

13th October, 1956.

My dear Prasanta,

I have booked provisionally to fly on December 6th, and on the return journey on January 12th. With luck I may be flying in company with Frank Yates, and certainly with my daughter Joan, who is writing to you independently on your invitation to do some sight-seeing. She is looking forward to this greatly.

I should like to do what I can to assist the celebration of the 25th Anniversary of the Indian Statistical Institute, an event for which you yourself are particularly to be congratulated. I am a little alarmed at the adjective <sup>"main"</sup> ~~mentioned~~ when you suggest I should deliver the 'main' Anniversary address. I am sure you have politicians far better versed in honorific occasions. I should like my own contribution to be severe, and even technical, and should be aware that a large audience would almost certainly find what I have to say dry and uninspiring, because they really want hearty emotions, and I should be concerned to get them to give their minds to such questions, as the meaning of the word 'probability', which are worth discussing <sup>only</sup> <sub>λ</sub> to those tolerably familiar with the literature of the subject.

Early European contacts with the civilization of India have given us a legend of the "Wisdom of the East", developed by disciplined reflection. Does any wisdom of the East exist in modern India?

With love to Rani,

Sincerely yours,