



MILDRED
MOOREHOUSE



PERSON OF INTEREST UNCLASSIFIED

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

CASE NUMBER: F8-08261947

Full Name Mildred Moorehouse Address 101 Main Street The Crow's Nest Boarding House Room 4 Robin Falls, Conn.
 Telephone RALSTON 8255 Marital Status Single Religious Denomination Baptist
 Birth Date Aug 22, 1916 Place of Birth Robin Falls, Connecticut Age 31 Sex F Shoe Size 7
 Race White Height 5'8" Weight 128 Hair Color Light brown Eye Color Brown Dominant Hand Left
 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 N
 Employer Sheriff Shepherd Employer Telephone Ralston 2636
 Employer Address 4 Goldfinch Rd. Robin Falls, Connecticut
 Occupation Part-time housekeeper Length Employed 4 months
 Are you in ownership of firearms? Yes Prior Arrests? None
 Prior Felonies? None Outstanding Warrants? None
 Hobbies I wish I had free time for hobbies

IF YOU OWN AN AUTOMOBILE, ENTER THE INFORMATION BELOW:
 Year _____ Make & Model I don't have an automobile Color _____

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

On the night my cousin Veronica went missing I was at The Crow's Nest Boarding House. I'd lived in my grandmother's house for several years caring for her round the clock, until she recently died, and Veronica inherited the entire estate. Which was a complete injustice. So then I was out on the street and had no other choice but to take up residence at the boarding house.

That night we had some cold and tasteless potato soup for dinner, and then I played cards with the only other resident at the time, Mrs. Newton. She's an elderly widow who stays in Room 3. We played for about an hour or so till about 10:00, then she fell fast asleep in her chair. I read for a while afterward then went to bed. I did not leave the boarding house all night.

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

Full Name Fannie Newton Relationship We live in the same boarding house Telephone Ralston 8255
 Address 101 Main St. The Crow's Nest Room 3 Robin Falls, Connecticut Notes We ate and played cards together that night

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: Mildred Moorehouse Officer's Signature: Walter Dixon
 Individual's Name: Mildred Moorehouse 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.

FILED
BY: *W Dixon*

WITNESS STATEMENT

Case Number: F8-08261947

Full Name: *Mrs. Fannie Newton* Telephone: *Ralston 8255*

Birthdate: *Jan 23, 1875* Address: *101 Main Street The Crow's Nest Boarding House, Room 3 Robin Falls, Connecticut*

PLEASE WRITE YOUR STATEMENT ON THE SPACE PROVIDED BELOW:

My name is Mrs. Fannie Newton and I'm a widow who rooms at The Crow's Nest Boarding House. My husband Ralph passed 11 years ago and I've lived here ever since. I've seen a lot of types come and go in that time, but none as uptight and miserable as Mildred Moorehouse.

Sure, we play cards and listen to the radio programs together; you've gotta pass the long hours somehow. But that woman goes on nonstop about how unfair it is that her cousin Veronica, that lady spy, inherited her grandmother's estate instead of her. The hate she feels for her cousin is immensely concerning.

Truth be told, I think their grandmother, Bertha, left the place to Veronica not only because she admired what she'd done in the war, but also because of how much Bertha couldn't stand Mildred. Oh sure, Mildred stayed with her for a few years and looked after her while she was in ill health, but Mildred never let her forget what she was doing for her.

I used to visit over there a few times a week to have tea with Bertha. Mildred would act so put out doing anything for Bertha, never mind when she did something for one of her visitors. Bertha confided in me that Mildred never let her forget for a second that she was "unselfishly giving up the prime years of her life to take care of a sick old lady" and that she wanted her "just rewards" for it when Bertha died. That really put a bee in Bertha's bonnet.

I met Veronica in late July at the funeral and I truly liked her. She had a style all her own and sure wasn't any wallflower. I loved how she spoke her mind. Ralph wouldn't have liked it, but I wish I'd been more like her in my day.

I was with Mildred for most of the evening, on the night that poor girl Veronica disappeared. But I fell asleep in my chair playing Bridge with her. Very unlike me as I'm usually up well past midnight, but I started feeling very groggy after I drank my tea.

Almost forgot, I also do recall seeing Mildred at Bertha's old house the day Veronica went missing. It was around 10:00am and I was visiting my nephew, Earl Jones. Incredibly, I saw her hop on Veronica's motorcycle and hold onto the handlebars, acting like she was revving the engine. I called out to her and she jumped a mile in the air, got off the bike and took off. Never even looked over at me.

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: *Fannie Newton* Date: *Nov. 11, 1947* Officer: *Walter Dixon*

PROPERTY OF
ROBIN COUNTY
SHERIFF'S
DEPARTMENT



SUSPECT INTERVIEW

Case Number: F8-08261947

Interview of: Mildred Moorehouse
Conducted by: Captain Walter Dixon

The following is a transcript of an official police interrogation of MILDRED MOOREHOUSE 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 2:42pm.

Transcribed by: MABEL MCHENRY

CAPTAIN: Good afternoon to you, Miss. Please speak right into the microphone here and tell me your full name.

MOOREHOUSE: Mildred Moorehouse.

CAPTAIN: And you are the deceased's cousin, is that correct?

MOOREHOUSE: Yes it is. First cousins on my mother's side.

CAPTAIN: Can you please tell me about your relationship with the victim? Were the two of you close?

MOOREHOUSE: We were never close. Veronica always marched to the tune of a very different drummer. She didn't live around here growing up, but she and her mother always came up for Thanksgiving. (Laughs) Thanksgiving-as in thanks for giving me crummy relatives I have to endure for an entire day every year. Anyhow, I always thought she was strange, not to mention selfish. Not very girlish at all. While I always helped out with the cooking and the dishes and everything else around the house, she'd be outside shooting at soda pop bottles with her pellet gun.

CAPTAIN: I hear that after your grandmother fell and broke her hip you came to stay with her, is that right?

MOOREHOUSE: Yes, that's correct. I came to stay and never left. I took care of Grandmother for the best years of my life. Veronica and I were the only two living relatives she had. I thought she should move here and help out, but she decided to go play spy in the war instead. She had a duty to Grandmother just as much as I did, but chose to put her own interests ahead of all that.

CAPTAIN: You seem angry about her fighting in the war.

MOOREHOUSE: As a matter of fact, yes, I am angry about it. I needed her help! While she was off having very unladylike exploits, I sacrificed the prime of my life caring for Grandmother.

CAPTAIN: I'm sure it wasn't easy for you Mildred, but your cousin almost sacrificed her entire life, numerous times, for her country.

MOOREHOUSE: Yes well, good for her. And she was highly rewarded for it too. But was I rewarded for my years of sacrifice? No, I wasn't! Grandmother actually ended up leaving her house and the entire estate, to Veronica! All of it should've been mine! Not hers.

CAPTAIN: I have a copy of the will right here and it appears she left you a few things.

MOOREHOUSE: Oh she left me a few things alright. For one, her darned cat, Marmalade. That cat hates me and Grandmother knew it too! Another thing she left me, incredibly, was her bedpan. Her bedpan, Captain, of all things! And after all I'd done for her! What'd she expect me to do with that? Use it as a candy dish?

CAPTAIN: I've never heard of anyone willing a bedpan. I don't even know what to say to that.

MOOREHOUSE: Exactly. Thankfully, the sheriff and his wife took pity on me and I'm working as their part-time housekeeper now. Gotta pay my board to Mrs. Sudbury somehow.

CAPTAIN: So I take it you were perturbed at Miss Falcone because not only did you feel put upon that she left you to tend to your grandmother, but she also inherited everything.

MOOREHOUSE: Perturbed, Captain? Perturbed? That's an understatement. What's more, I was Grandmother's sole heir until Veronica came home a celebrated war hero. She changed her will almost immediately. Said it was the least she could do for Veronica after she'd done so much for her country. What about everything I'd done for Grandmother? What about that?

CAPTAIN: According to this copy of the will we found at the estate, it states that in the event of Veronica's death you are to inherit everything. Did you know about that?

MOOREHOUSE: (Pause) Yes.

CAPTAIN: Well that seems mighty lucky for you, doesn't it, Miss Moorehouse?

MOOREHOUSE: It's not luck. I deserve it!

CAPTAIN: So if it wasn't luck then you know what I'd call it? I'd call it a very strong motive for murder! It drove you crazy that she left everything to Veronica, but now you have it all, don't you?

MOOREHOUSE: I will not stand for this! Yes I hated her, and yes, she took what was rightly mine, but I did not kill her!

CAPTAIN: You thought Miss Falcone had no business inheriting what you believed was rightly yours. But you saw the loophole in the will. You didn't want to be left out in the cold, after giving up the best years of your life. You worked hard all those years for your reward and had to watch it get handed over to Veronica on a silver platter leaving you nothing but a silver bedpan. Of course you killed her. You thought you had no other choice!

MOOREHOUSE: That's not true!

CAPTAIN: That will be all, Miss Moorehouse.

MOOREHOUSE: I meant I was going to take her to court, not kill her!

CAPTAIN: I told you, that will be all... actually I do have one other thing, come to think of it. Miss Moorehouse, just exactly how did your grandmother die again? Because I hear she was given a clean bill of health shortly before her death.

MOOREHOUSE: (Pause) She took too many of her pills. She was forever getting things mixed up-just like she did with the will. She was getting rather senile, Captain.

CAPTAIN: But since you knew that, wasn't it your job to make sure that kind of thing didn't happen? (Pause) I have no more questions at this time. We'll be in touch.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF BERTHA PHYLLIS GRABEL

I, Bertha Phyllis Grabel, being of both sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath almost all my worldly goods and possessions—including my property at 101 Spyglass Lane, the contents of my house, my 1938 Chevrolet sedan, and my bank accounts at the Robin County Bank and Trust—to my beloved granddaughter Veronica Falcone. I couldn't be prouder of her. There might not even be an America today if not for Veronica and her selfless deeds of bravery, while others in our family just sat back and did nothing. In the event of her untimely demise, I leave my estate to my other granddaughter Mildred Moorehouse, as she's my only other living relative.

To my granddaughter Mildred Moorehouse, I leave my beloved cat, Marmalade. She is to take him into her home and love him as if he was her own. She must continue to apply his eye ointment three times a day—whether or not he scratches while she does so—as his poor little eyes get itchy. She also must continue to feed him food she prepares from scratch, as his little tummy cannot take the cat food from the McDougal's General Store. And she must not scold him when he wets on the rug or furniture, because even though he's only 3 years old, he has trouble holding it and Dr. Carter says it will only get worse. She must also not ever let him outside as he always gets up on the roof.

I also leave Mildred all of Marmalade's personal belongings—including his grooming brushes, his toys, and his bowls. I leave her all of my makeup, since Veronica simply doesn't need it—she's a natural beauty—but Mildred sure does. I also leave my luggage, to make it easier for her to pack up all her belongings in a timely manner; the pot I always used to soak my feet in to help with my boils; the bedding from her room, because I doubt Veronica is going to want to sleep in that; all of my undergarments, panty hose, and brassieres as I think we're about the same size—they're all still usable despite how long I've had them; as well as my spinning wheel, assorted skeins of yarn, and the book *Spinning for Spinsters* that I'd been saving for her. And last but not least, my bedpan. It's been in the family for generations and I thought it would be an apt reminder of all she's done for me.

If Mildred should like any other items from the house, she must pay whatever Veronica deems is a fair price for them.

Name: Bertha Phyllis Grabel

Signed: *Bertha Phyllis Grabel*

Date: September 3rd, 1945

Witness: Gerald P. Hoover, Esq.

Signed: *Gerald P. Hoover*

Date: September 3rd, 1945

