

The Tar Heel

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STAFF—Al Shortt, Pete Adams, Tom Parramore, Rolfe Neill.

The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

"The horse sees imperfectly, magnifying some things, minimizing others . . ." Hippopotis; circa 500 B. C.)

THE HORSE was sprawled in the lee of the Law Building reading something. I looked around his withers and saw it was a handsome booklet on Leonardo da Vinci, distributed during the Planetarium exhibition of models of the great man's inventions and contrivings and discoveries.

"Yeah, ol' Leonardo was quite a character," The Horse agreed. "But he would have got his whiskers combed for fair by Senator U. A. McCarthy if old U. A. could have got his hooks on him! Leonardo not only knew how to live he knew when to die."

U. A. McCarthy? He meant Joseph L., didn't he?

Un-American Activities fits his method of operation much better," The Horse snorted. "If what he is up to ain't un-American, then Thomas Jefferson should be called a Red."

Well Jefferson did have red hair.

"Hey!" The Horse blinked. "Brother, wait until Holy Joe hears about that. But it is certain he would have taken a work out on Da Vinci, because Holy Joe McCarthy wouldn't have understood the things he was doing, and Holy Joe's gospel is to destroy anything he doesn't understand."

Wasn't that a lot of space to cover, even for Joe?

"How wide is it between the horizons." The Horse-laughed. "How high is up?"

Hadn't The Horse left out, "How low is down?"

"Naw," The Horse chattered inelegantly, "Holy Joe would have that answer. You know, a lot of people are saying Holy Joe is okay because he does snout out occasional pinko now and again."

Didn't The Horse agree?

"Listen, I know a very fine German Shepherd dog," The Horse said sadly, "who will unzip any crooks who comes near where he lives. Unfortunately, he also tries to unzip all the good people into the bargain. But if you want to look at it in the Let's-Be-Friendly-To-McCarthy-Club way, he isn't missing anything. And who knows, maybe Holy Joe will chop up an occasional Commie along with the decent people he is hounding from behind his Congressional Immunity."

Holy Joe - I meant, - Senator McCarthy - had had a good war record, hadn't he?

"So did Benedict Arnold, up to a point," The Horse growled. "This guy is a sort of Irish Hitler.

And speaking of the Irish, rumor has it that The Clan McCarthy, of the Ould Sod, is in a dither over changing their name. A lot of them are said to be dropping the "Mc" to be plain Carthy. Others, who are used to that Irish Cow-catcher on the front of their names and would feel like Nudists without it, are changing theirs to O'Carthy, Fitz-Carthy, and even Kilearthy. Wurra-wurra an' whisht, now it's a grim sadness that has come over the Emerald Isle! Ochone! From Mother Machree to Step-Father McCarthy in one uneasy leap! The Battle of the Boyne was child's play b' comparison, that it was, an' may Saint Patrick open up a snake farm if Oi'm loying."

I thought we'd better get less Irish because I saw an English sparrow on a tree-branch, and didn't the Irish see Red when something English loomed nigh, Joe wouldn't like that.

"Cut it out," The Horse snapped. "You are supposed to play it straight while I make the re-

Try Counting Sheepskins

This is the end. Tonight at eight, Across this flawless sward, With stately academic gait, In gown and mortarboard, My child will decorously go (While fathers weep like mothers)

A Bachelor of Arts—and so Will seven thousand others. For this is the modern Commencement, With graduates measures in acres: The Aarons, who lead them, The Atkinsons (speed them!), And maybe, by midnight, the Bakers. We crawl through the Collins . . . the Kingsley . . . And round about dawn through the "P"s . . . The Smathers . . . the Smithers . . . And what was that—Withers? What dreadfully slow degrees!

marks. But I got it figured out how he got re-elected. I mean even with Ike shaking hands with him in that smiling and unfriendly way."

How was that,

"Well, I see how it is that Wisconsin claims to be the biggest producer of cheese in the United States," The Horse snarked, "but as I see it, they are being too modest, they ought to point to Holy Joe with pride ugh!, and claim the biggest cheese production in the universe."

Yep, sometimes The Horse sees real pert . . .

Somebody plays. Somebody sings. Somebody snaps a prize up. Somebody does some other things But nobody props my eyes up. Somebody gets an L. L. D., And out in the middle distance Some big shot speaks. Ah, who was he— The lion of least resistance? Dear heaven, the wholesale Commencement, The two-ton economy size, On a bench behind rows Of befeathered chapeaus

With binoculars pressed to your eyes! Whatever became of my offspring? (I dozed, I admit, around Hicks) But it's standard behavior— Who's conscious by Xavier? Only the zz- zz- zz- Zwicks. —Kay Hoskins, The New Yorker



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