Giant Team Of Specialists Made Every Effort To Save Life Of President Kennedy

By BRYCE MILLER

DALLAS (UPI)—It is now possible to reconstruct in detail the events that took place in Parkland Memorial Hospital one week ago today shortly after President Kennedy was mortally wounded by an assassin's bullets.

The first call came to Parkland from the Dallas Police Department.

"The President has been shot. He is on the way to Parkland."

Surgical teams sprang into action.

Dr. Charles James Carrico, a resident in surgery, was in the emergency room when a Secret Serviceman burst through the swinging doors. A second one, with a sub-machine gun cradled in his arms, was right on his heels.

The first agent asked for two portable hospital carts. He called them "stretchers." One for Gov. John Connally, the other for the President.

Carts Wheeled In

In moments the portable carts were wheeled into emergency operating room No. 1. Connally was first. Then the President, with Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy walking beside the cart, holding his head, her pink suit bloody.

Connally was wheeled into room No. 2, an identical 15 by 10 foot room directly across the hall.

Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson walked in, hand on chest. Sen. Ralph Yarborough, who had been riding in the motorcade with him, was in tears.

At first, some feared Johnson might have suffered a heart attack.

The operating table in room No. 1 had been shoved out of the way. The doctors were moving so swiftly they did not want to take time to lift the President off the cart.

Inserted Tube

Dr. Carrico, the first man in the room, forced an endotracheal (breathing tube) down the President's windpipe as Dr. Malcolm Perry, an assistant professor of surgery, dashed in.

Perry decided further help in breathing was needed. The first bullet had opened the windpipe. Dr. Perry inserted a tube through the bullet hole.

Dr. Charles Baxter, assistant professor of surgery and director of student health science, arrived at this time. Mrs. Kennedy still was in the room. Baxter glanced at her and said "I believe you had better step outside."

There were five staff members hovering around Kennedy at the time. Whenever one made an observation, the others immediately agreed.

Asked for Priest

Mrs. Kennedy turned to a White House aide in the corridor and said: "Call a priest."

The aide relayed the message to Steve Landregan, assistant to hospital administrator C. J. Price. Landregan immediately called the nearby Holy Trinity Catholic Church.

More doctors rushed to Kennedy's side. There were 15 in all. Besides Perry, Carrico, and Baxter, there were Drs. William Kemp Clark, chairman of neurosurgery; Robert McClelland, assistant professor of surgery; M. T. Jenkins, chairman of anesthesiology; Fouad A. Bashour, associate professor of internal medicine; Adolph Giesecke, clinical associate in anesthesiology; Paul C. Peters, assistant professor of urology; Dr. Ronald C. Jones, senior resident in surgery; Charles Crenshaw, surgery resident; Gene Akin, anesthesiology resident; Jackie H. Hunt, anesthesiology follow; Don Curtis, oral surgery resident, and Kenneth Salyer, surgery resident.

Remembered Deficiency

Carrico remembered reading that Kennedy suffered adrenal deficiency and immediately administered hydro-cortisone.

Jones began a "cut-down" on Kennedy's left arm to insert a catheter — a device to force more blood into a vein and keep the passage open. Curtis completed the same procedure on the left leg.

Lactated Ringer's solution (a crystaloid solution sometimes called white blood and used until whole blood can be obtained) was pumped in. In seconds, a technician from the blood bank arrived with "O" negative blood (universal donor) and it was started.

To feed the blood faster, hand pumps were used.

By now, the cart had been elevated at the foot to help the blood get back to the heart.

Then one of the doctors noticed a frothing of the blood in the neck wound. "He's bubbling air," the doctor said. This means a hole in the lung.

Re-Expand Lungs

Peters and Baxter immediately inserted a tube into the right upper part of the chest, just below the shoulder, to re-expand the lungs and keep them from collapsing. Perry and Jones at the same time inserted a similar tube on the left.

Doctors and nurses raced in and out. Each time the operating room door opened, Mrs. Kennedy tried to look in.

"What is happening," she would ask. "How is he?"

Clark, the neurosurgeon, had run all the way from the medical school. He was one of the last of the team to arrive. He raced through the emergency room door not more than five minutes after the President was brought in.

Clark looked down at the President. The eyes were open, staring back, sightless.

"His eyes are fixed and dilated," Clark said.

No Hope

Any first year medical student knows this means that there is no hope for the patient.

Clark had a "torpedo" hooked up immediately to Kennedy. This is a small machine with a scope that shows a heartbeat in waves as a little green light travels from one side to another. The green light moved straight across with a hopelessly steady line.

Clark looked up at Perry.

"It's too late, Mac," he said.

But Perry grabbed a stool, placed his knee on it to give him leverage and began giving Kennedy closed chest message — using his fist in a rocking, pressing motion over the breastbone to provide, if possible, a 60-70 per minute beat. He and Clark took turns.

A more sensitive cardiotachyscope was brought in by Bashour. This was his machine. He specializes in cardiology. Before coming to the United States, he was head of cardiology at Beirut, Lebanon.

Electrodes from the machine were attached to Kennedy's left arm. But the green pinpoint of light on the scope did not waver the tiniest fraction of an inch.

President Was Dead

An attendant was standing by with two rods that sometimes can shock a faltering heart into beating. He put them away. The President was dead. He had been dead for minutes, probably before he got to the hospital.

Jenkins, monitoring the oxygen equipment, turned the valves off. The President was dressed only in his trousers, shorts and brace, for his ailing back.

Baxter got a fresh sheet. He and Jenkins tenderly pulled it across the body and up over the face. Kennedy's coat, shirt, undershirt and tie had been folded and put on one of the steel shelves lining the wall. The floor was littered with empty bottles, bloody banadges, boxes that had contained sterile dressings, bits of tubing. At the foot of the cart, among the litter, were the President's shoes. A doctor picked them up and placed them with his coat.

"The priest is outside," someone said.

UP, UP AND AWAY — This is one of three large evergreen trees donated last week to the city by Carter's Market. The trees, it was decided, had become too large for decorative purposes and therefore were given to the city. One of the trees was taken by the Fire Department and was planted in front of the new fire substation on Shasta Way. Plans call for that tree to be used as a permanent Christmas tree. The other two were taken by the Parks and Recreation Department and were planted in Kiwanis Park on Kit Carson Way.

Yakkity Yak Needs Interruption

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: You are usually right—but not always. I would like to challenge you

on one issue. You said in a recent column it is rude to interrupt people speaking, and that only a clod would cut in right in the middle of a sentence.

Obviously you have never lived in Louisville. All the native women in Louisville have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle. They have a habit of ending every sentence with "and" which is a neat way of holding the floor indefinitely both in person or on the telephone and it is just one endless line of yakkity yak yak yak and a person can't get a word in edgewise and if you think you can change the subject forget it because they go on and on until you could just tear your hair right out of your head by the roots and all the while you are becoming more and more furious because a yes or no would have been sufficient and then I pick up the paper and see where Ann Landers says it is rude to interrupt.—FRUSTRATED

Dear Frus: I know plenty of women — and men, too — who have never lived in Louisville and you could explode before they give up the floor so please don't blame one of the loveliest cities in the world for what is really a human weakness and I loved your letter!

Dear Ann Landers: Are we old-fashioned, as our 16-year-old daughter says? Please set us straight. Or if she is the one who needs it, tell us and we'll set her straight.

Our daughter's steady boy friend usually arrives anywhere from 30 minutes to an hour before she is ready to leave. He marches directly upstairs and goes into her bedroom "to keep her company" while she finishes dressing, combs her hair or puts on her make-up.

Sometimes other members of the family are upstairs. We have two younger daughters and they resent this invasion of privacy. Often, however, there is no one upstairs except this 16-year-old and her boy friend —and we don't like it. She says we are square. Are we—?APPLETON, WIS.

Dear Wis: A gentleman does not go upstairs and wander around looking for his date.

If this boy doesn't know better and your daughter hasn't sense enough to tell him, then as parents you should not hesitate to teach this square a few simple manners.

Dear Ann Landers: Although we have been married for a number of years my husband's two sisters continue to write to him at the office.

Wilfred is a busy man and reads the letters hurriedly, then tosses them away. When his sisters come to visit at Christmas they complain bitterly that they never hear from us. I tell them we never hear from them either. Then they say they write to the office and that they assume Wilfred brings the letters home. Wilfred confesses he meant to bring the letters home but somehow he didn't get around to it. Later, when we are alone, he tells me the letters are pure drivel and he wouldn't waste my time.

I have two brothers but I would never insult their wives by writing to them at the office. Should I come right out and tell my sisters-in-law how I feel when they bring up the subject in a few weeks as they are bound to?—VIRGINIA BEACH

Dear Virginia: If some of you readers were as frank with the people who give you trouble as you are with me, your problems would be solved right now.

By all means tell your husband's sisters if they want replies to their letters they should write to the house. Tell them that you have nothing whatever to do with office mail nor do you wish to.

Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Demos Halt Political Meets

PORTLAND (UPI) — The Oregon State Democratic party has called a moratorium on all major meetings and political appearances for the remainder of the year, E. D. Spencer, state Democratic chairman, said today.

The action follows the national party policy.

He requested that all Democratic organizations abide by the national policy.

Spencer also announced the resignation of Mrs. Gene Wiley as executive secretary of the state organization. Mrs. Wiley has accepted a position as administrative assistant to the director of the Parry Center for Children here.

In America's darkest hour, a young chaplain sounded a battle cry that inspired his shipmates and the nation:

I PRAISED THE LORD— THEY PASSED THE AMMUNITION

Howell M. Forgy, the Navy chaplain who shouted the words that were turned into an inspiring battle song for the nation, recalls the dark and fateful day of December 7th, 1941 in the

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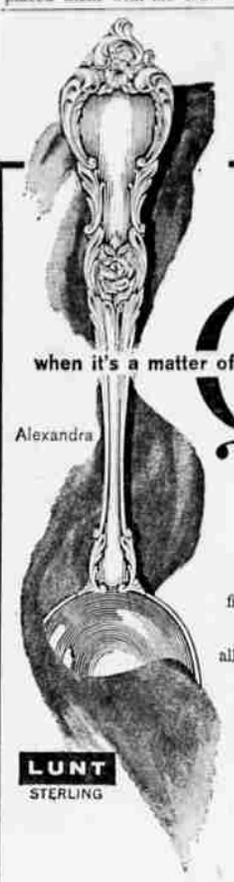

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