54/07/31 Dr. Sheppard Shocked as Warrant Is Served

Cleveland Press
Dr. Sheppard Shocked as Warrant Is Served

At 9:55 p.m., a blue Ford sedan pulled into the narrow driveway of a rambling white colonial home perched on a bluff overlooking Lake Erie.

Three men in civilian clothes got out and walked onto the big front porch at 23048 Lake Rd., home of Dr. Richard A. Sheppard Sr., chief of staff and founder of next-door Bay View Hospital.

Several lights glowed in the house as Bay Village Patrolman Fred Drenkhan rang the doorbell.

The elder Dr. Sheppard, weary and dejected looking, peered through the screen door at the three unwelcome callers. "Is Sam here?" Drenkhan asked.

"Yes," the father replied softly.

"We'd like to see him," Drenkhan said.

"Come on in," Dr. Richard Sr. replied.

Accepts Warrant

Drenkhan, Lieut. Clifford Mercer and Patrolman Gerhard Deutschlander, their youth contrasting sharply with the dignified maturity of their host, followed the osteopath into a sitting room.

Waiting in the room were Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard; his mother; his brother, Dr. Richard Jr.; and Richard's wife, Dorothy.

Drenkhan walked directly up to Dr. Sam—whose friend he had been for several years. "Sam," he said, "I have a warrant for your arrest."

Dr. Sam reached out and accepted the warrant charging him with the July 4 murder of his pretty wife, Marilyn. His expression was one of mixed amazement and pain. His close relatives watched in stunned silence.

26 Days Elapsed

Twenty-six days after he reported that a maniacal intruder had viciously beaten his wife to death in their bedroom and slugged him unconscious in a series of struggles, Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard was under arrest.

Turn to Page 4, Column 1
---charged with the most vicious crime in Bay Village history.

Earlier in the evening, Dr. Sam's brother, Dr. Stephen, assured him: "There'll be no arrest tonight." Sam had been a dinner guest at his brother's home, 19027 Inglewood Dr., Rocky River.

For relaxation after dinner Steve suggested that they go out in his sailboat on Lake Erie.

They got into Steve's station wagon, with his wife, Betty, and two of the brothers' neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Hayes (no relations of Susan Hayes).

Followed by Press

They drove to the Cleveland Yacht Club at the mouth of Rocky River, followed by a caravan of reporters and photographers.

Dr. Sam was wearing loafing clothes, and had taken off his protective neck collar.

Disturbed by the pursuit of the press parade, Sam derided to "forget about sailing tonight" after reaching the yacht club. Dr. Steve drove him back to his father's home. He arrived there about 15 minutes ahead of the three grim callers.

Dr. Sam looked down at the first-degree murder warrant with disbelief. "There are photographers outside," Drenkhan told the 30-year-old osteopath's father. "Do you mind having pictures taken?"

"Yes," Dr. Sheppard replied. "I want them off my property."

Puts on Collar

While Sam put on his neck collar and picked up a brown suede jacket, Mercer went out and twice asked the assembled reporters and photographers to leave. They refused.

Dr. Richard Sr. went out, too, and said: "I want you men off this property. You are trespassers. Do I have to put you off myself?"

"Get them out of here," he ordered.

"Come on, you guys," Mercer said, "or I'll have to haul you in."

But the reporters and photographers remained—insisting they would not be barred under similar circumstances in any other case.

Chase Photographers

"Let's go back in," Mercer said. The angry father followed him inside.

Dr. Richard, oldest of the three osteopath brothers, came out. "You fellows might as well leave," he said. "He's not coming out until you're gone."

Minutes later, two uniformed Bay Village policemen arrived and forced the photographers to leave the premises. Mercer waited among the trees near Lake Rd.

Inside the home, Mrs. Dorothy Sheppard asked if she could telephone an attorney. "Of course," Drenkhan replied.

"What will happen tonight?" Dr. Sam asked.

"There will probably be a preliminary hearing," Drenkhan answered, "and you will have to fail to arrive in Grand Jury action."
Wanted to Change

"I'd like to change clothes," Sam said.

"We'll try to make an arrangement to get you different clothes after the hearing," the patrolman said.

Deutschlander snapped a handcuff about Sam's right wrist. He snapped the other cuff around Drenkhan's wrist.

Mrs. R. A. Sheppard, Sam's white-haired mother, spoke for the first time. "Do you have to use handcuffs?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Drenkhan replied.

"Do you want us to come along?" Dr. Richard asked.

No Farewells

Sam shrugged negatively. There were no farewells, handshakes or parting embraces as the youthful, athletic looking osteopath walked out to the waiting car with the three policemen. Mercer carried Dr. Sam's brown jacket for him.

The four stony-faced men got into Mercer's car. Mercer drove, the other three were in the back seat.

During the five-minute drive to the Bay Village City Hall, Sam spoke once. "I can't believe this can happen," he said. "No matter what happens, I can't confess to something I'm not guilty of."

Based on Study

"In announcing my decision and recommendation to Mayor Houk," the Bay Village law director said, "I want to emphasize that my conclusions are
based entirely upon a detailed and dispassionate study of all the evidence which has been found.

"I have ignored entirely all private and public theories and persuasions of persons who have not officially investigated the case. I have reported to Mayor Houk that the evidence which I have reviewed is of such weight that in my opinion there is probable cause to believe Dr. Sam Sheppard guilty of the murder of his wife, and I believe that his arrest should be made."

He first communicated his decision to J. Spencer Houk, the 42-year-old butcher who has been mayor of Bay Village since 1949—and a close personal friend of Dr. Sam for the past three years.

**Houk Disqualified**

Houk, who had been confined to his home all day for "over-tiredness," disqualified himself from presiding over the mayor's court because of his knowledge that he would be a witness in the case, since he was the first person Dr. Sam summoned to his home on the murder morning.

Council President Gershom M. M. Barber was called to City Hall to function as acting mayor and magistrate. He signed the murder warrant, and at the brief hearing, Houk, pale and haggard, dressed in a formal blue suit despite the warm night, watched the proceedings nervously.

"Have you read the charge?" Barber asked the defendant, whose handcuffs had been removed.

A: No.

BARBER: "I will now read it.
I, Gershom M. M. Barber, acting mayor, on information supplied by Police Chief John Eaton, charge that you on or about July 4 did purposefully and of deliberate and premeditated malice kill one Marilyn Sheppard. How do you plead?"

Dr. Sam shook his head slowly. "Not guilty," he almost whispered.

**Hearing is Set**

Barber said he had "the privilege of counsel."

"My counsel is on the way," Sam said.

Barber set a preliminary hearing on the charge for Saturday, Aug. 7, at 1 p.m., and ordered Dr. Sam taken to the County Jail.

Dr. Sam asked if he could wait until his attorney, William Corrigan arrived.

**Clears the Room**

Weygandt had no objections, but Barber said he ruled that Dr. Sam could see his counsel at the jail, and "I want to clear this room."

The handcuffs were snapped back on Dr. Sam's right hand, after Mercer handed him his jacket.

He was led out to Mercer's car, through blinking flashlights.

Dr. Sam Sheppard was on his way to jail—26 days after Cleveland Homicide Detectives Pat Gareau and Robert Schott, interviewing him about his wife's murder, told him: "We think you did it."