
How To Start A Career.

Mr. J. P. McEvoy (former Notre Dame student) gives in the Saturday Evening Post these valuable pointers:

...First you have to want work. And if you really want to work, you'll get work. You always get what you want in this world, if you want it badly enough. I don't mean wishing. I mean wanting.....Since you want to work, the next trick is to go and look for some, and the best trick of all is to not go too far. Look right around the corner. It may not have anything to do with your idea of a career, but that may be because your idea of a career has nothing to do with the idea of work. You can waste many bright hours of your young life going to the next town, or the next state, or the next country, only to wind up doing the same kind of work you could have found over in the next lot.....

There used to be a little motto hanging on the wall to the effect: TODAY IS THE TOMORROW YOU WORRIED ABOUT YESTERDAY.. In other words, your future is the present which has been worrying you in the past. In still other words, just to be an old bore, the position you want tomorrow is the job you would have today if you had gone to work yesterday. So, you see, you can start to work today and the future will take care of itself.

Now, I'll grant you it's one thing to want work and another thing to go looking for it, and still another to get it...Having decided where you want to work--and you're the only one who can decide that--your next step is to "case the joint." That's what the boys who rob the bank call looking it over first. Has it got an exit as well as an entrance? Is there room at the top and lots of top? Some jobs have got a natural low ceiling, which you can't do anything about. It's like being put in a hall bedroom and told to pole-vault.

But usually what you think is a low ceiling is only fog. The sun is shining like everything on the other side and the sky is the limit.

And now I'll give you a practical example of how it's done. I knew a young fellow once who wanted a job on a newspaper in Chicago. He looked all the papers over and decided he wanted to work on one particular paper. And he looked that particular paper all over and decided he wanted to work in the sporting department. So he went to the sporting editor and said: "You need me," and the sporting editor said: "Have you had any experience?" and the lad named a small-town newspaper. "Any Chicago experience?" The lad said, "No." The editor said: "You're no good to me without Chicago experience." And the lad said: "How can you get Chicago experience until somebody gives you a job in Chicago?" And the editor said: "That's your problem. And anyway I have no opening for you here." The lad said: "You mean today?" and the editor said: "Yes," so the lad said: "Then I'll drop in tomorrow, same time."

He got up the next morning and said: "I'm going out now and get myself some work...." So he went out and got himself a job as a stock clerk, and this lad, who had literary ambitions, found himself tenderly counting up undershirts by the blue million, dusting them patiently from 8:00 to 5:30, and then swabbing down the aisles with wet sawdust. And at 6:30 he was in the sporting department of the Chicago newspaper... "Oh you're here again?" the sporting editor greeted him. "Yes," replied the lad. "Well what I told you yesterday goes for today," said the sporting editor. "Then I'll be back tomorrow," said the lad, and went home. And he was back tomorrow. And every night after that for three solid months, until one evening the sporting editor called him into his private office and said: "Look here, I don't need you and I don't want you. But I don't see any way of getting rid of you except to hire you. Then I can fire you right away, and please God, you'll go then and haunt some other office." So the lad was hired. And that, my son, was how little Alfred was born, because that was the job your dad was carried on.

PRAYERS: (ill) father of Bernard Wassell (Alumni); aunt of J. Kafka (Dillon); John Kucowski (Horr.) appendectomy; Bill Meyer (Fresh); Jim O'Hara; Bob Benavides (Gorin).