In Rare Form: A Pictorial History of Baseball Evangelist Billy Sunday/The Sawdust Trail: Billy Sunday in His Own Words

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In Stromquist’s formulation, the Progressive Era began in the 1890s in reaction to unprecedented working-class militancy and ended over two decades later for much the same reason. While many saw repression as the only protection against working-class uprisings, a new generation of reformers sought to remedy the conditions that spawned such discontent. Although their efforts produced an impressive outpouring of “reforms,” their impact was limited because they sought to enhance individual opportunity, to “ameliorate” rather than restructure, and to “purify” democracy rather than expand it. This consensus was increasingly challenged by an influential minority of labor progressives, who joined with organized labor to demand “industrial democracy.” That split was exacerbated by the struggle for control of the U.S. Commission on Industrial Relations, by labor’s gains during World War I, and by the ruthless suppression of “radicals” during the Red Scare of 1919.

In his all too brief discussion of “The Legacies of Progressive Reform,” Stromquist argues that the Progressive Era experience has caused present-day liberals to deny the existence of class differences and to continue to sponsor reforms in the name of “The People,” even as the gap between social classes continues to widen. Rightly or wrongly, liberals have preferred to cast social conflict primarily in terms of race and ethnicity. Ironically, the subject of class in today’s political discourse surfaces mainly when conservatives accuse liberals of fomenting “class warfare.” When that happens, Stromquist contends, “Liberals stood about dazed and confused, uncertain whether they too must now abandon the idea of class conciliation for a new politics of class” (203).

Even those who do not agree that the existence of a coherent progressive movement is an “inescapable conclusion” will find Reinventing “The People” to be one of the most comprehensive and thought-provoking syntheses to date on the rise and fall of progressive reform.


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that examines the rise and fall of a fundamentalist churchman exiled from his community in 1918 under accusations of sexual indiscretion.

Celebrity is something hard to historicize. In my state university classroom, it’s difficult for students to believe that the ailing doe-eyed woman selling perfume and wearing golf-ball diamonds was once Elizabeth Taylor, a mega-wattage ingénue whose name was known by peddlers and presidents, preachers and policemen. The fame of yesteryear quickly—painfully—acquires sepia tint, needing a walker to move and an archive to recollect. How do you catalog a forgotten notoriety?

The two books reviewed here provide documentation for such long-past renown. During the first two decades of the twentieth century, touring evangelist Billy Sunday (1862–1935) was everywhere, known to everyone: he was the subject of more than 60 articles in popular magazines; he ranked eighth on the “Greatest Man in America” list in *American Magazine*; postcard images of his face sold thousands of copies. Shortly before his death, Sunday estimated for *Ladies’ Home Journal* that he had delivered nearly 20,000 sermons over the course of his lifetime—an average of 42 sermons per month from the time he began his preaching career in 1896. According to careful tabulations by his staff, Sunday converted or reaffirmed the faith of more than 870,000 people. Whatever celebrity is, Billy Sunday had it: his jocular athleticism, conservative charisma, and fiercely firebrand talk tugged the gaze of a nation.

Yet few Americans now remember him. His handbooks and postcards have long been replaced by radio broadcasts and Sunday morning sermons televised on devotional networks. Following up on its 2002 publication of Robert Martin’s fine interpretive biography of Sunday, *Hero of the Heartland: Billy Sunday and the Transformation of American Society, 1862–1935*, the University of Iowa Press has admirably attempted to reclaim the curvature of Sunday’s analog popularity, reissuing his autobiography, *The Sawdust Trail*, as well as a detailed scrapbook of Sunday’s material world, *In Rare Form: A Pictorial History of Baseball Evangelist Billy Sunday* by W. A. Firstenberger. Both texts are invaluable to the historian and accessible to the wandering cultural tourist.

*In Rare Form* is a chronological exhibition of memorabilia from the Billy Sunday Historic Site Museum and the William and Helen Sunday Archives, both at Grace College in Winona Lake, Indiana. It includes chapters on Sunday’s Iowa childhood, his brief tenure as an outfielder for National League baseball teams in Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia, his ascendance to the tabernacle trail, and his adult
domesticity. Photographs of objects correlating to a particular geographic space and experiential epoch checker the pages, interspersed with still shots of the campaign trail, his rural getaway bungalow, and cartoons and paintings depicting (sometimes satirizing) Sunday’s missionary labors. For example, the section devoted to Sunday’s political interests includes a photograph of the following pastiche: a Poland Springs water bottle; the phonograph record for “The Naughty Waltz”; a copy of *The Working Man and Social Problems* (1903) by Charles Stelzle; a life membership certificate for the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union; a cigar band folk art dish; ... *Instead of Wild Oats: A Little Book for the Youth of Eighteen and Over* (1912) by Winfield Scott Hall; cordial glasses; *Moody’s Great Sermons* (1899); and a brandy snifter. The discordance of the objects is charming and mysterious: Did Sunday borrow ideas from nineteenth-century forebear Dwight Moody? How often did he, an ardent Prohibition advocate, drink brandy? Was there ever a late-night “naughty” waltz with Helen “Ma” Sunday, his wife and personal manager?

Firstenberger’s text stays carefully within the realm of the family-friendly docent, alluding only occasionally to the excesses and potential ironies of Sunday’s evangelistic career. Much space is devoted to musing over the expense and abundance of Sunday’s material record, reflecting the economic truth that from 1907 to 1918, Sunday earned $1,139,315 from revival offerings, nearly 87 times the average worker’s income of $13,000 during the same 12 years. This is only the tip of the statistical iceberg, however: Firstenberger’s greatest contribution is perhaps his complete listing of Sunday’s revivals, conversions, team members, and family genealogy in the appendixes. As a manual to Sunday’s material and bureaucratic reality, *In Rare Form* supplies an incomparable introductory guide.

Throughout his text, Firstenberger makes great use of the Sunday family library, drawing from its contents a strong profile of Sunday’s intellectual imaginary. Like many in his guild, Sunday was possessed by his own life’s narration and the manipulation of language to craft a model self. The books in his library reflect this interest in the life of men. His own autobiography, now available in reprint edition, echoes the classic tropes of this genre. *The Sawdust Trail* was originally published serially in the *Ladies’ Home Journal* in 1932 and 1933. The serial form is apparent in the given text, which is sectioned by short bite-size texts readable in a single sitting. From the opening sentence (“I never saw my father”) to the closing jeremiad, Sunday’s tone is nostalgic and longing. The world, he concludes again and again, is not quite how he wished it would or could be. As Sunday biographer Robert F. Martin
argues in his engaging foreword, Sunday was, “at the core of his being, an insecure, lonely boy who needed mothering” (xxiv). A wistful ribbon winds its way through the text, as Sunday looks back to his orphaned Iowa youth for better morals and stouter men. In this rendering, his grandfather is the prototype: “Granddad wore a coonskin cap, rawhide boots, blue jeans, and said ‘done hit’ instead of ‘did it,’ ‘come’ instead of ‘came,’ and ‘seen’ instead of ‘saw.’ He drank coffee out of his saucer and ate peas with his knife. He had no ‘soup-and-fish’ suit to wear, so he did not go” (3). Sunday’s later eschewal of fine talk and complex theology is rooted in this primal Iowan.

The subsequent text explains only the first half of Sunday’s life, offering sweet anecdotes as plot points from his childhood to baseball career to evangelistic campaigns. “I quit playing ball when I was a top-notch and went into Y.M.C.A. work in Chicago,” he announces (59). The last 30 years of his life are summarized in ten pages, concluding quickly with a summary reminder to his readers that they ought only to “live the Christian life” (86). Perhaps short shrift is given to the bulk of his fame because it was then when his narrative became less easily Christian in rendering, when the tugs (material and psychological) of celebrity undermined any possibility for believable charm. Most infamous were the struggles and loss of his children, who received ample funds but little attention from their touring parents. As a result, their early deaths—to multiple sclerosis, suicide, drunk driving, and war—are painful counterexamples to Sunday’s beatific sermonic storytelling. The promises of Sunday’s family values collapsed in his own progeny during the years of his greatest success. Celebrity here has a familiar tone, doling as much joy and material pleasure as it does internal strife and splashy suffering. To remember celebrity, now and then, is to remember the cruel balance of prominence, offering glossy pictures, brandy snifters, and the inevitable insults of Satan’s play-ground.


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The culturally influential circuit chautauqua, a midwestern-centered institution that eventually brought educational and motivational