

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }  
COUNTY OF ESSEX } SS:

I, Maggie Hawkins, being duly sworn upon my oath, do depose and say:

1. I am 30 years old. I reside at 123 Avon Avenue, Newark, New Jersey. I am a Negro.
2. At approximately 12:30 P.M. on Saturday, I was sitting on the stoop of my residence. A man came out of "Mike's Liquor Store" at 125 Avon Avenue. The man, Negro, about 6' and dressed in a white T shirt, jeans, and a bandage on one of his arms. This man came out of Mike's and began walking toward Belmont Avenue. He was carrying a six-package of beer. There was another man with him.
3. Just after he had passed my stoop, still walking, someone shouted, "Cops." The man then was just passed me and he broke into a run. (I was sitting on the stoop with some friends including Adele Jones, Mrs. Mamie Williams, and Mrs. Williams' 2 sons).
4. I had seen this man in the area several times before. I would say, from my observance of him as he emerged from Mike's and walked past me that he was part drunk. He appeared to me to be partially out of control of his senses.
5. Just at the time that someone yelled "Cops" and two car loads of Newark Policemen came down Avon Avenue, their sirens silent, and pulled up with screeching brakes right in front of me sitting on my stoop.
6. All the policemen in the two cars piled out of them.

They all carried shotguns or rifles to the best of my recollection. They wore helmets, and blue uniforms. These were not State Troopers or National Guardsmen who I know on sight. These police were Newark Police.

7. One of these policemen shouted "halt" in the direction of the running man with the six-pack. This policeman who yelled "halt", a Newark policeman, was standing about 5' from me. The policeman who shouted "halt" raised his shotgun or rifle and aimed at the running man with the bandaged arm and beer.

8. The man running was drunk and unable to run right. (While the policemen were getting out of the cars they were shooting at something or perhaps up in the air on the far side of the car from me, on the left side of the street moving from Belmont Avenue toward my residence at 123 Avon Avenue).

9. The policeman aiming at the running man then lowered his gun, and it appeared to me that he was not about to shoot. Then a policeman who had some out of one of the two cars when they pulled up and who was standing across the street from me with a shotgun yelled at the policeman who had been aiming at the running man with the bandaged arm and six-pack "Shoot that black mother fucker".

10. At that time the man with the six-pack was still attempting to get out of the way. At the command to shoot, the Newark policeman who had been aiming at the running man and standing immediately in front of me when he originally raised his gun and lowered it, raised his gun again. Aimed at the man with the six-pack, and fired.

11. The man with the six-pack of beer was hit by the bullet from the gun of the policeman standing in front of me

and aiming at the man's back. He fell. After he fell with the six-pack, all the policemen who had piled out of the two cars then walked over to where the man was laying, they behaved as though nothing had happened. The man was hit and laying at about 111 Avon Avenue.

12. I hollered in alarm and disbelief at what I had just seen as soon as the man was shot and before the policemen had walked up to the man shot and laying on the street. At this time I was sitting on the stoop alone because when the police had begun firing on the far side of the cars from me on their arrival everyone else who was outside with me ran inside the house at 123 Avon Avenue.

13. One of the policemen, in response to my sound of alarm, said to me, "Shut up, you mother fucker and get inside." I did not move because I was completely stunned at what I had just seen, I had never seen a man shot down like a dog or rabbit like that when he did not even attempt to fight back or defend himself.

14. The policemen moved past the man with the bandaged arm and six-pack laying on the sidewalk. Some merely stepped over him. They moved further up Avon Avenue toward Belmont Avenue to where a little boy was laying on the sidewalk also. Shortly they returned after staying with the younger boy for a few minutes and as I was still sitting on the stoop, these policemen again ordered me to go inside the house, and I obeyed.

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MAGGIE HAWKINS

Sworn to and subscribed before  
me this day of  
1967.

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