

Postscript

by Margaret E. Baleman

A friend in Connecticut presented us with some large flower boxes for the terrace at the school. These are painted a beautiful green and the wood was treated with creosote for preservation. They will bring springtime and flowers to us, provided, of course, that we can get enough of Manhattan's expensive earth with which to fill them. It has been sold, you know, for \$100,000 a front foot.

This spring has brought new encouragement; the highest enrollment in the New York school since prewar days. This indicates a growing desire to study world problems.

On Wednesday, April 10th, the school was operating almost at capacity. One class was so large that it was transferred to the auditorium and will be divided into three classes to facilitate intimate discussion.

Looking back over the past four or five years, I remember when war was everywhere; when even the daughter of Henry George was wearing a warden's helmet on regular air-raid duty, volunteering also in a service men's canteen; when the ranks of our teachers were depleted because so many were overseas; when the office staff was constantly in a state of flux because wages were higher in war-industries; when many of our friends were working double shifts, and prospective students told us they were actually afraid to be on the streets going to and from classes.

Those days, thank God, are over. We are heading now for greater accomplishments. We are all desirous of an acceleration of pace and we are as sure of the school's

constructive progress as we are that the buds now opening will blossom into flowers. Our new flower boxes are a good omen. We shall fill them with earth as we go on cultivating the ground for new students here in New York and everywhere in the world.