



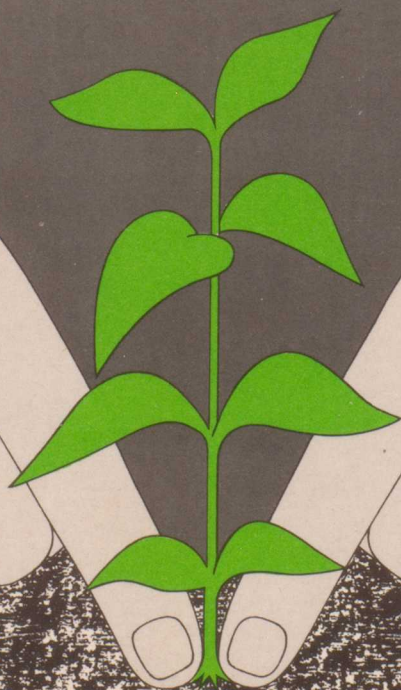
# TOOLS FOR LIFE

A Series of Self-Help Booklets designed to help students beyond the classroom into Life

#4 (undated)

## NUMBER 4

# Creating Your Own Job



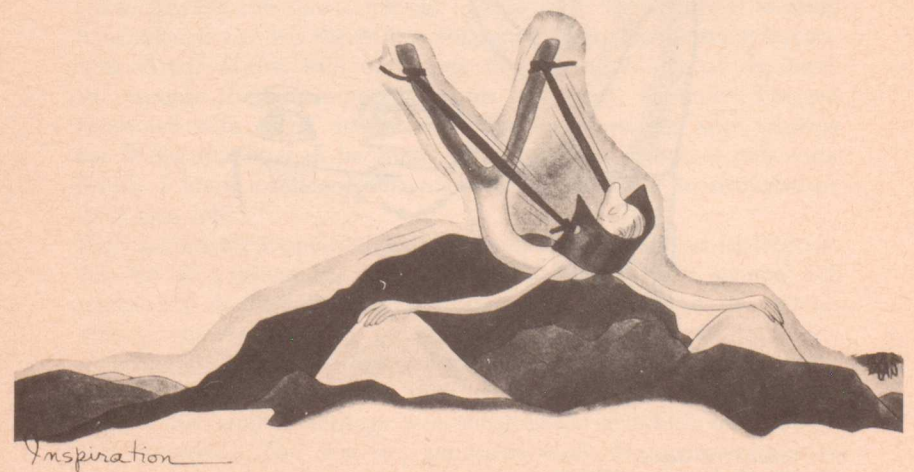


# TOOLS FOR LIFE/Number 4

## CREATING YOUR OWN JOB

By GEOFF SPENCER  
*Publications Editor, Vancouver City College*

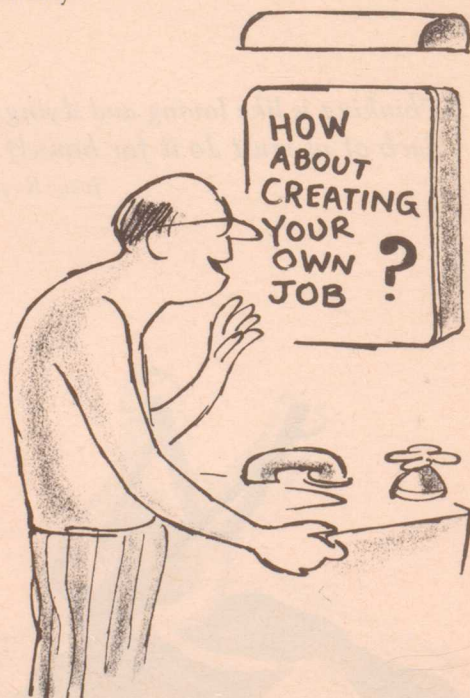
*"Thinking is like loving and dying.  
Each of us must do it for himself."*  
*Josia Royce*





So far in our TOOLS FOR LIFE Series,\* we've dealt with a situation where you're looking for a job created by someone else's enterprise, a defined, existing job such as secretary, draftsman, dental assistant, mechanic, electrician, or what have you. The job may be advertised, notified internally within an organization, or simply bruited about by word of mouth. In any event you will be competing for it with others similarly prowling the job market.

Now let us suppose for a minute that you've done all the things advocated in our preceding pamphlets: you've taken yourself apart in self-analysis and put together a model job application; you've duplicated the application and put it into the hands of forty or more likely employers; you've searched the 'Want' ads and gone through the Yellow Pages; and you still haven't found a job. What then? Understandably, you may experience a feeling of let-down. But before you allow yourself to be engulfed by despair, consider an entirely different possibility:



\* (1) *Creative Job Search*  
 (2) *The Effective Job Application*  
 (3) *The Job Interview*

On a continent weaned on Horatio Alger, it is surprising how few people take this approach. When they do, the chances are that they will be writing the first chapter of their own success story.

Let's get down to cases. I'll tell you what happened to me close to my fiftieth birthday. Briefly, I was fired from a job I had held for twenty-odd years and had considered as safe as the once fabled Rock of Gibraltar. With the Youth Cult rampant, a man over forty has a pretty tough time finding another job these days.

Thus, with the cards stacked against my age, I decided to skip most of the admirable advice on getting a job and go straight to the crux of the problem. I decided to create my own job. I reviewed my experience and talents against the major question of what I really wanted to get out of the rest of my life. Ultimately, I decided to convert a hobby into a profession. I've always been interested by anything to do with ink on paper — and not merely with the mechanics of printing, but the process of creativity that precedes it.

I considered all the people I could think of who might employ me as a writer/editor; again not just those who already had one, but those who ought to, provided I could prove the need. I soon ran across the Jolly Green Giants of the educational field, the comprehensive community colleges. I couldn't very well miss: they're springing up like mushrooms all over the Western world. It occurred to me that some considerable output in writing, editing and printing supervision would likely be involved in this snowballing operation.

I approached the Director of Vancouver City College and suggested a trial period. He agreed, and I've held ever since a job that didn't previously exist.

In creating your own job, I don't think there's any great code to crack. Anyone can spin a job out of thin air if he sits down to think hard enough and has the will to follow through. That late unpleasantness, Adolf Hitler, said one thing that impressed me at the time. In response to some niggling by his henchmen, he said: "I'm not concerned with *HOW* it shall be done. I'm concerned with creating the *WILL* that it shall be done." Now let's take a look at how some people I know combined imagination and willpower to manufacture their own jobs.

Well before the Opportunities for Youth Program spread its largesse, the son of a prominent City Hall official sized up the summer job market and decided not to compete in the annual stampede of students seeking employment. But he was nonetheless determined to find a summer job. Taking the first indispensable step, he sat down to think in front of a blank pad and switched on his imagination.

One of his random jottings was about boats, in which he'd always been interested. The next step suggested itself. He went down to a



yacht club and walked up and down the dock area until he found the boat he was looking for — a substantial cruiser in need of a paint job and some sprucing up. He located the owner and approached him with a proposition to do the work. He had facts and figures. The owner, a busy executive with vague notions about getting around to the job himself sometime, maybe, was agreeably surprised. That at least was one thought he could scratch from his mind. He told the lad to go ahead. He did. And while he was wielding his paintbrush, other boat owners saw him. Before the summer was out, he could have employed half a dozen others if he'd wanted to exploit to the full the situation he'd created.

On Galiano Island, where I have a summer cottage, there is a colony of hippies in search of the Good Life. Though the best things in life may be free, bread more often than not isn't. Anyone familiar with the Gulf Islands knows that jobs there aren't plentiful. Nor is the soil particularly fertile. One family I admire has drawn the necessary conclusion. They make a weekly trip to Victoria, where they stock up on fresh vegetables for re-sale to the islanders on a regular round. It's a small but flourishing business on the margin of doing their thing. Before them, nobody seems to have thought of it.

Claude Cockburn, a stormy petrel of English journalism, decided in the years preceding the Second Great Unpleasantness that he would feed both his ego and line his pocket by publishing his own newsletter. He cranked it out on an old mimeograph machine in his bedroom, and went looking for subscribers. He found them. In fact, Cockburn's newsletter, called "The Week," became eventually an instrument of considerable political influence. A self-made, satisfying and sustaining job.

Oddly enough, I heard of a similar venture only last week, when a friend who runs a printing and mailing house in Vancouver told me of someone in San Diego who, for reasons of which I'm not aware, has started up a newsletter concerned with the economic aspects of dealing in silver. This regular newsletter is printed and mailed out of Vancouver and seems to have caught on among those interested in what, on the surface at least, seems a narrow field.

Consider the success story implicit in the trade-name "Dad's Cookies," a well-known Vancouver enterprise employing, at a guess, at least a hundred people. Someone had the idea and got it going. Then as now, big oaks from little acorns grow. And I bet my boots somebody's Aunt Bertha has a chutney recipe waiting to knock 'em dead. There's a discernible and growing market for homegrown, homespun articles. In a more rarified, professional atmosphere, consider the man who got fed up with working as clerk for a customs broker. He sat down to think and came up with the idea that he might exploit his

experience of processing customs documents. He knew that the customs and excise field is a jungle of red tape, where regulations proliferate like rabbits in Australia. He also knew from experience that not always did export/import companies claim back from the Government sums to which they were entitled (customs drawback). He made himself into an expert on the subject and then approached various big firms with this proposition: "I think it's probable that you're not collecting the drawback to which you are legally entitled. Let me work over your files for the past five years, and I'll put in a claim on your behalf for anything I can spot that you yourselves have missed. It costs you nothing. If there is something we'll both gain."

The argument was irresistible. The man proved right and is now extremely well off. Another job that didn't exist before he thought of it and gave it life.

Another success story from experience: A man no longer in the flush of youth needed a job badly. He'd been in the garment business and knew power sewing machines inside out. The job was to persuade employers that he was worth his salt, regardless of his age, in an area largely employing women. He felt — probably right — that if he simply applied for work, appearance would be against him.

He thereupon conceived this ingenious idea: he walked into a garment manufacturer through the backdoor, enquired his way up to the production floor and asked the Production Manager if he could use one of the vacant sewing machines to mend a pair of badly torn overalls. He held them out for inspection. The manager, a bit taken aback, agreed. The man then sat down by one of the machines and made that machine talk. This wasn't lost upon the manager, who, of his own accord, offered him a job. Remember that the man hadn't asked for a job — merely for the chance to patch his pants on a spare machine. That's practical job search.

Does anybody remember another enterprise plucked from somebody's brainbox and reported in the press some little while back? Someone had evidently reflected on the nuisance element of having to enter a long line-up at the Motor Vehicle Testing Station twice a year to go through the mandatory test. He then cooked up a scheme whereby he offered to pick up a vehicle, put it through the test and deliver it back, all for a reasonable fee. If that didn't catch on, it deserved to. My guess is that it's still around.

As I write, I can see the grass growing outside on what passes for a lawn. Wretched stuff; it seems only yesterday I cut it. Now if anybody, black, brown, or striped, had come along in the hot summer months and offered to relieve me of the job, I'd have fallen round his neck. Is there anybody who really likes cutting grass? I bet the suburbs



are full of reluctant gardeners. A second-hand mower, a rake and an old car, and somebody will have created his own job. Finally, does anybody still remember Mort Sahl, the standup comedian from the "hungry i" in San Francisco who subsequently hit the nightclub circuit? His was that rarest of humours — a biting, satirical wit. Mort would appear on stage with a newspaper tucked under his arm; any newspaper, any town. After his opening patter, he'd open that paper and pick out items at random. Then he'd let rip in the most slashing, provoking, off-the-cuff commentary. He never prepared a show by sweating over filing cabinets full of indexed jokes. All he needed was the raw material. His mind did the rest. I'm going to suggest that what Mort Sahl did you can do if you don't limit yourself by considering a newspaper as mere ink, and your mind as accompanying blotting paper. In any edition, I'm absolutely sure there will be items that will suggest job possibilities. You can train your mind to spot them. Try it. Take a newspaper. Read it and circle with a red marker pen items that even remotely suggest a job. When you're through, cut them out and brood over them. I'll lay you dimes to doughnuts something will come out of it. Show me, you say. All right, let's have a dummy run. Here's a bunch of random items clipped from four old issues of the paper rescued from the woodbox. They are marked "A" to "H". What job possibilities do they suggest to you? What you've made a list, you can have a look at the notes I made on the Inside Back Cover. Your own list may be better. In any event, the whole exercise took exactly thirty minutes. If you can't spare that, you'd better line up at Manpower with the gang. Good luck either way.

THE PROVINCE, Thursday, August 26, 1971 \*\*\*\*15

## Berries and a swim

# Hikers in for a treat

Blueberry picking and a dip in mountain lakes will be an added bonus in a public hike up Hollyburn Mountain on Sunday.

The outing is sponsored by the Vancouver Natural History Society and The Vancouver Province and hikers should register from 8 to 11 a.m. at the corner of Eyremont Drive and Millstream Road at the top of British Properties.

To reach the start of the trail, turn to the left at the top of Taylor Way and continue along Highland Drive and Eyremont.

The hiking trail is well graded and leads up past Westlake Lodge, Westlake and Fourth Lake through forest and some open meadow to Hollyburn Peak.

There are good views of the lower mainland, Cypress Bowl, the Lions and surrounding mountains.

An optional return route can be taken by way of Hollyburn Ski Lodge.

Hikers should allow about three hours for the ascent and 2½ hours for the return trip.

They should bring a lunch, a canteen, insect repellent, sturdy shoes and a pullover.

Members of the VNHS will be on hand to answer questions and assist hikers.



## Connifers give color, variation when winter spoils the garden

Conifers dislike being transplanted but they respond best when disturbed at a period when a resurgence of growth occurs. In September, after the soil is moistened with rainfall, and the daytime temperatures are cooler, we get an ideal planting period for them.

Conifers provide a variety of shapes and colors throughout the year. When winter arrives and many other shrubs and trees have lost their leaves and beauty, the contrasting and colors of conifers create a furnished air to the garden.

Many of the dwarf conifers we long used solely for rock gardens are ideal in smaller gardens that so many people are now concerned with. The largest group for general garden use comes under the family name of chamaecyparis. The huge quantities of these we now see in nurseries and garden centres indicate the popularity they enjoy.

Many that are naturally tall can be limited by pruning to desirable heights. The time to prune is in spring. The end of the

plant in very shallow soil between two large rocks, grows very little each year but its color is quite spectacular.

After watching the colors of conifers for many years you become acquainted with the most consistent forms. C. I. lutea appears to me to be the best performer among the golden forms.

Cryptomeria is a name to remember when seeking ornamental conifers. They come in tall growing forms and there are also a number of dwarfs. The early season growth is a delightful green and as fall and winter days come, a bronzy hue takes over.

There are many prostrate and creeping varieties in the family of conifers. Most of them by reason of their growth habits have an indispensable range of garden uses.

I like the minute forms of conifers with which "rock garden" form

## APARTMENTS HIT BY FIRE

Tenants were safely evacuated during a two-alarm fire early today at the four-storey Villa San Remo apartment building, 2199 Wall.

The blaze caused extensive damage to four suites, hallways, basement store rooms and the furnace room about 2:45 a.m. Cause of the fire is not known.

## Chilliwack sets dumping charges

CHILLIWACK — Non-city residents will have to pay to use the city garbage dump after next Tuesday.

The charges were ordered after city and district councils failed to agree on joint operation of a dump, Alderman Wil-

liam Welch explained. A sign is to be erected and a gate installed on the road leading to the dump. Hours of operation will be from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Saturday and 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. Sundays.



# Just sign the lease

By PHIL HANSON  
Sun Business Writer

The economy has turned sour and there's no cash to buy new wheels for the travelling salesmen.

So the purchasing director says the magic password and the door opens to a treasure trove of new cars.

A couple of young guys get together to start a delivery service around town. They're long on ideas but short on capital. They, too, say the magic word and presto, a couple of panel vans arrive in company colors.

Across town, a father of four with a modest income and in debt, let's say a little more than he can really handle, just has to have a new car. He can't afford to make a big down payment or keep up high monthly payments. Or, for that matter, pay big repair bills. He says the word, and gets his new chromeboat.

The magic word — the salvation of these folk and many thousands of others — is leasing.

## Some fortunes

Funk and Wagnalls describes a lease as a contract for the temporary occupation or use of premises, premises, etc., in exchange for of rent.

The dull ac does not ture a cor

## Paper recycling ordered at UBC

By ROBERT SARTI

The University of B.C. has a new official policy: all waste paper from offices and classrooms is to be recycled.

At least a ton of UBC paper will be assembled each week for collection by the Joshua Society, a Vancouver-based ecology action group, which in turn will ship the waste to a plant in Burnaby for conversion to soft-drink packaging.

Joshua spokesmen announced today the receipt of a letter from UBC president Walter Gage promising co-operation of the plant department office secretary Gage.

Vixen. "UBC will be our biggest single customer, now that it has adopted recycling as official university policy."

The Joshua office waste recycling program now brings in about five tons of paper a day from a variety of downtown office buildings, shops and other sources.

The UBC program has usually been limited to one week.

## A "MUST" for HOME WINEMAKERS!

A quarterly magazine for the home beer and winemaker. Featuring regular articles by world famous authorities on home winemaking. S. M. Tritton, H. E. Bravery, Dr. A. Pelligrini. Editor: S. F. Anderson-Assoc. Editor: Barbara Milligan. New recipes, cooking with wine, new products and generally speaking A MUST for the home winemaking enthusiast. Subscription: \$2.00 per year (4 issues) please add exchange to cheques.

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ARE YOU ON ?

We will from time on new products beer and Print

## Face up to it dearies, purse soon man's bag

Associated Press

NEW YORK — Men who've been laughing for years at jokes about the contents of women's purses are finding the pocketbook is on the other shoulder.

Slowly, but surely, the idea of pocketbooks — or at least shoulder bags — for men is catching on among conservative as well as mod types.

It's still a fad. And it's still limited to the big cities and to the same men who were the first to wear wide ties and fitted suits.

The whole thing started because of the changing styles of men's clothes. When suits started getting closer to the body, men found themselves with no place to put things.

"Clothes today are so tight you can't put anything in your pockets without ruining the line," said the men's buyer for one department store. "If you want to carry a wallet and a little change around, it makes a bulge."

A spokesman for Mark Cross, the Fifth Avenue leathers goods store, said the shoulder bags began selling last Christmas. Since then, the store has sold between 300 and 500 of its basic bag — a 10-inch by 12-inch hard leather copy of an Italian map case retailing for \$70. Other styles are available for from \$50 to \$120.

- A Blueberries aren't that accessible, but blackberries are. And they're free. My local Safeway was asking 49c a microscopic punnet the other day. I know I can pick a bucketful in an afternoon at any one of a dozen locations on the Lower Mainland. That's about a hundred punnets. If I couldn't unload them, freshly picked, at 40c each, I'm ready for the embalmers. That's forty dollars.
- B The magic word — "Recycling." How can you get in on it, not necessarily with paper?
- C How about clean-up and re-decorating?
- D How about a "Basement Tidying Service"? Mine's a positive rat's nest. A fee for the tidying, and possibly gravy from items salvaged.
- E You can lease just about anything. What could you lease to start up your own service business?
- F Home winemaking is on the rise; how about talking to the Vancouver-based owner about a deal to sell basic kits door-to-door?
- G With a couple of dozen conifers in the back of an old car, you might cruise the suburbs and look for a yard in which a conifer might supply the missing touch. You offer to supply and plant it on the spot.
- H Homespun arts are catching on. The Youth Market is enormous and still growing. A friend doing leatherwork as a hobby tells me he can make up to a dozen bags a day. Could you? And sell them?

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# VANCOUVER CITY COLLEGE

## EXECUTIVE OFFICE

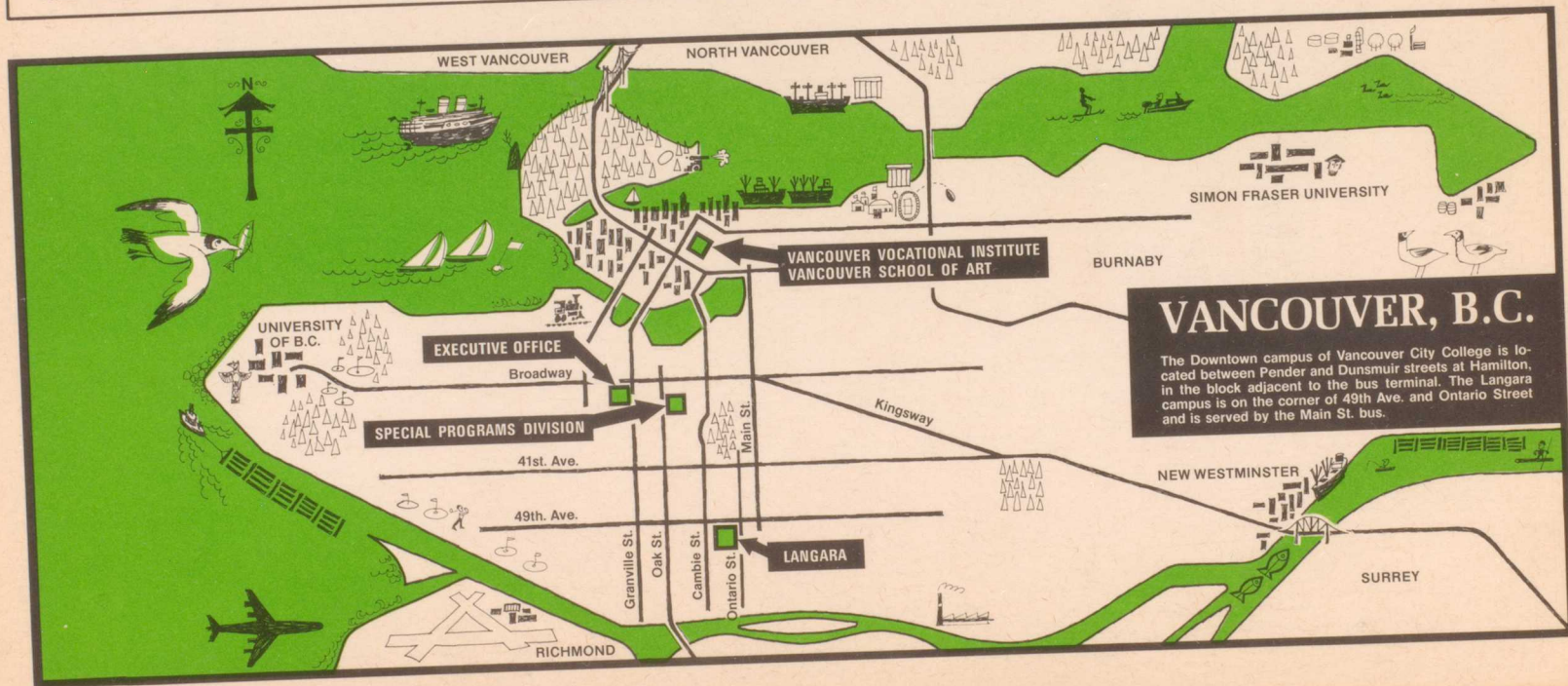
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Vancouver City College is an educational complex consisting of five divisions:

- The Langara Campus,
- The Vancouver School of Art,
- The Vancouver Vocational Institute,
- The Special Programs Division,
- The Community Education Services Division.

In morning, afternoon and evening classes held in centres throughout Vancouver, the College offers the most flexible arrangements whereby those in the community who wish to further their education may undertake studies to obtain a variety of diplomas or certificates.



## VANCOUVER, B.C.

The Downtown campus of Vancouver City College is located between Pender and Dunsmuir streets at Hamilton, in the block adjacent to the bus terminal. The Langara campus is on the corner of 49th Ave. and Ontario Street and is served by the Main St. bus.