Dec. 8, 1977.

Jackson H. Stuckey, M.D.
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Dear Jack,

Have been meaning to write you for ever so long, and am contrite that the delay has occurred. I saw Mike Golding some time back and learned about your illness. Peter filled me in more after his visit with you after the Congress of the College in Dallas. I hope, as Peter put it, that you will be successful in handling things with plans for another decade at least. His sounded like sterling advice to me.

Things here at Stony Brook are developing much according to revised plans. By this I mean that I would not have considered coming here under the initial aegis, for there were too many very strange ideas, from some of which we are just now beginning to recover. The University Hospital will be turned over to us in April, 1978, but it will take at least 6 months before all the gearing up will permit admission of the first patient. I am not all that sure that I shall try to admit patients there, for malpractice insurance has become so expensive now that it would gobble up twice as much as I would be likely to earn. Have been working solely in the VA Hospital in Northport, and find it very gratifying. I am Associate Chief of Staff for Research here and have been for 2 years now. In that time the research program has blossomed to about 2 1/2 times the size it was before and the lab building has been refurbished to look more attractive to me than the labs in the medical school. It would tickly you to know that here I have been chairman of the Committee on Appointments, Promotions, and Tenure for two years; at Downstate I served on the CAPQ once in 21 years!

I have re-married to a delightful person, who has changed the whole character of life. I would like to find an excuse to take her to Austin so you and she could get acquainted. We shall have our first anniversary in another 3 months.

I think of you and the two Charlottes often and wish you all well. I hope the holiday season brings a large measure of happiness to all of you and that you may enjoy many more together.

Yours,

Clarence