

# Registration proves to be amusing

By STEPHEN P. JENSEN

The following is a dramatization.

Friday, November 14, 1986

Dear Mom,

I had my meeting with my advisor today. Nothing to worry about. It's that time of the year when I have to register for next semester's courses. I got some good courses, although I'll have to come back here next September because my ex-advisor didn't really know much about what courses I should take toward my major, and since I was in the middle of changing my major, it really got to be a mess. Consequently, Mom, it's going to cost us (you, Dad and me) more of our hard-earned dollars for me to take 12 credits to get my degree. If the college offered the courses I need to graduate in the spring semester, I would be done by May. They don't, so instead of getting on with my life, I'll be stuck here in Cortland until next Christmas. I hope I have better luck when I go to register next Monday. By the way, any news on my loan check? I'll give you a call this weekend.

Love,  
Steve (your son)

Monday, November 17, 1986

Dear Mom,

I went to the Bursar's office today like you asked me to, but they said they have no idea where my loan check is. I asked them who I could contact to expedite my check because I'm broke. The woman gave me a blank stare and an answer that told me she should be working at Pee Wee's Playhouse, not a college bursar's office. Anyway, she did give me some good news. I am on THE STOP LIST. And that's not the best part. The reason is because Public Safety (which breeds no Public Sanity) had their mutant robotoid working the desk last semester when I paid off three parking tickets. Because of their foul-up, I had to skip registration today until I re-paid the money-grubbing receipt-losers. Too mad to write more, Mom.

Love,  
Steve (your son)

Wednesday, November 19, 1986

Dear Mom,

I finally got to register today. Well, sort of.

When I got to the computer room to register, a nice lady looked at my registration form and told me I couldn't enter without a permission slip. A permission slip? I felt like I was back in grammar school. Anyway, since I had recently changed majors and my ex-department was staggering through the process of simply notifying my new department and my folder hadn't been transferred, my ex-advisor still had my permission slip. By the way Mom, I asked if I could take my folder to my new department, but my ex-department said absolutely not. I guess they put a secret note in there that only my new department can read. I wonder what they found out about me. So, I went to find my ex-advisor, but as my luck would have it, she wasn't in. The secretary didn't have my permission slip either. She sent me to the bursar's office to get a new one. I went, figuring she knew what she was talking about. She didn't. The "blank stare" lady told me to go to the registrar's office, which seemed to be logical. No one else on campus had my permission slip, so they had to have it.

Are you ready for the next character, Mom? The scowling lady at the registrar's office looked down past her Witchy-Poo glasses; she had heard it all before. I was no different than anyone else, to her. She didn't know that I wasn't leaving without my permission slip.

Surprisingly, she was willing to accommodate me as she looked up my name in her green and white striped catalogue. As she wrote my name on a little white paper which I identified as my surrogate permission slip, I felt a wave of relief pass over me. Just then, with a note of glee in her voice and a smile resembling that from The Grinch, she said, "Oh, you can't register, oh no. No, you're on THE STOP LIST." She seemed glad. Unbelievable. I then pulled my ace-in-the-hole from my growing pile of various student, faculty, department and advisor copies. I showed her my receipt, proving I had paid my parking tickets, again. She said that didn't prove I was off THE STOP LIST. So I told her I knew how ax-murderers get their start and that I wasn't leaving without my permission slip. I gave her a glimpse of my sharpened eye-teeth and she readily complied. I had successfully called her bluff.

I had my permission slip. I headed for that computer room with a vengeance. I showed the nice lady my new permission slip. OK, but why was she

circling two of my courses? Don't even tell me they're closed. She said I needed permission because they're 500 level sections. Mom, I had my advisor's signature and my department dean's signature, but that wasn't good enough. They needed the department chairman's signature too. Mom, I'm going crazy.

Steve (your son)

Friday, November 21, 1986

Dear Mom,

Yesterday I went to get my department chairman's signature, but he wasn't in, of course. Fortunately a student secretary was sitting in and she forged his signature, leagally, I'm sure. I guess she hadn't been around long enough to know that she was supposed to make me think I was in the wrong place and send me on my merry goose-chase. Thank someone for occassional small favors.

Anyway, I went back over to re-register today. I got in, no problem. I even got no flack from the professor-turned-computer operator, aside from the fact that he was rude and short with me. It didn't matter, though. I'd been to Hell and back.

I was feeling better. It had been a week since my quest for registration began and I was finally sitting at a green-screened terminal getting my schedule. I felt doubly good because across the way was the scowling Witchy-Poo at the registrar's office-turned-scowling Witchy-Poo at the computer terminal. She didn't see me, but even that didn't matter. I was there and I was proud.

I had my permission slip. I had proof I was no longer a member of THE STOP LIST. I had my special permission signature of my department chairman. What else could go wrong?

Mom, they closed one of my classes while they sent me running cross-campus. I was too pooped to fight any more. I've been brainwashed into thinking it probably wasn't even their fault anyway. Mom, can I come home?

Love,  
Steve (your son)

Saturday, November 22, 1986

Dear SUCC,

You've created a monster. Sleep with one eye open and never look back.

Love,  
Steve



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