THE PSYCHIANA BULLETIN

VOL. 1 SEPTEMBER 1950 NO. 9

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

By
The Wayfarer

During the summer I saw again Frank Buck's picture by this title, and I was amazed at the skill of this unique person whose zest and courage in stalking and capturing wild animals ALIVE will ever be a wonderful ability. Black leopards, pythons, tigers,--all yielded to his cunning and daring, as did brown bears, monkeys, and baby elephants.

Autumn will be here again with this month's twenty-first day. Shadows are longer. Fields of stubble are amber. Skies are more mellow than metallic. The grain is threshed. Corn will soon be in the shock or bin. Pumpkins will lie uncovered and naked after the earliest frost; grapes will be purple and sweet; chrysanthemums and salvia will emblazon our yards, and on the high ridges thin ice will cover the water troughs. Bittersweet will hang red on midwest fences.

It is a good season to enjoy life. Though the air will have a warning of zero mornings when blazes of light will have yielded to blasts of winds. And the hoar-frost upon the meadows and lawns will be the frozen breath of Winter itself.

The summer may have tired us with all of its hot wind and humidity and extra labor, so that physically we are thankful for the coolness of the fall. Figuratively speaking, we also may have had some innervating experiences which are so real that we feel spiritually exhausted, rather than refreshed. I want to set forth a simple truth, so that all of us can end the summer and approach the autumn and winter and really "COME BACK ALIVE" to all of the wonderful possibilities we face.

Do you feel run-down? Are your eyes dimmed to the beauty of God's world? Have you lost your zest and "zip" for daily duty? Perhaps it is the war, or taxes, or wickedness somewhere, or over-indulgence, or over-work; no matter, I want to show you HOW to come back alive this fall, and by "alive," I mean really, truly ALIVE. Without a wound or scar; without even a sheepish grin of humiliation, and certainly without any fear. All of which is negative; rather, I want to show you how to be positive, and possess vigorous and abundant vitality for this season.

I will give you a tonic, an elixir, a potent potion to restore your vitality, and make life purposeful and significant. I will show you how to "come back very much alive" at the end of summer and the beginning of the autumn. And here is the formula.

One. Stop pitying yourself. Too much inward-looking makes for morbidity. Find something to take the attention away from yourself. That "looking away from self" may require a deal of force on your own part, force of will; but it has to be done. (A) Do not let your family overwhelm you. After all, you have done your best; they are now on their own if they are grown and away, and since they will want to learn of life the hard way, stop worrying and do not pity yourself as parents of such children. They may find something, these "headstrong children of yours," that will make life richer by reason of their very independence. Live your life; get rid of self-pity. (B) Further, don't let your business over-expand. Curtail it now. Do not get into the mad whirl of "buying more

corn to feed more hogs to make more money to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs,....etc." If you are already in that whirl and are pitying yourself for being caught, think of some other person and turn your attention off of money-making. (C) Or, if you have made a mistake, remember not to make that mistake again; stop grieving, and no longer brood over your error. Make amends as soon as possible, even if it means the tearing down of some spite-fence (literally or figuratively) which you have erected in haste. I say, you can come back alive by no longer feeling sorry for yourself.

Two. Start a Kind Deed. You have no way of knowing, until you try it, how far-reaching your influence is when you turn loose a kindness in this world of fear and hate. Get something good into motion, by your own creative act. And do not wait until tomorrow to begin it. Have you not, when young, thrown a stone into a pond and have you not then watched the ripples roll outward to the lily-pads, moving equally in every direction from the place where the stone landed in the water? Such will be the beneficent rippling of the surface of life when you let loose a kindness into living. The pool suddenly becomes filled with movement and interest, where before it was stagnated and dull.

What are some of the simple things you can do by way of goodness, and kindness and cheer--things you can do right away before the sun sets again? Let me suggest some, though I know you will know immediately a great many more. (A) Do you remember the neighbor's boy whose daddy is overseas, who needs a wheel put on his scooter? (B) Pick some of your dahlias or your mums and take them across town to the little old lady who lives alone at the end of the road. (C) Write a cheerful letter to your dear friends whom you have neglected for a long time; tell them about your eagerness to live. (D) Volunteer to take your grandparents, or some other aged persons on an auto ride in the cool of the evening. (E) Pick up your own clothing and help mother keep the house straight, at least in your own room. (F) Get together with others and help your neighbor "shuck his corn" if he is ill. (G) Speak gently wherever you have spoken harshly to those who are close to you. (H) If you are an employer, examine your income and profits and see if you cannot raise some of your employees' salaries or wages. (I) If you are an employed person, stop watching the clock and ask your employer for an extra duty, especially if you know he is almost strapped and being "put to" to make ends meet. What I am saying here is this: when you have stopped pitying yourself, then start a kind deed. You will be surprised, greatly surprised to discover how much alive you have suddenly become--NO MATTER WHAT YOUR PREVIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

Three. Perform a Religious Deed. I am thinking here of "religion" in its broadest aspect; and I am not thinking now of any one sectarian approach or cultist emphasis. It is good for your soul to perform a religious act, avowedly and with design. Too many people happen into their religious expressions. Do not be like unto them. Cultivate your religious activities, and you will find it a rewarding experience. Do a religious deed--or one which in your own thinking is avowedly such a religious act.

I would not be among those to define what for you are religious deeds; they are as broad as your thinking and as wide as God's love. And, to my way of thinking that leaves nothing out. In a sense it is true that there is never, for a religious man, any sharp division between the religious and the secular act. For, all that one does can be a religious act, the sum total of which comprises the religious life of that person. Because, the approach to ALL OF LIVING which we call religious affects all of living. Yet, I am asking you here, within the horizon of your own definitions and within the scope of your outlook, to perform what you definitely are sure of as a personally-accepted act of religion.

Again, I am going to suggest some things, which you may find helpful, though for you it may be quite differently understood. (A) Say a prayer of thanks over your food; (B) Hum a religious hymn and think of the words; (C) Sit quietly at dawn or sunset in some special place and commune with the Infinite Creator. (D) In the name of God set apart some of your cash income and give it to some worthy humanitarian cause. (At this point consider how all good causes need voluntary support, as compared to the profiteering of the tobacco and liquor interests, etc.) (E) Go to the authorities and bail your friend's son out of jail. (F) Refuse to be a part of a slanderous gossipying crowd and breathe a silent affirmation of faith for that crowd. (G)

Include the inter-racial concept of brotherhood in your thinking and set into motion some positive action to increase such inter-racial good-will and accord. Finally, be at peace with the whole world; get rid of hate in your own heart; hate none of God's creatures anywhere.

When you have ceased to pity yourself, have set into motion a good deed, and have performed a religious act, then go with me one more and *final step: Look for God.* Where will you find Him? That is an easy question. Let me tell you.

You will find Him within yourself. He has not left himself without a witness; that witness is you. You are His child; and His spirit is resident within you. He is right there now. Don't shout His name to find Him, although you might want to shout some kind of confidence in His way of doing things sometime, so great will be your joy. You are one of the temples wherein He lives. He is that close to you, interestingly enough. He is concerned about your physical well-being, and your spiritual growth, and your mental grasp. That man is happy who knows this great truth.

Further, you will find Him everywhere in the physical world. Every star, every blade of grass, every sunset, every atom, every tree, every flower, every mountain, every body of water--I say, you will find God in everything about you. He made it. It reflects Him and His glory. Why are we so blinded so long that we cannot grasp that simplest of thoughts and truths?

You will find Him in all of the laws that govern your life. The economic laws that govern business (not theories, as contrasted in speculation and propaganda, as over against axiomatic laws), the social laws that hold society together, the basic decalog for personal and general motivation, --in fact, all of the laws that we come to respect as "the way of things in life" are the expressions of God and His wisdom. The Creator knows all things He created, just as he knows our "downsitting and our uprising and remembereth that we are dust."

How can I make it more plain to you? God is great, strong, loving, eternal, and mindful of us His children. And God is Life Itself! "I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF THE LIVING GOD." Say that again. Say it over and over until such faith liberates you from your weakness and sets you out to triumph by reason of your faith. I like to think of the words of Dr. Harrison Harley, Ph.D., of Simmons College, Boston, when he says in a recent publication: "Belief in God is as necessary to the progress and happiness of mankind as the water we drink and the food we eat. .....Without faith man is a cold creature, lost in a world of human progress. He has nothing to live for. He fears death.....He becomes a human shell..... It is not hard for a scientist to admire the greatness of the Creator of nature. From this it is only a step to the adoration of Almighty God."

So it is you, yourself, may COME BACK ALIVE this fall to your full part in the work of life for God and for humanity. Colorful autumn will also find you ablaze with color and light as one of God's created children who enjoys working with Him.

The Psychiana Bulletin is published monthly by Psychiana, Moscow, Idaho. Address all correspondence to The Psychiana Bulletin, Box 402, Moscow, Idaho. Subscription rates: $1.00 for 12 issues.



Those Who Walk With God

There are two words in the English language which can work magic for those who use them. They aren't fancy words, they aren't hard to pronounce; but they are words which can make you feel like a million. Let me tell you a little story:

In World War II I was assigned to an Essex class carrier operating in the South Pacific area. Now these carriers are gigantic warships and carry a normal complement of over 2000 officers and men. In reality, they are a city in themselves, and carry enough supplies so that they can stay at sea for months without having to return to port. However, there is a big difference in being in this "city on the sea" and a city of the same size on land---on these carriers you only have a certain amount of space to wander around. You cannot go far and you see the same faces, day in and day out. Often one would get tired of the confinement, and this in turn would make him irritable and very difficult to get along with.

I was living on this Essex class carrier with a friend of mine from Minnesota for my roommate. Prior to that time we had been through operational training for five or six months, and had come to know each other well. He was very likeable, and was inclined to be on the extrovert side. We shared a room on the third deck below, and although not large, it was adequate and fairly comfortable; however, I never did get accustomed to steel floors!

After many months at sea, we both began to get jumpy, and would snap our comments at each other, and more times than not, sarcasm would be the basis of our conversation. Nor were we the only ones to whom this strange experience was happening. It was simply that being forced into this close confinement all of us saw more of each other than we would have normally desired.

One night after we had been griping at each other I began to think about what we could do to ease our tempers off a bit. I was sorry for the way I had acted at certain times and I knew Ken was too. I wondered if telling him I was sorry would help, and knowing no other way to find out, I decided to tell him so in the morning.

"Ken, I'm sorry." That was all I said, but that was enough! He said he was sorry too, and from that point on our relationship was many times better than it had been in the past. Yes, those two little words, "I'm sorry" did the trick and made us both feel as if we were making the other fellow a little more happy and encouraged under very trying conditions.

Since that time, I have found that these two little words CAN make a great deal of difference in our dealings with others. To tell someone you are sorry not only makes him feel better, but you would be surprised just how different you will feel also!

We can't be expected to be sweet tempered 24 hours a day to everybody, but we can be expected to recognize our shortcomings and moments of impetuous criticism and then DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! And the best way I know to make the other fellow see that you are interested in how you deal with others is to tell him "I'm sorry" when you offend him or criticize unjustly. We are all human beings and we can all be hurt and trampled by others. However, only the very callous can degrade others without feeling a certain degree of remorse. Inherently, we are good---it is only the environment in which we live that teaches us to either respect or disrespect the rights and feelings of others.

When my father was being defamed and maligned and threatened with deportation in the middle '30's, he didn't desire to "get the fellows behind this." No, one of his strongest characteristics was that of FORGIVENESS. He forgave his enemies, and this in turn brought with unequal effectiveness to these people who attempted to ruin his life the realization that THEY HAD BEEN WRONG! And these attempts were never made again.

So the very next time you feel as though you have done something for which you are genuinely sorry, say you're sorry, for these two magic words can bring to you that feeling of forgiveness and peace when you have corrected the wrong you have done.

Just two, plain words, but they can make more friends than enemies---they can settle more disputes---they can bring more happiness. Use them and see if this isn't true.

FROM NEAR AND FAR

Florida
July 5, 1950

Dear Mr. Robinson,

Have received the first Lesson in your Advanced Course number two. Am just as eager to get the lessons as a year ago. And if they are a day or two late I am just as disappointed. I am fortunate in finding some of your old students, or you might say they find me..... They all praise your teaching very highly. The younger ones come to me and I seek the older ones.

I've helped a few people by healing. But nothing that sounds very remarkable. Once we had guests for a few days. They had a baby who had a cough for weeks..... I asked them to let me rock him to sleep, and he only coughed once very slightly all night.

I hear one phrase so many many times as people come into my shop (that) I'm going to tell you. It isn't from friends or any particular people--just the general public. Here it is. "Oh how quiet and peaceful." One more proof that God dwells here.....

Your friend and Student,
A. L. S.

★ ★ ★

New York City
June 4th, 1950

Dear Alfred B. Robinson,

I address you this way because it seems as if I really knew you as I have had much correspondence with your dear father, Frank Robinson. I started his first course back in 1934. My number was 27-4650 and I have taken all the courses he wrote except his last---which I have read because a friend took it.

Your father has done more for human beings than any other man that ever lived.

Please let me hear from you.

Yours truly,
B. E. M.

A Special Note

Many readers of the Psychiana Bulletin have expressed a desire to know just how individual sections of the Bulletin rank in popularity. In order to get these figures we will have to have your help. You will find enclosed with this issue of the Bulletin a post card, on the back of which are listed the various sections of the Bulletin. What we want you to do is this: simply place the number 1 after the article you like best; place a number 2 after the article which is your second choice, and so forth until each section has a number after it. Some will judge the Children's section first. Others may prefer the Wayfarer's article above the others. In any event, we will publish the results in the November Bulletin so that all can see where their favorite section ranks with the majority of people. When you have marked the sections on the card, simply drop it in the nearest mailbox---no postage is necessary and there is no need to sign it, as we are interested only in what sections receive the most number of votes.

Thank you.



Robinson The Man

by

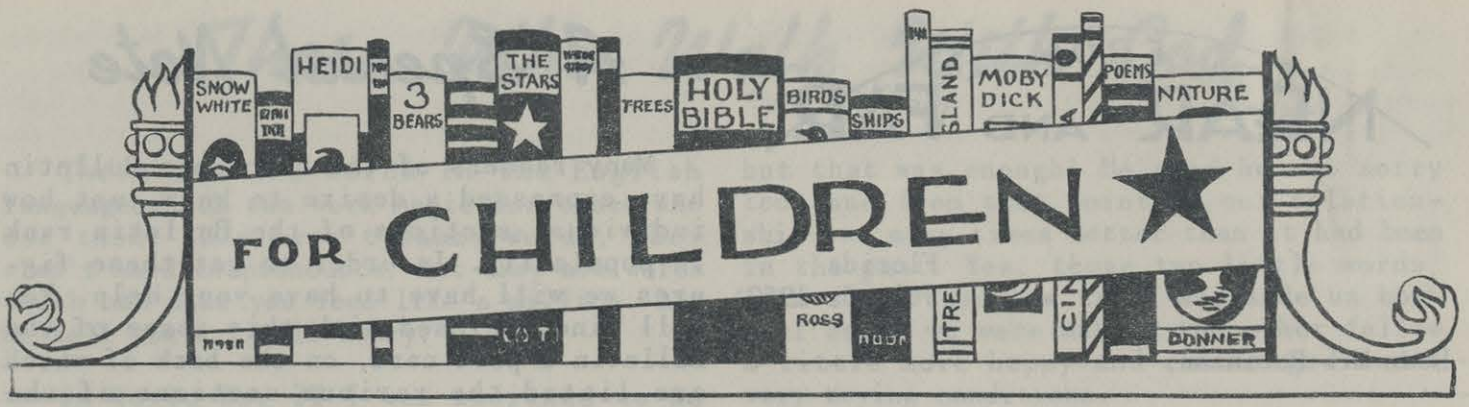
Marcus Bach

This book contains the four articles which appeared in THE WAY in series form, and has only recently become available. One member states: "This book is priceless." Why not order your copy today?

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Santa Claus in September

By

Peggy Lou



"But, Ma, I've only got 25 cents; and everytime I ever go anywhere I have to take Dickie. Just this once I want to go alone," Sam declared.

"He's your younger brother, Sam, and he won't be any trouble," Mother said.

Dickie looked up at his older brother. His blue eyes were big and round as he said, "I won't be any trouble, Sammy, honest I won't. I won't even say anything if you don't want me to. I'll be just so quiet you won't know I'm there. And I've never been to a carnival, not a real carnival like this one."

Sam rubbed his chin with his hand, and finally he answered, "All right, I'll take you with me, but you better be good."

The two boys trotted out of the house and hurried toward the nearby town, where the carnival was. That was five miles, but they were used to walking; and they were so excited thinking about the animals, the roller coaster, and the freak show.

"Were you ever at a carnival before?" Dick asked his brother.

"Sure I was--they're fun too. There are rides that take you way up in the air and down underneath through tunnels; and you can spin around on the one called 'The Rocket.'"

Dickie's eyes were bright, and he couldn't help smiling when he thought about it. "Are all those very much money?" he asked.

"Sure," his brother answered, "We'll probably just watch 'em. You'd have to be a millionaire to do everything there is to do at a carnival. But we can walk around and look at all the side shows."

"What are the side shows, Sammy?"

"Well, they're just little shows on the side of things. You have to pay to go in and see them, but they have funny people on the outside too--sword swallowers and fat ladies and all kinds of freaks," Sam told him.

The boys walked in the carnival gate, and they heard the merry-go-round music and people laughing everywhere; they smelled pop corn and root beer floats. There were many little booths where you could throw balls and knock down decoy ducks or shoot at blocks of wood.

Suddenly Dickie said, "I just wish we had a million dollars. We could start right at the very beginning and go all the way to the end. And we could buy all the candy and peanuts and toy soldiers in the whole place, couldn't we?"

"Sure we could, but who'd want all that stuff to eat anyway?" Sam asked.

"Yeah, I guess you'd get awful sick, wouldn't you?"

"Sure you would. Look over there now. See all those mirrors? Well, when you go inside there, you can hardly find your way out except after a long while. All you see is yourself in all those mirrors; and everywhere there are panels of glass so you can't tell where the doors are."

"I bet it would take a long time to get out," Dickie said.

"Sure. And see that house over there? That's the 'Fun House.' You go in there and slide down slides and spin on wheels and swing on swings; and they have mirrors in there too, but they're a different-kind. Some make you look fat or skinny and

some give you big bodies and little arms," Sam told him.

Dickie was looking at the platforms, outside one of the side shows. There was a man with a lion on a heavy chain, and he was saying that the lion just came from Africa. Dick asked his brother, "What's in that show, Sammy?"

"Oh, that's a jungle show, and I guess they have all kinds of wild animals inside." They walked over toward the platform.

"Could we go and see it? I've never seen any wild animals before," Dick said.

Sam looked at the price--it was 25 cents, and that was all he had. "Well, would you rather see that than anything else here, Dickie?"

"Oh, yes," his little brother answered.

"Well, then you go on in. I don't think I'll go to see it," Sam said as he gave Dick the 25 cents for a ticket.

Just then they noticed a man standing next to them, and Dickie thought that he looked just like Santa Claus with a long, white beard and blue eyes that were bright as sunshine. But he knew it couldn't be Santa Claus in September. The man smiled down at Sam and asked, "Why aren't you going to the show too?"

"I haven't any more money," the boy whispered to him so Dick wouldn't hear.

"Well," the man said, "I've been looking for you--or someone like you--all day."

"Really?" Sam asked, wondering what the man meant.

"Yes, someone who would give up something for someone else, as you were going to do for your little brother so he could see the show. That was a very good thing to do. And now I have something for you."

Sam looked up at the man and then at Dickie, who whispered, "I'll bet he's Santa Claus."

The man, with a big smile, continued, "I'm going to take both of you in every side show, on every ride, and buy you everything you want here at the carnival."

Sam couldn't believe it. He looked at Dickie, who was just as surprised. "Really?" Sam blurted out.

"Really," the man answered.

"Well-gee--that's great!" Sam shouted.

"That's great!" Dickie repeated. And the man who looked like Santa Claus started out by buying the boys popcorn and chocolate ice cream cones. Then he took them on the roller coaster, to see the jungle show, and everywhere else they wanted to go. Before they knew it, it was time to go home.

Sam smiled up at the man and said, "I'm afraid we'd better leave now--wouldn't you like to come to our house?"

"Don't think I can make it right now. But wouldn't you or Dickie like another ice cream soda?" the man asked.

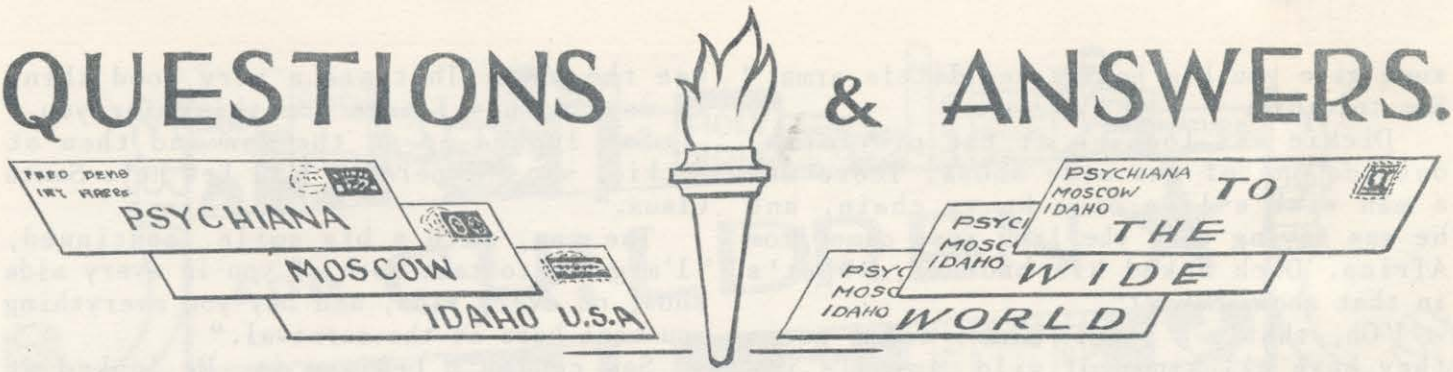
"No, thank you, I've had five," Sam answered.

"And I guess four is plenty," Dick answered over a bag of toffee.

The boys still couldn't believe what had happened. Sam, with Dickie's help, was trying to thank the man for everything, and the man said: "You deserved it. You were what I was looking for, someone willing to give up something for someone else." And then he just seemed to disappear.

We are venturing some material for children of various ages, which we hope you will like. We invite your correspondence with suggestions. This same art head will be in each issue; and one thing "to do" for children is to color these "books," and from month to month see how wide a variety of "library" can be developed. The same will be true of the other drawing on this page. Try it.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS.



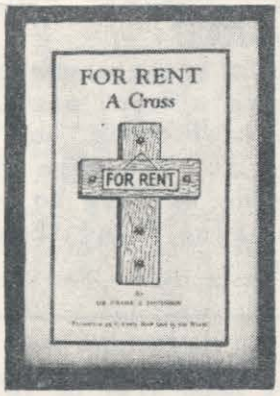
(This section will be devoted to questions which come in to us from our Students. If you have a question, the answer to which you feel would be of interest to a great number of our Members, send it in to us. We reserve the right to choose those questions which are published.)

Question: Can the Psychiana Lessons be obtained in Spanish, German, or French?

Answer: No. In the late '30's the Psychiana Lessons were published in German, and a distributing center was set up in Holland. However, World War II made it impossible to continue distribution in Europe. Since that time there have not been enough requests for the Psychiana Teaching in foreign languages to warrant printing them, and it looks as if the present world unrest will stop any plans in this direction.

Question: How may I determine my account status?

Answer: Simply by writing to our accounting department. This department will give you all the information regarding your account. Please feel free at any time to request this information if you have neglected to keep track of your payment remittances, subscription renewals, etc.



FOR RENT---A CROSS

by

Dr. Frank B. Robinson

One of Dr. Robinson's supreme achievements was writing FOR RENT---A CROSS. In this book he brings to the reader in this, the hour of humanity's greatest need, the actual and literal truths of who, what, and where God is; not the traditional virgin-born crucified "god" of theology, but God---the Scientific Principle and the Creator of this universe.

This book reveals how all men everywhere may actually and literally find and use the Power of God---here and now; this conception of the Almighty has been absent from the earth for many, many years.

The Price of "FOR RENT---A CROSS" is $1.00--Post-Paid

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Please rate the articles and sections of the Bulletin below (please use numbers) in order of their appeal to you. We need your help so that a summary of results can be published in the November issue. So DON'T FAIL TO MAIL THIS CARD AFTER YOU HAVE RATED THE ARTICLES.

Questions and Answers_____
Those Who Walk With God_____
The Wayfarer's article_____
From Near and Far_____
The Children's Section_____