

Secundrel Ed,

Still later 6/21/76

Is there to be no end to my accidental discoveries of your disposition on my trust and your dishonesties?

I'll just sent me down the cellar to obtain something for her. I remembered where it was - a started box of Whitewash IIs not with the others. I immediately noticed it had been moved from where it was.

Why? Because where it was blocked one of my dead-storage files in the cellar.

There has been no person there except you.

I was stunned, even after all else. You have to crawl around, without my permission and without asking it, in my basement, too?

So I picked up the box and started to take it to Ed and passed the next row of dead files toward the stairs. The first thing that attracted my eye in a box in which the bottom is bad and I hadn't moved it without sliding it for fear it would spill all over the floor. You left it cocked at an angle. Why did you move it? To pry through my old files that have no relationship to your expressed interests and I haven't been into in years.

This was not enough. You also had to paw through the box itself. In doing this you left a volume exposed to the dust.

When so much has disappeared in which you alone or those of whom I had known so interest you have, perhaps unjustly, now inspired still other suspicions.

I am going to turn over backward on this and again not touch anything.

Several weeks ago Scott was here to do some work for me putting shelves up in the cellar so that, when and as I can, I can try to restore it to order. I'll see whether or not he recalls anything about where what was. He is supposed to be here this weekend, as you know.

Truly I care for you.

If you can behave like this you are in desperate need of professional help.

