

6/20/66

In route from Chico
to San Jose via S.F.
Since last tuesday have
been staying with Whitings
in Paradise. Each atq,
we laughed, we played.
Vince - ~~me~~ found a bit
more of life -
hiked, drove, fished,
cap played, sang, discussed
phil, war, politics, went to
fair with Gay and Bobby,
and I combed Betty's hair,
wore her cloths, kissed her.
Roy and I talked, laughed and
visited with.

Vince back there in Paradise,
I now on plane and time will
be far between.

When the sun strikes my face,
when the eye touches tree, when
the bug on my cowboy hat moves -
Vince is near me. And I can
not hold back the tears. At
least this time, he did not
see me cry - I held til I boarded.

We spoke words of we must go our
own lives and see each other when
we can yet
in feeling
and mind of heart
I know this verbal spout is
not complete. Vince knows too -
but we also know it can not
be word discribed.

So my love - I am not complete
until I be with you again.

Patricia