

470 East 26th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226, U.S.A.

7th August, 1970.

Miss Elizabeth M. Hindle

Beloved Sister,

Thank you for yours of July 23rd: I do not remember you, but am thankful you enjoyed the meetings at Aberdeen.

The last time I was there I met the press which was very interesting. This time I met criminals.

I arrived on Thursday by charter flight with Mr. & Mrs. Alan Ker. I was brought to A.G's house and was made very comfortable. That night there was some singing and I went to bed.

Friday the meetings started at 8 a.m. At the foot of my chair in the meeting was a glass of mixed whisky.

The meetings proceeded on Abram the Hebrew and there were some very fine addresses and the day was very fine in spiritual ministry. During the meetings I took a sip of whisky.

Mr. A.K. had said to me that his wife wanted to wash my feet, to which I agreed. He also suggested she might assist me after the meetings each day in rubbing my head and massage. He brought her in that night, they had to go through most of the rooms of the house to get to my room — there were many helpers besides the host and hostess who saw them come to my room. The second night was the same only there came a knock on the door and in came the host with S.McC. and J. Gray.

S.McC. says, "What's that?", points to the sister (nurse) lying on the bed. He says "Corruption". He points to some clothes on the floor and again says, "Corruption": the host agrees. I said to S.McC., "You are a bastard, a liar". Alan Ker had also come in and he told S.McC. that he was charging his wife with corruption. He said she was a pure woman.

They all left and Alan Ker and his wife went out expecting me to follow to get the charter flight.

On the way out Mrs. Ker was called a demon and they were told they could sit on the street all night.

Alan Ker waited 11/2 hours for me to come out, they then left to go to a hotel.

The reason I could not come out was that two brothers would not let me out of the room. This lasted for 1 ½ to 2 hours when there came a knock at the door and the doctor came in.

The doctor gave me some injections as he had been doing and then said, you are going home because you are sick? I said no I am not sick and asked him if he knew what was going on in this house. He said no, so I said I would not spread evil by telling him.

The host came in with some pills and I asked where Alan Ker was, and he said he did not know. He said James 3 was coming. Soon James 3 came and I asked why he came because I was to meet him at London airport.

S. McC. had phoned James 3 and told him something and then met him at Glasgow and told him some more. James 3 actually left the meetings at Farnham because he was told I was sick, senile and did not know what I was doing. S. McC. filled up James 3 with this “corruption” as he had charged.

I left the house (A.G.) after asking was he right, his wife, S. McC. He said yes, but I found out later he meant that S.McC. was right.

As I came out to go with James 3, there was S. McC., J.L., J.G., and a brother called Stephano or such name, about 4 a.m. These were the criminals; they were supposed to have a breaking of bread, but none was held in that house.

The charge made by that bastard Waterfall that I was in bed with another man’s wife is a dastardly lie. If I wanted to sleep with another man’s wife would I go to Aberdeen—costing about \$1,000? Brooklyn would be cheaper. Some brethren have shown themselves to be boobs.

The dear brethren in Detroit have come to a right decision and withdrew from S. McC. only to be poisoned by A.B.P. with the lies he got from Aberdeen. I told him I withdrew from him, 2 Timothy 2, because he was associating with persons under discipline (Aberdeen).

Affectionately your brother,

J. TAYLOR, Jr.