

The Tale of a Goat That Loved a Horse

THE city of Charleston, N. C., has been the background of a rather interesting little drama of a horse and a billy goat. The horse, a beautifully proportioned creature that answers to the rather poetic name of Moonbeam, was kept in a comfortable stable at the city abattoir by his owner, who at that time was inspector of meats for the county.

When Moonbeam was three years old he had the reputation of being a man-killer. It was dangerous to venture into his stable lot without having taken the precaution to drive the animal into his stall with rocks or anything else handy to throw at him. He was a curse to his farmer-owner.

Moonbeam's present owner, off on a vacation with relatives, went into the lot, armed with a heavy club, and struck the horse across the nose when the animal rushed at him. The blow startled the horse, and when he was told to go into his stall he did so without hesitation, but he almost kicked the sides off the stable when the man went into the adjoining stall to try to bridle him.

That afternoon he was saddled for the first time in his life, and was ridden over the plantation for several hours. Before leaving, the man bought the animal and left orders for him to be shipped to him.

ONE cold November morning a youngster of 10 years led his goat to the abattoir to be disposed of, for his father had forbidden him to keep it. The thought of having to part with his old playmate almost broke his heart, and his anguish was even greater from the realization that he was leading his friend to his death. He was crying when he told the abattoir superintendent of his troubles.

The man realized and understood how the little boy felt about it. The man looked at the goat. The animal was thin, apparently underfed, and he knew that the inspector would never pass it. He had no use for a goat around the abattoir, but his heart was big.

"I'll buy your goat, sonny, and I won't let them kill him," he said.

It was another problem for the superintendent to decide what to do with the goat. He placed Bill in a stall and gave orders for him to be fed. Bill must have suffered a great deal at the hands of his attendants, for he got thinner and thinner.

Finally, in a scramble with other cattle he managed to break a leg. And then he couldn't walk. The superintendent couldn't kill him, for he had promised the boy he wouldn't.

ONE morning when Moonbeam's owner came to see him he found Bill lying in a corner of the horse's stall. Moonbeam, the man-killer, who enjoyed pawing other animals to death, allowed the half-starved, crippled goat to stay in his stall. His owner was somewhat nonplussed. He dared not believe his eyes. He opened the door and started in, when, to his utter amazement, the horse rushed at him for the second time since he had known him. He was protecting his new-found stallmate.

Moonbeam undertook to take care of the goat. In a little while the goat was walking around the stall, eating with the horse. And two weeks later, when the owner decided that Bill had occupied enough of the horse's time, and took Moonbeam from the stable for exercise, he found Bill ready to raise serious objections. Wherever Moonbeam went, Bill wanted to go. He followed the horse foot for foot, and he wouldn't let him out of his sight for an instant.

The man naturally thought that when Bill regained his normal strength he would be willing to go about his business. But not so: the animals had formed an inseparable friendship. To this day the goat shadows the horse, lives with him, sleeps and eats with him, and tried his best to do everything the horse does.

One day, after Bill had so far recovered that he was able to go out into the lot, the owner had Moonbeam going

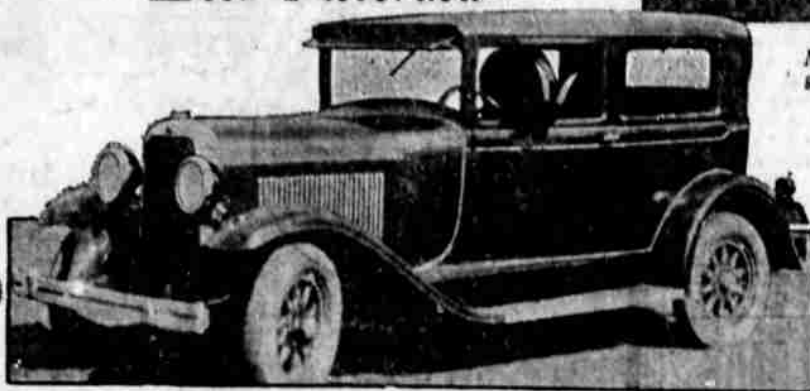
When Moonbeam does tricks . . . Bill tries to go through the same maneuvers.



Folly Island, S. C.,
Boasts of the Queerest
Animal Friendship
Ever Recorded



Moonbeam played nurse to Bill when the goat broke his leg . . . and they've been inseparable ever since.



Bill has no liking for automobiles . . . but he'll ride when the driver is out after Bill's pal, Moonbeam.

there on the ground with his horns stuck in the sand, kicking his feet wildly. Moonbeam's owner had to turn him right side up again.

That the goat was intelligent and a natural imitator, and that he loved the horse, was beyond question. Such devotion demanded consideration. The owner of Moonbeam went to the superintendent and related Bill's story. Bill had no further reason to worry about a home.

Wherever Moonbeam lived the goat thereafter would live; and wherever Moonbeam went the goat was sure to try to go unless forcibly restrained.

THE animals now live with their master on Folly Island, a popular beach resort near Charleston, where they have ample room to indulge in active and simple lives.

Just how deep their relationship has gone and how devoted they are to each other, is shown in the fact that, although there are about 250 goats on the island, all running at large, not once has Bill evinced any interest in them. He apparently not only doesn't care to mingle with them, but he actually objects to association with them. The goats come up within sight of Bill's stable, but so far as he is concerned they don't exist. His one adoration is Moonbeam.

Bill often sleeps under Moonbeam, and only once has the horse kicked him, and that was accidental. The horse cares for the goat as if he were a child; as a mother worries over the welfare of her children.

When Moonbeam is out for a trot and the goat gets tired of walking, he runs out in front of the horse, and the horse stops, and there is nothing that will urge Moonbeam to move until Bill has had his rest. That is the signal for a halt, and halt they must, whether Moonbeam's rider objects to the arrangement or not.

bleating and whimpering in the greatest distress. The beach residents were both amused and sympathetic, for a good many of them knew Bill, having often seen him trotting along behind his partner.

The goat ran until he was nearly exhausted, and when the owner returned with the horse and found Bill missing, he had to search for him. When he found Bill, the goat was lying in the road, almost out of breath, with just strength enough left to whimper. He was very happy when at last he had found his Moonbeam.

When Moonbeam goes into the surf, as he does sometimes, Bill stands on the beach until he thinks the horse is getting out too far. Then the goat gets worried and goes in after him. At times you can see only Bill's flat, black back and his horns sticking above the surface.

THE owner tells another interesting tale about the goat. Sometimes one of his sons will take Moonbeam out for a fast trot, and Bill is not allowed to go because he could not possibly keep up with the horse for any length of time. Bill is tied in his stall until the horse returns, or he remonstrates until the owner finally has to take him out in search of the horse.

He puts the goat in the back of the car, where he has learned to ride as a dog does. But the goat does not like automobiles, and would not be content to ride if he were not searching for his friend.

The man who owns this Damon and Pythias team does not attempt to explain the deep and touching friendship.

He knows, however, that the bond between the four-footed pals is not based on physical attraction and that it is akin to the relationship of humans who take pleasure in being in each other's company.

It began when Bill, suffering with a broken leg, crawled into Moonbeam's stall—the stall from which the horse had tried to kick more than one man. And, apparently, the friendship will not end until Bill and Moonbeam go the way of all good horses and goats—and men.

Among Us Millions—

THE DRUG STORE

—By George Clark



DRUG STORE COWGIRLS DROPPING IN AFTER SCHOOL TO "WHOOPEE IT UP" A BIT

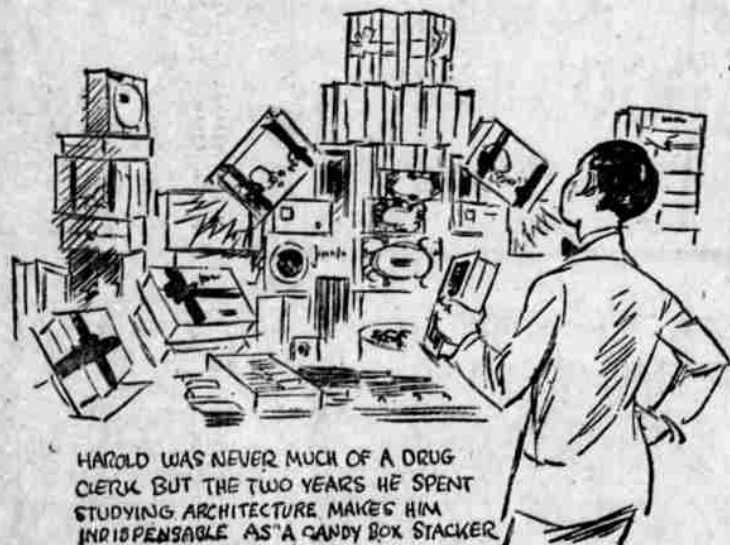


TIME WAS WHEN THE WELL KNOWN SODA FOUNTAIN WAS JUST A HOT WEATHER INSTITUTION BUT WITH OUR INCREASING TASTE FOR TABLOID LUNCHES THE "SODA JERKS" ARE QUITE THE BUSIEST BOYS IN TOWN THE YEAR 'ROUND

"HELLO, DRUGGIST SUPPLIES? SEND ME OVER SOME FLASHLIGHTS, HIP FLASKS, HOOKED RUGS, SOME LATEST NOVELS, TOY AIRPLANES, CANNED SOUP, BATHING SUITS AND A CANOE"



"I'LL FILL THIS PRESCRIPTION FOR YOU LADY, BUT YOU MUST PROMISE TO USE IT ONLY EXTERNALLY"



HAROLD WAS NEVER MUCH OF A DRUG CIERK BUT THE TWO YEARS HE SPENT STUDYING ARCHITECTURE MAKES HIM INDISPENSABLE AS A CANDY BOX STACKER

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