

Early Scientology Reminiscences Part 2

by Dennis Stephens

I took a stroll into the general office to meet Reg Gould, and Dennis O'Connell's assessment was absolutely right...

I don't know what cesspool that character was dragged out of. He was a thickset, middle-aged man.

The thing about it... a couple of characteristics about him... that struck me immediately, that when he smiled, his eyes never smiled. The smile was on his lips and the eyes were cold and they remained cold. The smile was the smile of a sadist. It was the sort of smile that you would expect to find on a person who enjoyed pulling the wings off flies. Psychologically I was revulsed [repulsed] by his presence, that I was in the presence of something dreadfully evil and something very nasty. Ann, when she met him a couple of days later, she took time off to go up there, she was even more revulsed than me. She said she nearly threw up. She couldn't stand being in the presence of the man. He completely revulsed... complete revulsion was Ann's response to him. She was even more sensitive to it than I was. Anyway that was the is-ness of the situation one would say.

There was nothing really any of us could do about it. I do know that there were some very stiff letters written by Dennis O'Connell and Stan Richards and so forth to the old man securing their displeasure at this type of person that was being put in charge of them in the organization and pointing out to Ron that they felt no loyalty to Reg Gould. The only loyalty they felt was to Ron Hubbard.

But again, they only got a halfhearted responses back from Ron thanking them for their loyalty and so on. There was no suggestion that Reg Gould was going to go. Reg Gould was obviously there to stay. Well that... that put Ann and I out of the org and put me out of the center of the proceedings for a while. Ann was really pleased actually to get away and have a break. The girl had been working herself into the ground and it was wonderful to see her come back up tone scale, see the tension slough off her. She relaxed at home and started to pick up her auditing practice. We weren't short of preclears. And many of the people I worked with had known Ann and known the Battersea number. And anyway, any old preclear who I had audited through the org, they only had to phone the org and asked for Dennis Stephens' telephone number and they would have gotten the Battersea number. Many of them did. In those days we did have the open comm line system. Something that is unheard of these days, that you could phone up HASI and get the telephone number of a field auditor. In those days you could. You could phone up HASI and get the telephone number of any field auditor you could ask for.

So Ann and I settled down to a quiet domesticity of auditing, full-time field auditors. It was a beautiful life, quiet and plenty of work. As much work as we chose to do. And we would take time off in the summer and went down and had a holiday, and, oh, it was a beautiful period of time that was.

The children were amazed. It was lovely. They were overjoyed to have both of us around so much. It really did benefit both of them, both of us having that break.

Meanwhile a clinic wasn't planned... but it was not gotten by... although Reg Gould was supposed to have gone out and got partly jobbed as a go-and-get-it clinic. He never did. The clinic was finally obtained by

George Wichelow. I got that from Dennis O'Connell. It was the efforts of George Wichelow that finally got a clinic. We got premises at 83 Palace Gardens Terrace which was on the corner of Bayswater Road and Palace Gardens Terrace, only about a stone's throw from Notting Hill Gate station, right in the middle of Notting Hill Gate shopping center. It couldn't have been better placed. It was a beautiful spot right next door to the new Lindsey Theatre where Ron subsequently used for public lectures. It was a marvelous choice on George's part. It was quickly agreed by the old man in America and the deed was signed. And then his staff came in and started shifting furniture into the place. By the time Ann and I got up there and heard about it and got in there it was all ready, got chairs and so forth in there. It was looking forward to opening up business.

The next thing we knew, summer of 1953, just as quickly as he'd appeared on the scene, Reg Gould disappeared off the scene. Just overnight. He vanished. This time there was no... nobody knew what had happened until one Monday morning, a lady named Jean Atkinson, walked in and said she was the new administrator and had a letter in her pocket from Ron Hubbard giving her full authority to take over the administration position of HASI. This set everything buzzing again. Reg Gould had disappeared as quickly as he had appeared. He must have said or done something that offended Ron and being summarily fired. And this new woman had come in... again we didn't know where she came from. Nobody knew her. She wasn't even a book auditor. She hadn't read anything. She knew nothing of Dianetics and Scientology. Oh, she'd heard of it, but she'd never studied it at all as far as we could gather. And there she was being put in charge of the administration of the place. And she was a woman of about 40, 45, not... I'm not a person to be critical but, she didn't look the best. She used to dress rather shabbily. Her fingers were nicotine stained. She was a chain smoker. She wasn't... probably her biggest failing was that I always thought that she could have bathed more often. It wasn't exactly pleasant getting downwind from the lady, but that could have been some physiological difficulty she had. But anyway, it didn't help her at all socially. And anyway, she seemed efficient at her job, she spoke in a rather tyrannical manner and one felt that she was, no doubt, an administrator. She reminded me of something you might find... the matron of a Victorian hospital. You know, that was the first impression I had of the woman. But she seemed a better personality than Reg Gould. There was nothing slimy about her. There was nothing like that sliminess one felt while I was talking to Gould. It was just unfortunate that she knew nothing of the subject. Of course, it was now a few months since we'd left the organization and there had been quite a fair number of students had gone through and trained and the clinic was going to be opened up. A guy called Fred Welling was going to take charge of the clinic and he was a recent graduate, and HPA graduate. I didn't know him, I had never met him. He'd arrived on the scene, done the day course after I'd left the scene so I'd never audited him and knew nothing of him. He was to start off the clinic. I went off to Palace Gardens Terrace one day, and he had a couple of staff auditors there, there was no auditing going on there. Evidently him and the two staff auditors were on the payroll. The big lecture room there had been more or less furnished with plenty of chairs but there was no lecturing going on. The PE was still going down in 163 Holland Park Ave. He had the whole this clinic all to himself at that moment, at that time. There didn't seem to be any auditing going on and that seemed to be the situation in the summer of 1953. Out of the blue, Nibs Hubbard turned up in London sent over by his overways father, sent over by Ron, to give a bachelor of Scientology course to all those who were willing to take it. Nibs at that time was about 18 1/2 years of age. He was Ron's eldest son from his first marriage. He was a very, very big lad was Nibs. He would have turned the scales at about 230 pounds. He was built like a self armored tank, was Nibs. His features didn't resemble Ron's very much but, he had the flaming hair of

the Hubbard family. It was no doubt he was Ron's son. He brought his new wife with him. I think she was about 19, she was about six months older than he was. But she was a roly-poly, jolly girl. The two of them together would have probably weighed the scales down at over 500 pounds, I would say the two of them together! But I liked his wife, she was a very nice jolly girl. I wasn't that much impressed by Nibs. He seemed very, very tense all the time. She seemed a young man who couldn't relax, and it wasn't until much later that I realized what was happening, why he was endlessly so tense. Anyway, Nibs started to organize the course, get the course under way. Ann and I decided not to have anything to do with it. We were, you know, far too busy and it didn't seem to be all that much point in it. Neither of us were particularly impressed by Nibs. We thought Ron will be back soon and we knew he had been giving courses in the USA, Ron had, and we thought, well, then Dennis O'Connell got on the phone one evening. He said, look don't start on that course, he said, I'm still looking after the training here, he says. Nibs has got his tapes over. He's come and brought his tapes and he's keeping all his tapes in the same drawer, same cupboard where we keep all the HPA tapes. As soon as he's finished here we'll all hear all those tapes so don't bother to come and take the course. Dennis was as good as his word. George Wichelow never bothered, Stan Richards never bothered. We simply spent a quiet time, when Nibs was finished with the tapes, in the evenings he wasn't using the tapes, we were over at Dennis O'Connell's place with the tapes listening to the tapes. Nibs never did find out, he never knew anything had happened. Dennis had to keep the cupboard, he simply finished with the tapes, put them in the cupboard, locked the cupboard up. Dennis had his own keys to the cupboard, took the tapes out of the cupboard, took them home and we were all turning up, George Wiichelow, Stan Richards, Ann and I, we all turned up for the tapes. We kept it in that select group, nobody else allowed. It was just us. We had all this beer seeing this material, the tapes so none of us lost anything on the deal. We all heard the tapes one way or the other.

Nibs, Nibs Hubbard, they call them Nibs, it meant L. Ron Hubbard Junior, he had the same Christian name as his dad, and apparently in America anyone with the same Christian name as their father, they call him a Nibs. Nibs Hubbard, he'd had a fair whack of auditing from Ron, and we found out later that his case, he was a good, theta clear. A very good theta exterior was Nibs Hubbard. But we did find out why this tenseness was there, that he was living under. What had happened was evidently that Ron had audited him very thoroughly and was then starting to shovel the responsibility on his shoulders and it was starting to pile up. Ron was expecting Nibs to be his successor so he was piling this responsibility on him and this was his fledgling flight, this was, to go to London and give a BSCN course alone, solo. And Nibs didn't want to do it. He simply really hadn't got the ability. The people who were on the course, one or two of the old-timers went on the course and said that as an instructor he was a complete flop. Half the time he wasn't in the room and he couldn't really face up to an audience. And he didn't answer the questions properly. Half the time his attention seemed to be elsewhere. He simply wasn't interested to do the job. It was no surprise that the course was a complete flop, a complete washout. It was one of those courses that was best forgotten. All those who did the course eventually did get a BSCN course out of it. As a course it was probably the worst course ever given in London of that type. This explained the tension. Nibs was building up more and more tension. And in later years, of course, Nibs name became very bad in Scientology because he blew the org and so forth and Ron said some very nasty things about his son. But really, it was the old man's fault. He was piling on too much responsibility on this lad, and all that was happening was that Nibs felt he was overting because he couldn't live up to his father's expectations of him, he was simply overting all the time against his father, overting against Scientology and this was making him tense and he

was simply overting all the time because he couldn't live up to the expectations of his father...was expecting of him. That of course, was an overt act in his mind. This was the trouble with Nibs. Anyway, after the BSCN course was over, Nibs gave a Congress, that was a part of his agreement with his dad, that he run this Congress, which he ran. Ann and I attended the congress and he ran that very badly. He did little else but turn the tape machines on and turn them off again and say hello and goodbye. And we hardly ever saw him at the Congress. The whole thing was sit and listen to a tape machine, tape recorder. There was little presentation, no work had been done much on the Congress. The staff, Dennis O'Connell, Stan Richards were doing their best to keep the public going, but the leader, Nibs, was not present. Of course the leader not being present, it was falling apart and it was a most unsatisfactory Congress. And it culminated with a dance at the end in the hotel. When Nibs got into the bar, and this is unbelievable, but there was a guy called Jack Parkhouse on the HPA course at the time, he was on the weekend course, one of the students on the course, and he got up talking to Nibs, they apparently struck a chord together, and they got drinking whiskey and they got into a ridiculous drinking competition. And Nibs was just in the frame of mind to let off steam and he just challenged Jack Parkhouse to see who could drink the most whiskey.

Well it was quite obvious who could drink the most whiskey, Nibs could because he was almost twice as big as Jack Parkhouse, so Jack Parkhouse ended up at 10:30 at night under the table passed out cold and Nibs Hubbard couldn't say, couldn't wind up and say goodnight to everyone at the end of the dance because he couldn't stand. Ann and I ended up helping him in a taxi and his wife was hovering nearby. We finally got this 230 pounds of drunken Nibs into a taxi and headed off to the hotel where he was living. It was there that we found out... we couldn't get him on the seat of the cab because he was too heavy. He was a dead weight, he couldn't stand. He was absolutely plastered. We finally... he was calling out... from the floor of the cab and he was exteriorized, he got his eyes closed, and he was calling out the colors of the traffic lights in front of us as we were going along in the cab... and he was correct. He never made one mistake. He said the next set of traffic lights is red, and this next set of traffic lights just around the corner, there's a set of traffic lights. We would go around the corner, there is the set of traffic lights. Next set of traffic lights is just going to green... now. And the set of traffic lights would go to green now. He had very good present time theta perception. So Ron had done a fine, first-class of exteriorizing his son. Case wise, he must have been in pretty good case, pretty good condition. There was nothing wrong with them case wise, Nibs Hubbard. Because he couldn't have had that acute theta perception that he had, but he just had too much responsibility on his shoulders. He was only 18 1/2 years of age. If he had only been five years older he could have held the responsibility and done a better job, or maybe if he had been five years a lot older, he simply would have refused his dad and said I'm not interested. He wouldn't have been there anyway. But a lot of people and the general public saw Nibs in that disgusting drunken state and saw him being helped into the cab and so forth and it didn't do Scientology a bit of good, it didn't. It didn't do the org a bit of good having Nibs Hubbard being carried into a cab blind drunk. And unable to perform these official functions .. at the Congress. Jack Parkhouse later on became quite a well known figure in Scientology about a year or two later. He was a brilliant student. He was one of the best students that ever came out of HASI London, HPA, off the HPA course. He was good, Jack Parkhouse, very good. He was a good administrator and a fine technical mind.

Anyway, that was the last we saw of Nibs. I never saw Nibs again after that. The following day or two days later, him and his wife got back in their airplane and went back to the USA. That was the end of Nibs. We

did hear afterwards that, people had made quite sure that Ron knew of this drunken debacle at the Congress. Apparently he was absolutely furious with his son, absolutely furious. Understandably so.

Things were jogging along with there. We were of course still down in Battersea doing our auditing. All that seemed to be changing in the org was that... Jean Atkinson was getting more and more people on our staff. The admin staff was growing out of all bounds. The tech staff wasn't growing. There was no more preclears in the clinic. The clinic seemed to be doing atrocious business and we knew that there was trouble fermenting down there. We knew that there was no love lost between Dennis O'Connell and Jean Atkinson or between Fred Welling and Jean Atkinson, come to that, and eventually it came to a head and Dennis O'Connell and Fred Welling wrote to Ron and said that this woman has got to go. They can't work with her, she's a tyrant. So they said, either she goes or they go. Well, Ron of course, there was nothing else he could do but accept their resignations, so Dennis O'Connell and Fred Welling both left the organization. The loss of Fred Welling was no loss to the organization because he was, you know, he simply wasn't capable of doing the work he was put there to do in the clinic. He simply wasn't technically good enough, but both of them... Fred Welling in a moment... but the loss of Dennis O'Connell was a severe blow. He was, at that time, he was no doubt London's best, best trainer. He was good. He had been at the job the longest and he was the best trainer there. Although he wasn't really... he would much rather... he used to say I would much rather be auditing than teaching. But he was getting good and that was a blow. So Stan Richards had to move in. Stan Richards left the evening course, weekend course and he moved in on the day course which he didn't want to do because he was doing a fair bit of auditing during the day. It upset his scheduling and they got a new guy called Ron Jeffcott, came in, he was... he had graduated some time previously. He took over the weekend and evening HPA courses, what Stan Richards had been doing. He was pretty on the ball was Jeffcott, but he was moonlighting. He had a full-time day job outside Scientology which was always a little bit suspicious. God knows how the guy managed it. He was married, he had children and he was working a full time day job and every evening he was working at HASI, every weekend he was working at HASI. I don't know how he kept going but he did manage to keep going, for a while anyway.

It was also around about this time, I would not say exactly at this time, it was also around about this time that George Wichelow quit the org as well. I don't recall seeing him around the org after this time. I think he simply had enough. He couldn't get along with Atkinson but he didn't put his name to the, you know, with O'Connell and Fred Welling that he couldn't get along with the woman. He realized that the place was going to the dogs. I think that Dennis O'Connell going and Fred Welling going was too much for him. That was the last straw. Ann and I had gone and now O'Connell and Welling had gone. There was nothing left as far as he could see. There was no point in him straining himself anymore so he simply retired back to his magic and his conjuring and his preclears. And we never really saw much of George after that. But the org never really recovered. It never recovered from the blow of losing George on it's public comm lines. They tried various HPA graduates to look after the PE courses and the introductory courses but nobody could do it like George. The inflow of HASI London at that point suffered a marked fall in the inflow of new numbers which I believe it never really recovered for many years, it didn't recover the loss of inflow of material, of new blood.

Just before the blow up, and the cause, the leaving, the quitting of O'Connell and Fred Welling, just before this there was a most peculiar state of affairs happened, which I suspect the outcome of this peculiar state

of affairs, partly led to the vanishment of Fred Welling, why Ron so quickly accepted Fred Welling's resignation. Anyway, it started off with a telephone call actually asking, saying that Ron had requested that some techniques be run on me, some special auditing be done on me, free of charge in the clinic there and it would be done by one of Fred's staff auditors and would I come in and discuss the matter. It was to be done as a favor to Ron. I said, well that's okay by me so I came in and spoke to Fred and I said, well show me, what have you got. What is it, what are you going to run? Why? And he explained, he said, I don't know. I just had this authorization. I mean, he was decent enough. He showed me the authorization there. He obviously knew no more than that. And I said, well, what techniques are you going to run? He said, well I can't tell you that, he said, til you actually agree to have the auditing. I said, well that's fair enough. Okay, I'll have the auditing. And then Fred said, well, he said as soon as you start in the auditing you'll soon find out what the techniques are. I said, well even that's okay. I'm in no hurry to find out what the techniques are. I made myself available. It was apparently.... it wasn't going to take more than a session or two the whole thing. I don't know what it was. I think it might have been some form of security check, but I never did find out as it turned out. Anyway, he introduced me to the staff auditor. We headed off to an auditing room. He was a decent enough young... he was a new staff auditor. I hadn't seen him before. He had two staff auditors at that time, Fred did. The other one was auditing a cash customer. I got the newest one which was okay by me. I didn't mind. But I pitied this poor lad because he was a recent graduate from the course and because, I had tremendous altitude at that time amongst the auditors in London. You know, I was an old-timer and I had audited more, I had done more hours of auditing than he had had hot dinners and he knew it. So he was a bit worried that he, but I might be critical of his auditing technique auditing such an old hand. But anyway, he did his best. There was nothing wrong with him technically. He was quite competent. He got the session started. He got his meter hooked up and so on, and off we went. We hardly got the session started and in walks Fred Welling, stands there. I look at Fred. We start to do some of objective processes. Fred stands there for a couple of minutes and he walks out of the room. And we finished doing a little bit of objective processes, and, "pickup the cans", about to start, the door opens and in walks Fred Welling. The auditor stops and looks at him, and says, "what's going on Fred?" He says, "I've got to supervise the auditing." I said, "well you can't supervise in here mate." I said, "you'll have to supervise it outside." I said, "I can't go into session with you hanging around." There he was hovering around like a bloody avenging angel, you know. I knew what Ron had told him. He had gotten a note from Ron saying, keep a close eye on the auditing, you know. And he was doing just that. But it was a simply ham-fisted way of doing it. I said, "well look, I can't go into session with you hovering around here." So anyway, he went out. So the guy started to ruffle some papers, and then he ran a little bit of ARC Straightwire to sort of get me moving on the track. "Well", I thought "that's fine." We'll all do a couple of commands and the door quietly opened. I only opened half an eye and, guess what, there's Fred Welling creeping back into the bloody room. I put the bloody cans down with a crash, "what the bloody hell is going on Fred?" I said, "look, either you, if you want to audit me, if you want to know what's going on in the session, you audit me. If you want this person to audit me, you'll have to go out the room. You can't both be in here while I'm being audited and that's final." Of course, it was a code breach. I mean, if Fred had been better technically trained, had a better grasp and understanding, he would have known that if the preclear objects to the presence of another person in the room, that the auditor has to eject the other person. And to try and audit the person in the presence of an unacceptable third person is a present time problem. You can't audit a preclear over a PTP. It's a code breach to even attempt it. So, you know, the whole situation was fraught with auditing flubs. If Ron had been there he would've cried. It was so full of

flubs. So I made it quite clear, I said... of course, it's the auditors job to eject Fred Welling. But Fred wouldn't.... he obviously couldn't because Fred was his boss. I had no such constraints. I told him to get out. And eventually he said he was going to stay, I said, "well that's it. You fuck off or I go home. I'm not going to be audited with you hovering around in the bloody session." I lost my temper. And then he lost his temper with me. He said, "look, I've got to supervise this", he said. So I said, "well you're going to bloody well supervise it without the preclear." I said, "you won't be doing it with me," I said. "You'll have no preclear present. You can do your supervising on an empty bloody chair". So he turned around to the auditor and said one of the strangest things I've ever heard an auditing supervisor say to his staff auditor in all my years in Scientology. He turned around to the auditor... he'd lost his temper... he turned around to the auditor and said, "give this man 15 hours on the walls". And I just couldn't believe it. It was just like Capt. Bligh on the deck, on the quarter deck, saying to one of his officers give the sailor 15 lashes. You know, the mockup was there absolutely complete. The sadistic naval captain. And I just collapsed into helpless laughter. It was just too, too much. Fred stalked out of the room with my laughter ringing in his ears, I mean, there was nothing he could do about it. The session was obviously over. The young auditor tried to patch the session together and get us going again. I says, no way, there is no way I can do this auditing under the circumstances. So he realized that I was obviously in quite a good case, you know, I had been line charging. I was quite happy. So he ended the session off ...and took... started to take some responsibility by ending the session. That was the smartest thing he did, he ended the session off. I simply strolled about the building and I never heard anything more about it. Even to this day I don't know what Ron wanted running on me. But I do know that Fred would have had to make a report to the old man. And would have had to report that Stevens blew. And Ron would have been unkind about that because preclears who blow, it's an auditor's flub in Ron Hubbard's book. And it always was that way in Ron Hubbard's book. If the preclear blows it's the auditor's responsibility. If the preclear blows, it's an auditor's flub. So he would have had to eat a bit of crow there, in front of the old man. But anyway, I never heard anything more about it. So I don't know what it was to this day. And I never wrote to the old man about it, I was too furious, too insulted about it. I don't know what Ron wanted and I never found out.

Soon afterwards that happened, this blowup occurred, and Fred Welling left. I've got a feeling he would have been pretty glad to see the last of him, Ron would. As to the Fred Welling meaning of "give this man 15 hours on the walls", I imagine that he meant, give this preclear 15 hours of SOP 8C. Run 15 hours of 8C on him to bring him under control. I imagine that's what he meant. I'm only guessing. Anyway, a few days after Fred Welling left the clinic, and took his staff auditors with him, I got a phone call from Jean Atkinson asking me to come in. I was asked to come in about a position in the clinic. I spoke to Ann. I said, "Looks as if the old man wants me back". Ann says, "Well you'd better go and find out what's going on." So I went in and spoke to Jean and she showed me the letter from Ron with an enclosure to me asking me to come back in, retake over the clinic. There was no apology from him for all the bloody upset. I mean, I should never have been fired off the bloody line in the first place. Anyway, he wanted me back. Jean said that we've got another staff auditor for you, a guy named Rex Kirby. So the following Monday morning I said okay, it's agreeable to me, might as well complete this cycle, after all, I did promise Ron I would look after his clinic for him. Now the following Monday morning found me back on post, this time, believe it or not, this time as a salaried staff member. Rex Kirby turned up, a very well dressed young graduate from the HPA course, complete with pinstriped trousers and black jacket looking at the almost perfect psychoanalyst. But he was a very nice lad. The only thing we lacked of course was preclears. But anyway, we did get the mockup

underway. The word seemed to somehow soon get around that there was a competent person back in the clinic there and some preclears started to contact the org again. It's amazing how these things do get around. It's sheer telepathy, it is. And we did start to get some customers after about a week or a so. Rex and I, were pretty well fully, well I wouldn't say we were fully employed ever, but we did have enough to keep us amused. We were both auditing and I was D of P'ing his preclears for him. He wasn't a bad auditor, Rex wasn't, Rex Kirby. And so we jogged along there.

But the real difficulty was that, no doubt Fred Welling had had the same difficulty, was that out front was wrong, down there we had no reg with us in the clinic. In the front was the administrator, Jean Atkinson, in other words anyone approaching the org for auditing had to go to Jean Atkinson. And they wouldn't have been impressed. She simply did not impress as a person. You got a very, you know... if she was the first person you met when you walked into a Scientology organization you would think this is a pretty miserable sort of place. It was a very down tone sort of place. She didn't give an up tone scale impression you know. She was too sort of jaded, too sort of grubby you know. It was a grubby mockup she actually put over and it didn't go on the public lines. You don't want somebody like that as your registrar in a clinic. You want somebody who's bright and smiling and alert and right on the ball, preferably somebody who is very good with their tech. That's very important on the reg lines to have somebody who's good at tech. So that was the... that was the real cause of the trouble. But behind that cause of the trouble was, what the hell was this woman doing there in the first place. Ron, it took him many, many years to realize, if he ever did realize, that there is absolutely no future in putting an untrained personnel in charge of trained personnel. He did it time and time again in the organizations of Scientology, in the USA and in London. He'd pick some untrained person and put them in charge of his highly trained technical staff and they simply had no respect for this untrained person. I mean, this untrained person could have 1000 degrees in accountancy, in business administration and what have you, but these people, the technical staff, were looking, they were only interested in technical people you see. Actually this is a true datum in any business, in any organization. Your technical staff in any organization never have any respect for the non-technical staff. It works anywhere, it does. You know, you get organizations, you get a rubber company say, I worked in a rubber company once in Australia for a while and the chemist there and his assistant had absolutely no respect for the administration staff in the place... who was technically in charge of them because they knew that the administration staff knew absolutely nothing about rubber. It was a simple as that so they simply didn't respect them. It was the same in HASI. It's very difficult for technical staff who are experts at auditing and experts at training and so forth and experts in the technical field of Scientology to have any respect for an administrator who is put in charge of them. It's all right if the administrator is not put in charge of them and they are equal, equal rank in the organization. Then they'll work with the administrator. But the mistake is to put the un-Scientology trained administrator in charge of the technical personnel. It never did work and it took Ron, Ron made many, many mistakes upon that line there. It just caused a hell of a lot of friction in his organizations. He finally stopped doing it. But it was many years later before he finally stopped doing it. The great affinity we all had with our first administrator, Ann, was that we all knew that she was a competent Scientologist, she was a competent auditor. She was an old-timer, she'd done hundreds of hours of book auditing. She knew the subject as good as anyone did so we respected her. There was respect on the line you see. But we had no respect for Reg Gould. Nobody had any respect for Jean Atkinson simply because these people knew nothing of the subject they were working in.

Well, the spring of 1954 was turning into the summer of 1954 and, lo and behold, the news arrived that Jack Horner was about to turn up, hot from an advanced clinical course where he had been a student in the USA and he was coming, hot footing it across to London and he was going to give the first doctorate course in HASI London. Ron was still away and wasn't due back, although everyone hoped to see him later on in the year but it was still uncertain whether he would come back. But Horner was coming over and this was the long-awaited news. We were all wonderfully excited at the idea of a doctorate course being given and we were all hoping to be able to get on this course as staff members, of course, we would get on the course anyway. But anyway, that's jumping a little bit ahead. Anyway, Horner arrived and guess what, guess what he brought with him, he had a new clear. At least he said she was clear. She was a beautiful girl, and, of course, she was sleeping with Jack Horner. I don't know why... he didn't find this girl in America. He must have picked this one up in the British Isles because she was a ward, happened to be a ward of an English court. We didn't know it at the time that she was a ward of the court. I don't know, I never did get the details of how she got mixed up with Jack Horner who she was very keen on. The girl's name was Pam, Pamela, and she arrived with Jack Horner. First day he arrived in the clinic we saw him, he had Pamela with him. Of course Jack and I knew each other from back in 1951 when he had given that congress before, so we were old pals. But he brought with him some really good news, he had a note from Ron authorizing Ann to come on the clinical course. Ron wanted Ann to do the doctorate course. Ron considered that Ann had done an awful lot of good work for the organization while she had been on post in the early days and he wanted to repay it by giving her a doctorate course. He knew that she was unable to do the HPA course because she was helping out on the lines there while the course was running and so he was now repaying Ann. So all was forgiven. He wanted obviously to get Ann back into the organization. That was his way of doing it. So,... broke the news to Ann, she was rather pleased. And Horner started to set up to get ready for the course. Well, this was a different proposition from Nibs. Horner was a skilled, highly skilled technician and a very, very competent instructor. Very competent. He had no problems at all handling, fielding technical questions. No problem at all in handling a class of students and running a course. He had done it before. We've seen him in action before. We knew the quality of the man. Another old-timer that turned up on the course was George Wichelow. Again, that was via Ron. Ron wanted him back on the course. He obviously wanted George back on the lines again so he'd given George a free place in recognition of his services. So George turned up to do the course as well which was a great addition. So it was a meeting of the old-timers and the only one who was missing was Dennis O'Connell. O'Connell never showed, whether Ron wrote to him and offered it to him and he refused, I don't know, but Dennis O'Connell never did reenter back on the org lines. In fact, as far as I know, he worked in the field for about six months as a field auditor after he left the organization and then, I think, he drifted out of Scientology. He went in and bought some property and became a... sold and buy out rentals... and became a property speculator. I believe that was what he eventually, him and Olive. They got into property speculation. He bought out a series of rental flats that he owned in a semi-slum area around Bayswater somewhere. Anyway, that's what I believe happened to Dennis O'Connell. He never did, he was a black case, Dennis, and I, unfortunately always had him down, noted in my book to get my paws on Dennis O'Connell's case but I never did. Never managed it, never got around to trying my luck at breaking his blackness. I reckon I could have done it. Maybe he knew I could and he always kept away from me. But anyway, we never did, we never did meet up case wise. I never did get my chance to get my paws on his blackness. Anyway, the course got underway. George Wichelow was looking bright and healthy in a brightly colored summer shirt. He turned up all rearing to go again and all seemed to be forgiven. Jack Horner was in mighty good spirits. We had a good turn up, a good

run of old-timers turned up for the clinical course and we got underway. During the period of the course I had more than one opportunity to see Jack Horner auditing... actually getting other auditors out of tricky spots that they got themselves in with their preclear and I had a chance to realize what a good auditor he was. He was the second-best auditor, second to the old man who I had ever seen was Horner. He was good, very good, a very fine auditor was Jack Horner.

An amusing incident occurred about half way through the doctorate course, I don't remember the lead up to it, I know that one evening, very late one evening, it was after 11, I had occasion to go back into the clinic to pick up a book from my office and I don't know why I wasn't with Ann, I think Ann must have gone home earlier and I must have been out talking with someone or something, but I know that the earliest point I can recall is walking along the road, walking up the stairs into the HASI, which was the clinic, which of course was in complete darkness, it was 11 o'clock at night and I had a key of course and let myself in and was heading off to my office to get my book which I wanted to read on the bus on the way home and, suddenly, I heard a sound in the front office, in the main office there. Oh Christ, we got bloody burglars here. So I opened the door to the main office and flipped on the light... and another scuffle, and I looked across the room, there was Pam hiding behind the curtain without a stitch on, and there, peering round the side of the carpet, peering around the side of the desk, there was Jack Horner looking equally unclad, and there was a pile of cushions on the floor and I just said, sorry and switched the light out. Walked down the corridor, switched the hall light on, went into my office, picked my book up and went back out switching the lights out and closed the door behind me. The following morning I turned up for class and Jack was talking, giving an introductory talk before he put the tape on and he looked right at me and I looked right back at him and there wasn't a flicker on either of the expressions on our faces. It never was mentioned, not a word. But it was a very amusing incident! Obviously I'd interrupted a great love scene. Most of Horner's girlfriends that we knew of, had disappeared into oblivion with Horner in the past but this one didn't disappear into oblivion. She had a great Scientological future ahead of her did Pam. Anyways, to finish off the course, towards the end of the course, well at the end of the course, Horner gave the Congress, but just to finish off this bit with Pam, he eventually, he tried to get out of the country and take Pam with him. And of course, as soon as she got to the airport there was no way in the world that she could get out of the country, she was a ward of the court. It was stamped in her passport. And Horner was in trouble with immigration. There was a bit of a fracas apparently. He had to leave the country rather hurriedly. He got mentioned on the radio, the BBC. This American was trying to get a ward of the court out of the country without the court's permission. I'm sure Jack just didn't know. Of course the courts in England are very, very tough on that sort of thing. You know, you try to get a ward of the court out, you're in immediate trouble. And they suspected the worst. God knows what Horner's wife would have... was saying back in America. She no doubt heard about it because it went all over the media in England. It got on the radio... you'd be hearing it on the radio. That's when Jack disappeared out of the country. But we never saw Jack again. He never did turn up in England with any more... at least not before Ann and I left England, he never did turn up with any more clears. Pam went on... she was very upset when Jack had to leave and she couldn't go with him. She was very upset but she met up her future husband, a guy named Ray Kemp who'd done his training in California.

[[Antony: I heard of Jack Horner trying to take a Ward of Chancery out of the country, from either my mother or father, in about 1954/55. I knew of Ray's mother as Elizabetih Williams, and was at her funeral, which Ron took, and I think wrote, and it is part of the book of ceremonies of the "Church"]]

He had an English mother, Elizabeth Kemp and an American father I believe and he'd been in the American Navy and he'd recently got his discharge from the American Navy and he'd done his training, his auditor training in California. He was over here in London. He was going to take up residency in London and him and Pam met up and they simply fell in love with each other at first sight. About a month after Horner left, whether she married him on the rebound, after Horner, I don't know. But Ray was devoted to Pam and Pam was devoted to Ray and a few months... they got married and a few months later a child was born. I remember Ann and I went to their flat in Golder's Green. We were great friends. He was a great guy, I liked Ray Kemp and Pam. They were great people. Went to their flat and Ray was out for the day. Don't know where he was but we went round and had a cup of tea with Pam and she had a baby, nursing a baby on her knee and on the other hand she was reading a book on contraception. Ann and I thought it was hilariously funny. But Ray and Pam Kemp became one of the great Scientology marriages and as far as I know, they are still together. It was a love match from the very beginning those two. Ray was a very good promoter of Scientology, that was his speciality. He was very good at PE, a very good promoter. He was a very valuable person to have around Ray Kemp. Come the end of the course, the inevitable Congress, which was fronted by Horner... but this was a far cry from the one that had been run by Nibs, this Congress was a good one. Horner was an old hand at this sort of thing. And everyone had a wonderful time. And the Congress dance we had... I told Jack that I could get a dance band down and would actually play in it. I contacted my old dance band that I used to play for... I had to give it up, of course, I was too busy... but they brought my tenor sax down from my home in Edgware. Although I was a bit rusty, they'd replaced me with an electric guitarist but he didn't show up that evening... I'd gone back with just the three-piece rhythm section ... me on the tenor sax on the Congress dance. And everybody was quite amazed, they didn't, none of them or very few know, none of them knew that I was quite an accomplished musician. And everybody was quite amazed, and even Jack Horner had a bit of a slack jaw when he heard how well I played the saxophone. So it was a very successful dance that evening. And I've got some beautiful photographs of Horner and the whole crowd and me playing the saxophone in the photo album. As we'd predicted, as the course ended a note came over from the old man to Ann that he wanted her on the reg post in the clinic. That's what he had lined up for her and he was absolutely right of course, that was exactly, precisely the right place where she should be. And it couldn't have been any better if I had requested it myself. I needed someone there to look after that front office. And someone that... to stop this people wondering to see Jean Atkinson. Instead of meeting Jean Atkinson who was dowdy and so forth, they were meeting a Doctor of Scientology [[D.Sc.]], highly trained and right on the ball, and a very, very attractive woman. Ann moved into that mockup absolutely perfectly. And things went very, very well along that line there of course. I was still D of P'ing and Ann was looking after the reg lines and we got somebody else looking after the telephone in the front office there. And one of Jean Atkinson's minions would come up to help look after the telephone. The mockup... the clinic was now going very, very well indeed. We got a good front. Clearly it was almost 2 separate organizations going now, there was the administration going on down there, down at 163, and everything else seemed to be, eventually it was going to move up to the clinic. The HPA course was still going on down at 163 but it was obviously only a matter of time before it moved up into the clinic because we had plenty of room for it. All in all during this period of late 1954 through to early 1955 was quite a happy, stable period in the org. It was almost like old times. We had just myself and Ann and Stan Richards,

and the only two that were missing was George and Dennis O'Connell of the old team. Three of the five were back on the tech lines and we were doing very, very well again.

Well, the next thing of importance that happened in early 55 was the sudden announcement by Stan Richards that he was emigrating to Australia. This was going to be a great loss, a great loss to us all. He dumped it on us rather suddenly Stan did. He'd married. His wife wasn't... we never saw his wife around the org... but he'd married over the years and he wanted to emigrate to Australia and so we lost our day instructor and this posed a considerable problem. George Wichelow stepped in for a while. He was there for two or three months looking after the HPA course in the daytime, but it wasn't in George's heart... never in teaching. He was never much good at it... in the early days... tech was never his strong point but he held the post down for a while.

Then suddenly out of the blue, while things were sort of going on still, Ron turned up. Ron just arrived back in England. This would've been around about the middle of 1955, just before the middle I would say of 1955 Ron turns up back in London. Well, long-awaited and welcomed. The first thing he did, one of the first things he did... well, let me get things in sequence... the very first thing he did, he wanted some money out of the org. There, of course, ... Jean Atkinson had the signatory on the check account at the bank. He went to Jean and said he needed some money, would she transfer some funds out for him. After all it was his organization and she flatly refused. She said, what do you want the money for Ron? And he said, well it has nothing to do with you. I never heard this altercation but it was reported to me. He said, well... you just hand the, you know, just let me have the checkbook. She said, sorry Ron. She said, no money goes out of this account without my signature. And he says, you can't do that. She says, I've done it. And she showed him the authorization. While he'd been in America, she'd bought the organization out from under him. She'd got it now from underneath him. He had no access to the funds of HASI London, Ron did at that time, in 1955. And he was absolutely furious. Apparently he stalked out of the office. They thought he'd break the bloody door down when he went out. He was absolutely furious. The true nature of Jean Atkinson suddenly showed itself. She was the first person that I knew of that actually stole the HASI. And the outcome was, Ron, he took legal advice on it but there was no way around it. It was sewn up. The only way that he could get rid of her was to buy her out and it cost him 8000 pounds. That was the fee that she settled on. It cost him 8000 pounds to buy her out and get his funds back and get his HASI back and get his hands on the funds. She owned the bloody lot. You'll always find that.... he was so furious, you'll find on the Johannesburg sec check, the Joburg sec check, which came into common use in Scientology in 1954 -55, you'll find that strange question, "have you ever stolen a HASI". It was put on there by Ron over the Atkinson incident. He was determined that that would never occur again and nobody would ever steal an organization out from underneath him, so he put that on the security check. And henceforth every student, every... well, not every preclear, but every student and everyone on the org lines had to pass that security check. And one of the questions was "have you ever stolen a HASI". So, of course, Jean went. He bought her out and out went Atkinson.

[[Antony: The story I heard (probably at home, from my mother or father) was that Jean Atkinson, had stolen money and so no longer was at the org. Of course the story Dennis gives here would never have been broadly released. I know that when Ron was at the other org (Washington or London) where he was not resident, bundles of papers and (in about 58 on) weekly cheques for each staff members wages, were sent to him for signing, and I presume he did not check the papers in detail, and amongst them was a legal

paper signing the HASI bank accounts over to Jean Atkinson - that is just a guess. Antony Phillips, Dec 3rd 2009 58.39]]

And Atkinson was replaced by Jack Parkhouse. The whole administration moved up into.... Jack Parkhouse, by the way, had been on the clinical course. He'd done it with Jack Horner. He'd done the clinical course with Horner, he was one of the students and show himself a very, very capable Scientologists and very capable auditor. His early promise had been maintained.[59.07] He took over the administration role but again, nobody minded this at all because he was given the post of Association Secretary. He had an office in the clinic and he was nominally in charge of the whole show, Jack was. But nobody minded this in the slightest. He was a first-class technical person, a first-class auditor and quite capable of handling any aspect of the subject. He knew the subject so we were very, very happy to accept Jack on board. He quickly became one of the team there. And he organized the moving of the whole of the admin out of 163 Holland Park Ave.. He moved the whole lot out there and appointed an office manager. We had an office manager there and the empty offices down the corridor that had been empty, they were too big for auditing rooms, he utilized those, two of them, as office space. And the whole administration section moved, moved into there. And we had an office manager who worked under Jack Parkhouse and Jack was in charge of the whole show. He was running everything. There was other changes at this point too... because Stan Richards had left, George wasn't happy doing the course there and he told Ron so, so Ron approached me and said, look, he said, I'd like Ann to go and do the D of P'ing on the clinic. He said, I want you to take over the training. I want you to not only become London's Director of Training, London, but you'll also be responsible for all the examinations worldwide. I'm not... far from happy about the system of examinations. It's too patchy and too scratchy, he said, all over the world. We've got to standardize it and the first thing I want you to do is to compose an examination paper, a theory paper for HPA students and pass it over to me for my approval. And when we've got it squared around, he said, we'll use it henceforth all over the world. I said, right Ron, it will be done. So the HPA course moved up to Palace Gardens Terrace. Moved out of 163. By now the HPA had moved out of 163 in to Palace Gardens Terrace. The whole administration had moved out of 163 and was now in Palace Gardens Terrace. The only thing left down at 163 was the PE administration. The public courses were going on down there in the evening and weekends... that was still... we held those offices. Ron still held those offices and he also, he wanted to use the space for lecturing himself so he held onto the premises even though they were a little bit underutilized for a while. Most of the activity was now it 83 Palace Gardens Terrace. This was a wonderful opportunity for me because of now broadening my Scientology skills. I had become very, very competent at processing and at D of P'ing and now I was moving over to the training side which is the other technical, main technical aspect of Scientology. I was now going to be... to learn all the intricacies of training and examinations and so forth. So I was very, very pleased with this. I was certainly looking forward to the event. Ann was now, had collected herself three new staff auditors who had come on the comm lines. One was a guy named Herbie Parkhouse, that was Jack Parkhouse's younger brother who had just graduated from the HPA course. And another was a girl called Jo Davis... Jo Blythe, sorry, she later became Jo Davis when she married the third staff auditor, Bob Davis. So we had three staff auditors there and there was another girl staff auditor, Nan Beardsley, they were the four staff auditors. There was a few other ones who used to come and go but that was the main ones, we started with, those four... that Ann started with. And Ann was now going to get stuck into the D of P'ing and regging. She was reg and D of P. they do mix those two posts, those two posts do mix together although in later org boards Ron separated the posts again. I think it's a mistake. The two

posts are very, very intimately connected. That's what I meant when I said earlier that the registrar should be a good technically trained person. And if the reg is a good technically trained person they can also be the D of P. they can D of P the cases and reg them as well. Ron Jeffcott, the weekend instructor, he moved his weekend and evening class into 83 Palace Gardens Ter. into the subsidiary room there we had. We had the big room that we used for main courses and clinical courses, B Scn courses and so forth. That was the big room, that big lecture room and we had a subsidiary, a slightly smaller lecture room which we could use for HPA courses. And as I say, the PE courses were still taking place down at 163. Mary Sue Hubbard had arrived over with Ron, with the family, and they set up residence in... it escapes me, I went there on more than one occasion but I've forgotten which suburb it is. It's around... it was a flat they had somewhere around, I believe it was around Bayswater way somewhere. It wasn't all that far from Palace Gardens Terrace. It was a very nice flat they had. And went over there on more than one occasion. We saw a lot of Ron during this period. Socially it was quite common for Ron and Jack Parkhouse and Ann and I to go out after, in the evening and have a meal and so forth. He was really socializing, much more than he'd ever socialized with us back in the early days in 1952, late 52 early 53. He was socializing much more with us. And it was quite.... I remember on more than one occasion Ron took us out, took Jack Parkhouse and I out to a nightclub where we sat and drank whiskey till about two o'clock in the morning. That's how sociable our executive director was getting. But the org was going well. One had to hand it to Jack, Jack was good. He was a very fine administrator and he was using his technical knowledge of Scientology in his administration. And we all respected Jack and the team worked. Ron knew it was working and that's why he was so pleased with it. It was a good choice. It was one of Ron's good choices that was when he chose Jack Parkhouse. I mean, that lad had come in on the HPA course and he shone right from the word go and then he'd pushed on and then paid for the clinical course himself, done the clinical course under Horner and again shone as an auditor and graduated and no doubt Horner recommended him because he was good. And Ron said, right, I need somebody to look after the place. And he made no mistake this time. He didn't choose an untrained person. He chose Jack Parkhouse and he did it right. I quickly became introduced to the intricacies of instructing, of giving impromptu lectures. I was a little bit adverse at first, you know, a little bit of trepidation there. I'd never done it before but it soon wore off. I soon became, within a few weeks, I was very, very accomplished at giving spontaneous talks and so forth. Eventually my lectures on the axioms, which I used to give to the class, became a standard part of all the HPA. I used to make a point, eventually of visiting the weekend course and the evening course and I used to give them all little talks on the axioms. They were all very very much appreciated. So things were going... things went very well and I was quickly going to the, into the training mode. Got out of the D of P mode and got into the D of T mode.

Meanwhile Ann was building up a considerable team there of staff auditors who were getting very, very loyal to Ann. This would cause a lot of trouble in the future, their loyalty to their reg and D of P. but you could understand it, I mean they had tremendous respect for Ann because of her natural ability as an auditor, they'd seen her work and they knew what she could do and they were all recent graduates from the course and they simply looked up with awe and admiration at this old timer and the way this old-timer could handle a preclear. And the sheer breadth of her understanding of auditing difficulties and how she could solve these difficulties and help them to solve their preclears difficulties. So they... you know... marvelous. Ron used to come along in the evenings at times, he used to come in and D of P the staff auditors and we all used to get in on the act because it was a rare, a rare pleasure to have Ron D of P'ing.

He called the staff auditors in and Ann would be there and Jack Parkhouse if he was available, if he wasn't too busy, he used to drop in too, and for an hour Ron would talk to the staff auditors and we would get an impromptu lecture and it was all very, very good. And so Ron was taking a very, very personal interest in HASI London at this point. It was beginning to look good. It was a part of the golden years that, 1955 was a part of the golden years of HASI London there. Everything was swinging along. Almost needless to say that once the organization... once Ron was there and the organization was swinging along that preclears started to come in and the PE lines looked up and books started to sell. It was quite amazing! And we had no shortage of people coming in. And Ann had enough of preclears going to keep her four staff auditors permanently amused, in fact, at one time she had as many as six going, six staff auditors going. Four regular ones and two spares that she had. And we were beginning to look forward to where the hell we're going to find some more auditing rooms!

Because we only had four regular auditing rooms. So of the four main staff auditors, the one who probably became the most well known in Scientology was Herbie Parkhouse. In the later years he became one of the instructors on the St. Hill briefing course and became quite a well known Scientologist, Herbie. Bob Davis and Jo Davis eventually emigrated to Australia. We saw them in Australia because Ann and I went to Australia. We met up with them in Australia... well they met up with us. They emigrated after we did. But eventually we saw them in Australia. Nan Beardsley, she eventually married an American, an American Scientologist, an American auditor and went and lived in Hawaii. And we are still in touch with Nan, with Nan Beardsley in present time. He just died, her husband has, the American auditor but she is still going, she's still alive, Nan Beardsley. At this time a very amusing incident occurred. We used to have what we... Ann used to run a service with the public what was called the two hour assist. It was run in the evening. One of the staff auditors was assigned and the idea was that people could ring in during the day if they needed a quick assist or if they got some little problem or other and they could come in, as long as they came in before 630 at night and registrar before 630 at night they could get the assist done that evening. But they had to be there by 630 because after that the auditor would go home and Ann would go home. There would be nobody there and they couldn't do it. But one evening at about 6:45, we just finished... Ron I believe had been D of P'ing. We'd all'd just strolled out of Ron's office and the receptionist says, there's a guy turned up for a two hour assist and so Ann regged him and she said, just missed, me staff auditor is gone. The other... she scheduled one of them and he'd gone off down the stairs. She'd missed him. He was quite right it was well after past 6:30. He'd gone home. I think it was Herbie, he'd gone anyway and she'd missed him. So she looked at me. She said, will you handle it? I said, sure. So a few minutes later I trotted an elderly Jewish, Jew, Jewish chappie down to the auditing room and got him into session and found out what the problem was. He was in a terrible state he was. He was grief stricken. It turned out to be one of the more interesting auditing sessions I've ever given in my life. I thought, oh well this is fine. I found out that his best friend had died that day. That morning he'd heard the sad news his best friend... and he'd been grief stricken ever since. So I just ran this out as an ordinary loss engram. I was running it, running it, then running it and he kept crying and crying and crying and I thought to myself, we're not getting anywhere on this one Dennis. We're not getting anywhere. We're not getting anywhere. We're not getting to the heart of this and so I questioned him again how long had he known this man. Oh, he'd known him for years and years and years. Off he went into tears again. And what was their association? Oh well, he was.... they were in business together. Oh yes... what sort of business? Oh well, he says, I'm in the diamond market. Oh yeah? And this other chappie who died? Was he in the diamond

market? Oh yes, yes, he was a diamond trader. We been in the market together for years and years and years. And he burst into tears again. I could see by my meter reactions I was getting warm. I said, well what is it about these diamonds? Well, he said, it's awful, he said. I mean, he said, I, I don't know what I'm going to do. I said, what do you mean what are you going to do? He says, well, I've been selling him diamonds all these years, he says. Making a little, you know, profit on the diamonds, he says, and now I won't be able to do it anymore. Well, I said, why won't you be able to sell the diamonds to someone else? Oh no, he said, nobody else would be able to give me that price that he would give me. And suddenly the penny dropped. What this guy was crying over, what was upsetting him, was the loss of profit. You wouldn't believe it! I thought the guy was running a loss of affinity. He'd lost a friend, you know. No, he was a Jew! It was loss of future profit. That was what was knocking him down tone scale. He'd been absolutely... you know, for years he'd been flogging these bloody diamonds to this other bloke and making a profit out of him and exploiting the other guy's lack of knowledge of the trade no doubt, making a huge profit out of it and now suddenly this other guy dies and all his profit was now gone. It knocked him into grief. Anyway, once we got to the cause of it, his tears rapidly packed up and he said, I don't know what I'm going to do? I said, well, you'll just have to go and find someone else to sell the diamonds to, won't you? And he said, well I suppose I will. And he said, thank you very much. How do you feel about it now? He said, well, you have helped me. And he went off very happily and saw Ann. And we finished the session off and so forth. I finished the session off and he went off and he went off home. And everyone was quite, quite happy about it. No, Ann wasn't there... no, that's right. He didn't see Ann. I saw Ann when I went home. Ann had left, she didn't stay. I reported the whole thing to her. She thought it was hilarious. She said, thank God you handled that one Dennis, she said. Not one of my staff auditors could have handled that. They would have made a bloody dogs breakfast out of that one, she said. They would have never spotted it in 1 million years. You needed an old hand to pick that one apart, to figure out why this guy was crying. Loss of profit, what next?

Well, things jogged along toward September, summer was passing going into autumn and Ron decided to run another clinical course. This time he was going to run it at 163 Holland Park Ave.. The premises had been changed somewhat down there. He'd got permission and do a bit of... took a wall down because the front office and the little office had been combined into one big area which... I hadn't been down there in a long while. I was amazed at what had taken place. I don't know how the hell they got permission to do that from the owner, but the owner had given them permission because there the work was done and there was a nice little stage set up there which took up most of, a good half of the little room, the stage. The main auditorium, which had been the main front office... the whole thing was a pretty darn big room now. It was quite big enough to run a course in. It had a proper, nice little stage there and everything, with lights and room for a microphone. Obviously some money had been invested in this by the old man for his clinical course. Fortunately, Ron had given us plenty of notice as staff members on this one. Ann and I were determined to get on this course. It was a rare treat to be personally lectured by the old man and we were absolutely determined, if humanly possible, to get on the course. I mean, obviously we were welcome on the course, it was just a question that we had to do our jobs while we were on the course. So I promptly stopped scheduling preclears, stopped scheduling students on the day course and timed it so that, when the course was on, there wouldn't be anybody on the day course. It was easily done as far as I was concerned, you just put them off for a later start and that left me free. Ann had a little more difficulty but she managed it too but she had to turn up at various times to do her D of P work. She couldn't drop the whole thing as easily as I could. But the course got underway. Again, it was an excellent turnout there. All

that was missing, I was hoping that Dennis O'Connell would turn up for the course, but he never did. I'm sure he could have gotten the course if he had wanted it. He only had to turn up and speak to Ron. They'd left under... you know, broken the comm line under unpleasant circumstances. I'm sure Ron had offered the olive branch and Dennis had turned it down. That was the only sad thing, was missing, was Dennis O'Connell. George was back on the line again. He turned up to retread his doctorate. By this time, of course, we'd all got our doctorate degrees. Jack Horner had graduated us and the certificates had all been made out, all our doctorates had been made out and signed by Ron. He'd even thrown in a bachelor of Scientology degree. So we had.. I had an HPA degree and a bachelor of Scientology degree and a Dr. of Scientology degree and there was an HGA degree that I'd also collected along the line when the early days. It was when I did the HPA course. There were some course stipulations. You had to send in three case histories. I was one of the few that did it. I sent in my three case histories and that made me a graduate, so I'd got the HGA certificate as well. So I ended up with four certificates. HPA, HGA, BScn and DScn.

Ann had the three certificates,....hmmm, no she never did get an HPA certificate. She had a BScn and a DScn. But we were all very, very happy. We were all very well certificated, we were. The course, the clinical course was an absolute joy. It was one where Ron introduced the Waterloo station processes, the "not know" processes. It was going out and spotting people and asking... well, I'll give you... there was an interesting point there was some difficulty with the command. Ron was using, "what don't you know about this person?" And I wrote a comm to him, I said that I tried it on a preclear. I said, a better auditing command would be, "what wouldn't you mind not knowing?" I said, I tested that out and found that it ran better than "what don't you know?" And Ron acknowledged back, said, "thank you very much Dennis, I think you're right". And the following day on the course he gave the alternate command. He wanted to test it. And all the auditors came back and said, yes, this command works much better. So, he said, "well we have Dennis Stephens to thank for that". He acknowledged the, he acknowledged where he got it from. So maybe, if you run the course... it was one of the things... of my contributions to Scientology was the command for the Waterloo station process, the "not know" process. The thing we'd added to the line, of course, was how indoctrination... of course, when Ron had come on the line there, he introduced the indoctrination course, the TR's, the training routines, one of the greatest additions to training that we... well, it just revolutionized training.

The first four TR's, 0,1,2,3 and 4.

We had an indoctrination instructor, Rosina Mann, who I hired and she was a recent HPA graduate and I thoroughly got her to understand what was expected. And the students when they came onto the HPA course would first of all do a week of indoctrination, to do their TR's and it worked out absolutely marvelously. An interesting sidelight on it, TR 1, now known in Scientology and known universally as dear Alice TR 1, I can tell you where the Alice in Wonderland came from in TR 1... I wandered into the indoc room one day to see how the course was going and there they all were sitting reading, trying to do TR 1, originate communications, reading out of a newspaper. It didn't sound a bit right to me reading the stock market reports and economic forecasts and so forth, it didn't sound a bit right to me. So I thought to myself, my God, they need something better than that to communicate. They need something up tone. Now, what's the most up tone book I know... Alice in Wonderland! So I went down to the local bookshop and nosed around and got some cheap copies of Alice. Sure Sir! I bought half a dozen copies on the spot, reclaimed the money out of petty cash and dumped them on Rosina's desk and said, for God sakes stop

using those newspapers. Use the Alice in Wonderland. Use the words, delete the "he said" and "she said" and just use the phrases from Alice in Wonderland. There's some beautiful phrases in that book. And it took on like wildfire, Alice. The students perked up immediately. They loved Alice. They really would communicate those, those beautiful phrases from Alice in Wonderland," off with his head!" you know. Beautiful, beautiful up tone phrases in Alice! And that was my own contribution to TR 1, was the Alice in Wonderland. The training routine eventually became known as dear Alice. Meanwhile, I'd finally got my examination paper out and composed a decent theory exam paper and passed it over to the old man and he said, it's fine. It's an excellent one he thought. So we got that off to the printers and that was in standard use and it went out to various parts of America. It went to all the American orgs that were teaching HPA. It was used, as far as I know, it was used for quite a while the HPA theory paper that I prepared. Ron was getting to rely upon me. He used to call me his encyclopedia of Scientology. He realized that I did have an encyclopedic knowledge of the subject and he used to rely upon it. But already the seeds, the seeds of the end of the line were coming because the more that Ann's staff auditors became loyal to Ann, the more it was upsetting Ron. And Ron could see that these auditors were absolutely devoted to Ann, their D of P. And it was upsetting the old man. It shouldn't have done, but it did. And the inevitable occurred one day, he simply fired Ann... on some excuse or other. And I realized, well, this is going to be the end. We won't take it anymore. We won't take this, Ann and I, we will not take this anymore. So I quit with Ann. I quit the org with Ann on the spot. And told Jack Parkhouse that this is the end, we've had enough. He'll have to find himself some more tech staff and off we went back to Battersea and went back to our private practice. So we were back off the lines again. It was an absolutely ridiculous thing for Ron to do. It was uncalled for. It was just sheer paranoia again. He had this feeling that these students, and that these staff auditors were more loyal to their, to Ann, their D of P than they were to him which was ridiculous. The staff auditors adored Ron. He was a god to them. But just because they used to trail around after Ann and showed so much affinity to Ann that they used to feel... that Ron felt that Ann was stealing their loyalty from him. And it was the old, the old paranoia that he had in his system, the old canker in his guts that was eating at him that eventually caused him to destroy his own subject. So he tossed out again... he lost a brilliant D of P and a brilliant reg when he tossed Ann out. And of course, I went and he lost another brilliant technical person when he lost me. He lost a brilliant D of T, Examiner and also a very, very competent D of P and auditor. He lost hands down you see. There is no way you can win with paranoia. It's a situation where the subject who's got the paranoia always loses. This happened early in 1956, about March or April I think it blew up and we walked out to. Ann got fired. And I went in... we did some auditing and decided to emigrate to Australia and we carried on with our auditing practice. And then I went and spoke with Jack Parkhouse and he was quite amenable. He got Ron's permission for me to have the rights to train in Australia, to teach HPA courses when we got to Australia. Ron, he had no ARC break with me. He was disappointed that I'd left but he understood why I'd left because Ann was my wife. I couldn't stay on in the org under those circumstances when my wife had been fired, in my eyes quite unnecessarily. After a while, Ann and I started collecting our things together, applied for emigration to Australia. And after all this, eventually clearing up and getting everything, our things in order, we set off in May 1957 to see what Australia had to offer for us and the family and the children.