

Nov. 20 - 36

CRIPPS'S CORNER,  
FOREST ROW,  
SUSSEX.

Dear Fisher.

I am not setting out to write you a long letter today; but I want to tell you how pleased I was to get your account of your American experience. I did not know that Mrs. Fisher had gone also for a time. She does deserve a holiday if ever anyone did. Please tell her that Queen Ravel - is my niece, and that her "grandmother's home" is my old home at Down - a message I hope she will understand before long.

You speak, or I should say

write, of Pearson's sanity. I  
think I did tell you of one  
odd evidence I had on that  
subject, which I don't like to put  
on paper even, because it may be  
mere gossip. You may have seen  
that I wrote something about him  
in the Eugenics Review; which I  
did not find an easy job. They  
first asked one of his admirers,  
who flatly refused to write  
anything for the Review; and I  
was only given four days to  
collect material and send in the  
manuscript. Galton had the  
strange power of really liking him  
whilst clearly seeing his faults.

I had Cattell here to see  
me in the summer for an hour  
or two. I like him but feel him

to be very young in mind. He  
has not been able to follow  
Cromwell's advice— "conceive,  
gentlemen, that you may be  
mistaken"; advice which I must  
say generally falls on deaf ears.  
He is also too reverent in his  
writing. But it seems to me a  
very valuable bit of work; and  
the correlation between intellectual  
superiority with the size of the  
family is easier to work on than  
that with poverty. You must  
remember he is dealing with  
probabilities and not with  
individual cases. There seem to  
me to be three probable reasons  
why his results are likely to  
be true. Some time, later on,  
I shall be interested to know what  
you feel. I have written an

introduced as for him — which  
I felt I could not refuse  
to do for the first A.D. Scholar.

Well, I won't inflict more  
on you today; partly because I  
have a tiresome correspondence,  
resulting from X reading a letter  
I wrote to Y, and apparently  
pursuing him that it meant  
something very different from  
what it obviously did mean.

Yours sincerely

Leonard Darwin

