

Chapel - 4/29/58 - Dr. MacRae

the cars were coming, coming, coming. There was a great big round sort of a station there out this side and they were all coming this way and I watched and watched and there was a place and I started to go and just then a car slipped around the corner and I didn't even know it. And the first I knew - looking for them this way, this way and the car came around the corner and hit me right square on the back here. And I think if it had hit me an inch further back it probably would have tossed me in front of the wheels and gone over me. But it hit a little further to the front, tore a whole right through my overcoat - you see it hit fairly high - but it tossed me over to the side and I landed on the side. And I got up and I was bruised all over and I thought what a fool I was not to look more carefully. I sat down on the curb and a woman stepped up to me and said, "I got his number! I got his number!" And I very foolishly said, "Well, it was my fault. Don't bother - it was all my fault. It wasn't his fault." But it's also true he could have stopped, he should have stopped. But I sat on the curb and I felt pretty miserable. And then after a minute or two I got up and started to walk toward the 30th Street Station and as I walked all of the blood drained out of my head. And the next I knew I was sitting in a drugstore and there were two policemen one on each side of me and I looked at them and kind of wondered where I was and "What is this all about?" They began asking me and I couldn't answer. Everything had left my mind. Everything was a complete blank. I couldn't think of a thing except I was sitting there in that drugstore - it looked sort of weird like as if you'd just taken ether or something. And here were these two policemen beside me and they said, "We'd better take you over to the University Hospital and let them look you over." So they started and we walked in the opposite direction to the direction I'd been going. Oh, and they told me that a newsboy had said to them that I had stepped up to him and said, "Can you tell me where the 30th Street Station is?X And why do I want to go there anyway?" And when I said that he thought I was a (13.75) so he called the police. Then I guess I passed out completely for I didn't remember having said that.

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