

OREGON EMERALD

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It Can Work--If

Oregon students have long considered registration, when they considered it at all, with a sort of resigned complacency as a distasteful undertaking to be worried about on registration day.

There would be the long-suffering faculty advisers who would attempt in a few minutes to do the thinking for the student that he should have been doing occasionally during the previous term.

There would be the bottlenecks, lines, and by 10 a. m., an empty coke machine to worry about.

This week there is a proposed plan in the hands of the deans and heads of departments that, with a little thought and cooperation on the part of the faculty and students, can solve the difficulties encountered in Winter term pre-registration and the bottlenecks that had become honored traditions in years past.

The plan has one feature that might be called a drawback. It would require the individual student to take the responsibility for his own registration.

Last term there were two sets of gripes. The faculty, already busy with oversized classes in the final stretch of the term, had to find time to sign adviser's signatures on every study program. The students, looking at life through their GPA, didn't like registering in the dark.

The proposed plan contemplates:

1. Leaving advisors free to serve those who really need or want advice by recinding the now required formality of the faculty signature on all study programs.
2. Requiring the student to consider his courses with judgment and to assume the responsibility for his choice.
3. Setting up two trips to register, one for pre-registration, the second for final registration.

The two trip schedule would take care of payment of fees and housing checks during the pre-registration period. The second trip on the scheduled day (March 31), would include picking up grades, making a final inspection of study program with previous grades in hand, dropping class cards and registration material to seal the bargain.

The Emerald will discuss various phases of this plan at greater length in an early issue.

Transformation

Marian Anderson sang in McArthur court last night and the profound beauty of her singing and the simple aloof dignity of her person transformed the hostile building and the commonplace audience.

The Igloo with its blue and ocher beams is an uninspiring concert hall even in the darkness. And the unsympathetic acoustics are enough to discourage any listeners.

But who noticed the physical aspects of the court while the low mellow voice of the tall brown woman filled their hearts? McArthur court became Carnegie hall or the Hollywood bowl . . .

And the audience was made up of students and townspeople, ordinary human beings insecure in a dynamic world, worried about personal affairs, unhappy with themselves, malicious to their neighbors, jealous of each other, intolerant, domineering, petty.

But who could think about his little ego while listening to the music of the spheres? Who could think of today and yesterday while burning candles before the altar of beauty?

So it must be. The drabness of our surroundings, the drabness within ourselves can only be forgotten by the realization of things eternal. . . .

the book of lau

By LARRY LAU
Against the glare of the headlights the rain looked like white pencil dashes on black paper . . . the streets were deserted, a light hanging from an overhead pole swung crazily . . . the girl stirred restlessly, "I've got to be in by one," she murmured . . . (I wonder if he really loves me . . . hope this isn't just another line . . .)

The boy looked straight ahead, a slight frown on his forehead . . . he felt strangely old . . . a vague sense of guilt seemed to smother him . . . his hand fumbled with the dashboard . . . the rain that had been so vividly before them disappeared and became part of the night . . . "I wish neither of us ever had to get back," he said earnestly. . . . (Why'n hell did I ever get into this mess . . . she'll expect me to take her to the dance now . . . nuts!)

She turned to look out the window . . . the wind was coming in spurts . . . around corners, over the top of the building . . . funneling down from an inky sky with vehement swiftness . . . bushes bowed and weaved to escape . . . for a few scattered moments, they stood straight, trembling defiance . . . "Do you think we've done the right thing?" she asked . . . her hands played nervously with the large wooden buttons on her sweater . . . he seems different now, so quiet . . . I wish he'd kiss me . . . wait until I see my roommate!)

The boy lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply and admired the stream of smoke . . . he put his arm around the girl . . . he felt a brief wave of compassion . . . "Will you go to the dance with me?" he inquired huskily . . . he felt her hand pinch his shoulder tightly . . . he knew, before he heard her answer . . . I love you," he whispered . . . (wish I'd have gone with the boys to sloop up some brew . . . whatta' dryball!)

She shrugged into her coat . . . her hand caught the door handle reluctantly . . . the lights on the porch flicked on and off . . . out of the shadows embracing couples broke apart . . . boys tugged at their ties and resumed as much dignity as was possible . . . girls re-applied lipstick and managed to look exasperatingly fresh, and unnaturally innocent . . . they kissed . . . hard . . . and long . . . "We're the kind of people that ought to get married," he said . . . his hand fondled the back of her neck . . . (hope she doesn't get any lipstick on my coat.)

"Careful of what you say," she laughed, "I might take you up on that . . . (the guy must be joking . . . get married with two years of college left . . . whatta' dope!)

"I just dare you," he said seriously . . . suddenly she was gone . . . he heaved a great sigh of relief . . . thank God it was over . . . he wondered at himself . . . and her . . .

Telling the Editor

ABOUT VET GRADES

The editorial in the Emerald's January 29 issue entitled "Solve for Value of 'C'" created considerable discussion among some veterans. I hope that whoever wrote the article will not be offended by this reply, as it is not meant to be of a corrective nature. It is rather, of an explanatory nature. Those of us who discussed the article agree with the author that a GPA may prove a variety of things . . . but seldom a measure of a person's education. We do not feel that the author intended to slander the vet when he or she stated that apparently the "fresh-out-of-high-school women were better educated than the world traveled vet," but I would like to attempt an answer of the question, "What Happened" to the lid that failed to blow off the grade system?

Because the vet has seen Italy and the rest of Europe, the South Pacific, Orient and some of the so-called "hell-holes" of this country, does not necessarily mean that he should return to school and show "exceptional accomplishment" (an A grade) in English literature, economics, or philosophy. The truth is, that the young student just out of high school, who hasn't had the opportunity to forget his mathematics, history, and English grammar rules, should be able to do as well if not better than the mature vet.

The additional knowledge which

everyone seems to believe every vet possesses is not in a form or nature that can be measured by a GPA. If the not too idealistic dream of world peace is ever realized, I think it will be due largely to the efforts of conscientious young vets, who saw first-hand the racial, religious, and political persecutions and hardships faced by people not only in other parts of the world, but in this country as well. These men have earned the right to world peace and have seen what lacks in fulfilling this great promise. It is knowledge of this type that is alive in the minds of all conscientious vets. This is the additional knowledge of the vet that can't be measured by a GPA or compared to that of "fresh-out-of-high-school women."

Once again I wish to ask the author not to take this letter as an offense. Perhaps I misunderstood the author's article and if that is the case, he has my apologies. It is just that some vets do not care to have their knowledge evaluated by an inaccurate GPA comparison. . . .
Walter Freauff

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