

First Day of 'Classes'

The Board of Deans, which sets the academic calendar for the University, seems to have gone overboard in the hopes of cramming as many actual class days as possible into the school year.

They defeated this purpose by having final exams start in the middle of the week, meaning many professors called off Wednesday classes if an examination was scheduled for the following Thursday.

Now we have registration and classes beginning on the same day—again many professors call off their first class; other professors lecture to half-empty classrooms.

Comes spring term and we get a short four-day vacation. How many students will hurry back to the campus for the first day of classes, and how many will drag back the second, third, or fourth day is anybody's guess.

But miracle of miracles, all these inconveniences result in the University term's end coinciding with that of OSC. A notable and worthy achievement—but OSC reaches the same goal with less actual classroom days.

And just how "actual" a classroom day is when some classes are called off and others are attended by half the number enrolled, is a question the Board of Deans may best answer.

It is hoped they will find a suitable answer and adjust next year's academic calendar.

We Are Not a Bloodhound

We are not a bloodhound.

And even if we were a bloodhound with five pedigrees and a double barrel nose we could not find our way through the bureaucratic chaos of the present registration system.

What do we (and the editorial we means you, too) do when, taking up the registration cards we laid down three weeks ago we shiver through the sub-zero weather to Emerald Hall, and after asking at least a dozen glassy-eyed persons what to do next, get sent to McArthur court?

What do we do when we go to McArthur court, find all the entrances marked EXIT, brave a booby-trap by venturing into one of the exit entrances, finally find an official and are told that unless a veteran we should go back to Emerald Hall?

Thinking that if veteran means veteran of registration lines we certainly are, we head north again, into the wind. And what do we do when back at Emerald hall, we bring the girl at the other end of a stamp to near tears by being the jackpot-one-millionth person to tell her, "I'm lost?"

What do we do? Why, we decide, To perdition with this old stuff, and go out to coffee with other poor lost sheep picked up along the way.

And while out to coffee we decide that the 500 people who are being fined for completing certain registration steps late should not bother to pay their fees until Easter—because it says in the catalog that one can't be fined twice during the same registration procedure.

And we conclude that, if blame can be laid, it should not be placed on Registrar Constance, but rather on the bizarre academic calendar cooked up last year by the Board of Deans.

And while thinking of the august Board of Deans we begin to laugh. It occurs to us that maybe this is just a gigantic academic version of a carnival fun-house planned for our entertainment by the powers that, sadly enough, be. Without the 40 cents plus tax admission, yet!

And then we remember that we really ought to get registered somehow. We stop laughing for we still don't quite know how to go about it.

We repeat, we are not a bloodhound.—B.H.

Crotchety Old Vet



Why So Early?

Who in the heck ever thought of starting winter term so early in the year? I see no reason why February first wouldn't be just as good or better as a starting date for the ungodly term. It's tough enough with all the extra expenses we all have without items like fees and board and room.

My license plates on my car were in fine shape and could have been used at least another three years and my liquor permit was still okay except for being a little dog-eared and the fact that I weigh more. One of my resolutions was to not buy one this year. That is as long as I can borrow one.

There seem to be lots of familiar faces back on the campus. Dan Garza, Dick Wilkins, and Norm Van Brocklin. Anita Holmes is missing around the Emerald shack having gone to Washington, D. C., to cash in on some of the gravy.

Several of the first string frosh basketball crew are now at Vanport.

Things to look for in the new year. What's going to happen to Dick Tracy and his wife? Will Little Orphan Annie have a birthday? Will deferred living keep the dormitories full? Will the Student Union be finished for Junior Weekend? Will Loy graduate?

If you haven't signed up in the co-op yet hurry down and get your petition in. Frankie Laine needs another jackass for his mule train.

(Please turn to page three)

New Eras

With Time magazine, a number of other national magazines, and most major newspapers having big splurges on "great men of the half-century," or "far-reaching events of the past half-century," or "Professor Middlebeck's survey of the first half of the 20th century," there are a few malcontents who raise their voice in protest.

These men sit smugly to one side and claim that, indeed, the half-century mark will not be reached until December 31, 1950, and 1951 is the first year of the second half; and all these publications are a year ahead of themselves. And they point to mathematical figures.

But, who cares? If folks want to start a "new era" a year ahead of time, why should anyone complain?

Pot of Gold --- Late Fees

The late fee system is beginning to take on the aspects of a racket.

And once again the Board of Deans comes in for a resounding, WHY?

Students who failed to go through step 4 of the registration process (student affairs check) on or before December 10, are assessed a \$5 late fee. This fine, the Board of Deans (who legislated the plan) is supposed to have reasoned, puts teeth into their desire to have as much of the registration process as possible completed during the advance period.

All this is very nice—the student, too, would like to get as much of registration as possible out of the way quickly, but there are sometimes reasons why this cannot be done.

Approximately 5,000 students did get checked through student affairs in the allotted time.

But there were approximately 500 old students who got checked through today, in addition to a number who checked through last month, but after December 10.

Five dollars from each of these 500 means the University will receive \$2,500. This does not take into consideration the students who registered late in December, those who will go through the check later this week, nor does it include any late fines assessed students who do not pay their cashier fees before Saturday noon.

True, lots of people could get through registration earlier than they manage to, and perhaps the threat of a late fee is needed for them; and the imposition of the late fee is their just deserts.

But how many innocent bystanders are clipped along the way? We will probably never know, since everyone who is clipped may contend his innocence.

There is some solace, however. The Board of Deans may relent, and place more trust in the students' desire to finish registration as rapidly as possible Winter for Spring term.

And those who have been socked the \$5 fine for slow student affairs check, may sit back and wait for the cashier's line to dwindle: for \$5 is the maximum fine a student must pay for late registration.

Sophomore Wisdom

Rita, Ingrid Steal the Show

by Bob Funk

We can't help looking with a somewhat jaundiced eye on the publicity accompanying recent didos of some of America's film greats.

It would appeal to logic that after Rita Hayworth wooed and won a checking account while tossing such hindrances as taste, morals, and religion out the window, any progeny resulting from such a marriage would either be carefully ignored or stingingly condemned.

This, however, has not been the case. The reading public has been steered through the whole sordid thing (via reading material and pictures), as if the evidently pleasant (for her, at least) outcome of the actress's adventures were the culmination of the ideals and hopes of the Christian world.

It is particularly ironical that the Pope's Christmas week declarations were subordinated in American newspapers to sensational headlines heralding the love child of Lausanne. Certainly the Pope's messages, the result of hours of prayer and meditation, were of more importance to the world than the birth of Miss Hayworth's child, an event which was, if viewed under even the most kindly light, merely biological.

Ingrid Bergman, too, has gained the attention of the press with her rather drastic departure from the role of St. Joan, which she so successfully portrayed on Broadway not long ago. Miss Bergman's great embarrassment has been turned into a great publicity triumph

by a number of journalists who seem to think that original sin is somehow rather noble and clever.

We do not advocate a see-no-evil attitude on the part of the press, but on the other hand it would definitely be possible to give less flattering attention to such unholy doings at the beginning of a Holy Year.

* * *

Christmas vacation was a life-saver for most of the people we know. They replaced the caffeine in their bloodstreams with corpuscles, found many and various goodies under the Yule tree on the morn of the 25th, and spent a quiet New Year's Eve. According to them. This we would doubt if it were not for the fact that most of the people in our circle have been extremely elderly since the end of final week.

We welcomed the New Year in at the bus depot at Redding, California—playing "Don't Cry Joe" on the juke box and eating a cheese sandwich. How's that for kicks?

* * *

Back to books, basketball, the Side, and Canasta. 1950 is here, and some deluded freshman is probably saying to that symbol of impending doom, the Scholarship Chairman, "Well, I spent my first term getting adjusted, and now this winter I'll make a four-point."

And so, as Tiny Tim observed (this quote, if belated, is still applicable), "God bless us every one!"

And you're another!

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