

San Antonio, Texas,  
February 6th, 1928.

Mr. J. E. Gill,  
Rider College,  
Trenton, N. J.

Dear John:

I was delighted to get your letter. My first inquiries of Mr. Traver when I met him were of you and the college. So you see I had not wholly forgotten you.

It was not until 1918 or 1919 that I found out what was causing all my trouble. On various occasions I had gotten an inkling that possibly a bad tooth could cause it. The doctors themselves were groping toward that theory at that period but I could not find any doctors who would get right down to practical action. They would keep right on in the old routine and also with their regular well priced bills for "professional services." I had begun to notice numberless things that were abnormal were all on my right side. Finally, in Houston Texas, I found an X-ray operator who would give me photographs without my paying fees to some doctor; I was then pretty sore on doctors. He X-rayed my teeth on the right side and a big, lovely, gold crown grinder was a bed of pus. For over twenty-five years it had been my pride because I could chew anything on it and the pride of dentists because it represented a good bill for services every once in a while. When the dentist pulled it, it was found the roots were dead and were cemented to my jaw. The case was a curiosity to the dentist. He swiped the gold crown; I tried to get it, for it had always been an expensive bunch of gold when dentists were putting new ones on.

That ended my troubles. I was sometime, of course, getting all of that poison and those twenty years of mal-adjustments out of my system. My throat has always remained weak but there has been no trouble or abnormality since.

It cost me fifteen years of trials, many of which you are acquainted with. The tooth had been dead and crowned since I was about twenty-three and as I recall various things there probably had been pus breeding there from about that period. In view of what I went thru and repeated de-