

**ROOT HOG
— OR DIE**

JOHN J. SYNON

Next to the expenditure of public money, the biggest hope being perpetrated on the American people is that of "unemployment".

I don't refer, exclusively, to the "unemployed" of the welfare rolls; that is a cesspool all in itself. I have in mind the layoff presently being experienced by scientists, professional and technical people, salesman, managers, etc., the high-flown "employed."

What gets to me, principally, is the implied responsibility an employer has to maintain an employee who, for whatever reason, no longer produces a profit for the company.

That, my boy, is hogwash, there is no such responsibility.

The whole smell of it is repugnant to a person with personal pride. Take, for instance, that gain of laid-off "scientists" who were too expensive for their company's economic blood. Having laid them off the company went to a college campus to recruit youngsters who could fill the bill at salaries the company could afford.

And what happened? The ex-scientists picketed the recruiters, is what. What miserable cowardly people.

Don't talk to me about split-level homes half paid for, nor repossessed automobiles, nor yet of cancelled ballet instructions for the little darlings. Do that and I'll tell you of a jungle I once knew, one long cold winter — sleeping in a concrete pipe, I was, with the winter's rain swirling under the grating I slept upon — awaiting a laborer's job on California's Shasta Dam. This was at Redding. And I was no different than any of the hundreds of others who shivered away the short days and the long, long nights.

And I never heard a bleat from anyone that somebody owed us a job.

But take today's gentleman, the likes of those so-called scientists. One missed paycheck and they line up at the unemployment window and if The Man does not offer them a job that fits their pistols, exactly, thereafter they are listed on the doleful rolls.

And it makes me sick. Go to work you bums; there are millions of jobs open.

I think I will tell you that story anyway.

One morning, thirty-three years ago this Thanksgiving week, three buddies and I gathered in our lodging place for an economic conference of great consequence. On cataloging our assets we learned, between the four of us, there was enough decent gear to put a "front" on one person. I was elected to be the clothes horse because my feet were the only feet that fitted the one pair of decent shoes we had.

So, patched fore-and-aft — but never mind that — I showed up at The Big Store (that was its name; still is, for all I know) seeking Christmas work. And I got it; selling toys on commission. And I sold enough toys to keep the four of us alive.

Each night, after the store closed, I would stow my "front" at our favorite saloon, wash out the shirt and socks, then don

my jungle raiment to spend the night with my friends. And in the morning I would reverse the process.

Christmas came and with it a thank-you present from The Boss.

Glory Be! That was unexpected. It was success I tell you; a bonus. But what it was, actually, I didn't know. The be-ribbed package was about 14 inches square and some 6 inches deep. A fruit cake, I hoped.

Like conspirators, the four of us gathered deep in a dark recess of the saloon and ripped it open: 6 bottles of wine.

No matter. We worked that winter, at this and that, hustling to stay alive, and spring came and the Dams jobs opened and all came right with the world.

And now, if The Man doesn't say Yes, here is a \$7,000 job for a scientist who specializes in measuring the radiation given off by the Big Dipper, that guy is out of work.

As I say, it makes me sick.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

by Henry E. Garrett, Ph.D.

PROFESSOR EMERITUS
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

PAST PRESIDENT
AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION

Q: Dr. Garrett, every day we read of demands made by these militants for "black studies". Is that a legitimate demand; who do they think they are?

A: The demand is not legitimate, not as it is usually phrased. The activities of Negroes should be treated as part of the general history of Americans. That their history is meager is not the fault of the teacher, but of the Negroes. There is no demand for Irish studies, say, nor for Jewish studies in the public

Other Editors Say

DALLAS TIMES HERALD

Equal Wrongs

Women's liberation, take notice. No sooner was black revolutionary Angela Davis arrested and removed from the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list than white revolutionary Bernardine Dohrn took her place. And pretty soon, she was joined by two more female radicals. Looks as though there is at least one man who isn't a male chauvinist pig. J. Edgar Hoover, we think his name is.

Other Editors Say

TAMPA TRIBUNE

Long Hangover

Marijuana smokers defend their habit as a harmless method of relaxation, carrying no more risk than a beer or whisky "high."

Science has been slow to pin down the properties of this drug. But research has been stepped up — and early results suggest that potheads live in a dream world in more ways than one.

A researcher at St. Johns University reported that after pregnant rats had been subjected to marijuana smoke for 10 days they produced offspring with serious genetic defects. Twenty per cent of the newborn rats were affected.

Rats are not humans but Dr. Vincent Lynch said the tests convince him that marijuana use could have "very serious consequences" for human reproduction.

With alcohol, the hangover comes the next morning. With marijuana, apparently, it comes later — and may last a lifetime.

schools. Yet, both of these groups have achieved far more, have a far more noble history than the Negroes. The real motive behind this demand for "black studies", I suspect, arises from the strong feelings of insecurity of the blacks. They simply cannot learn physics or the calculus, so they demand yakety-yak courses which almost anyone can understand.

Other Editors Say

SHREVEPORT JOURNAL

Test of Malthusian Theory?

Near the end of the eighteenth century, a British theologian-economist warned that populations were expanding more rapidly than the ability to produce food. Unless population trends were reversed, he warned, the results would be calamitous. His name was Thomas R. Malthus.

The industrial revolution of the 19th century at least postponed the impact of the Malthusian theory, as far as Britain was concerned, by making it possible for Britons to produce sufficient exports to buy the food they need. Now the green revolution of fast-growing strains of wheat and rice may be doing the same for Asia.

With the present world population of three and a half billion — more than half in Asia — expected to double by the turn of the century, the Malthusian theory again may be put to a severe test.

Can another major development such as synthetic foods — appear in time to prevent a population disaster? The food versus population time bomb is one which has been met and defused before. But the projection of seven billion inhabitants on this globe by the year 2000 is a sobering one. Even if the

problem of feeding that many people can be solved, they may have to do their dining standing up.

Other Editors Say

CHRISTIAN, S.C., NEWS & COURIER

Shrinking Press

In 1929, notes the Powers' Export Bulletin, there was 15 newspapers in New York City. The bulletin — published by Joshua B. Powers, Ltd. of London and New York, international publisher's representatives — finds it 'remarkable' that today there are only three: The Times, The Daily News and The Post. The Wall Street Journal no longer operates a printing plant in Manhattan. If the labor unions whose strike has forced The Post to suspend publication are not careful, New York could find itself with only two newspapers. In a city of some seven million persons, that seems incredible.

Dr. Andrew V. Schally, Chief, Endocrine and Polypeptide Labs, New Orleans VAH, is this year's winner of VA's highest honor for medical research — the William S. Middleton Award.



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