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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

Judge Edward Blythin designated Press Reporter Tom Brady to tour the Sheppard home with the jury and pool his observations for all newspaper, radio and television reporters covering the trial.

By TOM BRADY

I was the only newspaperman 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. This is what I saw:

CTS Bus No. 3103 pulled into the driveway of the white colonial house with green trim at 28924 Lake Rd., Bay Village.

A minute later, a blue sheriff's car followed it in. Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard, handcuffed to Deputy Sheriff James Kilroy, was "home" back at the house were, prior to July 4, he lived the life of a busy, successful young osteopathic neuro-surgeon.

Dr. Sam's solemn features were creased by a fleeting smile as he spotted a familiar figure waving near the roped off, snow-covered grounds.

It was his loyal oldest brother, Dr. Richard N. Sheppard.

"I knew I wouldn't be able to talk to Sam," Dr. Richard said later, "but I came here just to let him know the family was with him."

Dr. Sam's brown eyes scanned the debris-littered lawn. No one had bothered to remove the tree limbs and fading leaves knocked down by the week-end storm.

Dr. Sam watched as Sheriff Joseph Sweeney, wearing a

dark overcoat, stepped out of the bus with a key in his hand.

He was followed by the serious-faced seven men and five women of the jury and the woman alternate. Then came Bailiff Edgar Francis and Court Reporter Norman Stern, carrying his stenotype machine.

Kilroy, Dr. Sam and their driver, Deputy Sheriff Dave Yettra, joined the procession.

Defense Lawyers Present

So did Defense Attorneys William J. Corrigan, Fred W. Garmon, Arthur E. Petersilge, and William H. Corrigan.

In another cluster came the prosecutors—tall John J. Mahon, short Saul S. Danaceau, youthful Thomas J. Parrino.

Sweeney left us at the Lakeside entrance, and walked around to the Lake Rd. door with his key. He came through the house and opened the door to let us in.

Everyone stayed close together as Sweeney marched us through the L-shaped living room, up the stairs to the south-east guest room. This was the bedroom where Dr. Lester T. Hoversten, scheduled to be a prosecution witness, stayed during the three days before Marilyn's murder.

On a dresser in an anteroom was a piece of paper with the script: "To my girl . . . with all my love, Sam."

Pictures From High School Days

There were pictures on the wall—shots of Sam and Marilyn Reese in their high school days. There were major "H" letters won by Sam as quarterback of the Cleveland Heights High School football squad.

Dr. Sam was biting his lip, struggling to maintain outward composure. But he burst into tears when he saw a big toy teddy bear in the guest room.

The jurors sympathetically took no notice.

Somehow, the party seemed to break into two distinct

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

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

See Room Where Son Slept

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

No one lingered long or took more than a glance at the bloodstained doors and the twin beds that once belonged to Marilyn's grandparents. There were pictures of Sam and Marilyn on the dresser.

Only a bloodstained mattress was on the murder bed.

Corrigan picked up some papers in the downstairs study. Parrino interrupted: "Please don't touch that."

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

"You were here July 9," Parrino retorted. "Put it down." Corrigan did.

Both sides asked Sweeney to point out various articles of furniture. Corrigan wanted the jurors attention directed to the ashtrays 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. It was a newspaper article reporting Dr. Sam's effort to save the life of a 13-year-old boy critically injured in an auto accident.

Dr. Sam's eyes came to rest on a snapshot of Chip. 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 play room in which Marilyn Sheppard used to entertain neighborhood children.

There was a note tacked on the door: "Keep Out—Mrs. Sheppard."

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 handcuffs and led him to rejoin 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 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 their coats.

Dr. Sam seemed chilled in the brisk air, despite the tweed overcoat his brothers had brought him at the Criminal Courts 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 father's comfortable home and nearby Bay View Hospital.

The house inspection had taken 58 minutes.

Would Samuel Holmes Sheppard ever see these scenes again?



BRADY