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Doc Robinson of Moscow, Idaho, who says he talked with God and got rich in almost no time, is not perturbed by insinuations that he came by his title by working as clerk in a Moscow drug store. To such canards he replies that he got a D. D. from the College of Divine Metaphysics of Indianapolis and a Ph. D. from Voltaire university of Paris, France. But that's nothing. The Doc's religious philosophy, known as Phychiana, on sale at \$20 for the eleven-months course, payable in easy installments, has a wider charter, so he says, than the University of Idaho.

He says the university can't give Ph. D.'s but that he can. If he wanted to he could append to his own name enough letters to spell antitotalitarianism. But he doesn't want to. Doc is title enough for him.

Nor is he envious of other current operators in the gospel business. His trade is growing, and the others merely amuse him, except when they crib his stuff. And, as he himself said in discussing a rival whom he regards as a rather harmless impostor, there is little that the authorities can do to interfere with the god business if a man is ordinarily prudent and knows the laws.

ANY CULT MAY ENJOY IMMUNITY

A number of smart individuals have canvassed the opportunities and the legal conditions and have discovered that almost any goblin cult called a religion may enjoy immunity from intrusion, molestation and most taxes. Otherwise you would have religious persecution in a free country, and public opinion would never stand for that.

The deadliest defect in religious promotions is sex. The Doc's own stuff, as he calls it, cannot be challenged on such grounds, because Psychiana does not counsel sexual impurity—a wise provision. And, rather oddly, the more prominent competing spiritual isms of the present hour require the faithful to forego sex altogether. On the other hand, this trend is not as odd as it may seem. In other years ephemeral movements were led by lively roosters who were after the money, to be sure, but carried on sidelines which got them into trouble with the law.

So a wise god man of today, scanning the difficulties of those who went before, forbids interference by adjuring his followers to put such thoughts away. Moreover, young people are not likely to have money or to be desperate for faith and hope. So the joiners are mostly subdued persons beyond middle age, with some accumulation or in-

heritance of wealth, perhaps the insurance on a departed spouse, to toss upon the drum while in the throes. It works out very nicely.

As every businessman should, the Doc knows the laws pertaining to his line, and again, as every alert businessman should, he keeps posted on the activities and the type of goods handled by other operators in the same field. Of Father Divine, the colored gospel man, he spoke in a tone of professional admiration.

"That fellow," he said, "is the king pin of them all. But I don't get his stuff. I just don't get it at all."

HE'S ONE WHO TALKED WITH GOD

You will note that he spoke of the others as "them." He didn't say "us all." He doesn't regard himself as one of "them." He is the genuine gospel man, the one who talked with God, "actually and literally," as his advertisements say, whereas of the others the best that can be said is that they are mistaken.

Some of them may sincerely believe that they have talked with God, that they are God's exclusive messengers, or, indeed, that they are God. But the joke is on them and their followers, and it would be worth something to see the look on the faces of the deluded when they wake up dead and discover that they went milling after false gods and donated their savings, jewelry and real estate as "love gifts" to impostors.

The Doc is jovial, but he is no victim of gentle sentiment in dealing with disciples who are deadbeats or slow pay. He will not be gypped by gyps. Not the Doc.

Last February a delinquent Psychiana student got a letter from a collection agency in Wilmington, Del., which said:

"Dear Madam: The school has just reported your payment of \$3.50, which reduces this balance to \$5. We want that balance no later than March 4. Frankly, it is immaterial whether you settle with us or with the school's attorney, but a law suit will mean both unpleasantness and expense to you. For your own protection, therefore, have the balance here by the date mentioned."

That was telling her where to get off. And if the manner sounds uncharitable and not quite divine, after all, Psychiana is Doc Robinson's own gospel stuff. He got it up. It is his property, and he turns delinquents over to the agency in the routine course of business, as any sound businessman would.