

# Hail and Farewell

By JESSIE MATTESON

Last month's *Freeman* carried a brief announcement that Frank Chodorov had resigned as Director of the Henry George School of Social Science and had been succeeded by Miss Margaret E. Bateman.

Frank Chodorov, the retiring Director, requires no introduction to *Freeman* readers. For five years you have been reading his editorials and articles bringing out fundamental principles with clarity in an inimitable forthright style. From his rich background of reading in the fields of literature, history, philosophy and economics, he would seize an analogy or illustration which served to give his writing more than current interest. Many of these articles have been reprinted in pamphlet form.

Other periodicals noticed the unusual vigor and profound truth in his work. The name of Frank Chodorov has appeared in such magazines as *The Living Age*, and *Scribner's Commentator* above stories describing the School, plugging for complete free trade and free men. There was a market for work along these lines, but Mr. Chodorov was not free to give writing his full time. Most of it had to be done at home over week ends. During the week he was a human dynamo of driving energy—writing promotional copy to get students, raising funds, and, best of all, training future teachers two nights a week.

In the class room, "The Boss," as he was affectionally called by his staff and pupils, seldom gave his class a moment's peace. He would throw out difficult arguments against the principles he was teaching, expecting (and somehow getting) the answer showing the fallacy of the arguments. About 150 teachers trained under Mr. Chodorov have manuals whose margins are crowded with vivid examples culled from his years in the clothing business—the \$12.50 striped silk shirts which were not good enough for the truck drivers during the "prosper-

ity" of the last war until the price was raised to \$15. "I'm a sleeve-maker. For one week I'll make 50 sleeves a day to fit your coats and I'll trust you until Saturday. Then, instead of taking back my share of sleeves, I would like instead something that I can exchange readily for food, clothing and shelter.' Do wages ever come out of capital? ... What is wealth? ... Know your definitions ..."

Down in the Student's Room after class, the discussions would continue. New students just beginning the course would come to him with a question they had not been able to answer. Patiently he would question them until they found the answer for themselves. Over at Tuckson's Restaurant too, he held nightly informal sessions over dinner with whatever teachers and students drifted in. It was here that so many eager people would say, "Boss, wouldn't it be a good idea to ...?" "Yes, do it yourself," he would say, and more often than not, they would.

At commencement exercises a year or two ago, a puzzled student asked Miss McCarthy why Mr. Chodorov did not attend. Miss McCarthy smiled and explained that Mr. Chodorov was ever fearful that if people saw too much of him, they would think they were connected with a one-man movement. What he wanted was new faces coming in—and staying in—all the time. (Mr. Chodorov did not miss the show. He sat on the stage hidden behind a curtain where he could see and hear unnoticed.)

His five years with the School brought growth undreamed of by the earlier workers in this field of education. He saw the School outgrow its cramped quarters at 79th Street in 1938. Before that time a Correspondence Division had been started, as well as an Extension Department, and *The Freeman* was launched. Frank Chodorov's formula for this progress is "create a problem—and then solve it."

Last spring when the demand for his time was far greater than he could satisfy, he sent for an assistant, Miss Margaret E. Bateman, of Montreal, Canada. Tall, gracious, blue-eyed, with prematurely white hair, Miss Bateman at once found many tasks to engage her talents. Meanwhile, Mr. Chodorov, freed from some of his administrative work, found time to begin a book he had been dreaming of for years. He retired from the School to devote his full time to writing and speaking. Although no longer active in directing the future of the School, he has pledged himself to work with and without the School for the principles of individualism to which he gave five full years of his life, seven days a week.

Miss Bateman, who then became director, interrupted a successful career in business to devote her full time to the Henry George School of Social Science. For many years Sales Promotion Manager for Standard Brands of Canada, she traveled across Canada several times and made frequent trips to the United States. At the start of one of her business trips, her good friend Mr. John Anderson put a copy of *Progress and Poverty* into her hands. Miss Bateman read it through, amazed at finding here the answers to questions which had puzzled her for years. After reading the rest of George's books and all of his speeches, she embarked on the typical Georgist career of talking about her new-found discovery to everyone she met. Even more, she found it creeping into her lectures before businessmen in Canada and the United States.

During a trip to Hamilton, Ontario, a friend sent her a clipping from a Toronto paper about graduation exercises of the Henry George School. She immediately telephoned the principal receiving a cordial invitation to visit the Toronto Georgists. Here she learned about the New York school. Pleased with the