



STANLEY  
SMITHERS



# PERSON OF INTEREST UNCLASSIFIED

ROBIN COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPT.  
5 WREN RD.  
ROBIN FALLS, CONN.

CASE NUMBER: F8-08261947

Full Name Stanley Bartholomew Smithers Address 301 Main St. Robin Falls, Connecticut  
 Telephone Ralston 8465 Marital Status Single Religious Denomination 7th Day Adventist  
 Birth Date Dec 27, 1916 Place of Birth Providence, Rhode Island Age 30 Sex M Shoe Size 8  
 Race White Height 5'8" Weight 127 Hair Color Black Eye Color Brown Dominant Hand Right  
 Have you ever been diagnosed with any of the following? (Y/N) Polio N Tuberculosis N Malaria N  
 Smallpox N Typhoid Fever N Syphilis N Feeble-Mindedness N Disability Nervous Tics  
 Employer Robin County Bank and Trust Employer Telephone Ralston 0836  
 Employer Address 8 Main Street Robin Falls, Connecticut  
 Occupation Bank clerk Length Employed 7 months  
 Are you in ownership of firearms? Yes Prior Arrests? None  
 Prior Felonies? None Outstanding Warrants? None  
 Hobbies Soap carving, pinning insects, playing harmonica, collecting stamps  
 IF YOU OWN AN AUTOMOBILE, ENTER THE INFORMATION BELOW:  
 Year 1941 Make & Model Dodge Town Sedan Color Blue

Please describe your whereabouts on 8/26/1947 between the hours of 10PM and Midnight :

On the day Veronica went missing I saw her at her house around noon, but that was it. No clue what happened after that and quite frankly I don't care. I thought we could've had something special and if she hadn't been so stubborn she would've seen it too. But I guess, in reality, she clearly was not the person I thought she was.

She turned out to be downright disrespectful, rude, and didn't know her place. And she treated me like I was some kind of reprehensible worm! Women like that are bound to meet their end in any manner of highly unpleasant ways. But I had nothing to do with it. And I always get Mother to bed around 9:00, then retire soon afterward, so I wouldn't even have been awake between 10:00 and midnight.

Individual(s) who can confirm your whereabouts at the date and time of the incident:

Full Name No one. Mother was asleep. Relationship \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_ Notes \_\_\_\_\_

BY SIGNING BELOW, I CERTIFY THAT ALL OF THE ABOVE INFORMATION ABOUT MYSELF AND MY WHEREABOUTS ON THE DATE AND TIME IN QUESTION ARE TRUE TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE.

Individual's Signature: Stanley Smithers Officer's Signature: Walter Dixon  
 Individual's Name: Stanley Smithers Officer's Name: WALTER DIXON  
 Date Signed: November 11, 1947 Officer's Department: HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT



ROBIN COUNTY  
SHERIFF'S DEPT.  
5 WREN RD.  
ROBIN FALLS, CONN.

# WITNESS STATEMENT

Case Number: F8-08261947



Full Name: Mrs. Ruby Jones Telephone: Ralston 4291  
 Birthdate: Sept 16, 1923 Address: 103 Spyglass Ln. Robin Falls, Conn.

PLEASE WRITE YOUR STATEMENT ON THE SPACE PROVIDED BELOW:

The day that Miss Veronica went missing was the day that very strange man, Stanley Smithers, came by her house and had a convulsion fit. It was frightful. Come to think of it, he'd also been by a couple of other times before that.

The first time he was below her bedroom window one night attempting to serenade her, which sounded a lot more like a mule in labor. Anyway, Miss Veronica threw a shoe at him. She must've hit him because he screamed like a schoolgirl and took off. The other time he left flowers on her porch, then did something to a tree in her front yard. I made my husband Earl go over to look and he said it was Mr. Smithers's and Miss Veronica's initials carved into the tree with a heart around it. Truly frightening!

I never go to his line at the bank because, quite frankly, he makes my skin crawl. Something's clearly not right about that fellow, and it could surely be evidenced by the display he put on over at Miss Veronica's place the day she went missing.

I heard a car pull up into the driveway next door and just happened to look over. When I saw it was Stanley Smithers I decided to keep watching. I'd heard all about that incident with the flowers at the bank from my friend Gladys, who happened to be there at the time.

-Continuing on the other side-

PROPERTY OF  
ROBIN COUNTY  
SHERIFF'S  
DEPARTMENT

I make the above statement voluntarily. This account is true to the best of my knowledge and belief, and represents my observations in the case currently under investigation. I understand that making false statements or reports pursuant to a police investigation is a criminal offense punishable by law.

Signature: Ruby Jones Date: Nov. 10, 1947 Officer: Walter Dixon

Anyhow, he went up on the front porch and banged on the door. Kept getting louder and more forceful. Next he started yelling and cussing and said he knew she was in there. I knew she was too, but you can't blame her for not answering. After that he began peering in the windows and banging on those as well. Then he turned and went down the front steps. I thought it was going to be the end of it but instead he went around the side and actually tried to open the door over there! Fortunately for Miss Veronica it was locked.

That's when he ran back up onto the porch. I was getting frightened for her just watching. He yelled that if she didn't open the door he was going to break the window and come in. Maybe I should've phoned the sheriff at that point but I couldn't tear myself away from the window..

At that time her front door burst open and she came bolting right out. Let me tell you, she was some mad. Before he even knew what hit him she pushed him right down the front steps. Then she yelled down to him that she knew about Mabel Smith, and she was going to find out what happened to her. After that he came charging back up the stairs and grabbed her forcefully. She made some kind of move she must've learned in the war, because she easily got out of his grasp and kicked him hard between the legs. He reeled around crying out like a wounded baboon and then she kicked him once more in the behind for good measure. That's when she went back into the house and slammed the door.

He screamed that she was going to regret this and staggered down the front stairs. I distinctly remember him stopping on the way to his automobile to take a good long look at her motorcycle. And now that I hear someone cut her brakes I bet anything he was the one who did it.

I can also tell you that on the night in question Joey Caruso showed up a couple different times at her place. She wasn't home either time. The second time he showed up, he spent the entire night in his truck, parked in her driveway.



# SUSPECT INTERVIEW

Case Number: F8-08261947

Interview of: Stanley Smithers  
Conducted by: Captain Walter Dixon

The following is a transcript of an official police interrogation of STANLEY SMITHERS related to Case Number F8-08261947. This interview took place at the ROBIN COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, 5 WREN RD. ROBIN FALLS, CONNECTICUT on NOVEMBER 11, 1947 at 1:54pm.

Transcribed by: MABEL MCHENRY

CAPTAIN: Can you please state your name into the microphone?

SMITHERS: Stanley Bartholomew Smithers.

CAPTAIN: Mr. Smithers, how did you meet Veronica Falcone?

SMITHERS: I'm a bank clerk at Robin County Bank and Trust. Veronica came in to sign some papers because she'd just inherited her grandmother's estate. I asked her to have a seat and went to get the manager. When she was leaving I asked her if she'd like to go out and have a steak dinner at Sal's Steakhouse with me.

CAPTAIN: And what did she say?

SMITHERS: Flat out no, as if she couldn't even be bothered to consider it.

CAPTAIN: You can't really blame her. (Pause) What I mean to say is, the lady didn't even know you. But I take it this bothered you?

SMITHERS: No... Well actually, yes it did. It was quite rude.

CAPTAIN: Not sure why you think it was rude?

SMITHERS: She brushed me off like I was a ball of lint! She needed better manners than that. We were meant for each other. I was her knight in shining armor. My goodness, I even offered to buy her a steak dinner!

CAPTAIN: (Clears throat) Excuse me, I need some water. (Pause) Why did you think you were meant for each other? You knew just as little about her as she did about you.

SMITHERS: Sometimes you just know. She'd have known too, if she'd quit being stubborn. The lyrics in Dearly Beloved sung by the great Fred Astaire put it best, (singing) "Tell me that it's true, tell me you agree; I was meant for you, you were meant for me."

CAPTAIN: I see... Was that occasion the only time you asked Miss Falcone out?

SMITHERS: (Pause) No it wasn't.

CAPTAIN: Why do that, if you thought her both rude and lacking in manners?

SMITHERS: She needed to see we were meant to be together.

CAPTAIN: So in other words, you wanted to force your will upon her.

SMITHERS: Nothing of the kind! She just needed to see things as I saw them!

CAPTAIN: You know, Stanley, we found a letter you wrote inside her house and I think drawing a sketch of the two of you holding a baby is a pretty sick way to try to woo a lady. Anything to say about that?

SMITHERS: That was private! I was simply foretelling her of our potential future together.

CAPTAIN: Uh huh. Can you tell me what your other encounters with her were like?

SMITHERS: I brought a bouquet of forget-me-nots to her house but no one answered the door. So I left them on her porch with a note requesting that she show me the proper respect I deserve and allow me to treat her to a steak dinner.

CAPTAIN: I'm anxious to hear how that went over.

SMITHERS: She stormed into the bank, threw the flowers at me and said, "Just showing you the proper respect you deserve! Now leave me alone!" Then left. People had the audacity to laugh. She really needed to be taught a lesson.

CAPTAIN: And did you teach her this lesson?

SMITHERS: I sure tried. The next day I went over to talk sense into her. I knocked but she didn't answer. But I knew she was home since her motorcycle was there.

CAPTAIN: You did more than just knock. A neighbor said you were peeping into windows.

SMITHERS: I was not going to be ignored! I needed to talk to her!

CAPTAIN: You don't do that by invading someone's privacy!

SMITHERS: Well it got her to finally open the door!

CAPTAIN: What happened then?

SMITHERS: She came bursting through the door and shoved me down the stairs. Then she screamed and cussed and told me to leave her the heck alone! So unladylike! I left after that. Decided she wasn't worth my time.

CAPTAIN: But you didn't leave after that. According to the neighbor, Miss Falcone told you she knew about Mabel Smith and wasn't going to stop until she found out what happened to her. Know what she was talking about?

SMITHERS: No idea!

CAPTAIN: Uh-huh. Then you stormed back up on the porch and grabbed her arm. Only she easily escaped and kicked you, hard. And while you were reeling in pain she kicked you again. You told her she'd regret it. And that's when you left. But before you did you stopped at her bike.

SMITHERS: I think that neighbor should really mind their own business! Was it Ruby Jones?

CAPTAIN: You know what I think, Mr. Smithers? You were obsessed with Ms. Falcone and it made you furious because she wanted nothing to do with you. So you made good on your threat and messed with the brake line on her bike!

SMITHERS: Trust me, that floozie had it coming, but it wasn't me who did it!

CAPTAIN: Tell me about Mabel Smith. You stalked her too, back in high school, remember? She ended up missing and they never found her. What'd you do with her body, Mr. Smithers?

SMITHERS: This is ridiculous! I've never stalked anyone! Why don't you go ask Sheriff Shepherd? He knows I had nothing to do with it. He was just a copper back then but he was in charge of the search for Mabel. And even he said she probably just took off with some guy.

CAPTAIN: I'd throw you in jail right now if I could. You better watch yourself Mr. Smithers, because I'll be watching you like a hawk.

My Dearest, Darling Veronica,

I'm feeling **INTENSE** anger toward you right now which I certainly do not wish to feel. However, you've left me no choice in the matter.

The deplorable manner in which you've been treating me is **NOT** in accordance with how a lady should treat a man. Especially a man who wants to buy her a steak dinner!

Just who do you think you are? Do you have some mistaken delusion which makes you think you're better than me? You need to be taught to show a lot more respect. Mother warned me about women like you.

My dear, you **NEED** to understand that we belong together.

How can you carry on with that low-life mechanic when you have such a perfectly decent gentleman caller as myself who strongly desires a future with you? Do you want to spend your life with a grimy blue collar worker, or do you want to be with someone making something out of himself in the finance industry?

To put it simply, you're a thief who's stolen my heart. And it's up to you whether or not you should be punished for your crime.

Perhaps some day we'll laugh about how very silly you were when you tried to keep me at bay, as we watch Stanley Jr. growing up before our eyes. But mark my words Veronica, if I can't have you then no one will.

With all the love in my heart,  
Stanley

### A Poem For My Veronica

I am your destiny, you are my fate;  
I love you so dearly, but you're filled with hate.

My lips need your touch, just like my harmonica;  
I sense that you feel the same way Veronica.

Soon you will see that you can't live without me;  
I mean that quite literally, you shouldn't doubt me.

