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It's Dr. Sam's Window and It's His Recess From Reality



DR. SAM SHEPPARD looks out the window of the courtroom during recess.

By **RICHARD McLAUGHLIN**

"Dr. Sam's window" it'll be called for many years, until all memories of the Sheppard murder trial have dimmed and died, and you know how long that'll be.

It's the center window of three along the east side of Judge Blythin's courtroom. Nothing special about it except that it is where Dr. Sam stands for minutes at a time looking out.

The windows in the courtroom are big fellows, running high up toward the ceiling. But only the bottom section pulls open in each. You grasp a catch at the top of the section and it opens in toward you.

That frosted glass stuff is used in the windows. You can't see out when they're closed. The glass in Dr. Sam's window happens to be amber-hued, while the rest are like your bathroom windows at home.

"All the sections that open used to be of amber glass," Bailiff Ed Francis says. "They got broken, all but that one."

Look Out at Recess

During recesses the lawyers shut up and rest and the judge goes off the bench and the reporters go outside to smoke. Deputies throw open the doors

and windows to let in welcome fresh air. and he knows all about that, too.

Dr. Sam gets out of his chair at the trial table and saunters the few steps to "his window."

Long as he can he stands there, hardly moving, just looking, his back to the room where people all day are milling around him, saying and weighing the words that will some time decide whether he's to die or live behind bars or gain his freedom.

There's E. 21st St., cars parked at meters. Trucks and cars rumbling past the Criminal Courts Bldg. and adjacent Central Police Station. Folks walking along, bundled up or shirt-sleeved, depending on the weather.

Gas station-parking lot across the way. "Fay's Service. Sohio Gas. Parking, 25 Cents One Hour, 50 Cents All Day."

Also Sees Garage

Just beyond the lot, Kieran's Garage, a squat, brick structure with a Vernor's Ginger Ale sign on it.

Dr. Sam sees, too, Margaret Dreher's little luncheon spot just south of the lot. A white and black building, sort of pulling apart at the seams. A flower box is in the window

and he knows all about that, too.

To the north there's a big brick building, and old. If he cranes his neck he can see the signs: "Standard Plating Works," and "Chromium, Gold, Silver — Plating" (the last word is blotched out by the years).

And south of Dreher's there's the Acme Plating Co. You can imagine Dr. Sam counting the patches of new bricks in the front wall, filling in where doors and windows used to be.

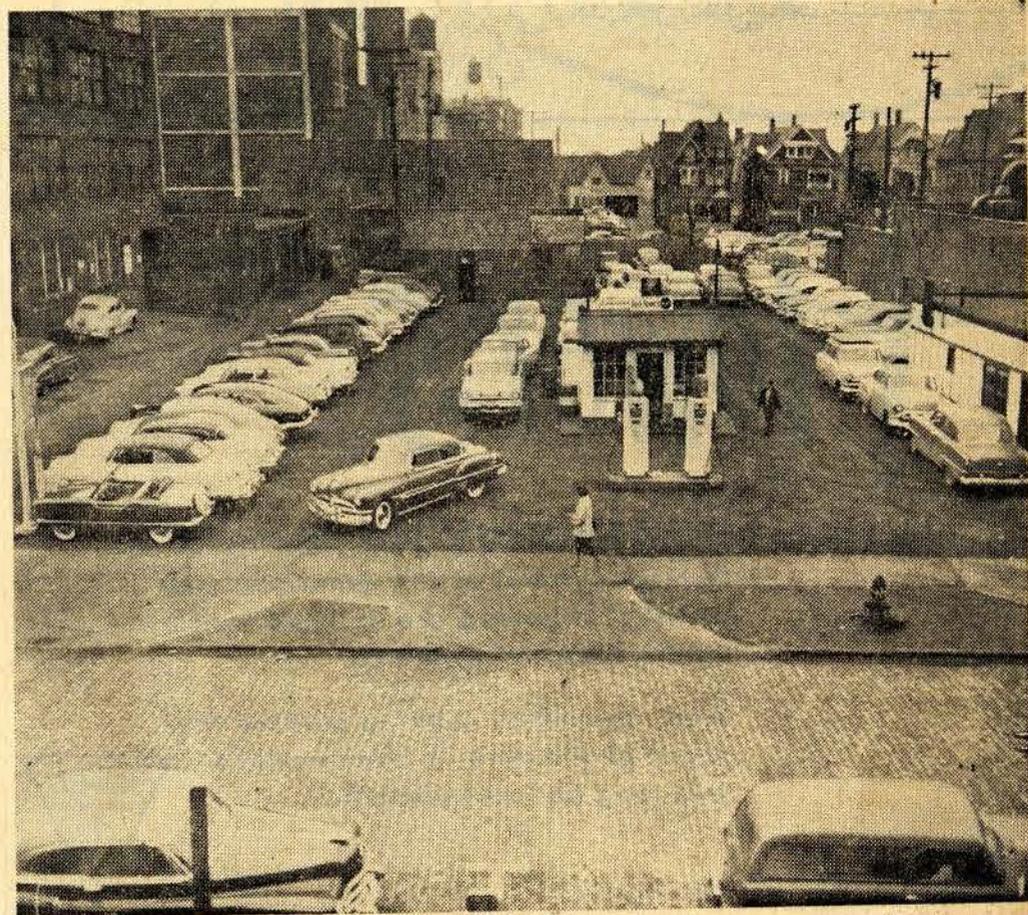
What's He Look At?

Out beyond all this there are tall, slender, tired homes on the next street east. Factories and water towers and television antennas.

And if Dr. Sam is of a mind he can look out and beyond at the sky that he knows keeps running eastward and eastward over rugged, rolling Pennsylvania and right on up over neat New England.

You watch Dr. Sam looking out "his window" and you think, "Gosh, what more has he to look at? He's got it all memorized, stamped into his mind forever."

That's right, he has. What Dr. Sam is looking at is freedom.



AND SEES this parking lot across E. 21st St.