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Letter 30

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OHIO PAR DON AND PARO LE COMMISSION  
1 SOUTH FOURTH STREET  
COLUMBUS, OHIO  

GENTLEMEN:
IN 1954 MY HUSBAND, SAM, PASSED SENTENCE UPON AND MURDERED ME AND MY UN-BORN CHILD. IN DOING SO, HE SENTENCED ME TO PRISON FOR ETERNITY. THE FIRST BLOW, THAT CRUSHED MY FACE, HURT TERRIBLY. AFTER THAT I REMEMBER NONE OF THE BLOWS. THE INSTRUMENT, POSSIBLY A MEAT CLEANER, WAS QUITE HEAVY AND WITHOUT ANY DOUBT, MY HUSBAND WAS COVERED WITH MY BLOOD. I CANNOT TESTIFY THAT ONE OR MORE PEOPLE HELD MY HUSBAND MURDER ME, BUT IT IS ENTIRELY POSSIBLE. MY HUSBAND NOTIFIED HIS BROTHERS, ACCORDING TO THE NEWS PAPERS, BUT DID NOT NOTIFY THE POLICE AUTHORITIES FOR APPROXIMATELY FIVE HOURS. DURING THIS INTERVAL THE HESS WAS PARTIALLY CLEANED UP, MY HUSBANDS BLOODY CLOTHES WERE REMOVED, AND MY DEATH BED WAS GONE OVER WITH AN ABRASIVE, QUITE POSSIBLY SAND PAPER. THIS ABRASIVE OPERATION MEANT THAT ONE OR MORE PEOPLE HAD TO WORK "IN AND AROUND" MY DEAD BODY ARE,.

MY HUSBAND, SAM, IS ASKING FOR HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON, Citing his exemplary record FOR THE PAST YEARS. HE ALSO PROMISES TO LEAVE THE U.S.A. AND GO TO INDIA WHERE HE WILL RESUME HIS PROFESSIONAL PRACTICE IN A HOSPITAL. ISN'T THAT A NICE GESTURE ON HIS PART. SAM HAS NEVER BEEN PUNISHED, IN PRISON, FOR MY MURDER. RATHER, HE HAS BEEN Coddled AND HAS BEEN THE RECIPIENT OF A LOT OF MIS-PLACED, THOUGHTLESS, SYMPATHY. HE IS ALIVE, WE FEED, CAN SEE THE SUN, MOON, STARS, DAYLIGHT AND DARKNESS. THE SNOW IN THE WINTER, AND THE PANORAMA OF COLORS FROM SPRING TO FALL MUST BE A WONDERFUL SIGHT TO HIM. HE HAS NOT YET
Answered our son Chip's question: "Daddy, why did you murder my mommy, why—why?"

The prison that my husband put me in is two feet square by six feet long. It is cold and dark, and the door is permanently locked by six feet of damp earth. I would like to leave it for just one hour. If this wish were granted I could see the sun and our beautiful world again. I could, and would, hold my son Chip in my arms, and comfort him with his mother's love. This isn't too much to ask, knowing that there is very little sympathy for me, only a lot of it for my husband.

Please, dear members of your commission, do not release my husband, Sam, from prison. Rather, put him in a cell with a locked door and keep him there. If this seems cruel to him, please let he trade his cell for his for a while.

It isn't possible to deliver this letter to you in person. I am, and must remain, now and forever:

Just a pile of old, cold, bones.

Marilyn Sheppard
HC