



## **Mammy Lou vs. Evolution**

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### **The Author "Gives His Experience."**

When I was a boy, I knew (?) more than I do now. I lived in a world of Things and accepted my world for what it seemed to be.

My mental equipment passed for knowledge because I made the same mistakes that others did. A counterfeit coin that one thinks is gold, will buy as much as real gold if everyone makes a similar mistake.

Once I 'knew' that solid things are solid and when my teachers told me that even granite was made up of particles in tremendous commotion, they made it easier for me to believe in miracles. Physicists introduced me to a whirling universe and a world of vibration; sound, light, heat, atomic solar systems, everything in ceaseless motion.

After looking through a powerful microscope at unfathomed depths of detail and through a mighty telescope at unmeasured immensity, who are you, to butt your brains into the biography of God to tell Him what He has done or how He did it?

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." The double barreled fool has said in his logic, "God has done nothing contrary to my reasoning."

I know that men have prepared many resignations for God and have thrust often repealed farewells upon Him, but I have the comforting conviction that He has not gone anywhere. The God who put a Paradise at both ends of the Bible, will make good every prophecy that lies between.

[TC comment: Take notice of the arguments that are laid out in this story, as they are scientifically valid, even though expressed in simple language.]

### **Part 1: Rastus Augustus Explains Evolution**

Rastus Augustus, a pompous old man, is the college janitor who "listens in" on the class in biology and is aided by fun-loving students who delight in teaching him theories which

work confusion in the community, and rehearse him in words and phrases quite beyond his reach.

Mammy Lou, the accepted sage among the women and known in the little local church as a "Scriptorian," makes no secret of her scorn for any theory that would go against the Bible. She works in the home of one of the professors who, not sharing the views of his colleagues, helps Mammy Lou defend her faith, much to the discomfort of her mate.

Jeff is a visiting nephew who wonders why his uncle is no longer a worker in the church, and Rastus undertakes an explanation.

### **A Philosophy of Bungholes**

Rastus thinks that "guessing" is not a "academic word" and the Bible is not an "educated book."

"I am an evolutionary, I is."

"Uncle Ras, is you against the government?" Jeff replies.

"No! I am against superstition. I am against Santa Claus stories and snake stories and rib stories four-thousand years old. Science would never make any headway long as she has to be responsible for everything the Bible says."

"Are you turned infidel?"

"That's not a polite word for college folks; I am an investigator."

"Don't you believe in God?"

"I'm not denying God, but He's not scientific; He never got himself differentiated."

"You mean He's not been segregated?"

"That's not a right word for God. It seems that the human family needs a more or less God, but He is just what you call anonymous. The scientific professors say that evolution needs a God like a doughnut needs a hole. It's not a sure-nuff doughnut if it has no hole, but the hole never made the doughnut. The Bible is not an educated book and man didn't originate from dust. Science says that God is not scientific because He is an abstraction."

"Abstraction? What does that mean?"

### **The Likeness Of An "Abstract" and A Bunghole**

Mammy Lou gave vent to her pent-up feelings. "He told you, child; Abstract is anything that soon as it is by itself, it's not."

"There isn't any such thing," said the puzzled Jeff.

"Sure there is", continued Mammy. "There is such a thing as a bunghole." (A hole made in a barrel to drain the contents out.)

"There is."

"And when you take it away from the barrel, it isn't. I like to know how this Rastus person is going to get his evolution started if he hasn't any sure-enough God."

"As I was about to say," said Rastus, "Scholarly men considered that matter and force got evolution started when they wrestle and wrestle with each other."

"I like to know," said Mammy, "if your scientificators ever discover any matter that can stay by itself without force, and if they ever find any force what gets lonesome and acts up all by itself?"

"Madam," said Rastus, with mock politeness, "you have accidentally guessed what no instructed man can deny. Matter and force project around like one is the inside and the other is the outside of what nobody exactly understands."

"Then this matter and force is the same as bungholes; when either one of them goes off solitary alone by itself, it doesn't exist."

Rastus was clearly disconcerted, but he decided to treat the interruption as though he had not heard it. "As I was saying, about a billion years ago, matter and force combined [!] in some fortunate way to get life."

"Uncle Ras', is that an abstract word?"

"That is an educated word that you can't understand," said Rastus, feeling that he had put his theory over the heads of common critics.

Mammy was not diverted from the track so easily. "This Rastus man start in with two bunghole abstracts that he say nobody understands, and now he brings in another abstract that nobody knows about. He bow God out one way and the devil out the other and sticks bungholes together till he spoil his pedigree and break his religion. When he gets his bunghole barrel together, God and the devil laugh, because it won't hold anything but embalming fluid and posies in his hand."

Mammy had mixed her metaphors till Jeff did not see she was referring to the logical end of all life on earth.

"But a bung-holed barrel wouldn't hold embalming fluid," said Jeff.

"Your uncle will," said Mammy. "This here miscellaneous god of his didn't say, 'Let us make man'; it just said, 'let us make abstractions and then get excused.' When a human creature is just seven hops ahead of a toad in this here evolution, he isn't any fitting vessel for eternal life. Rastus has three abstractions now and every time he brings in another, I am going to make a tally mark on the stove pipe."

"How come you say I got three abstractions?" asked Rastus.

"Don't you say that life keeps on being life when it separates from what it lives in?"

"Maybe not," said Rastus sheepishly.

"Course not," said Mammy, "it just the same as the letter O; when it gets its rim knocked off, it is nothing."

Rastus hastened to escape the logic by reducing life to the minimum and fading it into the past so far that criticism could not follow.

"Woman, this life is only a little protoplasm what got alive so long ago, it isn't worth arguing about. It didn't amount to anything, because it isn't big enough to make a mosquito sneeze if it got snuffed up his nose. It's just a little shadow of something so

next to nothing that the point of a needle would seem like a ten-acre pasture field. It knows nothing, sees nothing, hears nothing; it hasn't even got a head end and tail end."

Mammy replied; "If it has any life, it has more than a mountain and it would break up evolution to try to make it now. It takes only one word more to say eternal life. Appears like you are mighty picky about the trinity in the Bible, but you say there is matter, force and life in a little proto-spasm and every one of them is nothing when it gets un-trinified. Resurrection isn't any more a miracle than when your hypothecators turn what isn't life into what is life."

"This here little one-cell fellow is nothing at all but a factor," said Rastus.

### **A Starter and Stopper Necessary**

Mammy continues; "How are you going to get a factor if you haven't got a factory? How are you going to get a factory what will make just one protoplasm, and quit before it makes two? *If it makes two, it might make plenty.*"

"Woman, this is not a habit, this protoplasm got alive by accident."

"Bunghole four," said Mammy. "Is an accident anything before it happens? Is it anything when the thing what aims to happen to, isn't there when it gets there? Anyhow, if you say accidents happen and originate life, you are sure going to break up your evolution, because when you got enough accidents, you get accidental creation."

"There isn't any need to originate life after you got it started. Evolution does only what it needs. It doesn't need any miracles and it tolerates only scientific accidents." Rastus defends.

"Seems like you need tame accidents, else some accident running around loose might kill your accidental life. Anyhow, how you going to stop getting accidental life? It appears like you need an accident to happen to your accident so that one bunghole fills up the other one afore you get two kinds of ancestors."

### **Evolution Prognosticates Backwards**

With a pretended disregard for Mammy's remarks, Rastus addressed himself to Jeff. "It isn't any use for science to argue against ignorance. This here life got alive by spontaneous combustion. You, got to have a powerful microscope to see it, same like it takes a microscopic mind to assimilate this hypothesis."

"Uncle Ras, have you seen this hypothesis that is so tiny that it can't make a mosquito bat his eye?"

"Jefferson Lee, you don't understand educated words. This hypothesis is same like prognosticating (predicting) only it's backwards. When you prognosticate, you tell what isn't yet because it's coming; when you hypothesize, you tell what isn't, because it's gone."

"It seems like this Hypothesis is the same as guessing," said Jeff.

"Your observation is most exasperating. There isn't any word more incorrectly dislikable to evolutionists. Guessing isn't an educational word. When you put one lone shot in the ole musket and point it at a rabbit, you discover that there are many places where there

isn't any rabbit; but when you put a handful of shot in the musket, then the rabbit discovers that there are mighty few places where they isn't any shot. One shot is guessing, and a handful is hypothesizing."

"Trouble is," said Mammy, "this here hypothesis isn't any old musket; it's a double barreled blunderbuss and they don't load shot in it. Rastus, he load one barrel with like-beget-like and the other with like-beget-different and wad it with hope-so's and happen-so's and can't-help-its and sets traps of abstracts and missing links and hobble his rabbit with accidents, so the creature just has to surrender. Because there isn't anything that depend more on its legs than it does on its brain, going to escape such an ambush. But you consider this fact—if he explode his whole ammunition factory, it can't make a rabbit that is, out of something that isn't, and it can't shoot rabbits into some creature that isn't a rabbit."

Rastus mopped his bald head with his red bandanna and addressed Jeff. "As I was saying when interrupted with highly flippant remarks, this little cell got alive, and it isn't anything but stomach, and so it is bound to grow shockingly fast."

"Where did it get food?"

"It just floats around in the water until it bumps up against other things and soak them up. Evolution only needs three things, matter, force and life. No matter how we got them, we got them and they explain evolution."

### **Doughnut Holes In Disguise**

"Rastus Augustus, you are most exasperating," said Mammy. "You say you have three *Things* and not one of them ever been discovered being a thing by its own self. You are all perked up because you say God is an abstraction, but you don't signify anything else in your evolution, and now you try to sneak in some more doughnut holes."

"I didn't name any more abstractions." Rastus protested.

"When you got your little proto-feller alive, how you goin' keep him alive? First off, you said he is hungry, but he will never find it out less he have an appetite. He has to have instinct to know what is good to eat; else he might eat poison ivy or something just as bad. After he gets himself full, he is bound to die with colic unless he has a digestion, and digestion will do him no good unless he has creation in him, to make what isn't alive and isn't himself, into what is alive and is himself, same like God made Adam. Then you said he is bound to grow. Now I ask you, if hungry, and taste good, and instinct, and digestion, are things that hang around waiting to get into the first proto when it got here? Moreover, you need to have starters and stoppers."

"How come stoppers?" Rastus was puzzled.

### **Playing From A Hidden Deck**

"You said it was bound to grow, and if it keep on growing, bye and bye it would get so big it would make the world lop-sided. You indicate there is a little invisible doodad, got alive all by itself by accident, and it discovers it is hungry when it know anything and it has a collision with something that know less than nothing and it just wraps itself around what is scientific dinner and it don't make mistakes like humans do, and its dinner is

bigger than its diameter and it don't break its circumference. This evolution is the same as a crooked card game; Rastus start with two aces what he dealt himself and then he keeps filling his hand from what he has up his sleeve. Now he has a little invisibility growing and you watch what he says next."

Rastus shifted uneasily and resumed: "When this here little mite gets big enough it begins to pucker in the middle and pucker till it pinch itself in two. That's how there comes to be two."

"That doesn't explain how you keep them from getting too big," said Mammy. "If they keep growin' it doesn't make any difference whether they are one or two, they would fill the world up after a while. How do they know when to stop growing and start dividing? Rastus needs to have just as many stoppers as he has starters and first thing you know, he's going to plan another accident and get some other creature to eat them up so they don't get too numerous. Now Rastus has to have Adam-and-Eve-ism in this invisible mote of gravy before he can get two of them."

"I don't get your meaning, Aunt Lou" said Jeff.

"Rastus doesn't believe in the virgin birth, and he scoffs at a rib of Adam being made into a mate, yet he slips all these doctrines into a little hickey so trifling that it doesn't know which end is the other end. This here little mote of vapor that is so small that enough of them to break up arithmetic can get lost in a smell of noodle soup, can do what Rastus says God can't do with Adam or the mother of Jesus."

Now Rastus resorted to the oft used plea that scholarship may ignore the common herd. "Isn't any use to dispute with illiterate folks that contradict science. How else can we get a population of primordial germs except they just naturally dissipate when nature says, 'You are too big to cooperate in one unity'?"

"I've been expecting this nature person to get here most any time," said Mammy, as she made an extra-long mark on the pipe.

"Isn't nature something real?" asked Jeff.

"Can you measure or weigh or count it? Can you move it or nail it down or find the middle of it? When you discover where it originates, if you look close, you will find where Santa Claus came from."

"Uncle 'Ras, when these little splasms pucker in two, is one the old one, and the other the young one?"

"Of course not, no more than two ends of a potato cut in two: I saw it my own self in a microscope the professor showed us yesterday."

"Are the ones you saw pieces of the original first one?" Jeff asked.

"I suppose they have to be;" said Rastus, after some confusion.

"Then the first one isn't dead yet?" said Mammy. "If they haven't changed in a trillion years, how do you discover that everything that lives came from them?"

"As I was saying, when your aunt start to recite and get me flustered, these protoplasms got so plentiful many that some would starve if they didn't get fittings that helped them swim and fight and swallow, and so some of them happen to have a wart or a hair or a

wrinkle grow on them and now comes the most important law in evolution; 'The fittest shall survive'. So it come that they is always too many, and the terrible struggle goes on, and they get more and more fit till man got here."

"What become of the ones that don't get any fittings, like you got to see?" Jeff was puzzled.

"It seems like they are the only ones that sure enough survive," said Mammy.

Rastus was trapped, and when they laughed at his confusion he left in a huff. As a parting shot, he said, *"You can't understand evolution unless you want to believe it."*

## **Part 2: Flagging Uncle Rastus At Every Crossing**

As he tries to explain how "Protoplasters git flixins" and other phases of the evolutionary hypothesis.

Next day Rastus sought help from the college boys, who rehearsed him in words and phrases calculated to overawe his household. When evening came, Jeff began: "Uncle Ras, when the protoplasms don't have any fittings, how do they suddenly get them?"

"They isn't anything sudden in evolution. It takes ages to develop fins and wings and legs. At first it's just a hair or a wart or a wrinkle come on the little bag of jelly, and the little fellow wiggle it and it develops," Rastus replied.

"But he has to have muscles to wiggle it, and nerve and brain to wiggle it systematically, and if he hasn't got eyes or nose, he is just as likely to wiggle into trouble as not," Jeff suggested.

"If you listen instead of scrutinizing every point, I can explain it."

Mammy made her contribution: "Because all these disfigurements on the little protoplasm is a great hindrance for a thousand years, but this hypothesis says, 'You have to put up with it, because you are going to need it someday,' and so they stick to it until accidents get to be a habit, and then they can't quit it."

"It's just as bad as profanity swearing for your aunt to make fun of heredity," Rastus grumbled.

"I am not making fun of heredity. Heredity doesn't turn snakes into birds like you say. Your first little smiggling doesn't inherit anything, and when the east end breaks loose from the west end, they are still orphans. If when they have two ends they didn't inherit anything, then it doesn't help it any to make four ends. A whisker on one end doesn't inherit to the other end. This educated foolishness has made you drunk in your head."

"There is a law of variation go with heredity."

"You say last week that there are a hundred million times as many one-cell animals as animals big enough to see." Jeff said.

"There isn't any scholar would dispute it."

"Then your variegated law touches only one in a hundred million."

Rastus was in a pinch, and deemed the time opportune to unreel his phrase of "educated words," and stun his too critical wife and nephew.

"The exegesis of this Can [there was an awkward pause] acclamation of ultimate cogitation specify that the cosmos is invested with circumambient laws what interact between the dictates and the dictums."

Jeff's jaw dropped in a reverential way. Mammy was both staggered and disgusted. "When God made the Bible, He didn't have to ruin arithmetic, beswizzle the almanac, and put the alphabet out of joint," was her comment.

"Only shallow minds dispute what nobody denies," said Rastus.

"I do not dispute any genuine laws. But your hypothesis says that laws are things, and another time you act like they are pulls and pushes that make themselves without a puller and a pusher. Law is nothing but words, and if they are real laws they are God's words. Laws are God's verbs, and nature is just the way God has of doing things. It's right here in Genesis: 'And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind ... and it was so.' If you have a law of variegation that makes itself and enforces itself, why doesn't it get hold of all these quadrillions of protos what keep right on being protos in spite of all the laws?"

Even Rastus laughed sheepishly, and answered unwisely: "I guess it is just the same as some laws: they don't come in the jurisdiction of the court."

"That is just the point," said Mammy. "When you hypothecators get cornered, you get out an alibi or a change of venue, or limit the jurisprudence of the court "

"That's because it is oblivious to mental minds, used for intellectual purposes, that law can't pick and sort where they isn't any variation."

"Don't you have enough variation now?" said Mammy.

"You told Tilly's children last week that there are a hundred kinds of microscopic germs that float in the air and sleep in the dirt and swim in the mud, and they are just watching to get in them and, raise a ruckus like smallpox and scarlet fever. I wonder what they had to eat before man evolved."

"I didn't say I could explain everything at once," said Rastus. "I'm just showing how there is a one-celled life at one end of evolution and a—"

"Hopeless grave at the other end," finished Mammy Lou.

"I could explain it if the bystanders didn't all the time throw every switch and flag me at every crossing."

"Never mind, Uncle, please tell us how came man," said Jeff.

"As I was saying', some of these cells don't completely divide in two, but hang together in a bunch like tapioca pudding, and then comes another great law. They change from homogeneity to heterogeneity."

Please, sir, can't you say it in talk-words?"

"Homogeneity is when they are one cell and all alike. Heterogeneity is when they are many cells and they are different and divide up the work. Same, like a first settler on the land; he lives simple and does all the work; he is a homogee; but when a lot of settlers come to join him, one says, 'I'll be miller,' and another says, 'I'll be blacksmith,' and so



on; they are heterogeoes, because they follow different trades. When these cells get in a bunch like grapes, some eat and some digest, and some make the wiggles and some do the thinking, and some lay the eggs."

"H-m-m," said Mammy, "Rastus has imported another shipment of accidents, and yet he says nothing happens sudden in evolution. It appears-like these protos have to practice up a long time afore they lay eggs and each generation inherits what their ancestors didn't do and by-n-by they almost lay eggs and by-n-by after geographical ages, some of the protos lay a half an egg."

"But, Uncle Ras, in the settlement each is an individual. Each one eats and drinks and dies separately. How can many creatures suddenly become one creature? How can they change to egg laying gradually?"

"I can't explain it now; evolution doesn't have to clarify everybody's questions; it just works out its own questions."

"What do she do next?"

"There isn't any he or she, because there isn't any sex developed yet. By-n-by somehow this heterogeneous fellow break apart, and one part is the pappy person and one part is the mammy person."

"After they quit breaking apart because it helped them survive, why do they start it up again, and if they survive all this time without sex, why do they have to be pestered with it?" Jeff inquired.

"Evolution backfires sometimes," said Mammy.

"Because they are inscrutable, but they don't bother the hypothesis any, because it figures nothing can survive unless it do help. If a thing has to be so, it is so. It gets you a part that looks unreasonable."

"Just like a sign board says, 'Bridge washed out; Detour',"

"It's not a detour," said 'Rastus disgustedly. "This is following a trail like a rabbit-dog. When the dog loses the trail, he picks it up again on the other side of the creek. Same when your mind follows a trail and it comes to where they aren't any tracks, you stop thinking here and resume thinking when you find more tracks."

"If there is a thousand years between tracks, it could be another rabbit."

"It's the same rabbit, but he is got a new factor."

"I can't imagine how you get a sex factor gradually. How can it be an *is*, till it is past being an *isn't*?"

## **The Arrival of a Malefactor**

"it is easy enough to get a factor in installments if you got a imagination factory," said Mammy. "First you get a hypotekettle-factor, and then you get a million years, and then you put them in a hat and slip in some abstractions, and, hocus pocus, the magic man take a brand new factor outs the borrowed hat. Poor little stuck-together cells, they have to be responsible for what their ancestors put on them, and they got to inherit what they

broke loose from; and if there aren't enough factors to make trouble in the world; they got to survive a male-factor."

"Uncle, how do these little pa and ma fellows ever diss-cover what the plan is?"

Mammy was ready. "The great god Jupiter say to Cupid, 'That little tapioca pudding that is alive has got pulled apart, and they didn't inherit any sex instinct yet, and you better get a supply and go down and fix them up, so I won't be delayed in this terrible slow process of making a man. That is one hypothesis; another is that Santa Claus came along and he mistook them for a pair of socks, and he put in a parcel of laws."

Seeing his uncle-ready to quit, Jeff said in a sympathetic tone, "Never mind, Uncle Ras; what come next in this pedigree?"

"We don't mostly know: some say a worm; some say it's something like an eel."

"Are they guessing?"

"You are going to spoil your sagacity if you all the time are suspicious. When you have to supply evidence that is lost, it is conjecture. Every time life pass through birth, it puts something off and takes something on. It's same like a express train starting from San Francisco, and when it gets to New York we ask the express man, 'Where did this train come from?' and he says, 'I don't know, I got on at Jersey City.' Then we look in the cars, and there is a Montgomery-Roeback catalog wrapped in a Philadelphia newspaper, and we figure it came via Chicago and Philadelphia, but did it come via Denver or St. Paul? One fellow says, 'There are icicles on the car, and it been way North, where it is cold,' and another say, 'It takes a thaw to make icicles,' and so each one conjecture for himself."

"But how do you know it originated in San Francisco?"

"Because it would spoil the hypothesis if it doesn't."

"This Darwin nuisance makes me riled," said Mammy. "This imaginary express train starts a billion years ago, without a starter, no conductor and no track laid. When it starts it is a thousand times less than nothing for eyesight to see, and when it stops it is a circus train with Homo the highbrow ape got out of his cage. If the station is where there is birth, then the old train doesn't take anything on at the station; it just drops a splinter off, and the splinter grows into a train, and loads up pretty well exactly the same as the train it fell off of, and it passes the mammy-pappy train where it has jumped the imaginary track.

"Everybody knows brute life begin so small that it's hid in mystery beyond the reach of any microscope, and it ends in the crumbling dust of death. The only train that ever ran on an evolution track ended in a wreck. There isn't any train despatcher and there aren't any orders except one that Rastus doesn't admit to: that one is, 'Might makes right; dog eat dog; root hog or die; everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost.'

"Out of, the greed, strife, hate, jealousy, selfishness, cruelty, pain, and death of a billion years man comes a crawling out somehow. This express train fable of his is like a top start spinning itself, and when it is spun long enough, it's a Noah's ark.

"I can make fables, too. Once there was a man who stepped on a banana skin, and fell through a worm hole in the sidewalk, and he got up and found he had roller skates on,

and he skated right into a pile of shaving's, and brushed himself off, and his skates turned into a wheelbarrow, and he got in the wheelbarrow and took himself for a ride, and he tripped up on a hen feather and came home in an airplane.

"If Rastus says he was a protoplasm a billion years ago and he went on an excursion and come in a cattle car and there was monkeys on the train but his folks crowded them off, he hasn't any right to fuss about any folks crowding him off. Anyhow, I am right glad he isn't any blood relation of mine."

"Madam," said Rastus, with a show of wounded dignity, "you insult me when you say I descended from apes. Colonel Darrow and Colonel Cadman say this accusation certifies ignorance, because apes are cousins not ancestors."

### **Not Apes, But Reptiles**

"Excuse me, Rastus," said Mammy, with a low bow, "I forgot that the biology book that you brought home, states that you come from reptiles away back when they quit washing their selves—when they stopped being a big word that I can't remember. If you say you are in the head cage-wagon of a circus parade, I will remind you that some of these days you are going for a ride and six men are going to help you out and walk solemn and I like to know if this evolution is going to provide for your soul when you can't go afoot anymore."

"If your Aunt Lou is going to preach, I'm not going to sit in the amen corner," said Rastus, as he left the room, shutting the door with more force than was really necessary.

"Jefferson," said Mammy, "your poor old uncle is parrot-ized."

"Yes ma'am, but I don't get your meaning."

"These big words the college boys tell him have gone to his head. He says what they tell him like a parrot. I don't have enough politeness for his 'varmint'-ism; so it seems like you are the one to bring him to sanity."

### **Part 3: When Loose Places Get "Heredified"**

Then came ears and eyes and "such like," so declares Uncle Rastus on Evolution.

A week passed without the subject being discussed with Rastus. Meanwhile, the boy and his aunt had asked many explanations of her employer and favorite professor—the only one in the college who had really weighed the evidence against evolution. Before Rastus would continue his explanations, Mammy was required to erase her many chalk marks from the stove pipe and promise to restrain herself.

### **Bones Before They Get Bones**

"Uncle Ras, explain how did the bones get into creatures before any of them had bones."

"First off, tough places came in the meat and lime settled there and made bones."

"How did the lime settle so there is a hole in them that is closed up at both ends, and grease get stored away in the hollow place?"

"Because that's the scientific way to make a bone."

"How come the lime and tough places can plan it out so there are joints that are made like hinges only better?"

Rastus only shook his head.

"How do you suppose it came about that after the lime and tough places got themselves fixed up and settled down, with a head end and a foot end and a hollow middle, they can grow bigger around and longer and get bigger hinges as if they knew exactly what is needed?"

"Colonel Darwin says there are some things inexplicable."

"And when they get broken, they can mend their selves?"

"Nature is un-screw-table," said Rastus. "When a crawfish gets a claw pulled off, it just grows another one on. The biology books say that there are some creatures that when they get broken in two like a freight train, the caboose end grow another engine and the engine end grow another caboose so they are the same as two trains."

"How come we can't do that? When we get broken in two, do we die because we aren't fittest to survive or is it because we aren't evolved up to it yet?"

## **The Fatal Weakness Of Evolution**

In his perplexity, Rastus, without knowing it, acknowledged the *Handicap* that exists in all higher forms of life, a fact that utterly demolishes the theory of evolution.

"It appears like evolution works both ways. It is bound to see that everything survives that is a survival but it can't tolerate anything surviving too much, else it unsurvives everything else."

"Rastus, I offer my congratulations," said Mammy:

"Woman, your congratulations need scrutinizing."

"How you suppose backbones get brakes on all the hinges so they don't bend too much and they get a hole through every joint so the telephone cable runs through it?"

"Evolution does what has to be done and the spinal cord needs to be protected, else the creature gets paralyzed."

"How come they don't get paralyzed before they get a backbone?"

"Because the paralysis evolved the same time the protection evolved. Neither one got ahead of the other."

"Uncle Ras, how you suppose nature ever came to think of all these plans and contraptions?"

Rastus started. "Where do you get that word—think? Nature doesn't think. Has your aunt been setting you up to such foolishness?"

"it appears like something has to think better than man, because man never catches up only to the tail end of nature with his thinking."

"It just happens because the fittest survives."

"Did the ones that didn't get bones all die?"

"Evolution doesn't take them all. There are two kinds of survivors: those that are fittest and those that are un-fittest."

"Amen!" said Mammy.

"This isn't any prayer meeting," said Rastus disgustedly.

"There are two kinds of folks get what's coming to them, those that pray and those that don't," said Mammy.

"Uncle Ras, how you suppose some creatures came to get hot blood before anything gets it?"

"Because it helps them survive."

### **They Never Answer This**

"Does a hen survive better because she is hot, than a turtle because she is cold?"

"Jefferson Lee, can't you see the turtle doesn't need to be hot?"

"Did the hen get the need at the same time she is getting the hot?"

"Exactly so. I am glad you are seeing that point. She needs to be hot, else how is she going to hatch her eggs?"

"Why don't she lay turtle eggs that don't have to be hot-hatched?"

"A hen chicken has to be hot because nature planned it that way."

"I got to get air," said Mammy, going to the door.

"Lots of creatures can freeze up stiff and it doesn't hurt them. Did a hen get hot blood so she can freeze up and die?"

"Nature fixed them up feathers when it fixed them up shivers," explained Rastus.

"Don't it appear like a hen is planned same like maybe a God would plan if he were allowed?"

"There isn't any call to meddle God into it. Fact is, nature made some mistakes and miseries and misfits."

"Maybe there is a devil gets himself meddled in."

"Devils aren't needed for mistakes. If there is a devil to meddle, he can make worse than a mistake."

"Is a mosquito worse than a mistake?"

"Look here, boy, you are getting too super-scrutinous."

### **Blood and Circulation?**

"Uncle Ras, how you suspect blood got to circulating all through the body like a government inspector, and it takes along a wrecking crew and a repair gang and a

supply train and a traveling hospital and a billion soldiers [leucocytes: White Blood Cells], else when a feller scratch himself in a berry patch, he isn't fit to survive?"

"How the blood does so many things is a mystery, but it got circulating because first off, there is a hollow place that gets full of blood and has cramps and squeeze the blood out. After a while it got valves to hold the blood till it can get another cramp. That's how came a heart, and by-n-by there came to be four hollow places and four kinds of cramps."

"When the creature changed from three hollows and three valves to four hollows and four valves, does it come gradual like, so it gets three and a half hollows and valves before it gets four?"

"That question isn't in evolution; hypothesis never gets down to ciphering in fractions, to answer such foolishness."

## **Ears and Eyes?**

"Uncle Ras, tell us how come eyes and ears and such like happened."

"it seems like there comes a time when some little wiggler let his head float out of the water, and he got a freckle or a blister or a sunburn, and it felt different in sunlight as it does in shade, and so he avoids sunstroke and sickly dark corners, and it helps him survive. When it helps him survive, he heredify it, and all the children get it more so, and after a million years it's eyes."

"Heredify?"

"That mean, he makes heredity out of it. Same way there comes a loose place on his head what rattle and buzz when there is a noise, and it gets heredified, and the children use it more and more, and it gets to be ears. Same way, voice is a rattle box in the throat."

"How do the little children understand what evolution aims for them to get? How do they know that by-n-by it will help their great, great, grand young ones to have a blister or a wart or rattle box heredified?"

"They have instinct."

"How came the instinct?"

"Instinct is just memory heredified."

## **Heredity Works Before It Arrives**

"Can they remember they are going to get eyes and ears and voice before they get them?"

Rastus was cornered, but tried a new hypothesis that is hereby referred to evolutionists and "hypothefters" in general. "I reckon instinct has to heredify what is going to be memories."

"This evolutionism is more wonderful to me than a miracle," said Jeff. "It take a sore spot, and make a hollow ball, and puts it in a socket, and fills it with juice, and makes it a lens, and shows it how to focus, and make a pucker curtain for it, and fixes an

overflow drain, and wash it with tears and puts it on a universal joint, and fits a steering gear to aim it, and sliding doors to cover it."

"Where did you get all this machine shop stuff? I was explaining eyes, not automobiles," said Rastus in alarm. "You are almost as cantankerous as your aunt."

"Even if a fellow can heredify eyes before they are eyes, it appears to me it would be a heap of bother to have going-to-be eyes before you get sure-enough eyes. Maybe evolution planned it out to have eyelids first, so there can't any dirt get into the works while they are being heredified into seeing eyes."

"You hypothecate all wrong, because there were eyes millions of years before there were lids."

"How do the heredifiers keep dirt out of them?"

"Dirt doesn't hurt them because they are like fish eyes, extra powerfully tough."

"Then when the fish turn into frogs or something that can live on the land, does evolution make their eyes tender so they need to keep dirt out?"

Rastus was puzzled and evaded the question, as some others—named "Legion" have done:

"I guess evolution worked millions of years ago, so there wasn't anyone there to ask fool questions."

This observation was not wide of a great truth. If Rastus had said that evolution-*ists* make their theories work in the far past, beyond the range of human experience, where impossibilities are lost in the cracks of geological ages, it would have been both truth and treason.

"Uncle Ras, why don't we see warts and moles and blisters and whiskers turning into new kinds of contraptions now?"

"Development of new organs is so slow that history isn't long enough to catch them at it, but geologists dig up shells and bones and petrified remains that show that some animals got here after others. The Bible say they is just created that away; but science say one kind just add and subtract a little at a time, and so one kind gets to be another kind."

"How many cells did our ancestors have before they began to leave bones?"

"The professor hypothesizes that maybe they had a hundred million cells, before they had sure-enough bones."

"Then they had to get a hundred million times as big as when they started before they leave evidence for evolutionists."

"Well, what of it?"

"Isn't that a long ways for hypothesizers to hypot before they get any evidence?"

## **What Do We Get Next?**

Seeing his uncle was nettled by the question, Jeff hastened to relieve the situation by offering an answer himself. "Maybe it isn't size that counts, because insects have more legs and wings than we have and the study books say a fly has 8,000 eyes and a dragon fly has 56,000. Do you reckon that in another million years we will get trigged up with a flashlight like a lightning bug or a spinning machine like a spider or a lot of legs like a caterpillar?"

"You fellows that make fun of science, is got all you ever going to get except brains, because evolution only gives you what you can't survive without if you don't get them."

"But, Uncle Ras," said Jeff meekly, "don't almost everything get trade-marks and developments to make them look pretty and don't they get, equipment so they can help other folks?"

"No, sir-ee!" said Rastus, striking a fist into an open palm. "Where did you get that fool nonsense? Colonel Darwin say, if any critter got equipment made to help another kind of animal or for folks to look at, or just for variety, it would destroy his doctrine." (Chapter 6. "Origin of Species.")

"Uncle Ras, it seems like every bug and bird and beast on earth, except `varmint,' is helping something else the same as if they are in partnership. The bee carries pollen for the flowers and the flowers call them with pretty colors and pay them with honey. The plants breathe off oxygen that they don't want and the animals say, 'That's just what I need and you can have a big word [Carbon Dioxide] that is poison to me.' The groundhogs dig holes for the rabbits, in the summer-time and the rabbits keep them open and ventilated in the winter-time."

"That doesn't prove anything, because when creatures got developments, they got them for their own selves first."

"Does it help the cat to wobble his tail so the little birds see he is going to jump, or do it help the hawk to make a squeal-noise so the birds and baby rabbits hide?"

"Evolution says that every development that doesn't help creatures to survive, helps them because it gets mates for them."

## **Evidence Of Design**

Jeff took from his coat pocket; a box containing a beautiful sea shell, a chrysalis of a butterfly marked with colors of burnished gold, a bird's egg marked with a unique design, and a small caterpillar as resplendent with plumes as the cavalcade of a king. "Uncle Ras; how do such pretty-ments help them to survive?"

"Maybe it helps them get mates.

"They don't get mates, and anyhow, the fellows that live in the sea shells are blind."

"I haven't read up on it," said Rastus-doggedly, "but it helped them somehow."

"Don't you think the little white spots on the out corners of a robin's tail are just because God wants everything different?"

"No sir! Those spots come because when the birds mate they choose mates colored up just how they like them."



"Do you have two evolutions; one to pull and another to push, like when a freight train goes up the grade, they have one engine to pull and another to push?"

"What you all mean with that fool question?"

"Pears like you need to have two evolutions, one to go ahead and make the birds hanker for spots and another to come along behind pushing the spots."

"Boy, they is somebody been setting you up to such foolishness."

"I desire to ask a question," said Mammy meekly.

"You may inquire, unless it is incompetent, irrelevant and not proper cross-examination," said Rastus with a flourish.

"You say that creatures never get any contraption unless it is exactly what they need their own selves."

"I answer yes in the affirmative."

### **Who Will Accept The Challenge?**

"Can you name any kind of contraption that man could think of, or God could make that evolutionists wouldn't claim it came because it helped the fellows that got it? I dare you to specify any kind of contraption a creature could have that God hasn't already put it on something."

Rastus was discomfited and the situation was becoming tense, when Jeff renewed the discussion and enabled his uncle to ignore the challenge.

"Uncle Ras, it isn't so much what birds and beasts have that helps other ones, as it is what they lose or what they aren't allowed to get, that helps the others."

"Do you think that evolution helps one kind of critter by taking something away from another one?" Rastus asked.

"I allude that somebody sees to it that evolution (or whatever it is) isn't allowed to overdo itself," Jeff responded.

"Seems like you suggest that everything isn't allowed to get all the evolution it can hold."

"Suppose the hawk raised sixteen babies and the quail raised two? Suppose there was one proto-feller out of all the quintillion of them, developed into a big bird, fast as a pigeon, with quills like a porcupine, and claws like an eagle, and smell like a skunk, and appetite like a crow, and poison like a rattlesnake, and it swims like a duck and lay eggs like a potato bug; how is anything else going to survive? If all the birds had an appetite for seeds instead of worms, won't the worms multiply and devour everything?" Jeff summarized.

"There isn't any of your fool supposes in evolution. Nature just sees to it that everything gets to survive and there aren't any such things as double survivors. Science narrates that some kinds of animals can't keep up with evolution and they get extinct."

### **Do Parasites Keep Up?**

"Uncle Ras, do chicken lice keep up with evolution, and did the great monsters in the Natural History book, go extinct because they couldn't keep up?"

"I tell you nature regulates everything so that this is a tolerable like world to live in," said Rastus with a display of irritation.

At this labored effort to ignore the evidence of an overruling God who holds evil in check, and substitute some impersonal fictional authority that men call "nature," Mammy said softly, "Oh fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."

"Look-a-here, old woman, if you got to set the Scripture up, against hypothesizers, I got a question to ask you."

"Suits me. We'll ask questions turn about."

"How do the animals get from America to Noah's ark and back again?"

"Apparently the land mass before the flood was all one piece, because it says in Genesis 10:25 "And unto Eber were born two sons: the name of one was Peleg; {that is Division} for in his days was the earth divided; and his brother's name was Joktan." So there was no problem to gather the animals and for them to disperse before the land masses were divided."

"Now I ask you, if little germs can drown and freeze up and dry up and blow away, and live anyhow, how does it help them to get giblets and hot blood and a thousand places to have a misery in, and if your religion is the survival of the fittest or the fightingest, why do you complain if folks tromp on other folks and survive them? You evolutionists remind me of Abe that stole a little pig from his neighbor and then complained because the old sow followed him home."

"I didn't agree to answer speeches; now I ask you, if you don't like evolution because it's cruel and selfish, how do you explain why your God planned a world that way?" Rastus shot back.

"He never planned it so. Genesis 6 says He was grieved in his heart and sorry he made man and beast because all flesh had corrupted his way. When God has his way, the lion has an appetite for straw like an ox. Now I ask you if it help a gobbler to survive to have ugly red meat-beads on his bare neck to get hurt when he fights, and have a paint brush on his crop and a red snake tail hanging' down past his nose?"

"Does it help a snake to have a rattlebox on his tail? Does a rowdy ruffian strutting rooster survive because he dresses to be seen, like a target, and crows in the middle of the night, so every varmint in a mile can locate him? Does a flea have poison itch in his bite, so he can make friends?"

"If a queen bee and the drone bee don't work, how do they hereditate work into the children that aren't like either one; and how do work bees pass on variations that help them when they have no babies?"

"You say man is a cousin of an ape, because they are cut out on the same pattern. I ask you how could God make a man if He didn't have any plan and God has used every plan there is in making creatures? Anyhow, if man is beast like, it isn't any wonder, because God say he has corrupted his way. Maybe a magician can put a fried egg in a plug hat and take out a white rabbit, but your evolution can't take a wart and blister and

hives and seven-year itch and make legs and eyes out of them, no more than you can grow feathers on a mud turtle in a million ages. It's just a barnyard religion—"

But Rastus had escaped.

### **Part 4: The Escape of a Sheep**

As is usual with the purveyors of false doctrines, Rastus showed ten times as much zeal in disturbing the church as he had formerly displayed in building it up. One evening the pastor called at the cabin to discuss with Rastus the obsession that had so fired him with zeal. Rastus met him at the gate much as a high school senior greets a freshman, only that his air of superiority was tempered with a generous determination not to be too severe with the parson.

"Parson, it is about time you is looking after your sheep what got away."

"Are you getting away?" the parson asked.

"I have escaped."

"From what?"

"From superstition and whale stories and miracle yarns and folklore."

"If you have escaped from all these, what have you escaped to?"

### **As Free To Speak As A Parrot**

"I have escaped to freedom in my mind. I am free to think my own thoughts and I don't have to follow in the mental footsteps of tradition. I have the new enlightenment and I don't tag along after what my pappy and mammy say, but speak what I think out of my own head."

"Are you freer than Jesus, who said, 'I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, He gave me a commandment, what I should say and what I should speak'?"

Aren't I allowed to think out things for myself?" Rastus queried.

"Rastus, will you tell me just one thing about your new freedom that someone has not told you?"

"I--I think your question is not proper cross-examination."

"Perhaps not; I withdraw the question, but the college boys are having fun, believing they are using you to peddle evolutionary theories among the community."

"People need the truth to make them free."

"People can discover that without a saving faith, mere physical freedom may be dangerous. There is no slavery as hopeless as the shackles forged by misused liberty. How will it help people to resist temptation, if you prove to them they are the children of the ape?"

"Hold on, parson! Hold on! I hope you will excuse me for amplifying your sagacity, but scientific people long ago demonstrated that man didn't come from an ape. Man descended from a 'pithecus."

"Do you deny that teachers of evolution have gotten their names in the Sunday papers by teaching that some races came from a different kind of ape and more recently than other races?"

"I never heard of such stuff. I want to ask—I mean I deny it. That's just some man's insult."

"Yes, it would be an insult if applied to but one race, but people consider it a mark of progress to accept animal ancestry, if it is far enough back. Here is a picture of a 'graven image' called 'The Chrysalis' that was unveiled in the West Side Unitarian Church in New York City. I paid that same church one dollar for it. As you see, it is the figure of a man coming forth from a gorilla. It is true that the sculptor adds a statement that not knowing just what the ancestor of man was, he chose the gorilla for symbolical sculpture because it has more in common with man than any other anthropoid ape'."

Rastus tried to laugh off the conviction that somehow he had been insulted and said rather vigorously, "That doggone church done evolution more harm than good. It's scientific to talk about animal kin-folks but it's an insult to make pictures of it like it happened suddenly."

"It seems, then, it is an insult to picture a man as though he came from an animal in one generation."

"I would hit any man who says I come from an animal even in twenty generations."

"Then evolution is an insult if it works too fast. Rastus, if you are really free, I congratulate you, but how long can you keep what you call freedom? The papers tell of a hundred or more convicts in a Western penitentiary who overpowered their guards and barricaded themselves in the dining room of the prison. Is that the kind of freedom you enjoy?"

"I don't plan to get into a prison," said Rastus uneasily.

"You are under sentence of death."

"Same as everybody," said Rastus relieved.

"Let me give you a fable," said the pastor.

## **A Fable Of Freedom**

Two crows were feeding in a barn lot. One was a tame crow and tame is sometimes a word to describe captivity. The other was a crow from the tree tops and clouds that came to hobnob with his barnyard neighbor.

"Tell me your experience," said the tree-top crow.

"My name is Jim Crow. The god of this farm took me from my nest when I neared the age where crows try to fly. Already I feared that I might fall out of the nest and break my neck when the wind blew a gale. He who rescued me said, 'Poor Jim Crow, you are burdened with too many long feathers, I will set you free.'

"One by one the kind man cut the long feathers in my wings. Really, I had never used them, and they were long and dragging and clumsy. Since then, it has been so easy to

flap my wings and keep them clean, that I greatly rejoice in my freedom. Moreover, I am as fat and as well sheltered as the Brahma hens. Now let us have your story."

"My name is James Crow. I have known hardship and sometimes hunger. My parents taught me from the first that there were many places that were not safe places for crows. Indeed, this is one of the places, but now in my mature months, I see that you are safe. My parents must have been old fogies. Now that you remind me of it, I remember that it was hard work to lift myself into the air with wings when my craw was full and I must get back to the tree top on the mountain. Many times the winds buffeted me as I beat my way against them. I have noticed that when the dew was on the meadows, my wings were wet and bedraggled because of the long feathers. Really, I envy you your freedom."

"Why not live on the ground with me?"

"Could I do that?"

"Certainly, but you must give up your hankering for the clouds. The god of this world—I mean this farmer—will not suffer you to remain here unless you conform to the fashions of this farm. You must have your wings clipped; that is the circumcision of the world—on this farm.

"Might I not keep some feathers so I can fly when trouble comes?"

"You cannot and be consistent. If you elect to live a barnyard life, do not be divided in your allegiance; if it is good now, it is good all the time. Some of the hens try to be half and half-part of the time on the ground and part in the air. They only get a few feet in the air and usually get into their master's garden and before the dog gets them out, they lose many feathers they would like to keep, besides losing the respect of all."

"Shall I be in good company?"

"Indeed, this is a ranch of highly advertised thoroughbreds."

"I am with you in mind; how shall I go about it to enjoy your freedom?"

"You use your mouth to hold fast to that brier and I will use my mouth to pull your flight feathers." Thus it came to pass that the crows had great liberty after a fashion. Now this barnyard was on the banks of a river called "Jordan," that overflowed its banks once a year.

Not many days after the flood came and the knoll on which the crows were feeding soon became an island with the water rising fast.

James Crow lamented and said, "Oh that I had kept some of my feathers," then would I flap hard to rise.

"It would do no good," said Jim, "for the lowlands are covered with water and the mountain is far and you are heavy with corn."

"Alas! I see it all now. What surprises me is that a crow could be fooled so easily."

"Are you aiming that fable at me?" Rastus said.

"You bartered your faith for a temporary freedom; How wilt thou do in the swelling of the Jordan'?"

"Parson, I don't figure God will be hard on a man just because he is scientific."

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

"What difference is it going to make when I die, if I have descended from animals?"

"I know," said Mammy, "it says in the Book, 'Thou must go to be with thy fathers'."

Rastus looked a severe rebuke at her and resumed, "Isn't the shepherd bound to hunt up the lost sheep until he find it?"

"Rastus, are you lost or escaped?"

"Well, parson, I don't bleat much to get back like a lost sheep does," acknowledged Rastus.

"That is a most important point," said Mammy. "Rastus don't sheep-bleat; he goes about rooster-crowing how free his barnyard is."

The pastor admonished Mammy kindly, and this mollified Rastus somewhat.

"Isn't everybody a lost sheep what aren't in the flock?" asked Rastus.

"Suppose there is something in the flock scattering the flock; is that a sheep?"

"Parson, you are rubbing it in, aren't you?"

"Is a lost sheep a happy sheep?"

"No he isn't, parson."

"The same Shepherd who told us about the lost sheep also spoke of wolves and He gave another parable about dividing the sheep from the goats. He said, 'If ye were my sheep, ye would hear my voice'."

Mammy could restrain herself no longer. "Does a sheep belong to the shepherd unless the shepherd gets his wool? That's a point worth examining." No one answered, and she continued, "Is he a sheep if he goes around with the inside of a menagerie?"

"Now, Mammy Lou, let us be generous," said the pastor.

"Excuse me, parson, but it does appear to me like the shepherd won't say, 'Rastus is my black sheep even if his four fathers [forefathers] is a 'pithecus and a marsoop and a lizard and a toadfrog'."

"Excuse me, Parson, I have some work I need to do at the college. I hope you will call again," said Rastus with a meaning look at Mammy as he left.

Rastus had a horror for reptiles of any kind and he was much disquieted that even a book so unscientific as he deemed the Bible would promise a return to his ancestors. As soon as occasion offered, he took counsel with his student patrons and they were eager to add to his uneasiness. After consulting with a concordance, they read to him from the Book, "He shall go to the generation of his fathers," and assured him that generation meant the beginning.

They very freely exaggerated the oriental doctrine of reincarnation and unanimously agreed that according to the eternal fitness and science of things, it was logical that any man who failed to live a perfect human life must go back to the beginning—perhaps on

some other world—and start again. They confided in him that it was a secret among scientists that this was the only hell that would be practical and was in reality the purgatory that is misunderstood by many.

"Well," said Rastus, "if that is scientific, I will walk more circumspect. Maybe the Bible is not such a bad book after-all. I speculate that I am obliged to join the meeting house again and go back to church."

Then as he thought about what Mammy Lou and Jeff had said, he added, "I don't think this evolution stuff really makes all that much sense after all!"