
That Fateful Monday Morning

by Larry Linder

A you can see from the picture there is not a lot left of my 66 Corvette. If you notice the odd angel of the mirror bracket and mirror - my face flattened it, my mouth took a bite out of the plastic steering wheel as I folded into a butter fly shape. The tele-column collapsed and it prevented me from being impaled by the steering column.

This picture was taken about 7:30 AM in the middle of Dorothy Lane at County line. A young man late to school ran the stop sign and I hit him broad side. Never got my foot off gas pedal.

At 8:30 AM a plastic surgeon named Schafer was making the rounds and sowed my forehead, eye lids, upper and lower lip. Didn't have a lot to work with after the beating I took. Couldn't set up and he told me to come see him if I had any kind of problem. Discharged by an Intern at Kettering at 10 AM with a boat load of pain pills.



At 11 AM got leg put in cast for broken knee cap - took out shifter as engine and transmission came back.

At 1:30 PM I got in to see dentist who removed a front tooth that got broken off. My family doctor checked me over at 2:30 PM and just looked at me and asked me if I had a preference in hospitals. First time I had ever seen him white and speechless.

5:20 I was laying on a gurney in the hall at Miami Valley and an internist

named Dayton Clark was looking at my X-Rays and had a release form for me to sign. He said "you

are in a heap of trouble young man" "From looking at the internal damage you have about a 50/50 chance of getting off the operating table alive". He said that they were going to go to work on me at 6 and I joking said that's early in the morning - not in the morning - but in 20

minutes. I signed the consent. He said he was a good doctor but sometimes he didn't have a lot to work with but he said that I was strong and healthy and that was a real asset.

The next thing I remember is that they were looking at X-rays and with a black pin making a map on my gut as to where to cut and not cut. The anesthesiologist said "good luck - you have one of the best working on you" - We are going to work - good night.

They worked on me from 6 PM to almost 6 AM and when I woke up I could feel nothing but realized it was light and my wife was holding my hand. The next day as I was waking and realizing it was light and getting stabbed in the hip, the light fading to pink, dark red, then black.

Some time later I woke up in a ward with 6 other guys as they were really pressed for rooms. One guy had an internal problem and they cut him open to find out what was going on - Cancer - closed him up and wished him well. One guy had shot himself in the foot and his woman and wife both very

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pregnant came in to visit him. He saved all his pain pills for when they left he took a bunch and was out till the next noon.

Another guy spent his time telling jokes - he was a good stand up comic - but horizontal with a bunch of broken parts - cast from his head to his heels. The guy next to me was a such a nice guy that one of his friends shoved him through a plate glass window and he was cut from stem to stern. He was not given any pain killer so he just tormented everyone. The cute blond nurse Mrs. Current was called to his bed side and he pulled the covers away and said he had something for her. She left - when he was taken to physical therapy they gave him a real work out and took him up to the 6th floor - the hospital jail.

I got transferred to a semi-private room and had a tube down my nose, tubes up me and tubes running into my arms. A cast from my heel to my thigh on the right leg. Big green thread holding me all together in the middle. Enough stitches in me to make Frankenstein jealous. The

Orthopedic surgeon came in grabbed my leg and exercised it and it hurt so bad I went stiff - slapped me on the stomach and said how the hell are you. I was speechless. He looked at my chart and said -OOPS.

The old night nurse came in every night about 1 AM and jabbed me with a triple Ought needle and I was flying high again. - just blackness. I got 185 Shots in the two weeks I was horizontal. I finally told the internist to cut down on the pain stuff because I could handle it and I wanted to be awake. At the end of two weeks my room mate got his last meal and it was a nice stake, peas, carrots, dinner role and glass of wine his daughter smuggle in to him. He was to go home the next morning.

I had not had anything to eat for 2 and 1/2 weeks and I desperately wanted a bite of his food. Even the pea he drooped on the floor looked pretty dam good. I told the doctor this and he said that it was good that I was getting hungry and was more awake and that they were going to restart my digestive system that afternoon and I would get that nasty tube taken out. An orderly came in and started

pulling on the tube in my nose and it felt that it had grown fast and when he pulled it felt like he was going to pull me apart in side. It gave way and I had my first drink of water in 2 and 1/2 weeks. It tasted so good but I had a hell of a time getting it down. Lunch was two tea spoons of chicken broth and I was full. I had lost a bit of weight too 175 lb to 129 lb in two and 1/2 weeks - parts they removed.

Three months after I left for work I finally make it back to work. The irony of it all was that if I had a set of shoulder harness in the car I would have walked away with a couple of black stripes on my body. I was out of the Hospital for a few weeks and I was already looking for another new 66 Corvette!

The 66 in picture was a Moss Port Green hard top only convertible. It has a dark green interior, AM-FM, power steering, brakes, power windows, 350 Hp 327, Wide ratio 4 speed, 3.55"1 final drive, side exhaust, 7" rally wheels, beauty rings and little hub caps. The car was a very poorly put together when I got it and after two weeks I stripped

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the paint, fixed the waves in
the glass, make the hood,
doors, and front end fit, and
repainted it Moss port
Green. The 3:55 and wide
box was equivalent to a 4:30
and a close ratio 4 speed.

So this was what happened
to me one Monday morning
of the way to work.