

## UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEPARTMENT OF  
PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR MEN  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

the car just rolled off into the field. The highway had been built up at this point and a distance of fifty feet back the embankment was over twenty feet high and perpendicular.

As I was trying to stop I noticed a car turned over on its side next to a bank on the North side of the highway. After my car had rolled to a stop, I climbed out to see what was the matter. As I got back on the road several men were endeavoring to turn the wrecked car over. I ran over to help them. We turned the car over on its back and I happened to be near the only door that was open. Some of the men said there was a little boy in the car.

I supposed he was unconscious, so I reached in until I felt his clothes and then started to lift him out. I finally got the little fellow out and felt of his pulse and heart but could detect no beat. I asked for a flashlight and endeavored to secure an optic reflex, but there was none. The little boy was dead.

I located the boys father and handed the lad to him. 'Doc', you know what I mean when I tell you about the look on that fathers face. You have seen it, I know. But I never had, and I never will forget it! It beggars description.

The father lay the boy back on the blanket and I covered the body up. As soon as I had done this, I thought I had better be getting over to see about getting my car out on the road again. I started across the highway just as a car came over the top of the hill to the west. In endeavoring to stop he slipped over the edge of the highway at the place where the embank-