(The following clipping was found yellowing in an old file. It was a column by the late Harry Golden that appeared in some publication now defunct. It is, however, of poignant interest.)

My secretary was gathering my political correspondence. I have helped Southern campaigners write speeches since 1946. I even went out once and helped one congressional candidate ring doorbells in the wrong district. He won anyway — the history of the South. In the midst of this I remembered my first campaign. I helped Oscar Geiger run for senator in New York in 1920 on the Single Tax ticket.

The Single Tax was the solution to poverty introduced to the world by Henry George. He argued that while population increased, land values appreciated, and that labor and land were the only sources of wealth.

Henry George also proposed a 40-hour week, Social Security, a minimum wage, public housing, and abolition of child labor. Naturally people called him a lunatic.

Oscar Geiger, my good friend and mentor, was George’s most loyal disciple. He had seen Henry George almost win the mayoralty of New York in 1890 [presumably he meant 1886] and had been with him when the economist succumbed to apoplexy in the next campaign. The man was dead, but the work went on.

In an old deserted grocery market on the West Side of New York City, sawdust still on the floor, Oscar Geiger to the tumultuous cheers of perhaps 300 people accepted his party’s nomination. He was perhaps 50 then. I not yet 20. As he was George’s disciple, so was I. Off we went armed with Henry George’s book, “Progress and Poverty.” We would show the many.

We set up soapboxes. Geiger, of course, was a natural orator and could hold the crowd even though he was discussing the unearned increment of land values. The rest of us weren’t so lucky. I wanted to make a point once and suddenly exhorted the small crowd, “Look at that shoe store over there.” I pointed. Everyone looked.

Right in front of the store were two pretty women, both with parasols, chatting away, oblivious to my harangue. Not one of the men ever turned back to me. In fact, looking at those girls, I forgot my point. It’s just as well.

After the campaign was over, we always called Geiger “The Governor.” We were quite sure he would have succeeded to the Senate in Washington if only his Democratic opponent hadn’t been Royal Cold, Hearst’s man.