



EDWARD
HAMILTON



PERSON OF INTEREST UNCLASSIFIED

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

CASE NUMBER: F8-08261947

Full Name Edward Albert Hamilton Address 102 Woodpecker Rd. Robin Falls, Connecticut
 Telephone RALSTON 2738 Marital Status Married Religious Denomination Catholic
 Birth Date Jun 15, 1909 Place of Birth Norwich, Connecticut Age 38 Sex M Shoe Size 11
 Race White Height 5'11" Weight 177 Hair Color Light brown Eye Color Hazel 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 Robin Falls Observer Employer Telephone RALSTON 6509
 Employer Address 100 Main St. Robin Falls, Connecticut
 Occupation Editor in Chief Length Employed 11 years
 Are you in ownership of firearms? No Prior Arrests? None
 Prior Felonies? None Outstanding Warrants? No
 Hobbies Golf, Trapping, Sailing, Skiing, Balloon Dancing, Traveling, Peintmaking, Fine Art and Antique Collecting
 IF YOU OWN AN AUTOMOBILE, ENTER THE INFORMATION BELOW:
 Year 1947 Make & Model Chevy Pickup Color Green

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

On the evening Miss Falcone went missing I probably worked till 6:00. Then I asked Sam Shepherd over for a few beers since my family was still up at our cottage on Rangeley Lake in Maine. He also helped me set a trap for the pesky raccoon that kept getting in the house.

To be told, the reason he kept getting in the house was because the kids kept letting him in. They thought he was cute and started feeding him. My wife let them too, until she found him defecating on the kitchen table. She told me in no uncertain terms that she did not want to see that creature anywhere near our house once she got back.

Later that night, after Sam and I heard the trap shut, we brought the coon out to the woods across town and set him free. Shortly after we got back, Sam went on home and I went up to bed soon thereafter. I was in bed under the covers by around 11 pm.

Unfortunately the next day when Ruth and the kids got back, there he was again (the raccoon, not Sam), eagerly awaiting them on the front porch. The kids were overjoyed, my wife was not. You don't even want to know the look she shot me.

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

Full Name Sheriff Sam Shepherd Relationship Friend Telephone RALSTON 2836
 Address 4 Goldfinch Rd. Robin Falls, Connecticut Notes Was with me that evening

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: Edward Hamilton Officer's Signature: Walter Dixon
 Individual's Name: Edward Hamilton 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: SAMUEL REGINALD SHEPHERD Telephone: RALSTON 2636

Birthdate: MAY 12, 1908 Address: 4 GOLDFINCH RD. ROBIN FALLS, CONNECTICUT

Please write your statement on the space provided below:

I'VE KNOWN EDWARD HAMILTON FOR OVER 11 YEARS, SINCE HE STARTED WORKING FOR THE ROBIN FALLS OBSERVER. MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER STARTED THE PAPER BACK IN 1865 AND IT'S BEEN IN THE FAMILY EVER SINCE. WHEN DAD PASSED ON BACK IN '36 I WAS ALREADY WORKING IN LAW ENFORCEMENT AND DIDN'T HAVE A NOSE FOR NEWS, SO I TURNED OPERATIONS OVER TO ED. COULDN'T HAVE PUT A BETTER MAN IN CHARGE OF MY FAMILY'S LEGACY, AND OVER THE YEARS HE'S BECOME A TRUSTED FRIEND OF MINE.

ON THE NIGHT MISS FALCONE WENT MISSING, I WAS OVER AT ED'S HOUSE. WE NEEDED TO CAPTURE A RACCOON THAT HIS KIDS HAD BECOME QUITE FOND OF BUT HIS WIFE HAD NOT, SO SHE WANTED IT GONE BEFORE THEY GOT BACK FROM THE CABIN. SHE'D TAKEN THEM UP TO THE LAKE FOR A FEW WEEKS BEFORE SCHOOL WAS TO BE BACK IN SESSION, AND ED AND I HAD BEEN PUTTING OFF THE DEED THE WHOLE TIME. ME EVEN MORE SO, BECAUSE I WAS BITTEN DURING MY LAST ENCOUNTER WITH A RACCOON AND MY RIGHT INDEX FINGER WAS INFECTED SO BAD THEY HAD TO CUT IT OFF. ANYWAY, THAT NIGHT WAS D-DAY FOR US.

WE SET THE TRAP, SAT OUT ON THE FRONT PORCH, DRANK BEER, AND WAITED. MY WIFE HAD SENT OVER AN APPLE PIE FOR US. NEITHER ONE OF US COULD STAND HER APPLE PIE, BUT WE NEVER HAD THE HEART TO TELL HER, SO WE PUT THE WHOLE DAMNED THING IN THE TRAP. AND WITHIN AN HOUR AFTER DOING SO WE HAD OURSELVES A RACCOON!

AT LEAST THE RACCOON LIKED HER PIE. HE HAD MOST OF IT GONE BY THE TIME WE'D GOTTEN HIM RELEASED INTO THE WOODS OUT BEHIND THE BASEBALL FIELD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN. HE PROBABLY SPENT THE NIGHT WITH INDIGESTION.

AFTER THAT, I DROPPED ED BACK AT HIS PLACE-AROUND 11:00, GIVE OR TAKE-AND HEADED HOME. AND BY THE WAY, ANYONE HERE WHO WANTS TO KEEP THEIR BADGE WON'T MENTION THE PIE INCIDENT TO MY WIFE.

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: Samuel Reginald Shepherd Date: Nov. 12, 1947 Officer: Walter Dixon



SUSPECT INTERVIEW

Case Number: F8-08261947

Interview of: Edward Hamilton
Conducted by: Captain Walter Dixon

The following is a transcript of an official police interrogation of EDWARD HAMILTON 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 3:58pm.

Transcribed by: MABEL MCHENRY

CAPTAIN: Afternoon, Ed. Can you please state your full name into the microphone?

HAMILTON: Good afternoon, Walter. My full name's Edward Albert Hamilton. Not really sure why you called me down but can we make it quick? Got my 10th wedding anniversary with Ruth tomorrow and I thought I'd splurge and get her something really special. I've been putting it off all week and Jordan's Jewelers closes soon.

CAPTAIN: Ten years tomorrow, huh? Well I'll be. That's great Ed. Ruth's one lucky lady.

HAMILTON: Because she married me, no doubt.

CAPTAIN: (Laughs) Hardly! It's because you spoil her rotten! You just got that cabin on the lake and now you're buying her jewelry. Ellen's going to start making life miserable for me if I don't start spoiling her too!

HAMILTON: (Laughs) Sorry Walter. Can we please speed this up, though? I really want to pick the ring up tonight so I can surprise her with it at breakfast tomorrow.

CAPTAIN: I'll do what I can to keep it brief.

HAMILTON: Thanks. I appreciate that.

CAPTAIN: So here's the trouble Ed, as you know, Veronica Falcone's motorcycle turned up and it's looking like somebody killed her. It's no secret around town that the two of you had a bit of a disagreement so I've got to do my part here and get the full story from you so I can complete my investigation. I'll make it quick. Can you tell me how you met Miss Falcone?

HAMILTON: Well, I'd just come back from my lunch break at Brewsky's and saw her motorbike parked outside the Observer. I walked into my office where my new writer, Norman Chase, was sitting behind my desk interviewing a woman I didn't recognize. Hadn't asked permission to interview anyone or even use my office! Anyway, I asked what he was doing and that's when he sprang up and introduced me to Miss Veronica Falcone, the celebrated queen of espionage-as he put it.

CAPTAIN: I never met her. What was your first impression? I hear it wasn't too favorable.

HAMILTON: No. It wasn't. For one thing, she dressed more like a man than a woman. Seemed full of herself, too. I think Chase was also full of her because he couldn't stop saying how she'd be perfect for the investigative reporter job and that she'd be a shoe-in for the position! As I arrived he was about to give her a tour of our printing presses in the basement as if she was already on the payroll. The nerve!

CAPTAIN: Well Ed, he sorta had a point. Being a former spy and all would make for a great investigative reporter. The whole country loved her writing in the Old Glory Gazette. Honestly, you must've been crazy not to hire her.

HAMILTON: Walter, just because she was a spy doesn't mean she'd have what it takes to be a journalist. Plus, she was a woman. I don't hire women.

CAPTAIN: Forgive me Ed, but last time I checked, your secretary Rita was a woman, as well as what's-her-name who writes the advice column?

HAMILTON: That's Eloise and she's hardly a journalist. Besides, I decide who works for me and who doesn't, not some wet-behind-the-ears writer who doesn't know the

difference between a typewriter and a pair of toenail clippers.

CAPTAIN: So how did you handle it?

HAMILTON: I introduced myself and told her I was quite sorry that she'd been misinformed, but there were no positions available. And that's when she narrowed her eyes, smiled smugly at me, and asked if I was afraid her investigative skills would show me up. The nerve!

CAPTAIN: (Laughs) I hear that wasn't the end of it.

HAMILTON: No it wasn't the end of it. That woman became a huge stabbing thorn in my side!

CAPTAIN: Can you please elaborate?

HAMILTON: The next week I got an application in the mail from a gentleman going by the name Jed Burgh. He had excellent credentials from New York City where he used to work as an investigative reporter. Said he wanted to escape the life of the big city. I was ready to hire him so I set up an interview, which was only going to be a formality.

CAPTAIN: And did you hire him? (Laughs hysterically)

HAMILTON: You know darn well what happened, Walter. There was no Jed Burgh! It was that insufferable woman! She showed up for the interview with that same smug smile on her face. Made me the laughing stock of the town! She stole my dignity that day, not to mention the respect of my staff! And on top of all that, she lied to get the interview!

CAPTAIN: Well, not sure she lied since Jed Burgh was her pen name as a reporter in the city. I don't see why you wouldn't hire someone with those credentials Ed, woman or not.

HAMILTON: Get this straight Walter, I'm the editor and it's up to me and me alone whom I hire and whom I don't hire. And why exactly am I here anyway? So you can have another laugh or two about the whole thing? I don't have time for this. I'm not the only guy in town who hated her!

CAPTAIN: Well, there is one tiny little thing, Ed. A witness says you threatened her.

HAMILTON: What in tarnation are you talking about?

CAPTAIN: An anonymous source of mine says you pushed over a chair, threw your mug at the wall, got in her face, and yelled some kind of threat. Not exactly friendly, Ed.

HAMILTON: Who said that? Darn it Walter, if it was that clod Norman Chase!

CAPTAIN: Can't reveal an anonymous source, Ed, you know how that works.

HAMILTON: She fancied herself a tough cookie so I spoke tough to her.

CAPTAIN: Now come on, Ed. That's no way to talk to a lady and you know it. Anyways, there's one more thing before I let you go. Can you tell me your whereabouts the night of August 26th, between 10:00 and midnight? The night Miss Falcone disappeared.

HAMILTON: Let me think. I believe I worked till about 6 that night, then invited Sam Shepherd over for a few beers since Ruth and the kids were still up at the lake. We trapped a raccoon that had been sneaking into the house and drove up north of town to release it out behind the baseball field. After we got back Sam left about 11:00 or so and I went to bed shortly thereafter. He can confirm it. Sam, not the raccoon. Will there be anything else? Or can I go now?

CAPTAIN: That's it for now. Wish Ruth a happy anniversary from Ellen and me.

HAMILTON: Will do. Say Hi to Ellen for me.

Robin Falls Observer

"Giving You the Bird's Eye View of All Your Local News"

November 11, 1947

Dear Captain Dixon,

I'm hesitant to write this letter, but in light of Veronica Falcone's case turning into a murder investigation, I feel it's my duty. I would greatly appreciate if this correspondence could remain completely off the record. You see, it's about my boss, Edward Hamilton, and if word got back to him I'm sure I'd get the axe.

Edward had it out for Miss Falcone right from the start. At first, I thought he was just jealous since *The Observer* isn't exactly a "global news source" and Miss Falcone is a highly accomplished journalist. If you ask me, she deserved a Pulitzer for exposing that counterfeiting ring in New York City last year (and she'd probably have won it if she were a man).

But Edward's issues seemed to go beyond jealousy. There was something seriously wrong with how agitated she made him. Like there was far more to it than her just being a woman. And this started back before she even tried to trick him. I can understand why he'd be upset about being duped by her like that in front of the staff, but he really lost it.

Once he realized she was "Jed Burgh" he flew into a maniacal rage. He upended his chair and threw his coffee mug across the room, then got right in her face and yelled that she needed to go back where she came from or she'd wish she never came back from the war alive!

She wasn't fazed at all though. She just smirked at him, then turned and left, which irked him all the more.

He seethed about it for weeks. And after the motorcycle was found he actually said he thought it was better this way.

Again, please don't let this get back to Edward. I know he's close with the sheriff and well, I really don't want to lose my job—I've got five kids at home and another on the way.

Sincerely,
Norman Chase