Dear Janis Gillham Grady Conspiracy Theory Cult,

Greetings to its Queen, Janis Gillham Grady; to its Judas, Jim Dincalci; to its perpetually persecuted Job, Gerry Armstrong; to its Magdalene, Elizabeth “Liz” Ausley-Gablehouse; to its silent Scion, Terri Gillham Gamboa; to its Pope, Tony Ortega; to its chief Unholy-Ghost Writer in the Sky, Dan Koon; and to all the little pearl-clutching, apron-grasping apostles and disciples of the cult.

I felt deeply, as a calling, that it’s time again for some quiet reverent reflection on the plague of Conspiracy Theories about L. Ron Hubbard (LRH). The most feverish, farcical, fanatical, infected, and virulent conspiracy theories around the world about LRH all come from your little cult.

I can’t help but pause to observe what a tiny cult it is, too, yet all the Big Conspiracy Theories about L. Ron Hubbard spring forth from this one little tight-knit group of zealots (some no longer with us), all chanting the same talking points, as if singing from a hymnal—no matter which Operation Mockingbird mouthpiece is broadcasting it all. The choir:

Janis Gillham Grady          Gerry Armstrong
Kenneth Urquhart            Jim Dincalci
Kima Dunleavy Douglas        Mike Douglas
Amos Jessup                  David Mayo
Hana Eltringham Whitfield    Laurel Watson Sullivan
Liz Ausley Gablehouse        John McLean
Dede Reisdorf Voegeding

There it is. The Devil’s Dozen. It’s as though you wanted to start a religion, so you made up sensationalistic mythology about “L. Ron Hubbard” so you could sell books and make money, make more money, and make others spread the malicious myths to make money.

And that brings us to the burlesque of 1974–1975, when your “L. Ron Hubbard,” the graven image of your cult, supposedly ducked and dodged all over the Lesser Antilles on the flagship Apollo, like some latter-day Odysseus, ever on the run from— Well, nobody seems to know what he was on the run from. Maybe sea monsters. But we’ll get to that, and soon.

As in our earlier correspondence, when your 1972 LRH Moroccan Sec-Checking Conspiracy Theory was shredded and ground it into a fine powder, I’m using this definition from the American Heritage Dictionary for “conspiracy theory”:

A hypothesis alleging that the members of a coordinated group are, and/or were, secretly working together to commit illegal or wrongful actions including attempting to hide the existence of the group and its activities.

Put on your Bermuda shorts and Hawaiian-print shirts, grab a Mai-Tai, and let’s go to the Caribbean!

THE CONSPIRACY THEORY VERSUS CONSPIRACY FACT

The prevailing and most predominant, widespread conspiracy theory about L. Ron Hubbard in 1974–1975 (hereinafter The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory) is this:

**CONSPIRACY THEORY**: That L. Ron Hubbard was wanted by or in trouble with a number of governments and federal agencies (for alleged wrongdoings never named, identified, or
described) and so conspired with about 300 crew members of his Sea Organization (Sea Org) on his flagship *Apollo*, plus Scientology public who were visiting the *Apollo* for services, plus members of Scientology’s Guardian’s Office (GO), to keep his whereabouts a deep secret throughout the relevant times of 1974 and 1975. (We must be up to around 500 people involved in this alleged LRH conspiracy already.)

According to the LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory, LRH had to flee Europe and the Mediterranean area in 1974 with his +300 Sea Org crew on the flagship *Apollo* because—Well, because “reasons.” (He didn’t have to flee, as will become obvious, but The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory couldn’t exist without the claim that he did.) He therefore took his ship frantically across the Atlantic Ocean, bound for the United States.

**CONSPIRACY FACT:** During part of the time span of The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory, some members of the Guardian’s Office (GO) were unlawfully infiltrating US government offices in Washington, DC, for political espionage purposes, to illegally copy and steal government documents, regularly committing federal felonies—all to fight a tax bill for the Church of Scientology of California amounting to $21,601.52.

**CONSPIRACY THEORY:** The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory insists that the criminal acts being committed by members of the GO were being done *on L. Ron Hubbard’s own orders* in his super-secret “Snow White” program, all under the *knowing, willful supervision* of his wife, Mary Sue Hubbard (MSH).

Hubbard’s plan on crossing the Atlantic allegedly was to land at Charleston, South Carolina, on 30 November 1974. He was going to move ashore there with the Sea Org and establish a “land base” in the United States, which would be his home and the centralized organization for the highest levels of Scientology technology and management—all while the GO was infiltrating the US government in DC and committing federal felonies, allegedly on his orders.

(Rational thinkers: This is the Conspiracy Theory; please don’t ask me to try to make sense of it for you.)

But, *quel dommage!* Pretty much every government agency and intelligence agency and law-enforcement agency in the United States had (somehow) gotten wind of his plan, and they were lying in wait for him in Charleston, like an ambush at Dry Gulch. And somehow—*somehow*—L. Ron Hubbard, out in the international waters of the Atlantic, just off the coast of South Carolina, got wind of their plans to nab him. (Nobody offers any plausible explanation. Must have been super OT abilities.)

Always the clever fox, always “one step ahead of the shoeshine, two steps away from the county line,” Hubbard issued a stentorian order to turn left (okay: “to port,” in ship lingo), thereby avoiding the evil government-agent ambush by sailing south, to the warm waters of the greater Caribbean, arriving at first island landfall on or about Saturday, 2 November 1974.

According to the LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory, L. Ron Hubbard then roamed the Caribbean islands for about a year on his ship the *Apollo*, as lost and aimless as the Ancient Mariner, thudding from one crisis to always another, but whiling away his peaceful interludes taking truly *awful* photographs on the various visited islands, with his camera like an albatross around his neck, using his Sea Org followers as “models” in “costumes” made from clothes that the Salvation Army would throw into dumpsters, and...
using “sets” that were made from furniture and scraps apparently found in such dumpsters. (Somebody factually did take those awful photos.) During this time, all of his hundreds of co-conspirators managed to keep his location a deep, dark secret from the entire world, including all the government agencies—according to the conspiracy theory.

**CONSPIRACY FACT:** During this 1974–75 Caribbean sojourn, even though GO personnel were infiltrating the IRS and other government agencies in Washington, DC, coordinated with GO World-Wide headquarters in England, not one of the US federal law-enforcement and intelligence agencies who supposedly were out to capture LRH ever found out that this theft was going on right in their own buildings, right under their noses. (You either accept that, or, they were complicit and condoned it for their own purposes.)

**CONSPIRACY THEORY:** The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory insists that throughout the Caribbean cruising, both LRH and MSH were fully, knowingly, wittingly informed of and complicit in the Guardian’s Office’s massive international criminal espionage conspiracy being run against all the major US federal law-enforcement and intelligence agencies. Yet somehow these intelligence agencies never could find out where LRH and MSH were hiding. Just as in the Great Moroccan Sec-Checking Conspiracy Theory, the LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory paints L. Ron Hubbard as the greatest master of espionage who ever lived.

After wandering and camera-clicking away aimlessly in the Caribbean for about a year (while allegedly running his political espionage ring in DC), LRH suddenly had another inspiration for invading the United States, according to the Conspiracy Theory, this time even further south than Charleston, down in the sunny climes of Florida. To that end he had two phony shell corporations created: United Churches of Florida Inc., and Southern Land Development and Leasing Corporation. He sent Sea Org missionaires hither and yon to shuttle pallets of cash around, and to find various properties he could secretly rent or purchase, first in Daytona Beach, then in Clearwater, Florida.

He then came sneaking and slinking ashore, hiding out in various Florida properties, wearing sporty disguises—but for only a few months. Then he got spooked yet again, and went flailing off to— Wait for it: Washington, DC, to hide. (You know, where all the federal intelligence agencies and law-enforcement agencies that supposedly were out to get him were based, and where the GO was committing daily federal felonies against those government agencies in their own buildings.)

**DOCUMENTATION OF THE ALLEGED CONSPIRACY**

Almost no primary documents of any description, from any source, exist to support the claims of the LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory, and the few documents that do exist prove that the LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory is garbage fiction, truly bargain-basement paperback rot fiction, as will be shown herein. This “L. Ron Hubbard” presented by the Conspiracy Theorists has all the substance and life of a theater lobby foam-core cutout standee. Their narrative is like small children playing with dolls: “Then LRH went over here. Then LRH said this. Then the Commodore went that-a-way.”

The available documentation also proves beyond any reasonable doubt that there were at least two “L. Ron Hubbards” in the Caribbean at relevant times in 1975, neither of which may have been the natural person born Lafayette Ronald Hubbard in 1913.

To borrow the parlance of the Conspiracy Theorists themselves, their manufactured LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory is the “shore story” fed to the gullible rubes. It is an open gushing pipeline of fictional sewage that they use to anoint, baptize, and feed their flock of Conspiracy Theory Cult fans, who lap it up without question and say, “Please, sir, I want some more.”
The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory consists almost entirely and exclusively of anecdotal claims by people who insist they were part of alleged conspiracies run by L. Ron Hubbard, but who cannot produce any independently verifiable and tangible evidence of their claims.

It is a story that could have been written by any godawful spy-fiction writer, woven around and intertwined with actual historical events, and that fiction would have every bit as much substantial record as The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory: none.

The following timeline consists of actual provable facts, interspersed with the claims of the LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory Cult members. As a result, this timeline presents the fictional LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory overlay, but also presents glimpses through it, to the actual conspiracy of the very people who created the LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory solely to cover up and hide their own actions. Accusing others of what they themselves are doing, they always denounce anything other than their own fictional “Official Story” Conspiracy Theory as a “conspiracy theory.”

PARALLEL TIME TRACKS: REAL-WORLD DOCUMENTED EVENTS AND THE ALLEGED LRH CARIBBEAN CONSPIRACY THEORY, MERGED

There is no way to proceed with The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory other than to present it as two parallel time tracks, merged, containing well-documented real-world events, interlaced with the alleged, but undocumented, unconfirmable “events” of The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory. We begin near the middle of 1974 with a factual tax bill from the IRS. The Scientology flagship Apollo has recently been in Lisbon, Portugal, then has sailed to Cadiz, Spain, on or about this date:

**Friday, 7 June 1974**

On June 7, 1974 IRS mailed a notice of deficiency to Church of Scientology of California (CSC) for the taxable years 1965 through 1967. The deficiencies were:

- **1965** .......... $ 2,614.19
- **1966** ..........  5,041.03
- **1967** .......... 13,946.30

**[TOTAL .... $21,601.52]**

CSC filed a timely petition in the Tax Court for the 1965 deficiency.

**SOURCE:** Church of Scientology of California, Petitioner V. Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Respondent. Docket No. 3352-78. United States Tax Court. Filed September 24, 1984.

For some vital perspective, that same US Tax Court decree says there was “$2 million in cash” onboard the Scientology flagship Apollo on this date, which was “kept in a file cabinet in a strongroom to which only Mary Sue Hubbard had keys,” and which “in reality belonged to” CSC. (Janis contradicts the Tax Court, saying that only LRH could access the cash onboard, not Mary Sue; contradictions abound in her Conspiracy Theory Cult.)

In short, the “tax deficiency” allegedly owed by CSC at the time was about one percent of the $2 million in cash that CSC had sitting idly on the Apollo, under the control of Mary Sue Hubbard—who, as Controller, had authority over the cash, and over Scientology’s Guardian’s Office.
Please make special note that the $2 million was only the amount of cash onboard the ship, which had been brought there, according to the Tax Court, in 1972. According to The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory Cult, CSC also had massive pallets of cash in a Swiss bank. But the single most important fact to glean from the documented data and chart above is the following:

Both the Janis Gillham Grady Conspiracy Theory Cult and the United States federal government are going to tell the exact same story: That LRH and MSH knowingly, wittingly, ran a massive international espionage conspiracy inside agencies of the US federal government for several years, committing felonies that would send MSH and others to jail, all because of a “tax deficiency” that was about one percent of the amount of money that LRH, MSH, and CSC had in cash onboard the Apollo.

That should tell you everything you need to know about the Janis Gillham Grady Conspiracy Theory Cult being a close ally with the US government, but I recommend that you print out the chart and information above and keep it in front of you throughout The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory.

And just over two weeks later, Fred Hare—who moved the $2 million onboard the Apollo in 1972, then allegedly was involved in the Moroccan “Sec Check” mission in 1972, and, who had been involved in setting up the fraudulent Religious Research Foundation (RRF) in 1972—writes:

SATURDAY, 22 JUNE 1974
Guardian Order, GO 1206, 22 June 1974, “THE SNOW WHITE PROGRAM.” In it, Hare alludes obliquely to a separate Guardian Order, a program, saying that the separate program “was written by the Commodore [LRH] who called it ‘Snow White.’”
SOURCE: Copy of GO 1206 on the Internet

You have just had your head spun around on your shoulders by one of the dirtiest but most often used gimmicks of intelligence agencies, something that Ashton Gray calls “a CIA twosie.” Let’s count the ways this “GO 1206” is a vicious intel psyop:

1. Fred Hare names his “Guardian Order” the same as the earlier “Guardian Order” he refers to: “SNOW WHITE PROGRAM.”
2. Fred Hare omits any official citation to the earlier Guardian Order, not even giving its number, which is GO 732, dated 20 April 1973, also currently available on the Internet.
3. Fred Hare asserts that GO 732 was “written by the Commodore [LRH],” a “fact” that is impossible for Hare to independently know, because on 20 April 1973 “L. Ron Hubbard” allegedly was in hiding in Queens, New York, attended only by psychiatric nurse Jim Dincalci and US intelligence asset Paul Preston—if L. Ron Hubbard was there at all.
4. Now there are two “Guardian Orders,” both named “SNOW WHITE PROGRAM” (Hare’s with a gratuitous “The” put in front of it), one of them allegedly written by L. Ron Hubbard, the other written by Fred Hare pushing implementation of the first one “hard, hard, hard.”

There are only two ways Fred Hare could assert that the original “Snow White Program,” GO 732, was written by LRH: Either he was told that by psychiatric nurse Jim Dincalci, or, he relied on the name “L. Ron Hubbard” that may be typed at the end of GO 732.

But nobody in the outside world in 2021 even knows whether that name is on the last page or not, because the only copy of GO 732 released by the FBI has the last page missing. In short, there is absolutely no material evidence of authorship of GO 732—not even a typed name.
Therefore, we can flush down the nearest toilet any reliance on Hare having seen the name “L. Ron Hubbard” on GO 732, unless or until such evidence materializes in the real world—but even then it would be a typed name, which either the psychiatric nurse Jim Dincalci or the US intel asset Paul Preston could have typed when writing GO 732, if they did.

Of course, if you believe that L. Ron Hubbard or Mary Sue Hubbard or both actually were aboard the Apollo here in June 1972, then you can be suckered into believing that Fred Hare got it all right from the “Source.” But this Open Letter demonstrates conclusively that the “LRH” and “MSH” in these narratives of the Conspiracy Theory Cult have no more substance than cardboard cutouts or ghosts, and before it’s all over, there are going to be at least two “L. Ron Hubbards” in the Caribbean.

The Apollo is in Lisbon, Portugal, on **Wednesday, 10 July 1974**. There is a real documented conspiracy going on at the time—not with LRH or MSH or the flagship Apollo, but on the other side of the world from where it was, at the Stanford Research Institute (SRI) in Palo Alto, California:

**FRIDAY, 12 JULY 1974**

Scientology OT III Pat Price is secretly in a contract with the Central Intelligence Agency, along with OT VII Hal “Hal” Puthoff and Ingo Swann. Using geographical coordinates supplied by CIA’s Ken Kress for remote-viewing experiments, Price identifies a Soviet military research facility at the southern edge of the Semipalatinsk nuclear test area in the Kazakh Republic. The accuracy of Price’s reports about the place become an important factor in future funding for Scientology OTs Puthoff, Swann, and Price in the secret CIA “remote viewing” operation being run domestically in the US.


According to OT VII Hal Puthoff, the CIA’s illegal domestic operation at SRI was above top-secret, requiring even those with top-secret clearances in the US government and military to have a special code word to access any of the information about it. He should know; he ran it for the CIA.

Despite anecdotal (read: “fictional”) loud claims to the contrary, there never has been any scrap of documentation in the public record showing that L. Ron Hubbard, or Mary Sue Hubbard, or the Guardian’s Office ever found out anything about the three Scientology OTs being in an above-top-secret contract with the CIA, which would continue for many years to come.

**On the same day** that Pat Price’s Semipalatinsk remote-viewing results were turned in to CIA:
FRIDAY, 12 JULY 1974:
The flagship Apollo leaves the mainland of Europe for the last time, from Lisbon, Portugal, sailing for three days to Tenerife in the Canary Islands.
SOURCE: Janis Gillham Grady, Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms

That note about the Sea Org, its flagship Apollo, and purportedly the whereabouts of L. Ron Hubbard, is to locate us in time and place for this next event:

MONDAY, 22 JULY 1974, QUOTING JANIS GILLHAM GRADY:
During the two weeks in Tenerife ... Mike Douglas and Gerry Armstrong were sent to Madrid as couriers with shipments of mail for the Continental Offices. They were to rejoin the ship once we left the Canary Islands and arrived in Funchal, Madeira. Mike and Gerry ... were taken into custody by the airport police and detained ... . They were interrogated separately and bullied by an English-speaking agent whom they suspected to be from the US Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA). After hours of detention, they were released and flew back to the ship.
SOURCE: Janis Gillham Grady, Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms

As covered in “An Open Letter on Conspiracy Theories About L. Ron Hubbard and Morocco 1972,” DEA agents working overseas have “special clearances” from the CIA, and Mike Douglas was one of two known Conspiracy Theory Cult members who previously had met with DEA/CIA agents in Madrid for several days, on 19 November 1972—under nearly identical circumstances and “reasons.” The other person who met with the agents in that earlier incident later became Mike’s wife, Kima Dunleavy Douglas—yet another major member of the Conspiracy Theory Cult. She said, under oath, that they met with a CIA agent. If you have not read that earlier open letter, I recommend it to your attention, available here: “An Open Letter on Conspiracy Theories About L. Ron Hubbard and Morocco 1972.”

For now, let’s see how Conspiracy Theory Cultist Gerry Armstrong tells his version of this 1974 meeting that he and Mike Douglas had with one or more agents of the CIA/DEA, emphasis added:

MONDAY, 22 JULY 1974, QUOTING GERRY ARMSTRONG:
Michael and I were fired to courier some mail to Madrid for transshipment to the SO’s continental relay offices, and then we were to rejoin the ship in Funchal [Madeira]. ... By the time Michael and I were sent on our courier run ... the Apollo’s long term black PR in Spain had been fully handled ... access to Spanish ports had been opened up for the ship as a result of the handling. Nevertheless, Michael and I triggered some alarm with the authorities at Barajas Airport, and we were hauled into an airport police office and detained for some hours. All our boxes of mail traffic were opened, the contents gone through, and our Scientology documents read. We were interrogated separately, bullied a bit by an American-English speaking agent that we surmised was DEA, and then let go to fly on to Madeira.
SOURCE: Gerry Armstrong, “Hallelujah, bye and bye, Michael Douglas”
So only 10 days after OT III Pat Price’s startling remote-viewing results for the CIA, an agent or agents representing that same CIA (well, there is only one CIA, after all) had a meeting in Madrid with not one but two High Priests of the Conspiracy Theory Cult.

Please note Armstrong’s assertion that the Apollo’s problems in Spain have been “fully handled” by this date. It’s going to rear its Iberian head before long.

The same day that Gerry Armstrong and Mike Douglas were meeting with a CIA/DEA rep in Madrid, an issue purportedly written by L. Ron Hubbard was sent to Scientology organizations around the world as an “L. Ron Hubbard Executive Directive,” LRH ED 12 EU, 22 July 1974, pushing two of the squirreliest, un-Hubbardest packages of garbage released to date: the “Big League Sales” program (which alienated every registrar and Scientologist), and the “Basic Study Manual,” a “based on the works of L. Ron Hubbard” kiddie-level booklet that dumbed Hubbard’s study technology down to the level of idiots—who of course were then no smarter for having read it.

The plans that were discussed between Gerry Armstrong, Mike Douglas, and the CIA/DEA operative in Madrid that day, 22 July 1974, would not be put into action for a little while, because certain wheels were being set in motion several thousand miles away, in Washington, DC:

THURSDAY, 15 AUGUST 1974

Cindy Raymond, in the US Information Bureau of the Guardian’s Office in Los Angeles, sends a directive to Michael Meisner, Assistant Guardian for Information in Washington, DC, ordering him to recruit “a loyal Scientologist” to be placed as a covert agent at Internal Revenue Service in Washington, D.C., for the purpose of illegally taking from IRS copies of all documents that deal with Scientology.

SOURCE: Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78-401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

Meanwhile, back across the Atlantic, over in the Canary Islands off the west coast of Morocco, there doesn’t seem to be a care in the world on the Apollo. According to Janis Gillham Grady: “We spent August and September of 1974 sailing between Tenerife and La Palma.”

You did? That’s odd, because according to passport records, your fellow Conspiracy Theory Cultist Gerry Armstrong didn’t. On Thursday, 15 August 1974—the same day Cindy Raymond ordered that a covert agent be infiltrated into IRS staff—Gerry Armstrong was in Funchal, Madeira, and Madeira is almost 300 miles north of the Canary Islands, across a whole lot of water. But then he comes back to Tenerife—but then turns around and goes back to Funchal, Madeira, while the Apollo is idly waffling between Tenerife and La Palma, near the end of August. And then he comes back to Tenerife. What business could Gerry have had in Funchal, Madeira, that was so pressing? (I have a suspicion we’ll find out soon.) Meanwhile:

THURSDAY, 12 SEPTEMBER 1974

Conspiracy Theory Apostle Liz Ausley, now married as Gablehouse, flies from Tenerife “across the pond” to the United States to spend three weeks there, purportedly to meet her new Gablehouse in-laws in Florida. (But she will be gone for nearly six weeks.)

SOURCE: Janis Gillham Grady, Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms
And three days later, in Washington, DC:

**SUNDAY, 15 SEPTEMBER 1974**
Cindy Raymond informs Michael Meisner that she has selected Gerald Bennett Wolfe to infiltrate the IRS on behalf of the Church of Scientology.

**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78-401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

Who is Gerald Bennett Wolfe? Where did he come from? What is his background? Why was he selected? Was he even a Scientologist? If anybody knows, including the US government, they have never said and aren’t saying. (Hey, Lizzie: Any help, maybe from your detailed notebook/diary thing?)

We can’t really pause to mull it over, though, because things are starting to snap and pop, both in the real conspiracies that are afoot, and in The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory.

**THURSDAY, 26 SEPTEMBER 1974**
Gerry Armstrong leaves Santa Cruz de Tenerife.

**SOURCE:** Gerry Armstrong passport scans online.

**SUNDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER 1974**
Gerry Armstrong enters Lisbon, Portugal.

**SOURCE:** Gerry Armstrong passport scans online.

Why would one of our Priests of the Conspiracy Theory Cult be leaving the ship in Tenerife and heading off to Lisbon—given that the ship has left mainland Europe for the last time? He’s going to Lisbon about two months after meeting with the CIA/DEA rep in Madrid, and after recently meeting repeatedly with somebody in Funchal, Madeira. Where is he going to go from Lisbon? These are damned good questions. The answers will hit us soon—like a swarm of hornet stings to the face.

**TUESDAY, 1 OCTOBER 1974**
A letter is sent from the Arizona Corporation Commission to the Hubbard Association of Scientologists International (HASI, Inc.), c/o Louis L. Zussman, 203 Luhrs Tower, Phoenix, Arizona, stating that on 15 August 1974, the corporation had become delinquent in the filing of its annual report and payment of registration fee. The letter was undeliverable, and was returned to the Commission.

**SOURCE:** Microfiche record from Arizona Corporations Commission.

HASI, Inc. holds and protects all of LRH’s intellectual property. And on the same day:

**TUESDAY, 1 OCTOBER 1974**
Gerald Bennett Wolfe arrives in the District of Columbia, sent there by Cindy Raymond for the express purpose of infiltrating IRS.

**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78-401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

With the quiet but pivotal arrival of Wolfe the Wolfman in DC, the action needs to be paused for a look behind the scenes at what has been happening in another port-of-call the *Apollo* had visited during the previous year: Funchal, on the island of Madeira.

During an earlier trip there, in February, a handful of Sea Org members had been dropped off—some of them high-level members of the LRH Conspiracy Theory Cult—allegedly to do some kind of
tourist surveys for the local government. (Please keep in mind that this is the “shore story” about why they had been dropped off there.) The group includes Jim “Wretched Ratched” Dincalci, Mike Rinder, and sweet Liz “Lizard” Ausley-Gablehouse, purportedly the “In-Charge” of the group. They have been there during Gerry Armstrong’s repeated recent visits to Funchal, but Liz has now flown away to the United States, so we don’t know who is “in charge.” Jim Dincalci has been very busy, though, supposedly running some kind of business course, which Queen of the Conspiracy Theorists Janis Gillham Grady says included a man who “was there as a government agent and had been sending back good reports.”

An agent of which agency in which government, sending reports back to whom, you might be wondering. Well, you haven’t learned the First Commandment of the Conspiracy Theory Cult: “Thou shalt ask no questions; thou shalt accept what we tell you, the way we tell you, and shut up about it.”

So for months, Jim Dincalci, Liz Ausley-Gablehouse, and Mike Rinder had been hobnobbing with one or more intelligence agents of the United States and/or of the Five Eyes in Funchal, Madeira. [FIVE EYES: Intelligence agency coalition of Australia, Canada, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, and the US.] And one of the High Priests of the Conspiracy Theory Cult, Gerry Armstrong, had made a few trips over to Funchal by himself several weeks earlier.

I don’t include Mike Rinder in the Unholy 13 of the LRH Conspiracy Theory Cult because he is more in the nature of a water carrier and foot washer for them, but he was there in Funchal, too, and his role was not minimal: He sent and received telexes, so was able to feed information about the Guardian’s Office DC operations and about the ship to Dincalci, Ausley-Gablehouse, and Armstrong, which they could then pass along to their US and other Five-Eyes intel contacts.

As for Dincalci, that certainly wasn’t all he was up too in Funchal, Madeira. Oh, he was a very, very busy boy. As Dincalci told Russell Miller (mouthpiece for confessed MI-5 agent Chris Owen) in Bare-Faced Messiah: “I had made friends on the island and had contacts in local Communist cells.”

And dear, loyal, faithful Jim, always with such a loving and caring attitude toward L. Ron Hubbard, decided that he had better warn “L. Ron Hubbard” about something: “I sent telexes to LRH warning him what was happening and advising him not come to Madeira until things had calmed down.” Well, sure Jim did that. Sure he did. We can’t see the telexes, but, sure he did.

ASIDE: You know, if I were the director of the Central Intelligence Agency right about this time in 1974, and I secretly had three Scientology OTs under contract stealing L. Ron Hubbard’s Operating Thetan Technology for military espionage purposes, I sure would want to get Hubbard under control, permanently (if he wasn’t already)—and especially that annoying wife of his, Mary Sue Hubbard, and her Guardian’s Office. I would want some kind of scandalous, sensationalistic event that would be a catalyst, a lit short fuse, that explosively would be an excuse to drive the Hubbard bunch and his ship and his meddling wife eastward, toward the United States.

I’m not clairvoyant or prescient, but I just have a gut feeling, a premonition, that something like that may be about to happen.

WEDNESDAY, 2 OCTOBER 1974, WITH QUOTES FROM JANIS GILLHAM GRADY

The Apollo arrives in Funchal, Madeira. Jim Dincalci, already in Funchal, had previously sent a telex for the ship to stay away because of rumors that it was “a CIA spy ship.” “Jim Din was shocked,” says Janet Gillham Grady. “With a hollow feeling inside him, he watched the Apollo sail into Funchal harbor on Wednesday, October 2, 1974.”
Poor devoted Jim. That LRH just would not listen to him. L. Ron Hubbard must have had an SC-55 Walkman with earphones on, listening to Three Dog Night singing “Mama Told Me Not to Come,” so didn’t receive poor old faithful Jim Dincalci’s dire warning telex. Or telexes. (Assuming there were any telexes sent at all, and assuming that L. Ron Hubbard was there at all, but stay tuned).

Before we go even a step forward, I have to ask you—beg you—to do me a tiny personal favor. I swear it won’t take more than 30 seconds of your time, and unless I’m very mistaken it will take less than five seconds, at most. And here is the favor I ask: I would like you to pause and think through the Janis Gillham Grady statement above: “a CIA spy ship.” If you laugh until you literally cry or hurt yourself, please don’t blame me. I’m not the one trying to make a fool of you. It’s Janis and her Conspiracy Theory Cult that dream up this garbage. Of course “a CIA spy ship” has never existed and will never exist and is absurd. But now let’s see what happens!

To set the board as the game begins: Already in Funchal when the Apollo arrives on **Wednesday, 2 October 1974** are Conspiracy Theory Cult members Jim Dinalci and Mike Rinder. A High Priest of the LRH Conspiracy Theory Cult, Gerry Armstrong, is in Lisbon, Portugal, on this date, for reasons unknown, but recently has been back and forth from the Canary Islands to Funchal. Conspiracy Theory Cultist Liz Ausley-Gablehouse previously had been in Funchal for months, but is in the United States now, purportedly in Florida, purportedly for “three weeks” (but stay tuned), purportedly for in-law purposes. (Look, there always has to be a “shore story,” a “plausible” reason, whatever the Conspiracy Theory Cult is doing.) The Apollo now is in Funchal, Madeira.

Perhaps the most important piece of all: Gerald Bennett Wolfe is in position in DC. Got all that? I hope so, because now I give you **fair and adequate warning**: Pay attention to the fast moves that follow as though you were watching a Three-Card Monte crook on a street corner, or a Pea-and-Shells game operator, or a slick magician performing the venerable Cups-and-Balls trick, because these moves that follow hard and fast are every bit as deceptive, and are every bit as calculated by the Conspiracy Theory Cultists to make your head spin around like Linda Blair in* The Exorcist*. Watch closely:

**THURSDAY, 3 OCTOBER 1974**

On October 3, 1974, in the harbor of Funchal in the Portuguese island of Madeira, the Apollo was actually attacked by an angry mob of several hundred demonstrators who believed she was a CIA spy ship. The enraged rioters stormed the wharf and tried to loosen the vessel from her moorings. They shoved cars and motorcycles belonging to the Apollo’s crew off the dock, into the sea. They assaulted the vessel itself with stones and incendiary bombs, resulting in serious injuries to fifteen members of the ship’s crew... . A contingent of the Portuguese army stood by and watched.

**SOURCE:** Omar Garrison, *Playing Dirty.*

That’s from Omar Garrison, describing the infamous “Rock Festival,” as it came to be known, the pivotal, history-changing riot in Madeira that sent “L. Ron Hubbard” fleeing, yet again, this time away from Europe and the Mediterranean, across the Atlantic toward the United States. Omar Garrison wasn’t there, so got all his information about this riot from Gerry Armstrong (who wasn’t there) and other members of the LRH Conspiracy Theory Cult. But now we know: The infamous “Rock Festival” riot happened on **Thursday, 3 October 1974**, and — Hang on a sec. The Reigning Queen of the LRH Conspiracy Theory Cult herself, Janis Gillham Grady, wants to weigh in on this:

**FRIDAY, 4 OCTOBER 1974**

October 4th ... I had the day off. ... As darkness set in over the island, a large group of young men gathered in a local park for a rally of some sort. As Jim [Dincalci] had reported a week
earlier, they were apparently members of the Communist party. They began chanting CIA, CIA, CIA, in Portuguese, which meant nothing to the crew walking past. [NOTE: Apparently “CIA” is something else in Portuguese. Well, no, it isn’t.] ... The crowd on the dock grew to about 250 to 300 people who formed an agitated mob. The taxis opened their trunks, revealing loads of rocks. When the mob started throwing the rocks at the ship, though only half the crew were aboard, Condition One (all hands) repelling boarder stations was called on the PA system, along with all hands-on deck to stop unauthorized persons from boarding the ship. ... By the time the ship was able to get away from the dock and safely to anchor, about 15 crew members had been seriously hurt by flying rocks.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

Well! My goodness! But everyone made it back aboard the ship, which then skedaddled, so now we know that the “Rock Festival” happened on Thursday, 3 October — No, I’m sorry: it’s now Friday, 4 October 1974 when it happened. (Keep your eye on the shell hiding the pea.) But here’s something weird: Gerry Armstrong isn’t with the ship at all during the “Rock Festival” in Funchal, Madeira. If you recall, he arrived in Lisbon, Portugal days earlier, on 29 September, and suddenly now:

**SUNDAY, 5 OCTOBER 1974**

Gerry Armstrong departs from Lisbon, Portugal.

**SOURCE:** Gerry Armstrong passport scans online.

What has Gerry Armstrong been doing in Lisbon for a week? And where the hell can he be going? He certainly isn’t traveling to Funchal, Madeira, to join the Apollo; that ship has sailed. Literally—at least out to anchor, away from the docks, soon to sail for real, according to the Queen:

**SUNDAY, 6 OCTOBER 1974, QUOTING JANIS GILLHAM GRADY**

We sailed south, hoping to give the Portuguese in Madeira the idea we were heading down to the coast of Africa. ... Once the Commodore thought we were out of radar range of the island and with all lights out, therefore untraceable, we turned and headed west across the Atlantic, with Bermuda as our next destination. ... Our plan was to keep heading west to ... Charleston, South Carolina.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

But wait, Janis: Why didn’t L. Ron Hubbard turn east, to the Iberian Peninsula, maybe to Lisbon, where Gerry Armstrong had just been—and where the ship had had “the most successful dry dock ever,” according to Norman Starkey—or to Spain, where Gerry, and you, have said the situation had been “totally handled” for the Apollo to come back?

People who can think rationally: Don’t wait for any answer from the Conspiracy Theory Cult. The simplest answer—by far—is that L. Ron Hubbard was not there at all, and no longer had any influence whatsoever about the fate of the Apollo, or of the Sea Org, or of the Guardian’s Office, or of Scientology itself. The Apollo had a fate waiting for it that L. Ron Hubbard had nothing at all to do with. But of course that simple and rational answer would destroy the narrative of the Conspiracy Theory Cult, and even might put them in extreme legal jeopardy for a massive cover-up.

**SUNDAY, 6 OCTOBER 1974**

[The Apollo] set sail for the United States. Her intended destination was Charleston, South Carolina. En route, however, she made a stopover at St. George’s Island, Bermuda.

**SOURCE:** Omar Garrison, *Playing Dirty.*
So could Gerry be heading to Bermuda, to hook back up with the ship there? Could that be it? We’re about to find out where Gerry-boy was going when he left Lisbon. And it’s not going to paint a pretty picture for The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory Cult.

But before we find out where Gerry was going, somebody else wants to butt in to talk about the “Rock Festival,” and this is truly Conspiracy Theory Cult royalty, Jim Dincalci himself, so go ahead:

**MONDAY, 7 OCTOBER 1974, WITH QUOTES FROM JIM DINCALCI**

“It seemed to be common knowledge in Madeira that the ship was not what it was supposed to be and most people seemed to think it was a CIA spy ship. I had made friends on the island [Madeira] and had contacts in local Communist cells. The word was that the Communists were out to get the ship next time she arrived in Madeira. I sent telexes to LRH warning him what was happening and advising him not come to Madeira until things had calmed down. I was absolutely shocked to see the ship come into the harbor.” The Apollo arrived in Funchal on 7 October and moored in her usual berth.

**SOURCE:** Russell Miller, *Bare Faced Messiah*, with quotations from Jim Dincalci

What?! Okay, okay, stop moving the shells around; your own Reigning Queen of the LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Cult, Janis Gillham Grady, just told us that the “Rock Festival” riot has already happened three days ago, on **Friday, 4 October 1974**, and the Apollo has already left Madeira for good on **Sunday, 6 October**. And now you’re telling us it just arrived in Funchal, Madeira, a day later?

It’s no longer “are you guys nuts,” but just exactly how nuts are you? Oh, look, help is here; it’s one of the celebrated Operation Mockingbird mouthpieces for the LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory Cult, Russell Miller. Maybe he can tell us which shell the pea is under:

**WEDNESDAY, 9 OCTOBER 1974**

Late on the afternoon of Wednesday, 9 October, while Mary Sue and several members of the crew are ashore in Funchal, Madeira, a small crowd of young men begins to gather on the quayside. Soon the crowd, growing all the time, begins chanting “C-I-A, C-I-A, C-I-A.” A huge melee ensues, with rocks and bottles being thrown between the crew of the ship and the mob. The Apollo has to leave the dock, the crews’ vehicles (cars and motorcycles) are pushed into the harbor by the mob, and authorities have to arrange a launch to rescue Mary Sue and her party and get them out to the Apollo.

**SOURCE:** Russell Miller, *Bare Faced Messiah*.

Has your head begun to spin around on your shoulders yet? Which shell is the pea under? Did the “Rock Festival” happen on **3 October** or **4 October** or **9 October 1974**? Did it happen at all?

Well, these Conspiracy Theory Cult psychos demand that you accept and believe that suddenly, out of the blue, a bunch of communists on the island of Madeira—**250 to 300 of them**—just spontaneously happened to congregate on the docks of Funchal at the same time, as an entirely organic riot, for the single and sole “reason” that the Apollo (about as long and inconspicuous as a football field) was suspected of being a CIA spy ship—and according to our Conspiracy Theory Cult, all of this happened without the rioters having been paid handsomely and organized in advance by Jim Dincalci and Gerry Armstrong, along with their “government agent” friends. The military/police who stood around and watched also hadn’t been paid off handsomely. It just happened. Try to think of it as a true miracle of their fanatical cult’s religion.

I once believed that only the CIA’s E. Howard Hunt could write such putrid, ridiculous spy fiction and pass it off as “fact,” such as his goofy trench-coated informant hanging out in underground parking garages, but I swear to God, Dan Koon, I think this crap may have outdone even Hunt in hack fiction. Did he actually groom you, apprentice you? (Don’t you love it that when Hunt and Liddy started their “Watergate” hoax, they began insisting that everybody refer to them as “E. Howard Hunt” and “G.
Gordon Liddy”? Before that they had just been Howard, and Gordon or “Gordy.” I wonder where they got the idea of the new style of names they adopted.)

But, really, Koon: “CIA spy ship”? That is the stupidest oxymoron anybody ever has come up with. No ship in the entire history of seafaring ever has been accused of being a “CIA spy ship,” because nobody on Earth is that stupid—except for your LRH Conspiracy Theory Cult. How much do you have to pay these goons to actually put their own names on such excrement?

For the rational thinkers reading: Have you been paying very close attention, as I warned you?

I certainly hope so. Because now we’re finally going to find out where Gerry Armstrong went. And it happened on the very same day that Russell Miller claims the “Rock Festival” happened:

**Wednesday, 9 October 1974**


**SOURCE:** Gerry Armstrong passport online

Wait. I’ve got to sit down. The Bahamas? What the hell is Gerry Armstrong doing down in the Bahamas, on his own, a law unto himself, after having just spent a week in Lisbon on his own, a law unto himself, doing God knows what. And who the hell is paying for all his jet-setting, back and forth to Funchal, now to the Bahamas? It sure isn’t L. Ron Hubbard (if L. Ron Hubbard is involved at all in any of this madness—which is not an idle consideration, given that before too long there are going to be at least two “L. Ron Hubbards” in the islands of the Caribbean, but that comes later).

The Bahamas are not anywhere near either Bermuda or Charleston, South Carolina. The Bahamas are over 900 miles away from Bermuda, far to the south and west, near Florida—where Liz the Lizard is now. The Bahamas have nothing whatsoever to do with a route for the Apollo fleeing from Madeira to Bermuda, then on to Charleston, South Carolina. See for yourself:

![Map showing the Apollo route and Gerry Armstrong's location](image)

**Wednesday, 9 October 1974:** The Apollo is on route from Funchal, Madeira, to Charleston, South Carolina, with a planned stop at St. George, Bermuda, but Gerry Armstrong—the T/Port Captain for the ship—is in the Bahamas. Freeport, Bahamas, is 930 miles / 1,497 kilometers from Bermuda. Why is Gerry there?

Does Gerry know something we don’t know? Does Gerry know something that (most) others on the Apollo don’t know? Does Gerry know something that even “L. Ron Hubbard” doesn’t know (if there is any L. Ron Hubbard around to know it)?

As a matter of fact, yes; yes, he does. That’s why he’s in the Bahamas, not with the ship. As for how he knows what he knows, it boils down to two, and only two possibilities. Take your pick:
1. He was briefed by the CIA/Five Eyes agents that he and Mike Douglas met with in Madrid, then was further briefed by other such agents he met with in Funchal and Lisbon.

OR,

2. He is the most OT of any Scientology OT that has ever walked the Earth, bar none, able to see weeks into the future.

There is no third possibility, as you soon will see. (Hey, Gerry: Are you really that Sooper-Dooper OT XXVI that we’ve all been hoping to encounter or be someday? Personally, I think you’re about as “OT” as a pinworm, so I’m afraid I’m leaning toward No. 1 above.)

While Gerry is down in the Bahamas, the Apollo arrives at St. George, Bermuda. According to the Queen of the LRH Conspiracy Theories, Janis Gillham Grady, the ship arrived 9 days after the date she says it left Madeira—6 October 1974—which would put the Bermuda arrival on or about:

**TUESDAY, 15 OCTOBER 1974**

Upon our arrival in St. George ... Bermuda had a very different feel to it than any of our ports on the other side of the ocean. Everyone spoke English, which I was not used to, and there was a feeling of relaxation about the island. ... LRH did not go ashore. **SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

Oh, well, of course he didn’t go ashore. By my reckoning, Janis—from your accounts and those of your Conspiracy Theory Cult—this “LRH” hasn’t been ashore for *months*. He seems to be content to sit on his ship, approving every kind of non-Scientology crap anybody dreams up, from Ken Urquhart’s RPF, to *Big League Sales*, to the *Basic Study Manual*, to squirrely off-source “Board Policy Letters” and “Board Technical Bulletins,” all while listening to the teeth-on-a-blackboard cacophony called the “Apollo Stars,” relishing in the knowledge that in the United States—you know, where he’s headed now—the US Guardian’s Office is ramping up to commit federal felony after federal felony that cannot possibly otherwise than implicate him and his wife, Mary Sue.

Why go ashore? And according to you, he will sit on his shiny white britches on the ship, or wander around the decks waving and nodding to people, for 11 more days (“Look at my LRH dolly, he walks and talks!”), which is how long you say the ship stayed in Bermuda.

There’s always the possibility, of course, that the simple reason “L. Ron Hubbard” didn’t get off the ship for months is that L. Ron Hubbard wasn’t there at all.

Sometime not long after the ship’s arrival in Bermuda, both Gerry Armstrong and Conspiracy Theory Princess Liz “Lizard” Ausley-Gablehouse find their way to Bermuda and join the Apollo—Gerry from his Sooper-Dooper OT-visioned trip down to the Bahamas, Lizze from her (more than) three-week jaunt to the United States. In fact, Janis: you said she left for that trip on 12 September 1974, so now it’s been damn near six weeks, nearly twice as long as she was supposed to be gone. (Hey, Lizzie: What were you doing in the United States all that time? You kept detailed notes of everything, didn’t you? Care to share?) No, I didn’t think you would.

But poor Gerry and Liz wouldn’t get to sit on their duffs on the ship and relax. Not a chance, according to you, Janus. (Sorry: I meant “Janis.” Typo.) So on or about:

**WEDNESDAY, 16 OCTOBER 1974**

Lizzie was sent on a mission with Gerry Armstrong to prepare the ship to enter America. ... A set-up mission had been sent to quietly arrange a port for us in Charleston, South Carolina. To keep our real destination secret, we told the Bermuda port officials that we were headed for the Caribbean, while the port set up mission in Charleston was setting up a ship’s berth and supplies.
Let me make a quick little note about that on a scrap of paper: You told the Bermuda port officials you were headed for the Caribbean—which is where Gerry Armstrong had just been, in the Bahamas—but there were no plans to actually go there. Got it. Thanks, Janis. You’re so helpful.

I have to remark on the amazing way you Conspiracy Theory Cult members keep it in the family. At every single destructive act or decision—barreling like a runaway train on the downslope of a mountain toward the inevitable complete annihilation of everything L. Ron Hubbard and Mary Sue Hubbard had worked for decades to build—one or more of you were always right there, right in the middle of it, pouring on the coals, shoving it along.

It also is a thing of wonder to watch the Conspiracy Theory Cult’s selective memory. When telling your tales, it is almost a photographic memory, down to the minutest details of who said or did what and when. Except 1972. Then it’s all, “I can’t recall ... I think ... Maybe ... I’ll have to check with (somebody else) ... It seems ... It’s not important ... It was this month ... No, it was a different month ... No, it was a different year.” There are no records. There are no saved Orders of the Day—which came out daily. You don’t know where the alleged Villa Laure was. You have no idea who in King Hassan II’s government “approved” of the alleged “Sec Check” mission—but by God you’re sure somebody did!

At least you have the Sea Org veterans Gerry Armstrong and Liz Ausley-Gablehouse going now ahead of the ship to Charleston to “quietly arrange” L. Ron Hubbard’s return to the United States for the first time in many, many years. What an occasion! I just know it’s all going to go perfectly, given how devoted all of you are to “LRH.” Hold on a minute: bulletin coming in from Washington, DC:

**MONDAY, 21 OCTOBER 1974**

Guardian Order 1361 is issued. According to Michael Meisner and Kathryn Hirsch, it was issued by Guardian WorldWide Jane Kember. Apparently, the verification for this is Kathryn Hirsch’s identification of initials on page 10 as being those of Lexie Ramirez, Jane Kember’s secretary. Meisner claims that certain targets (target number 10, 16 and 17), were specifically assigned to him to carry out in the District of Columbia:

“10. Immediately get an agent into DC IRS to obtain files on LRH, Scientology, etc. in the Chief Council’s [sic] office, the Special Services staff, the intelligence division, Audit Division, and any other areas.” [EDITORIAL NOTE: Gerald Wolfe has already been sent to DC for this express purpose.]

“16. Collect data on the Justice Dept. Tax Division for the org board, the current terminals, and the people handling Scientology.

“17. When the correct areas are isolated, infiltrate and get the files.”

**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78-401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

It’s difficult to believe that anybody, even Jane Kember, could be so stupid as to write out blatant orders to violate a whole herd of federal felonies. And not only write them out, but publish them, even as a limited-issue Guardian Order. It’s almost as difficult to believe that Jane Kember doesn’t know how to spell “counsel.” And on top of it all, the “evidence” that it came from Kember is allegedly a recognizable initial of somebody who is not Jane Kember on one of the pages.

But there it is, in a document produced by the United States federal government, and I think everybody knows the government would never lie or forge “documents.”

We can’t stop to ponder this now; we’ve got “L. Ron Hubbard” sitting in Bermuda, about to continue racing across the Atlantic toward an uncertain fate in South Carolina:

**SATURDAY, 26 OCTOBER 1974, QUOTING JANIS GILLHAM GRADY**

We were only in Bermuda 11 days. ... When we left Bermuda, our plan was to keep heading
west to America. ... Despite having sent the port set-up mission to Charleston, the Guardian’s Office believed there was a government informant on the ship who kept the US government apprised of our plans, but many of us who actually lived on the ship did not see how someone could have been planted on the ship in Bermuda. We suspected a contact of the set-up mission in Charleston tipped off the government.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

A “contact of the set-up mission in Charleston tipped off the government”? Oh, perish the thought, Janis! Are you pointing your bony finger at your dear, dear friends and fellow Conspiracy Theory Cult members, Gerry Armstrong and Lizzie Ausley-Gablehouse, who you said had been “sent on a mission ... to prepare the ship to enter America”?

It’s so hard to believe that either of these two true-believers would be moles of the CIA and Five Eyes planted inside the Sea Org! My God, I’m literally just shaking to find out what happens!

Unfortunately, there’s a little bit of *yet another* interruption back on land in the United States. A phone call takes place from the West Coast to the East Coast:

**SUNDAY, 27 OCTOBER 1974**

A few days before November 1, 1974, Don Alverzo, Deputy Information Branch I Director US, telephones Michael Meisner [in DC] from Los Angeles, California, to say that he is coming to the District of Columbia to place an electronic bugging device in the Chief Counsel’s conference room at the Internal Revenue Service where a major meeting concerning Scientology is going to be held.

**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78-401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

I just know somebody is going to accuse me of making this up, but I couldn’t possibly make it up, and it’s right in the Stipulation of Evidence for anybody to read. Where to start?

I should point out that “Don Alverzo” is a pseudonym—something the US government sort of forgot to mention in their criminal case against Mary Sue. According to Merrill Vannier (a buddy of Conspiracy Theory Cultist Terri Gillham Gamboa), in his book *Arrows in the Dark*, Don Alverzo’s real name was Jeffrey Marino, who also had used the pseudonym Jerry Levin in covert ops against Paulette Cooper, and who allegedly was an FBI mole inside the Guardian’s Office. Wait, what?

Well, Vannier worked directly with “Alverzo,” and this is his story. I am merely the humble messenger. But I can agree with Vannier that Alverzo was the primary mover-and-shaker inside the GO for the criminal activity, and I can attest with certainty that Alverzo was never indicted.

And so of course Alverzo would make a long-distance telephone call to DC on an insecure line to announce that he was coming to DC to plant a bug inside an IRS conference room. Isn’t that the way you would go about it? Well, that’s the way the US Department of Justice says it happened.

Meanwhile, out in the Atlantic, a tense melodrama is about to unfold. We have so many narrators telling this white-knuckled cliffhanger that it’s hard to know who to start with, but let’s give the microphone first to the Five-Eyes mouthpiece Russell Miller in *Bare-Faced Messiah*:

**WEDNESDAY, 30 OCTOBER 1974, QUOTING RUSSELL MILLER**

Eight miles off Charleston, a coded radio message from the Guardian’s Office warned the Commodore that the FBI were waiting on the dock to meet the ship. Hubbard’s instinct was to go ashore and brazen it out; Mary Sue was terrified at the prospect and convinced that her husband would be immediately arrested. A furious argument followed. “Everyone could hear them screaming at each other for about two hours,” said Hana Eltringham. [EDITORIAL NOTE: Eltringham is one of the Conspiracy Theory Cult’s Devil’s Dozen.] “She was adamant that we should not go ashore. She said he would be indicted ten or fifteen times and
it would be the end of him and she wasn’t going have it.”

For once, Mary Sue won. Hubbard called his senior aides together on the promenade deck and said there was to be a change of plans. He was going send a signal to Charleston to say that the ship was heading north to pick up spare parts in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Then they were going to sail south, to the Caribbean.

**SOURCE:** Russel Miller, *Bare-Faced Messiah*

To the Caribbean! Bet you didn’t see that coming! Well, hell, who can blame him—if he was going to be “indicted ten or fifteen times.” I don’t think even Charles Manson got that many.

Let’s pause to catch our breath and take stock. We have:

1. In Charleston, two top-tier members of the LRH Conspiracy Theories Cult, Gerry “Gerbils” Armstrong and Lizzie “Lizard” Ausley-Gablehouse, who have been “sent on a mission ... to prepare the ship to enter America.” Sent by somebody. We don’t know who. Looks like they’ve done a bang-up job of it, too!
2. A “coded radio message” from some anonymous person at “the Guardian’s Office.” Which “Guardian’s Office” and where, we have no idea.
3. A “furious argument” between “L. Ron Hubbard” and Mary Sue Hubbard.
4. Mary Sue Hubbard somehow just knowing that “L. Ron Hubbard” would be “indicted ten or fifteen times.” For what, we have no idea. No real crimes even have been committed by the GO in DC yet, and there are no warrants for L. Ron Hubbard.
5. A sudden, on-the-spot decision by “L. Ron Hubbard,” forced by an unpredicted threat to himself, his ship, his wife, his family, and the Sea Org, to go south, to the Caribbean.

Friendly advice: Keep some notes, but I will update this list as we proceed. Next up to the microphone, we have a new contestant, John Zegel, singing from his Tape 2:

**WEDNESDAY, 30 OCTOBER 1974, QUOTING JOHN ZEGEL**

When the ship was about eight miles off the coast of Charleston, five miles outside the three-mile limit, they received a radio message that the FBI was waiting for them on the dock. Their landing at Charleston was to be a secret and it was a mystery for some time how the FBI found out they were coming. In fact, they found out because the Apollo Stars had a pre-mission which had been sent to Charleston—as they did to all the ports where the ship was headed, and announced broadly and set up musical performances for the Apollo Stars—told everyone the *Apollo* was coming in order to generate enthusiasm and excitement and that is how the FBI found out. So, the ship turned and sailed to Bermuda [sic: Bahamas].

**SOURCE:** John Zegel, *Tape 2*

John gets confused and says they headed for Bermuda, but that is where they just *came from*, and everybody else says they headed for the Bahamas. “Bermuda, Bahama, come on pretty mama, Key Largo, Montego, Baby why don’t we go, Ooh, I wanna take you down to Kokomo.” We now have:

1. In Charleston, two top-tier members of the LRH Conspiracy Theories Cult, Gerry “Gerbils” Armstrong and Lizzie “Lizard” Ausley-Gablehouse, who have been “sent on a mission ... to prepare the ship to enter America.” Sent by somebody. We don’t know who. Looks like they’ve done a bang-up job of it, too!
2. A “coded radio message” from some anonymous person at “the Guardian’s Office.” Which “Guardian’s Office” and where, we have no idea.
3. A “furious argument” between “L. Ron Hubbard” and Mary Sue Hubbard.
4. Mary Sue Hubbard somehow just knowing that “L. Ron Hubbard” would be “indicted ten
or fifteen times.” For what, we have no idea. No real crimes even have been committed by the GO in DC yet, and there are no warrants for L. Ron Hubbard.

5. A sudden, on-the-spot decision by “L. Ron Hubbard,” forced by an unpredicted threat to himself, his ship, his wife, his family, and the Sea Org, to go south, to the Caribbean.

6. The godawful screeching and thudding of the Apollo Stars on the docks in Charleston, blowing their horns (literally) in announcement that “L. Ron Hubbard” and the famous Apollo Scientology ship is about come into port. (No doubt “L. Ron Hubbard” had sent them there so he would get the welcome home that he deserved, with a band playing.)

7. FBI agents in Charleston, being fans of free concerts, happening by the dock, seeing the Apollo Stars, and realizing, “My God: We can nab L. Ron Hubbard!” For what, we have absolutely no idea.

Omar Garrison is clearing his throat (somewhere in the Big Sky), and wants to tell his version. It’s Open Mic Night, so over to you, Omar

**WEDNESDAY, 30 OCTOBER 1974, QUOTING OMAR GARRISON**

Informed by their spy aboard the Apollo that the ship’s next port of call would be Charleston on October 30, 1974, the Justice Department alerted officials from various federal agencies to prepare a welcoming party to meet the vessel when she came in. They included agents from the Immigration Office, DEA, U.S. Customs, Coast Guard, and U.S. Marshals. The Charleston News-Courier of November 1, 1974 described the scene this way:

> There were enough U.S. Customs Service agents in Charleston Wednesday to keep each of the crew members of the vessel Apollo under surveillance for possible drug smuggling, according to an official source. The customs agents had gathered here from as far away as California to keep watch on the Apollo which was suspected of carrying large quantities of narcotics. ...

The principal objective of the federal team was to serve a subpoena on L. Ron Hubbard. The subpoena related to the church’s civil tax case against the Government in Honolulu. The idea was for the Justice Department lawyers to interrogate Hubbard in a discovery process. It is quite possible also that the agents were prepared, under some legal technicality, to take Hubbard into custody.

The Government’s eager reception committee and the waterfront spectators who had gathered on the docks to witness the apprehension of the “drug smugglers” were doomed to disappointment.

The Apollo did appear off Charleston that morning, about 15 miles past the sea buoy. But when she was a little more than five miles from shore, she came about and sailed dead away from Charleston harbour. A report from the ship’s radio said she was on course to Halifax, Novia Scotia, where parts needed for repairs would be available.

Who had tipped off the Apollo just in the nick of time?

That was what Special Agent Patrick O’Brien, the enraged supremo of the Government operation, was determined to find out. He assigned Special Agent Billy D. Tennyson, also of the Customs Service to conduct an investigation. From the long report made of that probe, it appears that a U.S. marshal in Honolulu goofed. He prematurely served the church attorney in Hawaii with a subpoena concerned with the proposed taking of Mr. Hubbard’s deposition. The lawyer queried the Apollo just in time for the vessel to turn away and avoid the unpleasant circumstances awaiting her arrival in Charleston.

The good ship Apollo did not, as reported to her enemies, set her course for Halifax. Instead, she sailed directly to Freeport, in the Bahamas.

**SOURCE:** Omar Garrison, *Playing Dirty*
If you haven’t been taking notes, I guess it’s a good thing I’m keeping track. Now we have:

1. In Charleston, two top-tier members of the LRH Conspiracy Theories Cult, Gerry “Gerbils” Armstrong and Lizzie “Lizard” Ausley-Gablehouse, who have been “sent on a mission ... to prepare the ship to enter America.” Sent by somebody. We don’t know who. Looks like they’ve done a bang-up job of it, too!
2. A “coded radio message” from some anonymous person at “the Guardian’s Office.” Which “Guardian’s Office” and where, we have no idea.
3. A “furious argument” between “L. Ron Hubbard” and Mary Sue Hubbard.
4. Mary Sue Hubbard somehow just knowing that “L. Ron Hubbard” would be “indicted ten or fifteen times.” For what, we have no idea. No real crimes even have been committed by the GO in DC yet, and there are no warrants for L. Ron Hubbard.
5. A sudden, on-the-spot decision by “L. Ron Hubbard,” forced by an unpredicted threat to himself, his ship, his wife, his family, and the Sea Org, to go south, to the Caribbean.
6. The godawful screeching and thudding of the Apollo Stars on the docks in Charleston, blowing their horns (literally) in announcement that “L. Ron Hubbard” and the famous Apollo Scientology ship is about come into port. (No doubt “L. Ron Hubbard” had sent them there so he would get the welcome home that he deserved, with a band playing.)
7. FBI agents in Charleston, being fans of free concerts, happening by the dock, seeing the Apollo Stars, and realizing, “My God: We can nab L. Ron Hubbard!” For what, we have absolutely no idea.
8. A US Justice Department “spy onboard the Apollo.”
9. Hundreds of agents from the Immigration Office, DEA, U.S. Customs, Coast Guard, and U.S. Marshals (all having to listen to the Apollo Stars, I guess).
10. Over 300 US Customs Service agents all gathered in Charleston, “enough U.S. Customs Service agents” in Charleston “to keep each of the crew members of the vessel Apollo under surveillance for possible drug smuggling.”
11. Waterfront spectators who had gathered on the docks to witness the apprehension of the “drug smugglers” (all having to listen to the Apollo Stars, I guess).
13. Some subpoena “concerned with the proposed taking of Mr. Hubbard’s deposition,” which the anonymous US marshal just happened to hand to the wrong person in Hawaii at the exact right moment as the ship was coming into Charleston. A deposition by whom, for what, we have no idea. Don’t ask questions. No subpoena has ever been seen.
14. Some anonymous “church attorney” in Hawaii who received the invisible subpoena just in the nick of time to save Hubbard’s bacon. (Bonus: The anonymous attorney didn’t have to listen to the Apollo Stars.)

Great balls o’ fire! It does seem like the gods, all the gods, everywhere, sure are smiling down on “L. Ron Hubbard” to have sent him such glorious salvation—twice on the same trip! First escaping about 300 agitated communists in Funchal, Madeira, now escaping at least 300 federal agents from at least six different US federal agencies—and “10 or 15” indictments! According to these reports, more federal agents have been sent out to ambush L. Ron Hubbard—hundreds, at taxpayer expense—than have ever been sent for any criminal in the history of the United States.

(Poor William of Ockham. Talk about “multiplication of entities!” He must be jumping up and down in his grave, screaming, and if he could get his hands on a solid, materialized version of “Occam’s Razor,” named in his memory, he probably would use it to slit his own dead wrists.)

But there is a much, much, much simpler possible explanation for all of this, and it doesn’t require any multiplication of entities at all, using only the known entities: That Gerry Armstrong and Liz
Ausley-Gablehouse went to Charleston, as they had been briefed to do by US/Five Eyes government agents in Madeira, and there found a crooked, debased journalist. You can't swing a cat in any city without hitting 10 or 40 crooked, debased journalists. And with copious laundered cash from their government agent friends in Madrid, Lisbon, Funchal, and the United States they bribed this “journalist” to write screaming headlines, populated with entirely fictional “US government agents” multiplied by, literally, hundreds, hovered around the Charleston docks. And that whole operation was solely to “prove” to the world, as the sensational headlines were picked up and spread, that “L. Ron Hubbard” really was alive, riding on the big white Apollo, and being hunted down by every government agency on the continent. But that explanation is far, far too simple for The LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Cult—and of course it also might implicate all of them in unspeakable crimes.

But we aren’t done yet! We cannot possibly leave this history-changing event without the Reigning Queen of the One True LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Theory stepping up to the microphone and delivering her soliloquy on the topic. Your Majesty:

**WEDNESDAY, 30 OCTOBER 1974, QUOTING JANIS GILLHAM GRADY**

Either by spy or port set-up mission, the Justice Department knew the Apollo was headed for America with L. Ron Hubbard on board. On October 30, 1974, various federal agencies prepared a welcoming party to greet us. They included agents from the Immigration Office, DEA, the IRS, US Customs, Coast Guard, and US Marshals. ...

Their plan was for the federal team to serve a subpoena on L. Ron Hubbard for a civil tax case the church had filed against the government in Honolulu. The Justice Department lawyers intended to interrogate LRH as part of the discovery process. I do not know if their plan was to take LRH into custody or just hand him a subpoena.

At the time, the Guardian’s Office said the DEA, who were also on the dock waiting for us, had plans to search the ship for drugs and arrest the crew on drug-smuggling charges. ...

The Conning Officer informed us that we were just about to cross from international waters into American waters, so the Commodore and I headed to the bridge. His nerves were on edge at the thought of sailing into the US and thus the unknown. It was as if he had a gut feeling he couldn’t shake. He ordered a Condition One (all hands) early; he wanted the best team on the Bridge as soon as we entered American waters. ...

O M G! No wonder you are the Queen, Queenie. You were right there at the side of “L. Ron Hubbard” when this momentous, gut-wrenching drama took place. And then your dolly did— I mean, and then “L. Ron Hubbard” did what?

My brother Peter was at the helm. The Captain stood at the top of the bridge stairs to greet and welcome the Commodore to the bridge. As we continued to sail closer to the American coast, the Commodore chatted with the Captain and bridge crew. There was a definite feeling of uneasiness as we sailed, and we expected to see land any minute.

Point of order, Your Majesty: Which Captain would that be? Last I knew, old Norman Starkey had gotten busted to the RPF in February 1974. Was he back in charge, or was it Captain Bill Robertson? Or was it somebody else? Oh, right, right: If you’d wanted us to know, you would have said who it was that welcomed “the Commodore” to the bridge, and they might talk. So sorry; continue:

We must have been about two miles into American waters when the Radio Operator came running to the Bridge from the Radio Room on the port side of the prom deck. He tapped me on the shoulder and wanted me to tell the Commodore that Jane Kember, the Guardian, was on the radio and urgently needed to talk to him. Since Jane had never radioed the ship and normally her communications to anyone on the ship were to or through Mary Sue first, I
immediately realized the importance of this; I knew something was wrong. [Was it the running or the tap on the shoulder?]

I interrupted the Commodore to let him know of Jane’s urgent message. It must have been quite an effort for Jane, who was in England at St. Hill, to work out where to call in the US and be not only in radio range of, but also capable of connecting the phone to the radio.

Janis, I mean, Your Majesty: my heart is racing. You simply have to be the most important phone girl ever in the history of the world. I mean that. This is nearly a carbon copy of that dreadful day in Tangier—29 November 1972, remember, remember, the end of November; how could I ever forget?—when Peter Warren was frantically calling “L. Ron Hubbard” to report that the Moroccan “Sec Check Mission” (doing security checks on pilots who had been convicted and sentenced to death three weeks earlier) had “blown sky high.” Oh, that was exciting! Remember?

And now here you are, once again, right on the spot to be the phone girl when Charleston has “blown sky high.” It’s like you were chosen (“hand-picked,” I think is the popular term) to be “L. Ron Hubbard’s” guardian phone demon. I mean angel. Do please go on with your story:

Upon entering the Radio Room, the Commodore picked up the radio. As usual, there were no niceties between them; it was very businesslike. [Even though she never called the ship.] Jane got right to the point. IRS Agents and Narcs (DEA Agents) were waiting on the dock, with possible plans to plant drugs on the ship to give cause for confiscating it. Jane also said the Coast Guard was on the way to meet and escort us into port.

Just as the Flying Bridge Lookout reported land in sight, the Commodore quickly returned to the Bridge and ordered Peter to turn the helm hard to port and get the ship turned around.

We sent a radio message to the Harbor Master informing him that we had decided not to enter and that we were changing our course for Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, where parts needed for repairs were available. Thus, we disappointed the 163 US government agents waiting for our arrival on the Charleston dock.

Janis, I think you may be selling the government agents on the dock a little short with that “163” number. That wouldn’t have been nearly enough to “to keep each of the crew members of the vessel Apollo under surveillance.” And the poor agents have had to sit hiding behind barrels listening to the Apollo Stars. There had to be more than 163. But, hey: Who’s counting, right? Go ahead:

Special Agent Patrick O’Brien, enraged, was determined to discover how we found out and ordered an investigation. Based on Guardian’s Office reports, it appears a US Marshal in Honolulu prematurely served the church’s attorney in Hawaii with a copy of the subpoena for LRH’s deposition. The lawyer quickly contacted the US Guardian’s Office, who in turn called Jane Kember, in England. ...

I have never been so impressed with an attorney in my life: He somehow made that US Marshal with a subpoena in Hawaii confess that there were IRS agents and DEA agents waiting on the dock in Charleston, planning to look for drugs on the Apollo, so the attorney could tell Jane Kember. Do you happen to have that attorney’s contact info? I do have to admit to being a little confused, here, Janis. So you say that it was an actual subpoena for “L. Ron Hubbard” himself, but that for some reason it went to
Hawaii, and an anonymous US Marshal there was so stupid that he “served” it to some anonymous “church’s attorney”—who was not representing L. Ron Hubbard—with “a copy” of this alleged subpoena that was issued by some anonymous subpoena-issuing authority somewhere. But the US Marshal knew all about the IRS and DEA—Oh, never mind: Just get it over with:

We had to quickly search for any charts with the northern part of the Caribbean on it and re-plot our course for Freeport, Bahamas, while making sure we stayed outside the Bermuda Triangle. The Commodore didn’t want to take any chances with Old Man Sea. We did not have any specific charts for the Bahamas, only a general chart with the US coastline, because we had not been prepared to re-plot our course.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

The Bermuda Triangle has never served up any garbage conspiracy theory like this one of yours. “Freeport, Bahamas”? But you didn’t have “specific charts” because you “had not been prepared to re-plot” your course? So Gerry Armstrong hadn’t told you he had been to the Bahamas three weeks earlier, as though he were some kind of OT XXVI seeing the future? And where is Gerry now that you have to flee to the Bahamas? Oh, he’s in Charleston. Here, I’ve got a “specific chart” for you:

And this is what your entire life summates to, Janis? This? This garbage fiction you spout?

And of course now you insist that we all believe that this poor hapless anonymous “attorney” in Hawaii, too stupid to refuse process for “L. Ron Hubbard”—who he doesn’t represent—now leaps to a telephone (well, you’re the Telephone Queen) and frantically calls (some anonymous person) in the Guardian’s Office in Washington, DC, which is six hours ahead of Hawaii, and that anonymous sap in the Guardian’s Office just happens to have Jane Kember’s personal phone number on a Post-It note, so he dials up Jane in England, which is five hours ahead of DC (11 hours ahead of Hawaii) and she somehow manages to dial up a shore-to-ship call to “L. Ron Hubbard” out in the Atlantic (“One ringy-dingy, two ringy-dingies ...”), where it is five hours behind her, and fortunately she gets straight through to the Reigning Queen of Telephones in All LRH Conspiracy Theories, Janis Gillham, who gathers “L. Ron Hubbard” and steers him to a “phone” (just like she swears she did in Tangier, Morocco) so he can be told that Charleston has “blown sky high,” and he has to flee. Again.
And all the stars aligned *perfectly* so that this magic phone call comes *just in the nick of time!*
And you put your name on this sewage. (Hey, Dan Koon: I know your fiction is like a cheese grater on the soul, but even you aren’t usually *quite* this bad. You aren’t farming out work to Skip Press are you? I mean, your fiction sucks, but if I mistakenly hit a web page that somebody has slapped some of his dreck on, plants in the room behind me actually start to wilt.)
Oh, well: As the *Apollo* steams south toward Freeport, Bahamas, on that same day when it turned south at Charleston—I said *the very same day*—this happened:

**WEDNESDAY, 30 OCTOBER 1974**
Michael Meisner meets Don Alverzo at the Guardian’s Office located at 2125 S Street, Northwest, in the District of Columbia. Also present at this meeting are Mitchell Hermann and Bruce Ullman (Information Branch II Director DC). Alverzo shows Meisner the bugging device he has brought with him from Los Angeles—a multiple electric outlet containing a transmitting device. In the late afternoon, Meisner and Mitchell Hermann enter the main IRS building located at 1111 Constitution Avenue, Northwest, for the purpose of locating the conference room of the Chief Counsel’s office where the meeting is to be held on November 1, 1974.
**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78-401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

You know, it is a *little* strange that not a single person in the Guardian’s Office located at 2125 S Street, Northwest, in the District of Columbia, has even mentioned to a single one of these highly placed Guardian’s Office intel operatives that a frantic call has come from some anonymous attorney “for the church” in Hawaii, resulting in a frantic call to their boss, Jane Kember, resulting in a frantic call from her to “L. Ron Hubbard,” because *hundreds* of federal agents from just about every government agency right there in Washington, DC, had congregated on the docks at Charleston, South Carolina, ready to nab “L. Ron Hubbard.” So these GO officials are sitting there in complete ignorance of the biggest catastrophe imaginable, calmly plotting how to commit federal felonies at the IRS building. I know. It’s weird, isn’t it. But it’s what we’re told. And now comes Halloween:

**THURSDAY, 31 OCTOBER 1974**
A telex is sent from the Deputy Guardian for Information in the United States, Duke Snider, to the Assistant Guardian for Information in Washington, DC, Michael Meisner, asking what progress has been made on getting Gerald Bennett Wolfe past the hiring freeze at the IRS—the purpose being to infiltrate the IRS to copy and steal documents.
**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78-401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

Tighten and tune up your tinfoil hats, and maybe add an extra layer now, because we’ve come to the first day of November, and here’s the story exactly as the US government tells it:

**FRIDAY, 1 NOVEMBER 1974**
Mitchell Hermann enters the main IRS building in the morning, goes to the fourth-floor conference room where the meeting on Scientology is to be held, and places the bugging device (FM transmitter) in a wall socket. The room faces the driveway of the Smithsonian Institution Museum of History and Technology on Constitution Avenue Northwest. Hermann leaves the building and waits in a car in the driveway of the museum with Don Alverzo and Carla Moxon (Assistant Guardian Communicator DC) and overhears and tapes the entire meeting over the FM radio of the car. Following the meeting, Hermann re-enters the building, removes the bug, and takes various papers, including the agenda for the meeting,
which had been left by the participants. Michael Meisner hadn’t gone along because of pressing business. In the evening, Hermann meets with Meisner and describes what had taken place. [EDITORIAL NOTE: Was Meisner’s “pressing business” taking his suit to the cleaners?]

**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78-401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

I can only hope there isn’t a strange vehicle with an FM radio sitting anywhere around your neighborhood. Wait: Are those steel drums I hear in the distance? Has your Mai-Tai gone flat and watery? Well, freshen it up, quick, because we have **arrived** in the Bahamas, people!

**SATURDAY, 2 NOVEMBER 1974, QUOTING JANIS GILLHAM GRADY**

Upon our arrival in Freeport, we waited off the coast for the pilot to arrive and guide us through the small islands to reach the dock. ...

We stayed in Freeport for nearly three weeks, which gave us some time to begin establishing ourselves in another part of the world. The Musicians [the Apollo Stars], all back from their leaves of absence [EDITORIAL NOTE: But I thought they had been striking up the band in Charleston], started performing again and LRH picked up where he left off on critiquing and directing them.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore's Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

For the love of God, please let them not try to do Reggae! Now, I can’t help but wonder just a little bit what has happened to two stars of the LRH Caribbean Conspiracy Cult, Gerry Armstrong and Lizzie Ausley-Gablehouse, who had done such a grand mission in Charleston setting up for the ship’s arrival there. Have they rejoined the ship? Has “L. Ron Hubbard” sent them to scrape barnacles off the bottom of the ship with only snorkels and their bare hands as penance? Let’s check:

**MONDAY, 4 NOVEMBER 1974**

Gerry Armstrong arrives in Jamaica.

**SOURCE:** Gerry Armstrong passport online

What?! Jamaica! Has “L. Ron Hubbard” sent Gerry Armstrong on an all-expenses-paid cruise of the Caribbean? Why the HELL isn’t Gerry Armstrong at the *Apollo*, licking the bilges clean?

Well, as the ship gently rocks in port, and as Armstrong rocks gently in a Jamaican hammock, all is not sunshine and lightness and balmy breezes in the Caribbean:

**FRIDAY, 8 NOVEMBER 1974, QUOTING JANIS GILLHAM GRADY**

Little did we know that our arrival in Freeport had not gone unnoticed. The FBI and CIA were on the island; they were trying to arrest Howard Hughes and found out about our arrival. Based on documents obtained by the Guardian’s Office through the Freedom of Information Act, in November 1974, a series of US Navy telexes between Europe and London revealed surveillance of the *Apollo* and a comment made by the DEA and US Coast Guard expressing interest in the *Apollo* due to suspected drug smuggling activities.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore's Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

<FACE PALM> Here we go again. Hey, Dan Koon, give it up! Find a new plot! Every government agency in every country in the world knew full well that the *Apollo* was a Scientology ship, and that drugs were forbidden in a Scientology organization. Stop riding your “Ooooo, maybe they are smuggling drugs” hobby horse. We know it’s you spooning out the same stinking verbal diarrhea over and over and over, because Janis wouldn’t know a participle from a persimmon.
And now Janis has a sudden revelation: “Ooooooo, there are FBI and CIA and DEA around.” Oh, Janis, darling: That may be Pulitzer Prize quality investigative reporting you’ve done right there! Did you think to ask them why one week ago all their agencies were foaming at the mouth to apprehend “L. Ron Hubbard,” lining up on the docks of Charleston four deep to ambush him, but now, a week later, they can’t seem to be bothered to even knock on the gangplank?

 Seems to me there are only two possibilities: They were never after Hubbard at all, which means you are a liar, or Hubbard isn’t there, which means you are a liar, or both. So which is it, or is it both, Jan? Did these things not even occur to you? Had you left the peroxide in your hair too long? Oh, never mind. Meanwhile, back in DC:

**MONDAY, 11 NOVEMBER 1974**

A telex is sent from Assistant Guardian for Information DC Michael Meisner to Deputy Guardian Information US Duke Snider, via Deputy Guardian US Henning Heldt stating that Gerald Wolfe [Gerald Bennett Wolfe], the “FSM,” has apparently passed the IRS hiring freeze and that they “will know for sure” whether he has received employment “by November 18 at the latest.”

**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78-401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

Hiring freeze? There’s a government imposed hiring freeze at the IRS? Oh, that’s right; it was mentioned in another telex earlier. But somehow this nobody named Gerald Wolfe “has apparently passed” the hiring freeze. How is that possible?

Let me give you a peek behind the curtain: There’s a jolly squat little smiling demon behind that curtain pulling levers. His name is Meade Emory. He has been Legislation Attorney for the Joint Committee on Taxation in Congress for several years. And he is making damned sure that this “nobody” named Gerald Wolfe is going to get a job inside IRS.

There will be a fat little pay-raiser in it for Meade, but we’ll get to that later, and then several years later he will go on to work closely with one of our LRH Conspiracy Theory Cult Harpies, Terri Gillham Gamboa, to tear down the house that Hubbard built—once Meade and his cronies had set things up to get rid once and for all of Mary Sue Hubbard and her damned Guardian’s Office. Meanwhile, Gerry Armstrong must have gotten tired of Jamaican rum and Ganja, or has blown out his flip-flop and stepped on a pop-top, because now, after over a week in Jamaica, it seems he’s going to join the ship in Freeport:

**WEDNESDAY, 13 NOVEMBER 1974**

Gerry Armstrong departs “Jamaica, W.I.”

**SOURCE:** Gerry Armstrong passport online

But now where is that little Lizzy “Lizard” Ausley-Gablehouse? Has “L. Ron Hubbard” ordered her to push a BB with her nose around all the beaches of the Bahamas as an “amends project” for the absolute catastrophe that she and Gerry the Gerbil created in Charleston? Lord knows The Janis Gillham Grady Conspiracy Theory Cult never tire of telling the world what a sadistic son-of-a-bitch “L. Ron Hubbard” was, and other than the **Moroccan Sec Check Blow-Up Heard ‘Round the World** I can’t think of another more scandalous blow-up. So where in the world is she?

That Lizzy (aka “Kit”) is a quiet one, quieter even than a lizard, more like a roach in the wall. Nobody knows what she was doing while living in Rabat, Morocco, in 1972, insisting she had nothing to do with the “Sec Checking mission,” leading to that “blow-up”—except we know from the Conspiracy
Theory Cult itself that she was hobnobbing and partying with high-level members of King Hassan II’s military and intelligence forces. And nobody knows what she was really doing in Funchal, Madeira, for months leading to that spectacular “blow-up”—except we know that she and Jim “Wretched Ratched” Dincalci and Gerry “Gerbil” Armstrong were with her, hobnobbing with “government agents” there. And we really have no idea what she was doing in the United States for six weeks before she landed in Bermuda, then turned right around and flew off to Charleston, South Carolina, with Gerry—they’re awful close, those two—and set things up so that hundreds of government agents allegedly assembled in formation on the docks to nab “L. Ron Hubbard.”

You would think that “L. Ron Hubbard” would have “offloaded” both Armstrong and Ausley-Gablehouse on the nearest excuse for an island with one palm tree, giving them one canteen of water to share and a few tins of sardines—hold the saltine crackers. But no. What does he do? He sends Gerry Armstrong off on a week-long all-expenses-paid vacation to Jamaica. And that isn’t all he does for Gerry—and I think you better brace yourself for a pie in the face:

**FRIDAY, 15 NOVEMBER 1974**

Gerry Armstrong holds the post of Dir Info in the Port Captain’s office on the Apollo.


I warned you. And you just got a pie in the face. “Dir Info” is a Guardian’s-Office-speak euphemism for Director of Intelligence. And the Director of Intelligence for the flagship Apollo is entirely under the auspices of the Guardian’s Office, which is ultimately under the control of Mary Sue Hubbard, who we are supposed to believe is right there on the Apollo along with “L. Ron Hubbard,” approving Gerry Armstrong—who helped engineer the Charleston fiasco—to be the senior intelligence office for the Apollo. Do you need a moment to attempt to put all these pieces together?

To add to your difficulty, it’s not telling tales out of school or gossiping—because Gerry has had it right on his own website, even as a badge of pride—to state the incontrovertible fact that Gerry had a “psych history” before joining the Sea Org. That is GO and Scientology-speak for having been in the care of a psychologist or psychiatrist. By longstanding policy written by L. Ron Hubbard, anybody with a psych history is automatically ineligible for any Guardian’s Office or related sensitive position, unless they submit a petition and get it approved at the highest levels. It probably won’t surprise you at this point to learn that Gerry Armstrong has not submitted any such request, and won’t submit one for eight more months, in August 1975.

So who approved Gerry Armstrong onto such a critical and sensitive post on the Apollo with no petition? It sure as HELL wasn’t L. Ron Hubbard. And it sure as HELL wasn’t Mary Sue Hubbard. And you can bet the farm that none of the Conspiracy Theory Cult are going to answer. (I’m going to share a little secret with you, just between us girls: It was the Commanding Officer of the Commodore’s Messenger Organization, Terri Gillham, pulling the necessary strings. Shhhh. Please keep this under your chapeau.)

Gee, I wonder if Janis rushed to inform Gerry, maybe as part of his “Non-existence formula,” that there are CIA and FBI and DEA agents behind every palm tree and conga drum on the island. In any case, Gerry is now in the catbird seat for monitoring all the telexes for everything taking place in DC. And speaking of those telexes, Gerry gets to see this notification a few days later:

**MONDAY, 18 NOVEMBER 1974**

Gerald Bennett Wolfe gets employed at the IRS as a clerk typist. For some reason, IRS saw fit to violate its hiring freeze in order to take on—a clerk typist.

**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.
Did they violate the hiring freeze to hire a veteran CPA? No. They violated their hiring freeze to hire a clerk typist for “some reason.” Well, that “some reason” has a name, and its name is Meade Emory, who already is operating as de facto Assistant to the Commissioner of IRS, the tyrannical Donald C. Alexander, who is rumored to have had Scientology on his own “enemies list,” never mind the defunct Richard Nixon’s enemies list. Very soon Emory will become the Assistant to the Commissioner of IRS de jure.

**MONDAY, 25 NOVEMBER 1974**

On or about this date, our very own Queen of the Conspiracy Theory Cult, Janis Gillham Grady, gets tapped to go on a mission to New York City for about 10 days.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

It happens that OT VII Ingo Swann also is in NYC at the time, on a hiatus from his contract with the CIA—which of course Janis’s mission has nothing whatsoever to do with—but very soon after, Ingo Swann heads back to Palo Alto and SRI to rejoin OTs Hal Puthoff and Pat Price.

Meanwhile, we need to check back with the *Apollo* and one of our major stars of the Conspiracy Theory Cult, Kima Dunleavey Douglas, who we haven’t heard from in a while and have sorely missed. About the same time that Janis heads for New York from Freeport, Kima says:

**MONDAY, 25 NOVEMBER 1974, WITH QUOTES FROM KIMA DUNLEAVEY DOUGLAS**

“While we were in the Bahamas, a story came out that the Swiss were going to change the tax laws in some way that would affect the money we held there. The old man went crazy. I heard him screaming and yelling and ran upstairs to find what was wrong.

“He was pacing up and down and shouting at the top of his voice, ‘Do you know what they’re doing? Everything’s gone. Gone! Gone! We’re going to lose everything.’”

When he had calmed down a little, Kima suggested that perhaps the money should be moved. Three hours later, she was on a plane to Zurich, with two other Scientologists [allegedly Fred Hare and Mike Douglas], carrying handwritten instructions from Hubbard authorizing the transfer of all his assets to a bank in Liechtenstein.

When they arrived, they were taken down into the vault of the bank and shown the money. Kima Douglas, who thought she could no longer be surprised by anything in Scientology, was awestruck.

“Everyone’s eyes widened. There was a stack, about four feet high and three feet wide, of dollars, marks and Swiss francs in high-denomination notes. I couldn’t begin to guess how much was there, but it was certainly more than the three of us could carry.”

It took nearly two weeks to make arrangements to move the cash to a bank in Liechtenstein and then the serial numbers—the first and last note of each bundle—had to be noted. When the mission returned to the Bahamas, Kima had to describe to the Commodore the exact size of the various piles of money. “He was very pleased,” she said. “He thought he’d outdone the Swiss.”

**SOURCE:** Russell Miller, *Bare Face Messiah*

When Janis got back from New York, Kima must have told her the story, too. Either that or Janis read *Bare-Faced Messiah*. Or maybe Kima and Russell Miller and Janis all have the same ghost-writer, who knows, but here is Janis’s version:

**MONDAY, 25 NOVEMBER 1974, QUOTING JANIS GILLHAM GRADY**

Around this time, LRH had read in one of his financial publications that the Swiss were going to change their tax laws. He was very upset about this and did his usual pacing around and yelling. He thought he had lost everything he had stashed in a Swiss bank account.
During his yelling and screaming, he did hear Kima suggest the possibility of moving his funds.

A few hours later, Kima and two others were on a plane to Zurich with handwritten instructions from LRH, authorizing the transfer of all his assets to a bank in Liechtenstein. When they arrived, they were taken down into the vault of the bank and shown the money. It stood about four feet high and three feet wide, and consisted of US Dollars, German Marks and Swiss Francs in high-denomination notes.

It took nearly two weeks to make arrangements to move the cash to a bank in Liechtenstein. The serial numbers of the first and last note of each bundle had to be noted. When they returned to the Bahamas, Kima told LRH of her amazement at the size of the pile of money. He laughed and joked as though he had outsmarted the Swiss and thanked her for her help.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gilham Grady, *Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

If you believe that any of this happened because you think moving an American paper dollar physically from a bank in one country to a bank in another country will somehow prevent that paper American dollar from losing value, I can’t help you. No wonder you swallow this swill. That isn’t to say that the MAJOR Conspiracy Theory Cult members Kima Dunleavy Douglas, Mike Douglas, and Fred Hare did not go to Switzerland and take massive amounts of cash out and take it somewhere else. They probably did. But as shore stories go, this one takes the cake for sheer lip-bubbling lunacy.

While all of this was going on, at some point the *Apollo* moved from Freeport a short trip over to Nassau, Bahamas, and it was around this time—as far as anybody can possibly figure out from the available record—that two of the most stellar names in the history of the willful crushing and annihilation of Scientology entwined their lives in a touching pact of love. You almost can envision them running in slow motion toward each other on the white sands of the Caribbean, while “Chariots of Fire” plays in stereo: Terri Gillham, head of the Commodore’s Messengers Organization on the *Apollo*, and Gerry Armstrong, now Director of Info (Intelligence) on the *Apollo*.

How they have ever had even a moment to strike up a romance of any kind at all is one of the great Enduring Mysteries of the Caribbean, given Gerry Armstrong’s incessant jet-setting and the fact that they have hardly been on the same continent for more than 10 minutes at a time in the last six months. There’s no evidence (at all) that it was a shotgun wedding; actually, their pairing up was a little more pedestrian than the slow-motion beach scene; they allegedly tied the knot somewhere “legally” in either Freeport or Nassau, according to Gerry’s testimony in a court case. He doesn’t say whether it was with a Justice of the Peace or a Vodou houngan.

But however it happened, that just would not do for “L. Ron Hubbard” and his two dear allies! Oh, no! There absolutely had to be a big grand wedding ceremony onboard the ship, with photos and the Apollo Stars playing! (Cringe)

Before the big ceremony, though, there is more skulduggery afoot in DC for Gerry to keep tabs on through the telex machine—not that anyone should think for even a moment that Gerry Armstrong was keeping the telexes from getting to Mary Sue Hubbard:

**MONDAY, 2 DECEMBER 1974**

Michael Meisner and Mitchell Hermann enter the IRS building and remain inside until sometime after 7:00 p.m. They then enter offices of the Exempt Organization Division on the seventh floor, remove from the building one file relating to Scientology, and take it to the Guardian’s Office and photocopy it. The purpose is to show Gerald Wolfe that documents can easily be taken from IRS offices. Meisner then calls Duke Snider in Los Angeles and tells him what he and Hermann have accomplished, what documents have been stolen. He tells Snider that this proved conclusively the ease with which documents could be taken from the IRS.
**TUESDAY, 3 DECEMBER 1974**
Mitchell Hermann returns the file on Scientology—which he and Michael Meisner had stolen the day before—to the IRS files.

**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

**WEDNESDAY, 4 DECEMBER 1974**
A telex is sent on December 4, 1974 at 2200 hours by Deputy Guardian Info US Duke Snider to Deputy Guardian Info WorldWide Mo Budlong regarding “GO 1361 TAR 10.” The telex informs Budlong that Snider has received “two shipments from DC... about ten inches” thick containing documents which Mitchell Hermann, Gerald Wolfe and Michael Meisner had stolen from the IRS.

**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

**THURSDAY, 5 DECEMBER 1974**
Government Exhibit No. 10, a telex from Mo Budlong to Duke Snider: “Duke such news brings joy to my heart ARC Absolutely fantastic ARC I can’t wait to see the data.” (Referring to documents allegedly stolen from IRS on 2 December).

**SOURCE:** Stipulation of Evidence, U.S. District Court for Washington, D.C., Criminal #78401, United States of America vs. Mary Sue Hubbard, et. al.

And on about the same day as that joyous telex from Budlong to Snider about federal felonies having been successfully committed, our Queen of the Conspiracy Theories, Janis Gillham Grady, returns from her mission in New York City, to the *Apollo*, which is in Nassau:

**THURSDAY, 5 DECEMBER 1974, QUOTING JANIS GILLHAM GRADY**
When I returned to the ship, preparations for Terri’s wedding to Gerry were under way. Terri was now 19 years old, and she and fellow Messenger Trudy Venter, who was 17 and engaged to marry Pat Broeker, had decided to have a double wedding. Annie [nee Tidman, then Rush, later Broeker, still later Logan] was Terri’s Maid of Honor and Doe [Gillham, married to Janis and Terri’s brother Peter] was Trudy’s. By this time, I had accepted Terri and Gerry marrying. All the bridesmaids had their dresses except me, so I had to rush into Nassau to find a gown suitable for a bridesmaid.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storm

The happy event took place on Tuesday, 10 December 1974, and we simply must turn again to Janis for her account of “L. Ron Hubbard’s” role:

**TUESDAY, 10 DECEMBER 1974**
Terri’s and Trudy’s [Ventner] marriages to Gerry and Pat [Broeker] on December 10, 1974, was the biggest we had ever had on the ship. LRH gave them both away. Terri had asked if our father could come to the ship to give her away. It seemed to surprise LRH that she even asked! LRH was surprised because he had been the closest male figure we had to a father so he thought Terri would want him to act as the father and give her away. Our own father was in America running a Scientology Franchise, and therefore not privy to our location or that of the *Apollo*. Dad coming to the ship was not acceptable.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storm*
That’s a damned lie. And that’s the nicest way I can put it. You poor, pathetic, pitiable liar. Your own mother, Yvonne Gillham Jentzsch, would be arriving at the Apollo in mere weeks for tech handling of a severe foot infection—which you even describe in the very same book where you tell the damned lie that allowing your father, Peter Gillham Sr., to come to the ship for his daughter’s wedding was “not acceptable.” I remember vividly when Yvonne left Celebrity Centre for the ship, and we all were direly worried about her health.

But she didn’t get to see “L. Ron Hubbard” in person on her trip, did she? (We’ll get to it in Part 2, 1975). That’s because she had known and worked with LRH for so long, and would have spotted a fraud in an instant. And that’s the only reason it wasn’t “acceptable” for your father to come to Terri’s wedding, too, isn’t it? Isn’t that why he was denied the father’s role for his daughter? Isn’t it?

God forgive you, that’s what happens when you let some useless arrogant spook write “your books” for you, and you are too compromised or ignorant or soulless to even pay attention to what kind of garbage is being pumped all over the world in your name.

I really do almost feel sorry for you—almost. But you made your choices a long time ago. Would you like to attack me again because I had the audacity to ask you some questions, about as tough as kiddie whiffle badminton, trying to clear up the unholy mess of lies that you and your fellow Conspiracy Theory Cult members—your accomplices—have spread like manure all over the world? Go ahead. Shoot the messenger. I don’t give a damn. This information now is in so many places around the globe that you and your Nazgul flock will never stop it or contain it.

I tried to tell you before, as clearly as I could: I am just the messenger. But you were so busy trying to defend and shore up and evade the consequences of your lies that you couldn’t even get the message. Let me give it to you one more time, gently, and these are words I think you should understand. I hope you can: I am THE MESSENGER.

So the glorious “wedding” took place on the Apollo—but Gerry later said under oath in court: “We had a ceremony onboard the ship in which the Scientology wedding ceremony was read. But it was just a ceremony; it wasn’t a marriage.”

As hard as it may seem to believe, I have to actually agree with Gerry on this one: Clearly, from the photos he has on his web site, the event was not a marriage. It was a big staged photo op to have as some kind of “proof” that “L. Ron Hubbard” was alive and well and on the Apollo down in the sunny Caribbean.

It isn’t common knowledge that in August and September of 1974, a few months before this “wedding,” the Eli Lilly company had already done lab experiments with its new drug that was being called in the literature “Lilly 110140.” It was later called fluoxetine, and then still later was branded, packaged, and sold as Prozac. Lilly is the company that had manufactured LSD in large batches for the CIA in the 1950s, ’60s, and beyond for its barbaric MK-Ultra experiments, including spreading the drug all over Haight-Ashbury, luring men they had dosed into a rigged apartment, where CIA scumbag George Hunter White would videotape them having sex, just to see how it affected them.

Lilly never officially gave a dose of fluoxetine to a human being until mid-1976, at least not that they’ve admitted to, but I’ve looked at the “wedding” photos that Gerry Armstrong has on his site, and it would not surprise me, even mildly, if I were shown written proof that Lilly had arranged for the punch bowls to be spiked with “Lilly 110140.” I have looked in vain for a genuine happy, joyous smile on anybody. Most, to the contrary, look almost like they are being there at gunpoint. The faces are either grim, or “look, now I’m smiling.”

As for the “L. Ron Hubbard” who is “giving away” the brides, he looks like an extra for The Walking Dead who has found an ill-fitting tux.

But the giant hole in the photos, the massive air-sucking vacuum, is in every photo where Mary Sue Hubbard would reasonably be expected to be but isn’t.

Why? Well there’s a very likely answer to that “why” question, and it fits all the data we have: There was no “marriage” between Gerry Armstrong and Terri Gillham. It was an “arrangement.” It was
a political “marriage of convenience,” if any “marriage” at all took place. And God only knows it certainly was convenient: it gave both of them an excuse to be essentially joined at the hip for the next four or five years—right up until Mary Sue Hubbard and others were convicted and sent to jail. Now that is convenient. So why would Gerry and Terri need to be near each other all the time?

That requires a short trip in the Time Machine. Hop in. We’re going back, back to September 1973, after L. Ron Hubbard has been “whereabouts unknown” for at least 10 months, purportedly hiding out in Queens, New York (for reasons nobody can explain) with Jim “Judas” Dinalcici and a former Green Beret named Paul Preston. So let’s give the floor to our Drama Queen of the LRH Conspiracy Theories, Janis Gillham Grady, for the dramatic “return” of “LRH” to the ship in Lisbon:

**TUESDAY, 18 SEPTEMBER 1973, QUOTING JANIS GILLHAM GRADY:**

I saw lights in the distance, a car pulled up, the door opened and LRH stepped out. He only spent enough time on the dock to thank the driver before turning and heading up the gangway. He wore a cape, and a beret covered his head. Long white and light-red hair fell out from under it, down to his shoulders. His sideburns were much longer and bushier than I had ever seen them, almost all the way down to his jawline. I thought that this must have been his disguise while in America. ...

He turned to his right and headed for the stairs leading to A-deck. I quickly fell in behind him and followed him to the A-deck foyer, where Pam Kemp was coming up the B-deck forward stairs toward the A-deck foyer.

Pam was surprised but excited to see “Ron,” whom she hadn’t seen in years, not since St. Hill. He, however had other things on his mind and didn’t even acknowledge her, nor did he recognize who she was.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

And this “L. Ron Hubbard” wasted no time issuing a verbal order (absolutely verboten in the Sea Org) that has never since appeared on any piece of paper of any description in the known universe, yet this alleged never-heard-or-seen directive “snapped” into existence the most powerful organization in all of Scientology from that moment forward for about the next 10 years:

**MONDAY, 1 OCTOBER 1973, QUOTING JANIS GILLHAM GRADY:**

Around this time, LRH had us set up our own Commodore’s Messenger Organization (CMO) and made us responsible for ourselves. We could not be punished by others as we represented him at the top, so we were to handle our own affairs. ...

Already being the Commodore’s Messenger In Charge, Terri was made the Commanding Officer of the newly formed Commodore’s Messenger Organization.

**SOURCE:** Janis Gillham Grady, *Commodore’s Messenger Book II—Riding Out the Storms*

Well, I don’t know what that beret-wearing fraud said, but I know what the actual L. Ron Hubbard said loud and clear, in his own voice, on 25 May 1965:

**L. RON HUBBARD:**

I’ll give you a clue on the way we have to operate in Scientology: If it isn’t written, it isn’t true. And you just put that down and you’ll get along fine in organizations and everywhere else. If it isn’t written, it isn’t true.

Somebody says this, that and the other thing; you say, “Well, have you got it in writing?”

And they say, “Well, no, as a matter of fact, (something).” Well, then it isn’t true and that’s that.

This, by the way, had to come into being. The first place I know of it was when we were
down at 2600 Hoover in Los Angeles in 1950, and people used to walk in off the street and say, “Ron said to give me fifty hours of processing,” or something like that, and by George, they would.

**SOURCE:** L. Ron Hubbard, “The Five Conditions,” a lecture given on 25 May 1965

And so the *entire justification* presented by these “Commodore’s Messengers” for their very existence is, “Ron said we could have absolute power and have no consequences from anybody, and so everything we have done has been done in his name, but he’s absent minded and forgot to give us a piece of paper. Trust us, though. If we say it, Ron said it.”

The “creation” of the Commodore’s Messenger Org (CMO) was like the Egyptian god Atum, who created himself out of the primordial waters. It was entirely self-created, self-validating, and self-authorizing. It was manufactured out of thin air—exactly the way the Janis Gillham Grady Conspiracy Theory Cult, many of whom were in the CMO, manufacture ridiculous and often malicious fiction, myths, and shove them in everybody’s face as “historical fact.” It would be hysterical farce—if it hadn’t done so much harm to so many people. But it has. And the deadly sin of the deadly lie is that they shoved the responsibility for their atrocious acts off on LRH.

Even Atum didn’t have multiple heads and faces, though, like the hydra called the “Commodore’s Messenger Org.” Once that monstrosity spontaneously came into being, any twitch who could wear a cute uniform and a “CMO” name tag could walk in anywhere and wreak total havoc on an area. Essentially, they transformed L. Ron Hubbard—the single source of Scientology—into a multi-headed beast.

The principal that the messengers in the CMO began to operate on at the beginning was as invisible as the order for the organization to be created at all, but although they operated on it, that principal was not memorialized in writing, in any “official” way, for five years. On 15 September 1978 somebody wrote a Sea Org Flag Order called “Commodore’s Messengers” and put L. Ron Hubbard’s name on it. It is clunkily and junkily written, with gratuitous redundancy, singularly unlike Hubbard’s normal flow and style. It says in pertinent part (including the redundancy):

> A Commodore’s Messenger carrying an order or running a project or otherwise on duty is an emissary of the Commodore. What is said or done to that Messenger by staff or persons receiving the Messenger’s orders is being said or done to the Commodore. ...

> The Beingness of a Commodore’s Messenger on duty is an emissary of the Commodore. What is done or said to that Messenger is being said or done to the Commodore.

That isn’t anything resembling Scientology; that’s madness—literally, according to L. Ron Hubbard:

> The analyzer does not think in identities. It thinks in differences, similarities. When it loses its power to differentiate and thinks in identities—no, it never does that. That’s madness. But something around here thinks in identities. ... Call this the reactive mind.

—L. Ron Hubbard, *Dianetics, Evolution of a Science*
Insanity is the inability to associate or differentiate properly.

—L. Ron Hubbard, *Scientology 8-8008*

The highest level of reasoning is complete differentiation. The lowest level of reasoning is complete inability to differentiate; which is to say, identification.

—L. Ron Hubbard, *Science of Survival*

SANITY IS THE ABILITY TO RECOGNIZE DIFFERENCES, SIMILARITIES AND IDENTITIES.
This is also intelligence.

—L. Ron Hubbard, Data Series 1, “The Anatomy of Thought”

L. Ron Hubbard didn’t write that rubbish called “Commodore’s Messengers.” Whoever wrote it was willfully trying to plant madness, insanity, illogic, and stupidity into the organizations through total “identification”: CMO = LRH. It’s a terminal case of A=A=A.

I’ll tell you who would have written it, though: Some Commodore’s Messenger <SPIT!> parasitically feeding on the power from L. Ron Hubbard like a vampire, then hiding behind the Hubbard name like the craven lying coward that would do any such thing. But of course such craven lying cowards couldn’t run the risk of someone standing up and saying, “No!” They would need some threat ability, some way to instill fear to force compliance with their “orders.”

Given that the CMO worked hand-in-hand with Kenneth Urquhart, the Hubbard-hater and Whining Eeyore of the Janis Gillham Grady Conspiracy Cult, Terri and Janis could collude with him to enlist the help of Andre Tabayoyon, who—according to his own declaration—had field training in the CIA-developed interrogation techniques for breaking a human being’s spirit and will.

Ken Urquhart could then use that CIA “tech” to create the wickedly named “Rehabilitation Project Force.” Then, with that portable gulag hanging over staff and executive heads, Terri and Janis and their little coven of “Commodore’s Messengers” would have the final tool of totalitarians in place to terrify Scientology staff around the world into accepting and enforcing their horrifically capricious and anti-Scientology orders.

And guess what: On 7 January 1974, just weeks after the beret-wearing fraud came aboard and allegedly whispered to a fly that a “Commodore’s Messenger Org” should be created, Ken Urquhart wrote Flag Order 3434 creating “The Rehabilitation Project Force,” one of the most draconian means of forced degradation ever created since Torquemada. And true to form, Urquhart blamed it on LRH.

So now we jump back into the Time Machine and fly forward, returning to the touching day of 10 December 1974, and the ceremony-that’s-not-a-marriage. And the question remains: If it ain’t “true love” that’s joining Gerry and Terri, what is it? And why is Mary Sue missing from the scene?

Let’s take stock:

Terri, the girl who this “L. Ron Hubbard” in a sad tux is “giving away,” is still the Commanding Officer of the Commodore’s Messenger Org. Terri has access to any and every place that “L. Ron Hubbard” can go, and has access to all the command, control, and communication lines ever established for L. Ron Hubbard, including the vital telex lines. And about this “L. Ron Hubbard” who is giving away the not-a-bride, Terri, who wouldn’t allow her own father to come: Well, this “LRH” sure seems a little sketchy—especially given the knowledge that in a few months, in 1975, there are going to be at least two “L. Ron Hubbards” in the Caribbean, proven beyond a doubt

The recipient of the blushing non-bride, Gerry, has somehow become Mary Sue’s intelligence officer for the Apollo—even with a “psych history”—while federal felonies are playing out in Mary Sue’s name in DC. And everybody knows an intelligence officer can’t intelligence-ize without full free access to all files, and all communication lines, including the vital telex lines that Mary Sue would need and use. Which Gerry now has. And Mary Sue is nowhere to be seen.

And now Terri Gillham, who has total access to all L. Ron Hubbard traffic and information, is, for some reason, going through a pretend “wedding ceremony” with Gerry Armstrong, who she has spent
almost zero time with over many months. And Gerry, who somehow got into an impossible posting in intelligence, has total access to all Mary Sue Hubbard traffic and information. So now Terri and Gerry—

Is it just me, or is it getting warm in here? Is there some kind of pattern forming? Maybe something will come to me. I don’t know.

Well, come to think of it, there are these two bizarre letters from Mary Sue to GO biggies Jane Kember and Henning Heldt about the IRS strategy that never made any sense, and— Oh, that’s in 1975, and I don’t want to get ahead of myself. That will be in Part 2, 1975.

Who else is missing in action? Well, nobody has seen or heard from Liz “Lizard” Ausley-Gablehouse since her amazing mission to Charleston. Where has she slithered off too? (Hey, Liz, were you wherever Mary Sue was being held, taking good care of her? I know you could. Don’t want to answer? That’s okay; I realize you’re a shy little thing, more comfortable in the shadows.)

And speaking of the MIA, we better mention The Invisible Man in all of this: The vaunted creator of the Rehabilitation Project Force (RPF), the revered “LRH Personal Communicator,” Kenneth Urquhart. He is enshrined in the highest pantheon of the Janis Gillham Grady Conspiracy Theory Cult, but we haven’t heard a single thing about him during this entire 1974 adventure. Not a word. He’s been almost as invisible as L. Ron Hubbard himself. That’s particularly weird because of how Urquhart has bragged about his oh-so-very-special relationship with L. Ron Hubbard:

**QUOTING KENNETH URQUHART**

While I was Pers Comm, I sat in an office a few feet from his [Hubbard’s]. I saw him come and go from his office, I heard everything he said in his office (unless he had MSH in there), I heard all the orders and queries he passed to his messengers. Almost always I was present when he had another in for a briefing, and I took the notes. If for some reason I wasn’t there he would take care to tell me later what was the outcome of the meeting. I was responsible for entry to his office. Anybody other than MSH that sought access to LRH had to come to me. I was responsible for the considerable flow of paper to and from his desk. LRH frequently called me to discuss ship matters, international management matters, internal ship organization matters, technical matters, family matters. In addition to all this, he had me in his office or out on the deck with him to chat.

And yet now, here in the Bahamas, and for the past many months, from Funchal all the way across the Atlantic, through the disaster at Charleston and beyond, it’s as though Ken Urquhart has been taken up in the Rapture—or abducted by aliens. And all Ken Urquhart has had to say so far about the exposés in these Janis Gillham Grady Conspiracy Theory Cult documents: “YAWWWWNNNNNNWNNN.”

Well, as the sun begins to set on 1974 in the Caribbean and Urquhart goes into a coma:

**MONDAY, 16 DECEMBER 1974**

The Founding Church of Scientology, Washington D.C. (FCDC) seeks access through FOIA to all records maintained by the National Security Agency (NSA) on FCDC and Scientology,
as well as any records reflecting dissemination of information to other domestic agencies or foreign governments. [NOTE: The action is soon expanded to include all references to other specific Scientology organizations and to L. Ron Hubbard. NSA claims in response that it has no records related to Scientology or Hubbard. That will turn out to be a lie, but the documents ultimately will be withheld on grounds of “national security” and “confidentiality specifically imparted by other statutes.”]


THURSDAY, 19 DECEMBER 1974

In a Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) case, the Church of Scientology of California seeks from the Treasury Department’s Office of the Assistant Secretary for Enforcement, Operations, and Tariff Claims (EOTA), Office of General Counsel, and the U.S. Secret Service records in their possession pertaining to the Church, its founder L. Ron Hubbard, and the subject of Scientology in general.

SOURCE: Judge’s Summary Judgement for defendants in Church of Scientology of California, Plaintiff, v. William E. Simon et al., Defendants; Civ. A. No. 76-1719; United States District Court, District of Columbia; July 15, 1977.

And Michael Meisner and Gerald Bennett Wolfe continue their theft and copying raids on the IRS—which never produces a single document worth more than the paper it’s printed on.

The Apollo spends Christmas and New Year’s Eve in Nassau. Whether anybody went out and hung colored lights on a palm tree isn’t in the record.


Meanwhile, I pray every night for the souls and well-being of everyone in the world touched by the tragedies described herein—and, yes, that includes every last member of the Conspiracy Theory Cult, no matter what they have done. I want no harm to come to any of them, and I pray only for their salvation, as I do for all people and myself. They may scoff at my prayers, but those are my prayers, and I grant no jurisdiction to anyone over them.

I hope you reading this will pray, too, in all good faith. I’ll see you here again in Part 2.

Jon Randall McDonald
13 June 2021

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