

VIEWPOINTS

SOCIAL ISSUES

Screaming, keyboards, microwaves and me

Behind the scenes at a major-market internship, part one ...

When I first walked into the Washington, D.C., bureau of the major-market New York newspaper where I was lucky enough to land an internship, I was immediately made to feel right at home. Not my home, mind you, but the home of someone who wasn't expecting a guest.



John Hulett is a journalism senior and news editor. He can be reached at gamecockviewpoints@hotmail.com

After a few moments, the office manager was back. She gave me something to sign that basically gave the newspaper first North American serial rights to my soul if I should happen to die while in their employ. At that point, I would have signed up to sing lead in a castrato choir if it meant getting major-market clips in my portfolio.

She showed me around, introducing me to various seasoned journalists doing what seasoned journalists do in a newsroom (clacking away on computer keyboards, screaming into telephones, making grocery lists, heating up food in the microwave).

Then I met the bureau chief. He was a warm, grandfatherly type wearing a power tie and in constant motion. He shook my hand like he was trying to pry my arm loose from my shoulder.

Being the arrogant schmuck that I am, I expected him to dump six deadlines in my lap and tell me the future of the newspaper was dependant upon my brilliance in clacking away on computer keyboards, screaming into telephones and heating up food in the microwave (on an intern's salary, you don't make grocery lists; you buy whatever is "three for a dollar" and like it).

Instead, he told me my first day was going to be an easy one. A week later, I discerned that "your first day is going to be an easy one" roughly translates into: "At the end of your internship we fully expect you to know how to turn on a computer and sit there."

Oh, but I was wrong. And joyously so.

Hopefully, in the next few weeks I'll be able to reveal all of the juicy details. But right now you'll have to excuse me. I have to heat up something in the microwave.

"IT'S STILL A REPRESENTATIVE FORM OF GOVERNMENT—THEY REPRESENT US"



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SOCIAL ISSUES

Summertime and the living is hectic ... well, for most anyway

Being personally experienced in the area of summer school, I am still unsure of how to deal with life during the summer. Since each summer class consolidates a semester's worth of material into about a quarter of the time, is it necessary to consolidate four times the study-time, along with four times the hours working a job, four times the amount of being lazy and four times the fun?

It seems to me that most of my friends who are taking summer classes employ this formula. A typical summer schedule includes a class (if you are lucky enough to be taking only one) for two and a half hours on Monday through Thursday, working for the 6 hours after class, sitting around the apartment for a few hours to recover from the long day, then either renting or going to see a

movie, or going out drinking.

Whichever it might be, students wear themselves thin thinking they can handle overloading themselves with all of this work while running around in 100 degree heat all day. It seems that life during the summertime generally falls into the same consolidation tactics that professors use for summer classes.

Those of us who aren't used to a hectic summer schedule just get caught up trying not to burn out. Now, usually I forgo most of the readings for my classes in favor of slacking off. It's not a decision I make; it's one I don't make because I am too lazy to manage my time well.

However, in a class like Modernization of China and Japan, especially in summer school, if you don't read, you fail. Therefore, I have found myself actually cracking open those textbooks on which I've spent my parents' hard-earned money and doing some reading.

But rather than schoolwork taking away from my lazy time to lounge around my apartment not doing much of anything, I have foregone the hunt for a second job (actually, a third job if you count *The Gamecock*.) Once again, it isn't a decision that I have made, just one that I have neglected to make.

You see, after working in retail for God knows how long, I have promised myself that I will deal with customers no longer. Human contact is nice and all, but customers just get so annoying after awhile.

Lets face it; I'm in denial. I think that a nice, cushy job is going to fall in my lap and give me the hours that I can work without too much of a hassle. All the while, they will be paying me \$8 an hour to do something enjoyable, like watching baseball or untying swimsuit models' bikini strings. In a perfect world, I would have my way, but there is no such thing as a perfect world.

Chances are that I will succumb to the fact that my bank account is rapidly dwindling and be forced to deal with the masses in retail once again. It's amazing that, with all of the jobs available in the ever-growing market, I can't even think off one that I would like to have.

Not that it matters anyway, because I haven't even had the time to look lately, with all reading for class and general slacking of I feel required to do.

I pity and admire those who juggle their schedules successfully. I wish I had the ambition to keep up with them. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have 847 pages of reading to do and a nap to take.

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