

Thursday January 19th

We had an American Prof. Kelly who worked some thing like Hugh Allen only bigger from the Michigan Agricultural College, to lecture to us to-day. I went over again to see if I could see Dr. Fowler but had no luck. I saw Dutch Bryer though. The long red-headed boy from Hamilton is complaining bitterly these days of the long walks he has to take every night. His boarding house is very handy but he had the misfortune to pick up a fine while skating the other night who lives at the other end of the town and the street cars stop running about 10:30. Our class has dwindled now I think to less than a dozen. There were one or two more last week. There is the long gaunt Scots man who looks & talks like a professor and who has evidently travelled over a good portion of the earth, the big bulky businessman who is going to start raising tobacco and chickens near Delhi, the little squint-eyed fellow with the drawn mouth & cracked voice from Puerto, the little fat fellow from near Meaford who knows Dyce and a lot about bees, the two boys from Oxford Co with whom I went to the show and one or two others. Poured rain all the after noon and it is about dark and is getting colder.

Friday January 20th

I was a little late for the class this morning as I took my book back to the library and finished reading it there so that I could redeem my \$2. I walked into a regular class with out noticing it and found that our lunch were over at the Bacteriology building so I went over there and found them taking a lecture from Prof Jones. To wind up with he showed us some Paul Brod spores through a microscope. The rest of the day was taken up with discussion of the diseases and there were a bunch of Inspectors there. Things broke up early this afternoon and I made one last attempt to see Dr. Fowler but with no luck so I spent an hour or two in the library and just before going home to supper I went to call on Dutch Bryer. I had quite a time finding him but finally located him in his room at the top of the tower. His room mate the Virginian was asleep on his bunk with his pillow on top of his head in stead of under it. The deep narrow window all was covered with wheat and in it was perched a big Homer pigeon. Dutch seemed to think it was very nice of me to have gone to see him. I sat around the house all evening reading a horse story magazine. The other two birds were sitting high wind and blizzard raging all day. Very cold. The overcoat which I threw across the bed last night was frozen stiff this morning.