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Cleveland Plain Dealer

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SHEPPARDS FACE TRAGEDY BRAVELY

Hospital's Uneasy Silence Is Slaying Aftermath

BY PAT GARLING

Half way down the green-walled hospital corridor a Bay Village policeman sat, guarding Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard from unauthorized visitors, including newspaper reporters.

The confusion of newspapermen, photographers and police investigators which had filled the reception room during the afternoon was gone last night.

An uneasy silence, broken by an opening door, a nurses' footsteps and the telephone buzzer at the receptionist's desk, prevailed in the dusk which filtered into Bay View Hospital as the sun disappeared over the horizon of the lake.

Dr. Richard A. Sheppard, chief of staff and father of the family of doctors, greeted the lone reporter passing the time in conversation with the receptionist.

"Just" Holding Up

"How are you holding up, Doc?" the reporter asked.

Dr. Sheppard, obviously tired, managed a wan smile.

"Just," he answered.

He was going to the osteopathic hospital in Sandusky in the morning to conduct an operation, he said. Yes, the patients had been asking about his son's condition. Folks had been calling by telephone all day for the same information and offering their sympathies. Everyone was being very kind.

When the doctor left the reporter contemplated the man's patience and forbearance and that of his sons, Drs. Richard N. and Stephen A., and wondered if he could withstand the pressures of public intrusion should some tragedy befall him. Perhaps doctors were just made that way, he decided.

A wind came up from the lake and the reporter made himself handy by closing two open windows from which strong drafts stung the back of the receptionist's neck. The window closing was shattering to the silence, which became stronger when the sound had died away.

Injured Girl Arrives

Activity was excited as a Bay Village police car rolled to the emergency door bringing a young, frightened girl with blood staining her forehead.

"Someone threw a pop bottle at the festival and hit her on the head," the policemen explained.

"Not hurt much at all," an

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DEPUTY SHERIFF CARL A. ROSSBACH yesterday took charge of the investigation into the slaying of Mrs. Marilyn R. Sheppard in Bay Village Sunday morning. Bay Patrolman Fred Drenkhan is shown with Rossbach studying a transcript of an interview with a neighbor of the slain woman.

Sheppards Face Tragedy Bravely in Still Hospital

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intern said over his shoulder in passing by a short time later.

Minutes passed in silence except for the sound of a radio when a door opened somewhere down the long hall.

Footsteps came again and Dr. Sheppard appeared, Mrs. Sheppard, tall and stately, clinging to his arm. Shortly after them came Dr. and Mrs. Richard N. Sheppard. They disappeared into the dark of the parking lot. They whispered softly, seriously it seemed, as they went.

Visited Dr. Sam

Yes, they had been visiting Dr. Sam, a passing intern volunteered. Dr. Steve was still at the bedside.

Just how such a terrible thing could have happened the intern did not know. He had not learned of Dr. Sam's beating or the murder of his wife, Marilyn, until he had reported for duty that morning.

He had been trying all day to get over the shock. The whole staff was upset, he said.

Out on the highway, as the reporter left after being relieved of his night watch, cars were

streaming westward, where in two miles or so they would pass the scene, the Sheppard home at 28924 West Lake Road, where the tragedy occurred.

All through the day cars had jammed traffic as they slowed for a view of the house.

The reporter, who had observed and even felt a touch of the Sheppard's weariness, turned his car the other way.