

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.