

Impressions on Arrival —By HARRY POLLARD

IF you're not knocked down by a blue and beige taxi in New York then it'll be a pink and purple one that gets you. They don't exactly chase you on to the sidewalks (where the ordinary New Yorker drives) but it is essential to remember that a cab driver can be convicted only for flying too low.

While on the subject of American cars, it is well to remember they are all too long. This exerts on the driver a certain psychological pressure which compels him to try to shorten the vehicle by side-swiping — or even colliding head-on with other autos.

This is known as the New York traffic problem.

Unlike London — where people during the twice-daily rush hour differ from sardines only in that sardines don't have to stand — the New Yorkers have idyllic existences. Their trains are roomy and well ventilated — clean and comfortable — fast and punctual; in fact the slightest mention of New York transport sends the natives into such wild transports of apathy that it can be said without any modification whatsoever that the slightest mention of New York transport sends the natives into wild transports of apathy.

Up in the northern part of Manhattan Island there lies a select neighborhood because it has been selected by the Henry George School of Social Science. British Georgists, gazing in awe at the palace residing rather self-consciously between the Italian Consulate and the guest-house for Russian U.N. delegates, might well compare it with the wind tunnel with windows at Great Smith Street in London. Such a comparison could follow the course of a prospective student from the moment he decides voluntarily to take a *Progress and Poverty* course by falling through the trap in the sidewalk.

Front and center are Jenny and Norma, who guard the portals. Whether their job is to welcome people or to keep them in I don't know, but anyway they do it decoratively and with considerable cheerfulness. On the same floor are various other offices with Mr. Kelley standing sentinel over the money — while anxious Georgists try desperately to prove that in order to make their speeches it was necessary to fly to Florida for data. In these offices are other members of the community all valiantly attempting to keep up with the veritable torrent of the assertions, denials, assumptions and rebuttals, that pour from a certain room high in the fastnesses of the building.

The Henry George School opened all its doors to the visitor from England who wrote these impressions. The entire staff felt the challenge of his personality, as did various fashionable New York "finishing school" audiences and local radio announcers, after they recovered from his British accent. Mr. Pollard was editor, when in England, of *The Radical*, a journal which, as its name implies, goes to the root of things. He was promptly offered the "honor" of being editor of the News for one month, but perhaps it is just as well that nothing came of that.

Here, too, is the Correspondence Course room. In this place are anxious people trying desperately to wring every drop of understanding from a phrase dripping with ambiguity. Should the correspondence tutors appear to have far-away looks in their eyes it is because they have far-away looks in their eyes . . . Perhaps the cowboy out west is not quite getting the idea . . . Was that Englishman right when he wrote about allowing that film extra to introduce sex into the law of rent . . . ?

Unable to confront the student with a verbal argument, the C.C. tutor must somehow carry on the war against economic ignorance with the aid of guided missives and this mission is accomplished not without great strain and much nail biting.

From the ground floor we move briskly up to the first floor or as it is called in the United States — the second floor. Here the domain is ruled by a fine body of man — an Englishman who has been so long in the States that even his English tastes like American coffee.

Jimmy Halliwell somehow feeds the New York Georgists at London prices in his coffee shop. Helped by Mae Halliwell and Gus, Jimmy manages to pipe-line barrels of coffee, coke and a watery brown substance into the restaurant. There's nothing like a good cup of tea and the watery brown substance is nothing like a good cup of tea.

On the third floor are classrooms and the library. In this library are books of every description; of every shape and every size. It is a matter of great pride to Lillian Taylor, the librarian, that no matter how short a table or chair leg may be, a book can be found to exactly fit the gap.

Continuing to the fourth floor we come to Elsie, the secretary of R. Clancy. With stiff upper lip and the firm handshake of genuine sympathy, we pass to the fifth floor.

On the fifth floor 97 per cent of the work in the building is carried out which is why sometimes the three young ladies, Pete, Alice and Frances have to be carried out. It is a floor of schedules, deadlines and anxiety. But the speed and decision of these three stands out against the serenity and quietude that is the hallmark of New York City.

Finally the Penthouse and its occupant — THE DIRECTOR.

Brilliant, incisive, logical — these are but three of the words that cannot be used to describe the director. If space in plenty were at my command I could fill a page of *The Henry George News* with words that in some way or the other fail to describe our friend R. Clancy.

There is little chance to delve deep into the complexities of the rest of student and faculty life. Suffice it to say that these men and women are in revolt against social injustice and at present they are taking the offensive. In fact, a more revolting and offensive group of people I have seldom encountered.

In all seriousness may I say that I like New York and I like New Yorkers. It has been a great privilege to meet such a fine sample of the American people as I have at the Henry George School. They are intelligent, vital and curious to know more than they do. While the United States has such citizens she need not fear anything of this world or outside it. May the ideas that they advocate spread throughout America and the world for these Georgists deserve success.