



11-4-1954

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Cleveland News

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Cleveland News, "54/11/04 Jail Hours Drag On And On for Dr. Sam" (1954). *All Articles*. 215.
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Jail Hours Drag On And On for Dr. Sam

Idle hours in jail hang heavy over Dr. Sam Sheppard as his trial moves into its first stages.

County Jail sources say he spends most of his time listening to a small radio that has been with him since his arrest.

"He is a good prisoner, no trouble at all," said one jail official.

"He sleeps a good deal and spends more time out of his cell talking to the boys."

He is regarded as just another guy in the prison cell block. What do they talk about? "Mostly their troubles," said the official.

He said Dr. Sam spent most of last Saturday afternoon listening to the Ohio State Northwestern football game.

Dr. Sam tells relatives he finds the early rising hours of the jail schedule slightly bothersome.

He plays chess occasionally, although opponents are few in the jail cell block. On other occasions he confines himself to his cell to write letters to relatives on the outside.

Dr. Sam Sheppard looked natty in court yesterday after a visit to the tenth floor barber's chair over the weekend. Anyone interested in a bargain haircut — \$1 — need only become a prisoner.

Two barbers visit the jail weekly and prisoners wishing such services are taken to the 10th floor guards roll call room where the tonsorial artists perform.

Dr. Sheppard, who in the past had asked newsmen to stay off his property because "Marilyn wouldn't like it," looked in disdain at the biggest mob to invade the property to date.

He said nothing to newsmen who were competently handled by Police Chief John

Eaton, Sgt. Jay Hubach, Patrolmen James Cowles and Fred Drenkhan of Bay Village.

The crowd included curious neighbors. Others were curious people who brave wet feet, cold ears and noses to get a look at headlined scenes.

Dr. Sam once waved at a group of three women, one a pretty blond wearing red pumps.

Chief Eaton, under fire in July for not arresting Dr. Sam, acted above and beyond the call of duty while the jury was touring Sheppard's seven-room house at 28924 W. Lake Rd.

Innocent victim of the chief's zeal was William H. Corrigan, son of the chief defense counsel. Chief Eaton mistook young Corrigan for a reporter and grabbed him forcibly, whirling the young attorney around.

"Out, you," shouted the chief, "behind the rope. Only the jury and attorneys are allowed in."

Saul S. Danaceau, assistant prosecutor, rescued the young attorney from the busy arm of the law.