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Cleveland Plain Dealer

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Life Returns to Death Home; Weather Adds Chill Touch

BY JOHN G. BLAIR

It was a desolate and depressing scene.

A cold wind whipped in off Lake Erie, sending waves crashing against the concrete retaining wall behind the home of Dr. Sam Sheppard.

Splintered limbs from the big maple that shaded the house that deadly dawn last July cluttered the yard, victims of last week's freak snow.

Soggy leaves matted the ground, the chill dampness penetrating footwear in a matter of moments.

The throbbing beat of a helicopter thrashing its way through the air overhead drowned out conversation.

"More than anyone else, Marilyn wouldn't have liked all this publicity," Dr. Richard Sheppard remarked, looking upward at the flying egg beater.

Glances Toward Brother

He glanced toward his brother, Dr. Sam, handcuffed to Deputy Sheriff James F. Kilroy a few yards away.

Dr. Sam, bareheaded, trailed along behind the jurors, who will decide if he hacked his wife to death, as they viewed the murder scene.

A heavy rope encircling the Sheppard property held back the curious and a swarm of newsmen straining to watch Dr. Sam and the jurors.

Bay Village Police Chief John P. Eaton ordered reporters off the property as they surged inside the rope.

Two of Dr. Sam's defense lawyers, Fred W. Garmone and William H. Corrigan, were among those told to get out.

Chief Eaton was promptly straightened out. He had thought them reporters.

"I guess he was nervous," Garmone said, dryly.

Defense Chief William J. Corrigan at times wandered away from the group, at others carefully shepherded Dr. Sam.

Alone, he went down the steps to the beachhouse and stared at the bleak seascape.

Returning to the yard, he obliged photographers by sitting in the swing of Chip Sheppard.

Outside the rope, men, women and children gawked. Cars slowed on West Lake Road at the sight of renewed activity at the deserted house. The beating of the helicopter brought children running.

"I wanted to see Sam," she added.

"I saw Dorothy Kilgallen," she added unasked.

"I wanted to see Dr. Sam," she continued, "He's a nice looking guy."

"I feel sorry for his brother," she said, looking at Dr. Richard staring at the house.

Albert Arcari, 13360 Bennington Avenue S.W., was there, too, to see Sam.

One neighbor woman was there with her infant wrapped in a blanket. Another was there with her dog and her husband.

Noting the dog, one out-of-town reporter asked: "What happened to the dog?" she meant Marilyn's pet Koko. She was told it had been given away.

Mrs. Ralph Dennis, 328 Sadler Road, Bay Village, and her daughter, Mrs. Shirley Arff, 15029 Hilliard Road, Lakewood, were attracted to the scene by the excitement.

"I just came to look." John McCue, 2076 Chesterland Avenue, Lakewood, said.

McCue said he heard on the radio that the jury was on its way to the house and hurried over.

The visit ended, the jurors climbed aboard their bus and Dr. Sam crawled into the back of the sheriff's car driven by Deputy Sheriff Dave Yettra.

As the car backed out of the yard it headed west on West Lake Road, following the bus past nearby Bay Village Cemetery. Corrigan had requested that the jurors see the cemetery, where is was reported a Sheffield Lake couple noticed a wild-eyed bushy-haired man before dawn the murder morning.

From their picture window across the street from Dr. Sam's and Marilyn's, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Paine waved to Dr. Sam as he drove past. Dr. Sam waved back.

Mrs. John D. Dishno, a neighbor of the Paines, waved too.

"We wanted him to know he still has some friends," Mrs. Paine said.