

Postscript

by Margaret E. Bateman

At last the war is over. From the roof top of 50 East 69th Street in New York City I can hear the sound of horns and whistles and sirens. Flags are flying, paper is fluttering down from the tall buildings. Over the radio the President is sending forth his message of peace. The Prime Minister of England is speaking. The strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King" give added emphasis to the good news and to the unity of these two great nations.

I am thinking of the many who will never come back. My heart goes out to their families and friends. I am also thinking of the multitudes of men and women who will now return to their peacetime occupations; of George Hansen, Bob Clancy, Bill Dietz, Geoffrey Esty, Bill Leon, Danny James, Bill Quasha, and hundreds of other friends of the school who will now be able to resume serious and active participation in this work.

Our responsibility is greater than ever. Events have shown that the race between education and chaos has begun in earnest. The Riddle of the Sphinx, if unanswered, will indeed destroy us.

I am deeply thankful, as I know that you are, that the school has been able to withstand the shock of a world war. Thanks to those who have worked with us and have stood by us through these difficult years, we have been able to carry on the work and move steadily forward. Within the next few months and years there will be magnificent opportunities to spread the

ideas of Henry George around the world. Just today I received a letter from a friend in Chungking. When he left New York I told him we would expect him to open the way for an extension of the Henry George School in China. He writes: "I am glad to tell you that Dr. Sun Yat Sen's doctrine becomes more popular. Almost every Chinese understands its important ideas. Some scholars visited me and talked about the theory of Henry George. They all esteemed it. Later we discussed the founding of a Henry George School. We reached the agreement that China has the urgent necessity, after the war, of a school in every big city."

As I look up from the roof of International Headquarters of the Henry George School I hear the horns and whistles and sirens, and I see the stars coming out and the lights coming on all over the world.