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54/07/09 Doctor Re-Enacts Tragedy

Cleveland Press
Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard returned today to his house of tragedy—the once pleasant home at 28924 Lake Rd., Bay Village, where his pretty wife, Marilyn, was murdered Sunday morning.

Coroner Samuel R. Gerber asked him to re-enact, "as fully as you can recall," all the events of the July 4 explosion of violence which made him the central figure in a murder investigation.

The 30-year-old osteopath was well aware that he was both seeking to aid the capture of his wife's murderer and to clear himself from suspicion.

Fact that he himself is a suspect was told to the youthful physician by his own attorney, William J. Corrigan.

"You're being accused of murdering your wife," Corrigan told him bluntly. "These men are out here to get a confession."

Dr. Sheppard burst into tears. "I didn't do anything to Marilyn," he blurted.

Asserting his determination to help trap the maniacal killer who savagely beat Mrs. Sheppard to death in her upstairs bedroom, Dr. Sheppard offered to do "all in my power" to aid the investigation. Yesterday he and his family offered a $10,000 reward for arrest and conviction of the slayer.

He assisted Dr. Gerber, Deputy Sheriff Carl Rossbach, and Bay Village Police Chief John Eaton in searching the home again for the missing murder weapon.

Dr. Gerber said the 25 or more fatal blows might have been inflicted by "some kind of metal bar or heavy piece of oak, some stainless instrument or tire tool, any one of a number of objects found in most homes."

Divers were combing the lake bottom off the beach of the Sheppard home in quest of the death-dealing instrument.

Dr. Sheppard was asked to repeat his account of how he dozed off on a downstairs couch Saturday night, to be awakened about 4 a.m. by his wife's scream of terror.

"I didn't do anything to Marilyn," he blurted. "I didn't check the next room to see if anything had happened to my sleeping son, Sam Jr., 6."

"He felt his wife's pulse, he said, but couldn't remember whether she was still alive. He said he didn't check the next room to see if anything had happened to his sleeping son, Sam Jr., 6."

Then he heard "sounds" downstairs, the doctor related, and rushed down to pursue a man "over six feet tall, heavily built, with bushy hair and a light shirt."

As he started into the room, he said, he was "clapped" from behind and slumped to the floor unconscious.

"When he came to, Dr. Sheppard continued, he rose to his feet and pocketed his billfold, which was lying beside him. He said he entered the bedroom and felt Marilyn's head and neck ... "they were all blood."

He felt his wife's pulse, he said, but couldn't remember whether she was still alive. He said he didn't check the next room to see if anything had happened to his sleeping son, Sam Jr., 6."

"Then he heard "sounds" downstairs, the doctor related, and rushed down to pursue a man "over six feet tall, heavily built, with bushy hair and a light shirt."

Dr. Sheppard said he chased the man to the beach,
Doctor Re-Enacts Events of Tragedy

(Continued From Page One)

and tackled him there—but was again beaten into unconsciousness.

He said he escaped drowning only because waves which washed over him receded.

When he recovered consciousness, he said, his T-shirt, watch, key chain and ring were missing. He didn't have any definite recollection about the T-shirt, he told investigators.

The T-shirt is vital evidence, investigators believe. Friends and classmates of Marilyn have repeatedly told about the T-shirt as a definite clue to solving the tragic puzzle.

Dr. Sheppard said he struggled back to the bedroom, ascertained that Marilyn was dead, covered her with a sheet and frantically telephoned his brother, Dr. Richard Sheppard, and Bay Village Mayor J. Spencer Houk for help.

He slumped in a chair to await their arrival, he related, and later slipped off of the chair entirely.

Point by point, Dr. Gerber asked him to demonstrate the exact locale of each incident.

His Only Girl

Rossbach, who interrogated Dr. Sheppard for three hours in Bay View Hospital yesterday, said there were no departures from Dr. Sam's original account.

Dr. Sheppard sat in a wheelchair during the interrogation. He sobbed and choked frequently as he told of his high school courtship of Marilyn.

"She was the only girl I ever loved and ever will love," he said.

Dr. Sheppard told how he graduated from Cleveland Heights High School in 1942 and entered Los Angeles County Hospital as an intern in 1944. He married Marilyn in Los Angeles in 1945. They came to Bay Village in 1951.

He owns his own home and has "no money problems," he said.

Dr. Sheppard's decision to "cooperate all I can" with the murder investigation yesterday afternoon defied the advice of the attorney retained by his family.

"Don't say a word," Dr. Gerber quoted Corrigan as telling the osteopath. "I'm your lawyer...

Agrees to Talk

After a heated exchange between the coroner and the prominent Cleveland defense counsel over whether Dr. Sheppard could be compelled to testify, the husband ended the argument with: "I'll talk."

Before making up his mind, he turned to his brother, Dr. Stephen Sheppard. "What should I do?" he pleaded.


Dr. Sheppard spoke slowly, softly and deliberately. He cried while the argument over whether he should submit to questioning was in progress, but kept a firm grip on his outward emotions during the interrogation.

He will have to repeat his account over and over for the next several days, Dr. Gerber said, as the investigators seek to crack the murder mystery.

The coroner said laboratory tests have established that Mrs. Sheppard had "Type O" blood. Tests of other blood-splattered objects have established "nothing conclusive."

Dr. Gerber said there was no physical evidence of a struggle in the murder bedroom nor in the hallway where Dr. Sam said he was felled.

Mrs. Sheppard had apparently attempted to shield herself from the deadly rain of blows with her injured hands, he said, but didn't come to grips with the slayer.

Dr. Sheppard, his neck swathed in a protective collar because of his injuries, was released from treatment at Bay View Hospital and spent the night in the home of his father, Dr. Richard Sheppard, at 23346 Lake Rd., first house east of the hospital.