

12th December, 1929.

My dear Dr. Casey Wood,

Lomer told me today that he had received word from you that you were on your way to Italy to spend the winter. I sincerely trust that fine weather follows you, for Italy when the weather is fine is one of the pleasantest spots on earth.

I remember that last year Campbell-Stewart and his mother went to Rome to spend a Christmas vacation. They returned to London about the third week in January and Campbell told me that although they were away for five weeks they never saw the sun until they crossed the English Channel on the way home.

About January 24th I left London for Egypt. When I arrived at Trieste I thought that somehow or other I was in Winnipeg. The wind was blowing a howling gale. There were no conveyances to take us from the railway station to the boat and we had to plough our way through snow-drifts, at times being stuck tight by the force of the wind. We arrived in Venice the next morning and it reminded me of Regina. Canals all frozen, snow six inches deep, and altogether a dismal-looking place. I saw it again at the end of April and the difference was very impressive. Before going to Venice I had spent a week in Florence, two weeks in Rome and a week in Naples. I am looking forward to my next visit. There is so much to see, so many things of overpowering interest, so many things that can't be seen anywhere else, that one must remain a long, long while or else return at frequent intervals, if one is to be satisfied.

The thing that concerns me most regarding your visit is suggested by what I have just written about.

Dr. Casey Wood,
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R o m e .

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