

blood must have dropped down from my head and left it rather drained. The result was that I began to lose consciousness. A man at the street-corner, who was selling papers, told the policeman that I went up to him and said, "Please tell me where 30th Street Station is, and why do I want to go there anyway?" He immediately called a policeman. I knew nothing about this, for I completely lost consciousness. When I came to, I was sitting in a chair. There were three policemen beside me. I stood up with them, and ~~I~~ they walked back in the direction/<sup>from</sup> in which I had come, to take me to the University Hospital. As we went back, consciousness and memory gradually came back to me, and everything that had happened was like a dream. A number of things, during that day, had been quite unusual in my experience, and they did not seem true or real at all. I felt as if it was all a dream. I could not remember when I had last talked, whether that day or the day before, or a week before. At the University Hospital, they put me on a bed, and an intern was called to look me over to see if I was hurt. While I was waiting, as things gradually came back to me, it all seemed so much like a dream that I wondered whether it could be true. I had a dim recollection of having purchased this new pair of shoes, which hurt my feet, but I thought that it was all a dream. Then, however, I looked at my feet and saw the new shoes on. Recognizing the shoes, it gave me the feeling that this was not a dream but a reality.

I told the man who talked ~~with~~ with me, that I had a queer feeling that I was to have three Thanksgiving Dinners. He said that would be queer indeed. I told him that I had an/impression, a strange impression, that one of them was to be at the home of a man, at which home I had never before been invited to a Thanksgiving dinner, and that this man was a doctor whose name ~~was~~ <sup>and</sup> I gave, /that he lived in Germantown. They looked in the phone book and said that there was indeed a man of that name in Germantown. They phoned ~~him~~ him, and ~~said~~ found that he was indeed expecting me to dinner. He immediately drove down town to get me.

Now what do these things have to do with Archeology? They simply showed me that this <sup>not</sup> was/a dream, but a reality. The new shoes and the fact that the doctor actually was expecting me at his home for dinner that night proved that my dream was not a fairy story or an imagination, but absolute truth.