HE WALKED PAST THE GIRL IN PINK AND TOOK ON THE HOPELESS JOB.

A DEATH IN EMERGENCY ROOM NO. 1

By JIMMY BRESLIN

The call bothered Malcolm Perry. "Dr. Tom Shires, STAT," the girl's voice said over the loudspeaker in the doctor's cafeteria at Parkland Memorial Hospital. The "STAT" meant emergency. Nobody ever called Tom Shires, the hospital's chief resident in surgery, for an emergency. And Shires, Perry's superior, was out of town for the day. Malcolm Perry looked at the salmon croquettes on the plate in front of him. Then he put down his fork and went over to a telephone.

"This is Doctor Perry taking Doctor Shires' place," he said.

"President Kennedy has been shot, STAT," the operator said. "They are bringing him into the emergency room right now."

Perry hung up and walked quickly out of the cafeteria and down a flight of stairs and through a brown door, and a nurse pointed to emergency room No. 1. And Doctor Perry walked into it. The room is narrow and has gray-tiled walls and a cream-colored ceiling. In the middle of it, on an aluminum hospital cart, the President of the United States had been placed on his back and he was dying while a huge lamp glared in his face.

John Kennedy already had been stripped of his jacket, shirt and T-shirt, and it was set. and it was to stay that way. Malcolm Perry wondered that如果是 forced down the tuba right now."

"It's too late, Mac," he said to Malcolm Perry. "We can make you more comfortable in death."

The chest was not moving. And there was no apparent heartbeat inside it. The wound in the throat was small and neat. Blood was running out of it. It was running out too fast. The tracheotomy, which is a part of the back of the head, had a huge flap. The damage a rifle bullet does as it comes out of a person's body is unbelievable. Blending from the head wound covered the floor.

There was a medical bandage wound in connection with the bullet hole in the throat. This means the blood was being packed together in the chest. Perry called for a scalpel. He was going to start a tracheotomy, which is opening the throat and inserting a tube into the trachea. The incision had to be made below the small bullet wound.

"Get me Doctors Clark, McClelland and Baxter right away," he said.

"Si vivis, ego te absolvio a pecori tali. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

The prayer said, "If you are living, I absolve you from your sins. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"No, Jacqueline Kennedy said.

Perry hung up his right hand and he began the chant that Roman Catholic priests have said over their dead centuries.

"Si vivis, ego te absolvio a pecori tali. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen."

"No, Jacqueline Kennedy said.

"It's too late, Mac," he said to Malcolm Perry.

"I can't move, my hands."

"You can make you more comfortable in death."

Perry hung up and walked quickly out of the way, over against the head of the aluminum cart. He took the heart in his hands, so he had to take the heart in his hands, so he had to move his hands quickly because it all was running out.

There was no time

He began to massage the chest. He had to do something to stimulate the heart. There was not time to open the chest and take the heart in his hands, so he had to massage on the surface. The aluminum chest was high. It was too high. Perry was on his toes so he could have leverage.

"Will somebody please get me a stool," he said.

One was placed under him. He sat on it, and for ten minutes he massaged the chest. Over in one corner of the room Dr. Kemp Clark kept watching an electrocardiogram for some sign that the massage was creating action in the President's heart. There was none. Doctor Clark had turned his head away from the electrocardiogram.

"It's too late, Mac," he said to Malcolm Perry.

The long fingers stopped massaging and they were lifted from the white chest.

Perry got off the stool and stepped back.

"Dr. M. T. Jenkins, who had been working on the oxygen flow, reached down from the head of the aluminum cart. He took the edges of a white sheet in his hands. He pulled the sheet up over the face of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The IBM clock on the wall of the room said it was one p.m.

The date was November 22, 1963.