

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 shade of a hedge behind Archer House, observing the ebb and flow of Eds and Co-Eds Drop-Adding. We joined him quietly.



His eight-ball eyes clicked noisily when a cute blonde panthered past. His aged, velvet muzzle quivered when a lisome red-head undulated up the Archer House steps. He rolled onto his back, fanned the air with all four hooves, and emitted a shrill yeigh when a Bikini-built brunette came weaving along. (The Horse mostly yeighs, rarely neighs.)

Things happened swiftly among the Drop-Adders: A spinsterish female slapped the slack jaw of a lounging athlete; a red-head glared at a Playmaker student who glared right back; the brunette murmured her telephone

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number to a lad who hadn't asked for it . . . but noted it down; and a middle-aged co-ed smiled toothily at a dignified professor of Classics and went back into Archer to add his course.

We were surprised at The House creating this disturbance, and him only fresh away from 9 out of ten days in the hospital.

"Whacha expect, Bud," The Horse nickered, "ten days outa 9? That was a trick deal, that horspital. Especially that Tattoo Trick. Tsk, tsk, such horspitality!"

We wondered what the Tattoo Trick was?

"The first morning, a cute, crispy-looking' lil nurse came dancing into my stall on the wings of invisible music—or so it seemed—and said would I like some pencillin'? I'm quick that way, you know. Pencilling, of course, was tattooing, I figgered. It was a thought, and something for my opposition to look at in horse-races besides my hooves. Ouch!"

"It turned out to be Penicillin, not pencillin'," The Horse said sadly. "A-la needle; and not in my withers, either. Loud sing cuckoo! Well, I suppose you saw the omen in the weekend activities, speaking of such things, and got a bet down on Native Dancer in the Belmont?"

What omen?

"The Folk Dancing Festival," The Horse said, "in Kenan Stadium. Native Dancers' Week, catch? Heh heh, that's a horse on you! But something should be done about these horses on students who come

here for advertised summer-quarter courses only to be told there aren't enough students to hold the class they've come for."

The rule said ten to a class, minimum.

"This university," The Horse chattered, "started in one building with one student and one professor in one class."

We didn't get the point?

"Nope, the students who came from hundreds to thousands of miles at great expense, and too late to do anything else about it at some other school, get the point. The same way I got the Penicillin, ouch! We give our word, we ought to keep it. Or, if our goal is twenty students to a cellophane-wrapped pack, let's say so . . . and in big print, not in pica-style."

It was easy to criticize.

"Naturally," The Horse agreed. "That's why I'm doing it. Now, a lot of folks have proved they will walk a mile for a certain product or other, and could be just as well off if they don't get it. But when a trusting and serious student (See THE HORSE, page 3)

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