

packets (which were ready) and the attendants (who were on duty from 3 o'clock on) mysteriously could not begin distributing the packets till 6.

Whiling away half-the-day munching on donuts and drinking coffee in the Fish Bowl was how many Ducks spent Sunday.

When the treasured packets were finally claimed the fun had just started. The man who engraved the Bible on a pinhead would have had difficulty writing his name, address and other statistics on a card completely mutilated with IBM punches. On many cards there are so many punches that it is impossible to determine just what the card is, or what information it asks. Assuming however that you have succeeded in filling out the cards—you now turn to the time schedule.

Does it bother you that one of your basic courses is only offered from 7 to 11 on Friday night in the music building? Well don't let that bother you—because if it's in the time schedule—the class will be discontinued or the place and time will be changed. "Well maybe Saturday and night classes won't be so bad, once I get through registration," the student comforts himself.

Monday morning arrived the way a remarkable number of mornings arrive in Oregon: raining. Advisors don't like the rain any better than anyone else and so sometimes they wait until it stops raining, or at least calms down, which last Monday might have easily been the middle of the afternoon!

When, and if, you find your advisor and find some courses that don't conflict or haven't been cancelled you may now proceed to get the departmental stamp of some six or so secretaries. Discovering that the secretaries are "out to coffee" is not as amazing as the fact that after waiting for her to return for half-an-hour, she comes in to blandly tell you that the section is filled. This is particularly frustrating when you get up before the birds and see your advisor at 5 a.m. and arrive at the department office the minute it opens.

If you've finally straggled around to all the secretaries and received the departmental stamps you may then proceed to the exciting office of Student Affairs. On the second floor of the cracker-box Emerald Hall is a waiting room that is always under the siege of chaos. On the registration days it goes beyond that and enters the realm of super chaos.

Secretaries scurry back and forth with file folders in their hands, pictures are taken in Dean DuShane's office, assistant deans scurry

to the exits with golf clubs in hand. Around 1,000 hapless students stand milling about hoping to receive the mysterious "Student Affairs Stamp." The thought that there is really no such stamp often occurs to the doubter—but after three or four hours a secretary (the type that seems to run the whole University) sweeps forth with a stamp in her hand and she stamps thousands of cards in just—well not seconds but at least in a day or so.

The next excursion in the mad jungle of registration is to the Registrar's office for fee assessment. This would seem a simple process since you are either an in-state student (\$90) or an out-of-state student (\$190) but this can be complicated in the jaws of the registration machinery. An out-of-state student recently had to wait a day while the assessor checked around for the obvious answer that the students fee was \$190.

Then you fairly glide into the Cashier's office where the problems are minimized by little signs instructing you to make all checks payable to the University of Oregon. Now just who did they think you'd make them out to? The Pioneer Father?

You may run into an additional problem if you happen to be an out-of-state student. While the clerks merrily take checks from nondescript banks in Ritzville, Humboltville or Coos Bay they examine out-of-state checks suspiciously. Last week a student who had the misfortune of having a checking account at Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. in New York instead of the First National Bank of Halfway, Oregon, was questioned as to the existence of his bank. He reminded the clerk that J. P. Morgan had been rather prominent in banking.

The sad fact of this registration farce is that it isn't necessary! Hundreds of colleges across the nation have devised simple, efficient methods of registration which U of O could easily adopt. The Registrar's office should look into the possibility of changing the registration process and putting the whole operation in McArthur Court. It would make more sense than using the whole campus as a setting for the registration "circus" that takes place at the beginning of each quarter.

(The Sounding Board is a new PACE feature. Students and Faculty are invited to write critical articles on events that affect the students. They should be double spaced, typed, a minimum of two pages and a maximum of four. The editor reserves the right to omit submissions from publication. Submissions should be brought to 301 Allen Hall.)