

Jessie Mae Jones - Delores Jones daughter  
255 Fairmount Ave. Constance Jones - daughter  
Bernice Smart - <sup>daughter</sup>  
15 yrs Living at address Bernice work  
Delores Jones - February - 1967 12 yrs.

The morning <sup>(chitewee)</sup> 6:45-7:15 my mother got shot I was on  
the porch by the stairs. My mother was standing  
by the wall near the door on the porch.

The people had been throwing bottles at white  
people that came by in cars. When this white  
man (in a gray Cadillac, black vinyl top) he stopped  
in front of #257. A blue car was parked across  
the street. A colored man came from in front  
of the house, which is 252 Fairmount. The man  
(colored) had a gun pointed outwardly. The  
white man was still in his car. The colored  
man ran in back of blue almost directly  
across the street. The man in the car (white)  
looked back and saw the man with the gun  
(colored) and pulled off. I heard the shot,  
my mother screamed. Bernice said it didn't  
hit him Jessie and Jessie said Yes but, ~~my~~  
My mother fell on her knees and fell  
on my sisters (Constance's) arm. I went back to

Dolores  
Jones (Cont'd)

my mother, I picked her up. I thought she had just fainted and I was going to bring her in the house. She went limp and I couldn't move her so I laid her in the hall. After I saw the hole in I hurried across the street to the man (Colored man) and I said, 'You shot my mother.' One of the boys who was with the man came over to the porch. He told me to take her back off so she could catch her breath, and he told me to get a big spoon and a white rag. After I got the spoon I called my uncle. I went to Mrs. Beehive Smart's house to call. I came back downstairs. He told me to go and get my father, but I went and got my uncle E.J. when we got back the ambulance was taking my mother away.

I saw the man shoot the gun (Colored man) earlier that morning I saw a white man with a lady in the car get out and shot up in the sky. The lady tried to stop him from getting out. I think it was a station wagon, I'm not sure. It wasn't the same white man that was in the grey Cadillac. I could recognize the man if I saw him.