

Dear Miss Denbigh:

I shall count it a great pleasure to be present at the first meeting of the Student Council of the Henry George School.

Though we may, and do, feel this to be the most Holy Crusade ever undertaken, I hope we may do some hard headed, practical thinking on its plan of prosecution. We need to lead the leaders, in every walk in life, in whatever age group or economic group, to learn this truth.

First, I'll state, as concisely as I can how I came to find the school, and what I see in it, that is important.

In the fall of 1932 my husband and I were very depressed by the outlook. He, as an economist and editor, could see no hope for better times. Would we be able to send our two children to college? If we did, what hope was there that they could find jobs or found homes, when they had finished school? There are now hundreds of thousands of never-yet-employed young college graduates. I was sick with discouragement, but, fortunately I was healthy in mind and body. (Thanks to Dr. Hay who advocates dependence upon use of natural law to cure physical ills. What Henry George has shown is true in case of Social illness Dr. Hay has shown is true in physical illness.)

Since my mind was healthy and curious I began to read economics with my husband. On a memorable day in January, 1933, he brought home a copy of Progress and Poverty, and said, as he handed it to me, "Here is a book, written fifty years ago, which might be interesting. I've heard about it, but never read it."

I read the Preface. If the author did what he promised to do, this was the book I had been hunting, --for I wanted to know the cause of depressions, and how to cure them.

Like a woman, I was curious to know the remedy, whether a sick society needed simply a few doses of salts and a diet of oranges and greens, as sick people do, or whether the remedy was to be some complicated pill, like gold content of the dollar or an Agricultural Adjustment Act. So I turned to "The Remedy" and scarcely laid the book down until I had finished, to the end. Then curious to know how he arrived at such sane and simple methods of cure, I started in at the beginning and read the first half of the book. It was harder. I started in again, and read it, at odd times on the subway, etc. It was too good to be true. But that was too disjointed a plan of reading. For the third reading I took early morning hours, when I was fresh and uninterrupted. By March I had read it four times. Then I struck out to find some one else who knew about it, for my friends thought I was crazy, when I tried to talk to them. They still do. My husband's work became very heavy, so he could not share it with me. Through the Schalkenbach Foundation I found the Henry George School, then holding classes in the Pythian Temple.

I see, in the Henry George School, the hope that economic conditions may be changed so that our boys and girls may have a chance for honest, successful lives. We need branches of the school in every state and teachers of this truth near every college campus. There is hope in this program of education, for it is possible.

(You know the story of the Murder at Midnight. The two witnesses each told two more people, in two minutes, and each person told did the same, and so, by morning everybody in the world had heard it.) We do not have to teach everybody. The hope for our success lies in this, that we need only to teach the leaders.

Dr. Geiger is our University. He is our teacher of teachers. There may be few other men, qualified by heart and mind and experience, that he can find to add to this faculty.

Missionaries, detained in this country for lack of funds should be educated to teach groups in the churches. The Association of Unemployed College and Professional Men form another group to be reached.

We might reach leadership in high schools by fostering debates on the subject under one of our teachers as a coach.

There is much to do. Funds must be secured, We are into something.

These are just a few of the activities I see for friends of the Henry George School and Cause.

Please excuse this long letter, when you asked for a postal card.

Very truly,

Eva L. Maxwell.

*Mrs. Maxwell's address in June 1934 was
3824 Waldo Ave, New York City*

*H. S. Dunlop.
Above letter postmarked April 26, 1934*

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