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Fundamentalism in the American Past

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This article is an adaptation of a program in Professor Pickett's Peabody Award-winning Radio series, "The American Past." It was aired on KANU-FM March 19, 1981. Music and voice excerpts, unfortunately and obviously, could not be included. Professor Pickett suggests that they would help greatly in understanding the historical phenomenon he discusses in this article.

If you'll not be too offended, and if you'll not think that I'm making light of matters very dear to many people, I'm going to read you a prayer, which shouldn't be too improper a way to get this thing started. I heard it December 3, 1964, at a Sigma Delta Chi journalism convention in Kansas City, and it was given by a rabbi—not by a Fundamentalist preacher.

"Beloved God, Bless this gathering of people whose concern is with the communication of words and ideas. In their hand is reposited a sacred trust: the guardianship of truth.

"Judaism has taught that Truth is the seal with which You affix Your Name, O Father of mankind. To broadcast truth—by words both uttered and written—becomes the urgent duty of all who were created in Thine image. To disseminate falsity is to abase the precious gift with which You have favored us.

"When honesty moves our pen, O Lord, You move it. When integrity fashions our thoughts, O God, You fashion them. When compassion shapes our syntax, O Father, You shape it.

"May we ever be Your Associates in the vast editorial chamber which is your universe; may our galleys emerge untainted by moral error; may our cases—both lower and upper—pass the test of Your Divine scrutiny; and may the proofs of our ethical purpose reside in the enlightenment we may bring to the minds and hearts of our fellow men. Amen."

If you were able to hear, and not just read, this presentation you'd have heard, at about this point, one of the most famous of all gospel songs, by the Edinburgh Military Tattoo. It is called "Amazing Grace," and it will show up later in this recitation. The very recording became a top forty hit in this country back in 1972.

The task is to offer some thoughts about fundamentalism, and I humbly do so. Where shall I begin? Why not with the Second Great Awakening? There was a first Great Awakening, in the eighteenth century, when such people as Jonathan Edwards were stirring up the sinners. The second came early in the nineteenth century, especially being felt in the country west of the Appalachians. The Presbyterian, James McGready, was a kind of advance man, and in August of 1801, at Cane Ridge, Kentucky, there came the greatest of the frontier revivals: a large tent, small tents and lodges for visitors, more than a thousand wagons, and powerful preaching. Symptoms of conversion included falling, jerking, rolling, running, dancing and even barking. Conservative clergymen were appalled, but the camp meetings grew and probably helped to make life on the frontier bearable for many people. The Baptists and the Methodists, especially, grew out of the Great Awakening, and there was extensive missionary work. There was much joyous—and not-so-joyous—singing:

"What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul,
What wondrous love is this, O my soul . . . ."

When we talk about fundamentalism we're really more concerned with latter-day manifestations, but fundamentalism was growing in those early years. A number of new teachings caused alarm, and liberals were taking over in some of the training schools for ministers. The Niagara Bible Conference made assaults on the new, liberal teachings, and in 1895 that conference formulated the five points of sound doctrine that are considered the very charter of "fundamentalism": belief in the inerrancy of the Scriptures, the deity of Christ, the virgin birth, substitutionary atonement for all men's sins upon the cross, and the coming bodily return of Christ to earth.

Henry Steele Commager, in *The American Mind,* tells us that the fundamentalists were rarely fundamentalist; that certainly some southern fundamentalists did not act as if they believed in the authority of the Biblical injunction to love thy neighbor as thyself.

"Geographically," he says, "fundamentalism and lynching seemed to go together." And Max Lerner writes that the "conflict between secular social goals and the religious conscience has colored both the religious and democratic experience of America. It underlay the agonized conscience of early New England, the preoccupation with God's way with man in good and evil which characterized American Fundamentalists, the fear-drenched frontier religion filled with literal-minded terrors. . . ."

One of the most interesting manifestations of frontier-days fundamentalism was that which befell one William Miller and his followers. Miller was a Millennialist, caught up in the revivalism of his time, fascinated with the idea of the Second Advent. Miller calculated that Christ would return to earth in 1843, and the Millerites were preparing for the great day. Miller chose, after 1843 had failed him, the date of October 24, 1844, and his followers dressed again in white robes and prepared for the Angel Gabriel. Up onto the hillsides the people went, but nothing happened. And though the Millerite movement failed, there remained many who were confident that it was all to take place. I personally was brought up believing that the Second Coming would take place in the year 2000, and I await that year with trepidation.

William Miller, and many others. The churches split up. New sects came into being: the Shakers, John Humphrey Noyes and his Oneida Community, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, various spiritualists, like the table-moving Fox Sisters. And accompanying all this was the spirit of science, and the growth of agnosticism and of atheism; late nineteenth century was the age of Colonel Bob Ingersoll, about whom the Methodists sang:

"The infidels, a motley band,/ In council met and said:/ 'The churches die all through the land,/ The last will soon be dead.'/ When suddenly a message came,/ It filled them with dismay:/ 'All hail the power of Jesus' name!/ We're building two a day.'"

Billy Sunday was the most powerful evangelist of his day. He was certainly one of the most interesting. Billy Sunday was a baseball player, and he used the metaphor of the diamond in his sermons: "Lord, there are a lot of people who step up to the collection plate and fan." "Take a stand and get into the game." Richard Ketchum writes that America had seen revival preachers before—there must have been 150 years of tents and wooden platforms, calls to sinners, preachers running down smoking, chewing, drinking, dancing, and card-playing Christians—but no one had seen the equal of Billy. He blew in from the Middle West like a twister, telling folks he was nothing but a "rube of the rubes," and by 1911 his name was better known than any of your foreign princes.

"Get right with God!" was Sunday's motto. "The church needs fighting men, not those 'hog-jowled, weasel-eyed, sponge-columned, mushy-fisted, jelly-spined, pussy-footing, four-flushing, charlotte-russe Christians." He boomed through much of the twenties, but by 1928 the papers didn't bother with him any more. "The simple answers and 'Brighten the Corner' weren't enough any more."

"Brighten the corner where you are!
Brighten the corner where you are!
Someone far from harbor you may guide across the bar,
Brighten the corner where you are."

Billy Sunday, who urged us to brighten the corner where we were, had a quite fabulous contemporary, and her name was Aimee Semple McPherson. Aimee was born in Canada, came to Los Angeles in 1918 with ten dollars and a tambourine, and built her million and a half dollar Angelus Temple and a big radio station out of her Foursquare Gospel.

She had been married to a Holy Roller missionary, who died in China, and to a grocery clerk. She preached in filmy white heavenly robes but sometimes dressed up as a policeman, a fireman or a fisherman. In May, 1926, Aimee disappeared while swimming off Santa Monica. After half the country—or half its sensational press—seemed to have gone mad, Aimee showed up, in Agua Prieta, Mexico, babbling about how she had fled her kidnappers and wandered around in the desert heat.

Somehow the story didn't jell, and there appeared to be reason to believe that Aimee had been engaged romantically in Carmel, California. H.L. Mencken loved it all. "Unless I err grieviously, our Heavenly Father is with her!" he wrote. Aimee was around until 1944, but the Foursquare Gospel remained. As a matter of fact, it did quite well.

Aimee Semple McPherson was a figure of the roaring twenties in American religion. Frank Robinson of Moscow, Idaho, had Psychiana: "I TALKED WITH GOD, SO CAN YOU, IT'S EASY," he advertised in national magazines. There was Father Divine. There were Jehovah's Witnesses, who fought successfully the flag salute case, opposing the salute for their children. But it's time to get to the main theme of this discourse, and that's what something called Darwinism did to fundamentalism—and vice versa.

Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* was published in 1859, but it occasioned little controversy here for some time; after all, the Civil War was on. In 1871 Darwin published *The Descent of Man,* which was much more specific in applying the evolutionary theory to the human species. Scientific people began to talk about the books, and an esteemed theologian, Charles Hodge, said, in *What Is Darwinism?,* that "a more absolutely incredible theory was never propounded for acceptance among men."

But evolution gained a very important religious convert, Henry Ward Beecher, who found it quite logical to substitute evolution for Calvinism. Lyman Abbott also endorsed evolution, as did numerous other liberals. But evolution and the idea of critical

examination of Biblical texts were causing the conservative protest embodied in the Niagara Conference five points.

The 1920s were made for the fundamentalist-evolution controversy. The decade began with Mr. Palmer's red scare, and they brought the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the rise of the Ku Klux Klan, attacks by the American Legion upon controversial textbooks, and Bruce Barton's famous tract, *The Man Nobody Knows,* which told us that Jesus Christ was the founder of advertising. Evolutionary theory had been around for some time, but in the twenties people began to talk it up more, and soon there were laws forbidding its being taught in public schools.

One such law was in Tennessee, and the American Civil Liberties Union decided to give battle. There was a book being used in the teaching of biology—*Civic Biology,* by George William Hunter, in use since 1901 in Tennessee. And there was a young man named John T. Scopes, who became what he would call, in an autobiography written later in life, the *Center of the Storm.*

Scopes, it's important to note, was *not* the zealous young crusader we saw in *Inherit the Wind.* Scopes wandered into a drugstore one day in his hometown of Dayton and got into a conversation with some men there. He had been doing some substitute teaching in biology, and he was asked whether he had been using the *Civic Biology* text. The ACLU had offered to pay the expenses of anyone willing to test the state's anti-evolution law, and Scopes thought that maybe he *had* taught evolution. He had filled in for someone else, but, as he said late in life, "To tell the truth, I wasn't sure I had taught evolution."

In any case he became the focus of the trial now known as both the Scopes trial and the Monkey Trial. The ACLU sent Dudley Field Malone and Arthur Garfield Hays. They were joined by the great Clarence Darrow, who the year before defended Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb in Chicago in the Bobby Franks murder case. Heading the prosecution was, of all people, another great man, that three-time presidential candidate, Boy Orator of the Platte, ex-secretary of state, William Jennings Bryan.

What can one say about the Scopes trial that hasn't been said? It still seems to me as fascinating an incident as our history has recorded. There was all that incredible testimony, Bryan's calculations about the exact date of creation of the world, Darrow's occasional smart-alecky comments, people in the courtroom shouting "Amen!," Biblical sanction being spouted right and left, heat so intense that the trial had to be moved outside, dialogue like this:

DARROW: But what do you think that the Bible, itself, says? Don't you know how it was arrived at?
BRYAN: I never made a calculation.
DARROW: A calculation from what?
BRYAN: I could not say.
DARROW: What do you think?
BRYAN: I do not think about things I don't think about.
DARROW: Do you think about things you do think about?
BRYAN: Well, sometimes.

Scopes himself wrote: "There was never anything else like this. It was a carnival from start to finish. Every Bible-shouting, psalm-singing pulpit hero in the state poured out of the hills and brought his soapbox with him, and they came from outside the state too. A person could hear any kind of speech on any subject, from motherhood to free silver. There was Levi Johnson Marshall, 'Absolute Ruler of the Entire World, Without Military, Naval, or Other Physical Force,' and Wilber Glenn Voliva, exponent of the flat-earth school of geology. Some professional circus performers, who must have felt at home, brought two chimpanzees. The air was filled with shouting from early morning until late into the night."

Glorying in the show was, of course, H.L. Mencken, Sage of Baltimore. This was made for him. He wrote about the trial for the *American Mercury* and for the *Baltimore Sun,* and with delight he went out into the backwoods to watch the revivalists:

"From the squirming and jabbering mass a young woman gradually detached herself—a woman not uncomely, with a pathetic homemade cap on her head. Her head jerked back, the veins of her neck swelled, and her fists went to her throat as if she were fighting for breath. She bent backward until she was like a half of a hoop. Then she suddenly snapped forward. We caught a flash of the whites of her eyes. Presently her whole body began to be convulsed—great convulsions that began at the shoulders and ended at the hips. She would leap to her feet, thrust her arms in the air, and then hurl herself upon the heap. Her praying flattened out into a mere delirious caterwauling, like that of a tomcat on a petting party."

Mencken also told his readers that there was a "Unitarian clergyman here from New York, trying desperately to horn into the trial and execution of the infidel Scopes. He will fail. If Darrow ventured to put him on the stand the whole audience, led by the jury, would leap out of the courthouse and take to the hills." Mencken said that the night Darrow arrived in town "there was a violent storm, the town water turned brown, and horned cattle in the lowlands were afloat for hours. A woman back in the mountains gave birth to a child with hair four inches long, curiously bobbed in scallops."

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

Bryan died not long after the trial, and Mencken wrote of him—savagely. "There was something peculiarly fitting in the fact that his last days were spent in a one-horse Tennessee village, and that death found him there. The man felt at home in such scenes. He liked people who sweated freely, and were not debauched by the refinements of the toilet. Making his progress up and down the Main street of little Dayton, surrounded by gaping primates from the upland valleys of the Cumberland Range, his coat laid aside, his bare arms and hairy chest shining damply, his bald head sprinkled with dust—so accoutred and on display he was obviously happy. He

liked getting up early in the morning, to the tune of cocks crowing on the dunghill. He liked the heavy, greasy victuals of the farmhouse kitchen. He liked country lawyers, country pastors, all country people. I believe that this liking was sincere—perhaps the only sincere thing in the man."

Out of the twenties came the Scopes trial, and out of the twenties came Sinclair Lewis's novel, *Elmer Gantry*. Of all the books I know about preachers of the Fundamentalist Stripe this seems best, still. Lewis did his research in Cincinnati and in Kansas City; you may have heard of his standing in a Kansas City pulpit, uttering his heresies, daring God to strike him dead. He was not struck dead, but he did get Dorothy Thompson for a wife.

This was the dream of the Reverend Elmer Gantry, card-player, licentious love-maker, drinker of booze, ranter in the pulpit: "Combine them all. The Anit-Saloon League. The WCTU and the other organizations fighting alcohol. The . . . Vice Societies doing such magnificent work in censoring immoral novels and paintings and motion pictures and plays. The Anti-Cigarette League. The associations lobbying for anti-evolution laws in the state legislatures. The associations making so brave a fight against Sunday baseball, Sunday movies, Sunday golfing, Sunday motoring, and the other abominations whereby the Sabbath was desecrated and the preachers' congregations and collections were lessened. The fraternities opposing Romanism. The societies which gallantly wanted to make it a crime to take the name of the Lord in vain or to use the nine Saxon physiological monosyllables. And all the rest.

"Let me count this day, Lord, as the beginning of a new and more vigorous life, as the beginning of a crusade for complete morality and the domination of the Christian church through all the land. Dear Lord, thy work is but begun! We shall yet make these United States a moral nation!"

"Yes we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river.
Gather with the saints at the river
That runs by the throne of God."

Elmer Gantry was published in 1927. It was a cause celebre in its time, and it caused talk again when it was made into a movie in 1960, with Burt Lancaster quite effective, I think, as Elmer, and Jean Simmons as a character much in the mold of Aimee Semple McPherson.

Fundamentalism continued, of course, far beyond the Scopes trial and *Elmer Gantry*. There were tireless people, fighting for the old ideas; the Northern Baptist Convention was annually split by debates between the modernist and fundamentalist factions. We're told that after about 1930 fundamentalism lost its national importance: the Scopes trial, the death of Bryan, the lack of a strong national leader, the impact of the depression, all were blamed. But many questions remained. There were new movements later on, after World War II, which, although not rooted as firmly in old-fashioned fundamentalism, were still of the pattern. The old faiths, for many, remained.

"O come to the church in the wildwood,
O come to the church in the vale.
No spot is as dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale."

In 1955 the now-famous play, *Inherit the Wind*, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, opened on Broadway. Its authors took the story of the Scopes trial and changed the names of the opposing lawyers, for reasons unclear to me, because Henry Drummond and Matthew Harrison Brady are obviously Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan.

It was smashingly good theater, and much of the trial material was practically lifted from the transcript. Paul Muni and Ed Begley played the parts, and on the road Melvyn Douglas took the Muni—Clarence Darrow—part. In 1960 *Inherit the Wind* became a movie, with Spencer Tracy and Fredric March very good, and Gene Kelly miscast as an H.L. Mencken-type reporter.

John T. Scopes had been away from Dayton for a long time, but he returned for the world premiere of the movie. Most of the people who had been in the trial were gone, many of them long dead, including Bryan, Darrow, Hays, Malone and Mencken. The drugstore where Scopes had been talked into becoming the center of the storm offered a special: "Scopes soda, fifteen cents, priced now as then, in honor of Scopes' return to Dayton."

The old-timers were gone, but there were new ones on the scene. One of them was Billy Graham, who has been engaged of late in a whole new set of crusades. Graham, adviser to presidents. "A revolt is rising against materialism," Graham says. "The whole world is asking questions about the West's lifestyle of affluence. It doesn't satisfy spiritually. Materialism is not the answer to man's greatest need. Only God is." Graham may be right. He has lost some of his old-time optimism. But in his prime he had some of the quality of Gantry, some of Sunday.

Billy Graham—and Billy James Hargis. Hargis has come upon evil days, but a few years ago the *Saturday Evening Post* wrote of him as the "doomsday merchant of the far, far away," a fighter against Communists and a powerful minister of the air. It was Hargis who, through the attacks he made on J. Fred Cook, brought about the famous court decision called *Red Lion*, which granted to any one of us the right to reply to broadcast attack. And, in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, the followers of Gerald L.K. Smith.

Smith was a disciple of Huey Long, an arch anti-Semite, the leader of the American First movement, editor of the *Cross and the Flag*, militant churchman who had erected on a hillside in Eureka Springs the "Christ of the Ozarks" and who launched a Passion Play that by some accounts easily rivals the one at Oberammergau for the virulence of its anti-Semitism. More—in the story of modern-day fundamentalism.

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold. . . ."

And, of course, there is Oral Roberts. Roberts is probably the best-known of them all today, and he has his very own university, Oral Roberts, in Tulsa, the city of churches. He has a mainly white student body and a mainly black basketball team, and on either side of the basketball court the words "Expect a Miracle" are in huge, eloquent script. He became known as a faith-healer, then had his Sunday morning television show. Hayes B. Jacobs wrote of him in *Harper's* a number of years ago:

"A crusade service starts with Roberts, his microphone close to his mouth, singing some exultant hymn. 'He lead-uth me. He lead-uth me.' Arms waving, he urges everybody to join in. He then announces his text, and asks everybody to repeat it three times: 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' Then may come a characterization of the Devil, 'a roaring lion,' and of Sin, Disease, Demons and Fear, 'the offspring of the Devil.' 'I memorized those,' Roberts said in Toledo. 'I am pushing a Holy Ghost bulldozer tonight.'"

Then come the people walking up, as the electronic organ plays "Coming home . . . coming home." "Many are in wheelchairs or on ambulance cots: microcephalic children, their heads toppling against tearful parents' sides; terminal cancer victims, pale and waxen; people in bandages, splints, braces; muttering schizophrenics; wailing, blind toddlers; bent old men shaking with Parkinson's disease. . . .

"I saw a quadriplegic youth of twenty, lying stiff on an ambulance cot. After Roberts prayed over him, his family, weeping and moaning, tried to get him to his feet. His mother shouted to him: 'Walk! You can walk, son!' The boy's face twitched; the body remained still. "For God's sake help us to get him up,' the mother said to me. 'Go get Mr. Roberts! Have him come back and pray some more!"

"Jesus is all the world to me
My life, my joy, my all;
He is my strength from day to day;
Without him I should fall . . ."

Oral Roberts. He ran into difficulty recently with his fellow television preacher, Carl McIntire. Roberts said that a 900-foot tall vision of Jesus had directed him to conduct a fund-raising drive for his 200-million-dollar "City of Faith" medical complex in Tulsa. McIntire said the whole matter was preposterous. Jesus was a man of normal stature, said McIntire. "We don't know how tall he was, but we think he was under six feet."

The old-time religion has gone big-time, an article in *TV Guide* said a few years ago. It has moved out of tents and into television, to the tune of a hundred million dollars a year. This, depsite the fact that such bodies as the National Council of Churches would prefer that the tube be used for dramas, documentaries and information programs.

What have been the manifestations of fundamentalism in recent times? I offer a random list, and you may not agree that all of these are necessarily part of the story:

Senator Matthew Neely offers his opinion in 1952 that one Dwight David Eisenhower, presidential candidate, is a johnny-come-lately to religion. The anti-Neely roaring could have been heard from sea to shining sea.

About the same time, George S. Kaufman is bumped from a television quiz show for offering the opinion that he hopes this is one program where he won't have to hear "Silent Night."

The words "Under God" are added—uneuphoniously, in my judgment—to the pledge of allegiance to the flag.

Blue laws continue to thrive.

The Supreme Court outlaws prayer in schools, but many fight on.

Arkansas has itself a controversy over the teaching of evolution in public schools. The law was still on the books, years after the Scopes affair.

In California, "creationists," as they call themselves, win the right to revise science textbooks so that the Biblical story of creation will be presented as an alternative idea. They take their case to court.

In the 1980 presidential campaign creationists win what sounds like an endorsement from the Republican candidate, Ronald Reagan. Meanwhile, such organizations as Christian Voice and Moral Majority exercise considerable clout in American politics, and demonstrate a force of frightening nature. Moral Majority rate politicians by the way they vote on such matters as the equal rights amendment, abortion and prayer in schools; it downgrades those two "born again" Christians, President Jimmy Carter and John Anderson, and gives an "A" to at least one politician who had been charged in the Abscam investigation. It seemed increasingly evident that the new religious right was about to play an even more powerful role in American politics than it had played in 1980.

Down in Humboldt, Kansas, Bibleta continues to be presented each October. A grand parade, with Noah's Ark, Jesus carrying a cross, all the marvelous old stories out of Cecil B. DeMille.

Some folks in Springfield, Missouri, announce plans for Bible City, kind of Disneyland—a huge plastic glass whale, a tower of Babel, the Ark, reproductions of the Garden of Eden, the Sea of Galilee and the hanging gardens of Babylon.

A minister in Boone County, Arkansas, puts the body of his mother in a freezer, with plans to pray over her until she is resurrected.

People endlessly debate the Shroud of Turin, and scientists look at the thing and wonder whether maybe Jesus had lain under it.

The Jesus Freaks movement takes the place of the counter-culture, picking up a few, incidentally, from that movement. The Reverend Timothy Leary and Eldridge Cleaver are born again, along with Charles Colson and Mr. Carter.

"I can hear my Savior calling,
I can hear my Savior calling,
I can hear my Savior calling,
I'll go with him, with him, all the way."

And in Jonestown, Guyana, the most ghastly story of religion in modern times unfolds. The followers of Jim Jones were like many described in an essay for *Time*: "The Lure of Doomsday." The Jonestown story, like some Joseph Conrad drama of

fanaticism and moral emptiness, has gone directly into popular myth," Lance Morrow wrote. "It will be remembered as an emblematic, identifying moment of the decade: a demented American psychopomp in a tropical cult house, doling out cyanide with Kool-Aid. Jonestown is the Altamont of the '70s cult movement. Just as Altamont began the destruction of the sweet, vacuous aspirations of Woodstock, Jonestown has decisively contaminated the various vagabond zealotries that have grown up, flourished and sometimes turned sinister."

"I come to the garden alone
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear;
The Son of God discloses. . . ."

The hymns are an important part of the story. One of them among the most beloved, was played and sung as the titles unfolded for the movie version of *Inherit the Wind.* If you were in sound of my voice you might hear, in a quavering baritone, the famous old words:

"Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion.
It's good enough for me.

It was tried in the fiery furnace,
It was tried in the fiery furnace,
It was tried in the fiery furnace,
And it's good enough for me.

Oh, give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me.

Kansas School of Religion Program Summary

The Kansas School of Religion is a program agency. Specific programs for 1980-81 were:

I. **SCHOLARSHIPS FOR RELIGION STUDENTS.** Furnished four scholarships of $750 to $1000 for undergraduate majors and graduates.

II. **SUMMER CONFERENCE.** A skills update experience for religious leaders of Kansas. This year, ministry with the aging. A one day seminar preceded the day before by a theatre production on the subject is presented in 3 cities: Topeka, Wichita, Salina, extensive local leadership in each place is cooperating.

III. **RELIGION QUARTERLY.** A journal of religious thought and discussion sent to 8,500, particularly covering clergy of participating bodies.

IV. **SMITH HALL LIBRARY.** Furnished extensive additions of new books to the Smith Hall library and funding for student help.

V. **PUBLIC EDUCATION RELIGION STUDIES.** Visits to 21 Kansas schools for teacher training and consultative services in teaching about religion. Maintenance of curriculum resources center. Providing the national office for the National Council on Religion and Public Education.

VI. **MINI-CONFERENCES SERIES.** Funding 6 campus conferences with visiting leadership on contemporary religious issues. Both campus andout of town participants, academic credit and non-credit.

VII. **FACULTY OUTREACH VISITS.** Funding visits by faculty for lectures and presentations to religious study groups.

VIII. **FACULTY TRAVEL.** Funding for travel to professional meetings for religion faculty.

IX. **FOREIGN VISITOR.** Bringing to the campas a professor from an evangelical university in Guatemala.

X. **SMITH HALL IMPROVEMENT.** Capital property items, installing a full, new roof on Smith Hall and completion of the Moses statue to complement the Burning Bush window.

Members of the Fellowship of Moses 1980-81

Christian Women's Fellowship, First Christian Church, Salina
Episcopal Diocese of Kansas
Kansas B'nai B'rith
Lawrence Spiritual Assembly of the Baha'is
Parish Council, Church of the Covenant, Junction City
Plymouth Congregational Church, Lawrence
Presbyterian Synods of Mid-America
Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints
The Kansas Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ)
The Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, Kansas District
United Methodist Church, Kansas East Conference

Burning Bush Society—1980-81

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Herbert & Ada Bolyard, *Topeka*
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Barbara M. Craig, *Lawrence*
Dr. & Mrs. O. R. Cram, *Larned*
A. H. Cromb, *Shawnee Mission*
Mattie E. Crumrine, *Lawrence*
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TRAVERSE LOG

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"Creationist" and "evolutionist" are inclusive nouns generally visited upon groups. The words fit a favorite indoor sport, that of corralling people into general categories: "labor block," "farm vote," "fundamentalist" or "senior citizen" are other examples. This practice tends to plow under some particular positions.

In various states in the U.S. of A., the current two-position debate over human origins has included not only pedagogical but judicial and (state) legislative motion. The subject is a live one.

One of the mental mutations from the popular discussion uses something sharp from each of the two points (of view) indicated above and allows us to try on this proposition for size: the process of creating is not finished yet and humankind has a role in it.

The Genesis account of origins shows humanity being placed in authority over the other creatures (who all preceded people here), and the people had a creator's directive to do something with nature (till the soil and subdue nature). When God took a day off after the creating then, a process was in motion.

After the dramatic fall come illustrations of civilization—the first clothes, Genesis 3; cultivation of the soil; the first city (built by Cain), Genesis 4; the development of metallurgy and music (from Lamech's family), Chapter 4; on to the eating of meat, Chapter 9, and to drunkenness, when Noah got a snootful in the same chapter.

Later scriptures down the vistas of time envision a recapture of the state of no hurting or destroying (Isaiah) and an idyllic relationship of beautiful harmony in humanity and nature (Amos).

To get there, nature needs human activity. But from my chair on the back row of the world, it appears that the descendants of Eve and Adam have not subdued nature, as commissioned; often they have exploited it.

Arnold Toynbee in his 83rd year observed, "If I were very poor or very old, I should envy my opposite numbers in the so-called backward countries." He noticed that the affluence of the affluent minority in the "advanced" countries was brought on by greed whose price is inflation and pollution. If we are going to have a debate about nature, I suggest we discuss this.

The descendants of Adam are not like a Wizard of Oz (removed and beyond) who rare back to rectify nature. They are a part of nature, in the process. "Creationism" and "evolutionism" are "evolving" nature to some state in which humanity has a part. And whatever that part is, it moves beyond "using" the world to "cooperating" in the world.

Just before he left the senate, J.W. Fulbright visited the People's Republic of China. He reported, "In that country every square inch of arable land is cultivated. People live simply. . . . Nothing is wasted because there is nothing to waste.

Living affluently is not the same as living well. Living well requires a certain harmony with nature, a sense of pace about time, the taking of pleasure in simple things—this view of a fine day, the company of family or friends."

This is not a just sheet of nostalgia. It might be our imperative for existing at all.

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