

March, 20 23

DAVID CONYER,

FOREST ROW,

SUSSEX.

My dear Fisher.

I am glad you have taken my letter in the spirit in which it was written: that is all that I care about. I fear I can give you no more help. I do not understand Flux's attitude any more than you do.

I suspect he has got very much the mind of a government official, and looks on contributors to his review very much like subordinates in his office. I suppose a man cannot help being influenced by the life he

leads, you must play your fish rather delicately if you meet him. Then as to what you said in your paper, I remember searching for anything that could be called desiccatives, and failing to find it. I did not search for butter applied to grease Pearson's wheels, so now forget what could have had that effect.

I expect to bother you on another matter soon — a quasi statistical point.

Yours sincerely  
d. Darwin