

Donald McKay Frost invited Graff to Boston in 1939 and brought him to this institution at that time. Thereafter, Brigham, Vail, and Shipton engaged in lively correspondence with him on bibliographical matters. Mr. Graff was elected to membership at the October meeting in 1940. Happily, he was able to attend several meetings and he expressed his interest in our affairs with regular and generous gifts. Among them were three volumes of *The Deseret News*. In short, he was a useful member and a good friend. The present writer had the pleasure of meeting him once, at the Newberry Library in the summer of 1963. Mr. Graff was cordial and eager to know of the recent activities of the Society.

Mr. Graff was married on November 19, 1918, to Verde Alice Clark who survives him, as do their three children, Mrs. William C. Childs, Robert C. Graff, and Mrs. Charles B. Nevins.

M. A. McC.

### PERRY GILBERT EDDY MILLER

Mr. Morgan's essay on Perry Miller in this number of our *Proceedings* is so vivid and true that a standard obituary would be out of place. However, the different relation in which I stood to Miller suggests some comments on Mr. Morgan's paper which may provide perspective. Perry and I were contemporaries and rivals in the Graduate School. The rivalry lasted until he read Calvin's Institutes in the original, and mastered its contents. Morgan remarks that Miller had the manners of a stevedore; that was a pose intended to impress his students, as was his avuncular "grand old man" act when we became fat and white haired. Morgan remarks that Miller was contemptuous of social history; certainly he never let me, a writer of that kind, become aware of such contempt. To me, he praised my social his-

tory as such, and thoughtfully brought home to me approving comments made to him by Europeans.

The same gentle consideration showed in all of Miller's relations with this Society, to which he was elected in April, 1938. He spoke on "Declension in a Biblical Commonwealth" at its meeting of April, 1941, on "The Edwards-Chauncy Debate" in April, 1948, and on "Henry Cary, the American Charles Lamb" in October, 1954. He had none of the arrogance toward his editor which lesser historians sometimes show. Before preparing his first manuscript for the *Proceedings* he wrote to ask our preference as to footnote style, and with the paper itself he sent a note saying, "Please feel at complete liberty to edit this stuff in any way you think it needs." At out-of-town historical gatherings he was the most considerate roommate. He habitually drank to excess and I did not drink at all, but he was always careful not to offend in our room, no matter how outrageous an act he may have put on in public. He was considerate, too, in performing the chores of such a trip, and he never pretended to more acquaintance with a strange social environment than he really had.

Morgan's stress on Miller's atheism may give a wrong impression. From the point of view of the Protestant Episcopal Church in which he was brought up he was indeed an atheist, and he regarded its philosophy as ridiculously rigid. On the other hand, in unguarded moments he used to speak of "us Protestants." He felt at ease with the men of the Reformation, because they were courageously reaching out toward a God whom they, in their franker moments, admitted was yet unknown. That these men still carried the useless theological lumber of their age did not alienate him; they were going his way. But in his own searching of the universe he never saw God, even dimly. To love his neighbor was instinctive with him, but that was no satisfaction of his

philosophical craving. He could not, like a man in the physical sciences, make a god of his quest, for he could always see that his own feet were stumbling, and his own mind but a human one.

I was troubled at Morgan's statement that he sensed a subdued relief at Miller's funeral. I did not. I was saddened by the loss, the needless, wasteful loss, of an old friend and a great historian. But Edmund Morgan, his face showed, was crushed by the loss of his beloved master. What Morgan interprets as the jealousy of the professors, and I have heard plenty of it, was, I think, irritation. It was irritation that such an intelligent man could be such a "stevedore" in public, and such a squanderer of his talents. It was also irritation that he had distilled history into what seemed to some others to be an intellectual smog. There was a widespread feeling among his contemporaries in the trade that they, too, could make smog if they wanted to ignore the material of history. I used to tell Miller that I cultivated the fields of history while he distilled applejack. Some of the devastating reviews of Miller's later books reflect an irritation at the public acclaim which his distillations received.

None of the accounts of Perry Miller have mentioned the part which his wife, Elizabeth Williams, played in keeping him in orbit. Her wonderful patience was the one secure thing in his life. Without it the world would much earlier have lost a great historian, and I, a true friend. C. K. S.

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