twelve miles away over corduroy roads that sank into the soggy land almost as soon as built. The nearest doctor was twenty miles distant. The enormous technological developments of the last century, the domestic use of electricity, the telephone, hard roads, motor cars, etc., were, of course, beyond their reach and imagination.

Theirs was life at its most primitive and yet, standing aside from the Davises of the nineteenth century as I now do, it seems to me that they were men to be honored although they would have been the last to suggest it. They were laboring for their own small profit to make a tiny patch of their native land more fruitful and, hence, more habitable. (My Uncle Will, at 75, told me that he had with his own hands cleared 80 acres of swampland.) If ever you ride through Van Wert County and observe the fair fields, the snug farmhouses and registered herds, you will not find it easy to visualize the great, silent, moist fastness dominating that smiling area only three generations ago.

If the lesson of the Davises must be spelled out more specifically, I shall note that they did this on their own, asking nothing from the government at Washington, struggling with nature almost barehandedly. The great political battles of the period raged at a distance. The issues of business monopoly, civil service reform, our relations with foreign nations, were matters for city folk to debate. The question of hard or cheap money exercised them because they were debtors for many, many years, yet Hugh Davis never wavered in his allegience to the Grand Old Party which had preserved the Union with his negligible assistance, whatever alternative might be offered by the Democrats.

The Davises of the nineteenth and early twentieth century took no part in history; history, as Spengler has said of the faceless masses everywhere, played upon them. And yet, as befitted Americans of the Republic's vigorous growth, the Davises never thought of themselves as faceless men. They were not mass men in their outlook upon life. Each had his private destiny, his large individual significance, each faced life's adversities eye to eye and expected to live and die his own man.

What shall be said of my father's destiny? It may be that harsh fathers produce gentle sons. In any case my father was, until a massive shock, sustained at 70, and great age enfeebled his self-control, a gentle man. Any eccentricity, any possibly rich and heady flavor had been eradicated from his nature either by Hugh Davis or his calling. There are almost no anecdotes about him. He never performed a glorious deed, nor, so far as I know, an ignoble one. Frazier Hunt, a distinguished journalist who was once fleetingly in his youth a parishioner of Elmer Ellsworth Davis, has repeatedly described him to me as "the best man I ever knew." So he was frequently known as he moved from one county seat pastorate to another in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

I have several photographs of my father as a young man. When I look upon them I feel a strange clutching at the heart. There is an almost ethereal innocence and dedication in his eyes, a wistful earnestness to the jaw that resembled the young Lincoln's, a dedication against the forces of evil about which he knew so little then or later. My father's achievement was a blameless life. He conceived it his duty to save souls and restore them to God's eternal grace. As a boy I worshipped him. He was something of a revivalist and one night, in a church to which we had only just removed, he was bidding the repentant to come forward and accept redemption. The congregation was stiffly resistant. So, at the end of the third appeal, with the choir softly chanting a hymn appropriate to the occasion, I slipped out of the pew and marched down to clasp his hand. I was then eight and he was somewhat embarrassed because, under the doctrine of Calvin and Knox, I was far too immature to grasp the intricacies of grace. As he took my hand my father's eyes were misty because he knew that I was seeking grace only secondarily, that I really was showing the world that though all others rejected him I stood by his side.

We were always poor, really poor. Many a winter night supper consisted of hot mush and milk, and the leftover mush was deliciously fried for breakfast. My long winter underwear was frequently patched but we had books, we had magazines —the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas* as Christmas gifts for my brother and myself, and *Harper's* and *Leslie's Weekly et alia* for the grownups. We had feasts when the farmers harvested and butchered, we had sleds, skates and baseball bats; we had a sense of family community and the service of the Lord and, while nickels were scarce, mother unfailingly reminded us that our father was engaged in what she, perhaps a bit smugly, described as a "sacrificial calling." The point is that we didn't *feel* poor; we belonged in what appeared to us as an honorable capacity to the community, and my father never blamed our material poverty on society, the government or "the interests." He was almost altogether an uncomplaining man.

I have a book of his sermons. They are surprisingly felicitous, manifesting a sensitive man's consideration for the right and apposite phrase. One I treasure especially because in it Hugh Davis shows through. When Elmer Ellsworth was the minister of a substantial church in an Indiana county seat, the Ku Klux Klan was sweeping all before it. The Klan's practice was to pay ceremonial visits to Protestant churches on a Sunday evening, parade through the edifice in robes and deposit a hundred dollar bill on the altar. When the kleagle approached my father, he forbade him to come. The kleagle said the Klan would appear with or without consent. My father warned him that his presence would be unwelcome but that, in any case, he proposed preaching a sermon that night against the Klan. The Klan did not come, but my father preached his sermon against the impudent asininities of the hooded order, a homily that still rings with the contempt that Hugh Davis felt for almost the whole human race.

When the full malice of Adolf Hitler burst upon the Western world in 1939 my father was already an aged man. "I believe," he would say, "*that* wicked man is doomed but I would like to stay around long enough to make sure." He did so. He subsequently transferred his animosity from Hitler to Stalin, and he still, when warming his ancient shins before the fire, affected to believe that he would last long enough to see the monstrous evil of Bolshevism brought to book. Unhappily that hope was denied him. We buried him last December 8 from a large church in Washington; the gifted minister, standing in vestments before an altar that my father would have deemed Episcopal, read the psalms and lessons from St. Paul that had so often issued from my father's lips on similar occasions during his 63 years as an ordained clergyman. He was 85. We buried him in a metropolitan cemetery, two hundred yards from Route One, where the dense north-south traffic of a new America, which he scarcely understood and felt only remotely, roared past.

A Forgotten Founding Father

By MARY BADGER WILSON

I wonder how many readers noticed a report in the *New York Times* of January 18, 1952, of "the first refusal" to pay a Social Security tax. This tax rebellion occurred in Cleveland, Ohio, and "was believed to be the first case of its kind in the country since the new withholding tax regulation went into effect." John F. Andrews, a World War II bomber pilot, refused to pay his $88 Social Security tax because he believes it "the duty of the individual to provide for his own security."

Naturally the news item was brief, for Mr. Andrews is not one of our important "liberals" whose names appear on letterheads for leftist causes. He is just a "reactionary" American who stubbornly insists on remaining a person and refuses to be reduced to a number. Yet it is possible that his stubbornness is a straw in the wind, and that presently the wind may blow down some of the socialistic structures which now look so impregnable.

I am reminded of a similar ruckus over taxes which occurred five years before the Revolution; that, too, seemed small at the time, but big things came of it. History has made only a footnote of it, but the uprising of the Regulators in North Carolina, in 1771, is relevant to our own time. Before sinking into my own Social Security number, let me give you a sketch of one of those long-ago trouble makers, whose name appropriately enough was Person—Thomas Person.

In 1771 the office-holding class in North Carolina was privileged. True, it didn't achieve mink coats for wives and girl friends; but it did enjoy the luxuries of that time. Politicians devised a system of extortionate fees and overlooked no field of operations. As soon as a new county was organized on the frontier, "sheriffs, clerks, registers and lawyers swooped down upon the defenseless people like wolves."

Strike of the Regulators

The multiplying taxes began to rub the people raw. Yet fattening politicians kept themselves in power by their adroitness in trading favors for votes. An individualist named Husbands, who didn't want any of their political handouts, preached what he called a "Sermon on Asses."

"North Carolinians," he challenged, "are you sensible what you are doing when for some small favor or sordid gratification you sell your votes to such as want to enslave your country? You are publishing to all the world that you are asses. . . ."

Presently a few of the people, sick of official arrogance and graft, banded together for action. Calling themselves Regulators, they went on a tax strike until there should be a public accounting of public funds. Thomas Person, described in the North Carolina Colonial Records as "a man of strong sense," seems to have been custodian of certain secret papers for the Regulators. The Gestapo of the period became suspicious and obtained from the British Governor an order to search his house.

A friend of Person's, Parson Micklejohn, got wind of the plan, and the story of his night-long ride to warn his friend that the British were coming is quite as exciting as Paul Revere's ride. Thanks to the reverend hero, the British troops found no documents of an incriminating nature, but they threw Person into jail just on general principles. While he languished there the spreading unrest became so violent that the British Governor decided to put it down by armed force, and so the Battle of Alamance was fought, where was spilled the first American blood to be shed in resistance to tyranny.

Among those excluded from pardon after the battle was Thomas Person, but finally he won back to freedom. Five years later he was serving in the North Carolina Provincial Congress. Perhaps his jail sentence had taught him the full meaning of freedom, because he was the chief architect of the resolution adopted by the Provincial Congress on April 12, 1776, calling for a declaration of "independency." This was the first authoritative, explicit declaration by any colony in favor of full, final separation from Britain.

The Long View of Liberty

Throughout the Revolution, Person served as Brigadier General of Militia; but not even the immediate problems of war could divert him from the long view of liberty. In the very first year of the Revolutionary War, when its outcome was still highly uncertain, he took a major part in drafting the first Constitution of North Carolina and he wrote into it a Bill of Rights of which it may be said that eleven of its twelve provisions were later incorporated in the first ten amendments to our Federal Constitution.

At the University of North Carolina one of the oldest buildings is called Person Hall. It is now used as an art gallery, and traditionalists have been known to stagger forth glassy-eyed from some of its modern art exhibits. But I'm sure old Tom Person wouldn't be feazed—he liked individualism. I believe that somewhere today his spirit salutes John F. Andrews, one-time bomber pilot, who refuses to be a number on a Social Security card.