

# **The Organization Executive Course**

by  
**L. Ron Hubbard**

**EXECUTIVE  
DIVISION**

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7**

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# **EXECUTIVE DIRECTIVE**

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## **A FABLE**

The following fable seems to have turned up somehow.

It may cheer you up in the present conflict with the old-time psychiatrist and his efforts to destroy modern culture:

### **THE WAY IT SEEMS**

This situation wherein the "World" Federation of Mental Health and its "National" organizations advocate violent and brutal (and highly illegal) "treatment" on false grounds suggests an interesting anecdote.

A flock of sheep was being tended by two shepherds. They noticed the sheep were very nervous and restless and looking around one of the shepherds saw a huge black wolf, one of a hovering wolf pack, drag down and kill a sheep. The shepherd rushed over to protest. "What are you doing?" The wolf looked up from his kill and said through bloody jaws, "I'm a professional!" Whereupon the shepherd looked apologetic and said, "Oh," and walked away.

The sheep became more and more nervous and darted about, looking ready to stampede.

The two shepherds had a meeting together to see what could be done.

The farmer came out to see why the sheep were so hard to control and discussed it with the shepherds. The farmer said, "Maybe it's those wolves."

A wolf who had just killed his tenth sheep overheard this and trotted over, bits of sheep flesh sticking to his ugly teeth.

"No, no," said the wolf. "We're doing all we can to keep them herded up for you. If we went away they'd bolt. These sheep we're taking care of are the crazy sheep. You see they are the cause of the other sheep being nervous."

"Ah," said the farmer.

"Yes," said the wolf. "You see this is a highly technical field, far above your mentality. You can't recognize the crazy sheep and we can."

"Oh well," said the farmer. "We're glad of your help."

“Yes, yes. We try to oblige,” said the wolf. “It’s a very hard job, though, rounding up all these sheep. If you pay us, we’ll make it much simpler.”

So the farmer and the shepherds took up a collection and gave it to the wolves. And the wolves had a long chute built and a corral with spiked fences. And they drove sheep down the chute and killed them.

The farmer and shepherds explained how it was all right to the other sheep.

But an old big ram and three of his mates had been watching all this. They had tried to break in on it but the farmer and shepherds had held them off from interfering, saying how technical it all was and that the wolves had to study 12 years and had diplomas.

Finally the old ram had had enough of it.

He and his mates suddenly rushed at the farmer and two shepherds. The remainder of the flock thundered along with the rams.

The farmer and shepherds turned with a screech and ran down the chute to get help from the wolves.

There were several loud snaps and the wolves ate up two shepherds and a farmer so quick their overall buttons flew up half a mile.

The rams got back, took a long run at it and smashed the fences down, caught the overfed wolves against the far side and stamped them to pieces under a thousand sharp hoofs.

Sometime later the old ram was standing on the calm hillside, where the sheep now peacefully grazed, and a young kid started coughing.

The old ram reached into his throat and pulled out a scrap of paper.

“What was it?” said the kid, recovering his breath.

The old ram examined it and grinned. “It’s a wolf diploma. Took him 12 years to become a professional it seems. But what you were choking on is this fingernail that was caught in it. He not only bit but ate the hand that fed him.”

And that’s how it got so calm and peaceful up there on the hillside.

L. RON HUBBARD  
Founder