

## **"HULTON BRIDGE, CPR, AND TRAFFIC"**

*By Frank W. Santucci*

Hulton Bridge in Oakmont has been an ally for the residents of Oakmont and Harmarville for over 100 years, even us Veronians are compelled to use the bridge. Over 60 years I have crossed this bridge to the Pennsylvania Turnpike, shopping, golf courses, parties, and even to visit my future wife.

This bridge has a tainted history, from name changing with political implications, to the very controversial lavender color. These events not only implicated me but also commuting residents of the neighboring two towns. One event on this bridge became very personal to me and to one other person. May of 1984, Mollie and I were crossing Hulton Bridge to shop at the Harmarville K-Mart.

About half way across, in the lane coming into Oakmont, a Volkswagon had stopped and as we came past the car we could see a man slumped over the steering wheel. All the cars, lined to the other end of the bridge, were blowing their horns hoping loud and constant noise would somehow magically move this stopped vehicle.

Being a trained registered nurse, my first instinct was to stop and see what the problem might be. As I approached the car I noticed an obese man in work clothes was having a heart attack. My stopped car caused another traffic tie up behind me, creating a new symphony of car horns.

I opened the driver's unlocked car door and released his seat belt, pulled him out and laid him flat on the road surface. I hollered to Mollie to run ahead and see if anyone had a cell phone to call the Oakmont Paramedics. As Mollie was running up the road toward the traffic, a woman ran up and said she was a nurse and to volunteer her help. The situation was explained, I had already started CPR as the man had no pulse. As I was leaning over the man, my eyes went to his shirt pocket. There were lottery tickets sticking out and for one passing moment I thought he could be a lottery winner, nonsense. She introduced herself and together we continued to administer CPR. With some luck and quick action the bridge patient was revived. By this time the paramedics had responded to some cell calls and were able to get to the patient through the left side of the bridge. Traffic continued to build on both sides. What a traffic mess. As the professional paramedics arrived I stood there, along with the other Good Samaritan, feeling sort of proud to have done this deed with an anticipated resolution.

Minutes later an Oakmont Police car arrived and stopped behind the Ambulance. Two officers got out and started screaming and asking questions in a very derogatory manner. "Whose car is this?" I was standing by my car. I answered and said it was mine. With that I was told, "Get the

hell out of here or you will get a ticket for obstructing traffic.” Mollie was in our car, my CPR helper went to her car shaking her head.

Initially shocked by the policemen’s behavior, I was going to explain what had happened but angrily got into my car and left. After cooling down we went shopping. The man did survive and two weeks later I was contacted by his family to thank me.

Hulton Bridge always had a varied history.

November 11, 2014