

Goat Tracks



The term "swan song" comes from an ancient belief that a swan is silent for its entire life until it sings one beautiful song just before dying.

The G7 Swan Song

Journal of the Working Goat - Winter 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



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Goat Tracks

Publisher

Larry Robinson

Editor & Contributors

Larry Robinson, Lauren Hall Ruddell, Nan Hassey, Taffy Mercer

4H

Training Consultant

Rex Summerfield, Lauren Hall Ruddell

NAPgA News

NAPgA Board

Contact Information

Correspondence and phone calls to:

Larry Robinson

PO Box 103

Glenwood, NM 88039

(208) 789-5045

larry@goattracksmagazine.org

Back Issues

Only available in PDF, via USB Thumb Drive

\$60, 1995-Present

Deadline Dates

GT Issues are produced the first week of, March, June, September & December.

Deadlines are 10 days prior to the 1st of those months.

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On Track with Goat Tracks

by Larry Robinson



The end of an era. at least for Goat Tracks magazine

After the Spring 2010 issue of Goat Tracks, Shannon Ashment, feeling that she couldn't do what was necessary to keep putting it together, discontinued publication, and tried until the end of the year unsuccessfully attempting to sell it to someone who would be willing to keep it in publication.

Roundabout the 1st of 2011, after having watched nothing happen regards getting it back in publication, I offered, **not to buy it**, but to make the effort to get it going again. My only real motivation to take it over was that I especially did not want to see the magazine go away since it was an effort originally begun by John Mionczynski. I have to candidly admit that the last thing I wanted to do was to take on a responsibility of this magnitude.

However, I did take it on, and *have* kept it going for 10 years now. In truth, I admittedly have thoroughly enjoyed putting the magazine together, quarter after quarter. However, at this point, the money for printing has essentially largely dried up, and I have had to invest my own money to get it printed once too often, and therefore I have made the difficult decision to finally throw in the towel.

Let it be clear that I would be glad to pass the torch should anyone be willing to keep the magazine going, but know this well, it is *NOT* a moneymaker. I have done it for lo these 10 years as a labor of love, exclusively.

Initially I had two different individuals that expressed an interest in it, but both have sadly decided to pass on this effort to support the goatpacking community.

=====

And yes, on top of everything else, this old Goat Packer, like Rex & Terri, is retiring. At least from goatpacking. Too much has happened in this old man's life to continue on as I have in the past. I still love goats as I have for many years, I just am not going to be able to have any.

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For NAPgA and the Goat Packing World:

The beat goes on, so they say, and NAPgA is faced with a seemingly unending stream of Land Use Plan revisions that almost always affect in some way or another our ability to use the forest with our goats. I am glad that NAPgA is seeing new blood, so to speak, joining forces with the old guard, as I am afraid that after a supreme effort to prevent a closure in the Idaho Wilderness creation, and failing in spite of the nonsensical basis for a closure, I sort of lost my enthusiasm for fighting this entrenched bureaucracy that is determined to throw us out of the forest, science be damned.



I was sad to learn that this is the last issue of Goat Tracks Magazine. This has been a wonderful publication full of fantastic articles. I'd like to give my heartfelt thanks to Larry for his years of hard work and dedication to this magazine. He has packed an amazing variety of solid, high quality material into every issue. It's not easy gathering articles, prodding writers, choosing photos, editing, formatting, researching, and publishing any periodical, let alone a first-class one. Larry, I salute you!

I also want to say "thank you" for allowing me to write for Goat Tracks these last few years. It has been an honor to contribute and I hope my submissions have added value and interest to these pages. I hope that Goat Tracks will live on in the archives. I have all the back issues on my computer and I hope others take the opportunity to obtain this treasure trove while it's still available.

Once again, thank you Larry for your many years of devotion to Goat Tracks Magazine! -Nan Hassey

Dear Editor

I am new to the world of goat packing or backpacking with a goat(s) carrying your pack. I didn't know such a concept existed until recently. I love backpacking to remote places with beautiful vistas and not many people (or no people), however, I have gotten older and carrying all the water, food, equipment for a longer trip is daunting. But, wow, here is a way I could continue to go on backpacking trips with a lovely animal friend who wouldn't mind carrying my pack. I've read John Mionczynski's book, The Pack Goat and I am more smitten than ever with the idea of knoedling (and packing) with goats. A member of the Cascade Pack Goat Club (I live in Portland, OR) loaned me past copies of your delightful Goat Tracks magazine. What an informative and entertaining publication! I loved Karen Bean's description of her trip in the Washington Cascades. I've signed up for a year and also joined NAPgA.

I have a lot to learn about goats and goat packing. Would you consider having a special corner of your magazine for goat packing newbies who want to connect with more experienced folks to learn the goat packing ropes so to speak and perhaps join a trip to the wilderness. While there are advertisements in your magazine for goat paraphernalia and goats to buy, there were no advertisements for goat packing trips. Keep up the good work with a great publication.

Cheers,

Barbara McLean, Portland, Oregon

And Karen Bean, author of this issue's 'soggy goat story', as she answered me when I inquired as to how it was going it western Washington in view of the recent deluge of rain...

Does it tell you something that I'm sitting in my kitchen with a battery powered light (I ran out of fuel for my grandmother's oil lamp... getting more today). Heat is from the wood burning stove. Putting out buckets off the metal roofs for water.

With a lap top and internet radio...at least there's an irony about it all.

The boys are all fine, but bored to tears... "we want to go for a walk" they bleat...". So do I, but not in the downpour" I mutter as I plow through mud. They have water and hay for 4 months (1 month for dogs and cats). The road is passable, although all in the area share info about which routes are flooded.

This is the last day of the third atmospheric river...and then we get snow...

One day my new generator will arrive -- not a fancy one, but those have a 6-month waiting list. But a 7K Honda can keep me in lights and water for the winter...

So that's the news of our area.

Attached is my hiking story from September (little did I know that the rain that hit us at the end would be a harbinger of what was to come for the next few months)...

Karen Bean

It was so wet on Bowen last weekend, even the goats wore raincoats

By: [Bronwyn Beairsto](https://www.bowenislandundercurrent.com/in-the-community/it-was-so-wet-on-bowen-last-weekend-even-the-goats-wore-raincoats-4540198), 22 Oct 2021, Bowen Island, British Columbia, Canada
<https://www.bowenislandundercurrent.com/in-the-community/it-was-so-wet-on-bowen-last-weekend-even-the-goats-wore-raincoats-4540198>

The goats are familiar faces around Grafton Lake as they were hired to mow the lawns (and later fired)



An atmospheric river drenched Bowen with 132.6 mm (5.2 in) of rain between Oct. 12 and Oct. 17 (as recorded on Westside Road by Anne Franc de Ferrière-Chollat & André Chollat). It was so wet that even local goats Pickles and Peanut donned rain coats last weekend.

"It was a birthday surprise for a visitor from Vancouver, from his girlfriend, Maria, and his brother. They all endured the downpour thanks to some delicious Cocoa West hot chocolate," writes "goat parent" Kristina Calli.

If the goats seem familiar, earlier this year developer John Reid hired them and "big sister" Vegas the horse to mow the lawns of the Lakelands development at Grafton Lake. "But alas, the boys were let go due to their propensity for eating fruit trees," says Calli. "Now they just get to take people on walks around Grafton Lake.

Seen This One? Goat saves chicken from Hawk

By John Clyde, KSL.com Contributor, Posted - Oct. 5, 2021

In the Yard — A true friend is something worth more than gold.

A true friend sticks up for you and takes care of you when you're in need. They'll celebrate with you when you achieve something and hang out when you've failed or you're down. They're not afraid to say, "Yes," when you ask, "Does this make me look fat?" A true friend has your back.

I've been lucky enough to have a few true friends in my life who have been there for the highs and the lows and all the in-betweens. Everyone deserves friends like that — even chickens.

[This video](#) was captured on a farm where a plump chicken was hanging out in the yard enjoying a sunny day. Out of nowhere, a hawk swoops down and tries to take the chicken. Another chicken runs in and tries to help, but it's the first chicken's old friend and right-hand man, er, goat, that comes in for the save.

The goat comes barreling in and fights the hawk until the bird of prey can't handle any more and gives up on dinner and flies away. The chicken runs into the coop to safety, and the goat goes back to doing what it does best: being the G.O.A.T. of friendship.

This barnyard animal has no time to worry about talon scratches or hawk beaks when his friend the chicken is in danger. All he cares about is that this is his farm and that's his chicken and no hawk is enjoying this poultry.

Thanks, goat, for being a real buddy and sticking up for the little guy. Let's all be more like the goat — not in an eating-cans-and-ropes kind of way, but in a super cool friend kind of way.

Newborn Goat Hector Makes Friends With Barn Kitties in Sweet YouTube Video

Tracey L. Kelley, July 6, 2021

<https://www.yahoo.com/lifestyle/newborn-goat-hector-makes-friends-203731340.html>

Here's how a baby goat teaches us all we need to know about pluck and where it takes you in life. Hector, a [Nigerian Dwarf](#) goat, is already spry and bouncing at only a few days old. When he spies some ginger kitties that kind of look like him, he doesn't hesitate to try and be pals!

After a few declarative bleats and what appears to be a kiss of approval from the [orange cats'](#) mama, young Hector makes attempt after attempt to get his wee hooves off the floor and onto bales of wood shavings (itty-bitty goat leaps are SO cute!)

The kitties are all, "You do you, Kid." They're not



prohibiting the diminutive goat from climbing up to where they're resting all nice and cozy. But they're also not helping him either 'cause, you know, [cats](#). Whereas most dogs

would offer a muzzle lift of the little goat's behind, the kittens rarely even move—only acknowledging Hector's jumping efforts with languid, slow blinks.

However, as the video below shows, he remains undeterred! Once he finally achieves his goal, barn kitties are all, "Oh, yea, hai goat" before scampering away because he's invaded their space. His charm and persistence obviously wins one of them over, though. But later, when a curious pussycat finally reaches out to Hector for a bit of playtime, mama goat Amelia Earhart has something to say about it!

Hector is all the morning inspiration we need to start each day. Seriously, who needs caffeine when we can get a serotonin rush from cute baby animal overload?

[v] [goatvideo https://youtu.be/E3M2zN8KnI0](https://youtu.be/E3M2zN8KnI0)

Double Trouble! Energetic Goats Have Fun With New Toy at Ohio Farm

October 23, 2021

Video: <https://flipboard.com/video/storyful/473c8a2176>

A pair of goats at an Ohio farm had a blast with a new toy that was specially made for them, footage posted to Facebook on October 23 shows. Farmer Tammy Tunison from Oberlin, Ohio, captured goats Junior and Alex enjoying the toy — which she created for them herself. Tunison told Storyful that she made the toy by attaching children's silicon fidget noodles to a wagon wheel. "I wanted to make them something that would entertain them. Something to play with at night after I have gone in for the night. I never expected this much entertainment from it for me and for them," she said. She noted that Junior, in particular, "went nuts for it." "Alex loves the feel of it on his face, but Junior is absolutely obsessed with it. Junior puts his head under it and slings it everywhere, and stands to headbutt it. The more I giggle, the more excited he gets," she said. Tunison regularly films humorous videos of her goats and other pets, posting them to her Hobby Farm Facebook account. Credit: Tammy Tunison via Storyful



Land Use Issues

Fatal Disease Has Found Its Way to Badlands Bighorn Sheep

By MARK WATSON, Black Hills Pioneer, Dec. 4, 2021

<https://www.usnews.com/news/best-states/south-dakota/articles/2021-12-04/fatal-disease-has-found-its-way-to-badlands-bighorn-sheep>

SPEARFISH, S.D. (AP) — The bighorn sheep in Badlands National Park are experiencing a die off caused by the same bacteria that has ravaged the other wild sheep herds in the state as well as countless others throughout the West.

Since August, when the first sheep in the park were found suffering from the disease, approximately 50% of the radio-collared ewes have been found dead – all from mycoplasma ovipneumoniae, a pneumonia-causing bacteria that nearly wiped out the Custer State Park herd and has wreaked havoc on the Rapid City and Deadwood herds.

The sheep are experiencing the early stages of the die off, and wildlife managers are still taking stock of the situation, the Black Hills Pioneer reported.

“We don’t have a real good handle on it at this point, but it’s safe to say it is significant at this point,” said Trenton Haffley, regional terrestrial resources supervisor for South Dakota Game, Fish, and Parks.

Protecting Bighorns

Monday Oct 25th, 2021

<https://www.aginfo.net/report/51117/Sportsman-s-Spotlight/Protecting-Bighorns>

Challis ranchers team up with biologists to keep bighorn sheep healthy

For over a century bighorn sheep across western North America have suffered periodic and deadly outbreaks of pneumonia. Once infected, the bacteria causing pneumonia can remain in the herds and cause disease for decades. An outbreak in bighorn sheep populations in the late 1980s still affects lamb survival today.

It’s long been known that contact with healthy domestic sheep can cause disease in wild sheep. The only way to prevent this from happening was to maintain separation between domestic and wild sheep, which, in many places, is easier said than done.

But Fish and Game official Roger Phillips says full scale efforts are being made.

Recent scientific advances in understanding the underlying pathogen, Mycoplasma ovipneumoniae, is opening up opportunities for wildlife managers and ranchers to work together in new ways to protect bighorns and domestic flocks.

Domestic sheep and goats that are Movi positive often do not have any obvious symptoms. The only way to know if

sheep and goats are infected is to submit a nasal swab for laboratory testing to detect Movi DNA.

Currently, testing is free for domestic sheep and goat owners in or near areas with bighorn sheep. Idaho Fish and Game funds this project, along with support from the Idaho Wild Sheep Foundation and national Wild Sheep Foundation. *for remainder of this article, see URL in title.*

Bighorn sheep doctor, Biologists and researchers find ways to help infected herds regain health

By Eric Barker Lewiston Tribune, Apr 2, 2021

https://www.postregister.com/outdoors/bighorn-sheep-doctor-biologists-and-researchers-find-ways-to-help-infected-herds-regain-health/article_ae6248cd-8ce7-5c27-98f5-ae0e149fb310.html

For this article, pls Follow URL above...

Article of the type found here, almost always take a shot at ‘sheep and goats’ as the source of all of their BHS health problems. Only a card-carrying fool would really believe that this issue is that simple, but they have attempted to make it so for all the years that I have been following this. Sometime in the past, one very forthright and knowledgeable biologist made the statement, “We still don’t understand how these pathogens interact.” And they don’t. If they did, they wouldn’t use the fall-back position of “Its those damn goats.”

Shannon Hassey sums it up nicely below:

The irony of this hyperbole is that domestic sheep have been grazing that area for over 100 years and there has never been a documented bighorn sheep die-off in this herd. Far larger numbers of domestic sheep with far less management co-existed quite happily alongside bighorns for decades until the Wild Sheep Foundation got involved about 20 years ago and now suddenly they sound a four-alarm panic as if domestic sheep grazing were a new phenomenon in the area. This is exactly what we discussed with a retired BLM/FS officer at the 2017 NAPgA Rendezvous in Lake City. Her husband was the wildlife officer for Hinsdale County and surrounding areas for many years and both of them had a peaceable relationship with domestic sheep herders for decades until the WSF got involved during the late ‘90’s and early 2000’s and stirred everyone up. A practice that had gone on for a century without conflict suddenly became a dire and immediate concern. The bighorn sheep advocates seem determined to invent problems where they don’t exist. It seems their time and money would be better spent looking into why this particular herd has never experienced a catastrophic die-off despite historic mingling with domestic sheep.

Cont. Pg7, Col 1

One interesting observation here is that this is an endemic bighorn herd, so they don't have the historic stress of having been transplanted to the area. These are the descendants of bighorns that survived any early undocumented die-offs from contact with domestics a century or more ago, so there's good reason to believe that if humans would just leave them alone they would continue to be absolutely fine for centuries to come whether domestic sheep graze among them or not. The constant interference by meddling do-gooders who want to shoot darts and nets to catch, collar, transport, and otherwise study and manage bighorns to death are more likely to cause their demise than the domestic sheep they've been grazing peacefully alongside for a century.

-Nan Hassey

The following article is an especially important one, as it is a bit of a first in the survival of a herd in spite of having experienced pneumonia. But what it does do, is turn their entire approach to the pneumonia pathogens on its head. Game and Fish as well as the Wild Sheep Foundation have taken the approach that exposure to pneumonia pathogens is a death sentence. The New Mexico experience in one fell swoop has clearly indicated that more work needs to be done here as in this case a herd has thrown off these pathogens, and more than likely developed an immunity along with it.

The Game & Fish approach so far has been that immunity just isn't possible, as openly fallacious as that is. All mammals are created with the ability to develop an immunity to a pathogen that attacks the immunological system. This herd has clearly shown that was possible.

It will be nice to consider that there could be another approach to an exposed BHS other than killing it.

A close call for New Mexico bighorn sheep after bacteria sweeps through herd

by: [Brittany Bade](#), [Alyssa Bitsie](#), Posted: Nov 19, 2021
<https://www.krqe.com/news/new-mexico/a-close-call-for-new-mexico-sheep-after-bacteria-sweeps-through-herd/>

NEW MEXICO (KRQE) – A well-known sheep herd in New Mexico has biologists relieved and scratching their heads after surviving an extremely deadly bacteria. The Rio Grande Gorge bighorn sheep herd is a favorite among river rafters, hikers and hunters alike.

“I think it's probably the most visible herd in New Mexico. I like to say if you're standing on the high bridge at Taos and you don't see a bighorn — you're just not looking hard enough,” said Eric Rominger, a bighorn sheep biologist with

the New Mexico Department of Game and Fish.

Rominger says the large and thriving herd was almost completely killed off. “The big bane in wild sheep in North America has been an old world disease, known as mycoplasma ovipneumonia which causes severe pneumonia in wild sheep herds,” Rominger said.

He says it is carried by domestic sheep meaning the herd most likely came in contact with others in the area. “There've been die-offs in the west where 100% of the wild population has died,” Rominger said.

When the bacteria hit the herd last year, Rominger feared the worst that the herd Game and Fish, along with the Taos Pueblo, spent the last 15 years rebuilding would die off but somehow, while the bighorn sheep did get sick, they all survived. “That's been the amazing thing and I don't think anybody would've bet we were going to have no adult mortality when you see these sheep coughing and coughing,” Rominger said.

Now, he says the herd appears healthy and it has dozens of young lambs and is as big as ever meaning they'll likely be around for people to enjoy for many years to come. “We think that herd sits in there between 350 and 400,” Rominger said.

Rominger says the disease could come back around but they're hopeful it was a one-time scare. He says they'll be testing sheep over the next few months to make sure the bacteria is gone.

Goat named 'Gus' gets loose, climbs onto roof in Bethany neighborhood

by KATU Staff, Monday, November 15th 2021

<https://katu.com/news/local/goat-named-gus-gets-loose-climbs-onto-roof-in-bethany-neighborhood>

PORTLAND, Ore. — Gus the goat might be on the naughty list this year after he ran away and ended up on the roof of a home in the Bethany neighborhood.

The homeowner tells us there were two goats running around the neighborhood on Sunday before Gus ended up on her roof.

She says they often see wildlife, like deer and coyotes - but not goats.

The Washington County Sheriff's Office said deputies were called out to help when Gus started “doing his best Rudolph the Reindeer impression.”

They added that his owner eventually lured him back down with some french-fries.



Well, here is some more of that great ‘management’ we’ve come to expect from our illustrious land managers. Great philosophy; kill one species to benefit another. Of course, as we all know, the cougar brings in exactly NO dollars into the land manager’s thirsty coffers, and on top of that, frequently kills the object of their cash flow. Doesn’t take a rocket scientist to figure this one out. Worked well in the Coronados, didn’t it. Might as well make it standard policy.

USFWS to ‘strategically’ kill cougars in bid to save plunging Hart Mtn. bighorn sheep population

Zachary McCoy / Hart Mountain NAR / USFWS

<https://ktvz.com/news/wildlife/2021/12/02/usfws-to-strategically-kill-cougars-in-bid-to-save-plunging-hart-mtn-antelope-population/>

Also noted: Drop in habitat quality due to juniper encroachment, invasive plants; hunting suspended

LAKEVIEW, Ore. (KTVZ) – The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service announced Thursday it plans to “temporarily and lethally remove cougars” on the Hart Mountain National Antelope Refuge in southeast Oregon in an effort to stem a sharp decline in the California bighorn sheep population -- down about two-thirds in just four years, to fewer than 50.

The USFS announced a Notice of Availability for the final Environmental Impact Statement to address the significant decline, partnering with the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife to develop the bighorn sheep management plan for the refuge.

Here’s the rest of the formal notice, in full:

The bighorn sheep population on the refuge has declined by 67% in four years, dropping from 149 sheep in 2017 to 48 in 2020. This trend puts the population at severe risk of extirpation (wiping out) without management intervention. The population decline is a result of high cougar predation and declining habitat quality due to juniper encroachment and invasive plants. Of the 19 sheep radio-collared on the refuge in January 2019, 10 have died. Seven of those deaths are attributed to cougar predation.

The final management plan will include a combination of management strategies to reduce bighorn sheep predation mortality caused by cougars in the short-term while providing time to identify and correct habitat issues that may take decades to resolve. The Service will temporarily and strategically lethally remove cougars in bighorn sheep habitat to allow the herd size to recover to a sustainable level. Habitat management would focus on the herd range and address life history needs to expand and enhance habitat conditions.

“We’re extremely concerned about the steep decline in the population of bighorn sheep on the refuge,” said

Robyn Thorson, Columbia-Pacific Northwest Regional Director for the Service. “The Service and ODFW are working together to develop this management plan that will enable us to avoid extirpation while implementing long-term solutions for habitat improvement. This plan will help us save this population of bighorn sheep.”

Bighorn sheep were extirpated from Oregon by the 1940s due to disease and unregulated hunting. The first successful reintroduction of this native species occurred at Hart Mountain in 1954, when 20 California bighorn sheep from British Columbia were successfully released. Hart Mountain’s population served as an important source population for bighorn sheep transplants to other parts of Oregon and surrounding states.

Bighorn sheep hunting on Hart Mountain has been suspended by ODFW due to the declining population. The Service, in coordination with the ODFW, would not restart any sheep hunting until their population reaches a sustainable level and predator control by the refuge is discontinued.

The final EIS and additional information on the refuge and the sheep population can be found here: www.fws.gov/refuge/Hart_Mountain/What_We_Do/Resource_Management/Bighorn_Sheep_Plan.html.

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service works with others to conserve, protect, and enhance fish, wildlife, plants, and their habitats for the continuing benefit of the American people. For more information, visit www.fws.gov/pacific, or connect with us through [facebook.com/USFWSPacific](https://www.facebook.com/USFWSPacific), twitter.com/USFWSPacific/, [tumblr.com/blog/usfwspacific](https://www.tumblr.com/blog/usfwspacific), [flickr.com/photos/usfwspacific/](https://www.flickr.com/photos/usfwspacific/) and [youtube.com/user/USFWS](https://www.youtube.com/user/USFWS)



Editor's note: I learned several years ago that Merino wool is the best long underwear. What I own is almost as thin as silk yet keeps me toasty and warm in freezing weather. And it doesn't itch like most of us learned about wool. This article tells you why it is such a great material.

HOW WOOL WORKS FOR YOU

WOOLX JOURNAL, July 05, 2017

There's a good chance if you're reading this you're already a believer in the superiority of wool over other fabrics when you need to stay warm, dry, and comfortable in the great outdoors. Wool is one of the warmest, strongest, best smelling, and most breathable performance fabrics out there, but how does wool do it?

Warmth and Temperature Regulation

Wool is the ultimate insulator; it kept early polar explorers and mountain climbers warm and safe from frostbite long before synthetic fabrics were invented. But lightweight wool can also keep you cool on a hot day, how can one fiber do so much?

Merino Wool uses a process called "heat of sorption" to absorb and release moisture. As wool absorbs moisture from the atmosphere a natural chemical process in the wool releases heat, warming the wearer. In cold weather the natural crimp in wool fibers creates tiny pockets of trapped warm air that act as insulators, holding in heat next to the body. This same process has a cooling effect in warm weather, as wool releases moisture it absorbs heat from the wearer and the tiny pockets of air created by the crimp in the fiber trap cool air and insulate the wearer from warmer outside temperatures. As wool pull moisture away from your skin to evaporate you feel cool and dry even in hot weather.

Moisture Wicking and Breathability

Nothing will keep you dry and comfortable in wet conditions like wool, but how does wool wick moisture away from the wearer without relying on the chemicals used in synthetic fabrics?

Wool fibers are naturally hydrophilic, meaning water-loving, they attract and absorb water molecules. Wool can absorb up to 30% of its weight in water and still feel dry to the touch. As wool absorbs water molecules it pulls moisture away from the skin to the surface of the fabric where it evaporates. Wool is able to release moisture into the air more efficiently than most fabrics. Not only can wool wick sweat from the wearer, wool can move water vapor before it even turns to sweat! Wool is able to release moisture, not just through holes in the fabric, but through the fibers of the fabric itself. Wool's ability to absorb and release moisture from the air makes it one of the most breathable and therefore comfortable materials available.

Antimicrobial

Wool is the best fabric to keep you smelling good after a long hike or a hot day out in the sun, you can even wear a wool garment day after day without developing a serious stink. What is it about wool that deters odor so well?

The natural wax in wool, lanolin, has antimicrobial properties which kill the bacteria in sweat that creates odors. And because wool manages moisture so well, surviving bacteria don't have the damp environment they need to thrive. Without the buildup of odor causing bacteria wool garments not only smell better at the end of the day, they don't develop a permanent stink that can't be washed away like so many synthetic fabrics are prone to do.

Durability

We all know wool garments are durable and hold their shape far longer than other fabrics, but what is it about wool that resists wear and tear so well?

Wool Fibers are primarily made of Keratin, the same protein molecule that makes up human skin and hair. The interlocking structure of these molecules allow wool to be bent and stretched in multiple directions tens of thousands of times without causing damage. By comparison silk and cotton can only withstand fewer than 5,000 bends without breaking, and nylon only 75! The natural curl of wool fibers also adds to the elasticity of wool garments, they can be worn and washed many times without losing their shape.

Comfort

Merino Wool is one of the softest fabrics available, as comfortable and luxurious as cashmere. But how can wool, a fabric long known for being itchy, now be so soft?

The smaller and smoother the fiber, the softer the fabric. Fibers greater than 30 microns in diameter are stiff enough to poke and irritate the skin. Traditional wool came from sheep with course coats whose wool fibers were thick and rigid, causing itching and irritation. The smooth fibers in the wool from Merino Sheep are considerably different. All Merino wool is considered Very Fine, meaning that the fibers are smaller than 24 Microns in diameter. Superfine Merino Wool, like the tiny 17.5 micron fibers we use to make Woolx, are even finer; creating a fabric that is soft, smooth, and comfortable enough to wear right next to your skin.

The inherent properties of the Merino Wool fiber allow us to create an all-natural material that performs as well as any technical performance fabric. A base layer made from 100% Merino Wool is the ideal performance gear to keep you comfortable, dry and smelling great all day!

Cascade Packgoat Club's Annual Campout

In 1999, the Cascade Packgoat Club hosted the first Packgoat Rendevous in the U.S. They went on to host it for a number of years before other clubs and then NapGa took over the organization and management of it. After the rendie became an annual event, the club continued the tradition of an annual campout for its members each year.



Eldon & Debbie Otta -- Elliot, Hobbes, Maggie, Delta & Dawn

This was the 16th year that the Cascade Packgoat Club had their annual campout at the beautiful Skamania County Horse Club's Camp

Howe. It is located above Carson WA, on Trapper Creek. It provides lots of space for trailers and camping, and a wide variety of nearby trails for day hikes. Eight members attended and all felt blessed to be able to attend after having to cancel the campout last year because of COVID.

Eight goats attended as well. They had a chance to hike, to scramble on, over and under logs, and



Perry Burkhardt, Perry & Jan Privratsky

to practice crossing Trapper Creek. One of the advantages of the camp is that it allows the goats to roam freely in the campground as long as they are well behaved. One of the harder skills for the young goats to master is to stay off the picnic tables, especially when the food is there!



Leif Liked Walking the Logs

Squirt guns and spray bottles are at the ready for those goats who tend to be a little more buttheaded! Animal crackers are the preferred treat of choice when trying

to convince goats that it is perfectly safe to walk in water. This is an activity goats do not find appealing. Even with animal crackers, some goats resist the experience!

The wildfire danger was very high this year, so we did not have a campfire, but we were allowed to have a propane fire ring. It



Hobbes & Elliot on the part of the Big Hollow trail that burned. Eldon Otta & Perry Privratsky survey the damage

provided ambience, a little bit of heat, and a place to gather, reminisce and talk goats. We were saddened to find that the Big Hollow trail, which has always been a popular hike with club members, had been partially burned out by the Big Hollow Wildfire. The area was so beautiful with sword ferns, five finger ferns, salal, vine maples, firs, and other vegetation, that it was heartbreaking to see a big swath reduced to stumps and ashes. As goatpackers, we should be stewards of the wilderness we love. Please, please, be very careful and vigilant when you are out in the woods, since drought conditions have made so many of our forests here in the West, tinder boxes.

Besides the 8 goats, we also had two dogs. Dogs are welcome at our campout as long as they know not to chase or harass the goats. For the first time in campout history, we had two chickens, Delta and Dawn, attend. They were Banty Calico Cochins and were very cute besides being very well behaved. Neither of them showed any interest in chasing the goats!! Sadly, they were too young to lay eggs for our breakfast. Maybe next year??

My husband and I were at that very first Rendevous in 1999 at the USFS Wind River Training Center only a few miles from Camp Howe. I find it hard to believe that was over 20 years ago. How wonderful to think that after all these years, packgoating enthusiasts are still coming together to celebrate the unique qualities that I think makes goats, the best pack animal around.

Dear Friends and Goat Aficionados,

I am delighted to announce the launch of the **2022 Sweatered Goat Calendar**, the 9th edition of your favorite adorable timekeeping tool and stylish office/study/kitchen accessory. Though I am disappointed that the pandemic dashed any hopes of a trip to South Asia in the past year and a half, I can confess to you all that I actually have a cache of more than 4,000 photos of sweatered goats which I have taken over the course of many months and years in India and Bangladesh before. We will not run out any time soon.

Last year

Last year we were able to make a donation of **\$11,200** to [Asha Deep School](#) in Varanasi, India between 2021 calendar sales and individual donations -- the \$5 or \$10 that many of you added to your purchase adds up to a significant sum! That amount supports over three months of the school's operating costs.

Order Now

You can order your 2022 calendars through my [Google Form](#). I tend to run out of calendars every year, so order now to ensure that you get yours before the goat well runs dry. You can see the cover and the monthly goat 'models' in the Google Form. Calendars are \$14 this year, and all the payment info is available on the form. My apologies for the price raising by \$1, but the paper shortages and USPS price increases are for real!

Click here to order now: <https://forms.gle/W8c2QokAsUS5TN9Z7>

Alternate Ordering Options

If you think my Google Form system is a bit ridiculous--you're right. But it works almost all the time, and it's the best/only way for me to be able to take in donations for Asha Deep while also selling the calendar. If you'd rather get package tracking and a receipt, feel more official, and /or pay with a credit card, you are welcome to purchase from [Etsy](#) instead (use coupon code GOATS for \$1 off your order). If you are ordering on Etsy but want to make a donation to Asha Deep school, you can do so directly on the [Asha Deep website](#).

Please share this email or the link to the order form

to anyone else that you know is interested in goat fashion, fun, or keeping track of time. I hope that you and yours have stayed safe and healthy during these turbulent times.

Yours in goat solidarity since 2014

Christy and her sweatered friends

---Information about Asha Deep

As in years past, more than 50% of the proceeds of the 2022 Sweatered Goat calendar will benefit Asha Deep Vidyashram, a school serving over 200 K-8th grade students in an economically disadvantaged neighborhood in Varanasi, India. All of Asha Deep's students are the children of illiterate parents. The school is determined to give these children a quality education that combines academic success with additional focuses on students' self-esteem, promoting compassion and gender equality, and teaching healthy conflict resolution and environmental awareness. They also provide a school lunch and run an after-school program so that students have a healthy and fun way to spend their evenings. We are proud to support Asha Deep's important work and give back to the goats' local community in Varanasi. Here are links to the [Asha Deep website](#) and [Facebook page](#). Asha Deep's exciting news this year is that they have purchased a piece of land where they will build their own school, allowing them to serve a new community. [They are running their own fundraiser to raise funds for this project](#), and would appreciate any additional donations toward this important aim.



Adventures in South Da-goat-a



The Black Hills

Are there any packgoat enthusiasts in South Dakota? Besides Mount Rushmore and some barren place discouragingly called “The Badlands,” is there anything at all in South Dakota? I, for one, had never been there and I had never talked to many people who had. Since I’d never heard anything about it I’d never been interested. So I was surprised when my in-laws suggested taking a family trip to Rapid City. They had never been to South Dakota either so it would be a brand new adventure for all of us. I began doing a little research on the area and quickly grew excited. It looked like there would be lots of things to see and places to explore.

In November 2019 we planned a trip for July 2020, little realizing the world would be topsy-turvy. It turned out to be a fortuitous choice. South Dakota was the only state that had no restrictions or lockdowns during the pandemic so we were able to visit all the touristy highlights that week. We didn’t do any hiking, but our scenic drives through the Black Hills made me long to come back — with goats! There aren’t many goat packers in South Dakota. NAPgA



The Black Hills

currently has only a handful of members in the state, and when we visited in 2020 there was actually only one. However, I see a lot of potential for growing interest as it is a wonderful, outdoorsy state with a lot of public land, tons of beautiful trails, and good hunting. Conveniently for Phil and I, it’s only eight hours of easy driving. There’s not one mountain pass between my hometown in southeast Colorado and the Black Hills!

Phil and I planned a low-key goat packing trip for September 2021. We had a couple of yearlings who needed some trail experience, and Phil especially just needed a vacation! We decided to take it easy by staying in a bed & breakfast and sticking to day hikes. I chose a spot well north of all the hustle and bustle around Mount Rushmore and Custer State Park. By sheer good luck we



The Black Hills

ended up getting a room at Normarke Farm B&B located near Nemo, SD. If you don’t know where that is, join the club. Hardly anyone does. It’s somewhere in the middle of that big blank spot between Rapid City and Deadwood. More than anything I wanted to be near a bunch of trails where we wouldn’t encounter many people.

When we rolled up to Normarke Farms B&B I knew we’d hit the jackpot. This place was perfect! Our hosts, Diane and Jon Van Patten, were intrigued by our four goats and they walked out with us to meet them. The lodge was located on 87 acres backed up to Forest Service with trail access within walking distance. They had a great spot for us to park our trailer, and I was thrilled to discover that they had a large fallow garden with a six-foot deer proof fence. The garden was choked with weeds so our wonderful hosts gave us permission to put the goats there in the mornings and evenings when we weren’t hiking. The lodge itself was beautiful. Our room looked out over our trailer so we could keep an eye on things. There are no (or few) bears in the Black Hills, but cougars are common so we kept the boys in their trailer at night.



Slim Buttes, SD

Our first hike was a bust. We woke to rain storms circling the area and no sooner did we head out than the heavens opened and we had to

rush back. It turned out to be a good choice. The rain soaked in and stayed for the rest of the day, along with lightning and cold winds. We bunked the boys down dry in their trailer with plenty of hay to occupy them and Phil and I headed out for some alternate adventures. Good thing there are plenty of "touristy" things to see in the Black Hills!

The rain stopped during the night and our second morning dawned bright and clear with raindrops glistening on every blade of grass. It quickly dried off in the warm sunshine and we didn't even have to contend with mud. We spent the next three days exploring the numerous trails that criss-cross the vast area of public land on both sides of the highway near our B&B.

Hiking in the Black Hills (at least in that area) is different from any other hiking I've done. There were no towering peaks or deep canyons or striking formations like we've always encountered in other places. The hiking was shady and not steep so we were able to cover a lot of ground. There were no grand vistas, but the countryside was beautiful, wooded, and gentle-feeling. It gave me a sense of peace and tranquility. The lack of particular destinations on our hikes contributed to the relaxing feel. We didn't have to be anywhere or see anything in particular. We just got to enjoy the scenery and each other and our faithful caprine hiking companions as we went along.

The one drawback to hiking without major landmarks



Slim Buttes, SD

is that it's very easy to get turned around. The trails looped and twisted, crossing, and re-crossing each other. The rock formations

were striking but often resembled each other. There were no trail signs and no great maps of this little-used area. I had an ATV trail map, but there were so many trails it resembled spaghetti. We ended up discarding the ATV map and downloading a satellite GPS app for Phil's phone. That way we would know where we were regardless of which trail we were on, and we would be able to backtrack if necessary. Having a highway nearby also helped. All we had to do was stand on a ridge and wait for a truck to go by. The distant rumble told us where the highway lay even if we couldn't see it. Because we used the GPS, we were able to navigate loops and "shortcuts" and avoid backtracking. In this open wooded countryside it was usually possible to find a way even where there was no established trail.

Our goats loved the relaxing pace as much as we did. There was plenty of forage everywhere, and had we decided to camp



overnight there would have been no lack of things for them to eat. The only drawback was that we did not encounter many water sources. Phil and I hiked around 10 miles each day. The yearlings got to carry lightweight packs for the first time. It's amazing how proud a goat is of his job. My goat Sputnik has chronic lameness issues so I didn't want to put weight on him, but he looked so eager when he saw me setting out packs that I ended up giving him a saddle with empty panniers so he could feel important.

In three days and almost 30 miles of hiking Phil and I saw only one group of horseback riders in the distance, one couple in a UTV, and one couple walking on private land that bordered the trail we were on. They came over to enquire about the goats, but that was the only human interaction we had the whole time. It was a lovely way to "vacate". We had a delicious full breakfast prepared by our hostess, Diane, to start us out each morning. The hiking was low-key, beautiful, and shady. Our room was delightful and cozy, and the amenities at the lodge were perfect for a relaxing stay (games, movies, a comfortable living room, a deck with a beautiful view, and a full kitchen in the basement so we could cook our own suppers instead of driving out for meals). The goats snacked and loafed in the garden for an hour or so every morning and evening and were occasionally treated with biscuits and muffins leftover from breakfast.

After our stay in Nemo, Phil and I packed up and headed north to Slim Buttes, SD where we met up with a few other NAPgA members for a mini Rendezvous. Once we left the Black Hills we spent almost two hours driving through bleak prairie, wondering whether the place we were headed was actually going to be very



The crew

interesting. It turned out to be far better than our meager anticipations! Slim Buttes is a series of strange Badlands-type formations rising from the prairie. I had been to the Badlands on my previous trip to SD and although it was bigger than Slim Buttes, it was less interesting. One of the things that made Slim Buttes so beautiful was the abundance of trees. The campground was a nice size with shady camping spots and plenty of pit toilets. We met up with Dean and Dani Kroon, Robert and Connie Losee, and Dwite Sharp.

On Saturday we headed out for what was supposed to be an easy day hike with a pack lunch picnic. I estimated we would hike about five miles. The morning was pleasantly warm when we left camp and our hike led us through wooded areas with breathtaking fall foliage and stunning views of the unique white rock formations jutting up through the trees. The hike was so pleasant that we covered a lot of ground in what felt like a very short time. We crossed the Buttes and headed down into the valley where we had a pleasant picnic lunch under some cottonwood trees.

It was after lunch that the hike got more grueling. The day went from pleasantly warm to unpleasantly hot, and our shade ran out as we left the Buttes and struck out across the valley. The hiking in the valley was harder than the ridge not only because of the lack of shade but also because the valley was criss-crossed by numerous arroyos. The sides were very steep and the footing was loose. Soon everyone was hot, dusty, and tired. We came across a large cattle trough and tried to convince our goats to take a drink but they wouldn't have it. Dean's goat, Georgie, was panting like a locomotive. Our way was barred by a barbed wire fence. We might have looked for a gate, but instead we decided to follow the fence line back toward the ridge. We ended up climbing back onto the Buttes but then we had to find a way down. There were no trails per se — only cattle paths that criss-crossed

confusingly and often petered out. The views from the top of the Butte were amazing, but finding a path down in the direction of our campsite proved tricky.

We eventually found a steep, zig-zagging trail that took us back to the valley. We had to leave the shade again but at least now we were closer to camp. The last leg across the valley floor was the hardest and we had to stop many times so members of our group, both human and caprine, could take a break. We arrived back at camp late in the afternoon, exhausted but triumphant. It had been a wonderful day and we didn't lose any goats or hikers along the way!

Next morning Phil and I took a short hike with Dean and Dani before packing up and rolling out of camp. We watched breathless as my two yearlings inched out along a cliff face. Their teeny ledge ran out and Scout lost his footing when Sonic turned around and tried to make him back up. But instead of falling down the 15-foot face, Scout twisted round and slithered down the wall without losing his feet. It was a wonderful spectacle of catlike caprine agility. It was the perfect conclusion to a wonderful trip in South Dakota. We got home feeling refreshed and with a sense that South Dakota had not seen the last of us. I hope we can make it back for further goat goatpacking adventures because I feel like we've only seen the tip of the iceberg in this beautiful state.



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Born to be wild: Goat flees for [the] bush

MELISSA SMALLEY, Dec. 1, 2021

<https://www.100milefreepress.net/community/born-to-be-wild-goat-flees-for-bush/>

Greta the Goat finds new home with a herd of deer

With a spirit that's as wild as an untamed horse and a stubborn personality to match, Greta the goat was destined to live a life of freedom and adventure.

The two-year-old Toggenburg-Myotonic cross is often spotted in backyards and pastures in the Horse Lake area, tagging along with a herd of deer as they munch on grass and flowers and find a cozy spot to hunker down for a rest.

For Steph Leuke, who owned Greta for a brief time, the goat's determination to roam free was unlike anything she had ever seen.

Leuke bought Greta in the summer of 2019 from a farm in Barriere. At the time, she said, there were several "red flags" about the four-month-old goat's behaviour.

"We had to lasso and hogtie her just to get her into the car, and then she put so many holes in the back of the seats during the drive home," Leuke said. "We ignored the intuition that there was something wrong."

On Greta's first night in her new home near Horse Lake, she broke down both her goat house door and the gate at the perimeter fence and made a break for it.

Leuke said she and her partner spent three months chasing the goat around the neighbourhood, trying to catch her before they realized she did not want to be caught.

"It was kind of comical, the first few months of chasing her. I would have neighbours calling and random strangers chasing her around their yard," Leuke recalled. "This one older gentleman, we were running as fast as we could, trying to corner her against his fence, and he lost his shoe. And she just jumped right over his eight-foot fence."

During that first winter, Greta was finally nabbed when

she got tangled in a fence and injured her leg. A kind resident helped to nurse her back to health, but once she was well enough, she took off again, Leuke said.

This will be Greta's third winter roaming free with her deer "family," a sight that often stirs up curiosity – and humorous social media posts – when spotted by someone not familiar with the goat's peculiar life.

The notion of a goat living with a bunch of deer was a first for 100 Mile Conservation Officer Murray Booth, who had not yet heard of Greta's unique lifestyle.

"Lots of times, I've seen the opposite," Booth said. "With deer in horse pastures and at hay bales with horses feeding side-by-side."

Booth shared Greta's story with the provincial wildlife veterinarian, who also said it was a rare occurrence, but not completely unexpected due to both goats and deer being "such social species."

Although he couldn't relay any immediate dangers to Greta's safety, Booth said after checking with the veterinarian, there are a few parasites and pathogens that could be a concern.

"The biggest one is *Mycoplasma ovipneumoniae* (Movi) transfer from domestic goats to wild sheep and goats. There is not a known issue to transfer to deer, but if this goat is free-ranging and could encounter wild sheep, that is a concern," Booth said.

Neighbours who are familiar with Greta say she seems to know to stay close to homes and not wander too far onto Crown land. One nearby resident said she helps herself to her horse's water and will snuggle up in their pole barn on cold nights, eating alfalfa to stay warm.

And while Leuke's dreams of having a sweet pet goat were dashed when she came face-to-face with Greta more than two years ago, she said she is happy that Greta is living the life she was destined to live.

"I would be really impressed if anyone could tame her."



Back home with the yard crew

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And another great and colorful article from Karen 'the beekeeper' Bean in the very soggy northwest. In truth, she wanted to save this effort for the next issue, but when I told her there wouldn't be a 'next' issue, she then said, "Oh, well I better get it going for this one." :-)

BEAUTY, CHALLENGES, and A TOUCH OF MISERY: A TRIP QUITE LIKE LIFE

September finally rolled around after a long, hot summer. September is known as the best hiking month in the western Cascades. My bees were tucked in for fall and winter, so the boys and I set out into the mountains for a two-week walk. Something simple, unpopulated, pretty... we found all that, at a cost.

The "boys" on this trip were: Tsering a three-year old mostly-Saanan, Bogs, a five (?Larry help me there)-year-old LaMancha/Nubian, and George a five(? Larry?) year old French Alpine. Tsering is the lead by default: he's the only one with horns and wants to be the lead.



I had, once again, scanned my maps and talked to rangers in hopes of finding a nice place with few people. Being the summer of 2021, the first questions I always asked were: 1) is the area open? 2) what is the fire danger in the area? It was another summer where the entire US west coast was burning.

The ranger told me the route I was looking at wasn't burning, wasn't in a fire path, and wasn't seeing many people. What he neglected to tell me was that there was a substantial obstacle between me and my destination.

Off we went. The first day was a half day: drive and walk up a river path. We found a nice campsite with enough room for me and the boys. George and Bogs, who came to me that summer as a team, could exist on a line together. Tsering, who had learned to be a punk from my other horned elder-goats, had to be tied away on his own.

The next day dawned clear and warm and we started up the sides of the river valley, heading for the wide

open lakes that lay around 7,000 feet. After a bit of pushing, the boys settled down into:

Tsering, George, and Bogs. The challenge here was the amazing amount of food. Devil's clubs, Thimbleberries, Salmonberries. The boys usually go on day hikes or overnight jaunts, so they figured stopping for a nibble would be fine.

I knew we had to climb around 2,000 feet and pound out quite a few miles. In the end, I persevered. Tsering wore a lead for the rest of the day.

As we climbed the views remained the same: the other side of the river valley. But I could see the ridgeline across the way begin to emerge from the trees. At our feet were blueberries; miles of blueberries.

The ranger had been right: three people passed us going up. We were alone on the trail, and no one had picked those blueberries. Two people coming down did warn me about a "few trees down up ahead". I figured we could manage.

The second night camping was just uphill from a lovely brook in the middle of blueberries. Breakfast for all of us was an easy call. Just up our side trail we could see the dramatic peaks into which we'd be heading, at an oblique angle. Across the river valley was, well, the other side of the river valley.

JUST A FEW TREES

Back we plunged into the trees, steadily rising. And then we met the "few trees". It was an avalanche chute that had brought down 50- and 75-foot trees. Huge trunks lay in our path. I could see where humans had climbed over, but I was not so sure the boys could make it.

I decided to go over a few trunks, drop my pack, return, and lead one goat at a time over and under the blockage. Tsering was not helpful. Neither Bogs nor George wanted to be left with Tsering, and they each needed help. Thus it became a sequence of: Karen goes over trunks, puts down pack. Karen and Bogs go over the trunks. Then back to get George. Then back to get Tsering.





George could go under some of the trunks, but not Bogs. Bogs is quite large at 190 pounds. They both had long-time backcountry experience. They seemed to take it as “Really? Couldn’t we just go home? Oh well...” Tsering on the other hand had no experience going over fallen trunks, some on the ground, some suspended. There was a lot of pulling involved.

Thankfully, this only went on for about a quarter mile. I needed a little sit-down when we were over the stretch.

On we went, but it had become later in the day than I had hoped. I decided that the last 1,000 foot climb up to the lake we were heading for would need to wait until morning. The problem was finding a flat(ish) area for a camp. We tucked into a small, clear, minimally rocky area in the middle of blueberries on the side of the hill.

Just as we finished setting up and settling down, two horseback riders came up the trail from the direction of the avalanche. “Oh no,” I thought “was there an easy way around that and I missed it?” The riders stopped, staring at us. Then one said “they’re goats!” I called down to them explaining they were packgoats, and how did the riders get past the avalanche-downed-trees (OK, I said that horrible mess of downed trees). Turns out they didn’t. They had come from another trail head and had been up a side trail on our side of the downed trees. I thanked them and said “sadly my truck is beyond those trees.” We waved. They rode on. I turned in for the night.



BEAUTY

The next day we reached one of the most beautiful places on earth. To do this we walked up, and I do mean *UP*, a steep, narrow trail, that had seen very little use. One could lose one’s way quite easily.

We passed flat areas with lovely ponds. We kept climbing. We looked to the west and saw Mt. Baker off in the distance. We kept climbing. Finally we cleared a ridge and a small vale stretched out before us. Two delicate lakes, some smaller pools, rolling hills of heather and now red blueberry bushes lay before us. Looking above the vale were dramatic, jagged peaks above slopes of scree. A waterfall bounded down a crevasse in the peaks, then becoming a flowing creek feeding the two lakes. Not one person in sight. It was absolutely beautiful.



We stayed for two days. We wandered together above and around the lakes. The goats were allowed to wander on their own on the upper slopes. I sketched, photographed, read, and just enjoyed the beauty of the area.

ON TO THE HIGH PASS

I decided to push on to another lake a day’s walk away. Just as we were leaving two people arrived with a dog. The timing could not have been better. We dropped back down the 1000 feet to rejoin the main trail and push on upwards.

The next lake was a disappointment. It really wasn’t there. It had been hot and the little lake had suffered. But there was peace, forage, and water. I decided we would day hike the next day. Our tour would take us to the next lake on the route and finish at a high pass.

Bogs and George were not unhappy to leave their packs behind. They did need to wear their saddles. It was the only way I could figure that they could carry their leads with them. Tsering had to carry one with the goats’ waterproof coats, my assemblage of warm gear (I don’t “do” cold), snacks and water bottles.



It was a lovely walk. I did forgo the 1000-foot descent into the next lake. I figured it was just a lake.

I thought time was better spent walking to the high pass. It was getting colder and a light rain would fall periodically as we walked. Clouds to the west were moving our way at a somewhat alarming rate.

The high pass was lovely and peaceful. A small stand of trees still had a highline where some soul had passed the night at this windy location. We wandered about on the scree slope: sketching, photographing, nibbling, and just enjoying the afternoon.

We picked up our pace on the way back to the tent. The wind had picked up, and Mt. Baker could no longer be seen to the west. It was covered in dark clouds. "This will pass," I told myself. After all the winds were strong: fast-in, fast-out.

I could not have been more wrong.

IT GOT A LITTLE DAMP

We had a short break when we got to the tent. I walked over to a cliff edge with an expansive view to the west. As I turned to the goats, I said "boys we're going to get wet, very wet". Yes there was an expletive in there when I said it.

I rigged shelters for them for the night. That plural is correct. Tsering could not share the shelter with Bogs and George. He would continue to hit them. But we didn't have a vast selection of trees from which to hang highlines. I struggled with getting everything in place and finished the rig just in time: The storm broke with force.

The storm would be with us for the next 36 hours. For some reason, I seemed to have not taken any photos during that time.

We packed up in a rain break. We marched down the hill. No lingering now. I wanted us off that ridge. 7,000 feet is not a good place to be in the Cascades in a storm.

All I could think was "I have to have a plan to get them through that avalanche area." The trees would be far more

slippery now. We could do it, but it would be harder and take a lot more time. Would we make it to the campsite we found on the way up? So many questions.

Down we pounded. I knew we were getting close to the fallen trees. My anxiety was building. Then we turned on the trail and someone had come up and chain-sawed a path through those trees. I was overjoyed. We sailed straight through. I will always wonder if a ranger read my trailhead itinerary, or if the riders told them, or if I just hit the clearing schedule at the right time. Regardless of the reason, I was just pleased the path was clear.

The weather was not clear. We walked down in the rain. We set up in the rain. Shelters for the boys, who spent the night, again, in their wonderful waterproof coats. A very wet tent for me; wet outside and quite damp inside by the time it was up and I was in. But I carry a sleeping bag that is good to negative 30 degrees. Never have I been so grateful for it.

BOGS STAGES A SIT-DOWN

Next day, we packed up in the rain and marched on down what was now a muddy creek rather than a trail. One quarter mile from the truck, Bog started limping then sat down. I tied Tsering to a tree. I know it's not done, but no one was peeling trees at this point, we were all just miserable. Had I not tied him, he would have hit Bogs because I was paying attention to him. Goats, how like people.

There was no visible injury. Nothing in Bogs' foot. When I massaged his leg he showed no pain, but neither did he try to head-butt me. That worried me. Bogs likes to make his displeasure known.

He did keep staring off into trees off-trail. Not a worried stare. Rather a stare that said "I'm done with this. That area over there looks like food and shelter". That worried me.

I decided we had to press on. I've never walked with a string of goats, but there's always a first time. I tied Bogs to George's pack (Northwest Packgoats packs make this easy), then tied George to Steering's pack.



We did not march. We did a leisurely stroll. I sang slow, hopeful songs so that my pace would be slower and I could try to cheer up. A very slow version of “we’re walking in the rain, just walking in the rain, what a miserable feeling, I’m sopping again” and so on.

Bogs agreed to walk on. He didn’t limp. I think he was just tired and wanted to stop. I was in complete sympathy.

I have never seen goats get into the back of a pick-up so fast in my life. It was, “wait, I’ve got to take your pack off.” I was tossing the gear on the ground so they could get in. It’s not like it wasn’t already wet and muddy.

Thus the trip ended with three wet goats and one wet goat packer. The journey had been much like life: brilliant moments of extreme joy and beauty, mixed with hard challenges that had to be overcome and some really miserable hours. I choose to remember that the four of us overcame the challenges and we were able to experience one of the most beautiful places I have ever visited.

Did the goats get along after the trip? No. Tsering is still a punk. Oddly Bogs became more cuddly to me, but perhaps that would have happened over time anyway.

Would I do it again? Maybe, but I’d definitely ask if there were any massive obstacles on the trail before we headed out.

Advice given on averting pregnancy toxemia in sheep, goats

by Special to The Commercial, October 25, 2021

<https://www.arkansasonline.com/news/2021/oct/25/advice-given-averting-pregnancy-toxemia-sheep-goat/>

Pregnancy toxemia is a common metabolic disease in goats and sheep during late pregnancy. Although the kidding and lambing season doesn’t usually come until spring, winter is the time to prevent pregnancy toxemia in a herd or flock, said David Fernandez, a researcher at the University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff.

Fernandez is an Extension livestock specialist and interim dean of Graduate Studies and Continuing Education, according to a news release.

So, what is pregnancy toxemia? Pregnancy toxemia, or ketosis, is a metabolic disorder caused by the increasing demands upon the body of the doe or ewe during late pregnancy, Fernandez said.

“During this time, the fetuses will complete nearly 80% of their growth, and the female’s nutritional needs double,” he said. “But the space in her rumen is reduced because of the room taken up by the growing fetuses. If she is unable to consume enough high-quality feed, she will start mobilizing her body fat reserves.” To

generate energy from her fat stores, the female still needs a certain amount of blood sugar. If she does not get enough energy from her feed, ketones created during fat metabolism build up to toxic levels, he said. A common example of a ketone is the acetone in nail polish remover.

“Imagine having nail polish remover in your blood,” Fernandez said. “The doe or ewe stops eating, which only makes matters worse. She will become lethargic, have difficulty walking, grind her teeth and eventually go down. Her breath will smell sweetish or foul because of the ketones in her blood. Finally, she will lapse into a coma and die. Once the female goes down, the likelihood she will recover drops dramatically.” If does or ewes become affected, early treatment while they are still able to stand is critical, he said. Provide a high energy feed to increase the amount of glucose in her blood. The farmer can also give 60 to 90 milliliters of propylene glycol two to three times each day until she recovers or gives birth.

“In a pinch, you can make a syrup of table sugar, or use molasses or corn syrup,” Fernandez said. “You may have to abort the pregnancy or have your veterinarian conduct an emergency Caesarian section. The female almost always gets right up and is back to normal once the fetuses are removed. Once she goes into a coma, she is unlikely to recover.” Prevention is the best way to handle pregnancy toxemia. Animals that are most likely to suffer from the condition are fat and carrying twins or triplets. Usually, the older females are more susceptible to pregnancy toxemia than the younger ones, he said. Very thin females are also at risk, but because they often have less fat to mobilize, they are less likely to suffer from the condition.

“You should make sure your does or ewes are in good condition, but not over conditioned,” Fernandez said. “Proper feeding of your flock or herd this winter will save you money now and go a long way toward avoiding pregnancy toxemia next spring.” Details: <http://www.uaex.edu/publications/PDF/FSA-9610.pdf>. For this or other livestock issues, Fernandez can be reached at fernandezd@uapb.edu or 870-575-8316.

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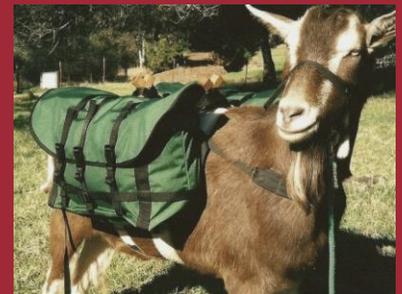
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Northwest Packgoats & the Changing of the Guard

After nearly three decades, Northwest Pack Goats & Supplies turns the reins over to a new owner.



It has been a long and wonderful ride for Rex and I as owners of Northwest Pack Goats & Supplies. We thought it would be fun to take a look back and document some history for those who may be new into the packgoat community. Back in early 1993, Rex and I were watching Outdoor Idaho on Public TV. There was an episode on Pack Goats with John Mionczynski, and there was reference made to his book, *The Pack Goat*. Living in the mountains of North Central Idaho, loving the outdoors and growing up on farms, the idea of pack goats was intriguing. Since I was the Library Director for the local library, Rex asked me to see if I could find and borrow [The Pack Goat](#) book from another library. I located the book in Oregon and had it sent to Weippe. That evening Rex set down and started reading it and read it through nonstop. He woke me up in the middle of the night and said, "We have to get goats". I had goats in my youth and loved animals, but thought Rex was a little off his rocker. None the less, we started our pursuit to find some pack goats. You think it's hard to find pack goats now, you can imagine how hard it was back in the early 90's with only local classifieds to search through.

It took several months but we were finally able to locate four Toggenburg wethers that were 3 years old. PERFECT! We came home with **Leonardo, Michelangelo, Donatello and Raphael**, named after the popular cartoon at the time, the ninja turtles. They even had the matching color collars, which was good, as our young son was able remind us of their names by the color of their collar.

The first few trips were quite the learning curve. We quickly learned, goats have their own pecking order and line up order. You don't make the tail goat the lead goat, etc. And you certainly don't tie them up together in the order you want them

to go; unless you want a big mess and a lot of head butting. Once we figured that out the hikes got better. It was now time to fit them with gear.

Gear??? Oh yeah, you can't just go down to the tack store and buy goat gear. Rex has always been an entrepreneur and craftsman. He quickly built us four saddles. We did a lot of hiking and goat packing that summer with Rex designing and redesigning the equipment after each trip to make it as bullet proof as possible. I attended a couple of community outdoor events with the goats. People were very interested and wanted to know where to buy the saddles and panniers. This is when we decided it could become a business.

At the same time the Internet was just being released to the public and the library was the first to get it in our community. What a whole new world and concept. To our astonishment, on the first few forays into the world of cyberspace we discovered a brand new ListServ about Pack Goats hosted by the University of CT. After joining, we found there were a couple dozen people across the county also on the list getting into pack goats. This was a great resource and the beginning of the official pack goat community. Over the years, the list grew and grew, and changed hosts and moderators a couple of times. Through this the list, the first pack goat Rendezvous was organized with a dozen or so of us attending. This is where we first met Carolyn Eddy, future author of *Practical Goatpacking & Diet for Wethers*, Alice Berberness who would later author *First Aid for Packgoats and First Aid Trail Guide*, Steve & Donna Semasko owners of Edelweiss Acres, as well as George & Dorothy Bogdan, owners of Owhyee Pack Goats. The first Rendes were loosely organized. People would share their stories and knowledge. I remember one of the first lessons taught was by Rex on flipping aggressive goats. We had an old book, titled "[The Book of the Goat](#)", by H.S. Holmes Pegler, published in London in 1910. I have no idea how or where we got that book. Anyway, Rex thought it was an interesting book and read through it. In the book, the author, a diminutive woman from England, described how she managed large aggressive goats. She described in detail how she would flip an aggressive buck and hold it down until it was submissive. Rex tried this at home with a couple of our wethers and bucks, and it worked! He presented this to the attendees of the Rendezvous. I believe

a dancing goat on one of the picnic tables was the subject of the lesson.

Meanwhile back on the farm, with the advent of the Internet, Northwest Pack Goats & Supplies grew. We saw there was a need for good quality pack stock and gear. We researched breeds and characteristics and what we believed made a good pack goat. We travelled over several states to acquire breeding stock and started our breeding program with a couple of Saanen does, Alpine does and an Alpine buck. A CAE free herd was essential to our breeding program. We experimented with different breeds throughout the years, but still feel the Alpine and Alpine crosses are the best for the Idaho Mountains. We had our breeding program for 10 years and sold kids throughout the Pacific NW and into the central states with a waiting list two to three years out. We gained many new friends through this endeavor. After 10 years the equipment part of the business was taking off and we decided to get out the breeding business. Zoe Barr of the Barr Z Ranch, Selah, WA took over our breeding does, continuing to produce large, quality pack stock. Scott Herbolshiemer, of Summit Pack Goats, in Nebraska purchased our buck to introduce into his breeding program.

In the late 90's the Forest Service heard about our pack goats and started to rent our packers for back country projects. They would rent them for weeks and even months at a time. Other people also heard about them and wanted to rent them. The Children's Home in Lewiston, ID would take the kids out on weekend or weeklong camping trips using the goats to carry the gear. Our most special renters were Chris and Sandi Elgi from Switzerland. They came all the way from Switzerland to hike the Pacific Crest Trail and wanted to use two goats to assist them with the gear. They started down at the Mexico/California border and hiked all the way to the WA/OR border where Sandi decided she had had enough hiking day after day, month after month. The goats had done wonderful. They had gotten up to 20 miles a day with the goats, but soon learned that with that much time on the trail each day, the goats did not have enough time to graze. They slowed down and took breaks for the goats to graze and stay in shape. Those two goats came home in the best shape ever with hooves hard as rocks. Chris and Sandi were so pleased with the goats, they went back

to Switzerland and started a Goat Packing business bringing tourists from cruise ships up the steep trail to their farm from the fjords.

Business continued to grow and Rex was constantly improving the equipment designs. He worked on multiple prototypes. He even took clay and made impressions of the sides of several of our pack goats and saw that they were relatively the same. The difference was how broad or narrow they were across the back. By changing the angle and width of the sideboards he found he could get a near perfect fit with composite side boards that were the exact shape of the goat. Not only did it fit perfectly but it allowed clearance of the shoulder and pin bones that stick out to the side behind the rib cage. He then designed a sturdy cross buck from aluminum that allowed for the adjustability of the sideboards on any goat. Along with this design, we came up with the pocket pad that prevents the saddle from slipping out from under your saddle. Both of these designs were new and unique and were issued U.S. Patents. The original fully adjustable saddle was now available to the public. The Internet was as great tool for reaching people and providing equipment. Over the years Northwest Pack Goats has sold gear worldwide to people in Germany, Switzerland, Australia, Brazil, Canada, UK, Chile, Italy, France, Uruguay and even China.

The pack goat community continued to grow and the listserv started to become outdated. The new thing on the Internet was forums. Unlike listservs, forums allowed people to search topics and data was stored on these topics. New people, who usually had the same questions, could easily find their answers. Rex jumped in and created the first packgoat forum. It was a success and was eventually bought and merged into the goat spot forum. Many of Rex's posts and articles can still be found there. Today, Packgoat Central continues to operate a wonderful forum just for packgoat enthusiasts.

With the growth of the pack goat community, discussions started in the late 90's about forming an official organization for more clout in dealing with land use issues. This discussion continued for several years until in 2000, an Interim Board of Directors was established to draft the Charter, Bylaws and Articles of Incorporation. Officers were:

Terri Summerfield, Weippe, ID – President
Gloria Flora, Helena, MT – Vice President
George Bogdan, Melba, ID – Treasurer

Steve Semasko, Olympia, WA –Secretary
Marc Flora, Helena, MT – Board Member

From my records, it appears we had 63 Charter members.

In November of 2000, we sent out a letter to the president of the American Dairy Goat Association, officially introducing NAPgA.

On March 6, 2001, the Articles of Incorporation were filed with the State of Idaho (my home state) and became effective, March 13, 2001. Throughout the following months, the Interim board of directors met monthly working on establishing a nominating committee and working with that committee to bring a pool of candidates to the charter members for election. In November of 2001, the first permanent Board of Directors was elected to the North American Packgoat Association (NAPgA).

The NAPgA started sponsoring the Rendezvous and we attended many of them throughout the years meeting new folks and making many friends. We even sponsored one near our home on the legendary Lewis and Clark trail here in Idaho. This past year I made plans to attend again and looked forward to seeing old friends and meeting more new goat packers. One such new packer was Morgan Rust. What a pleasure it was to meet such a fine upstanding young man. To see and hear him at the rendezvous gave me hope for our youth. He was not going to sit back and let moss grow under his feet. He was attending the classes and asking tons of questions. I overheard him talking about how he purchases, downloads and listens to vet classes during his drive to work each day. Who does that?? Morgan does. He has jumped head first into goat packing and wants to learn as much as he can. He started The Rust Pack, with T-Shirts, Hats, etc and has even designed the new NAPgA logo. He said that all he wants to do is goat pack.

Rex and I had been discussing selling the business as we look toward retirement. Plus we have started a new project, restoring an authentic Forest Service Lookout tower. After meeting Morgan, a light bulb went on in my head. "Here is a young man that would be perfect to take over the company!" Morgan and I talked and he was interested. Over the next couple of months, we

worked out the details and on October 8th, Morgan made the trip from UT to ID to finalize the sale of Northwest Pack Goats.

Morgan is merging Northwest with his Rust Pack brand and has a lot of fresh new ideas. I won't lie, the boom in social media and the marketing opportunities there had left us in the dust, and a young energetic go getter like Morgan is just what Northwest Pack Goats & Supplies needed to move it into the newest sales arenas. We wish him continued success and hope he meets as many great people on his ride and we have.

God Bless & Happy Trails to all...

Terri & Rex Summerfield



The Pack Goat

by
John Mionczynski

Illustrated by
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Sheep, goats need winter shelter

October 26, 2021

<https://www.eagleobserver.com/news/2021/oct/26/sheep-goats-need-winter-shelter/>



With the arrival of fall, sheep and goat producers should start preparing shelter for their animals so they are not caught unprepared in the event of a winter storm or very cold weather, David Fernandez, Extension livestock specialist and interim dean of graduate studies and continuing education for the University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff, said.

Sheep and goats are hardy animals and do not require as much shelter as many new producers believe. As long as they can be kept dry and out of the wind, sheep and goats remain comfortable even when it is quite cold outside, Fernandez said. Shelters should be built so that one wall faces the direction of the prevailing wind. Three-sided shelters should face south so that winter sunlight can provide additional warmth while stormy and cold northern and northeasterly winds will be deflected.

“Build your shelter on slightly elevated ground with good drainage. Shelters with puddles of water or muddy floors will chill livestock seeking shelter. They also create manure management problems and potential fly and parasite problems in the warmer months,” he said. “Before you site your shelter, decide whether you plan to install electricity and water. Shelters located in distant pastures are typically too expensive to power but may have water.”

New producers often think they have to completely enclose and insulate a barn to protect their livestock. But livestock actually does better with good ventilation and open air, Fernandez said. Fully enclosing sheep and goats can make them more susceptible to respiratory infections. Ammonia from urine and fecal odors can build up rapidly in enclosed structures.

Producers should take time to consider the type of bedding they plan to use, he said. Livestock can be bedded on many materials. Straw is traditional, but wood chips are also commonly used. Sawdust is not recommended for woolled breeds of sheep because sawdust gets stuck in the fleece.

Shredded newspaper can be used. It is very absorbent but can be difficult to handle if it becomes too wet, Fernandez said. Consider whether you will compost your bedding or spread it on pastures. Newspaper may be unsightly when spread but will compost well.

Sheep and goats must have enough space in the shelter so they can all utilize it, he said. A mature ewe or ram requires 8 square feet of space. Lambs and kids need about 6 square feet. Of course, they will not distribute themselves evenly across the floor but will cluster together to share body heat.

“Some producers worry when they see their sheep or goats lying outside on a cold day and try to move them into the shelter, only to have the animals return to the pasture as soon as their back is turned,” Fernandez said. “As long as the weather is dry and not too windy, your animals will probably prefer to be outside allowing the sun to warm them. If they get too cold, the animals will go to the shelter on their own.”

Shelters can be built from many inexpensive materials. Producers have made simple Quonset style covers on wheels, converted carports, pallets or reclaimed lumber. Even tarps stretched over frames will work, he said.

For more information on this or other livestock questions, contact Fernandez at fernandezd@uapb.edu or 870-575-8316.

The most expensive and rare goat in the world is a Damascus goat or Shami.

Its characteristic feature is hanging ears, which can reach 30 cm long.



Nova Scotia

These therapy goats are changing people's lives

Nicola Seguin, CBC News, Posted: Oct 26, 2021

<https://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/nova-scotia/therapy-goats-ataraxy-farms-anxiety-ptsd-1.6224395>



Started by a veteran to treat his PTSD, Ataraxy Farm has become a safe haven for many

When Kim Davis named her family's farm, she chose the name Ataraxy. It means "a state of serene calmness," and that is what the farm represents for her veteran husband, and now many others.

Davis and her husband, Blair, started their farm in Lawrencetown, N.S., about 40 minutes east of Halifax, in 2013. It was originally a family venture to help treat Blair Davis's service-related PTSD, but the farm — and its therapy goats — have grown to mean much more.

"This farm was started for me, but it's more than that now," Blair Davis said. "It's to the point where it's helping others ... And it just fills my heart with goodness."

This summer, they opened up Ataraxy Farm to anyone who needs it.

Their goats receive frequent visits from injured veterans, clients of the Dartmouth Adult Services Centre, and members of the Eastern Shore Mental Health Association, who are welcome to pet and cuddle the friendly, people-loving goats.

They also do free weekend tours for anyone who signs up on their website.

"To me, this is normal — it's just a farm. But other people, it's special," Davis said. "We started to get more [visitors] here with different types of disorders, PTSD, anxiety, depression, and they say it's so calming."

Davis said after serving in Bosnia with the Canadian Armed Forces, he was suffering and looking for an outlet for his emotions. While going through rehab with Veterans Affairs, he realized animals could be his purpose.

"They're very sensitive to our emotions and body language," he said. "It helped me heal from the trauma that I had."

What started with one goat named Fred has become 48 goats spanning four generations. The farm also now has donkeys, horses, a mule, chickens and guinea fowl.

Kenyan elephant sanctuary tests goats' milk as healthier feed option

Reuters, Thu, 28 Oct 2021

<https://www.gdnonline.com/Details/991587/Kenyan-elephant-sanctuary-tests-goats-milk-as-healthier-feed-option>

SAMBURU, KENYA: An elephant orphanage in Kenya is testing goat milk as a food for its small herd as a potentially healthier and cheaper form of nutrition than human baby formula - a solution that also puts money back into the pockets of the local community.

The Reteti Elephant Sanctuary, in Samburu County in the semi-arid scrublands of northern Kenya, helps to rescue orphaned and abandoned elephant calves.

When the elephants are old enough to survive on their own, the sanctuary, founded in 2016, releases them back into the wild.

The sanctuary has been using costly powdered baby milk to feed the calves, but Dr. Steven Chege, the facility's veterinarian adviser told Reuters they have started using goat milk-based formula as a potential replacement, especially for infant calves.

"This is an animal that has just have maybe lost a mother, they have been separated from their family. So, they get a lot of psychological traumas, that is a big challenge, which can compromise their health," he said. "Goat milk is very good for the survival and the health of small (elephant) calves."

Switching to cheaper goats' milk from baby formula could slash feeding costs for the sanctuary's herd which fluctuates between 15-30 animals, he said, although they had not yet done a study factoring in all the associated costs such as refrigeration.

"Goats milk is very rich in protein, and not just protein, it's very highly digestible protein, unlike cow's milk," he said, adding it causes less stomach upsets.

On a recent day, the calves rushed across a dusty enclosure to take a gulp of the milk, exposing their budding tusks as they opened their small mouths to take in feeding bottles.

Local goat farmer, Liwana Lenakukunya, one of many farmers selling goats' milk to the sanctuary, told Reuters she was happy to get a new source of revenue. Many of the farmers who are benefiting from the new scheme are women.

"Since we started milking goats and selling the milk to the sanctuary, at least we have our own cash whereby you can feed your family with," she said.



A keeper feeds an orphaned elephant, Long'uro, with a bottle of milk, at the Reteti elephant sanctuary in Samburu county, Kenya, October 15, 2021. Reuters Photo

Prevent parasitic disease in sheep, goats, UAPB expert says

By Special to The Commercial, Posted Aug 6, 2020

<https://www.pbcommercial.com/news/20200806/prevent-parasitic-disease-in-sheep-goats-uapb-expert-says>

When weather conditions are warm and moist, young livestock are at risk of the parasitic disease coccidiosis, said David Fernandez, Ph.D, Extension livestock specialist and interim dean of graduate studies for the University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff.

If sheep and goat producers notice their lambs and kids have dark scours that do not respond to antibiotic treatment or deworming, the animals most likely already have the disease, according to a news release.

“Prevention is the best medicine for coccidiosis,” he said. “Once you have to treat your young animals for the disease, the damage has already been done.”

DISEASE CAUSES AND SYMPTOMS

Coccidiosis is caused by 12 protozoan parasites of the genus *Eimeria*. They are shed in feces, and infections are caused when young lambs or kids ingest fecal material usually found on the udder or in their water or feed.

“It is not uncommon for adult sheep and goats to shed coccidia oocysts throughout their lives,” Fernandez said. “Adults that were gradually exposed to coccidia early in life will develop immunity, often without showing signs of the disease. Young animals, however, become dangerously ill when suddenly exposed to large numbers of sporulated oocysts.”

When coccidiosis oocysts sporulate during warm, humid weather, young animals contract the disease, which develops over the course of one or two weeks. The protozoa attack the lining of the animal’s small intestines, damaging the cells that absorb nutrients and often causing blood from damaged capillaries to enter the digestive tract.

“The infection causes the animal to have dark, tarry feces or bloody diarrhea,” Fernandez said. “New oocysts are then shed, and the infection can spread. Sick lambs and kids will become chronic poor-doers and should be culled.”

COCCIDIOSIS PREVENTION

To prevent the disease, producers should make sure to keep their feeders and waterers clean, he said. It is best to install feeder designs that will keep feces out of the feed and water.

“Make sure your lambing and kidding areas are clean and dry,” he said. “Bedding areas or equipment that may have been contaminated earlier in the year should be exposed to plenty of sunlight in the hot summer months. This will kill oocysts.”

Fernandez said coccidiostats – veterinary drugs used to treat coccidiosis – can be added to the animals’ feed or water to reduce the potential for outbreaks. These substances slow the rate at which coccidia are shed into the environment, reducing the likelihood of infection and giving the animal a chance to develop immunity to the disease.

When treating animals with coccidiostats, producers should always read product instructions and label restrictions very carefully, he said. Deccox and Bovatec are products approved for use in sheep, while Deccox and Rumensin are approved for use in goats under specific conditions. Deccox and Rumensin are not to be used in lactating sheep or goats. Rumensin can be toxic to sheep if it is not properly mixed in the feed.

“All three coccidiostats, especially Rumensin, are toxic to equines – horses, donkeys and mules,” Fernandez said. “Be sure to keep equines away from medicated feed or water.”

In the past, once an animal showed signs of coccidiosis, producers could treat it with Albon, Sulmet, Di-Methox or Corid (amprolium), he said. Currently, however, none of these drugs are approved for use in sheep or goats, and a veterinarian can no longer prescribe them off-label. It is a violation of federal law to use these drugs on food-producing animals.

For details on this or other livestock topics contact David Fernandez at fernandezd@uapb.edu or 870-575-8316.

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Good Advice

Leave the city. Find the wilderness, what's left of it. Find some open solitude and let your mind fill it.

Writer Edward Abbey had a wilderness explanation for the madness of poets, a kind of dark stupidity that strikes down the too intellectual.

Abbey wrote, "Our suicidal poets (Plath, Berryman, Lowell, Jarrell, et. al..) spent too much of their lives inside rooms and classrooms when they should have been trudging up mountains, slogging through swamps, rowing down rivers. The indoor life is the next best thing to premature burial."

When the British Empire waged war on the Maltese goat

November 14, 2021 | Jessica Arena

<https://timesofmalta.com/articles/view/maltas-hidden-treasures-when-the-british-empire-waged-war-on-the.914781>

Malta's hidden treasures: 'Offending the goat offended the local lifestyle'



Postcard courtesy of Caroline Farrow

Boy milking goat into a glass as children in Valletta wait to drink the goat's milk.

animal blamed by the occupiers for an illness that had swept over their troops.

But the goat was an important element in the local food chain, and the Maltese resisted the occupiers' attempts at eradicating goats from the islands until they were threatened by food security in World War II.

During the war, the island's isolation threatened its food supply, a scenario that Malta relived in 2020 when COVID took the world by storm.

"I think food security has, and will always be, an issue in Malta. When COVID-19 hit there was absolute havoc. We are small and so dependent on food importation, that the fact food may not reach our shores obviously gives rise to panic," National Archives researcher Horace Vella told *Times of Malta*.

In 1942, the situation was quite dire, and goats were being slaughtered left, right and centre to feed the locals, depleting the goat population once and for all.



People were promised new flocks in exchange for the slaughtered ones, but by the end of the war, the northern European tradition of cow's milk had trumped Malta's relationship with the goat.

This relationship was first threatened during the Crimean War, around 1854.

"The British needed their troops in Malta to be as healthy as possible, but several were being found sick or maligned with a specific undulant fever. The fever was coming and going in waves, something the British found strange.

"One of the military's investigating doctors, Captain David Bruce, discovered the bacteria that was causing the diseases. It was later named brucellosis after him. Then in 1905, Sir Temi Zammit discovered that the goat was carrying this fever."

In order to protect its local garrison, the British government ordered the slaughter of sick goats.

'Offending the goat offended the local lifestyle'

Laying the blame for the Malta Fever on the goats did not go down well with the Maltese, who relied on goat's milk as a part of their daily nutrition.

The goat had adapted well to the Maltese climate: Malta is a semi-arid Mediterranean island with limited vegetation, and the goat's digestive system meant the animal could thrive on garigue flora while yielding a good amount of milk.

The slaughter order found huge opposition from herdsmen whose business was suddenly dealt a blow,



Milk was supplied directly from the goats but also the general populace, who found the provision system of goat's milk quite convenient.

"The Maltese like to be spoiled in all aspects. Much like how in some places we can get bread on our doorstep, the herdsmen used to take their flock through village roads providing fresh milk directly from the goat.

"People used this milk in their day-to-day lives. They put it in their drink and food and fed infants with it. The goat was ingrained and entangled in our daily life, so when you offend the goat, you were also offending the local lifestyle."

Despite the locals' resistance, the undulant fever was not going away anytime soon. Cases continued to grow in the 1930s and so did the assault on the Maltese goat.

The British government sought to eliminate the presence of the goat by trying to eliminate dependence on it. It did not want another riot like that of 1919 triggered by bread prices and food shortage, so in 1932 the British pushed for pasteurisation.

Herdsmen were required to take goats to milking stations in Hamrun, San Ġwann and Tarxien, where the milk would be pasteurised, and by 1938 goats vanished from Valletta streets.



Today's Mediterranean Conference Centre, known during the British rule as the Valletta Station Hospital

It was only in WWII, when the Empire had to tighten its belt and introduce rationing, that the Maltese goats once again featured in a slaughter policy.

In 1942, Jack Cecil Drummond took stock of the food situation in Malta and it was clear that the British biochemist did not look on the Maltese goat favourably.

"According to Drummond, the goat was an 'uneconomic unit' trampling the roads... and leaving its droppings all over the place. He differed with what locals reported of its milk quality and said that it could not compare to British goats."

Drummond recommended a slaughter policy, closing a long chapter on the Maltese goat.

Diner's shock as escaped goat 'tries to enter' Miller and Carter Wolverhampton

<https://www.birminghammail.co.uk/black-country/diners-shock-escaped-goat-tries-22068150>

He will be collected by an animal rescue later today (November 4)

Diners out for a nice relaxing lunch got a surprise when an escaped goat strolled up to the pub's door.

The cheeky pet even posed for photos with bemused customers after arriving at Miller and Carter Wolverhampton in Penn Road.

And, luckily, with the help of some local punters, PCSOs managed to catch him and take him and he was collected by Wombourne and Gornal Vets.



The goat that stole Wausau's heart finds a home

March 30, 2021, Sierra Rehm

<https://waow.com/2021/03/30/the-goat-that-stole-wausaus-heart-finds-a-home/>

WAUSAU, Wis. (WAOW) — Two weeks ago a baby goat roaming Wausau stole the community's heart.

Now, the goat has a name and we know a little more about her story.

Gwendolyn is now in the hands of [SoL Criations Farm Sanctuary](#), who posted an update about her on Facebook Tuesday morning.

Prior to her discovery outside of an animal hospital, Gwendolyn was reportedly left in a stranger's yard with a hand written note that said.

"Hi, my name is Gwendolyn, A good friend of mine rescued me from the BBQ grill. Because where I live, people love to eat baby goats. If you give me a chance, I will love you lots and lots. I don't take up much room and I am used to being outside. I might cry for a while because I miss the other goats. I am weaned and eat dry food and hay.

Love, Gwendolyn

p.s. my Mommy was only 19" tall and my Daddy was only 21" tall so I am going to be little. Please don't send me back. I don't want anyone to eat me."

After her escape Gwendolyn spent some time at the Wausau Police Department, Humane Society of Marathon County and the farm of an officer. Only on Monday did she arrive at SoL.

"We couldn't be happier. She is eating well and just the most precious baby girl," SoL's post reads. "We have a vet appointment this afternoon to make sure all is well and to get a better idea of her age and needs. Welcome to your new life full of love baby girl!"

Nebraska couple dedicate life to breeding rare San Clemente Island goats

PBS News Hour, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aYGGjc6nIVI>

Among the 200 or so breeds of goats across the United States, the San Clemente Island goats are one of the rarest. Nebraska Public Media's Dennis Kellogg reports on one Nebraska couple that is doing what they can to save them.



A Small Matter of Ethics

Chapter 5

Lauren Hall Ruddell



‘Oi’, thought Laurelyn, ‘I wonder how many chess moves in one fell swoop that was?’

“Staying, we um, we’re not staying anywhere, really. We came here to take her home,” blustered the flustered Pirl.

“Take her home? Oh dear, I’m afraid she’s told us she just wants some space for a while, just to process her grief. She told us both just now that she wants nothing more than just the peace and tranquility of this familiar setting. We confirmed this just now, the two of us, with her, didn’t we Laurelyn?”

“Yes, yes she did. Quite firmly, in fact. As I said before, I’m happy to have her.”

“You’re not serious, miss, and just who do you think you are anyway?” Forgetting the hand on the holster of the adjacent former LA cop, Pirl started in on his rant, facing Nancy now.

“I’m a certified social worker, and I have been officially assigned to this case by the law enforcement authorities of this county. I have just given you my professional opinion, verbally, but I will of course offer you this opinion in writing if that’s what you want.”

Pirl started to take a step in her direction. Mike partially blocked him, and with a hand on his upper arm, stated, “Perhaps it’s best if we go down to the station to discuss this.”

“I can come down there for a bit too, Mike, if you need me. I have a 3:00 appointment, but I’m free for the next couple of hours,” Nancy volunteered. Then she added to Pirl, “Laurelyn has informed me that Saffron is 20 years old. Do you have guardianship over her personal affairs that we should be aware of? If so, what state are those papers filed with?”

In what Laurelyn would forever remember as one of the more bizarre moments of her life, the very slightly over-weight, soft-bodied Pirl wrenched his arm away from Mike and went for Nancy’s neck with arms extended and hands forming choking claws. His face a shade of purple she had never seen on a human being before, he lunged. Veins popped and pulsed suddenly on his temples. In less than a sparrow wing beat, Pirl displayed a side of human nature Laurelyn hoped never

to see again. She was doomed to disappointment in this.

Mike was cut from different cloth. Even though Laurelyn was shocked and even worldly Nancy taken a bit unawares, former LA cop Mike was not. The take-down on the graveled farm path was nothing short of Hollywood. Blubbering and slaving incoherently, Pirl was handcuffed and stowed into the back of the cruiser. Bambi was escorted to the front seat and off they drove to the minuscule jail in Peony Creek.

Weston had heard the hubbub, and after he had been filled in by a calm and collected Nancy, was really, truly pissed to have missed the action. Since Nancy was now stranded, and George had borrowed Weston’s truck to run in to town for cattle ear tags, Laurelyn offered her beat-up farm truck for Weston to take Nancy home to get her own car. Just as they were pulling away, Laurelyn’s phone rang from its place in her Carhart work pants. It was Sandy.

“Hey Lor, got everybody checked in. Do you need my help over there?” Knowing that she was going to have to prepare a banquet for all of the paid and unpaid helpers that evening, she answered “Absofuckinlutely!”

With Sandy on her way, Laurelyn was able to release Beth for a couple of hours so that she could go home for a bit to fix lunch for her husband, Ralph. He was perfectly capable of fixing his own, but he preferred her to do it.

Ralph made quite a bit of money day-trading on the Internet, so his demands for personal care supplied by her were tolerable. He weighed over 330 lbs and had real trouble getting around with his weight, diabetes, and poor general health all rolled into one. They had come to an understanding several years ago when Beth was about to leave him. Since then, when he had agreed that she could work part-time at whatever she wanted if she just wouldn’t leave, Beth had found her marital situation manageable. She was able to be out of the house for several hours each week, and still benefit from Ralph’s day-trading income. He had a genuine talent in the direction and made more money for them both than she could ever make for herself single. This compensated for the obvious drawbacks.

Suddenly, Laurelyn realized that other than Saffron, she was alone for the first time in months. And Saffron barely counted, so Laurelyn was able to take a deep breath, grab a beer and relax under the box elder tree while waiting for Saffron to emerge in her own good time. She would have to come out sometime if she ever wanted to eat.

When the waifish, ash-blond head appeared around the corner, Laurelyn emitted a sigh of relief.

She had enjoyed the 10 minutes of peace she had been granted before Sandy's arrival but was starting to worry. Seeing no one but Laurelyn about, Saffron scurried up to the house, eyes cast down at the path. When Laurelyn saw activity in the kitchen, she was even more relieved. She had no idea what to do with a young woman with autism who started refusing nourishment.

Sandy pulled into the small parking lot and got out with a grocery bag in hand. Inside the bag was a six-pack of an excellent red ale crafted by a small local brewery, and two bottles of her winery's late harvest Riesling. The beer was frosty, and the afternoon starting to swelter in a mountain elevation fashion, so the two friends grabbed a beer each, stashed the rest in the milking room fridge, and wandered out to the fence that enclosed the goat pasture. And the goats, at least most of the time. A scruffy willow stood just outside of goat reach and provided a modicum of shade.

Once several swigs of microbrew had been downed, Sandy said, "I probably shouldn't tell you this," and paused for effect. It was her standard opening when Mike had given her some really juicy police gossip not intended for public consumption, at least not yet.

"Yeeees, pray continue," was Laurelyn's standard response.

"Well, the cause of death has definitely been determined as blunt force trauma. He was whacked once with something small and very hard and relatively smooth. A team checked the bottom of the hillside for a possible weapon and found nothing. Therefore, it sure doesn't seem like a spontaneous act, but more likely premeditated. Mike and Nancy will be coming by tomorrow to interview you as to Garrison's exact activities on the morning of the day of his death. Nancy will try to get a statement from Saffron and Mike will do you. Time of death places him on the trailhead at around 9:00 AM. You and Saffron are each other's alibis for that time of the day, so don't sweat that stuff. Interesting that she wasn't with him on the trail, don't you think?"

"Well, yes and no. She has gone with him a time or two, but her style of hiking is very much 'stop and smell the roses'. He likes, um, liked, to bomb up and down a trail to burn off steam, so she isn't always invited on those occasions. Is Milton Hornblend still a prime suspect?"

"Well I shouldn't tell you this, but yes. He has no alibi for that morning, claiming he was sleeping in with a bad cold. A bad cold and that's all, so no companions to corroborate."

Laurelyn pictured short, balding, and slightly overweight Milton coshing young, vigorous, and

perpetually angry Garrison over the head, and found that just the opposite scenario made much more sense. Yes, Milton had taken a swing at Garrison in the parking lot of Dawn's Market, the local Foodtown franchise grocery store, the only grocery store, in downtown Peony Creek. But that was after several minutes of verbal abuse and eventually, a sharp and vicious shove backward, all delivered by Garrison over a matter of gas mining leases up the valley toward McClure Pass. Responding to the shove, Milton took a jab at him, which didn't connect. Anybody would have taken a swing at him after all that. Self-defense, really, sort of.

She pondered this while Sandy went back to the milking room for two more beers. When she returned, she said that she had peeked in on Saffron through the large window of the craft room and had seen that Saffron was weeping into her hands. Feeling this was a good sign, she had tip-toed away and returned to the goat pasture.

Thor and Titan had trotted up to the fence hopefully, for Sandy often brought them old grape stock, branches, leaves, with shriveled grapes and all. But today they were destined to be disappointed. They took it with poor grace but did eventually wander off, leaving the two friends to ponder matters of life and death once more.

"Garrison was always going on about Milton's lack of ethics. He couldn't understand how Milt could only be interested in money and didn't give a flying fart about natural beauty, wilderness, or anything that didn't come with a designer label. Milton is an avaricious prick, but he is certainly not alone, nor will he be the last businessman to try to exploit the natural resources of this valley. Garrison was just sure that if he argued with him long enough, often enough, that Milt would see the light, and shareholders or boards of directors in any Front Range utility company be damned. Good luck with that, I tried to tell him. It just pissed him off, so I desisted. The concept that each person has their own set of ethics was beyond him. The idea that a money-grubbing sleaze like Milton Hornblend might donate to charities like our local animal rescue, or to a foundation for homeless veterans in Denver, which he did, meant nothing to Garrison. To him, the only ethic that mattered, or really even exists, is a wilderness ethic, and after that, nothing else signified. To Garrison, pet rescuing was stupid, because there was all that time, energy, and money being spent on domestic animals. He considered pets to be a bourgeois indulgence. So Milton's own personal ethic of 'make lots and lots of money, anyway you can, and then just be sure to give some back for the benefit of people and pets,' infuriated Garrison to no end. I don't like Milton's ethics either, and would love to see him and his kind defeated in

court regularly, but I know Garrison had darker wishes. He liked to talk to himself while weeding, and I know some of his desires were not for Milton's continued good health. I shouldn't say anything about that, because it might look bad for Milton, and it was a sort of eavesdropping. Don't tell Mike I mentioned that to you for a few days yet, would you?"

Sandy hated being put in such a position, but it wasn't for the first time. She could hold her tongue when she needed to, a lesson she had learned from their mutual friend and USFWS undercover agent, Bernalilla Gonsalves. Bernie was a master at playing a silence game to get others to spill the beans, both personally and professionally. Sandy was a natural-born gossip, but she had seen how effective it could be to just zip one's lip under certain circumstances. Sandy had seen grown men nearly wet their pants when Bernie turned her silent, heterochromatic stare on them.

Although Sandy's own eyes were a sagey, hazel sort of color and not Bernie's grey and brown eyes, she had tried the stare in several bars where unwanted attention was being forced on her. It worked so much better than trying to fob men off with excuses, which were often taken by the guys as opening negotiations. The stare spoke volumes and was really hard to argue with. Reminded of Bernie, Sandy said, "Have you had a chance to talk to Bernie about any of this yet?"

"Oh God no, I've been way too buried for that. Sure would like to though, when I can finally get a chance. Maybe I will give her a ring tomorrow night. Tonight, I'm treating all of my helpers and Weston's friend George to an impromptu feast, as a thank you. You're welcome too, of course, if you think your guests won't need you."

"George? You don't mean George Trojan do you, the valley's most eligible and most elusive bachelor?"

"Well he didn't exactly introduce himself that way, but yeah, he said his name was George Trojan. Why elusive?"

"Well, he seldom dates, doesn't go to any of the bars, just pretty much keeps to himself. People thought he might be gay for a while, but he dated Sally Handy a few times. Then he just seemed to start ghosting her for no apparent reason. Maybe he is gay, but she says not. She would love to see more of him any old time, to hear her describe it. He does like to contribute to and participate in Lil Broncs children's rodeo league, but that's about the only time we see him off his ranch. Oh my, girlfriend, there may be a silver lining to this whole murder thing yet!"

"Whoa there, Sandy, whoa girl. It's a casual

dinner with friends, not a date. Well chaperoned by three-four other people. You included, if you're available."

"Oh, I wouldn't miss it for the world. I will pop back up to the vineyard and if the guests are around, ask them if there's anything else they need for their stay. If they're not there, I will leave 'em a note and come back on down."

About that time Weston returned from his Nancy taxi service and a few personal errands also attended to. Without needing to be asked, he began to muck out the goat barn. Sandy offered to see to the vegetable greenhouse watering and temperature management before she left. Beth would do the evening milking when she returned. That left Laurelyn to tend to the chiltibarn and then begin planning the evening meal.

She had decided to use some left-over rice and chevre to make arancini de rosa, a rich and filling appetizer of cheese and rice patties, coated in panko and fried, then topped with a basil sauce. She had plenty of all of those ingredients right now. It was vegetarian, so she hoped she could get Saffron to eat some. After that she would serve a hearty bear meat chili that she had made late last year. A local man, who was a better hunter than a wage earner, had bartered goat milk for bear meat. The goat milk was destined for a colicky grandchild, so Laurelyn agreed. The bear meat, although strong, made a brilliant chili. Ground bear meat, black beans, red beans, green chilis, some chiltipins, and ½ a bushel of last year's unsold tomatoes had made three gallons of bear chili. Of which she had a frozen gallon left. It always went perfectly with honey cornbread, which she did not have on hand pre-made. So, between the arancini and the cornbread, she knew she better get cracking. Especially if George was coming to dinner.

Goats Enjoy A Tasty Treat!, Nov 22, 2021

https://www.timesnewspapers.com/webster-kirkwoodtimes/goats-enjoy-a-tasty-treat/article_1fad706c-4898-11ec-9dd2-7716f2154279.html



The goats, along with several other animals who reside at Grant's Farm, recently enjoyed noshing on dozens of leftover pumpkins from the attraction's

annual Fall Fest. Grant's Farm had close to 80 pumpkins remaining from the fest, but disposing of them has been no problem because most of the animals love pumpkins. From goats to dairy cows, deer, elk and cattle, the animals took part in a pumpkin feast.

Body condition scoring basics for sheep and goats

Purina Animal Nutrition, June 23, 2021

<https://www.farmforum.net/story/news/2021/06/23/body-condition-scoring-basics-sheep-and-goats/7743878002/>



Keeping goats and sheep at a body condition score 2.5-3 is beneficial to their health, reproduction and overall performance.

[p]l[pc] Arden Hills, Minn. – Knowing the amount of condition or fat cover for sheep and goats is a good practice to implement

in any nutrition program.

Condition is commonly measured using a body condition score, or BCS. Body condition adjusts throughout the year for various reasons, including the animal's age, breeding cycle and weather impacts. Nutrition decisions impact which direction the BCS of your flock or herd goes.

"It's important to body condition score both sheep and goats because it's a direct indication of their overall health and reproduction," says Maggie Amburgey, small ruminant technical specialist with Purina Animal Nutrition. "Scoring body condition during key times like breeding helps evaluate nutritional needs of your flock or herd and gives you a guideline of where things stand."

Follow these steps to monitor and maintain body condition in your sheep and goats:

How does scoring work?

BCS is monitored in sheep and goats on a five-point scale that increases or decreases by half-point increments.

"The ideal score falls between a range of 2.5 to 4, depending on life stage and energy demand," says Amburgey. "During breeding season, we like to see ewes and does around 2.5 to 3 BCS. Rams and bucks can have a little higher condition, up to a 4 BCS because they will lose more condition."

Sheep and goats are considered too thin or under-conditioned when they are at or below 1.5 BCS. Common problems in under-conditioned ewes and does include missing heat cycles which leads to lower conception. Similarly, rams and bucks in lower body condition tend to wear down during a breeding season. Thin animals are also more susceptible to disease because they aren't receiving adequate nutrition for

immune system support.

Sheep and goats become too fat or over-conditioned when they reach 4.5 BCS or higher. Over-conditioned ewes and does can have reduced fertility, causing delayed lambing or kidding and reduced production for their offspring. When rams and bucks are too fat, it may reduce libido, so they won't follow or stay with females for breeding.

"If you can keep sheep and goats around 2.5 to 3 BCS, reproductive outcomes improve," says Clay Elliott, a professor and small ruminant nutritionist with Purina Animal Nutrition. "Timely breed back and twinning will also increase, resulting in a higher percentage lamb or kid crop."

What are you looking for?

Body condition appears in a few visible places on the body. Fat cover typically deposits on the top-line of both sheep and goats, running alongside the vertebrae. For goats, fat will show up around the hipbones, similar to what you might see in cattle. When sheep or goats are especially obese, fat collects in the brisket running below the neck.

"These areas are extremely prominent if sheep or goats are too thin, or they'll stand out when they have too much fat," says Amburgey. "When visually appraising, a 2.5 BCS will have a smooth appearance over the ribs. The vertebrae and hip bones will be covered but still visible."

Purina's new BCS guides provide a visual reference tool for both sheep and goat producers. Download the sheep and goat guides at purinamills.com.

There is also a hands-on approach you can take when assessing BCS. When sheep or goats are thin, you'll feel bones easier, like the vertebrae and ribs. On the flip side, if you aren't able to feel some bones, the animals might have too much condition.

"You don't want their top-line to 'cut your hand' (be bony)," says Amburgey. "Coming right off of the back of their shoulder, you want the top-line to be smooth, but still be able to feel it and not be obese."

Keep them in condition

Pasture is sometimes thought to be an adequate source of nutrition for sheep and goats. However, forage quality and reproductive timing may require additional supplementation to meet or exceed nutritional needs and keep sheep and goats in proper condition.

"Don't ignore nutrition, particularly in the lead up to breeding when green pastures might seem sufficient," says Elliott. "Adding a supplemental fat tub helps increase energy for ewes and does that have just weaned their lambs and kids, a time when females need to gain condition to be flushed for breeding."

Goats of Anarchy is rescuing and rehabilitating goats with disabilities in New Jersey

By Miguel Amaya, July 1, 2021

<https://abc7chicago.com/localish/nj-farm-rescues-and-rehabilitates-goats-with-disabilities/10850336/>



HAMPTON, New Jersey -- [Goats of Anarchy](#), a farm animal sanctuary in Hampton, New Jersey, is giving goats and all types of animals with disabilities a second chance at life.

The farm, which specializes in the rescue and rehabilitation of more than 250 animals with diverse challenges such as blindness, deformities, and neurological disorders, has become a haven for animals headed to the slaughter.

"We have a term fight like a goat and it's because some of the challenges that they face, I'd say they fight harder than a human would," said Leanne Lauricella, founder of Goats of Anarchy.

Lauricella, who left her six-figure job as a corporate event planner in New York City, fell in love with farm animals and decided to venture out and start her own animal sanctuary, without imagining the life-changing impact she would have.

With the help of a prosthesis technician, Goats of Anarchy now has their own lab where every couple of months they create custom prostheses for their amputees.

"Farm animal vets don't even do this because these animals are meant for slaughter, and most of the time they recommend euthanizing them. So we've really have had to be very creative," said Lauricella.

Despite the emotional and economic toll of rescuing and rehabilitating these farm animals, the Goats of Anarchy team works tirelessly to ensure that every animal under their care can thrive against all odds.

"Our animals inspire us every day, and we hope they can inspire you too," said Lauricella.

If sheep or goats are under-conditioned, a pelleted ration can supply more targeted supplemental nutrients, so you know they are getting energy each day.

When dealing with over-conditioned animals, you can pull back on the nutrition program slightly by feeding higher fiber rations.

"In all situations, sheep and goats should get mineral to make up for any nutritional gaps," says Elliott. "Then the supplemental rations can balance for protein and fat."

Keeping an eye on BCS throughout the year and making nutritional adjustments goes a long way towards optimizing flock and herd performance.

Purina Animal Nutrition LLC (www.purinamills.com) is a national organization serving producers, animal owners and their families through more than 4,700 local cooperatives, independent dealers and other large retailers throughout the United States.

Lakewood Rotary makes difference for 20 Nepalese farmers

October 24, 2022, Submitted by Rose Stevens, Lakewood Rotary
<https://thesubtimes.com/2021/10/24/lakewood-rotary-makes-difference-for-20-nepalese-farmers/>

Lakewood Rotary, with the assistance of Rotary District 5020, recently completed a project providing Economic Empowerment through Goat Farming to twenty (20) farmers and their families in rural Chaukhu Village, Dhulikhel, Nepal.

The 2015 Nepal earthquake created 700,000 more people in need and Covid has added another million. These people are struggling to resume their normal livelihood with many of those in the devastated earthquake area relocating as their land is not habitable.

The most efficient method of assisting those in need is goat farming. Goats are often seen as the key to family survival. Goat farming is a sustainable livelihood as it generates income and employment opportunities as well as milk, cheese, meat, butter and leather. Excess product will be sold to provide additional income for the family.

Training and education in the care of goat farming was provided to the families and regular follow up will be provided to answer any questions and concerns.

The goats will produce 2-4 kids per year. The first kid (baby goat) will be given to another family in need along with the information they learned during their training. This will perpetuate the program and benefitting the village.

We thank Rotarian Ranjeev Shrestha of Rotary Club of Dhulikhel for bringing this need to our attention and inviting us to continue our partnership being in "Service Above Self."

Domestication of Goats in Iran Was Earlier Than Thought

Ruth Schuster, Sep. 14, 2021

<https://www.haaretz.com/archaeology/domestication-of-goats-in-iran-was-earlier-than-thought-1.10210436>

Time has not been kind to the goat, but we have been living alongside them for thousands of years. Where this started is still up for debate



A goat in Colombia. Humans and goats have been living side-by-side for at least 10,000 years. Or more.

Goats. The more spry members of the species can climb trees despite being hooved, and

archaeology has proven that goats have lived cheek to jowl with us for over 10,000 years. Yes, despite their smell and the oddly-shaped pupils that inspire absurd demonic associations, goats were among the first animals to be domesticated, leaving the dog out of it.

Now, a genetic analysis of goat remains in two Neolithic sites in Iran, published in PNAS by Kevin Daly of Trinity college Dublin and a large international team, suggests that the goat has been our edible friend for centuries longer than previously thought.

The researchers also found indications at the two sites, Ganj Dareh and Tepe Abdul Hosein, that in the beginning, we didn't just keep the animals near and dear. We "managed the herd," which is a euphemism for selectively killing the males.

Does all this mean that goats were actually domesticated centuries earlier than had been thought, say, for the sake of argument, 11,000 years ago, and that Iran was ground zero?

Enter the goat

We humans evolved as hunter-gatherers, emphasis on hunter. Some believe that the key impetus behind the development of agriculture was the invention of beer. Others think that the real push came after we drove the megafauna into extinction, and therefore, needed new sources of sustenance.

Be that as it may, there are signs of early cereal cultivation in Israel as far back as 23,000 years ago. Clearly by 12,000 to 11,000 years ago the domestication of certain crops and animals was emerging in the Fertile Crescent. By approximately 9,500 years ago, the region had agriculture-based economies and fixed settlements.

But the Zagros mountain range specifically had long



been considered a sort of backwater in the Neolithic: "slow to receive and embrace domesticates and food-producing technologies from farther west," as the authors explain.

On the contrary, it may have been this very area in Iran where goats and certain crops were first domesticated. Or it could have taken place in Anatolia, Turkey. Or in both. There is evidence in both directions, as we shall see. It could also be that this development of husbanded animals was happening in the Levant, including in Jordan and Israel.

Shut the gate

The sites of Ganj Dareh and Tepe Abdul Hosein in the Zagros range showcase human social development in the sense that they exhibit the development of sedentarism. These settlements were continuously occupied for hundreds of years, archaeologists say.

That was a change from the lifestyle of briefly-occupied camps typical to the region in the Early Neolithic until around 10,500 years ago. These camps have the hallmarks of hunting sites, Daly observes, and they show no signs of having kept "captive" herbivores.



Indentation of several goat hooves in a brick from the archaeological site of Ganjareh

The people dwelling in these camps also had a relationship with the goat, but they were hunting wild bezoar ibexes.

By the time of the settlements at Ganj Dareh and Tepe Abdul Hosein, people were building permanent mud-brick homes. As has apparently been the case since the time of *Homo erectus*, they ate a lot of

meat – chiefly goats.

Archaeologically, the goats in these two Early Neolithic

settlements have been radio-carbon dated to 10,200 to 9,600 years ago. Morphologically, they look just like the wild goats: they show no external signs of domestication such as having smaller horns than their wild relatives. Morphological domestication effects were observed after about a thousand years.

But the genetic study shows that this lookalike bezoar had already become a different animal. It was a genetically distinct goat, a new variant, and the people may have been building “homes” for them too. There are indications, based on dung remains, that goats were kept within settlements or even perhaps brought into the home, Daly explains.

So it seems that the process of domestication that turned the wild long-horned bezoar into the still-crabby but shorter-horned goat of today began well before 10,200 years ago. How these early goats were herded, whether they were walled in or kept tethered, for instance, is not known. But if by 10,200 years ago the goats were genetically distinct from their ancestral bezoar, they had already been somehow controlled for hundreds of years. Frankly, it is easier to shut a gate than to stalk an animal that evolved to climb sheer cliffs.

There’s a creepy reason that lets us deduce that people living in mud-brick homes over 10,000 years ago were managing the herd: the cull.

Kill the males

If there’s one thing we seem to have retained from the earliest fathers of goat-farming, it’s “herd management,” based on the demographic profile of the two sites’ goats.

Now, when one has to feed the family by hunting and one has a spear or arrows and is not in danger of being gored by an enraged tethered creature, one naturally aims for adult male goats. They are bigger than the lady goats because of sexual dimorphism. But when one is keeping goats captive, their character comes into play.

Bucks and does may reach puberty as early as four months of age, depending on the state of their health, among other things. But reaching full bodily maturity takes rather more time and today’s goat farmers kill most of the males at 1.2 to two years of age, leaving a few alive for breeding purposes. They do that on the grounds of “herd security”, which is a euphemism for preventing goat-on-goat violence or maximizing resources. One only needs a few males to breed and the rest can be eaten, Daly points out.

Today’s farmers keep all the lady goats until they pass peak reproductive years. Goats are not known to be among the animals that suffer from menopause, though some cetaceans do. But by about the age of eight to 12, the nanny’s fertility wanes.

With this, the modern farmers are maintaining an

ancient practice. The archaeologists estimate that at Ganj Dareh only 20% of the goats reached more than four years. The animals survived a tad longer at Tele Abdul Hosein, but not by much.

The survivors were usually female. At Ganj Dareh, between 60% and 70% of males were killed before reaching age two and a half years, while only 30% to 40% of females died young.

The team also noted the high diversity of the mitochondrial DNA, which comes from the mother, and of the non-sex chromosomes – but limited diversity of the Y-chromosome lineage. Not many fathers. The males were selectively killed.

Meanwhile, in Anatolia

Clearly the Zagros mountains were a site of early goat domestication, but is this ground zero? One snag is indications of goat management in Anatolia as early as 10,500 years ago, and the presence of proper goats, not ibexes, in Cyprus from 10,000 years ago.

We might know in a decade or two based on more archaeological and genetic information, Daly says. “Based on what we know now, at roughly the same time we have evidence of herd keeping in Asikli Hoyuk, Anatolia – mostly of sheep,” he points out. They had some goats too, he adds.

Couldn’t that support the argument that ground zero for the goat subspecies was Anatolia?

Well, the genetic evidence gleaned so far suggests that the root of the Iranian goats is the Zagros area but we have zero evidence for the first Anatolian goat because of sites lost to dam construction, Daly explains.

It is clear that a bit later, between 10,000 to 8,000 years ago, the Anatolian bezoar, which is distinct from the Iranian bezoar, contributed to the goat we know today.



The wild and crusty Bezoar Ibex

The bottom line is that it is possible that herding, and the evolution of the wild and crusty bezoar into the tamed

and testy goat may have slowly developed in Anatolia, Zagros and the Levant. Back then borders were not a thing and thinking in terms of a single area or event in time might not be the best way to think of the origins of the domestic goat, Daly sums up.

Moving on thousands of years, the goat would become a sacrificial offering on Yom Kippur, with one unfortunate animal being dedicated to god and another to the demon Azazel. Neither would survive this ordeal. The goat may have gained dubious fame as the model for the therianthrope god Pan's head adornment and lower limbs, but today cheesy movies depict the devil using goat horns and feet. Time has not been kind to the caprinae.



An Alpine Ibex shows off her agility

Santa Clara family receives a tricky visit from a pair of goats

Written by [Chris Reed](#), October 31, 2021

<https://www.stgeorgeutah.com/news/archive/2021/10/31/cdr-santa-clara-family-receives-a-tricky-visit-from-a-pair-of-goats/#.YYaR1y2ZPUI>

ST. GEORGE — Like something out of an Edgar Allen Poe novel, a Santa Clara homeowner heard rapping and tapping on his chamber door last Monday.

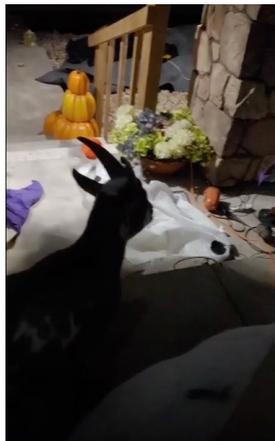
But this was not a raven.

The eerie moment began when T.J. Forcht and his family, who live on the western edge of Santa Clara near St. George, heard a banging against their front door around 8 p.m. last Monday night.

Even in a year where most locals were celebrating trick-or-treating a day early, this was too early.

There they were. A pair of goats.

Forcht said he had seen the pair of goats before



standing in the middle of the street. He said he had a passing thought that he had seen something a little strange but moved on. But the goats did not.

“Next thing you know they’re ramming on our front door. It sounded like someone was trying to kick in the door. There was glass on the side so we were worried they might get through,” Forcht said. “I called the cops and they laughed at me.”

Even if the police officer wouldn’t believe him, the Forchts caught the invading goats on their doorbell camera.

Forcht said he chased the goats away with a mop, to the additional laughter of his wife.

Two minutes later, the rapping, tapping and ramming returned. The goats were back and once again were ramming the door.

“Our neighbor across the street said to their husband that their neighbor is being attacked by goats,” Forcht said. “I think they were just trick-or-treating early. They wanted their candy.”

Soon, a patrol car arrived. If the officer was ready to issue a citation for a false report, Forcht figured they changed their mind when they shined their cars beacon on the front porch to see the two goats.

After what Forcht said was about 10 to 15 minutes of trying to figure out what to do with the goats, who he said acted like they had been around people before, they were guided to a nearby field.

Forcht isn’t sure where the goats came from, and since Monday has not seen the intruders since, nor have they paid another visit.

But whether that is for nevermore remains to be seen.



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