

March ²⁵₁ 190

Dear Don,

Want to hear a ghost story?

This morning when I was walking in the Towers Village a very black cat came to walk beside me - as a dog walks. He stayed so long that I finally said to him in jest. "Cat, is Ernest trying to tell me something?" He then rubbed very close to my legs and purred loudly. Soon after he went on off. Spooky!

This place is not a condominium - It is a retirement home - complete with a health center that also takes care of people whose minds are gone. That is where I thought I was headed - when I destroyed every thing personal - pictures - addresses - also Bill Chlie's little book. Bill saw the 1000 he had printed melted into thin air. He probably gave them away rather than sell them.

I promise this is my last note for a while.

My best always Margot



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