA work to keep the wilderness open to Packgoats

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Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ ZIP: _____

Phone: _____ Fax: _____ eMail: _____

Brief Description of Packgoat Experience and/or Interest:

Contact: napga.org@gmail.com

Website: <http://www.napga.org>

Humor from Nan & Phil Hassey

Phil and I were in a music store in Montrose, CO many years ago when the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Smith told us the side-splitting story of...

Norge and the Flaming Butt

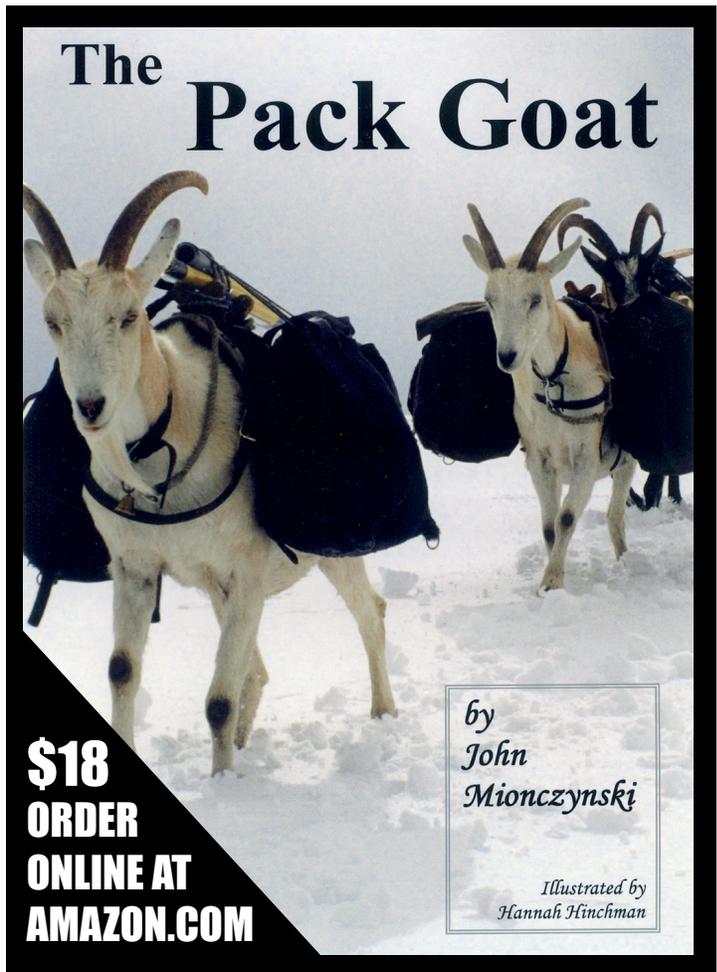
Before they retired and bought a music store, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were ranchers. One of the more interesting characters on their ranch was Norge, a big white billy who roamed freely about the place. Norge liked to potter among the farm buildings and follow the hands around as they worked. Aside from his billy goat stink, he was a harmless character who mostly provided comic relief around the ranch.

Mr. Smith was just sitting down to lunch one day when he saw a strange sight through his large kitchen window. Tom the ranch hand was out in a distant pasture, sitting on the roof of his truck. What on earth would Tom be doing on top of the truck? He was just sitting there. Mr. Smith wondered if Tom's truck had broken down and decided to drive out and see what the trouble was. This is what happened:

Tom had loaded the tools in the truck bed and had headed out that morning to mend fences. As usual, Norge followed the truck. Tom was a heavy smoker and Norge was addicted to cigarette butts, so wherever Tom went Norge was not far behind, gobbling up the discarded butts. Tom had gotten out of his truck to repair a broken wire when he got careless and forgot to tamp his cigarette out on a fence post before tossing it to Norge. Norge ate the still-smoldering butt and OUCH! It burned!

Norge thought this was a very dirty practical joke. Tom must be punished! Norge went to the attack, ramming Tom with both horns, almost knocking him down. Tom scrambled to get out of Norge's way, but Norge was quick and began to hook Tom's clothing. Tom tried to beat the big goat off with his fencing pliers but Norge was bigger than Tom and had horns—he wasn't afraid of a sissy little fencing tool! Tom tried to climb into his truck to get away, but Norge blocked the door. Tom was in danger of losing his coveralls when he vaulted over the tire and into the truck bed. Norge stood his front feet up on the tire and looked as though he might jump right over the wheel well. Tom decided it would be safer on the roof. He climbed on top of the cab and hollered at Norge, but Norge's tongue was still burning from the careless butt and he wasn't ready to forgive Tom.

Tom looked longingly toward the house, wondering if someone over there would see him and how long it might take for a rescue party to come. He waved his arms and yelled, hoping someone would notice him.



He crouched down and kicked at Norge's upturned face, hoping to fend him off enough to jump into the cab. This just made Norge more angry. Tom thought he might be able to jump down and climb into the truck on the other side, but Norge was quick and looked like he would make it to the door before Tom could get in. Besides, Tom was no spring chicken and the ground looked very far away. Tom decided not to risk it. He sat down on the roof and waited. He had a smoke and tamped the cigarette out carefully before tossing it far away from the truck. Perhaps Norge would go fetch it. But Norge was in no mood for cigarette butts. In fact, the gesture seemed to make him angrier, so Tom decided not to toss any more butts.

It was about an hour before Tom saw Mr. Smith's truck lumbering across the fields. Relief washed over him as Norge ran off to greet Mr. Smith. Tom climbed down from his perch and quickly jumped into the cab. Thankfully, Norge had had enough of Tom and was content to follow Mr. Smith back to the barns. Norge eventually forgave Tom, but ever afterwards Tom was very careful to always tamp out his cigarettes before tossing them to the goat.

Hiking the Year Away in 2010

Where I live in Idaho, I only have little more than 2-1/2 months of summer to hike in. So it is obligatory that one go like mad to jam as much as possible into these couple of months or so of hopefully good summer weather. And I definitely did, getting in 130 miles or so. But that is far from the whole story. This was a summer of 'busts', hikingly speaking, and a poignant reminder that, as I tell my hiking partner, the 'hiking plan' is only gets you to the trailhead (TH). By the time I exit the woods, I usually have gone from the original plan, to revision "Z". *So trudge on with me through this summer if you dare!*

=====

The first venture was into the Mable Lakes area ([44.45583, -115.15194](#)), which is basically at the west end of the Stanley Basin in Idaho. The only reason this



Mable Lakes Area

hike even was necessary this year, was due to last year's plan 'busting' and the inability to finish the hike I had originally programmed. So this year is not the first time things have not gone according to my carefully planned script.

My usual plan is to target a specific area, and try to 'bag' all of the lakes in that area. So this year this year, I planned to explore Mable Lakes, proceed over the ridge to the north, collect a couple of lakes there, then continue down the drainage to Fall Creek, explore the lakes in that area, lake 7805 ([44.477843, -115.192149](#)) & Iris Lake ([44.517143, -115.202658](#)), then back up Fall Creek to Finger/Moon lakes, then over the ridge to the south, and out to the TH. Sounds like a very nice orderly little package, eh?

Well, up to the point of getting to the jump-off place for Iris/7805, it was orderly. After that? Not so. If you looked at the map you know that it is a 2000' very steep ascent to Iris. What the map doesn't show is the almost impenetrable jungle on the way up. Hiking partner is a 75yo lady, and not up to this kind of challenge, so we didn't make it very far into this area.

So I cut my losses and abandoned Iris/7805 to another time, and moved on to Finger Lakes ([44.494546, -115.157164](#)). They were quite interesting, especially since there was an Otter family at Little Finger Lake, and they were, as always, definitely ready to put on an impromptu Otter show for us.

From there it was on to 'Moon' lake and a surprise for sure. And that was, that Moon lake was exceptionally beautiful, with a deep turquoise color, and as well, one of a very few lakes that drain



Moon Lake

out through its banks, or bottom, and ends up with a lot of shoreline looking not unlike many of the irrigation reservoirs here in Idaho. To cap this experience, the fish in this lake were exceptionally large and swimming near the shore where they were eminently visible. My kingdom for a fishing pole! Moon Lake was the last for this trip, so it was on up the ridge and out.

Our second jaunt was a completion of the Little Queens River/Queens River Loop on the western edge of the Sawtooth National Recreation Area (roughly [43.89889, -115.14194](#)). This is one that I have wanted to do for some time, but since it promised to be kind of a long jaunt, it had to have a fairly big time slot to accommodate it. So I gave it the first couple of weeks in August this year. Why August? Because in Idaho August can always be counted on to be severe clear and sunny. Right? Welcome to lightning central. On this trip, which eventually got cut short due to the horrid weather, I was exposed to more lightning than I have been since I have been in Boise. One morning, about 7 days in, after being subjected to 3 completely different waves of extreme lightning/thunder in the same night, I consulted an Oracle (tongue firmly in cheek here). Oracle said, "Larry, get out of Dodge." So I did. Sadly, between navigational errors (mine), and just plain crappy weather, we missed a lot of the lakes I had wanted to 'bag'. So this one goes back in the bucket for another grab.

My third venture was sort of an impromptu event, and I decided to sally forth back into the Falls Creek area to attempt to gain Iris Lake ([44.517143, -115.202658](#)) for the second time. A side benefit would be that I would be able to retrieve my goat's highline, which I inadvertently left the trip before. Unfortunately, things began to disintegrate rather rapidly. Just before I was to leave, a lightning-caused fire closed the TH I had planned on using. So I had to default to another TH that only added a little extra mileage to this venture. The good news was that it passed by my favorite hot spring. The bad news was that it involved 3 river crossings. In spite of the fact that I don't have any trouble with my guys regarding water crossings, I personally *DON'T* like deep & strong river navigations. This could possibly be due in part of

my almost 70yo (now 80!) age level. One tends to get a lot more conservative with time.

However, cross the rivers we did, and on down the middle fork of the Salmon River we went. This was sufficiently interesting to make the trip worthwhile (If you look at the pictures on my website, referenced at the end of this epistle, you will see what I mean).

Once at the Fall Creek jumping off point for Iris Lake, on up we went. All went well until just about at the top of this drainage, where believe it or not, the goats bailed on me. In all fairness, I have to tell you that they were carrying saddles and packs, and where I had muscled my way up to achieve the point I found myself, was perilously close to mountain climbing. It just might be said that the goats had more sense than I. Two factors



Scenic Lakes Area

combined to make me bail again. One; I was very tired and the thought of going down to where the goats were and trying to find another way up was more than I

could stomach, and Two; the previously mentioned fire was pluming enthusiastically one ridge behind me, and the prudent course of action seemed to be, 'get out of dodge... again!'

So, back up the river, splash into the hot spring again, and on out. Trips this year seem to be star-crossed.

Our fourth and last attempt for 2010 was to venture over to the highly-touted Strawberry Wilderness in Oregon, and visit the 8 or so lakes in that area. One of the reasons for choosing this location was that the weather everywhere else was less than optimal, and this area was supposed to be good for 3-4 days. Time would show that to be patently false.

However, away we went. First day we traveled the 180 or so road miles, then hiked into and made camp at Slide Lake ([44.28944](#) - [118.66167](#)). Weather was great. So far, so good.

Next day we set out to explore High Lake ([44.283656](#), [-118.683247](#)), Mud Lake ([44.275783](#), [-118.659871](#)) and others. Weather was very mixed, a lot of threat, but fortunately no action other than a chilly wind. So we pretty much were able to wrap that part of this area up. That night? A hurricane. Wind blew, the tent flapped, the rain sounded like hail, and my tent leaked for the first time in the 6 or so years I have had it. Bummer.

Next morning we were fortunately to have a weather respite, and so had breakfast and prepared to hit the trail. Naturally, just as soon as we had the tarp irretrievably down, the rain started in earnest. Murphy lives! So down the trail we went, with the goats bumping my rear attempting to say, "Let's get going to where it isn't doing this!" After about a mile of the five we had to go, they settled down and resigned themselves to being sopping water-babies. ;-)

We did take a short side jaunt to Strawberry Lake ([44.306826](#), [-118.658167](#)), which originally had been on the must-visit agenda, but there was so much fog and low cloud that it could barely be seen. Since we were pretty well completely wet, it was time to bag this one as well.

The lasting impression from this area, is that my contention there is little can compare with the Sawtooth and White Cloud mountains in Idaho. These lakes were either algae-filled or muddy or both, and certainly not up to the pristine standards I have come to expect in my Idaho hiking.

In the final analysis, we got in lots of hiking, and that was good. We also proved the adage that 'life is what happens when you are making other plans!' But all hiking is good hiking, and my sights are already firmly set on 2011. T'will be along wait indeed.

Larry Robinson

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Ezra & Blackjack

A Small Matter of Ethics
Chapter 4



Things might have gotten ugly if fortune had not smiled on Bad Aspen Farm at that moment. Weston and the other guy he'd brought with him came sauntering up, all casual-like.

"Say, is that you folks' car in the lot? One of the neighbor's steers is out and he's rubbing all up and down that thing, might scratch it if he keeps it up." The third shriek of the morning ripped the air as Pirl spun and raced back to the farm store parking lot, Bambi tottering along in his wake.

"You made that up," Laurelyn said to Weston, with a crooked smile.

"Yup," he conceded.

"Anyway, before anything else goes south around here, I wanted to introduce you to my friend, neighbor, and other part-time employer, George Trojan."

She turned fully to the dark blond, green-eyed, torn jeans bedecked cowboy. He extended his hand, and said, "Yep, it really is Trojan, although once it was Trojanovich. But my Slovakian grandparents wanted to be as American as possible, so they shortened it when they immigrated to this valley." Seeing the humor in George's well-rehearsed and often used explanation, brought a smile to her face and a long unused twinkle to her eyes.

Weston said, "George has a few Boer goats among his herd of cattle. He says this mixed-species grazing is more profitable, even though old mister Henderson next door to him calls him a Commie Goat Roper. I wasn't sure what to think, but George is in the black, and Henderson is always in the red and ready to sell to gas developers. So anyways, George knows how to hoof trim goats, and after hearing about all the goings-on here, he volunteered his services. I know how you worry when things don't go just exactly according to plan with stuff around here, so I took him up on his offer."

Laurelyn muttered thanks, being a bit overwhelmed with the turn of events and with George's smile, then told them how much it was appreciated, and would they like to stay for dinner.

Both bachelors accepted quickly and enthusiastically, for Laurelyn was known for her cooking.

Pirl and Bambi were now descending on them again. George tipping his grodey yet somehow flattering hat in her direction, said to Laurelyn, "Ma'am, if I may?"

She wasn't one hundred percent sure what that meant but was of a mind to take any form of help offered. She nodded. Permission granted; George began a long-legged stride toward the odd couple. As George departed, Laurelyn noted the slender hips and slight limp that seemed to come from deep in the body. The broad shoulders seemed both muscular and boney at the same time when viewed from behind. Her mind registered his height at around 6' 1" and his age at around 40 or so, judging from a few gray hairs above the ears, the crow's feet around the eyes, and a certain casual self-confidence that even cheeky Weston did not have.

With little preamble, George had thrown his arm over Pirl's shoulders and was skillfully directing him off to one side of the little path that led to both the back of the house and downward to the picnic table and greenhouses. Even though it was just after noon, and there was little chance that Sandy had checked in her next group of B&B guests for their weekend stay, Laurelyn dialed her number quickly to see if maybe her husband Mike was around and could maybe just happen to drop by. No one picked up. A quick message left on voicemail and she headed for the goat barn to apprise Saffron of current developments.

Saffron was still there, of course, rocking back and forth gently on her knees in the fresh straw, stroking Belle's neck and crooning. When Laurelyn entered the barn, she stopped crooning, but not rocking and stroking. Laurelyn sat beside her and gave her the low down in a gentle and reassuring manner. She had grown to dislike Saffron's parents so intensely in such a short period of time that she was reluctantly reversing her stance in having her stay on as a non-paying guest.

"They really want you to go with them, but you can stay here for a few more days if you would like. I just need you to indicate what your wishes are."

No response.

"Saffron, if you want to stay, can you just nod for me. That way I can honestly tell them you don't want to go and they will have no choice but to give you some space for a few days."

A gentle nod, almost imperceptible at first then growing in strength, was forthcoming.

“OK, hun, just hang here for a little bit and I will give them the news.”

She rose and headed for the door. She paused and looked back to see if the nod had continued, in which case she would not have been sure what to do. Thankfully, nodding had stopped, and crooning resumed. Laurelyn now felt confident that she had been heard and understood, and that Saffron had indeed expressed her wishes, in her own way.

George had successfully distracted Pirl with the age-old debate of which make of truck was the best for rough conditions, Dodge, Ford, or Chevy. The tableau was almost peaceful, chummy even. George, it seemed, was a natural at this sort of thing. As Laurelyn approached, both parents looked at her with hopeful expressions, after which the tension resumed. No Saffron/Edith was in tow. Pirl’s expression started to look petulant and aggressive; Bambi looked petulant and confused.

Laurelyn decided not to sugar coat anything and just let her rip, especially since the odd parents were now thoroughly outnumbered.

“I asked her what she wanted to do, and she said she wanted to stay here for a while longer,” Laurelyn sort of lied. “She makes the most wonderful craft items and really earns her keep that way, so I don’t mind,” she lied a little less. Swift as a scorpion’s sting, Pirl changed his tone.

“Look sweetheart, not that it’s any of your business, but Edith is high-functioning autistic. She is only able to function like a normal human being under the very best of circumstances. And even though I didn’t like that money-grubbing little prick, Garrison, she was better when she was with him. Now he’s gone and she needs to come home.”

‘Money grubbing?’ thought Laurelyn. She may not have liked Garrison all that much herself, but despite character flaws that made him a difficult personality, money-grubbing had not seemed one of them. If anything, he showed a remarkable lack of basic money awareness. ‘What’s really going on here?’ she thought.

Weston and George both stood a little straighter, in a semi-menacing way, upon hearing this diatribe. They considered this sort of language the kind of crap you can always expect from city people and were gearing up for a fight. Thankfully, the Goddess of small farmer’s smiled on Bad Aspen once again, as officer Mike and social services Nancy pulled

into the lot in Mike’s cruiser. Sandy had relayed the voice message to her husband, who picked Nancy up on the way in an excess of caution. Warranted, as it turned out.

Mike got out and strode purposefully over to the group. Nancy got out more slowly and hung back a little. Mike thrust out his hand toward Pirl in his best ‘don’t give me any attitude’ law enforcement handshake and introduced himself. Pirl shook that hand reluctantly and attempted to diffuse the situation in a manner he felt was guaranteed to turn out in his favor. He was mistaken.

Mike was a former L.A. cop from the Ramparts division. He had taken a bullet to the hip and now got around quite well with one natural hip joint, and one false hip joint. After recovering from surgery, he allowed his wife to talk him into taking a less hazardous job in the Colorado town she had grown up in. That was five years ago and they had never looked back.

That did not mean that Mike would back down from a confrontation, no sir, it did not. He had the deliberate habit of resting one hand on the top of his Glock 22, fiddling with the top of the holster as if it was an unconscious nervous habit. It wasn’t. He used this technique as a sort of barometer to test the likelihood of escalation. Pissed-off but otherwise solid citizens noted the movement, noted the gun, and deflated visibly. Hardened criminals and gangbangers puffed up further, like the rooster stance that Weston and George had assumed.

As predicted, pissed-off but average Joe Blow Pirl decompressed, if not as much as expected. Instead of the hearty sales pitch he was about to spout about the rights of concerned parents, he prudently changed tactics.

“Morning officer, my wife and I were just getting updated on our autistic daughter’s condition. Terrible shock for the poor little thing. She’s not doing well, and we are here to provide support and even take her away from this place if she wants.”

Nancy caught Laurelyn’s eye, who gestured with her head toward the goat barn. Nancy edged around the group quietly and headed in that direction.

“Yes sir, she did seem distraught yesterday, and uncommunicative, but I hope she will be able to answer a few questions for me today. Just routine stuff, you know. Gotta dot all the i’s whenever homicide is suspected. Say Beth, I’m really super thirsty, is there any chance of some of that awesome apple cider you guys keep handy. I bet these folks would like some as well.” Beth was happy to oblige since she was relieved of babysitting duty by the long arm of the law. She had not had a chance to fetch those beverages earlier.

“Or a beer,” called out Bambi to Beth’s retreating back. Pirl gave his wife an ugly look and she collapsed in defeat on the picnic bench.

Laurelyn felt that Mike had the situation well in hand and said to the other two men, “Can I get you guys to help me with the tractor. It’s puttin’ up a fight today and won’t stay running.” Glad of the invitation for a manly endeavor, both men followed her to the pumpkin fields. As they walked, she told them the tractor was fine, but she didn’t want the situation to get out of hand. Weston agreed to stay on until after dinner, and George excused himself to attend to some of his own ranch duties, with a promise to return just before sundown.

After Weston started the tractor and did a tiny bit of between row tilling for appearance’s sake, he disappeared to the far end of the farm to attend to cleaning the screens of the headgates that irrigated the small fields, an overdue job he was more than happy to see to at the moment. Laurelyn headed back to the goat barn and used a back entrance.

Nancy and Saffron were both sitting, unspeaking, next to Belle. Nancy, who knew a little bit about goats, was scratching the doe’s topline with her long fingernails. She had sensed that Belle was starting to get restless and preparing to wander off in search of greener pastures, literally, and Nancy knew that back-scratching would delay this action for five more minutes at least, so she could see if she could coax speech out of Saffron. Saffron was plainly continuing to avoid eye contact, still engaging only with the goat, but Laurelyn noticed that the lines between her eyebrows had smoothed and she seemed much more relaxed. Whatever Nancy had been saying had been having a beneficial effect.

“OK dear, I’m going to ask you again a question that Laurelyn asked earlier and I asked a few minutes ago. It’s very important that you answer one more time in front of both of us. This is so we can protect your rights without any challenge. Saffron, do you want to stay here at the farm.”

Firm and deliberate, up and down, up and down

“Do you want to go outside and visit with your parents?”

A deliberate shake back and forth, back and forth.

“Do you want to go home with your parents?”

A really vigorous shake of the head, with the mid-eyebrow wrinkles appearing again.

“OK dear, that’s all we need for now. This little goat needs to go outside for a bit. Laurelyn, is there something you would like Saffron to do for you today?” Laurelyn was surprised by this request, but then realized it made perfect sense. ‘Dummie’, she thought at herself, ‘the girl has had a terrible shock, but she hasn’t had a lobotomy. Good thing you leave the social stuff to the professionals.’

“Why yes, actually, there is. She was making great progress yesterday on some really nice craft items when I interrupted her. I will make sure she has everything she needs to carry on and let her go for it.”

Looking down into the straw, Saffron got up, with a ghost of a smile on her lips. She headed for the barn door and stopped. Her parents were in plain sight. Essentially blocking her path to the house and adjacent craft room.

Although her father had his back turned, her mother was facing that direction and saw her immediately.

“There she is!” she shrieked, like a British fangirl spotting one of the royal family. Saffron melted back into the shadows of the goat barn. Both women with her headed for what Laurelyn considered to be the world’s worst parents. Nancy, having been around the block a time or two, knew of parenting situations that could actually get much worse. She felt that she was best equipped to manage this situation, and so took control without asking.

Laurelyn was never so glad of a confidant, competent, and slightly bossy social worker in her life. ‘She probably doesn’t get paid nearly enough for this,’ she thought at Nancy’s departing back, as she fell back behind the speed of that no-nonsense stride.

“Well,” Nancy exhaled with well-practiced professional bonhomie, “that was productive. Saffron is feeling much better and really looking forward to resuming her duties here on the farm. She’s still not quite ready for a police interview yet, Mike, so perhaps you could come around again tomorrow? Oh, hello, you must be her parents? She is quite OK and will be in a better frame of mind to visit with you later on in the week. Where are you folks staying?”

(Stay Tuned for Chapter 5)

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Karin Bose: The first goat to become a pet

CARY DOUGLAS, JUN 13, 2021

<https://presstories.com/2021/06/13/karin-bose-the-first-goat-to-become-a-pet/>



11,600 years ago, climate change occurred. After traveling between heat and cold, drought and rain, the climate became more stable after the last ice age. Later some former Stone Age hunters east of the Mediterranean began to live somewhat on agriculture. No event in human history has had major consequences.

In recent years, DNA research has uncovered many details about what happened in the cradle of agriculture.

This week, the new results focus on the east of the Zagros Mountains in Iran.

The result is based on 32 sheep From two excavation sites, Kanj Thare and Deb Abdul Hossain. They were published in this week's issue [Journal of the American Academy of Sciences PNAS](#), Co-authored with Irish geneticist Daniel Bradley and American archaeologist Melinda Cedar.

Both settlements were used about 600 years, 10,200 years ago and the first 9,600 years ago.

Researchers can show that there were two types of goats in small villages during these years: a small number of original wild pheasants that must have been hunted in the mountains as before during the hunting season. But a large number of animals have to keep domestic sheep as pets for meat.

Called breeding – The evolutionary process by which wild animals are internally transformed by human reproduction – Commonly found in the origin of animals. Wild goats have large bodies and large, saber-shaped horns.

But researchers have not been able to find traces of shrinking body or horn size of domestic goats. Not after 1,000 years. Goats with soft appearance appeared in Ali Ghosh in the Iranian lowlands, a good distance outside the wild frontier of wild goats.

It is based on many sources that the people of Kanj Dare and Debe Abdul Hossain kept the sheep under control.

Performs DNA analysis Shows that they are groups of two different sheep. One group – the Wilderness – is genetically very diverse and is related to the present-day Besorkets in the region.

The other group – the domestic one – were very closely related to each other and all the rupees came from the same ancestral line. They show a relationship with stone age sheep far from Serbia and domestic sheep from others.

Bone analyzes indicate that wild sheep were hunted for meat, and that hunters preferred males over four years, and that they produced more meat. Household herds, on the other hand, seem to have consisted mostly of women. Goats were usually slaughtered before the age of 2.5, with the exception of a few that were kept for breeding. In this way, the villagers were able

Cont. Pg11, Col 2



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Any of these choices will more clearly define a herd’s status to buyers and should be welcomed as a step forward in controlling a disease that is potentially crippling to packgoats.

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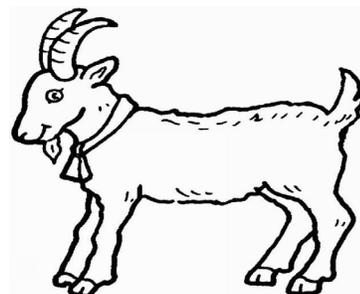
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