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54/08/02 Gawkers Choke Bay Murder Area

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Hordes of idly curious gawkers, encouraged by fair weather and their appetite for staring whetted by the arrest of Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard, descended on Bay Village yesterday, choking West Lake Road with their cars.

West Lake Road, Bay’s principal thoroughfare, is narrow, only two lanes wide.

On it stand the house in which Marilyn Sheppard was killed early July 4, the home of Dr. Sam’s father, Dr. Richard A. Sheppard, where Dr. Sam was arrested, and the homes of Dr. Richard N. Sheppard and Mayor J. Spencer Houk.

Mayor Houk was the first person, Dr. Sam says, to whom Dr. Sam spoke after the discovery of the murder.

So the street is a rare attraction for the curious. It is also a main east-west highway for traffic bound for Toledo and Detroit.

Traffic Is Snarled

The resulting traffic snarl tried the nerves of residents all along the road and gave special problems to police who tried to keep traffic moving.

Even so, buses found their schedules upset and those who wished to use the street for travel fretted and fumed in the slowly moving lines that stretched, bumper to bumper, from Dr. Sam’s house on the west to the Rocky River line on the east.

Some of the bolder of the sightseers drew their cars off the road and went to hang on the ropes surrounding the murder house, where they smoked and stared. Neighbors said the parade of slowly moving vehicles began at 7 a.m. It was still going on late last night.

At the Dr. Richard A. Sheppard residence a boxer puppy greeted newspapermen silently but enthusiastically. Short of tail, he made up for that lack by wiggling his whole body and licked extended hands, unlike Koko, Dr. Sam’s dog, which used to bark at callers.

Dr. Steve Sees Father

Early in the afternoon, Dr. Stephen A. Sheppard visited his father, the elder man told reporters, but left without saying where he was going. At Dr. Steve’s house in Rocky River both cars were in the garage, but no one answered the door.

In the back yard another boxer, slightly larger than the one at Dr. Richard’s, stared silently at reporters. Windows at the back of the house were open.

At the home of Mayor and Mrs. Houk, whom Dr. Sam called the morning of the murder to ask for help, Mrs. Houk, tired out from answering the door and the telephone, was in bed, resting. Mayor Houk, still tense, but more relaxed than at any time since July 4, spent the afternoon listening to the broadcast of the ball game.

Works on Auto

In the front yard the Houks’ son, Larry, 16, worked on the family station wagon. Larry, who found the little green bag containing Dr. Sam’s bloodstained watch, will leave in the station wagon with some of his friends on Friday for a trip to Vermont.

Police Chief John P. Eaton and Mrs. Eaton, residents of Bay since 1919, burned leaves, other garden refuse in their back yard, a large yard from which Mrs. Eaton can see the windows of the schoolroom where she teaches first-graders.

“You would think the Cleveland police were investigating us and the Houks instead of the murder,” Mrs. Eaton said. “It’s been terrible.”

Crank letters and phone calls continue to disturb those connected with the case. Richard S. Weygandt, law director of Eby, found the experience both new and unpleasant.