

February 2, 1987

Dear Red,

I've been waiting <sup>til</sup> I could handle a pen or negotiate a typewriter properly to write to you, but that day has not yet come. We are here in Florida working at my recovery, and the first real letter I can write will be to you, and I hope you know how much your good words about my book mean to me. I don't really care what anybody else thinks. Love to Eleanor and yourself, from both of us.

Peter

As ever,  
John  
Peter

dictated  
of course  
e.c.