IT ALL STARTED AT DAWN

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By EDWIN A. LANEY
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Here was the beginning of the end of the New Deal. But the inconsequential kept holding up to give the whole scene a false air of authority to remind us that the irrelevant always play a part of a historical moment.

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Richardson then gave Truman a goat, a wistful little thing. Truman accepted graciously, and said that maybe the goat could become part of the White House lawn for the next four years. The goat and Richardson were obviously impressed, but they were both due for the inconsequential.

No Tarpaper Shack. "They have the biggest house in town. Your pants, Mr. President, you have to hang on to 4, date set by Hutcheson for the next hearing."

The piece of resistance. It was officially relaid from outside the house, was white-winged dove, and there were the lawyers for the president.

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lives perilously for only two hours a day three days a year, when it is "in season." It so happened that the dangerous hours of the year for the white-winged doves of Texas coincided with the appearance of the Trumans at the Garner home for breakfast. So they came to grace the festive board of the former vice president.

Friends Shot the Birds.

Friends of Garner had shot the birds, President's Secretary Ross reported.

Further bulletins from the Garner dining room to the lawn revealed that the Garner cooks had padded out the white-winged doves with fried chicken, ham, bacon, rice, red gravy, scrambled eggs, Uvalde honey, peach preserves, grape jelly, hot biscuits and coffee.

Garner and the Trumans came out on the porch eventually looking pretty well fed. Garner introduced the president as "my very good friend," and the president reciprocated with a touching bread-and-butter talk.

Then Garner spoke to the crowd on the lawn, again, in his rasping voice. He has unruly eyebrows like John L. Lewis, who once denounced him as a "labor-baiting, poker-playing, whisky-drinking, evil old man." That ruthless old labor skate would have been duly impressed and possibly full of penitence could he have heard Garner snarl benevolently at his neighbors:

"May I say one word more. Everybody go to church today."

Gift Goat Still a Problem.

And so by carriage back to the railroad station, and on to San Antonio.

The problem of the gift goat still remained to be solved.

"Ain't you gonna take that goat?" a reporter asked one of the White House aides.

"How the hell are we gonna take a goat?" said this fonctionary, whose nerves were near the breaking point. "We just don't have accommodations on this train for a goat."

Richardson, the goat raiser, was down but not out. As the train pulled away, he shook hands with a Texas radio man who is his friend, and said earnestly:

"Every time you talk to that man, you say something about mohair, do you hear?"

The 3,000 goats mar the track and the unwanted goat at the station stared with wistful eye as the 17-car special gathered speed. It was a haunting, if not a historic sight.