

5 November 1980

Dear Harold & Lil:

Since returning Oct. 25 I've been somewhat under the weather and simply have not felt like writing. Meanwhile, I'm acutely conscious of your good letters of Oct. 18 and 30 ~~and~~ the effort they represent under the circumstances.

In Peking, after a series of exhausting experiences, I finally came down with a very bad cough and sought counsel at the outpatient clinic at the Capitol Hospital (formerly the PUMC where I've always gone) where they prescribed the same things for laryngitis and bronchitis which my own doctor did after I returned to Mill Valley.

Libby met me at the airport and firmly took me to her home where I stayed a couple of days until it was clear nothing more serious was wrong. I then bailed the cat out at the vet's and came home, where I've been most of the time since in bed. Apparently a persistent virus which only gradually is giving up. Meanwhile the symptoms have been exaggerated by the fact I stopped smoking when the bug first hit me in Peking.

Otherwise the trip was simply wonderful. I learned a lot and am enormously encouraged. The Chinese are on their way, the most intelligent and stable people in the world, I'm convinced. One of these days I shall get around to writing something along the line of the newsletter you mentioned. When I do, you'll get the top copy. Until then, please forgive my poor writing habits and believe that I'm fine. It just takes time.

Best to you both,



jdw