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Sounds of Shooting Brought Cars to Halt — Motorcade Sped Kennedy to Hospital

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face down, stretched out at full length, lay the President, motionless.

His natty business suit seemed hardly ruffled. But there was blood on the floor.

"Is he dead?" I asked a Secret Service man.

"I don't know," he said, "but I don't think so."

I ran for a telephone.

A few minutes later I was back for more information.

The President and Mr. Connally had been moved into an emergency operating room. Vice President Johnson, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Kennedy had been escorted into the hospital.

The shiny White House automobile, a manufacturers' dream, stood untouched. It had been flown 1,500 miles from Washington only to become the death vehicle of the President, to whom it was designed to give maximum protection.

Two Hats on Seat

On the front seat floor lay the soft felt hat the President often carried but seldom wore. Beside it in mute comradeship was the wide-brimmed, light-colored Texas-style hat that Mr. Connally wore.

In the wide area between the seats, now cleared of its jump roses lay in a pool of blood on the floor. Beside them was a tattered bouquet of asters.

It all seemed so unreal. This was the conveyance for what had been in the nature of triumph for Mr. Kennedy and the First Lady, who had been smiling, shaking hands and filled with happiness at a day of meeting the folks in the streets, the airports and the hotels.

Ironically, if their reception in Texas had not been so warm, precautions might have been taken to raise the shatter-proof side glasses, even though the top of the convertible was down. Such protection might have saved the President.

But Dallas, where the President's policies had raised a storm of conservative protests, had been warm in its welcome to the handsome, bronzed President and his pretty, chic wife.

The Presidential party appeared to be chatting gaily among themselves after they had left the crowds of downtown Dallas behind and their caravan had swung into a quiet area where admirers had not chosen to stand.

But there the assassin took his stand.

His three well-aimed shots plunged America and the world into grief.

10 Feet From President

TORONTO, Nov. 22 (Canadian Press)—A man from suburban Willowdale who was only 10 feet away when President Kennedy was assassinated today said he first thought the gunfire was the sound of firecrackers.

Norman Simlas, 34 years old,

told The Star in a telephone conversation that he had been in Dallas on business. He was taking pictures of the motorcade when he saw the President slump to the floor, he said.

Here is his story:

"I was in Dallas on a convention and I decided to snap a picture of the President as the motorcade rolled by.

"The crowds had thinned out just past an overpass near the Trade Mart, so I had a good position when the motorcade came by at about 8 miles an hour.

"Then I suddenly heard a sharp crack. The first thing that came to my mind was that someone was setting off firecrackers. I turned away from the President's car and looked back to where the noise seemed to come from.

Agent Draws Gun

"Then somebody — I don't know who it was — yelled: 'The President's been shot.'

"I swung back to look at the car. A Secret Service man ran up with his gun drawn. A policeman beside me drew his revolver and his eyes searched the crowd.

"Then another shot rang out and a third almost immediately on top of it.

"I was still staring at the car. The Secret Service man opened the car door and I saw the President slumped down on the floor and falling toward the pavement.

"Jackie Kennedy was sitting on the left side of the car; Governor Connally on the President's right.

"I could see a hole in the President's left temple and his head and hair were bathed in blood.

"The agent looked in and gasped: 'Oh, my God, he's dead.'"

Boy Describes Shooting

Special to The New York Times

CHICAGO, Nov. 22—The Chicago Tribune published today an eyewitness report by a 10-year-old boy who was standing 10 feet away and looking directly at President Kennedy at the time of the assassination. The boy, Alan Smith, a Boy Scout and a ninth-grade pupil at Stockyard Junior High School, giving the following description:

"It made me weak. I felt I was sitting down. It was horrible.

"I was standing on the corner watching the parade along Madison Street. We were permitted to skip school, if we had a note from our parents, to watch the parade.

"The crowds were cheering but all at once they changed to screaming. The car was about 10 feet from me when a bullet hit the President in his forehead. The bullets came from the window right over my head, the building in front of which my friends and I were standing.

"Mr. Kennedy had a big white smile. But when he was hit, his face turned blank. There was no smile, no frown—nothing. He fell down over Jackie's knees and didn't say anything.

"She stood up screaming, 'God, oh God, no.' There was blood all over her and everything. She tried to raise up but he fell back over her.