





In 1935, before Right of Way Magazine was established, the Association, referred to then as the American Right of Way Association, released a monthly bulletin to its members. This following playful poem was taken from the October 1935 Issue, No.8.

## “Right of Way”

The Truth about Securing Right of Ways

By H.S. Daley

Mary had a little farm,  
It lay beside the road  
Where she had lived all free from harm  
Though mortgages she owed.

And there, her simple life was spent  
In loneliness profound.  
The farm, it brought but little rent  
From those who tilled the ground.

Bad management in former years  
Had run the soil all down;  
Poor Mary, 'mid her sobs and tears  
Desired to move to town.

So Mary marked it up “For Sale”  
On a board so trim and nice—  
The neighbors said that she would fail  
To get her modest price.

The Great Depression everywhere  
Had beat all values low  
And Mary gave up in despair,  
A sale — it would not go.

The creditors said they'd foreclose  
And sell it for the debt.  
They tried, but everybody knows  
Not a bidder they could get.

'Twas all run down in every way  
Appraised quite low, in fact;  
So time went on, day after day  
No one would buy the tract.

What happened on a certain day?  
Important episode—  
The State, desiring right of way  
To reconstruct the road.

Now while the agent talked to Mary,  
To him it did appear,  
That recently some little fairy  
Had whispered in her ear.

“A golden opportunity  
Is knocking at your door—  
Now grasp it with impunity  
As you've not done before;

“The State must have that piece of land,  
Can't build the road without it.  
Hold high your price, and firmly stand,  
You'll get it, never doubt it.”

Now what had happened, can you tell?  
The value much enhanced!  
Through some mysterious magic spell  
The price had been advanced.

Oh yes, we now can understand  
When the public wants to buy  
A worthless swamp, or piece of land,  
The price is always high!

She took the matter into Court  
In search of justice there;  
The jury found in their report  
Her claim was just and fair.

And thus it be where'er we go  
It is a fact to note;  
In suits of law—it's always so,  
The public is the goat.

