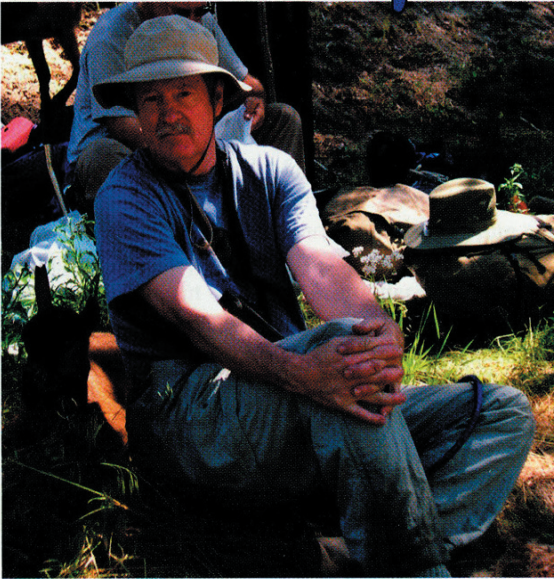


A Profile - Larry Robinson - Pack Goater Extraordinaire

September 2009



Now that I have crawled up out of my burrow, and placed myself in plain view up on the rock, Kevin has asked me to provide details concerning, "So who is this guy, anyway?"

And the answer; "May I have the envelope please?"...

I began physically more or less a year before Pearl Harbor, and spent the next 6 years without a father as he was off engaged in that particular unpleasantness. When he came home it was kind of like, "Well, you're a nice man, but who are you?" He never really answered that question, and so I spent most of my growing-up years attached pretty closely to my mother.

Like many young males, I excelled at school-avoidance. I didn't want to be there, I didn't see the point, and what good is all this stuff, anyway? Consequently, I came out of school with a lousy GPA, and when I could make my own decisions made a statement something like, "College? The devil take it!"

Since that of necessity drastically limited my options, at the end of graduation summer (1959), I joined the US Air Force. Surprisingly, I did fairly well with that endeavor, since I wasn't actually dumb, *I just acted like it!* I did 8 years of military, had a 4-year break, then did 17 more. During this time, I actually got interested in study, or maybe someone with more

sense actually possessed my body. In any case, I (or my possessor) spent quite a number of years at part-time study, and came out of it all with 3 Associate Degrees (and a 3.76 GPA). I just didn't quite make it to the 4-year variety as I fell a few hours short of that goal.

I retired from the USAF in 1984, came to Boise, Idaho, had a couple of short-term jobs, then went to work for the State of Idaho from which I retired for good in 2006.

As I stated in one of my previous write-ups for GAC, I had begun thinking about goats in regard to packing a very long time before I was actually able to have any. I had begun backpacking again about age 56, after a very long hiatus, ie., most of my adult life. For me, a major question was how long I could keep this up as I ventured into AARP-land? A senior citizen lady came through Boise with her 'packgoat' and the question was answered in a very clear way. Nevertheless, it took a number of events that led to my changing homes to one well outside of Boise before having an animal actually became possible.

It only took about 3 microseconds after I moved to my current home to begin *thinking* about getting some goats. The actual process took a bit longer. I began investigating goats as packers, got on the Yahoo! Packgoats groups and began reading in order to arrive at the point where I actually thought I could take responsibility for these little lives. As a part of that process I got some bad advice and obtained my first 3 goats from an individual who simply raised meatgoats, and knew nothing of the requirements for raising goats that would become capable packers. As a result, my first three goats were more or less washouts, at least for packing. I am fond of saying that I have 'A cripple, a midget & a squirrel'. That's only partially true as the 'squirrel' has become leagues better in the last year, and may actually eventually be one of my best packers. Eventually. All my other packing friends have come from a certified packgoat breeder, and as a result have worked out better overall.

Although a gentleman from my church, Dave Loranger, accompanied me on my last venture into the White Clouds, my normal hiking partner is **June Heise**. She and I have done many miles together. She is attracted to going hiking with me because I have a good sense of direction, go to what are for her 'neat places' and even more because I have the goats. She is a wisp of a thing, 107 pounds or so, I think, and has always been grateful to place a lot of her backpack on one of the goats.



The Goats



Shadow



Blackjack



Sassy Brown

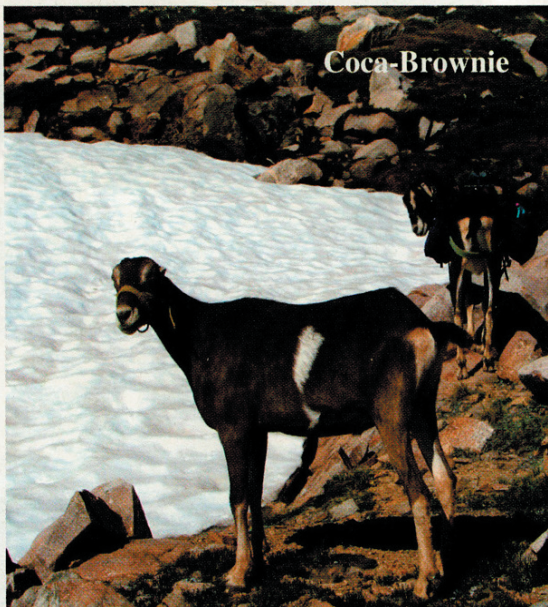
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Shadow was my first love and for a long time the dominant member of my goat community. He broke his left rear leg about two weeks after I got him, the repair went very wrong, and his leg now points out to the side, instead of forward. I tried packing him but the last time out he quit carrying, due to pain in his hip joint, I believe and so I have had to relegate him to 'weed-eater' status.

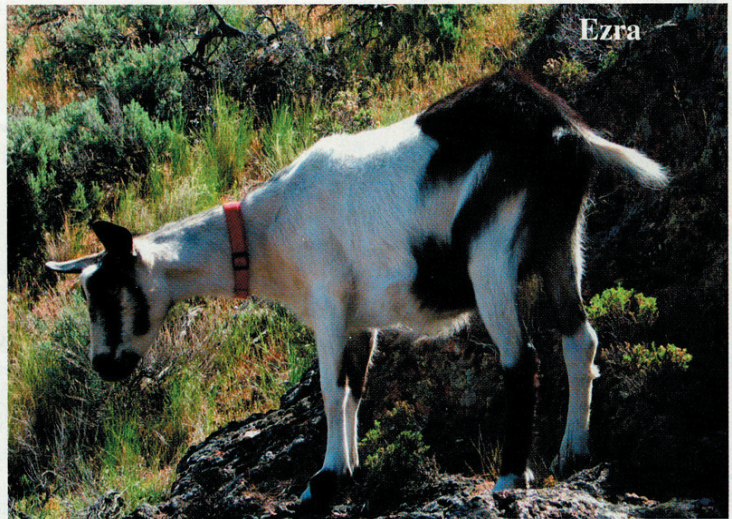
Sassy-Brown came with Shadow but has always had an excess of 'attitude' and therefore never been a guy you could warm up to. I tried packing him, but he has quit carrying twice, the last time on my White Clouds venture, and so I have also placed him on the ledger as a 'weed-eater'.

Blackjack was my first guy from a good packgoat breeder. He is wonderful. If I could clone him I definitely would. He is big enough to be valuable, and has no perceptible bad habits. I love him!

Cocoa-Brownie was also from Blackjack's breeder. He is a little small, pants easily, but goes on like the energizer bunny. He is easy to deal with, but has taken to getting into packs and such, ruining food and therefore, because of that habit, has not exactly endeared himself to me.



Coca-Brownie



Ezra

Ezra is one of two Alpines that I got most recently (a couple of years ago). He will probably be a good packer, but has a habit of waaaaaaing loudly with little or no provocation. I put a dog's shock collar on him recently and quiet has prevailed ever since.

Freckles is the other Alpine. No bad habits... yet!



Freckles

If it's true that practise makes perfect and if it's also true that nobody's perfect - then why would anyone bother to practise? A goat truism!