



**Investigation Day 1** Emergency Services received a 911 call reporting a deceased male behind the Yoknapatawpha Acres nursing home. The victim was identified at the scene as Jerry Shaw, an employee of the nursing home.

While detectives were still working the scene, the Oxford Weekly Planet's Crime Beat was breaking the news.

After examining the scene, Detectives Armstrong and Murphy returned to the station to talk with the woman who found the body, someone they'd met before.

**Investigation Day 2** The next morning, after the detectives reviewed CSU's preliminary inventory of evidence from the scene, they spoke to Phil about his late brother.

After lunch, they met with the Yoknapatawpha Acres manager to find out more about Jerry as an employee.

Then they talked to the facility's head nurse about Jerry's workplace performance and interactions.

Next, Detectives Armstrong and Murphy spoke with a nursing assistant who worked with Jerry at the nursing home.

When they talked to nurse Erin Bailey, the detectives got a different perspective on Jerry than they'd heard from other people.

Nurse's aide LaDonna had some tales of her own to tell about Jerry.

### **Investigation Day 3**

Early the following morning, the detectives asked the oxygen delivery guy about his relationship with Jerry, which other witnesses had mentioned.

# Jerry Shaw bio



Jerry Dean Shaw was born July 19, 1988, in Taylor, Mississippi, to Chad and Jane Shaw. Chad owned and operated his own construction business, and Jane worked as an office manager for an insurance company.

Jerry has one sibling, an older brother, Phil. When the boys were old enough, they were left at home to take care of themselves after school while their parents worked.

The Shaws lived in a nice, middle-class neighborhood that had lots of kids to hang around with, but Phil had all the friends. Jerry was the aggressive one.

Neighbors say Jerry bullied all the kids, including his brother, and threatened to beat them up if he didn't get his way. His parents constantly grounded him for his actions, and the punishment would keep Jerry in line for a while.

Throughout his elementary and high school years, Jerry barely scraped by academically and became known as a problem student. He often talked back to the teachers, disrupted his classes, and was rude to the other students.

As a result, he didn't make a lot of friends in high school. He dated a few girls who were attracted to his bad-boy attitude but never had a steady girlfriend.

When Jerry was 12 and Phil was 19, their parents went to Memphis, Tennessee, for the weekend, where they became innocent victims in a drive-by shooting.

After their deaths, Phil did his best to take care of his younger brother and tried to teach him right from wrong. But Jerry resented Phil's attempts to act like his parent, and he ignored Phil's guidance. The brothers soon grew to hate each other.

Their parents left a substantial estate that included insurance and a savings account. Phil used his inheritance to continue his education and build a successful business.

Jerry made it through two years of high school before he dropped out. With the money he inherited, he saw no need to go to school. He spent his time partying, playing poker, and betting on sports.

After he gambled away his legacy, he applied for a job at the Yoknapatawpha Acres nursing home. He had no experience, but the facility hired him and gave him on-the-job training as an orderly. Jerry told friends it was the perfect place for him to work because no one seemed to care whether he worked hard or was nice to anyone there as long as he showed up.

Jerry spent most of his meager income on poker, always chasing the elusive "big win" that he could retire on. In December 2019, he was arrested in a YCSD sting operation, and his case is still awaiting trial. With his gambling income cut off, Jerry started picking up more shifts at the nursing home to make ends meet.

On January 9, 2020, Jerry was found dead near a dumpster behind the Yoknapatawpha Acres nursing home.

## Lynette Martinson interview



Lynette Martinson

Thursday, March 6, 2014 - 9:25 p.m.

Lynette Martinson is a nurse at the Yoknapatawpha Acres nursing home, where Jerry Shaw was also employed.

Detectives Armstrong and Murphy interviewed her at the Yoknapatawpha County Sheriff's Department.

*Participants:*

- Detective T. Armstrong

- Detective S. Murphy
- Lynette Martinson

*Detective Armstrong:* For the record, please state your name and address.

*Lynette Martinson:* Lynette Martinson 122 McRae Drive, Oxford.

*Detective Murphy:* It's nice to see you again, Mrs. Martinson, even under these unfortunate circumstances. How have you been?

*Lynette Martinson:* The last year has been really difficult, but with the Lord's help, I'm doing the best I can.

*Detective Armstrong:* How are the boys? Emanuel must be looking at college soon.

*Lynette Martinson:* He is. I've been encouraging him to consider all the possibilities for where he might go. Wendell would want him to make the most of his opportunities. But right now, Emanuel won't discuss any school but Ole Miss. I think he feels a responsibility to stay here and try to fill his father's shoes.

*Detective Armstrong:* That's understandable. He's a strong-willed young man.

*Lynette Martinson:* Yes, he is. I wish David had a little more of that. His faith is strong, but his heart is still broken.

*Detective Armstrong:* It just takes time. He'll be all right.

*Detective Murphy:* I'm sure you want to get home to them, so why don't we go over what happened today so you can do that?

*Lynette Martinson:* Thank you, yes.

*Detective Murphy:* How well did you know Jerry Shaw, Mrs. Martinson?

*Lynette Martinson:* We worked together. We saw each other almost every day.

*Detective Murphy:* Tell us about how you found Jerry this afternoon.

*Lynette Martinson:* I went outside just to get a breath of fresh air for a minute or two. It's something I usually do during every shift at some point. Taking care of those patients is the Lord's work, but sometimes you just need to take a moment for quiet reflection, you know?

*Detective Armstrong:* Yes, ma'am. So you went outside?

*Lynette Martinson:* Yes. I went out through the kitchen and walked over toward the grassy area. Then I saw someone's feet sticking out on the ground near the dumpster, so I went over to check. When I saw it was Jerry, I thought he had heard me coming out and was playing one of his jokes. I remember thinking I was surprised he could stay so still because that wasn't like him at all.

*Detective Murphy:* And then?

*Lynette Martinson:* Well, the position he was in just didn't look natural, so I leaned over and realized he didn't seem to be breathing. I reached down to find a pulse but couldn't feel one. I knew he was dead. Beyond help.

*Detective Murphy:* How?

*Lynette Martinson:* I've been a nurse for a long time. There's a look the body gets when life is over and no medical intervention can help, when the soul has gone. You must know the look I mean. I think he probably passed away before I got there.

*Detective Armstrong:* How long would you say?

*Lynette Martinson:* I'm not a pathologist. I wouldn't want to say.

*Detective Armstrong:* Just your opinion based on your years of experience. We're not asking you to give an official estimate.

*Lynette Martinson:* Well... I'd say at least half an hour before I found him or thereabouts. Maybe more.

*Detective Murphy:* What do you remember about how the area looked when you got there?

*Lynette Martinson:* The dumpster was close to the curb like it usually is. Jerry's head was between the dumpster and the curb. He was lying on his back, and there was trash all around the area. I didn't see any blood.

*Detective Murphy:* Did you see anyone else back there?

*Lynette Martinson:* No.

*Detective Armstrong:* When was the last time you saw Jerry before that?

*Lynette Martinson:* I'm not sure. I saw him in the halls a few times during the day, but I can't say exactly when.

*Detective Armstrong:* How would you characterize your relationship with him?

*Lynette Martinson:* We were co-workers, but we weren't friendly.

*Detective Armstrong:* Why not?

*Lynette Martinson:* I don't like to speak ill of the dead, but... Jerry had no respect for women at all. Some of the things he said to me and the other women who work there were just disgusting.

*Detective Murphy:* Did he ask you out?

*Lynette Martinson:* Never. He just made lewd remarks. He always stood too close or lingered too long, things like that. I think he was involved with another employee.

*Detective Murphy:* Who is that?

*Lynette Martinson:* Sylvia Powell. She's another nurse.

*Detective Murphy:* What makes you think they were involved?

*Lynette Martinson:* Just the way she looked at him. It was pathetic, really. I didn't get the sense that he cared for her as much as she cared for him.

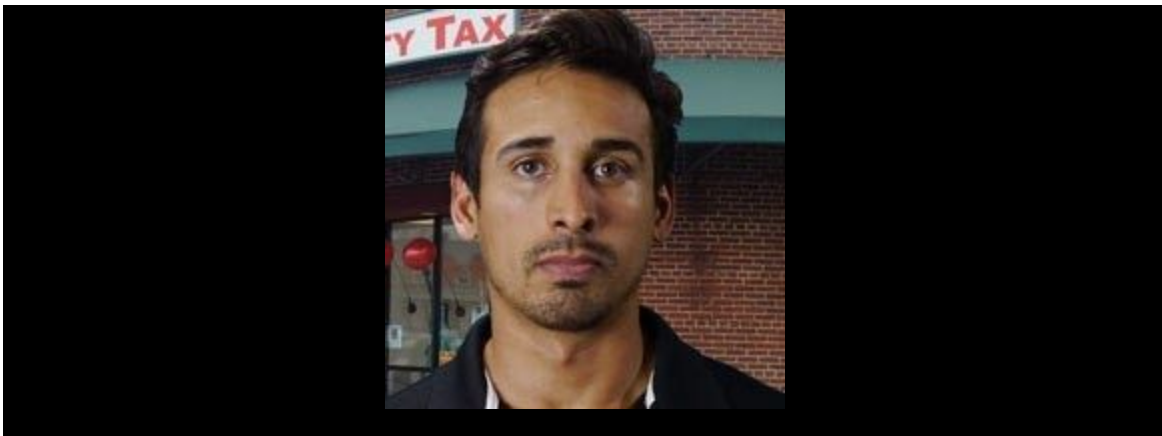
*Detective Armstrong:* Is there anyone at Yoknapatawpha Acres who might've wanted to get rid of Jerry?

*Lynette Martinson:* There are probably a lot of people who hoped he'd be fired. But I don't think anyone would physically hurt him if that's what you mean.

*Detective Murphy:* Thank you very much, Mrs. Martinson. We really appreciate your time. We may need to talk to you about this again. Would that be okay?

*Lynette Martinson:* Of course. Anything I can do to help.

## Phil Shaw interview



Phil Shaw

Friday, January 10, 2020 – 11:01 a.m.

Phillip Shaw and his brother, Jerry, were estranged at the time of Jerry's death.

Detectives Armstrong and Murphy interviewed him at the Yoknapatawpha County Sheriff's Department.

*Participants:*

- Detective T. Armstrong
- Detective S. Murphy

- Phil Shaw

*Detective Armstrong:* Morning.

*Phil Shaw:* Hi. You want to ask me questions about Jerry, right?

*Detective Armstrong:* Yes, we do, but first, would you state your name and address?

*Phil Shaw:* Why not? My name is Phillip Shaw, but just call me Phil. I live at 380 Vivian Street, here in Oxford.

*Detective Armstrong:* Now, we can begin. Do you know of any physical condition that would make your brother, Jerry, pass away without warning?

*Phil Shaw:* Ha! Contrariness maybe?

*Detective Armstrong:* That sounds like you didn't get along with your brother.

*Phil Shaw:* Yep, you hit the nail on the head for sure.

*Detective Armstrong:* Well, do you know of anyone who would want to harm him in any way?

*Phil Shaw:* I imagine that list would be very long. I doubt he made a lot of money at the job he had, so he must've had some way to make extra money. Probably stole it.

*Detective Murphy:* A lot of people work as orderlies or aides and seem to do okay. Why not Jerry?

*Phil Shaw:* Would you want to do that job? Jerry could have done much better, but he was lazy and no-account. I mean, did you see the garbage out back of that nursing home? It was disgusting, but if Jerry is the one in charge of taking out the trash, it's exactly what I'd expect. I would think the manager would have had a lot to say about that negligence unless he didn't care either.

*Detective Murphy:* You've been to the nursing home?

*Phil Shaw:* Never. No reason to.

*Detective Murphy:* But you saw garbage behind it?

*Phil Shaw:* I saw a photo of it on the Internet. It's the Digital Age. Everything is on the Internet now.

*Detective Murphy:* Uh-huh. Did you see your brother often, Phil?

*Phil Shaw:* Are you kidding? We haven't seen each other in years. I don't approve of his work ethic or the choices he made in his life, and he knew it. And he couldn't stand the thought that I had made something of myself. Jealous.

*Detective Armstrong:* What kind of work do you do that would make him envious of you?

*Phil Shaw:* I went to the university, and now I have my own business: Shaw's Tax and Accounting Service. I'm also preparing to open my real estate business. Jerry, on the other hand, never did a hard day's work in his life. The way he was going, he would've ended up on skid row somewhere.

*Detective Armstrong:* Maybe he could've gone to work for you?

*Phil Shaw:* Are you kidding? I wasn't going to take care of him. Our parents left both of us enough money to get an education. I used mine for just that, but Jerry squandered his.

*Detective Murphy:* How did he do that?

*Phil Shaw:* He was a degenerate gambler. He was so sure he could make a living at gambling. I tried to convince him that would never work out, but he wouldn't listen. He was too stubborn and headstrong, and that's how he wound up working in a nursing home as a flunky. He made his own bed, as it were, and now he makes other people's. Or did.

*Detective Murphy:* When was the last time you talked to him?

*Phil Shaw:* He called me last month. Wanted to know if I would help him get an attorney because he'd gotten himself arrested.

*Detective Murphy:* Did you?

*Phil Shaw:* I told him public defenders were invented for people like him. It was his mess, and he needed to get himself out of it.

*Detective Armstrong:* Do you know anything about Jerry's life or acquaintances? Did he ever speak of any friends or enemies he may have had?

*Phil Shaw:* Like I said, Jerry and I didn't really have any contact except when he wanted something. By the way, how did you find out that he had a brother? I can't imagine him mentioning me to anyone. I sure didn't let anyone know that he was my brother. It was embarrassing.

*Detective Armstrong:* Were you embarrassed enough to want him out of the way?

*Phil Shaw:* Jerry was already out of my way. I didn't need to do a thing.

*Detective Armstrong:* Just for our records, where were you yesterday between 2:00 and 4:00 p.m.?

*Phil Shaw:* I was at work, of course.

*Detective Armstrong:* Can anyone confirm that?

*Phil Shaw:* My receptionist. My clerk. I'm sure I spoke with some clients on the phone. If you're wondering whether I did something to cause Jerry's death, I wouldn't bother. He wasn't a part of my life anymore, not for years. Now, if you're finished with me, I need to get back to the office.

*Detective Murphy:* Thank you for your time, Mr. Shaw. We'll contact you to schedule our next interview.

*Phil Shaw:* What else do we have to talk about?

*Detective Murphy:* You're the next of kin, sir. It's only natural that we'd need to follow up with you.

*Phil Shaw:* Fine. But we're done for now?



*Detective Murphy:* Yes. We'll be in touch.

Interview ended - 11:27 a.m.

## Richard Landrigan interview



Richard Landrigan

Friday, January 10, 2020 – 1:25 p.m.

Richard Landrigan is the manager of the Yoknapatawpha Acres nursing home, where Jerry Shaw was employed.

Detectives Armstrong and Murphy interviewed him at the Yoknapatawpha County Sheriff's Department.

### *Participants:*

- Detective T. Armstrong
- Detective S. Murphy
- Richard D. Landrigan

*Detective Armstrong:* Would you please state your name and address for the record?

*Richard Landrigan:* Absolutely. My name is Richard Dean Landrigan, and I live at 262 Woodlawn Drive, Oxford. Just down the road from the nursing home.

*Detective Armstrong:* Thank you for coming in. We realize you're a busy man.

*Richard Landrigan:* What is that supposed to mean? Do you think I'm not busy?

*Detective Armstrong:* You're the manager at Yoknapatawpha Acres, aren't you?

*Richard Landrigan:* You know I am. Can we cut the bull and get down to what you asked me here for?

*Detective Murphy:* Richard, Jerry Shaw was an employee of yours, and we want to talk to you about him. What kind of worker was he?

*Richard Landrigan:* That's more like it. I'd much rather talk to a pretty lady like yourself than be harassed by Detective Armstrong here. Jerry was kind of a slacker. He did his job. He just never did it well. He was satisfied to do as little as possible.

*Detective Armstrong:* Sounds like he had some things in common with his boss.

*Richard Landrigan:* What are you talking about?

*Detective Armstrong:* We know that you've been cited in the past for safety violations. There was garbage all around the dumpster where Shaw's body was found. Wouldn't it be your job to make sure things like that didn't happen?

*Richard Landrigan:* Do you have any idea how hard it is to get things done when the employees have no respect for you? I tell them what to do. I've even printed up worksheets for the orderlies. It was actually Jerry's job to keep the area around the dumpster clean. Kind of ironic, isn't it?

*Detective Armstrong:* And if I told you the word on the street is that care at your nursing home is sub-standard, what would you say?

*Richard Landrigan:* I'd say whoever told you that is a liar. Our patients are very well cared for.

*Detective Murphy:* Tell us about the working conditions at the nursing home.

*Richard Landrigan:* They aren't perfect. Many of our patients—I mean, residents—are bedridden, and it can be hard to care for them in that state. They're like babies, except they weigh a whole lot more. It takes considerable strength to care for them. Many of them also have no control over their bladders or bowels.

*Detective Armstrong:* What's your point?

*Richard Landrigan:* My point is it takes a special kind of person to perform these duties. If anyone says it's an easy job, they're ignorant. It's not uncommon for employees to get burned out or unhappy sometimes. We do the best we can to keep morale up. And sure, the place is several decades old at this point, but we're renovating as we can. It can't all get done overnight.

*Detective Murphy:* Do you think it's the nursing home's fault that Jerry is dead?

*Richard Landrigan:* Absolutely not! I think he went out to clean up the area like he was supposed to. But he had let it go too long, and when he saw the mess he had to clean up, he fainted. It was his own fault. He shouldn't have let it get in that condition in the first place.

*Detective Armstrong:* Fainted? Was Shaw prone to fainting spells?

*Richard Landrigan:* No. It's just my thought.

*Detective Armstrong:* To your knowledge, had he ever fainted before on the job or anywhere else?

*Richard Landrigan:* Not that I'm aware of.

*Detective Armstrong:* Uh-huh.

*Detective Murphy:* How did you and Jerry Shaw get along?

*Richard Landrigan:* We weren't best buds if that's what you mean. We didn't hang out after work or anything like that.

*Detective Murphy:* Forgive me, but you don't seem upset that he is dead.

*Richard Landrigan:* It's sad when someone passes on, of course, but as far as Jerry, in particular, I won't miss him in the workplace. Maybe now I can hire someone who will actually do their job.

*Detective Armstrong:* Do you know of anyone who would benefit from his death?

*Richard Landrigan:* No, I do not. Like I said, we weren't close.

*Detective Murphy:* Where were you when Jerry died?

*Richard Landrigan:* I'm not sure. I was in the dining room having a cup of coffee when Lynette found me and told me Jerry was dead. Before that, I was in my office working on billing statements.

*Detective Armstrong:* Okay, thanks again for your time. I'm sure we'll be talking again. Soon.

*Richard Landrigan:* Good day, Detective Murphy.

Interview ended – 1:53 p.m.

# Evidence inventory

## YOKNAPATAWPHA COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

*Investigating Officer(s):* Det. T. Armstrong, Det. S. Murphy

*Incident No.:* 000183-09A-2020

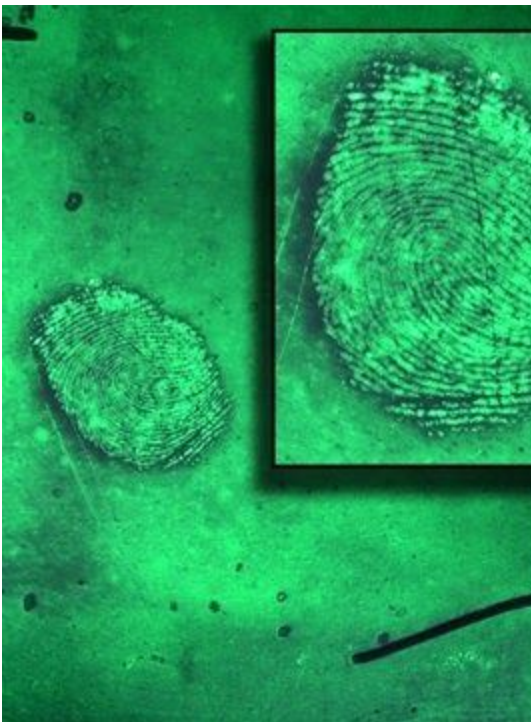
*Case Description:* Jerry Shaw death investigation

The following items were taken into evidence from the scene of an unexplained death behind the Yoknapatawpha Acres nursing home at 1305 Belk Boulevard.

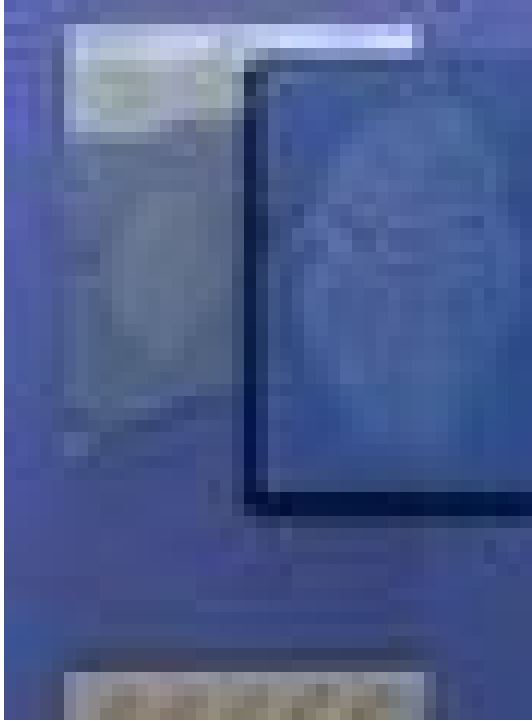
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#### Collected from the Yoknapatawpha Acres death scene

- 000183-01: One (1) 8-ounce paper cup, white with flower decoration, recovered 3" east of the victim's left hip, 1/8" west of the curb
- 000183-02: One (1) Shipley Do-Nuts receipt, recovered 6" north-northeast of the victim's left foot, 1/8" west of the curb
  - Purchases listed:
    - One (1) Big Earl sausage and cheese kolache
    - One (1) strawberry filled donut
    - One (1) chocolate iced donut
    - One (1) coffee
- 000183-03 through 000183-04: Two (2) samples of organic material recovered southeast of the victim's left foot
- 000183-05: One (1) cell phone, recovered from pocket on victim's right pants leg

- 000183-06 through 000183-11: Six (6) full and partial latent fingerprints recovered from the east side of the dumpster



philipmorris.info

