Autobiography:

The part that labor has played in my life should be dug out. In the first place there is no doubt that I took it, that is the professional work, because it gave me independence or so I thought. I wanted to be free from the economic bond. I found that in ~~keeping~~ getting economic freedom I took on economic slavery' ~~change~~. The question was to make these changes desirable, as little restraining as possible. I used to like my work.

This question of work as a means of economic freedom later became work to forget disillusionment and discovery of life, the discovery of my own limitations and meanesses as well as of my own ?

Work as a means of service was always mixed up I think and there / my Puritan conscience, if you can call it that, at least my feeling I must justify myself seems to have come along pretty early, to put something into the pot which would keep the flavour and the general wholesomeness of the thing. I never had any notion of controlling the pot / only that what I stuck in would really be in the line of wholesomeness.

This service idea has interested me in all kinds of work and I have an idea that we leave it out altogether too much. One of the compelling movements all along the line of productive activity, something the farmer has in a great degree, the coal miner has it, doing the necessary things for the world. You may not be getting what you are worth but you hang on and do this

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thing which somehow justifies you. There is no question at all that in our great industry this service idea is compelling with all of the ablest of the men. He & They are justified, even though it gives him millions. That is small compared what it does for ten thousands. He and his millions will drop out of sight, but the thing goes on. Ten thousand people use and multiply to save it.

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