Ravenous Rhymes

A Sizzling Sampler Plate of Pithy Poems for Pure Pleasure and Profit (Mine!)

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Signed Limited Fifth Edition of fifteen copies of which this is copy # 1

By

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Dedicated to Spud, my unintentional patron. He knows who he is.

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I cannot recall exactly when or where the poetry bug first bit me. Perhaps it was at a Christmas pageant circa 1950 in our little white clapboard Baptist church when, emerging from some bed sheets that doubled as a plush theater curtain, I recited to an utterly astonished audience a couplet or two my mother had cooked up for me. Or maybe it was in eighth grade in 1960 when my quite explicity spinster teacher, Cornelia Conibear, read to us "The Cremation of Sam McGee" by Robert Service, prefacing it, as she did, with a euphemistic caveat that what she was about to read to us contained some words "we do not ordinarily use, children."

I was spellbound, and I date my own plunge into poetic profanity from Miss Conibear's baptizing us all into that wonderful British bard with her dramatic reading. Whether the Muse captured me because of Service's sonorous syllables or the earlier speaker's high in a tiny Baptist auditorium that today is probably not far from the wrecker's ball, I have no idea. These are simply two of the earliest memories I have of when I first received my life sentence to assonance.

The first poems that I ever recall writing were in Alice Richardson's freshman high school English class. They were incredibly racist, the Blacks featured in them standing in stark contrast to Alice's purple-tinted hair. My childhood playmate, Jim Ewbank, and I sat in the back of the class and composed these beauties as Alice droned on about Dickens and Defoe, wandering far away every once in a while to a topic incredibly remote such as Whistler's mother who, so far as I know, had nothing whatsoever to do with English. One wonderful day Miss Purple unwittingly provided the class with an absolutely marvelous setup, inexplicably asking us all, "Where is Whistler's mother today?" I replied, "She's off her rocker," a reply that in retrospect makes me think she wanted thereafter to elude me rather than to educate me. In all events, thank God and gray hair, Alice never intercepted any of these politically blasphemous poems that made Joseph Conrad's world famous Nigger of the Narcissus mild by comparison. I still have many of them and have included all of them in this collage (in invisible ink). Here are three of them, right here: What did you think of them?

This is not to say that I have repudiated politically incorrect iambic pentameter. I still love it, though my love for it has nothing whatsoever to do with racism. If I have a single racist bone in my body, I have no idea where it is. I simply love words and word play and pronunciation and accents from babies to Blacks to Bolsheviks. In spite of later classes in Latin, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Aramaic, Akkadian cuneiform and a smattering of Hieroglyphics, Ebonics is simply the only foreign language I have ever been able to speak. I loved the way my Black playmates spoke and the way some of my adult playmates still speak.

My love for such language has been amply rewarded. When I first moved to North Carolina in 1992, I was introduced to the works of John Charles McNeill, the first poet laureate of the State. McNeill composed a lot of his rhymes in
Ebonics. One of his classic books is entitled *Lyrics from Cotton Land*. It was right down my alley. One of his sugar sticks within this beautiful book is entitled 'Ligion which, as any rational person can plainly see, is the ellipse for *Religion*. A Black man is the speaker of the following lines:

De Augus' meetin' is ovah now,
We all dunn been baptize'.
Me and Ham and Hickory's Jim
And Joe's big 'Lize'.

Oh, 'ligion is a cu'i'us thing
In its workin' amongs' men.
We'll hatter wait a whole yeah now
'Fo bein' baptize' again.

All of this is to say nothing of the prose Ebonics spoken by Br'er Rabbit through his journalist interpreter Joel Chandler Harris. Color me a captive.

The man who introduced me to John Charles McNeill was Dr. David Smiley (see my memoir of Smiley at http://www.usads.ms1l.net/smiley.html). When I first met him in 1992, Smiley was a distinguished but retired professor of American history at Wake Forest University. Smiley had been forced into retirement because of his age. However, he wasn't through teaching and I wasn't through learning. And so we were perfect table mates over lunch once or twice a month for years until he died. Though he taught American history, it was poetry that brought us together.

The poem that brought us together was my composition *Antietam: A Totem* which is the first and featured and fabulous --ah, but I understate-- piece in this collection. I wrote it in prison as a house guest. Long and fascinating story that I tell more fully in a chapter entitled "Prison Can Be Fun" in my autobiography which is still further entitled *My First Five Thousand Lives: The Adventures of an Archivist and the Tunes of a Troubadour*. Don't leave home without it. In all events, upon completing my beautiful ballad that features two ravens instead of just one of stingy Poe's, I felt it was God's will for me to share this masterpiece with all mankind. I began with all mankind in North Carolina.

I chose North Carolina to begin forcing this poem upon everyone I could force it upon because of another book of poems, to wit, *Nematodes in My Garden of Verse*, that I had found in the prison library. It was edited by one Richard Walser of whom I had never heard but am very glad that I eventually heard. Walser had been a professor of English at North Carolina State University where in 1997 I would earn an M.A. in American history after my B.A. in Criminal Injustice
at Stillwater University (sometimes known as the Graystone College) in 1991. In his book full of otherwise wonderful poems, Walser quoted Joseph Caldwell, a *Charlotte Observer* editor, that the best poets in life came from North Carolina. I could not understand how this could possibly be true with me still living in Minnesota. Accordingly, I wrote a letter that challenged Caldwell's *Alice in Wonderland* worldview, and I included with it my A+ opus entitled *Antietam: A Totem*.

I did not send the letter to Caldwell or Walser. They were already dead. Instead, I sent it to the chairpersons of the departments of history and English in every major college and university in North Carolina. That would be Duke, UNC, UNC-G, NC State, Davidson, Guilford, Greensboro, Wake Forest University et al. In substance, my letter referenced editor Caldwell's delusional estimate about the best bards in the state (that also gave us Blackbeard, arguably the best pirate) along with a challenge to each of them, their faculty colleagues, and/or their students (to whom I referred scorchingly and scurrilously as their "little pups") to try their best to write something better than what I had written. I wagered they couldn't do it and that Caldwell's Mount Everest estimate was more like a mole hill. Accent on miniature. It was wonderful trash talk.

I heard back from two such department chairmen, Harry Watson at UNC, and David Smiley at WFU. I have saved both letters. Here is Smiley's reply to me:
Both Watson and Smiley would eventually become my colleagues in the Historical Society of North Carolina, a by-invitation-only group of historians in the State. When I moved to North Carolina in March of 1992, I called Smiley and bought his lunch. We became fast friends thereafter, too fast even to begin outlining here. Suffice it to say that if all my glorious \textit{Antietam: A Totem} had ever done was to bring me into touch with Smiley, it was a heaven-sent boon. One of numerous hopes in my publishing it here is that it might bring about for others at least some of what it did for me, even if its lyrics are initially incomprehensible --and perhaps even ultimately incomprehensible. Another hope is that it might bring me fabulous riches, the former far more likely than the latter.

Before leaving Smiley and \textit{Antietam}, I wish to spell out part of a poem about Blacks that Smiley shared with me. I have never been able to find the full poem, if such exists. It is not written in Ebonics, but it never ceases to move me deeply. Smiley's dramatic recitation went like this, as he quoted a Black man who was the speaker of the lines:

\begin{quote}
Look not on me with such disdain because my skin is of a darker hue.
Just remember that these shoulders bore the cross he bore for you.
\end{quote}

The speaker, of course, is the Black man who allegedly carried the cross of Christ to Calvary after Christ's collapse en route thereto. Those two simple lines are as beautiful to me as anything I have read in English literature unless it would be John Milton's pregnant prose about the first recorded miracle of Jesus at a wedding in Cana of Galilee where he morphed clear well water into reddish Mogen David:

\begin{quote}
Conscious waters knew their Lord and blushed.
\end{quote}

Other scholars attribute these lines to other poets. They could be right. I blame my attribution to Milton onto the strong shoulders of Monroe Parker, my old Pillsbury College president. Parker also claimed to have fished Billy Graham into the faith, straight from the pond of perdition before the season closed for good. I hope he was right on at least one score.

Having written these marvelous lines about \textit{Antietam}, lines that are easily superior to at least one of Edgar Allan Poe's poems and maybe even his solitary \textit{Raven} poem, I found myself faced with a dilemma: i.e., what if I should perish before it is published for all of mankind to savor continuously? What if before I draw my last breath and before the last one I don't draw that this and many others of my marvelous creations should simply be thrown in the trash by what surely must become the world's most well-adjusted widow? Horrified at this prospect, I have determined come hell, high water, and/or Hillary, whichever is worse, that I
would rush some of these poems of mine into print, finished or unfinished, polished or unpolished, pure or impure. Knowing which ones of the hundred-or-so has been a formidable task all by itself. Nevertheless, here is an appetizing sampler plate full of them in quasi-alphabetical order with a few words of introduction to them in some cases. Brace yourself.

In addition to the poems I have written, I have added a few poems that I wish I had written. They are clearly marked with a headline to that effect. And I wish I had written a whole lot more, room for which there is none in this brief collection. But I will name a few for the pure pleasure of readers who might wish to pursue them further, to say nothing of the hundred or more of mine some of which are even more explosive --and beautiful, of course-- than those that follow. In no necessary order let me mention "The Ballad of Salvation Bill" by Robert Service, a book about which I have already created a coffee-table conversation-piece art book. In addition Service also wrote "Lucille," "Bessie's Boil," "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," and "The Cremation of Sam McGee." Poe's marvelous "The Raven" should be read by everyone on earth as should be his "Annabel Lee" and "Ulalume." "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell" by W. S. Gilbert is a perfect piece to recite just before a formal dinner with friends --if you never wish to be invited back. Wordsworth's "Daffodils" is a beauty and Thomas de Celano's "Dies Irae" is absolutely haunting. And then there is "The Touch of the Master's Hand" which never ceases to move me deeply. Time and space preclude the mentioning of more, but these alone will keep anyone in pursuit of happiness happy for as long as the Declaration of Independence tells us we have a right to be. Color me happy with these ravenous rhymes.
**Antietam: A Totem**

--*Apocalypse 19: 17-18*

--Abraham Lincoln to George McClellan:  
"God bless you and all with you. Destroy the Rebel Army, if possible."

--Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg:  
"... with malice toward none ..."

I still hear trumpet tones from Antietam  
Grisly groans of the living dead,  
Imperious gasps, "... We'll defeat 'em!"  
Ghostly screams, streams gurgling red,

Echoes rippling (though fourscore-plus years old)  
From twenty-four-scored-thousand men:  
Lying, sighing, dying, hot, cold,  
Haunting me, much louder than then.

See the ground itself seem to quake, quiver, twist?  
Rebs rock, rolling to Death's drum heart beat.  
"Corner y'er rattlesnake!" Hell-squared Yanks hiss.  
"Dos a dos copperheads!" Skewed Yanks yell, pissed.  
And, "Swing your pale partner, then do the tomb tryst,"  
In hallucinatory heat.

Hawks syncopate howls like chorusing Greeks,  
Screech, "Grace" for good gods' grub of war,  
Screech, "Grace" for God's good grub of war.  
The buzzards rhyme ravens, antiphonal freaks.  
Black Hawk verses vultures with tombstone-toned beaks;  
Black Hawk mimics White Eagle, Sauk sepulchers speak;  
'Sam parodies Zeus and Prometheus shrieks  
In lusty concert macabre.  
Now old Joshua's sun stops its stopping,  
Prod' on by pained, parched, pleading prayers;  
And the night falls, the last succor dropping,
And the shades fall, war-reeled suckers flopping,
And the Fall falls, fleshed harvest-pails slopping,
   Pale moonlight white-sheeting blanks stares,
   Creamed-crescent embossed boy blue stares.

But blest moonbeams can't whiteout the ghoulish
   Growls of men gaping at Death,
Or whimpered whispers of war's young and foolish,
   Each savoring belabored breath.

Can you hear their mad "Mother!"s --mad murm'ring--
   While the stars dance Virginia reels?
Mumm's cold mouths melt steeled men to squirming
   With surreal, shrill, shivering squeals.

Through the night I hear straining men naming
   Loved "Lenore"s on numb, near dumb lips,
Hell's wild, passioned jowls, as if taming.
   Famed flames lick red cold fingertips.

Now at daybreak, while some life yet lingers,
   With scavengers circling lower,
One man speaks with his voice and his fingers,
   Both slowly, and getting much slower.

He is wounded, bleeding, delerious,
   All his bones and thoughts out of joint;
Yet drifts of his dronings sound serious.
   He mumbles, "...I've come...from West Point..."

And then he mutters, "...McClellan...and...Lee...Jackson...Hill...Hood...Whistler 'n Poe...[m]inors at West Point..." --In A Major key:
   "All were...my idols...there...you know...
Majors from Wes' Poin'..." --In A-flat minor key:
   "All were...my godlings...there...you know...

"Poe's great ghost fled...frightened in '49...
   How I miss...his bright...darkened soul...
His...Black Bird...oft' brightened...this heart o' mine...
   Now swamped...in this...hell-heavy hole...
Christ! Jackson! . . . here still . . . live and breathe . . .
Their light darkens me . . . --God! Make . . . both suns . . . stand still . . .
Though I sweat . . . swell . . . swear . . . Shit! . . . steam . . . seethe!

"Great God! . . . Send me . . . just one . . . saintly raven . . .
Like 'Lijah's . . . in Jezebel lore . . .
--Not that Drunk 'round the Alamo's war . . .
--Not Houston . . . at Hickory's door . . .
An' Damn all . . . this bloodshed . . . an' grave engravin' . . .
Give New Heav'ns . . . Plutonian . . . shore . . ."

Now I hear him, shell-shocked, shriek, "Some Raven! . . .
Come! . . . Charm . . . with your . . . ebony beak . . .
And feed me . . . some crumbs . . . I am weak . . ."

With a rush every foul fowl from heaven
Flies down from up Gettysburg's creek,
Then rise slow' --loathsome landscape like leaven--
Devouring an eyeball or cheek.

Two rare ravens among them reel, drawling,
Beaks baptized in dung, Dunkard's gore;
Like "The Best Friend of Charleston" come crawling,
Wretch, splatter and spit, "Nevahmoah."

One is clearly Poe's old stately Raven,
Fresh flown from the Greek Pallas's bust
In search of new haunts, some new haven,
Some new drone in Apocalypse dust.
Some new drone of Apocalypse dust.

On their suitor's skin crawl --with no malice--
Beaks burst with blessed crumbs from Antietam.
Then, perched on his pallid busted phallus,
Both birds . . . begin . . . DAMN!-- t' eat 'im!
I can still hear him shrieking, eaten alive,
"No more war, gods!" Freak birds, "Nevahmoah!"
I hear Poe's ghost buzz, stir, 'round Heav'n's honeyed hive,
Drone 'round Pluto with his Queen Lenore;
Reel 'round Pluto, embracing Lenore;
Real 'round Pluto, clasping Lenore,
With Angels and her Evermore.
With Angels and her Evahmoah.

Yet I still hear low moans from Antietam
In hallucinating horror.
God of history, Rise! Recount! Repeat 'em!
[g]ods of history, Write! Recite! T' tete 'em!
Each soldier, his god, girl or whore.
Each bird fat with flesh from Antietam.
Break their bands, Bards of Battles! Drum! Beat 'em!
We're 24,000 souls poorer.
Off your rockers, stayed Whistlers, and fete 'em!
On their rockers etch, canvas, complete 'em!
With palettes baptize them or pour.
In Antietam's creek Dunk or pour.

A special thanks to Bill Hailey (artist, bon vivant, and son of Southern Baptist missionary parents to Fiji or wherever) for favoring me with this photorealistic rendering of ravens about to feast on the phallus of a Confederate soldier very much down on his luck.
A Call for a National Kissing Holiday

(To Shelly Belle Lee with Apologies to Annabel Lee)

My mind forgets many thousands of things
   Like the dates of wars and the reigns of kings
   (though not Thomas Aldrich's "Memory"
      of which this poem's a tributary)
--Like Chickamauga and Henry the Eights
And Tolstoy's saga and Peters, the Greats.

But I remember the very hour
Our lips last puckered with passionate power
   (Our lips set off a torrential shower,
      Quenching the thirst of love's drooping flower).

'Twas just after Jan. and Feb. Schwartzkopf Marched
   O'er deserts less dry than my lips were parched.
'Twas on the Ides that Rome recalls Caesar
   Your "Yes!" seduced me though "No!" was your teaser
(Thus, by Aristotle and protoplasm
I came to a phallacious syllogism).
   "Twas twelve a.m. in the dead of night
      (What a misnomer! 'Twas life of the night!)  
I held you tight as my verse-a-vise might
   --Yes, held you tight as a vise-a-verse might.
I held you like skies and seas hold moonlight.
   I quaffed the cup of your rubied nectar,
      Greek god his goddess never so pecked her.
          In fact, I recall the very minute.
          It was history's best, and I was in it!

Let the whole world come now and celebrate
   The Ides of March, midnight, and osculate!

I hadn't seen my wife for maybe a year or so. Need I say more? When King Solomon wrote his country western song that earned him a place in Holy Scripture, he had nothing on me. Step aside, Sol.
A Chip Chat with a Field in Carver County

What secrets do you hide, Oh Field,
With chippings on your breast?
Your buried treasures, scalped and peeled,
Come load into my chest.

Some brave, you say? From Carver's time?
Just carving by his fire?
Ttwwoo Ccaarrveerrss? Strange. The thought's sublime.
One Brit, one Red, one Sire.

Some arrowheads he carves, you say?
The chips are evidence?
This whole field his to hunt and play?
You're right. It all makes sense.

He's never seen a white man yet?
He's never seen a gun?
He will before the sun has set?
An arms race has begun?

No, I can see no rifles there,
Only the plowed furrow;
And only tiny chippings bare.
Will I, if I burrow?

No I won't? They're not buried yet?
You're right. Guns know no bars.
Did you say, "Will be"? Make a bet!
You will? You pledge the stars?

Even bombs with guns will die out?
As harmless as these chips?
Tell me, When? Quick! Your message flout!
Carve me like arrow tips.

There are enough stars to go 'round?
Each Brave a field of stars?
My God! But your argument's sound!
Play it in Carver's bars?
Am I drunk from Heavenly Bars?
Bombs buried on the moon?
Yes, I can see the Plain of Jars,
Plain as Red Dog's saloon.

Someone will be plowing the moon
And remember these chips?
Find bombs like some artifact spoon?
ThenGodSpeedNASA's trips!

I am a plowman of the moon?
I've been called "Pudding Tame."
"A Boy Named Sue" in Dog's Saloon.
Why not call me Verlaine?!

I'll just let the chips fall where they maze
On me, on Carver, or moon.
Such sing a State of Golden Days
Pipes the "Minnesota Loon."

I love the Minnesota River Valley. I have loved it since I first laid eyes on it back in the late 1960s. One day thirty or forty years ago, I was there with a real estate client, Ted Niskanen, to visit his farm. As we walked around, he pointed out what he called "chippings" lying all around one of his fields. Instantly, those chippings flashed upon my mind the lyrics above. Well, they did not all fall in place instantly, but the idea did. I saw in those chippings the expiration of Indian technology. I projected from that that some day there could be the expiration of American and Russian and Chinese and Iranian and Korean technology, too. In short, I saw that weapons of war really might warp into John Deere tractors and bulldozers and a Steinway piano in every living room. Thus, this meditation. A few of the images (e.g., Red Dog's Saloon) might be a little unfamiliar, but anyone bright enough to read this far can probably figure them out. I will explain one: "plowman of the moon." "Plowman of the moon" is a synonym for a dreamer, one who raises crops of wonderful ideas by dreaming outside the box —uh, even way outside the box. The French poet and drug addict, Paul Verlaine, harvested moonbeams, one of which Claude Debussy morphed into the incredibly haunting melody Claire de Lune. Robert Service, the Yukon poet, entitled one of his two autobiographies Ploughman of the Moon (the other, Harper of Heaven, like unto it). I would argue that my utopianism is not rooted in moonstruck musings but in the proclamation of Jesus that The Kingdom of God is Coming! No more war.
A Toast to God

. . . and then my Muse said, "O.K., Smart Aleck, let's see you blend Franz Kafka, rainbow trout, King James, Timbuctu, belly dancers, colander, and toast into one poetic potion!" And so I proposed

A Toast To God

My pal and I were out on his deck, observin' the setting sun,
Smokin' ol' stogies an' flickin' a fleck and spinning tall tales for fun.

Then he poured me a shot of vodka, mixed with a little dry gin;
And we drank a toast to Franz Kafka and his surreal tales of sin.

When the stars came out and danced about, he got out some sambuca;
And we toasted poets, lips, rainbow trout, titties, towns, Timbuktuka*

By the time the moon reached its zenith, we'd toasted each of the stars!
And we puzzled over what meaneth King James, life, laughter, man, Mars.

And we came up with some great answers that all but we might find odd.
They charmed us like Turk belly dancers. Then we drank a toast to God.

A toast to the Author of pleasure, The Giver of countless gifts,
Whose resources are without measure and fine as a colander sifts.

When we get together anymore on decks, sands, water or sod,
The Marnier and cognac and blends we pour, and first lift the glass to God.

*"Timbuktuka" is the correct pronunciation of the West African city, "Timbuctu," from the standpoint of one who has consumed at least five toasts before arriving there.

I wrote these magnificent lines about my dear friend, Spud, who likes to remain anonymous, partly so others do not show up at his house (which doubles as an evangelical rescue mission) to dilute his liquor locker, as I have shamelessly done for decades. Nevertheless, they are also applicable to other boon companions like my oldest brother, my African nephew, my soused sons, several Texans, a real estate partner, a Canadian Judge, a lawyer in Seattle, a college professor of Ravi Zacharias in France, a tea-totaling Jewish atheist widow on embassy row in Washington, D.C. (name and address available for a small fee), the husband of the graphic designer of these pages, and my dear baby granddaughter Magnolia, when she is old enough to switch bottles and guzzle with her grandfather.
Baby, Won't You Please First Sign This Here Form?

(To be sung to the tune of "The Wreck of the Old '97")

I fell to nappin' one day in my Minnesota mansion
   When up snuck a spooky Halloween storm.
I was snowbound with a lady and a roarin' fire,
   And hell had cooled way down to toasty warm.
Then I looked out of the window and the white-out was suggestive,
   And she was burnin' -- Bush like-- for her own desert storm;
Yet I knew that happy rapers always carried good papers,
So I said, "Baby, won't you please first sign this here:
My brand new, mighty economical, pre-notarized, semi-sorta-apherdaisical, J. Edgar Hoover-Newnighted-States-Justice-Department-approved, twenty-five words or less, general office supply, mass produced, one dollar sixty-nine, comprehensive, all purpose Date Rape Waiver Form?"

I started thinkin' one day 'bout the Sunday school story
   Of young Joseph and old Pharoah's wild wife,
'Bout how she tried to seduce him but was unsuccessful,
   How she screamed, "Rape!!" while Joe fled for his life.
I got to thinkin', "Was there anything that mighta' saved him
   --'sides the Lord circus ridin' this bum steer storm?"
And I came to the conclusion that he should have had with him
My brand new, mighty economical, pre-notarized, semi-sorta-apherdaisical, J. Edgar Hoover-Newnighted-States-Justice-Department-approved, twenty-five words or less, general office supply, mass produced, one dollar sixty-nine, comprehensive, all purpose Date Rape Waiver Form."

I got to readin' one day 'bout Kennedy and Tyson,
   'Bout their bright britches branchin' out so big.
And I wondered if they'd ever heard of Joseph in prison,
   When each of them was just a tiny twig.
I got to wond'rin', "Was there anything that mighta' saved 'em
From the sting of honey lawyers all a'swarm?"
And I concluded that there was, it was the story of Joseph **AND**
My brand new, mighty economical, pre-notarized, semi-sorta-apherdaisical, J. Edgar Hoover-Newnighted-States-Justice-Department-approved, twenty-five words or less, general office supply, mass produced, one dollar sixty-nine, comprehensive, all purpose Date Rape Waiver Form."
Now if you ever find yourself with some trumped up charges
And you're rough-ridin' one hell of a storm,
Just remember young Joseph from the Sunday school story
And duplicate his free rape-waiver form.
But if you've outgrown Bible-britches and you like to hang out naked,
Exposed to Kennedy and Tyson-like storms,
Just keep yourself right handy a pad or unwrecked trainload of
My brand new, mighty economical, pre-notarized, semi-sorta-apherdaisical, J. Edgar Hoover-Newnighted-States-Justice-Department-approved, twenty-five words or less, general office supply, mass produced, one dollar sixty-nine, comprehensive, all purpose Date Rape Waiver Forms."

I composed this jockular jewel back in 1991 when there was a lot of date-rape or at least a lot of alleged date-rape going on. Chief copulating culprits were boxer Mike Tyson and the barfly-Bowman-banger, William Kennedy Smith. The immediate inspiration for it was a massive Halloween snowstorm that hit Minnesota that year. Images of unwanted intimacy saturated my cerebral cortex like the sixty zillion snowflakes swirling outside, and this concockshun was the result. In places the meter is still a little ragged. I have given thought to polishing it a bit, but I think I want it to cook a little longer. The actual Date-Rape Waiver Form follows hereafter alphabetically under "W" for the "W"orld's Widest Poem." Because of the small size of this booklet, I have had to compress the original two long lines that ordinarily require 8.5 x 14 paper turned sideways into four lines. If there is a wider poem in all the world, I have no idea what it would be. Longer ones there be; but wider? No. I mention all this as a poetic service just in case the question ever comes up and you are on Jeopardy.
The Best

The Best Poem hasn't been written,
The best song hasn't been sung.
The Best of wines is still sittin'.
The future has them all stored.

The best days haven't been lived yet,
The brightest star's not been seen.
A billion is still a two-bit bet
On a nuclear image screen.

All of the best awaits for us,
Fresh in eternity's cold.
One grand millennial circus:
The best story ever told.

I got to thinking one day many years ago about ultimates. It suddenly occurred to me, as it would to anyone who thought about the subject long enough, that if the ultimates had already been achieved in so many fields that there was no motivation remaining for anyone to try to do better. We all might just as well comfortably settle to be 2\textsuperscript{nd} best or even 700\textsuperscript{th} best. \textit{The Best}, above, was the result. It is easily the \textit{The Best} poem ever written and probably ever to be written. Robert Goulet agreed. Well, sort of. He wrote and told me he liked it. Close enough. He also asked if I had written anything else.

Because of Goulet's nice bouquet, I began writing more whether I had written anything else or not. Years later, Marlo Thomas wrote a wonderful book entitled \textit{The Right Words at the Right Time}. For it she interviewed all kinds of big name people, asking them to respond to the question, "What was a time when someone said to you just the right words at just the right time?" Her book contains 100 replies to that question. If she had asked me, and she should have, I would have said, "When Robert Goulet asked me if I had written anything else." Almost all of these poems were written after his question to me. If you don't like them, gore Goulet, not me. He has since passed to his reward and nothing you can say will hurt him, while I am incredibly sensitive and could collapse at the slightest criticism. I once hit a brick wall of sorts and it shattered my personality into a thousand pieces and imaginary playmates. I long just to be bi-polar again.
This is one of my all time favorite creations. Sure, it's short, but it packs punch. It is perhaps the most quoted by others of my poems. Even Jimmy Carter knows it, though I have no firsthand knowledge that he has ever recited it at a party. The poem came about as follows.

I was born in Philadelphia. Jimmy Clark, my dear friend, was born in Brooklyn. One day a decade or so ago, the Philadelphia Eagles were playing the New York Giants. The Eagles were ahead 24-0, and I was enjoying the game. In the middle of my enjoyment, my phone rang. It was Jimmy Clark. Jimmy had the Giants on his mind. He wanted to bet me that the Giants would come back and win the game. No way, thought I, and so I took the bet. What was the bet? The loser had to write a love poem about the winner.

The chances of my losing the bet seemed infinitely remote, and so I had no real fear of having to write such lines about this scumbag. We did so much trash talking that I doubt if all the known and unknown languages on planets earth and Mars could possibly exhaust our exchanges even if we knew them all fluently. A loss would be catastrophic. I lost. My Eagles let me down. Clark was ecstatic.

A few months went by and I had not yet written my love poem. Jimmy was fairly understanding, as I told him I could not force my Muse into action. The Muse often eludes her lovers. But finally after six months of meditation, I came up with what you see above. I called Clark for my dramatic recitation. He was furious!

"I hate Central Park," said he. This was one of his milder maledictions. He screamed, "That's no poem! I hate Central Park. It is full of druggies, murderers, and rapists!" On and on he swore literary criticisms even without a poetic license to do so. I screamed back, "Jimmy, you are substituting length for love! I love Central Park and it is that imagery that captures my love for you." Here, still unbeknownst to him, I choked back projectile puking.

Multiply this exchange by fifty and you will have an idea of what the last decade has been like. Clark is incorrigible. I even wrote a letter to Kay Ryan, the then Poet Laureate of the United States, and explained the problem. I told Kay, "If in your sole judgment I have failed to fulfill the terms of my bet, I will write a new
or poem." She wrote back, "I like your poem. Your friend is nuts." Naturally I reported this to Jimmy Clark (who, I remind you, is like Central Park). Exploded he, "I don't care what the poet laureate of the United States says!!! You owe me a poem!"

Here things sit, and here they will forever sit. I continue to interview every person whom I ever meet from New York. I tell them the story and ask them if I have fulfilled my obligation. Nine out of ten say that I have done so, and they go back to New York with a fun story around the table when conversation is otherwise a bit thin. I have even suggested variations on a theme to Jimmy Clark, such as

Jimmy Clark
Is like Zion National Park

or

Jimmy Clark
Is like Glacier National Park

But all have met with a reception colder than a glacier. Someone suggested as a variation

Jimmy Clark
Is like Cutty Sark

However, Jimmy Clark is a recovering alcoholic and almost a charter member of AA. This will not do, even though I keep telling him, "Rehab is for quitters." I almost wish I had written something at great length, as my masterpiece takes longer to explain than it does to recite.
Teats

By "Brett Brady Kilmer"
(Imaginary playmate of "Jimmy Burns,"
The Schnappsburg Poet Laureate)

I think that I shall never pass
A pigskin lovely as a lass.

I cannot name two football feats
That e'en compare with just two teats.

In fact, not e'en one football fact
Is like one of those things that lact'.

I'd rather see an open blouse
Than open back bring down the house.

No bullet spirals down the tubes
Will e'er compare to half 2 boobs.

Fools write poems like Kilmer, Keats,
But only God can make two teats!

My Christian brethren (and sistern --or is it "cistern"? Check on this and edit this embarrassing question after the final proofread --and make sure not to forget) will not approve of this poem, while at the same time giving full approval to the Song of Solomon in which the King of Israel breathes heavily, "Let her breasts please you at all times." In general Christians think it is quite all right to gaze upon marble mammaries in the Louvre (and even one or two in the art gallery at Bob Jones University), but it is not ok to describe them a bit playfully in dull black ink. I think my poem is a perfectly appropriate portrait of pectorals and that God is pleased with the topic, to say nothing about the wonderful lyrics. The catechism is simple. Question #1: Did God create breasts --and the many colorful synonyms for them? Answer #1: Of course he did. Question #2: If God had not created breasts but some scientist did, how tall would be the monument to him after his demise --or even before his demise? Answer #2: Probably thirty miles high. End of magnificent story. In all events, I did not write this bawdy poem anyway. An imaginary playmate of one of my own imaginary playmates did.
World's Widest Poem or A Date-Rape Waiver Form

Witnesseth ___________________ read me his cunninglingual Wasserman warning
Insert Happy Raper's name above)
After which I gave him explicit permission in my venul pool to go swimm'n.'
For he told me that the only reason that God made nouns, verbs, interjections in all languages
From creation till now was so that men could woo women.

This form is a logical derivative of "Baby, Won't You Please Sign This Here Form First?" Having written that poem, there was a vacuum without the form to which it referred.

Let me be clear: date-rape is no joke. It is not funny. However, some of the explanations by those accused of it are ludicrous, and it is to their pathetic memory I dedicate this Form. And, of course, I dedicate it to the judiciary that often lets such lunatics --as well as so many sinful lawyers-- off the hook.

Let me also be clear that I blatantly stole the very last line from the movie entitled Dead Poets Society. I think it is a marvelous line. And if drug abuser Sigmund Freud was anywhere close to the mark, the line is probably not only marvelous but true.
Yale's Yankee Yahoos

In the annals of Chuck Darwin's tales
None's so backward as this one of Yale's.
    Born again as baboons,
They banned names like Calhoun's,
Now its grads shed their tassels for tails.

Yale's prez left its founder* intact.
    And that's a hilarious fact!
Johnny Carson's Karnak
    With such humor cat black
Could nine lives of riddles extract.

"Jimmy Burns"
Peppermint# Schnappsburg Poet Laureate

*Elihu Yale, Yale's white supremacist benefactor and namesake.
#"Jimmy Burns" alters and nuances his vita at will and at whim without warning.

In 2017 the issue of retaining Confederate statues became a big issue in Southern states. Specific hot spots are all over the internet and I need not repeat them here. Aw, maybe I will. Here they are in nearly alphabetical order: Charlottesville, Dallas, Durham, and now Chapel Hill, North Carolina where Silent Sam is on Death Row waiting for a pardon.

Leading the pack in this kind of insanity was nothing other than Yale University. The Southern racist John C. Calhoun had graduated from Yale (itself a racist school in his day) and subsequently a building was named in his honor. Outcries from the ostensibly politically correct crowd began to crescendo, and Calhoun took a real fall greater than the fictional Humpty Dumpty.

The irony and idiocy of this move is that the man after whom Yale is named was an exponentially greater racist than Calhoun. Aristotelian logic would suggest that Yale would drop its own name in favor of a local abolitionist named Simeon Jocelyn --or even me, as I do not have a racist bone in my body. But the puritan professors do not wish to follow their reasoning to its logical conclusion and have left Elihu Yale's name intact. Thus, this limerick. I sent it to Yale Prez, Peter Salovey, but his failure to reply suggest to me he doesn't know a fabulous limerick when he sees one. But George Will called it "Well Done," and that's good enough for me.
Poems by Others that I Wish I Had Written

The Bridge Builder

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To chasm, vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side
And he built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your time with building here.
Your journey will end with the ending day,
And never again will you pass this way.
You have safely crossed the chasm wide.
Why build you the bridge at the eventide?"

Then the builder lifted his old gray head.
"Good friend, on the path I have come," he said,
"There followed after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pit-fall be,
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

Will Allen Dromgoole
Isn't it Strange?

Isn't it strange, that paupers and kings,  
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,  
And common people, like you and me,  
Are builders for eternity?

Each is given a bag of tools,  
A shapeless mass and a Book of Rules;  
And each must make, e'er time has flown,  
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

R.L. Sharpe, "A bag of tools," circa 1809

The Builder

I watched them tearing a building down  
A gang of men in a busy town.  
With a, "Heave ho! Heave on!" and a lusty yell  
They swung a beam and a building fell.

Then I asked their foreman, "Are these men skilled  
As the men you'd hire, if you had to build?"
He gave a laugh and said, "No, indeed!  
Just common labor is all I need.  
I can easily wreck in a day or two  
What builders have taken a year to do."

And I thought to myself, as I went on my way,  
"Which of these roles have I tried to play?  
Am I a builder who builds with care,  
Measuring life by the rule and the square?  
Am I patiently doing the best I can,  
Shaping my deeds by a well-laid plan?  
Or am I a wrecker who stalks the town,  
Content with the labor of tearing down?

Anonymous
Obedience

I said: “Let me walk in the fields.”
He said, “No, walk in the town.”
I said, “There are no flowers there.”
He said, “No flowers, but a crown.”

I said, “But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din.”
But He wept, as He sent me back,
“There is more,” He said, “There is sin.”

I said, “But the air is thick
And fogs are veiling the sun.”
He answered, “But hearts are sick,
And souls in the dark, undone!”

I said, “I shall miss the light,
And my friends will miss me, they say.”
He answered, “Choose tonight,
If I am to miss you or they.”

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, “Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide.”

I cast one look at the fields,
Then I set my face to the town.
He said, “My child, will you yield?
Will you leave your flowers for the crown?”

Then into His hand went mine
And into my heart came He.
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.

George McDonald

This poem of McDonald's has been a favorite of mine since the very first time I heard it over fifty years ago. Monroe Parker, my old college president, recited it in
a sermon. I was hooked. It moved me then and it moves me just as much today. Since then I have recited it many times myself.

My most memorable recitation of it took place in a Sunday school class at Wooddale Baptist Church (now just Wooddale Church, "sans "Baptist") in Richfield, Minnesota (but now in Eden Prairie, Minnesota). Our teacher was Al Robinson, a career pilot with Northwest Airlines (which was absorbed by Delta). In retrospect --and even at the time-- I wondered if Al had enough time in his schedule to prepare for the weekly lesson. I wondered this because of the template Al superimposed upon the class. We would open with a prayer and then Al would say, "OK, let's break into small groups and chat intimately about the Bible verse, and then let's re-assemble and share our thoughts." Then one Sunday he included a variation on this theme. He added, "Perhaps someone might even wish to write a poem about the text." Eureka!

I broke into my small group and broke out a piece of paper. I ignored the discussion of the others and began to make a motion with my pen as if I were writing furiously. No one in that class of twenty or so missed my motions. When Al called us to re-assemble, I simply tucked the blank piece of paper in my pocket and sat silent among my classmates, just waiting for Al or someone to beg me to reveal what I was writing down. When the plea for what I was doing finally came, I lied through my teeth and said I had just written a poem. I did not volunteer to read it. I waited for more begging. It followed. And so, looking at my blank piece of paper, I began reciting McDonald's marvelous lines. Initially the class was astounded with my poetic power. Savoring their swelling admiration as I rhymed along, I waited after the last word for the full effect of wonder to sink in, only thereafter revealing my ungodly but extremely enjoyable charade.

Not satisfied with this solitary ruse, I employed it again one day in a different context and with a different poem. The context was the aforementioned Correctional facility. I saw three Blacks sitting at a picnic table, a table I needed for its hard surface in order to write a letter to my spouse. I asked these fellows if they would object to my sitting at the opposite end of the table for that purpose. While their faces displayed incredulity at my request, they nevertheless extended the permission I sought. Then I wrote my letter --a real letter. I didn't just go through the motions of simulating cursive.

When I completed my letter, a wonderfully nasty thought crossed my mind. Fully embracing its wickedness, I said to these fellows, "Fellows, I just now wrote a love poem for my wife and I was wondering if I might read it to you to see what you
think of it." I lack the vocabulary to portray the looks on three black faces at a honky soliciting their commentary on my creation. Just imagine it as best you can. They consented to my request, and here I began to recite Poe's wonderful poem about Annabel Lee. In retrospect, I thank God that inner city schools are not funded as well as suburban schools. If those fellows had already known of this poem, I would not be alive at this moment to write about the experience. Had I been smart enough to realize that before I began my recitation, I never would have attempted this foolishness. But I did; and because of the response of one of them, I'm glad I did. When I finished the last line of Poe's wonderful tribute to Annabel Lee, I inquired, "Well, what do you think of it?" There was a slight pause and then one of them drawled, "Well, it ain't bad, but it ain't gonna win you no Pooolitzer Prize" --accent on "Poo."

I could not give way at that moment to the volcanic laughter going on inside my frontal lobes, but I have many times since then --as recently as right now. Time and space, especially space, fail me to tell how I have done the same sort of thing with Robert Service's famous poem, "The Cremation of Sam McGee." On more than one occasion I could have gotten myself shot by falsely claiming authorship of this wonderful ballad, adding to my recitative ruse a revelation that I had once spent six months in a psychiatric ward after watching Sam McGee ascend to heaven in grisly smoke. My ancient crotchety spinster missionary-to-India Aunt Elsie was one of them. A student of mine who had actually spent a little time in a psycho ward was another, after I recited it to a college class I taught in American history. Worse than getting shot, I suppose I could have been fired. Since that experience I have pretty much given up this practice --unless I see a good opportunity...
Odium Theologicum

They met and they talked where the crossroads meet,
Four men from the four winds come,
And they talked of the horse, for they loved the theme,
And never a man was dumb.
The man from the North loved the strength of the horse,
And the man from the East his pace,
And the man from the South loved the speed of the horse,
And the man from the West his grace.

So these four men from the four winds come,
Each paused a space in his course
And smiled in the face of his fellow man
And lovingly talked of the horse.
Then each man parted and went his way
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with peace in his heart
And loving his fellow man.

They met the next year where the crossroads meet,
Four men from the four winds come;
And it chanced as they met that they talked of God,
And never a man was dumb.
One imagined God in the shape of a man.
A spirit did one insist.
One said that nature itself was God.
One said that he didn’t exist.

They lashed each other with tongues that stung,
That smote as with a rod;
Each glared in the face of his fellow man,
And wrathfully talked of God.
Then each man parted and went his way,
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with wrath in his heart,
And hating his fellow man.

Sam Walter Foss
A Toast to Longevity

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wines and beers.
The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at eighteen is nearly done.
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in twelve short years it croaks.
The modest, sober bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die;
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three-score years and ten!

A Biblical Toast

Here’s to Eve, the mother of our race who wore a fig leaf in just the right place.
And here’s to Adam, the father of us all
Who was Johnny on the spot when the leaves began to fall.

The Poet Laureate

A Lion wild named Laurie
Went walking from the zoo.
She wandered through the country.
A poet walked there, too.

When Laurie was recaptured,
shoe strings clung to her claws
And ragged strips of breeches
Were hanging from her jaws.

The people missed their poet,
But lucky was with his fate.
For he became thereafter
The poet Laurie ate.

Joseph Caldwell in Richard Walser’s Nematodes in My Garden of Verse
A Poetic Postscript

_A Very Long Poem about Jonathan_

It suddenly occurs to me that I have left out of my own compositions a marvelous limerick I wrote for a very special occasion. In short, spouse Shelly and I received an invitation one day to dine with the U.S. Ambassador to Mongolia and his spouse and parents. I had read his memoir of growing up as a missionary kid in Pakistan, not too far down the road from where Osama bin Laden bit the dust. In his memoir entitled _Some Far and Distant Place_ (Athens: The University of Georgia Press, 2007), Jonathan Addleton revealed that once on a trip from Pakistan back home to America, his parents stopped in Athens where he not only peeped at Athens where he peed on the Parthenon but peed on it (fifth column to the right, facing west)! In honor of this marvelous vignette, I composed the following lines to commemorate that occasion in what was both a short and long but very moving after-dinner speech:

I've a friend who runs the Greek Marathon.
Long distance feats are what turns him on.
But he cannot contend
With my brand new friend
Who from Pakistan peed on the Parthenon.
Dust Jacket Reviews

"If you are in AA, read this poem [A Toast to God]. You'll get drunk without drinking. If you are a drinker, read this poem just in case you needed a reason."

--James Lutzweiler, world class nephew and namesake of the author

"Some foolish poems lack rhyme or reason. The poems of James Lutzweiler possess rhyme. Lutzweiler is so deft in his art that he writes with a plum, inspiring a reader to respond:

I'd rather face a rabid Rottweiler
Than miss a poem by James Lutzweiler."

--Dr. Steve Kellman, Professor Comparative Literature, UTSA

"Well done!" (in re: Yale's Yankee Yahoos)

--George Will, Political Commentator

"[Antietam: A Totem begins with a climax --and then gets stronger]. You clearly parody and parallel Poe."

--Philip Furia, Professor of English, University of Minnesota

"I loved The Best. Have you written anything else?"

--Robert Goulet, actor and singer


--"Jimmy Burns," Schnappsburg Poet Laureate

"[Jimmy Lutzweiler's Toast to God] is 'remarkable' . . . So is Odium Theologicum."

--Jimmy Carter, Sunday school teacher and Plains poet

"I like A Toast to God. Thanks for this ode to the heavens."

--Dr. Ray Stevens, Emeritus Professor of English, McDaniel College

"Thanks so much for sending this along. I really love reading your writing and poetry. They are amazing. I am going to show your writings to Gary, a man I met in January of 2017. One of the things that attracted me to him was his vocabulary, his writing and communication."

--Barb Hill, Former flame, college classmate, and fabulous pianist

"Lutz, You are amazing! Your poetry is fantastic, your research profound, your humor tinctilating (sp?_), your vocabulary and use of the English language superb. What Have I left out?"

--Understandable Understatement by Clarke Poorman, college baseball coach of the pitcher/poet
The Fundamentalist-Americana Collection
of
James Lutzweiler

An Overview of The Collector and The Collection

1 January 2016
Ronan’s recent attendance Sunday’s installation unveiled where he’s least successfully. I have received only somewhat less successfully.

The College...
The Collector:

I, James Lutzweiler, an American historian, was from 1999-2013 the Archivist at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary in Wake Forest, North Carolina. I also operate a for-profit microfilm manufacturing business d/b/a Schnappsburg University Press (SUP). Schnappsburg was once a small village twenty-five miles or so southwest of Minneapolis, Minnesota, though it can only be seen anymore on old maps --and on the letterhead of this microfilm business. I chose this name because it is symbolic of little things, and microfilm is little. I chose it also because Schnappsburg is a fascinating byte of Americana that should be remembered by more people than those who have the time to consult old maps.

The primary mission of SUP is the identification and preservation of religious periodicals (Truth, Watchword and Truth, The Record of Christian Work, Missionary Review of the World, The Sunday School Times) and manuscript collections (e.g., Billy Sunday's papers, Congressman Brooks Hays's papers) associated with the historical fundamentalist movement in America about which Ernest Sandeen has written in his timeless classic, The Roots of Fundamentalism: British and American Millenarianism, 1800-1930 (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1970). Purchasers of SUP products include Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Duke, Emory, Baylor, Wake Forest University, The University of North Carolina, North Carolina State University, The University of Tennessee, The University of Missouri, High Point University, The Wisconsin State Historical Society, Moody Bible Institute, Fuller Theological Seminary, etc., and schools in Australia and Turkey.

I was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on 11 April 1946, and shortly thereafter moved with my parents to Michigan and then to Illinois. I attended Lincoln Grade School in Dixon, Illinois, where my kindergarten teacher had been a classmate of Ronald Reagan and where my principal (whom I knew all too well) had been one of Mr. Reagan's teachers. I later graduated from Dixon High School from which Mr. Reagan also graduated. These regional roots did nothing to dampen my interest in history or in the kind of religious fundamentalism that Ronald Reagan at least outwardly embraced. E.g., Mr. Reagan learned to swim and become a lifeguard at the Dixon YMCA which was built in large part with monies donated by the Chicago White Stockings (now Cubs) ballplayer, Billy Sunday, after his 1905 revival in Dixon. It is almost certain that the later baseball announcer, Dutch Reagan, has some yet pointedly untapped roots in Billy Sunday, who had also previously conducted a revival in Prophetstown, Illinois, very near which was Tampico, where Reagan was born. It is just short of certain that
Reagan's mother attended Sunday's Prophetstown exercises where Sunday in typical fashion fought the kind of booze that Reagan's father also fought --though somewhat less successfully. I have tracked down and microfilmed or copied the newspaper coverage of all of these Billy Sunday revivals.

I also have roots in Billy Sunday. At the age of five, I hit for the first --but not the last-- time the sawdust trail (by then it was linoleum) at Dixon's West Side Baptist Church, where my father, Rev. Adam Lutzweiler, was the pastor. The preacher on that occasion was Albert Peterson. Peterson had been Billy Sunday's personal bodyguard, occasional piano player, masseur, tabernacle custodian, and factotum. My father had met Peterson in 1930 back in Philadelphia where he (my father) had provided the special music for Billy Sunday's revival in The Baptist Temple of Russell Conwell. Conwell was the creator of that church, the creator of Temple University, the creator of the famous lecture, Acres of Diamonds, that he delivered all across America 6,000 times, and was also a court-martialed Civil War soldier whose religious conversion story in the heat of an 1862 battle was a complete fabrication (an utterly fascinating tale that is too long to recite here but which story in a rare book, as well as Conwell's autograph, is among The Collection referenced hereinafter).

Before my father's own conversion after a theatre performance on the night of 1 August 1925 on the 10th floor of the Paul Revere Hotel in Detroit, Michigan, he had been a jazz-mad marimbist in Vaudeville, where he went by the far more euphonic name of Lew Adams and helped to make the Twenties roar. His life story was broadcast on the serialized program "Unshackled" in 1953 by Chicago's Pacific Garden Mission (where Billy Sunday himself had converted and to which he heavily contributed) on radio station WGN. As a teenager, my father had managed to learn that instrument under the tutelage of his musical idol, Peter Lewin, of the Russian Imperial Orchestra. Lewin had played before the Czar of Russia and also for President Taft at the White House, when Lewin had served as the marimba soloist for the U.S. Marine Band, as it performed there. He toured the country with Lewin on the RKO circuit from the Quaker State to California, including a gig at the Hill Street Theatre in Los Angeles, not far from which Richard Nixon was undergoing a fundamentalist conversion at Aimee Semple McPherson's Angelus Temple under the preaching of Paul Rader. Rader was a converted boxer, a Billy Sunday lookalike, and the pastoral successor of Dwight L. Moody at the famous Moody Church in Chicago.

Upon his conversion, my father abandoned Vaudeville for the Christian ministry, and he returned to Philadelphia where he eventually enrolled in the Philadelphia College of the Bible, a school founded by C. I. Scofield. Scofield was a disgraced lawyer and U.S. attorney general for the State of Kansas and was eventually jailed in St. Louis for forgery. In 1909, roughly thirty years after his
conversion under the influence of Moody, Scofield managed to get Oxford University Press to publish a King James version of the Bible with his name on it, to wit, the *Scofield Reference Bible*. That Bible contained the intellectual backbone of the theology of Moody, Billy Sunday, Billy Graham, Chicago's Jerry Jenkins (who did the writing of the *Left Behind* series), and also the far lesser-known Collector of the following materials who cut his theological eye teeth on that Bible. The Collection itself, as you will see, contains two rare autograph letters by Scofield and a first edition of his famous Bible.

Adam Lutzweiler pastored in Dixon, Illinois, from 1949 until 1967, whereupon he retired to become until his death in 1970 the calling pastor at Ashburn Baptist Church in Chicago. The church was launched in 1951 under the guidance of Vernon Lyons who, now in his 80s, still pastors the church with a new generation of members. Vernon Lyons became the inspiration for the character, Rev. Vernon, in the massive-selling *Left Behind* series by Jerry Jenkins. Lyons's son, Charles, pastors the Armitage Baptist Church in Chicago, and recently was featured in the national media for challenging Chicago Mayor, Rahm Emmanuel, in the matter of Chick-fil-A’s opposition to gay marriage. The Collector lived and worked in Chicago and attended Ashburn Baptist Church during the summers of these years. Recently I recorded three oral histories with Vernon Lyons. They are part of this Collection.

Upon graduation from Dixon High School, I entered Pillsbury College in Owatonna, Minnesota, where in 1968 I received a B.A. (*magna cum laude*) in Bible and Biblical Languages with minors in English and history. In 1972 I graduated from Central Baptist Theological Seminary in Minneapolis, Minnesota, with an M.Div. (*magna cum laude*). The Seminary was launched in 1955 by Richard V. Clearwaters, formerly the academic Dean under Northwestern College's then President, Billy Graham (who himself was the presidential successor of the nationally known fundamentalist fighter and founder of Northwestern, William Bell Riley). During those seminary days I took additional coursework at Bethel Seminary in Arden Hills, Minnesota, where I studied under Dr. Ronald Youngblood, the chief translator of the Old Testament book of *Judges* for the *NIV* version of the Bible, and under Dr. Millard Erickson, author of a standard seminary textbook entitled *Christian Theology*.

After graduation from seminary, I took three courses at the University of Minnesota toward a PhD in Ancient Near Eastern Studies under Dr. Tom Jones. One of my professors was Dr. Otto Schaden who taught Egyptology and hieroglyphics. Schaden, a perfect pedagogue, was nevertheless denied tenure and then joined a polka band in Chicago to earn money to go on archaeological digs in Egypt. In 2006 it was revealed that Professor Schaden had made the greatest discovery in Egypt since Howard Carter's discovery of King Tut's tomb.

4
Classroom notes from Schaden's class in Egyptology are part of The Collection referenced herein.

Deciding in 1974 that I could learn Akkadian cuneiform faster by climbing the Behistun Stone in Iran and deciphering it than I could under Jones's pitiful pedagogy, I entered the field of real estate in order to fund such projects of my own, though not the Behistun Stone in which by then I had lost interest. Having then met Macalester College's Dr. Ernest Sandeen, who had recently published *The Roots of Fundamentalism: British and American Millenarianism, 1800-1930* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1970) and who had authored the entry on "fundamentalism" for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, I began to take more than a passing interest in my own fundamentalist roots. I began studying the subject informally under Sandeen and eventually received Sandeen's papers from his widow. In order for fundamentalists to be able to afford it, I also engineered the reprinting by Baker Book House of Sandeen's book down from a price of $14.00 to $6.00 so that the very objects of his topic could afford it.

Shortly after entering real estate, I bought with an older friend a dilapidated property at 2822 Dupont North in Minneapolis. Thinking we were in the junk business, we opened a company bank account in the name of Sanford and Son. We literally ate up all our profits at a local steak house called JAX Cafe and also at a nearby Polka bar/lounge named Mayslack's, where the retired wrestler/owner, Stan Mayslack, boasted in clearly-written slogans plastered all over the place (e.g., on the front of bikini panties hanging from the ceiling, bumper stickers, newspaper articles, pennants --and, I suppose even on Bibles, if he sold them) that "Nobody Beat's Mayslack's Meat!" The Harvard Glee Club had once rendered a flash-mob concert there, after initially refusing even to enter the Archie Bunker-type joint; and the clientele ranged from low-lifes to highly-placed politicians, insofar as there is a difference.

Now back to 2822 Dupont, the source of this great fun and the scholarship to follow. The small living room of the house had served as the location for the first church of German Baptists in Minneapolis, and had recently been owned by a man who had attended William Bell Riley's Northwestern College before Billy Graham presided there. That man had left his library along with several old and rare fundamentalist periodicals in the basement of the house. I bought the house in order to get the library, and the rare periodicals from that basement became the nucleus of a microfilm business that I would launch in 1992. Before selling the originals to The University of Notre Dame, where those materials are now memorialized as "The Adam L. Lutzweiler Collection of Fundamentalist and Evangelical Magazines" (whose contents can be viewed at wwwtest.library.nd.edu/rarebooks/collections/rarebooks/fundamentalist.shtml), I microfilmed them.
For the past twenty years I have added numerous titles to this microfilm Collection, titles which are enumerated more fully hereinafter but which in anticipation of that list include not only the papers of Billy Sunday and the papers of Arkansas Congressman Brooks Hays from his collection at Wake Forest University (Hays left papers to Wake Forest University, the JFK Library, The University of Arkansas, The Southern Baptist Historical Library and Archives and Rutgers University), but also the papers of Lyman Stewart, founder of California's Union 76 Oil Company and the bankroller of those little booklets entitled *The Fundamentals* which contain the essence of the Fundamentalist movement (and which are the first books one sees in Dayton, Tennessee, when entering the Courthouse Museum that is devoted to the Scopes Trial), and also the bankroller of BIOLA University in California; the papers of Amzi C. Dixon, brother of the fiery racist Thomas Dixon and the man who conceptualized *The Fundamentals* while he pastored Moody Church in Chicago; the papers of Edgar Y. Mullins, a contributor of an essay to *The Fundamentals* of Dixon and Stewart, a past president of the Southern Baptist's flagship Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky, and a man whom Yale's Harold Bloom has compared to an American version of Martin Luther or John Calvin for Southern Baptists; roughly one million papers of the *Student Volunteer Movement* at Yale University, papers that contain rare biographical details of the missionary who converted to Christianity Mitsuo Fuchida, the lead pilot of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor; and most recently the papers of Charles Trentham, the pastor of Jimmy Carter during Carter's presidency.

In 1994 I enrolled at North Carolina State University to pursue an M.A. in American History with a special concentration in Western American History. My primary goal in so doing was to write a book about the role of the first transcontinental railroad in the coming of the Civil War (of which more in due course). While there, however, I, a white male, was quite pleasantly seduced and sidetracked by a mulatto girl --a girl, I should add, who had been dead for over one hundred years. Her name was Emily D. West. Emily was alleged by some serious historians, but especially by some ribald raconteurs (one of them was the English teacher of then future anchorman Dan Rather at Sam Houston State University), to have been a sex goddess and the inspiration for Mitch Miller's minstrelish song "The Yellow Rose of Texas." In short, she was not. One can read the entire long story by myself and co-author, Jeff Dunn, online in *The Handbook of Texas Music* at www.tshaonline.org/publications/books/32047. But the project of discovering that and other facts about Emily's quite significant but highly overlooked life took three years, three visits to the Newberry Library in Chicago, and a delightful stint under the nevertheless cactus-prickly Professor, Dr. James E. Crisp. Crisp is a Yale-trained Texan who would cross an ocean to verify a comma and who was then and remains the world's leading authority on the last five minutes of Davy
Crockett's life. One can read more about the sainted Crockett and my flaming love affair with Emily which Crisp wrote about in his best-selling book entitled *Sleuthing the Alamo* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2005). Under his tutelage I became for at least a while the world's leading authority on "The Yellow Rose of Texas," but I have recently slipped to second place behind my co-author and Dallas attorney, Jeff Dunn, who knows more about more subjects than anybody I know. Wherever I place, I have one four drawer legal-sized file cabinet completely full and overflowing with materials related to this copulative quest and correspondence with the major players in the subject over which, by the way, Professor Crisp found himself locked in a nasty lawsuit that allegedly cost Tar Heel taxpayers over $35,000. The cabinet contains material related to this lawsuit that has never been written about, though it is absolutely fascinating and will be written about some day by some lucky researcher. My Collection also contains an 1853 first edition of "The Yellow Rose of Texas," one of which recently sold at auction for $700.00.

I suppose in all this regard I should mention just who Emily D. West was and why she was as significant as I say that she was. In short and in simplification, she was Santa Anna's lover at San Jacinto. That in and of itself is no great "Woof!", as Santa Anna made love and/or lust to many women. However, in a manuscript housed in the archives of the Newberry Library in Chicago, a British chemist by the name of William Bollaert had written down verbatim a story that Sam Houston, the winning general, of that battle, told to Bollaert in an exclusive interview six years after the battle. In that diary entry, Bollaert had written that the reason the Mexican's lost Texas, --i.e., 268,581 square miles of the most beautiful property one can visit, and even larger than that at the beginning-- is because Emily had distracted Santa Anna so that he could not readily restore order after the attack by Sam and his colleagues had commenced. In other words, Texas and parts of Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming owe their stars and parts of stars high in the American flag to the fulcrum of what one Black novelist called "the sensuous mound of her virginity," her being not just a female and not just a young female but a black one! Quite a confession coming from not just a male and not just an older male but a white one. The Collection also includes one beautifully crafted and sealed document signed by Santa Anna (*sans* semen stains).

Since I made the discovery at the Newberry that Sam Houston himself was the one and only known source of this staggering story, it has been published in papers all across Texas but especially in the *Dallas Morning News* and the *Houston Chronicle*. In the latter, columnist Bob Tutt called it "arguably the juiciest story in Texas history." Though I am a bit prejudiced, I tend to agree. The story is now cited in technical literature and is all over the internet, though most often in garbled form in spite of its technically correct reproduction in my essay entitled "Emily D.
West and the Yellow Prose of Texas: A Primer on Some Primary Documents and
their Doctoring" in 2001: A Texas Folklore Odyssey (Denton: The University of
North Texas Press, 2001) edited by Francis Abernethy. Back in April 1984, the
otherwise utterly beautiful Texas Monthly published an equally stupid piece about
Emily, a piece it has refused to retract or correct in spite of a file cabinet full of
facts and scholarly opinion to the contrary. See http://www.texasmonthly.com/
preview/1984-04-01/primer for just part of this baloney written by Steve Harrigan.
The file cabinet in this Collection contains the truth --and many more truths that
will be found nowhere else. In 2005 I won a prize worth an estimated $9,000 for
an original essay about Emily D. West. The contest was sponsored by the Friends
of the San Jacinto Battlefield Association and the Emily Morgan Hotel that
overlooks the Alamo. The plaque is also part of The Collection.

In addition to the story of Emily D. West from the Newberry Library in this
file cabinet, there are copies of some unpublished papers by William Bollaert, the
one and only known person to preserve Emily's story. The originals of these
papers are presently in private hands and have been reproduced with the
permission of the party who has them. I came across them while chasing down
more papers by the fascinating British chemist whose entire life story remains to be
told. That is all I can say at present.

While chasing the skirt of Emily D. West, who was almost certainly a
Sunday School scholar in the first church for Blacks pastored by the abolitionist
Simeon S. Jocelyn in New Haven, Connecticut, I presented a paper on her at the
Texas State Historical Association (TSHA) in 1997. That paper and the accom­
panying and following newspaper coverage is part of The Collection. After pre­
senting this paper, I joined the TSHA, a wonderful organization. One of its
members was the Pulitzer Prize-winning William H. Goetzmann, a scholar whom I
came to know and love dearly at the personal level. The Collection contains
several personal letters between the two of us, several of his autographed books,
but especially a uniquely autographed banjo that he gave to me. Dr. Goetzmann
freely conversed about his bout with alcohol (that he won) and had bought the
banjo under the influence, thinking he could play it.

When I learned from Bill Goetzmann that he had grown up in St. Paul,
Minnesota, in the neighborhood of F. Scott Fitzgerald, the first thing I asked him
was if he liked Robert Service. With an immediate smile that would have put
Davy Crockett to shame, he said that he did. Thereupon I bet him I could quote
him a poem by Service that he had never heard before, and at his invitation
proceeded to do so right on the spot. The poem was "The Ballad of Salvation Bill"
about which I was then writing a book and have since done so. He had not heard
of the poem before, and laughed heartily --and later bought three copies of the
book for which I only charged him for two in light of the books he had given me.
Thereafter we dined together every year at the annual meeting of the TSHA, and he was always present at the mock sacrificial virgin dinners associated therewith. The book and all the research files that went into its production are included in The Collection.

In addition to the files and books on Robert Service that form part of the collection is also a magnificent three-foot by four-foot original painting by Arch Leean. The painting, technically a chalk drawing, was used for the cover of the book. The real value of the book is actually in the dozen-plus other illustrations of Arch Leean in it. Arch used to draw for Walt Disney and for The Flintstones, to say nothing of his forty original Albrecht Durer-ish drawings inspired by the Apocalypse. Those are on display at St. Olaf College in Minnesota, where Arch taught art during his career. One of his students later illustrated for The Simpsons and has since retired to Thailand from whence he came and where he retired, building schools for children there with his Homeric profits.

Another piece of original artwork in The Collection is an impressionistic rendition of The Prodigal Son. It was painted by Frankie Schaeffer, son of the evangelically renowned author and lecturer Francis Schaeffer. Ironically, Frankie Schaeffer has himself become the prodigal son whose imaginary likeness he painted. Other paintings of Schaeffer have been acquired by Mrs. David Rockefeller. The papers of Frankie's father are now housed in the archives of Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary, as are the papers of Schaeffer's contemporary apologist and University of Chicago-trained theological bibliographer, John Warwick Montgomery. Montgomery is best known for his debates with atheist Madelyn Murray O'Hair, Bishop Pike and the God-is-dead theologians. A microfilm edition of Montgomery's papers is also included in The Collection.

In addition to the paper and microfilm materials in The Collection there are numerous recordings of oral histories. Some of my favorites include one with Red McCombs, a former owner of the Minnesota Vikings who grew up in the First Baptist Church of Spur, Texas; one with Minnesota Congressman and former Governor, Al Quie (who once offered to go to prison to serve the sentence on Chuck Colson); one with Texas Governor Mark White, who prosecuted Texas revivalist Lester Roloff; one with Bill Gaither of gospel music fame; one with Warren Cikins, the aide to Brooks Hays when Hays served in JFK's White House; one with Bill Hefner, U.S. Congressman from North Carolina; one with Carl F.H. Henry, renowned theologian and close friend of Billy Graham; one with Bruce Howe, the successor of Homer Rodeheaver (Billy Sunday's songleader) and owner of the copyright to "The Old Rugged Cross"; one with Laurie Pritchett, the Albany, Georgia, Chief of Police who threw Martin Luther King into jail and then threw
him out of jail after privately paying his bail; and numerous others listed under the Oral History caption below.

At present (December 2012) I have just completed for publication a manuscript on the primary role of the transcontinental railroad in the coming of the Civil War, a view endorsed by Stephen Ambrose in a public forum and a view characterized as "arresting" by historian Eugene Genovese. All of the files and books associated with this work are included in The Collection described more fully as follows:

The Collection:

The Collection is made up of several elements: (1) The microfilm collection; (2) the personal papers and diaries of James Lutzweiler; (3) the entire library of James Lutzweiler (approximately 20,000 books); (4) selected books from the library; (5) the 1,400 hymn book collection; (6) the gospel recordings collection; (7) the sheet music collection; (8) letters received and copies of letters written by James Lutzweiler; (9) the autographs; (10) the oral histories; (11) artifacts.

The Microfilm Collection:

Schnappsburg University Press

Microform and Monograph Products as of November 2012

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<td>Founder, Dallas Theological. Seminary</td>
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<td>Dixon, A.C.</td>
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<td>Texas Judge, SBC activist</td>
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Sunday, Billy
Trentham, Charles
Trumbull, Henry Clay
Wayland, Francis

Evangelist
Editor, Sunday School Times
Brown University President

Periodicals/Books/Manuscript Collections

A.C. Dixon Sermon Notes
Anabaptist Pamphlets from NOBTS
Bob Shuler Sermon Notes
Broughton, Leonard --books.
Central American Bulletin
Christian Fundamentalist (1927-1932)
The Iconoclast of W.C. Brann (1894-1897)
Immanuel Herald (1919-1928)
Jones, Sam --books
Lend A Hand (1886--1895)
Megiddo Message (1915-1980)
Megiddo Mission Scrapbooks
Missionary Review of the World (1878-1939)
Mordecai Ham Newsletter (Tap Root)
Morning Watch
Northfield Echoes (1894-1903)
Northwestern Pilot (1920-1956)
Our Hope (1894-1957)
Pentecost Herald (fragments)
Primitive Baptist Materials
Scofield Revision Committee Notes
Serving and Waiting (19xx-19yy)
Student Volunteer Movement (1886--195?)
Sunday School Times (1859-1967)
Sword and Trowel (1865-1968)
Sword and Trowel (1968--1972)
The Ram's Horn (1890--1917)
The Record of Christian Work (1881-1933)
The Reparer (1896-1939)
Things to Come (1894-1915)
Trumbull, Henry Clay --books
Truth (1875-1897)
Watchword (1875-1897)
Watchword and Truth (1897-1921)
Winona Lake Theses

Unpublished Monographs

Revivalistic Recidivism: The "Chronic Negro Mourner" and the Conversion of Billy Graham

Emily D. West, "The Yellow Hose [sic] of Texas" and the Central Theme in American History
The Revival of Sam Jones in Charlotte, North Carolina

The Roots of Billy Graham

Santa Anna and Emily D. West: Who Edits the Editors? 1997 M.A. thesis for NC State University

Books and Dissertations and Bound Newspaper Clippings

Autobiography of Rufus Burleson
Coming of Messiah
Devil's Prayer Book by Slattery
Face to Face with Satan
Into and Out of Infidelity
Life of Arthur Tappan
Life and Labors of W.E. Penn
Life of Wilkinson the Jewish Evangelist
Sandeen, Pettegrew and Rusten
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in Atlanta, GA
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in New York City
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in Winston-Salem, NC
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in Charlotte, NC
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in Columbia, SC
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in Richmond, VA
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in Omaha, Nebraska
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in Knoxville, TN
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in Philadelphia
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in Bangor, Maine
The Roots of Billy Graham: Billy Sunday in Dixon, Illinois
The Roots of Billy Graham: Gipsy Smith in Winston-Salem, NC
The Roots of Billy Graham: Gipsy Smith in Brooklyn, NY
The Roots of Billy Graham: Sam Jones in Charlotte, NC
The Roots of Billy Graham: Dwight L. Moody in Charlotte, NC
The Roots of Billy Graham: Dwight L. Moody in Wilmington, NC

The Personal Papers of James Lutzweiler:

My personal papers consist of copies of letters and cards written, letters received, detailed diaries covering thirty years of life, photographs (with Ken Starr, J.D. Sumner, Sandra Day O'Connor, Jimmy Carter, Ray Stevens, Bill Gaither) essays, poems and songs I have written, post card collections, pamphlets, stamp collections, files of historical materials, artwork, newspaper columns containing stories I have fed to journalists, real estate files, college and seminary coursework
files, several scalding but unsent letters, etc. The diaries must be sealed for 15 years or used only with my permission. A partial list of some of my correspondents follows further below. But in brief review, one of my treasured letters is from Svetlana Alliluyeva (Stalin's daughter) in which she gives a hilarious account of what happened to a picture her father had on display in his dacha about which I had inquired of her. Fifty letters/memos are from president Jimmy Carter in re: matters pertaining to Southern Baptists, poetry and Israel. Other favorites are several from Red McCombs (previous owner of Minnesota Vikings, Denver Nuggets and San Antonio Spurs), Paige Patterson (former president of the Southern Baptist Convention), Robert Goulet (the late actor/singer), Fletcher Prouty (author of *The Secret Team* and Oliver Stone's inspiration for the movie *JFK* in which Prouty is played by Donald Sutherland), and William Goetzmann (Pulitzer Prize-winner and world-class historian) to name just a few.

The Entire Library:

My library contains approximately 20,000 books. While none of them is exceedingly rare, there are a few first editions valued between $100-500. Possibly the most valuable single book in the collection is a facsimile of Cambridge University's *Trinity Apocalypse*. It is beautiful and contains 24K gold in its illuminations. I paid $500.00 for it thirty years ago and have seen one listed recently for $5,000. One of my very favorite multi-volume sets is the 13-volume *Pacific Railroad Surveys* (one of them autographed by surveyor A.W. Whipple) created by Jefferson Davis. Some of the books are autographed (Dwight L. Moody, Billy Sunday, Russell Conwell, Cyclone Mack, Amzi Dixon, Red McCombs, William Goetzmann, John Charles McNeill, Richard Current, Kenneth Stampp, Stephen Ambrose, Joel Williamson, Jimmy Carter). The books are mostly history, biography, literature, poetry, art and theology.

Representative Books from the Library:

1. *Chicago Poems* by Carl Sandburg (first edition)
2. *Wind, Sand and Stars* by Antoine de St. Exupery (first edition)
3. *Lyrics from Cotton Land* by John Charles McNeill
4. *The Iconoclast* (2-volume and 12-volume sets) by William Cowper Brann
5. *My Confessions: The Recollections of a Rogue* by Sam Chamberlain
6. *The Apocalypse* by Frederick Van der Meer (first edition)
9. *Blasts from the Ram's Horn* by Elijah Brown (first edition)
10. *Arthur Rackham, His Life and Work* by Derek Hudson
11. *Up Front* by Bill Maudlin (first edition)
12. *Records of the China Centenary Missionary Conference*
15. *Christy's Plantation Melodies. No. 2.* (first edition, "Yellow Rose of Texas")
17. *Bible* (autographed by Raymond Robins)
18. *Life of Sam Houston* by William Carey Crane (first edition)
19. *The High Road to Adventure* by Russell Annabel (Limited Edition set)

**The Hymnbook Collection:**

The nucleus of this collection came from one suitcase full of hymnbooks that my parents used in their evangelistic work. It has grown since then to approximately 1,400 books. The majority of them are related to the work of Dwight L. Moody and Billy Sunday. Also largely represented are the hymnbooks of the Stamps-Baxter Company of Dallas, Texas. There are individual hymnbooks bearing the names of revivalists associated with them, revivalists like Aimee Semple McPherson, Uldine Utley, Cowboy Crimm and the blind evangelist Robert Fraser. I have examined the hymnbook collections at Baylor, Southern Baptist Seminary, Southwestern Baptist Seminary, Southeastern Baptist Seminary, New Orleans Baptist Seminary, Texas Tech in Lubbock, Princeton University, Moody Bible Institute, Fuller Theological seminary, Bob Jones University and some still in private hands (e.g., Bill Gaither's). Book for book, I would not trade mine for any equal number of theirs. One of these hymnbooks is autographed by the entire Billy Sunday party plus Uldine Utley who allegedly preached in her swimming suit in the pulpit of fundamentalist John Roach Stratton (where Van Cliburn would eventually attend while studying at the Juilliard School of Music). In addition to the hymn books there are numerous rare pieces of individual sheet music, some of it autographed by participants in the Dwight L. Moody era (e.g., P.P. Bilhorn, etc.).
The Gospel Record Collection:

Elvis Presley, long before he became the legend, was a lover of gospel music, especially the music of Southern Gospel Quartets like the Blackwood Brothers, the Statesmen and the Stamps. In fact, when he died after a career of mostly secular music, survivors found on his record player a recording of the Stamps Quartet with J.D. Sumner. My collection includes a good number (but not an exhaustive number) of the records of these two groups and many other groups that imitated them. The records are both 33 1/3 LPs and 78 RPM acetate. In addition I have numerous cassettes and CDs of them. Other groups include The Oak Ridge Boys, The Chuck Wagon Gang, The Blue Ridge Quartet, The Imperials, The Cathedrals, The Bill Gaither Trio, etc.

The Secular Sheet Music Collection:

In addition to their sacred music, both of my parents listened to and played secular music from Nickelodeon days until their deaths. Initially I began collecting the sheet music just for the songs that they sang to me in cradle days, songs like "Gimme a Little Kiss, Huh?" and "Maghty Lak' a Rose." Many of them are not correct politically (e.g., "It Takes A Long Tall Brown-Skin Gal To Make A Preacher Lay His Bible Down" or "Banjo Twang, Danse Negre for Piano") or even morally (couple of titles), but all are representative of the historical period in which they originated. While I have never counted them all, I think I must have at least 5,000 pieces.

The Letters Received from the following Correspondents:

Abernethy, Ab (Texas folklorist)
Addleton, Jonathan (US Ambassador to Mongolia)
Akin, Danny (president, Southeastern Baptist Seminary)
Alcorn, Wallace (Baptist preacher, historian, teacher of Jerry Jenkins of Left Behind series)
Aldrich, Doug (moderate Southern Baptist, CBPer)
Alliluyeva, Svetlana (Josef Stalin’s daughter)
Aman, Reinhold (editor of Maledicta)
Ambrose, Stephen (historian)
Anderson, Karen (Real estate department for Outback)
Argento, Dominic (Pulitzer Prize winning composer)
Ariel, Yaakov (historian, UNC)
Ashe, Wilma (UNCG cook, friend and donor of Robins Bible and speech)
Babcock, Nena (great bread baker, quilt maker, near mother-in-law)
Babcock, Patty (childhood sweetheart)
Bakker, Tammy Faye (Jim Bakker’s wife)
Barnett, Mary Ellen (Irving Berlin’s daughter)
Barnette, Henlee (liberal professor from Southern Baptist Seminary)
Bates, Carol Henry (daughter of Carl F.H. Henry)
Baugh, Peter (curator, Wesley’s Chapel, London)
Bebbington, David (Baptist historian)
Bessmer, Chris (high school Latin teacher)
Bett, Hugh (antiquarian bookseller with Maggs, London)
Biffle, Kent (columnist Dallas Morning News)
Billington, James (Librarian of Congress)
Black, David (professor at SEBTS)
Blackwood, James (Gospel singer)
Bledsoe, Jerry (author)
Bludeau, Todd (Russian translator)
Blumhofer, Edith (historian, Wheaton College)
Bookman, Doug (college classmate)
Boschwitz, Rudy (U.S. Senator from Minnesota)
Bouza, Anthony V. (chief of police, Minneapolis)
Brackney, Bill (Baylor professor, Baptist historian)
Bratcher, Robert (Bible translator and missionary)
Broad, Molly (president of UNC-Chapel Hill)
Brodhead, Richard (Duke University president)
Brown, Arthur S (pastoral successor of Billy Graham, Village Church, Western Springs, Illinois)
Brown, Bertram-Wyatt (historian)
Bruce, David (Billy Graham executive assistant)
Brue, Eldon (lunatic psychologist with National Association of Evangelicals)
Bryant, James (professor at Criswell College)
Bush, L. Russ (Dean, Southeastern Baptist Seminary)
Busby, Dave (youth pastor, pastoral slanderer)
Bush, George W. (Governor of Texas, U.S. President)
Butler, LaVerne (Southern Baptist pastor, fighter)
Calhoon, Robert (historian, author, UNCG)
Campbell, Lowell M. (psychologist, client, friend of Kathleen Morris who feloniously prosecuted Jordan sex scandal)
Caneva, Ken (professor at UNCG)
Canfield, Joe (author of *The Incredible Scofield and his Book*)
Carlson, Arnie (Minnesota governor)
Carpenter, Joel (historian, Calvin College provost)
Carr, Warren (radical Southern Baptist minister)
Carter, Jimmy (U.S. President)
Cartledge, Tony (editor of the *Biblical Recorder*)
Catalay, Sadullah (Turkish peasant)
Chaney, John (head basketball coach, Temple Owls)
Cikins, Warren (administrative aide to Congressman Brooks Hays, Chief Justice Warren Burger)
Clark, Jimmy (Italian, poor chess player, poor sport, loser, patron of the arts)
Coleman, William (Grandson of the sheriff who shot the assassin of Huey Long)
Colson, Chuck (Nixon hatchet man, author)
Cone, Ed (newspaper columnist for *Greensboro News and Record*, evolutionist)
Cook, Katie (editor of *Baptist Peacemaker* magazine)
Coppenger, Mark (president of Midwestern Baptist Seminary, Kansas City)
Crisp, James E. (Cactus PRICKly professor and Texas historian)
Crow, Jeffrey (historian, author)
Current, Richard (president of Oklahoma Governor George Nigh, pastor of FBC-Columbia, SC)
Dewitt, Hugh (Lawrence Livermore Laboratory)
Dockery, David (president of Union University)
Dollar, George W. (church history teacher, author of *Fundamentalism*)
Dunn, Jeff (Dallas attorney)
Durden, Robert (Duke University historian)
Durenberger, Dave (U.S. Senator from Minnesota)
Eagan, John (defrocked pastor of Grace Church, Eden Prairie, Minnesota)
Erickson, Millard (prominent evangelical theologian, author and teacher)
Ervasti, Greg (crook)
Escott, Paul (Wake Forest University history teacher, author)
Estep, Wendell (pastor of Oklahoma Governor George Nigh, pastor of FBC-Columbia, SC)
Farnham, Tom (*bon vivant*, biographer of Charles Yerkes)
Faust, Drew Gilpin (President of Harvard University, Civil War scholar, author)
Ferm, Lois R. (Billy Graham assistant)
Findlay, James (author of biography of Dwight L. Moody, historian)
Finkelstein, Norman (author, intellectual victor over Alan Dershowitz, author of *The Holocaust Industry*)
Fisher, David C. (pastor, Crystal Evangelical Free Church, Colonial Church of Edina, Park Street Pulpit, Boston)
Foster, Bob (medical missionary)
Freeberg, Ernest (historian, author of Eugene Debs biography)
Freehling, William (Civil War historian)
Freeze, Gregory L. (author, Harvard University Russian Research Center)
Frenzel, Bill (congressman from Minnesota)
Fuller, Millard (Habitat for Humanity)
Gaither, Bill (gospel singer, composer)
Gaither, Gloria (gospel singer, composer)
Garfield, Ken (religion writer for the *Charlotte Observer*)
Gatewood, Willard (historian, author of *Preachers, Pedagogues and Politicians*)
Gaustad, Ed (Baptist historian)
Geisler, Norman (seminary president, author)
Gerdin, Dale (real estate investor, perjurer)
German, James W. (principal of Dixon High School where Ronald Reagan attended)
Gervase, John (brother-in-law, grandson of man who gave Chicago mobster Frank Costello his first home in America)
Goetzmann, William (premier, world class historian, author, Pulitzer Prize winner)
Goodrich, Allan (Head archivist, JFK Library)
Gordis, Robert (author, Rabbi, editor of *Judaism*)
Goulet, Robert (singer, actor)
Graham, Franklin (son of Billy Graham)
Graham, Jack (pastor of Prestonwood Baptist Church, president of Southern Baptist Convention)
Hall, Johnny (gospel singer)
Haefele, Richard J. (crooked attorney, psychopath)
Hardin, Steve (Texas historian, author of *Texian Iliad*)
Harper, Keith (Baptist church historian)
Harrell, David Edwin (Auburn University professor, biographer of Oral Roberts)
Hatch, Nathan (Notre Dame provost, historian, president of Wake Forest University)
Hatchcote, Tom (professor, University of Wisconsin)
Headrick, Richard (manufacturer, philanthropist, Harley dealer)
Hearn, Thomas (president of Wake Forest University)
Helms, Jesse (U.S. Senator)
Henkel, Amber (daughter of good friend)
Henry, Carl F.H. (evangelical theologian and editor of *Christianity Today*)
Henry, Jim (pastor FBC Orlando, president of Southern Baptist Convention)
Hertzberg, Arthur (Rabbi from Temple Emanu-El, Englewood, New Jersey)
Hesse, Harold, Pat (land developers, farmers)
Higby, James (childhood sandbox playmate, instructor in French and profanity)
Hinson, Glenn (liberal Southern Baptist professor at Southern Baptist Seminary)
Howe, Bruce (owner of copyright to “The Old Rugged Cross”)
Huffman, John A. (Nixon attended eleven of his preaching services with Bebe Rebozo; chairman of trustees of *Christianity Today* and Gordon-Conwell Seminary)
Hunt, Jim (Governor of North Carolina)
Hunter, William (psychologist, real estate investor, author)
Jeffrey, Christina (historian of House of Representatives until fired by Newt under pressure from Charles Schumer)
Jeffrey, David Lyle (Baylor provost)
Johnson, Florence (childhood babysitter, near mother-in-law)
Johnson, Jimmie (evangelist, inspiration of Billy Graham)
Jones, Bob, Jr. (Chancellor, Bob Jones University)
Jones, Bob III (president, Bob Jones University)
Jones, Tom (historian, University of Minnesota)
Kammen, Michael (president of Organization of American Historians, professor at Cornell University)
Kaemmerling, Russ (editor, major participant in Southern Baptist Conservative Resurgence)
Kellman, Steve (literary critic and author)
Kimball, Charles (universalist theologian from Wake Forest Divinity School, author, lecturer)
Klein, Maury (author of books on railroad)
Klobuchar, Jim (columnist for *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*)
Kooser, Ted (U.S. Poet Laureate)
Kraus, H.P. (rare book dealer)
Leean, Arch (cartoonist for *The Flintstones* and painter of sketches for “The Ballad of Salvation Bill”)
Leggatt, Stuart (antiquarian bookseller, Sotherans, London)
Leich, Harold (Russian specialist from the Library of Congress)
Leonard, Bill (angry Baptist historian)
Levin, Jack (photographer, philanthropist)
Lewis, James W. (dean of students, University of Chicago)
Li Li (professor of history)
Lindsell, Harold (editor of Christianity Today, author, Fuller faculty member)
Link, Arthur (editor of Woodrow Wilson papers)
Lister, Ethel (wife of Hovie Lister, beautiful woman)
Lister, Hovie (piano player for famed Statesman Quartet and friend of Elvis)
Lolley, Randall (president, Southeastern Baptist Seminary; and pastor, First Baptist Church Greensboro)
Longpepe, Anna (granddaughter of poet Robert Service)
Lundborg, Dick (Minnesota real estate developer)
Lutzweiler, David (brother of Lutzweiler)
Lutzweiler, Dolly (mother of Lutzweiler)
Lutzweiler, Esther (sister of Lutzweiler)
Lutzweiler, Ruth (sister of Lutzweiler)
Lyons, Vernon (pastor of Ashburn Baptist Church, Chicago)
Madis, Frank (Texana collector and author)
MacPherson, James (Princeton historian)
Magers, Laurie (Zig Ziglar’s secretary)
Magnuson, Norris (librarian, author, Bethel Seminary)
Maniscalco, Francis J. (Director of Rockville Centre, home diocese of CIA Director Bill Casey)
Marsden, George (Notre Dame historian, author of Fundamentalism in America)
Martin, William (biographer of Billy Graham, Rice University sociologist)
Marty, Martin (historian, author)
Massey, Ken (Pastor, First Baptist Church, Greensboro, North Carolina)
Matthews, Al (businessman, friend)
Mayer, Gladys (Friend, real estate investor)
McArver, Susan W. (Director, Center on Religion in the South)
McBeth, Leon (Baptist historian, professor at Southwestern Baptist Seminary, Ft. Worth)
McCall, Duke (president of Southern Baptist Seminary)
McCombs, Red (former owner of Minnesota Vikings, Denver Nuggets and San Antonio Spurs)
McCombs, Terrell (nephew of Red McCombs)
McCune, Rolland (seminary professor)
McGann, John R. (Pastor of William Casey, former CIA director)
McGehee, Ralph (CIA agent, author)
MacPherson, Dave (author of books countering Left Behind series)
Mead, Sidney (world class church historian, University of Chicago)
Merritt, James (president of Southern Baptist Convention, pastor)
Metzger, Bruce (Greek scholar, author, teacher, Princeton University)
Miller, Don (Pastor, Westover Church, Greensboro)
Miller, Earl (college speech teacher, pastor)
Mohler, Al (author, Larry King guest, president of Southern Baptist Seminary)
Moody, Dwight (liberal Baptist pastor, educator)
Montgomery, John Warwick (author, lawyer, friend)
Mounce, Robert (president Whitworth College)
Moya, Moira (war protester)
Moyers, Bill (television, PBS)
Mudd, Roger (television newscaster)
Myatt, Carl (architect, friend)
Neighbour, Ralph Jr. (pastor, developer of cell groups, author)
Neighbour, Ralph, Sr. (pastor, radio personality)
Neill, Rolfe (publisher of The Charlotte Observer)
Nelson, Jack (Vietnam vet, mind blown from drugs)
Nelson Norm (son of broadcaster Wilbur Nelson of Morning Chapel Hour)
Nigh, George (Governor of Oklahoma)
Noche (Paige Patterson’s dog)
Noll, Mark (historian, author, Wheaton College)
Noterman, Bert (restauranteur, Lion’s Tap, finest double cheeseburger in the world)
Novick, Peter (historian, University of Chicago)
Olford, Stephen (leading evangelical preacher, friend of Billy Graham)
Ondov, James (real estate developer)
Osteen, Bill (federal judge)
Osteen, Joanne (wife of judge)
Owens, Gene (columnist, Anderson Ass, Mobile mule, Aiken Aarsevark)
Owens, M.O. (pastor. Leader of conservative resurgence in the Southern Baptist Convention)
Parker, Monroe (evangelist, president of Pillsbury College)
Parker, Ruby (wife of Monroe Parker)
Patterson, Dorothy (wife of Paige Patterson)
Patterson, Paige (leader with Paul Pressler of conservative resurgence in the SBC, seminary president, etc.)
Pearson, David (investigator of KAL 007 crash)
Peterson, Jim (missionary to South America)
Pfaff, William (columnist for the Los Angeles Times)
Pickering, Charles W. (federal judge, Bush appointee)
Pigg, J.E. (Baptist deacon in Horse Pasture, Virginia)
Pinnock, Clark (theologian, professor of Paige Patterson at New Orleans seminary, author)
Porter, Robert Ford (son of Ford Porter, author of world’s most widely distributed gospel tract)
Powell, Bill (North Carolina historian, author)
Pressler, Paul (leader with Paige Patterson of conservative resurgence in SBC, Texas judge, philanthropist)
Pressley, Steve (associate pastor at First Baptist Church, Greensboro)
Primm, Gerald (pastor, WWII fighter pilot)
Prosser, Bo (CBF leader)
Prouty, Fletcher (Oliver Stone’s inspiration for JFK)
Qubein, Nido (president of High Point University, motivational speaker)
Quie, Al (Governor of Minnesota)
Quie, Gretchen (wife of Al Quie)
Quinlan, C. Patrick (foreign service officer in Mideast)
Ragan, Sam (editor of Southern Pines Pilot)
Rammel, Joseph A. (president of Pillsbury College)
Rather, Dan (CBS news)
Reed, Chad (piano player)
Reese, William (kingpin of antiquarian booksellers)
Ricker, Bob (pastor of Grace Church Edina, head of Baptist General Conference, Michael Reagan’s pastor)
Rittenhouse, Stan (alleged anti-Semite and descendant of Philadelphia’s Rittenhouse Square namesake)
Rivers, Peter (secretary to Archbishop of Canterbury)
Roach, Joyce (journalist, storyteller)
Robinson, Ian (Northwestern University labor historian)
Robinson, Neil (real estate developer)
Rogers, Adrian (pastor of Bellevue Baptist in Memphis, president of Southern Baptist Convention)
Rogers, Joyce (wife of Adrian Rogers)
Rouner, Arthur (pastor, Colonial Church Edina, marcher with Martin Luther King)
Russell, C. Allyn (author of Voices of American Fundamentalism)
Rusten, E. Michael (friend, leader in John Piper’s Bethlehem Baptist Church, Minneapolis)
Ryan, Kay (U.S. Poet Laureate 2008-2010)
Saenger, Paul (Newberry Library acquisitions)
Salzman, Neil (author of Raymond Robins biography, teacher, Fairleigh Dickinson University)
Sandeen, Ernie (teacher, friend, author of The Roots of Fundamentalism)
Sanford, Terry (North Carolina governor, U.S. Senator, president of Duke University)
Schmoke, Kurt (mayor of Baltimore)
Scholer, David M. (professor, Fuller Theological Seminary)
Schram, Alena (wife of Canadian ambassador to Ethiopia)
Schram, Lawrence (friend, real estate developer)
Segerstrom, Carol (secretary for Bev Shea)
Sherman, Cecil (moderate, liberal pastor of SBC churches, CBF)
Shi, David (historian, president of Furman University)
Siegelman, Don (Governor of Alabama)
Siemon, Jeff (middle linebacker, Minnesota Vikings)
Smiley, David (historian, Wake Forest University, PhD under William Hesseltine)
Smith, Bailey (evangelist, president of Southern Baptist Convention)
Smith, Marlene (magnificent piano player, best Caesar salad maker in history)
Stampp, Kenneth (historian)
Stassen, Glenn (son of Harold Stassen, the former governor of Minnesota)
Stevens, Ray (Christian president of H.L. Mencken Society, donor of Mencken materials to Bryan College)
Stowell, Joseph M. (father of Moody Bible Institute president)
Streed, Sheldon (college classmate, business partner)
Studier, Margaret (secretary to Harvey Cox, Harvard University professor)
Sullivan, Mike (Vietnam vet, guitarist)
Sumner, Dr. Robert (publisher of The Biblical Evangelist)
Sumners, Bill (archivist, Southern Baptist Historical Library and Archives)
Swanson, Reuben (author, Western North Carolina Press)
Swindoll, Chuck (radio preacher, pastor, president of Dallas Theological Seminary)
Symons, Jack (piano player, Wooddale Church)
Synan, Vinson (Dean of Pat Robertson’s Regent University)
Tatum, Barnes (professor at Greensboro College, Jesus Seminar participant)
Tautges, Jesse (orphan of Rapid City flood victim)
Taylor, Ken (translator The Living Bible)
Tenery, Bob (pastor, leader in Conservative resurgence in the SBC)
Terrell, Bob (author, columnist for the Asheville Citizen)
Thompson, Tommy (Governor of Wisconsin)
Tollefsen, John (Seattle attorney, Christian apologist)
Trudeau, Gary (Doonesbury cartoonist)
Tucker, Robert (historian, author, Princeton University)
Turk, Ralph (pastor, professor)
Tutt, Bob (columnist, Houston Chronicle)
Unruh, Peter (former pastor of Wooddale Baptist Church now attended by presidential aspirant Tim Penny)
Vance, Tim (Chief, Vidalia Visitor Center)
Vessey, General John W. (Reagan’s chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff)
Wacker, Grant (historian, author, Duke University)
Waldrep, Dwain (American historian)
Ward, George (editor, *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, teacher)
Ward, Wayne (Professor at SBTS, former pastor of Bill Clinton)
Wardin, Al (Baptist historian)
Washington, James M. (professor of church history, Union Seminary, NYC)
Watson, Richard (chairman of Duke University Dept of History, opponent of Nixon Library)
Whichard, Willis (Supreme Court justice for State of North Carolina)
Whitehead, Thomas M. (Head, Conwellana Collection, Temple University)
Williamson, Joel (UNC professor)
Willingham, James (North Carolina pastor)
Willson, Rosemary (Meredith Willson’s widow)
Wood, Ralph (Baylor professor)
Woodward, C. Vann (Yale professor)
Woodward, Kenneth (Religion editor for *Newsweek*)
Yohn, Rick (author, pastor, Grace Church Edina)
Youngmark, William (friend, associate, business partner, archivist)
Ziglar, Zig (motivational speaker)

The Autographs:

Ambrose, Stephen (historian. Book)
Anderson, Carol (piano player at Jimmy Carter’s Maranatha Baptist Church. Picture)
Appelman, Hyman (Jewish evangelist from Texas)
Bakker, Tammy Faye (personal letter)
Barrows, Cliff (Billy Graham songleader. On W.A. Criswell Funeral program)
Beasley, Les (Florida Boys Quartet)
Biffle, Kent (columnist. Book)
Billhorm, P.P. (songwriter, sheet music)
Blackwood, Cecil (quartet singer)
Blackwood, James (quartet singer)
Broughton, Len (convert of A.C. Dixon, cousin of NC governor Joseph Melville Broughton. Letter)
Bush, George H. W. (with Billy Graham, Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton on Decision magazine)
Caldwell, Clifton (Texas oilman, past president of Texas State Historical Association)
Caldwell, Shirley (spouse of Clifton Caldwell, past president of TSHA)
Carter, Jimmy (U.S. President. books and records)
Carter, Rosalyn (wife of president Carter. books and records)
Clawson, Cynthia (gospel singer, Gaither video tapes)
Clemente, Roberto (Pittsburgh Pirate Hall of Famer. Cubs program)
Clinton, Bill (with Billy Graham, Jimmy Carter and George Bush on Decision magazine)
Conwell, Russell H. (founder of Baptist Temple, Temple University, author Acres of Diamonds. 2 books)
Crim, Billy Bob (Texas oilman from Kilgore)
DeLay, Tom (Texas Congressman)
Dixon, A.C. (original editor of The Fundamentals. Book)
Dole, Elizabeth (U.S. Senator)
Falwell, Jerry (TV preacher. Program)
Franks, Tommy (Gulf War General. Program)
Ginsburg, Ruth Bader (supreme court justice)
Glosson, Buster (Air Force architect of Gulf War. Book)
Goetzmann, William (Pulitzer Prize winner. Books)
Graham, Billy (with Bill Clinton, Jimmy Carter and George Bush on Decision magazine)
Hammer, Armand (oilman, entrepreneur)
Harper, Redd (cowboy singer and star of Billy Graham’s Mr. Texas)
Hunt, James (governor of NC. Poem)
Johnson, Suzanne (Miss Illinois)
Johnson, Torrey (one of the founders of Youth for Christ)
Jones, Bob, Jr. (past president of Bob Jones University)
Jones, Bob III (chancellor of Bob Jones University)
Kesler, Jay (president of Taylor University)
Landry, Tom (Coach of Dallas Cowboys. On biographical sketch)
LeTourneau, R.G. (industrialist, builder of George Bush’s first offshore oil rig)
Lindroth, Lloyd (harpist, Opryland Hotel)
Link, Arthur (editor of Woodrow Wilson papers. Book)
Matthews, Bob (piano player for Billy Sunday. Hymnbook)
McClintock, David (piano player. Picture)
McLendon, Baxter, a/k/a/ “Cyclone Mack” (evangelist. autobiography)
McNeill, John Charles (first poet laureate of North Carolina. *Songs Merry and Sad*)
McPherson, Aimee Semple (founder of Foursquare Church. Book)
Mercer, Jimmy (revivalist)
Moffatt, James (Bible translator)
Moody, Dwight L. (evangelist. book)
O'Connor, Sandra Day (supreme court justice)
Olford, Stephen F. (Van Cliburn’s pastor at Calvary Baptist in NYC)
Petersen, Albert (Billy Sunday’s bodyguard. Tract, hymnbook, Bible)
Pierce, Bill (trombonist, best in the world according to Doc Severenson)
Pittsburgh Pirates (12 signatures, Roberto Clemente, Bob Friend, Dick Schofield, Frank Thomas, etc. 1950s Cubs program)
Prejean, Carrie (Miss California who stood up for marriage)
Preyer, L. Richardson (federal judge. Poetry booklet)
Pritchard, Robert W. (Chair, Dept of Pathology, Bowman Gray School of Medicine, Wake Forest Univ)
Robins, Raymond (America’s first spy on Soviet Union. Bible, handwritten speech)
Rockefeller, David (Chairman, Chase Manhattan Bank. Bookplate)
Rodeheaver, Homer (songleader for Billy Sunday. Hymnbook)
Roosevelt, Kermit (in his book *The Long Trail*)
Sanford, Terry (U.S. Senator. Speech “On Doing the Right Thing”)
Santa Anna (president of Mexico, winner of Alamo battle. Government document)
Santorum, Rick (presidential aspirant)
Schram, Alena (wife of Canadian ambassador to Ethiopia. Calling card)
Scofield, C.I. (creator of the [in]famous *Scofield Reference Bible*. Two letters)
Shaw, Bill (first tenor for Blackwood Brother, backup singer for Englebert Humperdink)
Shulfelt, J. Stratton (singer)
Smith, Gipsy (British revivalist, several sermon mss)
Smith, Wilbur (author, faculty member of Fuller Seminary)
Speer, Brock (gospel singer)
Stampp, Kenneth (historian, Hesseltine PhD).
Sumner, J.D. (bass singer for Elvis, gospel singer for Blackwood Brothers Quartet and Stamps Quartet)
Sunday, Billy (evangelist, baseball player. hymn book)
Sunday, Helen (wife of Billy Sunday. Hymnbook)
Varner, Wally (piano player for Blackwood Brothers Quartet)
Wall, Zeno (pastor, FBC-Shelby, NC, active in NC evolution controversy)
Weik, Jesse (biographer and acquaintance of Lincoln. Post card)

The Oral Histories:

Agee, Bill (pastor in Texas, Baylor University trustee)
Alcorn, Wallace (Baptist pastor, professor of Jerry Jenkins who authored the Left Behind series)
Barnette, Henlee (author, professor at Southern Baptist Seminary, on FBI list for contact with Kruschev)
Bassett, Richard (son of famed Duke historian John Spencer Bassett)
Beasley, Les (lead singer for Florida Boys Quartet)
Bounds, Melba (employee of Stamps-Baxter Music Company)
Braswell, George (missionary to Iraq, retired professor of missions at SEBTS)
Broadway, W.D. (Baptist pastor in Texas)
Burgess, Byron (Southern gospel singer for Blue Ridge Quartet)
Caldwell, Clifton (Texas oilman, bibliophile, rancher)
Canfield, Joe (author of book indicting C.I. Scofield)
Cikins, Warren (administrative aide to Congressman Brooks Hays, worked in Kennedy White House)
Clark, Jack (piano player for Cathedrals Quartet)
Cooley, Haskell
Crowley, Bob (trustee of SEBTS)
Culver, Robert (theologian, author)
DeLoach, James (trustee of Southeastern Baptist Seminary)
Dooley, Doc (piano player for the Stamps Quartet)
Ellis, Dale (piano player for several Southern gospel quartets including Weatherfords, Claiborne Brothers)
Estes, Rev. T.W. (Baptist preacher, purple heart)
Fanning, Buckner (Southern Baptist pastor, as soldier one of the first at Nagasaki after bombing)
Ferguson, Milton (retired president of Midwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Kansas City)
Freeman, Livy (piano player for Oak Ridge Quartet and many others)
Gaither, Bill (gospel singer, songwriter, producer)
Gates, Kenny (piano player for the Blue Ridge Quartet)
Gibby, Ken (WWII soldier, He was on Pearl Harbor on 7 December 1941)
Gosa, Ed (retired Alabama Judge, gospel singer)
Hanson, Pearl (Lutheran lay leader)
Hefner, Bill (U.S. Congressman from North Carolina, gospel singer)
Hefner, Jim (brother of Bill Hefner and owner of Southmen Quartet)
Henry, Carl F. H. (theologian, author)
Herring, Joanne (wealthiest woman in Texas and bankroller of Congressman Charlie Wilson and his war)
Hiatt, Leon (past president of Louisiana Baptist State Convention)
Howe, Bruce (music publisher for Billy Graham)
Howell, John (retired academic dean at Midwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Kansas City)
Huffman, John A. (Richard Nixon came to hear him preach eleven times)
Ingraham, Frank (Nashville attorney, rancher, Southern Baptist Executive Committee)
Kaemmerling, Russ (involved in the crime John Grisham writes about in The Partners)
Kim, C. Daniel (church history teacher from North Korea, Liberty University)
Landry, Troy (former hellish angel who was very good at not being saved)
Lusk, Bill (WWII soldier, Battle of the Bulge)
Lutzer, Erwin (pastor of Moody Church in Chicago)
Lutzweiler, Margaret (mother of James Lutzweiler, pianist,)
Lyons, Vernon (Chicago pastor and the inspiration for Rev. Vernon in the Left Behind Series)
Maddock, Robert (speechwriter for Jimmy Carter)
Marty, Martin (major church historian, editor and Dean of Divinity School, University of Chicago)
McCarthy, John (retired Catholic Bishop of Austin, Texas)
McCombs, Mary (widow of Gene McCombs, associate pastor of Adrian Rogers)
McCombs, Red (owner of Minnesota Vikings, Denver Nuggets, San Antonio Spurs)
McCombs, Terrell (son of Gene and Mary McCombs, nephew of Red McCombs)
Motley, Julian (SEBTS administrator)
Neighbour, Ralph (pastor, missionary, author)
Nelson, Norm (son of Wilbur Nelson who was a broadcaster and creator of the Morning Chapel Hour)
Owens, M.O. (100 year old pastor and pioneer participant in the Conservative Resurgence of the SBC)
Piepho, Floyd (WWII veteran in the Pacific theater)
Pierard, Richard (historian, author)
Pressler, Paul (Southern Baptist leader, Texas judge, and son-in-law of Wrigley attorney)
Pritchett, Laurie (Albany, Georgia, police chief who threw Martin Luther King OUT of jail)
Quie, Al (Minnesota congressman and Governor. Volunteered to serve Chuck Colson's sentence)
Ramcharan, Dawn (sister of Paige Patterson, past president of the Southern Baptist Convention)
Reynolds, Richard (Illinois pastor, student at Northwestern College during Billy Graham's presidency)
Roberts, Phil (past president of Midwestern Baptist theological Seminary, Kansas City)
Shaw, Bill (tenor singer for Blackwood Brothers Quartet. Sang at funeral of Elvis Presley's mother)
Shuler, Dr. Bob (son of "Old Fighting" Bob Shuler, friend of Roy Rogers, and classmate of Richard Nixon)
Slaughter, Henry (piano player for gospel quartets, Bill Gaither, Jimmy Swaggart)
Smith, Ralph (Pastor, Hyde Park Baptist Church, Austin, Texas)
Sprouse, Ed (Southern gospel singer, Blue Ridge Quartet)
Stevens, Ray (retired English professor, past president of H.L. Mencken Society, Joseph Conrad scholar)
Sumner, Robert (revivalist, publisher, converted)
Taylor, Jack and Betty (Jack was Bill Gaither's piano teacher, gospel singers)
Tenery, Bob (leader in Conservative Resurgence in the Southern Baptist Convention)
Ward, Wayne (pastor of President Bill Clinton, professor at Southern Baptist Seminary)
Wardin, Albert (Baptist historian)
White, Mark (Texas governor and prosecutor of Lester Roloff)
The Artifacts and Collectibles:

1. Bench from Bill Sunday Tabernacle in Winona Lake, Indiana
2. Beam for a fireplace mantel from the Michigan home of George Bennard, author of "The Old Rugged Cross."
3. Banjo autographed by William Goetzmann ("I bought this when I was drunk")
4. 1937 Gibson Guitar, used by grandfather in Philadelphia rescue missions
5. Approximately 200 full size original newspaper pages covering the 1915 revival of Billy Sunday in Philadelphia.
7. Handwritten speech by Raymond Robins, delivered in Bryson City, NC, in the fall of 1932 while he was ostensibly suffering from Amnesia.
8. Original 3' x 4' drawing of Arch Leean and twelve other original drawings for my book about "The Ballad of Salvation Bill by Robert Service"
10. Framed page from King James Bible, 1611
11. Framed page of King James Bible, 1613
12. Framed engraving of Noah's Ark by Giovanni Cavalieri, ca. 1550.
13. Autograph letter of Billy Sunday to Judge who presided over Jesse James Gang trial.
14. Two autograph letters of C.I. Scofield
15. Handwritten Civil War diary kept in Richmond in 1861.
16. Autographed volume of Pacific Railroad Surveys by A.W. Whipple
17. Autograph sermon notes of Gipsy Smith, British evangelist
18. 3' x 5' original oil painting of "The Prodigal Son" by Frankie Schaeffer, son of Francis Schaeffer. His paintings are also collected by Mrs. David Rockefeller.
19. Autograph personal letter of Carl Sandburg
20. The hymnbook and sheet music collection of Marion Snider, the original piano player for the Stamps Quartet.
21. Two framed documents signed by Judge Baylor after whom Baylor University was named.
22. Original sermon notes of J.C. Massee

The Papers for Professional Conferences:

“Emily D. West and the Yellow Prose of Texas: A Primer on Some Primary Documents and Their Doctoring,” Texas State Historical Association, Austin, TX, March, 1997.


“Emily D. West: Santa Anna’s San Jacinto Rose,” a $9,000 award-winning essay for the Emily Morgan Hotel in San Antonio, Texas, 22 April 2006.


Publications:

In addition to the following, see attached list of 46 titles and various enclosed catalogue entries from Duke, UNC, UNCG, etc.


Schnappsburg-published monographs acquired by libraries (Duke, UNC, Yale, Wake Forest University, Baylor University, etc.):


The Book Reviews:


Texas and Baptist Sunday Schools in the Southwestern Historical Quarterly.
The Published Works Crediting the Work of James Lutzweiler:


The Chronological and Partial Sampling of Published Articles about or Involving the Work of James Lutzweiler:

“Indulge me just one more treat from the Kennedy rocker file,” by Bob Williams, Asheboro *The Courier Tribune*, May 26, 1996.


"The Legend of Cowboy Crimm" by Gene Owens, *Greensboro News and Record*, November 12, 2005


"Don't call me a four-kind descendant of . . ." by Gene Owens in *Greensboro News and Record*, February 7, 2014


**Collected Writings of James Lutzweiler**

A Bedtime Story for "Wee Wild Willie Wolf Wernz" of the Minnesota Lawyers Board of Professional Responsibility, a/k/a "The Lawyer Who Loved Fairy Tales"

A Billy Graham Apology

A Brief Biography of My Brother David Lutzweiler

A Modest Call for a National Kissing Holiday

A Cheryl Freed Fantasy

A Chip Chat with a Field in Carver County

A Cup of Coffee and Joel

A Dirge for a Dog

A Father's Tennis Prayer
A Fond Farewell and Call to Jimmy Carter
A Huge Poem for Jonathan
A Short Civil War Story
A Toast to God
Abecedary
Amo Te, Teacher
Amzi C. Dixon: First Father of Fundamentalists
An Agnostic's Apology and Baptists (BHHS, 2006)
An Exclusive Interview with Jesus: Mainstream Baptists or Bayou Baptists?
An Ideal Sinner
An Invitation to an Intoxicating Revival
An Old Man's Mumbling Musical Mandate
An Old Testament of Texas
An Open Letter to a Dead Man
An Open Letter to a Late Lady
An Open Letter to Southern Baptists
Antietam: A Totem
Antonia Teixeira and Her Two-Pound Baylor Diploma: The ABCs of an Assassination (Paper read before the Texas State Historical Association)
Arch Leean Memoir
Archives of the Devil
China: The Central Theme in American History

Comfort from Dead Birds

Correspondence (Akin to Ziglar)

Current Trends columns in *The Biblical Evangelist*

Daniel in the Lion's Den

Dolly's Doxologies: From God to Gaither

Dostoyevsky, Dixon, and Donations

Duke University's Finest Hour: The Jawbones of Josephus, Jehovah, Jesus, J.C. Massey and John Spencer Bassett

Dwight L. Moody in England/Engels

Emily D. West and the "Yellow Prose" of Texas: A Primer on Some Primary Documents and Their Doctoring

Emily D. West, entry for *The Handbook of Texas Music, Second Edition*

Emily D. West: Santa Anna's San Jacinto Rose (Award winning essay for the Emily Morgan Hotel, sponsored by Friends of the San Jacinto Battlefield)

Emily D. West, "The Yellow 'Hose' [sic] of Texas" and the Central Theme in American History

Eulogy for an Old Lady: My Ancient Crotchety Spinster Aunt Elsie

Fragments of Fundamentalism: The Life and Literature of Leonard G. Broughton

Finn Limericks

First Glimpse of My Lord

From Greensboro to Goa: The Papers of Pandita Ramabai and the Prostitutes of Addis Ababa
From the Coolidge White House to a *Camel* Warehouse: Billy Sunday's "War on Sin" in Winston-Salem

Fundamentalism, an entry for *The Handbook of North Carolina History*

Fundimensionalism

Fun with Fundamentalism

Fun with Terry Sanford

Fun with the F Word (Fundamentalism)

Getting to Know My Best Friend Even Better

Gingerbread and Jesus

Graham's Conversion

Grandpa's Bible and Home

Grave Concerns

Happy Birthday, USA!

Harleys, Hondas, and Heaven

Howard A. Kelly: The Fundamentalist Whom Mencken Loved

Hymnal Bibliography

I Believe in doG

I Reconcile the Blackwood Brothers Quartet

I Saw Elvis Today

I Wish Philly Were in Texas

I'm in the Mood for Mewes
In My Father's House Are Many Mansions

Intoxicating Illinois

Jamestown Jackass Brays Bon Voyage to Br'er Gene Owens, a Mobile Mule

Jawbone of Josephus

Just Call Me Jesus

Knuckleheads in Church History (23 biographical sketches)

Lazy Historian Seeks Sinecure

Lesser Known Baptists (BHHS 2007)

Letter to Todd Linn

Losing Sermons

Miscellaneous musings

Mourning a Maltese

My First 5,000 Lives: The Adventures of an Archivist and Tunes of a Troubadour

Old Men Dreaming

One Helluva Sermon

Period Pieces

Poe's Lost Poem Recovered

Punxsutawney Possum

Remember David Smiley!

Reuben Archer Torrey, an entry for The Dictionary of North Carolina Biography
Revivalistic Recidivism: The "Chronic Negro Mourner" and the Conversion of Billy Graham

Santa Anna and Emily D. West at San Jacinto: Who Edits the Editors?

Santa Anna's "Yellow Rose of Texas"

Sermons from Schnappsburg

Sex, Sunday School, Censorship, Songs, Santa Anna and San Jacinto: A Texas Totem (Paper read at the East Texas State Historical Society, 1999)

Significant Trends columns for *The Biblical Evangelist*

Simply Outrageous

Six-Shooter Salvation: The Colorful Career of Clergyman "Cowboy Crimm"

Song of an Old Sidewalk

Sturgis, Staten Island, and Statues

Sumacs in the Sun

Sunset Lullaby for Brayden

Sweet Betsy from Pike

Table Talks with John Warwick Montgomery

Table Talks with Senator Terry Sanford

Talking Tombstones

Tar Heels, Takeovers, and Take Backs: The North Carolina Roots of the 1979 Conservative Resurgence in the Southern Baptist Convention

Tar Heels, Tall Tales, Truth, and "The Yellow Rose of Texas"

Ten Tall Tales and Two Even Taller
Tennis Match Meditations

Texas Baptists from Sam Houston to Paige Patterson

That First Glimpse of the Lord

That Russian Feeling

The Archives of the Devil

The Autobiography of a Nobody

The Bend in the River

The Best

The Best Kennedy Rocker Story

The Carolina Campfire Crooner

The CBF of Nazism

The Faces of Fundamentalism

The Fundamentalist/ Americana Collection

The Jawbone of Josephus


The Papers, Pulse, Person, Pictures, and Porpoise of John Warwick Montgomery (Paper presented to ATLA, 2006)

The Primary Cause of the War for Southern Independence: The Fight for the First Footprint of the Transcontinental Railroad

The Probable Paternity of Abraham Lincoln

The Revivals of Dwight L. Moody in North Carolina
The Roasting of Paige Patterson

The Roots of Billy Graham (14 monographs of clippings of the revivals of Dwight L. Moody, Sam Jones, Billy Sunday, and Gipsy Smith)

The Texas Diary of William Bollaert: Barroom Bantering or Critical Chronicling? (Paper read for the Texas State Historical Association, 2007)

The Thud and Thunder of James Bulman's Tar Heels

The Tug of Texas

The Unexamined Revival [sic] of Rev. Sam Jones in Charlotte, North Carolina

The Yellow Rose of Greenville

The Yellow Rose of Westminster

This Do in Remembrance of Warren Cikins

Thomas Dallas: Hobo, Husband, Hymn-writer and Heaven Bound

Tomcat Tillich Talks Turkey: A Redemption Recall?

Trudier Harris and "The Yellow Heresy of Texas"

Victus

Wally Criswell: The Whale Who Swallowed Jonathan Edwards

Was the Civil War Necessary?

Why Do the Smokey Mountains Smoke?

Why Willa Cather Abandoned the Baptists

**The Professional societies:**

American Theological Library Association
Baptist History and Heritage Society
North Carolina Baptist Historical Society
North Carolina Historical Society
Southern Baptist Historical Society
Southern Baptist Librarians Association
Texas State Historical Association

**The Grants:**

Southern Baptist Historical Library and Archives, $2,000 in 2001
Southeastern Baptist Seminary travel grant, $1,500 in 2003
Several travel grants from Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary
NEH study grant, “Currents in History,” Portland, Oregon, July 2005
ATLA travel grant, $500 in 2004, $500 in 2006, $500 in 2009, and $750 in 2012
North Carolina Baptist Historical Society
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