

Perspectives

Page

EDITORIAL

Get A Job

Those of you who have read last year's Reader, the one that came out every two weeks, probably noticed a feature on page two, the page that has now transformed into the Perspectives Page (you know, opinions, point of views, whatever), called the Faculty Forum.

In the Faculty Forum, as the word forum would indicate, the faculty members of our school had an opportunity to express various concerns they deemed important enough to write about. If a member of the faculty is reading this, I'd like to remind them they still have that opportunity.

Well anyway, their discussions sometimes centered on jobs, employability, marketable skills, money, that world outside or this relatively safe and confined community known as the Capitol Campus.

The Capitol Campus is peculiar in that a high percentage of the students who attend this school are doing so to get a job when they graduate. This is no doubt true of many other institutions of higher education, but here we seem to be up to our ears with future engineers and accountants.

Some of our fellow students though, will have a hard time finding a job in their specified field of interest, and some of them will not only have a hard time, but won't get a job in anyway even remotely associated with their academic major.

The result, we have a college educated, well qualified specialist who must go out of his boundaries and find unrelated employment. As my esteemed colleagues back in Upper Darby might say "bad news," with, I'm certain, no intentional allusion to journalistic ethnics.

The trick is to find felicity in any endeavor the hands of fate might thrust upon you. I would think that happiness, however defined by whomever, is one of the sought after and most desirable traits that one can expect from life.

Look at the man who rides around on that red, miniature size, tractor. He works for, I guess, the Maintenance Department of this school. He has steady employment. By the time he gets the grass cut in the front, the back needs to be done. He carries his pack of Red Man Chewing Tobacco, and unceremoniously spits chewed chaw over the side as he motors along. Bliss. Note the way he cuts the grass. Careful in his approach, his technique of mowing in a triangular pattern seldom varies.

He seems happy, he has probably not been tainted by any academic pursuits on his part but, regardless, he has at least secured a position in this world for himself, one that he seems satisfied with.

There are many mundane and uneventful jobs out there, possibly at some time in your life, or perhaps indefinitely, you'll be stuck working at one of them. Simply adapt.

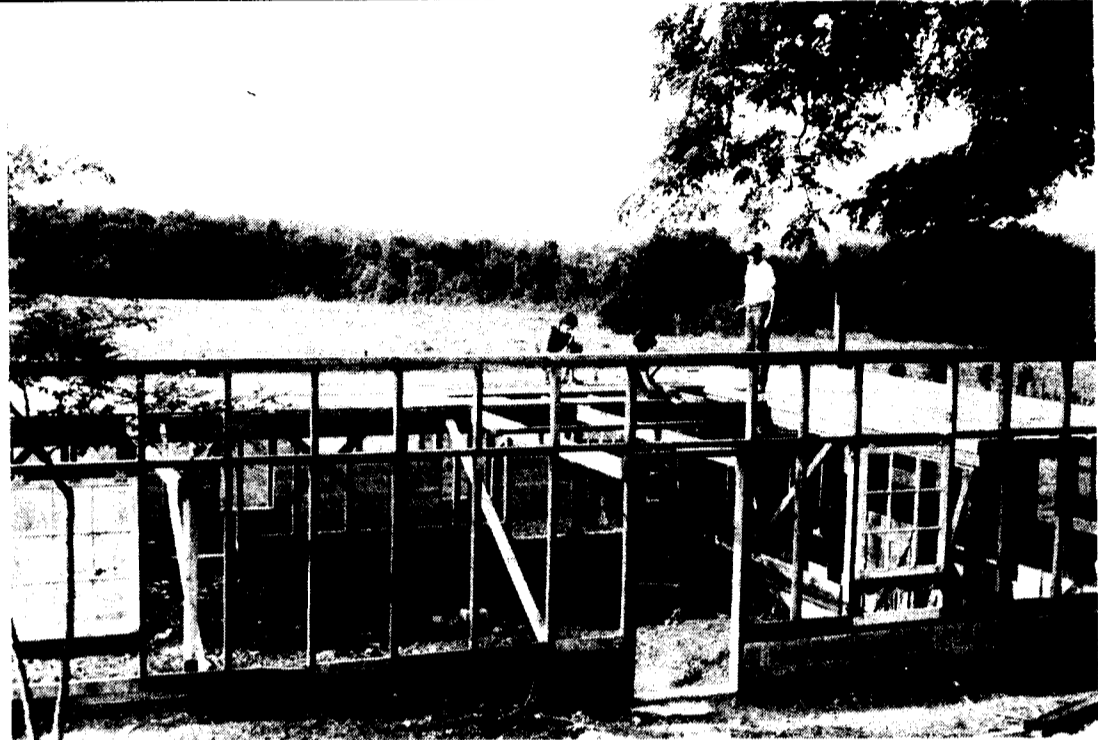
Or with your vast knowledge of whatever academic field you're familiar with you could always become a professor, and give the future editor of the C.C. Reader no cooperation when he tries to get you to write something, anything, on his/her version of a "Perspectives Page."

Notable Quotes

"Upon the whole, it might rather be thought, that he, who, in view of its inconsistencies, says of human nature the same that, in view of its contrasts, is said of the divine nature, that it is past finding out, thereby evinces a better appreciation of

it than he who, by always representing it in a clear light, leaves it to be inferred that he clearly knows it."

Melville's
"The Confidence Man"



The Bubels build a barn.

Small Talk Analyzed

By Debbie Young

I started examining chitchat, or as some call it, small talk, last fall (my first term here at Capitol Campus). I did this because I noticed that some people were totally at ease in situations that made me somewhat hot around the collar.

Some people are perfectly comfortable when meeting strangers. At times, I find I can be a stranger to myself. Some can even become pleasant to their professors or whatever. I've heard that it is smart to make friends with your professors--you might need a friend when your final grade is being determined--but I can not seem to manage anything more friendly than a breathless "Hi", and hope that trick might convey my "friendly" feelings.

I then began to wonder if small-talkers were born or manufactured. In other words, was there any hope for me? I've come to the conclusion that some are born and some manufactured. I thought it best to observe those to whom small talk comes naturally, and find out what ingredients go into their performance.

The fact is that almost all of the talk going around Capitol Campus is small. Just think, if we were to limit all our talk to that "intellectual seriousness," we would have to reorganize our

whole social life. As a matter of fact, some feel small talk is the language of courteousness.

It's a warm-up before getting down to business. Salespeople, seducers and sailors of all varieties use small-talk the way a new-born uses Pampers. Even dentists coax us into their chairs with small-talk, and worse, soothe us with a speech while our mouths are unable to move. However, I must say their small-talk is "just good business," but I guess you have to appreciate their effort.

Also, small-talk serves as a test for friendship. You and a stranger are "sizing each other up," thinking of a subject that would be familiar to you both. Almost every friendship starts from the initial game "I like fuchsia/Me too!" And whether you're liking fuchsia, or sex after sixty, or even Jimmy Carter, when the small talk pulls you together, the excitement is beautiful.

A newspaper publisher I once met asked me what newspaper I read. It was a peculiar question, one I'd often like to ask but never do. I named about three (his not included), he picked up on "The Miami Herald" and I'd be working for him now if it weren't for the fact that I want a degree to hang in my parents' living room.

The born small-talker is a person who can pick up on any subject. The reason for this is

the small-talker possesses a vast, verbal library.

Memorization is a good way to build such a vocabulary. But, unfortunately, I have no memory, and, on occasions, wish I could use "cheat-sheets" with witty things I'd like to say.

Also, the born small-talker achieves a balance between listening and talking. However, such a person is hard to come by. Usually people fall into one of two possible roles. One is a question asker--the other a responder or story-teller. I tend to be a questioner, and my closest friends tend to be story tellers.

Those who tend to be story-tellers must keep in mind that responding well is a very tricky task. These people really use a great deal of energy to amuse someone with a story. They have to worry about constructing a plot-line, developing the characters correctly, and choosing the perfect details to do this. (This can be really difficult if the story you are telling is one that never actually took place.)

One last characteristic of small-talk is to be polite. No matter how bad you feel or how boring the story, you must interject the right amount of "Uh-huhs", "mmms", "yeahs", "I knows", and "rights" to make your small-talker believe you are truly interested in what he or she is saying.

Letters:

I am not a commuting student, but a commuting faculty member beginning my second year at Capitol Campus. Last year as a new faculty member I attended numerous extracurricular activities including the donkey basketball game in which I participated. Never were there more than a

Residents Not Commuters

handful of students at any of the events I attended. I might add that there were even fewer faculty members.

Your insinuation that the "apathy" problem is limited to commuters is a serious injustice. My understanding is that there are more than 700 resident students at Capitol

Campus. Do not put the blame on just the commuting students; some of whom have good excuses for not being on campus. What about you 700 who live here and have far fewer excuses!

Dr. Ronald J. Webb
Associate Professor
of Management