

MAN AND MULE CLOSE FRIENDS FOR 38 YEARS

"Duck" and "Sis" Davis Think a Lot of "Old Betty," Foaled in 1901

NEARING END OF ROAD

Boonville, May 13—There is a song that runs something to the tune of "The Old Gray Mule Ain't What She Used to Be 30 Long Years Ago" that would very aptly apply to the mule in this story, except for the fact that the mule I am referring to here is a crow black in color.

The mule's name is Betty. Long years ago she was the pride and joy of Ira G. Davis, who is better known as "Duck," and his sister, Novella, who likewise answers to the nickname of "Sis." Duck and Sis live in the only truly natural rustic home to be found anywhere in this whole section. The home is of logs, which is partly covered with weatherboarding to give the appearance of a frame structure. When I asked Duck how long he had been living at the present place, he remarked that he first saw the light of day there in the rambling structure sixty-five years ago. He was born there in March, 1874. The house was built by his father, Albert Davis, a Civil War veteran, and he fought many a battle with the Men in Gray in the War Between the States.

A visitor from the west, who had been gone from this section for thirty or forty years, remarked that the homestead of Duck and Sis was the only really natural looking place that he saw in the entire country. The house itself is in a beautiful setting as it nestles close to the foot of a long sweeping chain of hills that are covered with virgin pine, oaks and other varieties of timber. The view as one stands in the doorway and looks away from the hills is one to bring joy to any lover of the soil. Acres and acres of fine bottom land and second bottoms are there, ready to produce at the will of this sturdy old farmer whose ancestry can easily be traced back to pioneer stock. To get to this homestead one has to turn south from highway 67 and drive down a little used road that is barely wide enough for a car to run. He crosses a small branch and climbs a hill and suddenly from out of

the thick woods the house appears.

But I am getting away from the mule and her story. Davis asserts that the mule is 38 years old.

When one looks at this animal, that has served its master for so many long years, there can be little doubt but that she is 38 and is nearing her last milestone. Her birthday was the past Friday, May 12. She was foaled there on the farm of the Davises in 1901, and nobody has ever handled her but Duck and his sister. In her prime she weighed something around 900 pounds, but what with all the years that have been creeping up on her she has been unable to hold her own. She now weighs less than seven hundred pounds.

Strange as it seems, the mule had never been stood between the shafts before her 38th birthday. Upon that day we placed her between the bars for the purpose of making her picture with that of her master.

One might think that she would have been trouble to her handlers on that occasion, but she wasn't. She stood there as if she had been accustomed to doing the trick every day of her life for 38 years. As I stood there with the kodak in my hand to make the picture seen above I got some inkling of the esteem in which Davis held the animal in question. He never slackened the reins on her the entire time that she was standing hitched to the one horse wagon. He commented upon that fact later.

"I have known this mule for a long time," said Davis. "In these thirty-eight years we have done many pieces of farm work together, but occasion never arose when it became necessary for me to 'hitch' her to the wagon. She made as good a plow mule as I ever saw, although she has always been a little small." Something else is remarkable about this animal too. Although the Davis farm is only two miles from the town of Boonville, this mule has never seen the hardsurfaced road, or an automobile. Davis said, "Why I don't reckon she has been to Boonville in 25 or 30 years, I never did ride her very much because she had so much nerve and fire that she was hard to manage. Mule like, when she set her head to go, she was going to go or bust. No matter how hard I pulled on the reins it made no difference to Betty."

The mule has been taken from active farm duty now and enjoys a peaceful time from her stall or from the green pasture that comes up to the feed barn and stretches far away to the other side of the farm and a meandering stream. She ought to grow sleek and fat on that life, but age has left its mark on her.

Mr. Davis and his sister are the last of a family of five children. They carry on at the old homestead alone. They are about a mile off the hardsurfaced road that runs from Boonville to Elkin, but one could easily believe, if he knew no better, that the road was miles away. To visit this home with its old fashioned well, the outbuildings of logs, and the thickly spreading shade trees carries one back in thoughts to the time when things of this type were not such a rarity. And amidst all of this quiet solitude live this fine couple that can no longer be called young. Mr. Davis is 65 and his sister is a little older.

She takes a great deal of pride in her chickens and flowers, of which she has many varieties of both. One thing that is the pride of her life at this season of the year is a beautiful snowball bush that stands in the corner of her garden, hanging so full of the pretty white flowers that the boughs are bent and sway under their weight.

As I left them Duck was standing under one of the spreading shade trees with his head bared to the breeze, while the lady of the house went about the task of preparing dinner, talking in a soliloquy as has been her custom for many years due to the fact that she has no one to talk to.

Parole Revoked for Harrison Pinnix

Harrison Pinnix, well known Yadkin man, living near Marler, was carried back to the roads last week, after he was arrested by Deputy Sheriff R. M. Haynes, when his parole was revoked by Governor Hoey.

Sheriff Inscore received notice last week that the parole had been revoked and he was asked to pick up Pinnix and notify the governor. The sheriff had been looking out for him but had not seen him, when he and behold Harrison called up the sheriff on a business matter and then forgot what the business was and hung up without so much as giving his name. The sheriff, perplexed, had the call traced to Jonesville and learned who it was.

It is understood that he has 60 more days to serve.

Man and Mule Close Friends



Pictured above is Ira G. Davis, of near Boonville, and his 38-year-old mule, who has been a close friend from the day she was foaled in 1901. Old as she is, the mule had never stood between the shafts until several days ago when this picture was taken. She has been retired from active duty.

YADKIN COURT ENDS THURSDAY

Several Go to Roads in the Closing Days of Trials on Various Charges

WILSON IS ON BENCH

Yadkinville, May 24—(Special)—The May term of superior court for Yadkin county ended here Thursday with a number receiving sentences to the roads when they could not pay costs and fines assessed against them. Judge Wilson Warlick continued his drive against drunken drivers by revoking their licenses, although they were allowed to pay fines unless the case was aggravated in some manner. When court was completed the docket was the lowest it has been in some time. Solicitor Avalon E. Hall stated. This is due to two criminal terms this year whereas only one is usually held.

The cases disposed of or changed from the original sentence were as follows:

The sentence of Conrad Hutchens, charged with manslaughter, was changed from two years on public roads to eighteen months. Dallas Davis, indicted with him, got his sentence reduced from fifteen to twelve months.

Buck Nicks, sentenced to ninety days on roads for driving drunk, paid a fine of \$50 and costs and the sentence was suspended for 18 months. Driving licenses revoked for 12 months.

Glenn Hoots got his sentence changed from 90 days on roads to a fine of \$50 and costs, and his driving licenses were revoked for 12 months.

Lake Finney, indicted with Carl Jester for violating prohibition laws, was sentenced to 8 months on roads.

Raymond Holcomb, violating prohibition laws, three cases, and assault, one case. Pleads guilty and was sentenced to 8 months on roads in each case, a total of 32 months, suspended for 5 years and to pay the costs of the court.

Mark Wishon, driving drunk, three cases. Pleads guilty in all cases. Fined \$250 and costs, and sentenced to 6 months on roads, suspended for five years. Driving licenses revoked for three years.

Sylvester Mann, colored, driving drunk, pleads guilty, fined \$50 and costs. Defendant had no driving license.

Shore Hutchens, reckless driving, pleads guilty, 60 days assigned to county commissioners.

Calvin Wood, driving drunk, pleads guilty, fined \$50 and costs.

Essa Harris, colored, driving drunk, pleads guilty. Four months on roads, suspended for 18 months. Fined \$50 and costs. Driving licenses revoked 12 months.

Luther Pardue, violating prohibition laws, pleads guilty. Four months on roads.

Fred Hinshaw, driving without license, two cases, non support, one case. Pleads guilty, six months on roads. On the non support, two years suspended for five years, on condition that he pay into the clerk's office fifteen dollars per month for the benefit of his child.

William Henry Chavis, colored, driving drunk, 60 days in jail, license revoked for 12 months.

Raleigh.—There were 254 fewer births in North Carolina last month than in March, 1938, and 60 more deaths, according to figures just released by the Vital Statistics Division of the State Board of Health.

WAKE UP AND LIVE

By DOROTHEA BRANDE

Here is an example of developing secondary talents so that confidence in important matters follows:

A thirty-year-old clerk in a business office who had had no early advantages had wanted all her life to play the piano. One day on her walk home, moved by an impulse which she fortunately did not resist, she turned into a house which advertised music lessons by a little sign in the window.

Her success, of course, is only comparative. She had not the time needed to make a really excellent musician, nor did she begin early enough to train the special muscles that a professional pianist uses. But she succeeded in reference to her own goal.

Her whole life has been altered by that moment of courage. Besides the pleasure she has had from understanding music as only the performer can ever understand it, she has, and knows she has, acted in an adult fashion which resulted in giving her more confidence in every relation of her life.

From being the overworked and oppressed drudge of her home, she came to live in her own small apartment, she visits her family on terms of amicable indifference, and has made a group of friends whose tastes coincide with hers.

This case should give a hint, at least, of the proper procedure. Take a definite step to turn a dream into a reality. Do something every day towards your intention, however remote your goal may have to be.

Always your first question to yourself should be, "What would I be doing now if it were really impossible for me to fail at whatever it is; traveling, modeling, writing, farming?" It may be any of these things, or any one of a hundred more.

Whatever it is, by thinking, you can discover easily what the first step would be if you were engaged with reality, and not with a dream of a different life.

We seldom realize how great an amount of the friction we all undergo in our lives comes from our expecting to be rebuffed or ignored.

Think back to some encounter you had today in your office, in a store, with a servant or tradesman in your home. Try to remember just the form your request took. Making all due allowances for courtesy, or for the respectfulness due to superiors and elders, was there not in addition a tentativeness about your request? Didn't you ask for co-operation in such a way as to leave room for refusal, or grudging action, or for being ignored?

Now think of the ideal way in which that question could have been asked, or that order given. It can be cast just as courteously as before, but in such a way that the person of whom you asked help cannot refuse you without being deliberately surly and hostile.

That is the tone of success. When you find it you benefit not only yourself, but the person with whom you must cooperate for effectiveness.

Do not waste another's time and energy or your own patience by suggesting even indirectly that there is more than one course of action, if there is only one which will get the result you require. The work to be done takes half

the time if the attention is undivided and so is free to go on to the next demand quickly.

By going over your day in imagination before you begin it, thinking of all the contacts you are likely to have and how they can best be handled, listening to your own voice and correcting it till you get the tone which is at once courteous and unanswerable, you can begin acting successfully at any moment.

By doing so you will find that you get through your business day with less fatigue; with what you have left you can begin to realize some minor wish of which you have long dreamed in secret. From there it is only a step to finding the courage to begin to do the major things which you have wanted and hoped to do.

W. R. Spillman Claimed by Death

William R. (Dayton) Spillman, 69, died Thursday night at the home of his son, Claude Spillman, near Forbush Baptist church. He suffered a stroke of paralysis a week previous.

Mr. Spillman was born in Yadkin county and spent his entire life in the same section, being a farmer until he retired on account of ill health.

He was a member of Forbush Baptist church. Survivors include one daughter, Mrs. Cora Davis, of Davidson county; three sons, Reece Spillman, E. N. O.; Claude and Neal Spillman, Yadkinville, route 2. Ten grandchildren also survive.

The funeral was held at Forbush Baptist church Saturday morning at 11 o'clock with Rev. B. K. Mason in charge. Burial was in the church cemetery. The body lay in state one hour prior to the funeral.

Pallbearers were: C. P. Mackie, C. H. Shermer, W. G. Cornelius, Sanford Phillips, Frank Mackie and R. T. Hobson.

Last Words

Saleslady—But, sir, this is the last word in millinery.

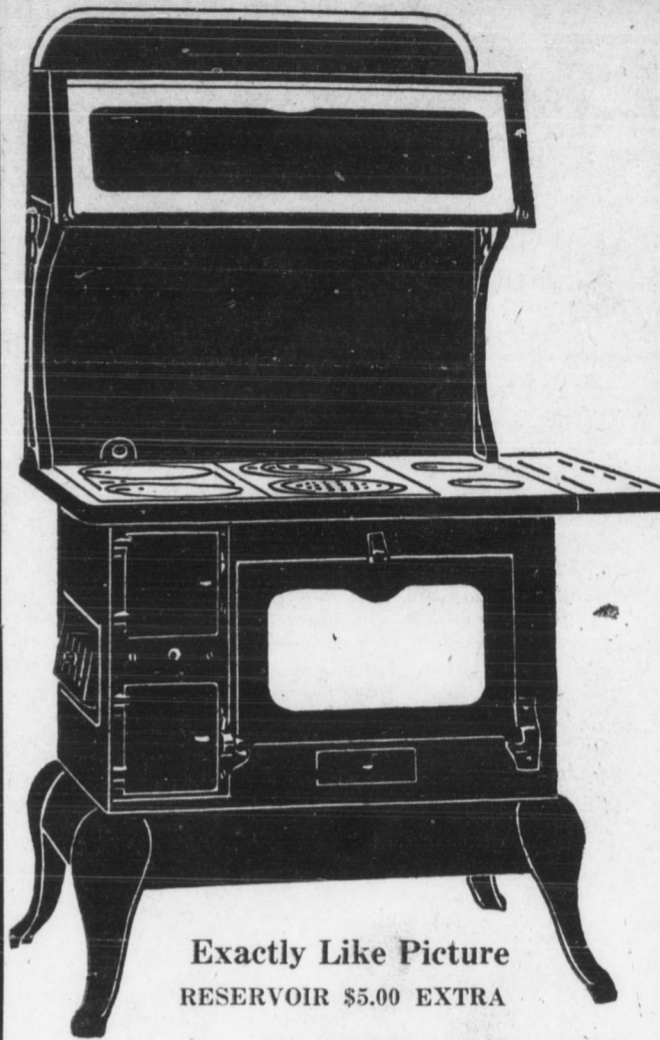
Knagg—If it's the last word my wife will have it.

Future Meeting

The Irish patient had been having a great argument and meant to finish off his opponent for good and all.

"The sooner I never see your face again," he said, "the better it will be for both of us when we meet."

Special Range Sale



Exactly Like Picture
RESERVOIR \$5.00 EXTRA

ONLY 10 TO SELL AT \$22 Convenient Terms

WE HAVE MANY OTHER RANGE BARGAINS



Think What A Fine Vacation

You Could Have On

\$50.00 IN CASH!

That's the Amount We Are Going To Give Away Free Friday at 5:30 P. M.

COME IN TODAY FOR COMPLETE DETAILS

McDaniel's Dept. Store

ELKIN, N. C.



WE ARE SHOWING
13
BED
ROOM
SUITES

And When You Check the Price Tags You Will Think 13 Is a Lucky Number

Prices \$25.00 From up

We Especially Want You to See These Three Beautiful Suites We Have at

\$69.50

EAGLE FURN. COMPANY

Elkin, N. C.