



BARUCH CHARNEY VLADECK

1886-1939

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BY JOHN HERLING

On Friday night about fifty years ago, in the village of Dookorah, the gubernia of Minsk, there sat in a humble cottage, the widow Broche Horowitz Charney, with her son, still too young to join his elder brothers at the synagogue for the evening prayer. The mother hugged young Baruch to her and crooned:

“Around the walls of Jerusalem
Little Jews stand
Weeping and sobbing.”

Young Baruch looked up to her questioningly, “In the whole world, is it only the Jews who stand weeping and sobbing?” “No, my dear child, all the poor and all the oppressed.”

Baruch Charney Vladeck was born on January 13, 1886, the fifth of six children, a girl and five boys. When his father, Nachman Wolf Charney, died, the mother, aged 35, was confronted with the task of supporting her brood. With her little leather supply store, she earned enough to buy bread and soup and some occasional meat for the young ones. More important to her, however, than mere food was the duty to provide her boys with the right Jewish upbringing. They went to Cheder, and by the time Baruch was ten years old, his teacher urged the mother to send him and his older brother, Samuel, to the town of Minsk to undertake the study of the Talmud. Their mother glowed with pride. It seemed as if she had provided two rabbis for Israel. And as they took leave of her to begin at the Yeshivah, she reminded them yet again that they were great-great grandchildren, to the fifteenth generation, of the holy Shelah.

For several years, the passion for learning flowed naturally enough within the grooves of orthodoxy. In Minsk,

the brothers trotted off at meal time to eat at the various homes, in the well-known fashion of many a Yeshiva bochar. Every Passover and Succoth, Baruch and his brother came back to Dookorah and delighted their mother with their progress and their reports of life in the town of Minsk.

But soon the insistent clamor of life beyond the walls of the Yeshiva caught young Vladeck's eager attention. The cry for Jewish deliverance had begun to find expression in the Zionist movement. Theodor Herzl had lit the beacon for a homeland in Palestine. Within Russia and Poland, the long suppressed desire for emancipation from the Czarist yoke found many young Jews thrilling to the new call to the East. At last there seemed an escape from a hostile, vengeful world! In a thousand villages was felt the throb of expectancy that the centuries-old prophecy of a coming Messiah was about to be fulfilled.

At the same time, disquieting stories of another kind of deliverance were being told in Minsk. There was the frightening news that the son of one of the rabbis had been arrested and shipped off to Siberia. There was a rumor that secret meetings were being held in the woods at the edge of town. Young folks, it was said, were studying new subjects on which there was no commentary to be found in the books of the Talmud. They sang a new kind of song and cursed the Czar. For young Baruch, the world of the Torah and the Talmud was beginning to fade.

He read voraciously. From Pushkin, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, came the knowledge of universal oppression. In its long history, the persecution of the Jews was a bloody incident, perhaps the bloodiest. But there were questions that prodded for an answer. Could there be final deliverance of the Jews while the rest of the world was enslaved? Of what use to be merely learned when science, literature and humanity, itself, were thwarted by the Czars, their secret police, a corrupt, oppressive ruling class? Vladeck was not yet in the revolutionary movement, but the glimpse he occasionally caught of it excited him.

When in April, 1903, the Kishinev massacres occurred

and the Black Hundreds loosed their violence upon defenseless Jewish families, it meant for many a bitter retreat into elementary self-defense. For others, for Vladeck, the suffering of the Jews whipped up a determination to transform Russia from a place of hideous carnage, to remake the world. He began to study for admission to the gymnasium. At the same time, among the young people, he had come to have a reputation as a teacher. He conducted classes for young workers both in economics and literature. Thus, almost overnight, Baruch became a threat to the regime. "I didn't feel that I was particularly dangerous at the time," Vladeck said years later, "but I am inclined to believe that the Czarist police understood the logic of my development better than I then could."

He was thrown into the Minsk jail in January, 1904, when he was eighteen years old. Thus he matriculated for an advanced education. As for many another, the Czarist jails became the universities of revolutionary theory and tactics. They were vocational institutions that prepared young men and women for the revolutionary job. He now was one among the great company of political prisoners, many of whom were to bring about a revolution, and most of them to be executed or lost in its aftermath.

The Czar was nervous. The prison at Minsk overflowed. There were so many more political prisoners than outright criminals, that the overflow from the political block, Baruch included, was placed among the latter. Immediately, he began to give classes in arithmetic and geography. The simple Russian townsmen and peasants gloried in their opportunity. They wanted him to teach them how to add so that they couldn't be cheated. That was their immediate demand. Moreover, they wanted to know something of the world outside Minsk, to know where under the sun they were. Both subjects, as taught by the young "political," were susceptible of wider interpretation. Arithmetic and geography became political instruments. He made his words simple, his illustrations vivid, and began to tell those little stories that made things as clear to his students in the Minsk jail as they were unforgettable to his delighted audiences of quite another kind throughout his life.

In the meantime, he was in daily touch with the leaders of the Jewish Bund. They had heard of Baruch Charney, and they welcomed him to their discussions. A cross-section of political Russia was in the Minsk prison. A regular series of lectures was delivered by the revolutionaries on such subjects as, what is the role of the peasantry in the struggle that lies ahead? What of the minority groups?

He began to read many of the books that "politicals" brought to jail with them. For the first time, he came across Emerson, in German translation. His thoughts began to turn to America whence help and food and clothing were beginning to come, to aid those engaged in the underground political work.

Young Baruch's ability as a speaker became recognized by all his fellows. His slender physique, easy smile and capacity for brilliant but simple expression, all combined to make him spokesman for the grievance committee in relations with the officials. Once, when political prisoners were treated with scant courtesy, in crude violation of established procedure, he managed to carry their complaint to the governor of the province, Mussin-Pushkin, descendant of the famous Russian poet. Mussin-Pushkin himself once came to the prison and was greeted by a committee, headed by Vladeck. There was no humility in the young revolutionist's address, but forthrightness and a great streak of *chutspe*, tempered with charm. Smiling wryly at this lecture on official arrogance, the Czar's representative temporarily restored the rights of the political prisoners. At another time, the political prisoners went on a hunger strike which did not end until they won their demand — courteous treatment from the prison officials. The revolutionists guarded their status as "politicals" with their lives.

In September, 1904, shortly after his release from jail, Vladeck joined the Bund, the brilliant and daring group of Russian Jewish revolutionaries. He had developed so great a prestige within the prison that he was at once assigned to work with the needle trade circuit of the Minsk Revolutionary Committee. Under the fairly tolerant rule of Mussin-Pushkin, open meetings were sometimes per-

mitted. Once, following a strike call, Vladeck announced the gathering place to be the largest synagogue in Minsk. Instead of the three thousand who were expected to cram their way in, ten thousand people milled around the synagogue that day. It was the largest mass demonstration held in Minsk by the Bund up to that time. It was the first great meeting that the young revolutionist addressed. People now began to acclaim him as the second Lassalle, comparing him to the great, romantic and eloquent leader of German labor in the nineteenth century. Later the strikers selected him, at nineteen, to be on their negotiating committee, the first of innumerable negotiations in behalf of labor to which Vladeck henceforth devoted his life.

Thoroughly alarmed at the significance of this popular outpouring, the authorities clamped down. A new governor, Kurloff by name, was dispatched to Minsk, with one chief assignment: destroy the Bund and its influence. At once, the police began an intensive search for the leaders. Baruch Charney, the young revolutionist to whom the Bund now gave the name of "Vladeck," fled Minsk.

In the Vladeck Memorial Exhibit at the Yiddish Scientific Institute in New York, you may see one of the official warrants calling for the immediate arrest of Vladeck, the Bundist.

Once, leading a group of strikers across an open plain in the dead of winter, young Vladeck was ridden down by a pack of Cossack horsemen who slashed at him and his comrades with swords and whips. Vladeck was left in the snow, as dead, while the Cossacks swept on to spread their terror. Until the day he died, Vladeck's face showed the white scars left by this encounter.

From now on, he was ordered by his organization to travel with a bodyguard. He switched names from town to town. The police were on the lookout for a fellow named Vladeck. They did not know that he might be "Schwartz" (a translation of "Charney" which in Polish means "black") or "Bunye Broches." As time went on, he developed a long list of aliases.

Not only the police, but others became interested in the doings of the young revolutionist. For Vladeck began

to write almost as actively as he agitated. He wrote verse and prose, fiction and criticism. So that one day, J. L. Peretz wrote to a friend, "Tell me, who is this Bunye Broches. I must know. He will help us clean out the Augean stables of present-day criticism."

Vladeck might have lived a life devoted almost entirely to belles-lettres. Peretz was only one of a long line of people who urged him to make literature a career. But his answer was: "To do things for people is more important." His writing was always a by-product of action.

He was jailed again at Vilna and Lodz. A year after Vladeck was released from the Lodz jail, another young Bundist named David Dubinsky was thrust into the same prison. Released from Vilna, in the general amnesty proclaimed in October, 1905, Vladeck persisted. Bialystok, Lublin, Warsaw, as well as Vilna and Minsk, and a score of smaller places were his continuous route. And sometimes, there was a surreptitious visit to the old home town to see his mother who finally became reconciled to Baruch's not becoming a rabbi.

In 1907, he was sent to London as one of the Bund delegates to the famous convention of the Russian Social Democratic Party. There he met many of the prominent exiles, the great of the Russian Revolution to come. He was so impressed with Lenin as a person that contrary to instructions of the Bund, he cast his vote for him, which proved decisive in the latter's election to the executive committee. The next year and a half after his return to Russia was a period of intensive reaction and general defeatism throughout the land. The revolutionary flames had temporarily subsided. In the meantime, thousands were being sent off to jail for long sentences, or banished to Siberia for life.

Vladeck escaped to America. He arrived, heralded as the young Lassalle, on Thanksgiving Day, 1908. On December 3, his first meeting was scheduled at Clinton Hall, on New York's East Side. There he found a mighty welcome from those who had preceded him. He was already a half-legendary hero. The shining eyes of thousands were to follow young Vladeck whether he spoke of

the coming Revolution or of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Fervent but not spectacular in his delivery, he dared to employ an imagery and a vocabulary that leaped to the rhythm of his listeners' aspirations. In his language they could hear the roll of the Biblical phrase, see the splendor of the prophetic vision of the new social order, laugh when he brought them to earth with a mujik's slang, applaud the precision of the young logician, trained, as a youth, in the Talmud. They adored him and proudly gave him to America.

But amid the warmth of the reception, young Vladeck felt disappointment. He found that for many of his comrades, the American scene was not a theatre of action, but for sentimental reflection. Others having been in this country somewhat longer, preened themselves on their American clothes, their use of American slang — the "all-rightniks" in various stages of development. The gist of their advice to Vladeck was: "Forget about it. This is America and no place for idealistic notions. We must be practical." But Vladeck also found a rapidly growing group, who together with many who could trace their American ancestry back for generations, planned and worked to apply their idealism to American realities. Years later, Vladeck said: "I am a very lucky man. You know in the very first year after my arrival here I discovered that New York was not the United States."

He went on a lecture tour of the United States and Canada. It was for him in fact a voyage of discovery. He fell in love with the American landscape, and some of his first writing in this country was a rhapsodic description of it. But he rejoiced not only in the topography. As he went along he noted the absence of a caste system, so different from Russia. But on turning South, he beheld with his own eyes the full significance of the Negro problem. In Savannah, he saw the police raid a Negro quarter, belaboring its inhabitants with impartial brutality. Visiting friends in Norfolk in 1910, he saw drunken sailors of the Navy Yard beating up Negroes in broad daylight. When he expostulated to his friends that such a condition was intolerable, they smiled faintly and said: "You will learn better. You are only a greenhorn." Later the same

year, during the street car strike in Philadelphia, Vladeck walked down Market Street. Before he knew it, policemen came rushing, clubs were swinging and Vladeck was knocked to the sidewalk. The City of Brotherly Love seemed for a moment like Minsk. Vladeck by now had begun intensive work in the Socialist movement. Under the auspices of the party and the Workmen's Circle, he lectured and labored arduously.

He married Clara Richman in 1911. The future Mrs. Vladeck, who also came from Russian Poland, had for several years before her marriage worked among the mothers of the East Side as a district nurse of the Henry Street Settlement. Three children were born to them, May, William and Stephen. For several years, Vladeck lived in Philadelphia, where he performed the triple task of managing the Philadelphia office of the Yiddish daily, the *Forward*, carrying on the indispensable Socialist and labor work, and taking courses at the Teachers' College of the University of Pennsylvania.

In 1915, he was admitted to United States citizenship. On the night before his first election day he could hardly sleep. Long before the polls opened, Vladeck arose, bathed, and dressed himself in his Sabbath best as does a religious Jew for a Holy Day. With a proud smile he cast his first vote. To his dismay, the day after election he discovered that not a single Socialist vote was recorded in his election district. When he questioned the chairman of the election board on this obvious error, that worthy replied: "There ain't gonna be no Socialist votes counted in my district." The mechanics of democracy occasionally broke down.

Vladeck came back to New York in 1916 as city editor of the *Forward*, that unique institution which is at once the most successful foreign language newspaper in the United States and a philanthropic agency. The *Forward*, under its editor-in-chief, Abraham Cahan, was the chief agitator for the Jewish labor movement and was an indispensable weapon in the struggle for organization of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and many other unions. When Vladeck was made general manager of the newspaper in 1918, a new

force had entered the *Forward* Association. Just about this time, too, he edited an anthology, entitled, "From the Depths of Our Hearts."

His active political career really began in 1916 when he campaigned for Meyer London, the first Socialist congressman to be elected from New York. In 1917, Vladeck, after a thrilling campaign, was elected to the Board of Aldermen on the Socialist ticket from the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. This was the year Morris Hillquit conducted his exciting anti-war crusade, rolling up a spectacular vote for all Socialist candidates. Thus, nine years after his escape from the Russian police, Charney Vladeck became a legislator in the greatest city of the New World.

Vigorous work by the seven Socialists among the seventy aldermen brought recognition and notoriety. Holding fast to their convictions regarding the war and at the same time advancing a program of social reform — a program being gradually realized only today — Vladeck and his colleagues were subjected to unusually bitter attacks. One of the Jewish old party aldermen excoriated Vladeck because he said he brought woe to the Jews by being a Socialist. Vladeck retorted then, as he did, in effect, in 1938 as City Councilman, that he never considered the *tfillim* a political symbol. He was reelected, but finally a combination of gerrymandering and a fusion of Democratic and Republican machines defeated him.

His duties as manager of the *Forward* commanded many working hours but only a part of his energies. He became actively concerned with the work of the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society. As alderman he had introduced and fought to its passage the resolution establishing tag days for the People's Relief Committee, and when the Joint Distribution Committee was organized, Vladeck threw himself enthusiastically into its work as a representative of organized Jewish Labor. From this time on, he became the ambassador of Jewish labor to the city and national community.

During the 1920's, when the labor movement battled for its life in the struggle of "rights" against "lefts," the efforts of the Communists "to bore from within" almost

succeeded in undermining the trade union structure in New York. The International Ladies Garment Workers' Union and other Jewish labor organizations were putting up the fight of their lives. William Z. Foster pushed the Communist drive with especial determination in New York because success seemed to him more likely in unions having large numbers of Russian-born needle workers. There were accusations by the Communists that the trade union leaders no longer represented the workers, that labor was being betrayed. All through this period — reaching a tragic climax from 1925 to 1929 — Vladeck was consulted by trade unionists who were firmly convinced that the Communist efforts at "capturing" labor for the "red trade unions" meant the destruction of the bona fide labor movement. Vladeck threw himself into the defense of the Jewish labor movement, and at once became the object of scurrilous attacks by the Foster group.

Many of the trade unionists knew Vladeck from the days not so long past when they too spent their youth in Czarist jails. To the rank and file of the union's membership, Vladeck could never with justification be assailed as a "rightist misleader." His keen insight into the practical and spiritual needs of the labor movement won him new and almost universal regard. Moreover, his position as general manager of the *Forward* made him the key person for obtaining funds which the depleted union treasuries desperately needed. While the *Forward* gave generously of its funds, Vladeck gave all of himself to the work of reinvigorating a badly battered labor movement. After 1933, when the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union skyrocketed in membership, David Dubinsky, its president, relates how Vladeck came to him and said: "Dave, let's not have a repetition of 1925. We can prevent splits by building understanding. Let's not neglect relations with workers and let us create and preserve public good will."

How to weave labor's cause into public consciousness and to tie labor into the larger community enterprises were the related problems that ever stimulated Vladeck's ingenuity. In the low-cost housing movement, he saw an opportunity for increased activity in the building trades

as well as for a more important one — the improvement of workers' standard of living. He became one of the directors of the Amalgamated Cooperative Houses in the Bronx and Manhattan. In 1934 he was appointed to the New York Housing Authority by Mayor LaGuardia. Here was a job that he relished: to set machinery into motion and to translate slogans into plans and specifications for workers' homes. At the same time, he was a pacifier of conflicting personalities and sometimes of divergent outlooks. His fellow-members on the Authority were a Roman Catholic priest, a former Harvard football player, a settlement house worker and a philanthropist. On the fiftieth birthday celebration in honor of Vladeck, held in 1936, one of them remarked: "Vladeck is as canny as any New Englander arguing in a country store, but he is as determined to make his dreams come true as any other prophet in Israel."

In the meantime, Vladeck was active in the American ORT, which had to face, with greater energy and wider resources, the need for finding new ways for the self-support of tens of thousands of uprooted Jewish families in Eastern Europe. He was president of ORT from 1932. He was actively associated with the American Jewish Committee, serving for a time on its Executive Committee and, at the time of his death, on its Survey Committee.

To Vladeck again and again came the call from the Jews suffering in Europe and the Near East. "Vladeck" and "help" became synonymous. He was unable to separate his thinking and action in behalf of his persecuted fellow-Jews from that in behalf of the labor movement being crushed by relentless fascism. In the fall of 1934, he and Sir Walter Citrine, head of the British Trades Union Congress, appeared before the San Francisco convention of the American Federation of Labor. Together they came to ask the then united labor movement to break away from its traditional business unionism and to express concrete solidarity with their fellow workers in other lands.

Before the great group of labor delegates, Vladeck declared:

"In the torture chambers of fascism and tyranny, the

Jew occupies a conspicuous and painful place. As workers we are persecuted for being militant; as traders, for being greedy. If we produce geniuses, we are charged with disrupting the world; if we produce criminals we are charged with corrupting it. When we give our lives for liberty we are contemptible internationalists. When we comply and obey we are cowards. One of the most important reasons why all tyrants hate us is because of our long experience in resisting injustice and cruelty. Over four thousand years ago a Jew by the name of Moses, himself an intellectual, led the first great strike of bricklayers at the Pyramids, and since then all Pharaohs are our enemies . . .

"Since the coming of the industrial age the Jews have been a true barometer for the Labor movement. Wherever and whenever a government begins to persecute the Jews, it inevitably follows with persecution of the workers. Whatever the country, the quality of the liberty or the lack of it enjoyed by Jews is likewise true of Labor. This is why organized Labor throughout the world, outside of sentimental reasons, is against anti-Semitism, because it knows that the first blast against the Jews is only the forerunner of a dark storm against Labor; that permitting a government to foster anti-Semitism is to strengthen a power that will crush labor. This is why in all countries today conscientious and intelligent Jews march with labor, and why labor is the staunchest defender of Jewish rights." As a result of the convention, the A. F. of L. ordered the formation of a Chest for the Liberation of the Workers of Europe, the first such organization ever officially launched by the entire Labor movement.

In the organization of the Jewish Labor Committee, Vladeck was the guiding spirit. "We must think not with our wounds, but with our heads," he said. The committee, created in February, 1934, consists of the national and local units of the Workmen's Circle, the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers Union, United Hebrew Trades, *Forward* Association and the Jewish Socialist Verband. It has sought not only to fight Fascism and Nazism abroad, but to prevent the spread of Fascist propaganda in Amer-

ica. It has been the energetic representative of organized Jewish labor in all Jewish problems.

A long deferred trip to Palestine and Europe was taken by Vladeck, accompanied by his wife, in 1936. As they steamed into the port at Haifa, Vladeck was deeply moved:

"After all we were in Palestine. Far away as one may be from Zionism, still this was different from other countries. The Torah which I learned in Cheder, the little Talmud that I learned in the Yeshivah, suddenly returned to my memory as if I had learned it all only yesterday. In the morning, we will come to the land which Jews reached only after forty years of wandering in the desert, where for so many centuries Jewish history was forged, where the Prophets chastised a sinful and licentious world with their fiery words, where Rome and Greece had to fight for every inch of ground, where the Hasmoneans and Bar Kochba wove their wondrous legends, where my great ancestors lived nearly two thousand years ago, accepting indescribable punishment and inhuman suffering with only one thought in mind — Leshana Habah Beyerushalaim."

He traveled throughout the land, daring to visit the Wailing Wall, much to the consternation of the British officials. It was a highly dangerous business even with a strong guard of soldiers. He found at Tiberias the grave of the Holy Shelah, his great ancestor. Upon visiting Tel Aviv, he was appalled at the high rents, the land speculation and the high rate of interest. "Generally speaking," he reported, "Tel Aviv is a good place for landlords because they receive high rents and pay little taxes, and a bad place for tenants who must pay both high rents and special taxes." He deplored the nationalist prejudices among the Jews who carried their differences into the Promised Land.

While there, Vladeck went to visit his old rabbi who taught him the Talmud in Minsk. During the conversation with the hunchbacked and gnarled old man, Vladeck remarked to him that he, Vladeck, had not been a religious Jew for many years. The old man smiled at him and said:

"Nu, nu, Baruch, if you come to see your old teacher after forty years, you must be religious, because heretics have no memories."

On his return from Palestine, he made his first trip to Russia since his escape thirty years before. He went back to see his old cell in Minsk. What prisoner, now in disfavor with the regime, must lie behind it, he wondered. He came back, critical of the sharp suppression of liberties in Russia which he had almost given his life to free. Many of his old friends, now officials, never came to see him; others saw him briefly and were ill at ease.

"The attitude of a great many people toward Palestine and Russia is determined not by what they know, but by what they would like to know. They simply discard anything that is contrary to their mood," Vladeck declared.

Returning to America in the fall of 1936, his political life became the confluence of all streams of his activity. His great ambition was to see a true alliance of all progressive and labor forces operating in a movement of independent political action. The cleavage in Socialist ranks which developed through 1934-35 was a wound he sought to heal until the day he died. He devoted himself yet more closely to public housing, the Jewish Labor Committee, the American ORT, the League for Industrial Democracy, the relief of victims abroad, and the Workmen's Circle, as well as his duties on the *Forward*. He sought to keep clear of the tragic and wasteful cross-fire among his comrades, though in the meantime he never ceased in his efforts to get them to cease firing.

He was elected in 1937 to the New York City Council on the ticket of the American Labor Party, in whose organization he saw a great potentiality for independent political action. During his campaign he received the united support of liberal, labor and Socialist groups in New York. Council meetings were no longer drab and lifeless. People crowded the chamber to see a miracle of politics, a statesman in municipal government. As leader of the coalition of Labor and Fusion members he guided their deliberations with firm purpose, assurance, and crackling wit. He was alert to the politicians who sought to capitalize a "Jewish vote" as something to be swung with block and tackle. Just three days before he was fatally stricken, Vladeck repulsed such an effort in the following words addressed to the City Council:

“For many years we have been telling our people that the real, the true bond of comradeship is not religion but kinship of aspirations and ideals. We have been telling our people all the time that their interest is to work for something that is fair and just and decent, irrespective of where it comes from . . . I simply wish to go on record as stating, and I am speaking now, not as a member of the Council but as a member of the Jewish faith, that intelligent Jews in this community resent the idea of just voting as Jews in any election and not as citizens. They resent the idea of voting, not on the basis of principle, not on the basis of the common good, but on the basis of religious or racial affiliations.”

When Baruch Charney Vladeck died at the age of 52, hundreds of thousands, the proud and the humble, packed the streets of the East Side to mourn him. Across the seas, Jewish men and women, and his old comrades in the Bund, and those fighters working to restore civilization to dark lands, faltered for a moment in their labor, for their leader was dead. He belonged not to one group but to all who strove for freedom. His whole life bore witness that he had not forgotten that “all the poor and all the oppressed stand weeping and sobbing.”

“Clearly our friend and comrade has left us a great work to do, a work which requires far more than an imitation which time has made impossible,” Norman Thomas declared when Vladeck died, “Charney Vladeck’s story was a success story. But not in the triumphs of that liberty and fraternity for which he cared the most and to which he gave his energy and his gifts. His victory, and ours, is yet to be won. We are better armed for winning it because we knew and loved him.”