

November 4, 1942

Dear Major Darwin,

I was exceedingly glad to have your letter (November 2nd), and especially to see how clear and familiar your writing is. This has been a year in which two of the lines of genetics <sup>work</sup> I had been pursuing have chosen to pay dividends, so I felt much like boasting to you about one of them.

The other has been a direct test of the efficacy of selection in influencing dominance of a convenient factor affecting the tails of mice, of which I have a stock. The material has reacted quite sensationally, for within two years of starting (I only began it after moving out here) my plus and minus lines selected in opposite directions are so totally unlike each other that no single mouse of one could ever be thought to come from the other.

The experiment was to try to reproduce the natural process of a harmful mutant becoming recessive at about <sup>50,000</sup> 10,000 times the natural speed, and in my positive selection line the mutation is now practically recessive.

Your godson Harry went off about a fortnight ago, having achieved his ambition to get accepted by the Air Force, in spite of having failed in his Higher Certificate. I do not know what they

will make of him, presumably something in radio-transmission, as he fails in their standard test, the whirling chair, for tolerance of movements in the air.

George is now a Flying Officer in the same service, I think a naturally very good pilot, though untried as a fighter; for, though he has flown a Beaufighter on night patrol for months on end, I believe he has never yet seen a customer. He has now quite recently returned to operational work after an interval following an air crash, for which, however, he was not responsible, as he was not flying the machine.

The others are busy growing up, but I have written enough for one time.

Sincerely yours,