

BUSY MAN, YOU'VE HAD A LITTLE DAY



PERHAPS you're familiar with various sayings about the daily struggle of men to get ahead. From Thoreau's reference to men who lead lives of quiet desperation, to the wit who said, "Stick-to-itiveness brings success, especially if you run a glue factory," to the fight promoter who grunted, "We shoulda stood in bed," men have been commenting on the almost futile job of making progress in our daily lives.

Not only do we have a problem in making progress, many of us are not able to distinguish between growth and true progress. Winston Churchill once said, "I have always considered that the substitution of the internal combustion engine for the horse marked a very gloomy milestone in the progress of mankind." There are many who would agree with him. Nevertheless, the products of men's minds, both physical and philosophical, will continue to pour out; thus, the world will be a little bit different every day and we will have to continue adjusting our goals and ambitions to meet these changing conditions.

No wonder, when a tired man comes home to his wife at night and she asks him how his day was, he's not quite sure. He doesn't know whether he accomplished anything or not. He's sure of two things only: his feet hurt and he's tired all over.

I continue to marvel at the way Hollywood portrays the lives of famous men. They seem to jump from one exciting adventure right into another. Rarely, in the 90 minutes allotted to the telling of their stories, do you sense the aggravating, tedious years which precede the exciting climaxes to their lives. This leads us to think of a policeman's life, for instance, as being glamorous, dangerous and filled with gunplay. It would be hard to tell this to the detective who is boringly checking laundry marks in 200 laundries around town.

THERE ARE some days, it seems, when the harder we work and the more we plan, the more we seem to be standing still, making no apparent progress at all.

It is true that we can't see progress being made with each tick of the clock—even the calendar often seems inadequate, for it is a long and tedious time between the planting of a seed and the reaping.

Henry Ward Beecher realized that progress was to be made slowly, over a lifetime, rather than in a matter of hours, days or weeks. He said, "We should so live and labor in our time that what came to us as seed may go the next generation as blossom, and that what came to us as blossom may go to them as fruit. This is what we mean by progress."

Richard Kerr



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