



Meticulous job hunts prove fruitless without proper footwear

Like most prospective graduates, I take the "job hunt" pretty seriously.

In that respect, though, I am a product of my environment; we go through the rat race for four years in preparation for this moment, in preparation to apply for and get jobs.

Oh sure, we are supposed to learn along the way, and maybe enrich our lives and the lives of others. But come on. The real goal here is to get a job and start paying back our loans and credit card bills.

And in order to do that, we are taught to be meticulous in applying for those jobs. We make our resumes attractive but practical, our cover letters captivating but informative. We use the highest quality paper for our applications, and we strive to find the elusive medium between showing strong interest in a particular

job and annoying the hell out of a prospective employer.

But we don't go through this alone. It seems that everybody and their mother helps us out along the way: professors, relatives, friends, neighbors, the guy standing in front of you at the post office. Everybody has their two cents to add, and for the most part, that advice is invaluable (except for the guy at the post office, who seemed to think there was a strong need for journalists at the cannery near Albany).

But despite its value, some of that job hunting advice is plain outrageous. My favorite is the theory that employers' first and strongest impression comes from the shoes you wear.

I can picture it now... I go in for a job interview, impress the hell out of the interviewer, wow him with my clips, come up with the right answers for all the ques-

tions, but just as the interview ends he says: "I'm sorry, Trevor. You are a strong candidate for this job, but your footwear selection just doesn't meet our criteria. I suggest that you work on your fashion sense and check back

1997 GRAD



Trevor Kearney

with me in a few years."

I'm sorry, but if I don't get a job because I wore the wrong pair of shoes I don't think I want that damn job anyway.

But when it comes down to it, we do wear the right pair of shoes, and we print our job applications on the highest quality paper. And we try our hardest to find that medium between showing interest for a job and annoying an employer.

But for all the effort I have put into job hunting, I have received very little back. As I sift through my rather healthy stack of response letters from employers, I find them riddled with typos and misspelled words.

Are you kidding me?

And that is assuming that you even get a letter. One of the biggest slaps in the face came from *The Sacramento Bee*, a publication that sent me a nice little rejection postcard. It didn't open up or anything; it rejected me right there on the back for everyone to read. I'm sorry, but I would like to know that I didn't get a job before my mail carrier and his postal buddies do.

The latest employer folly came in the form of an e-mail announcing the opening of a copy editing job. Apparently this guy didn't have anybody to copy edit his letter, because this piece of work

contained no capitalization and a misspelled name, and it ended with the word "thanx."

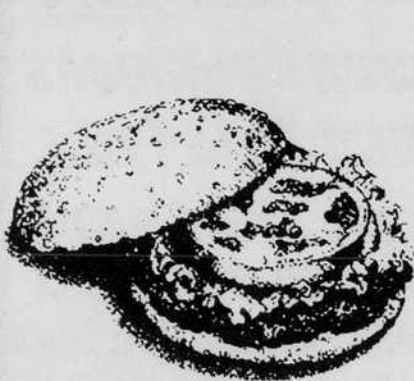
Now, if I turned something like that in to a class in the journalism school, the misspelled name alone would get me an F. And the journalism school was supposed to prepare me to work in these places? Something is missing here.

For all of the effort that we put into this whole process, I think we deserve a little bit better. I think we deserve, at the very least, real letters in real envelopes with a little bit of real effort put into them.

So I have a solution: Whenever you get a really crappy response letter, break out the red pen, circle the errors and send them right the hell back to the employer along with a note:

"If I have to wear nice shoes, you have to spell words right."

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Best wishes from your family on your graduation. We know how hard you've worked to get where you are now. The memories will remain with me as our friendship will through eternity. So here's to you, may your dreams come true. As a Theta, that's my best to you.

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