

THE NOGAL JOURNALS

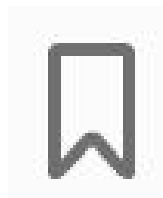
Volume Eight

A photograph of three horses and a dog in a field. In the foreground, a tan and white dog sits in the tall grass. Behind it, three horses stand: a white horse on the left, and two dark horses on the right. The background shows rolling hills and mountains under a blue sky with clouds. The entire image is framed by a decorative blue border.

BELLE, THUNDER, SPANKY, LULU
AND
MATTHEW MIDGETT

Volume 8 - Part 2 of 3

Please use the BOOKMARKS TOOL:



for your active TABLE OF CONTENTS
(located on the far upper right corner of the
window).



FOLLOWED DREAM RANCH

Horses are very slow eaters - especially Spanky. For morning activities, we have to get up extra early so they can enjoy their breakfast.

Mommie Cat and Lulu do not understand the concept of "up before dawn . . ."



"You've got be kidding. Cats don't even drink coffee . . ."



It was a bright, beautiful morning at the Fort.



Having nothing to do with our tour, this weekend hosts the annual WWII reenactors, and their "March on Rome 1944" event. Lulu meets an MP.



Belle is confused. "This is not OUR era!"



Not sure what Spanky is doing . . . protesting war?



On our tour, Belle makes friends.



Lulu, too.



Spanky poses for photos, and hopes for treats.



Thunder and Spanky joined the tour, following along with the crowd.



Lulu checks out the old German Internment Camp swimming pool (100,000 gallons, built by the German POW's with materials ordered from Sears & Roebuck!)



Bureaucratic waste: The State allowed the roof of the camp's wonderful adobe recreation hall to deteriorate, eventually falling into the building. Shame.



After the tour, a little break along the Bonito.



We just made it back to our trailer, when the rain came down hard. Lucky again!
MM

This time of year we get some mighty interesting skies, - but don't think we've seen this particular color before.





Just wanted to share it with you.

MM

Spanky had his monthly injection for ring bone today. Since we were in Capitan, a ride in cattle country seemed in order . . .

This wide open space is very special.



The sunflowers are just now starting to bloom.



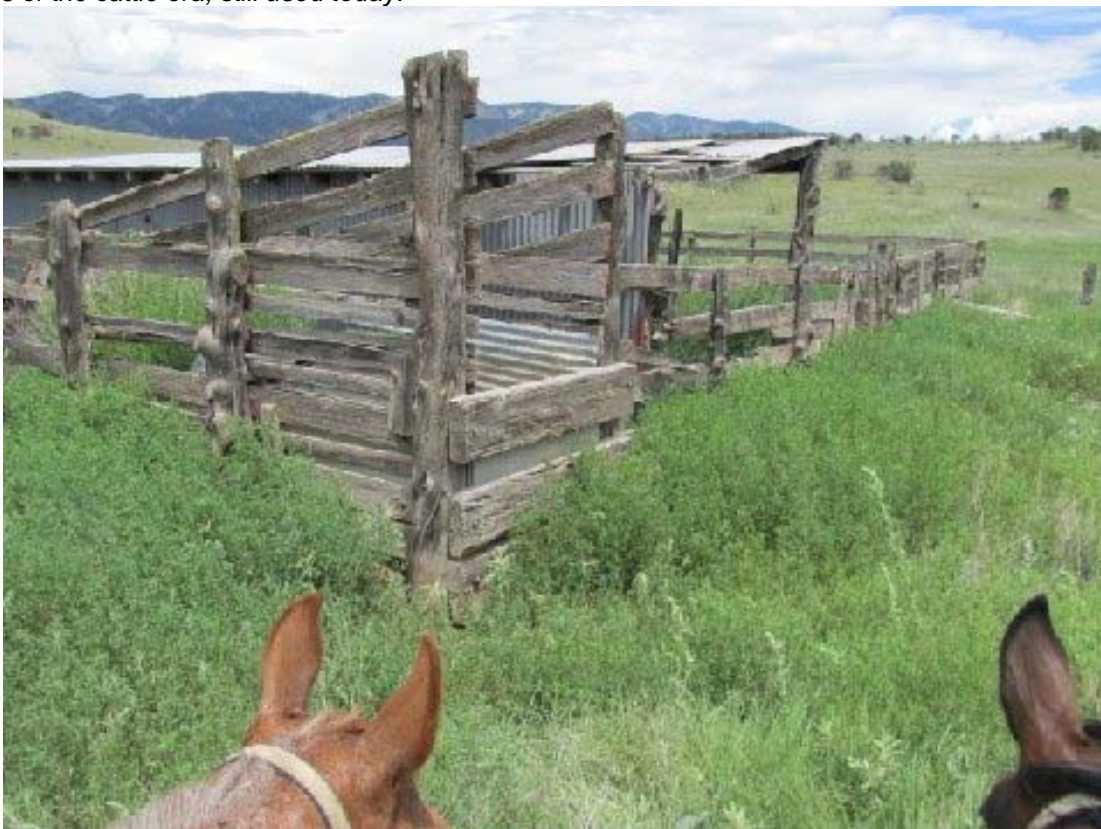
. . . and these little yellow flowers.



Mighty fine grass around here.



Relics of the cattle era, still used today.



An always-welcome sight on the range.



"Whazat?"



A herd of elk - curious about us. Several big bulls, with developing antlers.



2015-0727 – *Special Encounters*

Page 6 of 12

Apparently, they alerted a band of horses, who came for a look-see. If you look directly above Spanky's head, you will see the elk watching Thunder saying "hi" to his new friends. This is a cool shot; species in harmony.



After a nice visit, we depart.



"Adios!"



We wander up and down the green hills.



Then . . .



A couple of hours and several miles later . . .



Another big herd. This one with lots of babies.



Someone is enjoying lunch with mom.



Mature bulls watching over them. A community - a "village".



They don't seem very concerned with us. Look at all the little ones! What a wonderful sight.



Racing a rain shower back to the trailer.



Time to leave, Spanky.



This self-loading thing is getting more frequent. Thunder knows it is time to go.



All by himself.



That was a fun time - glad we could share it with you!

MM

The horses and Lulu were asked to appear in a television commercial promoting Ruidoso Tourism. They were happy to oblige!

The crew gets ready for the "riding through a field of flowers" shot.



Lulu takes a break. She did well in her "running through the meadow" scene, crossing a field countless times until the cameraman got what he wanted.



The horses were unbelievably cooperative; I really think they understood what was going on. Here they have a close up.



Thunder takes his cue.



At one point, a group of trail riders rode right through our scene. My horses stayed on their marks!



Belle gets ready for her big scene at a (slippery!) waterfall.



Although Thunder was not in this shot, he keeps an eye on the production.



It's like they knew just how this works!



After the shoot, which took several hours, we enjoyed a fun ride (they had earned it!)







On the way back, we stopped to give some children a nice memory to take home.



Back at the trailer, a whole bunch of braying mules had arrived. The loose horses moved quietly through the camp without an incident.





Unusual horses; interesting experience.

MM

This evening some friends dropped by . . .

The view from our porch.





This little guy was sure curious about those "deer".



"Baby bump"?





Lots of new calves.





Nap time.





Everything was peaceful . . .



. . . and then Wilcox the cat had to run down and say hello.



"What was that thing?"



"I don't know, but it sure is fast!"



"Oh, well, I'm getting some shut-eye. Wake me if it comes back"





FOLLOWED
DREAM
RANCH

2015-07-31 – *A Simple Ride*

Page 1 of 4

Just a simple ride out the back gate. As with most journeys, choosing good companions makes all the difference!

Lulu stops ahead to wait for the slow pokes.





Thunder takes off.







Home.



A simple ride; but always a good one. Thanks for joining us!
MM

No horses in this one. Lulu and I were coming home late this afternoon from having the truck serviced, when I pulled over so she could enjoy a little exercise (she made friends with everyone at the Ford dealer!) Here are some peaceful shots.



The forest pavilion at Cedar Creek.









Ants are gathering something from this one.









Happy girl!



Nature . . .
MM

When we arrived for our ride up Argentina Trail, Danny (the last of the mule riding group who had been visiting from Texas), asked if he and his mule could join us. I explained about the loose horses, but he had seen us ride through the "gauntlet" of mules in camp last week, and recognized that these horses have pretty good sense. Everyone got along just fine, so we took off together.

Nice day for it.



Much water?



This is Bonito Canyon ROAD! A portion of the rain-swollen river changed course.



Danny's was the only rig left at camp. That's him with "Billie", his 21-year-old-mule (they have been together 19 years). He asked me how long it would take me to saddle up. I replied, "No time at all" (literally).

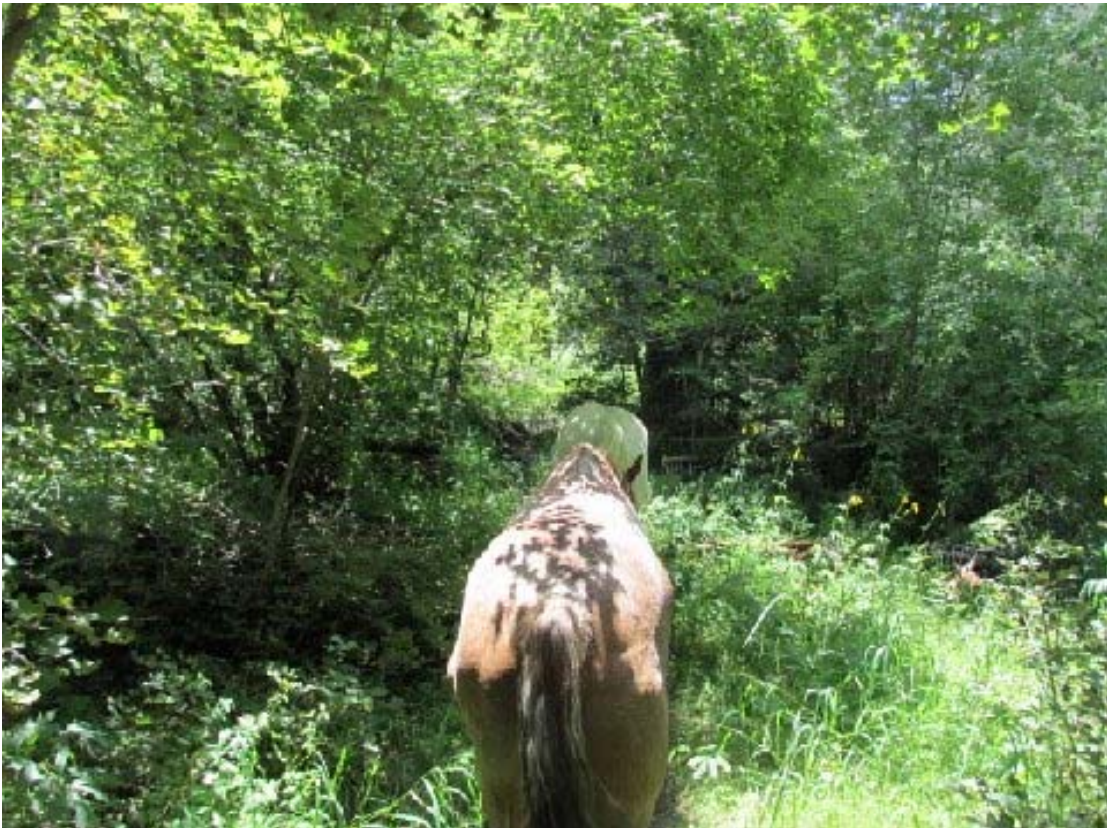


I wasn't sure how the horses would react to the addition of a mule on our ride - Spanky kept an eye on Billie, but everyone acted as though they did this all the time. Billie was very well behaved.



Lulu accepted Billie into her herd without a hitch.





VERY cool mule!



My horses changed lead positions during the ride, as they always do.





Danny (on Billie), and Thunder near the top.



It clouded up, but we decided to keep going (stayed dry the whole ride; while just a few miles away, we received about two inches of rain at home!)



The boys have a little race to the top.





Very enjoyable ride. Danny and Billie were good company. Nice to see the horses (and Lulu) be so hospitable to Billie. Danny said most of their mule rides are "goal-oriented" - covering the trails at speed without stops. He enjoyed our leisurely pace, and Billie was REALLY happy with all the snacking along the way.

Glad you came along, too!

MM

Sometimes a ride is like a song.

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow . . .



. . . there's a bright golden haze on the meadow.



All the cattle are standing like statues . . .



. . . all the cattle are standing like statues.



They don't turn their heads as they see me ride by . . .



. . . but a little brown maverick is winking his eye.



All the sounds of the earth are like music . . .



. . . all the sounds of the earth are like music.



The breeze is so busy . . .



. . . it don't miss a tree, and a' old weep'in (pinon) is laughing at me.



Oh, what a beautiful morning!



Oh, what a beautiful day!



Well, it was like that today. Thunder and Spanky met a big bull . . ."Oh, no, please Mr. Bull, you go first. We insist!"



. . . and Thunder had some fun with the cows. "Hmmm . . ."



"Yahoo!"



"Betcha think I'm an Arabian Horse, huh!"



"See my tail?"



"Ha! Ha! Fooled"ja. I'm a Quarter Horse!"



"Well, actually, SILLY is what you are."



... and fast!



Ready to load in the trailer . . . but first, a little more grazing.



It really was a beautiful day. If you want to see how close it came to looking like the original, check out the first couple of seconds of this video clip (except for the corn stalks!):

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_C6J9gij5SQ

MM

During yesterday's ride through our "Oklahoma", we spotted an interesting valley and decided to go back today and investigate.

Lulu and Thunder lead the way.



Lulu plays Rin-Tin-Tin.



2015-08-04 – *Mystic Canyon*

Page 2 of 8

The valley funneled us into a narrow canyon. Most of it was sandy-bottomed; but portions had a stone surface, smoothed by eons of summer storm runoff.



It got more challenging (and interesting) the farther we went.



It developed into a labyrinth of intersecting arroyos.



Which way?



Lulu found a little drinking hole, just her size.



Finally, the arroyo's floor became too rocky for the horses (even Lulu knew better!)



We took another canyon back toward the trailer.



Out in the open again, the boys take off.



They know the way.



They weren't ready to go home yet, so we passed the trailer and headed to a watering hole.





Back in "Oklahoma" (sort of . . .)



MM

2015-08-07 – *Return To Arroyo Secreto*

Page 1 of 9

We set out with no certain destination. Since it was late in the day (with rain clouds floating around), we decided to stay close. Then I realized we had not been to our self-named "Arroyo Secreto" for a long time; Lulu had never been there.

Hey, guys, want to go for a ride?



As usual, Thunder was the first to heed the call.



Then Belle, with Spanky finally giving up his grazing to join us.



I don't know what Thunder is doing here - just "horsing around", I guess.



The arroyo bottom is filled with summer plants.



2015-08-07 – *Return To Arroyo Secreto*

Page 4 of 9

The arroyo meanders for miles; sometimes narrow, other times opening into broad meadows.



Lulu had fun exploring a new place.





2015-08-07 – *Return To Arroyo Secreto*

Page 6 of 9

Then she made a wrong move, climbing up above a very nasty cliff. If you look closely, you will spot her over the alcove.



Even Thunder was concerned. "NO, not that way! Go back."



. . . but she figured out how to retrace her route and join us. Smart girl. Whew!



Spanky negotiates some tricky "stair step" rocks.



It's getting late. On the way out, Thunder cranks up our pace.



Back (just) before dark.



It was nice to visit this special place again. Thanks for coming along!

MM



FOLLOWED
DREAM
RANCH

We know this beautiful summer won't last . . . so are enjoying every chance we get to ride the mountain.



There's more moss than we can remember.





2015-08-09 – *The Big Loop*

Page 4 of 12

The Bonito Loop climbs to the top of the mountain, across and back down. The high country meadows boast belly-high grass.



Makes it kinda challenging for Lulu, as Thunder catches up!



We rode through dozens of elk "beds" like these.



Cool on the mountain, while White Sands sizzles in the distance.



Belle spots some elk, out of camera range. (Yes, it really is that green - no photo-enhancement!)



I think Spanky was saying, "This is great!"



Lulu finds a spring.



We struggled through sunflowers as tall as the horses (Thunder is in there somewhere).





On the way down through the aspens, we encountered some dead fall trees across the trail. Spanky knows how to deal with them!



It was a long ride. Lulu is pooped (but happy!)



The magic of (this) summer . . . thanks for coming along!

MM

A walk down historic Lincoln's main (and only) street is to step back in time to the real Wild West. It was here that Billy the Kid, Sheriff Pat Garrett, Apaches, Hispanic settlers, shady ladies, gunfighters and corrupt politicians made themselves known. Countless movies and television shows owe their themes to this tiny village. President Rutherford B. Hayes called Lincoln's main street "the most dangerous street in America" - and it was, but every year, this now sleepy lane, hosts the "Old Lincoln Days" parade - and once again Belle and I had the honor of carrying the flag.

The parade participants gather in a pasture opposite historic Ellis Store B & B (where Billy the Kid really did stay).



2015-08-10 – *Lincoln Parade*

Page 2 of 4

Ranchers and other locals prepare to join the parade, which has more horses than most.



This was Belle's best year ever. She clearly remembered the route and her duty - and walked at an unnaturally slow pace in order to accommodate other (very slow) entries. She was especially good at following - precisely - the double yellow line along the entire route. She had a great time, and I am very proud of her.



2015-08-10 – *Lincoln Parade*

Page 3 of 4

Afterwards, Rick Simpson (carrying the New Mexico flag) joined us on the lawn of Wortley's Hotel (once owned by Pat Garrett), made famous on April 28th, 1881, during Billy's daring escape from jail in the courthouse directly across the street. One of his guards was having lunch in the hotel's dining room (still serving meals), when the deputy heard shots from the courthouse. He ran outside and was gunned down by Billy, just steps in front of where we are standing. It may be an indication of local sentiment for Billy, that it took him nearly an hour to remove his leg irons (with an axe) before he was able to ride out of town (on a horse brought to him by a "friend") - singing. Two days later, the loyal horse returned to Lincoln. It was Billy's final visit to town; less than three months later he was shot dead by Pat Garrett - just two months' shy of his 22nd birthday.



Later, Belle stood patiently in front of the 1854 stone and adobe Torreon Tower (where early villagers ran for protection during Apache raids), while tourists snapped her picture.



This was the 70th Anniversary of the Old Lincoln Days celebration, and the "Last Escape of Billy the Kid Pageant" - the longest running outdoor pageant in the nation.
MM

2015-08-12 – *Overlook Trail*

Page 1 of 7

It was late in the day by the time we got our chores done. The horses had been patient, and it was too nice an afternoon not to take a ride.

With the Capitan Mountains in the background, we take off. Lulu and Belle spot a deer in the distance.



Soon, we are on the trail.



Capitan Gap in the background. One of the few "east-west" ranges, we seldom ride there because of too much rock in areas.



Thunder asks, "This way?"



We've been climbing; that little white dot is our trailer.





There are about 100 miles of marked trails in the 25,000-acre National Conservation Area, most developed by equestrian endurance riders, for their annual competition here. "Hurry up, Thunder!"





Headed home at sunset.



"What was that?"



MM



FOLLOWED
DREAM
RANCH

Horses pretty much invented drive-through fast food and this summer, mine have perfected "grab and go" dining. Their world has become a salad bar.

On an errand trip to town, we stopped by Cedar Creek.



Americore's Eco-servants have added several brand new trails in the area. The horses note the difference.







Yup. That's Thunder, grabbing a snack without stopping . . .



... and again.



... and once more. This time he managed to get far enough ahead of us, to afford a brief stop.



They all do it, but because Thunder is often in the lead, he is the most obvious.



Most of these trails are very smooth and easy, but as we climb a bit, they can become more challenging.



Belle spotted a curious deer, right off the trail (closer than this photo makes it look); she stood there as we passed, and then continued her meal.



You can just spot her "v"-shaped ears in the center of the photo.



Thunder contemplating another snack. Is he checking to see if I am watching?



At home, some of the new elk moms and their calves greet us. They don't pay us much mind, as we go about our business nearby.



This calf still has some "fawn spots".



"Whatcha do'in now?"



MM

A nice, peaceful ride . . .











Rain showers at sunset.



MM

Nacho's back! No sign of the "bambino" yet; she leaves frequently to nurse (she has it secreted nearby for safety).



She is very thin, but otherwise looks just fine.



"Of course, I am! But no rest with a little one, let me tell you!"



She is getting LOTS of store bought apples . . .



You can see her distinctive double "notch" on her right ear.



She has also learned to reach up and pick the not-yet-ripe apples off the tree (there are plenty of them this year).







It's nice to have her home.

MM

I spotted this mom and twin babies in the far pasture. Not sure if it is Nacho . . . but I think so (UPS truck came up my driveway just then, and spooked them).

Looks like the "notches" in her right ear . . .





FOLLOWED
DREAM
RANCH

2015-08-17 – *Lazy Afternoon*

Page 1 of 14

Rain was predicted for the afternoon, - but it was early yet, and we decided to risk it and head for the mountain.

By the time the horses were loaded, the sky had cleared.



As we passed, the lake seemed to stretch and yawn in the sun.



. . . but the streams were flowing briskly, happily along.



. . . and the late summer flowers were gifting their final blooms.





The horses ambled - their "clip-clop" muffled by aromatic leaves and needles underfoot.



Even little Lulu seemed to be daydreaming as she waded in ancient pools.



While the water flowed nonchalantly down the mountain.



Our familiar trails were comfortable, meandering among the napping pines.



Without a plan, we wandered until we found ourselves at the top of the ridge.



A rough stone trough of cool, cool water.



Thunder and Lulu explored a muddy elk spring where water bugs slept, buoyed on the surface like tiny birds stalled in mid-air.



Nature's bouquet provided a fiery contrast to the lush green.



Like the old song says, "It's a lazy afternoon, and I know a place that's quiet - 'cept for daisies running riot, and there's no one pass'in by it to see . . ."



"If you hold my hand and sit real still, you can hear the grass as it grows."



"The speckled trout stop leaping upstream, as we dream."



"... and there's not another human in view."





"Come spend this lazy . . . afternoon . . . with me."





It was quiet a ride.

Oh . . . the rain finally came . . .



. . . and how!



MM

[Here's the song: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qxl2RQ-NjwA>]

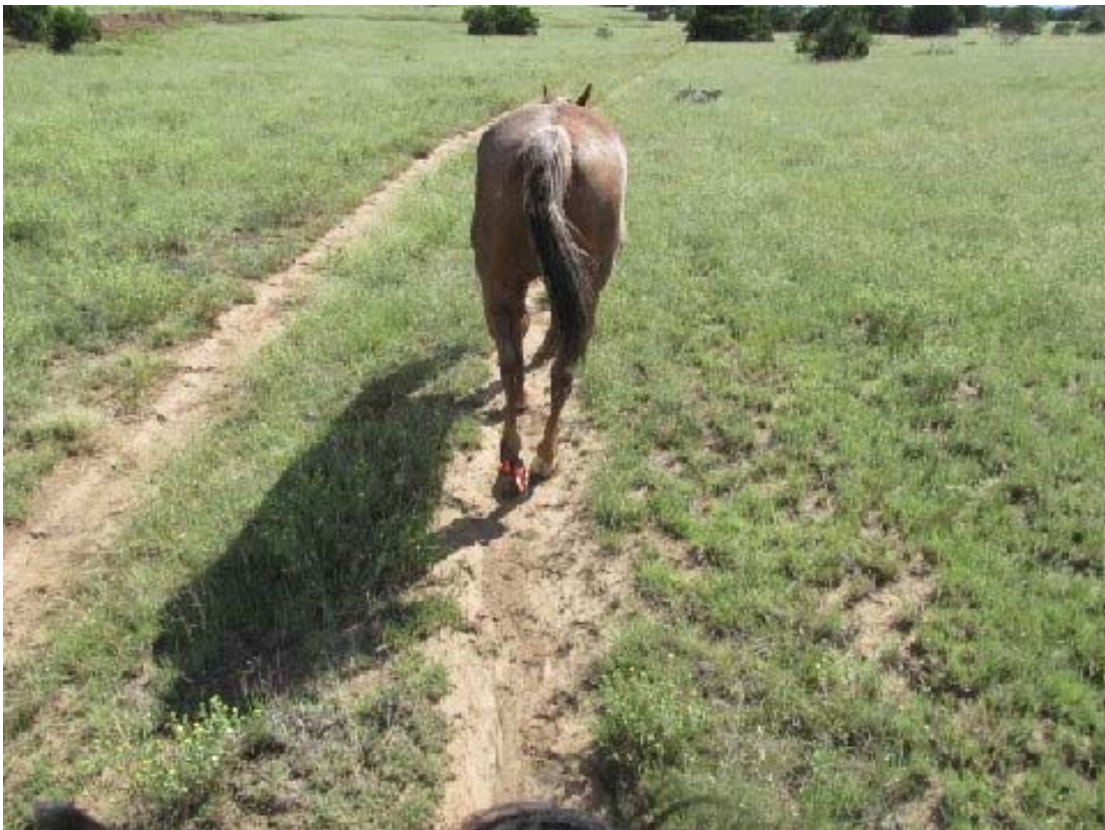
We ALWAYS carry a durable rubber "easy boot" which can be fitted onto a horse's hoof in case a shoe comes loose (without a protective shoe or boot, the fibrous hoof is easily damaged by rocks, etc.) We call it our "spare tire".

It has come in handy on more than one occasion, including today. We were at Ranchman's Camp, when I noticed something "not quite right" about Spanky . . .



One of his rear shoes had come loose. I removed it and put the rubber boot on his foot (kind of like an old-fashioned galosh overshoe). He didn't seem to mind (they have ALL worn the boot at one time or another). I keep bright orange tape on the boot in case it should come off and be lost on the trail - easier to find!





Just to be safe, we kept the rest of our ride on the soft dirt two-track road or cattle paths.



Thunder and Belle seemed to understand – and slowed their normally brisk pace down to a leisurely walk.



Even Lulu fell into the relaxed mode . . .



. . . until something caught her attention along the trail. Then she was off like a shot.





We steered clear of water holes this ride.





Thunder and Spanky lagged behind for some green grass snacking. Can't blame them.



The rubber boot served its purpose - saving Spanky's hoof until the metal shoe can be reset.



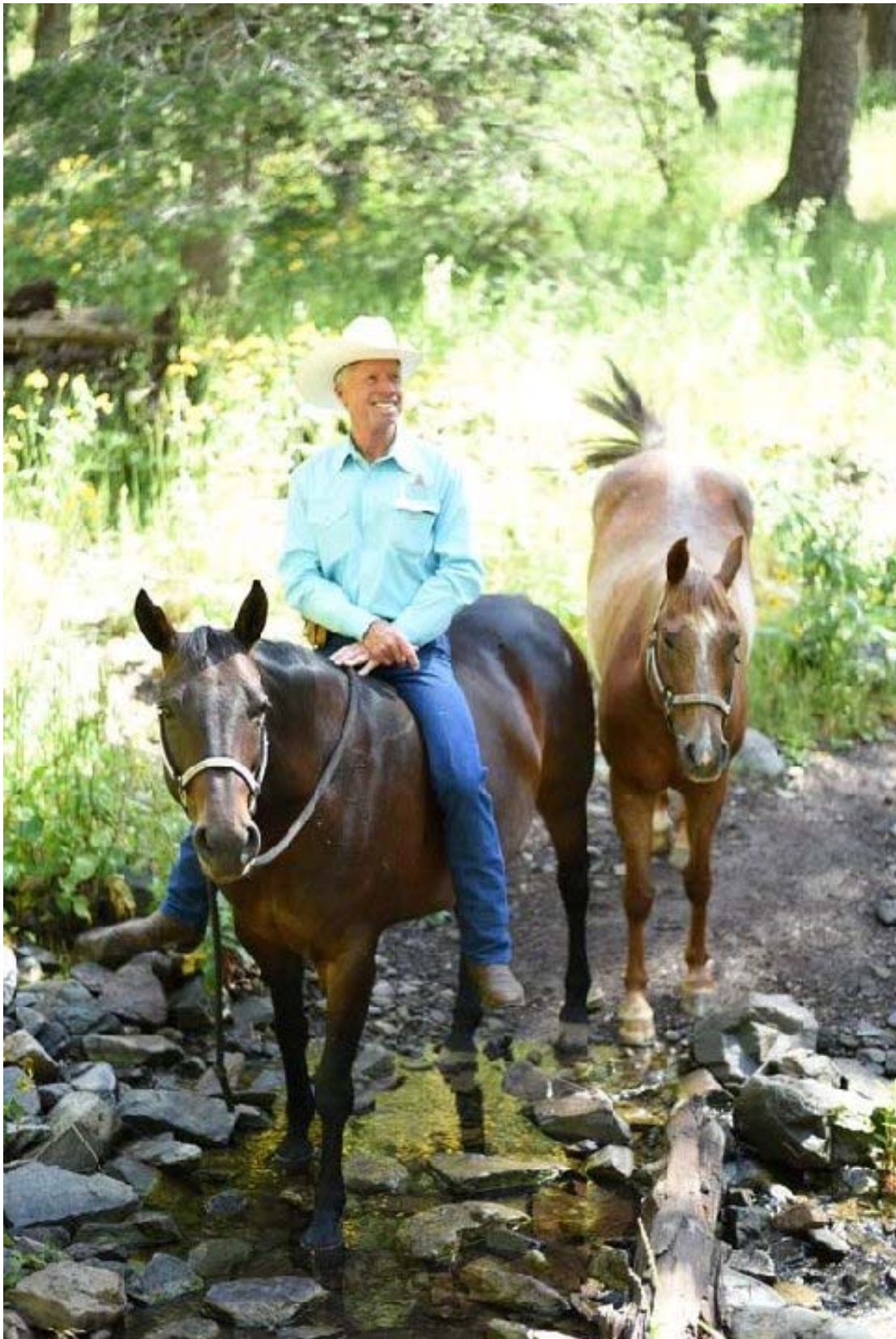
MM

There was a still photographer with us during the video shoot for the tourism department - I understand some of these are to be published in American Cowboy magazine.









"Is it over there?"



"Or over there?"



"Maybe up there?"



... "Or over there . . ." (*I like this one - Belle snacking!*)



Time will tell . . .

MM

We had a good rain about two o'clock. By later in afternoon, it had dried out enough for a ride.

Lulu leads the way.



Thunder met some friends. "Hi ya".



"Hi, yourself."



They followed us for a bit.



Lulu keeps her distance; she knows some of the cow's suspect she might be a predator (but not once they get to know her!)



Thunder is having a wonderful time!



I guess that is part of Belle's dark mane next to Thunder - looks like he is wearing a bad wig!



Back at the trailer, some last-minute snacks.



With their fly masks on for the ride home in the trailer, one of their cow friends comes to say good-bye.



Back at the ranch: "It's about time you got here!" "Yeah - we're ready for our snacks!"



MM

We almost got a ride in today.

As Lulu and I took off for the feed store, the horses grazed peacefully under suspect skies.



We could see rain in the distance, but were dry on our trip to the feed store and back. After unloading all the feed, we went looking for the horses. Clouds had moved in . . . the horses knew . . .



They were waiting under a big tree. You can see the first drop that hit my camera.



2015-08-27 - ***Almost***

Page 3 of 8

Off we ran to the barn!



Made it just in time - (I think Spanky is sticking his tongue out at the rain).



Indoor grazing . . .



Thunder checks out the weather.





It's coming down. Nice to be inside!





2015-08-27 - ***Almost***

Page 7 of 8



Rain is bouncing off the roof of the garage.



"I think I will get out of these wet clothes, and into a dry Martini" *Robert Benchley*
Hoping for a (dry) ride tomorrow morning!
MM

It started out like a typical ride.

Checked the sky – since rain was likely in the late afternoon (and it did), we started early.



With rain forecast, we stayed close to home; just down the road at Ranchman's Camp.





We passed an old cattle pen, weathered with the years.



Lulu waits for us to catch up.



A very nice ride. Then it happened.



As is so often the case, they met at a local watering hole.



She was young and pretty. He noticed her right away.



It didn't matter that they were from different backgrounds.



Sometimes, it just happens.



. . . and then . . .



It was as though the world stopped turning. Nothing mattered but that moment.



She followed, hoping to get to know him better. Was this the "white knight" she had dreamed of?



His friends seemed always to be in the way.



Lulu wasn't sure about this . . . this forbidden love.



2015-08-28 – *Love Is A Many Splendored Thing*

Page 9 of 10

. . . but then her best friend clued her in, "I told you. He's too tall for you. Besides, HE'S MARRIED - to the brunette."



Hopes dashed, she knew it was over.



Two lives, which touched briefly in a beautiful summer moment, went their separate ways.



"And another thing, she is way too young for you. It's ridiculous. Do you think she would put up with all your shenanigans the way I do? Don't be silly." "You're right, dear. Let's go home."



It really was for the best.

MM

2015-08-29 – *The Old Apple Trees*

Page 1 of 8

This is a very good year for apples around here (there were none last season). Our trees at home have already been "picked" as high as the deer can reach. We thought we would take a look at the historic (untended) orchards in Bonito Canyon.

The lake was the color of jade today.



Farther up the canyon, water was running.



Off we go, in search of apples.



Thunder seems to know we are on a mission.



Quick stop for a drink.





Good friends.



Yup! There they are. As at home, the deer (and elk) have picked as far as they can reach, but the upper branches are loaded!



These trees were planted more than 100 years ago - when apples fetched \$1 each from hungry miners. The miners are long gone; the mines, too, but these trees remain, living mementos of the past.



I give some of the ripest ones to the horses before we move on.



Nearby, a spring is full of mud where the elk wallow.



Among the last flowers of summer.





Lulu rests in a bed of wild clover. Happy dog!



One of the bucks stopped by at sunset.





He has a substantial rack - still with some velvet covering.



2015-08-31 – ***Sunset Buck And Morning Flowers***

Page 3 of 4

Nacho and friend ("Doe-Doe") visited, too. Nacho is licking her lips in anticipation of a nice juicy apple.



Flowers at the horses' breakfast time.



Wishing you a great week ahead!

MM

How can it be September already? Summer is nearly over!

*Our first ride of the new month was a quick one out the back gate.
"Hey kids, wanna go for a ride?"*



Off we go, Lulu in the lead.



Thunder grabs a fast sunflower snack along the way.



Oh, Spanky.



Tailgating.





Back home.





Waiting for her deer friends.



We still find nearby places we haven't explored before; this one between Capitan and historic Lincoln.

Lots of sunflowers along the way.



"Hmmm . . . lunchtime!"



Belle thinks they're tasty.



The open range.





We come across an arroyo; and the Salado Creek.



Flowing peacefully along.



Lulu has the right idea on a warm late-summer day.



She leads us to a little swimming hole.



Yup . . . that's just what I did! Dropped my clothes on the rocks, and . . .



Cowboy spa!



After drying off in the sun, we continued our wandering.



We pretty much follow the creek along.



Spanky snags sunflowers as he goes.



Lulu has learned to enjoy wading!



"Hello down there!"



The afternoon rain is coming - we hightail it back to the trailer.



We are all at a full gallop.





FOLLOWED
DREAM
RANCH

This year, Belle educated Thunder and Spanky about eating sunflowers; I don't remember any of them doing it before.



A little taste here . . .



. . . a little bite there.



Spanky seems to prefer the smaller variety.



No one goes for these little purple ones.





If you look very closely, you might see the deer watching us (the "y-shaped" ears, in the middle of the photo).



Actually, they pretty much ignored us as we rode right past.



They sure do blend in.





Ferns along the creek.



Looking for more sunflowers.



MM

After raining off and on all day, it was pouring around sunset - when I looked out the window and saw a new mom with her baby.



Yep . . . definitely an "awwww".





Then, something in the distance caught the little one's eye.



Could it be . . . Nacho and her twin Bambi-nos?



Sure enough, a few minutes later they arrived.





Meet Nacho's twins!!!! (I have to admit, I had a lump in my throat; I remember meeting Nacho when she was just a little bigger than they are . . .)





They still have some of their "fawn spots".





Then mom caught sight of something . . .



A big buck arrived. Could it be dad?





It started to rain harder, so mom sent the little ones for cover in the trees. "Is it this way, mom?"





One of the twins sees me in the window. "What the heck is that thing? Is it looking at me?"



Nacho has one more apple for the road, before joining them (after all, she's eating for three!).



The circle of life.

MM

It was sunny this morning, when Lulu and I took off for the feed store.

We almost made home before the rain began. I jumped out and put a tarp over the feed (if you live in New Mexico, you carry a tarp!)



This is at least the third batch of barn swallow chicks we have had on the veranda this summer. They have a great place to watch the rain.



This one is consistently curious of all comings and goings.



A rare peek at all three.



Using the flash, in this shot they remind me of singing birds in a Disney cartoon.



Just below, Mommie Cat watches the rain from her perch.



While at the barn, the horses wait it out.



Belle (actually standing inside the barn) and Lulu check out a brief lull in the rain.



When it begins again in earnest, they are happy to be inside. Each one got a good brushing, as the rain fell gently on the old tin roof.



"When's dinner?"



They let me know it would be nice to have their supper early today - they each went to their stalls and waited.



That's a rainy afternoon around here.

MM

It's been a deer-a-thon around here!



Lots of moms and babies.



I know . . . "awww".



The amazing head-less deer!



The (lower) apples are going fast!



"Got it. Yum!"



Nacho and Wilcox . . .



(Cat) nap time, in the shade of the apple tree.



*"See, you can sharpen your claws like this!"
Sez Nacho: "Claws?"*



Oh . . . and elk, too.



This family passed by late today.



End of Volume 8 - Part 2 of 3

Please Follow Us Some More...

See All the Journals.

JUST CLICK HERE!

