

# Possible jobs don't match ideals for newly unemployed

Given the choice between daily doses of Rush Limbaugh and no job, I'll take unemployment.

This is the decision that led me to my recent state of joblessness. I was going to do deliveries for an on-campus courier service in a car with only an AM radio. The only thing I could get (at least on KFOR) was Rush, the conservative Republican from hell.

I am now jobless, after a lifetime of employment. There has been a steady paycheck with my name on it for the past nine years.

My first job was pouring coffee at a retirement home. Eventually I worked my way up to meal serving, but just as I got the hang of that, a wonderful opportunity

opened up at a local grocery store.

I spent nine months as a checker in a red apron. I got a little tired of trying to decipher the different kinds of produce, so I requested a change.

## Anne Steyer

I became the first woman stocker in the history of that small store. Unfortunately, I didn't make a whole lot of money, nor did I get many hours. So I supplemented my income with a second job at a vintage clothing store. It was a great job,

but the Lied Center needed to be built, so they tore down the building. I still have the key.

Then I made a great career move and found my niche. I got a job at a video store and began living, breathing and sleeping movies. I left there two weeks ago and I can't seem to shake the movie bug.

I have to go to the movies and eat, so now I am wondering whether I can part with the less listened-to members of my CD collection so I can get some cash.

The obvious answer would be to find a new job. But getting a job isn't easy, especially when you are out of practice. The last job I had, I had for six years. (This is, of course, discounting the one-day love affair with Mr. Limbaugh.)

I don't really know where to look. I always seemed to fall into job opportunities, I never had to actively pursue employment.

There is the Student Job Board on the third floor of the Nebraska Union, but I never see anything that appeals to me. So much of it is work study and the ones that aren't seem mainly to be domestic and child care or kitchen work.

The state also prints up a list of job openings every week, but I am never qualified for any of those. They always say "minimum two years secretarial" or "some experience preferred."

Sometimes an opening will sound perfect for me, then they throw a loop at the end: "Bachelor's degree in speech communication or equiva-

lent preferred."

I tried the classified ads in the Sunday paper, but I think I am too picky. I don't really want to work with food. I wouldn't mind working in a bar or restaurant as wait staff, but cooking is totally out of the question. I burn toast.

A job as a runner for a law firm would be great, especially if I could get in with a firm that allows the runners to take on a little more responsibility than just delivering documents all over town. The contacts might be worth it, but runner jobs are impossible to get.

When they are available, the competition is cutthroat. It is almost an absolute prerequisite that you know someone in the office.

Actually, any office job would be OK, as long as it didn't require a typing test. I could never pass one of those minimum 45 words-a-minute exams. I type looking at the keyboard.

I can't do phone work and I can't do any kind of canvassing. Asking for personal information or money is not my idea of a fun or fulfilling job.

So where do I go from here? I could give plasma but I have a giant fear of needles and I don't like the vacuum feeling I get when they draw blood. I can't even imagine the feeling I'd get when they put the plasma-less blood back in.

I could do a Harris Labs study, but I'm not over 45 or post-menopausal. I am also not a male 19- to 45-years-old. I guess I don't qualify for any Harris Lab opportunities.

Maybe I should maintain this state of joblessness. It requires far less energy to be poor than to look for a job. I can always live off my CD collection if I have to.

But if I sell all my music, I'll have to listen to the radio. Of course, Rush Limbaugh then would infiltrate the FM dial.

Steyer is a junior English major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

## Working beats unemployment, entrepreneurship

By Bryan Peterson  
Senior Editor

You can read elsewhere in this issue (p. 7 for instance) about all the jobs I have had. But there have also been times when I have not had a job.

At first, being jobless always feels great. There are no hours to keep, no uniforms to wear, no alarms to throw against the wall.

But after awhile, the money runs out, and you have to start borrowing and scrimping and saving. A few weeks of that, and being out of work, gets to be more work than actually having a job.

Just recently, I tried the other extreme. Being tired of working for other people, I opened my own business with a partner. It consumed my entire summer but has been quite rewarding.

However, I am not only not getting paid, but have found that owning a business is of course even more work than working for someone else. Either way, it is more work than I want to do.

"Greetings, conversationalists across the fruited plain, this is Rush Limbaugh. . ."



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Amie DeFrain/DN

## Scribbling much better than working

By Mark Baldrige  
Staff Reporter

When I was a senior in high school, I got a little career counseling. They told me that I was wasting my talents scribbling away in my notebooks, which is the only thing I've ever been any good at.

They said that what I should really be is an indentured servant. I said I wanted to keep my own teeth.

I think it is no accident, no mere coincidence, that the Biblical character most plagued by God — the one whose life most approximated Purgatory — was named Job.

One suffers with the patience of Job.

Undergoes the trials of Job. I know I do. And judging by the crankiness of my colleagues, I'm not the only one.

Let's see . . . there are 24 hours in a day, right? If I spend eight of them at work, polishing the telephone — anything, just so I look busy — that's a third of my day. Why, if I work my whole life, that's a third of my life!

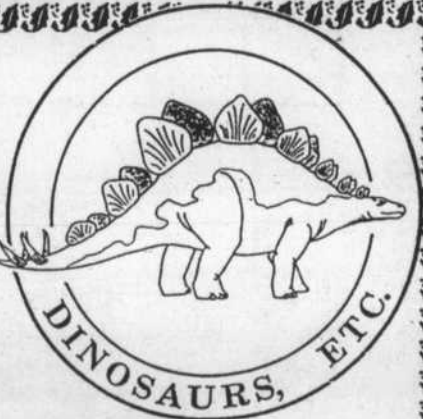
Of course it's not really a third. There are weekends. But I don't suppose I really have to count them if I don't remember them when they're done.

Then there are two weeks vacation and odd days off — sick-leave. There are the long stretches between jobs: unemployment — and worse.

Looking for work is worse than

See BALDRIDGE on 7

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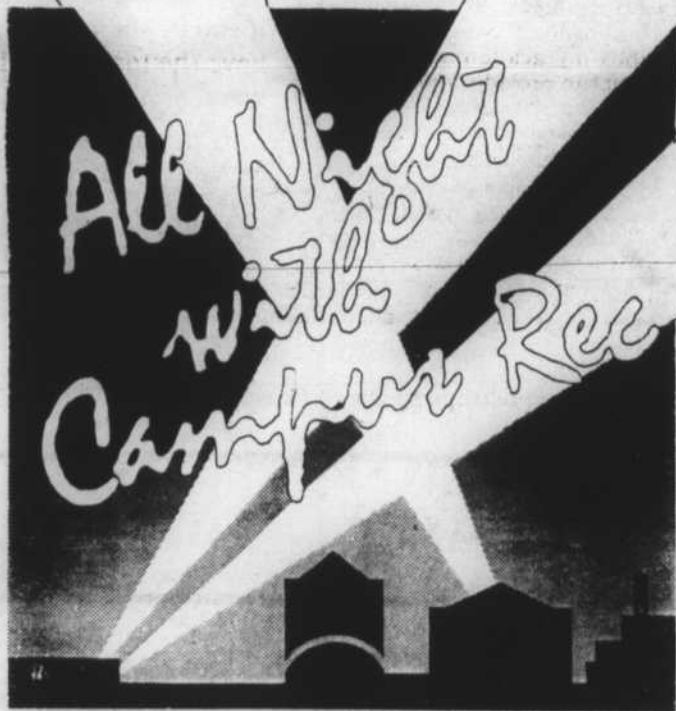
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