

# How did you get your first job?



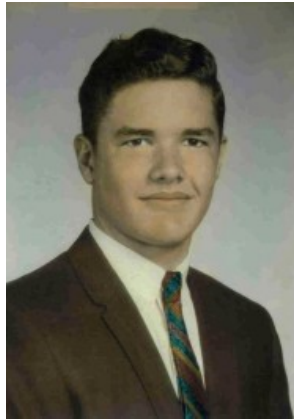
**W**ell at the age of 8 I got my first job, shining shoes. We moved to England in 1959 and my sister and I were getting big enough we wanted things at times and wanted our own money, so dad started an allowance. But it was not just a hand out, we had to do something for it, so shining shoes was my thing. I kept dads shoes bright and shiny for him. He was a CWO and running the operations work on the base and he needed to have nice shoes to be an example for his troops. But shining shoes was not just keeping his shoes nice. If he had a friend come over he would tell them to kick off their shoes and I would make sure they were nice and shiny before the left. Not sure but some of his friends just stopped by to get their shoes shined. My sister and I soon adopted different attitudes for our allowance. We got 25 cents for each year old we were. My sister was quick to collect her allowance every week. I was not so diligent. I found that if I did not get my allowance I seemed to make more.... When we

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were out with dad and we wanted him to buy something, he would ask have you gotten your allowance?? If you said yes, then he said use it to buy whatever.... But if you said no, then he would buy whatever it was you were wanting. He did not take into consideration cost or if it exceeded the allowance.... So I learned to get more by not being so diligent in collecting the allowance.

But if you don't really consider that a first job, then it was running the gas station that was right across the street from our house. Dad leased the station and during the day mom looked after it during the school year. Evenings, weekend and summer it was up to Kathy and I to run the station. It was fun and sometimes was a good place to do studies and at other times a good place to have friends with us and have fun. We sometimes dipped into the sodas and snacks for us and friends. Dad was not too concerned, but we soon learned to not be so quick to give stuff to our friends. The deal with the gas station was that at the end of the month, dad made sure all the bills paid, vendors for snacks and gas. Then what was left was split 3 ways, dad, Kathy and I got equal shares. So that was my first source of income that actually helped my bank account.

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Graduated and ready to find a job that would be something fun.

But again, may not be what was really my first job. After we closed the station in late 1966 and I had my drivers license, I started working at a 76 Union gas station in Petaluma, CA. I don't remember how much I made, but it was a real job, assigned hours and customers and work to do around the station. The station sponsored a race car for the local circle track racing and they needed a new driver and I wanted to drive it. The owner said it was fine, but since I was under 18, I have to get my parents written approval on his release for any responsibility if I got hurt. Mom and dad both said "No" so I did not get to become a race car driver. Racing was my first choice or careers, but it was lost with that. But Life goes on. I enjoyed running the gas station we had with dad and working at the gas station in Petaluma as well. Years later I would lease my own station for a few months in the fall 1981 and had a great time running it. TJ was even helping even though he was 4 years old. He would wash

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headlights, run around with a rag in his back pocket hanging out and reach up to the customers window to collect payments. He made pretty good tips.



Rod and Gun Club Manager was one of those very fun jobs.

I will have to admit, that I always wanted to have a job and be able to make money, but having a job was just a means to be able to live the life as I saw it. So maintaining and keeping jobs was something I took to heart and did what I enjoyed doing for as long as I enjoyed doing it and it provided the means to the end for my life.

Note that in 1991, I was turning 40 and could count 40 jobs I had over the years and lived at over 40 different addresses...