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54/11/04 Letters Written in Jail Bare Sheppard Feelings

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Letters Written in Jail Bare Sheppard Feelings

BY SEVERINO P. SEVERINO

The private letters of Dr. Sam Sheppard — innermost thoughts of a man on trial for his life — were revealed today.

Written from his jail cell to Mr. and Mrs. Guilford (Bud) Brown, Marilyn's aunt and uncle, the letters were given for exclusive publication to The News.

His unsteady scrawl bared the feelings of a man being tried for murder—"like a patient about to undergo serious surgery, but without an anesthetic."

Talks About Chip, Marilyn

He tapped deep emotions to talk about his son Chip, his slain wife Marilyn, his devoted family.

He discussed the jury, Judge Edward Blythin, the people in court, other prisoners, the kind and tough deputy sheriffs.

The Browns are the only relatives of Marilyn who have remained at Dr. Sam's side since the day of the murder. Mrs. Brown has been a frequent visitor in the courtroom, sitting with Dr. Sam's brothers and their wives.

Also loyal to Dr. Sam was Marilyn's grandfather, Harry Blake, who died just last week. Mr. Blake made his home with the Browns and is frequently re-



MRS. GUILFORD (Bud) Brown—She received them.



DR. SAM—he sent letters.

as well as they have been
know or love & come to evaluate
my actions and responses. They
see a lot of men in here and
come to be pretty good judges of
personality. One of them came
back every evening during the
jail hearing (making a special trip)
and said "Well we..."

A big faced is a...
Hope the perspective grows
and as honest and fair
as most of them appear to
be. I finished off your box
of potato chips last night.
They really held. — Fresh!

Part of the strength
that I seem to have been given
for this ordeal (Gunga) is
due to the knowledge that you're
with me. I won't let you
down!
Love to all —
Hello Sam! Sam

Here are excerpts from letters which Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard sent from his County Jail cell to his wife's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Guilford Brown. They are being published with the permission of the couple.

Sheppard's Letters Bare His Feelings

Continued From Page 1.

ferred to in Dr. Sam's letters as "Grampa" or "H.P." or Granddad.

Paper Scarce in Jail

Here are some of the letters:
Dear Mary and Bud:

There seems to be a momentary dearth of paper at the moment. I've given a lot of my paper away and the atty's are sending more in. So thought you might like to see some of Chip's papers anyway. (Ed Note: This letter was written on the back of his son Chip's homework paper which had been sent to Dr. Sam). Several of his pictures and papers are on the wall of my cell. It's remarkable how much little things like that mean at a time like this.

The pipe is really perfect. The straight ones are no good at night and neither are the completely bent ones (have one here). This new one is just right on my chin while reading at night. It is very cool and dry for a new pipe, too. I still have the other little pipe you gave me, Bud. It must be in the rack at the house.

Appreciates Girls' Note

A very nice note came today from two girls that work with you Bud. These expressions of confidence are appreciated very much—& hope you'll have a chance to thank them. They obviously think a great deal of you.

Many times, as you recall, Mary, I made comment to you and Marilyn on the remarkable and wonderful guy you have. You both are pretty fortunate, I'd say. It is quite plain to everyone from where Marilyn received her supreme qualities. (Loyalty, faith, adjustability, and most of all, stability).

Looks as though this trial is going to be something. The wide publicity may be good or bad. I try not to dwell on it.

Tells of Feelings

I feel like a patient must feel who is going to undergo a serious surgery. The only trouble is that I am not given the benefit of an anesthetic. (I have faith that if the patient doesn't expire due to shock in the midst of the procedure the surgery should be successful).

Haven't written to mother lately because about all I have to say is to reassure her that I'm OK. If you have a moment Mary, you might just call to say I'm doing alright. Hello to Granddad and Carol. Love to all.

Sam

P.S. Shared your apples with some of the fellows here who have no one to send things. They all wanted me to express thanks. S.S.

Dear Mary and Bud:

Today's Plain Dealer carried an editorial with the title The Ordeal of the Family. I didn't care for the association with a 17-year-old armed robber, but he was used as an example. The commendation in regards to the girls and Dad was good. But he left out the most wonderful ones of all. It is just as well your names were not mentioned for publication, but the surge of emotion I felt while reading this was for you two and Grampa, more even than for the others. If you haven't read this please do, knowing how I feel.

I was given a chance to call mother tonight since she hasn't been able to visit here. (I'd rather she wouldn't come here). Chip and I had a nice talk and he sounded wonderful. Was so good to hear his voice.

Visited by Brother

Am now reading "Look by the Mountain" and it's pretty good. Was glad to talk to Grampa the other night. He was happy to report that you saw Chip and ate with him the other night. His voice sounds better than I've heard it for some time.

Steve was in today and we got a chance to have a long talk. Most of the deputy sheriffs here are as nice as they dare be. They know or have come to eval-

uate my actions and response. They see a lot of men in here and come to be pretty good judges of personality. One of them came back every evening during the bail hearing (making a special trip) and said, "Well, Doc I hope you aren't here when I come on tomorrow."

The other men in here tell me that is something unheard of for any deputy to commit himself in any way. A few of the deputies on this floor are — and enjoy tending the men locked up for the pure joy of it. These men are truthfully the ignorant ones and are but tolerated and ignored.

Will close now. Much love to you all.

Sam

Hello to Grampa and Carol.

Hail's Week's End

Dear Mary, Bud, & Grampa:

Well, one week of the big hassle is over. I hope the prospective jurors are as honest and fair as most of them appear to be.

I finished off your box of potato chips last night and they really help—fresh!

I received a wonderful note from Alan Davis, who was my boyhood pal and teammate. He is now a Methodist minister. Have received so many wonderful letters and many from complete strangers who have faith in me. Helps a lot.

The people in the courtroom are so joyful and smiling, including the judge, that I am deeply sickened.

Part of the strength that I seem to have been given for this ordeal Grampa, is due to the knowledge that you are with me. I won't let you down. Love to all.

Sam.

Hello Carol.

TOMORROW—What does Dr. Sam fear?