

Tedock Bell, Jr., called "Little Buddy" by his close friends and relatives, had told his ~~xxxxx~~ mother when the Newark rioting first erupted that the "best way to get shot as a looter was to run when the police came into a section."

Bell was fatally shot by police, his sister-in-law Mrs. Fannie Edwards said, while he was running one night later.

Bell, his wife, Edna, and their four children lived on Bergen Street, scene of heavy fire between the National Guard, State and local police and reported snipers.

On Thursday night a grocery store two blocks away was being looted. Looters and burners racing through the street kept the family awake all night.

At about 4:30 a.m. Bell decided to walk to the market and see what had been taken. A group of looters had gathered there once more when he arrived.

"About 20 or 30 people were there," Mrs. Edwards said. "The police drove up and shot up in the air, and drove off."

Five minutes later three other patrol cars arrived. "They all jumped out and started shooting," she muttered. "The whole crowd started running and I saw one cop take aim at Tedock. He shot him in the back three times."

In the crush of the crowd, Bell was running downhill on Magnolia Street, Mrs. Edwards said.

A neighbor and friend who lived across the street from the tavern where Bell worked parttime also said he was shot three times by a local white policeman.

Bell's sister, Mrs. Vivian Rountree, said he had a pleading look in his eyes when she saw his body.

"He looked like he had tried to tell the cop that he wasn't doing anything and that he just wanted to be left alone," she said.

Mrs. Edwards, who had walked to the store with Bell, got back home safely. Although she had seen Bell shot at, she did not know definitely that he had been shot, for he was running downhill the last time she saw him.

After waiting about 30 minutes or so for him to emerge from a different direction, Mrs. Edwards and Bell's wife became worried. They went back down the street and walked down Magnolia Street. Bell was nowhere to be found.

Mrs. Bell returned home, checked the jails and several hospitals and found nothing. Finally, she learned he was at City Hospital, reportedly in satisfactory condition.

She and other members of the family rushed to the hospital. They were first told that Bell was alive and could not be seen (visiting restrictions were pressed on the patients).

Mrs. Bell, unsatisfied with the answer she got from the information desk clerk, phoned a doctor who told her Bell was dead.

He was buried last Wednesday in his native Ayden, N.C., near Greenville.

Bell was shot early Friday morning. He and his wife would have celebrated their ninth anniversary the next day.

Bell weighed 200 pounds and stood 6 feet 5 inches.

Besides working part time as a bartender, Bell earned \$150 a week as a machinist in a plastics factory at Corning, N.J.

Hollie West