

# THE QUALITY OF THE SEA ORG AND WHAT IS A SEAMAN



*A lecture given on  
15 October 1969*

Thank you.

Well, tonight we're going to talk about something important. We're going to talk about the crew. All the other stuff I've been talking about so far is not as important as the crew.

15th of October '69.

The first thing you have to have if you have a ship is a crew and if you don't have one you don't have a ship very long.

Now, the difference between sailors and landlubbers is as follows: the landlubber doesn't have to put the land there. And so he very often comes to sea without an awareness that the platform on which he is standing has to be put there and continued to be there, and he is there to move this platform around and keep it in place and keep it afloat.

Now, when the landlubber goes to sea and doesn't know this very important fact, that he now has an additional action which is "putting the land there," you get the damnedest things you ever saw in your life. It is the most remarkable mess.

If you look around very carefully in any yacht harbor, you will see some examples of it. Somebody has bought himself a boat and he is now going to put out for a cruise. Well, it is a very, very remarkable fact that the anchor goes down, won't come up, won't go down, the sails won't go up, won't go down and the net result of it all is "Yacht in Trouble" becomes a standard news story.

There was some fellow who shoved off, for instance, from England and he was going to go to America. And I think he got something on the order of fifteen or twenty miles out into the Channel on some bucket of bolts, which very possibly, which very, very possibly might have gone to America had it had a crew. And he managed to get that thing rolling in such a way—I think it rolled all the fuel out of its supply tanks and it couldn't go any further. And at that moment, why, the coastguard and other agencies promptly came out and towed him in the twelve miles into Torquay or something like that.

I was rather astonished afterwards at the amount of damage which had occurred—fantastic amounts of damage. And on top of all of the bills for damage he had for this yacht, he also had a six-thousand-pound bill from the—England believes in saving lives at sea, you see, but got to be paid for it—a six-thousand-pound bill for towing him into the harbor.

Now I myself have seen ships in a remarkable state. I've seen lots of ships in very remarkable states. The yachts of the United States were once turned over to the United States Navy at the beginning of World War II. For some reason or other a foreign power—or that is to say, a national power, considers a yacht, to some degree, a war vessel. That's the category in which a yacht fits. And so at the beginning of any given self-respecting war the United States and England instantly appropriates all the yachts. And at that moment you see all the yachts of the country of any size at all being collected by the navies.

CREW  
SAVOR  
VS  
LANDLUBBER

Now, the reason for this as near as I could figure out, in 1942 up in Boston Harbor, was so that cousins and other people who were related to admirals and politicians wouldn't get sacrificed in this war, because all they did was put them aboard the yachts, at which moment all the yachts broke down. And there were hundreds of yachts, some of them very good sized yachts, all equipped as patrol vessels, and they'd driven big nails through the decks and that sort of thing, to put guns on them and so on. They were terrific, terrific display. And the very, very best caps from Brooks Brothers in New York could be seen aboard them.

And we would come in from the sea, covered with salt and very, very overworked to say the least, because I think there were only a half a dozen patrol boats in the entire North Atlantic who ever had any idea of doing anything about submarines. And we were all six of them. Hardly any exaggeration. Actually they didn't need, at that particular time, any transports to go through to Germany. All they had to do was form up the troops four abreast and march them to Germany from America on the backs of the German submarines. That was as near as . . . That was sort of the way it looked to me, you know.

I'd come into the harbor and instantly there'd be a white-belted messenger down there saying "A submarine is shelling a freighter twelve miles off Cape Cod. Uh . . . you boys uh . . . at once, Sir, should go out immediately" and so forth. And you say "What . . . what the hell? What—what—what—what are you talking about?" See? "The fuel tanks are empty. The guns—we got no ammunition. There's no food aboard. Da . . . wha . . . wha . . . What's the matter? What's the matter with all these *ships* you've got in here? These *hundreds* of them?" Forests of masts with all the best caps from Brooks Brothers. They were good yachts too. And I'm sure the guns they put on them shot. Of course, we were several times their size. So we would turn around and go out and do something about the freighter that was being shelled.

So it did begin to look to us as though there were only six vessels in the entirety of the North Atlantic and we were all six of them.

But I got to looking at these yachts and I got very interested in this. And as time went on I kept an eye on this sort of thing because in a lot of harbors these yachts still sat there. They did nothing but sit there, you know, because their purpose was to perpetrate the future aristocracy of America and I got very interested in them. And if you ever saw vessels in bad condition, they were it. They actually couldn't have moved fifty feet even though they had spent months in the yard. Even if they'd taken them into the yard and rebuilt them complete, they wouldn't have then moved fifty feet. It was the damnedest thing you ever saw. They didn't have any crews. They didn't have any crews.

What they were was a bunch of landlubbers with self-survival as their nearest action, and they put them aboard those ships and they didn't have any ships.

Well, I was very surprised . . . I was very surprised at the actual length of time that it took to get something done, because four or five years later they still hadn't gotten them into operation and all they did at that particular time was give them back to their owners or sell them at public auction. And boy, were they wrecks by that time.

I remember one yacht called the *Blue Water*. She was about 112 feet or something of that size. And she had beautiful paneling in her main salon and the guys they had put on board her couldn't keep warm where she was lying alongside of a dock up in the Chesapeake so they had laid some bricks down in the middle of the main dining hall and had kept a fire going on them. Yep, it was quite remarkable.

Now, forgive me reminiscence; World War II is several wars ago. I could talk to you about the War of American Independence or some of those wars for variety.



So the main point I'm trying to make to you however is undoubtedly the United States government had brought into its possession probably upwards of a billion dollars worth of yachts. They didn't have any crews so they didn't have one. That's interesting, isn't it? So it isn't enough to have a ship. You got to put the ship there.

After you watch something like this it becomes a vast lesson. You got to keep putting the ship there. It's a floating platform, and you haven't any idea, until you have seen him face to face, what Old Man Sea can get up to.

We had an idea given us here the other day. Somebody in England writing me, asking for—he's got all kinds of backing on this and that sort of thing—but he's going to put in a floating city. And it's all going to be afloat and he's going to anchor the thing, I think, halfway between England and Denmark or something. And undoubtedly this engineering feat could be done. But I looked at this and I wondered if he had ever been out there looking at Old Man Sea in one of his nastier moods.

The amount of ferocity which can be developed by waves and wind can't really be believed until you have seen them. So you actually operate with a ship—I don't want to scare anybody to death because there's nothing to it. It's a piece of cake. So you operate on an agreement with Old Man Sea that you do your job and keep things working right and he will leave you safe. And that is the agreement, actually, on which you operate. If you keep everything working right, and it's all shipshape, and there's nothing going to go to hell in the middle of something or other, there isn't something so weak that it's going to fall apart in the middle of sudden stress, why, then you have come to an amicable agreement with Old Man Sea—providing your watch officers also don't run you aground or get you on a lee shore during such a tempest, and you're . . . But that, again, would be just a piece of carelessness.

/ The only time you really have trouble with the sea is when you have violated the idea of putting the ship there. That's the only time you ever have trouble with him. You go out of the harbor and the engine is going "Kaff! Uhm-uhm-uhm. Kaff! Uhm-uhm-uhm." Well, there's going to be more randomness before there is less. Because if the ship runs that way in calm water, how the hell is it going to run when it gets a few waves? And what would happen if the sea really started kicking up?

So your basis of operation is far above what a land basis of operation is. The engine quits on a car, you pull it over to the side of the road and you get out.

Anyway, the . . . I have had, myself, some remarkable experiences along this line. I once took the delivery on a yacht. She was a nice little yacht but she had been lying still for a very long time. And I went over and took delivery on her and was just going to take her on a short delivery run—just going to take her across the harbor. It was a big harbor, but I was just going to take her across the harbor. It didn't seem to be much. And I had some guy and his girl who were more interested in getting drunk than taking the thing across the harbor, and the only other one I had aboard knew nothing about it either. But it didn't look like much.

We went a short distance and the generator quit. The generator quit, which of course ran the battery down promptly and that was the end of its engine. There wasn't anything you could do about that. No service stations are run by dolphins. But she had nice sails so I hoisted her sails up and she started scooting along the way she did, and then all of a sudden—crunch! Down came the mainsail. Crash! Slap! Down came the jib. And slither, thud! came the mizzen.

So I said, "Well, what's the matter?" So I looked at it, and I found out their halyards were rotten. She had been sitting still for so long that the outside of the rope looked okay, but you have to learn to take a piece of rope and give it a twist and look at the inside of the rope. And the inside of the rope was just powder. So there went the halyards.



So I scrounged around down in the bosun's locker and all I could find down there was some clothesline. So I managed to put together some clothesline and I substituted that for the main halyard and persuaded this guy to shin up the mainmast and we managed to get the mainsail going and the ship was going forward again.

In the meanwhile darkness had fallen, and the wind had freshened. There were no ships, not even any ferries about to amount to anything. The wind was off the shore and blowing us out to sea. And being pretty tired by this time I went below to try to get a cup of coffee out of the picnic kit because there wasn't even anything aboard her, you see, to do anything with except a couple of sandwiches and a bottle of coffee. And this guy, with his girlfriend—they were steering back there. And I heard a horrible crash and I looked out, and he had been wrapped up, spooning with his girlfriend to such a degree that he hadn't watched what he was doing with steering, and he had let her jibe, and that last small piece of clothesline had parted, never to be repaired again.

So there we were, drifting at night with a *storm* now coming on. I finally did, however, manage to signal down a fish boat and get a tow. And he left us alongside of a dock. I left it alongside of the dock because there was nothing I could do about it. But the dock had a lot of waves beating at it. So this boat got its whole gunwale crushed in.

I went over there the next day, rescued her to that degree and got her over to a shipyard. The shipyard took out its engine, painted it and put it back into the ship—for which they charged me the most remarkable price you ever heard of. So once more—but this time I had cordage—once more I actually set to sea and I did bring her home that time.

Taking out a new boat or one with which you're not familiar is usually your most catastrophic experience. After a while, after you've had a few brushes with Old Man Sea, you find out you haven't signed your contract with him that you'll keep things under good control and know your business and keep things running that are running, and he will pretty well leave you alone.

Now, let's take another end of this. I have been through, with a sound ship—and one I have trained the crew of and so forth—I have been through a 180-mile-an-hour hurricane in Alaska. And the only thing that happened was that we ran out of rum—which was a great oversight on our part.

So you see, there's two ends of the spectrum—a mild breeze and a complete wreck, and a 180-mile hurricane and total safety.

Now, what in essence do you have to do that is slightly different between running around on the beach and running around at sea? You notice that the land doesn't move. You can stamp on it, and so forth—nothing happens. It just goes on sitting there.

But when the weather starts kicking up, a ship starts to move. And the more the weather kicks up, the more the ship moves. And this has an interesting aspect to it. When the weather has kicked up to a point where the ship is really moving around, you will find most of the things which have been weakly secured or which are not properly bolted down or haven't been noticed, the pumps which were not quite in total repair and these other things all of a sudden have a tendency to go on a one-two-three-four-five-six breakdown.

Now, you're having to fix these things on a platform which is doing nip-ups, very often with the bilge water sloshing around with most remarkable ferocity—everything wet, nothing running, and you can't stop this. There isn't this thing of "Well, to hell with it. We'll go next door and have a cup of coffee." This is going to go on until you've got it under control.

And that makes a considerable difference of mental attitude. The mental attitude there is that it should be right, it should be very right, it should not risk coming to pieces, and that's what's known as "shipshape." And if it gets

KEEP THINGS RUNNING

SOUND SHIP  
2 ENDS OF SPECTRUM

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LAND & SEA

SHIP SHAPE

into trouble and if we get into trouble, let's not have the trouble compounded by a bunch of faults laid into it accidentally by its crew.

You might not see anything innocent with a stack of Coke bottles stacked up against a bulkhead. There they are, all your Cokes—not just the bottles; Cokes and all—and they're stacked up in a big stack. And somebody comes along with a piece of twine and he ties it diagonally and he says, "That's secure. That's fine. That's great." And then, for some reason or another, you hit a bit of a wave—you're not even in a storm maybe but you sometimes can hit some interesting waves. And it doesn't even take much of a wave. There is a horrible crash and you go down and you have got Coke—Coke is sticky, broken glass and so on, and it's liable to be a very interesting mess.

Now, if a thing like that happened in a storm it'd be a total catastrophe because you couldn't clean it up at all and you might not be able to even walk down that passageway now. You get the idea?

So you make sure it's right and that no departures from the vertical and horizontal will deplace it, and that the pumps will keep pumping and not get full of rags. For instance, it stands your hair on end to look in a bilge and see somebody has thrown some rags in it. You know what's going to happen now. The rag, the second there's any ship motion is going to get washed down to the bilge mudboxes and there it is going to plug your whole bilge line. And if at that moment there was anything open and there were any water coming into the ship—couldn't get it out. Do you see?

So it requires, in actual fact, an extended think to go to sea. It requires a "What is the consequences of . . . ?" Actually, you don't live in that operating attitude. It's just something you sort of acquire, and you look it over, and you're passing by and you see some rags in the bilge and you say "Well, ha, shouldn't be," and you get the rags fished out of the bilge.

Now, the crew that walks by the rag in the bilge and the crew that picks it up is the difference between seamen and landlubbers. It isn't that they can tie fancy knots. It's they can do a think. And also, another difference—they have found out that they are interdependent, one upon another, on their various skills, observations and alertness.

So a nervous crew is one that doesn't really trust each other. And a competent crew is one that does. And a competent crew member is one who can be trusted.

Basically, you're dealing with the raw materials of survival. And you are trusting another crew member with your survival, and the actual fact is—the going word is "If we're going to survive, nobody must let the team down." It's not that we will just lose the game or that State will get three more points. Old Man Sea is the *hungriest* fellow you ever saw. He will eat anything.

It is very funny sometimes, when you're out in deep water—any water beyond diving depth and even in that. If you've ever had a sheath knife drop out of your hand and hit the surface of the sea and disappear, you get very impressed with the appetite of Old Man Sea because you're never going to get it back. That's for sure. On land you reach over and pick it up.

And the number of dead men in Davy Jones's locker probably could not be counted. Now, that's very, very gruesome, isn't it? Yet the sea, as far as I'm concerned, is probably a safer place than the land.

/ So therefore we get down to, basically, What is a crew? What is a ship's crew? What makes it different? And those are the things, really, that make it different.

Now, we have found out—we have just had a very interesting experience. Very, very interesting experience. We are the Sea Org and of all of the units that were up in Denmark, it was the *Athena* which was the stable datum, doing its job. Now, there's an oddity. There is an oddity. You would say, "Well, they're distracted by a ship and a ship's just an idea," and all that sort of thing. But this has held constant, ever since there's been a Sea Org, that

Sea Org members uniformly and continuously have proven to be far more competent than their org comparable members. If you look over some of the things which the Sea Org has done and some of the things for which they're responsible in the last couple of years, it is absolutely amazing.

Now a lot of fellows have done things in standard orgs—yes, that's true. They accomplish a lot of things. Why is it the Sea Org is always straightening them out? It's obviously not that we're critical, but that as we are and functioning as we are, we obviously develop a different frame of mind. And that frame of mind—probably it's an easier idea of an outness, an easier idea of what is out. What outness is an outness? It might be a lot of things. And it's also the thing that we're operating as crews. And we do develop some idea of interdependency and we do develop a higher level of competence. That's true.

But isn't it funny that if . . . Our competence concentrated on has been mainly the competence on ships, not orgs. So it just goes on the basis that if you raise any competence, you raise competence.

Now, you get some guy sitting around staring at pieces of paper and concepts and thoughts—they have never learned to confront MEST. Well, in the Sea Org we confront MEST. A ship is a fairly large object to go throwing around. And yet we throw them around. And it has a great deal to do with it. Obviously a Sea Org member is up in confront.

Now there is something to it, then, and we have been, to some degree by the political composition of the world and various factors, forced to do what any group that is a very competent and governing group does in space. The headquarters of the great space societies are practically undiscoverable. If you don't believe it, look at your own track. They're practically undiscoverable. There'll be a capital city, but is the government there? No. In OT type governments there is a considerable tendency to hit them. There is the jealousy, the fear—these various things rise up. I can tell you that governments—it wouldn't matter how nice you were about it or how pleasant you were about it. Every time I have written a government here in the last few years, the government has done something as though it was in terror.

I wrote a bit about it in *Freedom*. I traced it back. Every time I addressed a government they reacted. And I finally—"What emotion are these guys reacting on?" They were reacting on the emotion of fear or the emotion of terror.

Now, it obviously says that there must be something slightly elusive and it must be rather difficult to hit a central-control group in any line of country such as we are operating on. We have a certain elusiveness. And we count on the wog inability to make everything go through 100 percent to remain secure in that. We had experiments along this line and when we were land based, we were hit.

Now because the control organization of Scientology organizations is not that easy to hit (crossing my fingers), they know it wouldn't do any good to knock out one of the other organizations. We have posed them a problem which they can't really solve, within the framework of their own mores, and so forth. You see, if they can't hit us, why then it wouldn't do too much good to hit an org. That we're elusive makes the org safe. Do you follow? If we were in a fixed position we would be getting our brains blown out.

So when you do not have all of the artillery necessary to gun down all of the opposing forces, there is something else you can do, which is you can fade. And oddly enough our tactic, if we're hit and we fade . . . Most armies and so forth which try that—and we're not a military unit but most armies which try to be fabian (after the Roman word), they get weak. They lose—that is the army that's trying to fade away—they can't get their supplies, they can't get their troops, they can't get reinforcements, their economics are all upset. See?

Oddly enough, in a period of fading away we have become stronger.

Right now we're on a bit of a downstat streak as I talk right at this moment. But we're building that right back up again. We're mobile. And the idea of mobility itself is a protection. None of these cats can say—as they go to sleep every night, they cannot say “Thank God, those fellows are over in . . .”—because they can't be sure.

Now, you wouldn't think there was this much protest toward helping man, but there is a considerable protest toward helping man if people are being paid fantastically for keeping him very sick and in trouble. And you'll find out that the biggest appropriations on the planet are to bump people off. Governments spend more money to bump people off than they do at any other single thing. War, various things, military establishments, armed services and so on.

So, if they're of that frame of mind, we're almost their oppterm. I don't think they have any idea or any illusions about themselves. And I think they know they're bad hats because they say all man . . . all men are bad. Well, they should know.

So as a result we actually have been running a tactical situation here for many years. And it has been a successful one. We have had the combined forces of several nations being directed by their very best chief bad hats and we've not only stayed alive, we've kept orgs running and we've also expanded, which is fantastic. While being fabian we have gotten stronger.

So that is basically the real Why of the Sea Org. It gives an elusive body which might be anyplace, and which is now getting to be everyplace, if you look at our stationships and that sort of thing. But there they sit in harbor. Why attack them? All they would do is sail, see? It's upsetting. The whole thing is very upsetting.

So if we're not permitted to assume, as Scientologists, our proper action and role, if we do not get the appropriations which we should be getting in order to straighten out people and handle these various lines, why, we can go ahead and do our job anyway, and there are many ways in which we do accomplish that job.

But the idea of the Sea Org was born out of very practical experience. Not because I am particularly enamored with the sea. It is an area I know well, but I'm a good cavalry general too. But it is one which, by trial and error, served our purposes best.

In a ship we can keep our organizational papers, patterns, personnel, functioning actions going, right? So we don't have to be knocking down an org and putting it back together again. If you have ever tried that, you will know what I am talking about. To move an org from A to B—oh, my God! Three moves is as good as a fire.

Now, when we started this action stats were pretty bad and they were very, very low. And the existence of the Sea Org in the beginning of its actions, and so on, built them up steadily, steadily, steadily, steadily. And I don't know a factor of how many times we have built up international statistics in the Sea Org in the last two years. I don't know how many times we've multiplied it. But it's considerable. So they're on a little bit of a sag now—well, that's nothing. We'll have it going right back up again.

So therefore, as we look this thing over, we say, “Well, why a ship?” It's not that they're comfortable, not that they're this, not that they're that. They actually can be kind of fun.

You find a fellow being around the Sea Org after a while, after he has been ashore for a while, he says, “Oh, the hell with it. I'd like to go to sea.” Or I remember what's-his-name that wrote Moby Dick—wrote another book, and it starts out on the vein of “Every now and then when it gets too much for me on the beach, you know, I get myself together and go to sea.” And you'll see . . . you'll see, after you've been lying alongside of a dock for a while, why, you begin to look at the other boats around and you just kind of sneer and look at the dust and that sort of thing and smell the smells and

you say, "To hell with it," and you kind of start looking out for the open sea. And it's great.

And of course, that can pall too, but I have heard far less complaints about being at sea than I have of being on the beach.

So that, in essence, is what this is all about. It is the fact that a ship is not as safe as a delivery van by a long way. One of its greatest menaces are the safety conventions for the sea. And it is not something which sits there in one plane in one place, but it is liable to bounce about. And it has many complex actions. The fire hydrants don't turn on and one day there is a fire—woo, wow! wow! wow!

Old Man Sea is actually just sitting there waiting—"Well, they'll slip up, you know? They'll slip up"—not a very comfortable operating atmosphere, unless you yourself has adjusted your own competence to it. And if you've adjusted your own competence to it, it is a very, very comfortable operating atmosphere.

I've cruised in some of the worst waters of the world, bar none. One is the Tasman Sea with its seventy-foot waves from trough to crest, and the other is the Arctic Seas. And in both places I never turned a hair. Not because I was particularly brave, but because the outfit I was with was able to handle things. In other words, there was confidence.

So your best bet is to extend your prediction. Rag in the bilge predicts a *glug-glug-glug*, you see? They don't have rags in the bilge.

Fire hydrants that don't turn on—well, now that immediately predicts a fire you can't handle. Do you see? So your think gets somewhat along in these lines. When your think goes along in these lines and when you yourself are competent on your post and that post is coordinated with your other crew members, I think the sea is probably the safest place you could possibly be.

Now, at this particular moment with Communist China saying they are going to bomb Russia and the United States, and Russia and the United States sitting there worrying about getting bombed by each other, and a bunch of other sensible, sane people who are not only outside an institution, but actually have positions in the state—when these guys want to play ping-pong with a hundred megatron something-or-others, we also have another responsibility, which is the perpetuity of the technology.

If, as we sit right now, they started throwing stuff at each other, we'd be as safe as a bug in a rug. So what would you get out of it? You'd get a little bit of fallout; you might get a tidal wave or two. The best way to handle a tidal wave is to be at sea. You don't really handle tidal waves well alongside docks. Ships actually have tendencies to move over and sit down on the dock.

But at sea, it's very funny. A tidal wave at sea is a very funny thing. You sometimes will see a line on the radar screen that looks a bit above your horizon, and it seems to be approaching. And there you are. And the first thing you know why your ship lists or raises its nose a bit and you go up, up, up, up, up, up—okay. And then down, down, down, down, down, down, down. You say, "What the hell was that?" and then you hear on your radio the next day that fourteen cities have been wiped out on the coast by this vast tidal wave. So they are not very awe inspiring.

Well, although I haven't told you anything you didn't know, I was just trying to give you a little bit of background music to "Why the Sea Org," and also the slight difference of attitude which undoubtedly accounts in some part for the fact that when we run missions and we put orgs together and so forth, we get it *done*.

And we are actually a far more successful organization, and in terms of actual cash earnings are being well worthwhile. We earn more money for other people than could easily be counted. And we ourselves get less of it. We actually are terribly underpaid as an organization. Although these organizations are expanding, they expanded into the teeth of opposition—we have never, in actual fact expanded them up to a point where we had then a solid plateau



of expenditures we could afford on ourselves.

And right now, at this moment, why, we're back into the reserves again. Well, we've got to move it up so that we don't go into that.

Do you see what happens?

Actually, not only do the governments become unaware of us to a large degree but organizations become unaware of us; so that a Sea Org mission suddenly shows up at WW the other day, and one of the high executives wasn't going to have anything to do with them at all and was going to kick them out on their ear, using as an excuse that they weren't directly from Flag.

But he didn't stand up to it very long. And then they went ahead and executed their mission. And let me tell you, it was a damn good thing doing it too. They were sitting there, pretending to have some sixty, seventy thousand, eighty thousand pounds' worth of reserve. Their reserves were only sixty-eight hundred. The seventy-nine thousand pounds they had in a bank, and so forth, apparently does not belong to them but apparently belongs to me. It was actually money paid over to me for some real estate. This was their reserves. Nice work if you can get it.

So there was a Sea Org mission. It was sent out by the *Diana*, our littlest—not quite our littlest ship; we've got two or three smaller than the *Diana*. But it's our smallest stationship. And there it was, and it sent one out. And as far as I'm concerned, it probably saved WW from being wiped out, all in one fell swoop. And we saved their income; we saved the organization, as far as that's concerned.

And yet we don't expect very much of a pat on the back about that. We expect this sort of thing to happen. And we keep it running as best we can. They themselves are hit. They're having hard troubles of one kind or another, their income goes up and down. And if we can keep them straight and help them out, why, we're glad to do so. But many times in the last two years it was a doggoned good thing that there was a Sea Org.

We have actually inherited the job of running . . . beefing up orgs and developing programs. And we are very successful at that. And we . . . by reinforcing what you do well and dropping out what you don't do well, you eventually arrive at a good operating formula. And we have arrived at the fact that we are really an administrative, not a military group.

TEAM  
But our success is almost entirely due to the fact that we as a crew become a team, and an interdependency and a trust of one to another permits us to go ahead and get our job done far better than would be done if we were operating from a base on the beach. That's actually what we're really all about. And we're really not about much more.

SAILOR  
But to learn to be a sailor is simply to learn to predict what trouble you're not going to get into. And if you can carry that facility well, you know your job well.

Okay? Thank you.

Audience: Yes Sir. Thank you.