

Louis Post helped me immensely to see that truth and to bring me to the reading of "Progress and Poverty" in the right spirit.

Then a few years later, 1896 it was, I wanted to have a bill drawn to amend the charter to provide for a separate column for land valuation and the publication of the assessment roll. That idea of publication, I believe, came from Ben Doblin, bless his heart, and so I asked Louis Post to draw a bill for me and he did, and that bill, after various revisions and struggles and changes, became a law in 1903 and it has helped a little around the country to further what Henry George had at heart. Out of that came the land value maps of Copenhagen. May they do good for Copenhagen and spread the practical message of Henry George. That is all they are. For we need the mechanism along with the vision. It is only the vision, however, that will keep men preaching the gospel, and always Post had the vision while he was ever ready to talk the detail and expound the practical application of the vision that came to him from Henry George.

Chairman Hennessy introduced William Lloyd Garrison who spoke in part as follows:

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

The affirmative, vital, and humanity-loving men do not die, inasmuch as the world has lasting need of its teachers, saints and heroes, to nourish and sustain mankind. The only essential questions in the individual case are these: Did he love? Did he serve? Answer these queries affirmatively, and you have framed the syllables of the word "Immortality." If one ever pauses to doubt, think of Abraham Lincoln, the representative American hero, and consider the amazing and progressive unfolding of the great Lincolnian legend as it passes on from generation to generation.

To the Messianic men and their disciples is granted some identifying relation with the infinite and eternal. Emerson, paraphrasing this thought, has enshrined it in his verse:

"The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has never lost."

In a similar sense, no effort for the social good, no spiritual consecration of the individual to social purpose, is ever wasted, or fails to be of recurring significance.

I owe to my father the privilege of acquaintance with Louis F. Post. They were both disciples of America's foremost economist-philosopher, and each respected and enjoyed the unabating ardor and forthright sincerity of the other. On the occasion of a Memorial Meeting held at the Park Street Church in Boston, October 16, 1909,

shortly after my father's death, Mr. Post was one of the notable speakers and in his analysis and evaluation of the qualities of his fellow disciple one finds the key and clew to the characteristic qualities of the speaker himself. Referring to his friend and co-worker, Mr. Post said:

"He realized the divine power of freedom among men. It was the same passion for human rights that identified him with so many other causes. To the unthinking, each of these causes seems alien to the rest. But they are (all) intimately related."

"The Single Tax cause came first with him because its democracy includes and vitalizes the democracy of all the others—with its basic principle of equality of right to the use of the earth; with its correlative principle of universal free trade; with its economic result of private earnings for private wealth, and social earnings for social wealth—with these characteristic elements, the Single Tax cause stands for democracy in its most fundamental, in its most comprehensive, in its most effective form."

In his closing characterization he said:

"Definite in his ideals, confident of their actuality, loyal to their demands, our beloved friend has faithfully traveled the straight and narrow path, which, to his view, led on toward their practical realization."

How accurate a summation of the philosophy and faith of the Editor of the Public! How characteristic in its lucidity, its vigor, its discriminating intelligence—and even in its insistent reiteration of the sacred word "democracy"!

Mr. Post was instinctively a scholar and a teacher—a man of the cerebral type, as that wonderful Leonine head so eloquently attested. Supporting that noble head was a muscular and enduring body that made possible the transition of the dreamer and thinker into the vigorous and indomitable man of action.

With unwearying zeal, through a long and active life, he explained the Georgian ideals, he expounded the Georgian ideals, he expanded the Georgian ideals, amplifying and illuminating their meaning and significance.

By so doing he built up his own philosophy and his own powers, and earned a merited reputation as an editor, an orator and a thinker, which made him a national figure, and a factor in the moulding and dissemination of economic and political thought throughout the United States.

The traits of personal courage and independent thinking which mark the individualistic school are among the most valuable factors in our national heritage. In an epoch when revolutionary socialism is paralleled by fascism on the one hand and by bureaucratic plutocracy on the other—a plutocracy of wealth based on land monopoly, and masquerading in the guise of democracy—in such an epoch, men of individual force and faith are sorely needed.

It will again become the fashion to think in the terms of Richard Cobden and of Henry George,—for the simple

reason that other forms of political control which put their faith in fiat, and not in freedom, will run in vicious circles, to such evil purpose, that the people will seek refuge on the higher and safer ground of that genuine self-government that is based firmly upon the popular will. They will rediscover the old truths in new guises in their efforts to escape the alternatives of universal exploitation or universal chaos. From such exploitation and chaos Louis F. Post sought to save his own generation by an appeal to reason and to understanding. The Great War, however, intervened, and put reason to rout—substituting a confused and blind emotion, not confined, it must be said, merely to the Tories of the world, but disrupting and depleting for a time the ranks of the genuine Radical element as well.

These Radical and Liberal ranks are now re-forming, and it is fitting that, at this juncture, we should meet here to honor the memory of one of America's most convinced and convincing individualists, a man of purpose and of power, an altruist and an optimist, who could lead and teach his fellowmen because he loved them, and was prepared to serve them.

ADDRESS OF NORMAN THOMAS

It is a matter of some gratification to me that the Chairman explained that I was here to represent the Civil Liberties Union, for it would be only honest on my part otherwise to make the explanation in this company of those who were so long and so closely connected with Mr. Post; my position might require some explanation not from any lack of affection or reverence for him, but because necessarily I did not know him as they did, nor was my gospel quite the gospel that they have professed so eloquently tonight. It may be well, therefore, as has been explained for me, that I do not come as a Socialist, though as a Socialist I am very happy to remember that there was a time when Louis Post refused to debate the question of Single Tax versus Socialism because he said the two things would have to come together to fight for the same goals in the end. I do come representing an organization to which in a narrow sense as well as in a very much broader sense Mr. Post did great service, the Civil Liberties Union, and that, Mr. Chairman, is a very unpopular organization. At the moment it is more unpopular than almost any organization with which I am connected. One can speak well of a great many of the heroes who have been mentioned tonight because they are dead, but Civil Liberties is only dying, and of that, one cannot speak so well, or perhaps it isn't dying at all. The fear that is aroused lest it be not dying may be proof that it is about to live. At any rate, Civil Liberties is no longer a slogan for admiration in America, one finds. Louis Post found it.

I am one of those who believe that wars can never be fought by Louis Posts. I confess that it seems to me an anachronism to imagine him in the heart and thick of the war, but though it seems a paradox, I am very glad for

every Louis Post who is found in such a place in time of war, and I am inclined greatly to admire what one brave man can do almost alone against his associates in government and against the mob sentiment of the time.

I am somewhat familiar with the history of Civil Liberties within the last ten years or more, and I know of no single act which required more courage, more intellectual keenness, more sheer ability, than Louis Post's single-handed fight to prevent the deportation of some three thousand or more men arrested under conditions of absolute infamy in the famous anti-Red raids in the last of 1919 and the first of 1920. The whole episode is one of the black disgraces on the pages of American history, and the only light that came was that before it was too late Louis Post in the Department of Labor saved literally thousands of those men from deportation.

They were arrested on the information of spies and informers. They were torn out of their beds at night. They were thrown into prisons scarcely better than the Black Hole of Calcutta. Some of them were separated from their families and would have been deported leaving wives and children at home to prove how America venerates the family, and Louis Post—well, he saved thousands of them, and he saved them at risk of misunderstanding. He saved them at the cost of going against that enormously oppressive yet subtle governmental atmosphere in which necessarily he lived in the city of Washington at the time. Not only did he do this thing magnificently, but he left a magnificent record of it in his "Deportation Delirium," a book which I profoundly hope will live in America and will become familiar to Americans, especially to American officials, for alas, it is a subject which is not entirely over. The delirium has passed perhaps, at least for the present, in all its extremity of horror, but that it will not return who can say in an age of D. A. R. black lists. On the day of the revelations of what the K. K. K. has done, on the day of the Chicago primaries, in the time of the oil scandals, who shall say that the delirium deportation has passed?

I am not sure that there is any memorial so true that we can bring to any man as the determination to carry out in our day and generation, in our way, something of that spirit which has made him a living and moving force, a flaming fire among us.

There is no particular loyalty in knowing only the backward look. It pays to look behind in order to get courage to press ahead, and it is in that sense, I think, that we ought to be mindful of Louis Post. While I have been sitting here I have been wondering with what invisible spirits this place of meeting may be tenanted. I don't know whether the thousands whom Louis Post saved from deportation even know that he is dead, and yet if they knew, how filled with life, with its sorrows and hopes and passions would this place of our meeting be, for there would come to honor Louis Post so many sorts and conditions of men, young intellectuals perhaps no longer young, who