

Thur. 10/8/31

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Dear Daddy:-

I was very glad to get your letter yesterday. Along with it came one from Herman Gibson who is going to O.S.U.

The reason I have not gone on any of the hikes is this heat. It has been pretty bad ever since I have been here, but it did not get any better. I knew that before I could do any walking at all I would be itching from head to foot. I went down to the gym and consulted Doc Bowler, but he advised me to go up to the clinic. I went up there Saturday and saw Dr. French, who is a skin specialist. He gave me a prescription for some tablets and said to take them nine every day —that is, three after every meal. He also told me to come up Tuesday and he would give me a skin test. I went up Tuesday, and he performed the test. He made 26 scratches on my right fore-arm, and in each one he rubbed some protein materials for the different foods such as eggs, milk, apples, fruit, each different kind of meat, etc. After waiting about half an hour he looked at the arm again. Several scratches were slightly irritated, but none as much as to make the test conclusive. In fact, he practically admitted that he couldn't tell much about it. However, he suggested that I go lightly on chicken and fowl especially, and also pork, milk, nuts, and cheese. He said to continue the tablets after each meal and seems to put most of his hope in that. He told *me*

that starch would be better than talcum powder, recommended that I put a table spoonful of it in a quart of water and bathe in it, and he gave me another perscription for lotion which looks just like poison ivy lotion. Of course, the test and all this stuff cost like the devil, so I will use the ten dollars toward paying the bill. I'm very sorry to have to do this, but I could see that cool weather was not helping any, as every time I went from the cold into a warm room I would break out. The doctor seemed very nice, and asked me to come back in a couple of weeks to see how I was getting along. As soon as I find out what the bill is, I will let you know.

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Other expenses have been reduced almost to nothing. The only ones which amount to anything are books for English and French. We read a dollar play in one night. Bob and I are buying our books together as there is little chance of our using them at the same time as we are not in the same section. The other bill is the laundry bill. I paid \$3.12 for two laundries at the first of this month. It amounts to about \$1.60 each time. My bank account will be quite sufficient, however, until the room rent comes due.

We never heard what the results of the English placement was, but last Friday we had a Latin placement. It consisted of two sight translations, one from Cicero, the other from Livy, with constructions on both. It was

pretty hard, and several were put back to Latin 3 (Cicero).  
About a quarter of the Latin 5 were advanced to Latin 7,  
and I was lucky enough to be one of them. Latin 7 is  
Latin poetry as you will see in the catalogue. It is not  
any harder than Latin 5 and is much more interesting.  
There is a lot more freedom —no quizzes, only one hour  
exam, and easy finals, so they say. Prof. Burton is easy  
anyway, especially as compared to Miss Allen. In addition,  
the assignments are said not to be any longer. On the  
whole, I am not sorry at all for being promoted in Latin.  
French is coming along, but I do not think it will be  
possible for me to get a good grade in it. If I pass I  
will be doing pretty well, so do not expect a good mark  
in that. They say that the profs do not give Freshmen  
high grades at first for fear of making them think that  
it is easy.

Bob and Dick both have colds, and I knock on wood  
about forty times every day. I don't believe that I told  
you that Latin 7 meets on F.T.S. instead of M.W.F. This  
throws all my heavy work —English, French, and Latin —  
onto the same days. On Mon. Wed. Fri. I have nothing  
but History and Evolution, which do not take up much time  
compared to the other courses. Its just like having a  
week end every other day. I can't get used to studying  
on Friday night, but from now on Saturday will be one of  
my hard days.

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Commons is coming along very nicely. The food is even better than I had dared to hope. We have soup twice a day every day, sometimes good, sometimes dish water. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday we have ice cream for lunch. At breakfast we have our choice of hot or cold cereal. The hots are oatmeal, cream of wheat, or wheatina, (changed from day to day, of course). The colds are branflakes, rice flakes, or grape nuts. I usually take hot. Then they have another course for breakfast — bacon and potatoes, scrambled eggs on toast, beans and potatoes, or hash and potatoes. That may sound good, but except for the eggs, that part is pretty lousy. Then there is a choice of cocoa or coffee. I don't take either, for I found that cocoa made me have pimples. We have milk for lunch, but since I have been to the doctor I only drink one bottle. Before, I used to drink three.

Eddy Williams has been very nice, although I don't see him much. He was over Tuesday night, and we had quite a chat. He said there were four expert centers out for the Freshman team, and that the coach asked him to play end on the second team. He said he played the second and last quarters. I saw him on the sidelines during the third quarter, but as I was looking for him at center, I didn't see him at all. However, I will watch for him on the end next Saturday.

Well, if I have to use another sheet, I'll have to pay extra postage, so I'll sign off. Love <sup>to</sup> you all you folks,

William