

**"Careers" Wanted;
Jobs Go Begging**

JOHN J. SYNON

Not long ago, a bureaucrat by the name of Robert J. Mangrum, who runs the Office of Economic Opportunity minstrel show, there in New York, cried to the heavens over the lack of jobs for Negroes in Gotham.

The New York Daily News nailed him. It pointed to the very obvious fact there are thousands upon thousands of jobs to be had in New York, jobs that call for no experience, no skill, not even for the ability to speak the language.

And what was Mr. Interlocutor's rebuttal? Hear him: "When I spoke of the crying need for jobs in Harlem . . . I meant jobs through which a man can get out of poverty and not be immobilized on its borderline, jobs that offer advancement in the future; careers, really, in which a man can grow and take pride."

Read it again. How about that! It isn't a job they want, they want the corner suite, "careers", yet. And not a word about qualifications. No more of that up-the-ladder routine.

I tell you, these faking phonies have about got me. I work my life away, pay taxes that strip me bare, and for what? To take

such jawbone as that. For the upkeep of such tax-eating leeches as this Robert J. Mangrum, he and his herd of loafers. And I am sick of it, of him, and the loafers.

Go back with me a bit. Let me tell you of a chap I once knew.

In 1936, I think it was — in Redding, California, in any event, at the site of Shasta Dam — this friend of mine huddled through a winter's night, shook the night away in a driving, sleet-speckled rain. There was a reason: Rumor had it hiring was to begin in the morning and he meant to sit, there, at the hiring hall, until he got himself a job. Rumor was right, he got the job: rough carpentry.

There was another time, same chap, who hired on in a small Texas-Panhandle town. This time it was dancing with a jackhammer, breaking concrete, 10 hours a day, six days a week, 20 cents an hour. Circa, 1937.

A third instance: In 1938, this benighted gangling made a pier-head jump, because a deckhand on the Sea Queen, riding San Francisco Bay. Pay: \$60 a month, and found.

A fourth: He once lay soaking

in a hobo jungle there in the S-P maze of Fort Worth. He hadn't eaten since LA. When daylight broke, he swung aboard a Katy freight and rode it to Parsons, Kansas, to join a harvest crew. A corn field supplied his food. Raw corn. Circa, 1939.

Ten years later — in 1950, actually — this child of poverty had the responsibility of managing the campaign of a candidate for high public office. His man won. And so had he.

The lazy bums. It is "careers" they want, handed to them; and careers it will be else they will sit on their fat duffs, living on my tax money until they get what they demand.

I'm sick of it. In my town, in my neighborhood, two blocks up the street, Dr. Pestle has been rolling pills and pumping sodas for 40 years. His drug store is a fixture, hereabouts; but he doesn't "deliver" any longer.

"I had to quit it — I just couldn't get anybody to ride the bike. A dollar-and-a-quarter an hour they laugh at."

Do you work? And is this sort of business getting your goat, too? And did you vote for Lyndon Johnson and his coterie?

Then, listen to me: You put the blame right where it belongs. You hang it around your own neck. You did it. You put

Q: Why do IQ tests vary?

A: Several factors may cause an IQ to vary from one time to another. For one thing, like every measurement (mental and physical), the IQ is subject to experimental error. Thus, a child's IQ on a second test may vary up or down by as much as five points — do solely to experimental errors. Again, if a child is ill or frightened or hostile, or if the test administrator is unskilled, IQs very probably will be inaccurate. Finally, if a child's environment is drastically restrictive, if stimulation is meager, or the child neglected, his IQ will be depressed, as every clinical psychologist knows.

those fakers in office.

And if you are ready to make amends, you pledge yourself to work to your utmost to turn them out, every last one of them.

Either that, or go join 'em. Get out of my sight.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

by Henry E. Garrett, Ph.D.

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Past President, American Psychological Association

For the vast number of children growing up in an average American culture, however, the IQ is valid and comparable.

Smokey Says!



... And Forest Fires destroy trees that give us wood.

Nice.

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So families can do all the things they like to do.
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