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54/12/21 And Time Stands Still as Jurors Talk 5 Days

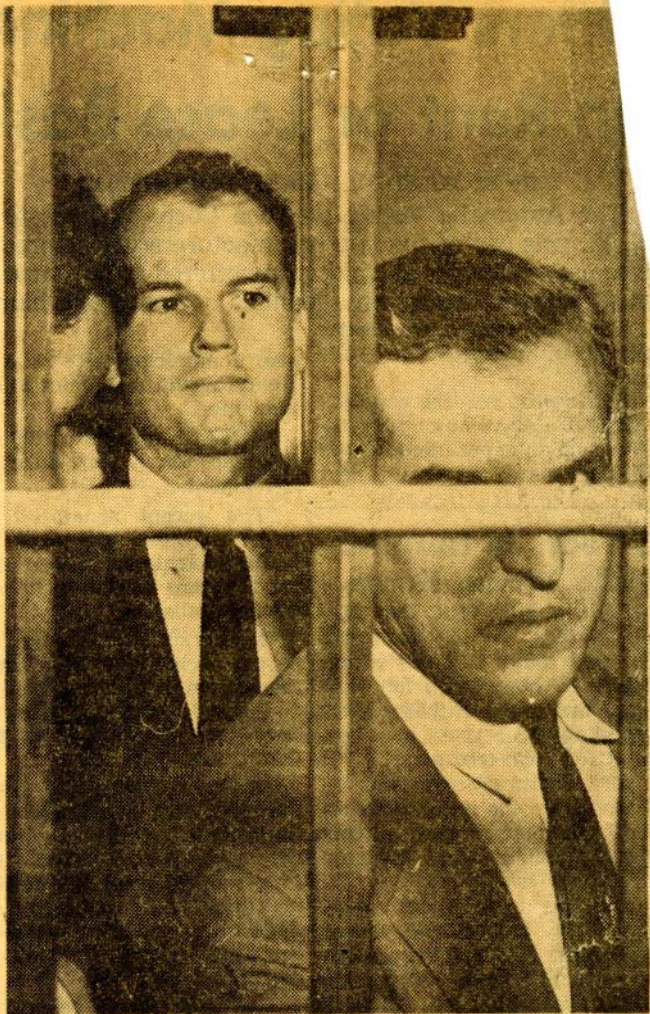
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FROWNING DR. SAM H. SHEPPARD rides back to his fourth floor jail cell at Criminal Courts Bldg. after learning jury deliberating his fate is nearing a verdict. With him is Chief Jailer Mike Uccello.

And Time Stands Still as Jurors Talk 5 Days

To every person comes his day,

So calmly wait your chance. . . .

That day has lasted five days for the dozen members of the jury in the Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard murder trial.

Obscure, ordinary housewives and "little people" only 10 weeks ago, they now bask in the limelight of public interest.

Only last week, they sat in the small courtroom on the second floor of the Criminal Courts Bldg., watching prosecution and defense attorneys.

Sometimes, the jurors yawned and sighed, wondered when a lengthy interrogation would end . . . perhaps reflected that they ought to be Christmas shopping instead of sitting in this gloomy atmosphere where an athletic young osteopath was on trial for his life.

Perhaps they wondered what some apparently pointless question directed at a witness implied . . . or why lawyers were bickering and objecting to certain testimony.

Now It's Different

Now the shoe is on the other foot.

It is the rival attorneys who watch the jurors during their brief courtroom appearances, scrutinizing their every movement, wondering what's going on in their minds.

And the expressions of the dozen "ladies and gentlemen of the jury" are subject to as many widely varying interpretations as some of the testimony they heard.

Even as they shouldered their stern duty of deciding whether or not a fellow human killed his wife, the jurors thought of their own husbands, wives and children. . . .

Rememberd Cards

Edmond L. Verlinger, the East Cleveland hardware store manager, was abruptly reminded that his family Christmas cards—handed to him by his wife last Friday morning—were still unmailed in his car, parked across the street from the courthouse.

A buzz brought Bailiff Eddie Francis to the rescue to recover them from a parking lot attendant—and also caused a wave of excitement in the courtroom, where the buzzer was heard as a sign that a verdict might be near.

Mrs. Louise Feuchter, the senior woman member of the jury, wondered if her husband was satisfactorily feeding her cats in their home at 3541 Warren Rd.

And how are the five children at the home of Mrs. Ann

Foote, 2091 Warren Rd., Lakewood, getting along?

And what sort of Christmas holiday is being enjoyed by the two children of Mrs. Beatrice P. Orenstein? This is a busy season for her husband, a post office employee.

The long deliberation is an unforgettable trial for every one of the debating dozen.

Who's "holding out"? For what? Which of the more than 200 murder case exhibits are being studied in the jury room?

Are the seven men and five women who never met before Oct. 18 or heard of Dr. Sam before July 4 examining the grisly photographs of Marilyn Sheppard in her bed of murder—the scrapings from under her fingernails—the bloodstained death pillow?

Dr. Sam Waits

Dr. Sam, the man with the most at stake in their deliberations, lounges on his jail cell cot, keeping his mind off his predicament by reading medical magazines and a biography of Dr. George Crile, founder of Cleveland Clinic.

If freed, Dr. Sam wants to go back to his career as an osteopathic neuro-surgeon.

Also waiting, not as calm as the defendant, is his sister-in-law, Mrs. Dorothy Sheppard.

"You may have to spend New Year's Eve here if they keep on talking up there," an acquaintance jests.

"I'll wait here as long as necessary," she replies firmly.

Dr. Sam reaches out and touches the hands of his brothers and sisters-in-law as he is led back to his cell from his courtroom appearances.

He—as well as the jurors—hopes to be "home for Christmas."

"Oh, there's no place like home for the holiday . . ."