

CCDC bailed out of budgetary problems

By PETER MEAD
Of the Emerald

The Child Care and Development Center (CCDC) was bailed out of a \$17,325 cut in its budget by the deadline set by EMU Director Adell McMillan for the CCDC to produce the money.

After three-way negotiations, begun on Tuesday of finals week, the EMU agreed to contribute \$5,000 to cover the deficit; the Incidental Fee Committee (IFC) voted to give \$6,500; and the CCDC will raise \$5,725.

The \$17,325 debt grew from unanticipated labor expenses at the center during the 1974-75 school year. That deficit showed up in the EMU budget, because the EMU is the CCDC's program accountant.

McMillan thus demanded the CCDC pay the EMU the money to balance the EMU budget by the end of 1975.

If all of the deficit had been cut from the rest of the CCDC's budget this year, the center would have \$6,500 left for two terms of operations. People associated with the center said that budget would have reduced it to a baby-sitting service. McMillan said she and EMU staff

had devised a plan to cut center staff numbers, leaving the program still intact.

Although the immediate crisis has passed, several issues go unresolved in the minds of resigned CCDC Director Katherine Sacks, IFC Chairer Jamie Burns, and ASUO Pres. Jim Bernau.

Perhaps the most important issue revived in this controversy: how much power do students have over the EMU?

The EMU is a student union, run entirely with student funds for student programs. IFC chairer Jamie Burns argues that it should therefore be directly responsible to students. The EMU is now run by a professional staff, however, under the authority of the University administration.

The question of whether students or the administration control the EMU "is something the ASUO is very concerned about right now," Burns said. He indicated the IFC is launching an investigation into the issue, but would not specify what sources or arguments would be included.

Another issue raised in the controversy concerns measures the EMU should take to anticipate rising labor

costs for the several ASUO programs it serves as accountant.

Bernau had earlier recommended that the EMU develop more sophisticated accounting methods.

McMillan never hinted the EMU was irresponsible in failing to anticipate rising labor costs, however. She has mentioned no changes in EMU accounting methods for the several ASUO programs the EMU handles, though she did say "it looks like they (the center) are going to come out without a deficit this year."

Monday Sacks said "the future is very tenuous" for the CCDC. The CCDC will be able to raise its share of the cost by June, to keep the program operating at the level of service for which it was funded. But center staff claim they have lost irreplaceable time on a project absolutely necessary to its future operations: exploring ways to cut costs and find alternative sources of income.

When the IFC funded the CCDC for 1975-76, both parties agreed the CCDC would get smaller budgets in the future. This year's budget of \$69,192 was designed so the CCDC could afford staff time for a concerted study of how to survive with fewer ASUO funds.

Bernau said the center's complaints that it has too little time to develop alternative sources of funds "is not an honest argument." He said he believes they have had enough time. The expense of supporting the CCDC has grown constantly in the past, Bernau said Monday and he believes the trend will continue.

He says he does not support funding for the CCDC out of the incidental fee monies because it indirectly helps CCDC parents pay tuition. Bernau maintains ASUO programs should only enhance cultural aspects of education, not help pay for the education itself.

Although Burns agrees with Bernau that the CCDC should get less student money, he still thinks child care deserves student funds, as long as it is "economically feasible."

In a move to help raise funds for the CCDC, its director, Katherine Sacks, resigned at the end of last term. She assumed the remaining \$3,000 of her salary would be applied to the deficit. She argued the Center would be unable to pursue alternative funds, and her position was therefore unnecessary.

McMillan replied that the CCDC has no control over Sacks' salary, since it comes not through the CCDC budget, but through the EMU program staff budget. She said the EMU may hire another director for the CCDC, and would consider applying to child care any sum left if Sacks' salary was higher than the new person's.

McMillan said Monday that the EMU and the CCDC will negotiate this week on whether to replace Sacks, what duties the replacement might have, and how to use any left-over funds.

The question of whether the CCDC was allocated \$69,129 or \$63,644 also went unanswered in the negotiations during finals week. McMillan said she planned the CCDC budget around the smaller figure. She says she received that figure from the IFC. But the IFC says it allocated the larger figure. Both parties have some evidence to support their claims. It is presently unclear if the IFC and the CCDC will take action to ensure the CCDC of getting the larger figure.

oregon daily emerald

An Independent Newspaper

Vol. 77, No. 70

Eugene, Oregon 97403

Tuesday, January 6, 1976

Registration brings tales of horror

By BRAD LEMLEY
Of the Emerald

It was 3:15 on a cold, rainy Tuesday afternoon, the second day of registration. Some merciful soul had just opened the "3:30" door in Mac Court, and I, along with my fellow unfortunates, sloshed inside and plodded up the stairs to the first tier of seats.

From my vantage point in the third row the breathtaking panorama of late registration in Mac Court lay beneath me. As I watched I soon found that the students below could be divided into three groups: the new arrivals who were busily trotting from table to table, the not-so-new arrivals who, depending upon their economic status, were either bribing or strangling their startled professors, and the before-noon arrivals, who were swan-diving from the Joe Romania scoreboard to the freethrow line.

Quickly I turned from the grisly spectacle and noticed Guido, my friend from Chicago, seated next to me. He was reading a book and roaring with laughter. I craned my neck to see the title; it was the Warren Commission's Report on the Kennedy Assassination.

"Hey, paisano," he chuckled, digging me in the ribs, "this book, she is the funniest thing I ever read."

"Guido," I said incredulously, "how can you be so unconcerned? We have the worst registration times possible!"

"Hey, it's no problem. Looka, my father, he loan me one 'a his friends. Rocco," he said snapping his fingers, "tell my pal here what I'ma tell you to say to the professors down there." Rocco, whom I had mistaken for a balcony support beam dressed in a pinstripe suit, leaned forward menacingly.

"Mr. Professor, my friend," recited Rocco, "da boy an' I would appreciate it if youse would enroll him in da class which he desires. In addition to us, your pretty little daughter would also appreciate it, since she is sorta accident-prone and does not want to have an accident which could result in her bein' not so pretty."

"He's a terrific, huh?" beamed Guido.

"Oh yeah, great," I assured him, while my heart sank. Why did my dad have to be a social worker?

The man with the microphone was just finishing his speech about the semi-religious sanctity of #2 pencils. I glanced at the "closed" board and my spirits rose a trifle; two of the classes on my alternative "A" schedule, three on my "B" schedule and one on schedule "C" were still open. Maybe this wasn't going to be so tough after all.

The man excused us and I charged downstairs reciting my terminal digits. Somehow it had always seemed to me that the appropriate thing to do after reciting my terminal digits would be to die, but once again I miraculously remained alive, so I grabbed my sheet and cards and ran into the registration arena.

My number one priority was a psychology class. With true Duck fervor, I bobbed and weaved through the milling crowd and finally dived on the floor at the base of the psych table. A bespectacled head peered over the edge of the table at me.

"Yes?"

"Uh, yes," I said, struggling to my feet. "I'd like to enroll in a psychology course."

The lights overhead made the lenses of his glasses flash as the man behind the desk nodded. "I see. And how long have you had this fixation?"

"Huh? No, no, I don't have any fixation. I don't have any mental problems at all, but I would like to take Psych 410, 'Amoebas and the Protestant Ethic.' It's upper division, see, and it will fulfill my req."

"Tell me," said the man, pressing his fingertips together, "do you still hate your mother?"

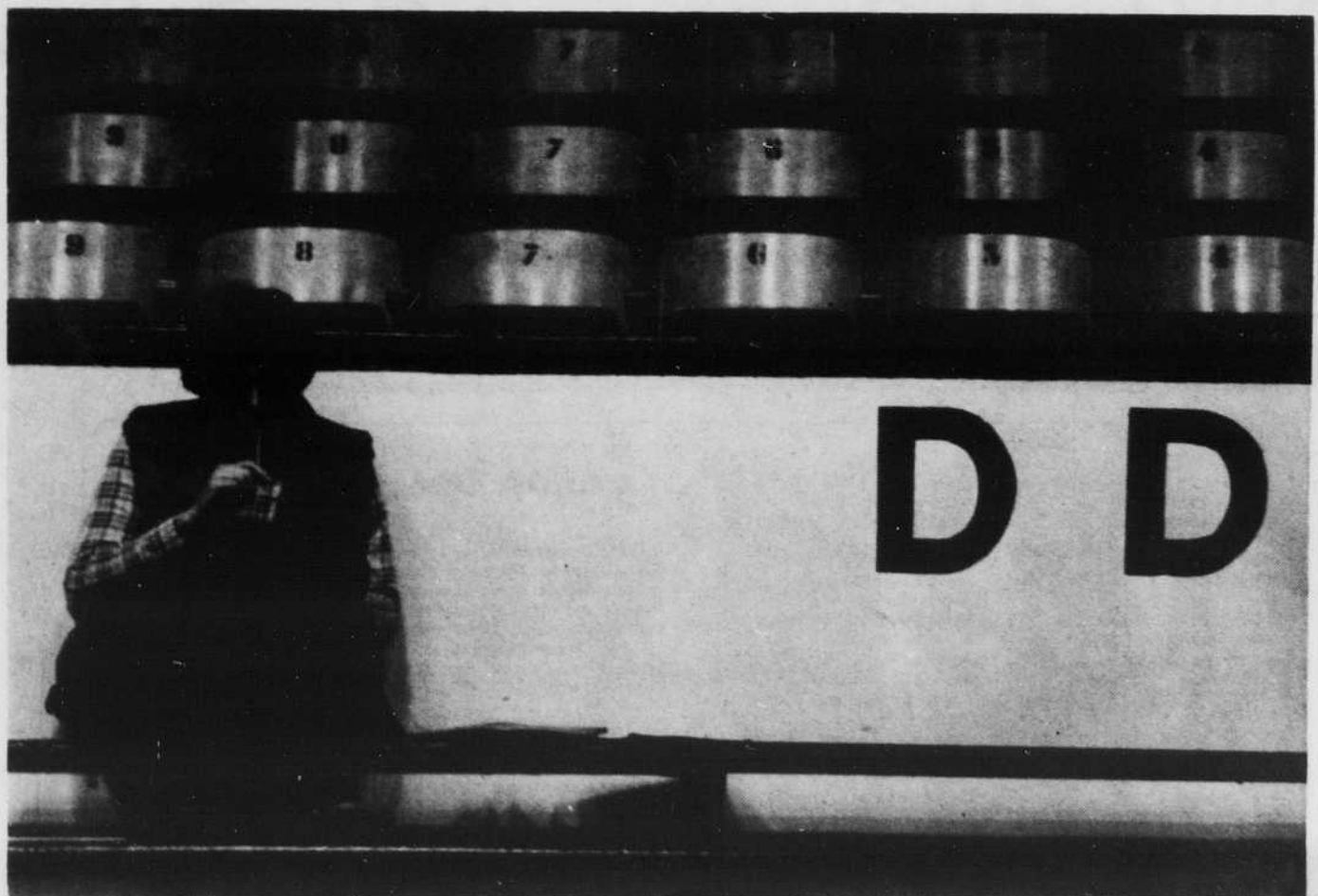
"Wha-? Mom? No, I just..."

"Aha!" he cried, leaping over the table and pointing an accusing finger at my face. "So you admit it, you used to hate your mother. The question now is why? Did she neglect you?"

"Huh? No, no, of course not, hey look, all I want to do is enroll in..."

"Then did she beat you? Did she take your favorite toy, say, a little rubber duckie, and put it in her meat grinder and grind it into tiny pieces so that it wasn't a duckie at all anymore, it was just a...a..."

(Continued on Page 5)



It's D-Day again

Photo by Greg Clark

For University student Stuart Opler Monday the double "D" section in the Mac Court bleachers may have meant "double disappointment" — thanks to a late registration time. For those registering today, things are no brighter.