

Wednesday
March 2, 1966
5:50 pm

The bug has been here for three days now, but today is the first I've given in and just stayed in, slept and moved slowly.

Yesterday - ran around bundled up but with a temp off and on of 101 - 2°f/
I could not miss Fuller's lecture ~~for~~ anything - it was well worth every moment. (One person on campus yesterday remarked - I looked like a little old Russian woman battling the Siberian winter - in my high black boots, trench coat, head blanket & umbrella).

And as usual, all those who are near in milage - the beautiful men I love - give of their moments and selves. Al took me to dinner Mon night, the next morn on his way to work brought me the wheat germ oil; Herb drove me home after the Fuller workshop yesterday. John R. on his way home stopped and gave me a supply of Tetracyclin; at 7:00 Clay on his way to night meeting dropped dinner by for me. Duncie brought me juice and milk. Harry who is back for 2 wks from Phynix, calls and makes me laugh, in & out. And of course my beautiful Vince came by way of mail.

It is 6:00 3/2 and I'm feeling less congested, not as ill. Here before me, beyond the window pane - the trees and grass, dance in swift contortion - a strong wind is passing - Oh - I yearn to feel its piercing beauty. O'er the Mt Hamilton range - as far as the eye can view - a massive fort of cumulus nimbostratus formations - all pink hue from the western sun - project a wordless hugeness within this body - & there due east at 2:00 a one engine craft at about 7000 ft - & ~~my~~ thoughts, of course, venture to Benno - knowing he is doing well as a flight engineer with United.