

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }  
COUNTY OF ESSEX } ss:

I, RICHARD SPELLMAN, being duly sworn according to law upon my oath, do depose and say:

1. I am 16 years old. I reside at 322 Hunterdon Street, Newark, New Jersey.

2. On Saturday, July 15, 1967, I was standing near a wall in our apartment at 322 Hunterdon Street between the kitchen and the front room, with my 9 brothers and sisters, one cousin, and two friends. All of us were in the kitchen. The time was now about 6:30 p.m.

3. My mother, Eloise Spellman, 41, was standing at a front window in our apartment on the 10th floor (Hayes Houses Project) looking out the window. My mother had just left the kitchen where she had been talking to us and moved to the front of the apartment.

4. At this time I heard a shot; then I heard several shots being fired. The shots sounded as though some came from rifles and some from a machine gun. When I heard the first shot, I heard my mother scream. My mother then shouted, "Oh God!" I stepped from the kitchen into the front room. All the 12 other persons who were in the kitchen with me stepped into the front room in the direction of my mother's screaming voice. The kitchen is next to the front room, and the distance from where I was standing to where my mother was looking out the window was about 2 feet. I saw her falling onto the couch. My brothers ran to help her down onto the couch, and I ran across the hall to apartment 10E where my mother's friend Mrs. Riba Horne lived. I knocked on the door and Mrs. Horne opened it. I ran into her apartment to phone for an ambulance while she was asking me what happened. I used the phone before answering. While I was waiting for the operator to answer after I had dialed, I told Mrs. Horne that my mother had been shot.

5. I went back to my apartment 10 E across the hall. Two other persons, one cousin Edward Nichols, 33, of Apt. 11 C, and my friend

Johnny Lasenberry, about 17 years, of 10 C, had already called the ambulance.

6. <sup>H</sup>When I came back to my apartment I heard my mother talking to my brother, Bruce Spellman, 18, and to my friend, Craig Lasenberry, about 14 years. I went over to where my mother was talking and laid down next to her on the floor where she had been put and was now lying.

7. I did not look out the window at all to see who was shooting; but I was still hearing shots being fired from rifles and a machine gun.

8. My mother was talking in a baby voice, and she was saying to Bruce and Craig, "Do you love me Bruce? Do you love me Craig?" or words to that effect, and she repeated these words several times. While I was using the phone in apartment 10 F someone had covered my mother with a bedspread. When I returned I saw the bedspread near a front room wall all covered with blood. There was blood on the floor where my mother was lying down, on several towels near my mother, and also on the wall. On this wall there was a long streak of blood looking as though it had dripped down, and a short streak of blood again looking as though the blood had dripped. The longer streak started from about two feet from the floor and ran down to the floor.

9. Myself and two friends and my sister, Sharon Spellman, 17, took the smaller children out into the hall. My sister had begun screaming when she saw my mother was shot and was still screaming. My older cousin, Edward Nichols, and another cousin, Ralph Nichols, who live in apts. 11 C and 6 E respectively, then my brother and I began talking to my friend, Jason brother, Bruce, and my friend, Craig Lasenberry, what to do.

10. The time between when I called the ambulance and when the ambulance actually arrived was about 40 minutes.

11. The shots fired after my mother had screamed and shots after that broke most of the windows in the house, and while I was with my mother in the front room a bullet whizzed by and cracked a mirror hanging on the wall and went through the wall. I could see the wall plaster

flying in the front room where my mother was laying and into the hallway from the bathroom.

12. On the following day, July 16, at about 11:00 A.M., Mrs. Horne came up to Edward Nichols apartment 11C where we were all now staying and called Edward out in the hall. She spoke to Edward Nichols for about 2 minutes and then she and Edward returned. I immediately asked Mrs. Horne if my mother was dead, and she told me that she was.

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RICHARD SPELLMAN

SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED BEFORE ME

THIS        DAY OF AUGUST 1967.

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