

Westbrook Pegler

Dr. Robinson Describes His Religious Doctrine

**Copyrights His 'Stuff' So That Every
Faker in Country Won't Be Using It**

Dr. Frank B. Robinson, of Moscow, Idaho, has been in our midst briefly and has endeavored to set your correspondent right on some matters pertaining to the God business which is enjoying a boom at the present writing. Dr. Robinson, who answers to the name of Doc, is the man who advertises that he was a box-car bum, but talked with God and speedily acquired a magnificent home with a pipe organ, a Cadillac limousine for himself, other cars, diminuendo, for his wife and son, a "lot of life insurance" and a bank account sufficient to withstand the tap of a check in five figures.

He charges \$20 per head for a correspondence course in his copyrighted religious philosophy, called Psychiana, and sicks a collection agency on deadbeats, backsliders and flunks who try to gyp him of his payments. But he asserts, notwithstanding his rise to wealth and this firm insistence on his ownings, that he does not desire to make money out of Psychiana. His attempt to set your correspondent right thus leaves your correspondent's confusion worse confounded, but perhaps you can figure it out.

The Doc, who has been advertising in a New York paper of late, said he was doing a lot of business here and expressed disbelief in several current competitors in the God business, particularly G. W. Ballard, of Los Angeles, known as the Great I am. Mr. Ballard's widely scattered believers labor under an impression—which may be correct, for all your correspondent knows to the contrary—that he is the reincarnation of George Washington, that his wife is the reincarnation of Joan of Arc and that a gaseous God-force known as K-17 recently destroyed a fleet of hostile submarines somewhere off the American shores with a sword of Purple Flame. They also shun onions and garlic as being offensive to the Ascended Masters, but vow allegiance to the American flag and wear the same, red stripes and all, on their lapels.

Refers to New Faiths As 'Stuff'

Doc Robinson says he doesn't believe a word of Mr. Ballard's revelations, insisting that they are against reason, and adds that, anyway, he can't make head nor tail of the I Am religion. He refers to various of these new philosophies and faiths, including his own, as "Stuff." That is to say, he speaks of "My Stuff" and Ballard's "Stuff," Father Divine's "Stuff" and Dr. Edwin John Dingle's "Stuff," this latter being something called Mental Physics, Inc., of Los Angeles, Calif., of course.

His skepticism toward the others and his scoffing certainty that they are fallacious reminded your correspondent of Old Doc Townsend's recent contemptuous verdict, delivered at the height of the Ham-and-Eggs campaign in Los Angeles, that the thirty-Thursday proposition was economically unsound.

In speaking of his stuff, Doc Robinson's tone is one of proprietary pride and jealousy, like that of a radio comic with a prosperous, sure-fire specialty who is wary of pirates and poachers. He says Ballard called on him when he, Ballard, "was just starting out."

"I told him I didn't mind," the Doc says, "just so he doesn't infringe my copyright. I just warned him to keep off my stuff."

His Stand On Religious Fakers

Nevertheless, the Doc insists that Ballard's stuff in parts is very similar to his stuff, even though he can't make head nor tail of Ballard's stuff. "I am not interested in saving souls," says he, "that is orthodox. I want to raise the mental and spiritual sights of the people. And if I didn't copyright my stuff I would have every faker in the country using it. It would be poor business, in the first place, if I didn't copyright it, because I have got a religious philosophy that is a stem-winder. There is no legal way to stop a faker. With a guy like that all you can do is just let them alone and they'll blow up."

From that you will understand just how the Doc stands on religious fakers.

Regarding the uncommercial spirit in which he proceeds to raise the mental and spiritual sights of his fellow men and the resort to force, as it were, to compel payment for his courses in this consoling and enriching philosophy, Doc Robinson was unable to turn the flank or penetrate the centre of your correspondent's obtuseness. Altruist though he claims to be, he nevertheless does not release his secret of happiness and material wealth freely to human kind, but restricts it to those who can undertake to pay \$20.

He frankly states in his advertising copy that he requires enough money above expenses "to grow." That is an exact way of putting it, and, taken with the Doc's rather ostentatious descriptions of his own wealthy condition, the mansion, the organ, the cars, bank roll and all, it leaves your correspondent as earnestly puzzled as before.