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Tears Signal End of Ordeal for Three Women on Jury

BY JAN MELLOW

Tears — often a woman's reaction to the end of great tension — were apparent in the eyes and voices of at least three of the five feminine members of the jury that yesterday convicted Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard of murder in the second degree.

For five days their faces had been unreadable, their expressions the same mask.

But when it was all over the control they had kept on their emotions also ended.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Borke's voice was unsteady and her chin quivered as she left the courtroom.

"Oh, please, no!" she tried to say to reporters questioning her, but her voice was hoarse, almost a whisper, as she fought to keep the tears back until she could get home.

Never Again, She Hopes

Mrs. Beatrice Orenstein was crying when she reached her home, and wiped her eyes later, at intervals, while she participated in the Jewish Hanukkah ceremony with her family.

Mrs. Luella Williams spent part of the night crying, too. All she would say was that she hoped never to serve on a jury again.

Mrs. Anne W. Foote was too upset even to talk to reporters, said her husband, William E. Foote. She was trying to relax, he said, with a stack of unopened Christmas cards, preparing to add them to a display on the double French door Foote was blocking.

Only one of the women jurors, Mrs. Louise K. Feuchter, would talk at any length, and she was careful not to give important details of the five days of deliberations.

Urges Jury Reunion

She agreed with Mrs. Orenstein that the group had been congenial and should meet again, perhaps for a reunion, perhaps for a Christmas party next year. There were no feuds, no bitter enmities, though she admitted some tempers had flared briefly in the locked jury room.

Between frequent telephone calls, she commented on how grateful she was to friends and neighbors for their "wonderful consideration" in not asking her about the case throughout the nine weeks.

Even her husband, Edwin J. Feuchter, refrained from reading about the trial so that he would be sure not to let a court-forbidden chance remark sway her judgement.

Mrs. Feuchter had not been crying, but she was far from cheerful.

"No One Slept Well"

"On the way home he (Edwin) thought I was going to faint, I looked so tired," she said. "He hadn't seen me for five days, and he thought I looked pale and sick. I've never fainted in my life, but I'll admit I am tired."

No one slept well at Hotel Carter, she said.

"We all had too much on our minds, that awful responsibility," she explained. "And, of course, the beds were strange."

About the deliberations them-

selves Mrs. Feuchter would say little. She did not remember how many ballots had been taken or how much of the time had been spent studying the numerous exhibits, though she recalled that not one piece of evidence had been ignored.

"I just can't be sure," she said. "You know, when we left to come home (to 3541 Warren

Road N. W.), I had to ask my husband whether it was Monday or Tuesday. We lost all track of time in there."

What took so long?

"We all spent a lot of time discussing different points, all listening to what the others had to say. Some people had one idea, some another, but we all listened and we all explained what we thought."

Her husband, who had been listening silently and watching the reporter distrustfully, stood up.

"That's enough, now," he said. "She's tired."