



8-18-1954

54/08/18 Like a Bad Dream to Sam's Parents

Cleveland Press

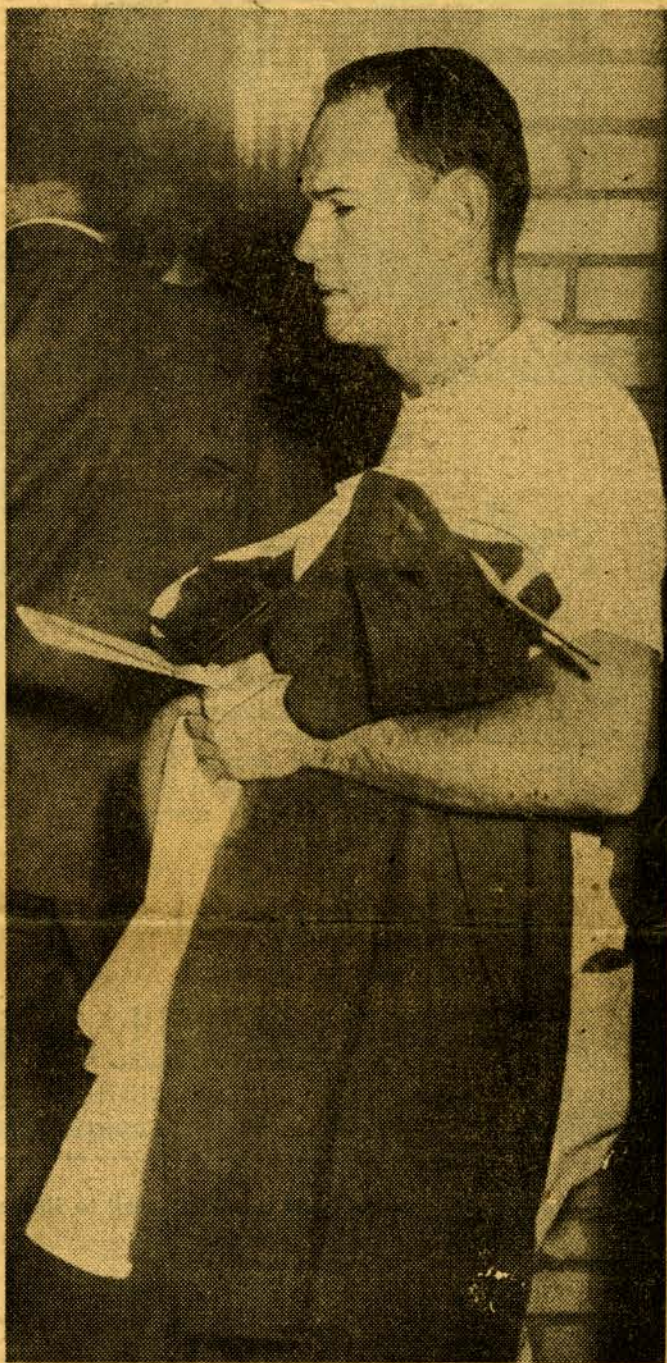
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IN PRISON GARB again, Dr. Sam Sheppard is pictured after he changed clothes in County Jail.

Like a Bad Dream to Sam's Parents

To Dr. Richard A. Sheppard and his wife, Ethel, it was like the reproduction of a nightmare.

Tense and with moist eyes, they watched as their youngest son, Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard, was taken from their home in handcuffs for the second time.

* * *

The real life drama, rooted in the July 4 murder of Marilyn Reese Sheppard, began about 5 p. m. yesterday.

At the Criminal Courts Bldg., Sheriff Joseph Sweeney handed an order to three deputies. "Go out and pick Sam up," he said.

Twelve miles away, Dr. Samuel Sheppard emerged from the white sandstone house of his brother, Dr. Stephen, at 19027 Inglewood Dr., Rocky River. He got into a green Ford convertible driven

by their older brother, Dr. Richard.

Richard drove the two miles to their parents' home at 23048 Lake Rd., Bay Village, and waved farewell as Sam entered the rambling colonial house.

As the older brother drove off to join his own family, Dr. Richard A. Sheppard, courtly founder and staff chief of Bay View Hospital, gripped his youngest son's arm and led him into the house.

At 5:45 p. m., a blue Ford sedan pulled into the narrow driveway. It was the same sheriff's car which earlier in the day brought Susan Hayes to testify before the Grand Jury.

Deputy Carl Rossbach and Chief Deputy Harvey Weitzel walked to the door, stepping gingerly over the boards set on the porch as a walk over fresh

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Bad Dream Returns to Parents of Dr. Sam

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gray paint. Deputy Joe Osowski stayed at the wheel.

"Good evening, Dr. Richard," Rossbach greeted the father. "We'd like to see Sam. . . ."

"Step in, gentlemen," the osteopath replied. "He's just starting to eat. . . ."

Meet Sam In Kitchen

The three serious faced men trooped into the kitchen and confronted Sam and his white-haired mother.

Rossbach spoke softly: "The Grand Jury returned a true bill of first-degree murder against you, Sam. We've come to pick you up."

Tears welled up in the mother's eyes. Sam showed no emotion.

"Can I pack a few things?" he asked.

"Sure," Rossbach replied, "and you can finish your dinner, too . . ."

The deputies stood nervously while Sam ate a piece of homemade cherry pie.

They watched him pile clothing into a brown paper bag. Mrs. Sheppard was adding extra underclothes and handkerchiefs, when Sam stopped her.

"I've got enough of that stuff at the jail," he said.

Sam Handcuffed

Sam hugged his mother, touched his father's arm. Then, with a sheepish grin, he held out his left arm to Rossbach.

Rossbach snapped on the handcuffs. He snapped the other link on his own right wrist. Sam threw a leather jacket over the manacles to hide them from the photographers he knew were waiting outside the front door.

Weitzel went out first, carrying the shopping bag and a sack of peaches, bananas and grapes. Mrs. Sheppard remembered that her son asked for fresh fruit during his previous 17 days in jail.

Sam stepped out into the glare of the waiting flash bulbs.

From the balcony of nearby Bay View Hospital, a dozen patients—many in white gowns and robes—watched as he settled into the back seat of the waiting car.

The car moved slowly out the driveway. Lieut. Clifford Mercer of the Bay Village police held up Lake Rd. traffic.

* * *

Sam Sheppard sat silently as the car retraced the path he drove with brother Richard about 30 hours before.

The brief liberty on \$50,000 bail cost his family \$2500—price of the surety bond . . . almost \$100 an hour . . . more than a dollar a minute.

The deputy sheriffs said Sam was silent during the entire

trip down West Shoreway.

He looked straight ahead as he was taken in the back entrance of the jail. Now familiar with the booking routine, he quickly changed from the natty looking charcoal gray suit he wore at his wife's funeral into faded blue denim trousers and a T-shirt.

Radio Still There

"Your old cell is waiting," said Chief Jailer Mike Uccello. "We've got the radio you left waiting, too . . ."

His attorneys, William J. Corrigan and Fred Garmone, who had waited for him half an hour, were admitted to see him.

"Everything I discuss with my client is confidential," Corrigan said when they emerged 20 minutes later.

But he did quote Sam Sheppard as saying: "I am very happy to have had the opportunity to visit my boy (Chip, 7, who was at Stephen's home). I appreciate the fact that I got out on bail and did have that happy reunion."