

The Tar Heel

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The Eye Of The Horse

Roger Will Coe

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

THE HORSE had appropriated an adding-machine from the Dean Carroll Building and he was parked with it behind New West and really making a hash of things.

I wondered if I could help him?

"Listen, no insults, please," he growled. "Things are not too good with me, but I ain't that bad off that even you can help me. Stay if you must, but tais-toi, donk."

That rude French should be Tais-toi, donk, not donk.

"When it is you, it is Donk," he chattered. "Nope, I just can't figure this thing out."

What couldn't he figure out? "This here now Dan'l Reed, Chairman of the House Mays & Weans Committee . . ."

Pardon. That was wrong.

"Well, okay," The Horse waved a negligent hoof, "The Mean Ways Committee, or whatever. But anyways and means you choose to call it, he has got a point in his favor about not letting the Excess Profits Law stay on the books. If Adlai had got in, you think the Repubs would have said if he had requested it, 'Why, sure thing, Ad, ol' boy? All the more reason they won't

when the campaign was run on a basis of reducing taxes."

But they wanted to balance the budget.

"For goodness' sake," The Horse snapped, "the darn budget has been unbalanced so long it is a more favored attraction than The Leaning Tower of Pisa, or Leaner Horne. Whatchu wanna do, ruin one of our great senic attractions?"

That was Lena Horne.

The Horse sat bolt upright. "Where?" He slumped back to a sprawl with his head on the adding-machine. "Always kidding," he sighed. He grinned hugely at the clouds passing overhead and said, "Some weather is moving in from the Horse Latitudes! I wonder if the Mayor of Carrboro knows about this? It makes me homesick. The way Ike must feel when he looks through his scrapbook and sees some of the Special Orders he cut when he was whipping the world to a frazzle."

Ike had been a great leader.

"He still could be," The Horse said, his eight-ball eyes following the clouds so far that a brunette intersected his gape and carried it along in the other direction with her. "He still could be. But he ain't going to be it listening to every mush-mouth in and around Washington. The way I figure, he got a case of White House-itis and before he could recover, ol' Chuck Wilson was in there telling him how God made little green Chevies, and then Dulles took off to slurp shiskebab with the A-rabs, and Syngman Rhee frightened him by posing like Washington Crossing the Delaware, and Holy Joe McCarthy heard Ike had bid and made Six Hearts, Redoubled, and that's a Red suit, you know."

I thought there was a limit to fault-finding. What was wrong with Dulles?

"A victim of Grammar," The Horse murmured, trying to pick his teeth with a hoof and ending up by biting himself. "Just a victim of Grammar."

How was that?

"Compare," The Horse invited me, "the adjective 'Dull.' I didn't go along?"

"You have my permission to do so," The Horse yawned. "Ain't you got no eddycation? Dull; Duller; Dulles. John Foster may be an all-right Joe, but if don't look like a fat Harry Truman walking around half-asleep, I give up. Heck, it is an invitation to eucher him, to our so-called friends. One way and another, though, Ike ought to snap out of it and start to bawl out the orders, not just stand around trying to take them."

Maybe he thought Ike played too much golf?

"I'd prefer Polo for him," The Horse said. "Polo is mounted golf, sort of. But I favor his playing golf, especially at that Burning Tree club of his outside Washington. Once, a Burning

tree was on fire and he was in there with a bucket, trying to put it out. I was studying at Carolina."

"You know," she bubbled on in her best drawl, "I met him when I was studying at Carolina."

She didn't look that old.

She went on, "He seemed to feel so deeply about things. I told him that I was working on my doctor's in psychology. He said to me, 'My god, that's enough of all that stuff. Why don't you quit?' Well you know I never did get my doctorate, but that Carolina is a lovely place. So much going on and all."

"Yes, I know," I couldn't help telling her, "I'm there now."

"You are. You're so lucky. Will, I'll never forget Wolfe. It was in '41, and he died right after that you know."

The train came and I left.

As it finally pulled out, I wondered about the drawing hooter who had talked to wolfe in 1941.

It must have been his ghost, though, because the chronicler of youth, love, sex, Carolina and loneliness died in 1938.

That's one conversation that I'm sorry I missed.

Bush led a great people out of danger, so maybe he'll get inspired by a Burning Tree. Ike is our President. Not Wilson; not Taft; not Dewey; not Holy Joe and his unholy minions. I want to see him start acting like the old Ike again."

I hope to see what The Horse wants, for once.

on the Carolina Front

Louis Kraar

DANVILLE — It almost scares you to find so much of yourself in a book. That's the way it was today as I finished Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward Angel" on the train.

Wolfe's freshman loneliness, sophomore know-it-all, and senior sophistication were all there. The way he described Chapel Hill would make even Trustees proud today.

"In this pastoral setting a young man was enabled to loaf comfortably and delightfully through four luxurious and indolent years," writes the editor of this paper in 1920.

Later he says, "And they talked, under trees, against the ivied walls, assembled in their rooms, they talked in limp sprawls—in cessant, charming, empty Southern talk; they talked with a large easy fluency about God, the Devil, and philosophy, the girls, politics, athletics, fraternities and the girls—My God! How they talked!"

No doubt he'd have added Saturday classes to those conversation topics if he were writing today. He didn't omit anything else though.

I closed the book as my train slid into the dirty Danville station. I shuffled down a flight of stairs to a dreary looking waiting room.

A tall drawing woman asked me if I wanted a sandwich. "They really supposed to be for service men," she said. And then she added sweetly, "But you can come too."

I went into the room they call a "service lounge"—a small place with a few leather chairs, magazines and a desk.

We ate pimento cheese sandwiches and talked. And talked. "Oh you're reading "Look Homeward Angel," she said eyeing the book in my hand.

I agreed that I was.

"You know," she bubbled on in her best drawl, "I met him when I was studying at Carolina."

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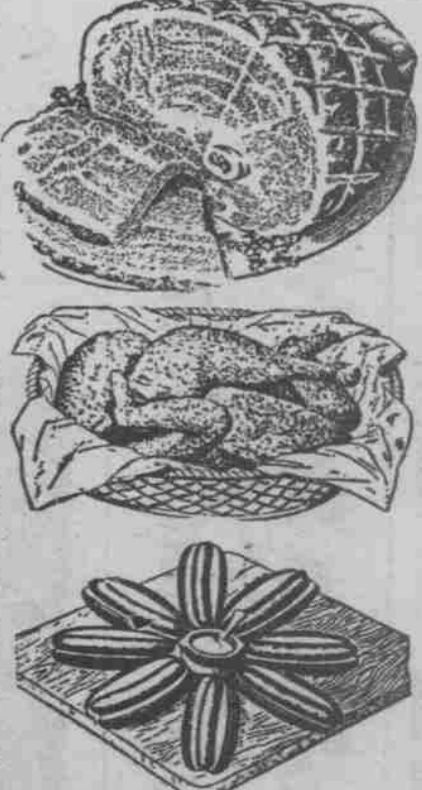
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