

Thursby.  
Carlisle,  
Cumberland.

April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1933.

My dear Fisher,

You must really be thinking that I have lost touch with you. Best things have been rather difficult lately. Just after Christmas my mother was taken very seriously ill and finally had to have a dangerous operation. All through last term I came up and saw her in Cumberland at the White Sands, returning to Oxford for 3 or 4 days each week to crowd in my pupils, lectures, demonstrations &c. Of course almost everything else had to be dropped. She died three weeks ago.

Carpenter, the new Hope Professor, is writing a small book on

1. Mimicry in the same Series as the one I  
wrote on Mandelstein + Evolution. I have  
written a Chapter on the Genetics of  
Mimicry for it. You know how much  
I value your opinion, and I would  
indeed be grateful if you would glance  
through it (if you can possibly spare  
the time) and return it with any  
comments. I am sorry to bother you,  
but it would be such a help to me and  
I should be very greatly obliged. I  
enclose the type-script with this letter.  
I trust it may not reflect too clearly  
the great difficulties under which it  
has been written - and yet I rather  
feel it does do. It has to be  
limited to its present size - 8000  
words.

I must remain in Cumberland  
until a fortnight next Thursday. I am  
the sole Executor of my Mother's Will,  
so there is a good deal for me to do.  
Also there are a lot of things for me  
to do here apart from that for, having  
no brothers or sisters to help me out,  
I naturally have a good deal to  
arrange. I only got back here on  
Friday night; I had been away with  
my father, who is a bit knocked up  
by all that has happened.

Forgive me for troubling you, but  
I should like your opinion so much.

Ever yours,

L. B. Ford

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