

At the 1984 dinner that the editors of *Fragments* hosted in honor of Robert Clancy, I called attention to Bob's recently-grown beard, pointing out that not only did he devote himself to Georgist teaching, but even sought to look like Henry George. When later I assured him that my comment was wholly facetious, Bob smiled and said, "Well, it's the least I can do." He was a good sport.

I first met Bob Clancy at the old H.G. school on 29th Street, *circa* early 1940, when the nation was still reeling from the effects of the Great Depression. Bob was young in years, of course, and even younger in looks and spirit. He was full of profound faith and fervent energy, a shining example of what in those days we called an "eager beaver." The remedy for the world's social and economic problems having been revealed to him, all he wanted was the opportunity to reveal the same to anyone who would listen. This remained the quiet passion of his life.

Bob's job at the school apparently was to do whatever had to be done that no one else would do. The Director of the school at the time was Frank Chodorov, a likable but rough-and-ready individualist who ran the place with a firm hand — and ran Robert ragged. Inevitably, dedicated though he was, Bob declined to continue to "take it," and left to accept a position as one of the new editors of *Land and Freedom*, a publication that flourished all too briefly.

After WWII, in which I too was called to participate, I lost little time heading for the Henry George School, which had relocated in sumptuous quarters on East 69th Street. Warmly welcomed, I joined a lively crew of Georgist instructors that then "Acting Director" Robert Clancy had assembled. It was my privilege (and great joy) to carry on there for the next 22 years. We worked together, endeavoring to upgrade, improve and innovate the school's curriculum.

Then, quite unexpectedly, the curtain fell. (*continued on page six*)

(*continued from page three*) After more than thirty years of service, Bob's tenure came to an end. It happened in 1968, a sad year for Bob Clancy, and, by poignant coincidence, a happy one for me — the year I was wed.

Characteristically, Bob did not allow separation from the school to affect his devotion to the philosophy of Henry George. He retained contact with the numerous friends and supporters he had developed, and when the time appeared propitious, he launched his new organization. As an aside, I must state that I am proud to have been instrumental in the formation of the Henry George Institute, whose development has kept me close to Bob Clancy in a personal association I have found pleasurable and rewarding.

As he approached the end of his mortal span, slowly aging and weakening, Bob continued to perform most of the work of the Institute, regularly traveling a considerable distance from home to office.

If it had occurred to Robert Clancy to assess his possessions, he could have done so in the number of those who were his friends. He had a host of friends, from whom he received respect and affection. I am glad to be counted among them. - *Sydney Mayers, Esq.*