



Statement of Curtis Eugene Smith, W/M, 51  
 Route 1, Box 181  
 Alexander City, Alabama  
 Employed: Russell Corp. #1 3rd Shift  
 Phone: 234-3848  
 Date: 7/26/78 Wednesday  
 Time: 2:22 p.m.

On Thursday, July 20, 1978 at 4:55 p.m., I left my home and walked down to the covered bridge below my house to check on Carl Thornell, a friend of mine, that had been down there several days off and on.

When I arrived there Carl was in his car drunk, I tried to talk to him but he wouldn't talk. I got out and walked around to wait on him to wake up. I had to use the bathroom so I picked up a paper towel and a couple of kleenex from beside his car. When I used the bathroom I only used the kleenex: I left the paper towel laying on the rock there.

I then walked back toward Carl's car and as I did I could hear a motorcycle coming. It sounded like a Honda, both my boys had owned Hondas before, the motorcycle came by and I threw my hand up at him. He threw his hand up at me also and went on across the bridge for a ways and I could tell that he stopped. He was gone less than ten minutes and I could hear him coming back.

When he came back I was standing close to Carl's car. He rode past me and down toward the edge of the creek. I walked down toward him. By the time I got there he was walking down toward the creek and said something about washing his hands. While I was standing there he was sitting down on the rocks washing his hands. He had blood on his right hand and arm about half way to the elbow. He washed his hands and said something about he must have turned his fingernails back when he wrecked his motorcycle, blood kept coming out from under them.

When he finished washing, he picked up the white with blue trim paper towel that I had left laying there when I used the bathroom and dried his hands and arm. He also had on white and blue jogging shoes that he wiped blood off of. I don't know what he did with the towel when he finished with it.

As I was walking down toward him I glanced at his motorcycle to see if I could see what size it was. I walked by the right side of the motorcycle. I couldn't tell what size it was. He never did take his helmet off but I could see his hair coming out from under his helmet. His hair was brown. He had on blue jeans and I believe a brown T-shirt with writing on it but I don't know what it said.



While he was still on the rocks I asked him if he was from around here. He said no he was from Rockford. I asked him if he knew that boy up there in the car, Carl Thornell. He said no. I told him I was there to get Carl up; he was drunk. He said his Father was an alcoholic too. I asked what his Father's name was and he said something like Richard Harold or Richard Howell, I'm not sure which. Then he said I might know him to which I said no.

He said he was just riding around and he thought he would ride back toward Alexander City. He left and rode toward Fish Pond Road. That was the last time I saw him.

I walked back home and shortly after that I saw a Trooper car and police car going toward the covered bridge. I later saw the Trooper car come by with Carl in it. A short time later I walked back toward the bridge. I met another Trooper car. He stopped and questioned me for a minute about Carl and told me he was asking because of a murder at Alford's Grocery and if I had seen anything. I remembered the boy on the motorcycle and told him about that. He said he might want to talk to me again and left. I came back home for a while.

I later drove back to the bridge and past it for a short distance when I met Trooper Cribbs; he was walking. I asked if he had found where the motorcycle had turned around, he said yes and had a plastic bag with a billfold in it in his hand.

Before I met Trooper Cribbs I met another heavy set man, I believe to be a police officer, and asked him if they had found the paper towel. He said no. I drove to a place to turn around and went down to the creek and asked someone there if they had found the towel yet. They said not yet but kept on looking. A short time later someone found the towel and asked me if this was the one. I said yes. They put it in a plastic bag and I didn't see it again.

After this I returned home.

NOTE: As the motorcycle turned in off the bridge he said "I've just had a spill".

This statement is true and complete to the best of my knowledge.

SIGNED: Curtis E. Smith  
DATE: 7/26/78  
TIME: 3:38 p.m.