

CHAPTER FOUR

In which

We read an amazing story.

The most amazing saga in American religious history has been written in the little City of Moscow, Idaho over the past twenty years. It sounds more like fiction than truth. As before stated, the story has been written up by many leading newspapers and magazines in many countries. Most of the writers however, drew on their fertile imaginations, and wrote their sensational stories out of thin air.

Only one of these writers visited Moscow to obtain first-hand information. He was Dr. Marcus Bach of Iowa State University. He did not discover all there is to be known about this amazing Movement, but what he did discover was true. Had these other writers but known it, truth, in this instance, is very much stranger than fiction. Had they visited this little City and obtained first-hand information, instead of drawing so freely upon their imaginations, they really could have gotten a story which would have made them famous.

Most of the leading periodicals knew that something unusual was happening in the realm religious, here in Moscow. What it was, they did not know, nor did they take the trouble to make an intelligent investigation. While in conference with Mr. William Chenery in his office at 250 Park Avenue a few years ago, I suggested to this gentleman, who was then Editor of Collier's Weekly, that he withhold a story he was about to publish on The Psychiana Religion. All I asked was the privilege, before the story was published, of seeing the manuscript. I had an idea from the type of man who had written the story, that it would probably be a slap-dash sensational yarn in which the founder of the Movement would be pictured as a highway robber, if not worse. I was correct. Collier's Weekly published an illustrated

in which the writer was pictured as a "shepherd" and the inference was quite plain that this Movement might be a money-making scheme from the proceeds of which the writer has made a fortune. This, of course, is utterly false. The writer knows how to make a fortune if he chooses to, and some day he may. But if and when he does, it will not be by playing upon the religious emotions of the American people. Religion is too sacred a thing for that.

Well to get back to Mr. Chenery. We sat there in his office, and I went round and round with the gentleman, trying to impress upon him the necessity of allowing me to see what was to be published, if he desired to be at all fair, and publish factual information. But I got just exactly nowhere.

"It would not be good journalism to allow you to see what will be published before it is published" said Mr. Chenery to me. To which I replied:- "Mr. Chenery, it is the very highest type of journalism to make sure of the truth of what you publish." I left his office, and when the article appeared, I saw just how very wrong Mr. Chenery had been in allowing such an article to be published without at least giving me an opportunity to erase the many errors which appeared in the article.

However, when any man advocates something new in religion, that man, if he really has something new, must be prepared to withstand attacks which will come from every quarter, both expected and unexpected. Fortunately the writer happens to be pretty well grounded in his philosophy and in his knowledge of the Power of God. All attacks have been ~~##~~ as ineffective as water on the back of a proverbial duck. All future attacks will be equally as ineffective. Truth is its own protector. It needs no other protector. It is for this simple reason that it is impossible to stop the truths of God, as I am releasing those truths, from winning their way round the world in spite of any and all opposition.

Perhaps the most vicious of all attacks on this religion came from an organization calling itself the "better"(?) business "bureau". I discovered, on investigation, that this organization, while calling itself a "bureau", has no connection whatsoever with our government. It has no judicial powers whatsoever although it gives the impression that it does possess such powers.

The movement subsists by selling "memberships" to certain business men, and soliciting "donations" from others. Usually it sells a "membership" to a few prominent local business men, and offers them a seat on its "directorate". Then the names of these prominent businessmen are prominently displayed on the stationery of the "bureau" and this, of course, gives the impression that these prominent businessmen are actively engaged as officers, receiving a salary for their services.

The United States Supreme Court however, in a decision handed down in November of 1945, pointed out the fact that the "directors" are merely nominal, being paid no salary. The Court pointed out further that there was a distinctly "commercial" atmosphere permeating the entire structure. The "bureau" had attempted to secure exemption from social security taxes on the grounds that it is an "educational and scientific institution". But the United States Supreme Court said, in part, in the unanimous decision it handed down--"We join the lower courts in denying that contention." So the "bureau" will have to pay its social security taxes just as other commercial organizations pay them.

It is quite possible that a certain religious organization was behind the "bureau" attacks upon this religion. Be that as it may, however, one day I received an insulting letter from the Detroit "better"(?) business "bureau". It was signed by one H.I. McEldowney. The letter demanded an immediate financial statement, and many other particulars which certainly were none of the business of any "better"(?) business "bureau". Of course, such a request met with instant refusal.

The writer can speak and write just as plainly as any "bureau" manager, and this man McEldowney received a letter in keeping with the one he had so brazenly addressed to me. What a "better" (?) business "bureau" manager in Detroit Mich. was doing trying to interfere with a religion in Idaho, I could not fathom. However, there was the letter, and I imagine by now the entire "bureau" organization would give it's right arm had ~~it~~ that letter not been written. An attack on any man's religion happens to constitute subversive, un-American activities in these United States--at least I believe it does--and when any organization, not vested with judicial powers, attempts to suppress and destroy the religious faith of over one million people, that most certainly constitutes subversive, un-American activity.

The Psychiana Movement operates under a very powerful Idaho religious charter. It is known as a Corporation Sole, and it's powers are very wide. Our property is all tax-exempt and we do not pay either social security or property taxes in the State of Idaho. The writer is paid a salary for his services, and that salary is so small that he can, if he so desires, triple it any time he cares to.

Yet here was this "better business" organization, asking for "financial" statements from the seventh largest religious organization in America. I presume it will be asking the Roman Catholic Church, or the Presbyterian Church for financial statements one of these days. I should like to have a copy of the reply it receives from Rome if it ever does ask it for a statement of finances.

Anyway, I flatly refused to submit any statement of any sort to this organization, which, by the way, I had never heard of before. And then the true nature of McEldowney began to show itself. He drew up "bulletins" which were sent to every magazine and newspaper which carried our copy (over 800 of them) and he asked that no further advertising of The Psychiana Religion be carried until this religion

Psychiana had submitted a financial statement to the "better"(?) business "bureau".

Let it be remembered here that this "bureau" organization is not connected in any way, either directly or indirectly with the U.S. Government. It has no judicial powers whatsoever. It is a private corporation whose headquarters are in New York City, and it has branches throughout the United States. (I should like to see a financial statement of the "bureau"). Yet here it was, a perfect example of the attempted suppression of religion if I have ever seen one, asking newspapers and magazines throughout the nation not to accept the religious advertising of one of America's major systems of religion. It is unbelievable, yet that is what happened.

When its attempts to stop our advertising failed, the "bureau" began to file charges against this religion with the Post Office Department. It had no success there either. Then the Federal Trade Commission, and then the Securities Exchange Commission, and I don't know how many more government agencies were the recipients of "complaints" against us, merely because we were offering something new in religion.

I mention this attack because if my religion can be so ruthlessly attacked today, yours could be tomorrow. Moreover, it makes one suspicious of the real motives of any private corporation which so brazenly and openly attacks anyone's religion, no matter how different his religion may be.

In the United States, we have very competent officials, both State and Federal, and law violators are speedily caught up with. The precedent of allowing any private corporation, no matter what it calls itself, to interfere with, and try to suppress any man's religion is a ~~theory~~ precedent which, if not eliminated speedily, could result in the complete loss of religious freedom here in America. We suffered over one million casualties in the cruel war just ended. Those boys suffered and died to protect, we are told, freedom of religion, among other freedoms.

Yet here in this same freedom-loving America, there is an organization which, if a religion will not file a financial statement with it, will try to suppress and destroy that religion. The precedent is too dangerous to be allowed to continue. There is too much danger in allowing any private corporation to have anything whatsoever to say or do about any man's religion. The Ku Klux Klan is an example of that. The German-American Bund is another example.

~~The man does not live~~

The man does not live who can offer one word of criticism against Father Flanagan of Boystown Nebraska. Yet this same "bureau" ruthlessly attacked Father Flanagan, whose good deeds are known around the world. First Father Flanagan, then The Psychiana Religion—will your religion be next?

* * *

I had to smile at ~~the~~ an English weekly of very large circulation which, some years ago, ran two full pages of illustrated editorial matter on the founder of The Psychiana Religion. He had written me for a few facts upon which to base the article, and I had sent him as many pertinent facts as I thought he would need.

When the article was published however, it appeared with a huge full-eight column illustrated banner which depicted the writer running from a bank with a gun in one hand and about half a million dollars in the other hand. The caption read :—"FORMER BANK ROBBER STARTS NEW RELIGION".

I may have robbed a bank in the dim misty recesses of my past, but if I did it must have been while I was manifesting as someone else—which Theosophists believe possible. Certainly there was nothing in the information I had sent to London which even hinted that I am a reformed bank-robber. So much for the journalistic minds of some publishers.

The

~~the~~ articles which have appeared in TIME were not too bad, but they too with the articles which have appeared in NEWSWEEK, PIC, THE PATHFINDER, AMERICAN MERCURY, MAGAZINE DIGEST and other periodicals far too numerous to mention, all held the innuendo that the writer is a very clever promoter, a master of upper-case, and an advertising genius without a peer. One magazine, on the "yellow journal" order stated that the founder of The Psychiana Religion is "The World's Greatest Advertising Genius and Racketeer." Well, considering the type of magazine which carried the story headed as above, I consider that quite a compliment.

Of course, when it became evident that The Psychiana Religion was here to stay, as millions upon millions were receiving our literature and hundreds of thousands were joining our organization, religious periodicals unleashed a barrage of criticism which was interesting, to say the least. The writer has been accused of being everything from "Anti-Christ" to "An incarnation of Jesus". Neither, of course is true. The writer is merely a man who has an infinite faith the Almighty God and who believes that the Power of Almighty God can, if the world will allow Him to, bring sanity and peace into a world which, unless it changes very rapidly, will destroy civilization in the next three years or less. If the human race does not completely destroy itself, unless the Power of God comes to the rescue, it will remain itself beyond all recognition. On the blasted ruins of this civilization which could have known the Power of God had it chose to, The Almighty will build a much grander civilization which will be based upon actual knowledge of the Power of the Spirit of God.

The Author believes he knows what he is talking about. He knows whereof he speaks. He has, as his advertisements state, "TALKED WITH GOD" and when man talks with God and God talks with man, if man listens, he usually can find the way out of every desperate situation. The trouble with man today is that he will not listen to what The Almighty has to reveal. If a prophet of God appears on the

horizon and attempts to instill new life into dead theological bones, immediately a cry is aroused against that man. Usually by the churches who do not desire to be disturbed in their theological lethargy. They like it. They want to keep it. They are too lazy to shake it off.

All right then--let them have it. I don't want it. The day is not far off when the churches will beg for the Power of God to come to them. That day may be too late.

Among the most vicious of all religious magazines which attacked The Psychiana Religion was the ~~Gospel Advocate, the official organ of one of the major Protestant organizations. Here is what it had to say:--~~ Sunday School Times. This magazine is, I believe, the largest circulating and most outstanding of all Protestant interdenominational magazines. After tearing my teachings limb from limb, an article under the date-line of December 25th. 1937, says this, in part:--

"Thus it is evident that Psychiana is a complete rejection of God, Christ, and the Bible. But it is not a new rejection, not a new discovery, or revelation of any sort. To be sure, it makes characteristically modest claims to be new..... yet it contains nothing whatsoever that is new but is merely another of the old, old echoes of the ancient lie with which Satan deceived Eve in the Garden of Eden..... the same false philosophy has been popular through the ages and finds expression in many false cults such as Christian Science, New Thought, Unity, and the like. All these, with Psychiana, deny the reality and the death-wages of sin, the unique deity of Jesus, all men's need of a Savior, the substitutionary blood atonement made by Christ in His death on the cross, His bodily resurrection, and His coming again to judge and reign over the world... .."

The editor of the Times continues in this strain. I have given my reader enough for him or her to grasp the insinuations in the article. I cannot help but note in the original article, the editor forgot to capitalize the words when referring to Jesus. The capitals in the above quote parts of the article were placed there by me.

It is a pity that the magazines and the leaders of our major religions are so dogmatic that they infer that anyone who disagrees with them is automatically wrong. Although totally unable to prove their honestly held "beliefs", they forget that they are only "beliefs". They may be true or false beliefs. The editor of the Sunday School Times, for instance, cannot prove in any court of law, that any of his theses concerning God, Christ, or the Bible are true. All they do is prove that they "believe" them to be true, and sometimes I wonder if they can do that.

So long as this "closed-door", bigoted attitude is persisted in, I see no possible chance of whatever new revelations which may come direct from God being accepted by the Christian church, the very organization which should welcome such men as me with open arms. Some man like me might possibly have a revelation ^{comes} which ~~came~~ direct from The Almighty---you never can tell. The editor of the S.S. Times himself does not have all the answers although he may think he has.

If that is the case, and it very easily could be, then do you not see how the Christian church itself might very easily be the organization which, because of its unwillingness to believe that God still has a few revelations left for this world, is blocking the efforts of God to save this world?

Christianity will never save it so long as it adopts the vain, foolish attitude that it possesses all the truths of God, and denies the possibility of The Almighty to inspire any man today with the necessary illumination the world needs to save it from its impending doom. In spite of anything the traditions of the religion advocated by the S.S. Times "believes", this world is heading straight for a disaster which may be so stupendous that it will almost totally destroy civilization, and there is nothing the editor of the S.S. Times or the Christian religion can advocate which can ward off that calamity. So why brand everyone who teaches another doctrine, a faker, a fraud, or an impostor?

It might be well for the Christian church, ~~espec#113~~ and the editor of the S.S.Times to remember the advice given by Gamaliel—"If this work be of God, ye cannot stop it--if it be of man, it will come to naught."

The editor of the Times makes the blanket statement that Psychiana is a complete rejection of God, Christ, and the Bible. I don't believe this good gentleman meant that when he wrote it. The entire Psychiana Movement is founded upon the Power of The Spirit of God. In twenty years it has taught nothing but the Power of the Creator. It is the Power of God in the life of the founder of the Movement which enables him to demonstrate the actual and literal Power which can come only from the Father. How then can the editor of the S.S.Times say that I reject completely God--my Father?

The reader will know before he finishes this book, if indeed he does not know it already, that, far from rejecting Christ, I love that man as few have ever loved Him. (I even capitalize the prepositions when writing about Him, and the S.S.Times does not). But I love Him as a man, not as a God. I have no time to love Jesus as a God because all of my time is fully occupied with, indeed my whole life is hidden in God--the Spirit of God, and that precludes my ~~sitting~~ worshipping Jesus as God.

As a God, Jesus would be superfluous to me. I have one God, and that God is sufficient. That God exists long before time was. Long before Jesus was. Long before Bibles were known. Long before the human race ever came to the earth.

Like Jesus, I have found that it is the Spirit of God, that dwelleth within me, that doeth the works. Jesus was the greatest spiritual Prophet this world will ever know. But the entire mission of Jesus was not to blow His own horn, but to reveal to humanity--His Father--God. The total and complete failure of the

Christian church to make any impression on this world, or stop for one instant the headlong plunge to utter destruction, which lies just ahead, can be attributed to it's worshipping Jesus as a God, missing completely and entirely the message Jesus came to this earth to reveal. That message is the present existence of the Spirit of God on the earth, and in each one of us.

I point the editor of the S.S. Times to 1 Cor. 3:16 There he will find this statement if he will but look:- "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?". Can anything be plainer than that? Did Jesus come to this earth to preach any other message than that? Is there any other message which can save this world today--except that?

I am not interested in discussing with the editor of the S.S. Times his reference to Eve in the Garden of Eden, nor am I interested in his Satanic majesty and his conversation with a talking snake. Far too serious problems confront this world for me to be interested in such twaddle as that. If the editor of the Times chooses to believe that, let him have it. I don't want it.

I should like to tell the editor of the S.S. Times, just in case he does not know, just where that story originated. It did not originate in the Christian Bible, with all due respect to the reverence with which the gentleman holds the Christian Bible. Millions of people knew the talking snake story thousands of years before Christianity was ever heard of. As a matter of fact, the Hindoo had the complete story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and it was written in the Hindoo Bible, more than fifteen hundred years before Christianity was ever heard of. That is a hard one for even the S.S. Times to explain away. Here is the story as told to Hindoos regarding their "God" Jeseus Chrishna (and other Hindoo gods).

According to this ancient religion in which millions of people believed

fifteen hundred years before the time of the Christian era, the first created couple on this earth were (note carefully these names) Adimo and Heva. Their virgin-born crucified God was (note carefully again) Jeseus Chrishna. There was a flood which destroyed all human life from off the face of the earth--excepting one man. His name was (note carefully again please) Noe. Now Noe had three sons, Sherma, Hama, and Jiapheta. The Noah, of Christianity had three sons whose names were Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

Now this is the story of the Garden of Eden, in part, which the editor of the S.S. Times uses in his attempt to tell his readers that Psychiana is a "complete rejection of God, Christ, and the Bible." I have but one question to ask the gentleman at this point--if the story of Adam and Eve, the serpent, the fall of man etc. is a sample of the divine inspiration which is contained in the Christian account of the fall of man, where did this other account come from fifteen hundred years earlier? Could it be possible that entire story was stolen from the Hindoo by the Christian?

I shall engage in no argument over religion with the editor of the S.S. Times or anyone else, and it is interesting to note that during all the attacks made on my by almost every major religious periodical in existence, I have never replied to, or answered one of them.

Arguments over religion get just exactly nowhere, and I have neither the time nor the inclination to indulge in them. I must be about my Father's business, and My Father's business happens to be the salvation of the human race, if the human race will allow itself to be saved. It is quite evident that the Christian church does not know how the race can be saved. I do know. It can be totally and completely saved from immanent disaster by the Power of God, and in no other way. Regardless of what I think about the talking snake in the Garden of Eden or any of the rest of the myths which clutter up both the Christian and all other Bibles, the Sunday School Times might find something more profitable to do than condemn a man whose whole life

is dedicated to the sacred task of endeavoring to save this civilization from itself by and through the Power of The Spirit of God.

My methods are my own. My inspiration is my own. My fellowship with God is my own. The Power I receive from my God is my own. I ask no one how I shall try to reveal the Power of God to this world. I follow the Light as I see the Light, and if the day comes when I hesitate to do that, I shall ask God to take away from me the vision He has given me, and give it to someone else more worthy than I.

None has ever heard me say that I, of myself, am anything. I know myself too well to make any such foolish statement. If it were not for the Power of the Spirit of God in my life, do you think I could write this book? Do you think for one moment I could stand up under the attacks of the "better" (?) business "bureau" and endure the constant "investigations" which that outfit has caused me to endure—do you think such articles as constantly appear in such periodicals ~~###~~ as the Sunday School Times do not cause the aging heart of mine to bleed—do you think for one moment I could stand under the barrage of persecution the Christian church has heaped upon my head if it were not for the Power of the Spirit of God in me?

I have been accused of almost everything. (None has ever found so much as a traffic violation against this Movement though) I have never been accused of being a fool. Unless the vision I have is clear, and unless the Spirit of God in me is a Living Reality, I would close up the Psychiana buildings inside of fifteen minutes, for I do not like agony and persecution any more than Jesus liked it. And I believe I know just how His beautiful heart-strings throbbed and pulsed with inner pain and torment when the realigionists of His day cried out:— "Release unto us Barabbas—crucify this man—yes—kill Him, or better still, give Him to us—we'll do the job".

Once more I repeat a statement made previously in this book. It is my honest conviction that if Jesus were to return to the earth today, and preach the identical truths He preached nineteen hundred years ago, the Christian church would be the one organization which would cry--"Crucify Him--Crucify Him". I really believe that.

If Jesus would return tomorrow, about everyone would hear Him, and make Him welcome except the church which bears His ~~name~~ sacred Name. It would not give him room. There was no room in the inn, when He was born, There is no room in the theological inn for Him today. Man or God---what does it matter? The message He came to bring can liberate the world now as it could have liberated it nineteen hundred years ago. But, as was the case nineteen hundred years ago, the religionists would not hear him. They had ideas of their own. The editor of the S.S. Times, and the entire Christian world have ideas of their own. Those ideas have barred the doors against the Spirit of God. The blame may be ^{placed} ~~placed~~ on their heads.

The Presbyterian Banner was about the only religious periodical which gave me any credit for being in earnest, and for having a religious vision which I am trying to bring to humanity. That was because the author of the article, which was published in the Banner happened to be the ^{pastor} ~~pastor~~ of the First Presbyterian Church in Moscow--the Rev. C.M. Drury, who said, in part, in 1932 in The Banner:- "Here is a new religion in it's infancy. We cannot ignore it, whether we like it or not, this man.....greatly hated and greatly loved.....is reaching millions the church never will reach."

Long ago I realized the futility of appealing to members of any religion, so I did not aim my advertising at them, but to the man on the street. What I have learned during the past twenty years about ~~church members~~ the activities of the leaders of our religious organizations, has both shocked and hurt me. The message I am bringing to the world should be brought through the church. The Christian

church is the organization that should be bringing this message of the Power of the Spirit of God to the world, instead of having to pioneer it in the face of obstacles which, most of the time seem insurmountable. With their buildings and organizations, The Spirit of God could bring to this earth such a manifestation of It's Power that those who even now are planning an atomic war in the near future, would be forced to hide from the public. The Spirit of God would shame them into either suicide, like Judas, or into utter oblivion. What sort of dynamite it will take to awaken the church I do not know. I am afraid I do not possess such dynamite. So the truths of God will have to be brought to the earth by an unknown individual who, though hampered and harassed by religionists at every turn of the road, still can look into the face of God, and say, with a prophet of old:- I know in Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed unto Him."

I believe I'll recount a rather amusing experience which happen within the past year. It concerns the First Presbyterian Church of Moscow, and as I have already mentioned that church, the following incident may be of interest to the reader. It will show what Jesus would have to put up with if He came back to earth and tried to do today, what He tried and failed to do nearly two thousand years ago.

Jesus came to this earth to reveal the Power of the Spirit of God. Every minister and priest will admit that. He failed, because the organized church would have none of it. It preferred to build a political structure on Jesus the Messenger, instead of the Spirit of God, Who is ever with us. That same thing is happening today with the message I am bringing. You see--after Jesus was crucified, the church

knew He was out of the way. It could, and did, set up any structure it chose to set up. But had the church believed Jesus, and accepted the Message instead of deifying the Messenger, that would have meant that the good church members of that day would have had to give up many or all of their evil practices. This they did not choose to do. This, they still do not choose to do. However, it is utterly preposterous to try and throttle the Spirit of God. That Spirit, and the Truth it is, may have to sneak in, in the garb of a burglar, but eventually it will leaven the whole world. It will appeal to the "common man", not the holier-than-thou type which infests the houses of God today.

This incident is true in every detail. It shows the bigotry and the utter foolishness of the Christian church everywhere, but especially here in Moscow. ~~#####~~ It so happens that Mrs. Robinson, my son Alfred and daughter Florence are all members of the First Presbyterian church of Moscow. They have been for years.

A few years ago, Clifford Drury, while he was pastor here, started to build a new church. He had quite a time, but he did get the basement built. He did not seem to be able to get any further than the basement though. So Drury was moved to the Presbyterian Seminary at San Anselmo, Calif. and Dr. O. L. Walter took his place here. He at once took up the construction program where Clifford Drury had left off, and he succeeded in finishing the church. It is a fine church, and one of which Moscow Presbyterians should be proud.

Anyway, when it came round to soliciting donations for the new building, I was included and made quite a substantial contribution. In the meantime, after the church was completed, Dr. Walter was made District Superintendent for the Pacific Northwest. He was too good a financial

man to leave in Moscow. Now his job is to supervise other building programs, as well as supervise the Presbyterian church in the north-west.

Dr. Walter is quite a boy. He is one of those pastors who is not ashamed to greet an "athâist" like myself on the street. I warned him several times that he would probably lose his job if he got too friendly with me, but, laughingly he said to me one ~~day~~ day when I had told him that: "Frank--there is no religion that is going to dictate my private life. I do not agree with some of the things you write, but I dâ agree with ninety percent of it. Anyway, I consider you a friend and I'll come to your home any time I want to, regardless of what the elders think."

About a year ago, Dr. Walters dropped in to see me one day at noon. It's strange how some ministers get the habit of dropping round just at meal time. But they do. We had quite a happy visit together. Dr. Walter had to leave for his present headquarters in Portland Ore. very shortly, so our visit was not as long as I should have liked it to have been.

While he was in my home, he suggested that maybe I'd like to donate a stained-glass window to the new church in Moscow. He told me that such windoes would cost \$1000 and only one remained to be donated. The glass-work was to be done by a famous Boston stained-glass man, and the donor had the privilege of choosing the subject which was to be depicted on the glass.

I have little money of my own, so I made him a check on the Psychiana corporation for \$1000 which seemed to make Otis very happy. He had demonstrated his salesmanship once more. When he ~~asked~~ asked me what Bible character I wanted to be depicted on the window, I thought for a few moments and then said:- "Let's put Gamaliel there--and let's use his

words "If this work be of God you cannot stop it, but if it be of man it will come to naught".

Dr. Walter thought that subject would be fine and said so. He promised to turn the check over to the local church, which he did, saying that he would personally contact me and show me the tentative design for the window, the subject of course being Gamaliel, as we had agreed.

Well several months went by and I did not hear, either from Dr. Walter or anyone else about the design for the window. Knowing that Scotchmen will hang onto a dollar till the last dog is hung, I decided to institute some inquiries about the progress being made with my Gamaliel window.

The present pastor is Dr. John Furnas, a fine chap, and a fellow-member of Rotary International. We meet here in Moscow every Monday evening at 6.15. On the evening in question, I asked John Furnas what progress, if any, was being made with the Gamaliel window. Then, for the first time, I began to suspect that something was wrong. John Furnas dropped the hint that some of the elders did not like the Gamaliel window. Why--I do not know. Gamaliel is a Bible character, and I thought the Gamaliel incident might be very ^{appropriate} ~~appropriate~~ on the window of the local Presbyterian church. I discovered however, that I was very much mistaken. "You see Frank", said Dr. Furnas to me while discussing the matter later, "That could work both ways--that statement of Gamaliel could be taken to mean the Presbyterian religion as well as the Psychiana religion, and some of the elders think that is not so hot."

A few days later I received a letter from one of the elders--a Dean at the University of Idaho. The letter stated that the committee appreciated the check for \$1000, but wondered if I would not like to change the subject matter. "How about the parable of the Sower"

I informed the gentleman that the agreement was that the story of Gamaliel go on the stained-glass window, and that it would have to be that, or nothing.

A few months dragged by, and I again corresponded with the Dean, giving him an ultimatum--either put in the window with the story of Gamaliel, or refund the \$1000 check. The check came back just a few days ago. There were five signatures on the check, and when I called this fact to the attention of Dr. Furnas at the Rotary Club, jokingly remarking about Scotchmen not trusting themselves, he replied:- "The funny thing about that is that only one of those signatures is good." What the other four were doing there I did not care to inquire.

This story in itself means nothing, and I may have been wasting the readers time in telling it. But there is a moral to it however. This church did not bak at all about taking my money for a new church, but when a Bible character who admitted that someone else besides Christians may have some truth too, they would not allow such a character to be depicted on a stained-glass window in their church. That sort of narrowness is the think which is keeping knowledge of the Spirit of God from the church members, and through them, from the world.

Church members should either be honest enough to admit that they know nothing whatsoever about the Power of God, or they should get out of the church. A local minister said to me a few years ago:- "Doctor Robinson, what is this Power of God you continually talk and write about?" I looked at the man in amazement "You are a minister of the gospel and do not know what the Power of God is?" I shot at him. "No wonder your church is dead--no wonder at all."

Before I return to where I started this chapter, I'll recall for your enjoyment an incident which is based upon an article which appeared very prominently in The Lutheran Companion, the official organ of the Lutheran Church in America. It may be found in the issue of Feb. 17th. 1938. The author of the article is a Lutheran minister who used to live in Moscow. Formerly he was an automobile mechanic.

One evening, my phone rang. Upon answering it I heard the voice of one who introduced himself as the Rev. Oliver, pastor of the local Lutheran church. Upon inquiring what I could do for him, he asked me if I would loan him \$50. I asked him for what purpose and he told me his cousin, or nephew wanted to start a bus line in Moscow, and did not have the necessary \$50, and he thought perhaps I would loan it to him.

"Why don't you loan it to him?" I asked the Lutheran minister, who replied:- "Well I don't have it to spare at this time." I then informed him that I did not believe a bus line would be successful in Moscow, nor did I believe anyone should start such a line whose financial capacity was so low that he had to borrow the \$50 necessary for a license,

The pastor evidently was rather surprised that I did not at once send him \$50 by special messenger. What little money I get does not come that easy though. I offered my regrets and hung up the phone, believing the matter to be settled. However, I was mistaken. In about an hour the phone rang again. It was the same Lutheran pastor. This time he informed me that he had a set of valuable books which he would leave with me as security for the loan if I would make it. He was very anxious that his nephew get the \$50 and wouldn't I please hold these valuable books as security--they had been left him by his mother, many years ago.

Finally I weakened, and told him to send the books to the house and pick up the \$50. I did not want the books as security, but took them anyhow, thinking perhaps that an old set of books would perhaps be interesting reading. In less than half an hour a taxi drove up to my home and the driver asked if I had \$50 for the Rev. Oliver. I told him I had, and asked him if he had some books. He said yes, and brought the books, all in nice new packages into my home, whereupon I gave him a check made out to the Rev. Oliver for \$50.

After the taxi-driver had departed, I looked at the books which bore the label of P.F. Collier and Sons. There were five cartons of them. Upon opening them I discovered they were a set of ten fiction works some by Victor Hugo and some by other popular authors. This was not an old set of books, as the date on the books is 1936. The Reverend's mother may have given this set to him, but by peculiar circumstance, P.F. Collier and Sons were conducting a heavy advertising campaign on these books at that time. They sold for \$25.00 a set. Then I figured I had been taken for a short ride. However, one gets used to that.

The next day I was speaking with a local banker about the experience, when the banker turned to me and said:- "Did that son-of-a-gun sell you that set of books for \$50, he sold me a set for \$25.00." I hastened to explain that Rev. Oliver had not sold me the books at all--I had loaned him \$50 on them.

You may imagine my surprise when some time later a Swedish lawyer mailed me a copy of The Lutheran Companion, and there, very prominent in the issue was an article by my book-loving friend, on Psychiana. I quote some of the statements from that article:-

".....but like all born things, this fad too is beginning to die. It will soon be ready for obsequies and the well-known legerdemain will be just another experience. While, to some extent it has been a slap in the face to the Church, it has awakened us somewhat to our situation and the good it has done must not be entirely discredited. No man would want to take his last long horizontal look at the stars and then pillow his #### eternal soul on a drug-store religion. To Christians, there is only one cure-all, one panacea for the ills of the world and that is Christ.....I wonder what the Rev. Peter Carlson would say and do about this Psychiana business which time and tide have washed up? No doubt he would rise up and quarantine this pseudo Christian Science rash."

I have no answer for the Rev. Roger P. Oliver. I have a suggestion which I should like to make. If the one panacea for all the worlds ills is Jesus, then I should like to suggest to the Rev. Oliver that he at once begin to administer the panacea instead of decrying someone who is trying to soothe those ills. I am afraid however, Rev. Oliver has the wrong formula. Jesus Christ died two thousands years ago, and has never been heard from since...or has He? It will take more than a religious tradition to cure the ills of this world. It will take real divine Power. The tradition of Jesus can cure nothing. The Power Jesus came to proclaim can cure the ills of this world however, and here is where the Christian church has missed the boat. It lives it's entire life talking about Jesus, Peter, Paul, Moses, Abraham, and a few other outstanding Bible characters. These are all good, but none of them can heal the ills that are plaguing the human race today.

Unless someone steps into the picture with the actual Power of God, and that very soon, it will be too late to save this civilization from complete destruction. Only today Senator Pepper of Florida, who has just returned from a trip to Soviet Russia says that relations between that nation and the United States have deteriorated to such an extent that we are now in an atomic bomb race which will result in an atomic war inside of three years. This statement was made over the N.B.C. on August the thirteenth 1946.

So I suggest ~~####~~ to the editor of the Sunday School Times, and Rev. Oliver, and the Dean who would not allow the story of Gamaliel to be inscribed in a plate-glass window in the First Presbyterian church in Moscow, that if they know anything at all about the Power of God, for God's sake, and for the sake of a dying, perishing civilization, let them show us the way to God--or else stop trying to interfere with one who is at least trying to point the way to God.

I can take everything this Christian world can throw at me, and smile. I can take everything any racketeering "business" organization can throw at me, and still smile. But it seems to me that instead of our churches wasting valuable time and space telling their members what a terrible fellow I am, they would tell the world how it can be made straight through the Spirit of God, they would be far more worthy of their calling.

Jesus was a Jew. A syrian Jew. A peasant. Yet He knew something of the Power of God. And as a result of what He knew, that Syrian, peasant Jew made religious history. He wrote His name in letters of gold on history's scroll. He failed in His mission. Failed miserably. The reason He failed was because they on whom He depended all left Him and fled. As a result, the world faces complete annihilation. If Senator Pepper is correct and if an atomic war comes to this earth inside of the next three years, there will be little left of the human race. So I once more suggest to the Christian church that it find the Power of The Spirit of God, and in and through that Power, lead this God-forsaken world back to the glory it had with God, before religionists, who doubted the ability of God to make good His promises, brought this world to the condition in which it is today. I personally should be ashamed to travel under the garb of religion, could I not offer some construc

-tive action, designed to alleviate the sufferings this earth now endures, and the much worse sufferings which lie hard ahead.

I believe it to be in order here to mention just one more incident, not that I wish to assail any religion. I wish to help them. I am thinking that ~~perhaps~~ perhaps, as a result of this book, there will come to the Christian church such a baptism of spiritual Power that the catastrophe which lies just ahead may be averted. It is up to the Christian church itself. God will provide the one who knows the way when the Christian church demonstrates it wants to know the way. In the absence of such a desire, there is nothing even God Almighty can do.

A few years ago a rather prominent Methodist Bishop wished to meet me. He passed on the word through Dr. C. W. Tenney, a Methodist minister who was in my employ as assistant. I shall have more to say about Dr. Tenney later in this book. It so happened that the Methodists were holding a convention, or whatever it is they call their get-togethers, at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago. I had met the Bishop in question some few years before and knew him by sight.

I happened to be staying at The Stevens Hotel at the time the convention was in session, and after lunch one afternoon, I spotted the Bishop walking across the lobby. Accosting him I introduced myself, and informed him of Dr. Tenney's transmission of his message that he would like to meet me. The good Bishop was very uncomfortable, I could see that.

"Where can we get together Bishop L....." I asked him.

"Oh--cannot I meet you somewhere on a train, where no one will see us?" he replied.

Rather taken aback by this statement I said to the good Bishop:- "On a train Bishop---what is the matter--why cannot we sit down here and talk, or go up to your room, or mine?"

"Oh no--that would never do--you see--you are pretty well known here, and if anyone in the convention saw me even talking with you, I'd be very severely criticized--might even lose my job" he said.

"But you made the statement to Dr. Tenney that you thought I knew more about God in one week than you had known all your life, and you expressed a desire to meet me because you thought that perhaps I might be able to help the church find God, did you not?"

"That is quite true Doctor Robinson--but dont you understand, the Methodist officials in Boise (Idaho) have just passed a resolution condemning any Methodist, and threatening any Methodist with ex-communication who works for you, or even reads what you write---you are poison to the Methodist church."

"When was that resolution passed?" I asked the good Bishop.

"Day before yesterday" he replied, "and that means that my friend Tenney will have to stop working for you, or we shall have to unfrock him. Now you understand Dr. Robinson, I am not at the back of this--I am all for you--but the church as a whole hates you, and it hates your philosophy, so I cannot afford to be seen even talking with you--wont you please go?"

Smilingly I agreed not to embarrass the good man of God any further. But I couldn't resist the temptation to say, when bidding him "Good-bye", "Now I understand how Jesus must have felt when He came unto His own, and they received Him not".

* * *

A little way back in this book I have briefly mentioned that some twenty years before I met "The Wanderer", I first came to Moscow with Mrs. Robinson and little Alfred. I had come, as you will recall, to work for Mr. Chas. Bolles (pronounced Bowles) at the Corner Drug Store.

It was a miserable April day when we arrived. After paying all expenses, we arrived in Moscow with \$42.00 in our pocket. To be frank, I did not like the City at all. Horses were tied to the hitching-posts in front of "Bull" Ward's hardware store, and altogether there was something about this little place that I did not like. We did, however, engage a room at the Hotel for one evening, as we were all tired from our trip from Yakima.

I threatened time and time again that evening that I would not work in Moscow. I told Mrs. Robinson to get a good rest, as we would be on our way back to Spokane in the morning. We went from Yakima to Spokane, taking the Palouse Special at Spokane, Wash.

I had already called up Charley Bolles and informed him that I was in Moscow, but was not going to work for him. I told him that I had given his drug-store the "once-over" and considered it a junk-shop. However, Charlie talked me into staying one month, "just to get your expenses back" as he put it. I finally took a look at the pocket-book and agreed. The next day we took an apartment at the old Butterfield Apartments. That cost us \$50.00 per month.

When I went to work the next morning, I met a fellow called "Cap". Caplinger was working also for Bolles, and I sort of liked both of them. Now, twenty years later, Charley Bolles and I are very good friends. He still runs the Corner Drug Store, and every few days I drop in and visit with him. He is one of the finest men I have ever met.

By the end of the month I had made up my mind to stay in Moscow. I had begun to like it a lot better. It was a different city from any I had worked in before--just a small college town of about 5000 people, plus a University of Idaho enrollment of about 2300.

The City of Moscow enjoys a lovely setting. It nestles in a little hollow, and is surrounded on three sides by rolling wheat-fields, and on the other side by beautiful pine-covered Moscow Mountain. There, in the autumn## one may rest under the shadow of those pines, while the quivering and quaking aspens ~~light~~ whisper to the nodding, swaying pines. Altogether the scene is one of sheer beauty. I often wonder now what there was about Moscow which made me dislike it so when I first arrived here. Probably I shall never know. I never want to know.

I had come to Moscow to write a philosophy of God which would reveal the Power of God to America, and inside of thirty days I had begun to get my thoughts in order. I had never written anything in my life. I had never drawn up an advertisement in my life. I knew nothing about business. I was just a common garden variety of registered pharmacist, good for about \$200 a month. That is what Mr. Bolles paid me.

I used to carry a little black pocket-book round in the side pocket of my coat, and whenever the Spirit of God would give me something of importance, out would come that little book, and I would jot it down. Both "Cap" and Charlie Bolles often tried to figure out what I was writing in that little black book. None of them suspected, nor did I, that as a result of what I was writing in that little black book, a world movement of large proportions would spring into existence. Personally, I knew that my experience with the Spirit of God was very real. I knew I had a message for this world, of tremendous import. But how to get that message to the American people was something I had to figure out alone. Alone?? No--not quite alone.

When the Spirit which is God spake this universe into being, He charged and super-charged it with energy so dynamic that the replacement of even ~~####~~ an atom is accompanied by the most disastrous effects, as those dead residents of Hiroshima and Nagasaki could testify. Our scientists have discovered how to undo the handiwork of God. They have discovered to a little extent, how to undo what God did. That, I repeat, is dangerous business.

One of two things will happen. These scientists will make more discoveries of atom-splitting, and will place in the hands of the human race a power so fearful that man will completely destroy himself with it, not knowing how to handle it---or---man will make a correspondingly stupendous spiritual discovery which can nullify the dreadful power already unleashed. If man discovers the secret of spiritual Power, he will have discovered eternal life here on earth.

Eternal life is the opposite of eternal death. Both are possible through the knowledge man is on the verge of finding. So far, man has only discovered how to destroy the atom. He is very close to discovering how to create the atom. Let us pray that man does just that.

The staggering facts I shall relate to you at this point are but very weak evidence of the transcendent Power which lies available to us all, through the invisible Power that is God. They will ~~###~~ demonstrate, in a very feeble manner however, just what the Spirit of God will do when the secret of that Spirit becomes known, even if only to an infinitesimal degree.

I know practically nothing about the Power of God. The best that can be said for me is that I have a belief which goes perhaps just a little bit beyond ordinary beliefs in God. I have learned, over the years, that "All things are possible to him that believeth". Through that little tiny shadow of a glimmer of actual faith in the Spirit of God, I have been able to accomplish that, in the Realm of the Spirit of God which perhaps no other individual has been able to accomplish. I have seen more presumed "miracles" than any man alive has seen, or any church has seen ~~##~~ in it's entire history. Over five hundred thousand of them--in the ~~##~~ short space of twenty years.

Yet even I, who had to bleed ^{my} ~~##~~ way through to God through opposition which was terrific, do not have faith, "even as a grain of mustard-seed". I only wish I had. Yet the imitation faith I have, has been sufficient to bring to this earth, a concept of God which, before it is finished, will bring to man the secret he has so longed to possess--the secret of the actual existence of the Spirit of God on this earth, and among men.

Few living today will see that day. Much as I hate to say it, I am of the opinion that man will play around with atomic energy until he unleashes a force which he will never be able to leash again. He has discovered such a force now. Perhaps some miracle will happen which will restrain the nations from flying at each other's throats with atomic energy, which is only another words for God-energy. Perhaps that will happen. But there seems little chance of it happening, if Senator Pepper is right in the remarks he made, to which I have already referred.

Let us not deceive ourselves. Man cannot mock God. Nor can he get as close to the secrets of God as he is now, without either destroying himself completely, or, finding the secret of God, which auto-

matically means discovering eternal life. That is the aim of every religion. But they all insist that man has to die first. That is not the plan of God however. It is God's desire now, and always has been, that the Life He gave to man in the first place should never end. The idea that this earth is a testing-ground for a future life is worn out. It is an old church theory. It came from the Dark Ages. It has no place in twentieth century theology.

We live, as it were, in a dream. Here we are, we know we are here, but we do not know why we are here. We do not know where we came from nor where we are going. We know we are alive, we know we love to live, but what the meaning of it all is, we do not know.

Yet life must have a meaning or we should not have life. That there is a meaning to life goes without saying. Each one of us is conscious of the fact that there must be a far deeper meaning to life than we have yet been able to find. There is. A terribly deep meaning. The little life which you and I are living is so full of tremendous potentialities that our minds would reel under the shock of it all, could we but even faintly grasp what is involved in this thing we call life.

I turn absolutely sick at the stomach as I wander through this earth, trying to the best of my ability to reveal the Power of God to the multitudes, when I see the petty-fogging "pleasures" which most of us seem interested in, ignoring completely the deeper things life holds. I get even sicker when I see whisky-drinking, dog-loving, lecherous church-members trying to find what they never will find, but what they could find if they would only take God seriously.

There never was the drunkenness, the debauchery, the hate, the fear, the low morals, the utter disregard for truth there is on this earth today. No system of morality, no edifice worthy of the name of God can

be erected on the false foundations of our present civilization. It would not surprize me in the least if The Creator did not allow man to deliberately destroy himself with this atomic fission. It might be a good thing if He did. For then He could rear a structure on the earth which would be more interested in the things pertaining to God and eternal life than this sorry mess of a civilization has ever beenn.

You may be sure of one thing--this civilization will not continue as it is. It will either discover the Power of God, and turn it's thoughts to God, or it will disappear. No thinking man can see any other alternative. I am the last one to scoff at, or make light of the human effort to secure an agreement among the nations whereby war will be totally eliminated from the face of the earth. I should be glad to join in any such negotiations.

But they must all fail. They are man's negotiations. They do not take God into consideration, and any attempt to bring peace, happiness, joy to this earth without placing God right in the middle of those negotiations, is worse than never having negotiated. When I say "God", I am not referring to any of the anthropomorphis "man-gods" of the various religions of the earth. I am referring to the only God there can be--The Great Spirit which created life in the first place, and Which, moment by moment, sustains that life.

God never could have been anything else than the author and Creator of Life. That goes for the very life we live here on the earth. God must be in# the very center of that life. But do you notice any of our peace emissaries taking that fact into consideration? I blame none of them. They just simply have not the faintest conception of the staggering Power which is God, and which is available, every moment of the day or night, to all men.

As you read the few instances I shall relate at this point in my book, you will perhaps catch just a faint glimpse of the idea I am trying so very hard to carry over to you through the simple medium of this book. You have discovered by this time, in your reading of the book, that my vocabulary is very limited. You will have discovered that I do not know how to correctly build paragraphs, or even sentences. You have not read any flowery rhetoric--I am not capable of indulging in it.

What you will find in this book is an impelling urge to convey to you, my reader, just a faint glimpse of what a Power, much ^{higher} ~~higher~~ than any power I possess, can do for you. I am only a broken vessel which keeps coming back to the well to be filled and re-filled with what few drops of water I may be able to hold. The Power behind me however, is great, and the Power of God, which is made great through my weakness, is the Power I want you to know.

I have never been able to figure out just why The Almighty spake so very plainly to me, giving me such a responsibility, when there are so very many men of far greater capacity than I. There is an old hymn that my beautiful Christian mother used to sing to me many times as I sat on her knee. I shall never forget it. Nor shall I ever forget the sweet ^{voice} ~~voice~~, long since stilled in death at the early age of thirty-three, which used to sing me to sleep to the melody of this wonderful hymn:

"Oh to be nothing, nothing;
Only to lie at His feet.
A broken and empty vessel,
For the Master's use made meet."

There comes to me at this moment, an infinite love for the reader. Yes--it's an infinite love for all men. I have just returned from Pullman, Wash. where I interview a broken-hearted father. He was a father and a ~~husband~~ husband. Now he is neither. He may be a father, we are still hoping he is.

About one year ago, this Movement equipped a beautiful Youth Center here in Moscow, where there is all the money in the world for drinking and gambling clubs, but not a dollar for our youth. I installed the Center at a cost of about \$18,000 and its operation costs us about \$500 a month, which we stand out of our own pocket.

I was fortunate enough to secure the services of a very high-class lady, a one Mrs. Julia Nye to operate the Youth Center. She was loved by all. The membership of the center rapidly rose to over 500 young people between the ages of 12 and 19. That center made its mark on the City life of Moscow. There has never been a respectable place where our school-children could go after school hours except filthy pool-halls where drinking and cursing is the order of the day.

There are a dozen churches in Moscow, each of which could have donated their basements for a Youth Center. But do you think they did? You know the answer to that without my telling you. In their sanctimonious, "holier-than-thou" attitude, they shunned any and all activities which might possibly have been a benefit to our youth. And these church basements still stand idle, while the Youth Center is temporarily closed.

You see--Mrs. Nye was found dead in the Center two weeks ago. Her daughter Mary Lou has disappeared, leaving a suicide note. The mother is supposed to have committed suicide, which I shall never believe. The coroner did not call for an autopsy, although why he did not I shall never know. The whole thing has cast a pall of sadness over this entire City of Moscow, for Mrs. Nye was universally loved by both old and young. She is supposed to have committed suicide in the Youth Center--at least her body was found there.

In Pullman, nine miles from here, sitting in the police station which is his usual loafing-place, I have just left Mr. Nye--a broken-hearted man. He cannot understand it, and neither can anyone else. "Here we were Doctor Robinson, we had our vacation all planned for next week--we had a cabin engaged at Lake Chatcolet--we were closer than any family in Moscow--and now both of them are snapped out of my life. For Gods sake tell me what is the meaning of it all--what use is there in my living--
I'll end it all."

The broken-hearted father and I ate a bit of breakfast at the Chimaman's restaurant in Pullman, after which I returned to Moscow to write some more of this book. But I left a broken-hearted man if I ever saw one. What has all this to do with the story of "The Wanderer"? Only this. I said I felt infinite pity and sorrow for every one of my fellow-Americans. I do. My heart bleeds for them, as it bleeds when it sees the wretched grab for the dollar, the intemperance, the debauchery, the sin and crime all around us. And we call ourselves a "Christian" nation.

The local undertaker refused to bury Mrs. Nye until Mr. Nye had made over a life-insurance policy to him. And then he had charged this poor, broken-hearted father \$400 for a casket which probably did not cost seventy-five dollars. The local priest at first refused to perform a ceremony over the dead body of Mrs. Nye because while baptised a Catholic, she was, when she dies, a Member of The Eastern Star lodge. So the priest did his stuff first and then the Episcopalian minister did his later.

But the rotten sham and hypocrisy of it all eats deep into my ~~#####~~ soul as I attempt to continue with this work. Money--money--and more money. Booze--booze--and more booze. Women--women--and more women. Filthy ~~#####~~ and more filthy stories. These are the things which
Page 156

sear my soul as I try, in my humble simple manner to point the eyes of this world to the Spirit of God, the only Power which can cleanse the human race and make it free.

Not a single minister in Moscow went near poor, broken-hearted Mr. Nye. Not one member ^{of} ~~of~~ the O.E.S attended her funeral. So far as the ministers of Moscow are concerned, Mr. Nye can go and commit suicide too. And this is Christianity.

* * *

I believe at this point, while we are on the subject, I will ~~write~~ tell you what happened to Dr. C.W. Tenney, to whom I have before referred. Let me again make it very plain that in writing as I do on this subject, I do so because of a feeling of righteous indignation which, in spite of myself, sweeps over me when I ~~see~~ see men, ministers of the Gospel, supposed to be experts on God, acting as they have acted. Yet they are not to blame. They just simply do not know God, and they will act as they have been acting for the past two thousand years until they do know God.

I believe I'll make a chapter at this point, and tell you the story of what happened to Dr. Tenney, and then go into the so-called "miraculous" things which happened, in the next chapter.

The Spirit and the Power of God were very close to me in those baby days of Psychiana. Every spare moment I had was spent alone with God. I opened up the innermost secrets of my heart. I told Him I knew there were rough times ahead. Just how rough I did not know. But God and I became so very close that there never was any question in my mind about the Movement I should shortly start, sweeping round the world. That seemed to be a foregone conclusion.

I had a message from God. It was the message which would save this world from destruction if it ever was saved. That message would rock the Christian church to its very foundations. It would bring down on my head the concentrated hatred of all systems of religion. I knew these things full well. Yet the thought of ever hesitating or stopping never once entered my mind. As far as I was concerned, I was already on my way. The work I had been called to do was not my work. It was not in my own interests. I had personally found God, and I had found a rapport with God which was absolute and complete. I could have done anything I wanted to for myself, through the Power I had so recently found.

But God had other plans. I am glad He did have. As I look back this evening, I would not have one thing different. I would not change a single experience. I should do the very same things over again. If I have been lax in anything in bringing this Movement into existence, it has been in not working hard enough. Perhaps I have taken things a bit too easy. When I ponder on the conditions existing in the world now, some twenty years later, the urge to double my efforts keeps me harnessed to the task set before me. I never know from one day to the next, just what my plans will be. I do not know what a day will bring forth. I do not care. About the only thing I know is that if this world does not find the Power of God very soon, it will perish.

I had not been in Moscow sixty days until I was renting the dining-room at the Hotel of an evening, paying ~~500~~ five dollars a night, and giving lectures on the Power of God. I had never made a public lecture in my life before, yet it was my duty, whenever and wherever an opportunity occurred, to tell my fellow-Americans what the Power of God could do for them.

Moscow is, as I have stated, a university town. That means that most of the brains in the State of Idaho are concentrated here in Moscow. You can imagine that it took quite a bit of courage to give public addresses on the Power of God. It was not too long however until we could not seat the crowds that came. Prominent among my audience were many college professors, both male and female. Usually I would throw the meetings open for questions.

One evening, a lady college professor who is well known here in Moscow, undertook to stump me. "May I ask a question?" she inquired. "Certainly madam--what is your question?". Well could the Power of God, of which you have been speaking, grow a new leg on an old cow who had had an accident and had it's leg cut off?".

A snicker went through the audience, and a sense of apprehension, for many of those there knew that in ~~an~~ an emergency I can be rather quick on repartee. Thinking for a moment I replied:- "I do not know madam--suppose you go and have your leg cut off and we will find out." I have often been sorry that I made that rejoinder. Nevertheless, it was apropos I believe in that meeting and with that particular professor present.

Moscow had never known anything like this. It has not seen another drug clerk either before or since who filled prescription and sold rat-and gopher poison all day and then lectured on the Page 143

Power of the Spirit of God at night. Mary would see me on the street the day after the meeting, and one would point to his head with the first finger of his right hand, and wiggle the finger round in a circular manner. However, the crowds came until the University of Idaho issued an order that no member of the faculty was hereafter permitted to attend my lectures. That was the first rebuff I suffered in this Movement. I wish it had been the only one. The farther the Movement goes though, the more severe have been the attempts to stop it. Now the picture is finally changing. Even universities (religious departments) are inviting me to speak, and that really is one for the book. ###

The churches too--the impression seems to be slowly gaining headway that "perhaps that man Robinson has something we should have". There is little question about that. I would to God the churches had half the desire to reveal the Power of God to the world that I have. There would then come the grandest spiritual awakening this old world has ever known. I cannot do it alone. I can do, and have done much for one man. But if all our churches were to lay aside their prejudices, and their self-complacency, and snap out of their spiritual lethargy, what a bright world this would be. Perhaps they will some day. Who knows. But it will have to be speedily I am afraid.

By the time the little black note-book was fairly well filled with notes, I had the outline of what I wanted to write about ready. I had no typewriter and no money with which to buy one. So I borrowed one from Carey Smith, a local clothes cleaner, who still operates here in our small city. Carey Smith and I and a dentist had a wonderful time at the Bungalow, away back in hills, fishing, the first year I was here. I shall never forget that trip. I have had slides made of the

pictures we took there. I run them every once in a while when I have time on my hands, which is very seldom.

It was an old Corona Carey loaned me. I later bought it from him for five dollars. I still have it in my possession and prize it very highly. As you know, the drug store in Moscow close at six, rather they did at that time. Saturday evening was the exception. The closing hour on Saturday nights was 9 p.m. One Saturday Night I took home a ream of paper which I had purchased from the Corner Drug where I worked, went into my bedroom and asked the good lady of the house not to disturb me. She honored my request.

I wrote all night. I wore my fingers to the bone almost before I had finished the first twenty Psychiana Lessons. Believe it or not, as I sit here writing this book, both index fingers are, at this moment taped. I have been writing continuously ~~##~~ twelve hours a day, for the past three weeks. My index fingers are the only ones I use when typing. I never dictate a book. I never write in long-hand first. I never begin a book unless I have my message clearly in my mind.

Then, I sit down and write, day and night until the book is finished. After it is finished I never want to look at the manuscript again. I send it to the printer or publisher, and, something like Mark Twain, who used to type a whole page of commas and periods and tell the printer to put them where they belonged, I let the publisher or printer make the corrections. This happens to be Tuesday night, August the 13th. 1946. I have been writing constantly and without a break for even a meal since seven this morning, and it is eleven-thirty at night.

This is immaterial to the subject matter of this book, of course, but you may find it interesting. If you don't, don't read it.

When the entire set of the first twenty Lessons was finished, the real work was about to start. The Lesson in finding the Power of the Spirit of God were as effective as I could make them. They contained the best I had. The problem however, was how to proceed from that point on. It costs plenty of money to start a religious Movement by mail especially the printing material. I shall just sketch briefly the highlights of how the physical part of this Movement was developed. It is a very interesting story, and one which I do not believe ever has been, or ever will be duplicated.

Handing the finished Lesson to Mrs. Robinson I said:- "You might read these while you are at work, if you will."

After she had read them I asked her for the verdict. It was good. But she did not see how I would ever be able to get them printed and start the Movement on it's way. I did the best thing I could think of, and kept on doing just that. I took the only way which seemed open, and I still do.

I knew that \$2500 would be necessary. Those twenty Lessons had to be printed. I needed one thousand sets of each. I also needed ten thousand sets of letters which were to be sent to all who answered my advertisements. I knew of no other way to start the ~~Movement~~ Movement other than by mail I knew I could reach more people in that manner, and I knew the more people I could reach in the quickest possible time, would spread the good news of the Power of God faster than any other method I knew of. But wher was the \$2500 to come from?

One evening, after dinner, I took out my overcoat, packed the twenty lessons in an old brief-case I had, and reahing for my hat said

to Mrs. Robinson:- "I'm going down town and will be back in a few hours."

She inquired where I was going and what I was going to do, as a loving wife should. I told her that I needed \$2500 and was going down town to get it.

"But you don't know anyone in Moscow--can you get \$2500 here?"

"If I can't, I haven't got the right philosophy of God" I told her. In less than three hours I was back with the sum needed. This is how I did it. I went first to the drug store, and stood in the entrance with the brief-case containing the Lessons inside it. The first man who came along was Ned Phillips. Ned was manager of Lane's Thrift Stores, directly across the street. I had gotten rather well acquainted with Ned, and I liked him. Evidently he liked me too. ~~\$\$\$\$\$~~ Ned stopped to pass the time of day in the usual friendly manner, when I said to him:- "Ned--have you any money?". Looking at me rather curiously he said:- "I have a little money--why?". "Then come into the drug store. I want to show you something" I replied to Ned. Inside the drug store I opened the brief case and showed him the Lessons I had just completed.

"I am going to bring to this earth an utterly new picture of God Ned, and I need \$2500 to start the Movement going--can you help?" I asked him.

"Well I don't know you very well Frank, but I think this world certainly needs a new concept of God ~~\$\$\$~~ or it will go to hell sure" he replied.

"How much money can you let me have Ned?" I then inquired.

"Oh---about \$500" he replied. He gave me the five hundred

dollars and did not ask for a note or any other sort of security. Just gave me a check. I thanked him and asked him if he knew of anyone else who might want to give me another five hundred dollars. Ned thought for a moment and then said:- "George Benson, my brother-in-law has five hundred dollars, and I think he'll let you have it".

George Benson was then, and still is a partner in "Bull" Ward's hardware store, the same store which provided the hitching-posts which had so irritated me on my arrival in Moscow. Asking Ned to call George, which he did, it took me just a few moments to explain to George Benson what I wanted the money for. George gave me another five hundred dollars. That was one thousand dollars the first half hour.

"You two boys should know someone else who would like to help me make God real to the world--don't you?" I said.

"Well there's Elmer Anderson, assistant cashier of the bank across the ~~\$\$\$~~ street, he should have some money" said George Benson.

"Then call him up" I requested. In about fifteen minutes Elmer Anderson came down. Incidentally, Elmer Anderson has been business manager for Psychiana for the past sixteen years. He had seven hundred and fifty dollars which he gave me, making the total given to me by almost complete strangers, seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. That left only seven hundred and fifty dollars more. I asked them to suggest someone else, and they suggested the name of Oscar Anderson, who lived about ten miles out in the country. Piling into Elmer Anderson's car, we all headed through the snow for Oscar Anderson's place. The story was the same there. He gave me seven hundred and fifty dollars, and the sum I needed had been give to me, in a strange town, by men who had known me less than sixty days. I was very happy, and knew that God was taking care of the finances.

It was just two and one-half hours after I had left the apartment that I returned. Throwing the checks on the table I said to Mrs. Robinson:- "There is the twenty-five hundred dollars".

She looked at me and said:- "The Law of God does work, doesn't it." I admitted that the Spirit of God had responded so far, but would respond to a far greater degree before very long. Even then I did not dream that one year from that date, I should be sending my philosophy of God into sixty-seven different countries, for that is exactly what happened.

At this point I believe I shall tell the reader the facts about the name "PSYCHIANA" and how it came into existence. The story has been very inaccurately told by writers for newspapers and magazines, whose imagination was greater than their desire for truth. Here, you will read the story as it actually happened.

I do not consider there is anything miraculous or supernatural about any of the strange happenings I shall relate to you at this point. Far from being miraculous or supernatural, they are most beautifully natural. These are the things which happen automatically when one learns the secret of actual communion with the Spirit of God. When this world begins to learn something of the actual and literal Power which lies latent in the Realm of God, only waiting for us to use it, life on this planet will be different I assure you.

In the discovery of the atomic bomb man is just beginning to discover that there is a lot more Power in this universe than he ever dreamed possible. What man is actually doing in splitting the atom, is undoing ~~all~~ the works of the Creator. That--is dangerous business.

When the Spirit which is God spake this universe into being, He charged and super-charged it with energy so dynamic that the replacement of even ~~####~~ an atom is accompanied by the most disastrous effects, as those dead residents of Hiroshima and Nagasaki could testify. Our scientists have discovered how to undo the handiwork of God. They have discovered to a little extent, how to undo what God did. That, I repeat, is dangerous business.

One of two things will happen. These scientists will make more discoveries of atom-splitting, and will place in the hands of the human race a power so fearful that man will completely destroy himself with it, not knowing how to handle it---or---man will make a correspondingly stupendous spiritual discovery which can nullify the dreadful power already unleashed. If man discovers the secret of spiritual Power, he will have discovered eternal life here on earth.

Eternal life is the opposite of eternal death. Both are possible through the knowledge man is on the verge of finding. So far, man has only discovered how to destroy the atom. He is very close to discovering how to create the atom. Let us pray that man does just that.

The staggering facts I shall relate to you at this point are but very weak evidence of the transcendent Power which lies available to us all, through the invisible Power that is God. They will ~~###~~ demonstrate, in a very feeble manner however, just what the Spirit of God will do when the secret of that Spirit becomes known, even if only to an infinitesimal degree.

I know practically nothing about the Power of God. The best that can be said for me is that I have a belief which goes perhaps just a little bit beyond ordinary beliefs in God. I have learned, over the years, that "All things are possible to him that believeth". Through that little tiny shadow of a glimmer of actual faith in the Spirit of God, I have been able to accomplish that, in the Realm of the Spirit of God which perhaps no other individual has been able to accomplish. I have seen more presumed "miracles" than any man alive has seen, or any church has seen ~~##~~ in it's entire history. Over five hundred thousand of them--in the ~~##~~ short space of twenty years.

Yet even I, who had to bleed ~~##~~ ^{my} way through to God through opposition which was terrific, do not have faith, "even as a grain of mustard-seed". I only wish I had. Yet the imitation faith I have, has been sufficient to bring to this earth, a concept of God which, before it is finished, will bring to man the secret he has so longed to possess--the secret of the actual existence of the Spirit of God on this earth, and among men.

Few living today will see that day. Much as I hate to say it, I am of the opinion that man will play around with atomic energy until he unleashes a force which he will never be able to leash again. He has discovered such a force now. Perhaps some miracle will happen which will restrain the nations from flying at each other's throats with atomic energy, which is only another words for God-energy. Perhaps that will happen. But there seems little chance of it happening, if Senator Pepper is right in the remarks he made, to which I have already referred.

Let us not deceive ourselves. Man cannot mock God. Nor can he get as close to the secrets of God as he is now, without either destroying himself completely, or, finding the secret of God, which auto-

matically means discovering eternal life. That is the aim of every religion. But they all insist that man has to die first. That is not the plan of God however. It is God's desire now, and always has been, that the Life He gave to man in the first place should never end. The idea that this earth is a testing-ground for a future life is worn out. It is an old church theory. It came from the Dark Ages. It has no place in twentieth century theology.

We live, as it were, in a dream. Here we are, we know we are here, but we do not know why we are here. We do not know where we came from nor where we are going. We know we are alive, we know we love to live, but what the meaning of it all is, we do not know.

Yet life must have a meaning or we should not have life. That there is a meaning to life goes without saying. Each one of us is conscious of the fact that there must be a far deeper meaning to life than we have yet been able to find. There is. A terribly deep meaning. The little life which you and I are living is so full of tremendous potentialities that our minds would reel under the shock of it all, could we but even faintly grasp what is involved in this thing we call life.

I turn absolutely sick at the stomach as I wander through this earth, trying to the best of my ability to reveal the Power of God to the multitudes, when I see the petty-fogging "pleasures" which most of us seem interested in, ignoring completely the deeper things life holds. I get even sicker when I see whisky-drinking, dog-loving, lecherous church-members trying to find what they never will find, but what they could find if they would only take God seriously.

There never was the drunkenness, the debauchery, the hate, the fear, the low morals, the utter disregard for truth there is on this earth today. No system of morality, no edifice worthy of the name of God can

be erected on the false foundations of our present civilization. It would not surprize me in the least if The Creator did not allow man to deliberately destroy himself with this atomic fission. It might be a good thing if He did. For then He could rear a structure on the earth which would be more interested in the things pertaining to God and eternal life than this sorry mess of a civilization has ever beenn.

You may be sure of one thing--this civilization will not continue as it is. It will either discover the Power of God, and turn it's thoughts to God, or it will disappear. No thinking man can see any other alternative. I am the last one to scoff at, or make light of the human effort to secure an agreement among the nations whereby war will be totally eliminated from the face of the earth. I should be glad to join in any such negotiations.

But they must all fail. They are man's negotiations. They do not take God into consideration, and any attempt to bring peace, happiness, joy to this earth without placing God right in the middle of those negotiations, is worse than never having negotiated. When I say "God", I am not referring to any of the anthropomorphis "man-gods" of the various religions of the earth. I am referring to the only God there can be--The Great Spirit which created life in the first place, and Which, moment by moment, sustains that life.

God never could have been anything else than the author and Creator of Life. That goes for the very life we live here on the earth. God must be in# the very center of that life. But do you notice any of our peace emissaries taking that fact into consideration? I blame none of them. They just simply have not the faintest conception of the staggering Power which is God, and which is available, every moment of the day or night, to all men.

As you read the few instances I shall relate at this point in my book, you will perhaps catch just a faint glimpse of the idea I am trying so very hard to carry over to you through the simple medium of this book. You have discovered by this time, in your reading of the book, that my vocabulary is very limited. You will have discovered that I do not know how to correctly build paragraphs, or even sentences. You have not read any flowery rhetoric--I am not capable of indulging in it.

What you will find in this book is an impelling urge to convey to you, my reader, just a faint glimpse of what a Power, much ^{higher} ~~higher~~ than any power I possess, can do for you. I am only a broken vessel which keeps coming back to the well to be filled and re-filled with what few drops of water I may be able to hold. The Power behind me however, is great, and the Power of God, which is made great through my weakness, is the Power I want you to know.

I have never been able to figure out just why The Almighty spake so very plainly to me, giving me such a responsibility, when there are so very many men of far greater capacity than I. There is an old hymn that my beautiful Christian mother used to sing to me many times as I sat on her knee. I shall never forget it. Nor shall I ever forget the sweet ^{voice} ~~voice~~, long since stilled in death at the early age of thirty-three, which used to sing me to sleep to the melody of this wonderful hymn:

"Oh to be nothing, nothing;
Only to lie at His feet.
A broken and empty vessel,
For the Master's use made meet."

There comes to me at this moment, an infinite love for the reader. Yes--it's an infinite love for all men. I have just returned from Pullman, Wash. where I interview a broken-hearted father. He was a father and a ~~husband~~ husband. Now he is neither. He may be a father, we are still hoping he is.

About one year ago, this Movement equipped a beautiful Youth Center here in Moscow, where there is all the money in the world for drinking and gambling clubs, but not a dollar for our youth. I installed the Center at a cost of about \$18,000 and its operation costs us about \$500 a month, which we stand out of our own pocket.

I was fortunate enough to secure the services of a very high-class lady, a one Mrs. Julia Nye to operate the Youth Center. She was loved by all. The membership of the center rapidly rose to over 500 young people between the ages of 12 and 19. That center made its mark on the City life of Moscow. There has never been a respectable place where our school-children could go after school hours except filthy pool-halls where drinking and cursing is the order of the day.

There are a dozen churches in Moscow, each of which could have donated their basements for a Youth Center. But do you think they did? You know the answer to that without my telling you. In their sanctimonious, "holier-than-thou" attitude, they shunned any and all activities which might possibly have been a benefit to our youth. And these church basements still stand idle, while the Youth Center is temporarily closed.

You see--Mrs. Nye was found dead in the Center two weeks ago. Her daughter Mary Lou has disappeared, leaving a suicide note. The mother is supposed to have committed suicide, which I shall never believe. The coroner did not call for an autopsy, although why he did not I shall never know. The whole thing has cast a pall of sadness over this entire City of Moscow, for Mrs. Nye was universally loved by both old and young. She is supposed to have committed suicide in the Youth Center--at least her body was found there.

In Pullman, nine miles from here, sitting in the police station which is his usual loafing-place, I have just left Mr. Nye--a broken-hearted man. He cannot understand it, and neither can anyone else. "Here we were Doctor Robinson, we had our vacation all planned for next week--we had a cabin engaged at Lake Chatcolet--we were closer than any family in Moscow--and now both of them are snapped out of my life. For Gods sake tell me what is the meaning of it all--what use is there in my living--I'll end it all."

The broken-hearted father and I ate a bit of breakfast at the Chimaman's restaurant in Pullman, after which I returned to Moscow to write some more of this book. But I left a broken-hearted man if I ever saw one. What has all this to do with the story of "The Wanderer"? Only this. I said I felt infinite pity and sorrow for every one of my fellow-Americans. I do. My heart bleeds for them, as it bleeds when it sees the wretched grab for the dollar, the intemperance, the debauchery, the sin and crime all around us. And we call ourselves a "Christian" nation.

The local undertaker refused to bury Mrs. Nye until Mr. Nye had made over a life-insurance policy to him. And then he had charged this poor, broken-hearted father \$400 for a casket which probably did not cost seventy-five dollars. The local priest at first refused to perform a cere long over the dead body of Mrs. Nye because while baptised a Catholic, she was, when she dies, a Member of The Eastern Star lodge. So the priest did his stuff first and then the Episcopalian minister did his later.

But the rotten sham and hypocrisy of it all eats deep into my ~~#####~~ soul as I attempt to continue with this work. Money--money--and more money. Booze--booze--and more booze. Women--women--and more women. Filthy ~~#####~~ and more filthy stories. These are the things which

Page 156

sear my soul as I try, in my humble simple manner to point the eyes of this world to the Spirit of God, the only Power which can cleanse the human race and make it free.

Not a single minister in Moscow went near poor, broken-hearted Mr. Nye. Not one member ^{of} ~~of~~ the O.E.S attended her funeral. So far as the ministers of Moscow are concerned, Mr. Nye can go and commit suicide too. And this is Christianity.

* * *

I believe at this point, while we are on the subject, I will ~~write~~ tell you what happened to Dr. C.W. Tenney, to whom I have before referred. Let me again make it very plain that in writing as I do on this subject, I do so because of a feeling of righteous indignation which, in spite of myself, sweeps over me when I ~~see~~ see men, ministers of the Gospel, supposed to be experts on God, acting as they have acted. Yet they are not to blame. They just simply do not know God, and they will act as they have been acting for the past two thousand years until they do know God.

I believe I'll make a chapter at this point, and tell you the story of what happened to Dr. Tenney, and then go into the so-called "miraculous" things which happened, in the next chapter.