

pass and got out and was standing there just, oh, about a minute before the President's car came by.

Mr. LIEBELER. Where was your car actually located?

Mr. TAGUE. The nose of the car was sticking out from underneath the triple underpass.

Mr. LIEBELER. What street were you on?

Mr. TAGUE. What is the farthest street to the south?

Mr. LIEBELER. Commerce Street?

Mr. TAGUE. Commerce; yes.

Mr. LIEBELER. Commerce Street is one-way going east?

Mr. TAGUE. Right; that's correct.

Mr. LIEBELER. So they stopped all traffic on Commerce Street?

Mr. TAGUE. Cars in the left lane were stopping, the ones next to the curb, and several cars had stopped in front of me, and I stopped. The car was just half-way out from underneath the underpass, and I got out of my car and stood by the bridge abutment.

Mr. LIEBELER. So you were just out from under the triple underpass so that you could see the President's car and the motorcade coming on down Elm Street, is that correct?

Mr. TAGUE. That is correct.

Mr. LIEBELER. Did you see the motorcade come down Elm Street?

Mr. TAGUE. Yes; I did.

Mr. LIEBELER. Go ahead and tell us what you saw.

Mr. TAGUE. Well, I was standing there watching, and really I was watching to try to distinguish the President and his car. About this time I heard what sounded like a firecracker. Well, a very loud firecracker. It certainly didn't sound like a rifleshot. It was more of a loud cannon-type sound. I looked around to see who was throwing firecrackers or what was going on and I turned my head away from the motorcade and, of course, two more shots.

And I ducked behind the post when I realized somebody was shooting after the third shot. After the third shot, I ducked behind the bridge abutment and was there for a second, and I glanced out and just as I looked out, the car following the President's car, the one with the Secret Service men, was just flying past at that time.

Mr. LIEBELER. Going on Elm Street under the triple underpass?

Mr. TAGUE. Right. Going on Elm. So I stood there looking around. I looked up—there was a motorcycle policeman, and he stopped and had drawn his gun and was running up the embankment toward the railroad tracks. A crowd of people; several people, were starting to come down into that area where he was running, and the people pointing, and excitement up there and so on, and about that time a patrolman who evidently had been stationed under the triple underpass walked up and said, "What happened?" and I said, "I don't know; something."

And we walked up to the—by this time the motorcycle policeman returned back close to where his motorcycle was, and we walked up there and there was a man standing there. Seeing that he was very excited—I don't remember his name—at the time I did have it on the tip of my tongue—very excited saying he was watching the President and it seemed like his head just exploded. This was a couple or 3 minutes after this happened. And the patrolman said, "Well, I saw something fly off back on the street."

We walked back down there, and another man joined us who identified himself as the deputy sheriff, who was in civilian clothes, and I guess this was 3 or 4 minutes after. I don't know how to gage time on something like that.

And I says, "Well, you know now, I recall something sting me on the face while I was standing down there."

And he looked up and he said, "Yes; you have blood there on your cheek."

And I reached up and there was a couple of drops of blood. And he said, "Where were you standing?"

And I says, "Right down here." We walked 15 feet away when this deputy sheriff said, "Look here on the curb." There was a mark quite obviously that was a bullet, and it was very fresh.