

dealers, auto parts stores, and this typical type of neighborhood. At one intersection there were some Cuban Pickets but I don't recall exactly what their signs said except that they did have "Cuba" on them.

A little further towards town some people had a sign asking the President to please stop and shake hands, which he saw as he passed and stopped. I immediately ran up to his car as it stopped and assumed a position next to him and observed the crowd as it merged on the car, especially watching the hands. Most of the people were children but I do remember one of the adult ladies who was holding the sign, remarking, "It worked, our sign worked!"

At various places along the route I remember Mr. Dave Powers standing up and taking movies of the President's car and the crowd.

The closer we came to downtown Dallas the larger the crowds became. At several places they were forcing their way into the street and there was just barely enough room for the cars to get through. There were two motorcycle escorts on each side of the President's and the Follow-up car and in several instances the crowd was so close that the motorcycles could not get through and had to drop completely behind the Follow-up car. During these instances SA Clint Hill would run up and jump on the left rear bumper of the President's car and he would ride there until the crowd was further back away from the President's car.

Just before we reached the heart of downtown Dallas, I remember noticing some new looking, very high, multi-storied skyscrapers and I remarked to Jack Ready that there were even people way up on the roof of one. I think the motorcycle made a right turn onto Main Street, as that is the only street sign I saw and remembered. I remember thinking to myself that about every town I know of has a Main Street.

I'm not sure how far we traveled on Main Street, but I do know that this is where the crowd seemed heaviest. The buildings were tall on both sides of the street but I didn't notice many people in the windows. I continued to scan the crowds on the street and the buildings along the route. I glanced at the President's car somewhere along Main Street and saw Clint Hill again standing on the left rear bumper behind Mrs. Kennedy who was seated to the President's left. Governor Connally was seated in front of the President and Mrs. Connally was in front of Mrs. Kennedy.

The crowd lined both sides of the street and in several places was right out into the street leaving barely enough room to get through.

Not long after we turned onto Main Street there was one boy who, I would say, was in his early teens who ran out from the crowd after the President's and Follow-up cars had passed and tried to overtake the President's car. I saw him coming and tapped SA Ready on the shoulder and pointed towards him. He was carrying a camera. SA Ready jumped off the running board, overtook the boy and pushed him back into the crowd.

~~Confidential~~



8

FIV shooting

WITNESS

When we reached the end of Main Street we turned right and approached a gradual left turn. As we approached the intersection and while we were turning left, the crowd seemed to thin and almost disappear around the turn. I then made a quick surveillance of a building which was to be on the President's right once the left turn was completed. It appeared to be the last one in sight. It was a modernistic type building, approximately eight stories high, and it had large glass windows. I also seem to recollect orange paneling or siding. None of the windows were open, and I did not see anyone standing by them. I surmised that the building was closed or that all its employees were out on the street corner.

As the President's car continued around the corner, I continued to survey the crowd along the righthand side of the road and noticed that it was fairly scattered, with hardly enough people to form a single line. I continued to look ahead to an overpass over the route we were traveling. At approximately this point, I would say, the President's car and the Follow-up car had just completed their turns and both were straightening out.

shot from Del-Tax not ISB

At this moment I heard what sounded like the report of a high-powered rifle from behind me, over my right shoulder. When I heard the sound there was no question in my mind what it was. My first glance was at the President, as I was practically looking in his direction anyway. I saw him moving in a manner which I thought was to look in the direction of the sound. I did not realize that President Kennedy had been shot at this point.

I immediately returned my gaze, over my right shoulder, toward the modernistic building I had observed before. With a quick glance I saw nothing and immediately started scanning the crowd at the intersection from my right to my left. I observed nothing unusual and began to think that the sound had been that of a fire cracker but I hadn't seen any smoke. In fact, I recall Special Agent Jack Ready saying, "What was it? A Fire Cracker?" I remarked, "I don't know; I don't see any smoke." So far the lapsed period of time could not have been over two or three seconds.

All during this time I continued to scan the crowd, returning my gaze towards the President's car. It must have been another second or two before the next shot was fired because, as I recall having seen nothing out of the ordinary, I then thought that maybe one of the cars in the motorcade had had a blowout that had echoed off the buildings. I looked at the right front tire of the President's car and saw it was all right. I then glanced to see the right rear tire, but could not because the Follow-up car was too close.

I also thought of trying to run and jump on the President's car but did not think I could make it because of the speed at which we were traveling. I decided I had better stay where I was so that I would at least be near the First Lady, to whom I am assigned. I think that it was at this point that I thought, "Faster, Faster, Faster," thinking that we could not get out of the area soon enough. However, I don't have any idea as to how fast we were then moving.

~~Confidential~~



I had drawn my gun, but I am not sure exactly when I did this. I did leave my suit coat unbuttoned all during the motorcade movement, thinking at the time that I could get to my gun faster this way, if I had to.

I glanced towards the President and he still appeared to be fairly upright in his seat, leaning slightly toward Mrs. Kennedy with his head tilted slightly back. I think Mrs. Kennedy had her right arm around the President's shoulders at this time. I also remember Special Agent Clinton Hill attempting to climb onto the back of the President's car.

It was at this moment that I heard a second report and it appeared that the President's head split open with a muffled exploding sound. I can best describe the sound as I heard it, as the sound you would get by shooting a high powered bullet into a five gallon can of water or shooting into a mellon. I saw pieces of flesh and blood flying through the air and the President slumped out of sight towards Mrs. Kennedy.

The time lapse between the first and second report must have been about four or five seconds.

My immediate thought was that the President could not possibly be alive after being hit like he was. I still was not certain from which direction the second shot came, but my reaction at this time was that the shot came from somewhere towards the front, right-hand side of the road.

I did not notice anyone on the overpass, and I scanned the area to the right of and below the overpass where the terrain sloped towards the road on which we were traveling. The only person I recall seeing clearly was a Negro male in light green slacks and a beige colored shirt running from my left to right, up the slope, across a grassy section, along a sidewalk, towards some steps and what appeared to be a low stone wall. He was bent over while running and I started to point towards him, but I didn't notice anything in his hands and by this time we were going under the overpass at a very high rate of speed. I was looking back and saw a motorcycle policeman stopping along the curb approximately adjacent to where I saw the Negro running.

After we rode under the overpass I again looked at the President's car and saw Special Agent Clint Hill lying across the trunk. He was looking back towards the Follow-up car shaking his head back and forth and gave a thumbs-down sign with his hand.

ATSAIC Roberts asked if anyone got the exact time of the shooting and someone said "about 12:30 p.m.;" then someone told me to get inside the car and pulled me by the arm. My sun glasses fell off and Special Agent Bennett handed them to me. By now we were on an Expressway and a few people were standing in spots along the way waving as we went by.

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