

and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as he gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been deprived of it for so many years. But you must try to deserve this priceless boon.” (This was the same thing he had told those young men in Springfield, 27 years before.) “Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good works. Don’t let your joy carry you into excesses. Learn the laws and obey them; obey God’s commandments and thank him for giving you liberty, for to him you owe all things. There, now, let me pass on; I have but little time to spare. I want to see the capital, and must return at once to Washington to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly. . . .”

Winning the Political Fight Today

If you think of the way that Lincoln set out, you see that he defined the problem in the only way you can define it: We’re not trying to defeat the enemy because they’re evil. I have to do this because the posterity of all time to come depends on it. Everyone who has gotten us this far—the Founding Fathers, the Nathaniel Greenes, the Robert Fultons, you name them, the Daniel Boones, the Benjamin Franklins, every one of them, if we do not win, we will effectively deny their existence; we take away their posterity. Whether you know it or not, you are already part of a mission to do the greatest good, perpetuate the greatest good that’s ever been done in the history of the human race. And if that statement is too big for you, then you do have to study more American history, and you’ll see that it’s true. That is an *ironclad* truth. And the way you get at it is not to find out the whos and whats and the years, and the these and the those and the thems. You have to start to say, “Wait a minute, I can get inside the mind of this person; I can re-experience how they solved a problem.” What makes you human is the ability to re-create in your own mind, the greatest creative output of the greatest minds in any period of history. What you find is happening, is that these people become so familiar to you that they are your friends! You’ve got ‘em. They’re there to rely on.

Then when you read something by Lincoln, you don’t just say, “Those are nice words. What a great idea. Nice poetry!” No, you start to look at his mind and say, “Look what this man pulled in, in terms of the significance of his life, and carried it to the limit of anything you could imagine.” But to him, that is what he was; that was who he was; normal; that was human. That was his mission; his mission was to become a true human being.

So Lincoln typifies, at the highest level, somebody who could get this through to other people; so that he created, or he improved, a lot of really wonderful people. There are a lot of other friends out there, waiting. You’ve got to bring them back into the war. And if we get them back into the war, the way Lincoln did—and we won the Civil War because Lincoln did that—then we will win this war too. There’s no other way to do it.

Graham Lowry, A Life in History

by Pamela Lowry

One of the things that most delighted Graham in his youth, was to stretch himself back into history to see how far he could reach. As a child, he had met his great-aunt Iowa Lowry, who, when she herself was a child, had stumped for Abraham Lincoln’s election as President. Whom might she have known, he wondered, some superannuated relative perhaps, whose memory went back to the American Revolution, or at least to George Washington’s Presidency? It was a wonderful thought.

Then, after Graham joined the LaRouche organization in 1972, a new element lengthened Graham’s reach. He didn’t have to personally know someone, who had known someone, who might have known George Washington. It was now possible to take giant steps through history by getting to know a historical individual through his or her crucial discoveries in science, music, or what-



have-you; and when you could understand how that person’s mind worked, then you really knew them, whether you were physically able to meet them or not.

And the prospect became even more delightful, because as Graham worked during the 1980s on his book, *How the Nation Was Won*, many people who had been only abstractions or pale shadows emerged into the sunlight as members of the republican tradition, a “band of brothers” of which Graham was serving as an active member. From that time, when Graham referred to accomplishments and victories by the republican faction in history, it was always “we” did this, and “we” solved that problem. Many people became convinced that he had stretched so far back that he had actually been there.

Physically, however, he only went back as far as Aug. 31, 1943, when he was born to Elsa Koch Lowry and Wilson McNeil (“Mac”) Lowry in the Washington, D.C. of Franklin Roosevelt and World War II. At the age of eight, he lived with his parents in Zurich, Switzerland for a year, part of that time spent in an apartment formerly occupied by Johann Wolfgang

Goethe. One day Graham scratched at a window frame and found two folded-up IOU's signed by the poet.

Back in America, Graham grew up in North Tarrytown in New York's Hudson Valley, ranging the hills above the river with his dog, Smoggy. In high school he loved Classical music, American history, and the Brooklyn Dodgers. He then started a record collection of Classical music which was to eventually reach epic proportions. He also began to build stereo components, touching off a life-long fascination with reproducing just the right sound from each recording.

About this time, in the 1950s, Graham's father told him, "Whatever you do, work for the truth. It doesn't matter if it's popular, or what people think about it." Mac had had experience with this matter; he had gotten special permission to write about a living author for his Ph.D. dissertation at the University of Illinois. The thesis which he proved was that Aldous Huxley was a fascist.

Graham graduated from Harvard College in 1965, where he also was Director of News, Sports, and Public Affairs for radio station WHRB. We were married in 1966, and we embarked on a series of historical adventures. We were joined in 1969 by twin sons Colin and Malcolm, who couldn't wait for the fun to begin. Graham taught American History at the University of Wisconsin, where he did his graduate work, and at Rutgers University (Newark) and Boston University. His method of teaching from primary sources, and his recent membership in the LaRouche movement, so alarmed the BU administration that they paid him *not* to teach, by refusing to assign him any classes for the last two years of his contract.

Graham was in his element when he ran for public office. In 1976 he challenged Sen. Edward Kennedy in a widely viewed television debate, and in 1978, running for the Congressional seat once occupied by John Quincy Adams, he became a legend in the Boston area when he called Rep. Brian Donnelly a "sub-creature" of the Boston banking oligarchy, known as "The Vault." Then in 1979-80, Graham led the LaRouche campaign in the New Hampshire Presidential primary. Despite conditions reminiscent of Valley Forge, LaRouche got on the ballot, a critical precondition for his later work with the Reagan Administration on the Strategic Defense Initiative.

For many years before his death on July 28, Graham was a member of the LaRouche movement's leadership body, the National Committee. His wonderful wit, ironic sense of humor, and great story-telling proclivities were enjoyed not only by his family and friends, but by the students in his classes and the participants in his tours of historic sites. Although his focus for most of his life had been the colonial and early national periods of America, Graham had been more and more drawn to studying Lincoln in recent years, and felt he had to teach and write about him because Lincoln was an extraordinary leader who internalized all of human history and used it to defend our republic in its most perilous hour.

Graham Won Our Hearts For All Our Nations

Victor Folygon, of the LaRouche Youth Movement in Baltimore, wrote this eulogy for a memorial service for Graham Lowry, held on July 31 in Purcellville, Virginia, where Lowry lived.

As the LaRouche Youth Movement, we come from far and wide. From all nations, creeds, and tongues. Africans, Asians, Australians, Europeans, North, Central, and South Americans, all united around one common cause. Graham, for us—and I speak for many—you provided Lyn the glue that has bound, and will bind us together, diverse as we are, as this present, and future battles are fought and won, in defense of our common humanity.

As we heard your voice, as we read your words, we sat transfigured into Leibnizes and Swifts. You transformed Winthrop and Mather, Spotswood and Franklin, Washington and Hamilton, from mere names in a boring History class, into Living Spirits, stirring our souls, driving our passions, determined to win through us, this war which they started long before our time.

In the East Coast LaRouche Youth Movement, your image lives on, standing, arm outstretched, on that great battlefield at Gettysburg. Your voice was filled with pride as you reminded us, again and again, "We crushed the enemy right here!" We cast glances at one another, at once amazed and reassured, he's no "objectivist" we thought, not this Graham; he's taken sides with the best of immortal men.

In Baltimore, we remember you as you sat before us, very ill, but yet undaunted. You conjured Lincoln from his grave to speak to our hearts. You mimicked so well those quaint British accents, as we laughed and laughed and laughed. Who would have imagined that history class could be so much fun?

Our stories may differ as much as we number, but for each one of us, Graham, you demonstrated that there is nothing fearsome or shameful in standing on history's stage, as Schiller would say, playing our parts as citizens, not only of our different nations, but also as citizens of our common world.

As the LaRouche Youth Movement, we come from far and wide, arrayed to do battle, as in the first American Revolution. We look ahead in time, when we shall trade those stories of *How Our Nations Were Won*. Even then will Graham's beautiful memorial, in honor of the undying human spirit, continue to "win hearts" to this great human cause for which we all would have fought.

We say therefore, to our departed teacher, fellow soldier, and dearest comrade, farewell Graham Lowry. Farewell, for now.