

EDWARD J. McMANUS

We deeply regret to report the death of E. J. McManus, which took place at his home, 47 Oxford Road, Liverpool, 22, on December 27th. His association with the Henry George movement dates back thirty years or more, and he is counted among those who in Liverpool sat at the feet of the late Edward McHugh, and by that influence and example were inspired to make the cause their own. In many respects McHugh's mantle fell upon Edward McManus, for he became a leader among that group and he occupied the post of President of the Liverpool League for a number of years. It can be said of few who, busy on their day-to-day professional occupations, gave more generously of their leisure time to the dissemination of the truths Henry George taught and the advocacy of their practical application. Heart and soul, and with a generosity for which his colleagues and co-workers will ever be grateful, he was wholly consumed in this voluntary work, as if each day when his pen was idle or his voice was not being used in persuasion, was a lost opportunity. Ever persistent and ever tireless, as speaker and writer he rendered an exceptional service, the more so as to the zeal of the reformer was added his command of the subject and his ability to expound its whole argument. Succeeding these activities in what may be called the political-propaganda field, came in later years his concentration upon the purely educational effort, and the promotion of the study classes of the Henry George School of Social Science. He made it his aim to multiply the students of *Progress and Poverty* by the classes he himself organised and taught and his exhortations to others to go and do likewise. To gain the students, whether by personal visits or correspondence, he would stop at no sacrifice of time or energy. His sales of the book, by these personal recommendations of each copy sent individually by post, must have exceeded the 1,000 mark—and so he kept his vow that he would do what one man could to enlighten his countrymen on the causes of poverty and the remedy. During the recent war he was stationed in Castle Douglas in South Scotland and there he was as assiduous in spreading the teaching by the classes he organised. He was a member of the United Committee and of the International Union. He attended the International Conferences at Oxford, Copenhagen, Edinburgh and London and to the last named contributed one of the printed papers. It is a sad thought that he will not be one of the company at the forthcoming August International, to which he had looked forward. At the Matlock Conference last year, where he was not in the best of health, members joined in a spontaneous demonstration of affection to him. In Liverpool, where his friends are most numerous and where so many are indebted for the knowledge they have gained under his earnest and capable guidance, he will be greatly missed. To Mrs. McManus and her sons and daughters, we extend our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

Preceding the interment, which took place at Thornton Cemetery, there was a Requiem Mass at the Church of St. Edmunds, Waterloo. The service was attended by a very large gathering of mourners in support of the members of the bereaved family. The Liverpool League and the Grosby and West Derby Henry George Fellowships were represented by Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Paton, and Messrs. C. S. Craig, Oscar Daver, J. H. Eastwood, J. W. Foley, George Miller and J. Tarrant, who, with others, have written to LAND & LIBERTY expressing their sense of the loss that has been suffered not only to themselves, but also to the movement as a whole. Mr. H. T. Boothly, Hon. Secretary of the Liverpool League, and Mr. Eric Johnson were unfortunately prevented from attending the Service. They and Miss N. McGovern who, when in Liverpool, was closely associated with Mr. McManus in his work and is now resident in Birmingham, join in gracious tribute with their letters.

A. W. M.

CROSBY HENRY GEORGE FELLOWSHIP. Mr. C. C. Paton, Hon. Secretary, writes: "Our meeting on January 7th was held at 48 Kingsway, Waterloo. A gloom was cast over the assembly owing to the loss sustained by the death of Mr. McManus, and tributes were paid to his memory. The next meeting will be held at the same address on February 4th, when Mr. J. W. Foley will open a discussion on 'The Moral Law of Nature.' Our classes, under the auspices of the Henry George School, recommenced on January 11th and will be held each Tuesday weekly."

In Memoriam

FREDERICK VERINDER

FROM A DAUGHTER IN SOUTH AFRICA

To all his children Frederick Verinder has always been, and always will be, first and foremost the beloved father, for never, I think, was father better loved. Since our mother's death left him with nine children—none grown-up and two still babies—he has been everything to us and it is impossible to think of the family without thinking of him. Through half a century it has been to him that we have brought our hopes, our work and our successes to be measured by a standard that we all recognised, if we could not always reach it. Through years of separation caused by war and the claims of duty, the two daughters, who in different ways have been trying to follow out his teaching in countries far from England, have still, in all that they have done, kept in the closest touch with him.

In our childhood we had the great advantage of having no nursery. This meant that we shared to the full the life of our parents, and so it was in our home that we acquired more real education than in any school or university. As far back as my memory stretches the names of Charles Darwin, Thomas Huxley, Henry George, Henry Scott Holland, Stewart Headlam, and those things for which they stood, were household words with us and many a time did we sit listening to the talk between our parents and some of the most adventurous of the free-lance journalists of those days in which Fleet Street was still the Street of Adventure. It was said that "the young Verinders are brought up on Causes." Could any children ask for more? It was a wonderful thing to know that we were hard-up (as indeed we were) because our father had refused the career in Science planned for him by the great Huxley and, in later years, tempting offers of remunerative posts, in order to follow his God-given vocation and to remain what he has so truly been called, a Knight of the Unrepresented.

For all cant, hypocrisy, snobbery, and the "charity" that yet withholds justice, he had a burning hatred. We all knew that, and we knew, too, that, however black the outlook for all that he held dear, no word or suggestion of defeatism could be spoken in his presence. It was characteristic that in the dark days of the Second War the call in his Annual Report was, "Once more into the breach, dear friends," and never shall I forget his letter to me after the destruction of the offices in Knightrider Street, and of most of the records of a life work, when his one concern was that the police should allow him to search the ruins for the little safe containing the Membership Roll, so that the work might not be hindered; and his joy that, although Hitler had managed to destroy one of the bastions of liberty, yet he had missed the great Bastion of Faith, St. Paul's Cathedral, for which the bomb was undoubtedly intended.

It was with a sure instinct that Frederick Verinder's son (Arthur) chose that great Christian marching song, "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow," for the hymn at the funeral service, for the strong "Guiding Light" of our father's life has ever been his Christian Faith and it has always been in the light of the Incarnation of the Son of God that he has seen his work for the poor and oppressed and for the inarticulate wayfaring men.

Of none could it have more truly be written that he was
 "One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

And now that all the trumpets have sounded for him on the other side, as for that other Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, we rejoice with him in the sure and certain hope that he has indeed but fallen asleep, to wake in the clear light of the nearer presence of the God he so faithfully served.

FRANCES VERINDER.

St. Cyprian's School,
Cape Town.