

25th. February, 1979.

Major L. Darwin,  
Cripps's Corner,  
Forest Row,  
Sussex.

Dear Major Darwin,

I knew you would be glad, and your pleasure is as good to me almost as though my own father were still living. He lived long enough to see me fail in two occupations, and to hear me say that I was on my feet in research. That is nine years ago, and it has gone well.

I wonder if you have any words of wisdom on a contingency which I suppose is not now too improbable to be considered. If I were offered Pearson's Chair what in your opinion should I aim at making of that place. It would be easy to continue mathematical researches, and possibly in time to build up a reasonable biological outlook. Is that the whole programme?

Do you remember the help you gave in getting my first Edinburgh paper accepted, and introducing me to Horace Brown?

Yours sincerely,

I enclose a good one from MackRide, he has just <sup>r</sup>returned from  
underlining Mathematics.