54/11/04 Photos Bring Sobs From Sam as Jurors Tour His Home

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Photos Bring Sobs From Sam as Jurors Tour His Home

By TOM BRADY

I was the only newspaper reporter present when the state of Ohio opened its case against Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard by taking a jury of his peers through the home in which he is accused of murdering his wife.

It was his 35-year-old wife, Marilyn, who was found dead in the bedroom of their Cleveland home on July 4, just days before their 10th wedding anniversary. The couple had known each other since high school, where they were both members of the football squad.

Dr. Sam's solemn features were expressive as he watched the jury tour the home, and his eyes came to rest on a snapshot of their son, Chip, who was just 13 at the time of the murder.

In the garage, where his Lincoln Continental was parked, Corrigan picked up a snowball and tossed it into the woods. He playfully tested a swing on which Sam had once pushed his son.

Dr. Sam seemed chilled in the brisk air, despite the tweed overcoat he was wearing. His impassive expression showed no hint of the emotions he was undoubtedly feeling.

The jurors filed slowly out the door. No one had taken off any of their coats.

Dr. Sam turned to talk to Tom. "I didn't realize," he said later, "that I came here just to let him know the family was with him."

Groups as we walked by the bedroom of Sam (Chip) Sheppard, Jr., seven-year-old son of the murder victim and the accused osteopath.

The group consisted of Dr. Sam and his guards, Kilroy and Yeletta. Sam looked blankly at his son's pile of toys—a large sailboat, a tomahawk, a rubber frog, model airplanes and a pile of children's books.

Next door was the room in which Chip slept soundly while his mother was murdered.

"You don't touch that."

"This is the first time I've been here. I have a right to see them off." Corrigan snapped.

"Please don't touch that." Corrigan retracted. "Put it down." Corrigan did.

Both sides asked Sweeney to point out various articles of furniture. Corrigan wanted the jurors attention directed to the airstairs and a toy airplane. "Please notice all the furniture," Sweeney said, cutting them off.

Newspaper Clipping Lies on Floor

No one pinpointed a clipping on the floor. Both sides asked to point out various articles of furniture. Corrigan wanted the jurors attention directed to the airstairs and a toy airplane. "Please notice all the furniture," Sweeney said, cutting them off.

Dr. Sam's eyes came to rest on a snapshot of Chip, who was just 13 at the time of the murder. Tears streamed down his cheeks again. He asked permission to "go outside for a minute." Kilroy escorted him out.

In the garage, where his Lincoln Continental was parked, Dr. Sam insisted that the upper room be inspected, too. That was the room in which Marilyn Sheppard used to entertain guests.

There was a note tacked on the door: "Keep Out—Murder Scene." Dr. Sam lingered in the play room after the others had gone. He picked up a barbell, a pair of pliers, a cushion. He examined a suitcase, peeked in a closet.

He still seemed to be looking for something when Kilroy tugged gently at his hand and led him to rejoign the group.

Going down to the Lake Erie beach, which was lashed by angry waves, Corrigan picked up a snowball and tossed it into the woods. He playfully tested a swing on which Sam had once pushed Chip.

Tacked on the kitchen wall was Chip's crayon drawing of a bird. Dr. Sam saw it and cried again.

The jurors filed slowly out the door. No one had taken off any of their coats.

Dr. Sam seemed chilled in the brisk air, despite the tweed overcoat his brothers had brought him at the Criminey Coaths Bldg.

His impassive expression masked his thoughts as the sheriff's car backed out of the driveway and started the 15-mile journey back to his County Jail cell. On the way, he saw his son, Chip, playing on a playground and his wife, Marilyn, at the hospital.

The house inspection had taken 58 minutes.

Corrigan picked up some papers in the downstairs study. "I knew it, I don't touch that."

"Why not?" Corrigan snapped. "This is the first time I've been here. I have a right to see them off."


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