

Registration: It took more than an hour this time.

By KYLE JOHNSON
Of the Emerald

His name is Jim.
I met him yesterday afternoon at 2:53 p.m. near the entrance to McArthur Court and asked him if I could follow him through registration and do a feature story on him. After a short pause he answered in his quiet voice "Fine."
He took out his package of Winston cigarettes and asked if I wanted a cigarette. I declined. He took out a match and ignited it by scraping it on the sidewalk.
The conversation rambled to various subjects. "This is the worst time for it," said Jim referring to his 3 p.m. packet pickup time.
After a minute or two of silence Jim asked me "Are you going to the basketball games this weekend?"
"Yes, if I can get a seat," I answered.
"I went to the game two years ago when Oregon beat UCLA. The fans went apeshit. I hope we don't get beat as bad as Notre Dame did," said Jim.
Another minute of silence. "I hope this goes quickly. Last term it took me four and a half hours. I'd like to be in the 8 a.m. line the first day. But, I probably wouldn't make it. I'd probably sleep through it," philosophized Jim. "I made up a schedule and then figured out five alternate classes. I'm planning on 34 hours. I figure most of it will be closed."
The line began to move. It was 3 p.m. A man shouted for the 3 p.m. group to move to the right side of the line. Jim and I slowly made our way to the right side. When Jim got inside the door he headed towards the table with

a sign HAW-HEIL posted over it. There were about 20 people standing between Jim and the table. In about 30 seconds he'd picked up his packet and was looking where to go next. All he could see was a mob of people trying to do the same thing he was going to try to do. Register.
Jim and I walked into the registration area and climbed into the bleachers. He glanced quickly at the closed sections board and let out a sorrowful "Oh no." Jim didn't like the looks of the over 200 closed sections posted on board.
Jim then proceeded to look through his registration packet. He looked at his fee card "All right. Tuition is 25 dollars less than I expected it to be. That will leave me 60 dollars."
Jim then started to fill out the computer sheet. After getting the first side completed he took out his time schedule and said "Now comes the hard part." He had begun to try and get a schedule arranged.
He looked at the closed sections board and said "That's OK". One of his choices was still open. His next four choices were still open said the board. "Man! This is going incredibly well."
He checked it over again. "Three, six, nine, twelve, sixteen, twenty. Holy smokes. I forgot to put my teachers names. I knew something didn't look right."
Jim finished filling the computer sheet out. He glanced again at his fee card again and noticed a "Fee Hold" stamped on it. "I know what that's for. I've got a library fine and I had a check that bounced."
Jim headed for the history table. He had to stand in line behind 10 others to get a U.S. History course. "I tried to work it so I didn't have any classes before 10:30 a.m."
He reached the front of the line. The registrar looked as though he'd had a bad day. He already had a five o'clock shadow and it was only 3:20 p.m. Beads of sweat were forming on his head. Jim gave the man his computer sheet. "Sorry. That's all filled up," said the man and gave Jim back his sheet.
Jim moved to a different table and handed another man his sheet to try to get signed up for a course in Western Imperialism. "I can sign you up for this but you need a discussion group," said the man.
"Tuesday discussion?" asked Jim.
"OK. I'll stamp them both. And you want to take it graded?"
"Yea."
Jim got the course but he wasn't too happy about it. "Man, what a bummer. I had that prof last time."
Jim now tried to figure out another time he can take U.S. History. He borrowed my pencil to change his schedule. His pencil didn't have an eraser.
He found a section he could get into. He got back in line. The same tired looking man gazed at him and said "Sorry. That was closed before I came at 11:30 a.m." and gave Jim back his sheet.
Jim went back into the bleachers. "Two in a row usually sends me up a wall," referring to his failures of trying to get a U.S. History section.
Jim found another U.S. History section. "Shit. Suppose I'll try that dude." He climbed down out of the stands and headed for the United States History table again.

A girl in front of Jim was trying to get in the same section. It was closed. He had to change his section again. "I'm taking this thing at 8:30 a.m. in the morning. It's such a masochistic thing to do."
Jim got back in line. The tired-looking man looked pleased. "8:30 in the morning. You're on." and Jim got his U.S. History class.
He went over and tried to get in a Western Civilization course. He gave the woman his sheet. Ten seconds and no words later he was signed up.
Jim was still lamenting over his 8:30 a.m. U.S. History class. "That was a fatal mistake. I shouldn't have done it."
Jim wandered over to the mathematics tables and toward the person sitting behind the "Math 200, 201" sign. The man was sitting behind the table in a white turtleneck shirt. His elbow was resting on a Marvel comic. Again no words and he was signed up.
The no words procedure was followed again at the English 105 table. "One more and I'm done," said Jim. He headed for the Writing 121 table.
He handed the lady his sheet. "I don't have those hours. What are you interested in?" said the woman. Jim open up his time schedule and looked at it.
"I can give you 10:30 a.m. Tuesday-Thursday. That's all I got," said the woman. Jim took it.
Jim has finished signing up for his classes. He started to wander out. "I just lost my pencil again. By the way that was yours," said Jim. Oh well, I still had one.
He headed out of the signup area, and towards the checking areas. "Walking through there is like walking through the glorious history of intercollegiate athletics," exclaimed Jim.
Jim headed towards the first checking line he sees. He was behind about 10 others so he took out a cigarette. He tried to light his match on his fingernail. It didn't work so he lighted it on his teeth...
A woman was standing in front of us. She turned around and asked "Can I borrow your pencil? I lost mine." I loaned her my pencil. As she gave it back she asked "Where do we go next?" Jim answered, "To the EMU...this is sure a lot quicker than last time. I've stood in line less time than last time."
The woman said "I was late last time. I'm sure glad it didn't happen this time."
Jim reached the front of the line. The checker went over his sheet. "Did you want to take this history graded or ungraded?" she asked.
"Graded. Wait. I'll change that."
As Jim left the table the checker reminded him "Make sure you fill in your phone and address on that card."
Jim walked away and told me "I have to go pay fees. I've got some library books that were due Dec. 2 and I still have to pay for them."
Since the fees section had closed he headed for his dorm. I thanked him for letting me follow him. He put his hand in his coat pocket and to his amazement found something. My pencil.
His name was Jim and he registered in a little more than an hour.

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