

PROVERBS TO THE RESCUE A.K.A. GOAT EVANGELISM

By Paul M. Riley, born at Rock Lick Mission

Edna Riley was crying uncontrollably. Her husband John was trying to comfort her! It was the summer of 1934. Edna and John were serving as missionaries at Rock Lick, a remote mission station in “Bloody” Breathitt County in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. They had been given the task to try to reopen the Mission Station that had been closed because of killings around the mission, vandalism, plus threats against the missionaries. The move was made the previous winter, from Oakdale Mission, six miles away. There were no roads; their goods were moved by a sled pulled by horses. Part of the way the road went down the frozen creek bed. Several times the horses and sled broke through the ice! John had to do very heavy lifting putting the sled back on solid ice. This resulted in John developing two hernias that gave him trouble for the next twenty seven years. Their son David had been born at Oakdale May 24, 1933, now Edna was pregnant again.

The Kentucky Mountain people had been cut off from the from the rest of the United States for so long that the area had developed into a third world country. Outside interests had come in and exploited and ravaged the timber and coal resources promising a better life for everybody, but then left, leaving the hillsides to wash away, the wells and creeks polluted, farmlands severely damaged, and the people much poorer! This made the people very suspicious of any outsiders, especially any people, such as missionaries, saying that they were there to help the people to live a better life. Many families had lost loved ones due to trauma, tuberculosis or typhoid fever. There was a lot of mental illness, in children because of malnutrition and family intermarriage, and in adults because of the home brewed “moonshine” whiskey, use of home grown tobacco, and malnutrition. Blindness from trachoma infection of the eyes was common. Education was very haphazard, many people could not read or write. Family feuds had been going on for many decades; promising lives were being cut short. The “cash crops” were tobacco and “Mountain Dew”, moonshine whiskey made from corn. Stills were usually well hidden near the cornfields. It was easier and cheaper to carry the corn out in “jugs”. The product also got a better price, especially during Prohibition! The brew was very “high octane”. It could make a man forget all his troubles, or make him remember long forgotten grievances, both imaginary and real! Guns and moonshine were often a lethal combination! There was corruption among elected officials so people had taken the law into their own hands! Every man owned at least one gun! Many of the children had no shoes; they went barefoot even in winter. Most families really struggled to survive in makeshift cabins perched on the hillside. Yet those people were too proud to accept Government handouts! Wars had been started between families and even within families with many shootings! The mountain people resented any outsider mentioning their struggles, their poverty, and their suffering. It would take a lot of time, effort, and love for the missionaries to gain their trust and respect!

At Rock Lick the new missionaries got a warm reception. The Crawford clan owned most of the land around the mission. All the Crawfords had sworn they would never darken the door of the Church or help the missionaries. They threatened anybody

who went near the mission. They always had their guns with them. Sophie Crawford was the “Annie Oakley” of the area. Several people had seen her shoot hawks out of the sky with her .38 revolver. No one dared disagree with the Crawford Clan with Sophie “riding shotgun”! Her husband, Roscoe, was starting to go blind, so Sophie ruled the household. These people didn’t “cotton on” to “Furrineers” as the Rileys were called. The people would run into their homes and lock the doors when the Riley tried to call on them. They were sure John was in “cahoots” with the “Revenueers”, government agents who were looking for illegal stills. They felt that they had a right to earn a living by the only means available. They were too proud to accept any Government “hand outs”.

Worse than the moonshiners, were some of the mountain “preachers“. They preached against all “brought on” products, including the religion of love and forgiveness these Furrineers were preaching. They even preached against education; the more “ignoranter” you were, the closer you were to God! Vandalizing and burning down schoolhouses was encouraged! As long as their congregation professed Christianity and attended “church” occasionally and “tithed” their moonshine and “chawing” tobacco it didn’t matter what they did the rest of the week. In Church, people learned to sit out of the “spitting range” of the preacher, who spit tobacco juice in any direction. Often these preachers were the worst sinners! With a little extra “appreciation” money from the family at the funeral for a loved one, these preachers could even “preach” the most unrepentant deceased sinner into heaven! The worst sin a person could commit was to attend a Mission Church or school. These men preached hate and revenge; an “eye for an eye“! They were in “cahoots” with the undertakers. If the killings had died down, a graveside service was scheduled to rekindle old feuds. It seemed mandatory that everyone attend and bring their guns and moonshine! Several times John listened from a distance, he could hear every word. The preacher had a loud voice that echoed from the hillsides and into the “hollers”. The preacher would stop by each grave head stone of those killed in a feud, some from generations before. Like Marc Anthony, the preacher would incite the families to retaliate! Then he would preach the same message to the other family involved! Before the people left some young men would start taking bets on the outcome of the inevitable shootouts that would ensue. This was live entertainment for the young men. There was usually an outburst of gunfire after the service. Sometimes several people were killed making more business for the preachers and the undertakers. When a shootout between feuding families appeared inevitable, the sheriff would make himself “scarce”, he would only reappear when the victims had been buried and the “coroner” had been paid off. (John had wondered why so many young men had died of “natural causes”). These mountaineers would shoot under John’s horse trying to get the horse to buck John off. Fortunately, John, in his cowboy days, had learned to stay on a bucking horse! At night, the hooligans would ride past the parsonage, shooting into the air and shouting threats and insults. At least once a week someone was killed in “Bloody” Breathitt County. (John Riley kept a diary for forty weeks while he lived at Rock Lick. During that time, more than forty people were killed in feuds!) Some Government agents who went into nearby woods looking for illegal stills were never seen again! John had to dodge stones from slingshots while he preached. A bomb exploded under the Church during altar call! For a moment the front of the church was lifted off the front pillars! More than once, John was told : “ I would just as soon shoot you as look at you”. John had no reason to doubt them! Their motto seemed to be: “Shoot first, ask questions later”. These mountain people truly

needed to know of God's love and how to forgive!

John and Edna had just returned from seeing a doctor in Jackson, Kentucky, fifteen miles away. It had been an exhausting trip by horseback and then by train. David was having a lot of pain and his legs were getting crooked. The doctor in Jackson told the Rileys that David had Rickets. He also said that Edna was in danger of losing the baby she was carrying! The family needed milk! The Rileys were malnourished; they could not afford proper food. John was working all day for ten cents an hour cutting and hauling firewood. Their home Church in McPherson, Kansas would send a few dollars when they could, but as soon as debts were paid, there was no money left! Clothing was from the "Rag Barrel" where used clothing was distributed from the back porch of Elizabeth O'Connor's house at Oakdale. On the porch was a big sign: NO SPITTING OF TOBACCO JUICE, but many people were illiterate so there were green streaks on the floor and on the wall! Miss O'Connor had started the mission there in 1920. Nobody would share their milk with John Riley. It looked like the Crawfords would starve them out! When the Rileys heard that H. J. Long, the president of Greenville College, a Free Methodist school in Greenville, Illinois, was riding out to visit Rock Lick the next day, they were embarrassed. They had no food or money. That afternoon they found a paper bag in the back yard. It contained just enough dried beans. The next day they served baked beans and poke greens (picked from poke weeds), to their guests.

John Riley got up early the next day after their trip to the doctor. He started the fire in the wood stove and read his Bible and prayed. He then put the cornmeal porridge on the stove. He felt like a complete failure. He could not even feed his family properly! Edna was crying and praying in the next room. Suddenly he heard Edna shouting and praising the Lord! She rushed to the kitchen shouting: "John we are getting goats' milk, I opened my Bible and there it was! John wisely did not argue; he was so glad to see Edna happy again! Still John was skeptical. No one raised goats in the area, He had heard that goats ate rags and tin cans and unmentionable garbage. He had heard people say they would rather starve to death than drink goats' milk. Meanwhile Edna was singing and carrying on with her work.

Two days later a note came from the railway station at Oakdale. It said:" In two days five goats are coming by train, prepaid. Be there to take delivery".

John left very early in the morning to get the goats. He took delivery and tied the goats together single file with a long rope. The goats came with extra feed and an instruction book. John arranged for the feed to come by wagon from Oakdale. John led the goats away and started down the five miles of winding paths back to Rock Lick. As soon as he started off, people started appearing from everywhere. He saw barefoot children running ahead of him into the woods to call their neighbors to look at this new attraction. Even some moonshiners left their posts and stood complete with firearms along the path. Curiosity had got the best of these hostile and shy people. First he saw the Hargis family come down the hill from their homes. They had been feuding with the Calahan clan two miles up the road. Their men came down the hill fully armed. Further along he met the Pelfreys and then the Cundiffs these clans were also feuding with each other. John recalled fairly recent headstones in the cemetery with the Calahan, Hargis, Cundiff and Pelfrey names, all killed in their prime! These families sure needed the Gospel! He then met the White mother and children. Cord White, the father was a notorious moonshiner who had several notches on his gun. Near Rock Lick he met the

Stampers. Steve Stamper was a blacksmith who had no time for God. John stopped several times surrounded by a crowd. He patiently answered questions and told them about the benefit of milk goats. He introduced himself to everybody he met and invited them to Church and to come by the parsonage and taste the goats' milk.

John found the goats loved the local vegetation. He kept the grass trimmed and the brush cleared. The low branches of the trees were eaten off by the goats so John could see people approaching. He built a high table out of rough lumber per instructions. When the goat's name was called it would jump up on the table and stand still while being milked. The table was high enough so that John and Edna could stand and did not have to bend their backs. The table made an ideal stage for spectators. They would line the fence at milking time. Soon these people were talking freely, telling of their sorrows, hopes and dreams. They discovered that John and Edna had also come from very humble backgrounds. Many tasted the milk. The milk tasted fine as long as the billy goat was kept away from the others! When they found out that John had been a cowboy and was a crack shot with a pistol they were impressed. He was a "Furrineer" no longer!

Children started coming to Sunday school and their parents started attending church. Some started tithing their produce. John was careful to give them receipts for the fair market value of their produce. He would always claim this as income on his income tax report, something not done by many preachers. Many locals found the Lord and stopped feuding with neighbors. Some moonshiners got saved and became preachers. The Rileys were surprised to see Sophie Crawford watching from behind a tree. He had heard that her cow was drying up so John took her some milk. First she gave the milk to Roscoe, her unsuspecting husband, who declared it was the best milk he ever tasted! The Rileys kept them supplied with milk as needed. They started coming to Church. They surrendered their lives to Christ and started tithing. Roscoe was the patriarch of the Crawford clan so he was able to show the rest of his clan that there was a better way to live! The Crawfords became leaders in their church. The Riley family's health improved. David's legs became straight and son Paul was born healthy on January 9, 1935.

In 1946, the Riley family returned to Kentucky after spending over eight years as missionaries in South Africa. As an eleven year old Paul remembers visiting the Crawfords. A large shotgun hung over the mantel and a rifle stood in the corner. Sophie told Paul she has become soft. She was at peace with all her neighbors. She now only shot the hawks and varmints attacking her chickens. Roscoe, who was now completely blind, told Paul that Sophie never missed. He said he could hear the thump when the hawks fell out of the sky and hit the ground! He said they had no money. Whenever they needed any "brought on" food or goods they would just sell a few chickens or vegetables from their garden. Money was not important. Before the Rileys came to Rock Lick the mission had been closed because the missionaries had been "run off" by the Crawford clan. Roscoe said, that, if it hadn't been for the goats, the Rileys would have been run off, starved out, or killed! They were still true to the Lord. Paul remembers Lela Combs, the cook at Oakdale Christian School. Her father, Jerry Combs, had been converted and was an honest sheriff. He used to guard the church at Rock Lick so they could have services at night. After the Rileys left Kentucky, Jerry Combs was shot and killed in Jackson, Kentucky when he was called to the welfare office to settle a dispute. His daughter Lela had become a missionary with a radiant personality. She was a witness in the dining room as well as her church.

In 1947 John and Edna Riley had to travel doing deputation for their church. Their sons, Tom and Paul, stayed in a home about one half mile from Oakdale school so they could continue their schooling. Levi and Nannie Spicer and their adopted teenage daughter, Geneva, lived there. Like the other houses there was no indoor plumbing, water had to be carried from the well. There was no electricity or central heating. Home work was done by the light of "coal oil" lamps or candles. The only heat was by a coal fired stove in the living room, but the featherbed kept them toasty warm in the coldest weather.

Levi told Paul and Tom how his older brother was killed many years before when Levi was eight years old. His older brother, seventeen year old Asbury Fugate Spicer, (AF) was being taunted by his twelve year cousin Charley Spicer. Finally, one morning, Charley rode his horse through a mud puddle splashing AF with mud. AF had had enough, He pulled Charles off his horse and gave him a "whuppin". Charley told AF that his father Asbury would retaliate and rode home crying and told his thirty eight year old dad, Asbury Spicer (that IS his real name) quite a sob story. Asbury was a known assassin; some people who had grudges would hire him to do their dirty work for them! Asbury had a Winchester 30-30 repeating rifle loaded with "exploding" bullets. It was equipped with "sniper sights". The other men only had muzzle loading "hog rifles" they used for hunting, or old guns from the Civil War. They could not afford modern rifles and their expensive cartridges! AF then walked down the hill to help his forty two year dad, Jim "Buck" Spicer, who was working in their field. They were not armed; they did not know that Asbury and his sixteen year old daughter, Gertrude, were hiding in the bushes wanting to avenge Charley's humiliation. Asbury got between AF and his house and started shooting at AF with his 30-30 rifle. AF had started running and zig-zaging as soon as he heard threats and saw the gun pointing at him, but one of the last bullets shattered AF's leg, also severing an artery. Meanwhile AF's mother, Sarah, saw what was happening and grabbed a .38 revolver and ran down the hill to give it to her husband. Asbury's daughter Gertrude came out from behind a bush and shot Levi's mother twice in the chest with a .32 revolver. The wounded lady kept running and gave the revolver to her husband, Jim. Now the tables were turned. Asbury was out of ammunition and running for his life. AF's dad wounded his brother Asbury just before he reached the woods and got away. AF and his mom were carried back to the house. No medical help was available. Several "religious people" came and prayed for the victims. They told the family that AF would die but his mom would live. These predictions were correct! The rest of the Spicers went gunning for Asbury Spicer but he had already left the area. He was later arrested and tried in Jackson and given a life sentence, but when he started telling of the "hits" he had been paid for by one of his judges, he was allowed to escape. He ended up in West Virginia where he changed his name and became a "preacher". He had been paid to kill members of almost every clan so almost everyone was hunting for him! As an old man rumor has it that he sneaked back into Kentucky but stayed away from Breatitt County where forty years after the murder of his son, Jim "Buck" Spicer still kept his .50-70 rifle loaded and ready in case Asbury became brave enough to show his face again in "those parts". His hatred for Asbury hadn't diminished in forty years! This story illustrates what happened before the missionaries came to this "Foreign land".

Levi and Nannie Spicer had been saved in a mission church many years before. The Lord had freed them from hatreds that had festered for so many years. Their lives were dedicated to helping the missionaries. Levi couldn't tolerate the ingratitude shown

toward the single lady missionaries. Some of them got no salary and yet faced harassment from the moonshiners. When Rileys left Rock Lick the Spicers stayed in the parsonage and kept the mission from being vandalized. Usually two ladies from Oakdale would ride their horses or mules to Rock Lick and hold daylight services but had to get back to Oakdale by dark. The mission was kept in ship shape for the missionaries. Hoodlums stayed clear of the mission when they found out Levi was related to the feared and notorious Asbury! When missionary ladies at another mission were being threatened by a notorious gang of thugs, the Spicers went there to help out. Levi had a .32 revolver but he felt he should really make a statement. So he borrowed his father's .50-70 rifle, just the thing to impress the hoodlums. The next Sunday the thugs had bragged that they would "run off" the missionaries who were holding revival meetings in spite of the threats. Sure enough, that night, while standing guard outside the church, Levi heard the gang up on the railroad tracks drinking and boasting about what they were going to do to the missionaries! After the service the missionaries and a bunch of church members would have to walk on the path just below the tracks. Levi left and sneaked back to the mission house where he was staying and got his rifle. The gang started throwing home-made firecrackers down onto the churchgoers. These were no ordinary fireworks. They were made of blasting powder stolen from the coal mines. There would be a blinding flash and a deafening bang and a painful shock would be felt. Levi had climbed onto the tracks beyond the gang who had lined up gauntlet fashion with their firecrackers. Levi aimed just over the heads of those on the tracks and fired. The rifle shot a heavy bullet one half inch in diameter. The cartridge was loaded with seventy grains of black powder. There was a flash, that blinded their eyes for a few seconds and lit up the countryside, followed by a choking cloud of smoke. To those directly in front of it the gun sounded like a cannon. Having the huge bullet pass so close over their heads was literally a hair-raising experience. When the Spicer name was yelled by somebody, only one name came to mind, Asbury Spicer! The gang immediately headed for the tall timber, never to bother the missionaries again. The Spicers continued to help out even becoming farm managers for Oakdale School and Mission. Their daughter Geneva was a wonderful Christian and an outstanding student at Oakdale. She finished school and married Ralph Bramley. They have now retired after pastoring a church in Alton, Illinois, for many years.

When the Rileys returned to South Africa in January 1948 they took an ox yoke lovingly carved by Steve Stamper from a poplar log. The two bows on the yoke were made of steamed and bent hickory. The other feuding families had stopped their killings, and their children had started playing together and even intermarrying! Paul attended school at Oakdale with the children of those who were killing each other in the 1930s.

Back to 1936 and the goats. From Rock Lick the Rileys were transferred to Smyrna, Tennessee, where John pastored the Free Methodist Church while attending Nashville Auto-Diesel College. Daughter Lois was born there. The goats were taken with them. John would take a jar of goats' milk to school in his lunch every day. Again the goats were an attraction. The main path to the primary school went past the goats. Paul remembers Drum-Drum, the billy goat. He had long black curly hair. Paul and his brother David would both ride on his back. They would hold onto his hair and stay on even when he stood on his hind legs to reach the ivy high up on the wall. Drum-Drum did have a mean streak! He would look all around the yard and if John was gone Drum-Drum would turn around and attack the two boys. Paul remembers being knocked down and butted

into the fence repeatedly. Fortunately the billy goat had no horns and the boys yelled loud enough to get the attention of the neighbors who would come running. The high school was straight across the street. Again students stopped and asked questions about the goats. The corner of the yard became a petting zoo! The children would return with their parents and the church which had been on the verge of closure started growing.

The first Sunday all ten church members came after church to the parsonage for dinner. They left embarrassed when they saw that the Rileys' cupboards were bare. John was surprised when no money was put in the offering. He then learned that the previous pastor, a bachelor, was independently wealthy. He paid all the church expenses out of his own pocket. He had told his congregation not to tithe, they were too poor! He was also a gourmet cook and would invite the entire congregation to the parsonage after Church for dinner. After their preacher left the "Rice Christians" left the church for greener pastures.

John had to teach the people to tithe, but how? On Monday Edna went to the grocery store. A nosy lady from the Church approached her: "Sister Riley, how much did you folks get in the offering yesterday?" Sixty seven cents," Edna replied; I have it here in my purse, we put in twenty five cents of it ourselves." "Wow that is a big offering, it is the largest offering we have had", the lady said. "All right, then you can help me spend it, I need to buy food for the week, plus many small items" Edna replied. "You mean to say that you have no money in the bank! What kind of a pastor is your husband?" the lady said in amazement. "The poor kind." Edna replied. Gradually more money was put in the offering. Their home church in McPherson, Kansas would send a few dollars some months, but it was all gone after debts were paid off!. A twelve dollar check from Mabel Rice in South Africa came just in time to buy coal their first winter in Smyrna.

The Church and parsonage had no running water. The church board voted against putting in utilities. A city water main was being installed just in front of the parsonage. It would suggested by the city engineer that a T-joint and control valve be put in because the church would soon be required to have indoor plumbing, It would cost only seven dollars, later it would cost several hundred dollars. The city workers would not wait, so John spent all the money he had paying for the connection, expecting to get it back from the treasurer. But at the next board meeting the Church Board turned down the request because John did not ask them first! (In 1947 when the Rileys were on furlough from Africa the stopped by the Smyrna parsonage and met Rev. Higginbotham, the new pastor. In spite of all the changes the church was easy to find they just had to look under the water tower! John was told that the church and parsonage had already installed indoor plumbing. When the city workers dug down to the city water line the pastor was expecting the church to pay several hundred dollars for the hookup. Instead they found the connection already in place so there was no extra cost thanks to Johns sacrifice and foresight. John asked if the Church Board would now approve his expenditure. However John heard nothing more from that church.)

Another crisis developed! A large dog would come at night and harass the goats. John was up most of the night defending the goats. One night the dog dug its way into the pen. John recognized the dog as a prize hunting dog just purchased for five hundred dollars by Ed Long the local banker. John kept telling Ed that his dog was trying to kill the goats but Ed insisted that his dog never left his yard; it had to be another dog! Ed and the Police Officer urged John to shoot the dog; so John borrowed a shotgun and shot the dog. After Ed saw for certain that his dog was the offender, he took full responsibility. He

thanked John for all the warnings he had ignored. He admired John's Christian spirit. He, and his family, started coming to John's church; another result of "Goat Evangelism."

Several other noteworthy incidents happened in Smyrna. One day two year old Paul came into the house from the front yard saying he was sick, he suddenly turned very pale and stopped breathing. Edna ran across the street with Paul to a neighbor who was a nurse. Paul had started breathing again and was trying to vomit. He was taken outside where he threw up several pieces of a cigar he must have found in the front yard. Paul never wanted to touch tobacco after that! Then the church burned down! The city water tower was being built next door to the church and a red hot rivet was dropped on the roof of the church. The church had not been rebuilt by the time the Rileys left.

Daughter Lois was born January 3, 1937. John graduated from Nashville Auto-Diesel College. Money was raised to send the Rileys to Edwaleni Mission in South Africa. John had to be there by February first, 1938. The goats were taken to the train and shipped back to the widow lady "Auntie" Wood in Kansas. The car was packed to take the Rileys to the train. They had time to drive around and say goodbye to their close friends. Paul was asleep so he was left in charge of a baby sitter. Since Paul was asleep the sitter went in to the back yard to talk over the fence with the neighbor. When she came back into the house Paul was gone! The whole block was searched to no avail. A search party was organized. The Rileys returned and people started to gather to pray for Paul's safe return. About two hours after Paul's disappearance, Mr. Richardson, the high school principal from across the street, drove up with Paul in his car! Paul had woke up and found the car and his family gone. He was sure they had left for Africa without him, he had to catch up, so he headed for the highway. Mr. Richardson was headed home on the divided highway to Nashville. He had gone almost three miles when far ahead he saw something in the grass in the median of the divided highway, then he recognized two year old Paul trotting toward Nashville as fast as he could go. When Paul was asked where he was going, he said "Africa" with great confidence. At first Paul refused to go back to their house, he just wanted to be released so he could reach Africa just over the next rise. Paul can still remember some of the ride back. Mr. Richardson's old car kept slipping out of gear, he had to hold the gearshift lever in gear with one hand and steer with the other! How Paul crossed two busy traffic lanes to reach the median, no one knows. While he was growing up Paul had other "close calls". His parents concluded that God had something special in Paul's future. Paul grew up in South Africa and became missionary surgeon in Swaziland thanks to Auntie Woods goats! John and Edna were later told that drinking goats' milk kept up their immunity and kept the children from developing asthma and other allergies.

In December 1982 Paul, his wife, Martha, and their three daughters returned from Swaziland and settled in Riverside, California. Martha was appointed associate pastor of the Fontana Nazarene Church. There they met Chuck and Ruth Evans. Ruth remembered Paul. She had been his babysitter at Rock Lick when he was a baby. She was Steve Stamper the blacksmith's daughter. She was another product of "Auntie" Wood's evangelistic efforts. John Riley died in Nebraska in 1982. After that, Edna Riley made several trips to see Paul and Martha. A highlight of one of her visit was seeing Ruth and recalling those interesting times at Rock Lick.

After John and Edna had retired from the mission field they finally met Auntie Wood. She told the Rileys that back in 1934 she suddenly felt compelled to send the

goats about the same time Edna had read Proverbs 27:27. Thou shalt have goats' milk enough for thy food, for the food of thy household". The Lord does work in mysterious ways! Auntie Wood's goat evangelism had paid off! The goats had opened the door where people had failed! Auntie Wood was a widow lady who used what she had to spread the gospel! Paul more recently learned that in 1921 Auntie Wood had given a goat to missionaries J.S. and Mabel Rice because their baby, Carl, was allergic to cows' milk. They even took the goat on the ship with them when they returned to South Africa, but a crisis developed once the ship was far out to sea. The hay for the goat had somehow been left behind. When the situation became desperate, the galley staff found the ship was carrying watermelons all packed in delicious hay (according to the goat). The goat started producing milk again. Goat Evangelism has since spread throughout the world not only saving souls but lives as well! Goats can be raised almost everywhere, eat many kinds of foos and vegetation, climb rocks and trees and can be housebroken and safely kept in a separate room attached to the house. Auntie Wood was indeed a pioneer!

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