As the President's vehicle passes Croft's position, Croft "just kind of followed the car along, as I remember, on the left hand side of the car." He quickly walks to the north along the Plaza's north reflecting pool and takes up a position near the south curb of Elm Street about 190 feet from his original location. Dressed in a dark suit and hat, Croft is just some six feet to the left of picture taker Phil Willis, who also scrambled to this position from the corner of Houston and Main Street. From across the street, Dallas businessman Abraham Zapruder is filming the motorcade with his 8-mm camera, and from an examination of his film sequence, Croft can be seen aiming his camera to take a picture as the President's vehicle again passes him.

Whereas in his previous photo, the First Lady's face was obscured by her hand and arm, in this third Croft photograph taken only about 15 feet from the car, Mrs. Kennedy appears to be looking right at Croft. The President is looking straight ahead, and Mrs. Connally's bouquet of yellow roses can be seen in the photo, Croft being slightly elevated over his subjects. The picture includes three glare spots where the bright noon sunshine reflects off the car's chrome. Across Elm Street a group of over a dozen spectators line the curb smiling and applauding, while in the background adjacent to the walkway which leads to the concrete shelter and pergola, four others sit on the wall and wave. In the far background a truck and several cars are parked along the dirt Elm Street Extension, located adjacent to the Texas School Book Depository Building, while even further back are railroad passenger cars parked on a spur-track.1

Quickly winding his camera, Croft takes another picture of the vehicle as it passes by his position. As he makes this fourth photo, he hears a shot, and believes that this picture was "taken simultaneously with the shot which killed the President."4

Following the shots, pandemonium broke out all around the Plaza. People ran from place to place with little sense of direction, as the remainder of the motorcade continued down Elm Street. Speaking of the events a quarter of a century later Croft explains, "I can't tell you at this point anything about the shots, numbers, or where they were. I was on my way back, as I remember, before the car ever got — it was kind of going down a hill and under a railroad track. And I noticed what time it was and took off, because I was going to be late for the train. I kind of jogged back to the station and got my baggage out of check and took off."5 Croft then boarded his train and, leaving Dallas behind, was on his way back to Denver.

The morning of Saturday, November 23, found Croft at the Western States Mission Home on Clarkson Street in Denver when at 10 a.m. the mission president told him that two FBI agents were downstairs and that Croft needed to go talk with them. Croft recalls: "Concerning the weekend events I have almost no recollection of the details. That's why I say I really don't know how they came up with what they did so fast. They put things together awful quick. We went through this interrogation back and forth for I don't know how long. I got tired of it I know.4 Croft is now unsure of how the FBI knew what he had witnessed at Dallas since he did not contact the agency, and does not recall speaking with anyone at Dealey Plaza following the shooting.