

DETECTIVE JOSHUA CAVELLO
OPI-0808
#DADD-32820-II

At 6:12 p.m on March 28 2020, I was dispatched to a domestic disturbance on Lake Drydenne. I arrived at the cabin at 6:23p.m. A friend of the family was standing on the front lawn with the assistance of a silver tipped cane. Anne Bouchard said she had called the police when she heard screams coming from the house. She had been intending on attending Sojourn Church's evening mass, but had happened to walk past the DeAugustine residence and grown alarmed by "a massive altercation."

I knocked on the front door and announced myself as "Detective Cavello, Drydenne PD." I heard muffled, indistinct crying. After a minute or so, light footsteps sounded out. The door was answered by a young girl, Catherine DeAugustine. Her face was wet, hands shaking. She was dressed in white shorty pajamas and pink bunny slippers. She led me into the house, drawing short of a thick wooden interior door.

"That's dad's study," she said. "I'm not allowed inside." Catherine abruptly turned around to sit in the living room. A small grey cat, Taffy, sat with her and a female officer, Irene Fletcher. Irene spoke to Catherine and took a witness statement.

I knocked on the door. A man's voice responded, "Come in." Anthony DeAugustine was sitting at his desk. His head was in his hands. An opened bottle of whiskey was lying next to his right hand. The bay windows had been cracked, but not shattered. His left fist's knuckles were slightly reddened. He was sweaty.

"What seems to be the problem here?" I asked. Anthony said he was experiencing some trouble in his personal life, and there wasn't anything to worry about. The case of Michael Hyatt had been "weighing on him a great deal, given the upcoming anniversary," and that he was "sorry to have imposed on Anne and yourself."

When asked if there was anyone I could call to spend the night with him and his daughter, Anthony suggested we wait to call Maxwell Alexander until after church services had completed. "In the interim, you and Irene are welcome to stay, if it'd put Catherine at ease," he added.

Irene and I stayed on scene until Sojourn Church's evening services had adjourned. The call was made at 9:05p.m using Anthony's personal device. Maxwell Alexander arrived at 9:10p.m. I offered Anthony a number of hotlines and mental health resources, before Irene and I went back to the station.