

Georgist Poems

By MABEL L. REES



*Dedicated in November 1946
White Oak in Central Park, New York City
Bearing the name plate of
HENRY GEORGE
Author of Progress And Poverty.*

HENRY GEORGE DAY

September Second marks the day
Of Henry George's birth;
The symbol chosen is a tree,
To signify his worth.
For men will gain in strength and grace
When like unto a tree,
The gifts of Nature are enjoyed
In true equality.

Many of these poems have already appeared in print, (1950-1963), others are new. Some have been read aloud at various celebrations in commemoration of Henry George, the man and his works. (Author's Note)

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY of HENRY GEORGE

Henry George was born in Philadelphia, September 2nd, 1839, and died in New York, October 29th, 1897, two days before election day, near the end of his strenuous and popular campaign for the office of Mayor. The story of his life is vividly told by his son, Henry George Jr. in the biography of his father. Henry George studied, wrote, spoke and traveled in favor of a social order founded on equality of opportunity for all men to earn a decent living but preventing appropriation of undeserved wealth. Thus he looked confidently forward to continuous economic progress, with the diminution of "vice and misery" chiefly caused by poverty.

With goodwill toward all men, both rich and poor, he met opposition with disarming candor and conclusive logic. Often he illustrated a point with an amusing story or pertinent anecdote.

While the partial application of his suggested economic remedies has been successfully demonstrated here and there (the school has a list of such places), that they have not been widely adopted should not be the cause of surprise or discouragement: it should be remembered that for fifteen centuries men insisted that the sun moved round the earth and that the earth was flat.

George's books, and free courses on their significance and method of application may be obtained in class or by correspondence at the headquarters of the Henry George School, located at 50 East 69th St. New York City. Branches of the school are established in many other cities both in the United States and abroad. Nearly all public libraries carry one or more of George's works, especially his most famous book, "Progress and Poverty", which has sold millions of copies.

As Browning wrote in "Paracelsus" when describing the disappointing, life-long struggle of that first devoted student of medicine, (1493-1541), to turn the attention of scholars of the old school from alchemy to chemistry, it may likewise be said of Henry George and the reform for which he strove so unceasingly against great odds:

"I press God's lamp

Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,

Will pierce the gloom."

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PREFACE

What though the verse is not the best?
 Ideas that are here expressed
 Are written with the hope that they
 Will show the readers *George's way*
 To bring for all a better day:
 Profound, though simple to apply,
 His books explain the reason why
 Each man may self-supporting be
 With freedom and equality.

"MAKE FOR THYSELF A DEFINITION"

By Marcus Aurelius Antoninus

To any study you're inclined
 The terms you use must be defined:
 Then with these "building blocks" proceed
 To form the whole as thus decreed;
 Like Henry George you'll find this true
 As Nature's Laws you keep in View.

ECONOMIC AXIOMS

1. Man seeks to gratify his desires with the least exertion. (p. 12)*
2. Man's desires are unlimited. (pp. 135-136)

ECONOMIC DEFINITIONS

POLITICAL ECONOMY: The science of the nature, production and distribution of wealth.

WEALTH: All material things produced by human labor, having exchange value. (pp. 39-40)

LAND: All the material universe outside of man and his products. (p. 38)

LABOR: All human exertion in the production of wealth. (p. 32)

CAPITAL: Wealth used in the production of more wealth. (p. 42)

WEALTH IS DISTRIBUTED AS—

RENT: For the use of land. (p. 165)

WAGES: For labor exerted. (p. 32)

INTEREST: For the use of capital. (p. 162)

MARGIN OF PRODUCTION: The most productive land obtainable without the payment of rent.

ECONOMIC LAWS

LAW OF RENT: "The rent of land is determined by the excess of its produce over that which the same application can secure from the least productive land in use." (p. 168)

LAW OF WAGES: "Wages depend upon the margin of production, or upon the produce which labor can obtain at the highest point of natural productiveness open to it without the payment of rent." (p. 213)

LAW OF INTEREST: "Interest depends on the margin of production, falling as it falls, and rising as it rises." (p. 203 and 219)

*(The page numbers refer to the fiftieth anniversary edition of
PROGRESS AND POVERTY)

**HENRY GEORGE SCHOOL
 OF SOCIAL SCIENCE**

50 EAST 69TH STREET, NEW YORK 21, N.Y.

Three Kinds of Land Rent
 Speculative—Monopoly—
 Economic or Fair Rent

AN ODE FOR HENRY GEORGE DAY

To celebrate a growing faith
 What symbol better than a tree?
 Its nature molds it from within
 To blossom forth in majesty.
 No acorn can become an elm,
 Nor human law its nature change.
 But man and science can increase
 The measure of an oak tree's range.
 That man himself may better be,
 Not cheated of his chance to grow,
 His equal share of Nature's gifts
 Each one must have, as Georgists know.
 This is the universal law,
 Which Henry George to life relates;
 And thus this tree that bears his name,
 His work for all commemorates.
 As years go by, his remedy
 For want and conflict round the earth,
 Must win at last, with full acclaim
 Accorded to his day of birth.



TO HENRY GEORGE --- IN MEMORIAM

Say not that he is dead whose work lives on
 To make the kingdoms of this world more fair
 Than any yet extolled in verse or song,
 With men the chance of self-support aware
 By winning equal right to Nature's good.
 In this they find reward for strength and skill,
 Assuring each a worthwhile livelihood;
 With none deprived of work against his will,
 And none through idleness to reap a gain.
 The House of Wealth, the House of Want, George saw
 And never rested till he could explain
 The way to Justice through the moral law.
 Then said, if he had seen a star, he knew
 That others, looking up, would see it too.

TO OSCAR GEIGER
Founder of the Henry George School
 1932-1962

In a one-man school in a single room, Where students were eager but few, The teacher was Oscar Geiger, Whose labor a harvest grew.	Though not by "noise and shouting", As Henry George well said, But through <i>education</i> His message could be spread.
With <i>Progress and Poverty</i> as a text, The scholars could understand Distinctive rights of labor From ownership of land.	How right he was we now perceive, As schools both near and far, Have shown the great and lowly What George's teachings are.
What once was a "dismal science" Now glowed with inner light; The Natural Law of Justice Shone forth for HUMAN Right.	And so to the George School Founder Of Nineteen-thirty-two For <i>thirty years of leadership</i> We give our thanks to you.
A man could be a man again! Good neighbors' all could be, With true co-operation Without dependency.	You gave of yourself and fortune, Advancing a worthy cause,— May <i>others</i> be equally ready Your <i>standards</i> to endorse!

Read by George Collins

FOR A GEORGIST NEW YEAR

Goodwill may be the emotion
 That leads a man to see
 The need of his many brothers
 Who dwell in poverty.

If HE were the one dependent
 The sooner he might learn
 All men have equal right to life
 And equal right to earn.

Not patronage, nor government
 With this should interfere,
 For only the reign of justice
 Can bring A Glad New Year!

Then no one need ask another
 To give him work or bread,
 When his share of Nature's treasures
 Belongs to him instead.

TRUTH AND A TREE
*A paraphrase of the concluding paragraphs of a lecture delivered by
 Henry George at the Metropolitan Temple, in San Francisco
 March, 1878*

The right divine that kings once claimed
 To trade in nations and bequeath by will,
 Where is it now? And where the chattel slave
 Whose flesh and blood were legal property?
 Injustice, causing both these wrongs must end!
 As must, at last, the scourge of poverty.

I see the glow of dawn within the sky,
 And trust the order of the universe
 To keep the standard I have raised unfurled.
 Within the seed where truth doth germinate
 No power can prevent its growth for long;
 If flint oppose it, then the flint must yield;
 If war drums roll, the truth their challenge meets
 And bids men hear the carol of the lark,
 Triumphant, deathless, far above all fears.

The ground wherein the tree will grow is plowed,
 So little now, so tender and so weak;
 But sometime in its branches birds will sing,
 And in its shade the weary will find rest.

See pages 294-6 of
The Life of Henry George,
 by Henry George, Jr.

IN THE SPRINGTIME

New babies need new homes to live,
 More space, with sun and air;
 Like blossoms they need room to grow,
 To make the world more fair.

To fill these needs, try Nature's plan,
 As Spring the heart uplifts;
 Give access to both land and trade,
 To profit by her gifts.

Preface to the Poem "A SIMPLE CURE--- ---A GREAT REFORM"

The following poem, dedicated to Henry George, was suggested by the account in the Bible, Second Kings, Chapter Five, of the way in which Naaman, master of the victorious hosts of Syria, was cured of leprosy by the Prophet Elisha. It will be recalled, that spurning all Naaman's precious gifts, Elisha simply sent word to the wealthy warrior to bathe in the River Jordan, and said that by so doing he would be cured. Though very angry that his illness was not to be treated with some unusual healing ceremonials and very reluctant to believe that such an easy thing to do would be of any great benefit in easing such a terrible affliction as his, nevertheless Naaman finally was persuaded by his servants to try the remedy that had been pointed out, and found, to his amazement, that he was cured of his ailment.

Dedicated to Henry George
(See Second Kings, Chapter Five of the Bible.)

A SIMPLE CURE--- ---A GREAT REFORM

The seer a wondrous vision had: The earth is here for all! Why should there idle acres be And men live in a stall?	What man produces should be his, — His labor makes it so; But is a harvest justified For men who do not sow?
The sun, the air, the Good Lord gave, And rolling acres fair; These elements created he For all mankind to share.	The rising value of the land Communities should claim, — As no few men create its worth, No few should reap the same.
As towns expand and cities thrive, Land values greater grow: How is it right that this increase To just a few should go?	Remove the barriers of gain And end MONOPOLY Of means unto a livelihood For all society!
The many who are unemployed Could self-supporting be If idle lands they could but use Now held for greater fee.	Then equal freedom all would have To satisfy desire: A chance, instead of charity, The poorest would inspire!
Like men upon a stranded ship, They see the land nearby, With plenty just beyond their reach That could their needs supply.	As oft the case with social ills, Though prophets may entreat, Men still reject the remedy, WITH JORDAN AT THEIR FEET.
If man has ownership of self, Unless this right is vain, He must have access to the source That will his life sustain.	The cleansing river runs for all, Where slaves to want and wealth, May step within the healing stream And there recover health.

AS THE YEARS GO BY

(See Psalm 115, verse 16:

*"The heavens, even the heavens are the Lord's, but the earth
hath he given to the children of men"*

The little New Year rode the midnight sky,
With belief in his future rising high,
Till he caught a glimpse, through a moon-lit cloud,
Of the Old Year leaving earth in his shroud.
"You look weary and wan," the New Year cried,
When their journey had brought them side-by-side:
Is the world then such a terrible place
As I see by the anguish in your face?"
"Nay, nay, not the world," said the Old Year, "No,
But it's man himself is his own worst foe,
So I'm passing my message on to you,
My work must go on, though my life is through.
"The glory of God, as the psalmist said,
By misdeeds of men becomes shame, instead
For each is entitled, by right of birth,
To the means of life on his home, the earth.
Yet Nature's bounty, you'll everywhere see,
Held just by a few, by human decree
For pleasure or gain, while multitudes die
For lack of the plenty there is near-by."
"Your torch kindles mine," the New Year then said,
As close past each other they quickly sped, —
"I'll heed what you say, as my light burns clear,
To end this wrong, for A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

When Nature opens wide the door
Through which she ushers Spring once more,
Impartially, her kingdoms three,
Comprising plants and wild life free,
With treasures hidden in the earth,
She offers men by right of birth;
Man's labor should secure his share
By earning what is just and fair,
Though if debarred from land and sea,
No chance to work, means poverty:
For title-owners hold the key
To all the world's prosperity.

A PHILOSOPHY FOR PEACE AND PLENTY

How shall we save the human race From warfare's dreadful toll? Good-hearted men the world around Are seeking this splendid goal.	Then all would keep their earnings,— Their labor makes this just; A man's production should be his As reason says it must.
The soldier says Security By guns must be enforced, For who regards a treaty When balance of power is lost?	There'd still be co-operation But when they are volunteers Men never shirk-do better work Than those compelled by fears.
Others declare that sharing food And caring for the ill, Will weaken revolution And hopes of peace fulfill.	Communities, not the owners, Should collect the Worth of Land, To Lower the Tax on Improvements, And Rents that slums command.
But men are in search of Freedom And yearn for self-support To satisfy their own ideals, With Liberty of Thought.	As no man made the Universe, LAND is a word we employ To mean the Gifts of Nature, That all men should enjoy.
Only the Rightful Use of Land, From which all wealth must come, Will make a man his Own Master, As now just a few become.	By taxing land as it SHOULD be To bring it into use, For FARMS and HOMES and FACTORIES, From WAR there'd be a TRUCE!

It's NOT to Nationalize the land,
Nor Give each man a PIECE,
But THE WORTH OF LAND, IF SHARED BY ALL,
MAN'S WELFARE WOULD INCREASE.

Production and Consumption,
The FACTORS of INDUSTRY,
Cannot proceed at their proper speed,
Unless the Market is FREE.

Though challenged by Automation,
And EXPLORATION OF SPACE,
TO LEARN HOW TO TURN FROM WAR TO PEACE,
THE HENRY GEORGE SCHOOL IS THE PLACE!

The Courses in the School are free,
In Class or sent by MAIL;
They show the young and old alike.
How PROGRESS MAY PREVAIL!

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

As Mother Goose sat by her humble door,
She wondered again, as she had before,
Why her native land had never progressed,
And if things as they were, were really best.
Her thoughts reverted to Mother Hubbard,
With her starving dog and empty cupboard;
And Simple Simon with only a pail,
To hold enough water to catch a whale.
But worst of all was the woman she knew,
Who had long been forced to live in a shoe.
Her many children kept sobbing at night
Because they were hungry, and packed in tight;
All crowded together from heel to toe,
With no housing project where they could go.
"If I were King Cole," mused old Mother Goose,
"I'd give them some land that's not now in use.
But he never does as a monarch ought,
Except for his fiddlers he cares for naught.
So I'll not ask for any concession,
But just depend on my own discretion."
Right, then, the wise owl, her faithful sentry
Flew down from a tree beside the entry.
A moment the two consulted together,
Then finding there was suitable weather
The old lady mounted her trusty goose,
And flew to the moon for land not in use.
"I know," she kept thinking, "It's chalky up there,
But that is really no cause for despair,
Soon science can furnish both water and soil,
And thus all the woes of poverty foil."
But alas and alack, when she got to the moon,
She gave up all hope of conferring this boon.
As government rockets from outer space,
Had penetrated each possible space,
And each of Earth's nations had staked out a claim,
And put up a flag displaying its name.
With all titles filed by right of discov'y
Precluding the chance of any recov'y
And thus for the people of land bereft,
Not a single spot on the moon was left!

*Read by Neva Bianco
at a meeting in the
Henry George School auditorium*

THE STURDY BEGGARS

"Hark, hark, the dogs do bark
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gown."

THE BEGGARS STILL ARE MARCHING

The town was sleeping peacefully
Upon that wintry night,
When all the dogs began to bark
And I arose in fright.

On opening my casement wide,
And then on looking down,
I saw a ragged beggarman
Who wore a velvet gown.

Advancing from the shadows,
On shuffling feet and slow,
There followed him a wretched band,
With murmured sounds of woe.

Then leaning out in the moonlight,
I cried in a raucous voice:
"I'd think you'd be ashamed to beg,
Why not make *work* your choice?"

"Are there no fields that you can plough,
Has no one here a trade?
I know I'd gladly dig a ditch
Before I'd ask for aid."

"And so would we," the leader cried,
"If only you will show
Where we can use our strength and skill,
We'll all be glad to go."

At dawn I quickly took command,
Resolved to demonstrate
That all this talk about no work
Had always been a fake!

'Tis true we passed much vacant land,
Held out of use for gain,
But all our pleas to plant or build
Were everywhere in vain.

Full many a month has come and gone
Since I began this quest,
And now, alas, I have become
A *Beggar* like the rest,

All hope had died within my breast,
Until I heard, one day,
There is a plan to end this wrong,
That's called the *Georgist* way.

But now the watch-dogs bark again,
And onward we must go,
While jeering townsmen cry aloud,
"You ought to *work* you know!"

NATURE'S WAY

Once more we gather round this tree
In Henry George's memory:
The moral truths that he discerned
Many men have long since learned
Are natural laws that we must heed
Or else all social growth impede,
For Nature makes it clear that we

Owe growth to freedom, like this tree.
The Space Age that we now perceive,
Revealing much we scarce believe,
Has not produced a jet, we find,
To match the concepts of the mind.
And thus so long as thought is free
We'll still preserve our liberty.

KEEPER OR BROTHER ?

Am I my brother's keeper? No!
For if so I would be
His *master* instead of *brother*,
And he would not be *free*.

A keeper is for criminals,
A child, or man insane,
But if a man can rule himself,
There's no need to restrain.

As each of us has human rights,
With which each one is born,
The equal right to liberty
Should never be foresworn.

But how can I aid my brother
If he is in distress?
Why help him find the way again
To make his pain the less.

A man needs opportunity
To prove his innate worth:
A chance to learn, a chance to earn
His living on the earth.

For who would be dependent,
And lean upon another,
If strong enough to stand alone
And add strength to each other?

Beholden he should be to none
For privilege to live,
For each one's rights are just the same
To all that Nature gives.

To brother I'd be a brother,
As he might be to me,-
Together we'd work for JUSTICE
And true equality.

The way to real prosperity
For one and all there'd be.
With the birth of constant progress
Through the *George Economy*.

THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS

The day Old Homo made a wheel
He told his moving men:
"Henceforth I'll need but two of you,
And not a force of ten.

"With wheels beneath this heavy board
It's lifted off the ground,
Which makes it easier to drag,
As these things spin around."

When this was done, some jobless men
Went off to see their chief:
"We want these wheels destroyed," they
said,
"Or give us Home Relief."

The chief replied, "You're wrong, my
boys,
Remember land is free,
And lots more folks will travel now;
More work, not less, there'll be.

"Besides, you'll time and labor save,
And can extend your trade,
Exchanging goods with distant tribes:
Inventions Progress aid."

When transportation thus began,
Desires grew space,
Men learned new skills to meet new wants
That help the human race.

TAKE THE PROFIT OUT OF INJUSTICE!

Based on "Progress and Poverty" by Henry George

(Foreword to Brave New World by Aldous Huxley: "If I were to re-write this book I would offer a third alternative — the possibility of sanity — Economics would be decentralist and Henry Georgian.")

"Jobs and Freedom" we proclaim
Is the substance of our aim,
For all should have an equal right
Whether they are black or white.
To make this goal reality
More jobs for all there soon must be.
To spread this message o'er the earth
Just tax the land for what it's worth:
Reduce the tax on what man builds,
And on his earnings through his skills.
Fair chance for all then there would be
As none would gain through monopoly!
An equal chance to work and live
This shift of taxes all would give.
At present, land's held out of use,
And, because of this abuse,
As owners wait for greater gain,
All land in use, it's very plain
Commands more price than it is worth
Than if of land there was no dearth.
For what gives value to the land,
But, as communities expand,
The people's need for extra land?
Thus PEOPLE make land values grow,-
To them this increment should go
For benefits both high and low.
Improvements then would give employment
And more people find enjoyment.
New hope through true free enterprise
Would give each one what land supplies:
Besides a place to work and live
Our food and clothes the land must give.
All minerals and oils beside
'Tis clear the land has to provide.
Apartment dwellers now pay more,
And so do they who run a store;
And in the slums, to great extent,
Because of SPECULATIVE RENT!
To end this evil here's the way:
See that INJUSTICE DOESN'T PAY!
No other means howe'er well meant
Will bring to men a just content.
Though some may think this incidental
This change is truly FUNDAMENTAL.

MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT

The ship was sailing smoothly
Upon a glassy sea;
The passengers were happy
And friendly as could be.

When suddenly there came a shout,
"The ship has sprung a leak!"
With frantic voice the people cried,
"The life preservers seek!"

The crew next manned the lifeboats,
The rush to board began,
Both men and women pushed and shoved
AS o'er the decks they ran.

A few were calm and tried in vain
A panic to avert,
But fear, more than the storm itself
Caused many to be hurt.

In freedom and security
Men treat each other best,
But where there isn't hope for all,
Some trample on the rest.

And thus where land's monopolized,
And jobs are but a few,
Through unfair competition
Men act the way they do.

Give all an equal chance to live
When sailing o'er life's sea,
And this will lead, as George explains,
To world tranquility.

A CAUSE FOR REJOICING AT CHRISTMAS TIME

In Bible times, so kings might understand
That treasure stolen from a foreign land
Would not bring lasting good, but grief to all,
A message, written on the palace wall,
By Daniel was explained, proclaiming doom,
That changed a scene of gaiety to gloom.

* * * * *
And so in joyous seasons such as this,
A simple question may not be amiss:
Is PLENTY at the price of other's toil
Who serve, or build, or cultivate the soil
Deserved, I ask, in either peace or war?
False claims like these, all just men must deplore.
If true, what each one earns should be his gain,
Is not the social lesson also plain:
As common need for land creates its worth,
Its value should be shared by all on earth.
When this is done, and nations heed, at last,
The warning sent Belshazzar in the past,
We may acclaim with, great festivity,
The rule of freedom and equality.
On Christmas then and other holidays,
A hymn of universal thanks we'll raise.

HE KEPT THE FAITH

Tonight we join in memory Of Henry George's son; George Junior was a modest man, But very worthy one.	In Nineteen-nine he came to meet Tolstoy of great fame, Who once said men who doubted George, Just didn't know the same.
Because a hundred years ago, Upon this very date, His birthday was November Third, — We meet to celebrate.	And who, when he was very old, Remarked to George's son: "I'll see your father first, it seems, My life will soon be done.
When writing of his father's life, In his biography, You'll find he wrote from out his heart, Of his philosophy.	"Have you some message for him, You'd like me to convey?" "Just tell him I have KEPT THE FAITH." Was all his son would say.
On trips he oft accompan'ed him, Both here and when abroad, And thus could tell of incidents Few others could record.	This world, so full of plenty, Proves Nature's not to blame That millions suffer poverty, But puts mankind to shame.
His courage never faltered, And when his father died, Agreed to head New York's campaign, Which then was in full tide.	Let us keep faith like George's son, For we too clearly see True progress never will be made Till men and land are free.

Mabel L. Rees

*Read by Mr. Robert Clancy, Director
Henry George School of New York City,
November 3rd, 1962*

A UNIVERSAL HOLIDAY

Upon a Christmas Holiday,
All redolent with cheer,
Contrasting wealth and poverty
More strikingly appear.

Without the means to celebrate,
The poor more keenly feel
The lack of all the rich enjoy
That times like these reveal.

With hope of bettering their lot,
As Georgists understand,
There must be world-wide knowledge
Of rightful use of land.

With blessings then more widely spread,
In years to come there'll be
A Holiday in George's name,
Kept universally.

IT WAS THE CAT

Before the marble fire place in her palace sat Cinderella with her three guests whom she had invited to talk over a situation of great gravity. It seemed as if the era of fabulous fortunes without work was coming to an end. There was Jack, the famous Beenstalk-Climber, whose prize hen was ill and now refused to lay any more golden eggs; Aladdin, whose magic lamp failed to reveal any more hidden treasure; King Midas, who had discovered that his golden touch could be more of a curse than a blessing and had been compelled to relinquish it, and Cinderella herself whose state coffers were nearly empty.

"Plead as I may," she cried, "neither my fairy godmother, nor any of my other relatives has appeared to help me. As far as I can see we are all facing ruin."

It was just at this moment that there was a loud scratching at the door and before anyone could speak in bounded none other than the wonderful Puss-In-Boots himself, in all his fine array.

"Good evening, friends," he cried, sweeping off his plumed cap and advancing, without further ceremony to the center of the circle. "I heard of this meeting and I believe you need the advice I have come to give."

"If you've come to tell us to go to work," retorted Aladdin, "We won't do it. There must be some way we can remain rich without so demeaning ourselves."

"There is indeed," replied puss. "It is the same formula by which I made my master so well off he is now willing to share it with other distinguished personages like yourselves. Once applied it goes on automatically increasing prosperity for the few, while the many have no choice but to cooperate although it makes them poorer to do so."

"Tell us at once, please," urged Jack, "I used my last golden egg this morning."

"All you need to do," Puss assured them, "is to acquire LAND — no matter how, and then collect the RENT. Use this income for yourselves, not for the people whose need of Land on which to live and work, creates its value. Get the Land by royal decree, a few baubles, or pretend to find some flaw in the present owner's title. There are no better golden eggs to be had, Jack, than a few investments in LAND!"

"I'll call out the army and ride through my kingdom tomorrow," exclaimed King Midas. "Of course all the land belongs to me any way but I never realized, as times goes by, how its worth constantly increases. I'll raise rents everywhere!"

"That's the big point," exclaimed Puss, "and if any of you have any difficulty, just read the record of force and fraud in the Biography of the Marquis of Carabas, my royal master, and of the way I made the disinherited miller's son many times a millionaire!"

These remarks brought forth a cheer from all present, and next Cinderella ordered a toast in pure cream, to be drunk to Puss. Later, as that sly animal emerged from the castle, he couldn't help thinking that when the people in all countries came to realize how they had been cheated out of their birthright, they might recall that old truism for the reason things go wrong and exclaim, "IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE CAT!"

WORLD'S FAIR--- ---FAIR WORLD

World's Fair, Fair World will help to bring
By speeding interchange
Of thought and goods from other lands,
Resulting in much gain.

'Tis thus that art and science grow,
And understanding, too,
Of how men strive for betterment
To make their dreams come true.

All Georgists are aware of this,
But equal right to grow
Means equal right to use the land,
Or else there's war and woe.

With freedom to cooperate
New crafts and skills are born;
With equal chance to live and earn,
The Golden Age will dawn.

IN FREEDOM'S SHRINE

That freedom from a foreign king
So long ago was won,
Is due unto the leadership
Of Gen'ral Washington

In pain and strife of Civil War
The slaves, at last, were freed,
When Lincoln took his pen in hand,
And thus it was decreed.

The greatest foe of liberty
By Henry George made clear,
Consists in widespread poverty
Prevailing far and near.

And since George found the remedy
To overcome this shame,
Some day his bust will surely be
Within the Hall of Fame.

THE BANDIT, THE BEGGAR AND THE BLACKSMITH.

Long ago, in the countryside,
A beggar and bandit met;
Each boasted of his way of life
And forthwith made a bet.

To end dispute they thought it fair
To ask whoe'er came nigh,
To tell which he would rather be,
If given the choice and why.

"I'm sure I'll win", the bandit cried:
"I never have to whine;
I just waylay the passersby
And take their wealth for mine."

"You risk your life," the beggar said,
"I simply shed a tear,
And then receive sweet charity,
Without a thought of fear."

Soon, coming along the highway
They spied a cavalcade,
Guarding a man on horseback,
Handsomely arrayed.

Confronting him upon the road,
They cried from where they stood:
"You can do us a favor, Sir,
If you will be so good;

"For we've a wager between us,
And while it's all in fun,
Would you a beggar or bandit be
If you had to be either one?"

The man, at first, resentment showed,
But next he laughed instead,
And drawing himself up proudly
This is what he said:

"Come now," quoth he, "I'm *both* you see,
In a gentlemanly way:
I *begged* the king for my estates,
But I make my tenants *pay*."

"I take some part of their earnings.
Whether they will or no;
They have to give, if they want to live,
Or off my land they go!"

Thus saying, he smartly cracked his whip
And soon was lost to sight,
But neither bandit nor beggar
Knew which of them was right.

So walking onward toward the town
They came to a spreading tree,
Where under it a blacksmith
Was singing lustily.

The question they then put to him,
While golden sparks flew high:
And striking while the iron was hot,
The blacksmith made reply:

"Why neither one! Shame on you both!
I would not *beg* nor *steal*:
I bought this plot and *earn* my bread,
And just contentment feel.

"There may be times you're justified
Something for nothing to get,
But this is still a frontier town,
And that hasn't happened yet!"

"Where *land* is cheap, as it is here,
Take a lesson from me;
There's no excuse to rob or kill,
Or yield to poverty."

This verdict came as a surprise,-
It made them think again:
Both of them *could*, if they *would*, it seemed,
Turn to be *honest* men.

SENSE IN NONSENSE

SKYSCRAPERS AND LAND

Said the Empire State to the ground,
"I really don't need you around!!

My roof is so high
My support is the sky,
Without you I'd stand just as sound.

"On you I look down with disdain,
Your claims of importance are vain,
In this machine age
You're no longer the rage;
The farm is your only domain."

Said the LAND, "If that really is true,
Why not farms on Fifth Avenue?
With your head in the air
You forget, I declare,
My support is worth millions to you!"

BOVINE PHILOSOPHY

"I see," said the poor starving cow,
"It's too late to help me by now;
Though a field quite nearby
My wants could supply,
And the hay goes to waste anyhow.

"The owner lives so far away,
He never will use it, they say,
But the tax is so low,
As his land values grow,
My death is a small price to pay!"

"ALAS ---- ALACK!"

Quoth the short-sighted man to the poor.
"For poverty there is no cure!
It's all right for me
In the rich class to be,
But your ills you just must endure."

THE BEST MEMORIAL

Written for the commemoration of Henry George's Birthday, and read by the Director of the Henry George School in Philadelphia, Pa., the late Mr. Joseph A. Stockman. The school is established at the birthplace of Henry George, 413 South Tenth St. where this poem was read September 2, 1958. Other poems in reference to George's birthplace were also read by Mr. Stockman.

THE BEST MEMORIAL

How celebrate a birthday?
The birthday of the Great?
How best extol their virtues,
Their deeds commemorate?

Perhaps with song and story,
Parades, and speeches too,
Recalling their achievements
In glorified review.

But on September Second
The day of George's birth,
We'll pay a great man honor
As best befits his worth.

His home we've made a center
His views and hopes to spread,
That glow with social justice
To light the way ahead!

There is no better tribute
Than thankfulness to find
The way to lessen want and woe
To benefit mankind.

WHAT MAKES CIVILIZATION?

What makes Civilization
But free co-operation
Inducing specialization
To advance each generation?

JULY FOURTH 1776...1956

*Read by Joseph Stockman
Late Director of Henry George School in Philadelphia
At the opening of the annual Conference*

We come to Philadelphia
To answer Freedom's call,
As long ago men gathered here
In Independence Hall.

Imbued with love of liberty
They wrote with flaming pen
The Declaration of our Rights
That has been ours since then.

For true enjoyment of these rights
Our time and strength we give.
To win the equal right to land
On which all men must live.

The need for this, by Henry George
Has long been clearly shown,
And on some Future July Fourth
By all men will be known.

And then will Philadelphia
Upon her scroll of Fame,
With other great, among her sons,
Write Henry George's name.

And so in Nineteen-fifty six
We meet to speed the day
For equal opportunity
In Henry George's way.

With his reforms A Golden Age
Of Justice there will be,
And hence around the world will ring
The Bell of Liberty!

MAN'S DESIRES ARE UNLIMITED

Not for the love of the working
But for the end he achieves
A Man gives his best, expending with zest
His strength for the dream he believes.

PEACE AND PROSPERITY

(To be sung to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic.)

The source of wealth throughout the world depends upon the land,
For labor must have space to work before it can expand,
And make for people everywhere the things that they demand
To satisfy their needs.

Chorus (Repeat after each verse)
There's a way to peace and plenty
There's a way to peace and plenty
There's a way to peace and plenty
In a free economy!

If you buy land and simply wait it will be worth much more,
The "rent" of vacant land is low while selling prices soar;
That's how the rich grow richer yet, this practice we deplore;
They get more than they earn.

Some call this "rent" the "Single Tax", your land is there to see,
And while the title you retain, it's fair you must agree,
To "tax" the value made by all to help society,-
Not hoard for private gain.

Now Panic and Prosperity for years have rivals been,-
First one is up, the other down, how can you know who'll win?
The idle rich, the toiling slave are both a shame and sin,
But now we know the cure.

There is a School named "Henry George" that you may all attend;
Political economy is given a new trend
That shows the way a great reform our basic wrongs will end;
Enroll and you'll learn how.

A SHARE IN THE WORTH OF LAND

Said George, who knew philosophy,
And studied science too,
These must supplement each other
If each of them is true.
To win this goal each man must have
His birthright to the earth
BY SHARING IN THE COMMON FUND
THAT REPRESENTS ITS WORTH!

THE BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY GEORGE 413 South 10th St. — Phila. — Pa.

This little house where George was born
Has come unto its own;
As heart of his Philosophy
Henceforth it will be known:
And treasured here, in memory dear,
Some keepsakes will be shown.

At home, when he was but a boy,
By parents, wise and kind,
Were formed those traits of character
His later life defined.
His love of truth and Justice,
With brilliancy of mind.

A second Independence Hall
This home may some day be,
With added fame for George's name
As more men come to see
He points the way for a better day
Through his Economy.

HENRY GEORGE AND THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

When David slew Goliath
He struck the vital spot
That gave the giant power
His evil deeds to plot.

But yet a giant evil grew,
Unheeded at the time,
That spread disaster through the earth
In every race and clime.

It seemed like a phantom horseman,
Preceding the Famous Four,
Described in the Apocalypse,
In Bible Days of yore.

In China, Babylon and Rome
Great empires rose and fell,
But what the cause of their decline
The wisest could not tell.

'Twas George who named this menace first,
"MONOPOLY OF LAND!"
And like a modern David,
He challenged it's demand.

Unmasking this Fifth Horseman,
He supplied the missing links
Between the Collapse of Nations
And the Riddle of the Sphinx.

When all men share the worth of land,
Not hoard for private gain,
Each one can keep the wealth he earns,
And none seek work in vain.

Then Famine, Pestilence and War
Will cease to raid mankind,
For Progress and Prosperity
At last shall be combined.

THE TREE AT GEORGE'S BIRTHPLACE

Today we dedicate this tree
That looks so young and frail,
And yet we know that it will grow
As natural laws prevail.

Enclosed within its tenderness
And seeming lack of strength
A mighty force will take its course
And blossom forth at length.

Aloft will wave its leafy crown
In which the birds will sing:
Its restful shade a welcome aid
To young and old will bring.

In marking George's Birthplace,
As many comprehend,-
Natural laws in any cause
Must triumph in the end.

A monument to Nature's gifts
Of *sun* and *land* and *air*,
Not only trees, but men need these,
Such bounties all must share.

This points the only way to *Peace*,
And till it's understood,
There will be strife for the means to life
On earth for the common good.

And so to hasten justice
And lessen want and sorrow,
Pray don't delay, try George's way
To bring a glad tomorrow!

1962 Philadelphia

FOR CONTINUOUS ECONOMIC PROGRESS

Supply creates demand,
Men earn as they produce,
Production then goes on
As Men buy goods for use.

THE MESSAGE OF HENRY GEORGE IN "PROGRESS AND POVERTY"

(Sung to the tune of "America the Beautiful.")

With gathering force its message rings,-
A book that will not die!
To more and more new hope it brings
As circling years go by.
The truth it teaches is revealed
With eloquence that thrills,
And makes it clear man need not fear,-
His hopes may be fulfilled.

Its fervent words that reach the heart
To action must inspire
Each citizen to do his part
To satisfy desire
Of all men everywhere on earth
Prosperity to spread;
That this can be you'll come to see
When Henry George you've read.



"ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL"

"Created equal" means to me
That we're entitled equally
To right of life and liberty;
But this, indeed, will never be
Until both men and land are free,
As from the land comes all that we
Depend on for prosperity.
Collect the worth of land and see
Increase in human dignity;
Each man may self-supporting be
And less in need of charity.
Whate'er he earns his own will be.
The end of land monopoly
Means progress for society.
Through George's plan there's sure to be
The growth of world-wide harmony.

THE BEST SURVIVES

The Furnishings within these rooms,
Arranged as here you find,
Were styles in use in George's day,
His era brings to mind.

As George was born within this house
This place is doubly dear;
His very presence some may feel
As if among us here.

No great museum is this spot,
But treasures of the past,
Though large or small, appeal to all,-
Their worth the years outlast.

As truth is beauty, beauty, truth,
As once so well was said,
Both these ideals are bound to grow
The more that George is read.

As good today as yesterday
Is all that George has said:
To one and all, on you we call
To help his views to spread.

75TH ANNIVERSARY 1879-1954

This is the Diamond Jubilee
Of a book named "Progress and Poverty";
As the years go by its message glows
With a light that ever stronger grows.
There's brilliance in its flaming pen
That points the way for thinking men
To close their ranks and forward march
To victory through freedom's arch.
They ask no gain they have not won,
But full reward for work well done.
Security for all there'll be
With end of land monopoly.
When that day dawns they'll need no sword
Who walk in justice with the Lord.

A RIDE TO REMEMBER

It chanced in California
In Eighteen-sixty nine,
That everywhere the railroads went
Land booms were right in line.

On horseback round the Oakland hills
Rode Henry George one day,
To rest awhile from constant toil
Down San Francisco way.

Though now on recreation bent,
He always hoped to find
An answer to the problem
That never left his mind:

Advancing wealth and poverty
Together often grow:
Why this should be, he couldn't see,
But vowed one day to know.

So riding onward up the slope
A teamster soon he spied,
And paused to ask the price of land
Around the countryside.

"Well sir, no land right here's for sale",
The teamster made reply,
"But see those cows out yonder?
There's some out there to buy"

The man stood pointing with his whip
And said, "You'll have to pay
One thousand for an acre, now,
For that's the price today."

George turned and saw the cows at last,
So very far away
"They seemed to me to look like mice,"
He later used to say.

When just about to journey on,
As in a flash of light,
He knew he'd found the answer,
He'd longed for day and night.

continued on next page

continued from previous page

"I see at last", with heart aglow,
He cried, though silently,
"LAND SPECULATION IS THE CURSE
THAT CAUSES POVERTY."

"All men need land on which to live,
But popular demand
Advances price and raises rent
That owners can demand.

"Thus men who toil keep less and less,
While owners of the land,
As time goes on, get more and more,
Yet never turn a hand.

"The worth of land by many made
To no one man should go
But for improvements all may share
To help the town to grow.

"All land should be available
For what it's really worth,
All men may then, at last, enjoy
Their birthright to the earth.

"The RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX, I'VE SOLVED
FOR NOW I UNDERSTAND
THAT MEN AND EMPIRES MUST DECLINE
WITH UNJUST USE OF LAND."

These thoughts led George to write the book
That's now read far and wide,
For Progress versus Poverty,
Inspired by this ride.

Footnote: "A Ride To Remember" is based on the facts contained in the "Life of Henry George by Henry George Jr. on Page 142 Chapter Eight of the First Period, and Pages 209-210 of the Second Period, in New York City edition, published by the Robert Shalkenbach Foundation, publishers of many other Georgist books and pamphlets.

TRUTH NEVER DIES

In universal law, friends,
George put his trust of right;
The science once called "dismal"
He changed to one of light.
The radiance of truth, friends,
Lives on though he is dead,
And through the Henry George School
Its wid'ning rays are spread.

For five and twenty years, friends,
Through his philosophy,
Many men have hoped again,
As harbor lights they see;
The voice of Nature spoke, friends,
Within the moral realm;
George trusted to its guidance,
As pilots trust the helm.

Though distant are the lights, friends,
They serve to mark the course
That leads to peace and plenty,
Away from want and force.
These signals show the place, friends,
Where men may satisfy,
Through equal opportunity,
The hopes they now deny.

Read at a Memorial Meeting at George's Grave

In Praise of Henry George's Great Book, PROGRESS AND POVERTY.

This book is like a diamond
With many facets bright,
Each shows a different angle
Of economic right.

Like stars that twinkle in the sky
With darkness in between,
Are lights that sparkle in the mind,
Once George's truth is seen.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

The SILVER ANNIVERSARY
Of New York's Georgist School
Proclaims success in George's way
To spread THE GOLDEN RULE!

A "FISH" COURSE IN ECONOMICS

Suppose you are a fisherman
And want to own a boat, —
Through George's books you'll soon learn how,
If you'll read what he wrote.

You'll have to lay by Capital,
To consummate your wish,
Which must come out of WAGES,
Yet both consist of FISH!

And while those fish were caught at sea,
You still must understand
They're also ECONOMIC RENT,
As they were part of LAND!

And if you ask how this can be
You ought to keep in mind,
LAND's a word for NATURE
And all you therein find.

And thus while in the movies
"A kiss is just a kiss"
Henry George has taught us
A FISH aint just a FISH!

MONOPOLY VERSUS THE MARGIN

Throughout the natural world we see
That every bit of energy
Is evident in its effect.
This law philosophers accept,
And find it holds with equal force
Wherever power has its source,
In mind, or hand, or in machine,
Commensurate returns are seen.
But if from all that men produce
Of only some they get the use,
As landlords take an unearned part,
Frustration causes loss of heart.
Such deeds the laws of nature spurn, —

Depriving men of what they earn.
To satisfy their hearts desire
Most men who eagerly aspire
To bring about a better life
Grow weary in the hopeless strife.
Competing with his fellowman
Each one must earn whate'er he can.
Because of land monopoly
The poorest to the margin flee,
And there a bare subsistence make
Because of what the landlords take.
All those who work in time must see
They still are slaves till land is free.

The super-structure of Universal Peace, so much to be desired, can never be established on a foundation shaken by the agony and desperation of a world in which over one-third of the people suffer from lack of food, clothing and shelter. Not only Henry George but other men, both before and after the publication of his books, realized the importance of seeking a solution to this fundamental problem. To learn the answer read Henry George.

In the eighteenth century Robert Burns wrote:

"See yonder poor o'er labour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil,
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn.

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?"

(Man Was Made to Mourn)

And "On Scaring Some Water Fowl", he wrote:

"Why ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunts forsake?

Common friend to you and me
NATURE'S GIFTS TO ALL ARE FREE."

No less a revered authority than Thomas Jefferson wrote in a letter in 1785;

"Whenever there are in any country uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right. The earth is given as a common stock for men to live and labor on."

And in 1909, in a speech in Edinburgh, Winston Churchill confirmed his belief in George's proposed reforms by declaring:

"It is quite true that land monopoly is not the only monopoly that exists, but it is by far the greatest of monopolies,- it is a perpetual monopoly, and it is the mother of all other forms of monopoly."

A LASTING TRIBUTE

As an epitaph on the monument, raised by popular subscription in George's memory, soon after his death and marking his grave in Green Wood Cemetery, in Brooklyn, New York, is the following quotation from his now famous "Progress and Poverty":

"The truth that I have tried to make clear will not find easy acceptance. If that could be it would have been accepted long ago. If that could be it would never have been obscured. But it will find friends,—those who will toil for it; suffer for it; If need be, die for it. This is the power of truth."