

## Auto Accident

By Ronnie Shumate

While returning from a drive-in movie one brisk spring night, you are surprised to see, as you round a sharp curve, four long, black skid marks on the road. Looking further, you are horrified to find a car lying on its back in a corn field, and across the road another car lying in the ditch. You quickly bring your car to a halt. You step out of your car into that special silence that hovers over death cars at night. It presses over your ears and throat and hangs over you like a dome. Your footsteps sound loud, and every little noise sounds like someone beating a drum. Your pulse pounds, and you can feel your heart beating way up in your throat.

The engine of the car in the field is nearly in the front seat. The steering post is imbedded in the driver's chest. A girl in the front seat is half way through the windshield. Her face is hardly recognizable. You turn to check the other car and see that it is a black Ford sedan. Instantly you think of your son's dark blue Ford. As you draw closer, you suddenly realize that it is blue. Your heart skips a beat, and your breath comes in short, labored gasps. With an uncontrollable fear in your heart, you open the door. Your heart seems to stop beating and your emotions are frozen. With one glance you know that you are seeing the sight you have always dreaded. You know at once who the driver of that car is. Suddenly you are very tired.

By this time other people have arrived, two patrolmen among them. One of them asks you if you can identify any of the bodies. You feel like screaming, but you answer in a very weak, shaky voice. You tell him that one of them is your son. The feeling which has been slowly engulfing you finally succeeds. You start to fall, but someone catches you.

You don't remember much about the seemingly endless ride home, although it was only a few miles. The patrolman escorts you into the house, where you throw yourself onto the couch. In a few minutes, which seem like hours, you begin trying to pull yourself together. Your wife will be home from her auxiliary meeting in a few minutes, and you know that it is your job to tell her; to tell her that her only son is dead.

You sit on the edge of the couch and wonder. You wonder how to tell her. How do you tell a mother such a thing?

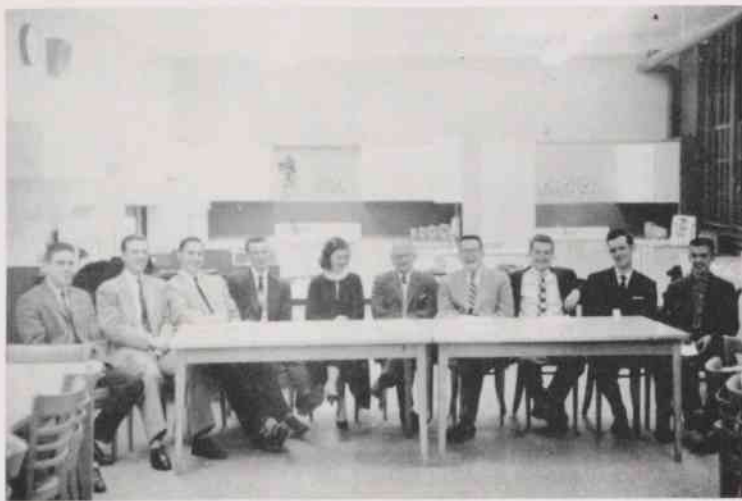
## SPRING

By Marc Taylor

Spring, the time of dusty baseball diamonds, of shooting marbles, of summer plans. Spring, the time of green, of new life, of beauty. Spring, the time of clearing skies, of gentle rains which caress rather than flood the young buds of life, of gaily colored song birds.

Spring, the welcome sound after an ice-dipped winter of rain and fog. Spring, the time of green snow which quilts the earth with life.

Poets say that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love. Scientists say that in the spring a miracle of nature, that of rebirth, takes place. Fools say that in the spring a disease



French Club at "Unique Turn-Around"

## MAN IN THE HALLS

By S. Hargett

Today's Question: *What type person do you think should be president of the student body for next year?*

**Dave Harmer**—One who is perfectly capable of carrying out the responsibility of the student body and able to run the government efficiently.

**Janet Rozzelle**—He should have leadership and a sense of responsibility. He should have the best interests of the students at heart.

**Mrs. McIntyre**—He should have the welfare of the school first in his thoughts. He should have the time and ability to carry out his

duties, and he should be able to inspire confidence in the students.

**Bill Reid**—He should be willing to devote time and effort for the betterment of the college and its students. He should be elected for ability rather than popularity.

**Gerald Autry**—He should be a good organizer and possess the ability to get along with others.

**Charlie Helms**—He should be a very hard worker and should have the time to devote to his responsibilities. He should have the best interests of the students, faculty, and college at heart. He should have school spirit and be able to instill school spirit in others.

### NEW CLUB

(Continued from page 1)

work. The academic requirement is that the student must have completed two quarters at Charlotte College. New members will be brought into the club at the beginning of each new quarter.

During each quarter the club will publish its magazine showing the work which the members have done. The work which goes into the magazine will be varied in nature, thought, and form of expression. The club hopes, in time, to become a member of Sigma Upsilon, national college literary fraternity. It is to this end that the officers and members are working. The present officers of the club are: president, Merle Taylor; vice-president, Nancy Fisher; secretary-treasurer, Sandra Roberts; and historian, Gus Deal.

## Talent Needed

R. C. Watts, Director of the Charlotte College Radio Workshop, informed the Collegian yesterday that there are now openings available for those interested in creating and participating in the Charlotte College broadcasts. Mr. Watts specified that all types of talent are needed to continue the fine quality of programs. He added that anyone interested in becoming part of the program should contact him at the earliest possible moment.

Mr. Watts also reminded the Collegian that the time of broadcast has been changed. The new air time is 7:15, Tuesday evenings. The old time of 10:15 was discarded due to the inconvenience to participants of the program.

## 33 Students Make Dean's List

In order to be listed on the Dean's List, a student must take a full load of three subjects, 12 quarter hours of work. The following students have taken a full load and maintained an "A" average:

Edward Blake LaMar, David Lawrence Moore, Sandra Roberts, David Merle Taylor.

known as spring fever grabs hold like a virus.

In the spring everything is crisp and new. Death and sickness and depression fade into the background and momentarily retreat under the power of love and fresh, new life.

Spring began its annual visit in Charlotte at exactly 4:17 p.m., March 20. Although it stays with us for only a few short months, its works and deeds are remembered throughout the year.

Students who have taken the full load of 12 quarter hours of work and have maintained an average of "B" are as follows:

Albert F. Bernhardt, Jr., Henry Carson Byrd, III, James Perry Collins, Charles Graves Couch, Jr., John W. Disher, Arthur C. Farris, John Edmund Faulk, Charles Manning Furman, III, Bobby Franklin Grubb, Allan Hammer, James Pressly Hartline, James Rodney Hicks, Taylor M. Hill, Mary Gayle Hinson, Roger William Kendrick, Clifford McLean, Jr., Richard D. Matthews, Tommy Carl Miller, Jack T. Moore, Alan Edward Pressman, Dennis E. Rochelle, Joe Edward Steele, Robert Earl Stephenson, Ralph Boyd Tennant, Archibald James Thornhill, William Deaton Wagner, Jacob Lightsey Wallace, Earl Neal Wike, Filmore Leigh Winslow.

## The Surgeon's Hands

By Gus Deal

Apathy was the expression on the face of Mr. H—, as he lay on the bed, his life creeping from him. The diagnosis was strangulated hernia. The course of action was immediate surgery. Mr. H—, was one of those medicinal procrastinators whose luck had finally run out. He had known about his hernia for sometime but had repeatedly put off having it repaired by surgery. People such as this do not realize that the longer these conditions exist, the more dangerous they become.

As I prepared Mr. H— (that is to shave and clean the prescribed surgical area), there could be no doubt that his condition was critical. He was operated on around four in the afternoon and I did not have occasion to see him until that night.

Around nine p.m. I was called to the ward where Mr. H—, was supposedly resting quietly from his surgery of the afternoon. However, I found that upon exposing the hernia, the surgeon saw that gangrene had set in and had almost finished its purpose of death. At this time Mr. H—, was receiving two feedings of glucose in his left arm. In the right arm he was receiving a transfusion to check the hemorrhaging which was released through his bowels and was nothing but bright, fresh blood. Because of the over all situation it was necessary that the surgeon perform a cut-down. It would be very interesting to see this minor surgery done under these conditions.

I watched the surgeon put on his gloves and begin administering the local anesthetic. Everything faded out of vision except the one man who held the key to saving the life of the person who lay on the bed. I was in a realm of my own and my soul cried—"God, but could I have the power to lift this man from the abyss of death and bring him back into the land of the living!" My heart raced faster as I watched the man of healing select a spot just above the right ankle bone and make an incision about an inch long. For a second, and a second only, it seemed as though the blood

from the incision would pour over the bed, but a sponge and clamp checked the bleeding instantly. Then I saw into the incision and the clean, red flesh that was part of this man's leg. Deftly the surgeon made another slight stroke with his blade, and after using another sponge I saw what he was seeking to expose, the vein which runs up the leg to the groin.

Now came the tedious part. Now was the time when the surgeon's skill, faith in himself and the divine architect, are concentrated to one part of his body—his hands. Now he must make an opening in the vein itself and insert the thin hollow wire which will enable blood to flow from a transfusion bottle into the man's vein. Just a tiny scratch is all that is needed to open the vein; too big an opening and the vein itself may rupture.

At this moment there is no sound in the seven bed ward and everyone understands what this tiny movement of the surgeon's hand can mean—life or death. He clamps the vein and now the tiny scratch is made, now he inserts the wire, gently yet determinedly moving it up the course of the vein for several inches. The smile (not of victory but of thankfulness) causes a hushed sigh of relief to flow over the room. All that is left is to suture the incision and bring the feeding levine tube into place with the hollow wire at the mouth of the incision.

At this point I felt as though I were waking from a bad dream which had had a happy ending for a change. As I left the room I saw the doctor saying good night to the man's family. He turned and walked down the stairs and out into the summer night. Here one feels as though he could write a book about what has happened, yet to do so would seem to defile something sacred to all who had been at the bed of Mr. H—, only minutes ago. That night I fell asleep with these words instilled in my mind as well as my soul, "I am the Lord that healeth thee."

## FROM PURPLE CLIFFS

By Charles Couch

From purple cliffs he came  
Tall cliffs, trimmed in scarlet vapor mist.  
Proud cliffs.  
And down he came toward her.  
"What is his name, plain Molly, dear,  
Coming to us from above?"  
"John is his name, to me he comes,  
For he is my own true love."  
Through meadows crisp with morning,  
O'er water's troubled roaring,  
Past birds, their voices trilling,  
On legs so strong and willing,  
And the sun peeked over the hill  
And awakened the valley still,  
And the flowers rejoiced at the light,  
And lengthened themselves to their height,  
And the sun began burning,  
His heart began burning,  
His eyes showed the burning,

His face felt the burning,  
And from burning to yearning,  
His heart began yearning,  
His eyes showed the yearning,  
His face felt the yearning.  
"What is his name, plain Molly, dear,  
Coming to us from above?"  
"John is his name, to me he comes,  
For he is my own true love."  
He came from purple cliffs  
To her.  
And they met in the meadow,  
And talked,  
And kissed,  
And were one.  
Back to the purple cliffs he went,  
Tall cliffs, trimmed in scarlet vapor mist,  
Proud cliffs.  
Not to return till plain Molly,  
Asleep,  
Can conjure the purple cliffs again.