Fair Comment By Teny E. Scott, England

**“There goes LRH”**

Mary Long was for some time the registrar at Saint Hill. Before that, though, she was a receptionist at the London HASI in Brunswick House, Nottinghill Gate. And she must have taken a liking to me, age 17, in 1956 or early ‘57, when she snuck me into one of Ron’s lectures.

I wish that I could say which one it was. As I recall, there was a series of professional lectures under way, and Mary got me into the back row of the room that made do variously for lectures, courses, and group auditing. The room became pretty full of students and some staff, and right down the front was Jack Park-house at the controls of an Ampex recl-to-reel tape recorder.

Soon LRH arrived and, with little ado, began his talk. I was unpressed by his fluency, his outgoing style, and the fact that he obviously knew his subject cold — and neither needed nor, probably, wanted notes. By and by. Jack signalled that there was only a minute or two left on the tape, and LRH bought his lecture to a close. It had been quite a thrill for a young scientologist, especially as the forum was a professional rather than a public one.

I met LRH briefly a couple of more times. Once, to say “good night” to him as he left the HASI one evening — he was dressed modestly, was by himself, and ported a beret on his head — and, in 1958, when he was leaving the new HASI at 35 (no, not 37!) Fitzroy Street. He wore a blazer with a Scientology badge, and the motto was “Help One Another”. When I applied for a photographic job at Saint Hill Manor in 1966,1 nearly had an interview with Ron, but instead he sent out one question: did I understand Raphaelite lighting? At the time, I did not, and that was that.

A couple of years later, I did make staff, on Publications Organization in the Manor. I’d achieved my ambition to be a Scientology photographer, and worked in the basement darkroom that LRH had created. The place was immaculately laid out and well equipped, and upstairs in the Manor was a large room that served as a photographic studio.

Thus my impressions of LRH are not limited to hear­say. Although my contacts with him were short. I value them. Many others have bad much more prolonged experience of LRH, of course, and I offer my contribution modestly.

I look upon L. Ron Hubbard as, essentially, having been one of the good guys in white hats — but some­one sorely tried (and hying) thanks to not only his own case but his willingness to dive into it, experiment with it, and suffer frequent disasters as a consequence. Whatever his faults, he was a colourful character, and surely has helped us live richer lives, despite any liabilities.