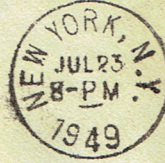


DR. ELMER KEY SANDERS
622 WEST 168TH STREET
NEW YORK 32, N. Y.



Mr & Mrs E. O. SANDERS
2745 - PIKE Ave
Birmingham 8
Alabama

Notice: Read when you are not busy.

1230 Amsterdam Ave.

Jan. 17, 1949

Dear Dr. Sanders,

Enclosed please find a copy about my accident. It was written upon the request of one of my professors. I like to send you one just to let you see how well I used my right hand at that time.

Probably you never realize how well a doctor, especially a surgeon, can be remembered by his patients. For instance very often I start doing things with my left hand then the inner voice tells me, "What will Dr. Sanders say if he sees it?" At night when I get tired of sleeping on my back and the left side I unconsciously turn on to the right. The inner voice corrects me again. However, I think I have been an unusually good patient. Am I flattering myself?

I am very sorry to tell you that my right arm is in a very terrible condition. It has been painful sometimes even not using it. At first it was due to the reaction from the autoxin - it reacted twice and the arm was big and terrible looking. It was over several days ago. The lady in the therapy Dept. couldn't do anything with me ^{this morning}. She asked me to see the doctor tomorrow afternoon. I do hope there is nothing wrong.

This is our examination week. I am doing nothing. All the professors have been very nice and understanding. They wrote me nice letters and sent their wives to see me in the infirmary which is a No man's land except doctors and patients' husbands.

I don't expect to hear from you, for you are too busy - far too busy. I still remember how you

dashed here and there, also you did not have

time for my first dressing!!!

I think I'll write you once every year after I get back to China so that you can find out which year I die if I die before you do.

Don't you think I better not waste your time by talking nonsense? Occasionally you need this for a relaxation though. Well —

Sincerely

Cheng Hsueh

By the way I got my season ticket for operas and so far have never been there myself yet. Terrible —————!

It is a case of juvenile delinquency - sorry to say.

About 8:15 On Dec. 29, 1948, I left my friend's apartment at 547 W 123 Street near Broadway, carried with me a purse in my right hand, a bag of fruit and a bunch of Chinese paper in my left arm. As I was ~~walking~~ not very strong and moreover the grafts on my right leg hurt while I was walking, I chose the way to Whittier Hall, 1230 Amsterdam Ave. by Broadway and W120 Street, in order to avoid the hilly W123 Street. As I was walking slowly in front of Russel Hall, Teachers College, I saw a thin young man, somewhat like a high school boy, on the other side of the street, a few feet ahead of me dashing diagonally toward my side. I paid him no attention. Not long after I heard some rusttling sound behind me. Automatically I turned my head with the intention to find out which side I ought to make ~~way~~ for the person, for I was in the center of the side-walk. I saw the same boy close at my right shoulder and instantly I felt as if I were walking in the clouds. Then somehow I realized he was taking the purse from my hand. I was about to give it up as if I were in a dream. Then suddenly I was full of energy and said, "No, you can't do this. I am not going to give it to you." I held the purse tightly and struggled with him. I do not know how long I struggled and when the bag of fruit and the news paper fell. The next thing I know was pushing the door of Whittier Hall with my whole strength. Then I saw my bloody left hand and muddy rain coat; I was very much frightened, everything was clearer to me a moment, but instantly I knew nothing again. When I began to hear voices and see people, I still did not know where I was. Then I began to hear questions and realized that my mouth was full of dirt. The face of my Chinese friend made me recollect myself. I asked her, "Where did I go?" She said, "You were out for dinner at a friend's house." In the meantime the nurse and some girls cut off some of my hair, stopped ~~bleeding~~ and washed my bloody and muddy face. I began to know that I was in the Post Office of my dormitory. In my right hand I still held the purse with one end of the handle off and another end of the handle half off. Then Miss Moon, the Social Director, ~~and the~~ together with the nurse accompanied me to St. Luke's Hospital where I got eight stitches on my head. That night I was sent back to Johnson Hall Infirmary where I stayed until Jan. 15, 1949, under the medical care of Dr. R. Fraser from S. Luke's Hospital.

Judging from the huge, black brusing spot on my right hip, a few small spots on both of my knees, on my left cheek, left upper eyelid, and the left side of my forehead I know I fell somewhere on my way ~~back~~ back to Whittier Hall.

Hsueh, Cheng
Jan. 16, 1949
Whittier Hall

My brother said it shows economists and educators cannot compute with the disasters brought by the war. I think he is right.