

**IF YOU GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD (p.9)**

**A NEW FEATURE ON WORK IN TODAY'S WORLD**

# AMONG US

This month, you'll find us more integrated. And we hope to keep it that way. Our plans now call for dedicating the middle section of *Faith and Freedom* to a perplexing contemporary problem—not with the idea that we'll answer the problem once and for all; rather to give you a fresh, up-to-date and useful perspective.

For example, in this issue we've set aside pages nine through twenty-three to talk about "Work in Today's World." This subject was a natural follow-up to the conference of the same name, held in Chicago last November under S.M.'s auspices.

We think you'll like the variety of treatment in the "work" section, though we are never sure until we hear from you. Please tell us how you think the feature can be improved.

We'll try to anticipate one question that may appear at your lips: what does the subject *work* have to do with the things for which Spiritual Mobilization stands?

If man's goal is to move toward God, then nothing must get in his way. That is why we have talked so much about individual free-

dom. Let each man, we said, make his own choices as to how he will serve God. When other men, or the government of men, restrict his choice, it is wrong.

But when we understand that, we still have some unanswered questions. How can I make the best use of this free choice? No use complaining about how I'm hampered, let's see where I ought to go if I am free.

Once we've faced the fact that our work is our life, then we begin to see that we can't live unless we're free to make the decisions that creative work involves.

To say it another way: when we really understand what our work is—or can be—we won't be trying to hinder other men at work.

We'll be too busy—and having too much fun.

Jerry Hulse's lead story on the sordid treatment of California's oldsters fits right in with our work theme. When you look at work as a means of spiritual fulfillment, you won't reach your elder years with empty hands or empty souls—nor will your children have empty hearts.

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**STAFF:** William Johnson, *Editor*. Thaddeus Ashby, *Associate Editor*. Doreen Riley, *Digest Editor*. Tom Van Sant, *Art Director*. Beulah Roth, *Circulation Manager*.

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# BROKEN COMMANDMENT

JERRY HULSE

Over 2000 legally sane old men and women sit locked up in California mental institutions. Why? Los Angeles Times reporter Jerry Hulse dug up this shocking story.



"I'll die soon," the old lady whispered softly, staring out at the sunshiny world of youth.

I stood silently beside her chair. A shaft of sunlight pierced the hospital window and shone on her nearly white hair.

"I'll die soon," she repeated resignedly, "then I won't be a bother anymore."

I started to speak when a bony, stringy-haired woman at the far end of the ward leaned back in her chair and laughed hysterically,

crying over and over, "Katie wants to die! Katie wants to die!"

Katie smiled apologetically, her wrinkled old hands clasped the arms of her chair. She looked as calm and benign as my own grandmother.

Turning from the window, Katie said softly: "Pay her no attention. Crazy Ann doesn't know what she's saying."

I looked from this old lady to the walls of

the place and shook my head, incredulously. What brought me to this place?

\* \* \*

A teletype machine was clanging in the cityroom of *The Los Angeles Times*. An editor handed me a memo. I stared at this brief message:

*We have been informed that legally sane old people are being committed to the state mental hospitals. Apparently this has been a practice for some time. Visit the hospitals, talk with the administrators, the patients, and anyone involved.*

The teletype was still ringing. I didn't notice. Legally sane old people committed to mental hospitals? Why? It can't be.

### This Sounds Crazy

I placed a long distance call to Phil Smith, special assistant in Sacramento to Dr. Walter Rapaport, director of the Department of Mental Hygiene. He is in charge of all California state mental hospitals.

"This is Phil Smith," the receiver said.

"Phil," I said, "we've been told that . . . well, please stop me if this sounds crazy, but that legally sane old people are being committed to the state mental hospitals . . ."

Phil cut in. "That's not crazy," he said. "It's perfectly true."

"How long has this been going on?"

"For years."

### Relatives Kicked Them Out

That made it sound normal. I wondered if the story were important after all. Maybe it didn't involve more than a few border-line cases.

"How many are currently locked up?"

"Twenty-three hundred."

Phil flew to Los Angeles the next day. When he heard that I had been assigned to investigate, he promised his eager co-operation. At lunch I asked, surprised:

"Won't this be a black eye for the Department of Mental Hygiene?"

"Not at all," said Phil. "We're anxious to release the old folks—we call them non-psychotic seniles. We need their beds for the acute cases, the real mental patient."

"Then why don't you turn them loose?"

"Look," Phil said impatiently, "we didn't ask for them. The mental hospital superintendents couldn't refuse to accept them. They are cast-offs—kicked out by relatives."

### She's Getting Childish

He handed me this statement from the superintendent of DeWitt Mental Hospital:

"Despite every feasible effort by the Department of Mental Hygiene," I read, "the problem of the admission of harmless senile patients is ever with us and there appears to be no immediate solution."

"It has been our experience that it is extremely difficult to arrange for the committing community to accept this type of patient back for care, either by the community or relatives."

That word Phil used to describe these people—"nonpsychotic seniles"—I wanted to know what it meant. I went to Dr. James E. McGinnis, chief psychiatrist at the Los Angeles County General Hospital.

"The nonpsychotic senile," he explained, "is a moderately confused person, one with an impaired memory, particularly for recent events . . . a person suffering from some loss of mental and/or physical faculties as a result of the aging process. Senility is a perfectly normal aging affliction, so to speak."

"In other words, the nonpsychotic senile isn't truly mentally ill?" I said.

"Definitely not." Dr. McGinnis removed his glasses and leaned forward across his desk. "Remember," he asked, "how we used to say, 'Grandma is getting childish?'"

### Grandma Shames Them

I nodded.

"Well, it's no different today," he said. "Grandma and grandpa still become childish. But it doesn't mean they should be sent away to a mental hospital. When I was a boy, we accepted them into our hearts and cared for them. But today it has become the habit of relatives and communities to send them off to the mental hospitals. Either they're ashamed of them, or they haven't the time or desire to care for them. This isn't a

problem exclusive to California. *The same thing is taking place all over America.*"

### The Old and Unwanted

I thought of this caption the next day as photographer Dick Oliver and I turned off the Santa Ana Freeway into the grounds of Metropolitan State Hospital at Norwalk. The buildings looked old and foreboding.

A white-uniformed attendant unlocked, locked and unlocked door after door, leading us through one ward after another until suddenly, we stood beside the white-haired grandmother who sat staring out a window.

It was Katie—who wanted to die, who told me that she recognized death as the only release from a haunting confinement. She was tired of "being a bother to them."

Gently, I touched Katie's shoulder.

"Have you any relatives?" I asked.

"A son and a daughter," she said, turning to face me. Her face looked a grandmotherly 76. I shall never forget her eyes—for I have never seen such hopelessness as I saw in those blue depths.

"Do they visit you often?"

"No, you see, they're quite busy," she said, defending them. "My son is a doctor and my daughter is married to an attorney. She is kept busy with her social doin's."

Katie's story was difficult for me to believe. But I saw hundreds of Katies in the mental hospitals before I was through.

### "Our Boy Is 45"

Like the fine old couple we saw strolling hand-in-hand down a dusty path at this same hospital. They walked as if tired, their shoulders dropped, their eyes cast down in discouragement. Watch them:

They cling to one another because they have only each other. She holds his hand firmly, as if frightened that, if she relaxed her grip, she might be suddenly alone in the world.

They enter a small building and sit at a table with other "mental patients" sipping coffee while waiting for their dinners. They speak of their son:

"It seems unbelievable," she says, "our

boy is forty-five today."

The old man shakes his head.

"How long since we've seen him?" she asks.

"Must be three months anyway," the old man mutters.

"I suppose he's busy," she says.

The old man says nothing. Then, as if he noted the pleading look in her eyes, he says: "Yes, that must be it."

How was it that we began to neglect this law laid down by God? How is it the old people we once wanted near us became burdens—such burdens that we would lock them up in a mental hospital to get rid of them?

I asked myself these questions. But if I thought I'd heard the worst I was wrong.

The next day, this time at Camarillo State Hospital, I listened, shocked, to an official saying these words:

*"One third of all nonpsychotic senile patients committed to our state mental hospitals die within the first year of confinement. Half of this number die even sooner—within the first forty-five days. Commitment seems to be the final shock to their tired old hearts."*

### Put Away to Die

Later I toured the wards at Camarillo with a nurse. She stopped frequently to speak to these old people: "How are you? Did you get that letter you were expecting? My! You're looking handsome!"

Knowing a third of these oldsters were sentenced to death, just by being locked up here, brought a lump to my throat.

There was an old man with a white mustache who held his head in his hands. When the nurse spoke to him, he sobbed out:

*"I just want to go home!"*

In another building a lovely, white-haired grandmotherly woman rocked away for hours, her fingers moving rapidly, crocheting a stole. When the nurse spoke to her, she just sighed pitifully.

The ward-attendant whispered: "She's neither psychotic nor senile. She doesn't belong here. It's just that her family can't or

won't care for her."

### **"Take Me Home"**

As we entered the recreation room, I saw an old fellow smiling at us from behind steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

"Have you the time?" the nurse asked me. I nodded.

"Nurse," the old man began slowly, "a long time ago . . . I was brought here because my son thought it was best for me. I haven't seen him since! I remember when he was a little boy, and the good times we had."

The old man's eyes were brimming. "Once we went hiking and he sprained his foot and I carried him back to my car, I guess it must have been two miles." He smiled and a tear ran down his cheek. "I remember my boy said to me: 'You're the best daddy in the whole world.'" The old man brushed the tear away. "And he was the best little boy in the whole world. Why doesn't he take me home?"

The nurse patted his hand tenderly. What could she say? I excused myself and walked from the room, blowing my nose loudly.

### **But It's Illegal**

I went to see Superior Judge Howard Ziemann at the Los Angeles' psychiatric court, the busiest in the nation. "How can a young man be sure he won't be locked up someday—just for old age?" I asked.

"It's a possibility not to be overlooked," the Judge said. "You might ask, 'Is science doing us an injustice by prolonging our lives through medical discoveries?'"

"If communities and families fail in their obligations to the oldsters," he said, peering over his glasses, "the number of old people in mental hospitals very likely will climb in ensuing years."

"Do you commit sane old people to mental hospitals?" I asked.

"Los Angeles is one of California's few counties that *doesn't* commit the nonpsychotic senile," said Judge Ziemann. "One of the prime aims of this court is to convince

the family to keep the old folks at home. I would never think of sending a nonpsychotic senile to a state mental hospital."

He pointed out that in California there is a law (Section 5102 of the Welfare and Institutions Code) that provides "no case of harmless mental unsoundness (the nonpsychotic senile) shall be committed to a state mental hospital."

In other words, jurists break the law who commit harmless old people.

I drove out to Orange County, described as one of the flagrant violators of this law. I wanted to see if this county planned to stop this abuse of older citizens.

First, I talked with the Director of Social Welfare, Thomas P. Douglas, a rather pleasant-appearing, middle-aged man. He offered no encouragement.

"Run out to Orange County General Hospital," he suggested. "They have a psychopathic unit out there. Talk to the hospital director, a man named Ronald Powell."

### **Getting the Run-around**

Powell had little to say and advised me to see Superior Judge Kenneth Morrison, who sits in Orange County's psychopathic court. Judge Morrison in turn suggested that I return to Orange County General Hospital and talk with a psychiatrist.

By now I was beginning to believe I needed a psychiatrist! These people had me going in circles. I felt my face getting red, my teeth clamping tight.

"Judge Morrison," I declared, "does it occur to you that you are breaking the law each time a nonpsychotic senile is sent to a state mental hospital?"

The man in the black robe moved uncomfortably. He beckoned me to sit down.

"I . . . wish we had a place to keep them," he began slowly. "I've fussed for years with the Board of Supervisors about this, but they do nothing to make provisions for the old people. Many times there's no place to send them but to the mental hospital."

### **Give Them Love**

So, at last, I had my story, a sickening,

shameful report about old people who are "put away" because we have been taught not to take responsibility for them ourselves, but to let the government take care of them.

What should we do to guarantee them a dignified old age, a dignity they must lose when the mental hospital doors slam on them? What do the experts in human relations say? Their ideas vary, but they agree on this: keep grandma and grandpa in the home. Keep them occupied. Security is not the main thing. They get security, three meals, a roof, and medicine in the mental hospitals. They get love only in a private home.

The problem is nationwide. In New York, a center has been opened where old people can congregate, read together, play games and work on hobbies. Families reported that old people attending the center require less and less medical attention, for reasons that are no mystery to experts in psychosomatic medicine.

In Los Angeles, fifty-nine Senior Citizens clubs have sprouted throughout the county. "Our chief purpose," says the president, Mrs. Benjamin Borchardt, "is to help these old people help themselves, and so live independently for as long as possible."

What can you do? Perhaps stir up interest in the plight of the old people now locked up. Urge officials to release them. Urge their families to take them in.

### "That's All He Needed"

A few months ago I dropped by to visit an old friend. He told me that his father had been committed. "He was getting so irritable that my wife and I couldn't control him any longer."

Just the other day, I was surprised to pick up the phone and hear my friend say:

"My Dad's home again. I went to visit him in that hospital. He was so depressed and run down, I saw the confinement was killing him. I decided to bring him home."

"How are you getting along with him?"

"We tried to give him a feeling of responsibility around the house. He vacuums, baby-sits for us, makes trips to the grocery.

You'd never know him. He's like a kid. All that was the matter with him before was he needed something to do. My wife is glad because he's taken a big load off her shoulders. And he baby-sits for our neighbors, too."

I wondered why more old people didn't baby-sit. I checked and discovered they had already thought of it. Nine years ago in Los Angeles, Baby-Sitters Guild, Inc. was started by Mrs. Gene Hanner.

Today this nonprofit organization keeps 3500 women busy. The only requirement is the applicant be at least 45 (some are in their 80s!) and in need of employment otherwise unavailable because of their age.

Is work good for old people?

Dr. Flanders Dunbar of New York City recently sent out questionnaires to an estimated twenty percent of the nation's citizens 100 years of age or older. He was surprised to learn that the highest percentage of centenarians live in sections of the country where life is hardest, in New England and the Eastern Seaboard—not in the meccas for the aged, such as California and Florida.

"Centenarians," he concluded, "have contrived to avoid the dangerous age of retirement. They have remained self-supporting emotionally as well as financially."

### Mend the Breech

In analyzing these comments, I wonder if perhaps the government isn't selling the older person an injustice by promising retirement for one and all.

In California, there may be some hope for those old people now confined to these hospitals. State Senator Jess Dorsey told me recently that he will lead a Senate inquiry into this problem. Perhaps one day—throughout America—the practice of sending grandmas and grandpas to the mental hospital will cease forever.

As in every other problem, the solution is not to ask the government to take care of it—but to give it a little love and understanding. That is the only way to mend this particular broken commandment: Honor thy mother and thy father.      ‡ ‡

Faith and fear line up in severe contrasts across the earth. Muscles of strength ripple in both camps. Mechanization, atomation and acceleration play into both of them.

Observers, and even trained analysts, divide sharply as to how the tug of war is going. What one sees depends much on the background out of which one looks. Collectivists think collectivism is the key to the Kingdom of God, so they do not fear collectivism, but have faith in it. As it grows and expands, they rejoice.

If it should later prove that they were wrong they would be sorry like the man that pulled a stone that started an avalanche that destroyed a Swiss village and killed seventy people. He was sorry but all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put the village back together again.

Those of us who believe collectivism is evil, contrary to the Will of God and directly opposed to the teachings of Jesus, fear the gaining collectivist momentum.

### Tragically Confused

But our faith rests in God. We hold faith that ultimately in spite of us if not because of us the dignity of the individual as a child of God will be restored. People will be considered as individuals rather than en masse—neither guilt nor virtue will be determined by association—right will prevail and evil trends be reversed.

People of good-will work in both the collectivist and freedom groups. How tragic that there should be such confusion as to motivate Christ's followers to actions which seek the destruction by each of the other. One wonders how stupid people can become!

In past ages of confusion, thoughtful people raised unassailable standards to which others could repair and around which they could develop a constructive trend. As such trends got under way, others were attracted to them. What might have become Dark Ages have yielded to dawn—dawn of new and better eras. I hope this will happen in the confusions, coercions, compromises and complications of our time.

### Not Whistles or Bells

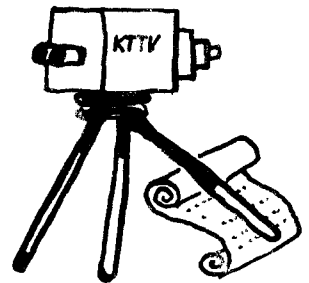
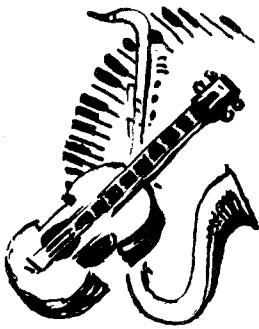
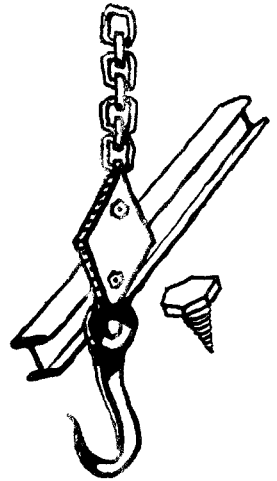
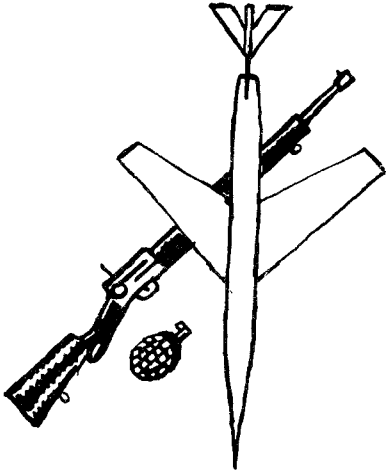
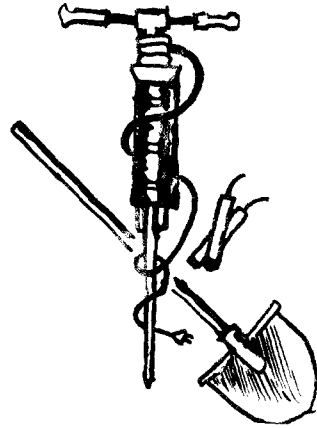
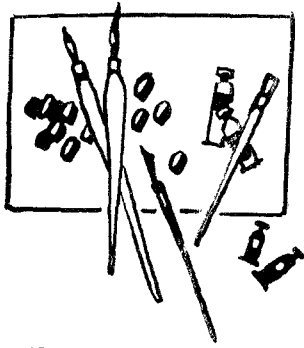
The standard which can be raised with the greatest promise is the standard of Jesus, His Gospel, His ideals, His pattern of living. Those who raise it aren't like the whistle that blows or the bell that rings—they are like the light that shines. The light reveals; it attracts; it directs; it restores perspectives.

When our Saviour came toward the end of His earthly life, he faced the alternatives of allowing the light to be extinguished or putting it into the hands of Disciples who would keep it burning. Today, people rightfully look to the church—to the clergy—with hope and expectation, for the banishment of fear through the expansion of faith. A void filled with faith provides no vacuum for fear.

Spiritual Mobilization is undertaking to serve in this area. It undertakes to give a sense of reinforcement and fellowship to those who believe in freedom under God and wish to be effective in its behalf. *Faith and Freedom* gives effective implementation to the SM credo as uncompromisingly developed by our president, James C. Ingebretsen, who cherishes freedom under God in his heart and expresses it consistently in his life.

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# PAYDAY ON THE STAIRWAY

Out on Ellenwood Drive in Eagle Rock, California, the members of the Christian Church are attempting to build a working monument to God. Their objective is a new church, though they lack the dollars to hire all of the work done for them. The members and friends of the church have volunteered to risk a hammer on a finger or a splinter in a hand.

A Christian vocation of the highest order, you say. You echo the thoughts of the Reverend Henry F. Hotvedt, pastor of the church. For here were men and women growing in spirit as they applied their hands and minds.

That is why Mr. Hotvedt was somewhat dismayed when he found pickets from the Carpenters Union carrying picket signs in front of the new house of worship. The signs announced that the church construction job was unfair! The church was being built by non-union carpenters.

This union picketing operation took place when we were putting together this section on work. The story tickled the central question that faced us: What should a worker demand from his job?

Were these members of the Christian Church congregation attempting to serve as stewards of God? What about the values our society looks for in work? When is work fair or unfair? When is work profitable or unprofitable? When is work good or evil? What should be the goal of work?

The next time you are feeling strong, turn



to the first person you meet and ask them bluntly: "Why do you work?"

You have to be at your strongest, for though he won't say much, his look will take you apart for asking the question.

"No," you counter, "I mean, do you work for anything besides the paycheck you carry home with you?"

If you get the kind of answer I got, he or she will say something like this:

"I work for Maddon's Fifth Avenue—not for the ready-to-wear either, but for the Custom Shoppe, third floor, where we get the carriage trade.

"Sure, I like my job, because I help people. Like I mean, a woman comes in and

doesn't know what color goes with what. I tell her: 'You look good in blue, dear.' Or, 'Madame, you shouldn't wear plaid like that; black is so slimming.' So all day long I'm helping people, you know, it makes me really happy to see them buy the best."

There is little use probing any deeper, you conclude, you have seen the same motivations — or, perhaps, rationalizations — before. "I like my work because my friends think it is important and because my friends approve of my helping people."

A few people you meet will admit to working only for the things and leisure they can buy with their pay check.

The sad fact is that even fewer will try to match their job to the religious goal for their life. Yet, when you talk about a man's work, you touch the center of his life. A man is what he does.

"What's so tragic about this lack of spiritual purpose on the job?" some of our more practical social philosophers will say. "Why not be realistic? Why not admit that most jobs in industry today are doomed to boredom or misery. Accept this fact. Think, instead, about how to reduce the worker's time on the job; how to shorten his work week and lengthen his vacations. The answer to job misery is more leisure."

### What's This "Growth in Spirit?"

This is a mighty convincing argument. And the viewpoint is held widely by both business and union leaders. "Give the working man more money and more leisure and he will be happy."

But he isn't.

"So go a step further. Help the man to use his leisure more meaningfully." This experiment captures the interest of most of our social philosophers.

A scattering of philosophers, however, say: "We don't accept your premise that work is a curse to be endured. We believe that man can't find purpose in his leisure if he isn't able to find purpose in his work. Look for your answer by re-examining the basic question: How can a man grow in spirit on the job?"

### You Keep Climbing

Or, maybe we'd better begin by trying to pin down what "growth in spirit" is. Growth, of course, is upward movement, continuous, undaunted. The ideal man is climbing upstairs toward God. But how do we recognize our ideal man? He is always refining his ambitions, his appetites; always directing the God force in him towards expanding his knowledge, talents, awareness, his faculties for feeling both pain and ecstasy; and above all, he is always expanding his ability to love.

He is always a wayfarer on the way, always experimenting, always searching above him for new worlds to conquer, new mountains to climb, new disciplines to master—and always with the knowledge that these things—while above him, are within him. The mountains are in his soul.

Remember now, we are trying to define the ideal man. To him, happiness means, not accomplishment, not achievement, not any finished product—it means (in its true and original version) *hap*, taking a chance, risking what will *happen*. *Happiness* means chancing a step into the unknown, taking the risks which lie in outer darkness; it means the *feel* of building; it is the process of happening—the going up, the pains, stretchings and exertions of climbing the mountain; not reaching the summit, not coming to rest, not going home, not finding a plateau, a rut nor an anchor, security, nor stability. Happiness means risking everything for the sake of progressing at top speed, and just when you reach what you think is the top, discovering that by another burst of will, another effort of heroic strain, you can go higher still, always higher, constantly surprising yourself with your unknown potentiality—your gift from God.

### Test a Man in Love

Now come down to earth.

Take a man on the production line, making vortices. Test him, measure him, decide scientifically with graphs and charts; what is his optimum efficiency? This man should be able to assemble, at peak performances,

twelve vortices per hour. Set him down for that. Thirteen would put too much of a strain on him.

Then he falls in love, or discovers how to use his religion; he finds creative pleasure on his job. Suddenly he's producing twenty-four vortices per hour, upsetting all calculations. How?

Because when he took those tests he was being his ordinary hum-drum self. Then something happened to him that stirred up his faculty for feeling some emotion deeply, and click, he opened a new room in his brain, turned on the light of his soul and showed himself, and the world, a potentiality he had not dreamed of.

### Peering Through Color Screens

To be happy, each worker must learn that in this hidden capacity, this hidden talent for work, in associating joy with work, lies a treasure which can bring more inner happiness than consuming new cars, television and trips around the world. To rephrase what Christ tells us: It is more blessed to create than to consume.

The twenty-four vortices per hour doesn't measure the production-line man's growth. His bigger pay check, the color TV and the trips to Bermuda that it buys are but pleasant by-products. His real and lasting growth is in terms of attitude, purpose, dedication, love, belief, faith—the windows that open us up to God.

### Can You Point the Way?

The job of management is to learn the same thing, plus one: that a good manager can learn the secret of uncovering the hidden capacity that lurks unseen within each man; to help each man roll back the stones that are sealing him in his tomb and preventing him from being born again.

"To minister unto men?" I can hear many executives ask. "To help men to find God is certainly a worthy objective, but certainly not the function of the manager."

"Why not? Even if you confine yourself to consideration for profit, the evidence proves the case."

*Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these shall be added unto you.*

If the ideal man is a man going upstairs, taking a chance, taking a risk as he makes the next step, then the ideal plant should be shaped like a stairway, and, some way must be found for each man to climb it.

"But there aren't that many jobs at the top, so that each sweeper can start at the bottom and end up sitting in the president's chair. Somebody has to do the sweeping."

"The ideal plant, though restricted to its pyramid of less jobs at the top than at the bottom, would be like the ideal man. It, too, would grow. As the whole pyramid expands, the walls at the top are opened to make room for those who are growing."

### Show the Man God

But ideally, we never reach the ideal. Back to earth again, where the manager cannot present each worker with a stairway on the organization chart, the manager is challenged to show the worker alternative stairways to climb. It would be wrong, anyway, to proceed on the assumption that the only way to climb the stairway is by gaining more power and authority over men. There is a greater challenge: to gain more power over yourself. Show the man this and he will have lasting purpose.

Purpose. That is the secret word. Purpose beyond physical pleasure. Purpose which makes a man feel that by working at this factory he becomes, if he does good work, a part of a natural or divine plan working in the direction of improving man. He is a partner of God.

Let any company find a spiritual purpose, and encourage its workers to feel that by working at their job they can become a part of that purpose, then spiritual growth on the job will become the new commonplace: The Horatio Alger Story—not of the industrial revolution, but of the spiritual revolution.

Purpose puts all men on the stairway, sets them on the happy way of taking risks, taking chances, climbing through thunderclouds, towards the stars of God.



The following questions and answers were put together by the editor who sat around taking notes on the discussions at the Work in Today's World conference held by Spiritual Mobilization in Chicago on November 30, 1956. These answers were the ones that particularly interested the editor; many other questions and answers were considered (such as the effects of right-to-work laws—which we hope to discuss in a forthcoming issue), but this particular interview is most interested in ways for a worker to grow spiritually on his job. Many distinguished clergymen and laymen attended the conference. The character and words of the Reverend Bradstreet are a composite of them:

Q: Reverend Bradstreet, will you tell us what a worker wants from his job.

A: (The Reverend Bradstreet smiled).

Why, higher wages and better working conditions. Is that what you expect me to say? Most everyone assumes this.

Q: Well, what is the answer?

A: The researchers tell us that the workers themselves don't want pay and working conditions as much as they want:

- 1) Attention and appreciation of supervisors for their work
- 2) Being consulted by management
- 3) Counsel for their personal problems

Q: Is a catalog of "what the worker wants" going to meet his spiritual needs?

A: His surface wants or his deeper wants?

Q: His real wants, whatever they are.

A: Then, I don't believe such a catalog would meet his spiritual needs.

**Q: Why not?**

A: The root cause is a theological misinterpretation, we think. Some Christians look upon work as a curse set upon man—"in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread." They quote Genesis to prove that work is a curse that God put upon man because man disobeyed the will of God. But go back a few passages and Genesis says that God put man into the Garden of Eden to tend it and to cultivate it. If you've ever tended a garden, I'll bet you'll agree it's work.

**Q: Then you don't think work is a curse?**

A: Read Paul in the New Testament. Our call to work is a blessing, a gift of God, a sacred thing which we hold in trust to be used in the service of God. God is a worker. Jesus insisted "my Father is working still, and I am working." If work suits God Himself, then certainly you can't say it's a curse for man.

**Q: Not all Christians agree then.**

A: (The Reverend Bradstreet nodded slowly.) Christians part on this point. Some say: only those in clerical orders have a divine vocation. Others: any man who dedicates his work to the service of God engages in a divine vocation — whether plumber, doctor, lawyer, minister or housewife.

**Q: Which do you favor?**

A: The latter. We enjoy a gift of life, and life itself is a grace from God which we can use in stewardship. No one wants to believe that his work is going to just fade away when he dies. We like to work at something that holds lasting value.

**Q: How can you tell when you are working with God?**

A: Ask yourself a few questions. Like:

- 1) Am I working at this job only for the envelope I get on payday?
- 2) Do I work as little as I can get by with, or do I always give my best to my job?
- 3) Do I approach my work as an unpleas-

ant chore or as an opportunity to serve God and man?

**Q: You seem to be saying that the answer is one of attitude, one of means.**

A: That's right. I often think of a statement by a Spanish theologian, Don Miguel de Una Munoz, who one day said that he was concerned with doing the will of God, with fighting the battle, and He didn't want to be preoccupied with the victory.

**Q: Historically, what was the origin of the idea that we work as a steward of God?**

A: A Christian idea, primarily. Buddha says: "By work is man enobled . . ." So it's not entirely a Christian concept, but it finds I think its highest expression in the Christian idea of work. As a contrast, look at the view of work they held before Christ.

**Q: Did you see it as a blessing or a curse?**

A: Aristotle said we work to have leisure. He said no man can practice virtue who is living the life of a mechanic or laborer.

**Q: How did Christianity change this?**

A: Christianity has always approved of work as an act performed in obedience to the laws of God: consecrated in the service of God.

**Q: No one seems to recognize this idea today.**

(The Reverend Bradstreet sat down and leaned forward, saying)

A: The beginning of the collapse of that belief appeared in the late Middle Ages. It continued through the Reformation and the Renaissance. One of our most influential philosophers, Francis Bacon, gave us the version of work which is most common today. He looked upon work as not primarily a means to serve God, but as a means of control over man and over nature. Locke repeated the idea and passed it on to numerous other modern thinkers. Marx said that when the revolution of the proletariat is achieved, all men will hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, make love in the evening, and criticize at dinner just as they

please. This is the child's dream of life in which your only aim is idleness and work has lost all meaning.

**Q: And that's how we get back to today's philosophy of work as a means to leisure?**

A: Mr. Walter Reuther said recently that he wants to see the four-hour day adopted in the almost immediate future. Then, he said, the worker shall immerse himself in culture. But I say culture divorced from work would become something oppressive, idle, boring; you would begin to hate culture, like a child hates a bath. If we cannot find a solution for monotony and idleness on the job, meaningful endeavor, then I think we are lost.

**Q: Whose responsibility is it to find a solution?**

A: This is an industrial civilization and people look to the businessman for leadership. Of course, the responsibility must be shared by the clergy and the worker himself. But I think it is primarily the businessman who needs to re-examine his assumptions and think through his philosophy as it underlies business. To do this, he needs the help of the professionals in religion, values and morality. I don't think he's had sufficient help from this source as yet.

**Q: How do you think the businessman will face up to this problem of moral leadership?**

A: He is facing it, but he is confronted with a dilemma. He knows his long-run success intertwines with the inner well-being of his workers. So he says to himself: "I must negotiate with others as equals rather than dictate to them as subordinates." But at the same time, the businessman sees that he must hold on to his power so as to safeguard the efficiency of his establishment. How to fit these two principles together is what preoccupies him.

**Q: What do you think are the assumptions the businessman must re-examine?**

A: Every businessman has his own philosophy, but in general business has assumed it was to provide goods and services

The material from which this "interview" was constructed was provided by the following speakers at the "Work in Today's World" conference: Mr. B. E. Hutchinson, Chairman of Board, Foundation for Economic Education, also Vice President of the National Council of Churches; Dr. Russell Kirk, Professor, Long Island University; The Reverend Norman S. Ream, First Methodist Church, Neenah, Wisconsin; Dr. Leo Wolman, National Bureau of Economic Research; Mr. Jonathan C. Gibson, General Counsel, Santa Fe Railway; Mr. Arvo Sundberg, Conneaut, Ohio Independent Dock Union; Mr. James E. Barron, Consultant on Education, General Electric; Dr. O. A. Ohmann, Asst. to President, Standard Oil of Ohio; The Reverend Edmund A. Opitz, F.E.E.; and Mr. Josef Solterer, Professor, Georgetown University Graduate School.

for customers. His profit was to be the criterion of his effectiveness. He would put together and coordinate the raw materials, transportation, advertising space, tools, plant—and, it is not surprising that he thought of labor as a commodity which you buy and pay for. The only difficulty was that of all the things that went into his mix, labor was the only "commodity" which caused him trouble.

**Q: Why was that?**

A: The worker is a child of God. Business oversimplified his needs.

**Q: In what way?**

(The Reverend Bradstreet smiled and leaned back in his chair.)

A: Business assumed that if you pay enough, that certainly ought to keep people happy. If they say they want pensions, give them. Add fringe benefits galore. "For goodness sakes, now we've given so much, aren't you satisfied? Won't you please forget about it, and go to work and be happy." But it doesn't seem to happen. Strangely, the reverse appears to be true. The more the businessman gives, the more trouble he has. Befuddled, he screws up his face and

asks: "What's wrong? Don't I make the products the customers want? Don't we operate efficiently? Have we businessmen not created a higher standard of living? Where else can a worker get so much for an hour's work?"

**Q: Doesn't he make a good point?**

A: Good, but not the right one. Sure we turn out millions of refrigerators and automobiles, better than anyone else. But the way we make these and the way we live together is more important than what finally comes off the assembly line.

**Q: Is industry working on giving the worker job satisfaction?**

A: Many companies are. You have heard of decentralization, breaking up the big plants and spreading all over the country. Even within a plant, business decentralizes into smaller work groups that have a task to perform. At Lincoln Electric in Cleveland, Mr. Lincoln has taken his long factory and broken it up into bays. A bay is about 75 feet wide and 150 feet long and in each bay is a somewhat self-sufficient group—a group of about 15 to 20 men with a foreman and they do all of the functions—they buy their own raw materials, they inventory and warehouse the raw materials right there, they perform a total operation. They shift from job to job as the need may arise within this little group. They make the things and they package and ship them. The whole operation is a self-contained unit. In each unit the men have discussions as to work conditions and safety and have representation in the office of Lincoln.

At IBM they are making some studies dealing with the restructuring of jobs. They say the job consists very simply of three parts—planning, doing and evaluating. In the past, the boss has said, "I'll do the planning. I'll tell you what to do and then I'll judge how the results are. Then I'll evaluate and re-set the objectives." They're now finding that every job should have all three of these components if it is to be a full job and use a whole man. And it is quite possible to restructure the organization and

the job so as to provide each individual with some participation in all of these various functions. The whole concept of participation is one that is being talked about a great deal in industrial circles.

**Q: Can you give an example of how, say, a truck driver can participate in all three functions?**

A: He can tell what's wrong with the truck he's driving. He can teach new drivers how to "love" their trucks so as to get the most service out of them. He can recommend what kind of a truck to buy next time; he can help set his quota; he can plan how best to meet his quota; he can arrange his time to meet it.

**Q: But do these things help the driver grow in spirit?**

A: Any act of artistry or craftsmanship, if done with love, any work of love, helps a worker grow in spirit.

**Q: Is business leadership interested in the worker finding this growth on his job?**

A: All around us is evidence of this shift in emphasis toward improving human relations in business.

**Q: Why is this?**

A: I am sure that in many cases, the businessman has been motivated by a religious desire. But the happy note is that the search by business leaders to help the worker find spiritual meaning in his job has almost become an economic necessity.

**Q: You mean it is good business—profitable?**

A: Let's say it has become bad business if you do not have workers who see a reason and meaning in their jobs. As the complexities of the industrial community increase, the discontents and tensions mount. We observe again and again that a manager with sound values and a stewardship conception of his role as boss can be a pretty effective leader even though his techniques are quite unorthodox. I am convinced that workers have a fine sensitivity to spiritual qualities and want to work for a boss who believes in something and in whom they can believe.



**Q: You feel then that industry needs religion?**

(The Reverend Bradstreet's eyes twinkled then.)

A: You should read that article, "Skyhooks" by O. A. Ohman in the *Harvard Business Review*. He shows that people have never had so much and enjoyed so little real satisfaction. We are a tense, frustrated, and insecure people full of hostility and anxieties. The central problem is not the division of the spoils as organized labor would have us believe. Raising the price of prostitution does not make it the equivalent of love. Our industrial discontent is the expression of a hunger for a work life that has meaning in terms of higher and more enduring spiritual values.

**Q: Why hadn't industry recognized this need before?**

A: We have moved from an economy of scarcity to one of abundance. We are no longer so dependent and so intimately bound to the world of nature. In a way we have lost our feeling of being part of nature and with it our humble reverence for God's creation. Where the worker has become a production number—an impersonal, de-skilled, inter-changeable production unit, measured in so many cents per hour—work no longer promotes the growth of personal character.

**Q: Can't the individual worker get help from his union?**

A: Not on this score, for the union is part of the problem. The worker is insecure because he has become more and more dependent on larger and larger groups. Everything is getting bigger except the individual and he is getting smaller and more insignificant. Even though we don't like it, ours is becoming an administrative society, a planned and controlled society, with ever-increasing concentration of power. This is the day of collectivism and public-opinion polls. It is the day when the individual must be adjusted to the group, must get the idea of how others expect him to act, and then react to this.

**Q: The shifting sands of public**

**opinion . . .**

A: That's right. The high-water mark of adjustment in such a society is that the individual be socially accepted and above all else that he appear to be sincere. This is certainly not a favorable environment for the development of steadfast character. It is essentially a neurotic and schizophrenic environment which breeds insecurity.

**Q: How can the business leader help the worker find meaning in his job?**

A: I could more easily list the things the leader should not do. As Ohman tells us in "Skyhooks," there are many different right answers. No one philosophy would be equally useful to all managers. Perhaps it would be helpful if I told you something of the philosophy of one extremely successful executive whom I have pumped a good deal on this subject. (He is more inclined to live his values than to talk about them.)

As near as I can piece it together, he believes that this world was not an accident, but was created by God and that His laws regulate and control the universe and that we are ultimately responsible to Him. Man, as God's supreme creation, is in turn endowed with creative ability. Each individual represents a unique combination of talents and potentials. In addition, man is the only animal endowed with freedom of choice and with a high capacity for making value judgments. With these gifts (of heredity and cultural environment) goes an obligation to give the best possible accounting of one's stewardship in terms of maximum self-development and useful service to one's fellows in the hope that one may live a rich life and be a credit to his Creator.

This executive also assumes that each individual possesses certain God-given rights of self-direction which only the individual can voluntarily delegate to others in authority over him, and that this is usually done in the interest of achieving some mutual cooperative good.

He further assumes that the voluntary association of employees in industry is for the purpose of increasing the creativity and

productivity of all members of the group and thus of bringing about increased benefits to all who may share in the ultimate use of these goods and services. What is equally important, however, is that in the course of this industrial operation, each individual should have an opportunity to develop the maximum potential of his skills and that the working relationships should not destroy the individuals' ability to achieve his greatest maturity and richness of experience.

As supervisor he must set the working conditions and atmosphere which will make it possible for his employees to achieve this dual objective of increasing productivity and maximizing self-development.

These goals can best be achieved by giving employees maximum opportunity to exercise their capacity for decision making and judgment within their assigned area of responsibility. The supervisor is then primarily a coach who must instruct, discipline, and motivate all the members of the group, making it possible for each to exercise his special talent in order to maximize the total team contribution. Profits are regarded as a measure of the group's progress toward these goals, and a loss represents not only an improper but even an immoral use of the talents of the group.

He views the activity of working together in this manner with others as being one of life's most rewarding experiences. He holds that this way of life is something which we have not yet fully learned, but that its achievement is part of our divine destiny.

**Q: What is the meaning which we must find in work?**

A: It seems to me that it is impossible to find meaning in work unless you first discover the meaning in life. If there is no meaning in life, I don't see how it's possible to find meaning in work. Unless we are like the woman that said she didn't worry about the bread shortage because they use toast in her house.

**Q: But isn't there something we could work toward?**

A: Many people have found meaning in their work. In times past, there was the

monk Brother Lawrence, who lived his life in the presence of God. He found the meaning of his life in his work as a kitchen worker. He said he was pleased when he could take up a straw from the ground for the love of God. That's the type of thing, I think, we should work toward if a recovery of the meaning of work is possible.

**Q: Could you be a little more specific?**

A: One of the finest statements I ever saw on the meaning of work was written by one of our conference participants, Canon Bernard Iddings Bell. I'd like to quote from it:

"Man exists to do creatively, as craftsmanlike as possible, all things that must be done. Great things like government or mothering. Or the healing of minds or bodies. Small things like making beds or hoeing corn, driving a truck. Things in the public eye like making speeches, or unleashing atomic energy, or making peace. Obscure things like selling groceries, or running a bus, or teaching school. He finds inner peace who works at whatever is in front of him, not for the pay he gets or for what he can buy with that pay, not for a rising into power, not for applause or gratitude, but for sheer joy in creativity.

"There is a vast number of tasks to be performed, most of them not romantic. They may be done in one of two ways—just to get them over with as quickly and as painlessly as possible, in which case they become the monotonous burden hard to bear, or each as beautifully as possible, in which case, life is good to the taste.

"Man was made to be an artist. He was made also, and this is the highest art of all, to give to other men understanding, tolerance, clemency, not with design to get from those other men a quid pro quo, not even to get from them understanding, or clemency, or tolerance, but just because this is the kind of thing men can do and must do, most humbly.

"Man was made to be a lover. Not necessarily beloved, but a lover. To be artist and lover. That is the true goal."

# THE PLEASURE IN TAKING PAINS

GERALD HEARD

The aim of our economy now seems to be more leisure so that we may consume more and more of our abundance. *Leisure* is considered to be the opposite of *labor*, which is defined as muscular exertion.

Since labor is held to be unpleasant, it is assumed that leisure, its opposite, would be pleasant. Man would get back to the lethargic ease of sated animals, and live as he lived in Eden, a life of careless leisure.

There are two errors there. One is that our systems get bored with the same stimulus over and over. The "idle rich" show that leisure can produce boredom and sickness often accompanying the pursuit of pleasure. The second error is that security of food supply produces peace of mind. The peace of mind of the pre-human man was due entirely to his anaesthetic ignorance. He had yet to learn to shiver at what must come: starvation, pain and death.

As soon as man learned to predict starvation, he lost his anaesthetic ignorance and went to work.

*Labor* and *work* carry different meanings. It is labor and work which are opposites, not labor and leisure. In law, "hard labor" is a term used to define painful punishment. The same word is used to describe childbirth, meaning intense exertion.

Work, however, carries no such grim implications. The work of creation—the work of art—the work of love—these phrases mean skilled striving. They convey a picture of a worker filled with enthusiasm which makes sustained effort (work) seem absorbing and interesting.

Man is meant to be busy. Psychiatry shows that some manual task, such as weaving will bring back peace of mind. Man must think, but he must also be "handy."

Carpenters are drawn from many types of men, but the suicide rate in that profession

is so low that it would seem that the handling and shaping of wood has a definite therapeutic effect.

So we should not think of creating leisure as the cure of hard labor. The only cure for hard labor is intense work.

## They Felt a Sense of Sin

In the 18th century, the master craftsman was praised as being a "very painful man," a man with an infinite capacity for taking pains. We still use the term "painstaking."

Why should anyone want to do painstaking work? True, it is healing; it takes man's mind off his troubles; it is therapeutic. Also, we know that it produces happiness and profit, both of which are a by-product of creativity. But most important, it should give man a sense of meaning and purpose, without which he cannot continue to grow.

It is not enough to do brilliant and painstaking work for the achievement of an improper goal. The scientists who worked on the atomic bomb said that they felt a sense of "sin." We must present goals which are worthy, if we are to inspire intensely devoted work.



So the problem of work becomes a problem of religion. What is a worthy goal to work for? Each man must figure out, not merely what his talent, his vocation is, but how his talent and vocation can be made to serve God. Work must serve a religious purpose.

When we see that, most of the problems now surrounding work will be solved. For as we strive to live a religious life, to understand God's purpose, to work as He works, then our example will be not only creative but contagious.

Then we shall begin draining those marshes of misery, mental hospitals and prisons. (When the prisoners in Alcatraz were allowed to take part in the war effort, there was peace on the Rock for the first time.)

In short, work with a purpose, gives man a sense of meaning, a sense of serving God.

Is this true, even of routine tasks? A man will do painstaking work of the most routine, boring kind, if he thinks his work serves a larger meaning. A man who would never work in a machine shop because it would bore him, might spend hours repairing an electric train for his son. A man can bear monotony, or indeed anything, if he believes in the end goal he is striving toward.

### Meaning Is Your Business

The man performing routine tasks for a corporation will have a sense of meaning if he believes the corporation is dedicated to a worthy purpose. If the leaders of the corporation are dedicated to an ideal, they will be able to inspire dedication in even the simplest worker. A dedicated pattern of living means living a religious way of life. For the religious man an act of work is an act of faith which can give joy to the most rudimentary task. Why?

Because the religious man feels that his work is an integral part of a significant whole, a part of the process of growth which causes a man to live creatively, a part of that vaster process of which every life must be a part, the creative work of God. ≡≡



### THADDEUS ASHBY

**I said to myself, the old man's crazy. Now I'm beginning to think maybe it's me.**

It's a funny thing. My wife, Molly, and me were out late at a big party last night—so when the baby began to shriek and thunder for his breakfast at six o'clock Saturday morning I thought I'd get up and fix it—and let Molly sleep. So I'm standing there in my bathrobe, yawning and stretching, and taking the formula out of the icebox and heating it up on the stove, when all of a sudden it dawns on me that the baby isn't screeching any more. He's chortling and gurgling. I run into the bedroom, and almost have a heart attack.

The baby's gone. The chortles and gurgles are coming from outside the window—which is open—though I closed it myself before I went to bed. I stick my head out the window, and there's this character, old Mr. Strom from next door. He's holding the baby cradled in one arm, and painting the house with his free hand. The baby is playing with his gold watch and laughing as if he had Steve Allen, Phil Silvers and Bob and Ray all telling him jokes at the same time.

"Mr. Strom," I demanded sternly. "Why are you holding my baby and painting my house?"

"I am holding your baby because he was tangled up in his covers and was frightened, and I am painting your house because I

promised your wife I would as soon as I could get around to it."

"Mr. Strom," I said, "in the first place, I can't afford to have my house painted at this time, and in the second place, you shouldn't reach into people's windows and take out their babies." I took the baby, who began to cry again promptly.

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Strom pleasantly, as if he were willing to let bygones be bygones. "I am painting your house for one quarter of the market price, and I picked up your baby because he asked me to. Don't babies have some rights?"

"He asked you to?" I said. "He can't even talk. One quarter of the market price? How can you afford to do that?"

"I do it at cost, plus a little extra for spending money. I live with my married daughter, you know, and I don't need much money."

"I don't understand," I said. "You don't have to be working. Your daughter is well off. You could be sleeping til noon, and here you are up at six in the morning while all sane people are sleeping off the night before—and for chickenfeed. Why do you do it?"

"Keeps me out of mischief," Mr. Strom said, slapping some more paint onto his over-sized, nonunion paint brush.

"Yes, but what did you retire for?" I demanded.

### "I Fooled 'Em"

"I never did retire," he says, his old blue eyes twinkled at me. "Retire means go to bed," he says. "They told me I couldn't work any more after sixty-five, but I fooled 'em. I'm seventy-five and still going strong."

"I can see that," I say. "But what I want to know is *why*? What does a man work for if it isn't so he can take it easy and enjoy all the things he's bought and have time to relax and start getting a kick out of life?"

"Kind of late to wait for sixty-five," old Mr. Strom says—"to start getting your kick then. I started young. That's why I'm painting this house."

I didn't follow that at all. "What do you

mean?"

"Well, you been asking me questions, son. Let me ask you some. What are you working for?"

"That's easy. This house is \$76.50 a month. The car is \$60. The appliances come to \$95. The furniture is another \$50. Groceries are about \$150. Insurance is \$10, and recreation is \$20. That's what I'm working for."

"Right now, you mean. And later, your goal is to retire?"

"That's right. When we get this paid off, maybe we can buy a shack at the lake."

"What will you do when you retire?"

"Oh, if we get a shack, I'll fish, loaf. Enjoy the things I don't have time for now."

### Something That Lasts

Mr. Strom took another swipe at the house. I noticed he painted with a funny kind of relish—as if it mattered whether he got the first coat on straight or not.

"These things . . ." he gestured at the house, and at my new car in the driveway. "They're what your job means to you?"

"Well, yeah. And providing a decent standard of living. Putting money by so our kids can go to college."

"What have you got?" Mr. Strom asked me, "... that you didn't bargain for?"

"What do you mean that I didn't bargain for?" He dipped his brush in the can, moved the ladder a little. I took the bottle away from the baby and put him back in his crib. I came back to the window. "What do you mean?"

"All these things, the things you bargained for, your house, your car, your furniture, your vacations—they're things you bargained for. They're things you're using up. But what are you getting out of your job that you won't use up—that you didn't bargain for?"

"I still don't get you," I said, feeling uncomfortable.

He smiled. "What do you get out of your job that you *can* take with you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I was thinking of the good deeds you do for yourself—the things you get out of your

work that last.”

“You mean, like a pension?”

“No, that doesn’t last. You consume it. And it may not be worth anything by the time you get it anyway. Suppose your boss paid you to work out in a gym. All you had to do was exercise your muscles, and he would pay you \$100 a week. You would eat up the money, and maybe have nothing but a few things, material things that wear out, to show for it. But if you really took advantage of the work-out, you’d be in better shape, you’d feel better. You’d have muscles. In other words you’d get things out of the job besides the paycheck—things you didn’t bargain for. Maybe you’d be so healthy you’d build up immunity to sickness, and maybe you’d develop your energy to such a point you’d always feel good. That would be more important than the money.”

“Yeah. But my boss isn’t paying me to work out in a gym.”

“Isn’t he?” Mr. Strom stopped to move the ladder, and looked me square in the eye—his eyes were snapping, but in a sort of kindly way. A very exasperating old guy.

“What do you mean?”

“The things you didn’t bargain for on your job, they could add up to a work out in a gym—not only a physical gym, but a spiritual gym. You have spiritual muscles, too, you know.”

“That’s too deep for me.”

### Doing Mental Chin-ups

“Suppose they didn’t pay you anything, but just gave you enough to eat—and yet you got a great kick out of your work. Suppose you liked the work so much that you always wanted to hang around your office, just for the fun of it. Suppose it stretched the muscles in your brain, like doing mental push-ups, or chin-ups. Then when it came time to retire, you’d have permanent things—not just things you consume, bought with your paycheck. You’d have things you didn’t bargain for. You’d be able to make yourself happy by working. You’d feel contented only when you were busy solving some real interesting problem. You’d be contented in

yourself. Not from what you see around you. But from what you feel in here.”

“Yeah,” I mumbled. “I always wondered if I’d ever be contented. I always hoped I would be next year. After I got the house paid off. But next year never comes.”

“Because,” old Mr. Strom said. “Contentment means *content*, what you contain inside. Not what you surround yourself with. But what you create.”

“I’m not creative.” I said.

“You said you’d like to write something.”

“I don’t get time. Maybe later.”

“Isn’t there anything on your job now, that you could use to stretch yourself, to do some mental chin-ups?”

“Oh, sure, I guess so, but I’d rather come home, be with the family.”

### Pay for Lying in Bed

Mr. Strom didn’t say anything to that.

“What have you got against a man being with his family?” I demanded. “Don’t you like being with your family?” He didn’t answer. Then I bit my tongue, because he lives with his family now, and they all seem to love the cantankerous old coot.

“Why can’t I have both?” I demanded.

“Why don’t *you* have both?” he asked.

“Why I do. I mean why can’t a man have both a good job and time with his kids?”

“That’s what I meant,” said old Mr. Strom.

“Then where’s the argument?” I asked.

He just painted. Finally, I said:

“You mean I’ve got the family, and all these things, but I haven’t got a good job?”

Mr. Strom just painted.

“All right,” I said. “You mean the job’s all right, but there’s something the matter with me. I’m not getting enough out of it, is that it? The money and what it buys isn’t enough.”

“You always get more than you bargain for, son,” said Mr. Strom. He looked at me and his eyes softened and looked gentle.

“How do you mean?” I asked.

“You get bad things and good things,” he said. “For example, suppose a boss paid you to lie in bed all day. There are jobs feather-bedded almost that bad. You’d bargain for

wages and good working conditions and a pension. But on that job you'd be slothful, and lazy, and your mental muscles would get limp. When you left that job you would have lost on the deal. You would have lost your character. You would have gotten more than you bargained for, and what you got would be bad."

"What should I try to get that's good?"

"If you enjoy licking tough problems, you build up mental muscles, self confidence. Then if tough times come along, you're prepared. If your boss fires you, you feel you can handle it. You roll with the punch."

"Would you break that down and spell it out, Mr. Strom?" I asked.

"Suppose your boss hands you tough problems over a period of years. You cut your teeth on them and you get a reputation for being able to solve them. If he fires you, that will just be another tough problem. You'll be used to them, and proud of your capacity to bowl them over. You'll learn to like self-discipline."

"But give me an example of a man that gets more than he bargained for."

### What's the Secret?

"Take the carpenter who won't rest until he gets the proper finish on a job. Take the foreman who treats men square, not because he has to, but because he likes to. It makes him feel good. Take the worker who treats everybody around him as if they had dignity. If you look for those things that you don't bargain for, why, in time you build self-reliance into yourself, you recognize that it's all up to you, that things don't happen to you, you happen to things. And this gives you a great feeling of pride, in your craftsmanship, your talent. And pretty soon you get a kick out of everything."

"Is that the secret of your contentment, Mr. Strom? That you get more than you bargain for?" Mr. Strom's eyes twinkled.

"When I'm your age I'd like to look like you," I said. Then I felt embarrassed. "Come in and have a cup of coffee."

"After I finish this," said Mr. Strom, humming to himself.

## SUGGESTED READINGS— Work in Today's World

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## SEEKING NEW IDEAS WITH GERALD HEARD

Last month we promised to discuss the relation of prayer to *guidance* and *healing*. After some research it seems we had better take them one at a time, discussing *guidance* now, leaving *healing* for next time. Guidance comes from guide, which, used as a verb means to show, to point the way—used as a noun, it means a pilot, one who points out the way because he sees it clearly. We do not usually ask for guidance into the past, or for this instant, the present; we want guidance into the unknown, the future. What *shall* we do? What *will* the future bring?

In the Ages of Faith people thought the future could be known. Men spent huge sums on astrology. "Fore-telling" was in vogue.

Then people began to call it nonsense.

Now advanced thinkers are bringing the idea back. The latest theories of Time raise the question: What is the future? Scientists know that some people do have odd little insights, "guides," dreams, hunches, which accurately foretell the future. These things may, perhaps, be dismissed. But what concerns the scientists is inquiry into the nature of past and future. In other words what is Time?

St. Augustine said: "When I don't think about it I know what it is; but when you ask me what it is, I don't know." It is one of our greatest mysteries. Theoretical physicists have demonstrated that the way we used to think about Time—consisting of a past which is entirely over, a present that is actually working, and a future which hasn't happened—left much to be explained.

Time is quite different from that simple picture of it. It may be possible to us to know, and to affect things which have not



yet happened. Anyhow we must *try* to know—for the more complex our society becomes, the better our informed guesses must be about what is going to happen in the future.

Praying for guidance can be an effort to know the future by seeking to know the will of God—so that we may be in accord with it. The real difficulty is not so much knowing what may happen—but choosing between the possible things that can happen in the days ahead.

One of the commonest means of forecasting the future is through statistical probability. We can say what will happen to groups—and what will happen to the average, unexceptional man, by using statistics. When Lloyd's of London began insuring in the early 18th Century, that was the beginning of foretelling what would happen to the majority of men. Though our statistical forecasting is still childish, it is not considered to be tempting God, when we learn what will happen to us in this way. Can we learn what will happen to individuals as well as to masses?

Much evidence exists to prove that some people have the faculty of precognition—of receiving such "guidance" that they can actually foresee events before they take place. No one, when they study the evidence, believes that those foreseen events were fixed absolutely.

Free will vs. predestination is far too simple a dichotomy. For example: A man may dream that he has taken a trip on a ship. The ship sinks. In the dream he is drowned. On awakening he cancels his passage, and warns others to do so, too. The ship actually does sink. But he isn't on it. This forewarning told him what *would* happen, if he continued on a certain path. Free will told him



he didn't need to continue that path.

We need not, therefore, think that looking into the future would get rid of free will. Indeed it might make us need to exercise our powers of free will much more than we do. This would, indeed, be a great strain on most of us.

This strain of knowing how to choose between what *can* happen, is the problem which guidance raises today. Because of our new insight into what is Time, we no longer see the problem of guidance for the future as our parents saw it. For them there were two possibilities: man may do whatever he likes in a Universe in which God has given him mastery; or (and this is the natural reaction from such a deluded outlook) God has tied up the Universe so tightly that man can only throw himself blindly on a mercy which he does not wholly trust.

Suppose we set up a third alternative, a Universe in which man is evolving spiritually according to the degree that he uses his liberty to grow. It would be a universe in which people would have to exercise the supreme gift of free will. Exercising it, they would learn to see into the future. The gift of free will would eventually include the ability to be detached, to be outside Time, as well as being inside Time.

### What Do You Want to Find?

Before we could experiment with Time in such a universe in order to receive "guidance" about the future, we would have to begin to understand such a universe.

At the beginning, it would seem enough just to survive, as a rather simple person: almost like a good animal. Afterward, natural curiosity would lead to questions.

Then we would ask the test questions: "How are you going to choose among the infinity of choices which *can* be yours?" And "What do you want to find?"

Here is a Universe—orderly in a way; here are you—free in a way. Above all you need to understand this order and your freedom. You must select what you think to be most probable, and having selected that, you must use it. Such a new approach to guid-

ance could answer these questions:

First of all, who made this world? What kind of mind is shown in the test with which I am confronted? Secondly, who am I? And how do I, by the exercise of a limited free will, learn to co-operate with the Mind of the universe? Not merely co-operate but be able to understand how my will may be *in accordance* with that Will. How may I act?—not just in blind assent but through a growth of understanding and, with this, a growth of will power.

### Search for the World Out There

When we pray for guidance properly, then, we are really praying for the ability to ask more intelligent questions about the nature of Time and the universe.

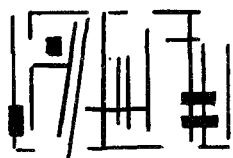
That is our new notion of man's freedom. This freedom cannot exist unless he has clues to guide him on his way through the wonderful labyrinth of the world. And those clues which come from the future must not be absolute. There must be continual choice. And, I believe, choice must continually grow until at last we are able to perceive that we are *part of* the world which until now we had thought of as *outside* ourselves.

The problem of perception is central, then, to the problem of guidance. Is there a "solid" world "out there," separate from us? Scientists now believe that it all depends on our perception of it. Perception seems to depend on our intention. What do we *want* to organize our perceptions into?

It looks as if we are being educated. And we are being educated by making a series of reasonable choices; reasonable choices always depend on our wish to understand. Faith is the choice of the most reasonable, and most noble hypothesis.

Our conclusion to the problem of guidance is that we have free will—and that we are being guided by clues from the future. We are being guided; not necessarily to get our way, but to be able to understand the Will which has the universe in Its Hands. For He is not alien to us. He has made this universe in order that our will may be one with His.

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## CHURCHMAN'S DIGEST



**Journey Into Self.** M. Esther Harding, MD. New York: Longman's, Green & Co. 1956. 301 pp. \$5.00.

A wholly new slant on the old religious classic, *Pilgrim's Progress*, comes to us with this study by the Jungian student, Dr. Esther Harding. She translates Bunyan's masterpiece into psychoanalytic terms, and tells us much of *Pilgrim's Progress* probably welled up from the collective unconscious; it was not an entirely personal experience he writes about.

Bunyan's Seventeenth Century bears resemblance to our own age, she says. It was a time when many men sought contact with the inner world.

Following Christian once more, from his city of Destruction through the familiar obstacles, Dr. Harding makes an interesting probe of what lies inside the seeker of the Celestial City, the Pilgrim of Bunyan's day, the Patient of our day.

**Atlas of the Bible.** L. H. Grollenberg. Translated and edited by Joyce M. H. Reid and H. H. Rowley. New York: Thomas Nelson and Sons. 165 pp. \$15.00.

After noting the price of this book, you may not bother going any further into this review.

No great loss there perhaps, but it will be a loss if this book does not become widely available.

For the editors apply archeology, cartography and photography beautifully, combine these arts and sciences with modern publishing methods to give us a magnificent panorama of biblical history and geography. An especially rich source for church school teachers.

One big feature: you can readily refer in the index of places and persons to material about practically every person and place mentioned in the Bible.

Even though the Atlas comes too highly

priced for most individuals, churches ought to make it available for ministers and teachers. Maps, photographs and text all provide Grade A material.

REV. NORMAN S. REAM

**The Saving Person.** Angus Dun. New York: Harper. 1957. 127 pp. \$2.00.

The Book of Common Prayer somewhere describes the ministry as "so weighty a work pertaining to the salvation of man." The phrase sets Bishop Angus Dun wrestling with the deepest and most central questions of this weightiest of work. "What have we to offer men?" he asks, speaking as a minister to other ministers of Christ. "What is at the heart of our task?"

Hearing a Bishop set up this kind of question, you might expect his answers to come peeling back at you with the readiness, volume and unvarying versimilitude of the old mission guide going through his paces.

Happily, Bishop Dun does nothing of the kind. He gives us fresh new words and ideas, gives Christianity the dignity it often wants from other apologists.

The Episcopal Bishop defines the minister's work: it is to confront men with the final questions, to awaken their deepest hungers and to help them find the final answers, to escape the ultimate evils and gain the ultimate goods.

You feel this is the job Angus Dun sets for himself in this slim new volume—delivered in 1956 as the Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale University. To find the "ultimate good," to escape the "ultimate evils" while entangled in the "immediacies" of life. That is man's problem, he says; the immediacies and ultimates of life cannot be pulled apart.

And right here lies Christianity's major selling point; it holds together the here and the beyond. Among the ways of salvation

offered, Christianity opens a third way. Not the stiff route of the ascete who must die to this world, or the limp lane of the collective social actionist who wants neither private life nor death. Christ showed us how to live in the world, how to keep one eye trained on the ultimates while using the other to walk through the immediacies of our lives.

A sure path to salvation, that's what we have to offer in Christianity, Bishop Dun says with conviction, and states an unimposing, soft-spoken case that is somehow impressive in its pastel fires.

**The Silent Life. Thomas Merton. New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 1957. 178 pp. \$3.50.**

Why does a man leave his home, his family, friends, even personal freedom, to enter a monastery?

Do monks do anything that adds to the welfare of society?

What distinguishes the many monastic orders? What disciplines do they put upon their members?

In short, what goes on within the cold, grey walls of a monastery? Why do men abandon all for its stern, mysterious order?

Trappist Monk, Thomas Merton (*The Seven Storey Mountain*) answers these and other questions in his new book, and provides a very readable and often inspiring *raison d'être* of monasticism.

People of other faiths, as well as Roman Catholics, can benefit from the book—although some may argue with the Trappist Monk's assumptions and conclusions. These may feel that, while the monk sacrifices much that the rest of the world holds dear, he also turns away from certain duties and responsibilities which in their own way build character and reveal God.

Still, as Merton points out, monasteries preserved much that was best in Catholicism when the world and its evil would have wiped it out. The principles on which monasticism rest—silence and contemplation—are not restricted to monks alone, but form necessary disciplines for every man who wants to discover his god-intended self.

REV. NORMAN S. REAM

**Till We Have Faces. C. S. Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1957. 313 pp. \$4.50.**

There is entertainment in the world (that is to say, there is television). And there is instruction (that is to say, there is the BBC). And too often there lies some noticeable separation between the two—the Atlantic Ocean, etc.

Still, once in a rare and happy while, we come upon Sir Philip Sidney's ideal: noble instruction that mixes good fun with mind stretching ideas. Once and a while now we come across a story that has some semblance of meaning to it. Once and a while we come across a book like this latest of Mr. Lewis. But not often.

Taking the old myth of Cupid and Psyche, Mr. Lewis spins a new story, and makes good storytelling; good hunting for psychiatrists, C. S. Lewis fans and others interested in the religious soul in general or Mr. Lewis' in particular.

Giving it a new twist, Orual (Psyche's sister) tells the story—it is her complaint against the gods.

Bitterly she cries out: "Do you think we mortals will find you gods easier to bear if you're beautiful? I tell you that if that's true we'll find you a thousand times worse. For then you'll lure and entice. Those we love best—whoever's most worth loving—these are the very ones you'll pick out. Oh, I can see it happening, age after age, and growing worse and worse the more you reveal your beauty: the son turning his back on the mother and the bride on her groom, stolen away by this everlasting calling, calling, calling of the gods. . . . We'd rather they were ours and dead than yours and made immortal."

Here and throughout, Orual voices the hidden complaints of men against the ways of God. She is educated in Greek reasoning. But there is Ungit, the powerful goddess her people worship. There is the god husband of her sister Psyche. "All lies," her Greek teacher tells her, "the lies of the poets."

And in the fissure between these two worlds comes a penetrating fable, skillfully told.

## Articles in Review

According to a clipping sent us from the **Chicago Tribune**, Wisconsin clergymen have received a circular letter headed "**You Have a Sacred Task.**" It comes from Col. Claude N. Shaver, chief of the Wisconsin military district. The "sacred task," says the letter, is to prepare young men for military service and to advise them on the provisions of the reserve forces act of 1955.

Col. Shaver gives the clergy of his district a whooping I&E lecture, saying they should "arrange a meeting in which will participate religious youth, and civic leaders—citizens of all faiths—who will approach the problem of obligated military service with a spirit of dedication and zeal for a worthy cause."

An indignant clergyman writing the *Tribune* said:

"The churches are asked to 'spearhead' a propaganda drive to fasten the draft permanently on the nation and whip up enthusiasm for it. I think this new effort to hook churches and synagogues to the military machine is going to backfire as it should."

Look up in the choir loft on Sunday, at those sober singing faces moving with one accord, the robed figures standing majestic—serried sentinels of song you might call them. *You* might, but choir director **Maurice Thompson** might not.

Judging from his **Confessions of a Choir Director** (*Saturday Evening Post*, January 12, 1957), the close up view of your church choir takes on different perspectives.

There's the prima donna choir personality, to say nothing of interfering pastors, pastors' wives and even such childish things as "squatters' rights" over certain seats in the choir loft, says the choir director of Galloway Memorial Methodist Church in Jackson, Mississippi.

Mr. Thompson first makes it clear, however, that his career has been singularly free of squabbles. After this implied oath that the names of persons and places mentioned in his story are fictitious and bear no resemblance to persons living or dead, he lets fly with some delightful, from-the-heart gripes that must well from the heart of many a

director of many a choir in many a church—perhaps yours.

Another little item of contention: "the dear soul who has sung in the choir for forty years, pre-empting the same seat and singing off pitch every blessed one of those forty years.

"In my experience this person has invariably been a wonderful, winsome personality and the soul of constancy. Her voice snaps, crackles and pops, and her tonal quality is akin to that of a rusty door hinge. What to do with her?"

These and other problems beplague the choir director, but getting down to the serious side, Mr. Thompson says there is a definite trend in the modern Protestant church toward entertainment value in its music. He attributes it to radio and television glamour choruses, along with the full treatment of lighting effects. He favors the classical, says he uses challenging music because it has more worship-meaning and interests his choir. A director who uses classical or dramatic music for showing off purposes should be fired, he says.

A realist, Thompson concludes: I am not shocked when a layman falls short of being a saint.

The first joint annual assembly of two divisions of the National Council of Churches met last month in Indianapolis. The Division of Home Missions and the Division of Christian Life and Work assembled staff personnel and leaders from 30 denominations for a 400 delegate conference on the problems before the churches. Result? **A Double Decker in Indianapolis** (*Christian Century*, December 26, 1956).

Everyone talked about the "total mission of the church in midcentury America." The section studying automation gives us some pointed questions about the feature topic of this month's *Faith and Freedom*—Work in Today's World.

The section poked hesitantly into the automatic world of today, but more particularly the world of tomorrow. There, machines will build machines to make just about everything men make now.

This, they said, is the eerie electronic world of work that does itself, the echoing

world of the emptiness of time. And it's not to be shrugged off as another Industrial Revolution. That earlier crisis exchanged one kind of work for another. The prospect now is the exchange of one kind of work for almost none. The emptiness of leisure will be infinitely more devastating than the overloading of labor ever was. (For a conflicting view on automation and leisure see "Work In Today's World" section.)

"Automation is a slow leak in life as we know it, draining off the work that till now has almost filled life." Advised the automation study section: the church has its old mandate brought up-to-date—to fill our emptiness with the massive kind of meaning and the solid kind of activity that won't seep away. Feeling its way into mystery, this section bade the rest of the church join it on the worrisome but exciting, quaking ground.

A Unitarian librarian at Chicago University, **Dr. Wallace P. Rusterholtz**, makes the charge that the Lord's prayer is outdated (**Christian Register, January, 1957**).

He thinks that the appeal to "Our Father" is futile when so many people think of God not as a person but a principle. He interprets the phrase "hallowed be Thy name" as only reverence for God, whereas today man should revere not the name so much as the spiritual presence in himself and all nature.

Striding in with a final smash in his word bludgeoning, Dr. Rusterholtz charges that the end of the prayer ("For Thine is the Kingdom") "is sonorous and makes an imposing ending, but its significance is merely literary."

He gives us his own streamlined leveling of the Lord's Prayer and calls it *Meditation*. It runs:

May we reverence life, within us  
and in all nature.

May we strive for the good, and help  
to realize the ideal.

May we find each day our proper  
work.

May we do unto others as though  
we were the others.

May we know good and evil, and  
overcome evil with good.

With all respect for Dr. Rusterholtz, a comparison of the old, outdated Lord's

Prayer with his new Pepsi-Cola figured "Meditations," appears to be one of the biggest arguments for the Lord's Prayer that has come out in a long time.

The January issue of **Pastoral Psychology** bears looking into; it's the **Annual Directory**, contains:

1956 book list of chief works of the year in pastoral psychology. Wayne Oates, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, draws up the list.

1956 Pastoral Psychology book club selections.

A detailed listing of places for study, training and experience in pastoral psychology in 1957.

An abbreviated list of some of the important national and state agencies in the field.

A listing of mental health, educational and psychiatric resources for counseling ministers.

The **Saturday Evening Post** recently ran an account of the following case in its **You Be The Judge** box feature:

Millvale Grammar School put in a cafeteria and passed a rule forbidding pupils to lunch anywhere else. Ban O'Bannion, a rugged individualist, snorted and told his two youngsters to eat where they pleased. They went to a hot dog stand across the street; the school expelled them. O'Bannion sued to have the rule declared null and void.

Following the Post's advice to play judge and guess the decision, we said: "oh well, they couldn't very well decide for the school; things aren't that bad."

Sure enough; we'd never even make the bench. The school won, the court ruling:

"It is common knowledge that children, if allowed to depend upon their own selection, often indulge themselves in unbalanced diets," the court said. "Furthermore, if uncontrolled at table, young children are apt to engage in rough or uncouth practices and conduct."

Maybe it's not so surprising when you consider the state's been dictating the mind menu for years now. If you don't have any say about what your youngsters are learning, why should you get your two cents' worth in about what they'll eat—you're only paying the bills.

# PAUSE FOR REFLECTION JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

While most churchmen in the country give highest praise to Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*, there are a few remarkably vociferous exceptions. It is not a picture to leave you unmoved, standing where you were before you saw it.

When I saw an early preview of the picture, I left the theater overwhelmed with the majesty of the undertaking. But I wondered if this very magnificence would not cloud for some the underlying theme.

Yet, in the months that have passed, the memory of the picture hangs on, bringing me a clearer understanding of the vitality of its message and meaning. Mr. DeMille knew what he was doing.

It was this thought that led me to write this column, appearing in this issue devoted to Work in Today's World. God, I believe, selects each of us for a special task—just as he picks a Moses or a DeMille or me. When we act according to God's will, our joy is in our work.

This is the message that still lingers with me. Any of us at any time can be called by God, if we will only listen.

Why did Mr. DeMille make *The Ten Commandments*? I devote the rest of this column to excerpts from a talk he delivered in New York explaining his position.

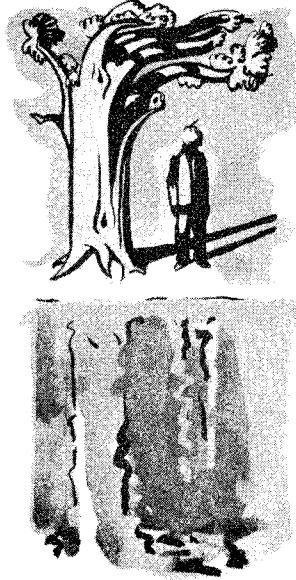
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One of the questions most frequently asked me is: "Why did you make *The Ten Commandments*?"

The cynical—and there are always some cynics—may think that the answer is to make money.

Let me dispose of that right away.

I shall receive no profit from *The Ten Commandments*—that is, no financial profit.



What would ordinarily be my share of its earnings I have assigned for all time to a Trust Fund for charitable, religious, and educational purposes.

I am not even one of the Trustees . . .

If I had made *The Ten Commandments* for my personal monetary gain, I could not stand before an audience like this and bespeak your interest in it.

But I do bespeak your interest, for the same reason that moved me to make *The Ten Commandments*—because I believe deeply that The Ten Commandments given on Mount Sinai

are not laws.

*They are the law.*

They are the expression of the mind of God for His creatures. They are the charter and guide of human liberty, for there can be no liberty without the law.

The motion picture, *The Ten Commandments*, is the most modern picture I have ever made, because the struggle between the forces represented by Moses and those represented by Pharaoh still wages today.

Are men free souls under God or are they the property of the State?

Are men to be ruled by law or by the whims of an individual? The answers to these timely questions were given some three thousand years ago on Mount Sinai.

Today we are very likely to think those Commandments a bit archaic.

*"I am the Lord Thy God. Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."*

Is there a man or a woman who can honestly say that he has never put his ambitions or his vanity above God? Or worshipped flesh more than God? Or worshipped the blue-white glisten of a fine diamond, or the

earthy beat of rock and roll, or even worshipped himself above the worship of God?

These things can be good, but they are not God—and if we make them our god, they will enslave us and betray us into modern idolatry.

*"Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain."*

When I was a boy I thought that referred only to profanity—but far worse than profanity is the use of the Name of God for personal worldly gain, for ambition, for intolerance, for selfish power over other men, or as a righteous cloak for unrighteous deeds.

### **Burned into Stone**

We take the Name of God in vain whenever we mis-use the power of God or whenever we say to Him, "Not Thy will, but mine be done . . ."

And so it is with all the Commandments that govern and guide our relations with our fellow-men.

We must look beneath the literal, the surface meaning of the words.

The Ten Commandments are not outmoded relics of a barbaric age. They are as true and valid and real as the day they were burned into tablets of stone.

But we must take the trouble to understand them; for how can we obey commands that we do not understand?

### **You Play the Lead**

What I hope for our production of *The Ten Commandments* is that those who see it shall come from the theatre not only entertained and filled with the sight of big spectacle, but filled with the spirit of truth—that it will bring to its audience a better understanding of the real meaning of this pattern of life that God has set down for us to follow—that it will make vivid to the human mind its close relationship to the Mind of God.

That relationship between God and man is the greatest drama in the world—a drama in which we are the actors—and the outcome of it is of vital personal importance, for in

the final analysis we do not break the Commandments. They break us, if we disregard them.

That is why in our production we tell a story of real people and real events—events which Sir Winston Churchill calls "the most decisive leap forward ever discernible in the human story."

And this story is human, the greatest human story I have ever directed . . .

When you dip beneath the Elizabethan English of *The Bible*, the men and women in it are men and women of flesh and blood. They love and hate; they mourn over the death of a child; arrogant, ruthless men try to over-ride their fellows; the women of *The Bible* are women of virtue and women of vice, women of treachery and women of faith—just the same in *The Bible* as men and women are today.

Moses is Everyman—in his pride, his bitterness at God allowing evil to befall his people, and in his reluctance to do God's work.

Moses was one of the world's greatest human beings—human to the point of sin, holy to the point of seeing God face to face.

### **Making The Law Live**

We did not invent what you see on the screen. We translated it from the written word into visual form. First, remember, *The Bible* was lived—lived by real people.

We tried not to make it a "movie," but a living experience, as real humanly and spiritually as it is authentic historically. The Ten Commandments are not rules to obey as a personal favor to God. They are the fundamental principles without which mankind cannot live together.

That is why we made *The Ten Commandments*, and why I come here and ask you to use this picture, as I hope and pray that God Himself will use it, for the good of the world in which your children and your children's children will live their lives—for it is how they follow The Ten Commandments that will determine whether tomorrow's children will die in bondage or live in liberty under The Law.      ≠ ≠

**SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION ACTIVITIES:** *Daily and Weekly*—the column, *Pause for Reflection*, carried nationally by nearly 400 newspapers; *Monthly*—the magazine, *Faith and Freedom*, with more than 29,000 circulation; *Annually*—the national *Freedom Under God* observance of Independence Day; *Year Around*—speaking engagements and business-education-clergy conferences nationwide.

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**THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE** has as its chairman, Dr. Donald J. Cowling, President Emeritus of Carleton College. Should you like to have a list of

the well-known men in many fields who serve on the Committee, we would be glad to send it.

**BELIEF** ● We believe the following ideas need to permeate life. And we believe Spiritual Mobilization can provide an emphasis now lacking; ● We believe that each man is potentially of supreme worth and should work to achieve spiritual and creative wholeness; ● We believe that when men force their wills upon others, even for "their own good," it frustrates man's basic need. We see this today primarily in uncontrolled political intervention and the excesses of the labor union movement;

● We believe that spiritual and moral leaders must resist—not promote—the abuses of power which destroy man's integrity of spirit.

## TO OUR BUSINESS FRIENDS

Many companies found an answer to such problems with the 1957 Words to Live By Calendar. When we decided to create this calendar, we wondered what kind of reception it would get.

People live day by day with their calendars. So we thought calendars should give a lift to daily lives. But a calendar without a beautiful girl or a scenic masterpiece! Well, we wondered...

Businessmen who used it tell us the response is wonderful. People seem to like a calendar chock full of ideas to work on and words to live by.

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