

My Least Favorite Job By Ken Jackson

Out of the inspirational list of things to write about, the offering of, “What was your least favorite job”, immediately embarked on a painful memory.

In 1967, I was a young married man. Employment was an absolute must. I worked at Philco Ford on what was considered to be a well established job making \$1.90 an hour working on a television assembly line, commonly called the Kemcode line. As if that wasn't bad enough, I left it for something worse.

I stumbled upon a newspaper article that offered work and a healthcare plan that was situated in Miquon, PA (about 40 miles outside of Philadelphia), paying \$10 an hour. The report time was 6 a.m. I had to take a bus, trolley and then a train to reach this isolated destination. When I got there I was attired in a rubber suit, a clear shield that protected my face and eyes, and rubber boots, all supplied by the company. After I was suited up, I was greeted by a bulldozer that dumped a pile of batteries from airplanes, automobiles and forklifts at my feet. The work was outside and my job was to separate the lead from these batteries with an axe during rain, sleet or snow.

This job was one of the most labor intensive jobs I ever had. I never worked so hard for \$10 an hour.

After the first day, from the cold and wielding the axe, my hands were so sore and achy. It felt like I had arthritis at 21 years old.

I lasted on this job for 2 weeks. I remember the men who had worked there for years screeching at me about leaving. They couldn't believe I would leave such an opportunity, including advancement.

There is no need for me to go through the string of jobs I have had, but to be still memorable today, that had to be my worst job.