My dear Fisher,

I had hoped to have seen you yesterday, as I wanted to suggest for your consideration that you should deal rather more gently with Boccaccio. All you say is true, I suspect, and I grant you that Pearson is made or bad or both. But we have, for example, lost the help of Heron because of some remarks made by someone in the review; and if it is not a mere excuse, it is a heavy price to pay. I doubt if Boccaccio is likely to be improved by its being pointed out that it is an expensive and inferior production. Then all
Statisticians will know that you are alluding to your formula, and for you to say it is correct, is not convincing. Pearson, I have no doubt, believes he is right. That is the way his madness takes him. When you next write on these subjects, and don't mention your formula, what would you think of him if he accuses you of ignorance of his formula? I made certain suggested corrections in pencil, which I mean to show you. I find they have copied your revisions as corrected by me, which I did not intend. But I send it as is there. Don't trouble to answer me, but send what you like to Mr. H. Your Journals