



Goat Tracks



Journal of the Working Goat - Spring 2022

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



Larry, with his goats in Hells Canyon, ID/OR
Photo by Ben Herndon

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On Track with Goat Tracks

by Larry Robinson



Obviously, my last exit from the editor's chair was fraudulent. However not necessarily by nefarious design, it is just that I had a lot of information still sitting in the 'Inbox' and maybe there's a bit of reluctance to 'let go'. In any case, here I am again putting together another 'last' issue that I expect to be able to post to the Internet sometime before the 1st of April, and NOT as an April Fool's event. :-))

So why did I finally made the decision to pull the plug? If you received the last issue, you can skip to the next paragraph, but quite simply I was having to pay for the printing, \$277 for each magazine, out of my own funds, and I just didn't feel that I could keep doing that.

There is another issue that affects my decision although the primary one is what I stated, \$. And that is, that I am sick of government and their oppressive control of everybody and everything, and I am bloody tired of being told I can't go here, and I can't go there, because I might, or my animals might, negatively affect their damned cash cow, the Bighorn Sheep, when the available science and the practices that affect us and our handling of our animals virtually assure that we are not and never will be a potential threat to these animals. I was especially affected by their attitude during the establishment of the new Idaho Wilderness in the Stanley area, when the three and a half pages of data were resoundingly ignored, and when I went all the way to Ketchum, ID to testify to before them, I was virtually cut short because I was, in their minds, taking too long. They then did what they always do, just what they bloody well please, science be damned, and quite frankly, I am incredibly well tired of it.

There is a significant section of this issue devoted to the Bighorn issue.

I thank those that have supported the magazine in the past, especially since all you got for your contributions was warm fuzzies. There have been a lot of great articles posted herein and I have thoroughly enjoyed putting it together, and putting it out for your reading pleasure.



Just a sampling of the notes I have received vis-a-vis end of the publication of Goat Tracks...

Larry,

I was sad to hear that you will no longer be publishing Goat Tracks. A special aspect of your energy and love of goat packing and goats always came through in those pages.

In any case, Larry, I hope this year of 2022 finds you well and happy in your new New Mexico home. You did not send your usual New Year email. I know that relocating to a new home can be extremely time-consuming.

I feel that despite how bleak these past couple of years have been for humanity, there are better times coming in this 2022. I have my reasons for feeling confident about this, but I will leave the thought at that and end this email.

I send you and your goats much Love, Appreciation, and Well Wishes. I am going to miss Goat Tracks.

Dina D'Antonio-Smithson

Hotchkiss, CO 81419

Hi Larry

Sorry that you are discontinuing the magazine but I certainly understand the costs and effort required. Are you going to continue the online version?

Thanks

Mary Clark, Naches, WA

I understand completely your need to discontinue Goat Tracks. If I have any refund coming, don't. Put it towards your PCT adventure.

We will still keep hoping to meet you, assist you in any way we can, both in the Lone Pine area, but also Acton, Aguas Dulce, Green Valley area we may be of assistance.

The magazine has been a valuable asset from the beginning of our Goat packing life. But the most important part of every issue was you. Every introduction to the issue was so inspiring. Helpful but also caring for our goats and our community. That is what I will miss the most.

Please keep Jo Ann and I and our herd-Legolas, Gandalf, Shire, Tauriel, Gilly and Arowen in mind as you plan your trip.

Your legacy will always live on as a compassionate and knowledge sharer.

Take care..Enjoy

Clark Trowell, Lone Pine, CA

Hi Larry,

I'm sorry to hear that you are stopping publication of Goat Tracks Magazine. I mailed you a check for renewal a couple of weeks ago. You can just tear that check up.

Perry Burkhart, Mt. Vernon, WA

Hi Larry,

No worries here. I know the magazine was a labor of love for you and has been losing money. Our Christmas card is in the mail, don't be a stranger!

Take care,

Jan Privratsky,

Hi Larry,

Thanks for the free goat tracks magazine. There were some good articles – one hilarious one by Forrest Hartley on goat management. I hope he gets his fence back up. Pack goat fans obviously have to have a good sense of humor.

I looked at the photos of some of your goats on your website and it shows you hiking in the Eagle Cap Wilderness. I was there just this past September and I was surprised you were allowed to bring your goats in, although that was some years ago. While we were there we saw a big horn sheep grazing right next to the road. I thought BHS is a reason goats are not allowed in some wildernesses. I would love to do more hiking there and with goats (whenever I get them). Perhaps you could clarify. Do you have any roster of places/trails where pack goats are not allowed. I guess they are not allowed in any national parks.

Also, what do you do about cougars/bears/wolves/coyotes you meet with your animals. It seems you carry a gun, but I will not do that. Any advice for other deterrents?

Thanks!

Cheers,

Barbara McLean

Portland, OR



[Cargo panniers]

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Family owned and operated Butt-Head Pack Goats has been in business since 1988. All of our equipment is hand made by Dennis Willingham in the small town of Rough & Ready, California. We value our customers and take pride in our work. All of our products have been tested on the trail.

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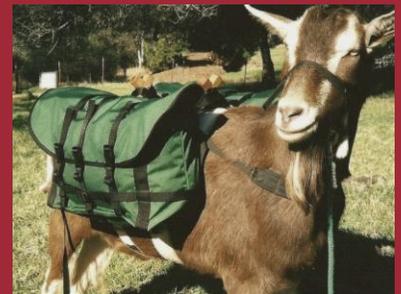
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Land Use Issues

Land Use Issues seemed like a good title when it was conceptualized, but over time it has become patently clear that virtually the only issues we have with land use always go directly back to Bighorn Sheep and the single-minded focus land managers have on re-installing this animal into every possible habitat in the western half of this country. However, as one of the following articles will clearly show, you cannot really sell the concept that your sole interest in this animal is because you care so much, when it is patently clear that the the BHS has become the mountain west's cash cow. The 'we care so much' argument for preservation rings hollow when there is so much money to be made in selling permits to kill them. Hogwash.

Oregon bighorn sheep tag auctions for \$345K

By [Michael Hollan](#), [FOXBusiness](#)

<https://www.foxbusiness.com/lifestyle/oregon-bighorn-sheep-tag-auctions-345k>

The Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife announced that a special bighorn sheep game tag sold for over \$100k more than last year's

It's [expensive to hunt sometimes](#).

States across the country use [hunting and fishing licenses](#) to raise money for their local wildlife programs. This money can be used for a variety of conservation efforts and management efforts.

The Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife announced that a special bighorn sheep game tag sold for \$345K at auction. On Twitter, the state wildlife department wrote that this year's price beat last year's by over \$100K.

The post states, "Oregon's bighorn auction tag set an amazing record on Sat. during the final auction of Wild Sheep Foundation's Sheep Week. It sold for a whopping \$345K, topping last year's record-tying price of \$210K. Only MT's sheep tag sold for more (\$360K). (The money) goes to wild sheep conservation."

Bighorn sheep hunting in Oregon is heavily restricted and only a limited number of tags are sold. These tags only provide hunters a short period of time to hunt one bighorn in a very specific area.

This particular tag, however, provides



the hunter with several months to hunt the bighorn in an area of their choosing.

Hunting has seen an increase in popularity since the start of the pandemic, although it seems that the number is starting to decline.

[Fox News previously reported](#) that The Missouri Department of Conservation (MDC) announced the preliminary results for the recent 2021-2022 deer hunting season. While the year was slightly lower than last, it was still higher than the five-year average.

According to a news release from MDC, a total of 293,670 deer were harvested during the most recent season. This is slightly lower than the 297,214 deer harvest in the 2020-2021 season.

MDC Cervid Program Supervisor Jason Isabelle said, "This year's harvest total was slightly behind last year's mark and about 3% above the previous five-year average. We've seen an increasing trend in statewide deer harvest for about the past eight years."

And here's one of my personal favorites. That of killing one animal to protect another animal, and then calling it game 'management'. They killed cougars in Arizona to supposedly aid in the re-installation of Bighorns in an area that hadn't seen them for over 20 years, and now we want to kill ewes to increase the herd. When do we ever get to the point where the thrust would be to attempt to create the environment where the animals themselves could develop a natural immunity. In the Tetons for the last couple of years they have been killing and killing Mountain Goats as they are deemed a threat to Bighorns. So how did they get there? In another land manager fiasco they were placed there to increase diversity or some other cockamaimie bit of land manager reasoning that has now gotten in the way of Bighorn worship.

The Hidden Cost of Disease for Bighorn Sheep – Smaller Horns

Published: Sunday, 23 January 2022

<https://goldrushcam.com/sierrasuntimes/index.php/news/local-news/36182-the-hidden-cost-of-disease-for-bighorn-sheep-smaller-horns>

January 23, 2022 - Male bighorn sheep have spectacular horns, making them popular among hikers, photographers and hunters.

However, disease threatens the magnificence of these horns. Males that survive exposure to pneumonia outbreaks can experience severely stunted horn growth, according to a new study.

"This research suggests that disease can pose hidden



biological costs to bighorn sheep and may limit the number of animals available to be harvested in hunts after some disease outbreaks, depending on state regulations,” **said Alynn Martin, a U.S. Geological Survey scientist and co-lead author of the paper.**

The study can also inform wildlife managers about additional, hidden ways disease can influence bighorn sheep and help guide management strategies for the species.

Bighorn sheep are iconic animals of western North America, sometimes found moving among steep mountainous inclines. Mature males, called rams, are immediately recognizable by their large, curled horns, which are used in displays against other rams to secure dominance and mates. Large rams’ horns are valued by some hunters, and horn length is a main factor in determining when a ram can be legally hunted in some states.

In bighorn sheep herds that have not experienced pneumonia before, the disease can cause high rates of mortality followed by poor lamb survival for many years after an outbreak. Pneumonia can also have consequences for individuals who were exposed to the disease but survived. Specifically, disease exposure can reduce ram horn size, according to a recently published study lead by the USGS and the Montana Conservation Science Institute.

Researchers investigated the effects of pneumonia on horn size of male bighorn sheep in 12 herds across six states: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. Using the two herds for which they had annual horn growth data – one in Montana and one in Washington – they found that the horns of males exposed to pneumonia experienced a 12% to 35% decrease in yearly horn growth. That decrease in growth lasted several years after the initial outbreak as compared to males not living through disease outbreaks.

Using data from bighorn sheep harvested by hunters, the researchers also documented the total length of the horn at the time the animal was hunted. Of the 12 herds investigated, four herds experienced a negative effect of pneumonia on the total length of horns harvested. In six other herds, rams harvested after an outbreak were older, suggesting it took longer for those males to achieve horns that are of legal hunting size.

“Both data types support the same conclusion, that disease can result in significantly shorter male horns,” **Martin said.** “It may take males exposed to pneumonia an additional one to two years for their horns to reach the

size required for them to be eligible for legal harvest.”

In addition to large horns being valued by hunters, they help males compete for females, and it’s unclear if there will be an evolutionary consequence of shorter horns as a result of disease.

“Shorter horned, disease-exposed males may have less opportunities to breed, but we know they are capable of surviving pneumonia outbreaks,” **said USGS scientist Paul Cross, a co-author on the paper.** “Those are the types of genes you want to be passed on.”

Other factors such as forage availability and climate variables could act as stressors on bighorn sheep and slow horn growth. However, the effect of disease was much stronger than any environmental variables investigated in this study.

Obviously I cannot know the validity of this particular study, but a few years back there was a equally compelling study that claimed that the reason for the smaller horns was the fact that we were killing the biggest and best, and therefore the natural effect of taking those genes out of the pool, had the reasonably expected effect of decreasing the size of the horns. That strategem has a lot more validity to me than what has become the usually boogey man, Movi.

Yakima River Canyon bighorn sheep herd faces pneumonia outbreak

By Emily Goodell, Posted: February 2, 2022 6:40 PM

YAKIMA, Wash. — The Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife is trying to minimize the damage of a pneumonia outbreak among bighorn sheep in the Yakima River Canyon area.

Researchers have found no effective treatment or vaccine for pneumonia in bighorn sheep, which has been taking its toll on herds across the state for decades.

“Once it’s there, it just persists and there’s really no easy way to get it out,” regional wildlife manager Scott McCorquodale said.

McCorquodale said the outbreaks are cyclical and while the virulence of each strain varies, they usually see a number of sheep of all ages die quickly.

“You eventually get to a point where adults may carry the organism but they’re not sort of your sick ones anymore,” McCorquodale said.

However, McCorquodale said the lambs that are born during outbreaks can get the infection from their mothers and will often die. He said that leaves a herd with fewer lambs and fewer adult sheep able to reproduce.

“That’s kind of where we’re at in the Yakima River

Canyon; the adults generally aren't all that afflicted, but we have very poor lamb crops," McCorquodale said.

McCorquodale said without intervention, the herd could disappear over time if more adults and lambs die from pneumonia and the surviving adults are too old to reproduce. He said that's why wildlife officials are trying to prevent further spread with the experimental "test and cull" method.

Researchers now believe that outbreaks are not caused by a large number of sheep spreading around the bacteria that causes pneumonia, but by a small number of sheep that shed the organism at a greater rate than others.

The test and cull method involves gathering all the members of a herd together, tagging them to identify them and then taking samples for testing in order to figure out which of the sheep are spreading the bacteria around.

"You have a very small number of shedders, you go out and — because of the identifying marks — you can remove those animals and that has the potential to clear the infection from the population," McCorquodale said.

However, McCorquodale said the best way to deal with an outbreak is to try to stop it from happening in the first place. He said one way to do that is to try and keep bighorn sheep away from domestic sheep and domestic goats, which can carry the bacteria that cause pneumonia.

"We are more than happy to work with small hobby farmers," McCorquodale said. "We have sometimes tested people's sheep if they wanted us to or are willing to let us do that."

McCorquodale said wildlife officials can also help people to evaluate their barrier fencing and determine how to best keep the domestic animals from interacting with the wildlife.

"Prevention is really the game here if you can do it," McCorquodale said.

The [South Central Region 3 office](#), which serves Benton, Franklin, Kittitas and Yakima counties can be reached by email at TeamYakima@dfw.wa.gov or by phone at 509-575-2740.

Fatal Disease Has Found Its Way to Badlands Bighorn Sheep

By Mark Watson, Black Hills Pioneer, By [Associated Press](#), 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](#).

Two years of preparation pays off in historic bighorn sheep herd restoration

Colorado Parks and Wildlife, Feb 11, 2022

https://www.montrosepress.com/news/outdoors/two-years-of-preparation-pays-off-in-historic-bighorn-sheep-herd-restoration/article_54753fce-8b81-11ec-bdbf-ebf079c8cefe.html



Bighorn sheep, snug in bags, dangle below a helicopter used by Colorado Parks and Wildlife to transport them to remote Beaver Creek Canyon near Victor where they will help rebuild a struggling herd. ["Snug in Bags... gosh, that sounds just so warm and fuzzy. They're now snug after having had the living daylights scared out of them by netting. Can anyone say, 'Life threatening stress?'"]

When Colorado Parks and Wildlife staff dropped a 70-by-70 foot net over two dozen bighorn sheep on Tuesday, it climaxed two years of planning to restore a historic herd decimated by disease.

And as 60 or so CPW wildlife officers, biologists, staff and volunteers pounced on the sheep to subdue them, free them from the net and prepare them for transport, they were following in the footsteps of their predecessors who, in 1944, became the first wildlife agency in the U.S. to successfully capture bighorn sheep for relocation in a major advance for wildlife conservation.

The bighorn sheep under the net were members of the Rampart herd that lives in an old quarry on the west edge of Colorado Springs near its famous Garden of the Gods park.

The 21 bighorns ultimately selected for relocation were placed in trailers, trucked about 90 minutes south and



then flown by helicopter to remote Beaver Creek Canyon near Victor in Teller County in an effort to reestablish a robust herd in an area that historically held a high number of bighorn sheep.

The CPW team had dropped the net as the bighorns munched on apple pulp used to lure them into the trap set amid stunning red rock outcropping.

Over the next 90 minutes, the CPW team worked to blindfold and restrict the legs of the bighorns as they carefully untangled them from the net, all the while being careful to avoid pointed horns and sharp hooves.

The bighorns were then sedated and assessed for overall health and signs of disease by CPW veterinarians. Each received an ear tag and some were fitted for radio transmitting collars before being loaded in a trailer for shipment to Beaver Creek State Wildlife Area near Penrose in Fremont County.

That's where they were loaded into bright orange pouches and attached to a helicopter sling line for a 10-minute ride into the rugged Beaver Creek Canyon.

It was all part of CPW's ongoing mission to re-establish native species in their historic habitat.

Bighorn sheep get special attention as large, charismatic mammals that were on the brink of extinction in the 1880s due to disease and market hunting. A ban on market hunting for sheep 1885 helped protect the few hundred remaining bighorns but the species needed extra help to rebound.

It took four years before biologists succeeded in 1944 in capturing 27 bighorn sheep, luring them with alfalfa, salt blocks and apple pulp into a 1½ -acre corral built with 16-foot-high fences in a narrow canyon at Tarryall Reservoir in South Park.

Eventually, Tarryall bighorn sheep were used to re-establish herds across Colorado including above Georgetown, in Glenwood Canyon and, by accident, near the Garden of the Gods in Colorado Springs.

The Rampart bighorn sheep originally were destined for

release on Pikes Peak. But the truck carrying them from Tarryall in 1946 broke down in Green Mountain Falls. So the drivers simply released the 14 sheep on board, hoping they would head up the mountain. Instead, they found their way north and east to the Rampart Range.

The capture and relocation conservation project worked so well that the statewide population rebounded to an estimated 3,500 sheep in 1953, making it the largest herd in the U.S. Hunting resumed a year later. Today, CPW estimates there are about 7,000 sheep in Colorado in 80 or so herds. Of them, 18 are historic herds that have not been supplemented by relocated sheep.

"Bighorn sheep transplants from Tarryall in the 1940s were the foundation of us recovering the species," said Ty Woodward, CPW terrestrial biologist for the Pikes Peak region. "We wouldn't have the herds we have today across Colorado without the work of those conservation pioneers re-establishing those sheep in their historic ranges. We are proud to be carrying on that tradition for today's Colorado residents and for future generations."

Of course, there are no guarantees the relocation will work. Bighorn sheep are susceptible to pneumonia and other diseases.

But with any luck, they will be as resilient as the original Rampart herd. Not only did that first 14 sheep survive being stranded in a broken-down transport truck, they escaped near disaster that night when they congregated on the tracks of the Colorado Midland Railroad as an ore train approached.

In fact, a ram was killed in the collision, but the 13 survivors went on to settle in above Colorado Springs where today's herd numbers 130 and ranks as one of the most prolific in the state. At least the Beaver Creek Canyon herd won't have to dodge any ore trains.



Enough of goats in the house

FORREST HARTLEY, Feb 13, 2022

https://poststar.com/opinion/columnists/column-enough-of-goats-in-the-house/article_37d3fcb6-8d39-5ed7-9d8c-186d7a5b38c2.html



Last week I was tired. This week I'm falling asleep on my feet.

Finally, though, things seem to be calming down. We have four goats feeding from bottles. They're all

healthy and can now stay with the other goats most of the time. Still, they have to be fed several times a day, and once or twice at night.

So, they have their first evening feeding in the house. Then, the four of them run up and down the stairs, gather around Mia Dog, and get underfoot for about 10 minutes until they fall asleep in a heap in the hall or around the wood stove.

Between 10 and 11, they feed again, and repeat the process. After that, they sleep until morning.

We were in a constant process of cleaning up after them. That's not such a big deal as it would seem, because they are still babies. It is unsettling, still.

The kids will stay out all night as soon as they can drink a whole bottle in the evening, and sleep through the night in the goat house with their aunties and cousins.

Hazel Goat was in the house with her two babies for two days the week before last. Her kids were born on a very cold night.

When Hazel was little she stayed in the house through the nights for over two months. That year, she was the only kid that needed bottle feeding. She was no trouble.

At the time we had a rabbit who was destined for processing at a farm where I sometimes put a little time in. I recognized her. She was meant to be a breeder, but she failed with all of her litters. This happens with doe rabbits sometimes. They are just not meant to be mothers, and can't be convinced otherwise.

Anyway, I liked her despite her obvious flaw. On a whim, I brought her home in a feed bag.

We gave her a nice lined cage in the living room, and decided to try a litter box after she settled in. That big gray rabbit took to the litter box right away. She was not a pet, but she was friendly and made a good housemate for several years.

She had her run of the house, and was respected by the dog. They would sleep on the same cushion in the day.

The year Hazel baby had to be cared for in the house, Willamina Rabbit (I think John Bennett named her) somehow taught Hazel to use the litter box.

It wasn't long before Hazel was house-trained and

would go out with the dog. She never tried to jump on tables or wreck the house.

She did confiscate a small gift bag with a bow and handles on it. She carried that thing around the house all the time, looking as if she were delivering some kind of treats.

She was, in fact, a house goat.

The only reason we decided to kick her out of the house is that she got too big.

When Hazel was in the house last week with her kids, at various times she would look longingly at the door, and we realized she was letting us know she needed to go outside.

All these years later, and she still has proper house etiquette, and is still my special pet.

It doesn't matter, I've had enough of goats in the house for this year. The rest of the year the rule stands: "No goats in the house!"

10,000-year-old DNA pens the earliest domesticated goats

By The Newsroom, Wednesday, 9th June 2021

<https://www.farminglife.com/country-and-farming/10000-year-old-dna-pens-the-earliest-domesticated-goats-3266248>

New research has revealed the genetic makeup of the earliest goat herds.



Indentation of several goat hooves in a brick from the archaeological site of Ganj Dareh. Image credit: The Tracking Cultural and Environmental Change project

The findings, assimilated from DNA taken from the remains of 32 goats that died some 10,000 years ago in the Zagros mountains, provide clues to how early agricultural practices shaped the evolution of these animals.

Archaeological evidence has previously pointed to the Zagros Mountains of western Iran as providing the earliest evidence of goat management by humans. Here at the site of Ganj Dareh, the bone remains indicate deliberate slaughtering of male goats once they were fully grown.

In contrast, female goats were allowed to reach older ages, meaning early goat-keepers maximised the number of breeding female animals, similar to herders in the area today.

The close relationship between these early herders and goats can be seen in the very foundations of the

settlement, with several bricks bearing the imprint of cloven goat hooves.

However, their goats resembled the wild bezoar, with a larger body size and scimitar horn shape.

The international collaboration of researchers behind the study included individuals from Trinity College Dublin, the Smithsonian Institution, the University of Copenhagen, the Centre national de la recherche scientifique (CNRS) and Muséum national d'Histoire naturelle (MNHN) of France, and the National Museum of Iran.

The landmark study has just been published in the international journal PNAS.

Dr Kevin G Daly, Research Fellow in Trinity's School of Genetics and Microbiology and first author of the paper, said: "Our study shows how archaeology and genetics can address highly important questions by building off ideas and results from both fields.

"Our genetic results point to the Zagros region as being a major source of ancestry of domestic goats and that herded, morphologically wild goats were genetically on the path to domestication by about 10,200 years ago."

Genetic analyses enabled the researchers to determine that the ancient goats fell at the very base of the domestic goat lineage, suggesting that they were closely related to the animals first recruited during domestication.

A surprising find, however, was the discovery of a small number of goats of the 32 whose genomes appeared more like their wild relatives – the bezoar ibex. This strongly suggests these early goat herders continued to hunt goats from wild herds.

Dr Daly added: "This first livestock keeping shaped the goats' genomes. There were signs of reduced Y chromosome diversity – fewer males were allowed to breed, leading to an increased tendency of relatives mating. Surprisingly, the Zagros goat appeared to not have undergone a population bottleneck often associated with and lacked strong signals of selection found in later domestic goats."

Dan Bradley, Professor of Population Genetics at Trinity, said: "Ancient DNA continues to allow us to plumb the depths of ancient prehistory and examine the origins of the world's first livestock herds. Over 10,000 years ago, early animal farmers were practising husbandry with a genetic legacy that continues today."

This research was funded by the European Research Council (project AncestralWeave).

Born to be wild: Goat flees for 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 Great 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."



Police, community help rescue Maine goat who ran into the ocean after fleeing from Vet

by WGME, Wednesday, December 30th 2020

<https://wgme.com/news/local/police-community-help-rescue-maine-goat-who-ran-into-ocean-after-fleeing-from-vet>

BELFAST (WGME) -- Three police officers went above and beyond the call of duty to help rescue a goat that had run into the chilly ocean after fleeing from the parking lot of a veterinary's office in Belfast on Tuesday.

According to police, the goat had escaped from its owner in the parking lot of the Belfast Veterinary Hospital and Sgt. Fitzpatrick, Cpl. Spencer and Ofc. McFadden responded to the area to help capture the wayward animal.

Sgt. Fitzpatrick located the goat on the ocean front but



Three police officers went above and beyond the call of duty to help rescue a goat that had run into the chilly ocean after fleeing from the parking lot of a veterinary's office in Belfast on Tuesday. (Belfast Police Department)

apparently the goat was not done with his walkabout.

"The 4-year-old goat led Sgt. Fitzpatrick, Cpl. Spencer and Ofc. McFadden on a long walk on the ocean front before educating the officers on the fact that goats could swim," Belfast police said in a Facebook post.

The temperature outside was 28 degrees with a water temperature around 40 degrees, but police say that didn't stop the goat from wading into the sea despite Sgt. Fitzpatrick and Ofc. McFadden's best efforts to dissuade the goat.

"Both Sgt. Fitzpatrick and Ofc. McFadden continued their attempts to apprehend the goat and waded waist deep into the ocean after it," police said.

However, the goat was not ready to return. After witnessing the officers' efforts to try and get the goat, some Mainers living on the waterfront between Penobscot Shores and Hazeltine Drive came to help, bringing heads of lettuce, a bucket of grain, and eventually, blankets to attempt to warm up the goat after it finally returned to shore.

"A special thanks goes out to these community members and one of our community members in particular who got in her kayak and prevented the goat from swimming further out," police said

With everyone's help the goat was rescued and returned to its owner, who then took it back to the veterinary hospital.



Potpourri

Stranded Drakensberg goats saved by provincial task team, Ballito rescuers included

The North Coast Courier, January 19, 2022

<https://northcoastcourier.co.za/184190/stranded-drakensberg-goats-saved-by-provincial-task-team-ballito-rescuers-included-watch/>

A herd of goats were stranded by the rising water levels of the Umkomazi River after heavy rains last weekend, in Stoffelton near the Drakensberg.



Rescue teams from across the province banded together last weekend to save a herd of goats which were stranded by rising water levels of the Umkomazi River after heavy rains.

Among them were members of the Ballito Specialised Rescue Unite (SRU), who made the trip to Stoffelton, near the Drakensberg on Saturday.

They were joined by the Specialised Tactical Accident Rescue Team (S.T.A.R.T) and Netcare911.

According to S.T.A.R.T's spokesperson, Andreas Mathios, the goats were stranded for at least four days at the base of the cliff.

"The SPCA Howick sent out a request for assistance and S.T.A.R.T immediately responded by organising a rescue operation together with SRU Ballito, who started planning the logistics of the operation in partnership with SPCA Howick," said Mathios.

All 3 teams, with a cohort of volunteers in tow, left Durban at 5am on January 15 in order to undertake the daring rescue mission.

"Volunteers used a rope and boat system, including a technical rope set up to rescue the animals," he said.

A 3 and half hour operation was completed successfully at the site, with all 9 stranded goats brought to safety, fully healthy.

Video: <https://youtu.be/IMZT1y9Dn3g>

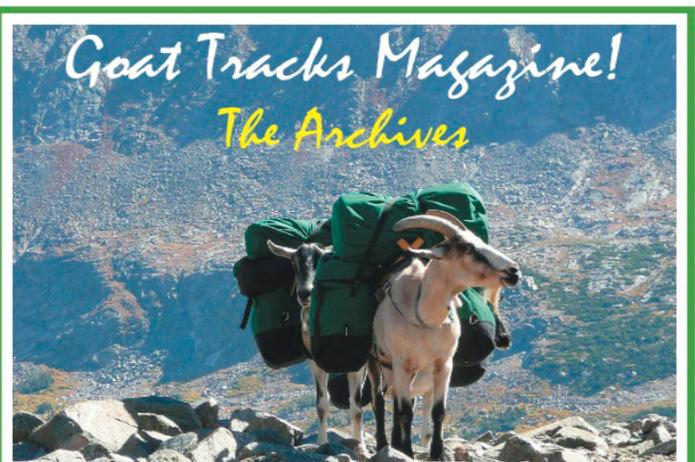


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<http://www.packgoatcentral.com/forums/>



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

No kidding around as hillwalkers and farmer save Azzy the goat from drowning

MON, 24 JAN, 2022, STEVEN HEANEY

<https://www.irisht Examiner.com/news/munster/arid-40792425.html>



Seán O'Laoghaire: 'We're not the most intensive of dairy herds, so there's plenty of room for Azzy'

A helpless baby goat was saved from certain death by a group of walkers and a caring farmer in Co Kerry over the weekend.

The animal, an infant female, was found cold and close to drowning on Sunday morning by members of the Ballymac/Glenageenty Ramblers, a group of hillwalkers and climbers.

As the group walked up the side of a hill near Coonanna, they spotted a group of wild goats gathered low on the hillside a short distance away.

A couple of minutes later, one of the group's members heard the distressed cries of a young goat and, following the sounds, he found the kid close to the side of a pond.

"The kid was really struggling, you could see it was exhausted," said Coleman Quirke, a bookshop owner from Cahersiveen and one of the ramblers.

Because of her small stature, the kid fell under the water a couple of times, and so the group became very concerned for her safety.

After a bit of a struggle, they managed to hoist the goat out of the pond and dry her off.

They then placed her on the ground close to the herd, before moving away so as not to frighten any of the adult goats.

The herd however, seemed to disregard the kid, and it also became apparent that the infant was unable to walk properly.

Given her condition, the ramblers reasoned that, if they were to leave the young kid alone, she might not survive.

Mr Quirke brought her back to his home where he managed to give her a little bit of goat's milk brought from a nearby shop as she warmed up on a heated blanket. As she rested, Mr Quirke's young son gave her the name 'Azzy'.

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.

Hiking in Goatpackers Heaven

A treatise on the sometimes lack of acceptance of Packgoats

Goatpacking in Hikers Heaven!

Everybody loves a goatpacker, right?

This one has been circling-to-land* in the airspace of my brain for some time, but I wasn't sure how to present it without being too negative. But since I haven't gotten any lightning strokes of brilliance to illumine the way, I guess I'll just plunge right into it.

I first have to say that in the beginning when these events transpired, I was not Mr. goatpacking Experience, having only dragged these wonderful little animals out into the woods at the time, for about 5 years. There are certainly others that have been at it a lot longer. John Mionczynski from Wyoming, considered the originator of goatpacking in North America, the late George Bogdan, the one who more or less brought goatpacking to Idaho, and Carolyn Eddy, Estacada, Oregon who was our guru and expert on all affairs 'goat'.

That having been said, I have tried to keep these guys (the goats) busy since they have become useful and until this year have managed to put in about 100+ miles each year exploring the mountains of Idaho. And the places we go do seem to be as close to heaven as we will experience here on earth, do they not?

The core question then, becomes, will everybody you run into be as wildly enthusiastic as you are about your goats? Well, most are, or at least do their best to be accommodating. *But not all.* And therein lies the rub. There are a few out there that will be openly hostile to you for bringing your guys into the wilderness. The reasons vary, but the experience is never pleasant.

One lady posted to the group that a 'horse person' had told her that 'she had no right to bring those animals into the woods and she needed to get them the he— out of there', which, sadly, she did. Truly, horses were the first pack animals, but I'm not convinced that our goats don't have a place, just because they are the 'Johnny-come-lately's. (I gotta say, for the record, that I would *NOT* have taken my guys the he— out of there as the arrogant horse-person directed!)

And so we get to my personal experiences, or should I say, 'encounters of the unpleasant kind':

A couple or three years ago, I was dragging 2 of my guys along on a trip to Red Mountain here in Idaho. I had not been there before, but venturing off-trail, on one of Larry's infamous 'shortcuts', I somehow, magically managed to come out more or less right where I wanted to, and that was at the middle lake in this group. Unfortunately there was another gentleman already camped there... with his wife and two dogs. As I sidled up with my 2 goats, the wife was in the tent holding onto one dog, which was barking his fool head off, and the gentleman was holding onto another dog who, likewise, was barking – max volume. He only had one thing to say to me, and that was, "Oh, packgoats." The condescension fairly dripped off his voice and I could perceive that this was definitely *NOT* a goatpacking supporter. Interestingly, my goats were not barking, nor were they making any disruption of any kind... truly the dogs were making enough for everyone.

This experience had me taking second thoughts, and I decided to take on what I hoped would be quieter realms, and that was the upper lake, which I was not wildly enthusiastic about since I had already set my heart on camping at the middle lake, but off we all went. And to be quite honest, it was definitely for the better, as the upper lake was much prettier, and I and my guys were the only ones there that night. It doesn't get any better than that, does it?

Fast forward to a year or so ago, and I was hiking into my favorite hot springs, which I described in my August 09 article. *I love that place!* I could build a cabin here and be happy for the rest of the time that God gives me. But since that is not possible, I do my best to hike in when I hopefully will not have a lot of company. Sadly, this particular year, it was not to be. There was quite a gaggle there, all from one group, but enough to cause *waaaay* more activity at this hot springs than I was comfortable with. I tried to maintain a low profile, didn't go near the HS where they were, and generally tried to keep out of the way. But that was not good enough for this group, and eventually I heard one gentleman (probably the primary one in this group with an axe to grind) make a very unpleasant comment about the goats.

I kept my peace until he came through where I was camped on his way fishing. I let him know that I had heard what he had to say, and noted thusly;

"You know, I am 68 years old (81 now). I have carried thousands of pounds on my back over time.

I **DO NOT** have to apologize for using a pack animal at this point in my life. In reality, I am using the most environmentally friendly animal that it is possible to pack with, and I am still doing the hiking myself in spite of my age!”

He practically did a ‘wheelie’ backpedaling, which was fun, but I doubt seriously that I changed his mind in the long-term.

Fast forward again to a couple of years back. I was in the Eagle Cap wilderness. After the interminable long grind up to the pass north of Glacier Lake, we were just about to arrive at the north side of the lake, when out of the trees thundered, “**GET THOSE F--- -- GOATS OUT OF HERE!!!**” I was unable at the time to see the source of this vitrol, but it was indelibly clear that this was also *NOT* a goat supporter (I have to admit that I do get a sort of perverse pleasure out of these encounters, as I am more or less a happy guy, and I know that I would hate to live in that individuals ‘shoes’, as he has to live with his anger and unpleasantness 24/7/365. A sad thought).

This one worked out well again, as this unfriendly individual caused us to motor around the lake to the south side, and then up to the pothole lake above glacier, where I, my hiking partner, and the goats had nobody else telling us what to do with our companions. ☺

The bottom line? Not everyone will appreciate your animals. If you do everything that you can to minimize the impact, you have done your part. NEVER, like the lady I described above, let anyone, because they are overqualified in ‘attitude’, convince you to leave the woods. You have every right to be there and your goats have the right to be there with you. And I am convinced that the goats enjoy it way more than the horses! Have fun!

** Aviation terminology. Although this pilot was forced out of the cockpit many years back due to economics, he just can't seem to give it all up and still hopes. He spent a lot of time flying the Idaho backcountry, and has a lot more flying stories than goat ones, but over time accumulated a number of goat ones, as the stories above would indicate.*



the flying goat

SPCA field officer saves goat from drowning in deep muddy man-made ravine

By Thobeka Ngema , Jan 9, 2022

<https://www.iol.co.za/dailynews/news/watch-sPCA-field-officer-saves-goat-from-drowning-in-deep-muddy-man-made-ravine-a6a39fbb-29db-421c-9fb2-560a930d2f93>

DURBAN - A child's knowledge of the role of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SPCA) helped save a goat from drowning in a man-made ravine in a township far west of Durban.



A Kloof and Highway SPCA field officer, Doctor Mthombeni, happened to be at the right place at the right time during the incident.

Mthombeni was driving through Hammarsdale to collect a sick dog when he noticed a child running after his vehicle. He immediately stopped his vehicle and got out to speak to the child who said he had seen him driving past and that one of his goats was stuck in a deep muddy hole.

The SPCA said Mthombeni and the child quickly drove to the area where the goat had fallen into a deep man-made ravine filled with mud and thick sludge.

“Both the field officer Doctor and the goat were exhausted and relieved. The goat was washed down and cleaned, so that it could be checked for any injuries.”

The SPCA said the happy child and his goat were reunited with their families.

The SPCA thanked Mthombeni for always being ready to help any animal needing to be rescued.

“You deal with any situation with positivity and always show compassion and love for all animals, big or small,” the SPCA said to Mthombeni.



swimming goats

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."

Church burglary call leads cops to wild intruder on top of freezer, Alabama photos show

Mark Price, March 18, 2022

<https://www.yahoo.com/news/church-burglary-call-leads-cops-185744290.html>

It takes hardcore criminals to bust down the doors of a church, but a burglary call in Alabama took a humorous turn when deputies caught their suspects in the act.

Two goats were found in Bethesda Missionary Baptist

Church in Prattville, after they likely used their horns to break through the glass doors. The town is about 15 miles northwest of Montgomery.

A photo shared on Facebook by the Autauga County Sheriff's Office shows the goats cornered in a kitchen — and one had managed to climb 5 or 6 feet up into a box atop a chest freezer.

What it was doing in the box isn't clear, but the goat clearly had a look of defiance.

The break-in happened Thursday, March 17, and the sheriff's office began its news release by guessing maybe "goats need Jesus, too."

"Yesterday Autauga County Sheriff's Office Deputies were dispatched to an alarm call at the Bethesda Church," the department wrote on Facebook.

"When deputies arrived, they thought they had a burglary because the front door glass of the church was broken. Upon performing a search of the premises ... two goats were discovered."

Since an arrest was not likely to result in jail time, the deputies instead tracked down an owner, who "wrangled up" the goats.

The department didn't release details of the damage or an estimated repair cost for the church.

"We have to say this is a First here in Autauga County to find goats in a church!" the department wrote.

Business Opportunity for accomplished goatherd wanting to develop goat businesses on 40 acres in the Idaho Panhandle.

Perhaps that might be of interest to one of Goat Tracks subscribers?

Sincerely yours,
Michael L. Poe
anonymunculeagain@gmail.com



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.

The University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff offers all its Extension and Research programs and services without discrimination.

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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How to Keep Your Goats From Going South in the Winter

BY SUSANNAH ELISABETH FULCHER, JAN 12, 2022

<https://provincetownindependent.org/farm-garden/2022/01/12/how-to-keep-your-goats-from-going-south-in-the-winter/>

No need for winter coats, as goats grow their own

We were still new to goat herding when the first icy storm of 2019 blew in. I felt sure our Nigerian Dwarf herd could not survive it outdoors and insisted they be brought into our basement overnight. My husband objected. So, of course, while I set up a space near the boiler, he went out to the yard to guide our three goats in through the snow and wind.



You know the holidays are over when your goats finish eating your wreaths.

As soon they were settled into the warmth, however, I learned that our efforts were not appreciated. Princess Buttercup, the lead bleater, protested so loudly that we couldn't sleep. Finally, we resettled all three in their uninsulated shelter and cleaned up the piles of gifts they'd left downstairs.

Goats adjust to the cold. If I had paid closer attention, I would have noticed the extra coat they'd been growing since the fall beneath their coarser fur. Nigerian Dwarf goats, despite being a breed that originated in West Africa, were imported to the United States in the 1930s. Since then they have proved to be hardy enough to survive even in regions farther north than ours because of their ability to grow this extra layer. Wearing their puffy winter fur coats, our goats were sweltering in the warmth of the basement.

It won't do any good to knit woolen sweaters for your herd or to cover your goats in blankets. But there are some things you can do to help keep them warm.

In order for a goat's cashmere-like undercoat to come in healthy and thick, it's essential to make sure they have a balanced diet and access to minerals, such as zinc and copper, that encourage fur growth. Feeding ample hay in addition to grain is important year-round, because goats have four stomachs. Like cows and sheep, they have a rumen — the first and biggest stomach — that breaks down roughage to create heat from the inside out. In fact, if you don't feed them hay in the winter, your herd can freeze to death. Adding some alfalfa hay to regular dried grasses is an extra treat and source of energy and protein.

This week, our goats have been happily devouring post-holiday roughage in the form of Christmas trees

and wreaths. Pine needles provide antioxidants such as vitamins C and A, phytonutrients, and flavonoids. In addition, the sap acts as a natural dewormer. Be picky about these treats, though — you don't want your goats eating pesticides. Also, if your goats never forage, the Christmas leftovers may give them a bad case of indigestion.

You don't need to do much to winterize a goat shelter, but it's a good idea to keep the goats out of the wind and rain by positioning the shelter so that the door is facing south. Good ventilation is essential, and you can add a wooden platform and extra layer of hay for your goats to lie on, but there is no need to insulate walls for the winter.

You surely know already that you should never keep one goat on her own. Your herd will huddle close in the cold to share warmth.

Most goats hate snow as much as they do rain. Still, you need to make sure they romp at least once or twice a day to create heat. Our Lance Romance leads an occasional mad charge through the snowy paddock with Puck close at his heels and Buttercup trotting lazily behind. We urge them on with food, setting out banana peels, apple slices, and other treats.

Don't let their water bucket freeze. Spoiling your herd with warm drinking water will help to keep them hydrated in the cold.

There are two circumstances that interfere with goat's ability to tolerate winter. When a doe is kidding, she cannot handle the cold. Newborn kids cannot either. This is why breeding around December or January for summer births makes the most sense here. If you do by accident end up birthing kids in winter, you might find yourself with goats in your basement after all.

Getting Your Goat!

by Sharon Manos, 4-29-21

https://www.sentinelsource.com/elf/it_takes_a_farm/getting-your-goat/article_e8ef4c36-a85f-11eb-90f8-d7e8c083235c.html

It is believed that goats were first domesticated almost 10,000 years ago, and most likely in Asia Minor. The most recent genetic analysis confirms the archaeological evidence that goats can be traced back to the wild bezoar ibex of the Zagros Mountains in southwestern Iran. The Spanish explorers introduced goats to North America in the 1500's, and in the 1600's, the English settlers brought them to New England. Today they inhabit every continent...okay, except for sub-zero Antarctica. In fact, there are about 840 million goats kept around the world in wide ranging conditions, from humid tropical rain forests to hot dry



deserts, and even in the thin atmosphere of high altitude regions.

Humans have long relied on these animals for their meat, milk, and as a source of fiber. In fact, the most consumed milk around the world comes from goats. So beyond their popularity and their ability to adapt to different conditions, what else is so special about goats? Plenty! Aside from the fact that studies have shown that goat milk is higher in protein and lower in fat than cow's milk, these agile, sure-footed, foragers will eat a wide variety of plants, unlike grazing cattle. It's like having a car that runs on most any fuel that ends up in its tank! Goats are smaller and require less land to raise than cattle, produce less climate changing methane than cows, contain only 16% of the saturated fat in beef, and somehow even found their way to yoga classes! And, did I mention the "kids" are adorable!

The consumption of dairy goat products is greatest in Asia, with Europe, having the most organized market for goat milk products, especially France, known for its cheese making prowess. However, consumer demand is steadily growing in the United States, and goat cheeses can now be found in many food markets. The tangy flavor is both recognizable and distinct. As far as the consumption of all meat is concerned, 63% of the world's population eats goat meat, while Americans tend to prefer chicken as their white meat and beef as their primary source of red meat. Despite the American dedication to the tried and true, there is a steady rise in goat meat consumption which is not attributable to just a growing ethnic population. Indeed, goat farms are becoming an intrinsic part of the American landscape, including New Hampshire.

Main Street Cheese is a woman-owned goat farm located in Hancock. It's a licensed goat cheese-making operation committed to the craft of producing artisan cheeses, while employing sustainable farming methods to raise their goats. Sarah Laeng-Gilliatt, is passionate about her work, and dedicated to the concept of equitable and local food production. Her vision: "I love cheesemaking—you get to attend to the curds and whey, feel them, notice how they are different or not from the previous batch, participate in the complexity of the microbial processes that unfold before you, inquire into various dimensions of cause and effect. It's one of those processes, like art, where you can keep seeing how presence matters; reverence in the process inevitably yields a more wonderful cheese. I hope that love carries all the way through; may the eater experience all that aliveness—the sheer pleasure, the celebration, the love for life. That is my wish."

Sarah's farm is a reflection of her dedication and attention to details. She is also committed to holistic livestock management by providing the goats with plenty of access to pasture and establishing a rotational grazing plan to

build the soil and sequester carbon. All of this passion translates into quality artisan cheeses and other goat products that are available in the farm's honor-system shop where you can purchase fresh and aged cheeses, as well as goat meat (various cuts), and frozen, prepared stews and curries. The shop is open 8 am - 8 pm daily. This year they will also be adding bloomy-rind brie, and hard cheese to the roster.

There are also numerous fun and educational events being planned for the summer months. Beginning in June, you can participate in cheese tasting, a food feast, walking tours, and a host of other activities. Starting on June 1st, you can even enjoy a visit with the adorable, newly arrived goat "kids!" You can find the specific dates and times, as well as learn more about all the farm's products and upcoming events at: <https://www.mainstreetcheese.net/index.html>. You can also visit their Facebook page or email them at: mainstcheese@gmail.com

Croatia Acts to Save Its Iconic Istrian Goat

Agence France-Presse, April 1, 2021

<https://www.courthousenews.com/croatia-acts-to-save-its-iconic-istrian-goat/>

VELENIKI, Croatia (AFP) — With wavy horns and a sturdy build, the Istrian goat stands proudly on Croatia's national flag. But in the pastures where the white-furred animal hails from, the breed is almost nowhere to be seen.



For centuries, the domestic goat was a staple of rural life in Croatia's Istria peninsula, an enchanting region home to rolling hills and picturesque coastline.

But from a population in the thousands in the mid-20th century, the goat's numbers have dwindled down to a few dozen, prompting local authorities to launch a conservation program with the help of local breeders.

"It is crucial to preserve the Istrian goat since it is an indigenous breed," said Ivan Milohanic, a 32-year-old bus driver, whose herd of goats includes some 20 of the heavy-set white Istrians.

The goats are milked by hand and graze for a few hours daily at a meadow close to the Milohanic family's farm house, where he also grows olives, grapes and hosts tourists.

"Also, there is a strong interest in genuine natural products," he added, noting the health benefits of the goat's milk and meat.

Milohanic, one of a handful of local breeders raising the goats, started years ago and aspires to run a small cheese factory in future.

- Milk and meat -

The animals were for many years a key food resource, providing milk and meat for villagers too poor to afford a cow or sheep.

"There was practically no farm without some goats," said Boro Mioc, a professor at the Zagreb University Faculty of Agronomy, who is helping the revitalization project.

Known as agile and intelligent, goats were the first animal to be milked by man, he added.

In times of hardship, such as during wars or hunger, the "poor man's cow" helped villagers survive due to their modest needs regarding food and shelter.

They were also easy to bring along if the owner needed to flee.

"Goats were always a symbol of poverty but also of the preservation of family," said Gordan Subara, of the government's agency for Istria's rural development, in charge of the rehabilitation project.

The death of a goat was once a tragedy for an average Istrian family.

But laws in the 19th and 20th centuries practically banned keeping the animals, which were considered forest-destroying pests, causing the population to shrink dramatically.

In recent decades, the movement of people to urban areas and development of tourism as a source of income have further reduced reliance on the animals.

- 'Return our debt' -

The local revitalization project started in 2010 with experts carrying out a genetic analysis to confirm the Istrian breed still existed with a view to adding it to Croatia's list of indigenous and protected species.

That followed two years later.

Local authorities are now studying around 30 breeding goats to prevent mating of close relatives, with hopes that artificial insemination can also help double the population annually to reach 1,000 within a decade.

"The most important goal is to return our debt towards this animal, whom we proclaimed a pest without justification," Subara told AFP.

This year, they also plan to buy up any Istrian baby goats in the region to prevent their slaughter.

While Istria has changed hands several times over the centuries, the goat has remained an enduring symbol, featuring on the region's coat of arms while it was a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and Italy.

After Croatia's independence from Yugoslavia in 1991, a yellow goat with red horns and hooves was incorporated onto both Istria and the national flag, as well as both coat of arms.

“Preserving that symbolism is also very important,” Subara stressed.

- Tourist attraction -

Another ray of hope for the goats may lie in tourism.

Olgica Skopac, whose farm is nestled between the picturesque hilltop town of Labin and the coastal resort of Rabac, used two does and a buck to clear her land a few years ago instead of machinery.

Now the animals are an additional draw for the tourists who stay in apartments on her farm.

“We are renewing a traditional rural household” on nature’s doorstep, said the energetic 66-year-old, who with her husband grows olives and keeps some 20 Istrian sheep, three donkeys and several goats.

If not going to nearby beaches, tourists can enjoy a sea view from the terrace of the Skopacs’ house or hike in the forest surrounding it.

Many visitors are also interested in animals kept in barns in a nearby valley.

“They ask questions so we spread the popularity of our Istrian goat,” the smiling woman told AFP, cuddling a goat kid in her arms.

Mioc, the professor, is convinced that the Istrian goat has “a future”, but adds: “We have to save it first.”

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.

Dog and goat found running loose together in South Carolina

by [Ben Hooper](#), Dec 22, 2021

https://www.upi.com/Odd_News/2021/12/22/dog-goat-found-running-loose-together-Anderson-County-South-Carolina/1631640209852/

Dec. 22 (UPI) -- Authorities in South Carolina said they are trying to find the owner of a lost dog -- and an accompanying goat.

The [Anderson County Sheriff’s Office](#) said animal control deputies were dispatched Tuesday when a dog and a goat were spotted running loose in the Martin Creek Road area.



The Anderson County Sheriff’s Office in South Carolina said animal control deputies were dispatched to round up a dog and a goat spotted running loose together.

Dec. 22 (UPI) -- Authorities in South Carolina said they are trying to find the owner of a lost dog -- and an accompanying goat.

The [Anderson County Sheriff’s Office](#) said animal control deputies were dispatched Tuesday when a dog and a goat were spotted running loose in the Martin Creek Road area.

Arrest made, thanks to a goat

Bill Wyatt, Feb 21, 2022

https://martinsvillebulletin.com/news/local/arrest-made-thanks-to-a-goat/article_37bb4e88-932d-11ec-b143-3fdc39287e52.html

Thanks to the civilian services of a resident goat, the Henry County Sheriff's Office got their man.

Capt. Scott Barker with the Henry County Sheriff's Office told the Bulletin that it was a goat who helped two deputies flush out the person they were chasing on Feb. 13.



Deputy David Parnell "was investigating a domestic assault in the Fieldale area of Henry County," Barker said. "At the point where Deputy Parnell explains to the suspect he's under arrest, the suspect flees on foot."

Barker said Parnell chased the fleeing person through a fence line and across a field.

"A goat from the property joined Deputy Parnell" in the chase, said Barker. "When Deputy Parnell and the goat reached the next fence line of the field, the goat continued through the fence in front of Deputy Parnell and entered a wooded area."

After the goat took over the lead in the chase, Parnell halted to survey the situation and watched the goat chase the man into the woods.

The goat and the deputy on the other side flushed the man out of the woods, and Parnell took the man into custody.

"The goat was returned to its owner by Deputy Parnell once the incident was resolved," Barker said.

Asked if the goat might be recognized by the department for its outstanding citizenship and contribution to the prevention of crime, Barker said: "That's about all I know at this point."



The Pack Goat



by
John Mionczynski

Illustrated by
Hannah Finchman

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Animals (Including Goats) That Detect Coming Disasters

<https://www.bbc.com/future/article/20220211-the-animals-that-predict-disasters>

This one comes to us from Taffy Mercer, and is particularly relevant to those of us that trek the mountains with our goats, in view of the time that Alpi, John Mionczynski's lead goat, at the time to John's great consternation, stopped the pack train dead in its tracks and refused to move in spite of a great amount of encouragement from John. A very short time later, a good part of the mountain came down and crashed across exactly where they would have been had Alpi not been looking out for them and stopped the progress until the danger had passed. The original article written by John, was re-printed in the Summer 2017 issue of Goat Tracks. It is an interesting article, worth a look. Larry

What's Love Got To Do With It?

Lauren Hall Ruddell, Ph.D.

Goat packers know the approximate definition of a term we throw around a lot concerning the bond with our goats: *Imprinting*. It's a handy term that most Americans get the meaning of in conversation, since the concept has been around for almost a century. There is no doubt that something in the goat brain is at work that causes them to look to us for comfort, safety, and leadership. This something that certain wilderness land managers very much doubt and often deny that it even exists in our bonded pack stock. So what is imprinting, and does it influence an adult goat's behavior? And is it the kind you find in birds and reptiles?

Well, yes and no. Goats do exhibit **Filial Imprinting**. This involves the young animal following a conspicuous stimulus, learning the stimulus' characteristics, and consequently restricting its social preferences toward that stimulus. The consequences of filial imprinting can last well into later life and the phenomenon is generally adaptive, biasing the young animal's behavior toward the protection and association of parents, kin, or other conspecifics. And sometimes, non-specifics.

True, irreversible imprinting seems to be strongest in precocial birds, the kind born with feathers and cuteness, such as chicks and ducklings, and that's where most etiological and neurological research on imprinting has been focused. They look at a part of the bird brain called the wulst area. It functions as a repository for certain types of visual memories experienced immediately after hatching. Mammals don't have this exact organ, but something similar called the frontal association cortex. Where the wulst serves as a law regarding social bonds, the association cortex serves as strong guidance, more than a suggestion but not an immutable law. In mammals, it provides a template that places certain social others in certain categories, but is malleable enough to be able to be altered when environmental and social conditions call for it. That said, there is a period of 2-4 hours after birth where baby goats are most suggestible as to who is friend, mother, herdmate, or potential stranger danger.

It is during this impressionable time that baby goats and lambs can be cross fostered if exposed to a surrogate mother fast enough. It can take the mother up to 10 days to fully accept, but often she will and then the bonds remain firm. The brains of both have been changed to accept a member of another species as family.

As adults, baby goats who have accepted humans of either gender as mother figures hold preferences that remain intact, although they know they are not humans themselves. For instance, baby goats fostered on sheep

mothers display a mix of influences on their behavior, indicating that their brains are making suggestions, but not giving commands. As juveniles, research test subject baby goats' play and grooming behavior resembled that of their sheep mothers rather than their genetic species, but they still displayed species-specific patterns of aggression, climbing, feeding and vocalization. These kids had adopted only some of the traits of their foster-dams, but as multiple researchers have shown, a preference, an affection if you will, remains consistent for those individual non-specific dams throughout their lives.

What a baby goat smells in the first few moments of life also contributes to the brain alterations that result in a modified form of imprinting. This is where love comes in. Not only has it been shown that multiple livestock species bond deeply with humans immediately after birth if they are rubbed and massaged, they fall in love with their humans and their mothers through olfactory processes in addition to visual and tactile interactions.

Oxytocin is the love hormone released through emitted odors from loving people and from does giving birth. During the birth process, the doe's oxytocin reaches super high levels just as the feet of the first kid become visible, and vasopressin, important in pair bonding and selective sociality, peaks in the mother just as the head emerges. Baby goats are bathed in love chemicals as they exit the womb. And everything about their brains at that point is engineered by nature to soak this up like a sponge. Moms and humans attending the birth just smell like love and nurture. In mammals, the 'sensitive' or 'critical' period of the first 2-4 hours after birth is a time when the neonatal baby goats responds with suckling behaviors and when its efforts are rewarded, a positive association is stamped on memory centers, forever. Loving humans that put baby goats up to their faces during this time assist with this form of imprinting. Looking deeply into a goat's eyes also stimulates oxytocin in them and helps their brains to feel the love through a different sense than smell alone. Touch, smell, and gaze are the factors that change the goat brain forever in those early critical moments.

But goats are not programmable robots, nor are they birds. Through a process in mammals not expressed a lot in birds called phenotypic plasticity, goats can alter and manage their perceptions of beloved others throughout the course of their lifetimes. Some humans may be reluctantly categorized as unsafe, thereby causing the goat to avoid approach behaviors that might get them killed. Very evolved wisdom.

Unlike birds, keeping the love flowing actually requires maintenance. It never disappears, but absence does not make the heart grow fonder. Periodic applications

of love induce oxytocin to flood the frontal association cortices, where there are mini neural highways (axonal projections) that exist for the purpose of distributing oxytocin to other parts of the brain responsible for recall of, and action on, pleasurable memories elicited by past loving social contacts. It's what makes them run to us joyfully when summoned.

So that is some of the science behind the genuine brain changes that happen when we hug and kiss those baby goats, and pet and groom them when they are older to remind those parts of their brains how much they really love us and would never leave us. Particularly in the scary backcountry. So there, doubting land managers.

Animals That Eat Psychedelics And Enjoy The Trip: From Reindeer On Mushrooms To Jaguars On Yagé

By Psychedelic Spotlight, December 24, 2021

<https://www.benzinga.com/markets/cannabis/21/12/24432939/animals-that-eat-psychedelics-and-enjoy-the-trip>

Is drug use a natural instinct? From mandrills ingesting ibogaine to deer munching on red and white-spotted mushrooms like antlered Super Mario characters, humans aren't the only mammals that seek out and consume psychoactive substances.

Humans have written a lot about what we see and experience on psychedelics: mischievous spirits, stereotypical melting faces, even feeling like "a butterfly in a wet suit." But what about animals that eat psychedelics?

What does a moose see after a heroic dose of mushrooms? What about a jaguar enjoying ayahuasca as an aperitif? Do they see their ancestors? Their birth?

Their inevitable death? Mr. Peanut holding an IV?

We can only wonder.

Some species find themselves intoxicated in the wild more than you might expect — and many go straight for the most bizarre sh*t on the shelf.

Here are animals who enjoy a little bit of psychedelic strange every now and again to take their brains on a sojourn above the stratosphere.

Reindeer Eating Psychedelic Mushrooms

Many categories of deer dine on psychedelic mushrooms, including reindeer, moose, and caribou.

While foraging, the deer will sniff out fly agaric (*Amanita muscaria*) mushrooms frozen beneath winter snow. These red and white-flecked shrooms are closely related to deadly varieties like the aptly-named destroying angel and death cap. However, while they boast their own collection of toxins, they're not harmful like their other agaric counterparts.

They contain muscimol, a compound that induces

a sedative and hallucinogenic effect in mammals.

Humans (like the Siberian tribal societies who drink the psychoactive urine of agaric-eating reindeer) report a dream-like state under the influence.

Observers report that after eating the fungi, deer often act drunk by running around aimlessly, twitching their heads, and making noises.

Eating these mushrooms infuses the caribou's urine with psychoactive agents, meaning that the urine can, and is, consumed for a high. Caribou will battle each other to earn access to the urine of a herd mate that has fly agaric in its system. In noticing this, Siberian tribes realized that they too could benefit from drinking this spiked caribou urine.

After passing through the reindeer's system, the psychoactive agents of the fly agaric are even stronger with the added benefit of the chemicals that cause undesirable side effects being filtered out. Any species, whether deer or human, that drinks the psychedelic pee will experience a more potent high than the original shroom-muncher.

Jaguars on Yagé

Jaguars are the largest cats in the Americas, roaming everywhere from Southern Arizona to the warmer pockets of South America. While they usually take their role as an apex predator seriously and stalk around confidently as a cunning mass of muscles, teeth, and claws — they also like to party.

From time to time, jaguars will munch on the leaves of the yagé vine (*Banisteriopsis caapi* for all you botanists out there). The vine grows abundantly in the Amazon Rainforest and takes jaguars from intimidating to delightfully intoxicated. Perhaps you've seen this clip of a jaguar acting like a big, tipsy, goofy kitten from BBC's *Weird Nature*.

Humans have also been known to enjoy a *Banisteriopsis caapi* cocktail now and again: the vine is the primary component in ayahuasca, a psychedelic spiritual aid used by both indigenous Amazon people and a slew of celebrities.

Ayahuasca is most known for containing the hallucinogen DMT, but contrary to popular belief, that ingredient doesn't come from yagé. Instead, the harmala alkaloid compounds from the vine make the DMT from another ayahuasca ingredient orally active. Because of this, the jaguars are more likely tripping on harmala alkaloids that, while intense, are probably not comparable to the effects of a full ayahuasca cocktail.

Scientists don't have a solid hypothesis why jaguars drug themselves like this (I'm no scientist, but I think the video makes it pretty clear that they enjoy it). However, some South American tribes believe the effects of the

vine improve hunting skills in animals. Experts also don't know the exact effects on the big cat's brain, but any observer can conclude that if it's enough to make a jaguar wriggle on its back and stare at trees with intense fascination, it must be pretty powerful.

Primates and Performance-Enhancing Psychedelics

Iboga (Tabernanthe iboga) is a shrub native to the tropical rainforests of Central Africa. Aside from bearing long, bright orange fruit, it contains ibogaine: an often overlooked psychedelic compound. Ibogaine is most concentrated in the roots and bark of the iboga, and many different types of wildlife are known to indulge in its effects. But of these many species, one, in particular, appears to use it for premeditated purposes.

Mandrills — a more colorful cousin of baboons — in Gabon and the Congo are believed to use Iboga roots as a performance-enhancer in dominance conflicts.

In his book *Animals and Psychedelics*, Italian ethnobotanist Giorgio Samorini narrates a conversation with a Mitsogho shaman in Gabon. The shaman describes how male mandrills, which routinely compete for dominance over their meandering bands, use iboga root to hype themselves for competition.

According to the shaman, the primates seek out iboga, pluck it from the ground, eat the roots, wait for their high to settle in, then prepare for battle. It's unclear what performance-enhancing benefits they're experiencing, but it's possible that the psychedelic could induce a pain-killing effect and improve reaction time.

Monkeys, Lemurs, and Bighorn Sheep: Other Examples

The three above are only a small sampling of potential animals that eat psychedelics. It's often cited that bighorn sheep pursue impossible-to-reach psychedelic lichen off the Canadian Rockies to get that "Rocky Mountain high."

Moreover, lemurs and other types of monkeys rub toxic millipedes on their bodies to apply a mosquito-killing pesticide. They also nibble on the millipede, which appears to give them a little high. Whether that high is hallucinogenic or not is unclear.

But, what is clear is that the animal kingdom certainly has its fair share of fascination with altered states and "chasing the dragon," proving once again that humans aren't as unique as we often like to think.

Tracing the origins of Pashmina

Changthang, 170 km from Leh, is home to Changpas, who rear the Pashmina goat. What they recover for their wool is miniscule, but that does not cause the inhabitants ensconced in the highlands to regret what they do for a living

<https://www.tribuneindia.com/news/comment/tracing-the-origins-of-pashmina-199613>

Come winter, vendors selling carpets and shawls, using all manner of transport ranging from cars to cycles, flow through the streets of



northern India. While the carpets offered trace their origins to production centres in the extended tract between Jammu and Kashmir and the eastern borders of Uttar Pradesh, the shawls are mostly said to be from Kashmir. With manufacturers of woollen products in Amritsar and Ludhiana producing high quality fabrics for the winter, unscrupulous traders make bids, often successful, to palm off such materials as the output of Kashmiri artisans, and even as Pashmina. Kashmiri vendors are not insulated from such foibles and attempt to carry conviction by variously claiming long-standing sources of supply of this fine fibre in Ladakh and processing facilities in Srinagar town employing the finest of craftsmen. And many succeed by making patently deceitful assertions with a straight face.

The women who wear fine Pashmina shawls and the men who use that fabric to remain snug during winters are seldom aware of the origins of Pashmina, or the travails endured by the people that nurture, tend and protect the mountain goats that yield this wool. I was similarly placed until about four decades ago when I was afforded opportunities to visit highland Changthang (meaning northern plain), home to the Changpas who rear the Pashmina goat. About 170 km from Leh upstream along the Indus, the narrow valley cradling it gave up its constrictive embrace and allowed river waters the latitude that a wide and outspread bed affords. Meanwhile, our track had mutated from a macadamised one into an unmetalled one, and gradually narrowed until it disappeared. With that came the freedom to drive cross-country on any part of the widened valley in the southern segment of Changthang, with the surface occasionally marred by ruts left behind by vehicles loaded with supplies.

The contrasts between clear cerulean skies with scanty mottled clouds, mountain slopes presenting a variety

of shades ranging from sandy brown to dark brown or even black, and the pure blue of the languorous waters of the Indus was striking. Grass, sedge, artemisia and the odd juniper bush, all low in profile, growing on the slopes rising gradually from the river towards the mountains a few kilometres away, did little to take away from the majestic panoramic vastness. And the sense of being alone and a non-entity in the grand scheme of things took charge, humbling one.

Southern Changthang in Ladakh can be visualised as three parallel enclaves, oriented roughly north west-south east, separated by mountainous continuums 5,000-6,000 feet above the valley floor. The Indus flows through the eastern-most limb, the smaller Hanle river in the central one, and the Tso Moriri, Kar Tso and Kyagar Tso, all very beautiful lakes, adorn the western one. Matching the adjacent Tibetan plateau in altitude and natural features, it is mostly arid, wind-swept, cold and exposed to high levels of ultra-violet radiation. Sparsely populated, including by people of Tibetan stock who had migrated here in the 8th century and then following the uprising against the Chinese in Tibet in 1959, this region plays host to a few villages and nomads living in small groups along the Indus. The latter migrate twice annually from summer grazing grounds to winter grazing grounds, traditionally assigned to each group, within Changthang.

Geographically isolated, the Changpas, numbering but a few thousand in that vast swath, spoke Byangskat, a Bodish language quite distinct from Ladakhi. Sanguine about maintaining their ethnic identity, the Changpas practised polyandry. In the absence of telephones and electricity, they remained cut off from modern ways. With feeble administrative presence overlaid with apathy, no development was visible and education and health facilities were virtually non-existent. With little scope for agriculture, livestock rearing was the main occupation and means of sustenance. Changra goats (*Capra Hirpus Laniger*, locally called Rama) for Pashmina, other goats and sheep for wool, yaks as beasts of burden and horses for travel constituted the usual holdings. Yaks and goats yielded milk, often turned into cheese, and yak hair was woven for creating roofs of rebos, yurt-like tents except that these had walls made of unhewn stone. And yaks, goats and sheep provided meat. The animals were corralled, traps set up, and sturdy youth would sleep out in the open with Tibetan Mastiffs for thwarting predation by wolves (shankus) and snow leopards.

With the advent of summer in June after an eight-month-long winter, the Changpas took to collection of Pashmina, which brought cash to sustain them for the rest of the year. Men pinned down one Pashmina goat

at a time, upturned it, and ran a specially fabricated long-toothed comb, sometimes made of steel, over the undercoat harvesting some Pashmina wool with each stroke. Nearly 300-400 grams of this precious fibre was collected from each goat. Usually no more than 3 inches long and 14 odd microns in diameter, the fibre had been traditionally sold by weight to traders from Leh. The latter degreased, scoured, carded and spun the fibre for local production of shawls, while the Kashmiris took the unprocessed fibres, preferring to refine and spin fine yarn in the Valley for conversion into high quality cashmere fabric.

Pashmina products emanating from Kashmir have held their own against fine vicuna harvested from llamas in South America, deservedly attracting the attention of the affluent in tony stores in the West. What the Changpas recover for their Pashmina wool is miniscule and bears no relationship with price labels on these hand-fashioned wonders abroad. But that does not cause the Changpa inhabitants ensconced in the highlands to regret what they do for a living and they keep at it without demur.

The Pashmina goat herders in a struggle against climate change

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<https://www.cnn.com/style/article/pashmina-goat-herders-struggle-against-climate-change/index.html>

At an altitude of more than 14,000 feet, where winter temperatures can fall to minus 40 degrees Fahrenheit, it is hard to believe anyone, or anything, can survive in



Each family has several hundred goats, all of which need to be moved separately so they don't get mixed up.

the vast ice desert that is Changthang, on the Tibetan Plateau between India and China. Situated between the Himalayan and Karakorum mountain ranges, it is the highest permanently inhabited plateau in the world, and home to an extremely hardy and rare breed of goat – the Changra, or Pashmina goat.

The region's high altitudes, freezing temperatures and harsh winds are essential in stimulating the growth of the goats' super-soft undercoat. The fibers can measure a mere 12 microns in width, making them around eight times finer than human hair and up to eight times warmer than sheep wool. This luxurious fiber is known as Pashmina, the softest and most expensive type of cashmere wool in the world.

Rearing these valuable animals in such inhospitable conditions are the Changpa people. For centuries these nomadic shepherds, who are as hardy as their animals, have roamed “the roof of the world,” moving their herds of yak, sheep and goats along traditional migratory routes every few months in search of fresh grazing pastures.



Moving thousands of goats over vast distances requires skill and experience if herders are to prevent injury to -- or loss of -- their animals.

But their ancient way of life is now under threat from climate change, fake Pashmina imports from China and the lure of an easier and more comfortable life.

I have known of the Changpa people for some time, but it was only recently that I learned of their struggles. I visited them in the Ladakh region, on the Indian side of the plateau, to photograph their winter migration in early December.

Changthang rarely gets much snowfall, and when it does, it usually begins in January or February. For the last few years, however, it has been increasingly heavy, starting as early as December, even November.



The goats naturally begin shedding their fur in the spring, and herders harvest it using a special comb.

The unexpected snowfall was great for my pictures, but it was a major inconvenience for the herders. The high pass they travel through is untraversable once covered in snow, and food supplements have to be brought in to prevent the animals dying from starvation.

The nomads and scientists alike are adamant that climate change is the biggest threat to Pashmina production in the region. And despite the snowfall, the winters are in fact getting warmer, which reduces the quality and quantity of the valuable Pashmina wool. Warmer temperatures mean that the goats don't grow such thick undercoats, reducing the yield of this soft fur and making it harder to separate from the coarse outer fur.

Over a relatively short period of time, dozens of nomad families from the Changthang plateau have migrated away from their village, Kharnak, to the outskirts of Leh, a city 180 kilometers away. There, the herders who have given up their nomadic lives have set up their own neighborhood, called Kharnak Ling.

On my recent visit to the region, the chief of Kharnak village, Targais Tashi, expressed his concerns. “These are worrying times we are experiencing,” he said. “If weather patterns continue (changing) like they are, then it could have an irreversible impact on Pashmina goat-rearing on the Changthang. There were once more than 90 families in Kharnak and now there are only 16. If the number Changpa families in Kharnak fall below 10 then it will become too tough for us to continue this life.

“The younger generation would rather work in the city and cannot be persuaded to continue this physically, mentally and emotionally demanding existence.”



A yak caravan winds its way across steep valleys.

Despite the herders' brutal living conditions, they are some of the friendliest and most generous people one could ever wish to meet. They let me live with them and capture moments of their life on the understanding that I would spread awareness of their struggles. The region is desperately hoping that revenue from international tourism can help fill the economic hole left by the struggling Pashmina industry.

The Indian government's Ministry of Textiles has attempted to reverse the trend by providing funding and supplies to encourage the Changpas to return to rearing goats on the plateau.



Many Changpa women have abandoned their nomadic lives, and now weave the wool outside the city of Leh.

In recent years however, due to a lack of Pashmina wool from Ladakh's herders, weavers in the wider Kashmir region have begun importing raw Pashmina from China and Mongolia to meet ever-increasing demand for their products. Much of this Pashmina is not what it is claimed to be. Although the goats are the same breed, they are not reared in the extreme conditions required to stimulate the growth of the super-soft undercoat required to be considered 100% pure Pashmina.

Pashmina is expensive -- and rightly so. The Changpa carefully comb the goats' hair during the spring

A Small Matter of Ethics

Lauren Hall Ruddell

Chapter 6

Tuesday Night

Once the chiltibarn was closed for the night, Laurelyn peeked in on her helpers. Weston was completing his usual thorough job of goat barn cleaning. Bedding was removed and any really wet spots that smelled strongly of ammonia were doused with cleaning vinegar, which neutralized the odor. All good on that score, she peeked in quietly to the veggie/herb greenhouse. Sandy had attended to watering and fans but then needed to skedaddle.

While waiting for Weston to finish up, with cleaning, feeding, and trough filling, Beth had ducked into the veggie greenhouse. Laurelyn caught her in the act of tying up drooping yellow Sungold cherry tomatoes. Laurelyn smiled a little as she watched Beth poach a few of those beauties right off the vine. As she popped a couple right straight into her mouth, she sagged with so much tomato pleasure that Laurelyn thought Catholic Beth might have to go to confession for that sensual experience. *Bless me father, for I have sinned. It's been way too long since my last confession, and I wouldn't be here now, except that I had a tomato orgasm. Is that a sin, father?* Laurelyn framed a sappy confessional scene thusly, while entirely understanding the cause. She herself loved those tomatoes just as much, for they were hardy, uber-productive, and produced the sweetest fruit imaginable.

She knew that Beth was tying up the vines that were drooping not because they were wilted, but because they were so heavy bearing that the vines would snap off from the sheer weight of the numerous small fruits. And nobody wanted that to happen. The whole crew agreed that although open-pollinated, heritage tomatoes had their place in the world, nothing could come as close to the joy of eating a Peony Creek Bing cherry right off the tree as eating Sungolds right off the vine.

When Weston had completed his goat barn chores, Beth could then do the evening milking, filtering, and chilling. At that thought, Laurelyn groaned a tiny bit. There was now so much milk, and she was so far behind in her cheese making, that tomorrow looked like another one of those impossible days. And now she had to support Saffron too, at least for a while, but she was damned

molting season to harvest the downy undercoat, and then the good fiber is laboriously separated from the bad by hand. Once cleaned and processed, the usable wool from a cashmere goat amounts to just four ounces.

The fibers are then hand spun, after which the equally painstaking weaving process can begin. A Pashmina shawl can take around 180 hours to produce, and larger items can take several months or even a year for highly skilled artisans to weave on wooden looms. They are then exported around the world, where luxury retailers sell them for hundred or thousands or dollars.

Amid decreasing herd populations and increasing demand for cashmere from the Ladakh region, scientists at the University of Kashmir set out to produce the world's first Pashmina goat clone. In 2012, the female kid Noori was born. But the idea of using clones more widely has proven controversial among the Changpa herders, who see it as incompatible with their Buddhist beliefs.

The perils to goat rearing in turn threaten the livelihoods of hundreds of thousands of people in the region who, directly or indirectly depend on Pashmina. The trade's decline could also spell the end of the unique culture of the Changpas, for whom livestock are more than a source of income, but a way of life.



Every few months, the herders migrate with their yak, sheep and goats in search of fresh grazing pastures.



if she would just roll over and play dead while those two perfectly horrible people that Saffron had been born to shanghai her back into their miserable and dysfunctional reality. Of that, she was now sure.

But something else about that situation was niggling at the back of her mind, something that was interfering with her farm status assessment and dinner planning. It seemed things were all happening at breakneck speed. Where was she going to find the time to really dig into an intuition that was screaming at her that there was no way on earth that Milton Hornblend could be the murderer?

Sighing, and shoving that thought aside, Laurelyn entered the small craft room, with its herbs, sage sprigs, willow branches, dried fruits, and lots of crystals and iridescent beads hanging in the large window to catch the light. When she had interrupted Saffron yesterday morning, two large wreaths were in progress. She suspected she would find only one completed. Instead, she found both of those completed and 10 smaller herbal wreaths as well. They had a culinary theme, but each was slightly different from the other. A clever palette of lavender, culinary sage, wild sage, fennel, and rosemary interspersed with juniper sprigs and finished with a grosgrain ribbon for hanging, had been used in various configurations. This bounty was laid out on the table for Laurelyn's inspection while Saffron tackled a new large wreath, one that could be sold in the store.

"Oh God Bless you, my child, this is just what we needed for the CSA shareholders Wednesday since their shares won't contain any cheese." Saffron gave a shy smile and nodded, eyes on the floor, but plainly pleased at the compliment. The dried tracks of tears stained her porcelain cheekbones, but she was far more composed than earlier. Time to work, grieve, and process, had been good for her.

Gazing at this garden bounty turned into art gave Laurelyn a chance to decompress a little herself. She inhaled the heady scents. Perhaps it was the rosemary, reputed to be good for memory, that caused her to remember Myrtle the Turtle.

Myrtle the Turtle was not a reptile, but a tortoiseshell-colored barn cat. She had been named Myrtle the Turtle by neighbor child Tiffany, who suffered from Down Syndrome. Well, suffering wasn't exactly the right word, for a more blithe spirit has seldom walked this sad old earth. Once when Laurelyn was hosting Tiffany's hippy parents, a massage therapist and a graphic artist, at her farm last year in order to get to know the neighbors better, Tiffany had been smitten with the half-grown kitten. It was mutual love at first sight. It gave the adults a chance to relax and converse on matters of the community while watching Tiffany fully engrossed in

communion with the little cat. Her parents had tried to tell her that the kitten's coloration was tortoiseshell. Some portion of the lesson stuck, but not as expected.

"The kitty is a turtle, the kitty is a turtle," Tiffany chortled, and repeated this several more times, with each repetition seeming funnier to her than the last. By chorus number eight, she was rolling in the straw and laughing so hard that she was having difficulty catching her breath. Her dad sat her upright for a bit, wiped her round face, now flooded with laughter tears, and held her in a big bear hug till she subsided for a while.

Laurelyn had found a piece of orange bailing twine and handed it to Tiffany to assist her with her recovery from excess mirth. She entertained the kitten with this for another 10 minutes, then suddenly ran up to the adults in her halting, waddley, and very endearing way.

"Myrtle is hungry and tired. Can I feed Myrtle?"

The adult all looked at each other in confusion, not one of them making the connection.

"Myrtle is hungry!" she stated with a little petulance.

"Sweetie, we will make sure Myrtle gets a snack. Can you point to Myrtle?" her mother asked.

Tiffany pointed at the kitten, then continued to make her point by thrusting her finger at the cat over and over, as if to stay to the stupid adults, "There, there, there is Myrtle, what's wrong with you guys?"

Cindy, the mom, barked a laugh and said, "Oh now I get it. One of her favorite bedtime books is *Myrtle the Turtle*." Mystery solved, all of the adults went to the rodent-proof kibble bin and helped Tiffany learn how to fill the bowl, not too much, and where to put it for 'Myrtle.' Somehow the weird name stuck and from that day forward, the barn cat was Myrtle the Turtle.

"Saffron, dear, I'm not sure anyone has looked after Myrtle today. Do you know if anyone has checked her food and water?" With a horrified look, Saffron dropped her wreath and tore out the door with an alacrity Laurelyn had doubted her capable of. After Belle, the patient senior doe, Myrtle was Saffron's favorite farm resident. Saffron was probably blaming herself right now if the cat's bowl was empty.

Laurelyn went through a quick checklist of chores in her mind once again and decided that other than Myrtle's neglected welfare, all of the other multitudinous farm chores were done for the day or would be soon by experienced help. Time to get to cooking.

An hour later, cornbread was in the oven, arancinis were frying in organic peanut oil, bear chili was thawing in a hot water bath in the sink, and Laurelyn was attending to concocting the creamy lemon-basil sauce she would drizzle over the warm cheesy cakes. The first six in the

batch were cooling on a large cutting board off to one side of the main kitchen area when Saffron appeared. She had her hands full of additional lavender from the greenhouse and new sprigs of big sagebrush. She deposited those in the adjacent craft room and came back into the kitchen. She looked pensively, longingly, at the cakes. Laurelyn finally took note, and said, "If you're hungry, take some of those, by all means. They're for everyone. As many as you want, just be sure they're cool enough." Saffron grabbed a couple of paper towels, filled them with three cakes, and folded them into the paper towel like a gyros sandwich, and disappeared into the craft room.

'Thank God she's eating something,' Laurelyn sighed to herself as she heaped the next crispy golden cakes on top of the earlier ones. Beth entered the back door adjacent to the kitchen with almost four pounds of Sungolds in a recycled grocery bag. "Where da ya want these, lady," she drawled in a fake East Coast accent.

"Oh awesome, that's just the ticket to go along with the arancinis. Can you wash about half those up and put them out on the table? The other half can go in the fridge if you can find room. Milking go OK?"

"Belle seemed a little off, but that may be because she didn't graze as long today as normal, since she had grief counseling duties to attend to."

Laurelyn frowned briefly and catching Beth's eye, silently gestured with her head in the direction of the craft room. "Oh shit, sorry," Beth mouthed silently and changed the subject. Soon Weston could be heard stomping and scraping outside the back door. He had obviously returned to ditch duties, and his boots were sporting the fruit of those labors. With a curse he finally just took them both off and left them beside the door, entering the kitchen in none too clean socks. A tall string bean of a guy just getting over the last few pimples of youth, he was always ravenous. He started to lunge toward the nearest arancini with a bare hand and Laurelyn just barely stopped him.

"Hands, bathroom, there," she admonished with fake sternness, pointing to the facility of mention. Sheepishly Weston complied. When he returned, Laurelyn had dressed some of the cooler cakes with her sauce and gave him a plate with three cakes, still steaming but not quite blistering. Beth grabbed a plate, two cakes and added her own sauce generously. A pile of Sungolds soon adorned the plate as well. Beth was completely in heaven.

"I don't think you made arancinis this year so far did you? God, they are awfully good." Laurelyn smiled. Being treated to her cooking was one of the many reasons that Beth worked for Bad Aspen Farm so cheap. Her husband greatly preferred junk food and Beth had

just never really learned to cook well, but she knew gourmet vittles when she saw them, or rather tasted them.

Sandy was the next arrival. Laden with two more bottles of wine, these a light zinfandel, she opened one of them grabbed wine glasses, and set the whole assortment on the table. Laurelyn did not stand on ceremony, and while Sandy filled her own plate, she filled her own glass.

George was still absent, and after ½ hour, Laurelyn was finding herself disappointed. Just as she was wrapping the last three cakes in foil and getting ready to refrigerate the sauce, a dusty pickup finally pulled into the last open slot in the little parking lot. Laurelyn turned the heat up to high in the skillet quickly, glad there was still semi-hot oil. The diners saw Peony Creek's version of the Marlborough man remove his hat and slap it off against his jeans. Not being familiar with the farm, he started off towards the goat barn.

"I'll get him," Weston offered.

A moment later stamping and scraping were again heard. The farmer's minuet was how Laurelyn thought of it. George, sporting sweaty hat hair, with dirt-streaked under his eyes where the sunglasses had shunted it, grinned at Laurelyn.

"Am I too late?" He queried, not very sincerely.

"Hands, face, bathroom, there," Weston interjected gleefully.

"Yessir, right away sir, mam, ladies. Back shortly."

"Now who is mam and who is ladies, in his book, do you suppose," Sandy wondered out loud.

They conjectured on mam vs. ladies for another couple of minutes when George emerged from the bathroom looking like a new man. '*Washes up quite nicely*', Laurelyn observed as she flipped the now revived patties out of the pan and onto a paper towel. George heaped the Sungolds onto his plate and started in on them first, humming the tune *Home Grown Tomatas*. After he ate several more, he was moved to burst into song,

"There's only two things that money can't buy, and that's real love and homegrown tomatas." Cheers of 'encore' and 'bravo' were tendered from the audience.

"Encores will have to wait, I'm afraid," said Laurelyn as she rose from the table. "Tender and moist cornbread waits for no man," she quipped as she took the large, foil-covered pan out of the oven. She set it on the breakfast bar that partially separated the kitchen from the table. Bowls, spoons, and the *piece de resistance*, a giant tureen filled to the brim with steaming bear chili, followed it.

“Careful, it’s hot, and I mean that both ways.” Seasoning was Laurelyn’s downfall. Just liked she loved her chiltipins on the bush, she also loved them in her food, and had been known to send the unwary running for the garden hose or the kitchen sink. She had tried to be conservative with this batch, but she found that she just never knew what other people perceived as too hot, pretty hot, or just right. Fortunately, all of her carnivorous guests for the evening had cast-iron stomachs and long-suffering but cooperative taste buds. Everyone had seconds of everything, and Sandy asked if she could take a serving home to Mike. Because of the homicide case, he was short on sleep and meals. Sandy had been too busy helping out Lor to fix anything for him. Laurelyn was delighted to do so, supplementing Mike’s portion with extra from the cold reserve and topping it all off with grated cheddar cheese. She knew that Mike would eat a rotting buffalo carcass if there was grated cheddar cheese on top. She hoped he would get the gentle humor and that this was her way of thanking him for being as sensitive about her situation as a cop was allowed to be. She put it into a microwavable container and set it on the breakfast bar.

Sandy opened the second bottle of Zin. Labeled ‘The Zins of the Fathers,’ it was fairly robust and yet still managed to be light on the tongue. It came partially from heritage grapes nurtured for centuries in Hungary, where Mike had an ancient ancestor, as well as a more contemporary ancestor still in the business and happy to take a few American dollars for some precious Tokaji stock.

Sandy and Mike had become obsessed with late harvest, botrytis sweetened wines. Mike had also discovered a decade ago, quite by accident, that he had a living relative near the village of Tokaji in Hungary, once known for its golden wines that could thrive in moderate clay red soils, such as exist in the mesas north of Peony Creek. It seemed these relatives were obsessed with the health of their vines and ended up with a strain of Tokaji grapes that were resistant to the devastating grape mite *Phylloxera*. Three thousand US dollars, a genealogy search, and five vine stocks later, a blend of Hungarian Tokaji grapes mixed with local varietals had become an award-winning and unique beverage that was making national acclaim.

As carefully guarded as any precious family recipe, this Tokaji vine stock was available to no one outside of the bloodline of the immediate family. And for good reason, for wines from that region that were crafted from only the raisins of that same grape were now selling internationally for \$30,000 dollars per bottle! Only a few of these carefully tended raisins were included in each bottle of ‘Zins of the Fathers’. Only 10, to be exact. So

two bottles of this wine for this evening were a tribute to Sandy and Mike’s high opinion of Laurelyn. And also the reason why Sandy rose from the table, stretching theatrically, and exclaiming, “Goodness me, why just look at the time.”

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Win this book in digital form to find out whodunit.

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The essay should be original and never been published in Goat Tracks or elsewhere. The writer’s name, age, and permission to do minor editing, should this story be reprinted elsewhere, should be included in the body of the email. The subject line should read “Ethics Contest.” Multiple submissions accepted.

Submissions can be sent as attachments to planetgoatpress@gmail.com. This offer ends May 1st. 2022.

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

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One of Dwite Sharp's Goats, Gus, at the fair.
Just too Precious for words.