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 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 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,