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1937-38 *Edition*

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Served as Clinical Asst. Royal London Ophthal. Hosp., Moorfields, 1888-89. Asst. in William Lang Eye Dept., Middlesex Hosp., London, 1889. Formerly House Surgeon (l.t.)

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Cent. London Ophthalmic Hosp., Gary's Inn Rd., 1889. Asst. Surgeon (l.t.) of West London Ophthal. Hosp., 1889. Moved to Chicago, 1900. Attending Ophthalmic Surgeon (later Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon): Passavant Memorial Hosp.; Alexian Bros. Hosp.; St. Luke's Hosp. Consulting Surgeon (eye): St. Anthony 's Hosp.; Cook County Hosp. Prof. of Pathology and Chemistry, U. of Bishop's Coll.,1878-85. Prof. of Ophthalmology, Chicago Post-Grad. Med. Sch., 1890-97. Served as Prof. of Clinical Ophthalmology, Coll. of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, 1898-1906. Head Prof. of Ophthalmology: Northwestern U., 1906-08; U. of Illinois, 1909-13, at present Emeritus Prof. Hon. Lectr. on Ornithology, Stanford U., 1928. Hon. collaborator on birds, Smithsohian Instn. 1927. Research Assoc. of the California Inst. of Technology, 1932. Retired from practice

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1st Lt. 1916-17, later Maj. U.S. Army. Served as Head of Examination Unit, Chicago, for candidates for aviation and

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U.S. Signal Corps. Head of Eye Dept., Camp Sherman, Ohio, Sept.-Dec. 1917. Lt. Col., Staff of Surgeon Gen., Washington, D.C., 1917-19. At present Col. M.R.C., U.S. Army.

Clubs: Cosmos (Washington, D.C.), University (Chicago), Athenaeum (Pasadena, Cal.), Authors' (London).

Translated numerous treatises from French, German, Spanish, Italian, Latin and Arabic. Chief Editor, Ophthal. Record, 1902-08. Editor-in-Chief, Annals of Ophthalmology, 1894-1901. Editor: Med. Standard, Chicago; Anales de Oftalmologia, Mexico; Annals of Med. History, N.Y.; Amer. Jour. of Ophthalmology, 1908-14; Eye Sect. Practical Med. Series, 1908-15. Author: "Lessons in Diagnosis and Treatment of Eye Diseases," 1895; "Toxic Amblyopias," 1896; "A System of Ophthalmic Therapeutics," 1909; "A System of Ophthalmic Operations," 2 Vols. 1911;

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"American Encyclopedia of Ophthalmology," 17 Vols. 1908-12; "Fundus Oculi of Birds," 1917; "A Physician's Anthology" (with Fielding Garrison), 1920. Co-Author: (with T.A. Woodruff) "Commoner Diseases of the Eye," 3rd edition, 1907; (with Alexander Wetmore) "Birds of Fiji" 1927-28. Translator of: (with notes) "Benevenutus Grassus, De Oculis" (A.D. 1474), 1930; "Tadhkirut, Arabic Note-Book of an Oculist" (1000 A.D.), 1930; "Notebook of a Tenth Century Oculist," 1936.

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AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF VERTEBRATE ZOOLOGY

based chiefly on the titles in the BLACKER LIBRARY OF ZOOLOGY, the Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology, the Bibliotheca Osleriana [the Gest Library of Chinese Literature], and other Libraries of McGill University, Montreal, Canada. Compiled and edited by CASEY A. WOOD, M.D., LL.D., *Collaborator, Division of Birds, Smithsonian Institution.* 4to, pp. xix + 643. Col. frontispiece. Oxford University Press, London, 1931. Fifteen dollars or three guineas.

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The treatise above entitled is divided into three main sections. The *first* consists of introductory matter which furnishes a brief account of the literature of Vertebrate Zoology from the earliest times to the present—from the writings of ancient and medieval zoologists, Aristotle, Pliny the Second, Dioscorides, Averroës, *et al*, to the more important treatises and monographs on ornithology, mammalogy, ichthyology, herpetology, and amphibiology of the twentieth century. Included are general treatises and numerous periodicals and serials, monographs on vertebrate palaeontology, zoogeography, ecology, psychology, bionomics, experimental zoology, &c., likely to interest the advanced student and the librarian.

Brief descriptions are also given of Natural History Societies, Museums, and Zoological Stations throughout the world; travelogues of naturalists; drawings of animal painters and illustrators, more than 5000 originals of which are in the McGill libraries.

It is hoped that *physicians* and *medical* libraries will find the work useful. As is well known, not only were the majority of ancient and medieval writers on natural history physicians, but many modern treatises on comparative and systematic zoology are the products of medical men.

The *second* section of this *Introduction* is an arrangement of the Library Contents (on Vertebrate Zoology) in both chronological and geographical order so that a work on any desired subject can be quickly found and delivered to the student by the librarian.

The *third* section is the largest and most valuable for both the research student and the librarian—a partially annotated *Catalogue* of the vertebrate zoological items in all the University libraries, forming a very large selection of important works on that vast subject.

The McGill libraries are particularly rich in incunabula and other fundamental treatises on vertebrate zoology, as will be seen by consulting Chapter xix, page 127, in which a number of rare and unique items are briefly described.

It may here be added that with the continual additions to the various University Libraries the collections now approach a total of 400,000 volumes.

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V... - ROMA
VIA CONDOTTI 89
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To my dear brother,

So this friend of our youth George, is gone! His death was a shock to me as I always thought of him as being well and strong. Of course I have not seen or heard from him since six or eight years ago but I addressed my congratulations to him about his knighthood, but you have written constantly — This is a letter of remembrance. Do you remember when we first went to Ottawa and used to stay with little blue eyed, yellow haired Fanny Dolebar her uncle Hiram Robinson's stable, in her play house? One day we started home and left her gathering up her dolls in the play house and she fell through a trap-door & was instantly killed. Our first grief.

Do you remember when George and you went to the Grammar school with Mr. Harbour as head master, and how some of you boys went in swimming too near some locks, and were hailed into court and your father had to pay $1.00 fine for each son? Then do you remember how we went as usual, to Sunday school but sneaked out separately during the first hymn? There was George with his father's carriage and horses, Belle in the back — You tossed in beside her & I sat in front with George. Then a lovely drive into the country — This occurred ~~to~~ more

than once till we got us our courage to
tell Mother - all she said was "Naughty
children". Don't do it again" - Do you
remember how you used to go to her
house and get Hettie Sallaker to play
hymns for you by the hour? (Note - You
still love hymns don't you?)
Then do you remember our boat house
on the canal and the many many
jolly boat rides we had to the river?
While George always brought a bag of ped-
nuts for them and you a round box of grapes for
Belle -
Do you remember George's two cousins from
Boston, Grace & Lou, and how Grace
fell in love with you?
Do you remember how a little later in your
holidays from College you put on your cap
and gown (a blue gown lined with scarlet)
and gave little lectures at the Y.M.C.A.
You asked me to bring all my friends
and were they thrilled at the arguments
which they didn't understand, of course?
Do you remember how you two boys used
to go hunting & camping & come back

looking like Savages with a three days beard (I forgot Indians don't have beards)

3

Do you remember how you used to take Father's little buggy and George three and go for moonlight drives. George used to come home to dinner with you so often that Mrs Perley asked Mother in fun for his board bill. One day I came home and found George fast asleep on our crimson sofa. I tip toed out and he slept for an hour but it nearly got over reading time. Once the train he was expected from College came in earlier that he expected and had dinner at our house before he even went home. Later when you two came home from College for the holidays Belle and I had invitations ready for you for every night, and sometimes even for Rideau Hall, if you were invited, this through the influence of, perhaps, Uncle William who who, as you know, was such a good

friend of Lord Dufferin. I have
heard Willie's book on Lord Dufferin's
administration in Canada — I re-
member George said in a letter to me
that he thought you had made a
great success in life —
I suppose all these things were in my
subconscious mind for I have hardly
thought of them for years —
I do not say good bye to you
only au revoir, for I believe we
shall all meet our friends again,
I don't know where or when but
somewhere and somewhere — though
perhaps not as the under the same
name — You probably don't believe
this but I am glad I do.

I am feeling stronger or I would not have
tried to write all this — I hope you will
forgive the writing which I hope you can
read — With much love to Emma, Margery
and your own dear self, Edith.

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ADDRESS ON BEHALF OF THE MEDICAL STUDENT BODY

delivered by Casey A. Wood

at the Windsor Hotel, to celebrate the (?) Centennial of the founding of the Medical School. (The address on behalf of the Faculty was given by Professor Adami.) ? 1911?.

Your Excellency (the Governor General of Canada,) Mr. Dean and Gentleman:

In casting one's eyes over that roll of honor - the list of teachers, past and present, of the Medical Faculty of McGill University - what memories are recalled, what flights of recollection the fancy takes. It is not so much, perhaps, that lacking the names on that roster the history of Canadian Medicine could not be written, but one may properly claim, I think, that the rise and continued prosperity of the entire University has been largely due to the faithful work of its Faculty of Medicine. It is not, then, a source of wonder that within its own sphere the Faculty has always dominated, shaped and interpenetrated the student body to an extent rarely seen in other colleges. Of course, it is mere commonplace to note the influence of teacher on scholar, but I have in my experience with McGill men, had frequent opportunity to observe this rather striking phenomenon. In medical societies, in periodical literature, in text-books, in intimate conversation, not only the recent graduate but ~~but~~ the 20 year old alumnus unconsciously or otherwise, seem to reflect the ideas, the methods, even the phraseology of his instructors. So far from this being a slavish imitation devoid of originality, it is, when the teaching body is competent, a consummation devoutly to be wished, for surely the axioms of precept and the observations of practice, must effectively appeal to the experience and the imagination of the student before they become part of him for ever after.

This absorption and subsequent reflection of knowledge and wisdom by his alter ego the student class, is the highest compliment the

instructed can pay the instructor, and the extent to which it is from year to year observed, answers as no other test can answer, the anxious questionings that I am quite sure members of the teaching staff frequently ask themselves and one another: Are we doing the best we can for the men under our care? Is this or that plan more desirable? are we living up to the high ideals set by those who raised McGill to the exhalted position she now holds in the cosmos of learning? I think we can safely return to my original contention and repeat the lines of Emerson:

"There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state or principles as you are; a transfusion takes place; he is you and you are he; there is teaching, and by no unfriendly chance or bad company can he ever quite lose the benefit."

But who are they that have so impressed themselves upon us that we are enabled, if only by reflected light, to be at least a little beacon in a benighted world? You, quite as well as I, know that to do more than mention the names of those fathers in medicine that have gone from us and those who still work for us and with us, would more than fill the time proper to this toast.

There are among us - long may they come and go - fellow-graduates, in whose heads, white with the harvest of good deeds, linger memories of the earlier teachers; of Holmes the first Dean, of Archibald Hall, eminent as an obstetrician ; of Oliver Bruneau, a truly great demonstrator of Anatomy, and William Sutherland, so well known as professor of Chemistry. He was in his day almost as influential as his successor, still with us, hale and hearty, and who for 23 years was the effective head of the same department. I need hardly add that I refer to our old friend G.P. Girdwood. One recalls, also the name of William Fraser, the physiologist, and his kindly successor, Joseph Drake.

Of the illustrious dead whose names link the present to the past, there is a much longer list, of which I may mention only a few. Of these there were: George W. Campbell, whose strong personality was

shown in many ways, but in none more than in his ability as a teacher of surgery; George E. Fenwick, who so ably succeeded him, and, worthily following in their footsteps, one whose recent demise has cast a shadow even on these festivities, James Bell. D.C.McCallum and Arthur Browne were able exponents and practitioners of the obstetric art; William E. Scott for 27 years was head of the important department of Anatomy, while many of us remember Robert Craick, Dean and Professor of Chemistry.

There were also William Wright who for many a semester so fluently described,"Simples of a thousand names, telling their strange and vigorous faculties," Frank Buller, famous as an ophthalmologist; James Stewart, indefatigable as student and teacher, and Richard MacDonnell, whose untimely decease was deplored by the whole school.

Far be it from me to undervalue the debt that medicine owes to modern methods, to bacteriology and physiological chemistry, to mechanical appliances and to similar means of diagnosis; but caveat emptor! Let us take heed lest in the very profusion of these helps to easy diagnosis, we neglect the observing faculties behind them. The laboratory should be our servant, not our master. We should remember that calm, accurate, careful, observation of disease-entity - complete field notes, as it were - of its inception, progress and termination is little subject to the caprices of fashion or the vagaries of time. The interpretation of such observations may, it is true, vary from decade to decade, but seen with unblinking eyes, and set down with judicial and unprejudiced pen, they live forever and survive the wreck, not merely of pathological hypotheses but even of medical systems.

I refer to this subject that I may register a conviction, - it was such painstaking, meritorious, personal, clinical teaching that will make the names of Palmer Howard, James Ross, Thomas Roddick and William Osler immortal in the annals of old McGill.

Gentlemen, let me say in closing, that having paid this tribute to former teachers, it remains for us to assure the members of the present staff, that we believe them to be in every respect worthy to fill the chairs of their predecessors and just as competent as they "To pour fresh instruction over the mind; to breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix the generous purpose in the breast."

I accordingly ask you to rise and drink heartily to the toast of the present Medical Faculty, coupling with it the names of our much respected Dean, Frank Shepherd, our beloved teacher of Surgery, George Armstrong, and our genial professor of Pathology, Dr. J. G. Adami.

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February 16, 1938

McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL

Dr. Casey A. Wood,
Hotel De Russie,
Rome, Italy.

Dear Dr. Wood:

At the request of Dr. MacDermot, we have had a copy made of your address on behalf of the Medical Student Body, and am enclosing herewith.

I am looking forward to meeting Miss Fyfe at the Redpath Library for tea this afternoon. Was sorry to hear Mrs. Wood had a sprained ankle, and hope it is going on well.

We are having a rather mild winter here.

Yours sincerely,

C. F. Wylde, M.D.
Honorary Librarian

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Permalife

25% COTTON CONTENT

The following material is available for illustrating purposes in the autobiography.

1. Reproductions of two letters from Sir William Osler to Dr. Wood.

2. Reproductions of several of the plates of the Feather Book.

3. Innumerable photographs which could not be included in the "Draft".

4. Originals of most of the letters, menus, etc, mentioned in the "Draft".

5. Prospectuses, etc., of various publications, and the advance notice concerning the Osler Memorial Volumes.

6. Book plates, etc., of the Wood Library.

7. Photographs of the Wood Library. (These are at McGill, and we have not seen them, but Miss Abbott told us they were going to be taken.

8. Your medical scrap book.

9. Photographs of John III. (These , also, are at McGill)

10. Photographs of the Chained Incunabula in the Medical Library at McGill.

11. The "Warning to Americans" article.

12. An immense number of "private" and "personal" letters which were written to the Casey Wood family in Toronto.

13. An excellent photograph of Dr. Wood in uniform , taken by Matzene, Chicago.

———•••———

Recollections

[Tentative Titles]

[Musings and Memories of a Cosmopolite.]

[SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE]

~~1856-1938~~

[Musings and Memories]

By

Casey Albert Wood

(Privately printed for limited circulation
only; not for sale.)

Oxford University Press

Dedication Number One.

To E. S. W.

My much beloved companion at Home and Abroad

1886-1938.

Carissima mia:-

It is all very well to be (as I am) something of a Fatalist, but I doubt had I not..... (Unfinished)

_____...._____

From Patter in the Reader's Digest, August 1933.

A husband is one who stands by you in troubles you wouldn't have had if you hadn't married him.

_____...._____

Alvin Johnson's Happy Valley, Yale Review. Summer '33.

Among the qualifications of the population of Happy Valley " there is no real thrift (or satisfaction) in flowers or fruit (or anything else) unless they are viewed by at least two pairs of eyes".

_____...._____

Dedication Number Two.

To the Seven Georges, my life long friends and charitable critics of my doings of which they often disapproved:-....

(In alphabetical order)

Full titles for each.

See Who's Who.

Dedication Number Three.

To the gallant living and to the memory of those immortal dead who directly and indirectly encouraged me by precept or example to walk cheerfully and uprightly through this vale of mingled tears and laughter.

Ego morituras vos Saluto.

Introduction. Preface. Foreword.

Now close on 80 as the darkness deepens I can echo ~~the~~ Kingdom Clifford's epitaph "I have lived and loved and done a little work". Even from the banal worldly standpoint my life has been a conspicuous success and I think--perhaps pensiero rano like many another of mine--that maybe an account of my activities may prove of interest to a few surviving friends as well as a recreation for me:- hence these fragmentary Recollections.

THREE REASONS.

Some day, ere I grow too old to think, I trust to be

able to throw away all pursuits save natural history and to die with my mind full of God's facts instead of men's lies.

Charles Kingsley.

Never will those who collect butterflies, beetles, wasps and similar bric-a-brac grow old. As for the four abandoned oölogists who have hunted with me for years, they will be young at a hundred.

Samuel Scoville, Jr.
in the RAVEN'S NEST.

The black ducks mounting from the lake,
The pigeon in the pines,
The bittern's boom, a desert make
Which no false art refines.

Aloft, in secret veins of air,
Blows the sweet breath of song,
O, few to scale those uplands dare,
Though they all belong!

Emerson's
WALDEIN~~/~~SAMKEIT.

1856 - 1866.

Chapter One

All the information we have of your ancestors are contained in your writings:

1) " An Account of the Wood Family"
2) A brief account Mr. George Iles sent us.

They are enclosed. We have more copies of the former but none of the latter. There follows the Pension Office letter and Mrs. Hayes' account of the Casselman family.

L.W.B.
I. 28956.

Department of the Interior,

Bureau of Pensions,

Washington, D.C.,

May 24, 1897.

Sir:-

Replying to your request for information concerning Samuel Wood, a soldier of the Revolutionary war, you are advised that he made an application for pension on September 5, 1833. at which time he was 68 years of age and residing at Watertown, N.Y., and his pension was allowed for six months and twelve days' actual service as a drummer in the New York troops, Revolutionary war; a part of the time he served under Capt. Van Deusen and Col. Woodhull. He enlisted at New Windsor, N.Y.

Very respectfully,

H. Clay Evans
Commissioner.

Mr. Casey A. Wood,
103 East Adams St.,
Chicago, Ills.

The Casselman Family.

Old Tyne Casselman came from Germany many years ago evidently with some money and was given, by the Canadian Government, a large tract of land facing the St. Lawrence river.

The country at that time was divided into " concessions"; large strips of land parallel with the river, the one on the river called the 1st concession, the next strip a few miles back, the 2nd concession, and so on away back to the wilderness——

Fishing on the 1st concession was considered the choicest in Canada, and in the back concessions deer ran wild. " Old Tyne Casselman" as he was called, built an immense house, square and unpainted, which loomed against the sky like a jail, with only a few scraggy trees in ~~the~~ front and not a flower to hide its ugliness——

With the usual German efficiency "Old Tyne," soon had the finest farm in the neighborhood, and he was known as the "Boss of the 1st Concession"—— There he lived with his German wife and only son. When this son, Saxon, a good looking blue, eyed, German boy was sent to College he met our cousin Frances Mott , and they later were married and he brought her to Sasselman Falls.

The Casselmans were all naturally generous, and socially inclined so, many times in the year, fishing and hunting parties came from the neighboring cities at their invitation, and were guests in the old grim house. They fished to their hearts content and then went back to hunt for deer in the 5th concession. Once Lord Dufferin, then Governor General of Canada, brought his hunting party and were guests of the Casselman's for 3 days.

They enjoyed the distinction for they had many farm hands and servants, and the guests ate the fresh fish and venison with gusto!—— On the farm the Casselman children ran wild, spoiled by the servants, and soon became like little savages—— So one day, Saxon, observing this, and grieving for his father and mother, recently dead, sold his possessions, and moved to Riverside, Southern California, where he established " The Casselman Bank"—— X X X X X X

Our Aunt Cynthia came with them, and at her request they built her a cosy white cottage next door to their home——

We girls were very fond of Aunt Cynthia and used to drive over to see her very often. She was the cheeriest old lady we ever knew, and her sittingroom showed her original taste— It was filled with things she had painted in her youth, and flowers were on the tables, and bouquets filled every niche and corner. She had spindle legged chairs with white velvet seats painted with(?) roses, rockers and screens and foot stools ~~of~~ upholstered in black satin with scarlet geraniums painted on them, and many ~~xxxxxxx~~ relics of her young days.

NOTE: There is a 'Casselman' in Russell Co. (which faces on Ottawa River below Ottawa) near Nation River.

When the town of Belleville gave her orders for their flags and City banners. At last Aunt Cynthia had the home she had visioned for years and years-- How she must have suffered in that unpainted old house at Casselman Falls!

One day we went to see her, and as were leaving, she said, " Girls,remember this! If you hear that I am gone don't grieve or cry but just get up and dance for you will know that I am happy!" We thought nothing of it till the very next day word was brought that she had died quite suddenly of heart disease! We all went to the funeral, and as she was a good old fashioned Methodist of the old school, that funeral was a revelation to us— After a long prayer they sang in an agonizingly slow cadence " One by one we pass away!" Verse after verse they sang, most of the congregation in tears, and tears coursing down our cheeks, till after the 7th verse was finished with a sob Nellie became hysterical and had to be held down by us from escaping through the door. When all was over and we had gone we thought how different this had been from Aunt Cynthia's request.

In the following note Dr. Wood tells of his mother and others of his family.

1855-1875.

Rosa Sophia Leggo.

" My Mother Rosa Sophia Leggo, was always my best friend and although the Fates decreed that owing to her strict attention to her arduous duties as domestic head of our always large household (there were six children all told, five growing to adult life) to my frequent absences from home and my early foray into a world removed from my pristine home life I saw comparatively little of her, my recollections as well as a series of photographs portrayed her as a typical, pretty, petite, Hugenot-Cornish descendant, an active personality with black hair and flashing dark brown eyes. She was at all times engaged

in good works domestic and other. She survived my Father both of them dying in Southern California whither they had gone to escape the rigors of a Canadian climate and the financial debacle in Canada of 1876-78.

" My Mothers sister Ann. married a Kingston. Ont. merchant. George Chaffey. whose firm, the Chaffey Bros. built and owned the first seagoing vessel-- the "Merit"??-- running from the Upper St. Lawrence to the West Indies.

" This Chaffey's sons became famous both in the annals both of California and Australia. The eldest son in particular (George) was a successful engineer who founded the town of Ontario, California. not only built the irrigation works at the mouth of the Imperial Valley but was secured by the Australian Government to solve a similar problem for the Murray River in the hope (partly realized) that it might check the spread of th rabbit pest. George returned to California & helped his son to inaugurate in Los Angeles the California Bank-- a most successful enterprise-- but another son. William, remained behind & founded the fruit colony of Mildura.

" Still another Chaffey became a successful citizen of Melbourne, was elected to the legislature and, a most important event in the life-history of Australian horse racing addicts (that comprises 99% of the population)"one year his horse won the Melbourne Cup."

Dr. Wood, in the following note, describes his very early days in Wellington and Winchester.

6

Very early days.

1860-1865.

"I have no recollections of Wellington the pretty little village on Lake Ontario and centre of the then flourishing white fishery where I was born. My Father, now a practising physician, after a career as School teacher in New York State, having moved to and (sic) for a short time— perhaps two years— during my early boyhood— Brockville, Ont. In this town my Grandfather Captain Christopher Leggo held an appointment under the Crown and resided in what seemed to me a fine stone town house with a secondary residence on his farm in the outskirts. I remember little of my life there except occassional visits to my Grandparents who were very kind to me. We had a house on the river (St. Lawrence) front and I occasionally rowed on its fascinating waters. I recollect somewhat dimly the events of the " Fenian Raid" headed by hot-headed U.S. Irishmen who essayed to rescue deluded colonists from their tyrannical (?) British rulers. Brockville was guarded by a detachment of local troops, I think Martial law was proclaimed, mostly to the delight of youngsters like myself who took a consuming interest in these war-like proceedings that with the aid of the U.S.A. authorities soon stamped out the pseudo American invasion.

" We had a much longer stay at our next residence to which we moved about 1865, Chesterville, Ont. later called Winchester, a flourishing settlement on the * River. My memories of th this ~~sxxxixxxxxx~~ small ~~pseudo~~ town are more distinct. There we lived for several years, there I attended a well remembered township log school house to and from which I daily walked— a distance of about a mile, When the weather permitted. We had one of the largest and best appointed houses in Winchester; it was on a corner of a principal street, with ample stables and barn; my father soon acquired the largest practice in the neighborhood, was elected Reeve of the township and we became quite prosperous.

" I have to thank the country life and outdoor sports of this flourishing county village for a store of health & strength that stood me in good stead in after years.

" I also made boyhood friendships that survived for half a century— indeed until death parted us. Among these was my principal teacher in the village, Arthur Brown who eventually became a citizen of local importance and the two sons of the Methpdist Minister Percy and Edwin Woodcock. The former became and still is a noted Canadian painter— pictures in the Paris Salon Etc.— & the latter, an intimate of mine — alas! now dead— married a charming (and rich) wife and filled several public positions— among them Member of Council in the U.S. Federal Boy Scouts to which he devoted much of his time and money.

" My Father's practice ranged all over the country and he was consulted in towns outside his usual bailiwick had more

* Winchester is in Dundas Co. (which faces on St. Lawrence River) and near a tributary of upper reaches of Nation River, which flows into Ottawa River.

work than he cd. properly look after . He succumbed at last to the exacting toil of driving & riding over rough country roads in all waethers and at all hours of the day and night. His stable at one time held six horses that he kept constantly on the go. It was a dog's life, with no prospect of easement, and although he was passionately devoted to his profession and very successful in it he finally decided to sell out and move into some city where living wd. not be so strenuous even if it were not as financially profitable. After much consideration he decided to move to Ottawa, the new Capital of the Dominion and there, again he soon acquired a flourishing practice, especially among the U. S. colony—largely rich lumber manufacturers,--and members of Parliament that soon came from all over the newly constituted Dominion of Canada. By that time both my Mother's and Father's relatives had settled-- all of them-- in various parts of Canada and were 'doing well'. One Uncle-- my namesake-- the Hon. S. Casey Wood of Toronto, was in the (Liberal) Ontario Cabinet as Treasurer of the Province, a position he held for many years; another Uncle, Alpheus Field Wood,(Conservative) member for an Ontario Constituency in the same administration lived in Madoc, Ont., very much respected and very influential. My Mother's brothers included an Ottawa physician, Dr. Christopher Leggo, a well known dentist, Dr. John Leggo and a barrister who lived in (?) Hamilton-- a delightful man whom Lord Dufferin employed to write a history of his administration as Governor General. This volume was almost entirely compiled & written in our house, the author meantime consulting Lord Dufferin at Rideau Hall & various Canadian officials as to text &

illustrations. The full title of the work is:

?? ??

" As these recollections are not intended to form a documented Canadian history and are written from memory they are necessarily haphazard and presented in piecemeal as they occur to me, but I must mention the tragic murder of a talented Irish Statesman Thomas d'Arcy McGee because my father was his physician and I well remember going early the morning following this dastardly and stupid crime to his boarding house on Sparks Street & seeing with my own horrified eyes the streams of clotted blood that ran down the stained sidewalk.

" Our house on Maria St. was next that of the chief architect (Hutchinson) of the massive Parliament Buildings then in course of ~~construction~~ erection. Our families attended the same (Scotch) Presbyterian Church and we became very intimate. One of the sons, George, had lost a leg but that accident did not seem to interfere in any way with his boyish activities and whether at school or play he was quite the equal of any of us.

" He was an expert mechanic and eventually acquired a large dental practice, married the beautiful and really accomplished head nurse of my Father's medical establishment to become the mother of a fine race of children.

" With my (two) paternal Aunts I was never well acquainted but that they were fine examples of the New York (Mohawk Valley) type everybody agreed."

Mrs. Edith Hayes, Dr. Wood's sister, who has written her reminiscences of Dr. Wood's childhood and youth, describes his early days in Wellington in the following article.

———————.••••.———————

Wellington 1856-1861.

A bright-eyed elf of a boy played around the little village of Wellington in Canada. His mother often let him go with the village boys into the fields surrounding the house, but after a few hours his nurse would be dispatched to bring him home. She soon found him, and dragging him reluctantly by the hand, was a little excited boy, his blouse open at the collar, socks rolled down over his shoe tops and his hair on end. He usually ran to his mother with the same cry," We had a soldier fight and I won," and showed his black eye to make the scene more realistic... Thus began the life of Casey Albert Wood, the son of Dr. Orrin Cotter Wood, and Rose Sophia Leggo ~~Wherrixxfxxher~~ Wood, the latter the daughter of a British Naval officer. Casey Albert's father, afterwards a well known physician of Ottawa, Canada, was a descendent of Ephenetus Wood who came from Berkshire,England in 1692 and settled in Newberg-on-the-Hudson in 1717. The Honorable Samuel Casey Wood, Uncle of Casey Albert, and the younger brother of ~~the~~ Dr. Orrin Wood was for many years a member of the Canadian Cabinet, Secretary of State and Treasurer of the Province of Ontario. Another Uncle, Alpheus Field Wood, being a member of the Toronto, Canada, legislature. The Irish name of Casey first came from Colonel Casey who belonged to the same family of a friend of Casey Albert's grandfather. Colonel Casey was the designer and architect of the famous Library of Congress at Washington D.C. Casey Albert was a brown eyed brown haired,lad who scampered through life. He was the acknowledged leader of the village boys and led them into much harmless mischief. Sometimes when he started out to play ~~wit~~ with the gang and his mother noticed a certain gleam in his eye she would call out," Now boys, I know you will be good and not push each other into the creek!" " No,mother, cross our hearts we won't," Casey would declare, but often the temptation was too great, and the water too alluring, in an hour he would come flying back to be changed into dry clothes by his patient mother. He was a happy little fellow, and loved flowersand nature, and especially he loved birds. His later love of bird life was evinced at this early age when many a time he came home with a blackened eye from a scrimmage with the boys to protect his bird friends from the nest robbers. When, later, he was taken to a menagerie and

saw the birds and animals in their cages, trapped behind strong ~~xxx~~ wires, curled up in tight balls, scrathing in the clean straw, trying to find their way out of their dread imprisonment, he wished he could open the doors of all the cages and set them free. He pictured them running and flying, and some burrowing in the hospitable earth, so happy to be free. Oh, if he could only set them free to fly away or dig in the earth, as they were born to do!

The house in Wellington had many windows and in summer the air was full of the scent of roses ~~xxx~~ that clambered to the low roof, the geraniums that grew in masses by the verandah, to be potted later and brought into the house for the winter;-- and the dear little snow-drops that peeped out before the snow was gone. Casey Albert was the first to discover the snow drops and seldom forgot to bring his mother a bouquet, and he often ran away to the nearby woods to gather them. One day the family missed him and skirted the whole wood for hours. At last they found him lying in the wet grass, his arms full of wild flowers , fast asleep. His mother ran and clasped him in her arms. He opened his eyes confusedly, then stood up, the flowers falling to the ground. " Oh, dearie, why did you run away?" his mother cried. " Mother was so afraid! " " Well, Muvver," he said straightening himself," I knew where I was, didn't I?" Thus, his mother recounted later, he showed his independent character even then. He knew where he was and wasn't that enough!!

Years later when Casey Albert, now Dr. Casey Albert Wood, the distinguished scientist and bird lover and author of many books on bird life, was entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Wellington from whom the village of Wellington, Casey Albert's birthplace, was named. / Casey please add details.

In a note to Mrs. Hayes, Dr. Wood mentions this village and the luncheon.

" Wellington was at the time a prosperous village, centre of the white-fishery for 25 years. Fish now all killed off--- only caught in Lake Superior. Village smaller than ½ century ago.

" Note luncheon with present Duke and Duchesss of Wellington & stories connected therewith. (About 1927?)"

When Dr. Wood was five years old, his father decided to move to a larger place and chose the village of Winchester a few miles away. Mrs. Hayes continues her reminiscences of Dr. Wood's youth in that village.

Winchester. 1861-1864

At Winchester the earliest memories of Casey Albert were visioned by a large white frame house surrounded by a fence, enclosing a yard where he played marbles and leap-frog and many improvised games with his boy friends. It was a friendly house, with an old-fashioned garden filled , in summer, with daffodils and marguerites, and scarlet geraniums, and gay with the songs of the birds in the maple trees. Casey Albert had soon gathered a clan, and headed by a Scotch boy, Allan Smith, they concocted much mischief, really harmless, but soon gaining for them the name of " Little divils", by the Irish inhabitants of the village.

His sister, next in age to him, decided that she was now old enough to play with the boys. Being a natural tom-boy she sometimes followed them in their rambles, but was always scorned, " Scoot, " they cried," You are only a girl!" and she went back to her doll and the nurse.

There was a deep ditch running past the house, and in spring the water rushed in torrents from the hills beyond. One day, being allowed with her dog Rover, and longing for a girl to play with , she wandered out of the yard, and tried fishing in the ditch with the doll as the lure [redacted]. Suddenly the boys heard wild screams and the barking of her dog, and found her floating down the rushing torrent. Rover, a big Newfoundland, ran to the edge of the ditch and caught her dress by the shoulder. They dragged her out, half drowned, and took her to her mother to be comforted. After that the gate was always closed, but once in a while Casey Albert took his sister for walks in the near-by woods where he learned his first lessons in the flora and fauna of nature.

The little school-house,-- not red, this time, but a dull, ugly brown, next filled most of Casey Albert's days. He was a polite little boy, at times, and he walked to school between his sisters and the little curly-headed Scotch girl, next door, carrying their books and trudging between them in the soft dust of the road. The village boys hooted," Lookit old Casey carrying their books!" " Lookit the little red-head with her curls. " But Casey Albert trudged on with a smile

turning up the corners of his mouth. " Wait ' till I catch them!"... The girls noticed that ever after there was silence when the boys passed! This country school will live long in the memory of Dr. Casey Wood,(note; or will it?) with its rows of unpainted desks, and wooden benches, and their jolly black-eyed teacher. The people called her an old-maid though she was was only 35, but they all loved her. As Casey Albert was usually at the head of his classes, she refused to believe the stories she heard of the depredations the boys made on the ~~mell~~ mellon patches and apple trees, with Casey Albert as ~~the~~ leader. " Why," she exclaimed, " he is my best scholar and so polite! He brings me flowers nearly every day!" The boys hooted, but were really eaten up with envy.....

The years passed, and then Casey Albert's father, being an ambitious young physician, decided to trek to a city, and chose Ottawa the Capital of Canada, as his future home, stopping for a short time at Brockville, the birth-place of his wife. They packed their belongings and Casey Albert went to say good-bye to their little Scotch friend. He found her at the door and having said good-bye to the family, she followed him to the gate, and turned her back on him . " I won't say good-bye, I won't!" She shook her red curls over her eyes and sobbed, " I know you w won't ever come back, I know you won't!" He told her how his father had promised to drive back someday and see them all. " No, " she said, " I will never see any of you again!" Then she ran crying into the house , and he turned sadly and joined the waiting family. Perhaps she had a presentiment, for when, years after Casey Albert and his sister visited Winchester, she had gone to. " Where beyond these voices, there is peace."

Dr. Wood's earliest memory is contained in the following note. This " Administration" took place in Winchester.

" Another episode in my still earlier career ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ was the not altogether successful attempt to administer my first dose of that infant panacea of the sixties, castor oil. I imagine I preserve a vivid impression of what occured on that memorable occasion. After my nurse and my Mother had exhausted their powers of persuasion, they resorted to threats. My nurse in particular recounted the horrible results of a

continued refusal to swallow the admittedly nauseous but heaven-sent remedy. All, however, in vain; I persisted in the paths of the ungodly. Reluctantly, no doubt, but with a high regard for duty that seems wanting in the households of the present generation, they called for volunteers, and ~~whi~~ while a maid held my hands the cook (oh! it took a long time to establish terms of even neutrality with these former allies) looked after my very active feet. My poor mother ~~he~~ held what she could of my anatomy on her lap, and shed tears- at leastthere were traces of them when ' breathless all' I ~~xxx~~ rose!' Meantime my nurse, the executioner, holding a spoon whose size has not diminished with the years, filled with the all-healing oil, carried the bowl to my reluctant mouth. In the case of boys who are conversant with the traditions of the nursery it may be comparatively easy to bring them to the ladle's edge but not even a dozen maids can make them drink. And so it proved in my case; even ~~xxxxxxxx~~ when my head was held by a fourth conspirator, and that supernumerary also tried to pry open my mouth it was a dead failure and for a few minutes it appeared as if I might emerge victorious from what I indignantly regarded as an unequal contest. If I congratulated myself on such an end to a perfect struggle I ~~wa~~ was doomed to disappointment, for my ingenious and resourceful nurse, by the simple expedient of holding my nose, gave me the choice of strangulation or opening my buccal cavity to the oily laxitive. They say I did not elect the final operation until I was black in the face and my mother begged that I be allowed to die a natural death; then I drew a long breath

and swallowed at least some of the oil. Victory did not even then perch with firm feet upon the banners of the allies as I managed during the melée to bite the hand that fed me the oil and kicked the cook-- poor cook!-- in one of the most sensitive parts of her ample person.

"Nurse many a time showed me, especially when she wished to spur into activity my somnolent conscience, a scar on her hand that, she solemnly affirmed, was the healed remains of a bite received during the unequal contest. What yeoman service did that minute cicatrix perform during the years that followed!

"And with what justice was it so associated, because, rather incautiously perhaps, my mother told me that upon that first, last and only occasion of the administration to me of internal remedies by the suffocation plan she was obliged, because of my original but effective method of holding my breath until it seemed as if there would soon be a funeral in the Wood family and then at an unexpected moment spewing forth the objectionable medicament, to give me two instead of one does of oil authorized by hoary tradition in both the Leggo and Wood Families. Nevertheless the does I claimed as an offset to the bite and when in our later excursions into literature, my nurse read to me the punishment inflicted on one David Copperfield for precisely the same offense and which she darkly hinted might well have been repeated in another instance, I was able to present a contra account that, in my opinion and in that of competent though youthful observers more than justified my recourse to the provisions of the

lex talionis."

———————•••———————

Dr. Wood concludes one of several accounts of this episode written at Bermuda in March 1922 withnthe following incident.

———————•••———————

"Although MY WIFE suspects that I am writing something autobiographical she says nothing unless the following lines of Arthur Bullen's -- dead and gone he, poor fellow!-- has to do with my task:--

When fancy would be weaving
Gay hopes for my deceiving,
The whisperer bids 'Remember:
Rake not a dying ember.'

She handed me these while I was pounding away on my Corona-- and I have my suspicions! "

———————•••———————

Dr. Wood recounts sidelights on his life in Winchester in the brief note that follows.

Adjunct to life in Winchester

186———.

" Strange how names survive from one's childhood days when the personalities fade from the memory sheet. When I attended the little red school house my frequent

companions were one Allan Smith and Minnie Gillespie, with whom I associated on equal terms with a pet crow (he never learned to talk although with the help of said Allan I did a clumsy operation on his tongue) numerous rabbits (they girdled my Father's favorite apple trees one winter and had to be deleted from my list of favorites) and a large, fierce, untamable hawk, species unknown, given me by a farmer friend that exacted raw meat as a steady diet but which my parents finally insisted upon my liberating. My boy friends informed me that the last named celebrated his new freedom by lingering in our neighborhood long enough to kill and eat one of the neighbor's chickens, but the experience of later life makes me doubt this story.

" For two all too-short summers I spent a couple of months on a large farm owned by a friend of the family named Mackay. He gave me the freedom of his large barns (that owls frequented and swallows made wonderful nests) and an equally attractive bush full of flowers, birds, nut bearing trees.

" Once in my rambles I ran against a small bear who ran away in one direction while I hastily pursued another. I was told that all his bearship wanted was a chance at the farm beehives and (perhaps) the well guarded pig stye.

" It was here that I witnessed my first(and most impressive) total eclipse of the sun. It was almost terrifying, I recollect.

"A large flock of turkeys that at night roosted in a shed attached to the home stabling made a living off grasshoppers

chiefly and daily resorted for that purpose to the furthest confines of this 1000-acre farm.

" When the darkness of the eclipse fell upon us I was pursuing my usual investigations of the bushland and noticed that the turkeys were getting nervous and excited. All at once they, headed by a large gobbler, made tracks for the farm house half a mile away. Soon they half ran half flew so that by the time artificial night had set in they had all reached their usual roost and could not be induced to leave it until next morning, although the imprisoned sun soon shone as bright as ever."

Turning from this amusing calamity Dr. Wood has recorded a panoramic view of his life in this little country town.

" Our house stood in the centre of the village, and was a comfortable frame structure on one ~~of the~~ corner of the only public square. A large and beautiful 'blam-of-Gilead' tree spread its shade over the front door, while flourishing rose trees and other favorites of my Mother grew not only in front but in the old fashioned garden behind. As my Father's practice gradually extended to neighboring villages and he required several horses to ride and drive he built an extensive barn and stables- whose 'vast' interior and fascinating contents made valuable properties for the histrionic and other activities of myself and my fellows.

"One room in the second story of the barn was used as a

repair and carpenter shop, and was readily accessible (when the 'right' board was lifted from its roof) from a superflous recess in the loft which an obliging builder had left hidden from the eye of all but the small boys that used it for those mysterious conferences and conspiracies that only small boys can inspire and execute. Both before and after my advent at th village school we made and sometimes, but not often, carried out the darkest and most desperate adventures. I wonder if fond parents of the early Sixties ever realized what wild schemes were floating and dancing among the brain cells of their immatur darlings while they are studying lessons, writing exercises, having their hair curled, eating their meals or listening to the incomprehensible lectures of dominie, parson, father, mother, Auntie and the rest. I do not say that the advice and admonitions of the authorities aforesaid fell upon ears entirely deaf but that such advisory phrases as survived were the subject of serious discussion and revision by the youthful parliament that for a long time held almost daily sessions in the loft over the carpenter shop. Thus you see we small boys felt and were greatly influenced by the mass opinion of the neighbors- just like our elders. Sometimes, strange to say, we passed judgment ,for example, in favor of corporeal punishment, but always in individual instances, so far as my memory serves. I base my opinion on fading memory, of course, but I seem to remember quite clearly one occasion when one of my playmates admitted that harsh as the ordeal appeared at the time he felt that he was getting what was ' coming to him' and that the belief in the justice of punishment nerved him to a

Sparton endurance of the calamity. So far as I ~~xxxx~~ am able to judge, after the lapse of half a century, thrashings, especially those that were unusually severe or were administered in anger did more harm than good. I early gained the impression, also, that the effects, if they produced any lasting effect, varied much with individuals. There were a few hypersensitive souls among us who took their punishments very seriously and were influenced accordingly-- probably much to their harm--but I think the majority of us took these affairs as part of the day's doings to be borne as lightly as might be. Of one thing I was and am convinced- the sensitive boy ought never have been punished by the rod at all; corporal assaults (because that is what they nearly always were in such instances) always rankled in his soul and were of evil influence. Moreover, such boys could always be reached much more effectually by other milder, spiritual means, as could the majority of children, for that matter, as even the most ignorant parent now knows.

" However, the sorrows of myself and of the relatively small group with whom I associated were small as compared with our many joys; and I cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from a poem by one of my own age* on this subject;

" Eheu fugaces Postume! Postume! '

The memories of childhood are a web
Of gossamer, most infinitely frail
And tender, shot with gleaming threads of gold

* Lord Frederick Hamilton in " The Days before Yesterday"
page 70.

And silver, through the iridescent weft
Of subtlest tints of azure and of rose;
Woven of fragile nothings, yet most dear,
And binding us to that dim, far-off time
When first our lungs inhaled the fragrant sweet
Of a new world, where all was bright and fair.
As we approach the end of mortal things,
The band of comrades ever smaller grows;
For those that have not shared our trivial round,
Nor helped to forge the many links,
Can only listen with dull wearied mind.
Some few there are on whom the gods bestowed
The priceless gift of sympathy, and they,
Though knowing not themselves, yet understood.'

" My most intimate friends (and they have always (and they have ever since continued so to rank, I am glad to say,) were the two sons of the Methodist clergyman whose ghostly charge included our village.

" For several happy years we three explored the wonders and mysteries of the surrounding country, getting into and out of scrapes innumerable and having, I doubt not, about the same experiences and boyish adventures that befell most youngsters brought up in a small Canadian village in the middle sixties.

" We attended a small township school about a mile and a half from our respective homes, to and from which we daily walked summer and winter except on those rare occassions when the snow was regarded as too deep or the rain poured too lavishly or the combined mud and snow made walking out of the question over stiff clay roads. Then, but not often, the 'hired man' hitched up and drove us and as many more of the neighboring boys and girls as could ' hang on' in triumph to the little log-house temple of learning. Now and then some

thing happened and school was dismissed earlier than usual or for some quite different reason was not held at all; but these joyful occasions were so rare that I can barely recollect a single instance. One of these happened when our head teacher- that was towards the end of my village school career when the increase of the school population required an assistant- was attacked by a serious illness, an incident that we urchins greeted with outward calm but with an inward and almost uncontrolable satisfaction. Of all the teachers we had had, and the village school changed dominies, as a rule, every year, this sick man was the most popular, and it was difficult for the loft 'parliament' to decide whether it was even proper to speculate upon the probable length of his confinement to bed. Suppose he should die; might not his shade haunt us for (the hope expressed or even understood) that if it was all the same to him could he have a fever or something that would keep him in doors for, say, a month or until the beechnuts and other Autumn fruits were ready for the picking? My importance in the school community increased tremendously because I the son of our teacher's physician was supposed to possess first-hand and, consequently, the most reliable news of the progress of his affliction. I have often wondered whether my Father suspected that my close questioning and anxious enquiries on this subject were actuated not so much by a regard for the misfortune of a beloved teacher as for my reputation as a newsgatherer and bearer of good or evil tidings- according

to the view of the audience.

" This (to me) important office of reporter was shortly abolished, however, because my father announced one morning that he had a pleasant bit of news for me, viz:- the school trustees (of whom he was one) in consideration of the probability that the present teacher would be unable to resume his duties for a month or two, had hired a substitute who would take charge the coming Monday, a date only 48 hours distant, and that my evident anxiety not to jeopardize my educational advantages might be set at rest. I, as the bearer of that fast-flying commodity, unwelcome tidings, soon reported to the other members of our small coterie that our days of liberty were numbered, and it behoved us to prepare for the worst in the shape of a new and untried school master. However, the substitute teacher proved to be an inoffensive, if not kindly, man whom we all learned to like and even to trust- a most rare concession among school boys. When the time came for handing over the reins- and ruler- of office we were sorry to part with the temporary master and told him so in a 'few well-chosen words', as the local weekly eloquently phrased it, from the lips of the school Cicero, who, be it noticed, lived to justify our admiration of his powers by securing a seat in the legislature of the (future) Dominion, where his voice was raised often and, I believe, not in vain."

Note: Here occurs a ten line space.

" Of the many incidents and recollections of episodes that come crowding in as I think them over, the most insistent- often the trivial loom up largest from the background of a youthful career- the following are among the earliest.

" I must have not been more than seven years of age when my belief in ghosts- until then firmly grounded- received a shock from which it never entirely recovered. A farmer had a very fine orchard and beechwoods near our school and, as may be well understood by those who have been boys themselves, this combined temptation was too strong for my chums and myself. In spite of the usual precautions, an undue percentage of fruit and nuts paid toll to the appetites and pockets of the school children. Protests, warnings were of no avail, and as for dogs and high fences, the latter only stimulated our taste for adventure, and as we always bribed some youthful member of the farmer's family to accompany us (by turning over to him a portion of the spoil) the canine element in the danger was obviously eliminated. In some manner, we never discovered how the rumor (it was spelled rumour in our school-books) that the Smith Woods were recently haunted by the ghost of an old woman who, we knew , had been found dead by the roadside the previous winter not a hundred yards from the schoolhouse. This accident had created much excitement in our small world at the time and we had some difficulty in fitting it in to our embryo scheme of mundane things; and that the old lady should return to haunt the scenes of her former activities was certainly disconcerting, although by no means improbable.

Most of the apple and nut freebooters (including the writer of these truthful memoirs) gave the farmer's orchard and woods a sufficiently wide berth and it looked as if Farmer Smith would harvest a full crop. And there is no doubt that he would have done so had it not been for a doubting Thomas in my class a boy in whom I early recognized the elements of leadership and with whom I was destined to join in many a scheme of boyish importance. He drew me to one side as we were walking home past the woods under discussion. I was about to hurry on with the other boys who seemed to have a most important engagement somewhere on the other side of the haunted precincts. ' Wait a minute,' he said, ' I want to tell you something; there ain't no such things as ghosts, My Dad and I talked it all over, and he said that it's all nonsense'. Now, this seemed pretty strong language to me as I well remembered the discussion of this selfsame subject in our attic, where the pros and cons were freely deliberated and the conclusion duly registered without serious opposition, that while none of us had ever seen a ghost we were acquainted with others who had and my friend, Moses Andrews was among the consenters. I remembered that my Father was not an enthusiastic believer in ghosts, or even in witches, but as these were in some unknown fashion thought to be allied to fairies, in whose reality no sane person could, of course, entertain a doubt, my Father was rather non-commital in his reply to my questions.

" I reminded Moses of his apparent change of front,

to which he gave answer that his position had been taken on insufficient grounds. His father had thoroughly investigated the matter in all its relations and could find no reason for this widespread and apparently deep-seated ghost dogma.

" ' And he said he would come with me any time after school hours and pick all the nuts I liked from old Smith's trees.' Here was an adventure worth while! Even if Moses' father were wrong- and he was well-known to be a 'doubter' that never went to church- I might, under strong-arm protection see a ghost, and at a safe distance. The prospect was too alluring, and I finally agreed to be one of a trio of nut-gatherers and ghost-hunters. Probably nothing would have come of this expedition had not Moses, in a warm discussion of the Smith-woods ghost with another schoolboy, loudly proclaimed his intention of going alone that very afternoon to the haunted resort if he couldn't get anyone to go with him. There were no eager volunteers! I intended to tell my family, but got no farther than my nurse. ' You see a ghost, why he would breathe flames of red fire all over you, and maybe burn all the clothes off your back.' Although I often pretended contempt for my old nurse's theories and injunctions, especially since I had- though quite recently, and she said a year too soon- donned long trousers, yet I had an uneasy feeling that, after all she might be right, as she generally was. Under the influence of this dreadful warning I took at least one precaution against a possible encounter with an inhabitant of the unseen universe by drawing on an ancient and long-discarded winter overcoat, although the mild Fall

weather hardly justified the additional covering.

" We three pursued our thoughtful way through the forest path to the beechnut grove, at least two members casting furtive glances in all directions as we neared the beech trees. Mr. Andrews advised us to proceed with our nut-gathering while he stood sentinel, promising to give the alarm if any suspicious creature appeared. At first, Moses and I confined our quest to such nuts as had fallen from the trees, but as time went on and no ghost appeared, we gained courage, and although the shadows of the late Autumn afternoon began to lengthen we decided to climb the most favorably situated trees in search of unfallen treasures. When we had ventured well to the top of ~~xxxxxxxx~~ a couple of large beeches and had almost forgotten time and ghosts, I heard an unearthly sound- something like a long-drawn caterwaul- and peering in the direction of the sound was horrified and struck dumb at what I saw, for there in plain sight was a ghostly figure of an evidently old woman! She almost bent double, waked by the aid of a stick and was enveloped in a white sheet, doubtless her shroud. The creature continued to make those blood-curdling sounds I have just described as she advanced with steps all too quick towards the tree up which I had climbed. To add to my terror I noticed that Mr. Andrews had stepped behind a sheltering tree- doubtless to save himself and to leave us as a sacrifice to the shades of the dead woman! Thus thrown upon my slim moral resources, I decided I had better encounter the evil on <u>terra firma</u> than in midair so I slid down from my 'lofty perch',(as a college mate

once covered himself with glory by translating the well-worn 'Alto' of Virgil's immortal second book), intending to hook it for home; but hardly had I reached the ground when I saw Mr. Andrews rush from his hiding place and grapple with the ghost. It was evidently a vigorous ghost because the struggle lasted several minutes, and the outcome might have been doubtful had the ghost not got entangled in the rather voluminous sheet (shroud). Meantime Moses and I stood by, each armed with a big stick we had brought with us for offense or defense, as the case might demand. When the issue of the contest seemed doubtful Moses called out that, ghost or not ghost he was not going to see his father killed by any creature and was about to end the fight by the simple process of hitting our champion on the head with his club, but Mr. Andrews sternly ordered him to keep his hands off, which seemed a wise injunction as he was as liable, in his excitement to belabor his parent as his opponent. Soon, however, the ghost lay panting on the ground, Mr. Andrews on top. The latter had his fingers about the throat of the struggling shade and his knee on his chest. ' Will you give in or shall I choke the life out of you, Hen Smith?'

" ' Stop choking me and I'll give in," said the visitor from the other world.

" ' All right, but I'll roll you on your stomach first and tie your legs together, and you hands behind your back." And suiting action to these words, Henry Smith, eldest son of Farmer Smith, aet. 28, was dragged helpless to the nearest tree and propped against it, where we could inspect him at our

leisure. ' Anybody want to stick a pin into this ghost to see if he's real?' asked Moses' father. We were glad to let affairs stand as they were. ' I'm not, ' said Mr. Andrews. ' At the same time ~~as~~ I put this rope into my pocket I drew up a short ~~little~~ document, which sets forth the fact that you are an imitation ghost constructed for the purpose of frightening little boys out of their senses to the possible injury of ~~xk~~ their health , for which act you lay yourself open to both criminal and civil process. Sign this paper and I will release you; and we three will solemnly promise to say and do nothing further about it. Refuse, and I will have a warrant issued for you arrest!'

" I suspect that Mr. Andrews' position was about as untenable as - if not more so than ours, but overcome by shame and the failure of his ghost-scene, 'Hen' gave a grumbling assent, his hands and feet were loosed and we four went our several ways. On the road to the village about the only comment Mr. Andrews made on the afternoon adventure was, ' Boys, when you are in doubt about a thing, examine it as close to home as you can, and don't believe everything everybody tells you.' Which piecesof advice I discovered, somewhat later in life, have much to recommend them!

The ghost episode had, however, its epilogue in a treaty (negotiated, I believe by Mr. Andrews himself) between Farmer Smith and the School. Mr. Smith, a day or two after the exposure of his ghost, came to the school and asked permission to address the children. He made a short speech in the course of which he admitted that he had once been a boy himself, and

wished the boys of the school a good time, but couldn't they come to some arrangement in the matter of apples and beechnuts? He proposed that he grant permission to the school to pick all they liked of the latter provided the pupils agreed not to disturb the former. And so it happened that on this day a solemn pact was made, faithfully observed by all parties for at least as long as I attended that school."

" I am satisfied that in many things the small boy is not the conservative he is supposed to be; and that there is a strain of radicalism in most youngsters.

" Simple and easily deceived on many points he undoubtedly is, but the impulse to try all things is more or less a part of the boy as an inborn activity.

" Well do I remember the long discussions that troubled our hayloft as to whether our nurse spoke from actual knowledge when she warned us that bears that carried off boys lurked in the deep woods only a few miles from our schoolhouse, and that we took our lives in our hands every time we wandered out of bounds; and it was finally decided that we had better await more light on the subject before venturing too far even on such legitimate excursions as the quest of ripe plums from Farmer Dillbaugh's orchard- the surly old man who had no respect for the right of virtuous youth, and harbored a vigorous and incorruptible bull-dog.

" The matter of boys and bears was for a time at least

settled by the appearance in our village of a man who had had a close acquaintance with both classes of animals and he said that only the she-bear was ever known to elope with a small boy and then only when she had lost one of her own cubs, the infant (or very immature child) being at once adopted into the ursine family to take the place of the missing one. This statement certainly seemed reasonable to us; we knew of at least one instance in which a somewhat similar condition prevailed- Moses' father had seen in a circus a mother bear whose grief over the loss of an infant cub had been assuaged by the adoption of a small puppy. Then, again, how about Romulus and Remus- yes, sir, those noble Roman boys? How unreasonable, then, to doubt the story of nurse, who at any rat always had our best interests at heart, although she occasionally exhibited eccentric means of expressing that interest! Out of this investigation of substitutes for mother-love in bears came a desire to test the matter; and we eventually drew lots to decide which one of us should offer himself for adoption into the first bear family whose bereavement we could relieve. Selection by lot was adopted after a prompt refusal by the writer of these memoirs to volunteer because he, being several months younger than the others of the company, might reasonable be more attractive or congenial to the child-seeking she-bear. In rebuttal it was pointed out by the proposed victim, that a mother-bear who really meant buisness would not stop to enquire whether the needed boy was five years or five and one-quarter years old, as long as he was not too old, and he hastened to add , without due

regard (I am quite sure) for the niceties of his English, ' None of us are too old.' And that is how we came to 'pull straws'. Alas! for the well laid schemes of boyhood- I chose the shortest straw! There was no escape from the investigation of the bear problem, so, accompanied by an escort of two companions just about as frightened as I, the procession moved towards the 'sugar-bush' for so the dense woods that stretched many miles about our village , was called. It was the period of the summer solstice, the days were long and the nights ~~were~~ not unpleasant; indeed I tried to console myself with the thought that if I must engage in this unheard-of adventure, it could not be faced under more favorable conditions. Probably the fact that the moon was ~~about~~ almost full had much to do with my acquiescense in the scheme; the small boy hates the dark night. Perhaps somebody or something would intervene, if not interfere, before it was too late, before my unwilling adoption into a four-legged family; or, what seemed to me more likely, there would be ' never the time nor the place' nor with these the seeking, errant she-bear, robbed of one or more whelps and on the look-out for a small, inwardly terrified but outwardly brave and nonchalant youngster eager to settle, even at some slight inconvenience to himself, a disputed question in natural history. We had asked our several parents for an early supper(dinner was a midday meal in my boyhood) that we might have the long summer evening for our games. My mother gave me an unusually long and to me embarrasing look as I left the table with, let me add, considerably less than my ordinary promptness. ' Anything wrong with

you this evening, Casey?' she asked. ' You do not appear to have any appetite; I never knew you eat so few doughnuts.' O! I was all right; really quite myself. ' Well, don't play too hard, and come home early.' Come home early! If she only knew! Instead of a happy and early homecoming I would in all probability be trying to sleep in a bear's den with assorted sizes of hairy creatures, wondering what sort of breakfast, if any, I was to have next morning. I had decided that whatever happened I would not be induced to follo the example of Remus or of his brother Romulus in this emergency. If need be I would leave the house of Mother Bear the first day instead of waiting the week which it was agreed in council is necessary to make a really complete investigatio and to furnish an adequate report on the economies and domestic government of a well-regulated ursine household. Meantime we had penetrated farther and farther into the deep woods, leaving eventually the well-beaten trail that led in one direction to the schoolhouse, in another to the distant farm where forbidden apples grew. We boys had worked out the details of our scheme to the most trivial- if anything connected with such a consuming thrilling venture could be regarded as trifling- point. The mode of procedure adopted was very simple. When we encountered the bear and it was evident from her actions that she was in search of a human ~~sacrifice~~ substitute for a lost cub, I was to step forward, thus showing my good intentions and willingness to be adopted into any respectable bear family. As for my companions- well they were to leave as soon as maternal relations between myself

and my new foster-mother had been properly established.

" We had been following a road cut through the bush that had evidently been little used; the wheel marks grew fainter the longer we walked along it. Finally the tracks of wagon wheels came to an end in a circular clearing; we had been following a 'sugar-road' that penetrated the forest only a few miles, and not, as we believed, over the hills and far away. A halt was called to decide whether we had better turn back and search for another path through the woods or boldly plunge into the bush. I voted to return and postpone the trip to another day. In the meantime we could make enquiries for a road that would be most likely to lead to a bear's den. My fellow adventurers probably thought a boy in the bush to be worth two at home when bear hunting was the issue, so it was decided to explore the forest fastnesses, especially as Moses thought he had discovered a trail that continued the deserted wagon-road. After plunging ahead for what seemed an hour or two it began to get quite dark, a circumstance that however favorable to the advent of bears acted as a decided depressant upon the spirits and morale of small boys. However I was bound I would not be the first to call a halt.

" My fellow explorers had refused to adopt my plan to leave the woods while the retreat was easy, <u>now</u> they could extricate themselves from any pitfall into Which the darkness might provide for their capture; perhaps a whole family of bears might appear on the scene and effect a

midnight capture of the entire company! How could then the most discriminating of bears be expected to pick and choose in surroundings as black-dark as the darkest cellar? My suggestion of this contingency did not lessen the fears of the other boys in spite of the fact that we all presented a bold and unbroken front to the rapidly darkening night. At last we came to a sudden and simultaneous standstill for out of the deepening gloom ahead there was borne to our straining ears a terrible shriek, a blood-curdling mixture of howl and growl, that froze the very marrow in our bones. Each one of us threw off every semblance of bravery or I might add, of sanity. It seemed as if every wild beast we ever heard of had been let loose in those woods. Even after the lapse of half a century I can hear that savage yell!

" We caught one another by the arms and listened dumb, terrot-stricken. Moses was, as usual, the first to come to his senses or to a fraction of them.

" 'Keep hold of coat-tails and let us make no noise but creep along; that was a catamount and no bear.' The proposal was carried without a dissenting voice; indeed the human voice was the faintest sound heard during those fateful minutes. Just how we dragged one another through the tangled vines and thick underbrush none of the frightened band ever knew; what we did remember was the repeated cries and muffled howls that beat upon our ears as we tried to make good a hasty but <u>combined</u> escape; we were at last successful in clinging to one another's persons during that eventful odyssey. Finally, when the unearthly noises had

died out and we had put many a good ~~mile~~ rod between the wild beast and ourselves, we threw our exhausted bodies on the cold earth and took breathless stock of our remaining clothing— and prospects."

At length, Dr Orrin Wood decided to remove his family to Brockville, a larger and more prosperous town. Moreover, his wife's family resided there. Mrs Haves recalls the journey in the following manner.

Morewood

The cavalcade started. It was an old-fashioned two-horse carriage containing the family and nurse with Casey Albert's father as driver, followed by a spring-wagon piled high with the household goods, and sitting on the very top Casey Albert and his beloved dog Rover. The dog whined and barked steadily at this new adventure, and the horse, prancing, threatened to run away. Then the Irish coachman said with a smirk, "Perhaps he's insulted at havin' to cart a dog along!" They bumped and jerked in the rain-filled cracks on the country road, and arrived after dark at the little hamlet of Morewood. They were to be guests for a night of an old friend of the family who owned the model farm of the township. Worn out they retired early and all sank into a profound sleep. At dawn the next morning weird shrieks filled the air and Casey Albert pulled the pillow over his head and tried to sleep, but the cries came nearer and nearer. He rushed to the window—and what a sight! A glorious spring morning, the sun shimmering through the leaves of the budding maple trees, the birds singing, and the perfume of the lilac and the honey-suckle on the walls---and on the grass, his tail scintillating a thousand colors, strutted back and forth, back and forth, a gorgeous peacock. He walked along mincingly, ducking his head on one side and then on the other, his gorgeous tail a rainbow of color— and uttered strange shrill cries, while his modest little mate followed at a distance. Casey Albert hurried on his clothes and rushed down to the dining-room where he found the whole family house-hold at the window. The peacock was still pirrouetting

and enjoying the admiration of his audience while his little mate followed at a distance. Just then a shrill call came from the back of the garden, "Jimmy! Jimmy! Breakfast, Jimmy!" and forgetting his dignity the peacock darted past, trailing his tail in the morning dew. In the dining-room stood the little country maid waiting with a patient smile on her face, "That Jimmy, that Jimmy," was all she said but it spoke volumes. Jimmy, just a bird, but the loved czar of the house. How they all loved him! A warm room in winter near the kitchen for him and his mate where he acted as an alarm clock in the early morning and with his shrill voice awoke the servants.

This was a model Canadian farm--a huge stone house flanked by an ivy covered wall and heated by argand burners, in the hall and parlor. In the immense cellar stood rows and rows of ten-quart pans filled with milk, the cream almost thick enough to be cut by a knife. The hostess filled a tin cup with cream for each child as Casey Albert whispered to his mother, "That cream makes my mouth water." Barrels of apples--russets, pommes-de-neige, and harvest apples stood in rows, and huge bins of turnips, potatoes and cabbages stood against the walls. Near the house was a miniature brick building where beef and hams were smoked and which resembled a doll's house. In the fields were horses and cattle of all kinds, and Casey Albert, now eight years of age, was entranced with the farm. He immediately decided to be a farmer when he grew up and certainly to keep a peacock.

This little cameo is followed in Mrs Hayes's reminiscences by a brief, general account of the Wood family's stay in Brockville.

Brockville 1864-1866

Casey Albert was a little boy of eight when the family arrived at Brockville, where they remained two years--and during that time a little sister was born.(This child was named Florence Ernestine. She went, later, with her father and mother when they emigrated to Riverside, California, returning after a while to manage Dr Wood's house in his Montrel practice days, later returning to Riverside and marrying.*) Casey Albert soon found boys of his own age and they spent much time in the surrounding woods, playing ball and fishing in the brook. As these were the years of the Fenian Rebellion between the Protestant Orangemen and the Catholic Fenians, the streets were filled with parades, and the excitement was intense. Casey Albert and his friends were entranced, and implored their parents to let them march in the parades with the Orangemen. "We'll wave our banners for the Orangemen," they cried--but being absolutely refused they decided to have an army of their own and

*Inserted by C.F.A.W.

thus practise how to defend their country. They ran, much offended, to the woods and every day after school they marched a and paraded, banging on their tin-pans, which they had begged fr from their mothers. Casey Albert headed the line and they sang all the Orange songs their lusty young lungs could carry. One especially appealed to them and as the wind carried the notes through the trees strangers thought a band of gypsies were encamped there. The chorus began thus,

"Holy watter, Holy watter,
Sprinkle the Catholics, every one."

When their parents stopped their singing this dangerous song, they were broken hearted , and there and then swore to become soldiers when they grew up, and if there was a rebellion, to fight on the Orange side! Soon they forgot all about it, and took to fishing in the brook, cooking their fish in the pans they used in their band, over a fire of sticks in the woods. (Childish sorrows so soon forgotten, and joy so easily gained!) During these two years Casey Albert stood high in his classes, and though he had never had the advantage of of a city school, he was ahead of many boys of ten or twelve. His mother kept his reports of these days and showed them to her friends with the favorable remarks of his teachers.... Then the children caught the whooping-cough, and Casey Albert and his sister were marched, every day, to the gas-house, by their nurse, who, hating the smell of gas, stood outside flirting with one of the men,---To this day when his sister passes a gas house she shudders.

Dr. Wood recalls other memories of Brockville.

(?) 1860.

" During our Brockville residence the whole family had that vile children's disease the whooping cough. I remember well how, as part of the treatment of this infliction we were for quite a long period of time taken almost daily to the gas house & made to inhale the spent fumes of the retorts. This procedure probably did some good although it did not preserve the life of my little sister Ernestine who died from secondary pneumonia.

" When my grandfather Leggo died I fell heir to part of

his library. Among the books was a five volume of James Naval History which I not only read as a daily fascination but thoroughly studied. I believe that at one time in my boyish career I could have made high marks in an examination (diagrams included) on that famous account of the exploits of the British Navy with mention by name of the career of each ship of war that ruled the waves during the 17th, 18th & most of the 19th centuries."

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1866-1876. CHAPTER TWO.

In 1866 the Wood family moved to Ottawa where Dr. Wood's two youngest sisters were born, Helen Alexandria, in 1866, and Frances Gertrude, in 1870.

Mrs. Edith Hayes continues her reminiscences writing of their arrival in Ottawa.

Ottawa 1866

In the spring of 1866, tired and dusty, the Wood family drove into Ottawa, their future home. The nesting brids were singing and the swallows flying by the Parliament Buildings, as they passed, but the tired travelers saw nothing. The youngest child lay asleep, in her nurse's arms, and the other two nodded, half conscious. Then Casey Albert opened hi his eyes. The sun's slanting rays were shining on the white sandstone of the gorgeous Parliament Buildings! " Why, what are these great big houses?" he cried. " They are not houses, dear," his mother replied," they are the Parliament Buildings, you learned about at school; and see the birds and ~~the~~ animals carved over them. It took twelve years to build them- and the big round building with the weather vane is the library." " Library!" he was wide awake now, " Library! couldn't I go and read the books?" " Yes, when you are older,dear." " Older! I want to go now, now," he cried. Thus began his new life, which lasted for ten years.

Mrs. Edith Hayes describes the French-Canadian side of the picture which no doubt influenced Dr. Wood considerably.

Hull , 1866-

It was after the family had arrived at Ottawa, that they first heard of the little French town of Hull. This little town was situated on the Ottawa River between Ottawa and the Chaudiere Falls, and was called by facetious boys," Hell."

It was filled with French Canadians, and these "Canucks", the name by which they were known, nearly all worked in the Eddy match factory. When, in winter, they fell in line at the factory they were a gay sight,-- in high boots, with bright colored sashes around their waists, and a toque to match, pulled down over their ears. As most of them lived in squalor and dirt, and slept ten in a room, small-pox was marked on many faces, which left them a gastly white, pitted with tiny holes, but they were, in spite of poverty and sickness, childlike and happy. On the other side of the town the Chaudiere falls, spanned by a fine suspension bridge, its water rushing and swirling below, spurted foam many feet high in the air. It was an awe-inspiring sight, and Casey Albert spent much time gazing into the black depths below whil waiting for his father. Many poor wretches had sought death through suicide in these boiling waters, and the Canucks believed that beneath these black depths was a bottomless hole through which the suicides were hurled and carried out to the other side of the earth. They made the sign of the cross in speaking of this. " Sacre," they would call to Casey Albert," keep away from dere, you will want to jump in."

There is a little brown church with a tiny cross on its steeple, nestling in a valley near the village. In it were two rows of crude wooden benches, the alter gay with tinsel flowers, and the chancel with calico alter clothes and cotton lace. Surrounded by tallow candles the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, stretched forth her beneficent arms to the penitent, of which there were often many kneeling on the floor. They were good Roman Catholics, these French Canadians, but they had a superstition which nothing could change. They believed that anyone failing to take communion at Easter, for seven consecutive years, would fall a prey to the infernal power, and be condemned to rove at night in the shape of an immense wolf called the " Loup Garou." When recounting this story to the younger generation the old Frenchmen would end by shrieking and waving their arms," W'en de Loup Garou get mad his eye gets so red like my onder shirt! So look out." And they did look out, for on Easter morning the sun shone on a great crowd kneeling on the ground near the church and the confessional was always crowded. The story of the, " Loup Garou" had done its work! " Beeg black dog!"

Pea-soup was the favorite dish of these French Canadians, and it was proved that no one but a Canuck could make this delectable dish. When one of England's Royal princes visited the Canadian lumber camps he asked for three plates of pea-soup, which filled his hosts with pride. It was at the Spring Festivals their favorite song was sung,

" Pea-soup and Johnny cake
Makes a Frenchman's stomach ache,"

and then clamoured for more to prove it.

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At this period so many things engaged the a ttention of Dr Wood that it is hopeless to speak of them chronologically. Stamp-collecting, reading, natural science, medicine, languages, religion, music, the social arts---all and more interested him. Turning to his school life first, Dr. Wood has written an account of his recollections of his school-days.

" My earliest recollection of my various school affiliations was that of a mixed preparatory kept by a widow lady in Ottawa whose name I have for the moment forgotten.

" As I remember it this school was no better nor worse than the average private Canadian concern of the day. We learned what we could pick up. Next in order came another private but much larger and better organized school kept by Professor Webster-- a confederate refugeee from Virginia during or after the Civil War & the author of a series of school books founded on that ancient and effective plan of question and answers, the former by the children & the latter by Prof. Webster himself. I owe a debt of gratitude to the latter in that he directed my faltering footsteps into the pleasant ways of Natural Philosophy. I was not at the time I attended his school sufficently advanced to enter his lecture class on this subject but I was able by seating myself at the door of his lecture room to listen and absorb most of his excellent discourses and to read the books he referred to. Dear old Master Quackenbos, where ever you are, receive the homage of grateful admirer and student of several of your text-books.

" The next temple of learning where I worshipped for many years (1869-76) was the Grammar School-- afterwards the Ottawa Collegiate Institute-- where I was thoroughly drilled in the Edinburgh Academy Grammar and ~~the~~ other instruments of Classic drill. However its present curriculum may differ from that in force 50 years ago I know not but what we were taught we were thoroughly taught and I now am very grateful for the seven years of Greek and Latin that when I first went out into the wide wide world I wish had been largely deleted in favor of German and Italian which I have had painfully to learn with the sweat of my literary brow.

" When I was thirteen (or fourteen) years of age my Grammar school studies were interrupted by being sent for a year to Mons. Mathieu's French School at Grenville, Lower Canada.

" He was one of those heroic Geneva calporteurs, missionaries sent to Canada by a Swiss Protestant Society to convert his fellow Frenchmen to the Protestant faith. I am not aware that these evangels ever converted anybody despite their long tramps over hill and dale at all seasons and in all weathers but they did something that, to my mind, is far more important, they established good schools for both sexes and they mostly settled in Canada to raise hardy successors who in the course of time were numbered among the Dominion's most celebrated citizens. One of these schools for the opposite sex was established at Bertier, P. Q. and was long an important teaching centre for the wealthier class of Lower Canadian girls-- almost all of them

Protestant. My wife that was to be (although I did not at the time know this) was one of the boarders, and greatly enjoyed and benefited by her school life there.

" Odd how one remembers the trivial things of early life & forgets the important things; I earned fifty cents digging Dominie Mathieu's fall crop of potatoes, got badly stung making a scientific study of a wasp's nest and could at one time sing and repeat the hymn beginning " Le bon berger' and I had almost fogotten that when I was very very homesick I was greatly relieved of my nostalgia by my dear mother taking the long journey to Grenville to comfort her only son. However when I left Grenville I could read and speak French almost as well as I could English & all of which gave me advanced standing and enabled me to triumph over all competitors when I returned to my studies at the Ottawa Collegiate Institute and to be 'teacher's pet' to the Revd. Ami, another Swiss missionary."

Mrs. Edith Hayes has written two short descriptions which cover the above periods. They follow now:-

About this time Casey Albert and his sister were required to take private French lessons from a French woman who came from Paris, that they might acquire the proper accent. As their teacher, Mlle. Deroché, opened the door for them, smiling and bowing, she invariably exclaimed, " Je sui ravis de vous voir," and led them in. Casey Albert, being a direct and honest boy, began at last, to resent this repetition of politeness. " What does she tell fibs for?" he insisted. " She knows she wishes we were in Halifax!" His sister explained, " It's only politeness," she said, " the French are always polite." " I call that lies," he sniffed, and would not understand but always resented it. But years afterwards when traveling in France he changed his mind.

One summer Casey Albert was sent to the home of a French Missionary at Grenville not far from Ottawa, where they spoke only French. The Missionary was very poor, and though Casey Albert learned for the first time to eat only the plainest food, he flourished under the regime. Then, as he was lonely at first, his mother took his sister with her and spent a night and day with him. They arrived in the morning, and after lunch the two children with the Missionary's two boys, went out to play in the fields. A huge choke cherry tree, near by, spread its branches high above the ground and the boys having satisfied their appetites for cherries, boosted the little girl into the tree, and then sneaked off to play ball. Having eaten all she wished, she started to slide to the ground, but the limbs were too high. She waited patiently for hours but as the time passed it seemed like eternity, so she called , but no answer. Then she shrieked and howled, but the house being far from the field, no one heard. Soon a big bull-dog, belonging to a neighbor, hearing the yells, came and sat under thetree and howled in sympathy. This was too much! and she knew she would be eaten alive if she ~~xxxxx~~ tried to climb down, so she shrieked again. No answer. Finally, when the sun was nearly down, the boys came flying back. They had forgotten all about her! Then, in fear of being punished, they ~~xxxxxx~~ dived into their pockets and gave her all the candy and peanuts they had left. She finally dried her eyes and promised never to tell! But she has never forgotten her agony as she gazed down at that bull-dog....

In another brief note on the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, Dr. Wood tells of his master's influence upon him.

" I was a student in the Ottawa Grammer School & its successor the Collegiate Institute about seven years (1869-76) during which time I was much attached to my ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ teachers, as mentioned, among them Dr. John Thorburn (the Principal), Rev T.D. Phillips, Dr. Macmillan and Monsieur Ami. The first named was a deep student of the Greek classics and firmly believed that next to his beloved Scotland-- the present possessor of all good things-- the origin of the world's finest in science,

art and literature was in Greece. He infected me with this popular idea and on my various visits to the Peloponesus I always sent newspapers (these are published in Classic Greek), a few native books and other Grecian items, acts that until his death the dear old man reciprocated by writing me yearly Xmas. letters that I greatly ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ enjoyed.

" I am much indebted also to a radical professor of medicine-- wrongly regarded as a ' crusty old chap' who sent for me the day of my graduation and said, ' Wood, I have long intended to give you some good advice—the sort that is commonly never taken but somehow I think it may be useful ~~to you~~ if you have sense enough to follow. When you first go to practice you will have precious time on your hands-- the stupid public always requires time to appreciate talent (and here my professor made a characteristic grimace) but use that time in making an investigation all on your own of the truths that yr. confreres take for granted: you will find most of them are untruths or only partially true. I suggest among them: (1) That hydrophobia is a rather common disease(I believe it t to be excessively rare even more uncommon than death from lightning stroke. (2) That the wearing of a silver plate in the skull to replace lost bone never happened popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding. (3) That death in adults from the bite of the northern rattlesnake is a common accident. I believe that when it occurs it is a mere coincidence when it does not follow acute alcoholic poisoning brought about by the stupid ignorant but well meaning efforts of friends (and sometimes physicians) in the efforts to stimulate the heart's

action or for some other similar, mistaken and silly pretext.' Well, I have thoroughly investigated these popular and semi-popular beliefs and agree with my long dead teacher, ' there ain't no such animal'.

" The foregoing is a small matter perhaps but it underlies the most precious of all scientific (i.e. truth-seeking) investigations ' prove all things.'"

Also, for the Ottawa Collegiate Centenary celebration, Dr Wood wrote a short article for inclusion in the anniversary number of the school paper.

1865-70

There was an active and flourishing company of school cadets about 1866, of which I think (Colonel) Tom Evans was a member. I remember that we used to march to the ranges on the banks of the Rideau and practice with muzzle loading carbines.

When the school building was opposite the City Hall it was the amiable custom every winter, of the first out of school, to station themselves opposite the front door and force the boys who made a later exit, including the " kept ins," to run a snowball gauntlet. The luckless ones who were thus exposed to the fusilade were afterwards free to join the blockaders and inflict similar punishment on the still later ones. This form of discipline became at one time so popular that the best shots, including those who were ambitious to improve their social standing in the school republic, used to congregate before study hours in the morning and fire at marks while waiting for human victims. It thus happened that a school pastime stimulated punctuality ; it was better to come early and avoid the rush. I presume one remembers the tricks played by one's fellow-students and the horse-play quorum pars magna fuit longer and more vividly than the more important incidents of school life.

A very effective punishment, mostly administered by our always beloved Head-Master John Thorburn, was the writing of "pages." This clerical work was done either while we tarried "weak and weary" after a day's real or pretended work or was

carried on at our homes. When first instituted it took many long months to decide what is meant by the word"page." Some imaginative Fourth Form boys ventured the opinion that any page would do, irrespective of the length of the lines in it. No, said the teacher, we shall mingle instruction with your punishment; you shall write your pages from that compendium of all historic truth— Collier's History of England. Good, said we, the history exhibits numerous "sawed off" pages that can be copied in an instant. New wrangles thereupon arose as to the minimum number of lines that constituted a "page." Finally a compromise was effected by the choice of the same page. A fine of six pages meant six copies of the same page. And now, after the lapse of thirty years I believe I could still tell how " the riotous Prince Hal became transformed into the brave and wise King Henry the Sixth," and " went back on" his boon companions. To a good many of us (and there were so many of us that were not good!) this form of retribution seemed so certain that we began to anticipate it by accumulation of pages. At odd hours the " riotous Prince Hal" was again and again reduced to paper against the day of need. For a time pages were also written (for a consideration) by sisters, small brothers and even— also for considerations-- by other boy's sisters, until that source of supply was cut off by an edict prohibiting pages written in a female hand. Finally it was decided that, in cases of doubt, the burden of proof would lie with the individual presenting a page, that it was a page written by his own hand. This restriction imposed on a legitimate trade, was not an unmixed good because it increased those difficulties that come to the front when, for instance, one whose penmanship generally resembled the progress of a fly dipped in ink over a piece of white paper, attempted to show that a " page " written in schoolboy's copper-plate was an every-day example of his own handwriting.

When a boy was fined a certain number of pages it was a great satisfaction to rise in his place, advance to the teacher's desk and pay something on account; perhaps, in flush times, to wipe out the whole debt. Soon pages became articles of trade and barter, their market value rising and falling in accordance with the well known laws of supply and demand. Every morning a ledger was produced and a call made for pages; the boy who had none was fined an additional page and if his line of credit had unduly expanded it was curtailed by an invitation to remain for an hour and do more " Prince Hal's."

About this time an epidemic of stamp collecting prevailed in the school and my friend W.J. Christie, the best penman in our form, wrote, with a fine 303 Gillott's, six microscopical pages on a sheet of white foolscap. These were ornamented with marginal scrolls and perforated with a pin to resemble part of a sheet of postage stamps, and thus ~~admired~~ exhibited to admiring school-fellows. When the inevitable fine was imposed William advanced to the desk and, in the Presence, slowly and ostentatiously detached one "stamp" and presented it in payment. The teacher was too wise

to discuss the matter before the class but he was detected in making a careful study of that page to see that no lines were omitted.

It was the proud boast of one boy, whose present high official position prevents a mention of his name, that although fined pages, whose numbers equalled that of the leaves in Vallambrosa, he never wrote but six. As his account generally showed that number, or multiples of it, he constructed a convenient packet of the six pages aforesaid which, being paid in were readily abstracted and not missed from the accumulated pile in front of the teacher while that much abused man was straightening out the accounts of other delinquents. Anyway, the teacher himself was to blame; his constant approval of Greek institutions and his unlimited praise of Greek ideals finally infected us and that is the reason we generally adopted the Spartan code, that the crime consists not in the commission of an error but in allowing it to be found out.

As will be remembered by most of the "old boys," about five minutes at the end of each hour were allowed for the interchange of teachers; it thus often happened that the masters in classics, for example, who, the previous hour, gave his attention to the pupils on the first floor was obliged to reach the top floor for the next recitation. On going up he often met on the way another master from some other room. It frequently transpired, owing to conferences between teachers meeting in this way and outside the classroom, that, for ten or fifteen minutes at a time, the pupils were left alone. Doubtless in these days that time would be occupied by the boys in discussing the next lesson or in study. We, however, filled it in by working out ingenious problems in strategy. As soon as the teacher left the room a sentinel was placed at the door and the fun began. Among the plots carried on to our satisfaction was the practice of bowling during these precious intervals. An abandoned orrery-- part of our incipient physical science laboratory-- was seized and the sun, moon, and earth, not to mention a few lusty planets made out of hardwood, were divided among the revellers. Nine-pins were constructed out of the small firewood that fed the big "Three Rivers" stove. When all was ready the game was played in the back of the long schoolroom. If there are any Marquis of Queensbury rules governing " nine-pins" we followed them. As soon as the sentinel notified us that the representative of law and order was approaching all was quiet; the heavenly bodies were restored to their orbits in an old desk and the firewood was distributed among various hiding places. So far as I can remember, this was the only elaborate piece of horse-play that went on for months without discovery by the authorities. It escaped detection partly because it took place on the first floor disturbing only the warehouse men below us, and partly because it was well understood that some considerable noise was always to be expected of Fifth Form boys when left alone.

During the hot summer days there was a daily pilgrimage of boys to the Rideau Canal for a cool plunge generally at

the "rampike," the stump of a large tree that at that time projected and, I trust, still projects above the limpid waters of the Canal. " Swims," you may know, were generally prearranged expeditions. They followed a sentence of that sign-language, uttered by the opening and closing of the fore and middle fingers of the right hand , that I doubt not were also made by small boys to one another on the streets of Nineveh, Damascus and Troy, a thousand years before Horace told us how good a thing it is to take a bath after exposing ourselves to the heat and burden of the day. Of course it was against the law (most of our fun in those days was illegal " to bathe within sight of inhabited houses" but what were we water-loving youngsters to do? One of our natural enemies, a stern, relentless constable named Silcox, watching an opportunity " to do his duty" espied four of us, with our heads above and our bodies beneath the water. He invited us to come out and be arrested but with our clothing safely hidden in the bushes we defied and ever reviled him. One boy, less fortunate than the rest, had gone ashore and begun to dress. Him the vigilent minion of the law threatened with dungeon, manacles and bodily torture, unless he revealed the names of the wretches in the water. Yielding to force all our names were given up; we were hailed before a Justice of the Peace and fined (how well I recollect it) one dollar and costs per boy. Good grew out of our troubles, however, because there followed an agitation for the setting aside of parts of the Ottawa water front, for school bathers which resulted in our being allowed to indulge ourselves where the sight of naked small boys would not bring " a blush to the face of any young person."

Mrs. Edith Hayes records Dr Wood , although participating in nearly all the sports of that day, was prevented by his father-- for good reason-- from playing baseball.

Ottawa.

Casey Albert had one heart break at this time, for his father, knowing even then that his life-work was to be surgery, refused to let him play base-ball fearing some injury to his hands. He soon, however, took an interest in stamp-collecting and acquired a large and valuable collection. The boys bought, and exchanged, and begged stamps, and when one day, Casey Albert's father gave the older children each a dollar to spend any way they liked, he immediately bought a tiny, but what he considered a very valuable stamp. " Ho!" hooted his sisters," To spend a dollar on an old stamp!" " Well, " countered Casey Albert, " it's better than an old silly doll anyway," and he ran off to show his treasure to the other boys. He collected stamps

for years. (Note: what became of your collection?) Please fill in.

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Dr. Wood has answered this question in a letter.

" I was in my salad days a collector of postage stamps and had (until I sold them in London) a special collection of Greek Stamps the largest and most complete collection of these labels in the world, for which the Am. Philatelic Soc. awarded me a gold medal. I also wrote a history & made an illustrated catalogue of them, not, I am sorry to say, published as we have not now any full, authentic description of them."

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Turning to his holiday pursuits, Dr Wood writes:

" One of the resorts of my boyhood during the summer holidays was the popular Lower St. Lawrence chiefly at Kamouraska and Murray Bay. For two summers we had a house there and I greatly enjoyed the fishing, bathing and bird hunting with other boys who with their families were wont to spend the heated term in these delightful waters.

" Equally attractive to me were the beautiful Laurentian hills in the Gatineau region north of Ottawa. I first made my acquaintance with that entrancing locality when I was sent on Holiday with a Vermont Yankee who, with some knowledge of mining, was 'staked' by my Father on a hunt for possible iron and other mineral deposits. He certainly

was one of the quaintest human beings I have ever had to deal with. He had a vast assortment of natural history lore at his finger's end and when after our evening meal following a day's tramping over hill and dale collecting data and samples he introduced me to a new world of knowledge not all of which came out of books. Before long I discovered that he was an adherent of some sort of a Second Adventist sect who believed and taught that all important terrestrial affairs, past, present and furture were described or foretold by Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel— especially by the last named prophet, who 'revealed' them to the true believer. Most of the great battles since the world began were distinctly marked in this fashion. In some mysterious way my friend informed me the salvation of one's soul was greatly facilitated by an acceptance of these dogmas, hence my conversion was a matter of some importance, a task which he forthwith set himself to my discomfort but to his satisfaction. That Shiloh (in which he had himself taken part) and Waterloo were clearly indicated by a certain chapter of Ezekiel was eagerly pointed out, & I could not disprove it.

" Toward the end of our stay in the lovely Laurentian mountains the Hebrew prophets became anathama to me ~~and I~~ and I fear my eccentric guide found me a poor audience for his fervid interpretations of them. What I wanted from him was less Ezekiel and more stories about birds, beasts and botany. Nor did his mining operations amount to much-- many vague hopes of discovery but few real accomplishments.

" Later I had glorified opportunities to become more

intimately acquainted with the fascinating Gatineau region, its forest, lakes, rivers and-- most gorgeous of all-- the wonderful coloration and autumn changes in the foliage of its trees. Every Fall for several years I joined a happy company of boys about my own age, among them my life-long friend ,George Perley, in excursions up the Ottawa. We camped out in real tents, fished, hunted & generally enjoyed ourselves after the manner of healthy youth. Once we walked home to Ottawa on the last stretch of 35 miles arriving footsore, dust covered and weary but quite proud of this ending of our holiday. These incidents in my early career remained with me as precious memories only to be extinguished when I cross the bar. During one of these vacations my party penetrated to the Wakefield Caves, of considerable extent and a resort of thousands of bats. This natural wonder had just been described by Sir James Grant who kindly sent me, upon request, a seperate copy of his article on the subject.

" It was about this time that I had my first, my earliest, love affair. She was a very pretty young thing, adopted daughter of the manager of a large lumber company. They lived in a fine stone house provided, alas, with an elevator. One day my inamorata stepped into the upper dimly lighted doorway of this machine thinking she was entering a waiting car. She fell three stories to the bottom of the shaft and was instantly killed. My boyish grief was soon assuaged but even now my mind's eye sees plainly that charming little girl with her blue eyes and light hair-- the pet of the family-- whom I adored and

whose memory I have preserved."

Mrs. Edith Hayes recounts a startlingly similar event.

Soon after coming to Ottawa, his sister E. and he found a gay little play-mate, Fanny Dole, living near. She was a lively little blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl, and the three spent many happy hours in her play-room above her father's carriage house. There was a trap-door, at the end of the room, which the children always avoided, but one Saturday afternoon, Casey Albert and his sister, after playing for hours together, had started home, when a frightened maid came running to them, " Miss Fanny has fallen through the trap-door," she cried. They ran back, and there on the ground lay their little play-mate, Fanny, dead. It was long before either of the children could speak of her without tears.

To return to the subject of Dr Wood's early reading, Mrs. Edith Hayes has written as follows:

Even at this early age, Casey Albert developed a great love for reading, and the greatest worry his mother felt, was his passion for books-- tales, history, yellow-backedd detective stories, even encyclopedias-- anything he could find at home, or later, at the Parliamentry library. His bed-room was on the third storey of the house and after he had gone up stairs, his mother invariably called out to him. " Are you in bed, dear, and have you said your prayers?" " Yes, mother," but he did not say he was reading in bed. This soon grew to be a ritual. One morning he was missing from the breakfast table and a sister was sent up to investigate. Having called and received no answer, she ran into his room and found him half dressed, lying flat on the floor reading, and dead to the world. Then she dragged him , by the heels, across the floor, and he got up and scrambled into his clothes. A few minutes later the family had a vision of a boy, his face shining with soap and water and hair flying, running breakfastless to school. The next morning and many other mornings this was repeated, and at last his mother decided to put temptation out of his way. One day he found , to his dismay, that every book had been taken from his room,-- he begged--, but his mother was adamant and now he was always in time for breakfast.

Dr Wood speaks of this ~~incident~~ in a letter written about 60 years later.

" I fear there is danger of your making the same mistake I did when of yr, age in being an omnivorous reader. It is not, believe me, the amount of food one takes that affords the best nutrition of the body physical & spiritual but the degree to which good food is digested--thoroughly digested, I mean. And, of course, quality and, again, not quantity is extremely important.

" I don't believe much in preaching to anyone-- young or old-- on the subject of quality, i.e. what is good, bad or indifferent in literature. Quot homines, quot sententia.

" We must all work out our own salvation in that respect and literary pabulum may, as you know, be overdone or underdone.

" Personally, I think there is entirely too much propaganda issued by publishers for either novels, stories, etc. The realities, i.e. science, with a moderate dash of biography, autobiography and fiction furnishes the most desirable foundation for building literary mansion, in one of which a pleasant life can be passed.

" I am glad you like, that is appreciate Macaulay. Almost everything he has written belongs to the ages, just as novels like ' Vanity Fair' are all-period and all-time stories.

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In another letter written about a year earlier, Dr Wood writes:

" It so happens that I have been an omnivorous devourer of books in several languages from my early youth, and I now really wish that the Fates had decreed that I shd. read about one-third of the partially digested mass and then reread them several times.

" Many people will give you much sage advice on books and other things but I will only say, pick out about fifty titles of the former and read them as a steady diet carefully and repeatedly, say every year or so. As for the rest of the vast volume of published matter beware of 999/1000 of it; you cannot profitably assimilate it even if it were worth while.

" Well, what 50? Ah! there's the rub. Like one's Salvation; the subject shd. be approached in fear and trembling lest one ruin one's memory in trying to learn a little about everything instead of a good deal about comparatively few things.

" Of course scientific and professional reading has occupied most of my spare time and energies but you wd. smile if you knew how few books I have read for recreation in the r realm of light literature; but I have read them many times and am reading them now. I won't bother you with the whole list but they include such (to me) fascinating and old-fashioned books as Conan Doyle's " White Company"; Scott's " Quentin Durward"; Spencer's " Study of Sociology" ;

N.B. (Dr Wood met Spencer at a reception given him in Montreal by Mr George Iles.)

Alfred R. Wallace's " Malay Archipelago" or ~~xxxxx~~ Land of the Orang-Utan" etc., Omar Khayyam's " Rubaiyat," and so on."

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In a letter Dr Wood shows his early interest in one of the five books mentioned above.

" When I was at College my life-long friend, George Perley of Ottawa (now Sir George Perley, late Canadian High Commissioner) sent me a ' red-line' (fourth) edition of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat (Quatrains). I was then much impressed, as most people are, by the beauty of Fitzgerald's translation and when I was in India I got several lithographed copies of the original-- in Persian, ,of course.

" I am sending you a Variorum copy, whose ' make-up' I like best of all the 130 (or more) editions, large, small and medium-sized. I much prefer the quatrains that head each page. It was Fitzgerald's careful revision of the previous three editions, & I trust you will read & like the verses as much as I did...."

Readers of Kipling's works will remember in " Stalky & Co." how the " Beetle" was given a copy of the Rubaiyat by the Head with the remark that it had not yet been fully appreciated. Dr. Wood must have read it at about the same time.

Mrs. Edith Hayes tells of yet another side to Dr Wood's youthful character.

The next two-years of Casey Albert's life were full of interest, and it was at this time that he began to show a distinct taste for Church Hymnals and good old fashioned Sunday-school hymns-- any old hymns as long as they were hymns.

He hunted up a hymn book and requested his sister to play for him. After having played," Shall We Gather at the River," and many others, but with the lilt of danging in her fingers, Casey Albert sniffed," They all sound like walzes! They are not like hymns!" He walked off in disgust. " Well, " she said, " I was thiking of dancing while I played."— Soon after this Casey Albert disappeared every evening at the same hour from the verandah where the family always assembled after dinner, and one night his two sisters, being filled with curiosity, followed him at a discreet distance. He stopped at a neighboring house. The blinds were drawn up to the top of the windows, and in the parlor they saw Casey Albert, ensconced on a comfortable lounge, and the daughter of the house already at the piano. She played hymn, after hymn, hymn, after hymn, while Casey Albert sat with closed eyes, entranced. When she began," Shall We Gather at The River," the girls could no longer restrain their joy, and broke into suffocating giggles, uttering explosive squeaks. Their giggles finally awoke Casey Albert to reality. He got up and peered out into the night, but they had gone, smothering their laughter as they ran. " e looked so solemn and Sunday School teachery," they shrieked as they fled, pining, but not daring to tell the family. (Does the famous Dr Casey Wood remember those good old days when as a boy his little friend Hettie G. played," While the Days are passing By," " Sweet Bell of Heaven," and " Happy Day?" Quien sabe?)

Years passed, and when he retired at a rather early age from active practice, [redacted] The Ophthalmological Society of Chicago honored him with a Banquet, and some of the members contributed verses of original hymns, These verses were clever and exceedingly funny, which the members enjoyed to the full. They called them," Dr. Casey Wood, Hishims."

Some of them will be long remembered.

As they sang that night they showed their esteem and affection for him while making fun-- but how they had discovered his love of Church hymnals will remain a question. That he still loves hymnals is evinced by a letter he wrote to a friend from London, part of which is quoted here. " I attended divine service in the Guards' Chapel. Once at Church my contribution depends almost wholly upon the character of the hymns,-- and I am under the influence of the Church hymnals. The lovely Military Chapel resounded with the strains of a Military Choir and band that would have done credit to Seraphim and Cherubim! Then they played, all of a sudden, a most familiar air, the air of," The Lorelei," and that in an Orthodox Church! and then Schubert's"Serenade". Then the hymns played by that band! Marvelous! I marked that Church service one-hundred and shall go again!"

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Dr Wood writes of his early religious experiences in the

following note.

1865—
Ca 1870.

"During most of the time I attended the highly Scotch Presbyterian Church (but which I never joined) in Ottawa the congregation was divided into two sections the one styled by a humerist the " organic' faction, the other the 'inorganic' because of their opposed attitudes towards the use of mechanical music in the church.

"The one preferred ' congregational singing' furnished by a precentor (or leader) & the assembled church folks, the other voted for the introduction of at least a melodeon to assist the musical part of the service. The diehards held t their own xxxvixxx for several years. Like the old lady in Will Carlebon's ballad, not even as part of their funeral exercises would they choose to have bellows of wind (a squealin') over them.' But more modern methods finally prevailed and eventually a small 'cottage' organ was adopted that soon developed into a trained choir, and a large and expensive organ was built into the pipe organ recess that a far-sighted architect had originally built into the church tower.

" The Sunday School of this church offered few attract ions for the ordinary normal boy & was quite a different institution from its successors of the present day. We managed to live through its inane lives-of-the-saints library

and interesting 'exercises'. I had as a special school companion in these days a boy whose name I remember as Moses. He helped me in various ways to mitigate the tedium of Sunday school. One of our most successful stunts was to bring in our pockets a number of harmless(we knew them to be innocuous) garter snakes when when teacher's attention was elsewhere engaged we liberated quietly and unostentatiously on the school room floor. It was a demonstration of our teaching that God had set a feeling of antipathy between man & serpent. As soon as these reptiles were discovered pandemonium reigned in school. Some of the students tried to kill or capture the garters, others, mostly girls climbed out of harm's way on chairs and tables and a most interesting time was had by all of us. I do not believe that either of the two shows Moses and I put over that Sunday School was ever traced to its real source. Some male idiot among the teachers even suggested that the flooring of the basement be taken up in a search for the snake's nest. "

Mrs. Edith Hayes also remembers some Sunday School experiences. She continues with a description of her and her brother's life in Ottawa.

At this time Casey Albert and his sister were sent regularly, though not always willingly, to Sunday School, in lieu of Church; and the boys soon concocted a plan to vary the monotony of the Sabbath. George was allowed to have the carriage every Sunday morning after the coach-man had harnessed the horses and left for the day. When the opening hymn was well under way in the Sunday School, Casey Albert and his sister had found seats near the door, a shrill whistle filled the air, and two truants sneaked out by

separate doors-- Outside in the carriage sat George in the coachman's seat and E. hopped quickly up beside him, Casey Albert leaping in the back where his sister Mabel was waiting-- then the four hookey players were off for a glorious drive in the country! Once they passed an old orchard, unpruned for years, the branches of the apple trees sweeping the ground and among them grew sumac and hazel and creepers which had caught at the lower limbs as if to drag them to the earth--" I wish it was harvest time and we could steal some apples, " piped Belle," I feel like doing something wicked!" They stopped, and the boys climbed the fence but the fruit was dried up and green! " Well we must have something to eat", she continued, and thrusting her hand into her brother's coat pocket she brought forth a big bag of peanuts! They munched the nuts and ate candy, and watched a flock of crows flying high above them, the black wings of the birds glistening in the sun and the air filled with their shrill " caw, caw" -- " Watch that big black crow, he is the leader and bosses the whole gang", said George, shading his eyes from the sun. " Yes, " countered Bell," the way you boss us, only you do it less gracefully!" The others joined in the laugh, but it was the truth, and food for thought. The crows were now far away, but they could hear their distant " caw-caws", growing less distinct; and the birds looked like pin points in the golden sky above the tree tops.

As the carriage flew over the soft dust of the road the four hookey players gazed at the dark blue hills and ridges slipping by. It was Spring and the apple trees were full of bloom and the ground beneath the fruit trees was white with bloom. All the farm lands beamed and shone with promise-- They went on and on, breathing in the lovely Spring air and laughing at each little joke, through sheer happiness. O youth, that comes but once! It was with a sigh the horses' heads were finally turned toward town again, and they reluctantly started for home-- They had many happy drives like this on many Sunday mornings, but it was months before they gathered the courage to confess to their shocked but indulgent parents how they had played hookey.

These four, the two boys and their two sisters who were a few years younger, spent many of their Christmas and summer holidays together. In summer they rowed on the canal and spent long afternoons on the lovely Rideau River, dabbling their hands in the cool water, and rowing so slowly , to pass the dolce far niente hours away, with not a care in the world. O, these days of youth, to pass so soon ~~away~~!

Once a storm caught them and the river was trembling in the wind. They rowed to shore and ran drenched to the boat house till the storm abated, and then sat in the sun till their clothes were dry. For refreshments George's coat pocket always bulged with freshly roasted peanuts, and the boys brought a round box of Concord grapes packed in saw dust!

(In spite of his title and prominence in the world, perhaps Sir George still secretly loves the lowly peanut-- who knows!)

Later when at eighteen the girls had made their début and the two boys, now young men at home from College for the holidays, these four were still together-- and they danced and skated and tobaggoned in winter and played croquet, and rowed and drove in the summer, with dances galore at Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Govenor General.

In winter, in addition to the dances, they skated, tobaggoned , and skyed, and had snow shoe parties in the moonlight, followed by an oyster supper, and weren(t they hungry!

Rideau Hall was the centre of a continual round of gayety during the session of Parliament. To the opening of Parliament flocked the members and their families from all over Canada; diplomats from abroad, and many Americans. Its conservatories were filled with flowering plants of all kinds the balconies and windows bright with many flowers, and in the back rooms were for a whole army of servants. At the entrance stood a lodge, and a lodge keeper was always at the gate to open it for guests.

Ottawa was a gay little city in those days and many tourists from abroad, and Americans galore, came during the season for " the States" to enjoy the festivities. It was the custom for the male members of the family, especially the young men, to make calls for the ensuing year, on New Year's Day. In the drawing rooms, on that propitious day, tables were stacked with small cakes, silver urns of hot coffee and in many houses all kinds of wine. One New Year's ~~xxx~~ morning Casey Albert and his friend George P, started out to call on forty families-- this was their first experience, and they afterwards swore it would be their last! At nine they were gone, and three hours later they walked into the drawing room where Casey Albert's weary mother was pouring coffee. When her guests had gone she looked up--" My dear boys, you are both like ghosts! What is the matter?" " Nothing is the matter, Mother," said Casey Albert," but about thirty cups of coffee, about thrity pieces of cake and a little wine! But there would be something the matter if we had to go on!" " Thank Heaven, it is nearly over," groaned George, and crawling up to Casey Albert's room they slept for two hours. Then, ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ wise and determined boys, they started again, but no refreshments this time!

Though in going through life he has formed the friendship of many renowned men, none has been more lasting than t that of this boyhood friend, George P. He is now Sir George P. and was a member of the Canadian Administration (Meighen) in 1925 and 1926 he was made Secretary of State, and Senior Member of the Privy Council of Canada. He is a great favorite with all the members, having a genial, pleasant manner, and an even disposition-- One of his early quotations was often on his lips. " Yesterday is gone; tomorrow is not y yet come; but today is yours, a brand new day, aglint with possibilities--"

Sir George was made Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, in the New Year's honors of 1915 -- and six months after he assumed the duties of Canadian war-time Commissioner in London-- he was made a Knight

Commander of St. Micheal and St. George. He will continue to be addressed as " Sir George;" but the letters following his name will change from K.C.M.G. to G.C.M.G. On the several occassions on which Prime Minister R.B. Bennett has been in England, Sir George has been acting premier.

Beloved by all parties in the House of Commons, his sound judgment, his fairness, his gentlemanly manner and his vast knowledge of political affairs, far and wide, command the respect and admiration of Parliament. To a young man and to a member entering Parliament for the first time, Sir George is always the kind and courteous adviser, even in his busiest moments.

Mrs. Edith Hayes tells of a " Land" adventure that Dr Wood embarked on with a friend-- probably Sir George Perley.

About this time Casey Albert staged his first adventure in real estate. He and a boy friend persuaded their parents to give them money to buy two lots in the suburbs, which they believed would soon make them rich men;- at least the real estate man " Told them!" The lots were bought and the boys h had visions of themselves traveling in Europe and buying steam yachts and many other wonderful things. However there was one fact they had overlooked-- They had never seen the lots, the realtor assuring them they were a veritable gold mine-- Time passed and when Spring came they decided to go and view their land. They drove out one lovely Spring day, filled with the pride of seasoned business men. As they approached the allotted place the sun shone on a dazzling expanse of water, and what they saw was a small lake with not a vestige of vegetation in sight. Their hearts sank-- as they turned away-- and all their visions melted-- This was the last adventure of Casey Albert in Ottawa real estate.

In his after life Casey Albert formed the friendship of many renowned men and his boyhood companion George P., afterwards Sir George P. was one of his earliest boyhood friends.

They both attended the Ottawa Grammar School, afterwards th Ottawa Collegiate Institute, Casey Albert graduating as prizeman:-- then College,- George to Harvard University and Casey Albert to Bishop's College at Montreal. They were close friends through all the years, and continue to be through life.

Sir George Perley died on January 5th., 1938, when this Editorial and Obituary appeared in The Globe and Mail of Toronto.

Sir George Perley.

If we could have more men like Right Hon Sir George Perley in Parliament, public life would be raised in status, but there are few of his type. He had the outstanding qualities of statesmanship, although lacking the gift of compelling oratory. He had the practical point of view of the successful business man, and sound judgment which made him the right-hand man of his Leader. He was kindly disposed toward every one, a gentleman in thought and act, popular with Parliamentarians on both sides of the House. Although a staunch Conservative and regarded as the chief adviser of his party, he was not a violent partisan. No one would think of questioning his integrity.

It is rarely one finds a public man who gives so much service with so little ostentation. Every one in the country at all familiar with public affairs knew Sir George Perley as one of the elder statesmen, fitting in here and there when an important job was to be done, but seldom associated with the idea of leadership. He did all the jobs well and asked no recognition. He had been chief party Whip when the party was in office and in Opposition. When Borden succeeded Laurier in 1911 he became Minister without portfolio, acting as Prime Minister during the absence of Sir Robert, and also in Mr. Bennett's regime. When some one was needed to take charge of the office of High Commissioner in London during the war, he was chosen, and subsequently was appointed High Commissioner. He was First Minister of the Overseas Military Forces from November, 1916, to November, 1917, and was made a member of the Imperial War Cabinet, serving afterward as one of Canada's plenipotentiaries for signing treaties at the end of the war. As Secretary of State in the Meighen Cabinet, Minister without portfolio in the Bennett Cabinet, and in numerous other capacities, he was always at the service of his Leader without seeking the limelight. It was evidence of the confidence imposed in him that he represented a French constituency in the House of Commons for so many years.

A wealthy man, he was able to do much for charity, and here also there was no ostentation. Few persons outside his close associates knew the extent of his benefactions. The Perley Home for Incurables at Ottawa is the family homestead of Sir George's father, a memorial established by the heirs. He maintained a home for tubercular patients, and in many other ways, quietly and effectively, contributed to community well-being.

His culture, kindliness, efficiency and willingness to serve distinguished a lengthy and unusual career.

Wednesday, January 5, 1938.

The Dominion Loses A Great Statesman

Sir George H. Perley Dies Peacefully in His Sleep at Advanced Age of 80

Ottawa, Jan. 4 (Staff).—Prime Minister Mackenzie King tonight offered a guard of honor of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for the funeral on Friday of Sir George H. Perley, Canadian statesman, who died in his sleep at his Ottawa home today in his eightieth year.

The Prime Minister, a full delegation of the Federal Cabinet and outstanding men in public, business and Church life of the nation, together with a great number of personal friends, will be in attendance. Right Hon. R. B. Bennett, now in Calgary, will fly East for the funeral.

The King Sends Sympathy.

Messages of sympathy from King George VI and Queen Mary and the Duke of Connaught were received today by Lady Perley. Hundreds of telegrams from men and women in Canada and the United States also reached here.

"The Queen and I are grieved to hear of the death of your husband, whose distinguished services to Canada and the Empire will long be remembered. We send you our deepest sympathy," cabled the King.

Death came suddenly and peacefully to Sir George. Always in good health, he made one of his rare calls on a physician late yesterday, but there was no apparent cause for immediate concern, and he retired at his customary hour. Early this morning members of his household discovered he had died during the night. It was believed the end came without warning about 3 o'clock from heart failure.

Sir George was first married in 1884 to Annie Hespeler, daughter of W. H. Bowlby of Kitchener, Ont. She died in 1910, and in 1913 he married the present Lady Perley, daughter of Sir Thomas White. One child, Mrs. Irving Perley-Robertson of Ottawa, and five grandchildren, also survive.

Funeral Friday.

The funeral will be held here Friday afternoon, with a service at All Saints' Anglican Church, where Sir George worshipped, and burial at Beechwood Cemetery.

Prominent in Canada's political life since 1904, adviser to two great Conservative Prime Ministers, Sir Robert Borden and Right Hon. R. B. Bennett, Sir George labored long and usefully for his adopted country both at home and abroad.

In an acting capacity Sir George had at various times played almost every role in Government from Acting Prime Minister down. He was Canadian High Commissioner in London during the war years, was first Overseas Minister of Defense, and was a member of the first Imperial War Cabinet.

Of medium height and build, Sir George's most striking physical characteristic was his heavy jet hair and well-trimmed beard which he had worn for many years. These were only slightly silvered by the years which in every way had dealt kindly with him.

A man of simple tastes and habits, Sir George preferred usual-

(Continued from preceding page.)

DIES IN SLEEP

SIR GEORGE H. PERLEY,
Widely revered Canadian statesman, who was found dead in his bed yesterday morning.

ly to walk to and from his office, the Government buildings and his club which he visited almost daily. He was fond of bridge and billiards and proficient at both. During the summer he was a keen golfer and ardent fisherman.

As late as yesterday afternoon Sir George paid his customary visit to the Rideau Club and indulged in a game of bridge with friends there. Saturday he was among the throngs of Ottawa citizens paying New Year Day calls on the Governor-General, Prime Minister Mackenzie King and foreign ministers.

An outstanding characteristic of Sir George was his geniality. He had a ready smile and witty conversation for the hosts of friends who encountered him as he walked about the streets of Ottawa. He was a friend of the rich and poor alike and his disbursements among the needy were constant and liberal. Several charitable institutions in Ottawa stand as monuments to his generosity and that of his family.

Many Pay Tribute.

Tributes from England came today from the King, the Duke of Connaught, Hon. Vincent Massey, Canadian High Commissioner, and numerous others. In Ottawa Prime Minister Mackenzie King paid a warm tribute to one who had been his friend since he came to Ottawa as Deputy Minister of Labor in 1904.

From Calgary former Prime Minister Bennett expressed his great sense of loss in the death of one who was "not only a former colleague in Government, but one of my most beloved and intimate friends." Mr. Bennett left at once for Ottawa to attend the funeral.

(Continued from preceding page.)

The following appeared in the Obituary Col. of

The Times Weekly Edition of Thursday, January 13th, 1938.

Obit

SIR GEORGE PERLEY

FORMER CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER

The Right Hon. Sir George Perley, M.P., High Commissioner for Canada in London from 1917 to 1922, died in his sleep in Ottawa last week, at the age of 80.

George Halsey Perley was born at Lebanon, New Hampshire, United States, but as a youth moved with his father, Mr. W. G. Perley, to Canada, where the latter acquired large lumber interests in the Ottawa Valley. Mr. Perley, senior, soon became a naturalized British subject, and served as a Conservative member of the House of Commons for Ottawa from 1887 until his death in 1890. The son graduated from Harvard University and followed closely in the footsteps of his father both in business and in politics.

Having served an apprenticeship to political office, in 1912 and 1913 he acted as Prime Minister during Sir Robert Borden's absence from Canada. In 1914 he was sent to London as Acting Canadian High Commissioner, and the Great War plunged him into a mass of varied duties and brought him into public prominence. For a year he was Minister of Overseas Military Forces of Canada, and in 1916 he was confirmed in the appointment of Canadian High Commissioner. Having retained his seat in the Canadian Cabinet, he was a member of the first Imperial War Cabinet and was also one of the Canadian representatives at the Imperial Conference of the same year, 1917. As Canadian High Commissioner he was one of the Canadian plenipotentiaries for signing the Peace Treaty, and one of Canada's delegates to the League of Nations at Geneva in 1921. He was sworn a member of the Privy Council in this country in 1933.

In Parliamentary debate Sir George Perley was a clear and effective speaker, and on account of a sound judgment and an unusually wide experience of affairs his advice in the inner councils of the Conservative Party carried great weight. For his services to the Empire he was created K.C.M.G. in 1915, and in 1933 was promoted G.C.M.G.

THE KING'S TRIBUTE

Lady Perley has received the following message from the King:—" The Queen and I are grieved to hear of the death of your husband, whose distinguished services to Canada and the Empire will long be remembered. We send you our deepest sympathy."

The following official message to the Canadian Government has been conveyed through the United Kingdom High Commissioner in Canada:—

" His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom have learnt with deep regret of the death of Sir George Perley. His great services to Canada and to the Empire, especially while acting as Prime Minister of the Dominion and during his term of office in London as Minister of the Overseas Military Forces of Canada at the time of the Great War and as High Commissioner will long be remembered here."

Mrs. Edith Hayes, in the following note, gives us a hint on Dr Wood's love of birds and, especially, parrots. Also, she recounts her first meeting with the famous Sir William Osler. Dr Wood himself was to fall under his influence after he graduated from Bishop's College and began to practise medicine in Montreal.

Casey Albert's love for bird-life came honestly, and in his father's drawing-room were many cases of stuffed birds A wise old owl peering through immense spectacles, with a perky red cap perched over one eye, a dozen little birds peeking over the picture frames, and finally Polly in her cage on a table nearby. This wonderful bird, a grey parrot from Africa, was a loved friend of the whole family, and when they departed from California Polly went too. Casey Al Albert's father bought her straight from Africa, from some sailors who came, and her vocabulary was very stimulating though she soon forgot to swear when taught other words by t the family.

Casey Albert returned from French school and entered his father's office for a time before going to college, and one day he proclaimed to his sister." Gather your clan, I am going to give a lecture at the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Chemistry." All her girl friends and the boys responded with alacrity, and that winter the hall was filled; the boys because they understood his experiments, and the girls, who were mostly dumb, admired his beautiful, blue cape robe lined with scarlet. " Wasn't it becoming!" they said. " and his cap, so sweet!" The boys called him "the professor," to his disgust,-- but a prophecy later to be fulfilled.

Some time before this one of Casey Albert's sisters was sent, early in her life, to an English boarding school, at Dundas, Ontario. It was there that she met young Dr. Osler, afterwards Casey Albert's friend, who became later the famous Sir William Osler. His father, Canon Osler w was the Episcopal clergyman in the Parish and his little white church nestling among the trees was a charming sight. She remembers Canon Osler, a roly-poly man with bushy eyebrows and long whiskers, intoning the high-church service; and rows and rows of girls repeating the Litany. Sir William's father was a fine character though quite unlike his brilliant son, and the girls all loved him though they called him, " Sneezer," in private. A young sister of the principal of the school, was a fine mimic, and on Sunday afternoons many of the girls assembled in her room while she regaled them with the morning sermon. She would walk in , clad in a white sheet, for a surplice, and a black sash around

her shoulders as a stoll. Their shrieks of appreciation often brought a teacher upstairs to investigate but the girls' solemn faces told her nothing. Young Dr. Osler always came home for the Christmas and Easter holidays, and then those parties at the Rectory! Though he was in his twenties, he joined in the games of the younger girls, treating them as if they were grown up,-- to their everlasting gratitude,-- and he even presented them with a flower ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ from the garden! One girl secretly pressed her flower in a text book intending to keep it forever, and being found out, she was regaled with shrieks of laughter from the others.-- Then the romance they wove around his mother! She was very dark, with big black eyes and in their minds she was directly descended from Pokahontas, and a beautiful chief wished to marry her but her father chose the Englishman. (Note;- To be filled in about Sir Wm. Osler.

A friend who knew Dr Wood in his Ottawa days tells of her memories of him in the following note.

At first I thought him too reserved and book bound, but it didn't take a long time to betray his fondness for fun, love of a joke and the ability to be a popular sport with his chums and a most genial young host-- so I dropped the "too". He was always a most faithful student and I cannot recall that he was ever behind in his school work or what was expected from him by his teachers. He was an ardent reader and had a memory that kept pace with his reading as his college work later proved.

I remember as a boy he kept in the inside pocket of his coat a special slip of paper and pencil and any word he came across during the day that he did not understand-- either spoken or in a book or newspaper-- he made a note of it on the slip of paper in his pocket. Then when he went to his room for the night he would bring his slip of paper with its list of words to a large dictionary that always lay open on a special table and before he went to bed made the new word his own and an addition to his vocabulary.

He was not very tall for his years-- 14 or 15 I think-- but well proportioned and gave the impression of fine physical strength; I know we weaklings got many a thrill listening to accounts of his prowess on the ball grounds-- per chums, not ego.

It is told of him that going with an excursion party down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay, the S.S. company wishing to exploit the rare purity and deception of the Saguenay air, at a certain locality on the River where the rocky cliffs rise on both sides, invite the trippers to see how many can hit the cliffs with stones-- buckets full of stones being kept in readiness for the occasion. To see is to laugh.

Absurd!! Cliffs are so close and the "Trippers" are many and, most of them husky and willing to help the S.S. Co. in their little joke. They helped! They changed their smile to the other side of the face-- young Casey was the only one aboard that could hit the cliffs.

Dependable! that was a word you would always associate with Casey even as a lad; in his home life, his school life, his relationship as elder and only brother to four sisters he never failed to play the part.

I recall quite clearly the quiet but delightful comradeship between him and his father; the son with all confidence in the father and his decisions and the father with unobstrusive pride in his scholastic and dependable son.

The following are a few disconnected notes written by Dr Wood, culled from a loose sheet of paper, which concern his school days.

" Shy. = English in me: moody and introspective... a reader of books and a dreamer of dreams: worse as I grew older: Continued story.... but good Physique: baseball left field and good 'thrower': snowball and stone thrower: hockey and its twin brother shiny: bather but no swimmer: klaustrophobia: dyspepsia: a fair skater: a physical coward: even in school where fisticuffs held a much higher position than brain power I never had a real fight with another boy: nor was I ever punished in a day when the strap was much in evidence: liable to impatient snap judgements: settle things on... that had better been settled later or after deliberation.

Dr Wood graduated from the Ottawa Collegiate Institute as prizeman in 1874, second only to the gold medalist Andrew Bell, now President of the

Presbyterian College in Toronto. He now went to Bishop's College, (the University of) Montreal, where he entered medicine.

Mrs. Edith Hayes recounts the story of the strange disappearance of Percy Wood shortly before Dr. Orrin Wood took his family to Riverside, California.

Mrs. Hayes also recounts the departure of their family a few years after Dr Wood's going to Montreal to practice and also a very interesting account of the Woods' parrot, Polly-- the predecessor of Dr Wood's own parrots.

Your second cousin Percy Wood 1876.

About this time a young cousin Percy Wood, the son of Dr. John Wood who had died and left his young widow and this son, came to live for the school year at the home of his Uncle Dr. Orrin Wood, at Ottawa-- He was a fine looking lad of 12, with unusually good manners, a favorite with everyone, the family included; he seemed happy and contented-- One Saturday evening part of the family were at Rideau Hall, attending a tea dance and the evening meal was late. His uncle noticed the absence of Percy, and a maid was dispatched to his room, but he was not there. The family separated, expecting Percy to appear any moment,-- but the next morning they found his bed had not been slept in. Then a search began, and as time passed detectives were hired and the daily papers ~~announced~~ advertised a reward, but to the grief and agony of his mother of the family, nothing was ever heard of him-- It seemed an impossibility that he could have disappeared so completely without one clue left. Like Charlie Ross it has been a strange and unanswered enigma in these long years.

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California (Polly)

Soon after Dr Wood left Ottawa for Montreal and Point St. Charles, his father's family, accompanied by their parrot emigrated to Riverside, a lovely little town in Southern California-- He said farewell to Polly, their African parrot, with much regret, for Polly was loved by them all and was really one of the family-- On the train

Polly was a real blessing to the bored passengers on their tiresome journey across the continent. Every morning as the family appeared in the sleeper, Polly cried: " Good morning, Florence, Goodmorning, Nellie, Good morning all!" to the girls, never calling them by the wrong names. The passengers soon knew her and she was an endless amusement to them, singing and dancing on her perch:-- but one day she nearly disgraced herself. An old gentleman passing through the car stopped at her cage. " Hello, Polly, want a cracker?" No answer. " Hello, Polly!" No response. At last he shouted " Hello! Hello! Polly!" " Hello, yourself, damn you!" shrieked Polly. The family hastened to apologize and explained that she had learned to swear from the sailors on ship board. The old gentleman laughed with the rest, but he never guessed that his long white bread evidently antagonized her.

After arriving in California Pollyshowed signs of jealousy of their dog Carlo, a Cocker Spaniel, belonging to the family. When her cage was set on the floor of the living room at the ranch house and she sat on top, she made a habit of imitating the voice of Carlo(s owner. " Carlo! Carlo! Come Carlo!" She called in a sweet, cajoling voice. In would come the dog,wagging his tail. As he passed Polly's cage a sharp tweak of his tail brought a howl of pain from Carlo and he ran howling from the room. Carlo never learned from experience and when the family heard a sweet voice calling," " Come Carlo, Carlo", someone always ran to the rescue. Polly loved them all, but especially Casey Albert's father. She would fly to his shoulder, cuddle her head against his cheek and cluck like a chicken! But, alas, one day in the absence of the family she flew across the room and climbed high up to the top of the lace curtains on a French window. No coaxing could persuade her to descend, and when at last Casey Albert's father pulled her down by force, she fought and squawked and then sulked for hours,-- and never again paid the slightest attention to his coaxings and blandishment, No " Goodmorning, Dr Wood" ever was heard in that house after this, in spite of flattery and coaxings of all kinds from him, and he felt her attitude nearly as much as if she had been one of the family. Soon after the family arrived at the ranch house an old English lady called, and as she walked in she elevated her pince-nez and said" And how is Polly today" No answer. " How is Polly?" No response, but when she left and the door closed, there was Polly with a piece of orange wood held in front of one eye like an eye glass. " And how is Polly today?" shecalled over and over again. " How is Polly?" between cackles and shrieks of laughter. After that whenever the caller was present Pollyemitted chuckle after chuckle, and as soon as she had gone staged the same act with anything she could find in her cage for a pince-nez. The small sister of the family had a pet chicken in the corral and she often brought her in to amuse Polly. Polly evidently thought she was a curiosity, for she danced on her perch and hissed and said everything she had ever learned, even swearing at the little hen-- " Perhaps she thinks it is

her sister!" piped the chicken's mistress-- * Polly was a great blessing to the family in this strange country, but soon a real tragedy came into their lives.*

* Polly flew away and was devoured by cayotes in the hills.

The tragedy referred to above was the sudden death of Dr Orrin Wood at the early age of fifty nine, in 1884. (C.A.W.)

1875-88 Chapetr Three

Dr Wood writes of his University and practising days in Montreal, his marriage, and his leaving Montreal for New York and, laetr, Germany.

Montreal Professional Career 1875-1888

"About 1874 it was decided that after a year of study spent in my Father's office and dispensary I should enter a medical school.

" At that time a medical Department had been founded in Montreal of the University of Bishop's College, an Episcopal institution with headquarters in Lennoxville, P.Q. and as one of my Father's former assistants Dr. Geo.B. Shaw, a Manchester man with a private income-- had been appointed Professor of Medical Physics and Chemistry in the new School I was mainly b by him induced to become a student there. We had practically the same clinical facilities as McGill students and I was enrolled on equal terms with them in the Montreal General Hospital with my clinical teachers, Osler, Ross, Roddick, Fenwick, Campbell (Bishop's) Buller and several other men of importance. In the Western Hospital I had additional clinical opportunities including my maternity and pediatric courses. Laboratory work was done at Bishop's College and at the

private residence of Prof. Wilkins who-- a rich man-- had imported the very latest appliances from England, France and Germany.

"I worked hard to take advantage of these opportunities ar and for four years was engrossed with the large task of absorbing as much as possible of the New Medicine and Surgery that was being unfolded for the benefit of the student body. I believe I made an average success of these chances as well at College as by perusal of all the literature I could lay hands on. In my ~~first~~ final year Dr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Roddick made me one of his clinical assistants at the M.G.H. This position was much prized by candidates and I did my best to deserve and take advantage of the advancement.

" I also attended occasionally the Hotel Dieu clinics of that eminent surgeon-- subsequently a good friend-- Sir William Hingston.

" During the summer holidays I assisted my Father in practice and read much in his unusually good library that always contained the latest contributions both in magazine and bound form on medicine and surgery.

" Shortly after my graduation Prof. Shaw of Bishop's died and I was elected to fill his place. During the next five years I resigned as teacher of Medical Chemistry to take the position of Professor of Pathology which allowed me more time for my growing private practice. When I first settled in Montreal-- at 32 Radegorde? St., Beaver Hall Hill- I soon tired of the slow progress I-- a complete stranger-- made in

establishing an 'up town' practice, especially as I declined to be a burden on my Father's financial resources, now much shaken by the hard times affecting all Canada, so I decided to accept an offer to buy out (for a very small sum) the Assistant Professor of Anatomy in McGill Dr. Wm. Fuller, who was then practising at Pt. St. Charles(a neighborhood populated almost entirely by Grand Trunk Railway officials and other employes) and who decided to migrate to Grand Rapids, Michigan. It was a good move because although I was virtually shut off from an uptown career as a practitioner I soon was in possession of a large clientele, most of them former patients of Dr. Fuller. Very soon I had a large practice of mixed character including major (railroad) surgery, maternity cases in plenty (for several years my average of deliveries exceeded 200 annually) and every variety of medical patients. My income exceeded many of my supposedly more fortunate colleagues who had gained a foothold in the more aristocratic regions of 'up town' ; I was prosperous, kept two horses, sleighs and carriages suited to my position and was generally regarded as one of the 'coming men'.

" For five or six years I worked, perforce, day and night at my profession taking very few holidays, and only once did I with my friend Dr. George Armstrong take a trans- Atlantic Rundreise (in 1886) just before my marriage. I was chiefly interested in consolidating the practice I had so laboriously built up.

" Then I grew ambitious to better myself. My family had migrated to California and no longer needed my help,

nor I theirs. I decided to buy the house I had previously rented, with an adjoining garden lot, to add to the capacity of the building and to bring out from California my sister Florence as housekeeper.

" I was still-- shall I say ' smarting' from a grievous disappointment-- my failure to marry an Ottawa girl to whom/ in my less prosperous years I had been engaged not, I confess, with the enthusiastic consent of her rich parents who seeing no prospects for an impecunius doctor with all his way yet to make in the world, encouraged my fiancée to forget me in favor of another suitor. It took me several years to get over what I then regarded as a body-blow rebuff both to my pride and my affections. Now when I am old and she has been dead for a decade I place my hand on my heart and say for both of us what happened was for the best. She chose eventually a fine husband; the Fates gave me the best wife in the world.

" Well, my sister, Florence, remained for a year or two as my housekeeper when she returned to California and was soon married. I had meantime wooed and won the girl whom on Oct. 26, 1886 I married-- Emma Shearer daughter of James Shearer, a a well-known Montreal lumber merchant-- one of the finest of th that Scotch group that were the chief factors in making the principal Canadian city one of the richest, most beautiful and most prosperous towns in North America.

" After two years of a happy married life I, still ambitious to be at the forefront of my profession, decided to abandon- against the advice of the majority of my friends-- my quite prosperous and rather lucrative practice and

prepare for a two years course of study in New York and Europe of ophthalmology and otology -- an adventure that was enthusiastically seconded by my young, pretty and charming wife. I sold my house and the good will of my practice while Emma and I together studied German, while I in addition read and pored over eye and ear treatises, and attended Buller's eye clinics in the Montreal General Hospital.

" Early in 1888 we reached New York and established ourselves in Miss Meyerfeldt's boarding house in Lexington Avenue where we remained nearly six months. During that time I had both private and public 'courses' in my selected specialties, including attendance at the N.Y. Eye and Ear Infirmary. When I had decided I had gained a smattering of the work specialties on my list and we had improved our ~~xxxxx~~ German we sailed on a Hamburg American liner (the Schiller?) for Hamburg and Berlin, reaching the German capital the day before the old Kaiser Wilhelm died. Our adventures had really begun! "

In writing in another place of his university and Montreal days, Dr Wood writes:

" I was for a short time after graduation (from Bishop's McGill) in my Father's office when I was offered and accepted the chair of Chemistry in my Alma Mater, later advanced to that of Pathology. While at College I was made by Prof. Thos. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Roddick (McGill) one of his clinical ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ clerks in the Montreal General Hospital, about

which time I fell under the influence of another and still more famous McGill teacher, Prof . Wm. (afterwards Sir William) Osler with whom and whose memory I was afterwards to be closely connected. When on war duty in Washington (1917-1920) I was one of the Secretaries of the two Osler Memorial Volumes Committee and really got out the format and wrote one of the (col. ill) chapters of that Festschrift.

" My contributions to periodicals began with practice in Montreal (about 1878) and these have been continued pretty regularly ever since to the number of several hundred both to journals edited by others and in those I myself acted as Chief Editor or on the Editorial Staff...

2 After ten years practice in Montreal I married (1888 Emma , daughter of a wellknown, wealthy Montrealer, a Scotchman of the highest type of manhoodl author of the Shearer Scheme to improve the Harbour and prevent floods, and went abroad same year for two years in Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London to study ophthalmology and Otology....

Another side of Dr Wood's life and surroundings in Montreal is disclosed by him in the following brief notes.

The Roman Church in Montreal

"In my early Montreal days the large and influential Catholic element in the population was thoroughly dominated by the Roman hierarchy. One seventh of all the land in

Lower Canada had been given by a French King to the Church whose officials, entirely free of taxation, exploited their ~~various~~ privileges to the utmost. They even took part in various mercantile enterprises and since these pursuits were handicapped by a very slight overhead the profits were very large. As one result of this state of affairs there is no country in the world in proportion to the population more liberally supplied with large and expensive church buildings, including convents, monasteries, asylums, hospitals, etc. than Lower Canada. The Ecclesiastic rule formed, in fact, a kind of imperium in imperio.

" An instance of this priestly domination was one of the factors in my decision to return to the land of the country of my ancestors where, if there was more licence there was also more real liberty.

" When my practice and influence in Point St. Charles was at its height I was instrumental in forming a Toboggan and Snowshoe Club, then very popular in the city. Practically every section (city had its?) of the Club each with distinctive and picturesque costumes.

" We took part in all the winter races and carnivals etc. that assisted in whiling away in agreeable and healthy fashion the long winter months.

" After organizing the Pt. St. Charles Club we decided to build a toboggan slide and the committee appointed for the purpose chose a convenient site on land attached to a convent on Nuns' Island and I, who occasionally visited them in the capacity of Physician, was delegated to make arrangments to

rent the required land. This arrangement was easily made with the sympathetic Superior but, said she, you must also obtain the permission of the Bishop. So, accompanied by a prominent Roman Catholic friend of mine, we visited his Lordship who, after some " Hemming and hawing' declined his consent on the ground that a mixing of the sexes- especially at night time-- might lead to immorality. I pointed out that on the contrary the position chosen was one that could and would be well policed and that if we could not secure the land in question the nearest we could lease would be farther away and more difficult of control. The Bishop, however, was adamant. No argument of ours could move him, so we built our slide elsewhere, and despite some faint hearted opposition by the local priest (a good friend and patient of mine) was a great success and not productive, so far as I knew, of aught but healthy amusement for a hardworking neighborhood that greatly needed it. "

Intolerance In Montreal 50 Years Ago.

" Ecclesiastic Intolerance was not 50 years ago confined to the Roman Church. All the sects protestant and catholic combined to belittle and combat what was regarded as religious innovation and radicalism. This exclusion took in the Unitarian faith represented by a small but well educated congregation in Montreal. ' Christian' movements were generally carried on by ignoring this sect and even the

more or less liberal American Presbyterian Church was xxxxx regarded with suspicion. An outstanding example of the Medieval form of Church government prevalent in the largest Canadian city half a century ago was the expulsion or 'deprivation of Communion' pronounced against (not exactly with bell, book and candle but from the pulpit of several prominent members of a large protestant church for dallying with the atheistic works of Darwin, Huxley, Ingersoll et al. Among these proscribed pewholders was my father-in-law James Shearer who, so far as I could judge was not in consequence of his excommunication one penny the worse.

"In this connection trivial though it was an amusing rencontre of mine hastened my departure from Montreal. I was invited by a popular and rather liberal Anglican divine to drop into his church the next time I was up town and hear him preach. I accordingly presented myself and was conducted by the verger to a well cushioned pew towards the front of the church. I was early and the only occupant of the large pew.

"Having nothing else to do I looked over the generous supply of hymn books and other literature in front of me to discover that I was the guest of a highly placed Grand Trunk official whom I knew but only officially, but I imagine he rarely if ever attended church.

"Soon with a rustle of silk,-- the odor of perfume and the vision of expensive furs and jewelry an elderly lady was ushered into the pwe. She paid not the slightest attention to me but when the service was over I heard her lecturing in

a loud and peremptory voice the poor verger on the enormity of offering shelter to ' strange persons', ending up her harangue with a threat to ' report him.' In my innocence I thought this indiscretion might affect the poor fellow so I w wrote a full account of the affair to my friend the Canon taking all the blame on myself and promising that it would never occur again since, so long as I lived in Montreal, I would never set foot in his church.

" In this connection I may add that I came to believe that while organized religion with all its paraphernalia, liturgies, codes, laws and regulations is a human necessity and has been productive of much good in the world, and while I cheerfully also recognize an increase in it of ethical justice and good fellowship during my long life it still has awaiting repentance and improvement many sins of omission and commission. In other words, the slow-moving laws of an irregular change and chance mark and govern religions just as they do other human institutions. The man-made Gods of all kinds and all countries show on the whole, a salutary improvement just as our Father Man,(quoting Clifford ' who made all Gods and will yet umake them' is himself the creature of those great unknown and unknowable activities which we in our ignorance have ~~doubted~~ dubbed the ' force of evolution.' "

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Church Experiences

1880-1900.

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" My wife and I for the greater part of our lives have

been Unitarians attending that church as pew holders more or less regularly in Montreal, Chicago and in foreign countries.

" Consequently our more intimate associations have been largely with the ministers and members of that church. We have found them, generally speaking, to be better educated with higher grade mentalities, than the ' run of the mine' in other religious organizations-- but I will make no further invidious comparisons because after all I am now convinced after a lif-long study of the subject that the comfort, the satisfaction, nay often the uplift of a religion has nothing to do with its truth. The fanatical worshippers of Shiva, derive help in time of need from their incantations quite as effective for them as do the devotees of John Wesley or the Virgin Mary."

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Dr Wood, in 1904, jotted down the following brief but extremely interesting and important note on his religious outlook.

"-Some Religious Impressions--"

" Reason for disliking R.C. has nothing to do with their belief in a hereafter or their Simple Simon methods of reaching it-- the protestant logic is not much better--* Westward Ho! and events in the life of Torquemanda; e.g. Pedro Arbaez d'Espila 6th prior of the Dominicans of Sergovia and 3rd Grand Inquisitor of Spain. A few activities of the latter are graphically described by Villiers de l' Isle Adam. Yes; there are hamadryads and Tasmanian devils among the wild fauna of this curious world that one forgives because they

*See bottom of next page for an omission here.

know not what they do but for the human crocodilia, just mentioned, the earth has brought forth during the past hundred centuries there is no forgiveness and there ought to (be no?) forgetfulness. The existence and power for evil of these religious reptiles justify the belief that organized religion presents and past form is the worst evil-- far more menacing than any plague-- light and liberty have had to face for any time these hundred thousand years.

" Much as Robert Ingersoll disliked and feared the greatest politico- religious organization the world has ever seen he thought it had <u>some</u> redeeming points; at any rate was a trifle less barbarous and fiendish than the Presbyterian code fathered by ...."

Here this note ends abruptly. On the other side of this loose sheet torn from a notebook is the following:

" ' Too many creeds, too many paths that wind and wind
When all this sad world need is only <u>love</u> to be kind.'
-- and the greatest of all these is charity."

[See preceding page.] " but in their interference with man's struggle for a betterment here: never due to Orangemen or July 12 or even Hackett incident but life in Montreal,"

The following describes yet another side of Dr Wood's religious views. It is a brief note, undated, as follows:

" Great admirer of St. Paul without whose fanatic zeal, energy and good judgment and final martyrdom there probably would have been no Christian religion in its diverse forms as we know it today.

" 'Good in everything' and everyman unless we except ex q. et and teste Robt. Ingersoll such individuals as the Swiss of the —century was a shining example s and those arch hypocrites the (illegible) Dominicans of which horrible and revolting as were the doctrines of the first and the satanic acts of the latter they were both probably sincere and 'cording to their lights."

In a letter written in 1934 Dr Wood says:

"... As St. Paul-- a great friend of mine-- said we must work out each his own salvation in fear and trembling-- to the end that we be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves...."

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In another letter written in 1934 Dr Wood says:

" ... At this point let me say that I sympathize with & almost entirely agree with Ross Parmenter's ' Thought Prevention in Ontario'. There is, however, another side to the shield; it is very costly, perhaps impossible for conservative, almost mossgrown localities like (e.g.) most of New England and the Canadian Provinces to escape the fates in the shape of ancestral prejudices, customs, traditions. Take (I beg your pardon) religious fanaticism in all its Christian guises. If three-fourths of the money spent by the churches were devoted to ethical affairs the problems of this life, which surely includes a useful, pleasant, form of education with competent well paid teachers, leaving the remaining fourth (quite enough) to be expended on the uplift, comfort and spiritual help for those who (unlike myself) believe in a future life and an existence after death in some charming plac beyond the skies, Parmenter's educational aspirations cd. be realized. Until that time arrives and, as Lucretius 2000 years ago pointed out, as long as man staggers through his brief existence with such hereditary, family & and other handicaps as religious beliefs, local prejudices and war enthusiasms, not to mention various other forms of delusion, his ability to see things as they are (res naturae) will be clouded and, perhaps, rendered impossible. The foregoing sentences are somewhat involved but you will make a guess at my meaning. It was really Lucretius who said what most people regard

as modern: No one can keep his eyes steadfastly fixed on truth (that is on that education that pursues truth for its own sake) who is ever casting side glances at the safety of his soul.

" I congratulate R.P. on his essay the essence of which has/been given to the press of N.A. hundreds of times-- and not always in vain. I wd. like to say to him ' but you ought to see the lower school and University courses that made up Canadian instruction 60 years ago! The only bright spots that shone ~~xxxxxxx~~ thro(the darkness seemed to me resident in the socalled Collegiate Institutes.

" However, the defects in teaching institutions do not bear heavily on the man who despite foolish curricula is determined to be well-informed. He will find his own under any sort of school and (or) University teaching; as for les autres it don't matter very much.

" No; a boy should be sent to school and College not so much for the literary advantages but because of human (i.e. social) contact with his betters, his equals, and his inferiors. It is part of preparation for an after career & will be sure to expose him to that rough and ready discipline which is good for all of us. Apart from correcting that most hateful of all vices-- baseless snobbery-- your boy(or any other boy) will-- if there is anything worth while in him-- at school form useful, helpful valuable friendships-- which he will surely miss in home teaching."

In a letter written on January 25, 1934, Dr Wood says;

"...It's like the world's religions--

" Too many creeds, too many paths
That wind and wind,
When all this poor world needs
Is only to be kind.

" I am rereading-- we have family readings instead of family prayers generally twice a day-- Sabatini's Scaramouche & the sequel...."

To fill out the foregoing accounts we give some additional information.

In his second year at the University of Bishop's College, Dr Wood won the Preliminary Examination Prize.

In 1878-- the year he became a professor at Bishop's College-- Dr Wood was made a member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. In the same year he presented and endowed the Wood Gold Medal as Final Year Prize at Bishop's College. With this medal he commemorated his grandfather, Thomas Smith Wood, whose influence upon him Dr Wood states in his "An Account of the Wood Family." It was first won by Homer E. Mitchell. When, in 1904, the University of Bishop's College was absorbed by McGill University the Wood Medal was transferred to McGill and was made a prize for Final Year Clinical work.

Another donation he made to McGill was his medical library

which he collected during his Montreal Life. As he wished it to be put to ~~xxxx~~the use that would be of most assistance to students it was "broken up" and distributed throughthout the general medical library. The circular entitled " The Casey A. Wood Foundation" has, for 1912, the following: " Casey A. Wood Collection of Ophthalmic Literature, General Medical Library, McGill University, established 1912(endowed);".

A friend who knew him in his Pt. St. Charles days said of him that he was very energetic, very popular, had many irons in the fire, was quick of speech and mentally and physically alert, and that he never knew a man who could do so much.

His practice was large-- so large that he was known to go for a week without being able to get out of his clothes and to have four obstetrical cases in one night, and the fees in those days were only $6 to $ 12 for midwifery, which included attendance for two weeks or so as well. Office work cost 50 cents, a visit 75 cents. Dr. Birkett tells of his also having more fashionable patients at St. Hyacinth, ~~100~~ 35 miles from Montreal.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

Every three months he used to go to the Windsor Hotel-- then managed by his great friend Mr. George Iles, later bestman at his wedding-- and get out his bills--- usually timed to reach his patients just before pay-day. In a note Dr Wood says that" George Iles ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Mgr. of Windsor introduced (me) to many celebrities that visited Montreal". These included the famous sociologist, Herbert Spencer.

The following are examples of his great activity: he was Surgeon to the Grand Trunk Railway-- the Beaver Society-- the Odd Fellows, the Foresters (each member of these societies paid $1.00 a year for himself and family). He belonged to the Free Thought Club-- which was nicknamed "The Infidels" and met on Sunday afternoons and included such men as Dr. Fisher and Dr Adams--; he was a member of the Natural History Society; he often gave public lectures-- one subject was "Bread Making"--; he helped found a Snowshoe Club and a Tobogan Club; and he attended dances and social events.

Also during his residence in Pt. St. Charles, there occurred two epidemics of smallpox, one known to have started from an infected railway porter returning from Chicago. These epidemics were made worse by the general fear of inoculation that prevailed at that time. Dr Wood once more had to look after smallpox patients when he was in charge at Camp Sherman during the war-- as he describes in a later note.

The following letters-- written by Dr Wood's lifelong friend Mr. George Iles, to S. Casey Wood III, Dr Wood's Godson-- shed light on other aspects of Dr Wood's Montreal life.

Hotel Chelsea
West Twenty Third Street
at Seventh Avenue.
New York

Oct 17, 1936.

My dear Mr Wood,
Your cordial note of yesterday is received.

It will be worth while in your book to state how Dr Wood became so keenly interested in ornithology. In studying the human eye & its maladies a comparison was inevitable with the Eyes of Birds. On the range and efficency of those eyes largely turns Migration for Thousands of Miles year after year.

———...///

You may say a word or two about the tribute to Sir Wm Osler which Dr Wood prepared & published. Sir William is now deemed the greatest of all the alumni graduated at McGill University. He was the author of a great text-book on Medicine. In a playful moment he suggested that human life should end at SIXTY. His mother lived to be 100, with a goodly streak of the Hindoo in her frame & bearing.

Sincerely Yours,
(signed) George Iles.

———...———

Nov 16, 1936.

My dear Mr Wood,

Yesterday I had luncheon with Dr Casey Wood at the Essex. He concurs in my suggestion that his career shows the importance of beginning in General Practice before taking up a Medical & Surgical SPECIALTY.

He told me that a student of Birds has recently cast new light on their migration. This may deserve a word in your book.

Next Saturday Dr Wood will be 80. On Dec. 5 he sails for Italy. To him were inscribed my Canadian Stories in 1919. He personally knew one or two of my "Heroes."

Sincerely Yours

(Signed) George Iles.

———....———

Dec. 9, 1936.

My dear Mr. Wood,

A good many years ago Dr Casey Wood told me that a child may be born blind, and yet be brought to full power of vision by an operation comparatively simple. A paragraph or two in your book on this theme would have special value and interest.

Another field in which Dr Wood has been active is that of ARRESTING EYE DISEASES as early in their course as possible.

He has borne a leading part, also, in developing INDUSTRIES for the blind. In this city among the widely advertised holiday goods, those produced by the blind have a prominent place.

In his world-wide tours Dr Wood has been able to compare with one another the best hospitals and schools for the blind. A page or two of comparisons here would be well worthy of publication. You may think it well to carry out these suggestions in the form of INTERVIEWS, unless Dr Wood has placed himself upon record on these subjects.

Sincerely yours.

(Signed) George Iles.

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Hotel Chelsea
222 W. 23rd St., New York, Oct 15,1936.

My dear Mr. Casey,

Last week " Who's Who in America" was published in its latest edition. It contains a sketch of Dr Wood which you will find informing and inspiring.

In Montreal, half a century ago, my friend Edward Wm Thomson, a newspaperman, brought to the Windsor Hotel Dr Casey A. Wood. We became friends for life that morning.

At that time Dr Wood's residence & office were in Wellington Street, close to the G.T.R. headquarters. One day a railway employee came in with an eye badly hurt with a splinter of metal . Dr Wood treated him with skill and promptitude. Soon, very soon, other patients came to his office with a variety of eye-troubles, all of them treated with unusual success.

This led Dr Wood to planning that he would specialize in afflictions of the eye-- abandoning his "general" medical & surgical practice which, in some of its details, he cordially disliked. To fulfill his program he went to Europe & studied in the best centers of ocular practice. When he returned to America he surveyed New York, & decided that here competition was too keen to be faced with success.

He then proceeded to Chicago & called upon a leading oculist, a German Catholic, whose patients included the R.C. Archbishop. This oculist, well advanced in age, accorded Dr Wood a partnership. In two years or so the German veteran retired from practice. A year or two later he died.

Then Dr Wood took the decisive step in his career. He organized a corps of eight or ten oculists, with himself as its mainspring. One partner specialized in railroad practice, another treated packers in the provision trade, & so on. The financial results, of course, far surpassed the early income of his Montreal practice.

Next in importance came his educational activities. He gave lectures at Universities. He founded and edited the Journal of Ophthalmology, & issued an encyclopedia on the

same theme.

The Great War, beginning in 1914, found Dr Casey Wood retired from practice & active in Red Cross work. In Washington, with headquarters at the Cosmos Club, he toiled strenuously month after month. In 1919 the Montreal Gazette published,-- Lines to Major Casey A. Wood on his advancement to a Colonelcy, Governor's Island. N.Y., May 20, 1919:-

Casey toils with heartfelt devotion,
Casey does much, would do more if he could.
His career is one constant promotion,
Would Casey like to be General? Casey would!

Early in September, 1882, Herbert Spencer was my guest in Montreal. He gave a few of us an informal reception, most cordially. Dr Wood was of the company. Next day Mr Spencer was photographed by George ~~xxxx~~ Martin, St. Peter St.

Dr Wood's remarkable success in his profession is due, apart from his ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ rare skill & acute observation, to his STERLING GOOD SENSE.

If he had chosen a business career he would have shone as a railroad, insurance, or banking chieftain as he shines today in the realm of surgery. About ten years ago, on the eve of a prolonged absence abroad, he reviewed & re-arranged his investments. He decided to buy in Toronto Annuities payable to his wife & himself. Last week he told me that every day he thanks God for that decision. The Post Office punctually brings him his cheques, without any call upon Bankers or Brokers, Tenants or Borrowers!

By Good Luck, squarely earned, he receives a much higher rate of interest than that today accorded to buyers of annuities.

You will, of course, mention in detail his munificent donations to McGill University. They will carry his name far into the future history of education in Canada.

With kind regards,
Sincerely yours,
(Signed) George Iles.

In 1918 Dr Wood wrote, from the War Depatment, Office of the Surgeon General, to Mr George Iles. He gives some interesting opinions and the reasons for his taking up Ophthalmology--

May 13, 1918.

Mr. George Iles,
Park Avenue Hotel,
New York City.

My dear George:

Please pardon the delay in answering yours of the 7th, but I have been very busy.

In reply to Paragraph I, my general practice at the outset of my career has been of the greatest benefit to me in the special work which I afterwards adopted. Furthermore, I do not believe that any doctor should take up a specialty until he has had several years experience as a general practitioner.

II. I have always been interested in ophthalmology, and when I was surgeon to the Grand Trunk Railroad many years ago and had a large number of eye cases under me I was attracted by the peculiar character of ophthalmic practice. This led to my attendance upon the admirable clinics of the late Dr. Frank Buller, with whom I was destined many years afterwards to undertake, for the first time in medical history, an investigation of the large number of cases of death and blindness caused by drinking (and breathing the deadly fumes of) the so-called deodorized or tasteless wood alcohol commonly called Columbian Spirits.

III. The physical and vocational reconstruction of the disabled soldier and sailor,- so-called rehabilitation work,- well known in Canada, has as one of its most important tasks in giving aid, comfort and re-education to the blinded in war.

It may be that I shall see you in New York before you leave for your summer vacation.

Sincerely yours

(Signed) Casey A. Wood

Casey A. Wood,
Major, M.R.C.

An interesting sidelight on the times in Montreal fifty years ago, when Dr Wood practised there, is found in a pamphlet by Mr George Iles called "ELECTRIC EMPIRE : A Survey at 70". The following is a brief extract:

DAYBREAK AT LAST.

Fifty years ago in Canada electricity had little range beyond the field of telegraphy. Here and there an electroplater had a workshop of small account. That was about all. But this was simply darkness before dawn. First came expansions in telegraphic art. A friend of Badger's, Joseph B. Stearns of Boston, invented a method of sending two messages over a wire at once. At the Montreal telegraph head office he gave a demonstration to Badger and a score of his allies one morning. Other systems of multiple telegraphy soon followed, among them the quadruplex method, due to Edison. Meanwhile, Badger remarked with zest how telegraphy had opened the door to the transmission of electricity from distant water-powers. Hard experience had taught telegraph engineers which poles were strongest, which insulators to choose, and what quality best withstood stresses of hail and snow. These engineers, even for local installations, had long bidden good-bye to the consumption of costly zinc in generating their currents. The first dynamos used in Montreal were built by Wilde, a British maker. Their successors, bolder in dimensions, more economical in operation, came from New York.

Early in 1877, Badger received two Bell telephones from their Boston factory. They enabled him to converse from his office with Mr. James Dakers, secretary of the Montreal Telegraph Company, seated at his desk in St. Sacrament street. During that week I used one of these instruments; it was weak and faulty. Nobody, including Professor Bell himself, had the faintest anticipation of what telephony was to become in less than fifty years. To-day in New York City a million telephones are vocal, and plans are sketched for half a million more. In rivalry with Bell, Edison devised a telephone of merit and promise. Bell, by adopting a continuous instead of an interrupted current, won the victory.

1889-1917.

Chapter Four.

Foreign Travel and Chicago Days.

Dr Wood has mentioned taking a transatlantic trip in 1886. We give a note he has written concerning the trips of which that of 1886 was the percursor.

Atlantic & Pacific Crossings

1886-1936.

" Few people, apart from such official individuals as commercial travelers and ships crews have sailed more frequently over briny oceans than E. & myself.

" Altogether we have to date crossed the Atlantic about 45 times, the Pacific on about about occasions, (sic) all in search of adventure and to make a study of animal (especially bird) life.

" We have been passengers on some very interesting ships, Dutch Liners that were really ferries on a large scale built to accomodate first and foremost Netherland officials & the families on the run between Batavia and Amsterdam. The stewards were Malays & Chinese who ~~really~~ rarely spoke any but their native language./ The menus were in Dutch, each dish being

numbered , only the numerals and nothing else being understood by the Malay steward. If anything went wrong with the numerating the passenger might be served with fish when he thought he had ordered poached eggs. I crossed in the Acquitania on her first return journey to Southampton in August 1914. The next time I saw her-- with her beautiful furnishing torn out-- loaded with coal ~~and~~ bound across the Channel to France

On that trip, intended for Moscow, but cut short by the Great War, I returned to Philadelphia via the Delaware, in an old converted troop ship that had been employed in carrying men and munitions to Cape Town during the Boer War. For several years past we have patronized the Italian Line which, in our experience, has the most comfortable steamers and best service in the world.

In addition I had an eye on such side issues as the history of Medicine in foreign countries and collected much material-- literary and other-- most of which has been deposited in the libraries and museums of McGill University. From the foregoing it may be gathered that E. & I have acquired cosmopolitan views of men and things all over the world. I believe that we are (would be now) as much at home in Shanghai, Suva (Fiji) or Melbourne as in Chicago, New York or London; perhaps we are as familiar with Kashmir, Agra, Colombo or Cairo as with our present legal residence, Pasadena, California.

" All this has its mingled advantages and disadvantages. From feeling at home nearly everywhere on earth we have

become folks without a country or more or less citizens of all countries. One cannot have his patriotic cake and eat it.

" Here I might detail some wonderful experiences of our various house-keeping ventures and adventures, favorable and unfavorable, pleasant and disagreeable but I refrain, especially as the story would only duplicate that of so many of our friends even though the great majority of them never ran three house boats with eight servants on the River Jhelum nor owned and rented at various other times and places ~~xxxxxx~~ twelve houses and apartments nor lived in more than 60 hotels all over the world.

" It was all told a great and glorious experience that now makes us welcome with gladness the quiet life of our present residence-- the Hotel de Russie. So far as I can see ahead I shall soon have a permanent resting place, a handful of grey ashes, either in the lovely little Protestant Cemetery at Rome or in our own lot overlooking the grand scenery of the St. Lawrence at Montreal. Either depositary will suit me, because I shall no longer recognize it.

Dr Wood , in the following sketch, describes their arrangements when in Berlin.

1878-1900.

Student Days in Berlin.

" While my wife Emma Shearer entered as a parlor boarder in Fraulein Giffharn's Hohere Töchterschule, in Potsdam the Moltkestrasse, ~~(boar-~~

(Boarding School for daughters of the Nobility) I pursued my studies as a University student in Berlin. We made this arrangement deliberately (and on the advice of the Minister of the American Church in Berlin) that we might both gain thereby a better knowledge of the German language & its literature. The experiment was a decided success. We both utilized the opportunities to the full, she gained a fair knowledge of the German classics old and new which she continued to read years after we settled in Chicago and made many desirable acquaintances and friends at the school. This excellent academy was attended by young lady relatives of a number of famous Germans, Prince Bismark, among the number. My wife also became, for instance, intimate with the Hofmerschall family and in consequence attended (unofficially of course) with the girls in their circle the private funeral of the Emperor Friederick as it would in procession from the Potsdam palace through the gardens to the Friedenskirche where he was buried. Taking part in this procession were General von Moltke, Edward VII (then Prince of Wales), the King of Saxony & many other royal notables. So far as I knew, Emma was the only American-- apart from our own officials, who attended that funeral. Her life in Potsdam was also punctuated by school picnics and other excursions, often to Berlin to attend the opera and concerts.

" Freedom from domestic care enabled me to give my whole time to the pursuit of my professional studies. I made the acquaintance of many of the professors and Docenten in

the University group. Among these were Hirschberg* (I have translated for Knapp's Archives his most famous paper), Schöler and Uhthoff in Ophthalmology, Hartmann in Otology and Laryngology (I acted as his assistant for six months), Fritsch in Comparative Anatomy, Hoffman (of Analine fame) in Chemistry. Perhaps my most fruitful studies in medicine & special surgery were those given chiefly by the University assistants, given during the long University summer holiday called Feriencürse in which there was much individual teaching.

* It so happened that forty years after a course with this brilliant professor I translated into English an important section of his monumental history of Arabian Ophthalmology for my " Memorandum Book of a Tenth Century Oculist", Northwestern University, Chicago. 1936.

Dr Wood next gives a most amusing account of his stay in the Berlin Pension.

1888-9 Berlin.

"Our first pension in Berlin was an excellent one presided over by Frau Punt, the widow of a Prussian officer. There were as boarders representatives of many European countries. Sitting opposite to us at table was a lively English girl much interested in our doings and opinions. This encouraged me to furnish her with typical examples of American eccentricities. On the walls of the dining room were several German mottoes, among them, 'Mensch, argere dich nicht'. In America, I told this girl we would have displayed 'My man, be easy on the pudding' or 'Do not wipe your nose on the table napkin', most of which she at first believed, despite E's. protests. One day walking along the Linden I spied a shop window with a number of cartoons depicting the members of the house of Hohenzollern. At dinner I told Miss S. that I had that day seen a picture that greatly consoled me. It represented Albert the Bear with attendant angels receiving Frederick the Great as he flew up to heaven. 'You see,' said I, 'if these two German gents can get to heaven how good are my chances.'

"'Hush,' replied she, 'there are people about who understand English.'

"Memories innumerable of that great Central Berlin park remain with me as they naturally would with any German student

One day it was packed with students crowded to witness some grand procession. A newly arrived American Student fro a better view of the proceedings had climbed up one of the statues-- am strengtist verboten.

"A policeman sternly ordred him to descend, but our compatriot paid no attention to the minion of the law, probably did not understand him, and the crowd, highly amused at last joined in the controversy with speaking voice and song; and German students, when they like, can be as uproarious as any om earth. The policeman hardly knew what course to pursue. He could not very well climb after and arrest the culprit and yet his dignity so he flourished his club at him and shouted at the top of his voice. The American thought the matter over and replied in similar tones ' gehen sie weg.' Now in German these words mean nothing at all, but told the man of law and order that he was dealing with some kind of ignorant pig of a foreigner, but the crowd recognized the verbal gesture and Homeric laughter loud, jolly and insistent arose with cries of ' brava, Amerikaner, Steh fest' and the police force retired in good order leaving our surprised countryman victor on the field.

"Anything like a fluent knowledge of any German dialect is of course denied to most aliens even those that have consorted long and only with natives. Even to converse on ordinary topics and to read the newspapers without frequent resort to the dictionary is an unusual experience for visitor. This fact was revealed to a fellow student with whom I was one day walking

in the Thiergarten when we ran unto a party of children noisely building a fort in one of the numerous sand heaps provided for the play of the juvenile populace.

" ' There! said he, ' look at that! Some of these kids are not more than three years old and have been speaking Germ- and for a year as if they were thirty, and here am I after six months study hardly able to ask my way along the street!'

" It is not given to all of us to be linguists as was my cousin Willie Wood who without any previous knowledge of German who entering as a student in the University was invited to join and became an important member of a German Studenten corps a year after entry. Before he left Berlin-- with a beer-swilling record of huge proportions, he spoke and read the language almost like an echt Deutscher.

"One of the recreations in which E. & I joined were the jolly Landparteien-- the celebrated summer walking picnics so deservedly popular with an im Freien loving people. The excursion I remember best was a mixed one in the Harz mountain S. Some dozen of us, that included a University professor and his wife, a court painter & several others of like quality spent a week or ten days exploring the open air delights of th that romantic locality. We carried a small stock of provisions with us eking them at meal time at some farm house where a notice said " hier can Caffee kecocht werden", slept at inns and built an occasional roadside fire around which we sat and discussed the many fairy tales of the Harz and other topics. The painter was a Friesländer who said for our benefit that he knew very little English-- only one word viz,

"peeg"-- but speaking slowly and distinctly his native Friesian and using simple words he was able to converse intelligently with any Englishman, so closely allied is this North Germanic dialect with vernacular English.

" Another pension in which we lived for several months was on the Hedemann Strasse, the most "economical' we experienced in all Germany. It was very clean, highly respectable and pretentious but the food was barmicidal and not over-abundant.

" A favorite dish was Biersuppe, mostly salt water with a suspicion of vegetables and beer, washed down by the aid of remarks by the hausfrau who told us it was 'sehr gesund.' Every day we had some kind of calf--but very little of that--served in almost myriad forms. However we were young and perhaps the " balanced' diet was good for us. The hostess exploited us as far as possible, recommended various teachers from whom as from everyone else we afterwards learned she 'accepted' a commission, showed us the best shops to make purchases, where to have repairs made, indeed tried to rule us and direct our purchases as completely as possible.

"Our bedroom communicated with the dining room by a door which while locked had a key hole not provided with the usual blind. I stuffed this opening, to secure more privacy, but noticed that the plug was soon removed and replaced by a paper covering on the dining room side easily raised when desired. I then ~~erected~~ erected a similar bar on our ~~side~~ aspect of the door.

"E. and I took a holiday of a week or so during our

residence in the Hedemann Strasse and on our return found that our trunks had been thoroughly overhauled during our absence. Shortly afterwards frau D. advised E. to have her fur coat repaired and relined at a furrier's who did the best and cheapest work in Berlin. Said coat had been kept in camphor at the bottom of a trunk, and Frau D. could not possibly have seen it except on the occasion of our recent absence. All this was not dishonesty, only a frugal desire to take advantage of contact with extravagant and rich (!) Americans."

More intimate glimpses of life in Berlin at that time ~~is~~ are given in the following brief note.

Add to Berlin 1888-1889 recollections.

" Berlin, during my first experience of it, was one of the German cities where municipal regulations-- especially the so-called laws against the Socialists--were strictly enforced. Pasports for a prolonged visit were demanded, front doors were locked at ten oclock and admission to a house or apartment was usually had only through a ' Schutzman' or street policeman who had duplicate keys to all dwellings on his beat and who expected a pour boire for his services.

"On my first visit I had gone with Armstrong to the Opera and when we innocently sought our pension, lo! the front door was locked with not even a bell for the portier ! A friend occupied a room on the ground floor and we roused him

to ask how we were to get in. Said friend was, however, a confirmed practical joker and he got even with us for waking him from sleep at an unseemly hour by giving us directions to walk into the middle ofthe street and yell " Schutzmann"! After we had done this he said, " You had better run around the corner if you don't want to be arrested, when the policeman arrives I will explain what you want.' Then he went to bed. When the nightwatchman did appear at our call he searched the neighborhood and if we had not known enough German to explain our predicament he would certainly have locked us up.

" One day Armstrong and I were eating walnuts and threw some half dozen shells out of the window into the street. Within the hour a uniformed policeman appeared at our room and warned us that as stranger students our first offence would be passed over; the next we would be fined 10 marks each.

The most amusing incident in the Woods' stay in Berlin is the story of how they saw the funeral of Emperor Wilhelm entitled:" We meet Royalty at a discreet distance."

We meet Royalty at a discreet distance.

" My first contact with the anointed great ones of the European countries took place when my wife and I attended the funeral of the old Emperor Wilhelm, a brief fortnight after our first arrival in Hamburg-Berlin. The Prussian King lay in state at the Domkirchen to be viewed by thousands of

deputations from all over the Empire and we longed to join the throng. This seemed impossible as the entrances to the Cathederal and the Platz in front of it were carefully guarded by officers and troops that forbade entrty to all who were unprovided with the proper documents.

"Our pension mistress was, however, a woman of resources. 'Have you no English official papers that might look like a permit,' said she? I looked over my 'documents' and the only one that at all answered her description was a policy issued by the Watertown Fire Insurance Co. It was quite an imposing documnet, folio size, signed in bold script by two or three officers of the company and bore a huge read seal. 'That's fine,' said our Gnadige Hausfrau; you put on your best black clothes, with the Herr Doktors tall hat and cane, and I'll lend the pretty Frau Doktor a black veil. Take a first class victoria, drive to the Dombrücke, salute the officer (on the horse), say nothing but give him this paper-- and see what happens." Well, it worked. The official, in a gorgeous uniform, looked at the paper, looked at us and then returning the fire insurance document waved us past the guards. We had an excellent view of the splendid funeral array surrounding the dead ~~kingx~~ Kaiser and passed on.

"I have already spoken of the funeral of the unfortunate Frederick the III at which E. was present.

" Shortly before we left Berlin Queen Victoria paid a visit lasting a short time, on the Kaiserin Augusta. One day we met the two widow ladies driving on Unter den Linden .

The English Queen was in no way a 'distinguished looking' person. An irreverent London resident said to us that she resembled an Irish washerwoman. Our next introduction to royalty was in Vienna when the Crwon Prince Rudolf was murdered. We saw there all that could be seen of that tragedy , echoes of which followed us and resounded in a curious fashion many years after the event.

" We were living in Barbadoes when we made the acquaintance of the daughter of the previous owner of that estate in Meyerling, near Vienna, where the Prince was killed. It was one of his favorite resorts and from this girl-- now grown to mature womanhood-- we had the (probable) true story of the Prince's death. However, great his failings he was well liked in Vienna and his affaire with his high born countess was not in itself counted as more than what might be expected of a highly-spirited man married to an official wife whom he did not love. Many and various tales of his untimely death and that of the countess were spread in Vienna while we were living there and as many more have appeared in print as authentic accounts of the episode but the one we choose as most nearly correct is that the Prince and his mistress formed two of a jolly party at the Meyerling shooting box, that the champagne flowed freely, that a drunken quarrel arose among the male guests during which the Prince was killed by the blow of a wine bottle in the hands of a partisan of the lady-- after which she committed suicide.

" Prince Rudolf was something of an ornithologist and wrote a monograph on the birds of the Vienna neighborhood.

Many years after the Meyerling tragedy E. was having a gown 'built' by a fasionable Roman ladies tailor, and was kept waiting sometime after the hour of her appointment. Evidently, from the fuss and feathers in evidence about the shop some lady of extreme importance was being fitted and had overrun her time. As the old lady, with an attendant, stepped into a waiting auto my wife asked who she might be. It was the widowed Princess Rudolf who in earlier and for her perhaps h happier days we had seen so often in Vienna. She was the daughter of King Leopold of Belgium and time did not improve her personal appearance but on the other hand the tongue of scandal did not accuse her of the usual regal indiscretions. If not virtuous she was at least ' careful'.

" Meantime we had many opportunities of seeing the (at that time) Crown Prince of Germany Kaiser Wilhelm III before and after his accession, the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Kaiserin and ~~the~~ their children. Long after the war the present Crown Prince was in the habit of visiting Rome, generally to attend the International Horse Show and we often saw him at the Hotel de Russie, a modest, quiet unassuming man whose ~~xxxxx~~ conduct and appearance contradicted the wild and very likely false stories we used to hear during the Great Conflict. I urged E. to ask him when we met, if he remembered the old Potsdam days when he lived as a small boy in the Marmorpalais and she went to school on the Moltkestrasse, but she never got up courage enough to converse on that subject. Seeing him brought up many memories of her German boarding School

among them recollections of the music teacher whom she had in common with the Crown Prince's sister-- later Queen of Greece-- who was always having rows with her imperious elder brother. One day he came in while a lesson was going on, to continue one of those brother-and-sister disputes that ended in his giving her a sound box on the ears, followed by a flood of sisterly tears, an interrupted lesson and the departure of the chivalrous Prince-- soon to become a youthful Kaiser. "

There follows the account fromm the Illustrated London News of June 23, 1888, of the Kaiser's funeral.

Funeral of the German Emperor Frederick.

The death of this estimable man beloved and honoured in England and in Germany, the son-in-law of our own Queen, the Prince who a few months since, already suffering from a fatal malady, was raised by the decease of his aged father to the Sovereign rank of King of Prussia and Emperor of Federal Germany, occupies, with some comments on his life, part of the Supplements to our present publication. His funeral at Potsdam, on Monday June 18, was not attended with the great pomp that accompanied the Emperor William I. from the Domkirche at Berlin to the Royal Mausoleum in the Park of Charlottenburg: it was simply the mourning of a Royal family and a Court, with the silent sympathy of the City and of the nation, and of the whole civilized world for the loss of one of the best Princes , one of the worthiest to reign, one of the noblest examples of manhood in an exalted station, that this generation has beheld.

The Emperor died on Friday June 15 shortly after eleven in the forenoon.

The funeral on Monday morning was conducted with simple solemnity. The widowed Empress Victoria and her daughters

were not present. Prince Bismarck also was not well enough to attend the ceremony. The Empress Augusta, mother of the late Emperor, seated in her chair, saw the coffin borne away from the Friedrichskron Palace. The new Emperor and Empress, with their three little boys. The King of Saxony, the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Saxe- Meiningen and the Grand Duke Ernest of Saxe- Coburg were among the chief mourners. These andymany of the German Princes and several of the Prussian Ministers of State with the high officials of the Court, assembled in the Hall of Shells and in the Jasper Gallery, which were illuminated with wax tapers, soon after nine o'clock in the morning. The coffin was placed on a bier in the Jasper Gallery, where Field Marshall Von Blumenthal, carrying the Imperial banner, stood behind the tanbourets supporting the Imperial and Royal insignia. The members of the Imperial Family and other distinguished mourners appeared shortly before ten, and occupied chairs in front of the coffin; behind them were the Prussian Ministers. Just before the service commenced the Empress Augusta was ~~xxxx~~ wheeled in, in an armchair, next to the Empress, the Grand Duchess of Baden and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe- Meiningen. The cathederal choir sang Bach's motet, " Bald rufst Du nich zu höheren Frenden," and the choral, " Jesus meine Zuversicht," The Court Chaplain, Dr Kögel offered up a prayer, and blessed the remains, all present being deeply affected. The chorale, " Ibenn ich einmal Sall Scheiden," ended the service. Then while all the regimental bands played the chorale " I know that my redeemer liveth," the coffin was raised by twelve Colonels of the late Emperor's bodyguard and was carried to the funeral car in front of the palace. The troops there drawn up in military array presented arms, saluting the remains of the deceased Emperor.

The procession was then formed and moved forward to the muffled beat of drums. The Knights of the Order of the Black Eagle walked on each side of the car, close behind which was led the late Emperor's charger. Next came the Emperor William, Prince Henry, the King of Saxony, the Prince of Wales, and the Grand Duke of Baden; and following them the o other Princes, the late Emperor's Ministers, deputations from foreign regiments, Members of the Federal ~~xxxxxx~~ Council, the Presidents of the Reichstag and Prussian Diet, and deputations from German Towns. The Generals of the Army were headed by Field-Marshall Von Moltke, who walked alone, carrying his Marshall's Staff. Special attention was attracted by the group pf the late Emperor's Physicians, including Sir Morell Mackenzie wearing the blue sash of the Order conferred upon him by the late Emperor. Escorts of the Royal Bodyguard and Dragoons of the Guard preceded and closed the cortege which reached the Friedenskirche at half past eleven. The mourners immediately occupied the seats assigned to them. The sacred rite consisted simply of the burial service followed by the benediction pronounced by Dr Kögel,

there being no sermon. Court Chaplain Dr Persius repeated the closing prayer and the choir intoned the final dirge. Field Marshall Von Blumenthal lowered the Imperial banner on the coffin. The members of the Imperial family kissed the head of the coffin and left the sacred edifice. The conclusion of the service was announced by volley firing and minute guns.

Dr Wood records another meeting with Sir William Osler—who was a McGill graduate of '72—and goes on to speak of him at large.

ca 1889 . Osler.

It was my good fortune while a student at the Friederick Wilhelm University to see something of Osler. He became decidedly persona grata to the entourage of the great Viehof (Municipal Slaughter House) with its remarkable series of laboratories (100 microscopists) that examined all doubtful food, especially animal, for 'measles' trichimosis and other pathological donditions inimical to the health of the citizenry. It was a happy hunting ground for Osler; it was of common knowledge that most of the rare and interesting cases of diseased organs and tissues were reserved for the inspection of the 'Herr Professor' ans Canada' whose friendly and appreciative visits were always welcomed by the Viehof personnel.

" The tragic death of his only child, Revere, killed in the World War, caused a coolness of the intimate German friendships made by Osler in this and succeeding years. Eheu! eheu!! that these should have been blasted by that

suicidal conflict. These two episodes in Osler's career undoubtedly hastened his death. It was inexpressibly sad that we, many of us with North Germanic antecedants should have been driven by the Fates into the arms of Gallic peoples from whom we differ in all respects-- in temperament race and religion. Let us, as Americans, pray to be kept out of any more European quarrels, especially those in which, as in 1917, we have no real interest.

" Not only during my association with him as my practical teacher of Pathology at the Montreal General Hospital and as director of several dissections made on the bodies of my patients in private and public practice and in medical societies I saw a good deal of Osler during his Montreal career-- and I never lost touch with him(in common with hundredsmo f his colleagues ~~elsewhere~~ everywhere) until his death in Oxford. I visited him and his clinics in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Oxford and our families together crossed the Atlantic about 1910.

" At the last I was one of the Secretaries who gathered material for the Anniversary (Memorial) volumes that he was fortunately able to look over shortly before he died. He also saw, I am glad to say, most of the MS. of the Physician's Anthology that another (and more famous) of his students and I published in his honor and memory.

" No words of mine can possibly increase his fame but I would like to say that my personal experiences of him extending over many years confirms the verdict of the day, we shall not soon look upon his like again."

In 1934 , Dr Wood, writing to his sister, Mrs Alba Hayes, recounts an interesting mail-robbery and a "delayed" mail delivery.

"Oct 6/34.

" A ghost from the past. The German P.O. says your card was stolen and thrown into the Spandau Canal (in Berlin) and is now recovered...."

This post-card, sent in 1888, is remarkably well preserved considering its nearly fifty-year immersion.

At this time Dr Wood met Dr Harry V. Würdemann, who, as his note shows, knew him later in Chicago. He wrote the following note about Dr Wood.

Re: Casey A. Wood

" Lives of great men oft remind us
We can keep our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time."

I first met Casey in 1889 on the top of a stagecoach going from Baden to Vienna, and saw him a number of times afterwards during our studies in Vienna. We have been intimate friends for nearly half a Century and in correspondence since he stopped active practice in Chicago. I have had letters from him from Java, several places in India, Japan, China, Rome, Paris, London, Madrid, Leland Stanford University, New York, Toronto, and Chicago, never knowing where he was going to be next.

Casey Wood had a most pleasing personality and had the confidence of the medical profession and of his patients. He

was a voluminous writer and had the faculty of getting other men to work and contribute. As a scientist, he was contributed many articles and books to Ophthalmology and is the ultimate authority on Ornithology, especially relating to the eyes of birds. Of recent years, he has been delving into ancient literature and has translated and published a number of books on ancient medicine. During the active years of practice until about 25 years ago, I met him often as a personal friend and in medical societies.

In 1896-7, he was the secretary of the Section on Ophthalmology of the American Medical Association. I followed in his footsteps the next year; in 1898-99, he was chairman of the Section on Ophthalmology and the next year I stepped into his shoes as Chairman for the following term. In about 1890, he established the Annals of Ophthalmology, being the managing editor for five years, when he wished it on to me, and I carried it on for 10 years, then establishing " Ophthalmology", a quarterly magazine, with his help.

Casey is not much of an outdoor man or sportsman, although he likes to travel and see things. However, he accompanied me several times in bass and trout fishing expeditions in Northern Wisconsin, and proved himself adaptable and a good sport, but I really believe he would prefer to do his fishing in book form.

I have seen him a number of times in consultation on important patients. The first I remember was a case of a woman who had been blind for several months, a typical example of hysterical blindness where Casey, by his persuasive manner and hypnotic suggestion, together with treatment by the ophthalmometer, which is simply an instrument for looking into the eye, and the perimeter which is used to estimate the visual field, suggested that she could see some new hats across the street in the milliner's shop and that her husband would buy them for her. She immediately recovered her sight.

He was instrumental in helping me with cataract operations on a multimillionaire whereby I was given the largest fee that I have ever received, of $ 10,000.

I am highly delighted that you are working on his autobiography and if any other incidents occur to me, will so advise you.

H.V.W.

Oct. 21, 1936

S. Casey Wood III,
35 Foxbar Road,
Toronto, Ontario.

~~Mr.~~ Dear Mr. Wood:

I have yours regarding my intimate friend of half a century, Casey Wood, and enclose you some notes which may help you in the collection of material for an autobiography.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Harry V. Würdemann, M.D.

Speaking of this period in a book devoted to ~~xxxxxx~~ his family, Dr Wood says of himself:

" He then spent several months at the N.Y. Eye and Ear Infirmary, and subsequently two years in Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London, acting during that period as assistant to Dr. Arthur Hartmann of Berlin. He was then assistant House Surgeon (pro tempore) in the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, and was clinical Assistant at the Golden Square Throat Hospital, London. He was also for a time on the staff of the Western London Ophthalmic Hospital. The greater part of this period, however, was given to study at the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital (Moorfields)."

We now quote in full a letter from Dr Wood's father-in-law, Mr James Shearer. It was written in 1889 to Mrs Wood, addressed to the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, London, and contained the following short letter to Dr Wood.

Dr C. A. Wood

My dear son
I am glad you are finding everything in London to suit you and hope when you get through will come back to Montreal and make it your home I think you will do as well here as anywhere for all that may be thought to the contary we are looking with pleasure for your return and hope you will find it to your advantage with your former experience will not be lost I have nothing of importance to inform you all goes well as can be expected my healthis good but age cannot be set back however will live as long and think nothing of it
Hoping this will find you happy Eliza &
Your affectionate James Shearer.

Montreal 12th July 1889.

My Dear Emma and Dr Wood

I received yours 2inst I am delighted you're both well and prospering and learning much of London I have little news to write as Ida gives all in this way our weather is pleasant considerable rain which makes our place look fine I could hardly think of leaving our home at such a time our b bulsness is large and needs close attention daily and there is nothing so comforting as seeing all goes well and with a ~~xxxxxx~~s profit I am not working for myself but to be healthy and happy we must work to sleep well I am taking it easy It is a great fortune for you with the help of your husband to improve yourself mentally for nothing will make a life so pleasant as information its a store of wealth that none can deprive you of it makes the face to shine the truest remark in that old jewish book it takes considerable ability to make our mark in this world of sham that exists in society nowadays. We will be pleased to see you both back and make your home in Montreal for ~~xxxxx~~ all that may be thought of other places your husband is much thought of in Montreal and I am sure can do as well as any other place and sooner make a fortune I am glad you heard that noble Lady Annie Besant who has been so much persecuted by fanatical hypocrats It is beautiful to hear such musicians as Sweasabe I am glad you met Capt. Adams he is a noble gentleman and very able he is now here I have not seen him yet It is but honest to see the East as well as the west of London but full do I well never forget how we had to drive the horses to save ourselves down past White Chapel such specimens of humanity with all the boasted Christianity its a farce. Paris with all its wickedness did not equal London Liverpool Dublin Glasgow and Edinburgh alth. Scotch You must feel that having seen so much of humanity of different races and conditions it will give food for the mind all your lifetime I know that to stay at home is ignorance but few can have the advantages you have had the happy disposition and intelligent mind of your husband who can see where many are blind will you give me a hint of your need of funds and will remit as its expensive to live so long spending do not suffer for the want of anything.

Your affectionate Mother and Father

James Shearer.

———•••———

In a previously quoted letter, Mr George Iles, one of Dr Wood's oldest friends , says, as the reason for Dr Wood's choosing Chicago as his home, that " When he returned to America he surveyed New York, and decided that here competition was too keen to be faced with sucess.

" He then proceeded to Chicago and called upon a leading oculist, a german Catholic, whose patients included the R.C. Archbishop. This oculist , well advanced in age, accorded Dr Wood a partnership. In two years or so the German veteran retired from practice. A year or two later he died.

" Then Dr Wood toook the decisive step in his career. He organized a corps of eight or ten oculists, with himself as its mainspring. One partner specialized in railroad practice, another treated packers in the provision trade, and so on. The financial results, of course, far surpassed the early income of his Montreal practice...."

Dr Wood has written briefly of Chicago days in " An Accou of the Wood family"

" Settling in Chicago, Ill. in 1889, Dr Wood soon acquire a large, lucrative practice and filled numerous positions. He was attending ophthalmologist at St. Luke's, the Passavant Memorial and the Postgraduate Medical School Hospitals; Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon to Cook County and St. Anthony Hospitals: Professor of Ophthalmology, Chicago Post-Graduate Medical School; Professor of Clinical Ophthalmology at the University of Illinois from 1888 to 1906; and Professor of Ophthalmology of the College of Medicine, University of Illinois. He was,

also, a Fellow of the American Academy of Medicine (of which he was President 1907 to 1908), Fellow of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Oto-Laryngology, of which he was President 1905-1906. He was a Member of the International Medical Congress, Pan-American Medical Congress, Ophthalmologische Gesellschaft. Fellow of the A.M.A., Fellow of the Zoological Society, London; Foundation Fellow of the American College of Surgeons; Fellow of the A.A.A.S; Fellow of the Chicago Academy of Medicine, and a member of the American Historical Society. He was editor of the Annals of Ophthalmology (1894-1901) and of Italian Literature of the same. He became one of the editors of the American Journal of Ophthalmology, and of the Practical Medicine Series. He is one of the editors of the Annals of Medical History, has contributed to many textbooks and has translated numerous ophthalmological works in the German, French and Italian languages. He is also the author of " Lessons in the Diagnosis and Treatment of Diseases of the Eye" (1895); " The toxic Amblyopias" (1896); " The Common Diseases of the eye" (with Dr. T.A. Woodruff, 1907), which ran into its third edition; " A System of Ophthalmic Therapenties (sic) " (1909); " A System of Ophthalmic Operations" two volumes, 1911, and " The American Encyclopedia of Ophthalmology in eighteen volumes...."

The International Medical Congress mentioned above took Dr Wood abroad once more in 1897. The following are the "prospectus" and route.

Chicago, March, 1897.

Dear Doctor:

It is believed that a considerable number of American physicians will visit the 12th International Medical Congress to be held in Moscow, August 19-26, 1897. As all those who wish to attend the Congress have a common objective point it is thought that they can be associated to advantage on one or more excursion parties. In this way the social features of the trip will be enhanced, and each individual will be surrounded by those who are personally congenial. By such association better accommodations can be secured and at a considerable reduction in price. Additional security will also be attained, as parts of the trip which include comparatively unfrequented routes of travel, will be under the charge of a traveling director who is thoroughly conversant with the language and customs of the countries visited.

As there will doubtless be some divergence as to choice of routes, depending on individual inclination and previous opportunities for foreign travel, several routes have been selected. By reference to the accompanying itinerary it will be seen that these, although separate for a portion of the journey, have been so arranged that the principal points are visited together.

Final arrangements are in the hands of the well known Tourist Agents, Thomas Cook & Son, thus affording ample guaranty that the tour will be satisfactorily conducted.

Yours very truly,

Nicholas Senn, M.D.
Casey A. Wood, M.D.
Harold N. Moyer, M.D.
Eugene S. Talbot, M.D.
D.R. Brower, M.D.
J. B. Murphy, M.D.
D.A.K. Steele, M.D.
B.T. Whitmore, M.D.

Section no.1. New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Rome, Florence Venice, Milan, Como, Menaggio, Lugano, Lucerne, Zurich, Munich Linz, the Danube, Vienna, Warsaw, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Helsingfors, Abo, Stockholm, Christiania, Gothenburg, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Bremen, New York.

Tour of 84 days, - - - - - $ 560.00

Section No. 2. Travel from New York with Section No.1, round to Hamburg, thence as follows: Berlin, Dresden, Leipsic, Frankfort, Mayence, the Rhine, Cologne, Paris, Havre, New York

Tour of 93 days, - - - - - $ 655.00

(Etc.)

In a letter written many years later, Dr Wood says:

" Then I settled (1901) (sic) in Chicago to practice (until 1917) Ophthalmology in which pursuit I have been unusually successful, having probably had the largest clientele (and income) of my U.S. colleagues. There I taught and wrote constantly and made many friends of all ranks, had a country house in Winnetka moving into the city for the winter. Went abroad every year or two, leaving an assistant or associate in charge of my home affairs. I was attached in Chicago to many hospitals, including (now on honorary staff) the best i.e. most aristocratic and exclusive St. Lukes...."

In the two accounts given next Dr Wood describes his life in Chicago.

Chicago 1902-5.

"When we first settled in Chicago (the time of the Worlds Fair) we had a modest apartment in the Morton on 18th St. and Michigan Avenue. There for a time my associate Dr. Melville Hardie, son of a former Ottawa Sunday School teacher, boarded with us, and later my brother-in-law, Dr. Cresswell Shearer, now lecturer on Embryology in Cambridge University came to live with us. As soon as fortune smiled sufficently we moved into a more commodious suite on Michigan Avenue, almost but not quite among Chicago's elite on the South Side. Later, when we climbed still higher on the Social ladder we lived at fashionable hotels, the Lexington, on the South Side and finally at the Virginia on the North Side of the River, then becoming 'the place to live.' In a few years we felt we could reside in style and where we pleased; hence our choice of Winnetka."

Winnetka 1905.

" Among the few towns and villages where New England customs were observed and perpetuated was Winnetka where we owned a house and lived for over ten years. Not only did we celebrate May Day and the 'glorious Fourth' with appropriate ceremonies but had our town meetings . We held other commemorations that recalled life ' back East.' Each Christmas and New Year and Thanksgiving were, of course, duly observed and we sandwiched in the usual birthday and wedding anniversaries. Every house had its garden, some of them aspiring to local fame for elaborate displays of roses, lilies wild flowers etc., and a number of these combined to form rather beautiful pathways through which favored processions of all sorts might pass. I recall the 'unveiling' of a sun dial on our small place , a sun dial that bore the motto ' I use the shining hours.' The neighbors hearing of our scheme organized a Roman procession with trumpets, floral wreaths, togas and other emblems that after winding through a row of neighboring gardens marched about the dial after its cover had been removed and were regaled with cake and wine. It was a pretty performance on that Saturday afternoon. Now, alas, Winnetka is a flourishing suburb of Chicago, open to the whole world of resorters and no longer a typical, exclusive aristocratic New England village. Perhaps it is better so."

_____...._____

An interesting family matter is recorded in the following note.

Remote Relatives.

1903-1909.

" Among my distant relatives (on my father's side by marriage) was a family named Clute.

" One of these held government office in New Westminster B.C. and other settled in one of the Southern States. The latter during the Civil War rose to or assumed the rank of Colonel and with a knowledge of telegraphy proved very useful to the Southerns during that fratricidel conflict. At the end of the war he, an irreconcilable drifted to Mexico joined up with Maxmillians forces and among other activities built or helped to build the telegraph line from Santa Cruz to Mexico City. For several years he carried a gold watch inscribed by Maxmillian for valuable services to his regime. Finally the old man, at the end of his resources, applied to me in Chicago for help. I gave assistance to him from time to time and finally found a desk for him in my office in charge of publishing one of the magazines of which I was editor. C.C. Clute proved, however, to be a truculent quarrelsome old man much interested in maintaining his position as a Southern Gentleman surrounded by uncouth Northeners and always in hot water, with somebody over a fancied wrong or slight (which he now and then avenged by the use of a club-like cane he always sported like the sword of his

martial days). Often I decided to pension him, as a choice of evils, but one day he acquired pneumonia, poor chap, and I gave him a funeral which I trust satisfied his uneasy spirit."

The following are a few items that are of interest and were dispersed through his stay in Chicago. They represent but a very small fraction of his multifarious activities and are culled from his Medical Scrap-book for the purpose of giving some idea of the variety of his pursuits.

In 1893 Dr Wood visited the World's Columbian Exposition.

In 1896 he became Secretary of the Section on Ophthalmology of the American Medical Association.

(In 1898 there occured the Spanish-American War.)

On June 6th, 1899, Dr Wood gave an address at Columbus, Ohio.

Also in 1899 he became a Member of the Consulting Staff (Oculists and Aurists) at the Hospital of St.Anthony de Padua in Chicago.

In 1900 he gave an illustrated lecture on the care of the eyes at the Medill High School, Chicago.

In 1900 Dr Wood wrote the unconnected fragment given below in which he gives an interesting view on Homeopathy.

"...like Paolo and Frencesca it was a final performance (Italian.)

Moreover in later years sad experience having made me wondrous kind, I made a study of the various methods by

which one might secure the beneficial effects of that and other nauseaus drugs without insulting the nose, palate and digestion of the defenceless patient. And in passing let me re-echo the belief that the chief triumph of homeopathy lies (or has laid) in the the substitution of pleasant and innocuous remedies for the villainous prescriptions of socalled allopathy!

" If one must ingest a dose of faith why not make it agreeable to the palate!" 1900

In 1901 Dr Wood was a Member of the American Dermatological Association. He also gave an address at the Iowa Union Medical Society.

In 1902 he was elected First Vice-President of the Medico-Legal Society of Chicago at their Annual Meeting. He also gave an Illustrated address at Streator, Illinois, on " Our eyes and how to care for them."

He was also on the Committe of the Shore Inn Hospital Company.

In 1902, as the following letter tells, Dr Wood-- among his manifold donations-- donated some books to the Quine Library of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the School of Medicine of the University of Illinois.

Dr. C.A. Wood,
103 Adams St. Chicago.

Chicago
May 1, 1902.

Dear Dr. Wood: The box of books has just been opened. I knew something of its contents from Dr. Suker who had rather prepared me for such a valuable gift. We feel very grateful to you for your interest in our library, which has been

manifested in such a practical manner.

The journals, transactions, etc. will complete many of our broken sets, and that is always a great source of satisfaction, as you have doubtless proven in collecting your own library.

Your gift will be a valuable addition to the Quine library and one that will be appreciated.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) Metta Loomis,

Libr'n.

The lighter side of the Wood family's stay in Chicago is hinted at by two theatre programmes. The first is for March 31, 1902, at The Auditorium where Gotterdammerung was performed in German " by the Entire Company from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York." The cast included the late Mme. Schumann-Heink, while the conductor was Mr. Walter Damrosch. The second programme is for April 27th, 1902, when David Belasco presented David Warfield in The Auctioneer , " A New Character Comedy in Three Acts by Lee Arthur and Charles Klein," at the Illinois Theatre.

On April 9th, 1903, Dr Wood attended a Complimentary Smoker given the Members of the Western Ophthalmologic and Oto-Laryngologic Association at the Columbia Club, Indianapolis, Indiana.

On July 21st, 1903, the following letter was received by Dr Wood from the Secretary of the Western (General) Hospital of Montreal.

Dr. Casey A. Wood.

Dear sir.

I beg to inform you that you were this day elected a Life Governor of the Western Hospital.
I have the honour to be
Yours truly,
(Signed)Geo H. Mathewson, M.D.
Secy.

In 1903 Dr Wood was a Member of the Location Committee of t the Executive Committee of Ottawa Collegiate Institute Ex-pupils' Association.

In 1904 Bishop's College Medical School was taken over by McGill.

In 1906 Dr Wood recalls in a very brief note the fact that he called on Dr Burnett the husband of the authoress of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

In 1906 Dr Wood went to Dayton, Ohio, to see the first aeroplane made by the Wright Brothers, and visited their father the Bishop. He describes it in the following note.

1906-1936.

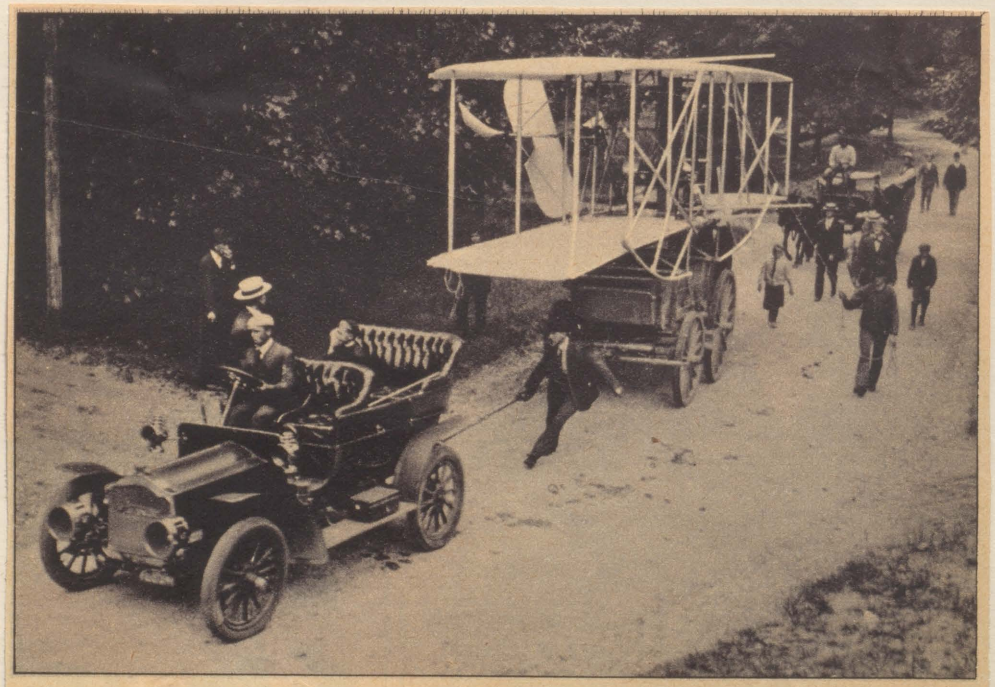
Aviation.

(The following pictures were taken from Look of Feb. 1, 1938.)

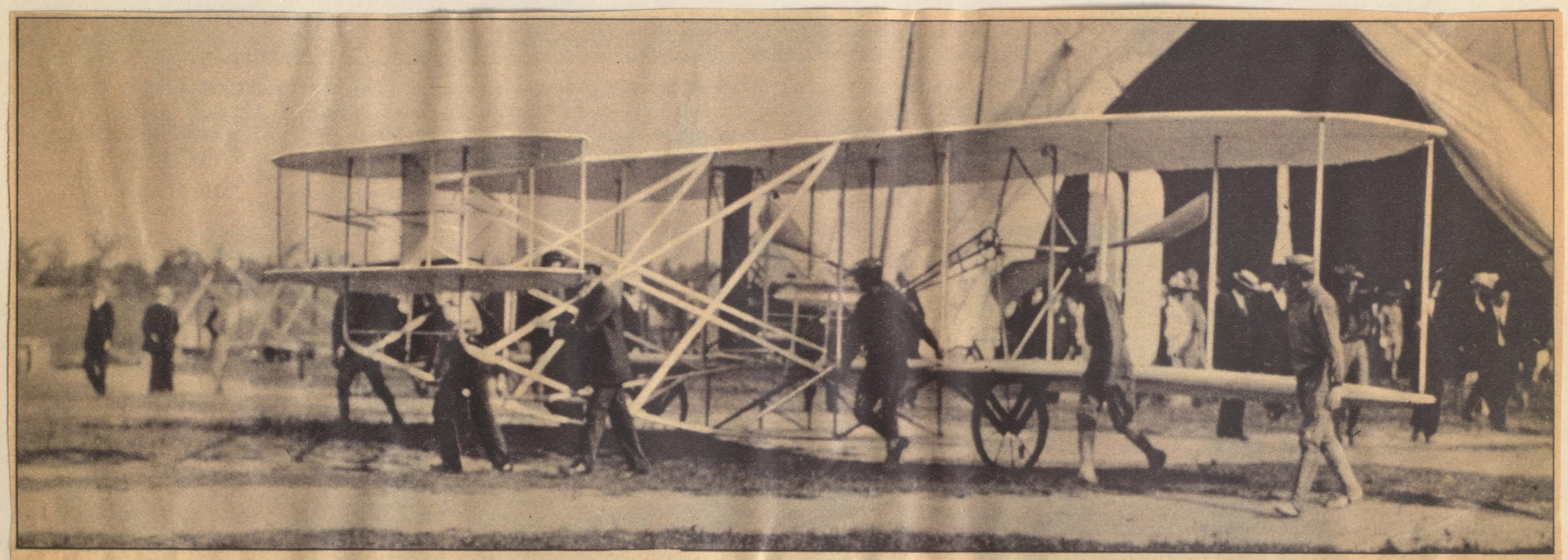
The First

U. S. ARMY AIR CRASH

Lieut. Thomas Selfridge was the first U. S. Army martyr to aviation. He crashed in one of the early Wright planes at Fort Myer, Va., Sept. 17, 1908. Here is a camera record of the tragedy.



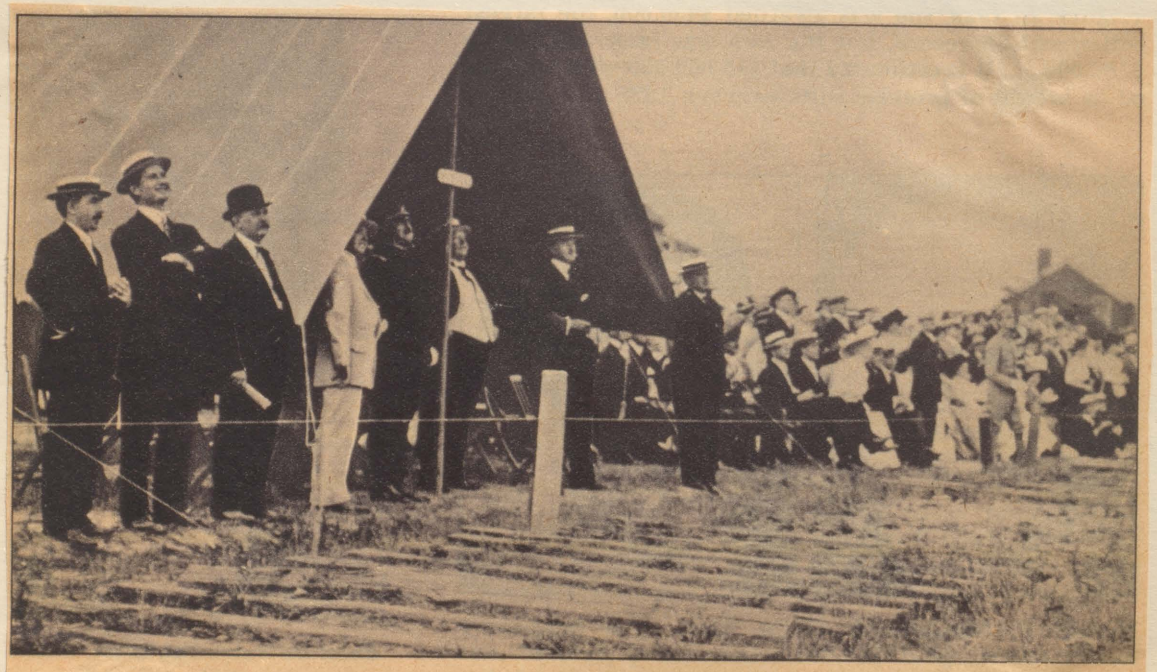
1 First Army Airplane. It was built in a balloon shed at Ft. Myer, Va., and was towed like this to the parade ground for a test flight on Sept. 17, 1908. Wilbur and Orville Wright, inventors of the airplane, built the craft for the army.



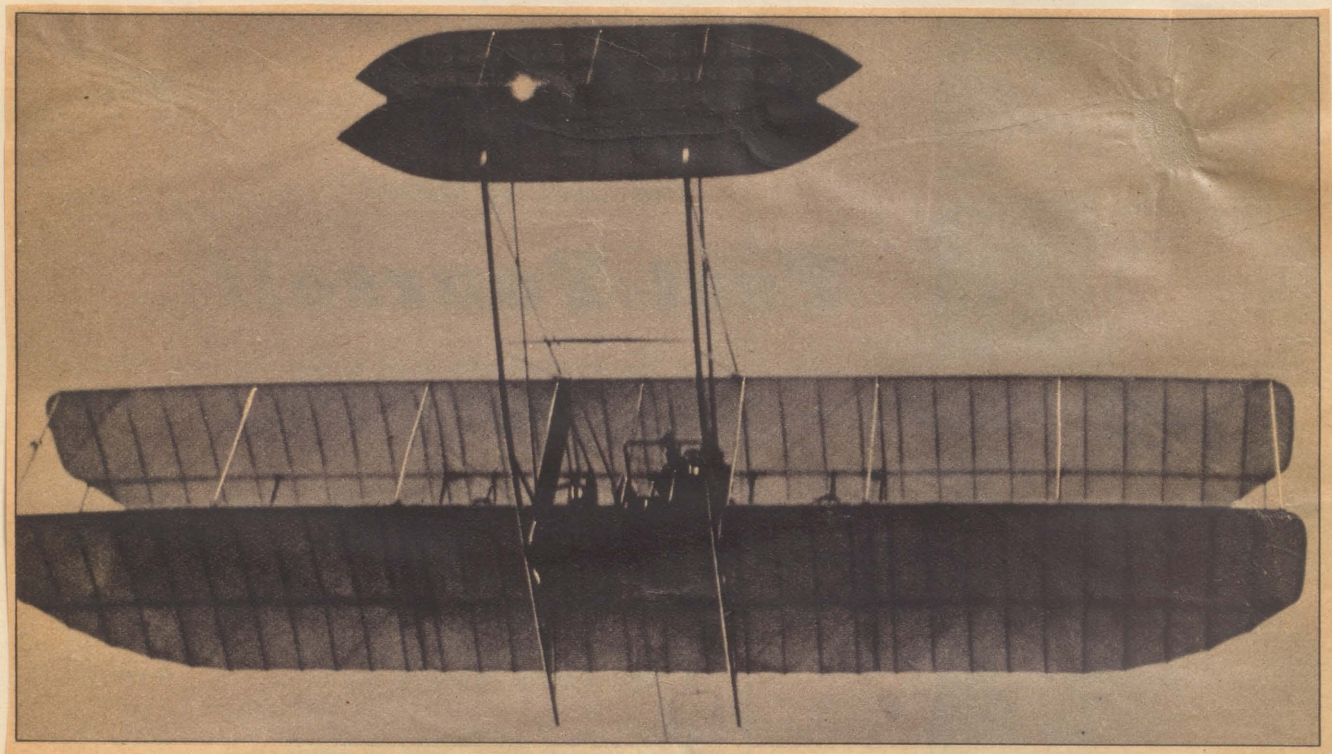
2 Wheeling Out the Plane. Orville Wright was to be pilot and Lieut. Thomas Selfridge of the signal corps was to fly with him as an observer. The plane had been flown earlier but had been remodeled to carry two men sitting erect instead of one lying on his stomach. Wheels shown under the plane were not part of it. The craft was designed to land on skids. The ailerons for directing the plane up or down were in the front instead of the rear.

127 B.

3 William Howard Taft, Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Theodore Roosevelt, motored from Washington to witness the flight.



4 The Crowd Watches. Under the tent with other officials is Secretary Taft, later to become president and chief justice of the Supreme Court. Selfridge had been selected for the test because he had worked with Glenn H. Curtiss, another of the pioneer plane builders.



5 It Really Flies! A catapult helped the plane take off. Two big, hand-carved spruce propellers pushed it over the crowd at an altitude of 100 feet with power conveyed by bicycle chains from a four-cylinder motor. It was believed at the time that airplanes in flight were safer near the ground.

6 Suddenly the Plane Crashes. Men at the right are clustered about Selfridge. Others are removing Wright, who is still in the plane. After circling the field three times, the ship was thrown into a dive when a tail wire snapped, fouling and breaking off the left propeller.

7 Lieutenant Selfridge Dies. The young officer survived the crash only a few seconds. He is buried in near-by Arlington National Cemetery, and Selfridge Field, the army airport at Mt. Clemens, Mich., is named for him. Orville Wright suffered a broken thigh and other injuries, but recovered.

Page 57—Look—Feb. 1, 1938

"My experiences of aviation began with a visit to the Wright Brothers in Dayton Ohio where they were working as makers and repairers of bicycles in a little shop. With the help of their father, a Bishop of the Christian Church, they had completed an air ship for the U.S. Government. I saw this remarkable inovation ready for delivery and housed in a building altogether too small for it. In company with my host Dr. Greene of Dayton, I had a long conversation with the good Bishop at his unpretentious house where he not only explained to me the theory of the Wright plan of aviation but predicted for his sons the aerial triumphs they subsequently attained.

" About the year 1910 I wrote a skit on avian progression as possibly related to human aviation. Perhaps this literary effort was chiefly the reason why I was commissioned by the Government (who began to think they might need them) towards the end of 1916 to assemble and provide a unit for examining aviators for the U.S.A. With the aid of regular army officers stationed in Chicago we were able, between Nov. 1916 and Feb. 1917, to examine and pass-- as I remember-- over a hundred candidates as officer aviators. What I do recollect is that these officers partially trained for flying in some old 'busses' owned by our army department were among the first of our volunteers to join the French forces-- and that they were nearly all killed.

" When we officially entered the war in 1917 my Chicago unit was the only one ready to examine prospective aviators and candidates were sent us from all over the country for that

purpose. They came in droves; indeed it seemed as if every young martial candidate wished to be an aviator! By the time our unit was dismissed we had, by working day and night, managed to examine about one-fifth of all the aviator candidates in the U.S.A.

" Early in this experience I arranged to have my official staff themselves take aerial flights in the first planes provided (about May, 1917) by the government at Champaign and although I have since flown across continents and elsewhere ~~no~~ nothing has equalled the wonder of this experience, in aviation.

" In this connection, it took our parrot John IIIrd. a long time to get accustomed to this aerial device. Close to the Coronado Hotel, where E. Lived during most of my service in Washington, was established a large flying field where training in aviation was carried on. Planes flew over and all about the hotel and it was a long time before John failed to duck his head and make other efforts to escape the aerial monstery whenever it came his way. Eventually he paid no attention to them."

In 1912 Dr Wood received the following letter- which speaks for itself-- from the Secretary and Bursar's Office of McGill University, Montreal.

October 15th, 1912

Dr. Casey A. Wood,
Chicago Savings Bank Building,
State & Madison Streets,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Dr. Wood.

Dr. Shepherd has handed to me a copy of your letter to him of the 4th instant, together with the two bonds of

$1,000 each of the Southern Wisconsin Power Co. therein referred to. For these bonds I enclose a formal receipt.

I am directed by the Governors of the University to convey to you their warm thanks for your generous gift and their deep appreciation of the interest you have shown in the Department of Medicine. It will be a pleasure to them to see that this gift is permanently applied to the purposes which you have specified.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed). W. Vaughan
Secretary.

In A short History of The Medical Library of McGill University, written by C. F. Wylde, C.B., M.B., Honorary Librarian— reprinted from The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery, Toronto, November, 1934-- there is the following paragraph:

" Dr. Casey A. Wood, of Pasadena, California, has been one of the greatest of the Library supporters. He gave his own collection consisting of more than 4,000 volumes to the Library in 1912 and endowed the ophthalmological section with the sum of $3,000. The interest from this fund, supplemented by the Faculty grant, has been used for the purchase of ophthalmological peridoicals, and a recent additional gift of $1,850 from Dr. Wood for the filling of gaps in the foreign periodical literature has very largely helped to complete the ophthalmological collection. Two incunabula were also presented by Dr. Wood, one very fine copy of Avicenna, dated 1490, and in 1933, Peckham's " De Oculo Morali," Augsburg, 1475, which is in good condition and is an example of a chained library book. The chain and staple were missing, but these have been reproduced." .

In 1916 Dr Wood acquired the famous parrot, John III, which will be spoken of more fully later.

Dr Wood, in 1916, decided to resign as the follwoing copy of a letter to Dr. Allport shows.

Dr. Casey Wood
Dr. Frank Allport
Dr. Paul Guilford
Dr. Frank Brawley
Dr. A. S. Rochester
Dr. Charles Small

Suite 1208
Chicago Savings Bank Building
State and Madison Streets
Chicago

Dr. Frank Allport
Chicago——

November 25th. 1916.

My dear Frank:

You will remember when we discussed the subject last year I ppomised that should I decide to retire from practice I would give you ample notice of my decision. I have now fully concluded, after much serious consideration of the 'pros and cons', to give up active practice in Chicago the first of May, 1917 and, as it is almost a solemn event for me, I thought I would put it in writing. You are the only one, apart from my wife, whom I have told, and as I wish to do whatever will most insure to your advantage in this matter, I will leave it in your hands to decide whether anyone else is to know or not- until later. This notice will give us five clear months to arrange our affairs. I do not intend to take any winter holidays-excpet a few days here or there- so that our association-- which has been so successful, pleasant and profitable-- may be carried on uninterruptedly to the last.

I propose to you that the firm of Wood and Allport be dissolved on Apr 30th 1917. That action will not only leave just the two of us in control of all the assets,-- equipment, bills receivable, cashiers books, good will etc-- but will put you in an independent position, in any reorganization, to choose or reject any of your former associates or assistants. Of course, as I shall retire from hospital positions, there will be a vacancy on my account in St. Lukes.

I wish to devote the remainder of my energies to literary and original research, and I am confirmed in this resolve becuase neither my wife nor I have we any family ties whose interests this move might affect.

My one regret in leaving Chicago, and the one thing I shall acutely miss will be the pleasant and almost life-long association with you. That I shall never forget. I also feel that we have sometimes been of mutual help and cheer in times of doubt and trouble.

I am, as ever,

Yours very sincerely.

The following is the reply of the Senior Dean of the College of Medicine, University of Illinois, Chicago, to the resignation of Dr Wood.

May 1st, 1917.

Dr. Casey Wood,
7 W. Madison St.
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Doctor Wood:

I thank you for the copy of your letter to President James in which you tender your resignation as Head of the Ophthalmology Department in the College of Medicine of the University of Illinois,

I sincerely regret to learn that the pleasant relations which we have enjoyed as associates in the work of the College are to be terminated, but I fully realize that you have earned a well deserved rest from collegiate duties and I trust that your coming holiday will bring you a full measure of pleasure together with renewed health and vigor.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) D. A. K. Steele,

Senior Dean.

We now give a letter from the Secretary of the American Board ~~of~~ for Ophthalmic Examinations, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

My Dear Dr. Wood: May, 28, 17.

In recognition of your qualifications as an Ophthalmologist, based upon pre-eminence, long service and high character, the American Board for Ophthalmic Examinations have voted to issue ~~xxxx~~ in your name their certificate without further examination.

Yours truly,

F.C. Todd

In 1917 Dr Wood published " The Fundus Oculi of Birds Especially As Viewed by the Ophthalmoscope, A Study in Comparative Anatomy and Physiology.", which represented over ten years of work on the subject. The title page reads.

The Fundus Oculi of Birds [In capital letters]

Especially as Viewed by the Ophthalmoscope

A STUDY IN

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY

by

CASEY ALBERT WOOD

Illustrated by 145 drawings in the text; also by sixty-one colored prints prepared for this work by Arthur W. Head, F.Z.S. London.

CHICAGO
The Lakeside Press
1917.

The first two chapters are now quoted:

Chapter I

INTRODUCTION

" Although the ophthalmoscopic and naked-eye appearances of the fundus oculi have been thoroughly described and depicted by other writers in many of the Mammals-- especially in Man-- yet very little attention has been paid to the remarkable and interesting eyegrounds of the animal that exhibts the highest and most varied type of vision-- the Bird. The meagre accounts given by even modern writers of the appearances of the avain fundus are probably due either to their quoting the ill-formed opinions of early observers or to their ignorance of the proper use of the ophthalmoscope; facility in the employment of this instrument is acquired only after long practice, and it is not to be expected that every zoologist can make his own notes of fundus pictures.

" The main purpose of this study is to furnish such a description of the intraocular appearances and the methods employed in viewing them as will enable other ophthalmologists and zoologists to further this study by examining the eyegrounds of Birds that come under their observation.

" The eyes of some representative of (practically) all the Orders of Birds and most of their backgrounds have been examined by the writer; and are more or lesss fully described and illustrated in this Atlas. Moreover, some of the more important species were examined not only ophthalmoscopically before death but macroscopically afterwards. In addition to

these methods of investigation extensive microscopic examinations of the tissues were carried on, especially in conjunction with Professor J.R. Slonaker.

That this research might have a broader and more useful application the writer has also examined the ocular fundi of a number of species of other vertebrate orders. A brief comparison will be made between a few of these findings and those discovered in the avian fundi.

The writer is much indebted to many colleagues and other friends for assistance in carrying out the present investigations, which he began more than ten years ago. Among these are the officials of the London Zoological Society, Mr. Chas. H. Hicks in particular; Professors James R. Slonaker and Frank W. Weymouth of Stanford University; Mr. C. W. Beebe, of the New York Zoological Park; Mr. Cy de Vry of Lincoln Park, Chicago, and the officers of the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, California; and Mr. Arthur W. Head (the well-known artist) who has so ably depicted and reproduced in this work the avian fundi therein described. His thanks are also due to Mr. C. H. Kennedy, now of Cornell University, who has drawn so faithfully most of the black and white figures in Chapter VII, illustrating the macroscopic findings of preserved specimens. He is also under obligations to Mr. Douglas Fyfe, who made for him a collection of birds' heads in the United States of Colombia; to Lieut.-Col. J.W. Barrett of Melbourne, who performed the same service in Australasia, and to a number of Californians , among them Messrs. Van Rossem, Wright M. Pierce

R. H. Beck, Lieut. Casey Hayes (U.S. Army) and the Managers of the Cawston Ostrich Farm and Bentley Ostrich Farm, who furnished him with abundant material from the Pacific Coast. He also owes his thanks to Professor J. Grinnell for the loan of material from the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology of the University of California; to Dr. T.A. Woodruffwho assisted him in hi earlier ophthalmoscopic studies of Birds, and to Professor Henry B. Ward of the University of Illinois, for assistance in reading the proof sheets as they were passing through the press.

The systematic classification employed for the purposes of this work is that of Bowdler Sharpe's Hand-list of Genera and Species (London, 1909), except that in mentioning North American Birds the specific names on the Check List of the American Ornithological Union (1910) has been used.

Chicago, 1917. CASEY A. WOOD

Chapter II

SUMMARY OF CONCLUSIONS

1. The examination of the eyes of Birds is a study of the most advanced and most varied apparatus for the highest expression of vision known, to any vertebrate class.

2. The examination of the interior of the avian eye through the pupils of animate species (ophthalmoscopy) gives valuable information regarding the function of sight in general and of the eyesight of Birds in particular.

3. The fundus oculi, or background of the eye, is plainly seen in its normal relations when viewed during the life of the species, and in many respects this form of exploration is superior to methods carried out on prepared or preserved eyeballs.

4. The parts and organs visible by the ophthalmoscope in the eye of the Bird are in particular (a) the concavity or general chorioretinal surface of the posterior half of the eye; (b) the pecten; (c) the optic nerve entrance; (d) the areas of acute vision; (e) the fundal bloodvessels; (f) opaque nerve fibres.

5. The appearances of these organs and tissues furnish entirely different colored fundus pictures, and it is frequently possible to recognize a species by viewing its fundus oculi.

6. The fundus oculi of Birds exhibits a great variety of areas of distinct vision, and these correspond closely to the habits and habitat of these animals-- especially their methods of obtaining food, of escape from enemies, of migration, of reproduction, etc.

7. In spite of recent advances in that direction, attempts to reproduce the colored (ophthalmoscopic) appearances of the fundus by photography have so far failed.

8. The macroscopicappearances of the ocular fundus resulting from an examination of preserved specimens have a value in this research all their own; for certain forms of examination it is inferior to ophthalmoscopy, for others superior; but it gives no indication of the color tones of the background so well shown by the ophthalmoscope.

9. As in ophthalmoscopy, attempts to reproduce the details of the eyeground of preserved specimens have so far given unsatisfactory results.

10. The use of the microscope in examining the avian eye, and especially serial sections of the parts, is occasionally required to settle anatomical questions that neither ophthalmoscopy nor macroscopy can elucidate.

11. Domestication or prolonged captivity brings about abnormal changes in the eyeground of Birds, so that only healthy, wild specimens should be utilized in this or a similar research.

12. As the colored pictures in the fundi of healthy wild birds are invariable in species these appearances may well furnish data for classification of Aves ranking in importance with other taxonomic indications.

13. Ophthalmoscopy throws light on the origin of Birds, or at least on their relation to that Sauropsidian ancestry which they hold in common with Reptilia.

14. In future no report upon a particular avian species can be held complete that ignores the visual apparatus, and especially the appearances of the fundus oculi as shown by the ophthalmoscope.

Mr. J. R. Slonaker of the Department of Physiology of Stanford University writes of Dr Wood, "The Fundus Oculi", and an amusing experience.

Reminiscences.

I first met Dr. Casey A. Wood in 1901 when I was connected with the University of Chicago. At that time he was interested in a study of the eyes of birds. As I had been working on the same subject since 1893 we naturally drifted together to carry on the investigation.

Through his financial assistance we made a collection of bird heads from wide regions of the world for further study of the avian eye. He later came to Stanford University and had his desk in a corner of my office. Here we studied the collection which had been gathered together and the results appeared in Dr. Wood's " Fundus Oculi of Birds" (Lakeside Press, Chicago, 1917), his contribution to the Encyclopedia of Ophthalmology on " Comparative Anatomy of the Eye", in numerous short papers, and in my papers " A Physiological Study of the Eye of the English Sparrow" (Journ. of Morphology, Vol. 31, pp. 351-460, 1918)," Development of the Eye of the English Sparrow" (Journ. Morphology, Vol. 35, pp. 263-358, 1921) and " The Physiology of Accommodation in the Eye of Birds" (Amer. Journ. Ophthalmology, Vol. 3, 1920). This collection of bird heads is now in the custody of the California Academy of Sciences, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco where it can be used by anyone interested.

During Dr. Wood's stay in this locality we made many auto trips to various parts of the state to study habits of birds in order to correlate certain anatomical structures of the eye. These trips were not only to cities maintaining aviaries, but also out to the natural haunts of birds. One of these trips is well remembered. I will briefly relate some of the experiences of this trip.

We thought it would be fine to take our wives into the Yosemite Valley. At that time the Wood household consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Wood and John, the parrot. This was nearly twenty years ago, long before we had the good roads we now have. The chuck holes, bumps, sharp curves and general bad condition of the road kept poor John in a constant effort, using his beak, feet and wings, to keep from being stood on his head. Coupled with the warm day, which was very trying to us all, John seemed almost exhausted and ready to give up when we reached the Wawana Hotel where we broke the trip by spending the night. This route took us in over the old Ledge Road from Inspiration Point where we dropped over 3000 feet from the rim of the valley to the floor in a little over four miles of travel. At the checking-in station we met another obstacle which, for a time, looked as though poor

John would not be permitted to enter with us and enjoy the beautiful falls and scenery of the valley. This was due to certain regulations regarding taking animals into the valley. But after much delay and telephoning he was permitted to continue the journey. We were all glad to reach our destination, but I am sure that if parrots could express all their thoughts as human beings can the language that bird would have used would not have looked well in print, and would have had to be written on asbestos paper. He was certainly a brave bird and the next day, after he had had time to preen and rearrange his much disordered plumage, he did not seem to be any the worse for his grueling experience. I felt more sorry for John than for any others in ourparty for he was confined in his cage, had to take all that was imposed on him and never had a chance to remonstrate.

We left the valley over another route the day before the Fifteenth Amendment went into effect. Eating places were few and far between. We chanced about noon to reach a road-house where they served meals. As it appeared neat and orderly we decided to eat our lunch there. Now road-houses in California which served meals also had another room with a bar. This bar seemed to be well stocked with liquids which could not be sold the next day. They were therefore, trying to get rid of their supply. Our lucheon was very good and for dessert I selected mince pie. I found it exceptionally savory with a very agreeable taste and ate the whole of it with relish. Soon after I became logy and confused in thought and action, and, too late, realized that to that mince-meat a most generous supply of spirits had been added. Since the day was very warm I wisely and modestly suggested that we rest for a time. I was not sure that I might be able to successfully pass either of the two cars which might appear to be coming toward us. We reached home safely after a most enjoyable trip. This incident is recounted to show what trust and confidence the Woods placed in me.

During several years just passed I have seen very little of Dr. Wood due to his sojurn abroad. But we have exchanged letters so that I have alwys known where to reach him.

He writes me that he and his family will soon be in Pasadena California where they will remain until after election. I hope he has kept in touch with what has been happening in these United States so that his vote will be registered in the greatest interest of the American people.

He expects soon to return to Rome. It is my sincere hope that our families may have a little visit together before they again leave us. I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for the Wood Family.

James Rollin Slonaker.

———.···.———

Dr Wood has mentioned that he often went abroad while he lived in Chicago. In the following two notes he tells of s seeing President ~~X~~ Roosevelt, of his early liking for Rome, his later prolonged stay there, and the work he did at the great Vatican Library.

Pres ident Theodore Roosevelt

ca 1910

Life in Rome.

" When President Theodore Roosevelt was travelling in Africa we also were up the Nile about the time he was returning and it happened that E. and I were in Cairo, on the ~~the~~ Riviera and in Rome at the same time he was. He was everywhere received with conspicuous enthusiasm and much honor, although in his apparently ~~important~~ impromptu addresses he did not always say what the mighty expected.

While in Cairo the Young Egyptian Party gave him a great reception, expecting to hear his approval of their sincere but often ill-advised efforts to bring about their complete independence. Roosevelt admitted that a national feeling is praiseworthy but ought to be tempered by common sense and a knowledge of the responsibilities that accompanied national government. Applying this to the Egyptian Status of the day he did not believe they were ready to throw off the British yoke which, after all, presented for them a still worse

aggression from which they were unprepared to defend themselves. Unpalatable advice that and followed by much adverse comment.

"Shortly afterwards our party was detained by bad weather-- snow , hail and rain-- in a little resort called Alassio on the Italian Riviera no less- much frequented by English people; in fact the large lounge of the hotel where we stopped was packed with Britishers. As we sat there after dinner reading the papers we heard a loud voice in choice, insular tones extolling our President. He wished "to God they had a leader like that in England who spoke in no uncertain terms and told the People where they got off.' Later when we were all in Rome, the President's politic instincts rescued him from a difficult situation. It seems that he had arranged for an audience with the Pope as well as to address a ~~at a~~ social meeting sponsored by the Methodist College in Rome-- perfectly proper procedures. However the American's made their arrangements with a blast of trumpets that looked like (and probably was) an attempt to glorify the occasion into approval by the American President of their religious scheme to prosyletize the ignorant Italians and make Methodists of them. Of course the church would not stand for this and there was every prospect of an ecclesiastic row.

"Roosevelt cut the Gordian knot by leaving Rome without seeing the Pope or seeing his Methodist friends. A plague on both your houses!

" The glory of the famous old celebration of Easter has departed from Rome; indeed for various reasons, the horse races on the Corso, the three days of the carnival and the celebration of all the other attractive events that preceded Easter (a good description of which you will find in the pages of Dumas' Count of Monte Cristo) have practically disappeared and only a trace of them remains. Perhaps the wonderful Church music now constitutes the chief reason for a visit to Rome for the Easter holidays.

" Even with the definite arrangements of the Concordat between the Vatican and Quirinal the foreigner irks atthe many holidays-- mostly ecclesiastic-- in the Eternal City. In answer to the query why the anniversary of one Saint was observed to the neglect of the others he said some of them had so much 'influence' that they simply had to recognize them and let the others pass."

(Rome has always beennattractive to me)

Rome 1900-1936.

" The Eternal City has always held a decided fascination for me since my brief visit to it over 40 years ago. My friend Harry Ware, whose wife spent much of her youth in Rome and revisited it frequently with her husband maintained that the attractions of the Italian Capital consisted of ~~the~~ its equable climate, four winters out of five being quite equal in warmth and sunshine to Cannes or Nice while in other respects it had more varied attractions than any European city.

Even the golf links were better laid out than those of most other resorts, as I proved by playing over them on several occasions. I have found this recommendation to be true and to date my family and I have resided for several years in its commodious and friendly hotels, especially in the early days of the Eden and, later, at the Hotel de Russie. My chief interest lay in the Vatican Library where I drew much of my material for my works on the Eye and its diseases, notably an English translation of 'Ali ibn-Isa's Tadhkirat (The Memorandum Book of a Tenth Century Oculist) and of the De Arte Venandi of the Hohenstaufen Emperor Frederick II, a six-book treatise, the first two and most important books beautifully illustrated in color with 900 well executed drawings of Twelth Century, Middle European birds, and falconry scenes. The heated term(July and August) we usually spent on the Italian Lake of Como, a little hotel-resort called Lenno where I generally did a little work on the literary task in hand.

" On my second visit I seriously considered settling down to practice in Rome and to that end I registered as a physician but I never took advantage of the privilege owing to the fact that the present Pope had been Prefetto of the Vatican Library and that a Carnegie Foundation furnished the money for the indexing and modern reconstruction of its 60,000 MSS. and additional thousands of its rare printed volumes Americans were made very welcome at the Vatican. I also added my mite in recognition of special privileges and became persona grata to the authorities. "

In 1932 Dr Wood penned this note on Italy:

Italy.

Dolce tra i vini udir lontane istorie
D'atavi, meutre il divo sol paecipita
E le pie stelle sopra noi viaggino
E tra l'onde e le ponde laura mormora

(Sweet it is among the vines to listen to tales of our forefathers, while the divine sun pours down upon us and the Sacred Stars whirl journey above us and between the waves and the leafy branches murmurs the breeze)

Thus spoke Carducci in his metrical 'Deserzano', describing what most of us who have lived in Italy chiefly remember——"

———•••———

1917-1938.

Chapter Five

The War and After

In " An Account of the Wood Family" Dr Wood gives a brief description of his own war services.

" He was, as First Lieutenant, placed on the Medical Reserve Corps in 1908. From November, 1916 to February, 1917, he was ordered on active duty in Chicago to examine aviators, during which time over 500 candidates for a Commission in this branch of the military service were passed upon. In June ,1917, he was given charge, with the rank of Major, of a medical examination unit, Air Service, Chicago-- a unit that eventually examined nearly one-fifth of all the newly commissioned aviation officers in the Army. August, 1917, found him in charge of Head Surgery at Camp Sherman, Ohio. In December, of the same year, he was ordered to Washington, in charge of the publicity section of the Division of Physical Reconstruction. In this connection he shortly afterwards represented the Surgeon General on a mission to Canada.

" About this time he was appointed Editor of the official Reconstruction magazine 'Carry on'; and was created a member, to represent the Surgeon General, of the Red Cross Institute for Disabled Men, New York, and the Red Cross Institute for the

Blind in Baltimore. In the Autumn of 1917, Dr Wood had assigned to him the duty of outfitting the ophthalmic department of Base Hospital No. 33, Albany, New York, and was slated for Service abroad. Acute illness, however, prevented his going overseas, and on recovery he was given charge, in the office of the Surgeon General, of the Medical and Surgical History of the War.

" Dr. Casey Wood was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, MC. on May 21st, 1918; was made Secretary of the Board of Publications, S.G.O. and subsequently was charged with the preparation of the volume on the history of U.S. Hospitals for the Surgeon ~~XXXX~~ General. Discharged from duty, October 15th, 1919, on the January 1st, 1919 ,(sic) he again accepted service in the office of the Surgeon General to complete his work on the History of Hospitals and on his retirement in January, 1920, was for these services awarded th the rank of full Colonel in the Medical Reserve Corps. During his residence in Washington, Dr Wood was chosen Secretary of the Committee (with Professor Wm. Welch of Johns Hopkins University, Chairman) for preparing the Anniversary Volumes commorating the 70th birthday and activities of the Late Sir William Osler."

In a very brief article on his family, Dr Wood records another sidelight on his war service.

" In addition to his labors as physician, pphthalmolog-

ist and zoölogist, Dr.Wood has done his share of patriotic labor. In 1916 he was, as a first lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States Army , among the first to examine aviators for his government . In February, 1917, he resigned from the army that he might offer his services to the British Medical Service, but they did not at that time seem any place for a man of his age and experience, so when the United States declared war against Germany he at once applied for reinstatement and was, with the rank of Major, given charge of and organized the Chicago Unit for the examination of candidates for the Air Service, (and) of the Signal Corps. This particular unit was destined to be so employed that it examined nearly a quarter of all the aviators in the whole country. In September, 1917, Dr Wood was transferred to Camp Sherman, Ohio, in charge of the Head Surgery Section of the Base Hospital. In January, 1918, we find him on the staff of the Surgeon General at Washington, conducting the literary work in connection with the reconstruction of the disabled soldier and sailor, a new task for the United States and one in which it expects to profit much from Canadian experiences..."

Dr Wood has written a sketch of his life at Camp Sherman in 1917-18.

Camp Sherman

1917-18.

"Like most of our 32 training camps of the Great War the one to which I was attached was erected in an unsuitable locality chosen as the result of political influence. Camp Sherman was built at a cost of materials, labor etc. plus ten per cent and cost at least twice what it should have done. It was an 'emergency' incident of war. The heating apparatus was ill conceived, poorly constructed and badly served. We nearly froze to death in officer's quarters where for various reasons ~~xxx~~-- among them a lack of good coal-- the temperature that winter several times sank to zero combined with a piercing night wind. Despite all our difficulties we managed to ~~xx~~ keep main occupied hospital wards fairly warm and comfortable; and we had some diversions, a dance now and then with the nurses, visits from higher-up officers and government officials and of course the usual inspections, games, glove fights etc. I headed one mild form-- supposed to be useful-- of instruction in French, elementary lessons for the benefit of those officers who had forgotten their School French. It was quite popular and I hope was of some benefit to the conscripts in France. Among the younger officers was a Russian with an ambition to learn something more of the French language than I could teach him at these lectures so he proposed 'at off ~~xxxx~~ hours' to give me instruction in Russian I to furnish him

with additional drilling in French. After a month or two it dawned on me that in my mentality there was no provision for learning and even to read a language whose letters differed so radically from our Italian or Gothic and although I recognized in Russian quite a few old (appropriated) Greek letters I made little progress. About this time I had a bad attack of acute bronchitis and was myself laid up in hospital, and my class both in French and Russian had to be abandoned.

" Years afterwards I was reminded of the (to me) almost insurmountable difficulties of acquiring any worth while knowledge of a foreign language whose letters did not resemble ours when I essayed Arabic. After a long struggle with the grammar of that language I had to acknowledge defeat, and today my knowledge of any Semitic tongue, printed or spoken, is entirely negligible.

" Who shall say that any vivid experience-- especially those of early life-- is a useless one, except perhaps for the time being? When small-pox broke out among the unvaccinated recruits that began to fill the camp towards the end of 1917 hardly a doctor attached to any corps had ever seen a case of this disease, comparatively rare in the northern U.S. A. So it happened that I who had passed through two epidemics in Montreal and had personally attended dozen of cases of all kinds and feared none of them felt quite at home. Everybody was glad to turn over his charges to me and it was voted better to have one outcast physician than a dozen-- all of which was agreeable to me; anyway, the treatment of small-

pox is among the simplest of medical tasks."

During the War Dr Wood purchased John III, a beautiful grey-green parrot whom they kept for many years and which accompanied them all over the world on their travels. He was a good talker, sang such songs as "Yankee Doodle," and was, in many other ways, extremely intelligent and a good companion. While Dr Wood was on War Service, the parrot lived with Mrs Wood at Coronado in California. Dr Wood describes an incident that occured there in the following brief article.

To be added to the Chapter on

Our Bird Companions.

" In the private, mimeographed 'Letters from the Tropics' I have at various times written for the information of intimates about our wanderings I have often spoken of our interest in bird life especially about the bird companions-- three parrots, viz: John I, II and IIIrd that for many years formed part of our household. The last named was longest with us, a most intelligent, interesting and lovable animal.

"For example when E. was living in Coronado -- I on service at Camp Sherman-- the former locality was visited by a well marked Earthquake. On that occasion John III was sitting on her knee when without warning and before she realized what was

transpiring he " squawked' out loud and with every evidence of alarm flew several times around the room, striking against walls and furniture, to fall eventually exhausted on the floor. It was not until the quakes stopped and he had gained refuge on my wife's shoulder that he quieted down.

"He certainly was aware of the 'advent of the trembling earth' some seconds before E. noticed them."

In a little booklet Dr Wood has bound together the following :

" The Rival Races
A Brief and Simply Illustrated Story
of
Two Birds.
By Casey A. Wood
Published in Two Par(ro)ts.
Par(ro)ts I.II

" Decr. 25th., 1928" (Then Follows a picture from the rotogravure section of the New York Times of September 23, 1928, with the following below it.)

" A Bird which has Made the Trans-Atlantic Crossing. Fifty-Seven Times; Whiskers, the Parrot which Has Accompanied Its Master, George Arliss on All of His Trips, Arrives on the Leviathan on the Way to Hollywood. (Times Wide World Photos.)

(Copy)

" Dr Casey Wood
Stanford University
California.

Personal

George Arliss, Esq.
Geary Theatre
San Francisco, California.

Decr. 10/28

Dear Sir:-

It is not on account of your incomparable Shakespearian impersonations that I write but with reference to "Whiskers."

From the rotogravure pictures of him I have seen he seems to be a fine example of the African Grey (Psittacus erithacus) and certainly he holds the blue ribbon for Atlantic xx crossings.

I am mistaken, however, if his wanderings equal those of a British Honduras Double Yellow-Head (Amazona oratrix) John III, known to ornithologists the world over, who has been traveling with my wife and myself for the past twenty years pretty much over earth's surface in an amateur study of wild life. John III has spent several years with us in the Far East, Kashmir, India, Ceylon, South Seas, Australia, South America, etc., has crossed the Atlantic over twenty times, Pacific and its bays many times.

I will not bore you with a roster of his accomplishments-- that are many-- but I must say of the companionship of an intelligent parrot something xxxx with which I am sure you will agree, viz, only he (or she) who has been chosen by such a one as a life companion can know the joy of living

with an animal who loves you for your own sake and not because you are a good provider or are wise or charming or even because you are a celebrity of sorts.

Please do not feel obliged to read the enclosed, and do not return any of them.

I remain, with every sentiment of regard

Very sincerely yours

Casey A. Wood.

I cannot help wondering how you manage with "Whiskers" on shipboard. We have a travelling cage exactly like yours that betimes is placed in a camouflaged hat-box. Owing to the wonderful affection of the British for animals, the accomplishments of John III and the judicious offering of a few shillings at opportune moments we have rarely been oblidged to give him in custody of the butcher, but have kept him with us in our stateroom."

(Original Letter)

Los Angeles Biltmore.

Dec. 20. 28.

Dear Dr. Wood

It was exceedingly kind of you to send me the delightful article on the parrot.* I only wish I could explain many things therein to Dinky Bits Hail Columbia Arliss-- "Whiskers"

* My quest of the Imperial Parrot(Dominica) C.A.W.-1923-

for short, that I might rob him of some of his conceit, which is colossal. He too is a friend of my friend William Beebe.

The type-written treatise I have not yet read, but am looking forward to it with much pleasure.

Out hat-box is lined with aluminium with holes punched in it. In crossing the Atlantic we never confess to the Purser that we have a bird. We tell the Steward (with extra tip) and the Steward tells the purser and the purser ~~shu~~ shuts his eyes. In this way we never have to give Dinky to the butcher.

With kindest regards,

Yours very truly,

George Arliss.

George Arliss
c/o Warner Bros. Studio,
Burbank, California.

Apr. 12. 31.

Dear Dr Wood

Allow me to thank you for sending me the very touching tribute to John III. There are very few people who know the human side of a parrot. Dinky Bits Hail Columbia is still going strong. We did not know until we ~~xxxxxxxx~~ arrived here that we might have brought him this year. But he is in excellent hands. Some very old friends of ours, who have a similar bird of their own and who regard all animals as part of the family, are taking care of him.

With best wishes

Yours truly,

George Arliss.

The following account was written in 1930, but is included with the other "Parrot" sketches.

The Passing of John The Third.

an appreciation.

Our beloved Parrot, third of his name, had lived with us for more than sixteen years. He had not been away from one of us a single day during that time, part of which was occupied in travel over nearly the whole world. We had together crossed the Pacific and Indian Oceans several times and had made the voyage across the Atlantic on more than a dozen occasions. We had resided in the far East nearly three years, two years in the British West Indies and South America, and almost as long in Australasia and Polynesia. So that during all these experiences we got to know thoroughly and appreciate fully John III. He was a lovable, gentle, playful, intelligent and highly educated member of his species, Amazona Oratrix, probably born in British Honduras and, when he died, was more than 40 years old.

He had been carefully trained in his early youth by a lady who made a specialty of educating intelligent parrots and he grew up to be a person of many accomplishments.

Perhaps the trait that most appealed to us was a certain habit of self-entertainment indulged in when he was left alone in the house. Like human beings thrown upon their own resources he was obliged to amuse himself. We discovered this characteristic in John shortly after he joined the family circle.

Coming in quietly one day, we heard him singing and talking to himself in a low, sweet voice but with an unusual and altered intonation. We never knew (except from reports of the servants) how long these concerts lasted nor how soon after he had been left alone they began; we knew only how and when they ended. If the sharp ears of the parrot detected a sound that made him suspect our home-coming the self communion immediately ceased, and was not resumed unless he felt satisfied that he had heard a false alarm. Once he believed that any member of the inner circle had entered the house the singing ceased and nothing could enduce him to give an encore.

" If we reached the parrot's closed doors on tiptoe we were often able to hear the dialogue, invariably delivered with an intonation peculiar to the occasion. It generally ran something like this: " Now, sing a nice little song." Response, in a different voice, " Rock-a-bye baby?" "yes: Rock-a-bye baby." This query and reply was then followed by a verse (sometimes only two or three lines) of the familiar ditty, followed by other songs from his extensive collection.

Weh, after listening to the duet, we entered his room John would greet us, in his usual voice, with " Come in" or " Hello there", treating us to other solo welcomes in his everyday manner.

I never believed that he was ashamed of these solitary communions, but he evidently thought them to be so severely personal, so peculiarly intimate, that not even members of his own family could be allowed to take part in them. The soul of John III had a secret, inner shrine at which only he could worship!

However that may be, every time I listened to that rather sad and lonely program there rose before me a possible solution of the mystery suggested by Hardy's " Darkling Thrush":

" So little cause for carolling
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or near around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy goodnight air
Some blessed hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware."

But who knows? who knows?

During the past two or three years he was beginning to forget some of his songs and phrases, but, as his lyric and conversational repertoire was so varied, that did not matter to us; it was his happy companionship-- his evident and frequently expressed desire for our company-- that was his chief charm. It was not that he had on his tongue all the usual and dozen of unusual parrot sentences that charmed my wife, my niece and myself, but the knowledge that everyday

there was awaiting us at home, a sentient being who expected us and by word and deed eagerly welcomed our return and brightened at our coming.

Parrot lovers alone appreciate the fact that the larger varieties are "One-man" or " One woman" birds, and the contented parrot is one who finds in the family where he lives a particular ONE on whom he is able to especially bestow his affections. It is cruel to buy a parrot just because he is beautiful or because he can repeat a few sentences. The main consideration should be not that you like him but does he like you? Some members of the family he will tolerate or hate; towards still others he will assume an indiferent attitude. Strangers he will look over critically for a few minutes and then classes them quickly in one of these three classes. My wife was the chosen one; she uncovered him in the morning for the daily greeting , and she was the only person who, according to his idea, could properly clean his cage and put him acceptably to bed; upon her he lavished most of his affections. The rest of us he liked as part of the family flock but she was the Beloved. He would not eat or drink all day unless one of the family was present, thus carrying out in captivity the social parrot law of the jungle that meals should be taken with the flock. I have been informed by dealers that parrots have refused food and water and have even died when " Put out to board" or otherwise deserted by their owners. At any rate, the exiled bird always leads a miserable existence during the absence of his adopted mate.

This uncompromising, altruistic attitude of the larger

parrots towards chosen companions cannot mainly because of its extreme rarity among human beings, be regarded as an earthly quality. Perhaps it is a symbol of that love in heaven, whose wavering image many seek in vain, but clearly recognised, nevertheless, by the amazon parrot.

The imposition of an embargo last year on the entry of all parrots into the United States raised with us and our parrot a very serious dilemma. We had planned to leave England on the completion of my work in the British Museum and to return to California, but now we were disbarred from bringing John III with us. It may be said by those who do not know " Why not leave him in a zoo or with friends abroad?" Yes: why not place <u>your</u> curly-headed four-year old boy, whose very life is yours, in, say, a home for the friendless? We decided not to desert <u>our</u> parrot in this way but to wait until the parrot-fever scare had died out in the States.

Later in 1929 we went to Rome (to escape the rigors of the British Winter) and about the middle of May prepared to return to England. One day while glancing through a copy of the N.Y. Paris-Herald (shortly after we had taken tickets via Boulogne for London) I read a startling paragraph viz. on and after May 20th Parrots would be refused entrance into Great Britain. This sad news was soon confirmed, so we arranged to make an earlier start and to arrive in England before the 20th. Then something still worse happened : France prohibited even the <u>passage</u> of parrots through her territory and it seemed likely that

Italy, Germany, and Holland would soon follow with a similar embargo!! There was one way out, to go to sea to England port, but alas! it was then too late to make that arrangement.

So here we were, the victims of fate. Then another consideration arose, a difficulty almost as serious; even if we could reach the British Iles by way of Germany and Holland before May 20th how about leaving there in a few months as we proposed doing? It was only postponing the evil day. Se we held a family council and after discussing the problem in all its bearings we decided to do what seemed best for John. I took him in his traveling cage to the Office of the Roman Humane Society provided with a letter of introduction from a member. I was glad to find that this useful association was properly equipped for Chloroforming birds-- that are very susceptible to the lethal effects of the anesthetic. We lowered the poor little chap, with his cage, into a glass sided box: in three minutes, without pain or struggle, he was unconscious, in ten he passed away into Happy Parrot-land.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Only those who have enjoyed the affectionate companionship of an animal-- dog, horse, bird-- who has loved you for your own sake, can possibly know the heart-ache that goes with a loss of this kind, but we have no regrets about the deed itself. Like the Roman father and his little daughter in the market place, there " Was no other way but this" and, then, there will always survive with us those memories which nothing can dim of the happy years we spent together.

C. A. W.

Queen Ann's Mansions,
London, May 30th, 1930.

Hotel Eden,
Rome, Dec 16th, 1930.

and

295 Wigmore Drive,
Pasadena, California.

From a scrap book of Dr Wood's entitled "Opuscula Ornithologica" 1926-33 are taken the following two items:

" 'Billy' a Madras Bulbul found fallen from his nest by a Kandy (Suisse) Hotel 'boy' who brought him to M.F. for care. He ate potatoe and papaya ravenously and grew to be very tame and a great pet. Travelled with us to Kashmir and then to California where he found a home at the Children's Museum in Los Angeles. He had a very strong antipathy for certain people and would scold them violently. For others he had great affection and would sit happily on one's shoulder singing."

" Daily Sketch, Tuesday, September 29th, 1931.

".... On their flight from the Northern winter many

thousands of swallows were brought down in Austria by the cold weather. Bird-lovers placed them in a temporary shelter and as opportunity offered they were carried by aeroplane to Venice, from where, it is hoped, they might be able to resume their Southward flight."

———•••———

On a slip of paper Dr Wood has recorded two facts about talking birds.

" The writer of that very readable natural history romance and depository of Zoological folklore 'Animated Nature' says that those who are desirous of teaching that extremely interesting member of the Cordivae, the magpie, to speak have a'foolish custom of cutting its tongue, which only puts the poor animal to pain, without improving its speech in the slightest degree.*"

" Pliny speaks of a raven kept in the temple of Castor that was the daily companion of a tailor who kept a shop nearby. He taught the bird to pronounce the name of the Emperor Tiberius and the whole royal family and not only had great recreation and fun thereby but advertized his buſisness greatly."

———•••———

The following Dr Wood clipped from the London Daily Mail of October 25, 1930.

" The Mauretania's previous trip-- from New York-- was remarkable for a throng of sparrows and finches

which settled on the ship when she sailed, with a hawk in close pursuit.

For hours the hawk circled round, getting hungrier and hungrier, till at last it came to rest on the mast. Meanwhile the sparrows and finches were also getting hungrier and hungrier inside the ship because they were so frightened at first that it was impossible to feed them.

Eventually they became tame and many of them survived the whole trip, landing at Southampton, where they will probably infect the local bird life with a Yankee chirp.

———•••———

The following statement is taken from a closely-written, small sheet of notes.

"... History of the war and my ppomise to return and assist in writing same 18 mos more made me perhaps (I never tried// to verify this statement) the... doctor longest in the U.S. Service (1916-1920)."

———•••———

To close the War period we give the following notes on Canadian-American matters, for it was at this time Dr Wood took out his papers and became an American citizen.

" My dual nationality naturally enables even an average intellect (like my own) to penetrate more deeply and successfully the mystery of British-Canadian- American comity than is possible to the 100% American, the equally patriotic Little Engländer or the home-grown Canuck. It is not possible for the three last named (and perhaps not for the writer) to keep an eye steadily fixed on nationalist truths; each, in considering foreign relations, inevitably casts side glances

at the interests of the land of the leal and, consciously or unconsciously, asks himself how do things affect Canada, England and perhaps the British Empire. Few there are who escape the patriotic flair-- and who would?

" As an example of this truth, the attitude of the average Little Englander not only towards the British Empire but towards the rest of the World outside the two-thirds of the earth he does not in varying measure control is (sententia mia)fairly and fully set forth in Paul Cohen-Portheim's 'England, the Unknown Isle'. An excellent English translation by Alan Harris is in the Tauchnitz Edition, Collection of British and American Authors, Vol. 5088,1933.

" This independent, philosophic, calmly considered, unprejudiced monograph by a writer of distinction threats a difficult subject in a manner that inspires respect and is on the whole the most trustworthy guide to an englightened understanding of that labyrynthine subject the rise , progress and probable fate of the most wonderful Empire the world has ever seen . Altho' my opinion is of little value let me say that as I agree with the essentials of Cohen-Portheim's premises and conclusions I may be pardoned for quoting a number of them..."

Here the note comes to an abrupt end, the remainder being lost.

A clipping published towards the end of the war is now given. It is from The Gazette, Montreal, August 13, 1918.

THE GAZETTE, MONTREAL, TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1918.

Lieut.-Colonel Casey Wood

One of the books we may expect when peace follows war will bear as its title "World Famous Canadians." Its first name in the medical chapter will be that of Sir William Osler, who studied his profession and began his practice in Montreal, and whose great medical treatise grew out of his work at the Montreal General Hospital. A kindred spirit, as eminent in another field, is Lieutenant Colonel Casey Albert Wood, who was born in Wellington, Ontario, sixty-one years ago. He studied medicine at Bishop's College in this city, and established himself in general practice within two miles of his alma mater. Its Faculty had remarked his ability as a student, so that soon he was appointed Professor of Chemistry at Bishop's College, and afterward filled the chair of Pathology. As surgeon to the Grand Trunk Railway Company, many eye cases came to his surgery. This led to his attending the clinics of the late Dr. Frank Buller, the leading Canadian oculist of his day. So successful was Dr. Wood in treating faulty and impaired vision that in 1887 he resolved to become an oculist. He proceeded to New York, London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, where he studied diseases of the eye under the most eminent practitioners. On his return to America, he opened an office in Chicago where he was at once greeted as an oculist of the foremost rank. He was soon called to professorships in the Chicago Post Graduate Medical School; the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago; and the Medical Faculties of the University of Illinois and Northwestern University.

Dr. Wood is a born teacher, and he knows that he can reach a larger public with his pen than with his voice. For years he was chief editor of The Annals of Ophthalmology—to cite but one of his many tasks in journalism. His books fill a shelf, they include, "The Commoner Diseases of the Eye," and "Lessons in the Diagnosis and Treatment of Eye Diseases." Latest and best of all is a portly volume which describes the eyes of birds. Its pictures, in the tints of nature, are of remarkable beauty and interest. Its title is "The Fundus Oculi of Birds."

Two years ago Dr. Wood retired from practice with the highest professional honors. He is not the kind of man to pass from activity to sloth. Today from dawn to dusk he is busy for his country with helm and oar. In 1916, as first lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States Army, he was one of the first examiners of aviators as they came forward. In 1917, with the rank of Major, he took charge of the Chicago Unit which passed upon candidates for the Air Service of the Signal Corps. Last September he was transferred to Camp Sherman, Ohio, in charge of the Head Surgery Section of its Base Hospital. Last May he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel at Governor's Island, New York. Since last January he has taken a leading part, at the Surgeon General's Office, in Washington, in putting war cripples on the payroll. His chief task is to sift and publish information in this important field, so that practice everywhere may come to the level of the best anywhere. Colonel Wood finds the Canadian records, week by week, to have golden value for his pages. His own records at first appeared as monthly bulletins. In June they were superseded by a handsome magazine, "Carry On," which bears the Red Cross imprint.

Colonel Wood is often asked for his counsel by young men about to begin the study of medicine, and whose ambitions would lead them to adopt a special branch of medicine or surgery. He always declares that it is best to begin with a goodly period of general practice; on that foundation a specialty may follow with most promise. A patient, after all, is a unit, and as a unit he should be treated when his eyes, or other special organs, are wounded or diseased.

In 1886 Colonel Wood was married to Miss Emma Shearer, daughter of the late James Shearer, of this city. Twelve years ago he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery from McGill University. On the fiftieth anniversary of its Medical School its alumni chose him to deliver the address on their behalf. Thirty-six years ago, when but twenty-five, he was paid a significant compliment. When Herbert Spencer came to Montreal, Dr. Wood was one of the small company invited to greet the famous apostle of evolution.

In 1918, Mr George Iles published " Canadian Stories, By George Iles. Together with Choosing Books: An Address at Hackley School, Tarrytown, N.Y., and Jottings from a Note-Book." It is dedicated " To Lieut-Colonel Casey Albert Wood, M.C., N.A. in memory of old days in Montreal."

In part of 1919 Dr Wood was in California observing bird life.

The rest of the year was spent in Washington, where he lived at the Cosmos Club, and, among other things, undertook the Secretaryship of the Osler Memorial Volumes. In a letter he writes:

" When on war duty in Washington (1917-1920) I was one of the Secretaries of the two Osler Memorial Volumes committee and really got out the format and wrote one of the (Col.ill) chapters of that"Festschrift."

The following is the circular sent out to announce the volume .

SIR, WILLIAM OSLER'S
SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

On July 12, 1919, SIR WILLIAM OSLER will be seventy years etc.

(see next page)

SIR · WILLIAM · OSLER'S SEVENTIETH · BIRTHDAY

ON July 12, 1919, SIR WILLIAM OSLER will be seventy years of age, and an Anniversary Book is being prepared by his pupils and colleagues in celebration of that event.

There will be two large octavo volumes of over 700 pages each, with a new engraving of Sir William Osler as frontispiece. These volumes will represent the best in typography and binding and a special rag paper is being made. There will be numerous plates and text illustrations, some of them colored. All contributions are original and heretofore unpublished.

As shown by the list of articles, there is an opportunity not only of honoring Sir William Osler, but of acquiring a medical work of unusual character and value, which, in the ordinary channels of publication, would cost considerably more than the subscription price.

The work will be printed from type and there will be only one edition (which will not be publicly advertised). Conditions of publication make it necessary to limit the supply of copies to those who forward the subscription price ($10.00) in advance. The list of subscribers will be given Sir William Osler as part of the presentation copy.

Subscriptions, accompanied by check, should be sent direct to

DR. HENRY BARTON JACOBS, 11 MOUNT VERNON PLACE, BALTIMORE, MD.

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	CHARLES SINGER, M.D.

Further information may be obtained from the publisher,

PAUL B. HOEBER, 69 EAST 59TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Dr Wood is listed among the contriubtors as follows:

" Wood, Casey A. (Chicago), Eyes of the Burrowing Owl, Special Reference to the Fundus Oculi."

The following is a letter from Sir William Osler to Dr Wood:

9, vii.19
13, NORHAM GARDENS,

OXFORD.

Dear C.A.W.

Yours of the 22nd got here this eve, and I am so glad to have these details about the preparation of the anniversary vols. What a labor it has been-- and in these hard times! Really it has been too generous and good of you all. I am looking forward with intense interest to Saturday , when that dear old friend Allbutt makes the presentation after the meeting of the Association of British Physicians. You have got together a great list of contributers. Hearty thanks for all you have done.

I am glad you are going to stir up the library at McGill. There should be more money voted for the cataloguing and I fear from Bryn report that staff are under-staffed. My collection grows, something coming in each day. I sent you (Chicago) my address at the classical association. The ophthalmological congress meets here to-morrow-- we miss poor Dogue. It keeps up very well and has been a stimulus to the Provincial men. All well here-- we have had a busy term and the colleges are crowded. We had 200 fine American boys who enjoyed every minute of their stay.

Again hearty thanks for all you have done.

Ever yours

(Signed) Wm. Osler.

In 1920 there appeared " A Physician's Anthology of English and American Poetry, Selected and Arranged by Casey A. Wood,

M.D., and Fielding H. Garrison, M.D."

The following is taken from the Foreword to this volume.

From the Foreword.)

This volume was originally intended as a birthday tribute to Sir William Osler by one of his old Montreal students and by another American 'pupil' in a far different sense. Too late for the festal ceremonies in honour of his seventieth birthday, it was in the hands of the publishers when less than five months later (December 29, 1919), the 'Chief' was taken from us; but the verses herein collected had already passed through his hands and met with his approval.

The present collection is devoted neither to poetry by medical men nor to poems on medical subjects. Verses by medical men seldom rise above a certain level. Poems on medical themes, such as those of Flaubert's friend, Louis Bouilhet, usually turn out to be the dry, uninspiring products of a chimera disporting itself in vacuo.

Assume a young physician, of good upbringing, and with the kind of liberal education which his calling requires. Some of the emotional experiences reflected in these poems will be inevitably his, as he passes through life, or he will observe them in others, in his professional experience. The effect of medical training upon the individual is peculiar, in that it frequently gives a materialistic bias to the mind. But the effect of medical experience in practice, the constant familiarity with all modes of human suffering, is different. It does not make the doctor right-hearted and high-minded, then he will fall short of the old Greek standard set by the Father of Medicine-- that rectitude of mind and character is essential to the making of a good physician.

Dr Wood, according to Dr Maude E. Abbott , Professor Emeritus, McGill University, supplied the books from which he and Dr Garrison cut out the poems they wished to include in the Anthology.

In 1927 Dr Wood recorded, in a brief note, the following

" In the Hotel de Russie Prof. Rushton Fairclough of

Stanford gave a dinner to a dozen rather distinguished.... (illegible) At the plate of each guest was placed a small envelope containing a quotation from A Physician's Anthology for which I had been responsible for the title of which my name appeared as co-compiler and which the guest was expected to read aloud to the assembled crowd. That was not so bad had I not been expected at the end of each reading to make some sort of comment and especially to give my reason for the choice ~~xxx~~ which was...."

The Note concludes abruptly.

In a circular entitled " The Casey A. Wood Foundation is is responsible, among other projects, for the following:" is the item:

" Osler Library Donation, McGill University, begun about 1920;".

Sir William Osler in another letter to Dr Wood speaks of his birthday and the proposed Anthology.

28,vii,19

13, NORHAM GARDENS,

OXFORD.

Dear C. W.

'Twill be most interesting to look over the MSS-- which I will do carefully. How good of you and Garrison to think of me in this way. I had a great birthday and Allbutt's presentation of the volumes was splendid. I am delighted that you are moving in the matter of the McCord collections wh. should not be lost.

Yours ever,
Wm. Osler.

The birthday " Festschrift" was not ready in time however-- " Dummy" volumes being presented on his birthday-- and, Osler dying shortly after, they became Memorial Volumes. " A Physician's Anthology" also was too late.

A finely bound presentation copy to Lady Osler of the Anthology is now in the Osler Library at McGill.

Upon Sir William Osler's (in 1920) and Mr Weir Mitchell's death, Dr Wood was elected to the Charaka Club to fill one of the vacant places.

The following are letters Dr Wood wrote in 1919 concerning his future gift of the Emma Shearer Wood Library .

From
Dr Casey Wood
The Kingscote
Stanford University, P.O.
California.

Mr. C. H. Gould
Library of McGill University,
Montreal, Canada.

Dear Mr. Gould:-

Yours of July 4th has just arrived, and I wish it were possible for me to follow so deserving a plan as you have out-lined. However, when you learn that my income has been reduced, by Army Service and retirement since then from practice, to a fraction of its former amount and that I have decided to spend any surplus over living expenses chiefly on McGill Libraries, you will understand why I cannot properly subscribe the desired sum. On the other hand, I may be able to help you by inducing a certain wealthy friend of mine to subscribe the $3000.00; and I am writing him by this mail a strong appeal. In the event of a favorable decision you

will hear from him directly, and I shall write you again when I have his reply, whether it is favorable or not.

Wishing I could do more and trusting to see you next October on my way to Washington,

I remain,
Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) Casey A. Wood.

———•••———

The Cosmos Club,
Washington, D.C.

November 1919.

Dear Mr. Lomer:-

In reply to yours of Nov 26th I am much interested in the Audubon clipping. En Passant are you not glad that the McGill Library has a copy of the Elephant folio-- even if it has such a poor collection of ornithological literature as a whole?

You will, perhaps, be pleased to know that I sent a few days ago, as my first instalment of the Emma Shearer Wood Ornithological Library a complete set with two indexes of our best known and most useful bird Periodical " The Auk"-- 37 volumes 1883-1918 When I leave here in January I shall go the rounds in N.Y. and Phila for more " accessions",

Two of my friends in the National Museum there are making out a list of what they consider the most desirable books, periodicals, etc for a general ornithological library. They are author(ities) on the subject and I shall mostly follow their indications in this matter. From time to time I shall address to the " Library, McGill University, Montreal" such consignments as I gather, and on my arrival in Chicago next January you'll have probably a large lot--making a working nucleus of a research and students library. A friend in the bureau of engraving here is preparing a book plate from which, subject to official approval first, I shall have a sufficent number of prints made.

Hope to see you before long,
I remain,
Very sincerely yours
Casey A. Wood.

P.S.

Until you take charge whom shall I address at the McGill Library? I have unfortunately forgotten the name of the lady from whom I got most of my information, samples of book plates etc.

———•••———

Extract from a letter from Dr Wood to Dr Lomax.

Cosmos Club,
Washington.

Dec 3, 1919.

".... It irks my soul to see spoiling on the walls of this club basement some fine originals of Audubon's colored engravings --keeping company with the barber, the steward, the laundry et G. omne.

Perhaps when I leave I shall be able to pack a few in my trunk!

I have been able to add a few more complete sets of the "Auk" etc. These periodicals are after all, more useful and more valuable for a research library, don't you think, than most forms of literature? However, we shall have the others too...."

On January 2, 1920, Dr Wood left Washington for California, stopping off at Chicago at the Hotel La Salle in Chicago.

On Monday evening, January 19, 1920, at the Hotel La Salle in Chicago, Dr Wood was given a dinner by the Chicago Ophthalmological Society in his honor at his retirement from active practice. In " The Wood Family" Dr Wood writes of this as follows:

" On his retirement from active practice (1920) to complete his literary tasks and to continue his studies of comparative biology, the American Journal of Ophthalmology said: ' The Chicago Ophthalmological Society took the occasion of its annual meeting on January 19th, 1920, to hold a banquet in honor of its most illustrious and best beloved member, Dr Casey A. Wood, who is retiring from active practice. Over

one hundred members of the Society and old-time friends of Dr.Wood, both from Chicago and elsewhere, sat at the tables. The many sided activities of Dr. Wood's strenuous career, as an ophthalmologist, writer, teacher, soldier, ornithologist, etc., were referred to in appropriate speeches by Dr. Lucien Howe of Buffalo; Dr. Harold Gifford of Omaha; Col. Fielding Garrison, Editor of the Index Medicus; Dr. Walter R. Parker of Detroit, and Professor Henry B. Ward of the University of Illinois. Brigadier- General Birkett of the Canadian Army, Dean of the Medical Department of McGill University, paid a strong tribute to Dr. Wood as a man of whom his Alma Mater was justly proud. More than a hundred letters and telegrams of congratulation were received by the Chairman, among them from Professor Wm. H. Welch of Johns Hopkins, Dr. George E. Armstrong , President-Elect of the American College of Surgeons, Dr. Harvey Cushing of Boston, President James of the University of Illinois, etc."

The menus for this banquet had for its motto:

' You have deserved high commendation, true applause, and love'

-- Shakespeare.

The speakers and their subjects are given below as they are listed on this menus.

Toastmaster
Dr. William L. Noble

Dr. Lucien Howe
" The Opthalmologist"

Dr. Fielding H. Garrison
" The Writer and Editor"

Dr. Harold Gifford
" The Professor of Ophthalmology"

Dr. Walter R. Parker
" The Military Surgeon"

Dr. Henry B. Ward
" The Ornithologist and Comparative Anatomist"

Dr. Casey A. Wood
" RESPONSE"

At this dinner, in reference to his love of hymns-- already recorded by Mrs. Edith Hayes--, they sang what they called " Dr. Casey Wood, Hishims." The following are some of the titles.

" There are Some Doctors Here."

" Who is the Most Distinguished Man in Ophthalmology?"

" Oh Where Have You Been Colonel Casey, Colonel Casey?"

" Here's to Casey, He's the Boy We love to Cheer."

" Colonel Casey, a la Militaire."

" When the Army Sent a call for men who really 'Know'."

" If You Want Some Glasses Fitted on a Very Wise Owl."

" We Wish You Luck For ever and a Day."

" Has Anybody Here Seen Casey?"

" Good-night Casey."

The following is a clipping taken from a Chicago paper of January 12,1920.

CHICAGOANS WRITE WAR MEDICAL HISTORY.

Three Chicago physicians, under direction of the surgeon general of the United States army, are helping to write a medical history of the world war.

One hundred army physicians are compiling the work, according to Col. Casey Wood, who was in Chicago yesterday to address the Service League for the Handicapped. He came from Washington, D.C., where he has just finished writing that part of the history which deals with hospitals in the United States.

Col. Frank Billings and Col. Harry E. Mock are writing the history of physical reconstruction, dealing with rehabilitation of disabled soldiers and training them to enter civilian life as producing citizens.

" The history will comprise twenty volumes," Col. Casey Wood explained yesterday. " The first five volumes should be ready by the first part of 1921. This work will be encyclopedic in character and should be a great help in future wars.

———•••———

Dr Wood continues in " The Wood Family" as follows:

" Dr Wood was one of the founders of the Chicago Ophthalmological Society, and has always been most loyal in its support and untiring in his efforts to raise it to a high level as a scientific organization. In recognition of his services and in appreciation of his worth as a man of high professional attainments and of wide scholastic and scientifi

achievements and as a token of the high esteem in which he is held by his associates, the Society conferred upon Dr. Wood a certificate of ~~Hxxxxxyx~~ Honorary Membership in the Society, and presented to him a Testimonial of Appreciation. This volume, bound in sealskin, contains fifteen pages of parchment beautifully illuminated, and with the autographs of the member Dr. Casey Wood's chief clubs are: The University Club, Chicago; Cosmos Club, Washington, and the Author's Club, London, England."

On May 19, 1920, Dr Wood sent a postcard to Mrs Edith ~~Hxy~~ Hays saying:

" Please add to my various other offences Member American Historical Society (I have just been elected):...."

Also on January 17, 1920, Dr Wood read, before the Societ of Medical History of Chicago, an address on " A Brief ~~t~~reatise on the Preservation of the Eye-Sight" written in the 17th century by Dr. Bailey. It was published, with six illustrations, in the October, 1920, issue of the Bulletin of the Society of Medical History of Chicago, Edited by Dr. Morris Fishbein.

On January 29, 1920, in a letter to Dr Lomer, the Librarian of McGill University Library, Dr Wood says, in part:

"..... I hope to see one of the finest ornithological libraries in N.A. doing its proper work on your shelves and in the hands of students...."

This refers to the donation of the endowed Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology -- later to be called more simply the Wood Library. It was started on October 1st, 1920. The following is a "clipping" from The Gazette, Montreal, of October 2nd.

Montreal Gazette
Oct. 2. 20

VOL. CXLIX. No. 237

HAS 900 VOLUMES DEVOTED TO BIRDS

Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology Presented to McGill

GIFT OF COL. C. A. WOOD

Donor Formerly Practised Medical Profession in Montreal—Name on List of McGill Graduates

The announcement was made yesterday at McGill of the presentation to the Redpath Library by Colonel Casey Albert Wood, M.D., C.M., D. C.L., of the Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology, one of the most important and valuable contributions which has even been made to the McGill library.

The identity of the donor will be of special interest to Montrealers not only by reason of the eminence to which he has attained in the medical profession as well as in the services of the country of his adoption, the United States, but also because he received in 1877 his first medical degree from the University of Bishop's College, then of Montreal, the medical faculty of which was later merged with that of McGill, so that Col. Wood appears on the list of McGill graduates of the class of 1906. Colonel Wood also practiced in Montreal with distinction, was surgeon of the Grand Trunk Railway, was closely connected during the period of his residence in the city with the work of the Montreal General Hospital, and held for some time the chair of pathology and chemistry at the University of Bishop's College in Montreal.

Later Dr. Wood as he was known at that time, specialized in ophthalmology, in which branch of medical science he has since achieved international fame, both as a practising specialist and author of authoritative books on the subject. Dr. Wood moved his residence from Montreal to Chicago in 1889, which city has since been his home. For distinguished service in the medical corps of the American Expeditionary Force, during the Great War Dr. Wood was given the rank of full colonel in the medical reserve corps of the American Army.

(Continued from preceding page.)

IN WIFE'S HONOR.

The library has been given by Co Wood in honor of his wife, Emm Shearer Wood, who is a native o Montreal and to whom Dr. Woo was married in this city in Octobe 1886.

The library of ornithology is com prised at present of about 900 vol umes in addition to pamphlets an periodicals, but all the items hav not as yet been received. The book cover every subject which has t do with birds or bird life, and eve extend into the field of natural his tory in general, as well as includin the biographies of famous ornith ologists. They range in materia from technical treatises to the mos popular form of writing consisten with literary soundness, some bein delightful descriptions of life in th open with the study of birds as th raison d'etre of the outing. Practic ally all the books are profusely il lustrated and not a little interest i attached to a comparison of the dif ferent technical methods used i illustrating the earlier and late books descriptive of birds where s much depends upon accuracy o coloring and detail in markings.

The title pages of the English books bear dates of issue ranging over almost a century, while on German tome goes back to th middle of the 17th century. On handsome volume abounding i beautiful hand-colored plates illus trating the birds of the Himalaya mountains bears 1832 as the date o issue, and is dedicated to "Thei Most Gracious Majesties William IV and Queen Adelaide. There ar about 15 current periodicals on th shelves, including "The Ibis" th standard British publication on or nithology. Bound sets of "The Ibis" go back to the first number of th first volume published in January 1856.

A special section of the library is devoted to bird books for children.

The book plate designed by Colonel Wood for the books of the library consists of the picture of a handsome parrot reproduced in his bright plumage of green and yellow and perched on a book. Around his head runs a scroll announcing him to be "John the Third." The portrait is said to be that of the last of three successive Johns who have lived indulged and garrulous careers as pets in the Wood family.

A NOTABLE COLLECTION.

The library is installed in the room to the right of the main entrance of the Redpath library, which formerly housed the architectural library and also contained the books of the McGill Book Club. The cataloguing and arrangement provide that there are grouped together first books on general ornithology, secondly, those dealing with birds of different continents, countries, states; then families of birds, single species, single members of species. In this way it will be easy for the merest layman to locate a book on any special kind of bird while technical volumes can just as readily be located.

In the opinion of several experts in ornithology who have already ascertained some knowledge as to the extent of the collection, the Emma Shearer Wood library when complete will compare favorably with any ornithological collection of books on the continent. It is expected that the library will be open to readers about the end of October.

This is the second valuable collection of books for which McGill is indebted to Col. Wood, he having presented his personal library on the eye and its diseases to the medical library of McGill in 1917.

It is expected that Colonel Wood will be in the city within a fortnight to attend the conference of the Fellows of the American College of Surgeons when he will personally inspect the new ornithological library of McGill which owes its existence to his generosity.

(Continued from preceding page.)

Dr Wood collected bird books assiduously all over the world for the Emma Shearer Wood Library and also zoölogical books for the Blacker Library-- see below. The intensity of his search is illustrated by the following excerpts from letters written later.

"... Here I am, 'doing' bird books every day almost-- in spite of the coal-less surroundings...."

"... Dr Lomer "— who went to England toh help Dr Wood in 1921— " and I have been adding to the library at the rate of about 100 volumes daily for sometime past...."

Another great service Dr Wood did McGill University is shown by the following telegrams dated October 5, 1920.

Dr Lomer, Librarian
McGill University, Montreal, P.Q.

Through suggestion of Dr. Casey Wood I desire to present to McGill University a library of zoology he will confer with you and represent me I desire him on purchasing board.

R.R. Blacker.

R.R. Blacker
c/o B. H. Chicago, Ill.

On behalf of Principal and Governors and Library Committee I assure you we will gladly accept zoological library

offered by you to McGill Please accept appreciative thanks.

G.R. Lomer,
Librarian.

———•••———

The following "clipping" from The Gazette of Montreal, of October 13, 1920, tells of this gift.

Montreal Gazette
Oct. 13. 20.

THE GAZ

$40,000 GIFT FOR REDPATH LIBRARY

Canadian, Now Resident of California, Endows Zoology Library at McGill

IN HONOR OF HIS WIFE

Sum of $30,000 Will be Expended for Books—More Space is Required

A gift of $40,000 has been made to the Redpath Library of McGill University by Mr. R. Blacker, of Pasadena, California, the money to be used for the purchase and endowment of a research library on zoology. This announcement was made at McGill University yesterday following the annual meeting of the committee of the Redpath Library. A visitor who was in attendance at this meeting was Colonel Casey A. Wood, the distinguished ophthalmologist and ornithologist of Chicago, and the donor of the Emma Shearer Wood library of ornithology, a valuable addition recently made to the scientific resources of the university library.

The tidings of the donation of a second special scientific research library was brought to the committee by Colonel Wood, of whom Mr. Blacker is a close personal friend.

Mr. Blacker, who was born in western Ontario, was said by Colonel Wood to be desirous of making a gift to a leading university of the land of his birth, and being interested in the natural sciences chose this form of gift. The library has been donated in honor of Mr. Blacker's wife, Mrs. Nellie Canfield Blacker, who shares her husband's interest in natural science in general, but with special leanings towards love of bird lore. The sum of $30,000 will be used for the purchase of the books, while $10,000 will be devoted to an endowment of the library for the purpose of making the necessary additions from time to time to keep the library scientifically up to date.

It is intended in gathering together this library to interpret zoology in the widest sense and to include comparative anatomy as well, and it is also planned to make the library as complete as possible and representative of the highest authorities in all branches of the natural sciences. Special attention will be given to the securing of zoological periodicals in all languages. The committee to have direct charge of arrangements for the library consists of Colonel Wood, Professor Arthur Willey, of the zoological department of the Arts Faculty of McGill, and the university librarian, Dr. Gerhard Lomer. During the winter Professor Willey and Dr. Lomer will compile lists of books to be purchased, while Colonel Wood will probably make the purchases abroad during the spring and summer months of 1921. It is hoped to have the books on the shelves of the library some time during the next winter.

(Continued from preceding page.)

A practical difficulty will be encountered when the books have been received and catalogued and made ready for the shelves, that of finding suitable space for them in the library. The same difficulty is arising continually in the library at the present time and such gifts as these of the ornithological and zoological libraries will necessitate substantial additions being made in the near future to the library building.

Colonel Wood in reply to an inquiry from The Gazette stated that with him the study of bird lore was of the nature of an absorbing pastime which had extended over the past 15 years. The colonel's book on the eyes and eyesight of birds is regarded as the highest authority on this subject in the English language, and he admitted was the outcome of the combination of his special field of medical research and a sort of scientific indulgence of the pastime which has for some years claimed most of his leisure. Having spent last winter in observing the birds of California and neighboring localities Colonel Wood intends during the coming winter to gratify a long cherished desire, that of spending some time in British Guiana at the tropical research station of Kartabo which is the tropical research branch of the New York Zoological Society which owns and operates the Zoological Park in the Bronx. The Kartabo station is under the direction of William Beebe, the eminent natural scientist and contributor to contemporary scientific literature.

British Guiana is said by Dr. Wood to be the best locality in the world for the observation of birds and bird habits. There are found there, too, the missing link between the lizard and the bird which had once a common ancestor. This link which is partly bird partly lizard, is known as the hoatzin and is now only found in British Guiana.

A larger literature on ornithology was said by Colonel Wood to exist in English, than in any other language and the monographs on bird life of the mid-Victorian period were said to be remarkable for beauty and the chronicling of the results of painstaking research.

Colonel Wood thinks that, judging from his former experiences in purchasing books on the natural sciences, that most of the purchases for the new zoological library of McGill will be made in England and Holland. He confesses that he anticipated considerable difficulty in bringing together in a comparatively short space of time the best treatises to be obtained on these subjects, but is counting on his acquaintances with the sources, where such books may be procured to stand him in good stead, and is of the opinion that the search will afford him a good deal of pleasure which will more than compensate for any time or trouble he will devote to it.

(Continued from preceding page.)

The following are excerpts from the Minutes of the Library Committee.

Oct 11th, 1920.

Among the important recent donations the attention of the committee was called to the gift of $300.00 a year from the Misses McLennan for the travelling libraries, to the installation of the Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology, and to the gift of $40,000. ($ 30,000 foundation, $10,000 endowment) by Mr. Robert Roe Blacker of Pasadena, California. The committee in charge of the Blacker Library of Zoology, as appointed by the donor, is to consist of Colonel Casey A. Wood, Dr Arthur Willey of the Department of Zoology, and the University Librarian.

Owing to another meeting the Principle then left the chair to Mr Fleet who introduced Colonel Casey A. Wood, M.D.

Colonel Wood explained to the committee the aims of the founders of these two special scientific libraries and asked for suggestions as to departments of the library needing similar encouragement in the future. After some discussion Faculty representatives on the Committee were asked to confer with the members of their Faculties and the other members were invited to forward suggestions to Colonel Wood through the Librarian's Office.

April 11th, 1921.

$5000 received from Blackers and upon Colonel Wood's arrival at the end of April the Blacker committee would make the necessary arrangements for purchases during the summer.

October 9th, 1932.

A number of colored plates have been framed and hung. Dr Casey Wood spent the summer in England preparing an annotated catalogue of ornithological periodicals which he expected to complete on his arrivalhere on Oct 10th. No such complete or annotated list exists and Dr Wood is presenting it to the university for publication. During the summer he has spent £ 336.7.8. in purchasing rare books and pamphlets for the library and has had the opportunity of first choice from the Cabanis- Reichenow and Sclater collections.

It was 1923 before the Emma Shearer Wood Library was opened to the public as is shown by the following "clipping" from the same paper.

SATURDAY, MAY 17.

EXHIBIT CONFINED TO WORKS ON BIRDS

Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology Opening at McGill

For the first time in Montreal, an exhibition is being held which is devoted entirely to books on birds and original paintings of them. The occasion is the opening to the public of Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology, which was presented to McGill University by Colonel Casey A. Wood, M.D., LL.D.

Colonel Wood has just returned from a trip to Australia, New Zealand and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, where he combined ornithological investigation with a search for rare books, and in the course of which he commissioned artists to paint a series of some 75 pictures, illustrating the birds of Fiji. These pictures were done on the spot from nature, and the whole series is now exhibited for the first time. The pictures are a faithful representation of the variety of color to be found in the birds of the Pacific.

The exhibit contains also a selection from the original Audubon prints, which are now eagerly sought for by collectors, in particular, the wild turkey, whose size determined that of the celebrated Elephant Folio of Audubon drawings. There are also a number of original sketches and a few modern woodcuts, as well as a collection of eight fine Japanese wall pictures and a series of Japanese prints of birds.

Among the books, it is interesting to note that Audubon's Birds of Mark was presented to the library as early as 1861 by a number of Montreal merchants and citizens. The cases, which are arranged to show the history of ornithology, and the distribution of birds, display the most unexpected variety and intensity of coloring. Many of the plates are the original hand-colored engravings, and in point of time other volumes date from the 15th century.

Apart from the illustrated books, there are displayed works of a popular nature and books for children, while the subject of bird photography, bird song, migration, bird protection, oology and bird anatomy, are all well represented. One case is filled with bundles of correspondence of ornithologists, a veritable mine of information for someone to use in writing the history of the subject.

The exhibition will be open to the public from Monday until June 27, daily, except Sunday.

The following article describes a later exhibit. It is called "The Bird Exhibit in the Redpath Library (May 15--September 1, 1933) By G.R.Lomer, M.A., Ph.D. (University Librarian) Reprinted from 'The McGill News,' June,1933."

The unusually fine collection of over 4000 original paintings and drawings of birds in the Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology is perhaps not as well known as it might be to McGill graduates. An opportunity to see a representative collection of these, together with rare books from the Blacker Library of Zoology and the Bibliotheca Osleriana, is provided by an exhibit which opened in the Redpath Library on May 15 and which will continue throughout the summer.

A touch of three-dimensional reality is added to the pictures by numerous mounted birds, selected by Mr. S. Chambers from the collection in the Redpath Museum and including a specimen of the Whistling Swan, carried over Niagara Falls in 1929, the Labrador Duck which became extinct in 1875, and the Passenger Pigeon in 1914; and other birds ranging in size from the humming bird to the wild turkey. Besides the eggs of the ostrich and the emu, there is a bisected fossil egg of the Tropic Bird, found fifteen feet below the surface in Bermuda; and specimens of the American woodcock. Concerning this last, there is an interesting scrapbook of drawings by the naturalist George Cumberland (1754-1848) showing the earliest known drawings of its flexible upper mandible. The drawings antedate the recorded fact that this flexibility of the upper mandible was discovered by Gurdon Trumble in 1890; as will be pointed out in a forthcoming article by Mr. Henry Mousley, Treasurer and President of the Province of Quebec Society for the Protection of Birds and a member of the American Ornithologists' Union, whom the Library is fortunate in having to assist in the cataloguing of these drawings of birds. By him and by Miss Elizabeth Abbott, McGill, Arts '19, Assistant in the University Library, the informative historical and scientific notes for the exhibit were provided.

The intention of the present exhibit is threefold: its main purpose is to give a general view of the historical development of the scientific illustration of bird-life; but it also aims to interest children in the knowledge and preservation of birds; and last but not least to honour that generous donor to whom the Library owes directly and indirectly its magnificent collections of books on ornithology and general zoology, Dr. Casey A. Wood, LL.D.

It was in 1920 that Dr. Wood established the Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology in Honour of his wife; and a few years later he interested his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roe Blacker, in the foundation of a library of zoology. These

two collections form a special scientific library, known throughout the world as being particularly rich in early works, periodicals, and scientific society reports, as well as rare monographs and illustrations. These have been listed and described in "An Introduction to the Literature of Vertebrate Zoology" compiled by Dr. Wood and published by the Oxford Press in 1931.

The historical portion of the exhibit begins with the magnificent edition of the "Historia Naturalis" of the younger Pliny, which Jenson printed at Venice in 1472. Itis followed by Aristotle, of whose work McGill possesses over 20 editions. In the "Libri de Animalibus," Venice, 1476, Aristotle describe over 70 birds. Albertus Magnus and Bartholomaeus Anglicus are followed by a fine coloured folio of the "Hortus Sanitatis Major," in which 122 birds are described. The later volumes include such authors as P. Bellonius, Conrad Gesner, and Francis Willughby, who published in 1676 the first systematic classification of the birds of the world, completed by John Ray. The Library is particularly fortunate in possessing another copy of this work published in 1678 and unique in that it comes from the library of Samuel Pepys and is the only coloured copy of this edition.

The eighteenth century authors whose illustrated books are shown include the Comte de Buffon, Eleazar Albin, George Edwards, Carl von Linne, Mark Catesby-- all names known to the specialist, but not so familiar to the general public as Gilbert White and Thomas Bewick. To list all the others would be to risk the tedium of a catalogue, but one is tempted to mention in particular John Gould, whose series of magnificent folios containing over 3000 folio hand-coloured plates are a library in themselves. Of these McGill possesses a complete set. Among the moderns it is impossible to make special mention.

In addition to the books, there is a long series of selected examples from portfolios containing the original paintings of such artists as Lady Elizabeth Gwillim (1783-1807) whose magnificent paintings of Indian storks rival in size and technical mastery the pictures in the elephant folios of Audubon; C. Collins, P. Paillou, Eleazar Albin, J. van Huysum, G. D. Ehret, and G. Webster, whose combined drawings number almost a thousand; and such contemporary artists as Allan Brooks, G. M. Henry, John Duncan, W. J. Belcher, and Henrik Grönvold, whose painting of Dr. and Mrs. Wood's famous parrot John III is displayed in one of the cases near the bookplates which he adorns. It is interesting to note in passing that the bookplates for the Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology and the Blacker Library of Zoology were designed by Mr. W. P. Barrett, an English artist whose work is well known and who designed the bookplate used by the late Queen Alexandra.

The exhibit is the latest of a series running over sever

years and arranged to show to students, graduates, and the public various interesting aspects of the collections of the University Library. Sometimes the exhibits have been historical, sometimes archaeological, artistic, bibliographic, or of interest in connection with some current anniversary, such as that of Parkman, Shakespeare, or Goethe. But in every case this educational aim has determined the selection and arrangement of material and the type of explanatory note provided.

The extent and importance of the McGill museums has been recognized within the University as a result of the survey recently made by Dr. Cyril Fox of the National Museum of Wales, and it is to be hoped that the exhibits now carefully arranged at the Redpath Museum, the McCord Museum, the Ethnological Museum in the Medical Building, and in the Redpath Library will bring before the graduates of McGill in a concrete way the desirability of extending each of these collections and eventually of erecting a University Museum Building in which these treasures can be worthily housed and exhibited in a manner that is at present only a vision of things to come.

Later in 1920 Dr. Wood went to Kartabo, British Guiana, at the Station there of the New York Zoological Society with Dr. Wm. Beebe.

The following "clipping" is from an Australian paper of 1923.

BRITISH GUIANA.

"

Wearing Clothes Kills Natives.

"For ten months in the year the sun temperature in British Guiana averages 160 degrees, but the trade winds blow gently both day and night, and as no one dreams of wearing more clothes than are absolutely necessary the people find it a cool and comfortable climate," said Colonel Casey Wood, the American ornithologist, in a lecture to the Royal Colonial Institute last night. Sir James Barrett presided.

It was a land, said Colonel Wood, of many beauties; water lilies grew like weeds on every pool and canal, and there were nearly 300 varieties of orchids. Only

man was vile. For some reason or other the natives refused to keep even "half-way clean." Missionaries had acquired a great influence over the river Indians known as Akawais, who had once been cannibals, but were now so docile that they had consented to wear clothes. This was bad, because they did not realize that they should remove their clothes when wet, and t the result was that they were rapidly dying of influe nza and similar complaints.

British Guiana contains much strange fauna. Colonel Wood showed lantern slides of several curious animals, birds, and reptiles, and also of the Hoatzin peculiar to British Guiana, which is the "missing link," proving the common ancestry of birds and lizards.

At Christmas, 1920, Dr. Wood sent a circular letter from Kartabo. (We have no copy in Toronto.)

On the back of a photo. Dr. Wood has written:

" This photo shows our two tents and their immediate surroundings, including my 'jungle' outfit; also my pet curassow, to whose beautiful coloring and lovely crest justice is by no means done. We were great friends, and he would permit no one at the Station but me to touch him. He roosted at night in a high tree overlooking the river and came to my tent early every morning to be fed and petted. Feb.2.21."

In 1921 Dr. Wood received the degree of LL.D.(honoris causa) at McGill.

He then went to England--staying at the Artillery Mansions-- to buy books for the two libraries. Dr. Lomer went to England to help him.

Mr. Blacker was also offered an LL.D. In the Preface to

"An Introduction to the Literature of Vertebrate Zoology", Dr, Wood says:

" The Blacker Library of Zoology was founded in 1920 and, later, handsomely endowed through the munificence of Mr. Robert Roe Blacker and his wife Nellie Canfield Blacker of Pasadena, California.

" Mr. Blacker was born in Brantford, Ontario, Canada, and in 1867 migrated to Manistree, Michigan, to engage in the lumber business. There he married, and in 1912 retired from business to settle in Pasadena where he and Mrs. Blacker have continued to reside. These two widely known and highly respected citizens have for many years been engaged in various philanthropic works. They have shown themselves to be good friends of scientific research, especially in generous donations to McGill University and to the California Institute of Technology. Living in the neighbourhood of the latter school of learning they have been closely identified with its many activities and have given much of their time, energy, and wealth to forwarding its usefulness and prosperity. In recognition of Mr. Blacker's material and personal aid in the advancement of science McGill University offered him the honorary degree of LL.D., but, unfortunately, the degree is never conferred in absentia, and ill health prevented his attendance upon convocation. "

The following are extracts from letters concerning this:

" After his retirement from a successful lumber business in Michigan some twenty-five years ago, Mr. Blacker settled in Pasadena, and in conjunction with Mrs. Blacker soon

identified himself with prominent educational work and charitable activities in Southern California. During the Great War they not only contributed largely of their abundant wealth to the National Red Cross, but supported several local activities of that organization, hospitals, sanatoria, etc. In addition to giving large sums of money, Mr. Blacker devoted his own time and energies to work and superintendance of more than one section of the Red Cross. After the War, when that ch charity was permanently organized, Mr. Blacker became one of its most efficient officials and advisers.

When the California Institute of Technology was founded, and its headquarters located in Pasadena, he was elected one of the Trustees and again gave, and continues to give large amounts of money in support of various funds connected with what is now one of the largest and best equipped institutes in the United States.

Of the Blackers' donations to McGill I need not sp speak. Through the writer they first contributed $3,000 to the McCord Historical Museum, and their much larger and continued gi gifts to the Blacker Library of Zoology are of course well known to you, since they have been entered for several years past on the University records. "

.....The Blacker Library is the best assemblage of works on vertebrate zoology in any University of this continent, and affords opportunity for study and research not surpassed by any teaching body in America."

.....

Mr. Casey A. Wood has written to me asking me to present to you the claims of Mr. R. R. Blacker for an honorary degree from McGill University in recognition of his contributions to education and scientific research.

Mr. Blacker is one of the Trustees of the California Institute and has been a large contributor to its success.

The Trustees of the Institute have adopted the policy of giving no honorary degrees, and even if that were not the case, we should, of course, not be able to make this sort of recognition of Mr. Blacker's services.

Mr. Blacker is an extraordinary man of great modesty and of corresponding worth....."

In this year (1921) Dr. Wood travelled between California, Chicago, Montreal, Halifax, London, New York,

Barbadoes, and Demarara.

In 1921 Dr. Wood was made a Life member of the American Ornithological Union. He also returned to Kartabo for the winter. He cruised about the West Indies on Zoölogic and Medico-Historical Research.

At this time he wrote " The Cayenne or River Ibis in British Guiana".

In February Dr. Wood wrote " A Letter from Georgetown". (We have no copy in Toronto.)

The following dates taken from letters show Dr. Wood's activity in 1922.

March 2.	British Guiana.
" 16.	St. Kitts (on board S.S. Chaudiere).
"23.	Princess Hotel, Bermuda.
April 16.	New York.
" 21.	Washington (Cosmos Club).
May 2.	On board Cunard R.M.S. Scythia.
" 6.	Liverpool.
" 27.	London (Author's Club).
September 23.	New York.
October 23.	Chicago.
November 7.	On train for California.
" 18.	Coronado Beach, California.
December 13.	Pasadena.

When in England there occurred the remarkable series of

events recorded in Dr. Wood's " A Quest of the Nightingale" which is given below.

May 10.1922.

The Deepdene,
Dorking,
Surrey.

A Quest of the Nightingale.

When on May 6th., 1922, E. and I landed from the Cunard S.S. "Scythia" at Liverpool I was accosted by a Newspaper reporter (accompanied by his camera-operator) who requested an "interview" and my photograph. I replied that I had done nothing worthy of these honors, but this statement did not appear to satisfy the reporter, who was very insistent that I should tell him my "mission" in England. More to get rid of him than for any reason I can now furnish, I said " Oh, I came across the Atlantic earlier than usual to hear your nightingale sing." No sooner had the words passed my lips than I realized that I had made a mistake. It was true that I had, in spite of the many times I had visited England, always been too late to hear Philomel's incomparable song, and that I had so timed this trip to include the period of his sweetest trills, but there were, of course, other motives behind the project. However, the search of the nightingale from distant America appeared to fire the imagination of the news gatherer. He wanted to know more about the matter; he had been informed I was a " famous" ornithologist (at which news I inwardly groaned) -- could I tell him more about my study of birds, and so on?

With the belief that the News Editor would cut whatever I said down to the usual three or four lines I yielded enough "information " to enable me to escape. That night about eleven oclock I was called on "long-distance" at the Adelphi, where we stayed a few days to enable E. to recover from a severe cold she caught on board ship. "Would I accept the hospitality of Lord Northcliffe at his 'shack' in the country, where I would be sure to hear the heavenly bird?" "Many thanks to his Lordship, but I had already arranged with my friend Mr. Kirke Swann, one of the best known English ornithologists, to pilot me to the haunts of the nightingale." Then, for the following two weeks, things happened. It became the (minor) fashion to discuss in the press (among them a poem in "Punch" (May 24,22) on Our Priceless Possessions), not only in England, but in a faintly echoing fashion in the U.S. and elsewhere the spectacle of the devoted American who had travelled across the Atlantic just to hear the nightingale sing. From every part of his "range" both in England and on the Continent, invitations poured in on me to "come and hear him sing" In many cases the letter was accompanied by an offer of

hospitality coupled with a proposal to meet me at the railway station, to put me up for a night or two and to show me just where the bird could be heard at his best. One could not help being stirred by such a display of kindliness and genuine hospitality on the part of a bird-loving people, and I tried to show my appreciation by answering personally all invitations to house and to make my acknowledgments to others through the newspapers; which, by the way, took some time and energy.

Curious consequences arose out of this episode. Motor-bus excursions were advertised to run from London to parts of the country-- especially in Surrey-- where the nightingale could with certainty be heard; short essays, generally illustrated, appeared in all the papers (even in that hyper-conservative organ, the "Morning Post") on the natural history of the British bird whose entrancing strains drew even an American from his native shores; other enthusiasts, like the late Mr. Wegg, broke into poetry, some of it gay, some serious; while a pictorial daily "faked " my portrait for the benefit of its readers. However, I do not complain of <u>that</u> deed as the artist greatly improved on the original by presenting me as a " younger and handsomer man."

Shortly the foreign correspondents of American newspapers began to prick up their ears. " Who, anyway, is this American who is making all the fuss about the nightingale? Let's look him up in Who's Who." And then began a faint recrudescence of newspaper curiosity that I tried to satisfy as diplomatically as I could. E. and I had a number of small purchases to make on our arrival in London and it became necessary for me to give my name and address to the clerk. Invariably he paused in his notes with " Pardon me, sir, but are you not the American gentleman who crossed the Atlantic etc "-- and I was obliged to admit that I was.

I had to go to our Consulate to make some inquiries anent our passports. " Well, Doctor, have you seen the Nightingale yet?" And I call up that sickly smile prepared for the occasion and tell both the consulate doormen and my friend the higher official all about it.

I am still an officer in the Army and in virtue of that fact am under orders to report to the military attache at our Embassy. " Oh, I say, Colonel, does the nightingale sing only at night? Early the other morning I heard one of the finest songsters just back of our garden", and so forth. And I explain to Major --- that as I didn't see and hear the bird in question I could not diagnose the case but at a guess it was probably the English Blackbird, that is almost the first to pipe up in the morning dawn and rivals the n---------e in purity and continuity of song.

However my brief and , on the whole, entertaining experience is now a thing of the past. Even my colleagues of the British Museum, which I almost daily frequent, forget to inquire after the"health" of my philomel. All that remains, therefore, is the printed and written record of the adventures, which I have in part preserved for the amusement of a few friends. At some of it they may laugh; but at most

of it I look with an expression wholly different.

This is the reply I made to Lord Northcliffe's invitation to spend a night in his "country shack", not only to hear the nightingale sing but to partake of certain fluid hospitality not readily accessible in my own (dry) country:

"To MR. Clark, News Editor, Daily Mail, Carmelite House, London, E.C.4.

My dear sir- At the request of your Mr. E.K. Brady I write to say that in the matter of my study of the British nightingale my friend Mr. Kirke Swann, 38 Gt. Queen St., Kingsway, has arranged an expedition into the country for the purpose, and that we set out at once, to be gone a week. This arrangement will, of course, render unnecessary any similar visit, although I desire now to thank you for your kindness and courtesy in suggesting it.

Most sincerely yours
Casey A. Wood.

How this expedition was planned and carried out is (indirectly) described in the various documents that follow. We had a very successful trip, seeing and hearing many British songsters--including the nightingale.

Dr. Wood was made fun of in Punch four times.

I. In a cartoon (May 17), two London millionaire-ish Clubmen are listening to a rather primitive ear-phone radio. Underneath is written:
"BROADCAST" WIRELESS.
First Clubman. " Ah! The Nightingale!"
Second Clubman. " That sounds like a knock-out!"

II. In the "Charivari " of May 17: " Dr. Casey Wood has travelled from America to England on purpose to hear the nightingale. Everything is being done to persuade him to have a peep at the Die-hards while he is here. "

III. In the " Charivari " of May 24: " Up/ to the time of going to Press no news had been heard of the plucky little nightingale which recently set out for America to listen for the pop of a cork. "

IV. On May 24 also appeared the following:

Our Priceless Possession.
(Suggested by an article in an Evening Paper, recalling the fact that an American scientist recently journeyed six thousand miles to England to hear the nightingale.)

They come in droves across the pond
In answer to a silent call,
Being at heart supremely fond
Of the Old Country after all.
They pour on us with lavish hand
The wealth they bring from far-off waters,
Annex our knick-knacks, pictures and,
Often as not, our daughters.

Yet few possess the soul, I fear,
Of yonder scientist, who made
The eager journey just to hear
The prima donna of the glade.
And I for one would like to thank
The noble fellow as a debtor;
For here at XXXX least he hints the Yank
Can never go one better.

But most of all I love to think,
Though billionaires from U.S.A.
Could buy us up with pen and ink,
One treasure's here and here to stay;
That, though she still bewails her fate,
However much for her they holler,
The nightingale, at any rate,
Is proof against the dollar.

The following amusing article is from the Daily News of May 20:

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND
RUBBERNECKS AND NIGHTINGALES
TRANSATLANTIC TRIPPERS---A LISTENING-IN TRAGEDY
FACT AND FANCY---THE HARMONIOUS BANK CLERK
(By F.W. Thomas (of the "Star").)

You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that Dr. Casey Wood has heard the nightingale. As to whether the nightingale has heard Dr. Casey Wood I have no information, but I should think it is highly probable.

The American Ornithologist, I read, travelled half across the world to hear the little songster, and made enough noise about it to have scared every Philomel for forty miles round..... Ere long we shall have the New York tourist agencies advertising these trips with apposite quotations from the poets.

HI! HI! HI!
Does a drowsy numbness pain your sense,
as though of hemlock you had drunk?
(J. Keats .)

Then you Must Hear the Nightingale.
The Tawny Throated (vide Mat. Arnold, Esq.).
Book a thru trip with Hiram B. Hustlem's
ORNITHOLOGICAL RUBBER NECKS
HIRAM GETS THE BIRD EVERY TIME!
All the best are on our beat.
These are the boys that charmed magic casements.
Comfortable Autos! No waiting! Every bird guaranteed!
Moonlight effects!

WE TAKE YOU RIGHT UP TO THE NEST
TWICE NIGHTLY.....

(Etc.)

The following excerpts from an article describing the nightingale appeared in the Daily Mail.

"....it is curious to record that Shakespeare mentions the bird in no fewer than eight of his plays.....Indeed, though its range is extensive, including Africe and Persia, for instance, yet in regard to Britain it is a purely English bird..... The nightingale sings from its arrival in this country about the middle of April till about the middle of June. Even in its favourite haunts it is a bird of rather local habit, and people should not be discouraged if they fail to hear it on a first expedition."

Dr. Wood had many letters concerning the nightingale from foreign countries.

The following clipping describes (in the words of a super-newsreporter) Dr. Wood's expedition to hear the nightingale.

(May 16/22) TEH DAILY NEWS

A QUEST ENDED.

Dr. Casey Wood Hears
the Nightingale.

MELODY OF THE DOWNS

Dr. Casey Wood has heard the nightingale, and is well

content.

During the week-end, with Mr. H. Kirke Swann, the well-known ornithologist, and Mr. W. J. H. Craddock, another expert on birds, he listened to a fifteen minute solo by Philomel at Deepdene, near Dorking.

A " Daily News " reporter yesterday discovered the professor in a second-hand bookshop in Great Queen-street, London, where there are probably more books on birds than anywhere else in the capital.

" I've heard it," he exclaimed, " and you had better tell the readers of the ' Daily News ' at once as I have received scores of letters telling me where to go. I don't know which is the more wonderful-- the nightingale's song o r this open proof of the genuine love of birds in the hearts of the British people."

INTO THE MIRE.

He then described his adventures.

The party, guided by Mr. Swann, first went to Epsom and got the ear of a susceptible chauffeur. He was engaged to drive them to a damp and mirey spot in the locality. There they alighted, and, to the driver's astonishment, wandered off through mud and brambles.

Presently, to quote Mr. Swann, they found " a skulking little bird with a shifty eye " which regarded the professor with evident suspicion for a few moments.

It then broke into subdued contralto warblings.

" That's it!" whispered the guide, and the doctor took off his hat.

This occurred near Ashtead Woods in the bright sunshine at one o'clock in the afternoon, which sufficiently disposes of the belief that the nightingale sings only at dusk. This particular bird sang at intervals for an hour.

The party next tramped the Downs and heard the melody fully a dozen times during the afternoon. At the end of the walk they observed the chauffeur sheltering behind a bush; he had carefully tracked them all theway.

AMERICA'S MOCKING BIRD.

Later the three naturalists motored to Deepdene, where the nightingale was heard continuously for a quarter of an hour.

" Have you anything in America like it?"asked the "Daily News" man when the professor had finished his story.

" I really cannot say," he replied. " The nightingale has a glorious song, but the American mocking bird is also a superb performer. He loves to deliver his song from chimney tops and telegraph poles, and , unlike Philomel, he takes to imitating the songs of other birds. Hence the name 'mocker' and the explanation of the stories of the meadow lark and other warblers being heard at night time and in unusual places.

" I have had invitations to hear the nightingale in Belgium, Switzerland, and France," he concluded, " but I am

satisfied with the British product. It is superb. "

———...———

And this innocent looking clipping started all the furore when it appeared in the Daily Mail of May 6.

NIGHTINGALE

QUEST.

3,000 Miles To Hear It.

With the object of hearing the nightingale Dr. Casey Wood, an eminent member of the American Ornithologists' Association and of the British Zoological Society, has travelled more than 3,000 miles.

He arrived at Liverpool yesterday in the Cunard liner Scythia from New York. He has just finished a two years study of bird life in South America. He has made previous visits to this country to hear the nightingale, but without success. On this occasion he intends visiting Surrey.

———...———

At a later date the Columbia Broadcasting System of the United States relayed across the ocean a broadcast of Miss Beatrice Harrison playing the 'cello to make the nightingales reply in her beautiful garden in Surrey. There are also phonograph records of the nightingales singing in Miss Harrison's garden.

———....———

(NOTE: WE HAVE MUCH MORE ABOUT THE NIGHTINGALE IF IT IS NEEDED .)

———...———

Another item of interest in 1922-- representing the hundreds of similar activities of Dr. Wood--is a notice in The Minute Man, the organ of The Sons of the Revolution in the State of Illinois:

At this meeting (June) there will be read a very interesting letter from our esteemed Life Member Dr. Casey Albert Wood, who is engaged in scientific research in South America. A few extracts...are...on another page of this issue.

On October 31, Dr. Wood gave to McGill a fossilized egg of the Phaeton-flavirostris, which was found in Tucherstown, Bermuda.

The end of the year he spent in Pasadena promoting bird sanctuary work.

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In 1923 Dr Wood--after staying for a time at the White Cotton Hotel, Berkely, California-- left for the South Seas. The following dates-- taken from letters-- give a slight idea of his travels at this time (a fuller description is given in a circular letter Dr Wood sent out from Fiji on November 12, 1923, which is enclosed separately.):

March	29.	On board R.M.S. Tahiti.
April	8.	Just left New Zealand.
April	(later)	Australia.
May	10.	Auckland, N.Z.
"	16.	" 7, ".
"	30.	On way to Suva, Fiji Islands.
"	.	" Birds of Fiji " begun.
June	24.	Suva, Fiji Islands.
November	12.	" , " " .
December	5.	Berkely, California.

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The following notice appeared in the Sydney Telegraph of April 10, 1923.

BIRDS' EYES

SECRETS OF VISION

A DOCTOR'S QUEST

Dr, "Casey" Wood has come all the way from America to Sydney to try to read the secrets in the eyes of Australian birds.

Birds, he says, have the greatest variety of vision, and the most acute, of all animals, and a study of their eyes is an introduction to all forms of sight.

Dr. Wood, a colonel in the United States army, and a member of the Ornithologists' Union in America and England, became known to almost every newspaper reader in England as " the man who came from America to hear the nightingale sing."

The story is that he was cornered by a member of the Northcliffe battalion of interviewers when he landed, but made his escape by saying that he had come over merely to hear the nightingale sing. It wasn't a long interview, but next day the public read half a column about the unusual mission; articles followed on the American and the nightingale, and " Punch" had a verse about England's imperishable heritage, the nightingale.

After spending a month in Australia, and another month in New Zealand, Dr. Wood will return to America to complete his study on the eyesight of birds-- a subject in which he is one of the pioneers. As there are ten thousand varieties of birds in the world, he does not hope to make it inclusive, but merely to mark the way to what he regards as a fascinating research. He has friends and relations in Australia, and will join some of them in Melbourne, where he will go in a couple of days, and deliver a lecture at the University there.*

* (Attached to this is the following:) Dr. Casey Wood, a cousin of Mr. George Chaffey, one of the pioneers of irrigation in Australia, arrived in Sydney by the Tahiti last night. He is an enthusiastic ornithologist, and intends making a study of Australian birds.

The following is another interview.(Paper's name not indicated)

EYESIGHT OF BIRDS.

Ornithologists Observations.

Colonel Casey Wood, the American ornithologist and specialist in ophthalmics, is paying a visit to Australia to study the eyes of our native birds. Of these we have between 800 and 900 varieties, and he says they are, from an ornithologist's viewpoint, peculiarly interesting. Our cockatoos he regards as being among the most intelligent of

birds, and none, he thinks, is more beautifully plumed than the king parrot.

Speaking last night on the eyesight of birds, Colonel Wood said that they have a power of vision of which we cannot conceive. Vultures, flying at such a height that they are invisible, can yet see quite small objects on the earth. And it is not only that birds have very powerful sight, but thereare all sorts of peculiarities of vision to be found among them. For instance, there is the osprey, which can see fish swimming 3ft. or 4ft. below under water when he is hovering 100ft. or more above the surface. He can drop on them with the speed of a bullet almost, and with unerring aim. Then it is the peculiarity of the cormorant that when he dives he cansee as well under water as we can on land,

Colonel Wood has examined the eyes of many hundred species of birds with an ophthalmoscope. When asked if this was a difficult matter, he said that it was not, for, fortunately all birds could easily be hypnotised. "If you take a hen," he explained, " and press her gently to the ground, and maintain a gentle pressure on her back for a few minutes, you can remove your hands and she will remain perfectly quiet. All birds, fortunately for ornithologists, are subject to this influence."

It was suggested to Dr. Wood that an ostrich might be an awkward subject to exert the influence upon, and he admitted that this was so. For all that, he said that he had examined the eyes of an hypnotised ostrich. On the occasion referred to, one keeper held his head, and another sat on his back, while Colonel Wood began to hypnotise him. Presently the great bird sank down.

Colonel Wood does not come to Australia as a stranger altogether, for he has relatives in Victoria. The Chaffey family is related to him, and Mr. Ben Chaffey is his second cousin.

In The Sun News-Pictorial of Melbourne of April 14, 192 3, there appeared the two following interviews with Dr Wood.

QUADRUPED DEITY

Visitor Thrilled at the Fervor of Our People

" We are more familiar with Australia than with England," is the comforting assurance of Colonel Casey Wood, the American ornithologist and ophthalmic surgeon, who hasnjust arrived in Melbourne.

You preen yourself, because you have read stories in the American press which made us appear quite insignificant.

Colonel Wood has been here only a brief while, but he has already been struck by our devotional attitude toward the horse.

" We have horse races in America," he hastens to assure you. And then he laughs. "But we have other sports as well. We don't live, sleep, eat and drink horse races!"

He adds that from what he has seen he would place Australia first, then England, then America in order of horse racing enthusiasm.

He has no objection to horse racing. " It does a man no harm to spend a day at the races. I would sooner a man spent money he did not need on that or an automobile than on liquor that rendered him inefficient, and hurt himself as well as his family."

Colonel Wood takes the broadminded view that people will buy some sort of luxury as soon as they have surplus money, and that the more innocuous the form of extravagance the more thankful we have to be.

He speaks of the idle leisured class that has sprung up in America since she became wealthy, and then he refers with admiration to the Scotch, deciding that there is nothing like persistent poverty for bringing out the fine qualities of a nation.

Colonel Wood is an enthusiastic, though broadminded, prohibitionist. He declares that a country which has not prohibition cannot hope to compete commercially with countries that have it.

SAY, NIGHTINGALE!

Fooling the Press

A BLUFF THAT FAILED

When Colonel Casey Wood, the American ornithologist and ophthalmic specialist, visited England last April, he hoped to escape being interviewed. But a smiling reporter of the Northcliffe press boarded the ship as soon as she came alongside.

Colonel Wood was asked the reason of his visit.

" Now," thought he ," I'll get out of an interview! This won't interest anybody!" And bowing courteously, he smiled and said," I have come tohear your English nightingale sing!"

Poor simple soul, he had no news instinct!

The Northcliffe press frothed at the headlines with the news of the eccentric American who had sailed across the Atlantic for the romantic purpose of listening to the spring song of a nightingale! Punch had two cartoons of him listening enviously to something that America could not buy.

London char-a-bancs developed notice-boards with directions for trippers: "Drive to where the nightingale s sing!"

Lord Northcliffe invited Colonel Wood to come down to his country home, where the nightingales were the most musical in England.

But that was not all! Fifty or sixty other people wrote, throwing open their country homes to him for the same purpose. He fled to the South of England with his wife. Invitations came to him from Belgium, France and Switzerland, where the nightingales were said to be more ~~enxhrxxixxgx~~ enravishing than those across the Channel. He could not write his name in an hotel book but someone would pounce on him as the American who had sailed the seas to hear the nightingales sing. He heard them alright!

Reporters, who do not know the story, wonder why Dr. Wood so meekly falls in with their idea of interviewing him. He learnt his lesson last year in England! He is in Melbourne just now. Say " Nightingale!" to him and see with what difficulty he suppresses a shudder!

On April 18, 1923, there appeared in the Melbourne Argus the clipping entitled "British Guiana. Wearing Clothes Kills Natives." which we have quoted above for the year 1920.

On April 28, 1923, the following report appeared in an Australian newspaper.

PROTECTING NATIVE BIRDS.

WHAT AMERICA IS DOING.

FOXES AT PHILLIP ISLAND.

Speaking of the desirability ~~of~~ for protecting Australian bird life, Colonel Casey Wood, the American ornithologist, who was recently in Melbourne, gave examples of what is being done in the United States in this direction.

"The protection of birds in our country," said Colonel Wood," may be classed under three headings. First, there is a treaty between the United States and Canada which provides for the protection of those birds which migrate from one country to the other. Many of them go to the Arctic regions to nest, and on their way, if there were no protection, they would be subject to much molestation.

" Do they make very long flights on these nesting expeditions?"

"Some do, and some go in quite a leisurely manner. The

blue-winged teal will fly 4,000 miles at the rate of 1,000 miles a day, but there are other birds that might take weeks to accomplish such a journey. Second, we come to the protection of those birds which migrate between two or more States, but which do not go out of the United States. Where the migration is between two or more States this becomes a federal matter, and such birds are, so to say, under Federal control. The beneficial species are protected. The English sparrow,* indeed, is an unmitigated nuisance to us. He drives away our song-birds, he increases at an enormous rate, and he destroys a great quantity of fruit and grain."

It was suggested to Colonel Wood that in Australia the song-birds could hold their own very well against the imported sparrow; but Colonel Wood was not convinced. " Wait till you have had the sparrow in Australia as long as we have had him in America, and then you will see," he remarked pessimistically

" But as regards the protection of birds," said Colonel Wood, " I think that what is being done by the States themselves is perhaps the most important. Not that all the States rank equally in this respect, for there are some good, some bad, some indifferent. California is typical of the 'good' States. Here there are thousands of sanctuaries dotted about-- special sanctuaries, and also such areas as farms, ranches, public parks, and privately owned properties. In regard to ranches, I may say that the ranchmen find that by prohibiting the shooting of birds on their properties they benefit their cattle, which formerly were harried by shooting parties and sometimes wounded by stray shots. Birds instinctively recognise these sanctuaries, and flock to them. Apart from the setting aside of areas as sanctuaries, the Audaubon(sic) leagues (analagous to your Gould leagues) have done much good work in protecting our bird life. The Audaubon leagues make it their principal object to give information about beneficial birds, and their value to the farmer and the orchardist. Then the Federal Government, through the Biological Survey Bureau, issues bulletins about bi birds periodically, which may be obtained by anyone who applies for them. In the high schools xxxxxxxxxx, moreover, there are nature classes (as I understand you have in your own high schools), in which pupils learn to value birds for their own sake. This is very desirable, for the first instinct with the average boy-- I suppose with the average Australian boy as with the average American boy-- is to shoot a bird when he sees it, apart from the merits of that particular bird. Well, when he knows more about birds he becomes more discriminating.

amount" Domestic cats that have be/come wild we find do a great ~~deal~~ of slaughter among birds. These brutes, it is estimated, kill 300 to 500 birds a piece every year. They do not kill for food, but just for the love of killing. I have shot them and hope to shoot more. And that reminds me of what I saw at Phillip Island during two days I have just spent there. I saw great numbers of dead mutton birds and penguins that had been killed by foxes. These vermin have the blood lust in them, just as have the cats I have spoken of. Get rid of them!"

* I might remark, does not come within the category of 'beneficial' — your English sparrow,

It was suggested to Colonel Wood that this was rather a "tall order."

" It is a 'tall order,'" Colonel Wood admitted, "but if you do not get rid of them it is only a matter of time for them to kill all the mutton birds and all the penguins. The penguins are beautiful birds, and the mutton birds have, I understand, a considerable commercial value."

Referring to the evolution of birds, Colonel Wood gave some very interesting information bearing on this point. " Birds and lizards, millions of years ago," he said," had a common ancestor. To-day we have lizards and birds, but we also have a lizardy bird, or a birdy lizard, whichever definition be preferred. There is just one. It is found in British Guiana, and I have studied the habits there with the greatest interest. It is called the Hootzian, or the canje pheasant. The reptilian characteristics are the most marked in the case of the young bird. In these there are claws or hooks on the wings, which are specially pronounced. The hooks are equivalent to some extent to a second pair of feet. And the young bird, in moving through the branches of trees creeps along them by the aid of these claws, or hooks, much as a lizard might do. In the adult bird the characteristics of the lizard become less pronounced, but in its ways of diving and swimming these characteristics may still be clearly recognised."

The following is an account from a newspaper of the hospitality of Sir James and Lady Barrett.

HIS BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Eminent Oculist's Nature Study Mission

SIR JAS. AND LADY BARRETT WELCOME

The eyes of Australian birds are being made a subject of special study by Dr. Casey Wood, the eminent oculist, who is now in Melbonrne.

For many years Dr. Casey Wood's name has been prominent throughout the U.S.A. and other countries. He no longer practises, but is devoting himself keenly to the study of the eyes of birds, and is visiting Australia in the interests of this work.

It was a happy thought which prompted Sir James Barrett (chairman of the National Parks Committee) and Lady Barrett to give an At Home at Palmyra, their delightful property at Toorak, so that Dr. and Mrs. Casey Wood might meet oculists and members of the organisations which stand for the preservation of fauna.

The guests were welcomed in the drawing-room by the host and hostess, and were in turn presented to the guests of honor. Lady Barrett wore a graceful gown of mole satin grenadine, partly veiled with silk lace to match, and having semi-transparent sleeves of the lace. Her three daughters relieved her of many of her duties, for they were unflagging in seeing that the guests had afternoon tea, or were shown the miniature natural bushland, which is embraced in the spacious grounds of Palmyra, and in which Pacific gulls, native bears, and a tame kangaroo live happily. It was a pleasure to the visitors from overseas to see these Australian natives at such close quarters, and when the host's son Noel fed the kangaroo there was a semicircle of admirers.

FLORAL WEALTH

Beautiful pink and cream roses and pink gum blossom made a lovely ornamentation in the drawing-room, ruddy tinted yellow flowers were grouped in the library, while in the dining-room, where tea was served, the table was gay with peach-mauve chrysanthemums, and on the mantel shelves pink antirrhinum blooms were clustered.

Mrs. Casey Wood wore a phantom-patterned crepe marocain gown, with openwork medallions outlining the top of the corsage; the sleeves were of georgette, and her hat was mainly of black lace and black flowers.

Miss Cara Barrett wore a navy brocaded silk jersey frock; her sister Bertha, a navy cashmere de soie frock, with a white plisse collarette, and Miss Peanette was frocked in nattier blue fuji silk, with a flat-shaped collar of white organdie muslin.

Among the guests were Mrs. H. B. Higgins, in a black and white striped panel gown, and a black charmeuse hat trimmed with osprettes; Mrs. G. A. Syme, in a black marocain gown, with embroidered panels in deep cardinal color; her black hat had a tam crown, and was trimmed with plumage. Mrs. M. M. Phillips wore a brocaded grey crepe marocain frock, and a black velvet hat; Mrs J. A. Bisset, a navy silk jersey cloth frock, and a black hat trimmed with velvet; Mrs. Barry Thomson, a cinnamon fancy striped marocain gown, and a brown hat with a fringed scarf.

Dr. Edith Barrett (sister of the host) wore a nut brown ninon de soie frock embroidered in green and mastic colors; her brown hat had a wreath of flowers under the brim. Dr. Ethel Parnell's brown and white foulard silk frock was worn with a brown hat. Mrs. George Horne, who returned from Flinders on Thursday, wore a navy

and white foulard silk gown, and a small navy hat trimmed with petunia-shaded flowers. Mrs. Marcus Collins (Geelong) wore an elegant wrap frock of black satin grenadine, with an all-over design in cherry, white and green colors; her black hat had soft plumage clustered at the back.

Dr. Jean Greig had a brown taffetas chiffon frock, and a hat to match; Mrs. R. L. Rosenfield, a black velvet frock and black hat with white ospreys. Mrs Jack O'Brien's charming frock embraced marocain and georgette, and was in black and madonna blue colors; her hat was all black. Mrs. H. Riddell Stanley wore a tuscan hat trimmed with flowers, with her frock of chiffon satin and georgette in lemon yellow coloring.

Also present were Sir John MacFarland (Chancellor of the University), Dr. Leitch (president of Ornithologists' Union), Mr. Gates (hon. secretary National Parks Committee), Dr. Newman Morris (chairman of British Medical Association) and Mrs. Newman Morris, Mr. M. M. Phillips, Mr. G. A. Syme, Sir Charles Ryan, Sir Harry Allen and Miss M. Allen, Dr. G. McArthur, Dr. F. Miller, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Maudsley, Dr. and Mrs. Gault, Dr. and Mrs. K. Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Scantlebury, Dr. and Mrs. Schaiit, Dr. Foster, Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Scott, Mrs. Sylvester Browne, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell, Major and Mrs. Edwards (she had with her a tame native bear, which created a great deal of admiration and interest), Mr. Arthur Barraclough, Miss Essa D'Ebro, Dr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Israel, Dr. A. L. Kenny, Dr. R. L. Rosenfield, Dr. and Mrs. Mattingley, Mr. and Mrs. Mattingley, Mrs. Frank Andrew, Dr. and Mrs. Eadie, Dr. and Mrs. Forrest, Mr. Beck, Mr. J. Menzies and Miss Thora Menzies, Dr. Jack O'Brien, Dr. Maurice Lynch, Dr. J. A. Bisset, Dr. Leonard Mitchell, Dr. H. Riddell Stanley, and Mr. J. Thomson.

Dr. and Mrs. Casey Wood are at the Oriental. To-morrow evening, under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute, he will lecture on British Guiana and its Birds in the reception-room at the Town Hall. The lecture will be illustrated, and the public is invited. On Thursday and Friday Dr. Casey Wood will visit Phillip Island to study the bird life there, and already he has been to the hill district around Sassafras.

Dr Wood received the following notice.

" At the request of Dr Sir James W. Barrett The Committee of The Melbourne Club have the honor to invite Col. Casey Wood to become an Honorary Member of the Club, for a period of one month from this date. " It is signed by the Secretary.

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The following newspaper article by Sir James Barrett is of interest.

WANTON DESTRUCTION.

IN FOREST LANDS.

THE UPPER MURRAY.

By SIR JAMES BARRETT.

The national parks section of the Town Planning Association was recently astonished and shocked to learn on the best authority that the timber between Orbost and Mallacoota, that is to say, Eastern Gippsland, is now, for practical purposes, to a very large extent valueless. The country is burnt by the cattle graziers, to provide winter feed for their stock, and the burning is ruthless and deliberate. The scientific verdict on this proceeding is that it destroys the young trees and the more nutritous grasses; the old trees still live, but, owing to the injury to their surface, parasites enter, and the wood becomes unsound. The final result, therefore, of such a process is that the country will be neither cleared nor will it contain useful timber, nor yet will it be suitable for grazing. In other words, it will be destroyed. It is asserted that East Gippsland is in this condition, and that it certainly will not pay now to run a railway through it.

I have just returned from a short visit to the head of the Murray River—the river which is the central feature of Australian country life—and have obtained some further knowledge of the dangers of the destructive process which is going on. The Murray River can be followed by road from Albury about 100 miles towards its source, where it divides into two. These two sources of origin, about equal in volume though unequal in length, can be traced through deep gorges in the mountains to the western, or north-western face of Mount Kosciusko, or rather the mountain range of which Mount Kosciusko is the apex. The remnant of the snow

melting at present on this massive buttress forms streams which, tumbling down its precipitous face, form, at an elevation of about 2,000ft., these two rivers, which, rushing over boulders and shingle, adorn with their many tributaries a country of exceeding beauty. Anyone camped at the foot of Mount Kosciusko, surrounded by forests, within earshot of rippling streams, and who looks on to the face of this mountain as evening approaches, witnesses a scene of beauty difficult to describe in suitable language. Gradually his camp and the forest round it pass into shadow, while the mass above him to a height of about 5,000ft.' is illuminated by the setting sun. The birds are taking their evening drink, and the forest is settling down for the night. The rivers were once well stocked with trout, but the cormorant has discovered this delicacy, and has been very busy. From the point of view of the tourist and health seeker, the country is glorious, and should be the holiday resort, not simply of the well-to-do, but of the masses of city dwellers. But if such is to be the case, proper organisation is requisite. There must be ample reservation, and a properly controlled national park, with camping places, means for stocking the streams; in fact, all the activities which have been developed so sensibly by the forest authorities in the Rocky Mountains of the United States. It is good for men to get in contact with Nature, and for a time to say good-bye to the limitations and artificiality of city life. But without adequate organisation it is not only difficult but objectionable, as it ends in destruction instead of the conservation which follows intelligent appreciation.

The whole of the mountainous country is covered with forest. The last permanent habitation on the way up is from 20 to 35 miles from the source of the river. The lower portions of the valley in the regions of Tintaldra, Walwa, and Khancoban are famous for the richness of their flats and the wealth that has been obtained from them; but as the valley contracts the flats become more and more limited in extent, and the principal occupation of the settlers is grazing cattle on the mountains. To this end the whole of the forest which can be burnt is burnt systematically and openly. The settlers are quite honest about it; there is no disguise and no hypocritical allusion to glass bottles or spontaneous combustion. I saw the country deliberately fired myself.

Three considerations arise, not only in the mind of the visitor, but in the minds of the more experienced of the settlers:—

(1) Has the timber got a value of its own?
(2) Will the removal of the timber end in the silting of the river?
(3) What is the value of the cattle industry which is the cause of such appalling destruction?

These are questions to be answered by experts, but the local opinion is that the timber had a value, and that the silting of the river has begun. Sandbanks exist where they did not formerly. The value of the cattle industry is hard to assess, but it cannot be very great. The country furnishes an object lesson of lack of policy, and the time is overdue for clear thinking and decisive action. If the timber is important, then either the cattle should be removed altogether, or should only be grazed by an officer of the Forest department. If a fire occurs in the forest the grazing should be stopped. One experienced officer goes so far as to recommend the destruction of all cattle found in forests. I left the country with the feeling that never in any other part of the world had I seen such potential wealth thrown away so recklessly, that is if the timber has a value.

Some time ago it was asserted that a bush fire could not be started with a lighted cigarette end. I have made repeated attempts to start a fire in this way, but I have not succeeded in starting a fire in grass by this means. I do not say that it cannot be done, but it is certainly very difficult. On the other hand, if the cigarette end lights on a piece of dried cow-dung, and that is found throughout the country, there is no difficulty whatever in starting a fire. The cow-dung smoulders, the grass and leaves round become charred, and presently the whole burst into a flame. The warning therefore against carelessness with cigarette ends is quite justified.

Two incidents are worth noting. At Khancoban the owner of a property preserves the bird life, and duck, coot, and plover stand with in a few yards of the traveller. On the other hand, I was informed that a lady had applied to one of the residents for platypus skins, and that a resident was shooting platypus for sport. Both actions can be put down to ignorance. And when the Turk destroyed Egyptian temples of great antiquity to build mosques and houses for himself, ignorance may also be pleaded as an excuse. Yet the Turk was the lesser vandal of the two, since he at all events did make some practical use of his destructive activities.

The time is rapidly approaching when Australia will be compelled to follow the lead of President Roosevelt, and appoint a Resources Preservation Commission composed of scientific men, a commission which will dispassionately estimate the resources of the country, and recommend the best methods by which they may be conserved. In matters of such gravity as the preservation of forests and rivers, the time has passed for political muddling, which usually means the setting of individual against the national interest.

Providence has given Australians a wonderful country containing magnificent forests and the most remarkable animals and birds on the globe. Is it too much to ask those who have come into this great heritage to show some respect and love for things which cannot be obtained elsewhere, and which if destroyed will leave the world poorer, and will bring on us the just reproach and contempt of civilised nations.

At Auckland, New Zealand, in 1923, Dr Wood received the following: " At the request of Mr. G. E. O. Fenwick F. R. C. S The Committee of The Northern Club have the honour to invite Dr Casey Wood to be an Honorary Member of the Club for the period of one month from this date." It is signed by the Secretary.

The following extremely interesting letter describes in detail some of the events of this year.

(Note: We are enclosing a copy of this. We have another.)

In a note written at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Suva, on November 13, 1923, Dr Wood says :

" The Contributors to this Collection of Paintings of the

Birds of Fiji are, in alphabetical order,

Belcher, W. J.; Pupil of N. D. Connell, and of Walter Wright, New Zealand.

Bulling, Cedric R., Auckland Art School, N.Z.

Chaverlange, M., Medaille militaire; École Nationale des Arts Decotatifs, Paris and Limoges, France.

Ward, A. E., School of Arts, Melbourne; Pupil of James Follingsby and of David Davis, Victoria.

—...—

In 1923 the Emma Shearer Wood Library at McGill acquired from London what is known as " The Feather Book". It was exhibited alone several times later-- by popular demand--, to wit: April 6 to July 31, 1931; October 22 to November 13, 1931; and November 18 to December 21, 1935.

The following is taken from an announcement of one of these exhibits:

FEATHER PICTURES

Pictures made out of feathers are today offered for sale to tourists in some countries, but such pictures have little merit beyond their interest as curios and souvenirs. Of this type of work nothing similar in age or interest is known to compare with

THE FEATHER BOOK

which is unique. Its history, in so far aswe know it, is brief and obscure. It was purchased in London by the McGill University Library in 1923. Beyond the curious title-page, which shows that it was made in 1618 by Dionisio Minaggio, Gardener to the Governor of Milan, we really know nothing, and how it came from Italy to

England remains a mystery.

Each picture was made, with infinite patience, and extraordinary skill, from birds' feathers. In some the beaks and claws were included. The feathers were pasted on heavy paper which was then mounted on the pages of a folio volume. For convenience in exhibiting, the pages were taken apart and framed, but the original cover is on exhibit with them. There are 156 pictures, of which 112 are birds. The others represent hunters, musicians, and the familiar figures of characters in the Commedia dell' Arte.

No volume like this is to be found, so far as is known, in the British Museum or South Kensington, or in any other library known to English experts at the time of its purchase. It is of interest, not merely as a curiosity, but because it gives us contemporary information regarding costumes and musical instruments and also because it contains, in an excellent state of preservation what are probably the oldest bird-skins in existence. As it also raises questions of bird distribution, coloration, and variation, it is an ornithological document of greatest importance.

On January 10, 1924, Dr Wood was elected a Transient Member of the Faculty Club of the University of California for six months. On May 5, Dr Wood was at Highland Park, Illinois. On May14 he arrived in Montreal, P. Q.

The following article describes the Ornithological Exhibit which took place:

ORNITHOLOGICAL EXHIBIT

A.

Coinciding with the visit of Dr. Casey/Wood,LL. D., the donor of the Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology, an exhibit of this collection was opened to the public from May 19th to June 27th. Dr Wood himself added to the interest of the exhibit by making annotations to a number of the rarer volumes and by bringing with him from the South Seas, where he had spent the winter in ornithological investigation, a series of over ninty original paintings of birds of the Southern Pacific which he had specially made under his direction from living specimens by four different artists, thus making a unique collection of original scientific material. This collection he has presented to the University as an addition to the ornithological library. The exhibit was arranged partly to illustrate the historical development of the subject, as the Wood Library is particularly rich in material of this sort, and to show such aspects of bird life as distribution, protection, migration, colouration,anatomy,and

oology. The exhibit was inspected by visitors from various pa parts of the country as well as by members of the Province o f Quebec Society for the Protection of Birds. The special feature of the exhibit was a reception given by the Library staff in honour of Dr.& Mrs. Wood at which the guests had the unusual privilege of Dr. Wood's enthusiastic explanations.

Among the treasures exhibited was an unique book of folio size made by the gardener to the Governor of Milan in 1618 with the illustrations made entirely of feathers of birds, life size, with the book and covers intact.

———•••———

Dr Wood sailed June 10 for London, England, on board the C Cunard liner Andania and on November 15, the Wood family sailed on the P. and O. liner China for Ceylon.

In a letter dated December 10, Dr Wood says: " In an hour we are off for Agra and hope to see the Tajmahal by full moonlight. "

The following is an account Dr Wood Wrote entitled

"XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

" Ceylon Memories

1922-28 "

" Our life in Ceylon was, generally considered, the most satisfactory of our 20 years travel abroad; nearly every prospect pleased us. The climate was satisfactory because one could have almost any variety of seasonable change in a few hours. If it was too hot in Colombo--as it xxxxxxxxx commonly was-- it was more pleasant a few thousand feet up at Kandy and still cooler at Nuwara Elyia at a greater elevation. Then the lovely tropical jungle could be visited at all times of the year with its half-buried and wholly deserted ancient xxxx

cities, its wild life with strange mammals and birds living in a botanist's paradise, and on myriads of small lakes-- all this easily accessible by means of good motor roads that criss-crossed the Island in all directions. I have written and published a good deal in praise of ancient Sinhalese civilization and of its more modern aspects but I cannot refrain from repeating what I have claimed in these papers, viz: that take it all in all no tropical countryof similar size offers so many attractions for the lover of archeology and natural history as does Ceylon. I recommend Kandy, built around a lovely lake whose shores are lined with a great variety of flowering trees, and with easy access to the remains of a former highly developed arts and with a most charming setting of mountain, stream and sea.

" Part of our residence in Kandy was at the Hotel Suisse, later at the Queens. At the latter very good hotel we had rooms that included access to the roof from which we had excellent views of our surroundings. One of our visitors from homes on the roof was a Palm Cat, member of the feline family resembling our lynx who came every night for food placed for his use on the window sill.

" He (or she) was a very beautiful but wild animal who watched his opportunity to seize these offerings while we were not observing him although we never failed to see a pair of yellow-green eyes gleaming at the window-- a very pretty sight. Then there were all sorts of birds with whom we became acquainted; even the thousands of fruit bats that visited us and devastated the neighboring trees were very attractive while the hills about Kandy furnished a great variety of

(major) insect life of great interest to the Stranger.

" Both the Hindu and Buddhist religions afford opportunities for processions in which the population, most of whom were of the latter faith....

" The most important of these was the Perihara--partly municipal and secular and participated in by persons of all sections of the country. This August celebration..... "

Kandy. Parehara

" Preparations for the Perehara procession and feast usually lasted several days and on the eventful August morning when all the parties to it-- priests, nobles, school children, performers, gorgeously decorated elephants, horses, oxcarts, palanquins, natives in their best clothes etc it formed a highly colorful assemblage.

" I saw one of the ceremonials in which over 80 elephants including several baby beasts and a number of half-grown took part. Only a small percentage of the Sinhalese animals (however large they may be) grow tusksand many of them are peculiarly spotted.

" As they moved along they kept a watchful eye for presents of sugar cane and other delicacies from their admirers along the line of march and although they knew perfectly well that it was strictly forbidden to break ranks their mahouts had their hands full as with voice and ankus to prevent these huge beasts from stepping aside and with outstretched trunk capturing a luscious banana or a tempting stalk of sugar cane.

" The Kandy procession started from and ended at the

famous Temple of the Tooth socalled because one of Buddha's molars being deposited there in the form of a (?) reincarnated shark's tooth. Pilgrims to this shrine appear with presents from India, China, Burma and most of the other Buddhist countries, actuated by the same motives that bring Christians to Jerusalem and Moslemsto Mecca. It is, I suppose, difficult to realize that in this procession are included nobles, some dozen or more highly educated men, (many of them in England and France) wearing silk garments and jeweled headdresses and weapons exactly like those borne by their ancestors for nearly 1000 years. On one of these occasions I saw two of them in their richly decorated robes were going to the railway station with their attendants to welcome the British Governor arriving from Colombo to witness the Perihara. A "fresh" American spied these dagos and thought a great opportunity had occurred to add to his snapshot collection, so to the horror and shame of the rest of us he rushed forward and asked the two chiefs to step out of their carriage so that he could get a better shot at them. Whether they were too courteous to tell him to go to hell or whether they were too amused to do it these cultivated gentlemen actually got out, arranged themselves with their very best smile and had their " pictures taken". I believe that an offer to send them a print apiece if they would furnish their address was declined and they proceded on their way. I don't presume our compatriot realized the enormity of his offense, in fact it was too much to expect such a thick-skinned ignoramus to understand what he had done and I have always regretted that my paralysis of amazement prevented me from stepping forward to

apologize to these Sinhalese chiefs for his crass stupidity. "

In a letter written from the Galle Face Hotel at Colombo to his sister, Mrs Hayes, Dr Wood mentions his opinion of Colombo:

" We are all well. E. and Marjorie like Colombo, but I don't-- although we have many friends here-- as it is too hot and moist for

Yours affectionately, C. "

1925 was spent partly in Kandy, Ceylon, and the summer months in Kashmir as the following account tells:

(NOTE: Our only copy of " On the Banks of the Hydaspes, A Summer in Kashmir " is enclosed.)

Dr Wood also spent June and July of 1926 at Srinagar in Kashmir.

Dr Wood is interested in and has contributed to the support of the Kashmir C. M. S. School.

Dr Wood wrote an article entitled " A Few Intimate Notes on Life in Ceylon. By a Visitor during 1925. "
(NOTE: We have no copy of this in Toronto, but McGill, of course, has everything.)

Another article on Ceylon written by Dr Woodwas published in the Smithsonian Report of 1928. It is called " Adventures of a Naturalist in Ceylon" .

In The Times of Ceylonof Friday evening, December 11,

1925, appeared the following:

THE TIMES OF CEYLON, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1925.

BIRD LIFE IN CEYLON.

Lecture by Dr. Casey Wood.

Habits and Peculiarities Described.

KANDY, Dec. 9th.

An interesting lecture on "Bird Life in Ceylon" was delivered at 9-30 a.m. yesterday at the School of Tropical Agriculture, Peradeniya, by Dr. Casey Wood. Dr. Wood's visit to Ceylon is primarily to investigate the eyesight of the birds of the Island.

There was a large gathering which included several ladies, and the students of the Agricultural College.

Government's Intention.

The Hon. Mr. F. A. Stockdale, Director of Agriculture, who presided, in introducing Dr. Wood, said that he was sure that Dr. Wood's lecture would be of the greatest interest. Dr. Wood had been in Ceylon for a period of twelve months, and had done a considerable deal of investigation relating to birds of Ceylon. He had also had a large number of coloured plates of Ceylon birds prepared. Those plates were to be published by the Government of Ceylon as a supplementary edition to Mr. Wait's book on birds and should be of the greatest value to those who desired to know more about Ceylon birds, and to those who took an interest in their life history and in their habits. Dr. Wood had specialised in that particular profession, and had made a study while in the Island of the habits of the birds of the island; and was therefore in a position to speak to them with first hand knowledge.

The Lecture.

Dr. Wood said that the flora and fauna of Ceylon had a world-wide reputation, but there were very few in the island really interested in them or to whom they appealed. Those of them who had taken part in any form of education which led up to an interest being shown in the natural history of the country were to be congratulated. He felt sorry for those who went about this beautiful country with their eyes closed. There were nearly 400 species of the most beautiful birds to be found in Ceylon. It was their duty to know something about them, and his object in speaking to them that day was to arouse their interest. His visit to the island was with the object primarily of knowing something of the eyesight of Ceylon birds. If his talk to them that day would result in creating sufficient interest in them that they would be forced to read Mr. Wait's excellent manual or Miss Kershaw's book, his task would not have been in vain.

THE LARGEST BIRDS IN CEYLON

were, of course, the birds of prey—and Ceylon was very well represented in this respect. Some countries had very few of this species. Ceylon had a splendid collection of eagles, hawks, falcons and kites. The largest bird in Ceylon was the Indian Black Eagle —the female being 31 inches long. It had very wide wings, and was one of the most beautiful birds one could wish to see. He (the speaker) had seen a few in the Northern part of the island. Among the birds of prey, the female was the larger, the stronger and the more beautiful. The reason for that was probably that the female did all the work and provided for its young while the male was content to sit on a neighbouring tree. One of the most noticeable of the birds of prey was the Brahminy Kite. He saw a few days ago two flying over the Kandy Lake, and they presented a splendid sight. The head, neck and chest were pure white. They were extremely graceful birds, and as they flew they gave a whistling noise. Then, there was the devil bird over which there had been recently much controversy in the Press. He had lived in many British colonies, but Ceylon was the only place where a devil bird was to be found. There were a number of devil birds in the island, and that was really the point of controversy between Dr. Spittel and others as to which was the genuine devil bird. Devil birds usually made a weird noise which reminded one of Dante's Inferno. The Ceylon eagle also made a most infernal noise. Ceylon also had a

WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF CUCKOOS

and birds allied to cuckoos. Most prominent of those was the concal or crow pheasant with reddish wings. He had seen one in Northern India. It was one of the most attractive birds in Ceylon. One of the most remarkable birds in Ceylon was the paddy bird or pond heron. The reason was because it lived a sort of double life. When it stood perfectly still it looked like a great brown bird. The streamers that fall over its back are also brown, and they cover up the small amount of white that exists. But as soon as it flies, it is a perfectly white bird. It was a very useful bird although it did not get very much credit in that respect. In that connection he would mention that the study of bird life should be regarded as very important and necessary by students of agriculture. Another bird that was not common was the Ceylon blue jay or the Ceylon roller, a beautiful blue bird which one seldom comes across in the island. It was remarkable that the blue jay, a bird regarded as very delicate in the tropics, throve wonderfully well in England with the rigors of winter. The blue jay was regarded in England as

A VERY BEAUTIFUL BIRD.

Coming down to birds of the size of the roller or blue jay was the Ceylon magpie. That was a shy bird which was not to be seen often. It had a long tail and chestnut wings. There was also the seven sisters—probably so called because they were to be generally seen in flocks of seven—probably one entire family. They were brown birds which were very useful. The Ceylon hoopoe was another beautiful bird. Near Mannar he saw two of them sitting in the middle of the road taking a dust bath. The hoopoe had a fan-shaped crest. At one time it was a British bird, but was now extinct in England as they were all probably shot for expert.

(Continued from the previous page.)

The mina in Ceylon had not increased to any large extent in point of numbers. He was disappointed at the small numbers of minas in Ceylon, especially in view of the fact that Ceylon was the home of the mina. The mina was better known in Fiji and New Zealand than in Ceylon. It was introduced to Fiji to kill the insects which attacked certain plants there that were necessary for the prosperity of Fiji. Birds about the size of the mina was the Indian painted thrush or pitta which was an extremely pretty bird. It had a body which looked as if it had been painted with half a dozen different colours. Then, there was the king-fisher. Ceylon was the country of the king-fisher just as much as India was the country of the cuckoo. The most beautiful variety was the black and white king-fisher. It was a beautiful bird and was

REMARKABLE FOR FISHING,

not from the limb of a tree as the ordinary king-fisher did. It hovered in the air like the sun bird, and had its eyes all the time on its prey on which it eventually pounced with wonderful precision.

At this stage, Dr. Casey Wood said that he would recommend all interested in the bird life of Ceylon to first study Miss Kershaw's book which was a sort of introduction to Mr. Wait's manual. Miss Kershaw's book was carefully tabulated according to the colour and size of birds, and was a book that ought to be very carefully studied. Dr. Wood next referred to the green barbet which had a beak that resembled that of the woodpecker. To the same species belonged the copper smith and the magpie robin. The latter was easily distinguishable as it was the bird that could be heard first in the morning and the last thing at night. It was the magpie that gave out anything like a song. It was really a song-bird. The Indian shama belonged to the same species as the magpie robin, but it had a more sustained song. It was a favourite aviary bird in England. Then there was the Paradise fly-catcher with its long tail and beautiful black crest. Its red tail retained that colour for two or three years after which it turned white. At this stage, Dr. Casey Wood said: "I am very glad to take this opportunity to say that the percentage of those in Ceylon who go about shooting birds during the holiday season is small. It is a relief therefore to spend some time in a country where happily such a thing is rare. I can only trust it will always be so." The lecturer next referred to the fan-tail fly-catcher which toyed with its prey in great style before devouring it. It somersaulted in the air, and altogether performed several interesting feats. It was highly thought of in New Zealand. It was a useful bird that

KILLED A LARGE NUMBER OF INSECTS,

and was a beautiful object on the landscape. Reference was also made to the weaver bird and the tailor bird. The latter made wonderful nests by sewing leaves together. He (the speaker) was greatly interested in the nests made by the tailor bird as it was such a wonderful work. In conclusion the lecturer referred to the Iora, which was a diminutive of the Aureole, the skylark which was about two-thirds of the size of the English skylark.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the Chairman invited discussion.

Dr. Paul Pieris said that he was shown the nest of a tailor bird some 43 years ago. The nest had been made by the sewing of two leaves of the Liberia coffee plant.

Asked for his opinion about the crow, Dr. Casey wood said that he thought they were too plentiful in the island and should be reduced by at least 50 per cent. While recognising its worth as a scavenger, it destroyed a large number of useful small birds.

The Hon. Mr. F. A. Stockdale agreed with that view. He stated that crows were doing a great deal of destruction at Peradeniya, where they killed all the smaller birds.

The meeting accorded Dr. Wood a hearty vote of thanks.

COLOMBO'S WEEKLY HEALTH REPORT.

Extract from the Registrar-General's Weekly Health Report of the City of Colombo for the week ended 5th December, 1925:—

The total births registered in the city of Colombo in the week were 136 – (11 Burghers, 80 Sinhalese, 16 Tamils, 20 Moors, 3 Malays and 6 others). The birth-rate per 1,000 per annum (calculated on the estimated population on July 1st, 1925, viz., 256,049) was 27·7, as against 29·9, in the preceding week, 28·5 in the corresponding week of last year, and 27·6 the weekly average for last year.

The total deaths registered were 133—(1 European, 9 Burghers, 58 Sinhalese, 36 Tamils, 24 Moors, 4 Malays, and 1 other). The death-rate per 1,000 per annum was 27·1, as against 31·2 in the previous week, 37·2 in the coresponding week of last year, and 29·8 the weekly average for last year.

Of the 133 total deaths, 25 were of infants under one year of age, as against 41 in the preceding week, 35 in the corresponding week of the previous year, and 32 the average for last year.

PRINCIPAL CAUSES OF DEATH.

Fourteen deaths from pneumonia were registered, as against 20 in the previous week, and 18 the weekly average for last year.

Six deaths from influenza were registered, as against 3 in the previous week, and 4 the weekly average for last year.

Five deaths from bronchitis were registered, as against 7 in the previous week, and 4 the weekly average for last year.

Twelve deaths from phthisis were registered, as against 10 in the previous week, and 13 the weekly average for last year.

Five deaths from enteric fever were registered, as against 3 in the previous week, and 5 the weekly average for last year.

Twenty cases of chicken-pox, 11 of measles, and 3 of enteric fever (1 in Port) were reported during the week as against 19, 6 and 5, respectively, of the preceding week. No case of Plague was reported this week, but one was reported in the previous week.

STATE OF THE WEATHER.

The mean temperature of air was 80·1° against 79·1° in the preceding week, and 80·0° in the corresponding week of the previous year. The total rainfall in the week was 0·49 in., against 3·91 in. in the preceding week, and 0·14 in. in the corresponding week of the previous year.

STOPS CROUP.—It stops croup. That's why mothers keep Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. It contains no narcotics, and is best for the children. For sale everywhere. (d)

In 1925 McGill University bought the collections of the Montreal Natural History Society (which went out of existence that year) . All of these Natural History books that were not already in the Blacker and Emma Shearer Wood Libraries were added to these libraries.

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Dr Wood has added to the libraries over the period of year since their inception, in such wise that they now merit the appreciation which a Zoologist and Ornithologist of McGill University gives in the following note:

DEPARTMENT OF ZOOLOGY

McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL

WOOD LIBRARY.
//----------

The value and richness of a special library is judged by different standards, according to the interests of those who use it. The collector and historian is impressed by old and rare items, full series of publications by certain authors, special copies of books which once belonged to distinguished men, and their manuscripts and other original works. A very large number of these are to be found in the Wood Library.

The amateur naturalist looks for modern well-illustrated descriptive works on the birds of his own region; the taxonomist for monographs of special groups.

At the present time almost the whole progress of science is published in periodicals, and only a minimalamount in books. Journals form therefore the primary need of those who undertake ornithological research, and consequently it is the varied and comprehensive collection of journals in the Wood Library which is its greatest commendation to me. They cover the entire world, and none of the first importance in any romance language is missing; almost all are complete series from the beginning. By their presence they remove one of the largest obstacles to research.

(Signed) V. C. ~~Wynnnn~~ Wynne-Edwards

October 20, 1936.

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In 1926 Dr Wood began work on his " An Introduction to the Literature of Vertebrate Zoology. "

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The following dates and place-names were taken from a weight card for this year:

January 4, Agra.
February 4, Agra.
November 26, Manila.

From July 20, 1925, to June 5, 1931, Dr Wood's average weight varied from 140¾ to 145 lbs.

—...—

The following note written by Dr Wood is Headed

Singapore Ca 1925

—.— Loss of denture.

" We have had several adventures in Singapore, even at the famous Raffles Hotel. I will tell you one of them. We were dressing for dinner when I happened to rinse my favorite and indispensible denture bearing several useful teeth. It was raining as it can rain only in the trpics and for some reason unknown to me I thought I would try through the barred windows-- Raffles nor any other Malay hotel does not trust the native population-- the cleansing properties of the downpour, so I held my protheses well out under the heavy shower when they were whipped out of my hand on to (as I thought) the grassy plot beneath my window. So I called my Sais-- a very intelligent fellow who assured the Sahib that it would be all right he would get a lantern and go findee. This he did and at my direction went over every dripping blade of grass

that could possibly conceal the lost teeth. Then he called another servant and they with myself (now anxiously enveloped in my Burberry) made a wider and more careful search. No results except that I found an open drain running next the hotel wall brimming over witha roaring flood that communicated with the street sewer that rushed into the sea hearby. The Pacific Ocean had my plate and will never give it up! "

———...———

(1927) Dr Wood was an Honorary Collaborator on Birds at the Smithsonian Institute.

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The following dates are taken from letters etc

January 19, 1927. Colombo.
" 25, 1927. " .
June 30, 1927. Author's Club, London.
July 29, 1927. " " , " .
(At work on " An Introduction...". In a letter written June 30, 1927, Dr Wood says: "... I am also very busy buying books for McGill, writing papers etc. ...")
November 2, 1927. Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Montreal.
" 29, 1927. West Madison Street, Chicago.
December 19, 1927. Stanford, California.

—?..—

The following donations of Dr Wood's are listed in the

ANNUAL REPORT
of the
Library
of the
Medical Society of the County of Kings
1313 Bedford Avemue
Brooklyn, N. Y.
For the Year 1928

.....G
"SINHALESE CURIOS

Physician-Scribe's ceremonial official dagger and stylus of Ceylon, about 1700 A.D.

Singhalese Astrologic Monthly Calendar, of about A.D.1800, written on ~~xxxxxxx~~ strips of prepared leaves of talipot palm.

Seventeenth Century stylus (pen) and carved Tamarina sheath (holder) used for writing on prepared strips of palm leaves by Singhalese scribes in copying medical olas, or book manuscripts. Presented by Dr Casey Wood, Stanford University, Calif.

—...—

(1928)

In 1928 Dr Wood worked on " Birds of Fiji " with Dr Alexander Wetmore and the " An Introduction...".

Dr Wood represented the Smithsonian Institution at the Jubilee of the London Zoological Society. The Duke of Bedford presided. Dr Wood records on a slip of paper that he nearly perished of the cold.

On June 14, 1928, Dr Wood read a paper at Claremont, California, before the Pacific division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

June 15, 1928, found Dr Wood at Stanford University where he stayed until December 10 at least.

In a letter written July 14, 1928, Dr Wood says:" ... My family and I have just returned from a short holiday motor trip to the sea coast 100 miles from here, Marjorie acting as a very safe and efficient chauffeurette. We had a jolly time at Pacific Grove where I visited my University colleagues at the Marine Station for Biology.../

" Hoover will be with us in ten days, and we are having g great preparations for the visit.

" These years of grace constitute "America's day'. What the U. S. will do with her tremendous opportunities remains to be seen. I am not so pessimistic or optimistic about it all

as some of my friends. We exhibit great evils and many outstanding virtues. Only we can combat the one and exhalt the other. In what proportion? Quien sabe?..."

The three following newspaper accounts concerning Dr Wood and his activities appeared in the Daily Palo Alto Times of September 13, September 25, and October 6, 1928.

CALIFORNIA CHOSEN FOR ATTEMPT

TO SAVE VANISHING PARAKEETS ;

STANFORD ZOOLOGIST ASSISTING

r/

Though Dr. Casey Wood of Stanford, this community is sharing in a far-reaching attempt to save one of the most vivid of the world's vanishing birds-- the parakeet. Dr. Wood, lecturer in ornithology for the university's zoology department, and Dr. Joseph Grinnell, professor of zoology at the University of California, are assisting Lord Tavistock of England, the world's most noted aviculturalist, in maintaining in California a sanctuary for vanishing bird life. The Stanford ornithologist recently returned from a tour of the middle and southern parts of the State where he visited the av aviaries now in charge of the Tavistock birds.

He reports that these are all doing well but that eventual success of the scheme will be more definitely assured if the pending negotiations between the marquess and William Wrigley Jr. lead to the establishment of a bird sanctuary and propagating quarters on Santa Catalina island as a part of the group of aviaries now being erected there. It was Dr. Wood who proposed to the British enthusiast that he and Mr. Wrigley join forces in an endeavor to preserve not only foreign but American bird life and it is his hope that nothing will prevent the consummation of the plan. According to published news stories, Wrigley is establishing a huge aviary in a tropical canyon on Catalina Island. Here he already has 1,500 birds, from the tiny button quail of India to the highly colored South African Crane, nearly five feet in height.

Climate Here Found Best

" It is no mean compliment to the eminent qualities of t the California climate," Dr. Wood said today, " that the most noted aviculturalist of the world considers this coast as

possessing, of all countries, the conditions most favorable to the preservation of beautiful and useful birds otherwise doomed to extinction."

" Although the marquess is mostly concerned in the conservation of certain types of foreign parakeets," Dr. Wood explains, "He points out that the United States ought immediately to rescue their own species of this family, the Carolina parakeet, that not long ago could be found in almost every woodland between Michigan and Florida, but now is so reduced in numbers that only a few pairs survive in the wilds of the latter state. A few more years and they, likeour wild or passenger pigeon, will be only a memory.

" What Lord Tavistock says of the Carolina parrot is also true of the ivory-billed woodpecker, the California condor and a dozen of her attractive birds that once were numerous enough but are now -- for various reasons-- reduced to the vanishing point.

Birds Must Be Protected

" It is generally conceded by those who have made a study of the problem that it is useless to attempt the protection and ~~breeding~~ breed- ..."

Here the report is continued in another column which, unfortunately, we do not possess.

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CELEBRATES 90TH

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

G. P. Rixford* of San Francisco celebrated his 90th birthday ~~xxx~~ Sunday at his country home in Los Altos, where his daughter, Mrs. B. C. Byrd, arranged a barbecue luncheon in his honor. More than 50 guests from the city and from Los Altos were present. Dr. Casey Wood of San Francisco acted as toastmaster, violin selections were played by Hother Wismer, and a group of songs was contributed by Harry Robertson.

Mr. Rixford has for some years been in charge of the western field station of the United States Department of Agriculture, with headquarters in San Francisco, and makes frequent trips to Nevada, Arizona, Oregon and Washington, which are included in his territory. He also conducts an experimental garden at Los Altos. Instead of placing him on the retired list the government recently advanced his salary, and he bids fair to continue his activities for some years to come.

* The oldest living McGill graduate.

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POTTERY OWNED BY BYRON

GIVEN STANFORD LIBRARY

Three pieces of Egyptian and Cypriote pottery formerly owned by Lord Byron have been given to the Stanford Library by Dr. Casey Wood. They were presented to Dr. Wood by the son of Julius Millingen, who was one of the physicians attending Byron during his last illness in Greece.

The following is part of a letter Dr Wood wrote on October 2, 1928:

" ... Although my part in the 'eddication' of the student body is a very small one still I cannot help but be affected by the hurly burly of preparation for the winter semesters now going on, and in arranging for the few lectures I shall give. I ha ve also agreed-- in a weak moment-- to do for Ophthalmology what Herbert Hoover and his gifted wife did for Geology (De Arte Metallica), 1542 A.D.) translate (with notes and an introduction) the first printed book on the Eye and its Diseases, De Oculorum etc Cura, Ferrara, 1474. That job will keep me out of mischief till we sail for London March 21 st.-- if then alive. The Stanford Univ. Press will publish it, but, meantime, do not say anything about it-- until it is out.... "

(1929) The following is taken from the Society column of the Daily Palo Alto Times of February 25, 1929.

MORE THAN 100 FRIENDS ATTEND TEA

GIVEN IN FAREWELL BY CASEY WOODS

More than 100 friends attended the reception given yesterday afternoon by Dr. and Mrs. Casey Wood, who are to sail next month for England after several months on the Stanford campus. Assisting in receiving and pouring were Mesdames Robert E. Swain, Frank M. McFarland, R. W. Doane and J. R. Slonaker. The Misses Emily Jones and Marjorie Fyfe served.*

Dr. and Mrs. Wood and their niece, Miss Fyfe, occupied the R. E. Swain house on the campus. The Swains, who have returned from Europe and a visit inthe East, willreoccupy their home the first of March. Between that date and the 21st, when they are to sail from San Francisco for London, the Woods and Miss Fyfe plan to pass some time in Palo Alto, visit Carmel and travel.

Dr Wood worked on " An Introduction..." . He suffered for a time from an attack of Cardiac Asthemia.

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In 1929 was published Dr Woods Benevenutus Grassus of Jerusalem, De Oculis, eorumque egritudinibus et curis. Translated with notes and illustrations from the first printed edition, Ferrara, 1474 A.D. By Casey A. Wood, M. D., LL.D. The Stanford University Press, xiv+101 pp., 5 facsimiles.

The volume is dedicated " To My Fellow-Members of the CHARAKA CLUB ".

The following describes the type etc :

THIS VOLUME COMPOSED ON THE LINOTYPE IN TWELVE-
POINT CASLON OLD FACE. TITLE-PAGE AND INITIALS IN
CASLON OLD STYLE; HAND-SET. TEXT ON WHITE JADE
MILANO. ILLUSTRATIONS, WHICH ARE FACSIMILE
PAGES FROM THE 1474 EDITIO PRINCEPS AND
FROM EARLIER GRASSUS MANUSCRIPTS, ARE

*and Mary Elizabeth Slonaker, Katherine Snodgrass, Mary Edith

PRINTED ON WHITE LAIDTONE COATED.

ENDSHEETS OF PLAZA GRAY MILANO.
BOUND BY HAND IN SPAN-O-TONE

CLOTH. DONE IN THE SHOP

OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY

PRESS. COMPLETED IN

AUGUST NINETEEN

HUNDRED AND

TWENTY-NINE

The following are reviews of the book:

I. From the American Journal of Ophthalmology, January, 1930.

De Oculis. By Benenvenutus Grassus of Jerusalem. Translated from the Latin by Casey A. Wood.

This book was probably in, or before, the twelfth century, and was first printed in Ferrara in 1474. About forty variants of the text are known to exist, twenty-two in manuscript and eighteen different printed editions. This translation was made from the first of Ferrara edition, and by comparison with other texts. It gives to English reading ophthalmologists an opportunity to learn something of the ancient history of the art they practice.

The translator's preface occupies 22 pages, and, in calling attention to the history and characteristics of this book, furnishes an interesting and informing introduction to medical history in general. This was " for over 500 years the most popular ophthalmic manual of the Middle Ages". The absence of illuminated initials for the chapters "indicates that this first edition was intended to be a low-priced work, such as would meeta popular demand"; and "not to attract the attention of a few rich collectors".

Only four copies of this edition have been found in the libraries of Europe; but Dr. Wood found three copies in American libraries; one in the United States Medical Library, one in the library of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and one in the Pierpont library in New York. It is pointed out that copies are so rare, probably, because they were used

as a manual of practice and worn out, The one in New York was purchased in Manchester, England, and contains the autograph of " Jos. Jordan, F.R.C.S."

A rival for the honor of being the first printed book on ophthalmology is "Liber de oculo morali" by Johannes de Peckham. Dr. Wood points out that this was not a "serious or original contribution to the practice of medieval ophthalmology". Peckham was a versatile writer who belonged to the Franciscan order and became Archbishop of Canterbury. His book contains " a series of priestly homilies and quotations from the Fathers, in whicha rather good description of the visual apparatus together with its diseases and their treatment, serves as a peg on which to hang saimtly saws and religious dogmas". It seems to have been printed two years after the Ferrara edition of De Oculis.

Benevenutus Grassus speaks of himself as "of Jerusalem", describes his Jerusalem collyrium, his powder, and his Jerusalem electuary; and probably he was a Hebrew. It is not known where he was born, or where he wrote his book, or even the language in which it was first written. Most of the known manuscripts of it, as well as the printed editions, are in Latin. But the oldest known copy in manuscript is in Provencal. The author studied medicine at Salerno in Sicily, practiced in several cities of Italy and of the Near East, and in his later years lived and taught in Montpellier, France. He was not sparing of self-praise, and he frequent- refers to his "cura gloriosa".

The first disease he deals with is cataract, to which nine sections are devoted. The twentieth century reader will see that for a thousand years at least cataract has been thought of as a cause of blindness and as the occasion f for an oppration. Grassus recognised four forms of cataract that were curable (by couching) and three that were incurable The curable forms are cases of true cataract whichmwe might recognise as still encountered. The "incurable cataracts" include " gutta serena" (blindness with clear pupil and nystagmus), the greenish pupil of glaucoma, and the widely dilated pupil of blindness from cerebral lesions.

The diseases of the conjunctive and the inflammations of the eyeball, or ophthalmias, are hopelessly interwoven with the ancient conceptions of humoral pathology; and are befogged by lack of exact clinical observation. But it is interesting to learn how the author understood the relation of the tears to the lacrimal puncta. The elaborate directions for preparationsand use of collyria, plasters and so on, some of which include 15 or 20 ingredients, of supposed therapeutic virtue, emphasize the difference between ancient and modern ophthalmology. From this point of view it is a book worthy of study and thought on the part of any ophthalmologist. The work of the translator and annotator, as well as that of thepublisher, leaves nothing to be desired The illustrations are reproductions of pages from old printed and manuscript copies of this book. The last dozen pages give bibliographic information that will be valued in libraries. American ophthalmologists are to be congratulated on the production by one of their colleagues of a

work of high historic value.

Edward Jackson.

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II. From the San Francisco Chronicle, ca December 2, 1930.

FAMOUS MANUAL

OF XXXXX EYE CURES

FINELY PRINTED

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THE DE OCULIS OF BENEVENUTUS GRASSUS OF JERUSALEM.
Translated from the Latin of the first printed edition (Ferrara: 1474 A.D.) by Casey A. Wood, M.D. Illustrated, xiv + 106 pp. (Stanford University: Stanford University Press; $5.

———

This book has value and interest for the medical antiquary, the student of medieval sciences, the bibliophile; but not for these exclusively. We all have eyes, and many of us have trouble with them, and it is not without interest to us to learn something about the earlier attempts at alleviation of distresses that neither time nor science have erased from common experience.

It is not known when the "De Oculis" was first written, nor in what language it was composed, nor even what was the name of the author, exactly; but it is known that, in its various editions of script and print, it was, through more than five centuries, the most popular of all ophthalmic manuals. As Dr. Casey (sic) says: " The position held by the Benevenutus treatise in the esteem of medieval surgeons was undoubtedly very high. It was to them a practical handbook of ophthalmic practice, written by the most fanous oculist and cataract operator of his day; and fromall points of view, popular and professional, it outranked the writings of Jesus Hali, Alcanamosali, Alkoatim, John de Peckham, or any other contemporary teacher. A study of this monograph is, accordingly, indespensable to a proper understanding of the history of ophthalmology and its progress."

Dr. Casey has done his work as translator and commentator with scholarly care and with good sense (the twoare not always applied simultaneously to works of this nature) and has increase the value of the book by supplying an excellent preface, a catalogue of the codices and prints of the treatise and a bibliography. The illustrations are facsimile pages from the Ferrara printing and from earlier Grassus manuscripts.

In physical appearance the book is one of the most attract-

iveyet produced by the Stanford University Press. This volume (page size, 6¼x9 inches) has been composed on the linotype ~~machine~~ in Caslon old face, with title-page and initials in Caslon old style, hand set. The text is printed on white jade Milano paper, the illustrations on white Laidstone coated. The book is hand-bound in dull white cloth with gray striations and ornamental gilt bands. To the eye of the typographical perfectionist, the first page of text (in the translators preface) is somewhat marred by the division of a word at the end of the very first line, and by other divisions that might have been avoided, if the type had been set by hand; but this first little shock is counteracted by many wholly pleasing pages in the book, and by the high quality of the presswork throughout.

Too often private presses, and other presses taking the trouble to resurrect an old work, select something that has little or no interest except as a trial of their abilities in typography. The "De Oculis" is a noteworthy exception.

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III. From the Lancet (London):

"Dr. Casey Wood deserves praise for his translation and for the valuable foot-notes identifying the various herbs in use, as well as for his learned preface. The type, paper, and format of the book are beautiful."

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IV. From the Archives of Ophthalmology:

"In giving the means easily to know Benevenutus and his 'De Oculus,' Dr. Wood has conferred a boon on his English-speaking colleagues that will be widely appreciated."

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V. From the British Journal of Ophthalmology.

" The printers deserve great commendation for the really beautiful type, paper, and format of this book which fills a notable gap in ophthalmic literature. British and American ophthalmology owes much to Dr. Casey Wood."

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From an advertisement for the book the following is taken:

" The small volume by Benevenutus of Jerusalem holds interest for the medical profession because it was, in its various editions of script and print, for over five hundred years, the most popular manual of ophthalmology. De Oculis, was the first printed book dealing with the anatomy, physiology, pathology, and therapeutics of the eye, and is now first available in English; as such it is indispensable to a proper understanding of the history of ophthalmology and its progress from the tenth to the twelfth centuries. The position held by the Benevenutus manuscript in the esteem of medieval surgeons was high indeed. It was to them a practical handbook of ophthalmic practice, written by the most famous oculist and cataract operator of the day. From all aspects, both popular and professional, it outranked the writings of Jesus Hali, Alcanamosali, Alkoatim, John de Peckham, and other contemporary teachers.

———...———

The following letter was received by Dr Wood from the Secretary of the Interior, Washington.

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

WASHINGTON

February 19, 1930.

Dear Dr. Wood:

Thank you for your letter, inclosing one for the President, which I will deliver with the book when it becomes available. I am sure the President will be very much interested in it.

I am glad to know that you had a trip to Rome and that you are again feeling better. I am sorry that you had anything ~~in the nature~~ approaching a setback.

Your book was a jewel. I have read it with unique and unusual interest. I think it was a real service to get it out.

With every good wish,

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) (ILLEGIBLE)

Dr. Casey A. Wood,
Authors' Club,
London, S. W.1,
England.

———...———

The following letter was received from the Secretary to the President:

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

March 26, 1930.

My Dear Dr. Wood:

The President wishes me to make acknowledgment of your letter of February 15th. He is very glad to have the copy of your book which you were good enough to present to him and wants you to know how appreciative he is of your thoughtful courtesy.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) George Akerson

GEORGE AKERSON
Secretary to the President.

Dr. Casey Wood,
American Express Co.,
38 Piazza di Spagna,,

Rome, Italy.

———...———

The following dates illustrate Dr Wood's travels during 1930:

January 2. Hotel Eden, Rome.
March 9. " " ? ".
May 30. Queen Anne's Mansions, London.

(From "Baedeker's London and its Environs":
"... // In Petty France Milton occupied a 'pretty garden-house' in 1652-58, where 'Paradise Lost' was begun; from 1812 to 1819 Hazlitt was tenant of the house (No. 19), which was pulled down in 1877 to make way for the tall and ugly Queen Anne's Mansions. /-- ..."

July 3. Queen Anne's Mansions, London.
September 30. Sailed for Continent.
October 5. Heidelberg.
October 9-12. Lausanne.

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There ~~are~~ following are a brief note and a letter of Dr Wood's connected ~~wi~~ with Switzerland:

" Swiss Recollections.

I have already said something about the Swiss-Canadian school I attended in my boyhood. The more I know of Swiss people and Swiss history the more I like their Alpine land and its form of liberty. The inhabitants are not the friendly care-free folks one meets in Italy but they are perhaps more reliable as friends and neighbors; certainly they are more democratic. For these and other reasons E. and I chose Swiss schools for our niece Marjorie and our nephew Douglas Fyfe, sending the former to Les Fougères in Lausanne for two years and the latter to the Schmidt Institute at St. Gall for a year. ~~and~~ I think the instruction they obtained

there was better for them than any of the American Schools they previously or subsequently attended. Even my wife's pet seampstress for 30 years was a Swiss.

Speaking of Swiss democracy my friend Sir Esme (later Lord) Howard told me that when he was British Minister in Berne he occasionally walked to his office with the President of the Republic, a bluff old Swiss. Once he joined this official who was carrying over his shoulder a well filled and heavy bag. The President said to him, " I raise the best t table turnips of anyone in these parts," and he took one out of his bag in proof of the statement. " Now I am taking six of these to each of three old friends who also raise turnips to show them how much better mine are."

Imagine the President of even the smallest of our America republics ~~xxxxxxx~~ guilty of such an ignoble act!

We paid our neice Marjorie a visit when she was attending school in Lausanne and went with her to the (official) Episcopal Church one Sunday. The lesson of the day was read by a pompous old Englishman who quoted Deuteronomy two or three times accentuating that mouth-filling name on the penultimate. Did the Vicar or Rector stand for it? Not he, but he plainly and slowly repeated the proper name with the usual accent on the third syllable, thus putting the reader-- to his evident confusion-- in his proper place! Ecclesiastical dignity must ever be upheld even at the expense of ~~xxxxx~~ courtesy.

I do not know why I should associate the long, sharp and

dangerous hat-pins (like unsheathed, miniature daggers) adopted by the opposite sex about 1912 should in my mind be associated with Switzerland. Perhaps because no self-respecting Swiss woman could be induced to wear one. All sorts of minor punctured wounds-- some very near the eyes-- were inflicted by them in crowded cars, elevators etc. until the public was officially warned against them, and they were even prohibited in some of our towns and cities.

To Lord Howard of Penrith
Formerly Sir Esme Howard
British Ambassador to the U.S.A.
London.

11May 1932.

Dear Lord Howard:

It is difficult for me to realize that it is seven months since we sailed from Manchester and, going by way of the Panama Canal, settled here just before Christmas. We found many old friends in this city and neighborhood, took a furnished house for a year and will probably, under the glamor of climate and other attractive surroundings, remain indefinitely.

I decided to adopt that dolce far niente plan which most of us who have been accustomed to hard work during an active life more or less vainly attempt to follow, but the temptation to ally myself with the institution whose name heads this paper was too strong and I now am connected with it as I was with Stanford University, i.e., on the staff with no particular duties and no salary! I am, however, engaged in

several small natural history Arbeiton and perhaps you will, in the course of time, be reminded of this fact by the reception of an occasional reprint.

Many congratulations on the exemplary fashion in which you are overcoming your political and financial troubles. We seem to be in medias so far as ours are concerned. For example, I am sure that in your American experience you never contemplated such a prize lot of inept, not to say asinine, legislators as are now operating at Washington. I could not refrain(although it will probably do no good whatever) from relieving my pent-up feelings by a letter to our local press-- a clipping of which I now enclose.

The indifference of our people (and the various legislative bodies that represent them) to the present situation in the States is quite past the good natured joke that is commonly made of it by average citizens. One would think to hear them talk that their political slogan is " cela ne fuit rien!" Perhaps my fellow countrymen who feel that way may some day ~~xxxxxx~~ wake up and exclaim ," Oh! the difference to me." But enough of that disagreeable theme; except to add that you will doubtless see in.....

The remainder of this letter is not available.

On October 26 Dr Wood was at Nice, France.

For the rest of the year Dr Wood remained at the Hotel Eden, Rome.

The note headed " The Casey A. Wood Foundation is responsible, among other projects, for the following :" gives this for 1930.

" Museum Collections to illustrate the History of Medicine (chiefly Sinhalese and South Indian) McGill University, established 1930;"

Dr Maude Abbott who was the curator of the medical Museum said that this Sinhalese collection is unique.

The following dates illustrate Dr Wood's travels in 1931.

January 6..... Hotel Eden,Rome.

February 6..... Hotel Eden, Rome.

In a letter of August 3, 1931, Dr Wood says:

"... By the time you receive this my address will be the above (Author's Club). ~~Salzburg~~ We leave here in 10 days or so first to Salzburg to attend the annual Musical Festival, then on to Vienna and Munich (a week each) to arrive in London (Queen Anne's Mansions) the first week in September. We have taken passage for California via Panama Canal on Nov. 3rd. and expect to reach Los Angeles harbour about Dec. 4th. Probably we shall settle down there permanently...."

August 4... Park Hotel, Vitznau, Switzerland.
" 23... Grand Hotel, ~~Venice~~ Vienna.

September... Queen Anne's Mansions.

November 4.. Sailed via Panama to California on board the Furness Line's M.S. [redacted]. " Pacific President."

The following is a copy of a letter written by Dr Wood.

Dr. Casey Wood
Natural History Museum
London, S.W. 7.
England.

2 October 1931.

Dr. Geo. H. Simmons,
Hollywood-by-the-sea,
Florida,
U.S.A

My dear George:-

You made a close calculation of our movements; we arrived in Queen Anne's Mansions straight from Munich and Vienna as per schedule the first week of last month and were glad to have yours of September 11th.

The hotel situation not only in Switzerland but everywhere else in Europe is "depressed". I may say, however, that it is nottrue that the Schweizeshof in Lucerne is or will be closed. That rumor was afterwards denied in the newspapers that gave it birth; moreover we took tea there the day before we left [redacted] Vitznau and saw that it was doing a better buisness-- being the best known all-the-year-round hotel in Switzerland-- than most of the "palatial" class.

Despite the remnants of the Roman "flu" as a handicap Emma took in most of the dissipations of our trip avoiding, of courae, the most wearying. The last class-- we deputed Marjorie to tackle-- such as doing picture galleries, side trips, etc. that were "old stuff" to us two but novelties to her. For example, we took luncheon at the Rathanskeller and tramped about the Hofbourg in Wien-- in memory of the old days -- but sent her to walk a mile or two in and about Schönbrunn and the Liechtenstein [redacted] palace and grounds. So far as we could judge there were no frills on the body municipal in Vienna but most of the palaces were clean and well kept. And they still do things in the Kaiserstadt. Did you read of the remarkable arrival in Vienna and neighborhood (on their migration south) of tens of thousands of swallows, starved and exhausted from crossing the storm and snow-swept

Bavarian Alps and how the local Society for the Protection of Animals sent 50,000 or more by airplane to Venice so that they might find warmth and the insect life needed for their existence? The mortality was less than ten per cent. I doubted that tale at first but it has been amply confirmed. See the London Observer of September 27th.

Yes; I saw that account of the amazing Wolf embezzlement. It certainly argues gross neglect and mismanagement of a huge concern and I agree with you that it will further shake public confidence in our banks generally and may be the cause of runs on some of them. I could a tale unfold about the said bank which also make me say " I might have told you so" but I shall not lay myself open to a charge of libel. The head of the bank and several of the major officials were patients of mine in the old days and what I learned then induced me to sell out all my (small) holdings in it and one-half of my wife's larger interests later on. I made considerable money for her on the latter transaction which may be neutralized by the present and subsequent career o of the stock. If we ever meet I will tell you what I know. Meantime I hope you have no stock in the bank.

My wife and I have been readers of Garvin's leading articles in the Observer for years. The Astor interests made no mistake when they hired him as editor-in-chief. But how many times has he been like John crying in the wilderness and shouting in vain his slogan of " England, awake!" However, if not fully she is now partially roused from her post-war lethargy and I think that on the whole-- though it must have been bitter medicine-- she is taking helpful remedies that will restore her to something like her old position in the world of commerce and finance.

Nell was greatly pleased to have your message. We see him quite frequently and still wonder at his energy and wide knowledge of men and things. I think he and a Bengali friend will take tea with us in a day or two when the latter will tell me something about a beautiful gilt and lacquered Burmese ola (from the King's library) that I recently acquired. It is written in Pali characters and is wonderfully well done. I think I shall keep it as one of a dozen books for my own private library in California-- the main condition of entry into which is that each book shall be unique or nearly so. Another is one of three known copies of de Peckham's de Oculi Morali, Augsburg, 1475; another a manuscript book of the Horae Virginis, not very old but such a close imitation of type set, pages and the illustrations so like copper plates and colored prints as to deceive the unwary. Another is a quaint little chapbook, a 12mo. on British Birds written " for the instruction of good children", about 1820-- quite modern-- but well illustrated by woodcuts. No copy in the Bodleian nor in the British Museum. You notice that the author(unknown) does not provide for the moral elevation of bad or neutral minded children. I suppose they are hopeless ab initio.

Still another-- do not skip here for this is the last to describe-- is Gianbattista Porta's Phytognomica, Frankfurt, 1591, in which the learned and versatile author,- a sixteenth century Neapolitan oculist-- shows by illustration and otherwise the forms common to animals and plants and how nature has worked out a fascinating scheme-- an extension of the Buddhistic idea-- in which life and its physical characters are regarded and shown to be one. I have collected all that seems to be known about Porta's writings (that cover a wide range of philosophic thought) and if I live I may write a paper on his literary career and offer it to the Charaka Club or (if they don't want it) to the Anals of Medical History.

Your Axel Munthe clipping was especially welcome as it explains why he has not answered my letter addressed to his club here-- as per arrangement in Rome. Evidently he could not resist the temptation to visit the Bird Sanctuary he has established on an island in the Baltic. I see by the "Bookman" that " The Story of San Michele" is still the best seller among serious tales of the autobiographical class.

When I was living in Camp Sherman I never passed the bayonet exercise ground with its stuffed manikins and non-coms shouting " give it to him in the ----" without thinking the thoughts of your clipping. Have we really progressed much beyond our cave ancestors, those male progenitors who brought home the bride with a club and lived off half-raw mammoth? Disguise them as you will the " services" and warfare are nothing but ill-concealed inventions for murdering and robbing the neighbor-- especially when he isn't looking. Even when every nation is almost bankrupt who-- not the U.S.A.-- protests against spending millions on some engine of extermination, some villainous boat or artillery or gas device that will most quickly destroy the painful work of a hundred years of human effort and kill and maim the white, brown or black brother?

It is true that we were the first to disregard the good old rule " let him take who has the power, let him keep who can", but how did the other nations of the earth regard our refusal to loot China after the Boxer riots, to annex Cuba and to make Spain pay a " war indemnity" after we had beaten her in the opera-bouffe war of 1898? They thought we were sentimental fools and how they laughed when we actually paid Spain twenty million dollars " indemnity" and the greasy friars who had robbed the Filipinos of their lands eight million more dollars for the same and handed them over to the native government! Now we are trying to induce the world to disarm and are willing (if and when) to lead the way. I am afraid it is going to be a failure but perhaps some good will be done and that we can prove that we are some better than Neanderthal man.

While on this subject the new Surgeon- General of the U.S. Army is Major-General Robert U. Patterson, born in

Montreal and a McGill graduate. I knew him well when I was stationed In Washingtonand if you have not noticed it I wish to draw your attention to the fact that many illustrious Americans are expatriated Canadians, and some illustrious Canadians are expatriated Americans. As an example of the latter is my old school friend the Rt. Hon. Sir George Perley, once Acting Premier of Canada, born in New Hampshire and of the former, besides Major -General Patterson, are, well, itmis not necessary to exemplify further-- videsne puer?

A remarkable event transpired on the morning of the 27th. September. I attended divine service in the Guards' Chapel, built by the same architects that raised the American Church in in Rome. Our flat (note the word, not apartment) in Queen Anne's Mansions overlooks the Guards' ~~xxxxxxx~~ parade ground and barracks and on Sundays we can easily hear the services-- especially the singing-- from the chapel. Marjorie got some tickets and I went along. Our friend Nell says that to get the full benefit of church going one should not overdo the thing and this seems to me such good advice that I selected with perhaps undue care the time and place of my rare attendance. Once there my contribution to the upkeep of the institution depends almost wholly upon the character of the hymns. I am, despite my heterodoxy, under the influence of church hymnals. And the lovely military chapel (almost as ornate as the memorial Chapel at Stanford)-- see illustrations -- resounded with the strains of a military choir and band that wouldhave done credit to seraphim and cherubim. On entering the premises we heard a very familiar air but one I did not at first fully recognise-- and then, all of a sudden it burst upon me!

" Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedenten
Das is so traurig bin".

Just imagine the air of the Lorelei in an orthodox church!

Then we had Schubert's Seranade and several other similar contributions. I marked that church service 100, and intend to go again. Oh, the sermon, well the sermon was as Abraham Lincoln might have said " the kind of sermon that if you liked it was just the sort of sermon you would like." The dear, old bemedalled chaplain did his best to talk to the red-coated bebusbyed troops in a language they could understand-- and ignore. It did no good; it did no harm.

We are now in the throes of two scientific celebrations- the centenary (how do you pronounce this word?) of the British Association ~~xxxx~~ for the Advancement of Science and the semi-centenary of the British Museum (Natural History) where I am now working. Everybody seems interested. General Smuts of South African fame is the President of the former and gave a fine (broadcast) address to several thousand people. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald-- despite the desertion of the gold standard-- received at the latter.

I have attended some of the section meetings, especially on zoology, and a few of the side shows. One of them was a conversazione given by the Royal Society-- that most august and aristocratic of British scientific associations. My

brother-in-law, Dr. Cresswell Shearer, F.R.S., an old McGill graduate and Professor af Cambridge came to town and escorted me to said conversazione where I met half the scientific aristocracy of G.B., who never heard of me and several other people whom I know and who know me. Into the august presence of the President past the gold mace given by the founder Charles II(who really was a patron of science and loved to bring his mistresses to the meetings). I escorted Lady Harmer-- her husband former keeper of the British Museum (Natural History). She dropped me as soon as we had our names loudly announced for other and superior attractions but she was a Charmer while it lasted.

But oh the treasures of that part of Burlington House-- letters from Sir Isaac Newton, portraits of John Evelyn, Pepys, Faraday, et al. I had a good chance to see Sir John Simon, the Bishop of Birmingham (now engaged in a profound newspaper controversy with his superior the Archbishop of Canterbury over the intrinsic merits of tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum) and m many other well known continental scientists, the latter often covered with whiskers and decorations. It was a great sight.

Here is an interruption that has nothing to do with scient ific matters from the New Yorker:

Peerage. A Lord and Taylor shipping clerk was in a quandary the other morning over a table a lady had ordered. The instructions were ambiguous as to how it was to be packed, or something. He decided to call up the customer. He got an English Butler on the phone-- English as they come.

" This is Lord and Taylor," said the clerk.
" Yes, my lord," said the ~~xxxxx~~ butler.
" I said it's Lord and Taylor.
" Yes, my lord."
" I want to find out about a table that was to be sent."
" A table, my lord?"
" Oh, hell," said the simple clerk, and dropped the ~~xxxx~~ matter.

The city is full of (East) Indians, so that we feel quit at home. Turbans are as common as bare heads. The news- papers not dealing with the flight of the gold standard and pity for those countries that still adhere to that ancient superstition discuss Gandhi and gandhiana. Two old friends are much in the public eye, one of them Sir Harry Singh whom we knew in Kashmir, now fighting for his crown, and Lord Reading-- once Viceroy of India. The last time we saw the former he was being conveyed down the ~~xxxx~~ Jhelum in his gilded barge with a 100 gaily uniformed rowers, and the last time we saw the Viceroy he was seated, with Lady Reading, in a gilded carriage, escorted by a regiment of cavalry to the railway station (en route for England) in Delhi. We ~~near~~ never laid eyes on Gandhi but we stayed a couple of days in his native town, Allahabad, where we nearly passed away from the excessive heat. And the dust, oh, the dust! I thank all

the gods that are, I shall not be obliged to see that city of Allah again!'

I am having answers from all over the world to a request postal card for definite addresses of museums, naturalists, etc. to which and to whom I may send my new book. One was returned to me from an august professor in Amoy University, China, with two perpendicular lines of Chinese characters. Owing to one of the numerous defects in my early education I cannot read Chinese so I requested my friend Dr. Sherborn to ask his Chinese assistant to do the job of translating, which he did as follows: " If the blighter is not at the address given send the card back"; the Chinese have, it seems, no term for ~~xxxx~~ "Addressee; " blighter" comes nearest to it!

Your friend and my acquaintance Sir David Bruce, is slowly dying in our old home, the Artillery Mansions Hotel, of probably cancer of the larynx. I left a card for him the other day. Horrible end to such a distinguished career. To add to the tragedy Lady Bruce is lying in the next room also moribund. As you know she is considerably older than her husband.

Of course everybody is talking gold standard here. I read at least six newspapers a day and know less about the pros and cons when night comes. Of course there are many wise-acres who see clearly the issues and tell us (each a different story) all about it. To my untutored mind both the U.S.A and the British ships of finance and commerce are sailing through unknown, uncharted seas to destinations they know not of. I also believe that if they keep their heads and a good look-out they will arrive in protected havens, albiet with torn rigging and battered hulls, but substantially safe. What do you think?

Have you read the recent life of Leonard Wood by Herman Hagedorn? The biographer may be a hero-worshipper but my experience of the General, including and hour's talk with him in Manila just after he had left hospital, inclines me to a belief that his views are not incorrect. When I was stationed in Washington there were plenty of pros and cons floating about but as I detested that little great man Baker of the War Office perhaps I am prejudiced. As before , what do you think?

Ever yours,

Dr Wood published, this year, his famous

AN

INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE

OF

VERTEBRATE ZOOLOGY

BASED CHIEFLY ON THE TITLES IN THE

BLACKER LIBRARY OF ZOOLOGY

THE EMMA SHEARER WOOD LIBRARY OF ORNITHOLOGY

THE BIBLIOTHECA OSLERIANA

AND OTHER LIBRARIES OF

McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

BY

CASEY A. WOOD, M.D., LL.D.
Collaborator, Division of Birds, Smithsonian Institution.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD
1931.

It is dedicated thus:

To
MY COLLEAGUES IN THE

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

The format, etc., is as follows: 4to, pp. xix+643. Col. frontispiece. Oxford University Press, London, 1931. Fifteen dollars or three guineas.

The following are the first five paragraphs of Dr Wood's Preface to this book.

PREFACE

After nearly six years of effort on the part of the Officials of the Libraries and Zoological Departments of McGill University the Compiler and Editor of the present treatise has finally prepared for the press a volume that is intended to assist students of vertebrate zoology and its bibliography, as well as University and other librarians, in securing a fair knowledge of an important branch of natural science. Although the parties to the present compilation are not altogether satisfied with the w work-- which is necessarily an incomplete presentation of the subject-- it is hoped that it may serve as a sort of stopgap until other hands have written and published a complete study and evaluation of all vertebrate literature-- a consummation devoutly to be wished.

As will be seen from the Table of Contents the present compilation is divided into three distinct and yet closely related sections.

Section A reviews the literature of vertebrate zoology, so far as it is represented in McGill libraries, from the earliest

times to the year 1930.

Section B furbishes a convenient, short-title index of the same literature (including a few serials and periodicals), arranged geographically and in chronologic order, so that the student or librarian may recognize and locate in a few minutes any ordinary treatise or periodical and many of the rare titles of zoological importance. Suppose, for example, that the book desired be a fecent work on the vertebrate animals of Southern Mexico. The major headings, General Works, Middle America, are soon found and casting one's eye towards the end of the list the date and name ' 1908. Gadow, Hans' are at once perceived. Further information about the book, its whereabouts, &c., are easily obtained by consulting the appended Catalogue or the Catalogue of the British Museum (Nat. Hist.).

Section C, the largest of the three, is the (partially) annotated Catalogue of the printed books, periodicals, independent tractates, original drawings , manuscripts, &c., in the Blacker and other zoological collections of McGill, to which have been added a few titles of importance 'on order' but not yet acquired at the date of going to press. These constant acquisitions also embrace many titles not referred to in this treatise.

The two following extracts are taken from The Gazette, of Montreal of November 4, 1931, and the McGill Daily of November 5, 1931.

McGILL
IN PRE THE GAZETTE, MONTREAL, WE

Dr. Wood's Work on Literature of Vertebrate Zoology Widely Acclaimed

VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION

Publication Is Intended to Help Students in Research Activities in This Particular Field

Several years of intensive and difficult work by Dr. Casey A. Wood, collaborator, division of birds, Smithsonian Institution, assisted by Dr. Gerhard Lomer and other members of the staff of McGill University, has culminated in the publication of a valuable and authoritative work entitled "An Introduction to the Literature of Vertebrate Zoology."

This book, which is listed among McGill University publications, is based chiefly on the titles in the Blacker Library of Zoology, the Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ornithology, the Bibliothica Osleriana and in several of the other libraries of McGill University. The work has been sent out by McGill library officials to some hundred authorities and institutions and it has been greeted by enthusiastic comments from several sources.

Dr. Casey Wood, who holds his degree of doctor of medicine from McGill, has always been interested in the zoological collection at the university, which, partly through his efforts and interest, is now regarded as the finest on this continent and second or third in the world. The Blacker Library is the largest part of this, its founder, Robert R. Blacker, having died only a few months ago. Other libraries and collections in the university have further contributions to this study, and these, together with recent acquisition, have made the entire collection a most comprehensive one.

The introduction just published is intended to help students in research work in this field and the bibliography is expected to be of assistance to universities and libraries. The first part of the work concerns itself with the literature of vertebrate zoology as far as it is represented in the McGill libraries. The second portion comprises a short title index, and the third, which is by far the largest, consists of a catalogue of the printed books, periodicals, tractates, original drawings and manuscripts in the Blacker and other libraries at McGill.

Dr. Wood says in the introduction that he does not believe the work to be the final authority on the subject, but adds that he "hopes that McGill libraries have gathered a sufficient number of items to justify the present publication as a basis for an elementary thesis on the literature of vertebrate zoology."

Some of the McGill officials who have assisted prominently in the compilation of the work are Dr. Gerhard R. Lomer, University Librarian, director of the library school and professor of library administration; Professor Arthur Willey, Strathcona professor of zoology; Henry Mousley, of the zoological department, and Miss Elizabeth Abbott, of the library staff.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION

Dr. Casey Wood Edits New Work

McGill Daily. Nov 5/31.

Will Serve As Introduction To Zoological Literature

DESCRIBES BOOKS

Classifies General Information Contained In McGill Libraries

"An Introduction to the Literature of Vertebrate Zoology", is the title to a new book just edited by Dr. Casey Wood. The work is based on data contained in the Blacker Library of Zoology and the Emma Shearer Wood Library of Ormithology. These two bequests, which are incorporated in path Library, form the most complete fund of knowledge on the subject to be found in North America.

Dr. Wood is an alumnus of McGill, having graduated in medicine. He has alwas taken a keen interest in the zoological collection of the University. In preparing the publication he was assisted by Dr. Willey, Strathcona professor of zoology; Henry Mousley, of the zoological department; Dr. Gerhard Lomer, Universit Librarian, and Miss Elizabeth Abbott, of the library staff.

Describes Publications

The book is a general working describing the various publcations on vertebrate zoology possessed by the University. The McGill collection is ranked as the second or third best in the world. The purpose of the publication is to serve as a help to students doing research in this science.

The first part of the book deals with the literature of vertebrate zoology represented in the McGill libraries. The second portion contains a short title index. The third part comprises a large catalogue of books, drawings, periodicals, and manuscripts found in the several libraries.

The Emma Shearer Wood library takes its name from the wife of Dr. Casey Wood. Dr. and Mrs. Wood are at present en route from England to California. It is reported that they will be unable to come through Montreal on their way home.

Represents Much Work

In his introduction Dr. Wood states that he does not consider the work to be the final authority on the subject. However he "hopes that McGill libraries have gathered a sufficient number of items to justify the present publication as a basis for an elementary thesis on the literature of vertebrate zoology." The author has spent several years of intensive study at his task.

The Oxford University Press are publishing the book. The price of the volume is three guineas.

Dr Wood records in a letter that he was told that his "Introduction" was of the utmost assistance to the Natural History Students of Eaton.

Dr Wood received letters of thanks for presentation copies from the following-- as well as from many more places--:

Australia; U.S.A.; England; from the American Association of Port Authorities; Department of Anatomy, Peiping Union Medical College, Peiping, China; Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; Museum D'Histoire Naturelle, Ville de Genève; Public Free Library, British Guiana, South America; Haarlem; University of Hong Kong; Kyoto Imperial University Library (Japan); Buitenzorg (Java);* Julian S. Huxley; Ireland; Leningrad; Moscow; Leyden; Italy; University of Malta, Valletta; Paris; East African Agricultural Research Station, Amani, Via Tanga, Tanganyika Territory; Mysore University Library; Naples Zoological Station; Natal University College (University of South Africa) Pietermaritzburg; New Oriental Hotel, Ceylon; H.E.H. the Nizam's Government, Osmania University College Library, Hyderabad-Deccan, India; University of the Philippines, Manila, P.I.; Queensland Geological Survey, Brisbane; Raffles Museum and Library, Straits Settlements, Singapore; Royal Society for the Protection of Birds (London); The University of Tasmania, Hobart; Zoology Department, University of Allahabad, Allahabad, India; and University of the

* Judson College, Rangoon, Burma;

United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, India; and the University of Toronto; etc.

The following is taken from the Pasadena Star-News of December 16, 1931.

Pasadena Star-News
Dec 16/31

PART TWO
Local News, Social Activities
Co-operative Section

ADVENTURING DOCTOR WILL LIVE HERE

Dr. Casey Wood to Make Pasadena His Home

TEN YEARS' JUNGLE LIFE COMPLETED

Eye Expert Who Turned Explorer, Chats

Dr. Casey A. Wood noted ophthalmologist, author of many authoritative treatises on diseases of the eye, and equally noted for his explorations in the jungles of the world and his studies of bird life, has returned from the jungles to settle down in Pasadena.

Here Dr. Wood will make his home; here he will write his new book, "Jungle Life." Dr. Wood said so himself, today, at the Hotel Vista del Arroyo, where he and Mrs. Wood arrived yesterday. They came by steamer from London, where they have been living recently while Dr. Wood did some research work at the British Museum.

Dr. Wood said that he and Mrs. Wood would live at the Vista for the present, but later would take a house here. Some of his friends at Stanford University, where he lectures on ornithology, off and on, when he is in this country, wanted him to establish his home in Palo Alto. He thanked them, but chose Pasadena. "I believe I have as many friends in Pasadena as in Palo Alto, and Pasadena is a delightful place to live," he said

Took Up Hobbies

Retiring after his distinguished career as an ophthalmologist, Dr. Wood has devoted the last ten years to his hobbies, jungle life and birds. These hobbies have, as he said today, taken him upon adventures all over the world. He has lived in the Fiji Islands, spent two years in the remote places of the South American continent, made long sojourns and studies in the Malayan peninsular, in India and in various odd and exotic corners of the world. He has contributed materially to the ornithological data of Smithsonian Institution.

Born in Wellington, Ont., and carving his earlier professional career in Canada, Dr. Wood followed extensive studies abroad by settling in Chicago. His home was at Winnetka, a residential Chicago suburb. His greatest achievements as an ophthalmologist and his widely-known scientific books on diseases of the eye and kindred topics were written after his removal to the states.

Officer in War

In the World War, he performed important service as an officer of the Army Medical Corps, particularly in regard to the eyesight of such of the Army personnel as the aviators and so on.

And now, Dr. Wood is to follow his earlier professional books about ophthalmologist and other medical topics by writing adventure books. His "Jungle Life," which he expects to write in Pasadena in the next six months, will not be told in scientific terms, but so that the average lay reader, too, may share the interest of his wanderings.

One chapter, he said, would deal with some of the wild life in California woods.

LOCAL CONTRACTOR

The circular entitled " The Casey A. Wood Foundation" gives the following for 1932.

" Membership in the Associates of the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, California, joined 1932 (endowed).

Dr Wood stayed at Pasadena (at 295 Wigmore Drive) until nearly the end of the year. On December 28, 1932, he was " at sea near Japan" according to a postcard.

The following is a mimeographed letter (written in 1934) which tells of Dr Wood's travels from 1932 to 1934.

Permanent forwarding address:
Dr. Casey Wood,
Author's Club,
2, Whitehall Court
London, England.

After July 1st 1934:
California Institute of Technology,
Pasadena,
California,
U.S.A.

When I interrupted my congenial work at Caltec and we sailed from California Decr., 1932, I had at least three definite plans in view, (a) to collect in the Far East, especially in Ceylon, items, to illustrate the progress of Ayurvedic Medicine (A.D. 1200-1800) for the Medical Museum of McGill University ; (b) to gather MSS. and books for the two chief Zoological libraries (Blacker and E.S.W.) of the

University and (c) to arrange with the Ceylon Government for a continuation of the three first parts of that now well-known and financially successful publication " THE COLOURED PLATES OF THE BIRDS OF CEYLON", for which it had been my privilege to supply the original paintings made for the purpose by Mr. G. M. Henry."

The following interpolation is a letter copied from the Ceylon Times of January 25, 1927, illustrating this:

Ceylon Times, Jan 25, 1927.

Coloured Plates of Ceylon Birds.

Sir:- With regard to the forth-coming Publication of Coloured Plates of Ceylon Birds, to which reference has been made in your columns, it should be stated that the actual most of the Artist's work in connection with the production of the plates is being borne by Dr Casey Wood, the well-known American ornithologist , who is staying in Ceylon at the present time.

Due acknowledgement of this generous act will be made in the preface of the first part.--

Yours

Joseph Pearson,
Director, Colombo Museum,
Colombo Museum, Colombo, Jan 24th.

The circular letter is concluded as follows:

Further, all being well, I hoped, if and when we settled in Rome, for the winter 1933-1934 to begin a (probable) two-years task of arranging, compiling and translating the first systematic, complete, WRITTEN work on the Eye and its Diseases, a 300-page Codex by one Ali ibn-Isa, A Christian Oculist living in Bagdhad about 978-1040 A.D.

Although certain Latin, French and German writers of repute had done their share of recording the advanced work of this Arabian eye doctor nobody had been reckless enough to render it into English. As I had done something in this line before, by publishing a translation from the Medieval Latin of the first PRINTED work (A.D. 1474) in a similar subject I MIGHT tackle this other job.

Then came lightning out of a clear blue sky. When we left Penang in 1932 I had a severe attack of sciatica which stayed with me more or less during the following six months. I was barely able to crawl off the boat and was obliged to (?) rest at the Galle Face Hotel in Colombo for 10 days before I could be moved to our objective point in the hills ,Kandy.

Despite the twinges and occasional recurrences of the wretched disease I was able, during the following 10 months in Ceylon, to carry out project ; (a), (b) and (c) and when we landed (Sept. 1933) in Genoa I had almost forgotten my old enemy, sciatica.

Finally, we settled , a happy party of three, in the Hotel de Russie, Rome and I turned to (d), i.e. to Ali ibn Isa and a medieval (Arabic) copy of his codex in the Vatican Library, where I was assigned a research seat.

During the recent Roman spring rains I had, to my infinite disgust, another sharp sciatic spree from which I am, I trust, recovering. (Anyway my little trouble is among the small concerns of a sad world.)

I am, however, warned that I must in future avoid rain, cold, damp, fog, etc. and seek as a residence some dry, warm,

sunshiny locality.

" What about returning to California", said my family? To which I add," possibly with stopovers for New York and Montreal?"

I have shut up shop at the Vatican and we shall probably once more take to the high seas from Naples, sometime in May.

After a sojourn in Pasadena I MAY return to a study of Ali ibn-Isa 's MEMORANDUM BOOK FOR EYE-DOCTORS but it is said we are all in the hands of the Fates. If this be true who knows what tangled web Lachesis may be weaving for

Most sincerely yours

(Signed) Casey.

While in California in August 1932, Dr Wood says in a letter:

"...We went over to Hollywood last week to visit a famous Montrealer, my wife's niece, Norma Shearer, now among the film stars of the first magnitude. She gave us a 'bang-up' luncheon, we were admitted to the 'holy of Holies' her studio, and saw her perform in a 'set' now getting ready for the stage. We met and were introduced to several other constellations and altogether had a very good time."

The following is a letter from Miss Shearer written on November 8, 1934.

707 OCEAN FRONT
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA.

Thursday.
(Nov 8/34)

Dear Doctor Wood——

Words fail to express my deep appreciation of your kindness in sending me those two wonderful books and precious letters.

Ever since receiving them I have intended to call on you and Aunt Emma to thank you personally, as a picnic in Busche Gardens with our young son was going to take me in that direction. But each day something has come up to prevent our little excursion so here I am trying to thank you by letter which I should otherwise have done weeks ago.

We had very little time to prepare for our " Barretts" picture and as it happened I had never read any of those lovely letters. But I think it is just as well as I likely would have been so impressed I should never have been able to play the part of Elizabeth Barrett. How lovely to sit down ~~n~~ now and enjoy them.

I hope you and Aunt Emma are feeling well. I am sorry to hear you are leaving California shortly but understand we will see each other at Athole's some day soon.

Fond regards

(Signed) Norma Shearer.

———...———

In 1933 Dr Wood was in correspondence with Miss Shearer's husband, the late Irving Thalberg, in connection with the film rights to Dr. Axel Munthe's book " The Story of San Michele."

Tor re di materita Nov 14/33
(Anacapri, Italia.

Dear Doctor and friend
so glad to her (sic) that you are in Rome and that I shall see you again when I come to Villa Svezia about Christmastime, as is my intention although owing to my increasing blindness I really am not fit to be anywhere outside this old tower. The Bird bill passed successfully its second reading

in the House of Lords just before I left London for Sweden in August. There is good hope that it will become law before long notwithstanding the xxxxxxxxxxxxx amazingly slow machinery of English legislation. Did you happen to see my two letters to the Times about it? I assisted with my friend Howard to the discussion before the select committee and was told on all sides that my letters had not been quite useless, that these legislators need a shake up is certain. I hope Howard will come to Rome about the same time as I, and we shall both look forward to see you again. Why do you not induce kind Mrs. Boggild to come to Rome? Best greetings to your wife.

(Signed) Axel Munthe.

———•••———

Dr Casey Wood
American Express Co
Piazza di Spagna
Rome.

Copy also to Lord Howard with McGill pamphlet and a note.

November 17,1933.

Dr. Axel Munthe,
Torre di Materita,
Anacapri, Italia.

My dear Axel Munthe:-

Your very welcome letter has just reached me and I hasten to reply.

My family and I are much pleased to hear that you are coming to Rome about Christmas and we look forward to the pleasure of seeing you once more. I hope Lord Howard will also put in an appearance so that we can talk over our various common interests. Of course the chief of these is bird protection and preservation. I am delighted that the prospects of the bill for the prohibition of caging English song birds are so good and I truly hope that it will soon be enacted into a law of the land. Such a result will, inter alia, assist bird protectionists the world over and will be another argument favouring that great cause, the inalienable and inborn "rights of animals", so far but dimly recognized by so-called civilization.

In the library referred to in the enclosed sheet the literature of that subject is given prominence and that is why I would especially like to have a copy of your two letters to the "Times". If you will give me the date of their appearance I will send for copies of the papers for my bird scrapbook.

As you may not yet have seen an important cartoon in

Punch eloquently portraying the views of that very influential periodical I am sending you my clipping. Will you kindly return it to me... at your leisure? I think the appearance of this appeal will help the final passage of Lord Howard's bill immensely, for Punch apart from its place in the world of humour, is a powerful political and social force in the world. I was myself some years ago much flattered by two cartoons and a poem that appeared in it relating to my Quest of the Nightingale-- a theme that was " first page stuff" in most English and American newspapers, for two hectic weeks in April, 1923.* It seemed to interest people that an " American ornithologist" should travel 3000 miles to see and hear our principal song bird that did not sing on the other side of the Atlantic".

I am reply (sic) to Mrs. Böggild's letter by pointing out to her that Rome will be much more attractive the end of December even than her own Denmark; and if she will come she may join the reunion that we hope to have.

My wife and niece join me in wishing you all health and happiness and I am, as ever,

Yours cordially,

C.A.W.

Office of Vice-President
Irving G. Thalberg.

Ars Gratia Artis
~~Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer~~
Studios
Culver City, California

December 26th, 1933.

Dr. Casey Wood,
American Express Company,
Piazzo di Spagna,
Rome, Italy.

Dear Dr. Wood:-

I cannot tell you the pleasure that your note gave me.

The article you mention had originally never been intended for public consumption as I felt that it was perhaps too technical to be generally appreciated, and I did very much enjoy receiving comment on it from someone like yourself, outside of the industry.

Norma and I have returned and are back at work again, both both, I believe, in good health. It would be a pleasure to meet you xxxx on your return to California and I can promise you an interesting, if rather eventful visit with our young man.

With regard to the first talking picture, Edison years ago made two important attempts to create talking pictures. One was by connecting his own phonograph with motion pictures. This failed because electrical synchronization had not yet been properly worked out and mechanical synchronization could never be depended upon. He made another attempt which is very similar to the type of movietone now in use, which consisted of a series of notches in films that produced sound effects as the film went by. This was

* Date incorrect—should be " May, 1922."

successful, but commercially unimportant, as that type of sound effect sound be well enough synchronized by the orchestra leader in any theatre.

Kindest personal regards.

Sincerely,

G.

(Signed) Irving Thalberg.

Dr. Casey Wood
American Express Co
Piazza di Spagna
Rome

January 13, 1934.

G.

Mr. Irving Thalberg,
Vice President,
Metro Goldwyn- Mayer Studios,
Culver City, California.

Dear Irving Thalberg:-

Your very welcome letter reached me safely and we were all glad to hear good news of Norma , of the "young man" and of yourself.

The journey of Andrew and his wife to Montreal was evidently a happy and successful one, and I was especially gratified to learn that he had taken it.

May I bother you for a favor to an old, distinguished, and much valued friend of mine, Dr. Axel Munthe?

Although he is one of the best known and widely read men in Europe his business capacity is-- as becomes his artistic temperament-- practically nil, and his eccentricities are, I think, further accentuated by his increasing and incurable blindness. He has friends innumerable but listens to the (good) advice of few or none. Perhaps I am an exception to this rule as he confides many of his, mostly imaginary, troubles to me the most pressing of them being for the moment the decision about the filming and the films rights of his famous book " The Story of San Michele". I believe that he holds the copyright and all other rights of this novel which still continues to sell (with its various translations) like "Hot cakes" all over the world and about which the author continues to receive ~~about~~ some 30 or 40 or 50 letters a day.

Some negotiations with Paramount (Munthe at first declined all offers for his rights!) went on for a year or so, ending, I believe, in their retirement from the task of filming it. Now he is willing to negotiate and is considering the proposition, a copy of which I enclose.

May I ask you to let me know, in confidence, if this agency offers the best means for Dr, Munthe to dispose of his film rights? If not, can you suggest a better one?

I would greatly appreciate and regard as strictly private to Munthe and myself any advice you feel like offering.

With all good wishes,
Sincerely yours,
Casey A. Wood.

Harry M. Gould
Agency
Suite 218
6550 Hollywood Boulevard,
Hollywood, California.

November 1933.

Mr. Axel Munthe,
Anacapri,
Bay of Naples, Italy.

Dear Mr. Munthe:

I am in receipt of your letter of October 13. Ofall ~~boo~~ books " The Story of San Michele" is the one great book of ~~kk~~ this age; and I am deeply pleased to learn that you have decided to sell it for Motion Pictures. When it is made, it should be one of the great screen Classics; as it is now ~~on~~ one of the rare jewels of contemporary literature.

As to the price, $50,000.... It is worth, in my estimation, far more than this amount; but of course, due to the stringency of money, the Motion Picture Producers almost recoil in horror when a sum of this amount is asked for a story.

However, I have had nearly twenty years experience selling stories, and am confident that I can get a better price th than $50,000, for you for " The Story of San Michele".

Now in order to open negotiations for the sale of your book ,I must have from you a signed authorization to do so. I charge ten percent of the sale price for my services, and trust you will send me a letter at your earliest convenience with this authorization to enable me to proceed with the sale.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Robert Dillon
Associate.

A number of additional Munthe-Thalberg-Casey Wood

letters were exchanged but these are now in the possession of the first named.

(Signed) C.A.W.

———•••———

Dr Wood has written a note in a copy of "San Michele" in the McGill Library.

" Charming chapters winderfully well written, an autobiography of a kindly but rather cynical medical man-- pupil of Charcot, Pasteur etal , M.D. of Paris,-- practising there and in Rome, a great lover of animals and champion of their rights. See e.g. ~~pp~~. 52-56; and Chapter xxviii especially———

C.A.W. "

———•••———

The Follwoing is a clipping from the Paris Edition of the Chicago Daily Tribune of October 18 th.1933:

Paris Edition

CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE. Oct. 18/33

DR. AXEL MUNTHE OF SAN MICHELE FORSWEARS WRITING OF BOOKS

BY VINCENT DE PASCAL.

CAPRI, Oct. 17.—Often a sojourner in glamorous Capri is impelled to make a pilgrimage on foot all the way up the steep side of the mountain to Villa San Michele, immortalized by its builder in *The Story of San Michele*. After visiting that, one feels the urge to want to meet the man who was capable of building so beautiful a sanctuary.

But that is extremely difficult.

Dr. Axel Munthe is a man Emerson would have meant when he wrote: "If you can write a better book, preach a better sermon or build a better mousetrap than your fellow man, though you build your house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to your door."

Happened To Him.

That is exactly what has happened to Dr. Munthe. He wanted to get away from the admiring gaze of the throng; he is a man who loves solitude and peace. So he built himself another beautiful villa for his own occupancy, Villa Materita, upon the ruins of what in the 13th century was a monastery of the Carthusian monks. It is literally in the woods and in one of the most inaccessible spots of Anacapri. Yet every day people make the climb to his door, coming as they do from all parts of the world, in the hope that they may have the opportunity of meeting the old gentleman.

This correspondent of *The Tribune* got exactly that urge. He climbed up to Villa Materita and found that there was a heavy iron gate to go through; but this was locked. He rang a bell and after some time a maid came, took the name, and then said that Dr. Munthe rarely ever received; but that if he would like to wait about 45 minutes until the Doctor had finished resting, a reply would be forthcoming...

Rewarded.

At the end of three quarters of an hour the bell was rung again, and this time the maid came with a huge key in her hand.

"Doctor will receive you," she said.

Down the long trellised path to the villa. The path led to a wide terrace before which opened a view of the whole island at one's feet that was as near a sight of paradise as one wishes to see on this earth.

The caller was led into an anteroom. In a few minutes a tall, erect, bearded gentleman came noiselessly into the room. People had said that he was brusque and impatient with visitors who came to see him out of idle curiosity.

"Well." He remained standing, leaning slightly on his cane, another treasure in itself. "You wished to see me? What is it you want?"

"Your beautiful Villa San Michele...."

"Bah!" That's nothing interesting any more. It's been talked and written to death."

"Your splendid book...."

"Worse yet! Everybody's commented on it—especially those who haven't read it. Have *you?*"

"Nothing."

"Yes."

"It was nothing. I'm not a writer. Don't know how I ever came to write the thing. It's brought me more trouble than anything else. Well?"

"Well..." in desperation, seeking a chord to which he might respond, "your birds; that was the finest thing anybody's ever done for Capri—to bring about the passage of that law forbidding the hunting of birds in this island."

"Ah, yes," in a softer tone; "the birds—that's something different. Yes. Sit down here. Have a cigaret?" And he was off. The dreaded "bear" had turned out to be a very fine old gentleman instead.

"Now getting back to the book. I don't know what it is, but for the life of me I cannot get up any professional pride in it. As I said, I am not a writer; probably it is that I have a sense of humor that saves me from being vain. If anyone can inject professional pride in me for the book *San Michele* I will make him a handsome present; it just is not possible."

"Are you going to write another?"

America Missed Him.

"Not on your life! I would if I could be guaranteed that it would NOT be a best seller and that I would *not* be bothered by hordes of people that come to my villa to see me. I received you because you are an American journalist and Americans have been very kind to me. I was asked once to go to America and lecture. They offered to pay my passage over and back. But I told them that they would probably have had to pay only for the passage over if I had accepted. There would have been no return journey for me. You see, I'm an old man now and I know that the end is not far off. I feel that you are the last American journalist who will have had a talk with me. I do not delude myself about it. Otherwise I might have been induced to write another book; especially on my birds here in Capri.

"A source of great satisfaction to me is that only the other day a member of the Italian Government informed me that a law is being contemplated for the prohibition of bird-hunting throughout Italy. Which will be a fine thing. Those birds do not injure anybody, why should they not be permitted to live?"

"Is it true that San Michele will one day be a national museum?"

"Ah well, that is another thing that I have to think about and do it very soon. And when you go on the long journey you can't take all the beautiful things with you that you have loved so much, can you? One must travel light. Yes, I have thought about that, but I have not made up my mind yet."

1936 Olympic Bob Run To Be Tested This Winter

GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN, Oct. 17.—The Riessersee bob run here, on which the bob contests of the winter Olympic games will be held in February 1936, is being reconstructed under the direction of St. M. Zentzytzki, who built the Olympic run at Lake Placid for the 1932 games.

Three new curves are being added, and also the most modern icing system, telephones and loudspeakers. The run will be tested in the coming

In 1933 DrWood wrote a booklet entitled " Johannes Baptista Porta (1540-1615) Neapolitan Oculist and Natural Philosopher." This was read at a meeting of the Charaka Club by the Secretary, April, 1933.

The following dates taken from letters [redacted] illustrate Dr Wood's travels in 1933.

January 1.	In the China Sea on board " President Van Buren."
January 2.	Shanghai.
January 18.	Penang. E. & O. Hotel.
January 25.	Colombo.
March 1.	Left Colombo.
May 17.	Kandy, Ceylon.
July 21	Kandy, Ceylon.
August 25.	Galle Face Hotel, Colombo.
August 30.	Leave for Geneva.
September 14.	Geneva. Mrs Howard Wilson (née Stewart), Mrs Wood's niece met them and accompanied them on a month's stay in Northern Italy.
October 28.	Rome.
December 26.	Rome.

In 1934 Dr Wood, as he wrote in the Mimeographed letter quoted above, left Italy in May for Pasadena. During part of May Dr Wood and family were in Montreal for a short time before leaving for New York to sail via Panama (on board Grace Liner) to Pasadena.

Concerning the " The Tadhkirat of Ali ibn Isa of Baghdad, Memorandum Book of a Tenth-century Oculist" upon the translation of which Dr. Wood was then engaged, he writes-- in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Hayes--:

" Time flies fast here. I am translating a book, Tadhirat al-Kahall or A Note-Book for Oculists in Arabic and of course it is a large task. I go occasionally to the Vatican Library (now one of the finest modern libraries in the world-- with an immense no. of old MSS. and rare books--) being catalogued by aid of a Carnegie Fund. The Prefetto (librarian) is an erudite Frenchman, a jolly boy who told me he learned more about library administration in 10 hours of a recent visit to the U.S. than he did in 10 years of Europe.

Affy.

C."

The following letter was written in January, 1934, to S.Casey Wood K.C., Toronto.

Jan 24/34.

My dear Casey:--

Yourmwelcome letter of Dec 2/33 ought to have more than a brief reply but I am very busy in ~~the~~ Vatican Library buisness (of no importance really but Arabic MSS. of the 12th century are not examined there by outsiders like myself except at certain hours on uncertain days.

I have been adding and subtracting my accounts for 1933 and all I can say aboutthe matter is that I have many friends who are worse off than we are-- even if my supposed "rock bottom" shares and stocks from which We draw our main ~~substance~~ sustenance have decided to suspend payment of int. and dividens "for the present". What is the present? However we are simply shortening sail and living on hope and Roosevelt. I really believe that the end of 1934 will find matters throughou North America definitely improved despite the hard luck stories we continually hear from that region. By the way, did you see Marcusson's article in the Sat. Evening Post (Jan 20th I think) on Canadian prospects?

If not be sure to do so, and tell me if you agree with his observations and conclusions. He is certainly optimistic and most people regard him as one of the calmest and best ~~wr~~ writers for the Sat. Eve. P.

mStaying in this hotel is the grandson of the Wilson who founded the Ottawa Citizen. This grandson and I met as youngsters and both of us migrated to the U.S.A.-- he to marry late in life one of the (rich) Pierpont Morgan nieces. We have great palavers especially as we also know very well Mrs. Wilson's cousin and P. M.'s Sr. sister-- Mrs. Satterlee

of N.Y.

Strictly entre nous we have given up a projected trip to Egypt (that I might look at some Arabic MSS. in Cairo and for other purposes) until we see where the U.S.A. $ is going. It is not so important for U.S. citizens living abroad to know at what sum said $ is stabilized as to learn when it is to undergo that operation.

Pls. tell Casey Jr. that I was very glad to get his letter and that I hope he will write me again when the spirit moves-- and I shall try to answer Alan's interesting reports.

With all good wishes from all of us,

Affectionately.

(Signed) Casey

In 1934 Dr Wood received " The Book of Sorrow" by Sir Andrew Macphail, of McGill University, a collection of poems on death, etc. It is inscribed " To Casey Wood, with admiration, Andrew Macphail 1934." Dr Wood has written: " To Alan Wood I pass on this book from a very dear, old friend. He lost his son during the Great War. C.A.W. Dr Casey Wood The Athenaeum Pasadena, California."

Dr Wood received the following letter from the Librarian of the Library of the University of Toronto.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

January 26, 1934.

Dr Casey Wood,
c/o The American Express Co.,
Rome , Italy.

Dear Sir,

The Librarian of McGill University has forwarded to us a consignment of journals of the Federated Malay States Museum and the Natural History Society of Siam for use in our Library, and we understand from him that these have been most kindly donated by you. We would like to express our deep appreciation of this gift, which should prove a valuable addition to our library.

Yours sincerely,

W.S. Wallace,

Librarian.

In the Christmas card of Dr and Mrs Casey Wood and Miss Marjorie Fyfe for 1934, there is recorded, briefly, the dates of their travels since December 1931. It is as follows.

countries and ages, the late Professor Julius Hirschberg of Berlin, his numerous translations and annotations of the works of oriental writers present to the ordinary reader the defects of literary genius. Quite unconsciously, I am convinced, he succeeded in presenting for modern ears not merely the subjects but the literary forms of medievalism! It is, one may well admit, not inappropiate that medieval Greek and Arabic should have, when translated, the dress of the Middle Ages but what a bore for all readers except, perhaps, for one with a scholastic mentality! It has, therefore, been in this rendering the purpose of the Translator, who has no particular literary reputation at stake, to furnish in as simple English as possible what he believes to be the real meaning-- not always easy to interpret-- of Ali's words and phrases.

The diacritical marks so plentifully (and indifferently) supplied by various schools of thought to the transliterated Arabic language are a fruitful source of error, discouragement, trial, wonder and amazement to all who have any dealing with them. My friend Dr. Arnold Klebs tells me he intends literally to cut the Gordian knot by leaving them out altogether in his forthcoming work on Incunabula-- an act the Translator wishes he had the courage to imitate. After all, one can live without the cedilla in français, the possessive inflection in " my son's shoes" and even the spiritus asper in both Greek and Arabic and yet understand equally well the meaning of the remaining letters and the punctuation.

Every student knows that qušūr ar-rummān al-ḥulw is merely (pomegranate) qusur ar-rumman al-hulw all dressed up. And

what a gain for the eyesight of the author, typist, printer and proof-reader is the latter when quite nude! I am certain Ali would have approved of this upstart orthography if one could have put the matter fairly before him in the light of his chapter on the conservation of vision, a subject in which he was greatly interested and about which he writes so rationally.

My thanks are due for assistance in bringing out this treatise to many friends in many lands-- conspicuous among them, to Dr. Max Meyerhof of Cairo, without whose help the translation would never have been written; to Dr. W.W.Francis, Librarian of the Osler Library; to the officials (especially to Mr. S. Wood) of the Library of the Royal College of Surgeons, London;* to Monsignore Tisserant, Asst. Prefetto della Biblioteca Vaticana; to Dr. Adele Kibre, Fellow of the Roman Academy, for her precise research in various European libraries and for the careful photography of the illustrations in the present volume; to Dr. T.H. Shastid for excerpts of his valuable contributions to the History of Medicine; to the (late) Dr. Fielding Garrison of Johns Hopkins Welch Memorial Library; to Dr. Burton Chance of Philadelphia; to Mr. Rushmore James, Editor of the British Journal of Ophthalmology; to Mr. H. W. Belmore for the loan of rare books; and to his niece, Marjorie Fyfe (B. A. Bryn Mawr) for especial care in typing the Translator's often obscure chirography. The Translator wishes further to acknowledge gratefully the work of Dr. Leslie E. Fuller of Garrett Biblical Institute and Northwestern University in going over the Arabic interpolations and to

*to Professor Giorgio Levi della Vida (formerly) of the University of Rome;

* to Professor Giorgio Levi della Vida (formerly) of the University of Rome;

Professor J. Clyde Murley of the Department of Classical Languages, Northwestern University, for checking the Greek and Latin words in the proof. He is deeply indebted for aid and encouragement given him by Dean Irving Cutter of the Medical School and Mr. John Hardin, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Northwestern University, Chicago. The present Translator is much pleased to resume, if only in a slight and remote fashion, a connection he had with Northwestern over a quarter of a century ago as Head of the Department of Ophthalmology--a Chair now held so ably by the son of a loved and lost confrère.

Dr. Sanford Gifford has been of the greatest help in seeing the sheets of this treatise through The Lakeside Press.

CASEY A. WOOD

Rome, June 30, 1935.

———...———

The following brief letter is of interest regarding Dr Wood's long residense in Rome. Through an oversight it was not placed under its proper year(1934).

Feb 14/34

Dear Alan:

You need not return this.

I am sending you-- mostly through the Vatican City P.O. (for the sake of the stamps) Macaulay's Essays & a number of other Classics. The former I recommend to you for reading and rereading. No better English ever written or printed!

The old Roman Carnival (see Count of Monte Christo) formerly for all classes & ages has undergone a complete change.

Masks and adult costumes on the streets now forbidden by law and custom and their place taken by children's displays. In this hotel, during the last four days of the Carnival, we had three children's fancy dress balls and the streets were filled with gaily dressed youngsters and covered with confetti and colored papers!

Fine weather--

Sincerely C.A.W.

The following three extracts are taken from 1) Los Angeles Examiner, October 27, 1936, 2) Pasadena Star-News, October 29, 1936, and 3) The New York Times, November 29, 1936.

Y reserver
Los Angeles Examiner
International News Photo
Oct 27/36

He Travels 23,000 Miles to Cast Vote

His belief that "every American citizen should exercise his right to ballot in this critical election," impelled Dr. Casey Wood, world renowned eye specialist to travel 23,000 miles to Glendale, he revealed yesterday.

The specialist, accompanied by Mrs. Wood, made the long trip from Europe to New York and thence to California aboard the Grace liner Santa Paula, going to his home in Vista del Arroyo immediately after docking yesterday.

Doctor Wood has been in Europe three years studying in various libraries, including the Vatican, and with material gathered will continue his researches at Caltech.

Pasadena Star-News Oct 29-36

Research Schola... Dinner Host

Dr. Casey Wood, Wife... at Anniversary

Dr. Casey A. Wood, world-famous research scholar in medicine and birdlife, and Mrs. Wood last night celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with a dinner party at the Hotel Vista del Arroyo, where they are staying after travels in South America.

Guests at the dinner were mainly old friends of their Chicago years, and were: Dr. and Mrs. Archibald Church, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shearer, Dr. and Mrs. George Dock, Mr. and Mrs. John Hardin, Mrs. George Ellery Hale, Mrs. Herman Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hopkins, Mrs. Henry Ware, Mr. and Mrs. Howard F. Isham and Miss Marjorie Fyfe, who is Dr. and Mrs. Mrs. Wood's niece.

From Other Communities

All the guests were from Pasadena except Mrs. Hall, who lives in Sierra Madre, and Mr. and Mrs. Shearer, who live in Santa Monica. Mr. Shearer is Mrs. Wood's brother and is the father of Norma Shearer, the motion picture star. Mrs. Wood is Miss Shearer's aunt. The film star, recuperating from pneumonia and in mourning for her husband, Irving Thalberg, was unable to attend.

Many good wishes were extended by the dinner guests to Dr. and Mrs. Wood and telegrams and cablegrams of good wishes came also from friends and from scientific institutions in various parts of the world. Floral remembrances, also, came from friends in various parts of the globe and made the Wood apartments at the Vista a bower. Some of the flowers were used for the decorative scheme at the beautifully appointed anniversary dinner table.

Address Still Here

Permanent address of Dr and Mrs. Wood is still Pasadena. He has been a research associate of Caltech for a number of years, but at present he is engaged in some researches in Rome, Italy, where he spent last winter. After a short visit here Dr. and Mrs. Wood and Miss Fyfe will return to Rome.

(See over for no. 3.)

Dr. Wood is famous for his studies of ophthalmology (diseases of the eye) and also for his studies in ornithology.

N. Y. Times Nov 29/36

DR. CASEY WOOD TO SAIL

Scientist, 80, Continues Work in Italy on Falconry Treatise.

Dr. Casey Wood, the 80-year-old scientist and associate in ornithology of the Smithsonian Institution, is to sail for Italy next week on the steamship Vulcania to complete the first English translation of a famous treatise on falconry by Frederick II, who ruled as Holy Roman Emperor during the first half of the thirteenth century. The 700-year-old manuscript is now one of the prized exhibits of the Vatican Library in Rome.

The ancient document bears the Latin title of De arte venandi cum avibus and contains about 900 illustrations, many of them in color, according to Dr. Wood. The manuscript, penned by hand long before the invention of movable type, is in excellent condition, Dr. Wood explained.

Emperor Frederick's treatise has been described as "remarkable for its accurate observation of the habits of birds." It was first printed in Augsburg in 1596, and a later German edition was issued in Berlin in 1896.

Dr. Wood, who has been working on the translation for about a year, expects to complete his task in another year.

Dr Wood, during the Italo-Abyssinian war, wrote many letters, articles,etc., and spoke over the radio in Rome, about that struggle. Enclosed are copies of several things he wrote at this time; also G. B. Shaw's letter to The Times; also " A Cycle of Ultra-Violet Light Sources For Various Uses."

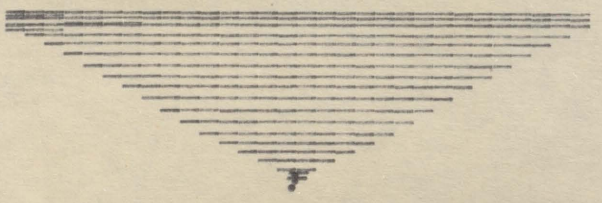
Dr Wood spent 1937 in Rome translating De ~~xxxx~~ arte venandi cum avibus of the Emperor Frederick II. In a letter dated January 31, 1937, he writes:

"... I also wish you could see my 'falcon's furniture' and the literature (including many pictures) on the subject from India, Germany, G.B., America, et al etc-- the best private collection I know of, but necessary to make a readable translation...."

In closing we give the following brief notes:

" My lingual and language adventures.
Latin, Greek, French (Mathieu school) (Camp Sherman), German (small boy in Thiergarten), Italian, Spanish (translation of first scientific work on spectacles), Dutch, Russian (Camp Sherman), Arabic (Knobel) (El Azar): Sanskrit Hebrew (John).

" Learned to speak and read foreign languages with great difficulty and I cannot lay that unction to my soul that I never acquired that intimate knowledge of their literature that, e.g. E. did of German. She read for at least 15 years practically all the chief classics and most of

the modern fiction of German, until that world tragedy the Great War arouse out the blue to put an end to it. Like a good patriot she disposed of her German Library never to return to it. Today she reads the Italian script with difficulty, but still Gothic type with ease...."

THE END OF THE FIRST ROUGH DRAFT.