

**Jabez Balfour
Analyses
The Ripper
Murders**

THE CASEBOOK
Examiner
issue three
August 2010

**Mortuary
Timelines:
A Look At
The Details**

J. G. Simons

JACK THE RIPPER STUDIES, TRUE CRIME & L.V.P. SOCIAL HISTORY

ARISE!

SIR ROBERT ANDERSON

John Malcolm asks for our objectivity

DISASTER!

ON THE THAMES

Adam Went remembers the forgotten hundreds



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The arrest of Stephen Griffiths in late May for the murder of three prostitutes in Bradford, England, was the cause of a major ripple in the Ripperological community when it was revealed that the 40-year-old was a criminology graduate student at Bradford University whose Ph.D. thesis was supposedly about Jack the Ripper. Indeed, one could almost hear our collective gasps at the news as we immediately wondered “Do I know him? Have I perhaps read his posts on *Casebook*, have I even chatted with him at one time or another?” Certainly, given the initial reports, such reactions were rife and with good reason.

seem that most of us have been spared the taint of any “guilt by association.” As far as we know, Griffiths was likely not among the many we meet daily on message boards or in chat rooms under one or another seemingly benign pseudonym. Of course, that does beg the question of how anyone could be a serious student of the Ripper murders, far less a doctoral candidate in the field, without having

clowns learned to their embarrassment with John Wayne Gacy. Even the rather rarified and cerebral world of international chess was once rocked by the news that it had harbored a violent murderer in

DODGING ANOTHER

DON SOUDEN ONE

As it is, our fears have since abated quite a bit and absent any new revelations when the case goes to trial it would

assiduously read *Casebook*, if not actually having taken up “residence” there. As the world seems to coarsen with every passing day, a murderer in our midst is a potential problem that any group must now reluctantly face, as both the Chicago-area Democratic Party and that city’s loose-knit community of amateur

the person of International Master Raymond Weinstein.

A classmate of one-time world champion Robert J. Fischer at Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn, Weinstein was an up and coming star in the firmament of the chess elite, with notable victories over a select group of Grandmasters. And, while he never defeated Fischer, he did draw one tournament game against him, a feat reserved for a very favored few, indeed. He was considered a worthy foe for anyone and in an ultimately ill-



BRADFORD POLICE USE DOGS TO LOOK FOR MORE BODIES.

MARK DAVIS PHOTOGRAPHY



FORENSICS TEAM COMB THE AREA FOR POSSIBLE EVIDENCE.

MARK DAVIS PHOTOGRAPHY

crafted discussion of Weinstein's chess talents, a February 1964 *British Chess Magazine* story lauded his "ruthless killer instinct" at the chessboard. Ouch!

Happily, as far as I know, my closest brush with a murderer (or chess master for that matter) is probably a full six degrees of separation but not so for lesser miscreants. Among those with whom I played baseball were at least four who served time: one for corporate embezzlement, one for domestic violence, another for menacing with a loaded shotgun and the last, who served

both state and federal time, for being a drug dealer's chauffeur. The domestic violence incident was the most bizarre in that the beater called me at 6 am to see if I would pay his bail in time for a tournament championship game that afternoon. Even if I were so inclined (and I surely wasn't) I certainly didn't have that kind of money. Instead, he remained in a cell, his partner (bruises and all) came to the game to root for the rest of us and we succeeded in winning in grand fashion.

All that said, the Griffiths' case

serves as a real reminder to all of us in a field that deals with the world's most notorious serial killer that we can never be sure with whom we are dealing. For many, our first virtual trip to a Ripper forum was fraught with apprehension: Would the site be filled with all manner of ghouls, each more driven by a perfer-vid blood lust than the previous as they minutely examined the photographs of each poor victim's wounds? As we all quickly learned, however, that is hardly the case with any of the mainstream sites and publications in the field.

Instead, newcomers and outsiders alike are always impressed by the generally scholarly tone of discourse and the fact that the most emotional arguments will usually involve such “sordid” topics as some suspect’s second cousin’s first wife’s maiden name.

Oh, there have been moments when the usual standards of propriety appear in danger of being breached. We can all, I am sure, recall the occasional new poster who will arrive on the scene ready to discuss the nuances of street-corner surgery with a machete as opposed to a

chainsaw. They tend to have a posting name like “I♥kutting-em,” have trouble even spelling single-letter words and their first post is invariably the plaintive hope that there are some “really good new photos of the Kelly murder.” And that is probably their best — and certainly most intelligible — post. Hard to believe, but it is all downhill from there.

Good thing is that these misfits stop messaging rather quickly. Whether that is because their incessant drooling while they type shorts out their keyboards or they simply become bored because the

rest of us are, in one way or another, serious students of a many decades old mystery, is immaterial. Though, I suspect it is for the latter reason. And, as more than one poster suggested on *Casebook* after Griffiths’ arrest, he *might* have arrived one fine day, had a look at the threads, dissertations, reviews and publications and decided we were all much too tame for someone of his perverse yearnings. If so, we were lucky, but it might well be good to be careful in the future and in the meantime take comfort in the fact that...

...WE ARE SUCH A COMMUNITY OF DULLARDS.

ADDENDUM

Just about the time we were ready to lock up the galleys and publish, word was received about the arrest and subsequent guilty plea and incarceration of a noted Ripperologist, the Rev. Andrew Spallek, on federal charges of possession of child pornography. As Spallek was active in many endeavors

and fields of research, his crimes are not a stain just on Ripperology, as may be the case with Griffiths. He does, however, underscore the dangers of the modern Internet world in which we never know for sure with whom we are dealing.

For an even closer brush with serial killer Stephen Griffiths read the letter to the editor from Mark Davis on page 102 of this issue.

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The Complete Mystery of Jack the Ripper

John Malcolm

and Sir Robert Anderson's Definitely Ascertained Flaws

Are we to be content to settle it by blindly joining the biggest crowd? Or are we to yield to whichever authority presents its claims with the greatest arrogance?

Sir Robert Anderson¹

It is commonly accepted within the “Jack the Ripper” community that the comments made by Sir Robert Anderson regarding the identity of the criminal forever branded with the aforementioned nickname offer up not only an entire school of red herring, but a blatant and scandalous

misrepresentation of the facts presently known and unknown of the Whitechapel murders. So it is concluded that Anderson’s “Polish Jew theory” can only be one of three things: a sincere belief based on a personal idea that had solidified over time; a delusional “wish-dream” of advancing age; or an out-and-out lie, either to absolve him from apparent failure, boost his reputation or sell his books. And this would mean, of course, that those who choose to pursue this avenue of research are doomed to dead-ends

and disappointment.

The arguments used to diminish the words of Sir Robert are manifest. And the preponderance of anti-Anderson sentiment, from Anderson’s contemporaries to today’s most respected authors and researchers (as well as informed and intelligent enthusiasts) is weighty indeed and the verdict nearly unanimous, and this seems to leave us with little choice but to dismiss this sad old man and his “fairy tales”. Any attempt to counter these conclusions therefore would presumably be futile.

1. *The Bible or the Church?*

So the following will presumably be an exercise in futility.

(This article is not meant to be seen as an endorsement of Sir Robert Anderson's "theory". The goal is to clear away some of the rotting refuse that has built up around the "definitely ascertained fact" and return to square one, allowing for a clear, hard and fresh look at what may, in the end, turn out to be the simplest and most obvious solution.)

In attempting to support or refute the claims against Anderson, it is important to understand the critics as well as the origins of the criticisms. Among Anderson's contemporaries, Metropolitan Police Inspectors Frederick Abberline and Edmund Reid, Chief Inspector John Littlechild, Sir Melville Macnaghten and (most vociferously) Major Henry Smith, Assistant Commissioner of the City of London Police (Acting Commissioner at the time of the murders and later Commissioner), were amongst those who voiced doubt,

appeared to offer contradictory opinions or flatly rejected Anderson's comments. Also, the content of Anderson's memoirs were a topic of debate in Parliament that brought about negative comments from a young Winston Churchill, and the editor of *The Jewish Chronicle* was highly critical as well. These examples are well known today in Ripper circles and are commonly cited as valid reasons to disbelieve or strongly doubt that the murderer's identity was a "definitely ascertained fact".

Anderson's overall credibility and veracity come into question frequently, for example his involvement in the "Parnellism and Crime" articles that appeared in *The Times* and later his apparent meddling in the Rose Mylett case (although it looks as if that was at Monro's urging), which cast further doubt on the character of the former Assistant Commissioner. Anderson also appears to contradict himself on occasion. And there seems to be a glaring contradiction in Anderson's statements

regarding the murder of Alice McKenzie and police opinion as to the connection with the previous Whitechapel murders.² Of more immediate concern here, however, is the question of how it is that these criticisms have come to dominate the current debates as to whether or not the police really did know the identity of the criminal and why the conclusions are so one-sided: the answer may just lie in what many today consider to be the ultimate narrative on Jack the Ripper.

Perhaps the most thoroughly researched assessment of the Whitechapel murders to date, Philip Sugden's *The Complete History of Jack the Ripper* (first published in 1994 and subsequently updated in 2002), is still likely the most highly regarded and one of the most trusted and influential sources for students of the case. To target this book may appear ungrateful or even "blasphemous", for Mr. Sugden's work does deserve the high praise it has received for the thoroughness of his research, the clear organization of

2. From a footnote in *The Lighter Side of My Official Life*: "I am here assuming that the murder of Alice M'Kenzie on the 17th of July, 1889, was by another hand. I was absent from London when it occurred, but the Chief Commissioner investigated the case on the spot and decided that it was an ordinary murder, and not the work of a sexual maniac." But in a report addressed to the Permanent Under Secretary of State dated 17th July 1889, James Monro, Chief Commissioner of Police states "As soon as I received a telegram announcing the commission of the crime I started about 3 am for the spot...I need not say that every effort will be made by the Police to discover the murderer, who, I am inclined to believe is identical with the notorious "Jack the Ripper" of last year."



INSPECTOR FREDERICK ABBERLINE



MAJOR HENRY SMITH,
ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER
OF THE CITY OF LONDON POLICE



SIR MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN

the known facts and his lucid evaluation of the evidence. Unfortunately, it has also cemented the opinions of the author together with the demonstrable facts in a dangerous and damaging way, if only in one particular and isolated chapter, “Caged in an Asylum: Aaron Kosminski”. This chapter is dangerous insofar as Mr. Sugden’s assumptions are confidently put forth

to be corrected, opened previously locked doors, and given us a wealth of information to ingest, but for one of those who finds his speculations questionable it has left an indigestible brick that sits heavy and injurious. Tracing the current anti-Anderson campaign to this particular work may be unfair, but if it is not the origin, it is certainly complicit in establishing the negative light

infamous murderer known as Jack the Ripper was a “definitely ascertained fact”. To these ends Sugden fills the gaps and incautiously speculates as to the origins of Anderson’s “theory”.

It is the opinion of the author of this article that it has been to the detriment of truth-seeking “Ripperologists”, for the growth of enlightenment has been stunted by the sheer mass of anti-

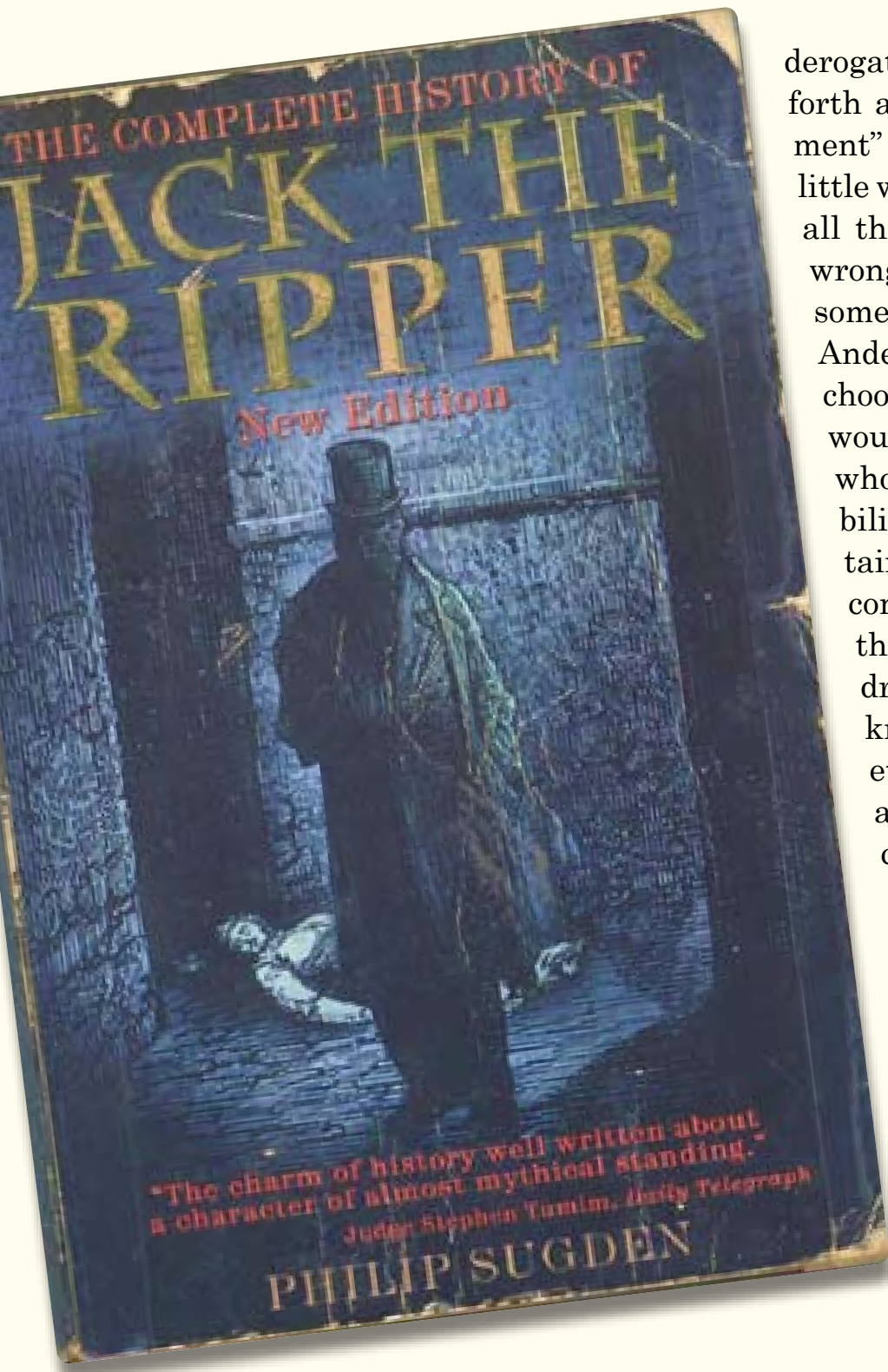
THIS FAULTY VIEW HAS DEALT A SERIOUS BLOW TO OBJECTIVE STUDY...

as definitive, and damaging because it effectively persuades the reader to disregard what quite possibly could be the best clues and *only* avenue (“if my conjectures be correct”) that merits our full attention. This, of course, would be the collective statements of Sir Robert Anderson regarding the identity of the Whitechapel murderer.

The Complete History of Jack the Ripper has corrected much that needed

in which Anderson is most often cast. This faulty view has dealt a serious blow to objective study, the repercussions of which have grown to grotesque proportions, perhaps sparking a bevy of unnecessary wild goose chases. It is within the pages of this book that the oft-repeated phrases “addle-headed nonsense” and “wish-dreams” appear in relation to Anderson’s stated and restated claims that the identity of the

Anderson propaganda that is trotted out every time a suggestion is made that Mr. Anderson may have known what he was talking about. These anti-Anderson minions are quick to produce enough words and “shut-down” rhetoric to clog every bog in the East End. To point out apparent contradictions and offer alternative suggestions are welcome and necessary functions, but to paint exaggerated,



derogatory and personal remarks put forth as “the other side of the argument” only serves to distort what little we know of “the truth.”³ Placing all the blame on Sugden would be wrong and to suggest that there is some occult conspiracy to denigrate Anderson and the authors who choose to give his words credence would be far-fetched. But those who staunchly deny any possibility of this “definitely ascertained fact” are stuttering and constipated. They bash us over the head with the same “wish-dreams”, “...only thought he knew”, “so-and-so disagreed”, etc until we are numb or driven away, effectively killing any civil debate.

So let’s explore some of the specific examples of how

this esteemed scholar and historian has potentially led us astray:

*The records demonstrate that the memories of our police informants were faulty even on the most basic facts.*⁴

This is where Sugden throws his objectivity out the window and sets the table for his destruction of Anderson, although he is referring specifically to Macnaghten (1894) and, apparently, Swanson (c.1910). (This clearly demonstrates that he accepts the Swanson marginalia as genuine or he has not considered arguments otherwise.)⁵ As far as the Memorandum goes, there are demonstrable errors with regard to Macnaghten’s “preferred” suspect, Montague John Drutt, and also, it would at first appear, in regard to “Kosminski”, so the value of this “evidence” must be viewed with caution. “Kosminski was not admitted to Colney

3. Efforts by such esteemed “Ripperologists” as Stewart P. Evans (in particular) to produce the “dirt” on Anderson have apparently been misused and misconstrued by those who categorically dismiss Anderson’s words; and wielded like a hammer to smash the truth out of context.

4. *The Complete History of Jack the Ripper*; Philip Sugden; Carroll & Graf (2002);p. 401

5. There has been some discussion lately concerning the provenance of Swanson’s marginalia, which ultimately could influence the interpretations of Anderson’s words, but thus far there has been no credible explanation as to why the marginalia (or parts of) would have been forged. Removing the marginalia from consideration altogether would not make Anderson’s claims any more or any less credible regardless.



COLNEY HATCH

Hatch in 1889 but in 1891.” Correct, but Macnaghten does not specify Colney Hatch, which leaves open the possibility that “Kosminski” *could have* been temporarily incarcerated elsewhere. Swanson is clearly wrong (if in fact his Kosminski was Aaron) about the suspect’s death “shortly

after” his incarceration. Either way, in light of questions of provenance or of the source of Swanson’s information, it is premature to accuse Swanson of a “faulty” memory, in this case at least. No Anderson errors are cited directly relative to the “facts” of the case, but there is basis for accusing Sir Robert

Anderson of possessing a “faulty” memory. Sugden uses as an example Anderson’s statement of the time-frame of the house-to-house search in relation to his “holiday”. But, thanks to the researches of author Alan Sharp, it is documented that Anderson *was*, in fact “abroad” at the time he states, not

relative to his sick-leave, but having to do with the fact that Anderson was attending the funeral of his father in Ireland. We need not bother to discuss Major Sir Henry Smith's memory, as his memoirs are riddled with questionable and demonstrably inaccurate details; we can, however, attach some significance to his opinions of Sir Robert Anderson and his "theory", as he certainly was a contemporaneous witness and in a position of privilege.

Another example of a Sugden error is his statement (really an assumption) that Woolf Abrahams was Aaron Kosminski's brother-in-law⁶. We now know that he was, in fact, Aaron's brother. Certainly, with the confusion surrounding surnames, a forgivable error, but one nonetheless and no such courtesy was extended to Anderson, if in fact he made *any* demonstrable errors regarding his "suspect".

*Of particular interest to us is any disposition Kosminski may have exhibited towards violence. Our evidence is pretty conclusive on this point.*⁷

Maurice Whitfield, Relieving Officer for the Western District of Mile End Old Town, states "explicitly" that

Aaron Kosminski was not a danger to himself or to others, "despite", according to Sugden, the fact that he [Kosminski] had threatened his sister with a knife. So why was he not considered to be a danger to himself or others? Well, maybe because he was not allowed access to knives in the workhouse or Colney Hatch. And if the attendants at either of the institutions were unaware of his possible involvement in the Whitechapel murders, they would have been as unsuspecting as the prostitutes who were previously murdered. Sugden goes on to recount and acknowledge Kosminski's occasional violence while at Colney Hatch, citing a particular case note "Incoherent; at times excited & violent — a few days ago he took up a chair, and attempted to strike the charge attendant;..." Although this would seem to contradict Whitfield's assessment of Kosminski as "not dangerous to others", Sugden stresses that "The case notes strongly suggest that their assessment was right." Because "only one" case note refers to violent tendencies, it is inferred that this was an anomalous entry

and therefore insignificant in any assessment of Kosminski's tendencies. And as "at times excited and violent" would appear to suggest that Kosminski exhibited these behaviors on multiple occasions, it would seem that using the infrequency of notes of violence to determine the violent capabilities of Kosminski, past and present would be, at best, inadequate. There are no records of violence in Kosminski's Leavesden files, and a description of Kosminski as "harmless" are observations again used in support of the suggestion of a non-violent nature in Kosminski, although this conclusion is arrived at without benefit of any notes from 1894 until 1910 — a frustrating gap in the records. Confusingly, the author later refers to Kosminski in relation to Montague John Drutt:

*Evidence of a violent disposition, lacking altogether in the case of Drutt, is there for all to read in Kosminski's record.*⁸

But before that,

*And there is no evidence of malice or cunning.*⁹

Maybe it wasn't dark enough, or

6. Aaron Kosminski's two older brothers had changed their surname to Abrahams shortly after coming to England. 7. Sugden; *op. cit.*; p.403 8. *Ibid.*; p.408

maybe there weren't any prostitutes in his company while confined.

*It is from such arid medical data that we must of necessity reconstruct the last days of the man Sir Robert Anderson insisted was Jack the Ripper.*¹⁰

As far as is known, Anderson never mentioned Kosminski by name, so this is another assumption put forth as definitive, and yet another example of simplifying for the sake of suggestion. This is a fair assumption, but again, only an assumption.

*. . . Kosminski was unique among major Whitechapel murder suspects — he was the only one against whom any direct evidence linking him with the crimes was ever adduced. This evidence, of course, was the positive identification of a witness mentioned both by Anderson and Swanson and the credibility of the case against the Polish Jew rests almost entirely upon it.*¹¹

This seems to be very opaque reasoning. A sufficient or compelling

circumstantial case against the Polish Jew would have had to have been made before the attempted identification to warrant such apparent deviation from policy as has been suggested or assumed. There *must* have been other or even “many circs” surrounding this suspect to support the supposed contention that the murderer had been discovered. Simply whisking away some poor lunatic on a hunch is an outrageous contention. And just who was this witness?

*. . . there are sufficient clues in the police evidence for us to determine his identity with reasonable certainty.*¹²

He is speaking of Joseph Lawende, the Mitre Square witness. This may not be an unreasonable suggestion, but it is a far cry from certainty. Among other assumptions, Sugden neatly surmises Macnaghten's mention of a City PC witness in the Mitre Square case as a “hazy memory”, juxtaposing the Stride and Eddowes murders. Fair enough again, but again a hazy assumption,

among many, although all relevant to this subject. And to reiterate, the Macnaghten memorandum is rife with factual mistakes, but it is important to keep in context the fact that it was never used for its supposed intention¹³, and its worth has been undoubtedly exaggerated if not only because of the simple lack of better clues with which we have to work.

*And Swanson's revelation that it was the City CID who watched Kosminski's house points unmistakably at Lawende.*¹⁴

This ignorantly dispenses with all the complexities involving overlapping investigations and categorically excludes any other possibilities. The author then, of necessity, weighs in on Israel Schwartz and quite confidently explains how he could not have been the witness by marrying a jumbled mix of details to his own conviction that it had to be Lawende. Certainly Schwartz was in a better position to be able to identify Stride's assailant than

9. *Ibid.*; p. 404 10. *Ibid.*; p, 405 11. *Ibid.* 12. *Ibid.*

13. It is, to this day, unclear as to exactly why the memorandum was crafted. It may have been prepared exclusively for the Home Office, or it may have been intended as a blanket response to the Press. Something not often discussed is that, as Anderson's subordinate, Macnaghten may have penned it on Anderson's request- certainly it would have had to be at least sanctioned by Anderson, if it were ever to be used for any official purpose.

14. Sugden; *op. cit.*; p. 407.

Lawende was to identify Eddowes'. This doesn't factor into the equation.

*Furthermore, if the man Schwartz claimed to have seen attacking Stride in Berner Street really did call out 'Lipski!' he is unlikely to have been, as Kosminski unquestionably was, a Jew.*¹⁵

Of course this is assuming that a Jew would not use an obviously anti-Semitic slur against a coreligionist. This same line of reasoning is used in relation to the Goulston Street Graffito, which then would require a consensus on the intended meaning of the chalk-written message; which there was not then and this certainly would not apply now; Under Secretary Godfrey Lushington, in a letter to Sir Charles Warren wrote: "It seems to me . . . that the last murder was done by a Jew who boasted of it."

. . . *Anderson . . . upon which*

*these accusations have been founded is repeatedly and demonstrably inaccurate and misleading.*¹⁶

Misleading *only* if the majority of Sugden's assessments are accurate; so, lacking any real supporting evidence, it is Sugden who appears to be misleading — *repeatedly and demonstrably* misleading.

*We had better start with that crucial identification of Kosminski by Lawende.*¹⁷

*Hypothetical identification of Kosminski by Lawende.*¹⁸

*And how confident was Lawende in the result?*¹⁹

Again, a misleading and hypothetical question.

*. . . the little that we do know, or can deduce, sheds great doubt upon the worth of Lawende's evidence.*²⁰

If the author had said "the

witness's" evidence, it would have at least relieved the statement of its prejudice.

Mr. Sugden subsequently accuses Anderson of forming an opinion which had solidified over time; but, in the case of Sugden's *opinion* that Lawende was the witness, his "theory" becomes "fact" over the course of this one chapter! Certainly "the little that we do know" does not lead to any firm deductions.

Positively identifying the "Seaside Home" of the Marginalia as the Convalescent Police Seaside Home in Hove also may be jumping the gun. (There were numerous "convalescent homes", seaside and otherwise, including specifically Jewish homes, but none have yet been found that fit better, or at all. One such home, The Jewish Seaside Convalescent Home, also at Hove, was opened in May 1891.²¹)

15. *Ibid* 16. *Ibid.*; pp. 408-9 17. *Ibid.*; p. 409

18. Israel Schwartz seems to disappear after his statement to the police and subsequent interview with the *Star* newspaper. There is no record of him appearing as a witness at the inquest of Elizabeth Stride, so it is very tempting to assume that the police had lost faith in his testimony. It is curious that his story was not picked up by other newspapers. One possible explanation, which would seem entirely plausible, is that his testimony was suppressed by the police. Coroner Wynne Baxter had frayed the relationship between the coroner's office and the police in his handling of the Chapman inquest, and according to Charles Tempest Clarkson (a retired policeman) and J. Hall Richardson in *Police!* (1889): "It depends very much upon the coroner as to the value of his inquiry. He may, or may not, receive the aid of the police in collecting his witnesses." This may be especially significant insofar as it is clear that the police were in no way obligated to supply the Coroner with either witnesses or, presumably, information.

19. Sugden; *op. cit.*; p. 409 20. *Ibid.*



POLICE SEASIDE
HOME HOVE

This is not necessarily an unlikely suggestion. But again, the following conclusions suggest strongly that the author has no doubt of the provenance of Swanson's jottings, although Swanson's integrity is called into question: "If Swanson is to be believed . . ."

Sugden's chronology of the events surrounding the identification is certainly plausible, and all of his subsequent speculation is not incredible, but foggy generalizations mixed with a clear goal of demolishing the "Polish Jew theory" do not amount to much. He then

evokes the Lipski case and implies that the identification of Israel Lipski that took place in the hospital looked suspiciously like a set-up; so there is the inference that the "supposed" identification of Kosminski also may be suspect. Thought must be given to the

21. Eugene C. Black, *The Social Politics of Anglo-Jewry 1880-1920*.

potential consequences of convicting or committing the wrong man, especially as the Whitechapel murderer. This would have been a public relations disaster, as the murders would quite possibly have continued.

If Lawende was the witness who identified “Anderson’s suspect”, and if he was also, in fact, used in subsequent attempts at identifying others, then without doubt there are serious issues that might take a Houdini from which to escape. But it must be stressed here that the point is that it is premature to base conclusions built upon layers (however neat and tidy) of unchallenged speculation.

. . . *Lawende insisted repeatedly that he would not be able to recognize the man again. The contemporary records leave us in absolutely no doubt of it.*²²

So “I doubt whether I should know him again” should be interpreted as “I couldn’t possibly ever recognize him”? That’s definitely *not* what Lawende said. Never once in the “contemporary records” does Lawende state that he *would not be able to recognize the man again*. This is not merely *misleading*, it’s just wrong.

*It should now be clear why Lawende’s identification of Kosminski cannot possibly be considered a conclusive or even persuasive piece of evidence. Anderson’s book is seriously misleading on this point.*²³

If, of course, we accept that Aaron Kosminski *was* the suspect and Joseph Lawende *was* the witness . . . neither of which should be carelessly assumed, as they are with the above quote. And “conclusive” — agreed, but “persuasive” — not so much.

*One cannot help but speculate . . .*²⁴

True, but Sugden puts no effort whatsoever into trying to suppress his own urges, which is fine, if only they had not been presented as concrete facts, as opposed to simply surmise, as all speculation is.

*Nowhere does Anderson so much as hint that the witness who identified his suspect was used on any other occasion. Yet we have evidence that he was — twice.*²⁵

Again blindly assuming Lawende was “Anderson’s witness”; and it would appear as if this “evidence”, so far as we know, is flimsy, at best. We have several articles, mainly from the *Pall*

Mall Gazette, a notoriously sensational newspaper, that suggest that Lawende was used in subsequent attempted identifications, but as far as is known no official documentation exists. One should also keep in mind that, no matter who the witness was, the Stride and Eddowes murders were separate crimes, so Schwartz possibly identifying Stride’s assailant and Lawende supposedly identifying Eddowes’ would show that the police would not have been haphazardly assuming that both murders, however likely, were committed by the same hand.

*Nevertheless, the fact that Lawende was confronted with suspects after he had identified Kosminski demonstrates that the first identification was anything but conclusive.*²⁶

Thus, once more, “the fact” has hardly been established (or even credibly supported). Moreover, if it *was* Israel Schwartz, his evidence could not be used in any case other than that of the murder of Stride, so naturally it would have been necessary for Joseph Lawende to be used to try to identify a suspect in the Mitre Square murder, regardless of any identification that

22. Sugden; *op. cit.*; p. 410. 23. *Ibid* 24. *Ibid.*; p. 411. 25. *Ibid.* 26. *Ibid.*; pp. 411-12

...PLUGGING EVERY GAP IN THE STORY WITH ANTI-ANDERSON PUTTY...

might have been made by Schwartz. There is absolutely no evidence to support a contention that Lawende appeared at any subsequent inquest — and on the face of it, there is no possible way that he would have if he was not a witness to either of those particular crimes. So, if the police did in fact use him to try to identify Sadler or Grainger, it wouldn't have had anything to do with the coroners' inquests. Relying on contemporary press reports as supportive of supposed "facts" is dodgy at best, irresponsible at worst.

Sugden, speaking of Aaron Kosminski wrote: . . . *his circumstances would not quite square with our deduction, suggested by the dates and times of the murders, that the killer was in regular work.*²⁷

"Our deduction" that the killer was "in regular work" seems to lack common sense — in prowling the

streets at all hours, when did he sleep? Maybe he had the *day after* Bank Holidays *and* Fridays off? Seems that if he were employed, it would have been highly irregular work indeed. That the murders were committed *around* weekends and holidays may be of some significance, but is it perhaps going too far to conclude that the murderer was in regular work?

Sugden systematically dismantles his own hypothetical case of the "Polish Jew theory", by smearing Anderson and Swanson, elevating Lawende to the coveted post of "Anderson's witness", and posthumously evaluating Aaron Kosminski's psychological capacity to commit violence with effective precision. Confident, convincing and imaginative yes — conclusive or even satisfying, no. There seems that an inordinate amount of time is being spent plugging every gap in the story

with anti-Anderson putty, and this is troubling. Hammering us with what may turn out to be bogus conclusions does not increase the chances that these conclusions can be relied upon.

*Then, again, we have no evidence that Kosminski possessed even an elementary degree of anatomical knowledge.*²⁸

Oh, but of course Severin Klosowski did. And using the lack of evidence against Kosminski shows a blatant disregard for the differing medical opinions on the subject of whether or not the murderer necessarily needed such knowledge.

So now Sugden must connect two men whose words need to be disparaged in order to further discredit the "Polish Jew Theory." Dr. Thomas Bond has recently been put forward as Anderson's toady, yet his involvement was instigated (or at very least

27. *Ibid.*; p. 413 28. *Ibid.*; p. 414

authorised) by Sir Charles Warren and not *by*, but *through*, Sir Robert Anderson. And Bond, when asked his opinion on the “skill” and “knowledge” of the murderer, stated in regard to the “canonical five”: “In each case the mutilation was inflicted by a person who had no scientific nor anatomical knowledge. In my opinion he does not even possess the technical knowledge of a butcher...” Although Sugden does not directly criticize Bond, he uses the statements of other doctors involved, as well as a modern surgeon’s opinion, to diminish the strength of Bond’s opinion. These efforts are used specifically to distance Kosminski from the murders and, by proxy, Anderson’s Polish Jew.

*. . . the more we have discovered about this sad and pathetic suspect the less plausible the case against him has appeared.*²⁹

Current research may suggest otherwise, although there is really nothing concrete to support either view. We should remember that whoever the murderer may have been he was able to operate under the radar and under the noses of everyone around him, so this

person would have scarcely appeared to be a “plausible” suspect at all.

*But to judge by the vagueness, even falsity, of the other circumstances alleged against him . . .*³⁰

There is not enough evidence to adequately judge Kosminski, but what “falsity” or “vagueness” could possibly be used to clear him of suspicion? More hocus-pocus and sleight of hand. And there is no basis whatsoever for claiming “falsity”.

*And Swanson’s [claim] that the murders ceased with Kosminski’s identification is patently untrue.*³¹

“Swanson’s claim” goes without the benefit of explanation. So, again of course, lack of information means that nothing could possibly explain this “claim”. The author is apparently using the murder of Frances Coles, which occurred after Aaron Kosminski’s committal to Colney Hatch, to “prove” Swanson’s untrustworthiness by including it amongst the crimes of “Jack the Ripper”. The murder was undoubtedly within the official category of the Whitechapel murders, but very few people today include this among “Jack’s” tally. If Swanson or the

police knew or believed Coles’ murder was unrelated, “of this kind” would clearly be distinguishing between the previous series and the murder in Swallow Gardens.

*On the present evidence the case against Kosminski is so extraordinarily flimsy that we have simply no alternative but to exonerate him.*³²

Exonerate him as the American police did in the Green River case with suspect Gary Ridgway? Good thing for prostitutes that Mr. Sugden is not a copper. Can we convict Kosminski? Certainly not; should we then “exonerate” him? Only if we want to clear the way for other “suspects” to be brought to the fore.

*So our dismissal of Anderson’s suspect inevitably raises questions about the worth of his writings as a source of historical information.*³³

Of course it is never a bad idea to question any and all sources of “historical information”; but here the insinuation, again, is that Anderson’s information has been *shown* to be incorrect, not *assumed* to be. So again, let this apply equally to our present authors. In the above statement,

29. *Ibid.* 30. *Ibid.*; p. 415 31. *Ibid.* 32. *Ibid.*; p. 415 33. *Ibid.*



CHIEF INSPECTOR SWANSON

Sugden is again disparaging Anderson, well beyond his “Polish Jew Theory”.

*His memoirs state, for example, that the police undertook their house-to-house search during his absence abroad. In truth it was conducted after his return to London.*³⁴

Oops. Looks as if “truth” *can* be stranger than fiction. In this case, Sugden is partly correct, as the *second* house-to-house search was conducted after Anderson had returned *from Paris*, but *in truth* Anderson was abroad during the majority of the time of this particular search; *in fact* he was in Ireland from 13-17 October attending services for his father, who had passed away. The *fact* that a house-to-house search had been undertaken in the vicinity of Berner Street on the morning of the Elizabeth Stride murder seems not to be considered here, because had this first search been the one that Anderson spoke of, the evidence would be indisputable that Sir Robert was correct. But now it seems that he was correct either way, clearly *and* demonstrably.

Contemporary documents prove that Anderson did not return to duty

34. *Ibid.*

until nearly a week after the double murder.³⁵

Here, irrelevant details are given as much weight as strong and unambiguous statements that were repeatedly defended by their author, Sir Robert Anderson. This proves nothing because this is nothing.

And now the *coup de grace* that finally buries Anderson and his “fairy tales”:

Reminiscent accounts suffer, too, from the natural tendency of their authors to interpret the past in ways advantageous to themselves. And it is in the interpretation of his memories, rather than in simple errors of fact or chronology, that Anderson misleads later students of the Ripper case. His book foisted five important myths upon them when it contended that:

*(1) his policy of warning prostitutes that the police would not protect them ended the street murders in the Jack the Ripper series after the double event;*³⁶

This is a seriously misleading postulation — and *wrong*. Sugden postulates on Anderson’s quote with his own perverse interpretation of Anderson’s

intention. He is, again, assuming that Anderson is insinuating that this policy was responsible for ending the “street murders”.

*(2) the house-to-house inquiry led the police to believe that the Ripper was a low-class Polish Jew;*³⁷

And how does he know this? The author uses reports prepared for the Home Office by Swanson and Macnaghten regarding their interpretations of the writing in Goulston Street to bolster the argument that there was no consensus within the police about where to look for the murderer, but this falls far short of a “categorical refutation”.

*(3) subsequently Kosminski was identified by ‘the only person who had ever had a good view of the murderer’;*³⁸

Schwartz?!!! The only way Lawende could possibly have been believed to be “the only person who had a good view of the murderer” would have required the complete invalidation of Schwartz’s statements to the police, which is not even hinted at in any official document. Quite the opposite is what we are left with. If he is suggesting that

more people than Schwartz had a “good” view of the *murderer*, he must be including Lawende, and that would contradict his own argument that he [Lawende] *did not* get a good look at the *murderer*. Or else he means George Hutchinson and his incredibly detailed description — and of course Abberline believed it — but this need not apply for at least one legitimate reason: even if Hutchinson’s account was accurate in every detail, there is not nearly as much chance that the police would have accepted his suspect as being the one and only possible murderer of Mary Kelly, whereas the sightings by Lawende and Schwartz would have left considerably less doubt. Certainly the murderer was not invisible and was most likely seen on several occasions by multiple people; but as far as known, there *was* only one person who witnessed an assault on a victim shortly before her body was discovered and it would appear that it was a “good view” indeed.

*(4) although the witness refused to testify against Kosminski the identification was conclusive and solved the case;*³⁹

35. *Ibid.* 36. *Ibid.*; pp. 415-16 37. *Ibid.*; p. 416 38. *Ibid.*

Wrong again. Isolating this incident as being the one and only factor in determining the culpability of the suspect is perversely speculative and again unmistakably misleading. If *Schwartz* had been the witness, the only case that could conceivably have been “solved” would have been that of Stride and no one else. Anderson never claimed that the identification

Psychic Investigation than to a scholarly and objective historian. But see chapter 13 “Letters from Hell” to test the circumstantial evidence used against Anderson’s assertion.

*From contemporary and other evidence, every one of these contentions can be categorically refuted.*⁴¹

Wow, this is definitely a head-first plunge into “La-La Land”. So let’s

should sway us, especially coming from someone whose contribution to this field of research was basically a one-off project, regardless of his thoroughness. Were he to undertake the same project today, it would be full of revelations, none of which would be likely to prove his case against Anderson.

But the fact that Anderson was capable of interpreting events so per-

NO AMOUNT OF “SILLY HYSTERICS” SHOULD SWAY US...

solved the case. The case may or may not have been “solved” previous to the identification, but Sugden is wrong to posit his speculation in the lap of truth without benefit of the slightest tangible clue either way.

*(5) the identity of the writer of the original Jack the Ripper letter was conclusively established as that of a London journalist whom Anderson could name.*⁴⁰

Again, how would he know that this was not true? This is more akin to Pamela Ball’s *Jack the Ripper: A*

do some categorical refutations for ourselves:

Sugden was wrong about Wolf Abrahams being Aaron Kosminski’s brother-in-law.

He was wrong about Anderson not being abroad during the house-to-house searches, either of them.

His conclusions are anything but conclusive.

How can we trust these assumptions? We can’t. And it would be foolish to base any future research on them, period. No amount of “silly hysterics”

*versely in order to claim credit for himself surely cautions us against accepting his other statements.*⁴²

Sort of like the pot calling the kettle black, wouldn’t you say?

*The house-to-house inquiry was completed on or about 18 October 1888. It did not persuade the police that the murders had been committed by a Jew.*⁴³

Again, the author’s “evidence” is weak and speculative. The police may have not been entirely cooperative in their dealings with the Home Office,

39. *Ibid.* 40. *Ibid.* 41. *Ibid.* 42. *Ibid.* p. 417 43. *Ibid.*

hence correspondence between the two should be viewed with at least some degree of caution. And, was Anderson not of “the police”?

*Anderson’s statement that the witness who identified Kosminski was the ‘only person who had ever had a good view of the murderer’ is absurd.*⁴⁴

Here the author diminishes the likelihood of Lawende as being a credible witness and compares him unfavorably to others — what’s absurd here is Sugden’s staunch denial of any conclusion but his own.

*Nevertheless, he was the one who identified Kosminski and as such acquired special significance in the mind of Sir Robert Anderson, anxious as he was in his twilight years to believe that in this Polish Jew he had tracked down the murderer.*⁴⁵

This is a nice, neat, simple way to sum up the author’s skewed premise. And again, never, *nowhere*, does Sir Robert Anderson make a claim that he, himself, discovered, identified or “blamed” Kosminski or anyone else. Nor does he ever, *anywhere*, claim credit for “tracking down the murderer.”

Anderson chooses his words much more carefully than does Sugden, a lesson that should not be lost on any of us.

*. . . neither Swanson . . . nor Anderson, who primarily drew upon Swanson, were in the best position to assess the relative values of the witnesses. It is to be doubted whether they saw, let alone interviewed, a single one of them.*⁴⁶

So, although these men were held accountable to the highest degree for their oversight and direction of the investigations, they were inherently as clueless then as in their “twilight years”? Here the author seems to be declaring that it is doubtful that Anderson or Swanson had attended the “identification of Lawende”. Who, then, did Sugden think would have been in attendance? Couldn’t have been Abberline, or it would blow his entire pseudo-circumstantial case against Klosowski.

*I have already shown that Lawende’s identification of Kosminski cannot possibly have been conclusive . . .*⁴⁷

Sugden argues that both Macnaghten and Abberline were in a

better position to judge the merits of the supposed identification, but forgets that if Anderson was not in attendance, his “conclusions” would have been drawn from his trusted subordinates. Anderson uses “we”, so any credit he may claim he is sharing equally with them. The author is a gifted researcher and talented writer, but he wouldn’t have made the best lawyer.

*Macnaghten, Abberline and Smith. These men must have known the truth about Kosminski . . . So by disassociating themselves from Anderson on this point they demonstrated that his claim to have definitely identified the murderer was simply addle-headed nonsense. They were not alone.*⁴⁸

*There is no doubt that the section on the Ripper crimes was very misleading indeed . . .*⁴⁹

Well, yes, there is.

. . . a man of Anderson’s self-conceit . . . Troubled by deafness and an increasing sense of isolation . . . Over the years, with the selective and faulty memory characteristic of advancing age, he came to believe it . . . In supporting him, Swanson exhibited that same

44. *Ibid.* 45. *Ibid.*; p. 418 46. *Ibid.* 47. *Ibid.* 48. *Ibid.*; p. 420. 49. *Ibid.* p. 421.



GEORGE CHAPMAN

*capacity for self-deception.*⁵⁰ As have Ripperologists in blithely swallowing Sugden's pronouncements.

*None of this mattered. Anderson and Swanson had come to inhabit a world of wish-dreams.*⁵¹

Last, but not least, is the tell-

tale final chapter that places Severin Klosowski, alias George Chapman, as the "least unlikely" (using the words of Jonathan Goodman) candidate for Jack the Ripper. And in *Who Was Jack the Ripper?*, "In my view Chapman is our best suspect." Hardly an objective

statement. Couple these together and it would not be difficult to justify that his hunches regarding Chapman "may have coloured his judgment" and subsequently led to his dismissal of Anderson.

Maybe too much credit is being given to Sugden for influencing the Ripper community, but he effectively lumps the collective discrepancies together and flings them like a wad of dung at the character of Anderson. But, as of this moment, there is absolutely nothing in the public domain that decisively "militates" against what Anderson has said — only shadows that still elude us. It is an unfortunate fact that discussions (message boards in particular) are often hijacked by those touting the "addle-headed nonsense" interpretation of the "facts"; for whatever reason, the campaign being waged against Anderson seems misguided. The bottom line is that it is offensive to those who have read all the available "sides" and sidelights and still see no reason to look away from the former Assistant Commissioner and his admissions. Maybe there is incriminating evidence that truly "militates" against

50. *Ibid.*; pp. 421-22 51. *Ibid.*; p. 423

Anderson's assertions, but so far it has not been exposed in the public domain.

But if we were all to blindly accept Robert Anderson at his word, think of how quickly the novelty of Jack the Ripper would fragment into a sad lot of lost business opportunities and a befuddled field of "experts," left holding their empty sacks of integrity. We need to temper each other's fantasies without categorically dismissing them: politely dismantle, sympathetically suggest alternatives, but be humble. It is not "the other side" that is being debated here, but rather the package of hypothetical scenarios that have been foisted upon those who might have the audacity to actually lean toward believing what Anderson said. This opinion should not be taken as a suggestion that we should accept Anderson's words without question, for this would be as irresponsible as dismissing him outright. But the bottom line is that there is simply no tangible evidence that has come to light that even strongly *suggests* that Sir Robert was wrong. The circumstantial "evidence" that one could use to support the contention that Aaron Kosminski was "Anderson's suspect" or even the Whitechapel murderer is *at least* as

strong as the circumstantial evidence that Sugden uses to trash Anderson.

Maybe Philip Sugden is the sage voice of reason . . . but he has been painfully quiet these last fifteen years and maybe it is not so wrong to expect some answer to this seemingly aggressive and antagonistic attack. It's only the truth that is sought.

There are very few in the field of "Ripperology" who can claim to be on a par with Sir Robert Anderson's intellectual capacity, and certainly the author of this present article is not amongst those; so, of course, this thesis remains open-ended and ripe for challenge. No claim of attempted "balance" can be made here, this is simply a retort in response to the assumptions or accusations of general and specific ineptness of the police, which would suggest that, at any rate, the authorities were not only competent, but worthy of as high a praise for their efforts as Philip Sugden has deservedly received for his important and scholarly work on the Whitechapel murders.

In closing, the preponderance of evidence would seem to suggest that *at very least* there is some truth to Anderson's statements and that he was *not* solely responsible for the "Polish

Jew Theory". Anderson's words *must* remain in consideration for there to be a *truly* objective perspective.

Questions indeed remain, but forcing answers upon them simply to quell the anxiety of not knowing will get us no closer to the truth . . . if, in fact that's really what we want.

Biog- raphy

John Malcolm

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Forgotten Tragedy: The Sinking of The S.S. Princess Alice

Adam Went

When one thinks about major maritime tragedies throughout history, a handful of names immediately spring to mind: *Titanic*, *Lusitania*, *Britannic*, and *Morro Castle*. Or, for the military minded, *Bismarck*, *USS Arizona* and *HMS Hood*, along with many others, each with its own reasons for such notoriety. One vessel, however, that rarely springs to mind is that of the *S.S. Princess Alice*. In fact, the majority of readers would only know of that ship because of its links to Elizabeth Stride and the Jack the Ripper case, a link that shall be explored in greater detail later in this article. Yet, in its day, this was a tragedy that gripped not only England but the world, and remains to this day the worst tragedy on a British waterway. Hundreds of people died, families were torn apart, if not completely wiped out, and all of this happened within easy sight of the safety of the shore. It's now time to revisit this tragedy and let its story be told, as much as possible by those who were actually there.

A BRIEF HISTORY

The *Princess Alice* was built by ship-builders Caird & Co., and launched

at Greenock, Scotland in 1865. It was originally named *Bute* for its first year, during which time it served the Wemyss-Arran route for the Wemyss Bay Railway Company, but upon being purchased by Watermans Steam Packet Co. (later to become the London Steamboat Company) in 1866, it was renamed and put into service as the *Princess Alice* on the River Thames excursion route, where it would serve the remainder of its days.

The *Princess Alice* displaced just 251 tons in weight, and was 67 metres in length. It enjoyed more than a decade of popular service, but by 1878, the ship was becoming something of a dying breed. The *Princess Alice* was a traditional paddle steamer, with two funnels, but as the Victorian era entered its latter stage larger, faster, more luxurious screw steamers started to take hold of the industry. Despite this beginning to appear somewhat outdated, however, the *Princess Alice* remained very popular with families who enjoyed cruising the River Thames and escaping their hectic lifestyles for even a few hours. So much so that on the day of the fateful voyage on September 4, 1878, the ship was not much short of its licensed maximum capacity of 936 passengers.

THE FATEFUL VOYAGE

The voyage of the *Princess Alice* on September 4, 1878, started the same as any other she had embarked on in the previous 12 years. It was an evening return trip, having left from Sheerness. George Thomas Long, the first officer of the *Princess Alice*, fortunate enough to be saved, gave the press this account of the events during the voyage and the fateful collision with the *Bywell Castle* shortly after his rescue:

The crew of our boat consisted of 13 hands all told, and when we left Sheerness on the return trip we had as nearly as possible 550 passengers. As we called at Gravesend and Rosherville later on, however, we must, on leaving the latter place, have had fully 600 passengers on board. We started at Rosherville at 6.15, and all went well until, on running up Galleon's Reach, while standing on the fore saloon, the captain being on the bridge, and a man and a boy on the look out, I observed a large black steamer coming down the river. It was then just half-past seven, and the weather was fine and calm, and the moon shining beautifully over the river. On rounding Tripcock Point the vessel's helm had been starboarded to pass a screw steamer bound down

the river, and we still remained to ; and at the moment we saw the vessel, which proved to be the Bywell Castle, our engines were immediately stopped. The other vessel appeared to be coming down on us stem on, and, looming in the evening haze like a great black phantom, gave us a foreboding of the unhappy disaster. She was then about 150 yards distant, and each vessel was, of course, rapidly nearing the other. Their whistle was at once sounded, and loud shouts raised by the man at the look out and others on deck to the Bywell Castle, but it was then, I fear, too late. Seeing the collision inevitable, I ran to the life-boat, but before I reached it the Bywell Castle had twice crashed into us. She struck our vessel with her stern on the fore sponson, cutting clean through into the engine-room. For a moment we were locked together, and then we heard the water rushing in below and a minute later she sank with the boat. I soon rose to the surface, and, striking out for shore, was picked up by a waterman. We rescued our second mate and some passengers. The helm of the vessel was still at starboard when we struck, and the engines were stopped.¹

1. *The Liverpool Mercury*, September 6, 1878

The *Bywell Castle*, a collier loaded with a cargo of coal, was considerably larger than the *Princess Alice*, weighing in at over 800 tons, more than three times the size of the *Princess Alice*.

While for a long time there has been a general rule applied that passing ships must do so on the port side, and both the *Princess Alice* and *Bywell Castle* were fitted with red and green mast lights for just such purposes, no such rule was enforced in 1878. In any case, this would have been a difficult rule to enforce on a river with as much traffic as the Thames, and without any of the modern day navigational assistance such as radar and radio communication.

Captain Thomas Harrison, master of the *Bywell Castle*, gave his version of events as such:

Tuesday, Sept., Commencing with light variable breezes and calm clear skies. At 5.45 p.m., hauled ship out of dry dock and down to wet dock entrance, ready for proceeding to sea. At 6.30 p.m., left the wet dock in charge of Mr. Dicke. . . At 7.45 p.m., proceeded at half-speed down Galleons Reach. Being about the centre of the reach, observed an excursion steamer coming up Barking Reach, showing her red and masthead lights, when we ported our helm to keep over towards Tripcock Point. As the vessels neared, observed that the other steamer had ported, and immediately afterwards saw that she had starboarded, and was trying to cross our bows, showing her green light close under the port bow. Seeing collision inevitable, stopped our engines

**...WEIGHING IN AT OVER
800 TONS,
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THE SIZE OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.**

and reversed full speed, when the two vessels collided, the bow of the Bywell Castle cutting into the other steamer, which was crowded with passengers, with a dreadful crash. Took immediate measures for saving life by hauling up over the bows several men of the passengers; throwing ropes' ends over all round the ship; throwing over four lifebuoys, a hold ladder, and several planks, getting out three boats, keeping the whistle blowing loudly all the time for assistance, which was rendered by several boats from the shore, and a boat from another steamer ; the excursion steamer, which turned out to be the Princess Alice, turning over and sinking under the bows. Succeeded in rescuing a great many passengers, and anchored for the night. About 8.30 p.m., the steamer Duke of Teck came alongside and took off such of the passengers as had not been taken on shore in the boats — (signed) Thomas Harrison, Commander.²

In several famous instances, notably the sinking of the *Empress Of Ireland* in 1914 and the *Andrea Doria* in 1956, fog had largely been responsible for the fatal collisions. Even

modern technology such as radar could not save the *Andrea Doria*. In the case of the *Princess Alice* and *Bywell Castle*, miscommunication and a lack of decisive action to avoid each other while still early enough to prevent a collision were largely responsible. This is also combined with the ships colliding during the light stage of twilight, when it is notoriously difficult to identify objects in the distance.

Several passengers, in their post-accident recollections, gave accounts of the frantic efforts to avert the collision and then their own desperate struggles to escape the rapidly sinking vessel. Mr. Bird, of Tottenham Court Road, gave this version:

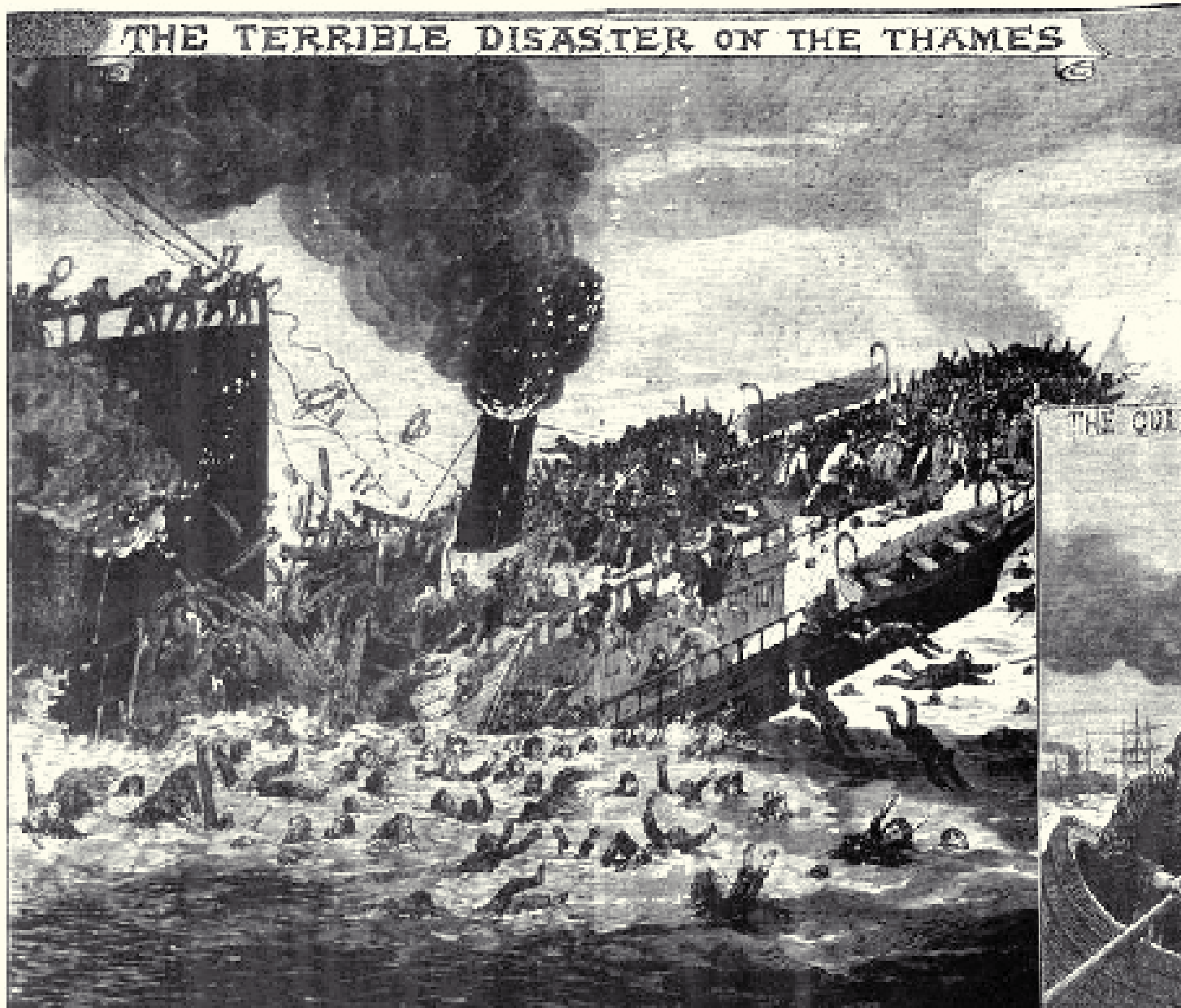
I was in the bow of the vessel. I heard our captain call out to the approaching vessel, and I rose from my seat to look out. I saw a large screw iron vessel bearing down upon us. The vessel was on our right. The captain called out to him very loud, and I called out very loud. It was not too dark to see the other ship. It was a light twilight with the moon shining. The stern settled first, and then she gradually turned till the keel came uppermost, and I climbed

along the side of the vessel till I stood on the keel. I thought the other side of the ship was on the ground, but it gradually sank and at last I struck out. Many caught hold of me, but let go of my slippery wet clothes. I swam away from the crowd, and I saw a little jet of steam beside me, which made me fear the boilers would explode; and then I saw a boat by the side of the screw, and I made for that, and when I got there the men pulled me in. I assisted them to help others in.³

Initial assurances of passengers and crew alike that the collision could not have been anything major were very quickly realised to be incorrect, as the testimony of second steward Mr. Law, of Walworth Road, illustrates:

My name is William Alexander Law, living at 37 Wansey Street, Walworth Road. I was second steward on board the Princess Alice. We left Gravesend at about six o'clock. At the time of the collision I was in the saloon and there were about fifteen people there. The time I should say was about a quarter to eight p.m., when I heard a crash. It was not very heavy the first time, and I said to the stewardess

^{2,3} Ibid



PRESS COVERAGE OF THE DISASTER



“There’s some barge alongside,” when immediately there was another crash. I ran upon deck, and amid the confusion and screams of the passengers I heard water rushing in below, and saw that we were sinking. I then reached to the top of the saloon gangway and shouted, “Come on deck, we are sinking.” The scene on board I shall never forget. I ran to a young lady with whom I was keeping company, and took her on my shoulder, being a good swimmer, and jumped overboard, and swam to the shore, but [as] I was going my poor girl slipped off my shoulder, or was dragged off, and I lost her, although I dived for her. I saw a gentleman (Mr. Talbot, of Forest Hill), who was sinking, and caught hold of him and held him up till we were picked up.⁴

Most of those on board, however, were not so fortunate. So seriously was the *Princess Alice* damaged that just four minutes after the initial collision, the boat sank. There was simply no time to organise any sort of cohesive evacuation. So quickly did the ship go down that when the remains were raised shortly afterwards (parts of the ship were still visible above the

waterline and were obstructing traffic through the river), there were drowned passengers piled at the exits to the decks of the *Princess Alice*, not having had the time to even make it out of the inside of the ship before it went underwater:

The Princess Alice, lying as she does in mid-stream, seriously affects the travel in the river, and hence the Thames Conservancy Board are making every effort to clear the wreck away. Operations for this purpose were commenced yesterday morning, two lifting lighters and one steam lighter being employed for the work. Divers were sent down, who reported that the Princess Alice is literally in pieces, the hull being divided into three principal parts, with numerous fragments. It is, therefore, deemed probable that the boilers burst when the vessel went down. The fore part of the hull was raised yesterday and taken to the South Woolwich side of the river. . . Divers who have examined the wreck report that the cabins seem full of bodies, standing erect, and packed together at the points of exit, whither they must have crowded in the struggle to escape.⁵

For those who were fortunate enough to make it up on deck, their ordeal was far from over. Despite being close to shore, the area of the river in which the *Princess Alice* sank was also a sewage outlet. Moreover, the water was very cold, making it difficult for any but the strongest swimmers, or those lucky enough to find material on which to float, to survive. Because so many hundreds of people were thrown into the river at the same time and because those in the water frantically flailed for anything or anybody to grab on to keep themselves afloat, many who had survived the initial sinking were then dragged underwater themselves.

For those who made it ashore, there was then the anxious wait to find out whether their loved ones had also managed to be saved. This heart-wrenching wait all too often ended in devastating news.

THE AFTERMATH

Following the sinking, the *Bywell Castle* had stood by in order to help rescue survivors, and had shortly afterwards been joined by various other vessels. Some of the survivors who

⁴ *The Daily News*, September 4, 1878. ⁵ *The Liverpool Mercury*, September 6, 1878.

were strong swimmers had managed to swim ashore and others had been picked up by the many vessels that responded to the collision. However, as after any tragedy of this magnitude, chaos reigned for some time afterwards and families were separated. So it was several days before a clearer list of those who had survived and those who had not was available — sadly, minor miracles were few and far between, and most families were plunged into despair. There were numerous heart-breaking accounts of this in various newspaper reports, some of which are reproduced below:

Among other distressing instances of a whole family being carried away by the accident is that of the household of Mr. Alfred Alesbury, of the firm of Alesbury, Major and Barrett, brace and collar manufacturers, of Jewin-crescent, City.

Mr. Alesbury, who was about 40 years of age, and resided at 11, Valentine Road, South Hackney, left London on Saturday for the purpose of joining his wife and family, who, with their servant — a young woman of about 18 years — had been spending

a six weeks holiday at Southend, and intended returning home on Tuesday. The children were four in number — three girls and one boy — their ages varying from seven months to ten years, the boy being about two years old. Mr. Alesbury's mother, who also resided in the Valentine road with her husband, an oil and colour dealer, likewise went to Southend on Tuesday for the purpose of joining her son's party and returning with them at night. But, unhappily, instead of a joyous household re-assembling around the family hearth, desperation reigned there.⁶

As it turned out, it was rightly so that desperation should reign. Not one member of the Alesbury family survived the sinking. Elsewhere, the situation was no better:

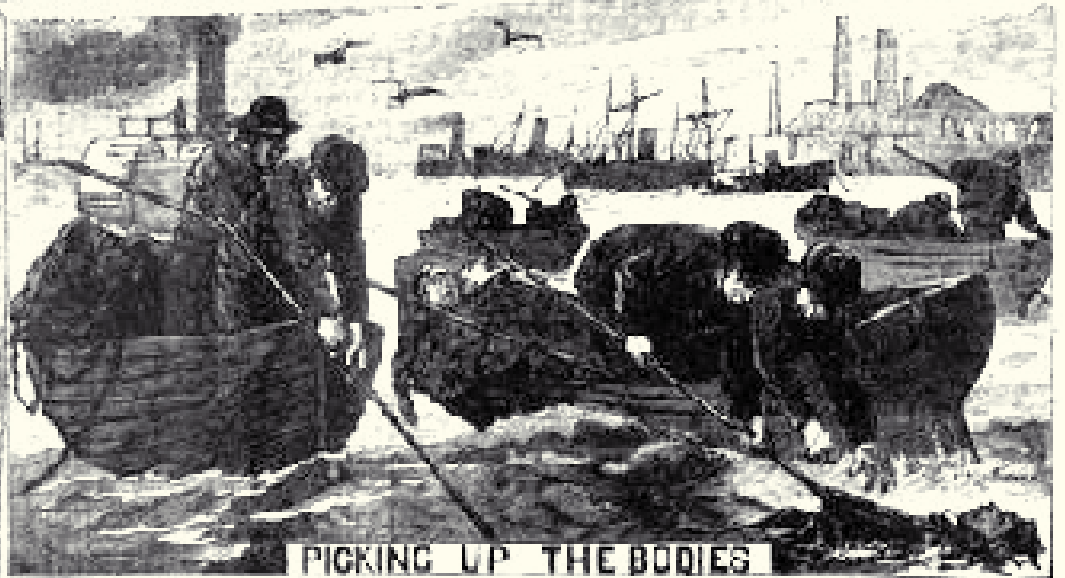
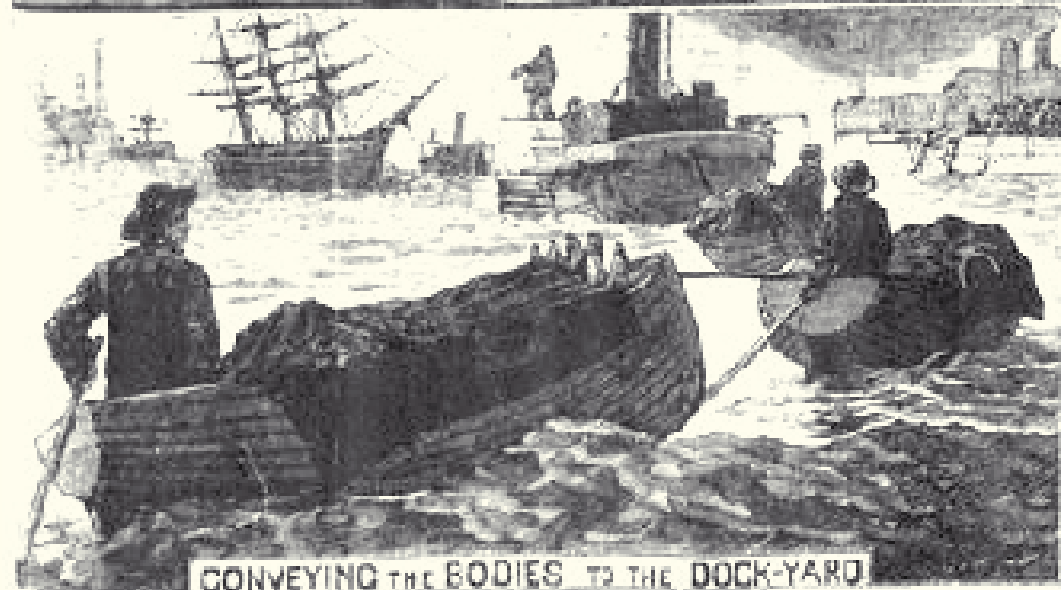
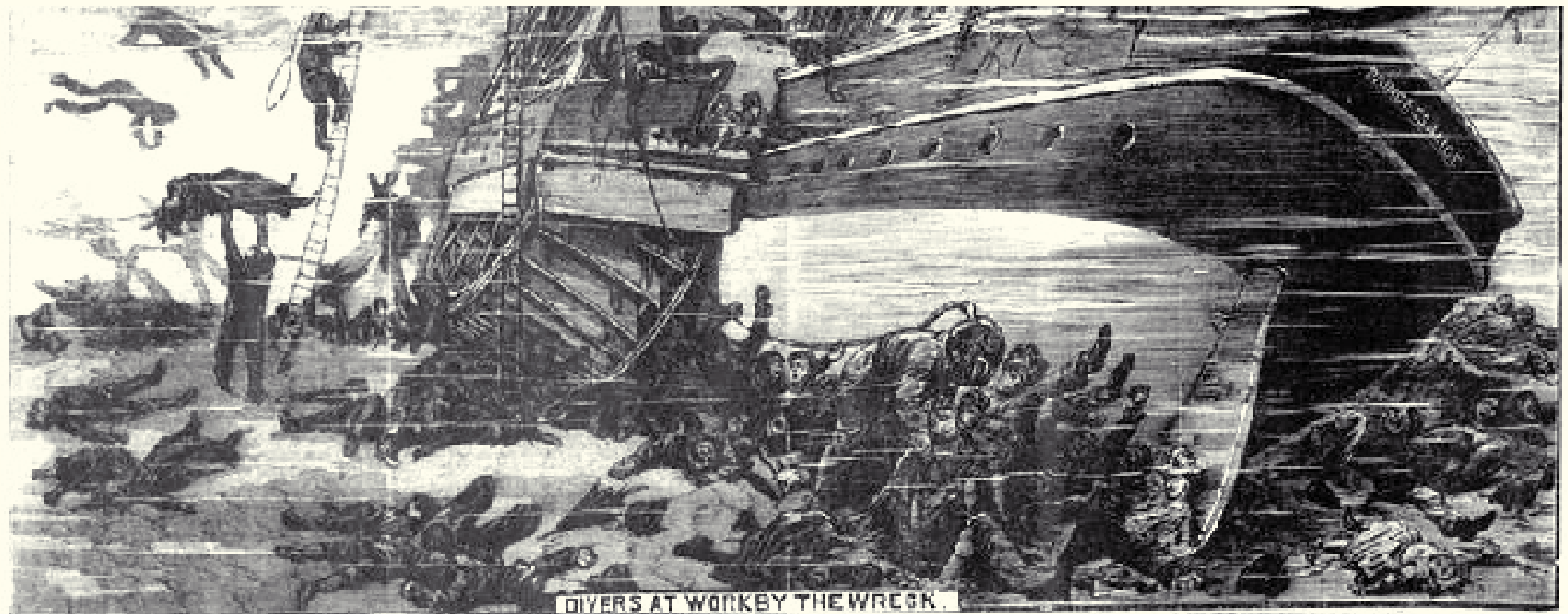
Mr. Hunt, of Bell-yard, Gracechurch-Street, who had lost his wife and four children, Frederick George, aged 21, he had just found, but the others missing were Eliza Annie, 14; Herbert Edgar, 10; and Hessel Sarah, aged 5. Another gentleman who accosted me was the head master of Lambeth Schools, China Walk. He had come to look for Arthur Spencer, 15, of Hercules-buildings,

Lambeth; and Mr. Robert Spencer, 21, and three young ladies (the Misses Relph), sisters, aged 9, 13 and 20; to the latter of whom Mr. Robert Spencer was engaged. He had that day come of age, and they had all been out together to celebrate his majority.⁷

As it would later be determined, all three of Mr. Hunt's missing children died in the tragedy. Robert Spencer survived, but Arthur Spencer did not. Nor had any of the three Relph (Relfe) sisters. There was another account of the tragedy by Mr. W. Pittivant, who mentioned that:

Seeing what was the matter, I made a dive into the side of the screw steamer, and got hold of a rope to which three girls and a young man were already clinging. The girls were crying out, 'Lord Jesus, save us!' As we looked up the side of the ship we saw some one, as we thought, about to let go the ropes, and we cried out to them not to do it. It was a terrible moment for us, but we tried to encourage the girls to bear up, and presently a little boat came and picked us up, also a little child. I cannot say who the latter belonged to or whether it was drowned.⁸

6,7,8. *Ibid*



PRESS COVERAGE OF THE AFTERMATH

Forgotten Tragedy: The Sinking of The S.S. Princess Alice Adam Went

One must ponder the sad possibility that the three girls and the young man as described by Mr. Pittivant, were the three Relfe children and Mr. Arthur Spencer.

Because the *Princess Alice* was a family excursion vessel, there was a great range in the ages of those aboard. One of those lost was a quite elderly 92-year-old gentleman, a Mr. Chittlebury, who was the only passenger on that voyage who had been born in the 1700s. Still, one of the most upsetting aspects of the whole tragedy is the number of young children who lost their lives. In researching this article, and a point which will become relevant later in regard to Elizabeth Stride, the passenger list was searched to see how many children aged 15 years and under were on board. While there were many victims who were unidentified or unclaimed without ages listed and the figure can never be exact, based on the available records, the approximate figures run as follows:

There were 207 children aged 15 and under on board. Out of these 207, 158 died (15 of these were unidentified/unclaimed), 18 were saved and 31

were listed as missing/possible victims. The other side of those sad facts is that some children who survived suddenly found that they had been orphaned. An example would be the Everest family, with eight family members travelling on the *Princess Alice* that fateful day, from which just two of the children, aged eight and ten years, survived. Both their mother and father and other siblings died in the sinking.

In some particularly sad cases, the sinking affected people who were not even on board the *Princess Alice* on that voyage:

*Perhaps one of the most touching scenes in connection with the disaster was experienced at No. 17, Ferndale Road, South London, the residence of Mr. Elliott. He and his wife were among the excursionists, leaving the children at home. A correspondent went to the address as indicated above by a police officer, and a child said: "Sir, there is nobody in; but we see that there have been 120 persons saved, and surely father and mother will be home soon. I hope they will; don't you, Sir? and the child burst into a fit of grief."*⁹

Both Mr. William Elliott, 58, and

Mrs. Mary Ann Elliott, 30, died in the sinking.

These are just a few examples of what was a widespread grief. There were, however, some happy endings:

*Emma Childs, wife of a cabman living at 14, Sovereign-Mews, Cambridge Street, Edgware Road, is saved with her baby, but says that she sank twice, but held her baby to her breast and caught hold of something, she does not know what, which held her up until she was rescued. Her husband is saved, but nothing is known of her three children. Her husband's brother was with them, and is probably drowned.*¹⁰

Emma did lose two of her children, but her youngest, William Frederick Childs, aged just 2 months, was miraculously saved, and he was among the youngest passengers on board and youngest survivors.

Immediately following the sinking, funds were organised and set up to provide subscriptions for the survivors, some of whom had not only lost members of their family but also their main breadwinner. Queen Victoria herself issued a letter of sympathy,

9. *Ibid* 10. *Lancaster Gazette*, September 7, 1878

pledged 100 guineas to the relief fund and ordered that all necessary equipment be at the disposal of the Coroner and those carrying out the rescue and identification efforts.

In the end, there was no exact figures for the number of survivors and casualties, but it is generally accepted that between 550-650 people died in the tragedy, and 69-170 people were saved. It was also said that every effort

Thus ended one tragedy. However, it would only be ten years before another one would thrust London into terror, and, as it would turn out, the two had an unlikely connection.

THE JACK THE RIPPER CONNECTION

It was 1 am, September 30, 1888, and the ten year anniversary of the *Princess Alice* sinking had just been marked in

nothing was known of the woman at that point, as it would turn out, she had an interesting past — and part of it involved the *Princess Alice* sinking.

“Long Liz” Gustafsdotter, having left her native Sweden for England around 1866, married John Stride on March 7, 1869. While there is little other than hearsay as a record of their marriage, we do know that by the late 1870s, the marriage was in trouble.

...SHE HAD AN INTERESTING PAST — AND PART OF IT INVOLVED THE PRINCESS ALICE SINKING.

had been made in the rescue effort and that there was little more which could have been done:

*The Bywell Castle stood by, and rendered such help as was possible. Another steamer, the Duke of Teck, came up and gave what assistance it could. Boats put off from the shore. Indeed, everything that could be done was done. The calamity, however, was too sudden for help.*¹¹

London, but that was likely the furthest thing from the mind of International Working Men’s Educational Club (IWMEC) steward Louis Diemshitz as he led his pony and cart through the gates into Dutfield’s Yard, Berner Street, St. George’s-in-the-East. Within seconds, he stumbled across the body of the third canonic victim of Jack the Ripper, identified soon afterwards as being that of Elizabeth Stride. While

Shortly after the *Princess Alice* sank in September 1878, Liz approached Sven Olsson, a clerk of the Swedish church in England, and informed him that her husband and two children had drowned in the sinking, whilst she had survived, albeit with some injury to her palate (roof of the mouth). Olsson later commented that at this time, Liz was clearly in poor condition, and from that time until her death, she continued to

11. *Ibid*

receive occasional financial assistance from the Swedish church as a result.

As sad as the representation of her life that she gave to Olsson, the truth was somewhat different. John Stride was still alive at that stage, and there was even a reunion between the two on at least one occasion. Ultimately, John Stride died of an illness six years later, on October 24, 1884, that had nothing to do with the *Princess Alice* tragedy.

Researchers who have investigated Liz's story have found that there is no record of any Strides as passengers on the *Princess Alice*, and while I would like to be able to state evidence to the contrary, my own research has brought me to the same conclusion, despite several different methods and names being tried.

Liz was born on November 27, 1843, which would make her 34 years old at the time of the sinking. Allowing for one year either way in case of an error of some sort, the *Princess Alice* passenger list was searched for females aged 33-35 years who survived. Once again using the available data, there were 17 matches for this category on board the ship — however, all 17 of those women died in the sinking, with 15 known and two listed as unknown/unclaimed.

Taking a different approach, a search was made for the surnames *Ericsson* (Liz's fathers surname), *Gustifson* (the name on Liz and John's marriage certificate), *Gustafsdotter* (Liz's maiden name) and *Stride*. There were no matches for these names or any at all similar to them.

The statistics have already been given in this article for children aged 15 years and under on board the ship. This was another way to try to find if there were any possible matches for Liz's children on board. While this is much more of a subjective result since we don't know the exact ages the children Liz claimed to have lost and there were many young victims who were also unknown/unclaimed, for those we can identify there are no close matches. A search of the available newspaper archives also showed that the name Elizabeth Stride was never mentioned in regard to anything, let alone the *Princess Alice* disaster, in 1878.

Bearing all of these factors in mind, we can safely state once and for all that the story Liz Stride told was false — a desperate, opportunistic measure used to elicit sympathy and financial support at a time when she desperately needed it. It is always a possibility

worth consideration that Liz might have sailed on board the *Princess Alice* at some point in her past, or that she might have had friends or associates who died in the sinking, as the tragedy was so far-reaching. That, however, is purely conjecture and in any case is not the story that she told.

Perhaps the final nail in the coffin of that tale came during her autopsy in 1888 when it was found that there had been no damage to her palate, as she had claimed. We cannot entirely blame Liz for telling this story — she was a desperate woman resorting to desperate measures at the time, and what she did is probably marginally better than other schemes she might have turned to. That being said, however, this possible link between two major tragedies is, after all, a non-existent one.

AN UPDATE ON A SECOND JTR CONNECTION

Since the original writing of this article, some information has been brought to my attention regarding a second prominent link between the Jack the Ripper case and the sinking of the *Princess Alice*, and I felt that it also merited a mention in these pages.

It is in regard to Joseph Martin,

...I CONSIDER THAT THE MIRACLE OF MY LIFE.

the man who was responsible for the mortuary photographs of the Jack the Ripper victims. An article published some 55 years after the sinking in the *East London Advertiser* carries the following information, which details this rather interesting, not to mention miraculous, link:

Mr. Martin often used to play in the orchestras of the steamships that went from London Bridge to Southend and Margate. He was on one occasion asked to play on the "Princess Alice," and his sister and brother-in-law, who were arranging a day out, agreed to take tickets on the same boat. On the evening before the day, his employer told him that he would require him to play at the Holborn Restaurant instead. He was disappointed that he could not get in touch with his relatives, but he went to the restaurant. He finished playing there in the early morning, and whilst on his way home called at a coffee stall. There, men were talking of the tragedy of the sunken ship and the many

lives lost. "I walked home stunned," said Mr. Martin, "and thinking of the fate which must have overwhelmed my sister and brother-in-law. To my great amazement, when I went to the house of a relative to ask if any details had been received, I met them face to face. I said, "I thought you were dead," and they replied "We thought you were." It transpired that they were held up on the way to Woolwich, and when they arrived, the steamboat was already in midstream. I consider that the miracle of my life.¹²

It was indeed a blessing that day for Joseph Martin and his family, and Mr. Martin would go on to live into old age. Indeed, the title of the article partially quoted above is "Fifty Years A Corpse Photographer". There are, no doubt, more remarkable connections between the two tragedies to be found, though they would be hard pressed to beat this particular tale of fortune.

CONCLUSION

Having read these accounts of the tragedy, some might question why the sinking is not more famous in the annals of history — and it is indeed a good question. After all, purely from a statistical standpoint, it ranks up there with some of the very worst. I would personally say that perhaps a major reason for this might be that everything happened so quickly that evening that there was no time for anything of a famous or heroic nature to really occur. The ship sank in just four minutes. It was over before many people even knew what had happened. It did not sink in wartime, it wasn't sailing on its maiden voyage — which, among other things, are fair comparisons when considering it against some other major maritime disasters. With so many other famous events to take place in the following few decades, the story of the *Princess Alice* was swept to the back of the minds of the public.

¹². *East London Advertiser*, October 21, 1933.

For the survivors of the sinking, after the initial period of worrying and searching for their loved ones with whom they had travelled, came a time of rebuilding. For some it was more difficult than others, and many orphaned children were taken into care or sent to their relatives. The public support and subscriptions — including from the Queen herself — to help the needy were indeed quite generous and helpful to those who found themselves in the worst situations.

As for the London Steamboat Company, the sinking of the *Princess Alice* was surely what it didn't need. Following the sinking, it struggled financially until it was eventually put up for sale in 1884, at which point it became the Thames Steamboat Company. It carried on for a further three years under that name before closing its doors completely and going under the ownership of the Victoria Steamboat Association in 1888. Soon afterwards, the Cunard Line and White Star Line would become the two major rivals of the trans-Atlantic route in the battle for the Blue Riband (the award given to the steamer which made the fastest crossing across the Atlantic — as a point of interest, White

Star Line's *Germanic* held the coveted award at the time of the *Princess Alice* sinking) and would themselves have major chapters to add into the history books.

Liz Stride was far from being the only person to take advantage of the situation in 1878. It was reported that pickpockets and watermen were taking whatever items of value they could find from the victims of the ship as they were brought ashore. Liz would hardly have stood out as the chaos ensued during the *Princess Alice* tragedy. However, as she stood on Berner Street in the early hours of September 30, 1888, she was about to become famous for an entirely different, and much more unfortunate reason. The rest, as they say, is history.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My eternal gratitude goes out to Howard and Nina Brown for their assistance in putting this article together and for providing some very useful press reports. Also, a big thank you to Jon Simons, for pointing out the Joseph Martin connection to me, and to everybody else who has assisted and encouraged somewhere along the way. Thank you.

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THE DOOMED SHIP.

“PRINCESS ALICE,”

Sunk near Woolwich on Tuesday, September 3rd, 1878.

A long and lovely Autumn day
Was closing slowly, dim and grey,
As up the Thames a good ship bore
'Twixt Essex and the Kentish shore;
While all on board were glad and gay,
Rejoicing in their holiday.
The little children laughed and smiled,
The old with talk the time beguiled,
And as the evening closed in shade
The song arose from youth and maid;
And the pale moonlight's flickering glance
Shone on the blithe and merry dance.
None thought of danger or of tear,
For each one knows that home is near—
When hark! a crush! a crash! a cry!
A horrid shriek of agony!
The smiling babe, the laughing child
Are clasped by mothers frantic wild.

No more of dance, no more of song
Among the mad distracted throng;
Five minutes and five more have past—
Time never seemed to fly so fast;
And darkness and deep silence fall,
For death and night o'ershadow all;
The rapid current of the Thames
Seven hundred wretched victims claims,
Seven hundred that an hour ago
Looked on the sunset's ruddy glow,
And little dreamed that to their eyes
That sun should never more arise.
Oh! what a close to such a day!
Their homes scarce one short hour away.
Homes they shall enter never more
For death has locked and barred the door.
And the dark rivers muddy waves
Now roll o'er many a hundred graves.

Biography

Adam Went

Adam has been researching the Whitechapel Murders & Victorian History since 2004, and has taken an interest in maritime history for even longer. He has previously researched, written and

co-written articles for *Ripperologist* and says he cannot write at all unless he has 80s rock music blasting in the background. Adam makes his home in far away Tasmania. This is his first article for *Casebook Examiner*.



Think you may have an article just waiting to be published?

Contributions are always welcomed by the Examiner and we would be glad to discuss future articles on Jack the Ripper studies, other LVP crime and social history.

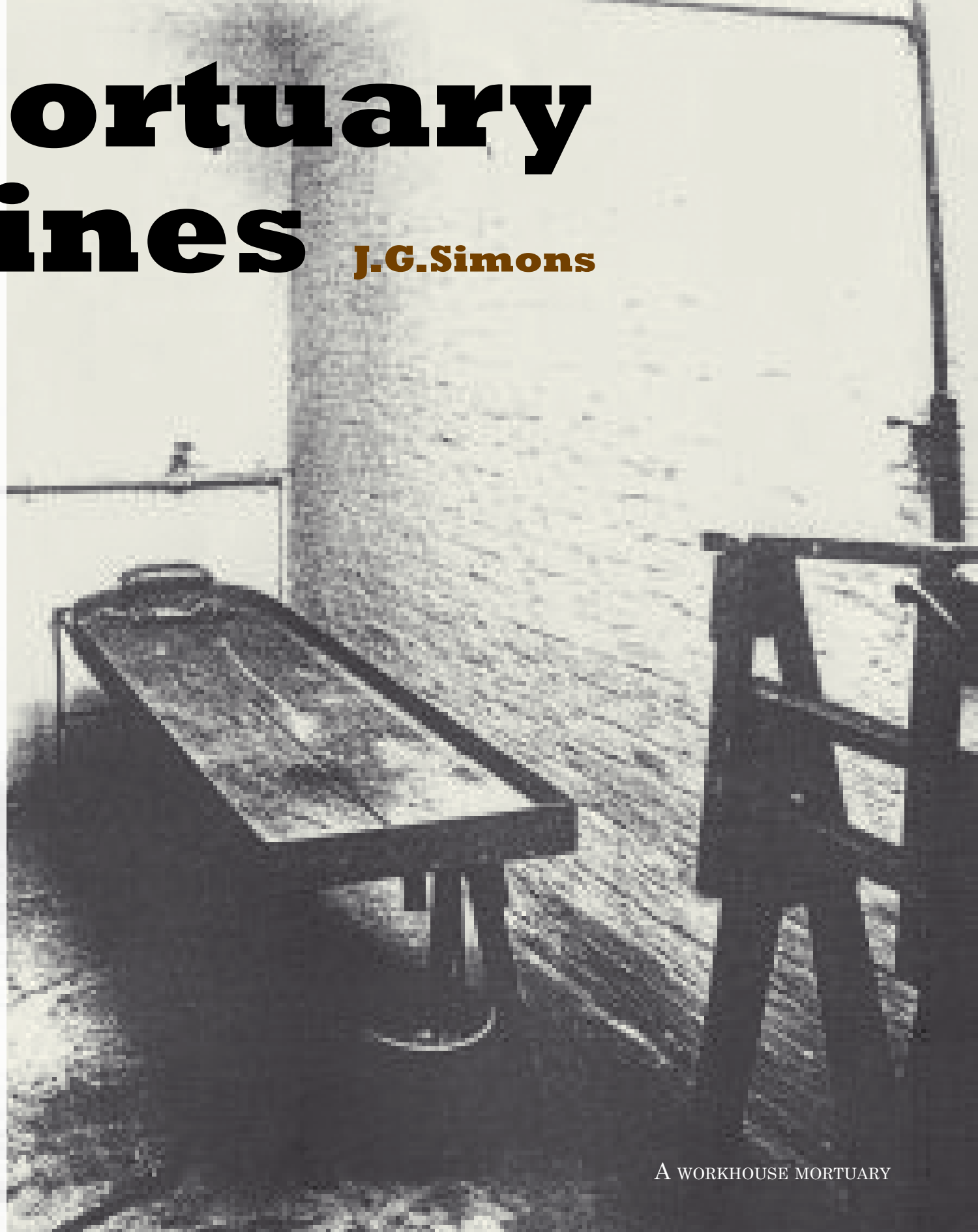
Drop us a line with your ideas to examiner@casebook.org and we will reply promptly along with our short style sheet. Don't be shy - we look forward to hearing from you soon.

The Mortuary Timelines

J.G.Simons

Polly Nichols was the first of the Canonic Five to be murdered, setting into motion an investigation that would soon become a search for “Jack the Ripper”. Much of that manhunt may be well known, but not so the routine details of the victims’ time at the mortuary. Once Polly’s body had been removed to the mortuary in Old Montague St, the processes of the police, who needed to establish the victim’s identity, and that of the medical men, who were required to establish the cause of death, began.

The following timeline is a particularly useful tool for us to observe those processes taking place. The events and times given are taken from contemporary press and police reports. In instances such as the flurry of police activity following the removal of the body approximate times have been assigned using the various testimonies we have. Not all visitors to the mortuary, such as the photographer, police officials, and other witnesses were reported by the newspapers, so they have not been included, but the timeline is otherwise quite complete.



POLLY NICHOLS

Friday August 31st 1888

4.10am: P.C. Thain 96J helps place the body on the ambulance and Sgt Kirby 10J, P.C. Neil 97J and P.C. Mizen 56H convey the body to the mortuary at Eagle Place, Old Montague St. The mortuary, mouldy and foul smelling, is locked and the body is left on the ambulance in the yard. They send to the Workhouse for the keys.¹

4.50am: Inspector Spratling and P.C. Thain 96J arrive. Spratling takes a description of the clothing and body whilst it is still on the ambulance in the yard as they wait for the mortuary keeper with the keys.²

5.00am: Robert Mann arrives with the keys from the Workhouse and Polly is moved into the mortuary. Spratling makes a more detailed inspection of the body whilst it is on the floor; he discovers previously unnoticed abdominal wounds and sends for Dr Llewellyn.³

5.30am: Dr Llewellyn arrives and makes a ten minute examination of the wounds in the presence of Insp Spratling.⁴

5.45am: Robert Mann locks up the mortuary and returns to the workhouse with the keys.⁵

6.30am: After their breakfast, workhouse inmates, Robert Mann and James Hatfield return to the Mortuary.⁶

8.30am: Inspector Helson arrives and inspects the body.⁷

9.00am: Mr Banks, the Coroner's Officer, views the body.⁸

1. *Times* 3rd Sept 88; *East London Advertiser* 8th Sept 88 2. *Ibid.* 3. *Evening News* 3rd Sept 88; *The Times* 3rd Sept 88

4. *Evening News* 3rd Sept 88 5. *Times* 18th Sept 88 6. *The Times* 18th Sept 88 7. *Echo* 3rd Sept 88 8. *The Star* 1st Sept 88

Friday August 31st 1888

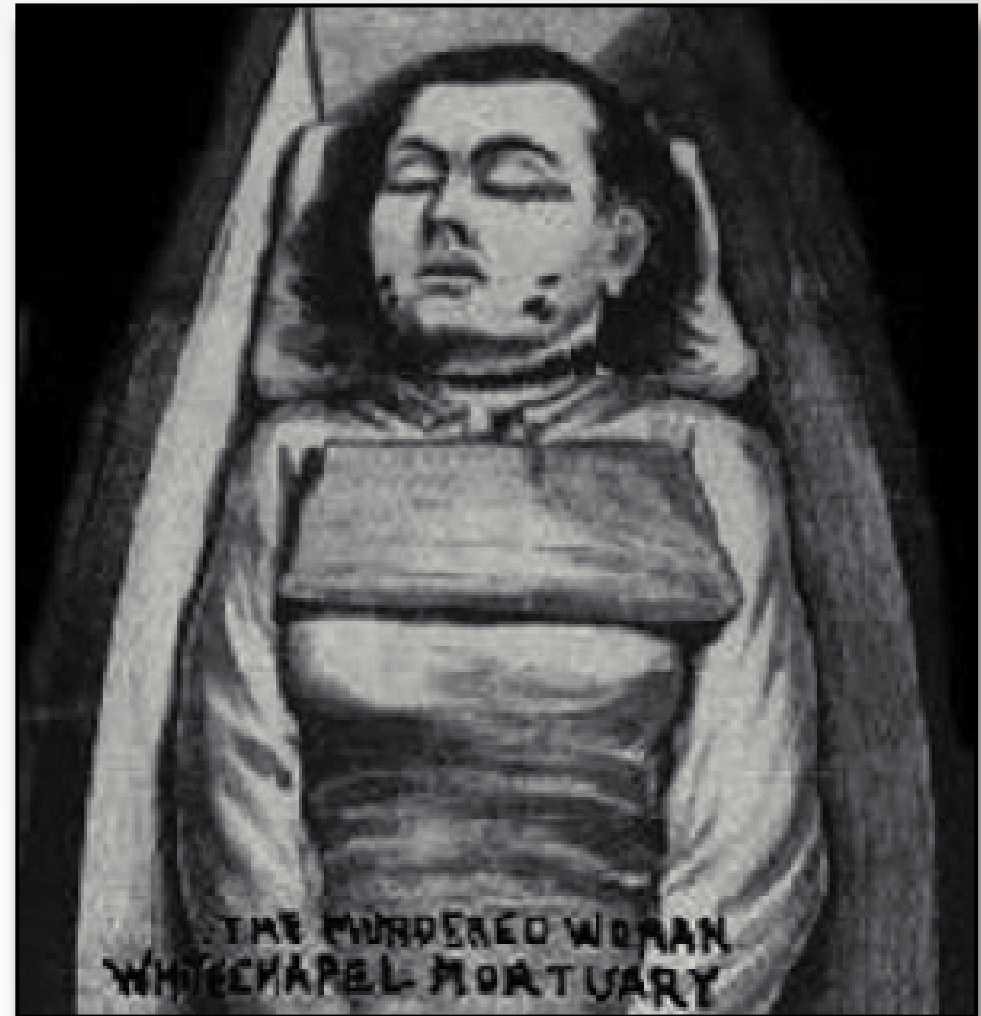
9.30am: Hatfield and Mann undress the body. They take off the ulster first, then her jacket and dress. Hatfield cuts the bands to her petticoats and tears them and the chemise off with his hands. Helson asks Hatfield to cut out a piece of the petticoat marked “Lambeth Workhouse”. The clothes are left in the yard.⁹

11.00am: Robert Mann shows the *East London Observer* reporter the body of Nichols lying in her shell in the Deadhouse.¹⁰

Noon: Inspector Spratling returns with Det Sgt Enright to the mortuary. The body is in a black shell immediately to the right as you enter, and parallel with the wall.¹¹

5pm: Emily Holland views the body in the mortuary and identifies her as Polly of 18 Thrawl St.¹²

7.30pm: Lambeth Workhouse inmate Mary Ann Monk is brought to the mortuary by Inspector Helson and identifies her as Mary Ann Nichols, having to view the body twice.¹³



POLLY NICHOLS

9. *Ibid.* 10. *Ibid.* 11. *Ibid.* 12. *East London Advertiser* 8th Sept 88 13. *East London Observer* 1st Sept 88

Sat Sept 1st

9.00am: The body is moved to an improvised operating room on the mortuary premises for Dr Llewellyn to begin the post mortem examination.¹⁴

10.00am: Dr Llewellyn begins the examination in the presence of his assistant, Mr Samuel Secombe.¹⁵

11.00am: James Scorer and coffee stall keeper, John Morgan arrive with a J-Division constable but cannot identify the body.¹⁶

1.00pm: The inquest jury are sworn in and view the body. Hatfield demonstrates to a juror how short the stays are.¹⁷

6.00pm: Polly's father Edward Walker and son Edward Nichols arrive at the mortuary.¹⁸

7.00pm: Inspector Abberline accompanies Polly's husband, William Nichols to the mortuary. There is a brief reunion between father and son as the father is arriving and the son leaving.¹⁹

Thur Sept 6th

Afternoon: In a bid to get the body out of the mortuary with ease, arrangements are kept a secret. The hearse that is collecting Polly is observed travelling east along Hanbury St, passing the crowds in Old Montague St and continuing on into Whitechapel Rd and doubling back into Chapman's Court through the back gates. The undertaker and his men place the body in a polished elm coffin, and return to undertaker Henry Smith's of 87 Hanbury St to await the mourners. The mourners, Edward Walker, Edward Nichols and two of Polly's children, are late and the hearse and a carriage are kept in a nearby side street under the supervision of Insp Ellisdon and his men. The cortege heads down Hanbury St, along Bakers Row past the corner of Bucks Row into Whitechapel Rd towards Ilford Cemetery.²⁰

14. *The Star* 1st Sept 88 15. *East London Observer* 8th Sept 88; *Echo* 1st Sept 88 16. *The Star* 1st Sept 88 17. *The Star* 18th Sept 88; *East London Observer* 8th Sept 88 18. *Lloyds Weekly* Sept 2nd 88 19. *Echo* 6th Sept 88 20. *East London Advertiser* 8th Sept 88

ANNIE CHAPMAN

Saturday September 8th 1888

6.45am: Sgt Badham 31H and Sgt Venner convey the body of Annie Chapman by ambulance to the mortuary at Old Montague Street.²¹

7.00am: Robert Mann receives the body of Chapman at the mortuary. Annie Chapman is laid in the same shell as was Polly Nichols. Sgt Thick carefully examines the clothing whilst Sgt Badham takes notes. Two females from Crossingham's are present, and can identify the victim's clothing.²²

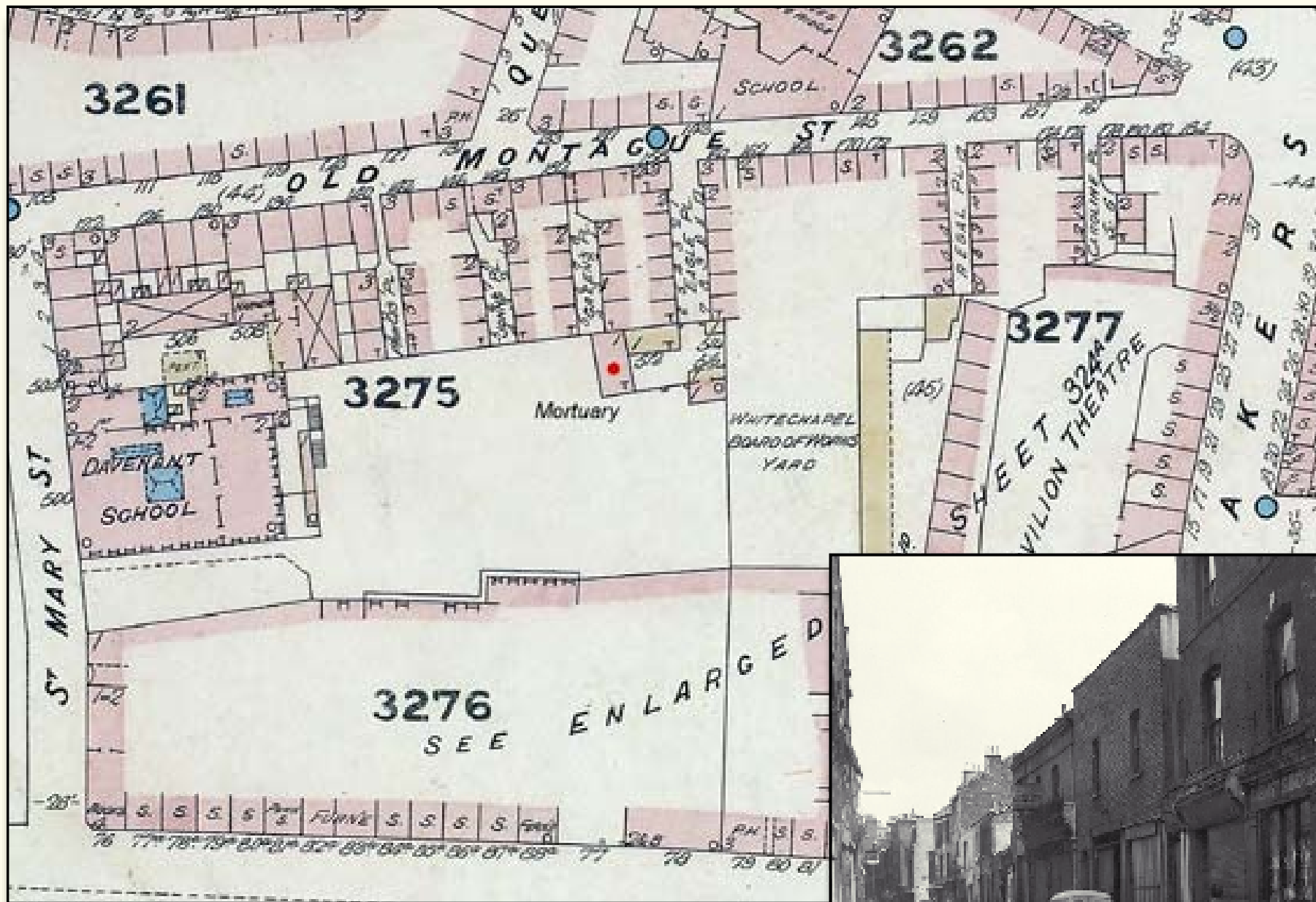
7.15am: Insp Chandler arrives and searches Annie's clothing; she is still on the ambulance. He leaves Robert Mann and P.C. Barnes 376H with the body.²³

7.30am: Frederick Simmons, Tim Donovan and Amelia Palmer are amongst those from the neighbouring common lodging houses brought in to attempt to identify the body.²⁴

Morning: The Clerk of the Guardians sends Infirmary nurses Mary Elizabeth Simonds and Frances Wright to undress and wash the body. They strip Chapman, leaving the handkerchief around her neck. Robert Mann leaves the shed whilst this is done.²⁵

2.00pm: Dr Phillips and assistant Dr Percy Clark arrive to perform the post mortem examination.²⁶

21. *Times* 10th Sept 88; *Times* 14th Sept 88 22. *Times* 14th Sept 8th; *East London Observer* 15th Sept 88 23. *East London Observer* 15th Sept 88; *Times* 14th Sept 88 24. *Times* 10th Sept 88; *The Star* 8th Sept 88. 25. *East London Observer* 15th Sept 88 26. *East London Observer* 15th Sept 88; *Times* 10th Sept 88



OLD MONTAGUE STREET

Sunday September 9th 1888

Annie's brother, Fountain Hamilton Smith identifies the body.²⁷

Monday September 10th 1888

10.00am: Coroner's Officer, Mr Banks, takes the inquest jury to the mortuary to view the body.²⁸

Tuesday September 11th 1888

Afternoon: After picking John Pizer out of a line-up in the yard of Leman St Police station, Emanuel Delbast Violencia is taken to the mortuary but was unable to identify the body.²⁹

Wednesday September 12th 1888

Elizabeth Long makes her statement to the police and is then taken to view the body.³⁰

Friday September 14th 1888

7.00am: To avoid the crowds, the undertakers, Hawes Undertakers of Hunt St, Mile End, arrive early and Chapman is placed in a black elm coffin, and taken by hearse to Hunt St.³¹

9.00am: The hearse makes off for Manor Park Cemetery. Friends and relatives meet the coffin at the cemetery.³²

27. HO 144/221/A49301 C 28. *East London Observer* 15th Sept 88 29. *Times* 12th Sept 88 30. HO 144/221/A49301C

31. *East London Observer* 15th Sept 88 32. *Ibid.*

ELIZABETH STRIDE

Sunday September 30th 1888

4.30am: The body of Liz Stride is placed on the ambulance that P.C. Smith 452H has fetched from Leman St police station. She is taken to St George's in the East Mortuary, a small brick building standing in the graveyard of St George's Church in Cannon St Rd, Shadwell. P.C. Lamb 252H begins to help convey the ambulance to the mortuary but is called back to Dutfield's Yard.³³

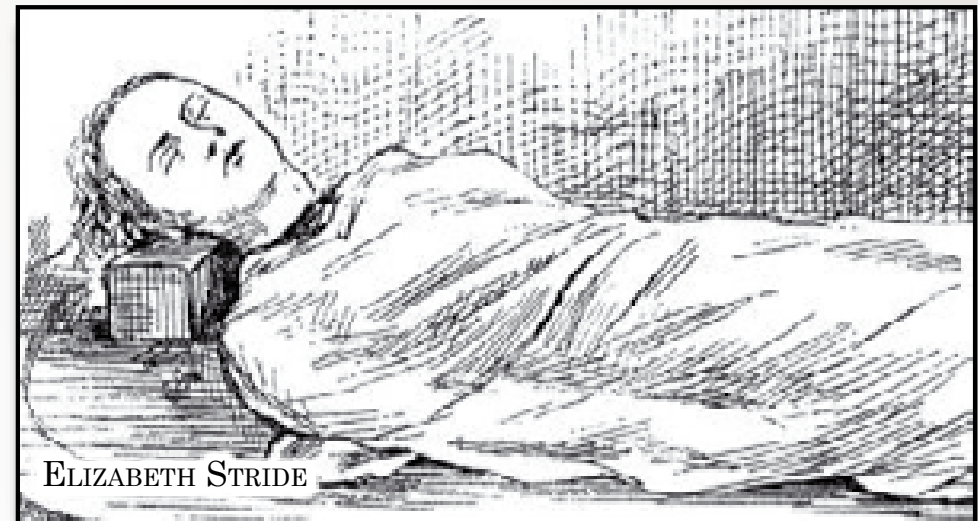
7.00am: Inspector Reid visits the mortuary to take a description of the body and clothing.³⁴

Morning: John Arundell and Charles Preston identify the body.³⁵

Afternoon: Catherine Lane identifies the body. The *London Evening News* reporter views the body. J. Best, John Gardener and William Marshall view the body.³⁶

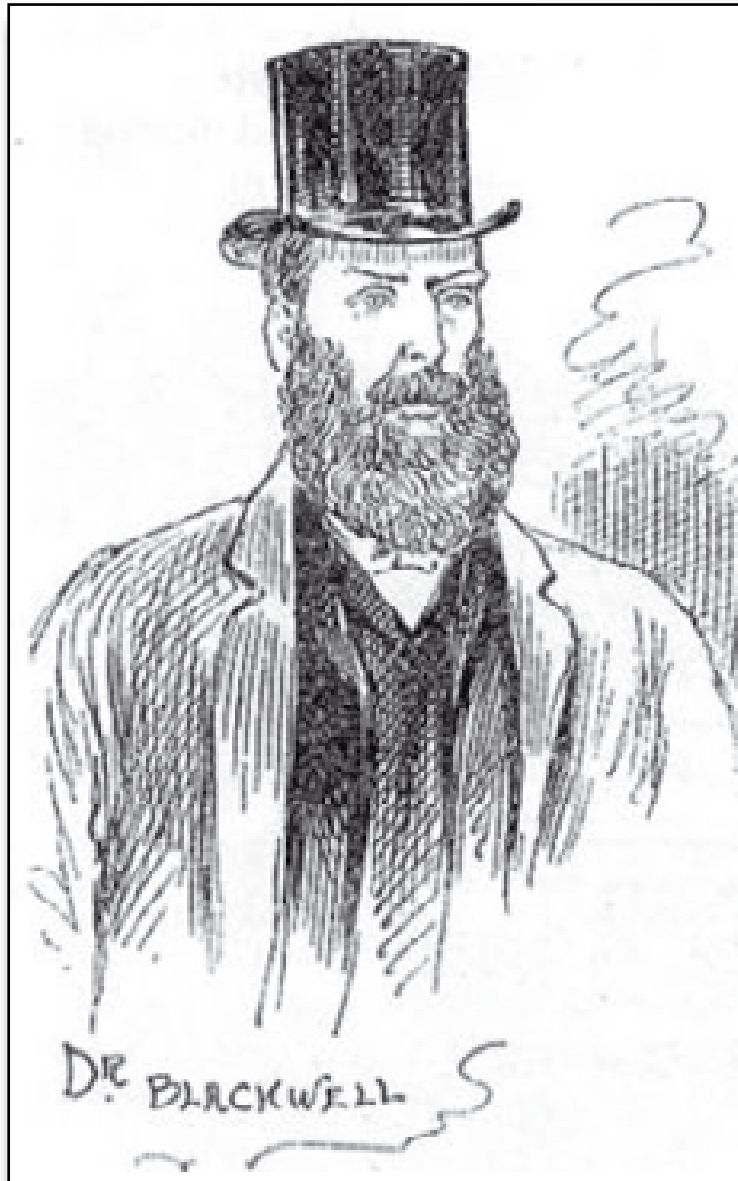
Evening: One Armed Liz views the body and Israel Schwartz is taken from Leman St to the mortuary.³⁷

9.00pm: Mary Malcolm visits the Mortuary but cannot recognise the body, claiming this was due to viewing by gaslight.³⁸



33. *Times* 3rd Oct 88; *The London of Jack the Ripper Then and Now*- Clack and Hutchinson 34. *Daily Telegraph* Oct 6th 88 35. *East London Advertiser* 6th Oct 88 36. *London Evening News* 6th Oct 88; *London Evening News* Oct 1st 88; *Daily Telegraph* Oct 3rd 88 37. HO/144/221/A49301C 8a; *The Star* Oct 1st 88 38. *East London Observer* 6th Oct 88; *Daily Telegraph* Oct 3rd 88

Monday October 1st 1888



11.30am: The jury leave the Vestry Hall in Cable St to view the body. They have to pass through the crowd gathered in the church graveyard. The body is still clothed on the slab.³⁹

That Day: Mary Malcolm again visits the mortuary and has to view the body twice. Michael Kidney views the body.⁴⁰

3.00pm: Dr Blackwell, and his assistant Edward Johnston, make a post mortem examination, with Dr Phillips taking notes. Dr Rygate is also present.⁴¹

39. The Star Oct 1st 88 Times

40. Jack the Ripper: The Complete Casebook US ed. Pg78 Evans/Skinner; Times 3rd Oct 88; Daily Telegraph Oct 3rd 88; Daily Telegraph Oct 4th 88; Daily Telegraph Oct 6th 88

41. Daily Telegraph Oct 6th 88; Daily Telegraph Oct 4th 88; East London Advertiser 6th Oct 88

Tuesday October 2nd 1888

Morning: Clerk to the Swedish Church Sven Ollson identifies Stride. Dr Phillips re-examines the body and clothing in the company of Doctors Brown and Blackwell.⁴²

Wednesday October 3rd 1888

Elizabeth Tanner views the body at the mortuary after having been sent for. She recognises the black cloak that is hanging up in the mortuary.⁴³

Thursday October 4th 1888

Matthew Packer is taken to the mortuary by Le Grand and Batchelor and identifies her as the woman to whom he sold grapes. Det Sgt Stephen White arrives from Berner St, looking for Packer.⁴⁴

Saturday October 6th 1888

Elizabeth is buried quietly at the East London Cemetery in Plaistow at the expense of the Parish.⁴⁵

42. *Times* 6th Oct 88 43. *Daily Telegraph* Oct 4th 88 44. *London Evening News* 4th Oct 88; MEPO 3/140/221/A49301C

45. *Woodford Times* (Essex) 12th Oct 88

CATHERINE EDDOWES

Sun Sept 30th

3.00am: The body is removed by ambulance to the mortuary in Golden Lane.⁴⁶

3.15am: Det Halse and Insp Collard follow the body to the mortuary. Collard inspects the body and notices that part of Eddowes' apron is missing. Major Smith arrives. The body is stripped by mortuary keeper, Mr Davis, in the presence of Doctors Brown and Sequeira; a piece of Eddowes' ear falls out of her clothing whilst she is being undressed.

5.45am: Frederick William Foster sketches the body.

6.00am: Insp James McWilliam arrives with detectives to witness that the two pieces of apron match.⁴⁷

4.30pm - 6.00pm: Post mortem examination conducted by Dr Brown with the assistance of Dr Sequeira. Dr Phillips and Dr Saunders are also present.⁴⁸

Mon Oct 1st

A woman from Rotherhithe, her son-in-law and another man are brought from Bishopsgate police station to the mortuary to identify the body. The woman believes the body to be that of her sister until, like Mary Malcolm at the Stride inquest, her sister is found to be alive.

A large number of people view the body throughout the course of the day. But she still remains unidentified. Police Constables Robinson and Simmons recognise her as the woman they carried to Bishopsgate police station. Police make enquiries at the address she gave in Fashion St.⁴⁹

46. *Daily Telegraph* Oct 12th 88; *Evening Standard* Oct 1st 88

47. HO 144/221/A49301C; *Daily Telegraph* Oct 12th 88; *East London Advertiser* 13th Oct 88; *Daily Telegraph* Oct 5th 88

48. *Daily Telegraph* Oct 5th 88; *Evening Standard* Oct 1st 88; *East London Advertiser* 6th Oct 88 49. *Echo* 2nd Oct 88

Tuesday October 2nd 1888

10.00pm: John Kelly and F.W. Wilkinson are taken from Bishopsgate police station by Sgt Miles to Golden Lane to identify the body as Kate Conway.⁵⁰

Wednesday October 3rd 1888

Afternoon: Sgt Outram accompanies Eddowes' sister, Eliza Gold, Eliza's son George Gold and a young girl from Thrawl St to the mortuary.⁵¹

Matthew Packer is accompanied by private detectives LeGrand and J.H. Batchelor to the mortuary in an attempt to test the veracity of his statement regarding Stride.⁵²

Thursday October 4th 1888

Morning: Samuel Langham opens the inquest and the jury view the body, which is lying in the adjoining mortuary.⁵³

50. *The Star* 3rd Oct 88; *Echo* 3rd Oct 88; *London Evening News* 3rd Oct 88 51. *Evening Standard* Oct 1st 88

52. *East London Advertiser* 6th Oct 88; *London Evening News* 4th Oct 88 53. *Daily Telegraph* Oct 5th 88

Monday October 8th 1888

1.30pm: Kate is placed in a polished elm coffin with oak mountings supplied by Mr G. C. Hawkes, a Vestryman of Banner St, St Luke's. The procession consists of the hearse, one mourning coach carrying relatives — Kate's four sisters, her two nieces and John Kelly — and one coach carrying friends, the majority of whom are attired in a style not at all befitting the occasion, and a brougham [a light four wheeled carriage] conveying representatives of the press. The procession's route is through Golden Lane, Old St, Great Eastern St, Commercial St, Whitechapel Rd, Mile End Rd through Stratford to the Ilford Cemetery. Tim Kelly and James Cook are arrested by Detectives Wise and Oates for attempting to pick pockets amongst the large gathering in Golden Lane. A large crowd followed the cortege from Golden Lane, and another crowd collected opposite St Mary's in Whitechapel. Nearly 500 people were congregated at the cemetery to watch the internment.⁵⁴

2.20pm: The cortege passes the junction of Osborn St and Commercial St where there are dense crowds.⁵⁵

3.30pm: The Rev Dunscombe conducts the graveside service.⁵⁶



MITRE SQUARE VICTIM

54. *Daily Telegraph* 8th Oct 88; *East London Advertiser* 13th Oct 88; *Eastern Post and City Chronicle* 13th Oct 88

55. *Echo* 8th Oct 88 56. *Daily Telegraph* 8th Oct 88; *East London Advertiser* 13th Oct 88; *East London Observer* 13th Oct 88

MARY KELLY

Friday November 9th 1888

4.10pm: The body is placed in a shell on a tarpaulin-covered van and is taken to Shoreditch Mortuary. As the shell is carried into Miller's Court people rush out of the courts, and a crowd gathered at the Commercial St end of Dorset St to try to break through the Police cordon.⁵⁷

Saturday November 10th 1888

7.30am: Doctors Phillips, Bond, Dukes, Clark and Brown make a six and a half hour post mortem examination.⁵⁸

Monday November 12th 1888

10.00am: The inquest jury are taken to view the body at the Shoreditch Mortuary behind St Leonard's Church in Shoreditch High Street. The mortuary is a red-bricked building, a cool and lofty apartment well lit by two windows placed high up.

Tuesday November 13th 1888

11.30am: George Hutchinson is accompanied by a police constable to view the body at the mortuary.⁵⁹

57. *The Star* 10th Nov 88; *Daily Telegraph* 10th Nov 88; *Times* 10th Nov 88; *Pall Mall Gazette* 10th Nov 88

58. *London Evening News* 13th Nov 88; *Times* 12th Nov 88; *Times* 13th Nov 88 59. MEPO 3/140, ff. 230-2

Wed Nov 14th

Afternoon: The body is removed from its temporary coffin and placed in a French polished elm and oak coffin.⁶⁰

Mon Nov 19th

12.30pm: At noon the Shoreditch Church bell begins to toll and, as large crowds gather, the body is taken from the Shoreditch mortuary to the Roman Catholic Cemetery in Leytonstone. The hearse is followed by two mourning coaches, one containing three, and the other five persons.⁶¹

The funeral is paid for by Henry Wilton, the Sexton of Shoreditch Church. The wreaths upon the coffin bear cards signed by friends from the public houses she frequented. The cortege leaves Shoreditch proceeding along the Hackney Road to Leytonstone.⁶²

60. *London Evening News* 15th Nov 88 61. *London Evening News* 19th Nov 88; *East London Advertiser* 24th Nov 88; *Times* 19th Nov 88

62. *East London Advertiser* 24th Nov 88; *Times* 20th Nov 88

under the control of the Burial Board of St. Anne's, Westminster. The first of its kind in London. Under the superintendence of a resident attendant. It adjoins the parish church. Friends of a deceased person can at all times have access thereto, and a separate room is provided for mourners to assemble in on the day of burial. No fee or charge whatever allowed.

ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY.—Mortuary at Dufour's Place, Broad Street, Golden Square.

ST. LUKE'S.—Accommodation building (1875) for 12 bodies.

ST. MARY, NEWINGTON.—A railway arch adapted for purpose; also post-mortem room.

ST. SAVIOUR'S.—For 3 bodies; also post-mortem room.

SHOREDITCH.—A mortuary on ground adjoining the church. Glass coffins for recognition of unknown dead, disinfecting apparatus, and suitable means and conveniences for conducting post-mortem examinations.

STRAND BOARD OF WORKS.—Mortuary in Drury Lane, provided by private benevolence on the old disused burial ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Well constructed and very useful.

TOTTENHAM.—The Medical Officer of Health chronicles in his annual Report for 1879 the decision of the Local Board to establish a mortuary.

ALICE MCKENZIE

Wednesday July 17th 1889

1.30am: The body is placed on the ambulance and taken from Castle Alley to the Old Montague St mortuary by Sgt Badham, accompanied by Dr Phillips, Supt Arnold and Chief Insp West. The body is left clothed and untouched on a table and Phillips discusses the nature of the wounds with Arnold and West.⁶³

2.30am: Insp Reid arrives to search the clothing.⁶⁴ After witnessing her and her description has been taken by Insp Reid, Dr Phillips leaves instructions that the body not be touched until his return or it is delivered to the Coroner's Officer.⁶⁵

A large number of persons connected with the common lodging houses in the district are taken to view the body. Although many recognise her, no-one knows her name.⁶⁶

Large crowds gather by the Mortuary gates,⁶⁷

1.00pm: Elizabeth Ryder views the body.⁶⁸

1.30pm: John McCormack identifies the body as Alice McKenzie after he is told by Elizabeth Ryder that his old woman was lying dead in the mortuary.⁶⁹

2.00pm: Robert Mann and James Hatfield undress the body and one of them finds a pipe in her clothing and throws it on the floor, breaking it. The pipe is placed on a ledge at the end of the post mortem table but is subsequently lost. Dr Phillips performs the post mortem examination in the company of Chief Surgeon Alex McKellar, Dr Gordon Brown and a friend, Dr Percy Clark; and for a short while, Mr Boswick.⁷⁰

5.00pm: The inquest jury view the body.⁷¹

63. *Times* July 18th 89; MEPO 3/140 64. *Times* July 18th 89 65. MEPO 3/140 66. *Times* July 18th 89

67. *Ibid.* 68. *Ibid.*; MEPO 3/140 69. *Times* July 18th 89 70. *Ibid.*; MEPO 3/140 71. *Ibid.*; *Ibid.*

Thurs July 18th 1889

6.00pm: Dr Thomas Bond calls for Dr Phillips at Spital Sq and they both go on to the mortuary to inspect the wounds.⁷²

Sat July 20th 1889

Noon: Dr Phillips and Dr Brown re-examine the wounds to the abdomen.⁷³

Mon July 22nd 1889

Afternoon: The coffin is conveyed in a glass hearse to the cemetery at East Plaistow. Expenses are met by Isaac Soloman Park, the proprietor of the “Tower”, a local public house in Artillery St, and Mr Tenpenny, the owner of the lodging house where the victim lived. A large crowd gathers around the public house to see the procession start. A small number of H-Division police are present.⁷⁴



DR THOMAS BOND (COURTESY OF BUNNY McCABE)

72. MEPO 3/140 73. *Ibid.* 74. *Penny Illustrated Paper* 3rd Aug 89; *East London Observer* 20th July 89; *Woodford Times* 26th July 89

FRANCES COLES

Friday February 13th 1891

3.30am: On the orders of Inspector Reid, the body is placed on the ambulance and taken to Leman St police station and from there to the Whitechapel Mortuary.⁷⁵

7.00am: Ellen Callagher hears of the murder at 5am and goes to Leman St Police station and is then taken to the mortuary.⁷⁶

10.00am: The body is examined and the police take a description of the clothes. During the day a large crowd gathers outside the mortuary.⁷⁷

Milliner's assistant, Peter Hawkes, identifies the body as the woman to whom he sold the black crepe bonnet the night before.⁷⁸

Afternoon: Lodger Samuel Harris; Charles Guiver, the door keeper, and Sarah Fleming, the deputy of the White's Row Chambers Lodging House at 8 Whites Row, are taken by the police to the mortuary to identify the body.⁷⁹

Dr Phillips makes an examination of the wounds.⁸⁰

75. *Times* 14th Feb 91 76. *Ibid.* 77. *East London Observer* Feb 14th 91 78. *East London Advertiser* Feb 21st 91

79. *East London Advertiser* Feb 21st 91; *Times* 14th Feb 91 80. *Times* 14th Feb 91

Saturday February 14th 1891

Morning: Dr Phillips performs the post mortem examination with the assistance of Dr Oxley.⁸¹

Evening: Det Sgts Record and Kuhrt arrive by cab from the Bermondsey Workhouse with Frances's father, James Coles, who identifies his daughter.⁸²

The inquest is opened and the jury walk from the Working Man's Institute in Whitechapel Rd to the mortuary in Old Montague St to view the body.⁸³

Sunday February 15th 1891

Mary Ann Coles visits the mortuary and recognises the dress she had given Frances.⁸⁴

Tuesday February 17th 1891

Morning: The night watchman of 8 Whites Row, Charles Guiver, is sent from the inquest by Wynne Baxter to the mortuary to view the body again.⁸⁵

Friday February 20th 1891

Morning: William Steer, barman of the Bell in Middlesex St, is sent from the inquest by Baxter to view the body.⁸⁶

81. *Ibid.* 82. *East London Advertiser* Feb 21st 91 83. *Times* 14th Feb 91 84. *East London Advertiser* Feb 21st 91; *Times* 18th Feb 91
85. *Times* 18th Feb 91 86. *Times* 21st Feb 91

Wednesday February 25th 1889

2.15pm: An open hearse revealing an elm coffin studded with white nails turns into the Whitechapel Rd. Two thousand people are gathered to catch a glimpse of the coffin. Three funeral coaches that have been waiting since two o'clock just west of the entrance to the mortuary yard fall in behind the hearse as it makes its way to the East London cemetery in East Plaistow, where Liz Stride also was buried, by way of the Mile End Rd, Burdett Rd, the East India Dock Road, Barking Road and Hermit Rd. The mourners include father and sister, William and Mary Coles, and members of The Common Lodging House Mission, who have covered the costs of the funeral.⁸⁷

Once the last carriage enters the cemetery the gates are closed to the following crowds. Inside the cemetery there is a gathering of several thousand people, many of whom stand on gravestones to get a better view. It was noted with disdain that some were hawking the memorial cards of the deceased at a penny apiece.⁸⁸

By the time the public were once again waking to the news of another murder the wheels of the enquiry had already begun turning. The particular “dead house” would have a continuous stream of visitors, members of the Press and the curious would begin to gather at the gates to gossip and catch a glimpse of some of the main players in the grim drama that was unfolding around them.

87. *Eastern Post and City Chronicle* 28th Feb 91 88. *East London Observer* Feb 28th 91

SUMMARY

Through the process of quickly circulating in the vicinity of the crime scene an initial description of the victim taken by the police valuable witnesses were produced.

Identification was usually quickly established by visiting the common lodging houses and encouraging, if it was needed, potential witnesses to visit the mortuary. As was often the case, the victims were known in the lodging houses by a first name only or just by a nickname and follow-up enquiries were required to establish the true identities. The police would have on hand the services of photographers such as Louis Gumprecht or Joseph Martin to photograph the victim in case further identification was required after decomposition or burial. The system generally worked quite well.

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JTRForums.com

Biog- raphy

J.G.Simons

J. G. Simons is 45 years old and lives in Cheshire, England. This is his first article for *Casebook Examiner*, but he is currently in the planning stages for a second.

Jabez Balfour and The Ripper Murders

As Tom Wescott noted in his article about Charles Le Grand last issue: “Jabez Spencer Balfour was a Member of Parliament at the time of the Ripper murders and subsequently brought disgrace on himself by heading a fraudulent land society called the Liberator Building Society which, upon its collapse, brought about the ruin of literally thousands of individuals. It was the Enron of its day and was called ‘the most destructive fraud of the nineteenth century.’ After the collapse, and with the writing on the wall, Balfour took off to Argentina where he spent a few years on the lam before being arrested and escorted back to London.

“Jabez served his time from 1895

to 1906 and upon his release found himself desperately in need of cash. He was picked up from prison in a car owned by Alfred Harmsworth, later Lord Northcliffe, the owner and proprietor of the *Daily Mail* newspaper. Harmsworth commissioned Jabez to write a serialized memoir of his life in prison for his weekly publication, the *Weekly* (later, *Sunday*) *Dispatch*. He wasted no time in getting to work, and the first of his 26 installments appeared only eight days after his release from prison. The series was so enormously popular that Harmsworth commissioned the prolific Jabez to simultaneously write a second series entitled ‘Crimson Crimes’ which would look at well-known crimes and criminals

in London’s recent history. This was a subject close to Jabez’s heart and he opened the series with a four-part run covering the Jack the Ripper murders. Although written in 1906, and not without its errors, Jabez’s account of the Ripper murders is more detailed and accurate than many accounts published within the first 50 or even 75 years of the murders.”

Available now to many for the first time, here are the first two Balfour essays about the Ripper, faithfully transcribed from the *Weekly Dispatch* originals of October 26 and November 4, 1906. Parts three and four will appear in *Casebook Examiner* No. 4, accompanied by an analysis of Balfour’s suspects by Tom Wescott.

“Crimson Crimes.” I. — Jack the Ripper Fiendish Murders of Women In Whitechapel

Mr. Jabez Balfour’s Investigations

The fiendish crimes committed by Jack the Ripper startled and horrified the whole world. None of the tragedies that disgraced the last half of the nineteenth century revealed such an insatiable lust for blood and such fiendish ferocity or excited even a tithe of the universal and overwhelming terror provoked by the dreadful series of Whitechapel murders associated with the name of this monster.

As murder succeeded murder, the swarming millions of the metropolis awoke to the horrible fact that a man, or rather fiend, was prowling at large among them. A being endowed with a perfect genius for crime, a human tiger who displayed alike the unbridled cruelty of the widest of wild beasts, and the diabolical cunning, the daring, and the faculty for self preservation, which are the attributes of a ruthless intellect untempered by any of the gentler qualities of the human heart.

Nor was this all. The brutality, which by itself would have given these murders a dreadful pre-eminence in the annals of crime, was associated with a success in defying detection which was as bewildering as it was phenomenal. The victims, too, were all drawn from a single class—from the lowest and most degraded of those miserable women, who are alike the pests and the disgrace of our great cities—the very dregs of womankind, the scandal and reproach of our social life. In most cases, as will carefully be seen as I recount the particulars, death was inflicted in the same way, the bodies were still warm when, after the discovery of the crimes, doctors were called in by the police to examine the victims. At the first glance it would seem as if many of the features which characterised the murders were just such as would furnish clues to the discovery of their perpetrator. The same ghastly

method was followed systematically throughout. It was clearly shown the assassin was a left-handed man; that he was an expert in the use of a knife; that he had considerable acquaintance with anatomy; and that he displayed a phenomenal rapidity in perpetrating the horrible mutilations which followed the committal of his crimes. He never bungled, he never made a mistake. All these gruesome features showed that the murders were the work of one man, and this a man in a million, whose identity, one would think, it would be well-nigh impossible to conceal. Indeed, witnesses appeared at the various inquests who described some man whom they had seen shortly before the murder in the company of the unhappy victim. These descriptions strikingly agreed in several material points, so much so, that I am led to think they described the same man who was, indeed, the very murderer himself. I

am myself disposed to suspect that he often formed one of the group of startled onlookers which speedily collected round the fatal spots where the ghastly discoveries were made.

HORRIFIED THE WORLD

Moreover, neither greed nor jealousy, nor revenge could possibly be the motive of the crimes. That motive still

the columns of American and Colonial newspapers, but it penetrated to the remotest corners of the globe.

Indeed, I myself heard it talked of in South America. It happened that when I was in Argentina I made an excursion of some days to the remote and almost uninhabited region which is known as the Grand Chaco. It is a vast district, larger than several

and Spanish words. One of these men asked me if I were an “Americano” or a “gringo.” I promptly answered “I am an Englishman.” “Inglese!” — he repeated, as if the first word conveyed no meaning to him, and then, after a moment’s meditation, he muttered “London—Jack—The—Ripper!” — that was all he knew, all he had ever heard of England or of Englishmen! That was

I PROMPTLY ANSWERED “I AM AN ENGLISHMAN.”

remains to this day a subject of horrified conjecture. It is not, therefore, surprising that all these phenomenal features should excite and hold the attention of the world at large. Around and beyond them all was the weird and sordid picture of the hideous degradation and abject poverty of the victims, of the misery, the vice, the drinking, the lust, the squalor, the filth amid which these terrible deeds were done. These made up a fitting setting for such a tragedy. Not only did all England ring with the tale of blood, not only did it fill

English counties, inhabited by a handful of daring adventurers, of outcasts and outlaws, who have no other neighbors than the wild tribes of degenerate and half-breed Indians who roam at will across its apparently endless plains. My companions and I had slept at a rude shanty, and as we were preparing for our departure, shortly after sunrise, we were surrounded by a curious crowd of repulsive looking and half-naked Indians. The only language they spoke was a strange and almost unintelligible jumble of Indian

in 1893, or about five years after the murders at Whitechapel had startled the world at large. The horrid tidings had even penetrated to that neglected and little frequented region.

The incident naturally impressed me very greatly. The scene, the words, were stamped unto my brain. They are as clearly present to my mind now as I write these lines as when they struck me with mingled shame and amazement thirteen years ago. Since then, I have neglected no opportunity of gleaning information on this subject.

I have discussed this great mystery with all sorts and conditions of men — with detectives who were engaged in the investigations at the time, with barristers who have carefully scrutinized and weighed the evidence that was tendered at the inquests, with journalists, whose vocation requires an intimate knowledge of every topic of public interest: and last, but by no means least, with convicts, for whom this great undiscovered series of tremendous crimes — the work of an outsider — is a matter of absorbing interest and speculation to this very day. I have thus talked to men who believe they know who Jack the Ripper was, who think they can localise the distant land where they believe he is still living. I shall draw unreservedly on all these sources of information in the course of this narrative.

MARTHA TURNER

She was the first victim. The August Bank Holiday of 1888 was nearly over. The crowds of East End holiday-makers were returning to their homes.

It was eleven o'clock at night, and the Whitechapel-road was thronged by a motley, jostling, incongruous multitude, which included all ages

from grey-haired men and women to little, toddling children, who had just learned to walk. Parties of rough lads and lasses wandered aimlessly along the broad pavement, droning the latest popular ditty from the music-halls, and indulging at intervals in boisterous horse-play. Everything, no matter how rude and mean and rough was throbbing visibly with life.

The public-house in East London, with its blaze of life, its hubbub, its suggestion of excitement, and its constant movement, is a great institution, and on this particular night every house was doing a roaring trade. Let us enter one — a certain public-house not far from Whitechapel Church.

In what is known as “the four-ale bar” stood two women drinking gin. One of them had got hold of a few coppers, an unusual event, and was “standing treat” to a friend. The woman with the money had ordered “a quartern of gin and two out ‘o,” meaning, I am informed, two glasses.

These women were of the lowest types of waifs and strays which can be seen any night along Whitechapel, Mile End Waste, Commercial-road and other East End highways. One was Martha Turner, a hawker of penny-

toys, whose “pitch” was sometimes in Leadenhall-street and sometimes in Cheapside; her friend was known as “Pearly Poll.” As to “Pearly Poll’s” methods of livelihood the less said the better. They were, if such a thing were possible, even worse than poor Martha Turner’s. While the friends were sipping their gin a couple of soldiers entered the bar. Bank Holiday acquaintances in public-houses are formed in a twinkling and it was nothing extraordinary that the soldiers should be led to stand the two women drinks. They remained all together drinking in the public-house until a little after twelve, when Pearly Poll and the soldiers accompanied Martha Turner to the corner of George Yard Buildings, Whitechapel, a squalid collection of houses let out in tenements. There the four separated, pairing off in different directions.

That was the last time Pearly Poll saw her friend alive and what happened eventually to Martha Turner only one person — her murderer — could describe. Among those who lodged at 47, George Yard-buildings, was a Mrs. Mahoney. She had been holiday-making and did not reach home with her husband until about two o'clock on Tuesday



Discovery of the body of Martha Turner, the first victim of Jack the Ripper.

WEEKLY DISPATCH, 26 OCT. 1906

morning. Both were tired out and were glad enough to reach the ill-lighted, or, properly speaking, unlit common staircase which led to their rooms.

They saw nothing unusual. Perhaps there was then nothing unusual for them to see; certainly they were far from being wide awake or observant.

The night was a very noisy one even for the rowdy neighbourhood of George Yard-buildings. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, who lodged in an upper floor, were greatly disturbed. Shrieks of murder, which they heard for some time after midnight sent them out to a balcony to listen. To judge by the light of after occurrences, these shrieks had nothing to do with the dark and mysterious drama about to commence. Such cries were by no means uncommon in that neighbourhood. From two o'clock, when the Mahoneys returned, until three all was still. At half-past three, Albert George Crow, a cabman living also at George Yard-building, entered the house. Like the Mahoneys, he was dead tired, and when he saw a dark, shapeless mass on the landing the sight conveyed nothing to his mind. It was by no means the first time he had seen people asleep on the stairs.

Perhaps had he lingered for but half a minute he would have discovered something in the grey, mysterious light of the early dawn which he would have remembered all his life, but a cabman returning from work at half-past three in the morning may be credited at that moment with only one object in life — to get to bed and to sleep without a minute's delay.

At five o'clock, of course, it was bright daylight and when John Reeves descended the stairs to go to his work at the docks it was no longer possible for him to pass the squalid heap of drapery upon the landing without stopping to observe it.

There was something more than drapery that made him recoil with horror from the sight. He beheld the ashen face of a dead woman. He could see she was lying in a pool of blood.

This was the first of the Whitechapel murder mysteries. The list was headed by poor Martha Turner.

Never had the police anything more puzzling to grapple with. It could not then occur to them they were face to face with the work of an assassin whose cunning and audacity would prove more than a match for all their skill and experience and for all the

boundless resources at their disposal.

There was not the vestige of a clue, for, save the mutilated body of the victim lying in a pool of blood, the murderer had left no trace whatever of his presence. To begin with — Where had the murder been committed and at what time? To the first of those important questions the answer was — “In the house and on the landing itself.” There was no blood on the stairs, no trail of any kind. It is absurd to suppose that the assassin, after indulging his lust for blood, would trouble himself to drag the body up a flight of stairs. Had he meant to hide it he could well have left it at the foot of the stairs rather than toil with it up to the first landing.

The house was easy to enter. The common staircase door was always kept open.

But what is conclusive that the murder was committed inside the house is the condition of the body itself. The evidence of Dr. Timothy Keelene, of 28, Brick-lane, who was called in by the police, may here be quoted. He said: “The woman had the appearance of being dead about three hours. The body bore no less than thirty-nine punctured wounds, of which seventeen were

in the breast and nine in the throat. The heart had been penetrated in only one place; but the stomach showed as many as six perforations, the liver five, the left lung five, the right lung two and the spleen two. Aside from the injuries they received, all of the organs were quite healthy. A deep wound in the breast seemed to be inflicted by some long, strong instrument, such as a sword bayonet or dagger; but most of the others had been done apparently with a penknife.”

It is obvious that a woman hacked in this horrible fashion would have bled to such a degree that she could not have been moved without leaving a track of blood which no one could overlook. But there was no track of any kind. As to the time of the murder, the doctor, who was called at half-past five, is no doubt correct when he fixed the death as having taken place some three hours before. This would make the time somewhere around half-past two, soon after the Mahoneys had entered the house, and some little time before the cabman Crow came in. As to the method of death, it was suggested the unhappy victim was held down and throttled, as her head and face were so swollen that the features were almost

unrecognisable. This theory, however, is not to be found in the doctor's evidence. He simply presented professional and, certainly safe information, that the woman died from loss of blood in consequence of her injuries. Whether she was first strangled, or was killed instantaneously by one terrible thrust of the sharp instrument through the heart, it is certain that the poor creature made

light would be thrown on the tragedy. Pearly Poll had disappeared, a thing not to be wondered at. She was in mortal dread of being implicated in the affair, and she kept out of the way. After an interval of a few days, however, she was traced, and she gave an account of what had happened on the night of bank holiday, and mentioned the incident of the soldiers.

After a small number had filed past, "Pearly Poll" picked out a man wearing stripes, and taken by her to be a corporal, as the one who went away with the deceased woman. "That's him," she exclaimed, "I'm positive." The suspected man was temporarily detained, and the filing by the others continued. When a few more had passed, Pearly Poll, scanning the features of everyone

...A PARADE OF COLDSTREAM AND GRENADIER GUARDS...

no noise. The witness Reeves, who discovered her, said that her clothes were disarranged as though there had been a struggle. This theory, so far as the struggling was concerned, which seemed good enough at the time, may now, I think, be disregarded. We may safely assume, we may humanely hope, the victim was dead before she had even time to conceive the intent of the miscreant, and much less to commence a struggle with him in self-defence.

All the efforts of the police came to nothing. It was thought that the woman, Pearly Poll (or Mary Connolly, to give her her right name) was discovered that

In consequence of her story, there was a parade of Coldstream and Grenadier Guards at the Wellington barracks, whither "Pearly Poll" was taken in order to see if she could identify the two soldiers. On her arrival there about noon, accompanied by Inspector Reid, Detective-sergeant Caunter, and another officer, the "assembly" call was at once sounded and the men drawn up in quarter-column, after which they filed through a passage, where "Pearly Poll" and the police were stationed, the former being instructed to carefully scrutinise the faces of the soldiers as they passed her.

intently, pointed to a private as being the second man. She positively declared he accompanied her to a house in the district where took place. "Are you positive?" she was asked, and Pearly Poll nodded and replied: "Certain."

The military authorities immediately placed all the books, showing the time at which the suspected men left and returned to the barracks on the night of the murder, at the disposal of the police.

It turned out that the so-called "corporal" was but a private with good conduct stripes, who was back in barracks by ten o'clock, and the other's

movements were also satisfactorily accounted for. As both men were of exemplary character, and neither of them had worn side arms on the Bank Holiday, nor been in each other's company while away from barracks, this clue from which so much was hoped, melted away, and the police were left in their former state of darkness as to the murderer — a darkness, be it said, which time has done little to illuminate.

It should be borne in mind that this, the first of the Whitechapel atrocities, is quite of the same character as those that followed. There was a possible fearful motive in the others; in this first one there seemed at the first glance to be none. It might be thought to be a piece of horrible, reckless, wanton butchery, the fury of a madman in a frenzy to satisfy his lust for blood by showering on his murdered victim, blow upon blow, stab upon stab, thrust upon thrust.

A HUMAN TIGER

But it is quite possible to deduce something from this aimless running amok. Suppose, as subsequently came to be the favorite, though I think inadequate, theory that the assassin was a

crafty homicidal maniac, with horribly morbid proclivities, passing, happily, the comprehension of any ordinary man, might he not in his craft try a first experiment? Might he not desire to assure himself that it was quite possible to commit a murder with impunity in the very heart of London, without a cry escaping from the victim and in a place, public yet deserted, where interruption would be unlikely? He probably would study the parts of London suitable for his purpose and if so would have little difficulty in the selection. The courts and alleys, the deserted quadrangles — deserted, that is to say, at night — of the purlieus of Whitechapel and Aldgate, gave him ample choice. The habits of its motley and shifting population, their strangely diversified trades and callings, their exceptional hours by day and night, would all assist this fell design.

The women, too — the victims — were ever ready to hand. It was part of their mode of life to guide and decoy men to dark and unfrequented places. Every safe and secluded spot in the district would be a familiar resort of theirs. In a very real and significant sense they unwittingly became the active accomplices and accessories of

their fiendish destroyer.

If, then, this seemingly purposeless butchery of Martha Turner be regarded as an experiment or rehearsal, a careful trial or test of all essential details — time, place, method and victim — all difficulties disappear. It becomes a very likely prelude — likely even in its differences and exceptions — to the subsequent succession of appalling crimes.

There is also a possibility, it may even be a probability, that the human tiger at this, his first feast of blood, may have burst forth into a perfect frenzy of violence, may have become drunken by his indulgence in his own cruel lusts. Afterwards, appetite grew with what it fed upon, but he became fastidious like epicures and the hellish orgies, the fantastic specialities of the latter crimes, may thus also be accounted for.

The fact cannot be gainsaid, as will be seen as we follow horror-stricken the footsteps of the miscreant, that each crime, as it was committed, seemed devised to surpass its predecessor in some new and horrible detail, the foul product of diabolical ingenuity and of hellish cruelty.

JABEZ BALFOUR

[To be Continued Next Week.]

“Crimson Crimes.” 1. — Jack the Ripper

MURDER OF MARY ANNE NICHOL IN BUCK’S ROW

Mr. Jabez Balfour’s Investigations

I referred last week to the apparently insoluble and hitherto unsolved problem of the malefactor, the mysterious assassin whose outrages excited by their ferocity, their daring, their frequency, and their immunity from detection and punishment, the horror-stricken of the world at large.

The appalling name by which he was spoken of in the teeming streets and courts and alleys of Whitechapel became familiar to the lips of myriads in the far-off lands. It is safe to affirm that “Jack the Ripper,” whoever he might be, was more talked about throughout the world in the year 1888 than any living Englishman.

In the grim and ghastly annals of English crime no figure so ferocious, so truly phenomenal, so fiendish, ever cast a shadow across its bloodstained pages. It possessed — it haunted — men’s minds. Who could this monster be? This creature so daring, so crafty, and so cruel?

But absorbingly interesting as was, and is, the problem of the identity of the murderer, the motive for his crimes seems quite as inexplicable, and is really of much greater importance. The problems and the theories and the guesses which they have given rise to have been innumerable, and it may be added they have been generally as inconsistent with the circumstances, taken as a whole, of the series of crimes, as they have been innumerable. Would we seek to solve this great problem we must not allow ourselves to be led astray by isolated facts; we must regard the whole series of crimes and all their circumstances as integral factors in one horrible transaction. We must devote quite as much attention to the question of personal identity.

In short, the Whitechapel mystery must be considered as we are now treating it. It must be dealt with as a whole.

Before, therefore, we so much

as hint at our conclusions, the whole horrible succession of murders must be submitted to minute review. The ground must be carefully delimited. We will therefore now deal with the second of the awful sequence of atrocities, carefully noting as we proceed the differences which distinguish it from the first case, the case of Martha Turner. In doing so we shall, if I mistake not, arrive at the conclusion they are not so much differences as developments — substantial step in advance of our story.

It will be as well to give here a table showing the [illegible] names of the victims of the various murders which are generally acknowledged to have been perpetrated by Jack the Ripper. There are many others that have been attributed to him with more or less plausibility and probability, I have heard the number put as high as fourteen. But many of these were clearly the work

of other hands, and it is safer to treat only of those about which there can be practically no doubt. They were six in number.

The murder of Martha Turner in George-yard buildings, as we have seen, ghastly and mysterious enough in all conscience to gratify the morbid imagination of the most ardent devotee of horror, was not in a character to cause in itself more than temporary public excitement. Unfortunately the hacking to death of a woman of her class in an East End slum is not so rare an event to attract much attention, or to be long remembered. In that squalid region such things had always been. The only features which raised it above the level of such too common crimes were, of course, its mystery, the frenzied ferocity of the murderer, and the absence of every clue to his identification. When, however, a second crime of the same nature was perpetrated in the same neighbourhood on a woman of the same degraded class somewhere about the same early hours of the morning — the stillest and most desolate hours of the whole day in London — a shudder ran through all England. The public mind, ever quick to jump at a correct conclusion, realised at once this was no

mere coincidence. It was, it must be, the work of one man. Even in all the many millions of London it was impossible to imagine that two such monsters could be living at the same time.

MARY ANNE NICHOL

The second horror was committed in Buck's-row, a short street in Whitechapel, occupied partly by factories and partly by small dwelling-houses, and here the fiend, having familiarised by actual experience in the murder of Martha Turner with the preliminaries necessary to effect his foul purposes, commences his horrid system.

Constable John Neil was walking down Buck's-row about a quarter to four on the morning of Friday, August 31, that is to say about half an hour before daylight, when there came running to him a man with terror stamped upon his face. No wonder, for he had just tumbled over a dead woman, lying still warm in a pool of blood. He had found the woman in front of the wide, closed gateway to a closed stableyard.

The brutality of this murder is beyond conception and beyond description. It surpassed in horror the wildest imaginings of Edgar Allen Poe. As in

the case of Martha Turner, the murder had been committed swiftly and silently — a Mrs. Green, her son and daughter lived in the house adjoining the gateway, and were actually sleeping within a few feet of the spot where the body was found, separated from it by only a thin course of brickwork. All three declared that the night was unusually quiet; they had heard no sound. Mrs. Green states that she was a specially light sleeper, as she suffered from heart trouble, and she was emphatic on this point of the perfect stillness of the night. The approach to the spot by the murderer and his victim must, therefore, have been absolutely stealthy and silent. When Mrs. Green was roused by P.C. Neil she looked out of the window, and in her evidence she made a remark which is of special significance. "It (meaning the body) was lying straight across the gateway, its head toward me. It was not lying in a heap, as if it had fallen, but on its back and straight, as if it had been laid there."

In other words, its position showed there had been no struggle. The woman had gone to her doom without even a chance of fighting for her wretched life. The detectives at once searched the stable-yard, and every place in

the vicinity in the hope of discovering some clue, but they found none. At first, indeed, there seemed ground to believe that the murder was actually committed some distance off, and the corpse had been dragged or carried to the spot where it was found. Strange rumours were current, especially concerning Brady-street, a long and dreary thoroughfare running to the left from

to the mews there was a large stain, as if someone had fallen against the wall, and lain there. From this point to the foot of Buck's-row, in which the body was found, the trail of blood was said to be clearly marked. It was wet on the morning of the murder and although at noon the sun had dried the pavement and there had been many feet passing over it, the trail was declared to be still

was, despite its plausible circumstantiality, an absolute fiction and is noteworthy as showing the unnecessary difficulties which are thrown in the way of the police by officious busybodies. A statement of this kind increases in verisimilitude and convincing detail every time it is told.

Inspector Helson stated positively at the inquest that there was no such

...NO POOL, NO SPOT, NO ZIGZAG...

the bottom of Buck's-row. A curiously circumstantial statement was put forward to the effect that fresh bloodstains were observed for a long distance upon the pavement, drop after drop, two or three, and sometimes six feet apart, and then a larger pool or splash.

Other observers began to discern blood marks. Some were found on both sides of the street, and it had been maintained later that the body had been dragged or carried in a zigzag line. It was even stated that the trail was easily followed for one hundred and twenty yards down Brady-street to Honey's-mews. In front of the entrance

plainly discernible. Here is an example of the circumstantial manner in which all this was related and described: "The zigzag direction it took crossing and recrossing the street, was and is, a matter of mystery. In the space of a hundred yards the woman crossed the narrow street twice, and whenever she crossed, a larger stain of blood instead of the mere drops indicated that she had stopped." Had all this been verified the police would have indeed been put in possession of something like a clue. Unfortunately, it turned out the whole thing existed only in the excited imagination of some amateur detective. It

trail of blood, no pool, no spot, no zigzag, and that without a doubt the poor woman was murdered where her body was found, in front of the wide closed gateway to the large stable yard in Buck's-row. Constable Neil, on seeing the body, fetched Dr. Henry Llewellyn of 152, Whitechapel-road, who at his first glance at the woman saw that he could do nothing. He simply said "Move the woman to the mortuary. She is dead. And I will make a further examination of her." The police placed her on the ambulance and conveyed her to the mortuary, and here a horrible discovery was made by Inspector

Sprattling, who, while taking, in accordance with his duty a minute description of the deceased examined the body and found it had been mutilated. This horrible fact had not been noticed by anyone before. On the body was found a piece of comb, a bit of looking glass, and an unmarked white handkerchief, probably, with the draggled and scanty clothes she wore, the sole possessions of this miserable and unhappy outcast. Of course, no money was found upon her.

The news of the murder spread with astounding rapidity, having regard to the early hour of the day. First one woman and then another came forward trembling to view the body, and it was found that a woman answering to the description of the victim had been lodging at a common lodging house at 18, Thrawl-street, Spitalfields. Women from that place were fetched immediately, identified the deceased as "Polly," who had shared with three other women a room in the house on the usual terms of such establishments: the nightly payment in advance of 4d. each, each woman engaging what, for want of a better word, must be called a separate bed. Not only are these details necessary to a full and accurate account of this

second murder, but they illustrate in a terrible manner the truth of the adage that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

Think of all that this picture shows us: the uninviting home, the squalid and crowded bedroom, its miserable occupants, hungry, houseless, friendless, each holding fast to her little store of beggarly belongings, a mere handful of rubbish, the gleanings of a dustbin, and yet all she possessed, a bedraggled skirt, scanty, threadbare, underclothing, a rag of a shawl, the relics of a pair of shoes, the battered vestiges of a bonnet, a piece of comb, a bit of looking-glass, no money, and no food.

It was stated that the deceased had left off evil ways while lodging in the house for about three weeks, and when she came in late on the Thursday night (she was murdered quite early on the Friday morning) the "manager" turned her away because she had not got the fourpence to pay for her night's rest. She was then, it was stated, "the worse for drink, but not drunk" — absolutely homeless.

MURDERED WOMAN IDENTIFIED

A woman in the neighbourhood, known

as German Maggie, saw her as late as 2:30 on the Friday morning in the Whitechapel-road, opposite the church, and at the corner of Osborne-street. In little more than an hour — at quarter to four — she was found, within 800 yards of the spot, literally hacked to death. The people at the lodging-house knew her only as "Polly." The fact that she had not divulged her full name to any of her familiar associates there, not even with the women who shared with her her wretched bedroom, throws a lurid sidelight on the social relations, and particularly the reserve, which exists among this, the very lowest stratum of female life.

About half past seven on Friday evening a woman named Mary Anne Monk, an inmate of Lambeth Workhouse, was taken to the mortuary and identified the body as Mary Anne Nichol. She knew her, she said, as they were inmates together in the Lambeth Workhouse in the preceding April and May. The deceased had been passed there from another workhouse, what an itinerary of misery — from workhouse to workhouse, the drink shop, the lodging house, the streets and then the wide closed gateway on Buck's-row.

The details of the poor woman's



With terror stamped upon his face, the discoverer of the murdered body of Mary Anne Nichol ran to give the alarm to Constable John Neil.

WEEKLY DISPATCH, 4 NOVEMBER 1906

injuries, repulsive as they are, must not be passed over, for they give the key to the motives of her destroyer. Dr. Llewellyn said: "On reaching Buck's-row, I found the deceased woman flat on her back in the pathway, her legs extended. I found that she was quite dead, and that she had severe injuries to her throat; her hands and wrists were cold, but the body and lower extremities were quite warm. I examined her chest and felt her heart. I believe that she had not been dead more than half an hour."

This helps us to fix almost the actual time of the murder. It must have been committed close upon 3.30, an hour after she had been seen by German Maggie.

Dr. Llewellyn proceeded: "There were no marks of any struggle or blood as if the body had been dragged. On the right side of the face there was a bruise running along the lower part of the jaw. It might have been caused by a blow with the fist of the pressure of a thumb. On the left side of the face there was a circular bruise, which also might have been done by pressure of the fingers. On the left side of the neck, about an inch below the jaw, here was an incision about four inches

long, and running from a point immediately beneath the ear. An inch below, and on the same side, and commencing about an inch in front of it, was a circular incision terminating at a point about three inches below the right jaw. This incision severed all the tissues to the vertebrae. The large vessels of the neck on either side were severed. The

violently and had been used downwards. The injuries had been from left to right, and might have been done by a left-handed person. All the injuries had been done by the same instrument, and would have taken about five minutes to inflict, by someone who knew something of anatomy, for all the vital parts were attacked.”

insignificance alongside the other. No murder was ever more ferociously and brutally done.”

A nameless terror was certainly spreading through the whole Metropolis. In the East End it almost amounted to a panic. Many of my middle-aged readers will doubtless recollect the scare and the frequent reports

HE WAS DECLARED TO BE A BRUTAL RUFFIAN,...

incision was about eight inches long. These cuts must have been inflicted by a large knife, moderately sharp, and used with great violence.

“No blood was found on the breast, either of the body or clothes.

“There were no injuries about the body until just about the lower part of the abdomen. Two or three inches from the left side was a wound running in a jagged manner. It was a very deep wound and the tissues were cut through. There were several incisions running across the body. On the right side there were also three or four similar cuts running downward. All were caused by a knife, which had been used

TERROR IN THE METROPOLIS

This is the professional description; it may be compared with the lurid account which first appeared. “The throat,” asserted the writer, “was cut in two gashes, the instrument having been a sharp one, but used in a most ferocious and reckless way. There was a gash under the left ear, reaching to almost the centre of the throat. Along half its length, however, it was accompanied by another one, which reached around the other ear, making a wide and horrible hole, and nearly severing the head from the body. The ghastliness of this cut, however, paled into

of captures which found their way into the Press, only to be contradicted the following day.

The most remarkable of these captures was that perfectly innocent man who was widely known in Whitechapel. So soon as the Buck’s row tragedy was discovered many hapless females of the same class as Mary Nichol denounced this man.

He was declared to be a brutal ruffian, who wandered about Whitechapel exercising over these unfortunate creatures a sway which was founded on something like abject terror. It was stated that he had kicked, injured, bruised and terrified at least a hundred

of them, who were willing to testify to his brutal behaviour. He had too, so it was said, made a certain diabolical threat which had been too literally and horribly carried into effect in the case of poor Mary Anne Nichol. He was said to carry a razor-like knife and to have drawn it a couple of weeks before the crime on a woman known as "Widow Anne," who was crossing the square near the London Hospital, threatening at the same time, with a ferocious grin and a malignant look of his eyes, to do her harm. He was a character resembling so much the invention of the sensational novelist that accounts given of him by all the denizens of the Whitechapel districts sounded like romances.

The remarkable thing was, however, that all the accounts agreed. He was stated to be about five feet four or five inches in height, thick set and with an uncommonly thick neck. His hair was black and closely clipped, and he had a small black moustache. His expression was described as sinister, his eyes were small and glittering, his lips invariably parted in a grin, which may have been intended to be pleasing, but was really repellent. His age was between thirty-five and forty. He usually wore a dark, close-fitting cap.

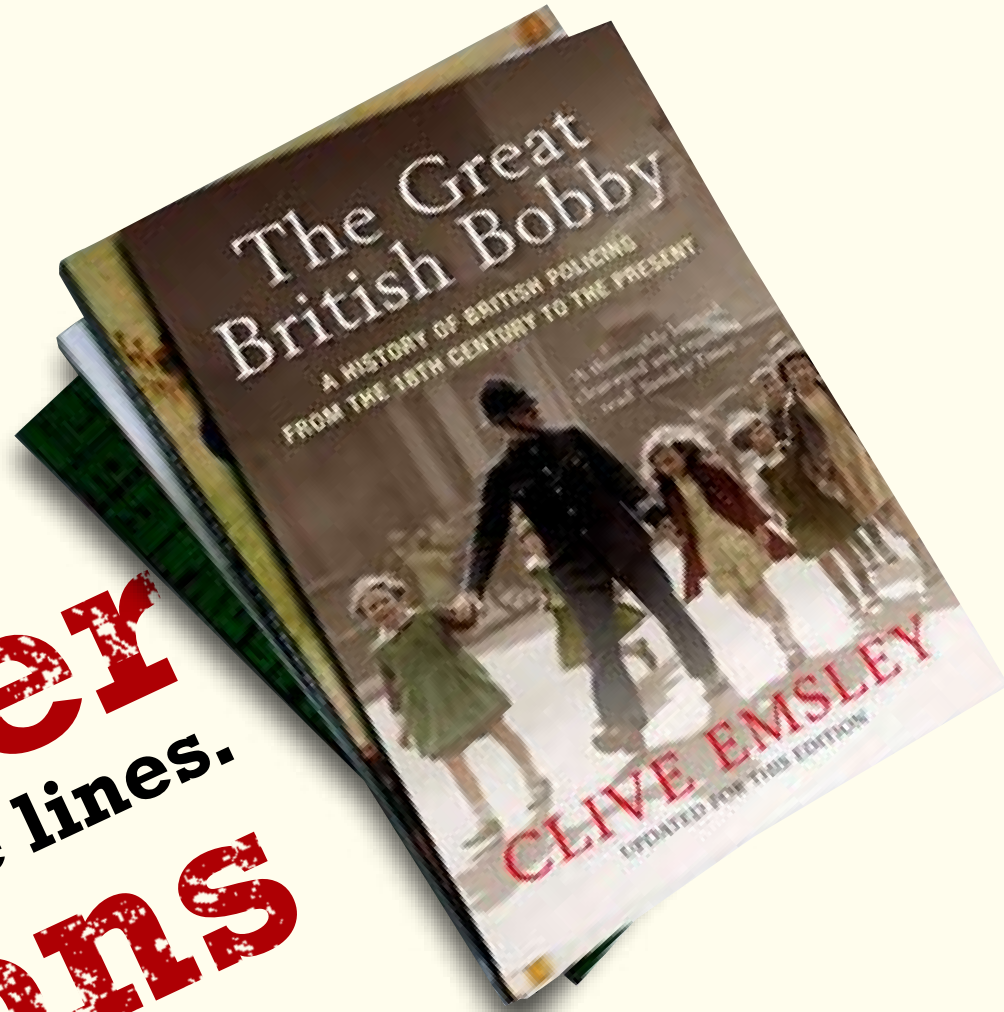
He was said to be a slippermaker by trade, though he had never been known to do work at it. The knife he was said to carry, and which a number of women professed to have seen, was presumably as sharp as leather knives are wont to be. No one, however, even professed to have known that he had attempted ever to use it, his alleged threat to "Widow Annie" being the nearest approach to anything of the kind. But the most singular characteristic of the man, and one which seemed to connect him with the murderer, was the unanimous statement that he moved about with phenomenal noiselessness, never making the slightest sound. The women alleged that the extraordinary terror he inspired in them was largely due to this uncanny peculiarity. They averred that they never saw him or became otherwise aware of his presence until he was right behind them.

"Leather Apron" was also known as the "Mad Snob," and was further described as "a low, villainous looking man." The representative of one journal professed to have discovered he was the son of a fairly well-to-do Russian Jew, but he was discarded by the Jewish fraternity as a disgrace to their race. For a time, it was the one

prevailing opinion in Whitechapel that "Leather Apron" was, and could be the only perpetrator of the two crimes. This impression was strengthened by the curious fact that since the murders he seemed suddenly to have deserted his usual evil haunts and customary vile associates.

Next week Mr. Jabez Balfour will continue his investigations into the Whitechapel Tragedies and will deal with some of the theories regarding the identity of the murderer.

Undercover
Our regular read between the lines.
Investigations



Ripper

Joe Randazzo

2010 Self-published
Large format paperback,
116 pp, two appendices \$19.95 (£13)

This is a rather strange, hybrid publication, being a paperbound edition of the screenplay for an independent film of the same title and is available from Amazon and other on-line book stores. The author is an independent screenwriter, producer and novelist and the film “*Ripper*” has been shown at a number of film festivals the past two years, including the Beverly Hills Film Festival and it won an award at the Indie Gathering Film Festival.

Unfortunately, this screenplay as novel doesn’t work on several levels. For one thing, as the author explained in an interview, characterization suffers because several of the roles were written for specific actors. Moreover, shooting as they did on a very low budget, plausibility suffers. That is, police procedure was a casualty before Jack first waved a knife: a mere

detective and lowly policewoman do not head up a major serial killer investigation. Nor, when his partner is murdered by the killer, would that detective even be allowed to stay on the case. But a DeMille-like “cast of thousands” costs money — much more than the film’s budget would allow.

The Ripper details, however, are handled better than many expensive cinema extravaganzas and there was real research done. Indeed, one of the appendices lays out a good case for James Kelly as the real Ripper and he is certainly a better suspect than Prince Eddy or Sir William Gull, Hollywood’s villains of choice.



Our rating
Don Souden

**...DOESN'T WORK
ON SEVERAL
LEVELS.**

In this instance, I suspect, the old cliché is reversed and the film is far better than the book. Many of the implausible plot elements are likely lost in the fast-paced film as well as the film providing moments of real visual terror. At \$19.95 the price is rather steep for what you get and the money would be better spent trying to find somewhere to view the film. I would like to see it.

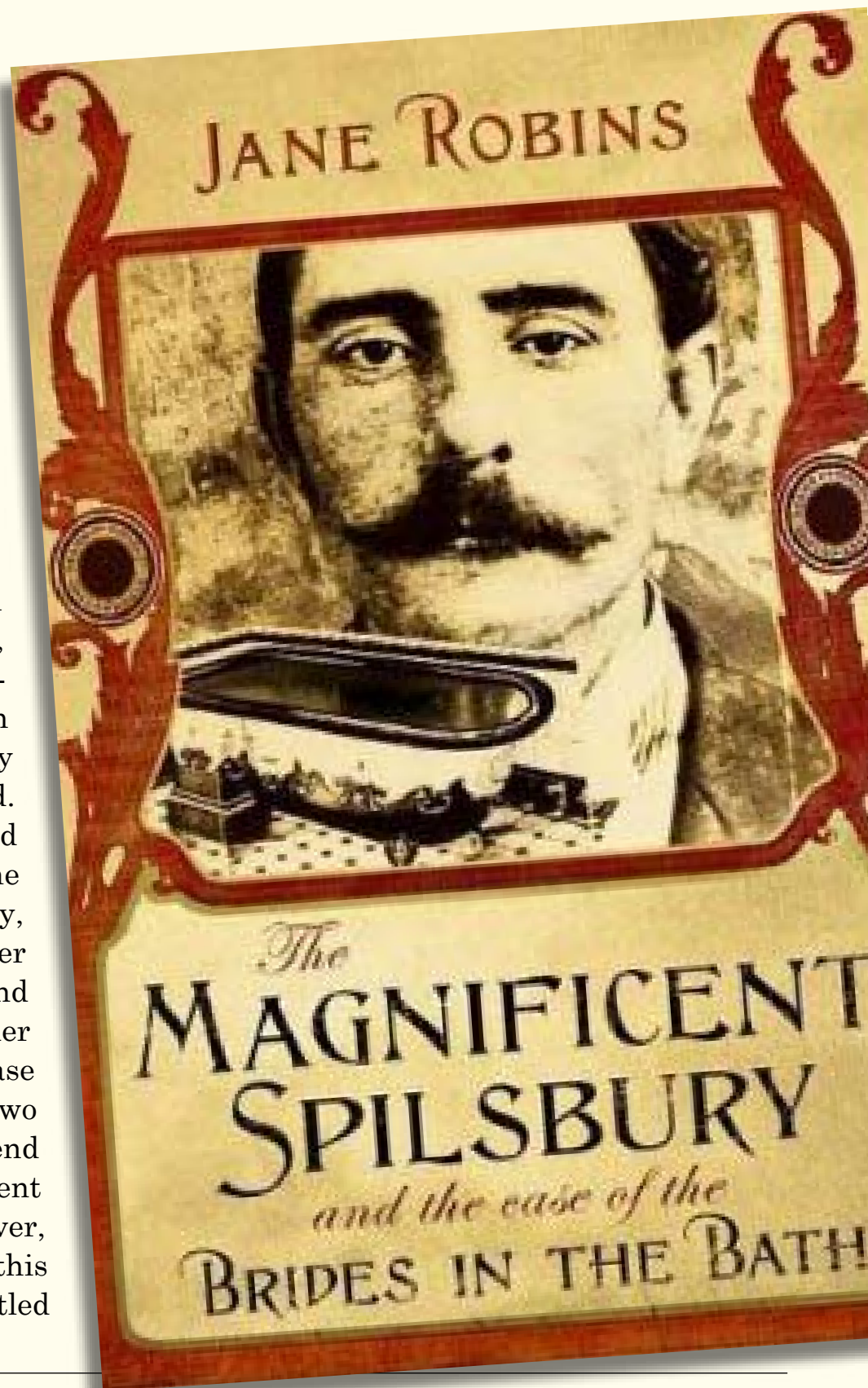
The Magnificent Spilsbury and the Case of the Brides in the Bath

Jane Robins

2010 John Murray, London
Hardback, 292 pp, index, biblio, illus
£16.99

The Brides in the Bath murders are truly fascinating to read about (if that isn't too morbid a thing to assert). Here, the author manages to set the scene well, maintaining an element of suspense in the portrayal of what is, after all, a classic true crime case. It is made clear how these women, who were at risk of being ostracised by society because they had remained unmarried, could have so easily fallen under the spell of George Joseph Smith, and been led by him to their ultimate fate. The case was a sensation at the time, not least because of the philanthropic Smith, who seems to have used so many aliases and have married so many different people, that even he must have had trouble keeping up!

This is a well paced and easy to read narrative, focusing on the three murdered women, how Smith killed them and ultimately how he was caught and tried. This tale is interspersed with information about the young Bernard Spilsbury, the development of his career as a forensic pathologist and his involvement in another famous true crime, the case of Dr Crippen, until the two strands meet towards the end with Spilsbury's involvement in the Brides case. However, if you were to pick up this book because it was titled



(IF THAT ISN'T TOO MORBID A THING TO ASSERT)

The Magnificent Spilsbury, you might be in for a small disappointment, and one might feel that the title being flipped to *The Case of the Brides in the Bath and the Magnificent Spilsbury*, might be a better reflection of the actual contents of the book, but this is a minor quibble about what is a good and detailed analysis of the Brides in the Bath case, including Spilsbury's involvement in it.

Towards the end of the book Robbins includes a section, 'Aftermath', in which she discusses, albeit briefly,

Spilsbury's life after this case, which she says had boosted his status as an expert witness considerably. This section of the book makes Spilsbury out to be, not so much magnificent, as arrogant and egotistical, which does at times seem to jar considerably with the rest of the book's narrative. There is a very good 21st century analysis of his evidence in the Brides in the Bath case in this section too, which also seems to paint Spilsbury as not so magnificent after all but rather as a fallible human

being like the rest of us. All in all this book is a good read and an enjoyable enough page turner. It is therefore well worth a look into for anyone who enjoys reading about classic true crimes.



Our rating

Jennifer Shelden

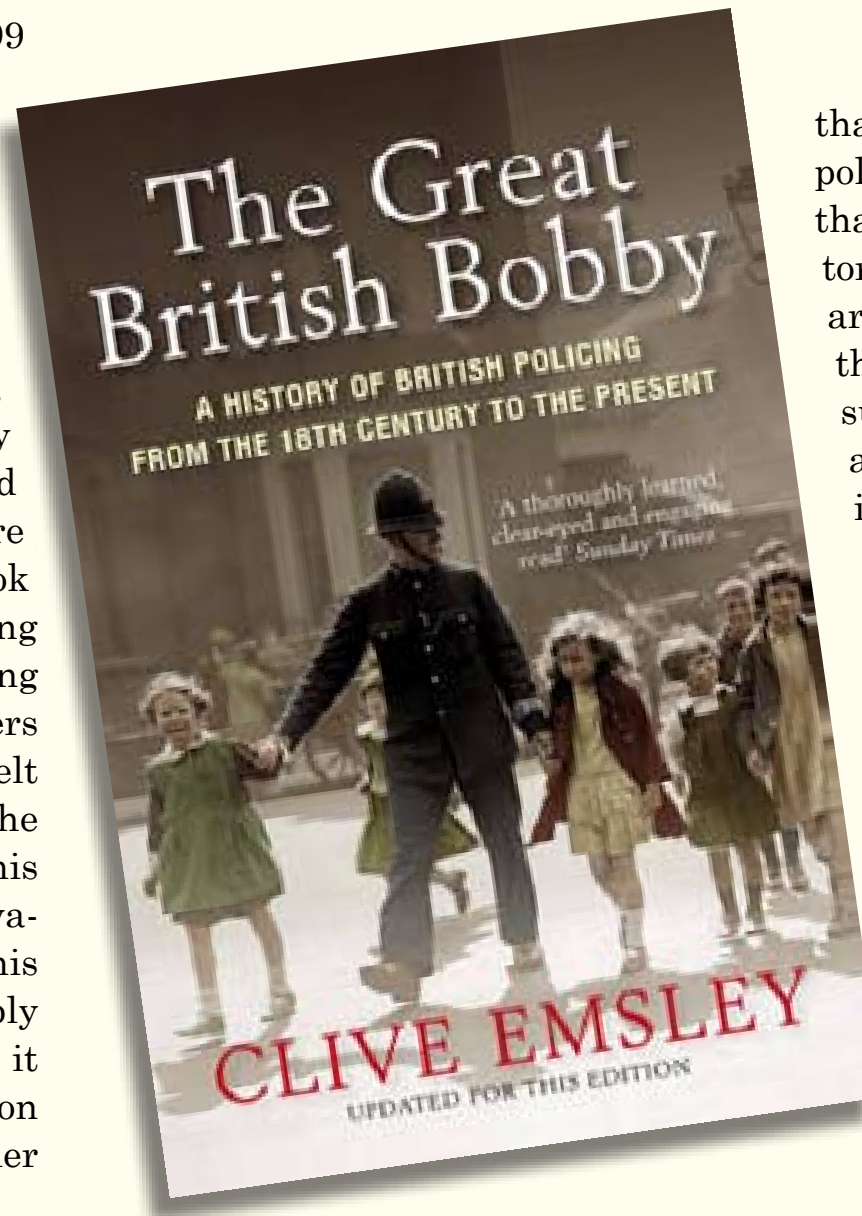
Great British Bobby: A History of British Policing From the 18th Century to the Present

Clive Emsley

2010 Quercus Publishing PLC

Paperback, 336 pp, illus, index. £8.99

Here is a very readable book about the history of the British PC, affectionately referred to, as in the title, as a 'Bobby'. The book, although titled *From 18th Century to the present*, focuses predominately on the early period of policing up to the Second World War. There is a much more cursory, perhaps even awkward, look over the more modern era of policing that focuses mainly on issues relating to women and minority ethnic officers (almost as though the author has felt forced to include this era when he would rather have not). However, this is less of a criticism than an observation and those more interested in this earlier period of history will probably feel there is a very in-depth look at it within these pages. The book focuses on the social history of life as a PC rather



than an institutional history of policing and this marks it out as more than an average summation of the history of the police force in Britain. We are used to reading and hearing about those at the head of investigations, such as Abberline, Reid, Anderson and Dew, so to read about the policing and crime from the perspective of the lowly Bobby, who would have been out patrolling his (or her) beat is truly fascinating. All in all a good point of reference for those interested in the PC's role in the Victorian era. This book is recommended.



Our rating

Jennifer Shelden

Blood on the Tracks: A History of Railway Crime in Britain

David Brandon and Alan Brooke

2010 History Press
Hardback, 191pp, illus. £16.99

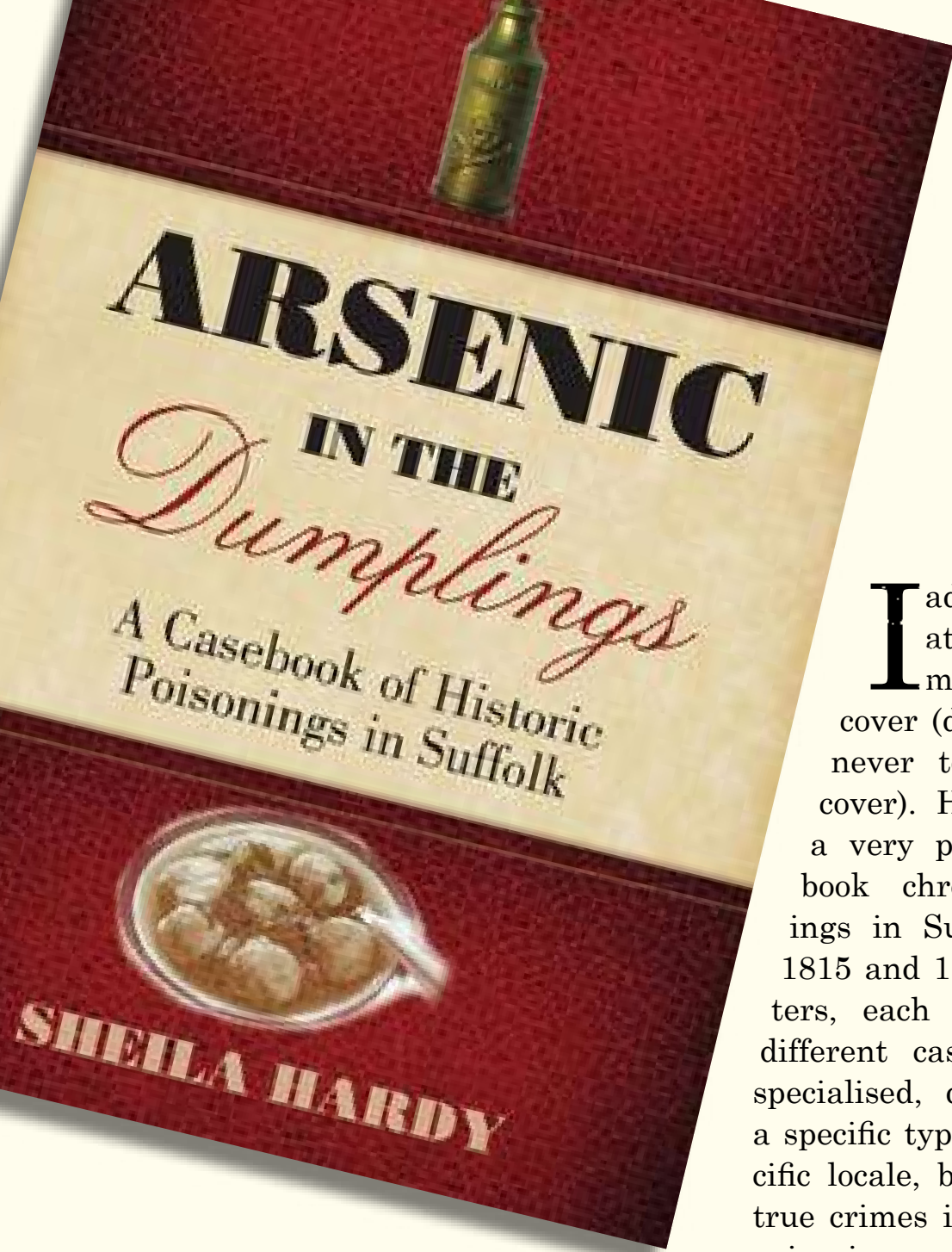
Here is a book from History Press that reads along the same lines as many of their titles that focus on true crimes around one area. The authors paint a detailed analysis of the crimes that can occur around the Great British railways, including, but not exclusive to the murders that are suggested by the title. At times these crimes, which range from fraud to robbery, and from trespass to murder, are bizarre or audacious to say the least. The book is written well enough and easy to read, with numerous illustrations throughout. Still, one might balk at the prospect of paying over fifteen pounds for a book that has fewer than two hundred pages, however well it is written. For those people interested in the crimes of the LVP and beyond it is nonetheless a worthy addition to the bookshelf.



Our rating

Jennifer Shelden

**...BIZARRE OR
AUDACIOUS TO SAY
THE LEAST.**



Arsenic in the Dumplings: A Casebook of Historic Poisonings in Suffolk

Sheila Hardy

2010 History Press Paperback, 95 pp, biblio, illus. £9.99

I admit that I was first attracted to this book mainly by its title and cover (disobeying the old saying never to judge a book by its cover). However, reading it was a very pleasant experience. The book chronicles arsenic poisonings in Suffolk, England between 1815 and 1865. There are ten chapters, each of which focuses on a different case. The book is highly specialised, dealing exclusively with a specific type of crime in a very specific locale, but readers interested in true crimes in this time period, or of poisoning cases in general, will find it an excellent addition to their shelves.

The book is well written, presenting a cast of colourful characters and their dastardly deeds. The biggest fault one could find with this is that it was over too quickly. Even allowing for the fact that this is a topic that is very specialised, the book made for quick reading. It would have been nice to have incorporated a wider time span or area to make the book contain more cases, or to have expanded slightly on those presented. In the current climate readers might find £9.99 for just 95 pages a bit of a high price to pay, even though this is an interesting account of these particular types of crimes.



Our rating

Jennifer Shelden

...DASTARDLY DEEDS.

Bonnie and Clyde: The lives behind the legend

Paul Schneider

2010 Henry Holt and Company Inc
Paperback, 400 pp, biblio, illus, index
£11.99

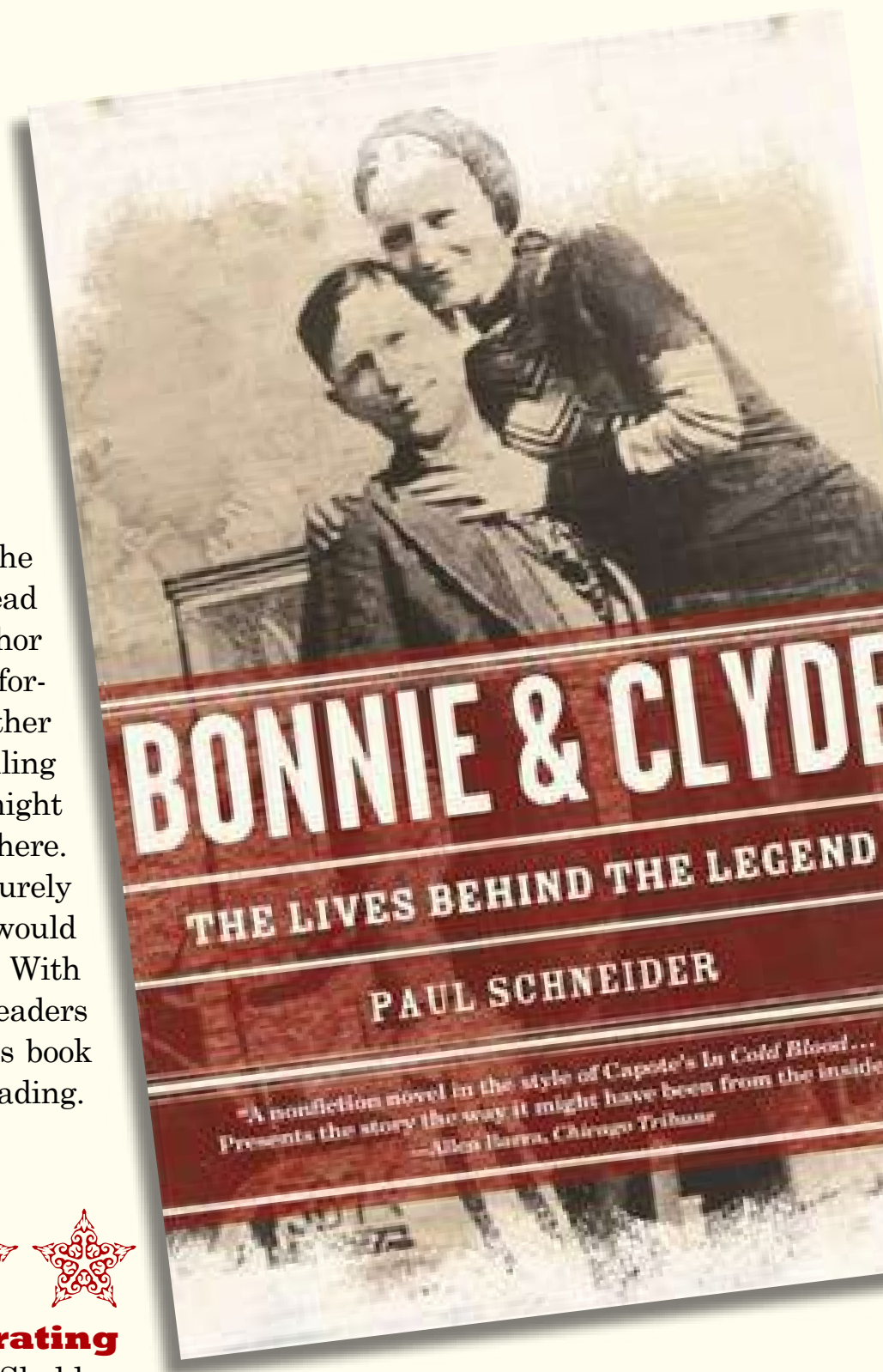
At first glance I was put off this book as it is supposed to be a biography but it is written in a novelistic style, with dialogue and the 'thoughts' of the key players forming the narrative. This is not the style that one naturally expects to find in a non-fiction work such as a biography, as this is marketed as. After managing to get past this hurdle, I found this to be an enjoyable and easy flowing read. In the notes at the back of the book, Schneider explains he has taken the words of those involved from primary

sources and woven them into the book. However, if you wish to read a book with the analysis, author interpretation and source information readily apparent, rather than just an entertaining telling of this particular story, you might be best served to look elsewhere. If this had been packaged purely as a historical novel, then it would have received a higher rating. With the holiday season upon us, readers might be well advised that this book would be ideal easy summer reading.

**...EASY
SUMMER
READING.**



Our rating
Jennifer Shelden



Did You Miss?...

Jack the Ripper Unmasked

William Beadle

John Blake biblio, illus.

Hardback Edition published

5th January 2009, 319 pp, £17.99

Paperback Edition published

7th June 2010, 320 pp, £11.99

**...WHAT CAN ONLY BE
DESCRIBED AS BIZARRE
CIRCUMSTANCES...**

On the surface this should be a good book as William Beadle is a well respected researcher and is the chairman of the excellent Whitechapel Society 1888. His suspect, William Henry Bury, is one that has previously been presented in quite a reasonable way. Yet (and somewhat surprisingly) this book managed to disappoint. The author's treatment of Bury and Jack as an interchangeable person

became annoying very quickly, as did his constantly presuming to know what Bury/Jack was thinking at any given point. This appeared to be nothing more than an attempt to present the author's conjecture and speculation as though it were a definite fact and not just the author's theory and made it extremely difficult to assess Bury as a Ripper suspect, because it was difficult to tell how much evidence there was to

back up each strand of the theory. This said, Bury is himself not a bad suspect, indeed, his leaving London when he did and murdering his wife in what can only be described as bizarre circumstances is a very interesting yarn. So, if one were rating the suspect himself and not this particular theory and book, then the score would be considerably higher, but, sadly, I am not.



Our rating

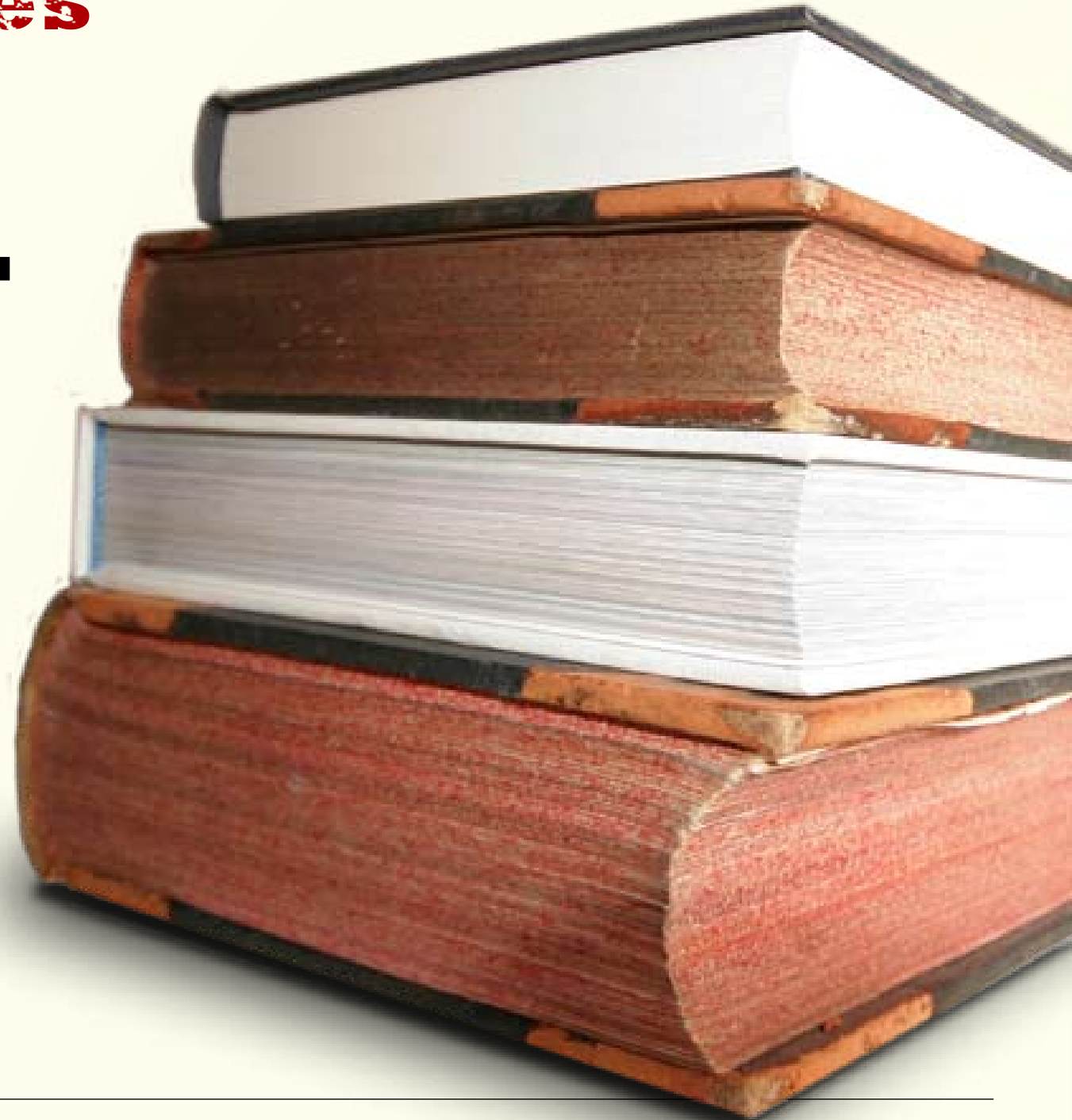
Jennifer Shelden

Undercover Investigations: From The Library Shelves

THE STREETS OF WHITECHAPEL

Welcome to our fictitious library, containing all the best books on all the subjects that are of interest to Ripperologists. This edition we have decided to take a look at the books on our shelves that feature photographs and representations of the mean streets of Whitechapel.

Therefore the below are a selection of books that deal with the locations of the Ripper crimes, in either a specific or more broad sense. From 2009's *Location Photographs*' new find of an image of Dutfields Yard to the older *Whitechapel Map 1888*, through many more avenues of pursuit. We hope you find amongst these items, something to tickle your fancy.



Undercover Investigations: From the Library Shelves

The Highways and Byways of Jack the Ripper **Peter Riley**

2001 P & D Riley Paperback, 48 pp.

We found this relatively short book selling for about £15, second hand, at on-line outlets.

Jack the Ripper Whitechapel Map 1888 **Geoff Cooper and Gordon Punter**

2004 RipperArt

This double sided map is currently out of print.

Uncovering Jack the Ripper's London **Richard Jones with photographs by Sean East**

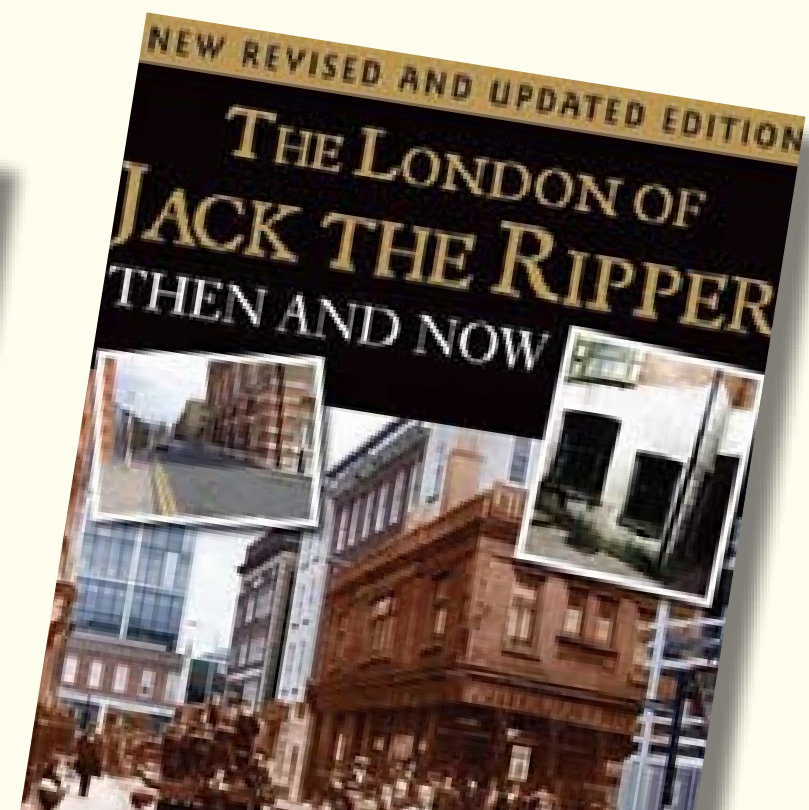
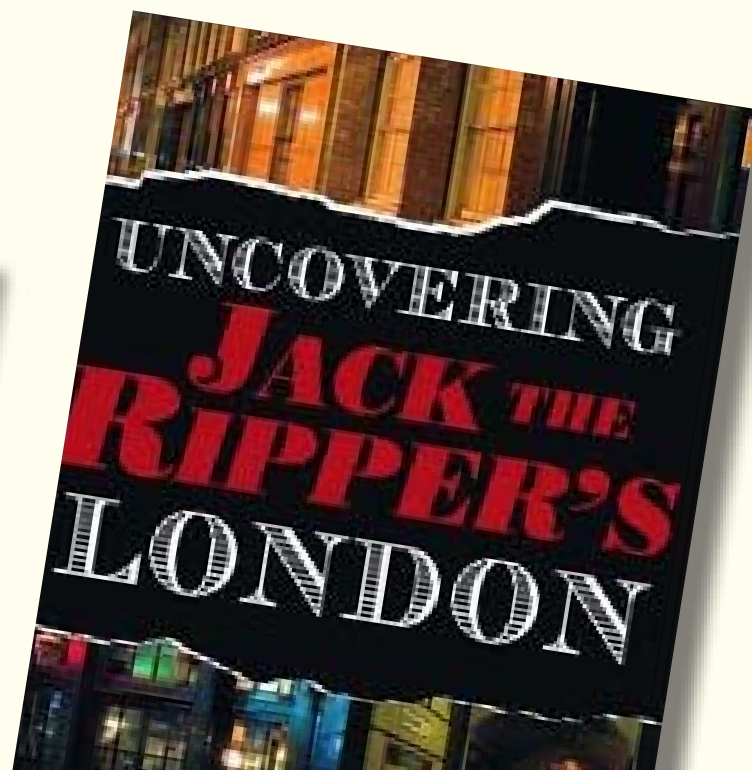
2007 New Holland Publishers
Hardback, 128 pp.

This book is more a general case overview than one about the area and photographs of it than the others mentioned. However, the book does contain new photographs by Sean East. It can be tracked down on-line for under £10.

The London of Jack the Ripper: Then and Now **Robert Clack and Philip Hutchinson**

2007 (revised edition 2009) Breedon Books
Hardback, 192 pp.

This is probably the highest regarded of books on location photography at the time of the Whitechapel Murders and to the present day and was published in a revised edition late last year. Therefore it can easily be found at various on-line stores selling for around £10-£15.

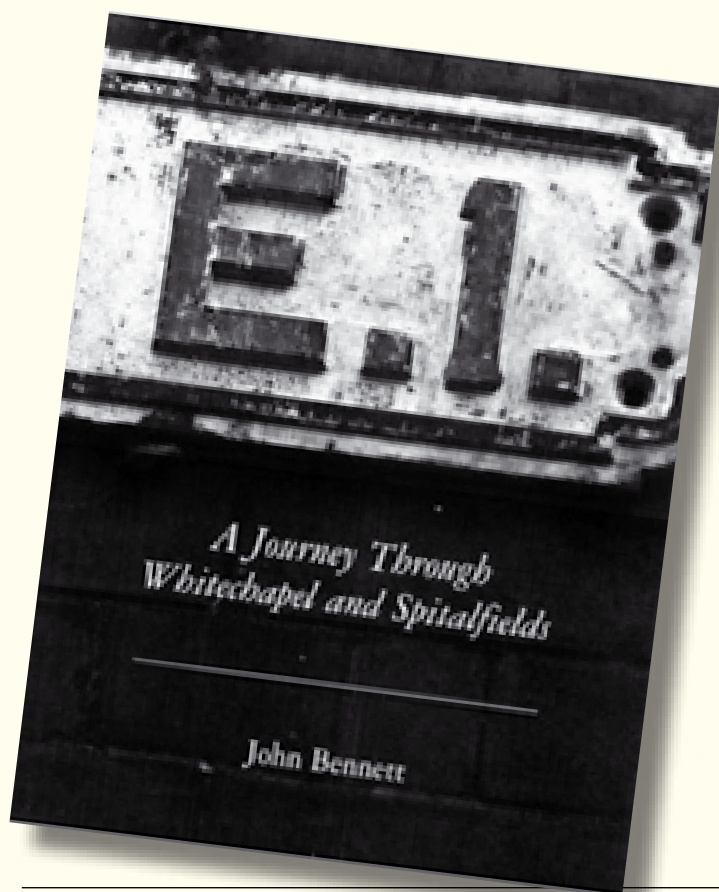


Undercover Investigations: From the Library Shelves

E1 **John Bennett**

2008 Five Leaves Publications
Paperback, 96 pp.

When published this book had a recommended retail price of £9.99, however, after a quick hunt around various on-line outlets we found it selling at an even better bargain price of around £7.



Jack the Ripper Location Photographs **Philip Hutchinson**

2009 Amberley Paperback, 128 pp.

Only published last year, new copies of this book, containing previously unpublished images, can still be picked up quite easily through the conventional channels.

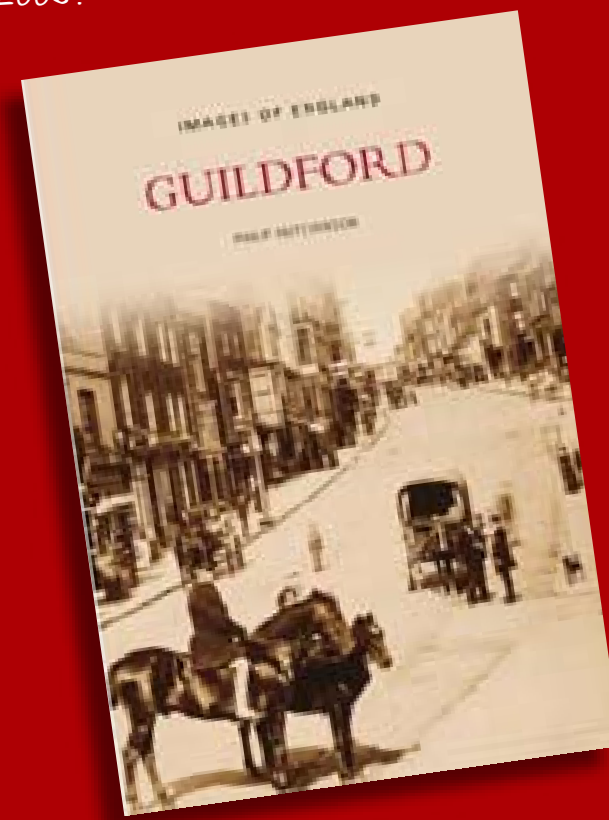
Past Traces **Andrew Firth**

2009 Blurb (WWW.BLURB.COM)
Paperback, 120 pp.

This book, containing many stunning photographs, is available via the publishers on-line (see above address) priced at £16.95.

They Also Wrote...

Philip Hutchinson has written Ripper books including the recent Jack the Ripper Location Photographs, but did you know that he is also the author of several other books including, Images Of England - Guildford, published by The History Press in 2006?



Open Book Exam: A continuing look at detective fiction

The Little Man Who Wasn't There

Don Souden

One hallmark of novelists, besides that of telling a story, is a seeming need to make observations on life and in the process rendering those observations as eternal verities. This is particularly apparent when done by those who write detective fiction and that may be because, with some notable exceptions, practitioners of the mystery novel are less gifted wordsmiths and thus their musings upon the human condition stand out more readily against the background noise of murder, mayhem, clues, suspects and assorted red herrings.

I recently came across such an observation in *The Burry Man's Day* by the Scots writer Catriona McPherson.

Once or twice I fancied I heard footsteps, but I was just as sure that I heard breathing, and that could hardly be so . . . The value of a dog, when one is walking through woods getting spooked for no reason at all, is that a dog has a keener hearing but a much duller imagination than oneself and so will mooch along nose to the ground no matter what horrors one's fancy conjures, and it is only when the ears prick and the nose quivers that one can be sure there is something going on outside one's own head, and even then it is most likely a rabbit.

That made a lot of sense to me and even those who anthropomorphize their pets beyond belief tend to imbue them

with an intelligence that approaches human genius rather than much real imagination. Still, my experience in that area is quite limited so I ran the quote by my good friend Carolyn.

She regularly walks her three dogs in the woods at dusk (or darker yet) and also reports being spooked herself at times. Granted, her large Labs, Wilbur and Moses, would likely stand by her to the end but the third, a bumptious beagle named Buster, would surely sell out Carolyn (or anyone else) for a half slice of old pizza. As it was, though, she did affirm the notion that dogs are trusty companions in the woods at night because they will only respond to an

Open Book Exam: A continuing look at detective fiction



KENNETH MOORE AS PADRE BROWN



ALEC GUINNESS AS FATHER BROWN

actual physical presence rather than imagined ghoulies, ghosties and things that go bump in the night.

That got me wondering, though, about some of the classic examples of these sorts of observations and, in particular, the one that may be the most famed of them all, the verity about “mental

invisibility” that G.K. Chesterton has Father Brown expound in the short story “The Invisible Man.” This story, which must not be confused with the H.G. Wells novel of the same name, first appeared in 1911 in Chesterton’s initial collection of Father Brown stories, *The Innocence of Father Brown*, and concerns

a number of seemingly inexplicable events that culminate in a murder and the disappearance of the victim’s body.

Warning: If you have not read the story and want to do it in your own state of “innocence” go to some other page of *Casebook Examiner* immediately. All other may continue.

Open Book Exam: A continuing look at detective fiction



G. K. CHESTERTON

The reason that no one “saw” the murderer, including four separate witnesses especially deputized to keep a wary eye for his possible presence, was not that he was wearing some cloak of invisibility or possessed powers with which to “cloud the mind,” but because he was the neighborhood postman, someone that everyone was so used to seeing that they took no notice of him whatsoever. As Father Brown explained:

“An invisible man?” inquired Angus, raising his red eyebrows. “A mentally invisible man,” said Father Brown. . . .

“Nobody ever notices postmen somehow,” he said thoughtfully; . . .

Certainly an interesting notion, but is it truly so? Are postmen, as Chesterton proposes, so much a part of life’s daily routine as to be rendered transparent? I would suggest this is hardly the case even today when for

“NOBODY EVER NOTICES POSTMEN SOMEHOW,” HE SAID THOUGHTFULLY;...

“When those four quite honest men said that no man had gone into the Mansions, they did not really mean that no man had gone into them. They meant a man whom they could suspect of being your man. A man did go into the house, and did come out of it, but they never noticed him.”

many of us, because of email and the Internet, a mailman is largely irrelevant if not yet invisible. Such, however, was more the case a century ago when Chesterton’s round little priest made his observation. Back then there were several mail deliveries a day (businesses might get as many as eight)

and while there was the new telephone fad as well as telegrams for something truly urgent (and generally dire), for most folks the postal service provided the only window to the outside world.

The mails were our connection to friends and family and the way that news of births, deaths and all the other intervening events that life provides were shared. The postman was the unwitting, if dutiful, intermediary who kept lovers' thinking of that "most adored one." And it was, sadly, he who also carried the heart-breaking news that one's loving attentions were

most assuredly not reciprocated. The postman brought the daunting news of a uncle on his deathbed in the next town and the joyous announcement of a new nephew a continent or more away. Surely a century ago (and even today) the sighting of a postman on his rounds is noted well, raising within our consciousness the hope, however wan, that he may have something in his bag for us.

Thus, it would seem that as charming a plot device as it may have been, Father Brown's observation about postmen on their rounds being

"mentally invisible" just doesn't ring true in real life. We are all too alert to receiving either meaningful missives or damnable dunning notices as to let a postman's passage go unnoticed — and this was even more so when the rotund Padre was pontificating ten decades ago. This judgment, though, should not be taken as a criticism of the Father Brown stories in general. They are entertaining, different and well written and, for those who have not yet had the privilege, well worth reading. And, I would say the same about the McPherson book mentioned earlier.

ADDENDUM

Last time round I was dismissive of the idea that Sherlock Holmes had any connection with Jack the Ripper. However, after reading Tom Westcott's article on Charles Le Grand in *Casebook Examiner* and rereading Gavin Bromley's articles several years ago on the Batty Street lodger, something contrary nudged my memory. That is, in "The Cardboard Box"

(generally dated to 1889 or 1890) Inspector Lestrade, in a letter to Holmes, mentions a certain Aldridge "who helped us in the bogus laundry affair." Hmm, "bogus laundry affair," you don't suppose that could be a reference to Mrs. Kuer and the alleged bloody shirt left to be washed do you? Nah, couldn't be... or could it?

COLLECTORS



WITH STEWART P. EVANS

Stewart is widely recognised as a leading authority on the Jack the Ripper case. He is the author of several true crime books including *The Man Who Hunted Jack the Ripper*, *Executioner* and *The Ultimate Jack the Ripper Sourcebook*. He is also an avid collector of Jack the Ripper related books and memorabilia and in our view this makes him the ideal candidate to answer your questions about Jack the Ripper collectables. So, without any more hesitation, let's turn to the questions posed this issue...

"I was recently having a 'spring clean' when I came across some pamphlets and other literature from a Ripper related event. Is this kind of literature worth anything to a Jack the Ripper collector?"

Old pamphlets and Ripper literature from a Ripper related event may be of interest to a 'Jack the Ripper collector'. However, much would depend upon the nature of the items and the date and specifics of the 'Ripper related event'. The older the better, but I'm afraid that there's not enough information supplied here to give any accurate opinion.

"Are hardback books a better investment than paperbacks?"

As a general rule hardback books are a better investment than paperbacks. Much, though, depends upon condition and the presence/lack of a dust jacket if appropriate. Some paperbacks may be valuable where there is a very limited run or they are particularly rare. A little research before purchasing will usually reveal the value of a particular book.



COLLECTORS

"I often go to car boot sales but how can I tell if a book I see at a such an event is rare or otherwise a bargain?"

Only experience, research and knowledge will impart the ability to recognise if a book 'is rare or otherwise a bargain'. However, in these days of Internet availability on lap-tops and mobile phones it should be possible to do research on book values on such a site as WWW.ABEBOOKS.COM when you spot a book of interest.

"I own a few Jack the Ripper books published in foreign languages, I find them intriguing even though I don't understand them, are they worth more than their English counterparts?"

As a general rule foreign language editions of Jack the Ripper books will be of interest to only the completist collector, so they will not be worth more than their English counterparts, except, maybe, to such a collector if he/she doesn't have a copy.

If you have a question about Ripper books and collectables that you would like answered then why not send it to Stewart via our email address EXAMINER@CASEBOOK.ORG. Stewart will be answering again next issue, so get those questions in and get collecting.

**DON'T BE SHY RIPPEROLOGISTS
EMAIL STEWART TODAY!**

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On The Case...

THE NEWS FROM RIPPER WORLD

ON APPEAL...

As he reported in June's *Examiner*, Trevor Bond is behind an ongoing appeal to raise funds for a plaque to mark Frances Cole's grave. He has, subsequent to his report in Issue 2, had to appoint a board of three trustees, and we want to be upfront in mentioning that one of these is *Examiner's* own Jennifer Shelden (the others being Trevor himself and Phil Carter). Trevor has been keeping people informed of progress via his own website, his *Facebook* group and via the *Casebook* and *jtrforums.com* message boards. He has opened a paypal account

for people to donate as much or as little as they would like, the paypal address is FRANCES-COLES-2011@ALL-THAT-YOUVE-DONE.COM Thus far he has raised just over £200. He is also planning a social event on Friday 24th September (the day before the Jack the Ripper Conference), at The Bell, Middlesex Street, from 7pm, to raise funds and awareness of his plans. This event is set to include a quiz and an auction of various items, with potential donated items to auction from Jane Coram and Andrew Firth.

WWW.ALL-THAT-YOUVE-DONE.COM

WWW.FACEBOOK.COM FORUM.CASEBOOK.ORG

ON THE COUNT...

A film of Jack the Ripper versus Count Dracula, based on a comic book, is apparently in the planning stages. It certainly seems to be an interesting, if a little left-field idea at first glance. Breck Eisner, the film's director is, however, quoted as saying, "really Jack the Ripper is the hero [of the film] and he's trying to save the world from Dracula and his vampire brides. It's just a cool, aggressive, awesome pitch and I'd love to make that." Perhaps it is best left there. Any rate, it looks as though the film is a few years down the pipeline as Eisner has other upcoming projects to complete first.

WWW.FEARNET.COM

WWW.COMICBOOKMOVIE.COM

ON THE PHONE...

Apple have launched an application (known as an app) called *Jack the Ripper: Letters From Hell*. The gamer is described as playing Bert a reporter and the aim of it is to help him be cleared of being Jack the Ripper. This is because Bert has forged the Ripper letters, making him an ideal suspect. The gamer must therefore solve clues to help Bert to prove the real Ripper is elsewhere.

WWW.ITUNES.APPLE.COM

WWW.DEALS-N-DISCOUNTS.COM

On The Case...

THE NEWS FROM RIPPER WORLD

ON FILM...

The British Film Institute are trying to save many of Alfred Hitchcock's early films, including his 1927 Ripper flick *The Lodger*. Due to the nature of the negatives, which were printed on nitrate film, many of the originals have decayed badly over time. The Institute are asking for donations in order to restore them digitally. However, it will take £100, 000 to restore the entire film.

WWW.TONIC.COM

ON THE MIRROR...

We are pleased to report that *The Daily Mirror* have apologised to Robert Smith, authors' agent and publisher of the original book on the Maybrick diary. This was after the *Mirror* wrongly stated both in a colour supplement and on-line, in April this year, that he had admitted

to forging the said diary. On the 30th July Caroline Morris posted on his behalf, on the *Casebook* forums, details of the apology on page 12 of that day's *Mirror* together with Robert's thanks to all those who had alerted him to the libellous and misleading statement. The apology can be seen here:-

WWW.MIRROR.CO.UK

WWW.FORUM.CASEBOOK.ORG

ON THE GAME...

The gaming season seems to be in full flight, and news of another release has reached us. This one is titled *Actual Crime: Jack the Ripper* on Playstation PSP minis platform. The release date and price are yet to be announced. But we do know that it is a 3D puzzle game in which the gamer "helps the police hunt for clues". This game has been released already on the PC and

Nintendo DSi but under the name *Real Crimes: Jack the Ripper*.

WWW.WORTHPLAYING.COM

WWW.GAMERSHELL.COM

ON THE BBC...

Ripperologist Jonathan Menges has recently been featured in the BBC's on-line magazine due to his interest and research into the Crippen case. James Patrick Crippen, a distant cousin, is trying to exonerate Crippen, using DNA evidence. Jonathan claims that the mitochondrial DNA evidence is irrelevant as genealogy linking living relatives to Cora Crippen is based on flawed genealogy. Meanwhile, Jonathan notes that the nuclear DNA findings were first revealed on a TV documentary and further points out that they have not yet been published or peer-reviewed.

WWW.BBC.CO.UK

On The Case...

THE NEWS FROM RIPPER WORLD

ON TRACK...

News of the Crossrail project and its effect on Whitechapel Station have recently been made public. Crossrail is due to open in 2017 when Whitechapel Station will become an important transport link. The entrance to the station will be on Whitechapel Road, after Tower Hamlets Council objected to a previous plan for it to be on Fulbourne Street. The Department of Transport and Crossrail state that the project

is not at risk despite the British government making major cuts as part of austerity measures. A planned tunnel has been scrapped, meaning less disruption for local residents and a cost saving of an estimated 30 million pounds. The images show that while many of the station's original features are to be retained, there is, however, to be a glass roof.

WWW.BDONLINE.CO.UK

ON A LIGHTER NOTE...

Jonathan Bennett and Andrew Firth share a light-hearted look at their recent adventures in the East End, in London Job's Little Brother, which can be found on *YouTube* in two parts on the below links.

WWW.YOUTUBE.COM WWW.YOUTUBE.COM

ON A DATE...

The New Edition of Begg, Fido and Skinner's *Jack the Ripper A to Z*, to be published by John Blake, is still slated for publication on **6 September 2010**.

The one day Jack the Ripper Conference organised by Adam Wood is set to take place on **Saturday, 25th September** at the King's Stores in London's East End.

The Whitechapel Society's October meeting is The Jeremy Beadle Lecture by Paul Begg on **Saturday 2nd October**.

On a different note, why not head to Spitalfields Market for the London Restaurant Festival Market and Awards? The event takes place **11th to 13th October and 15th to 17th October**.

On The Case...**Extra**

THE NEWS FROM RIPPER WORLD

THE EYES THAT LOOKED UPON MARY JANE KELLY

by Neal Shelden

In the premier issue of the *Casebook Examiner* (#1 April 2010) I published some research that I, together with my wife Jennifer, had conducted into some of the people who knew Mary Jane Kelly in the East End prior to her living in Spitalfields. As a result of this continuing research, I have been given permission to publish, for the first time, an image of one of these people. As I said to my wife after receiving it, the eyes in this image once looked upon the elusive Mary Jane Kelly.

As readers may recall, our research partially focused on the character of Morganstone, a man with whom Mary

Jane Kelly may have once lived. We have found the history of Adrianus L. Morgenstern, who Stewart Evans and Nick Connell identified as a candidate for Morganstone in their book, *The Man Who Hunted Jack the Ripper*. In 1881, he lived at 43 Victoria Road, Fulham, with his wife, four daughters, and his brother. He was recorded on the census as working as a gas stoker and born in the Netherlands. On 22nd June 1884, his wife Antonettea Morgenstern died. Grant Fenwick, the descendant who has given us permission to publish the photograph, also kindly scanned in Antonetta's death certificate and



ADRIANUS LUCAS MORGENSTERN.
PICTURE COPYRIGHT GRANT FENWICK.

sent it to us. It shows that she died of tuberculosis at the German Hospital in Hackney. Adrianus' address is given as 31 Victoria Road, Fulham at this time.

After publishing our latest findings, Jennifer and I attempted to get in contact with any of the living

descendants of Morgenstern in order to try and further our research. We were able to contact Grant Fenwick, a descendant of Morgenstern's third daughter, Wilhelmina Christina, who married in 1897 to Thomas Fenwick, in the Poplar area. This was the person who had previously posted the tantalising clue on *Casebook* in 2005 that he had "heard a story that Wilhelmina, when she was a child, was brought up in a brothel in Limehouse." Taking Wilhelmina Morgenstern's birth date

as 1877 and that she was aged 7 when her mother died in 1884, her childhood experiences being brought up in a brothel were likely to have been between the age of 7 and 14, or 1884 to 1891. Frustratingly, Grant could not shed any more light on the Elizabeth Felix, or her relationship with Adrianus Morgenstern. But, excitingly, he did have a picture of Adrianus in his later years, at a family wedding, that he was willing to show me. I am happy that we are able to share it with the

Examiner's readers. We are not sure of the exact date of the photograph, but believe it cannot date to much before his death, so he must be in his late 70's or early 80's in it. He died as Adriaan L. Morgenstern aged 83 in 1932.

If you have a story you would like to submit please email us at examiner@casebook.org

PUZZLING CONUNDRUMS

Go to the next page for the puzzle 

Just how good a detective are you? Five MEPO officers have retired from duty; all in different years and all different ranks. On the next page use the clues to match each detective with the correct year, rank and gift he received. Although the names might seem familiar, this is purely for fun and is not meant to be historically accurate!

If you are not sure how to solve a logic puzzle like this one then go to WWW.LOGIC-PUZZLES.ORG for instructions and a video tutorial.

You could print the puzzle to work on it, or click on the relevant boxes on the next page to fill them in with an X or O.

Then click and hold on the box below to see if you solved the case correctly!

On The Case... PUZZLING CONUNDRUMS

Abberline wasn't a Chief Inspector.

Of the Commissioner and the person who received the cufflinks, one was Bob Anderson and the other was the first to retire.

The Superintendent didn't receive the paperweight.

The five retirees were Abberline, Macnaghten, the Commissioner, the one who got the paperweight, and the one who retired in 1905 (who didn't get the pistol).

Between Don Swanson and Walt Dew, one was a Commander and the other received the paperweight.

The Commander retired three years after the retiree who received the cane.

Either Walt Dew or Fred Abberline retired in 1902.

Either Don Swanson or the Sergeant was the last to retire.

The Superintendent didn't retire in 1902.

Walter Dew was the second-to-last to retire.

		Name					Rank					Gift				
		Bob Anderson	Don Swanson	Fred Abberline	Mel Macnaghten	Walt Dew	Chief Inspector	Commander	Commissioner	Sergeant	Superintendent	Cane	Cufflinks	Paperweight	Pistol	Pocket Watch
Year Retired	1896															
	1899															
	1902															
	1905															
	1908															
Gift	Cane															
	Cufflinks															
	Paperweight															
	Pistol															
	Pocket Watch															
Rank	Chief Inspector															
	Commander															
	Commissioner															
	Sergeant															
	Superintendent															

Write To Reply:

A close brush with the 'Crossbow Cannibal'

Dear *Examiner*,

In relation to Stephen Griffiths, one of the major headlines with the case was the fact that he was apparently a crime historian and also had been researching 19th century murders in Bradford 1847 - 1899. I was aware when searching through the newspaper archives at the Bradford library for local 19th Century murders that there was someone else going through the same material; although I may I have seen him there I cannot actually say I ever met him. At the time of his arrest I had pretty much completed collecting all the data available on the 15 or so headline murders, newspaper reports, inquests, trial data, photography, grave searches, etc.

The whole Bradford situation really did make me think about how people perceive us crime historians and I certainly felt slightly uncomfortable the next time I visited the library, although upon reflection afterwards I realised that the problem is not in the subject matter but in the individual, his agenda and the reason for the interest. Can you believe it, only two people in Bradford researching 19th century murders and one of them happens to be the "Crossbow Cannibal", the other being me.

The way the press portrayed this research certainly gave me the impression that his very subject matter gave them ammunition to portray him as a morbid weirdo to the eyes of the world and his research possibly inspired his crime spree. Having researched the very same Bradford crimes he had been looking at, I knew with certainty none of the murders were in anyway similar to the ones committed by his hand.

I think someone like Griffiths would have been on the boards under an alias, more than likely lurking whilst planning his great masterpiece. Given the fact that *Casebook* and *JTR Forums* are public forums, he really did not need to participate to get up a ladder in order to see hidden areas usually only given access on certain forums to trusted members. My gut feeling is he wanted to go down in history as one of the great murderers of the 21st Century, following in the steps of Jack the Ripper and the Yorkshire Ripper.

I see him as a loner who walked the streets at night in great delusional contemplation of how he would amaze the world with his master criminal skills. He would *show* them and he would imagine with great delight how the press would portray this elusive master criminal as the new Ripper. I don't think for one minute he would have posted anything too telling on any forums. He was a man of mystery, who would let them keep guessing. Anyway, he believed himself far too clever for these mere mortals posting their theories on forums.

I think what he does represent, though, is that he was a man who – like the Yorkshire Ripper – fitted so well into the woodwork that not even the very people he was killing thought him the possible author of at least two abductions-murders prior to his arrest for the third murder caught on CCTV. I think this man was very comfortable in his environment and his victims were equally comfortable in his company. It is more than likely the three crimes he has been charged with are only the tip of the iceberg.

One thing is for sure, just like Jack the Ripper and the Yorkshire Ripper, Griffiths has visited the very gates of hell; I suspect he is still there.

Mark Davis

GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO US?!

Did you read something in this issue of the *Examiner* that moves you to respond? We value the thoughts and opinions of all our readers, so, if you have views or comments that you want to get off your chest, or a snippet you want

to share, get in touch with us, as Mark did! Contact us at EXAMINER@CASEBOOK.ORG, with thanks from the editorial team.

Ultimate Ripperologists' Tour:

Pimlico to Southwark

A compendium of travels through locations pertinent to the Ripper case.

By T. N. Bond

Welcome to the latest edition of the Ultimate Ripperologists' Tour, back on foot this issue. Beginning in the prosperous northwest London area of Pimlico (although erroneously given an SW postcode), we will cross over Vauxhall Bridge and into south London, from where we will take in parts of Lambeth and Southwark.



TATE BRITAIN



PIMLICO STATION

PIMLICO

The origins of the name ‘Pimlico’ are obscure. In the eighteenth century, it was home to gin and beer distilleries, as was Southwark, across the river, and much like its southern cousin the area was largely marshy, sporadically developed and in parts severely impoverished. Nowadays, a great deal of the area’s architecture is Regency (i.e. dating from the early- to mid-eighteenth century), much of it designed by Thomas Cubitt, under the auspices of local landowner Lord Grosvenor, in 1825 — Cubitt was also responsible for parts of Buckingham Palace. Today, the graceful terraces and squares (including over 300 listed buildings) tell their own tale of wealth and development, not unrelated to the district’s proximity to Westminster.

Despite a decline towards the end of the Victorian age, Pimlico today is once again an area of affluence and conspicuous beauty. One of the most striking elements of walking this route is the contrast that still exists between rich and poor areas of London, and is, if anything, now even more striking between north and south than it is from west to east, and which will be almost immediately apparent once

we cross Vauxhall Bridge; however it is even more incredible to imagine that only 250 years ago the areas would have appeared on an economic par. Famous residents of Pimlico in the past have included legendary actor Laurence Olivier, Welshman Major Walter Wingfield (the inventor of modern tennis), *Heart of Darkness* author Joseph Conrad and, somewhat less celebrated, Oswald Moseley, leader of the British Union of Fascists, famous to East End historians for their failed march along Cable Street.

The start of this edition’s journey is Pimlico station, one of the most unique and frankly, as Dr. Watson may well have put it, peculiarly hideous of all London Underground stations. Located inside a tall, narrow office block, the station is on the Victoria line, and is also well served by bus services — from the north, the number 24 runs, appropriately enough, 24 hours a day, from Hampstead through most of the tourists’ central London — Tottenham Court Road, Leicester Square, Trafalgar Square and Westminster — before finishing literally yards away from Pimlico Station. Alight at Lupus Street to be closest to our start.

Alternatively, the C10 runs from

Victoria Station, and after Pimlico (alight at the station) travels roughly along part of our route — through Elephant and Castle — before travelling around the Isle of Dogs and finishing at Canada Water station. The 360 travels from the south-western corner of Hyde Park, through Knightsbridge and Pimlico (once again, alight at the station) and follows our route even closer before finishing in Elephant and Castle. From the south, the 156 runs from Wimbledon through Battersea and the historic Nine Elms district (recently immortalised in Guy Ritchie’s *Sherlock Holmes*) and on a similar cinematic theme also travels along Lavender Hill, famously the abode of Alec Guinness’s eponymous ‘mob’. The bus route finishes by Vauxhall station, also visited by the number 344 which roughly follows our route as far as Southwark before travelling to the edge of ‘Ripper territory’, passing close to Mitre Square and then into Bishopsgate before finally finishing just south of the currently closed Shoreditch High Street station. If you are travelling on either of these latter two services, you can alight at Vauxhall station from where you have a choice whether to cross the bridge

and walk to Pimlico (approximately 20 minutes' walk) or whether to begin the walk with the Tyburn and Effra sections (missing out Millbank prison and the Morpeth Arms).

Three other alternative Underground stations (Vauxhall is also on the Victoria line) are located to the north west, north and north east respectively, and are all located approximately 15 to 20 minutes' walk from Pimlico — Sloane Square is on the District and Circle lines, Victoria on the Victoria, District and Circle lines, and St. James's Park once more on the Circle and District lines. The last of these also provides a variety of National Rail services to almost all corners of the country, as does the nearby Victoria coach station in terms of buses. The walk will end at Tower Bridge, from where you have a choice whether to cross the bridge towards Tower Hill station (Circle and District lines), or take a short walk east to Bermondsey station (Jubilee line); both areas are well—served by a variety of buses which will take you to almost any corner of London you desire. Finally, riverboat services run from Millbank Millennium Pier, a leisurely five minute walk further east

from Pimlico station. For any further information, and to check for any disruptions, check WWW.TFL.GOV.UK/JOURNEYPLANNER before you travel.

As well as the above near links to *Sherlock Holmes* and *The Lavender Hill Mob*, Pimlico itself was the setting for another cinematic legal caper: *Passport to Pimlico*, like *Lavender Hill Mob* an 'Ealing comedy', in which a chance discovery leads to Pimlico being declared independent of British government control, and its inhabitants overnight become 'foreigners'. Chaos, inevitably, ensues. However, despite the jocular tone, the film links not only to another world famous fictional detective but also to a darker, deeply personal episode of true crime, via a well known member of its cast.

Margaret Rutherford, the original 'Miss Marple', played academic Professor Hatton-Jones in *Passport*, but her respected television and film career hid a tragic family past. In 1883 Rutherford's father, William Benn, travelled with his minister father to the Derbyshire village of Matlock. The hope was that the country retreat would help soothe the younger man's mental troubles, which had begun on his honeymoon with Rutherford's mother. It

was not to be the case, and after a few days the guest house owner made the grim discovery of the Reverend Benn dead in their room; his son had beaten him to death with a chamberpot. Benn — a direct relative of future British MP Tony Benn — was sent to Broadmoor hospital for the criminally insane later in that same year, where he may or may not have met another man committed in the same year — sometime Jack the Ripper suspect, James Kelly, locked up for attacking his wife, Sarah. Interestingly, filming for *Passport* did not take place in Pimlico at all, but rather in nearby Lambeth, mostly on a housing estate which we will later pass close by.

Elsewhere in the annals of true crime, Pimlico is probably best known for the former Millbank prison, now largely occupied by the Tate Britain modern art gallery, that we will soon visit. However, it is also known to those interested in the 'Torso Murders', contemporary to the Whitechapel Murders, as an addendum to the story of the 'Whitehall Mystery'. Shortly before the discovery of that limbless torso in the foundations of New Scotland Yard, an arm had been dragged from the Thames at Pimlico; Dr. Thomas Bond,

he of the contentious Mary Jane Kelly post mortem, subsequently examined it and found that it ‘accurately fitted’ the torso. ‘Apparently,’ he went on to proclaim, the arm featured ‘the hand of a person not used to manual labour’.

Two years earlier the area had given its name to its own ‘mystery’ — the death from poisoning of Thomas Bartlett, allegedly at the hands of his wife, Adelaide; ‘the Pimlico Mystery’ was the media sensation of its moment, and not only the press and public but also the judge and jury found themselves baffled by quite how Bartlett had come to have a large quantity of chloroform in his stomach without any injuries to his throat. Adelaide Bartlett was acquitted, and the mystery was never solved, if soon enough forgotten. There were suggestions that her husband had swallowed the poison himself as a peculiar form of suicide, and others, perhaps more far-fetched, that he had done so as part of his known proclivity for self-administration of bizarre ‘medications’— shades of James Maybrick, perhaps?

Another man famously arrested — if never charged — with violently attacking his wife, and championed by some as being responsible for at

least one Whitechapel Murder, was of course Thomas Sadler, sometime boyfriend of the final victim listed in that file, Frances Coles. Sadler was charged at the former Kennington courthouse, which we will later visit. Catherine Eddowes’ daughter, Annie Phillips, nee Conway, lived in the vicinity — and we will visit the hospital in which she died, the same building in which one Mary Ann Nichols spent significant periods of the 1880’s, as, in the 1890’s, would future silent film star Charlie Chaplin. Along the way you can also expect to hear about a demolished prison, two closed stations — one designed for transporting the dead! — two buried rivers, as well as churches, markets and the current and former homes of the Special Intelligence Service, better known as MI6.

AROUND MILLBANK

With Pimlico station on your left, walk down Bessborough Street, initially following signs towards the Tate Britain, following the road to the left, and then cross Vauxhall Bridge Road. Although we are not going to cross the river just yet, it is worth noting that this road contains a good selection of coffee shops, convenience stores and a few cafes, all

of which will be in shorter supply once we do so. If it is hop-based refreshment you are after, however, then walk on, towards the bridge, before turning left into John Islip Street (named after one of the Tudor abbots who attempted to negotiate between Henry VIII and the Pope, and which now houses offices of the National Prison Service) and then taking the second right into Ponsonby Place. The road now stretching along the riverbank in front of you is named after the huge prison which used to stand along it — Millbank.

Walking a little way left will bring us to the Tate Britain, located on the site of the aforementioned Millbank prison, a notorious (not to mention fantastically shaped) gaol which was for seventy plus years home to prisoners bound for transportation either to Australia or the vast offshore ‘hulks’ (prison ships). As well as the Tate, the space formerly occupied by the sprawling prison was also used for the Chelsea College of Art and Design (immediately to the west) whose alumni have included Roald Dahl’s illustrator Quentin Blake, and also, behind and to the east, the houses of the Millbank Estate, built — much like the Boundary Estate in Bethnal Green, the

bandstand of which is raised by rubble from the infamous Old Nichol slum—partly with the bricks of its predecessor. By 1888, however, it was in its last years, and had not held prisoners for two years and most histories state that it had not held prisoners since 1886 (it was finally demolished in 1890).

However, researcher Debra Arif has recently uncovered references to female prisoners *in situ* up to at least 1889, and even one account, written by a visiting Reverend, which claims that no fewer than five Whitechapel Murder victims had at one point spent time within Millbank's walls, one being released within 24 hours of her death (see 'further reading')! Whatever the truth about its final years — and it is an intriguing mystery — the story of Millbank is a sad one; built in 1816, it was initially conceived as a progressive institution, 'founded on humane and rational principles'¹, pioneering gender separation for prisoners and what would now be termed 'occupational therapy'. By the 1880s it was being condemned as 'an ill contrived structure, not at all suited to the purpose for which it was designed'.² Life in Millbank was not easy, however, even in its early years — prisoners bound for

Australia spent the first three months of their sentence in Millbank, at least the first 30 days of which were in solitary confinement and enforced silence. This being the Victorian era, there was a get-out clause — provided you were of the right class. 'Educated' prisoners were often offered the opportunity to exchange the prospect for life imprisonment. It says a lot about views on the prospect of transportation that the option was almost always exercised.

Although a solitary buttress remains close by the museum, all outward signs of Millbank have disappeared on this section of embankment named after it. However, some traces do remain nearby. As luck would have it, they also remain inside a very nice pub, on the corner of Millbank and Ponsonby Place. Walk back along Millbank, leaving the gallery behind, to the corner that we just left, and towards the...

MORPETH ARMS (58, MILLBANK)

The Morpeth Arms was originally built to serve the wardens of the nearby prison; in a pattern familiar to anyone conversant with the history of Spitalfields, it was for many years



CHELSEA COLLEGE OF ART

allowed to fall into disrepair before realisation of the commercial value of its history made renovation a priority. Much like the tunnels alleged to run between Buckingham Palace and Green Park station, or between the Houses of Parliament and Waterloo station, there are rumours of tunnels running to the prison, and even



MORPETH ARMS

some holding cells, located in the pub's cellar. One crucial difference is that these subterranean routes, at least, appear to be true, (as photographic evidence available on the internet would seem to confirm, see 'further reading') — although to my knowledge no one has ever attempted to investigate quite how far they now extend or in what

direction. Unfortunately, on my visit both the bar and the street outside were heaving as crowds assembled ahead of the Spain-Chile World Cup match, and so there was no opportunity to interrogate the bar staff further. Perhaps you will have more luck.

Inevitably, the pub is reportedly haunted — and one persistent spectre is said to be that of a prisoner who died in the underground cells awaiting removal to the prison, while the warders got drunk upstairs and forgot all about him. Apparitions aside (and the pub appears rather fond of them), nowadays one of its major selling points is the view from the second floor — although in truth you can see little more than a busy road and some distant, unattractive buildings on the opposite riverbank. The beer, I am happy to report, is excellent, however.

VAUXHALL BRIDGE

Exiting the Morpeth Arms and turning west along Millbank takes us back onto Vauxhall Bridge Road and brings us onto the approach to the bridge. Barely a few minutes into the walk (minus the potential refreshment stop) and we have already come to a second architectural atrocity. The giant statues

subsequently bolted onto the bridge's exterior have served only to enhance its ugliness. In 1888, any Victorian visitors wishing to travel to the Thames' southern bank would have done so via the plainer Regent Bridge, which by then had also become known as Vauxhall Bridge. For this reason, the current bridge (located ever so slightly



POTTERY STATUE — VAUXHALL BRIDGE



SHHHHHHHH! IT'S THE SIS BUILDING.

further west) is often said to be the second bridge in the area — but since the late 1990s that has been proved categorically untrue. Fragments of a much older crossing — some estimates run to 3,500 years old — were found then just a short distance away, and are allegedly still visible to the keen, and fortunate, eye. Turning into the road also brings into view, to the south, the giant Secret Intelligence Service (MI6) building, familiar to any James Bond fans amongst you. When *The World is Not Enough* was being filmed, rumour had it that the intelligence agency had

denied the film-makers permission to film the building's exterior, in case the film gave away its location, and so a set had to be built. If true, it would be a somewhat bizarre assertion, seeing as it is pointed out on almost every guided bus tour. It is not too big a leap to assert that the modern intel-

ligence services share some heritage with James Monro's Victorian 'Secret Department' of the Metropolitan Police, which much like MI6 for many years barely existed officially, and which may or may not have been operating in Whitechapel in the autumn of 1888.

Vauxhall Bridge is to be our departure point into what Philip Davies, in *Lost London*, wonderfully called 'London over the water'. Nowadays, the Thames' southern side is best known for the 'South Bank', a thriving media and arts community clustered around the Royal Festival Hall, built for the post war Festival of London and standing three bridges east from here. Just a few streets to almost any side of this

hub of activity, however, the story of South London is still less glamorous and in parts conspicuously more austere than its Northern counterpart.

Today, the only waterway visible as you approach the bridge is the Thames, but at one point standing on this spot you would have been able to watch no fewer than three rivers converge — from the South, the Effra once separated the spot on which the SIS building now stands from the main bank; from the North would have flowed the more famous river Tyburn, a name immediately familiar to anyone with an interest in British criminal history:

LOST RIVERS (PART 1)

Correctly, the Tyburn is a stream, rather than a river; it famously gave its name to a suburb of north west London, near modern day Marble Arch and Hyde Park Corner, which became a notorious place of execution (the gallows being known colloquially as the 'Tyburn Tree'). In the late twelfth century, William Fitz Osbern became the first man to be executed at Tyburn — being hanged, drawn and quartered for attempting to lead the poor of London in revolt. He was captured

in the churchyard of St Mary le Bow, in the City; very few of his supporters, once apparently numbering over 50,000, dared to make themselves known by defending him. Nearly five hundred years later, Oliver Cromwell was hanged at Tyburn, despite having already been dead for three years. Perhaps there was something innately political about the stream; two of the Tyburn's three branches once made Westminster, site of the modern Houses of Parliament, an island.

London's former problems with sewage are well documented, famously reaching a crisis point with the so called 'great stink' and the cholera outbreak of 1858 and the cholera outbreaks of the 1840s. The solution would change London's geography — and specifically its waterways — forever. Commissioned to find a solution, Joseph Bazalgette seized on a unique dual opportunity to both utilise the existing natural watercourses as the skeleton for an ambitious network of sewers and storm drains, and in doing so also to bury forever rivers and streams more suited to London's rural past than its newly industrialised self, and which were fast becoming public health hazards in their own right (the

Fleet was the biggest culprit in this way). Bazalgette's sewer network, largely unchanged to this day, saw the elimination, either in whole or in part, of over a dozen previously open waterways. It was also responsible for the constructions of parkland, situated over sewerage pipes (as in East Ham) and even the construction of the embankments now synonymous with London's riverbank and on a stretch of which we now stand. No river was safe — in building the embankments, Bazalgette even narrowed the Thames (this is why Somerset House, on the Strand, can be seen in 18th century depictions fronting onto the river). These days, although parts of some 'buried' rivers remain visible (most famously the Fleet forming the Serpentine lake, in Hyde Park; more contentiously an antique dealer near Bond Street claims a stretch of water in their basement is part of the Tyburn) for the most part the only trace of them can be found where their modern-day courses meet with the Thames, or in the ingenious ways in which engineers have ensured their route is unhindered. The river Westbourne, for example, travels over the platforms at Sloane Square station in a thick, lead-lined pipe; in earlier

days it was alleged to have been sailed along by Celtic Queen Boudica.

We have a choice now. The riverbank around the Tyburn outflow is unfortunately no longer publicly accessible, at least not without walking a considerable distance out of your way, although the residents of the 'Tyburn House' apartments do enjoy a private ladder leading down to the relevant area. There is, actually, a small plaque located above the outflow, a relatively recent addition commissioned from an artist and which features the names of all the areas the river passes below, and if you wish to view this then turn right immediately before the bridge and keep walking until you get to the large black gates of Tyburn House. Passing these, you will be able to take a left turn onto the section of embankment fronted onto by the apartments. The plaque will be in front of you. There *is* a small service ladder belonging to Tyburn House, but as it is in full view of the residents and that the development is also well patrolled by both private security and the Metropolitan police, I decided against using it on my visit.

Otherwise, continue across Vauxhall Bridge to where the riverbank

is more easily accessible, and from where we shall get a good view of the Tyburn's modern-day mouth, as well as one of south London's hidden rivers, the Effra.

LOST RIVERS (PART 2)

Nine Elms station used to stand just to the west of Vauxhall Bridge on its south side. Reaching the end of Vauxhall Bridge, turn left (towards the SIS building). Although a plaque commemorating the river has been placed immediately above an outflow here, this is little more than a diverted storm drain; the actual modern day mouth is located a short distance further to the west, in the wall of the embankment below yet more luxury riverside apartments, St. George's Wharf. From the embankment, it appears much smaller than the Tyburn outflow, and easily missed. The significance of the Effra, however, was once huge. Evidence of votive and even sacrificial offerings have been found close to the aforementioned ancient bridge, not far from here. With the Thames dominating the view now, it is hard to imagine how this section of London's waterways must have looked. The huge 'white elephant' of Battersea Power Station, yet to find its twenty-

first century rebirth unlike nearby Bankside Power Station — now the Tate Modern — can also be glimpsed from here, a short distance to the West, around a sharp bend in the Thames.

Near the Effra plaque, which is repeated on the other side of the wall, is a larger, somewhat steadier and more legally accessible access ladder (although the idea of MI6 officers perhaps watching you descend is a strange one!). Nevertheless, it is a somewhat unorthodox and potentially hazardous undertaking, and so should be carefully considered. If you do choose to climb down, then the 'wrong' Effra will be directly to your left as you reach the ground; the real mouth will become apparent if you walk a little way to your right and underneath the bridge. The Tyburn can be seen on the opposite bank, a little further west. The view from here is exceptional, and you may even get some local wildlife for company. One final word of caution, however, if (as was the case on my visit) heavy rain has caused the Effra



BATTERSEA POWER STATION

drain to open, then the stones around it are going to be very slippery indeed. Proceed with care and attention!

AROUND VAUXHALL

Back on more secure footing, continue along Vauxhall Bridge Road to the junction with Wandsworth Road, and turn off east (left) along the Albert Embankment, cousin (or more correctly, husband) of the more famous northern Victoria Embankment. Should you arrive in the area early, the current site of Covent Garden Market (the real, wholesale one, rather than

the curio sellers and street performers that now inhabit the original site) is situated a short distance to the west of here, off Wandsworth Road; a note of caution though, there is a nominal charge to get in and photography is not allowed without advance permission. Early means early too — it begins at 3 or 4 am!

After just a minute or so of walking, yet more luxury apartments will come into view — but this time the facade hides a fascinating past. These are ‘Peninsula Heights’, now one of the most prestigious addresses in the area. Previously, however, they were operated as SIS ‘safe houses’; it was also from a room here that the police operation that finally convicted the Kray twins — ostensibly for the murder of George Cornell in the Blind Beggar, on Whitechapel Road — was run. Senior detectives felt that Scotland Yard could not be considered safe from gang intrusion and corruption; whatever the case, it is quite appropriate that the building blocks of their downfall were assembled in south London, as we are now in Richardson territory (the Krays’ arch rivals, and Cornell’s employers). The building is now home to another famous, if less glamorous, convicted

criminal, Jeffrey Archer (the novelist and disgraced Lord).

Almost opposite Peninsula Heights stands a pub; cross the road here and turn into Timworth Street, keeping the pub on your right, passing under an archway carrying trains into Vauxhall station. It may be a little wider, but if you squint a little it is just possible to imagine that this is how Swallow Gardens, Whitechapel, may have looked on an ill-fated night in February 1891. And are those swallows adorning its brow?

Continue until your path is blocked by a large former warehouse building, then turn left. This is Vauxhall Walk, and as you walk along it, try to imagine group after group of fashionably attired eighteenth century men and women travelling alongside you, towards the sound of music and the flash of fireworks. Hard to imagine? And yet, this is how the scene would have appeared in the days when their destination — the ‘almost anything goes’ playground of Vauxhall Gardens, was so internationally renowned that it gave the Russians their name for ‘pleasure garden’, and from there also their first name for a railway station, *Vokzal*. Continue until you come to a

small stub of public parkland, complete with climbing frames and overhanging train tracks; this is all that remains of Vauxhall Gardens, once lit by nearly 100,000 hanging gas lamps.

AROUND LAMBETH

The road you join now is Black Prince Road; this was the site of Lambeth workhouse from 1726 to 1874. However, it is the relocated workhouse which is our next destination. As you walk right along the road, take a minute to look across at the entrance to a drab housing estate on your left as you approach the zebra crossing. Although neither attractive nor particularly historic, the name is one that should ring some bells. The original ‘Lambeth Walk’ was damaged by bombing during World War Two; it is tempting to believe that its targeting was deliberate. Certainly the Nazi Party were not amused by what they saw as the ‘animalistic movements’ of the internationally copied dance to Noel Gay’s musical number — they were even less impressed by a 1942 parody film which edited footage of party rallies to make it appear as if they were dancing to the very same tune! Despite the song’s celebratory tone, the less well known opening lyrics

set a more plaintive tone — ‘the skies ain’t blue, the grass ain’t green’. Still, the narrator concludes, ‘ev’rything’s free and easy, (you can) do as you darn well pleasey’. It is a peculiarly musical street: it was also the home of punk songwriter Ian Dury’s character Mr Walk, who ‘took an overdose of Omo’ (a brand of soap powder) which, apparently, ‘made the neighbours talk’. Continue along Black Prince Road until you get to the junction with the wide and busy Kennington Road; cross this (carefully!) and turn left by the Dog House pub, into the more sedate Kennington Lane.

Passing some wonderful Victorian and Edwardian buildings, take the third left into Renfrew Road, and towards our first Whitechapel Murders connection in Lambeth. Roughly halfway along the road, the gabled building to your right (now the ‘Jamyang Buddhist Centre’) was previously Kennington Courthouse, and it was here in 1892 that James ‘Thomas’ Sadler, questioned little more than a year earlier after the death of his sometime paramour Frances Coles and put forward by some as a possible Ripper, was brought following allegations by his long-suffering wife Sarah that he

had not only beaten her but threatened to murder her. The connotations would have seemed even more striking then than they do now, and Chief Inspector Donald Swanson, perhaps amongst others, took a direct interest in the case. Although the charges were dropped, Sadler was bound over to ‘keep the peace’. It is the last known appearance of this troubled and enigmatic man in the official records. The building opposite also once served as Kennington Police station, and in 1875 it would have been the workplace of a new police recruit, warrant number 59442, White, Stephen. After just a year as a constable, White would be promoted to sergeant and relocated to Whitechapel, where eight years later he would become one of the best known middling rank officers on the ground during the ‘Ripper’ crimes, most famously involved in the arguably flawed questioning of Berner Street fruit seller Matthew Packer.

Immediately after the former courthouse, the water tower looming

nearby was once part of the second Lambeth Workhouse, built in 1874. Turn right into the road approaching the remainder of the building (now a nursing home) for a better view. Lambeth Infirmary moved from Black Prince Road in 1871, or seven years after Mary Ann ‘Polly’ Walker married William Nichols just off Fleet Street. It was to the new Lambeth Workhouse that Mary Ann ‘Polly’ Nichols, by then betrayed by her husband William and all but divorced, would admit herself in April 1882, and where she would stay until January of the following year, when she would be admitted to



KENNINGTON COURTHOUSE

the accompanying infirmary. She was back in the workhouse by the end of the month, and would stay there until March. After a brief period living with her father, she returned to the workhouse in May and remained there until the beginning of June. She would return to Lambeth Workhouse in December of 1887, having been arrested for sleeping outdoors. Her final stint in Lambeth would be from 16th April to 12th May 1888, from whence she left to take up an infamously ill-suited position in domestic service. In the early hours of August 31st, of course, she would be found dead in Buck's Row, Whitechapel, and would be identified by the Lambeth Workhouse mark on her petticoats. After the workhouse was disbanded, the building became Lambeth Hospital, and it was here that Annie Phillips (nee Conway), daughter of Catherine Eddowes, would die of heart failure on July 15th, 1943. Charlie Chaplin, together with his mother and brother, would also live for a significant period of time at the Workhouse, following admission in 1896, a period vividly remembered in the future film star's autobiography.

Continue to the end of Renfrew Road and turn left into Gilbert Road, a



28 GILBERT ROAD

graceful crescent of restored Victorian terrace housing. In 1881, the family of Stephen White would be living behind the cherry-red door of number 28. At the end of Gilbert Road turn right into Wincott Street and then again (once more) into Kennington Road.

Continue to the junction with Lambeth Road, from where the parkland forming the grounds of the Imperial War Museum becomes apparent. Turning right into Lambeth Road brings the museum into clearer view; it is notoriously located within the former central wing of the third 'Bethlem'



IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

(correctly Our Lady of Bethlehem) lunatic asylum (what would today be termed a psychiatric hospital). The first had been located on the site of today's Liverpool Street station, a well known terminus for Ripper East End locations. Nothing remains of the first two hospitals, the most notorious of which was built near today's Moorgate station, and which offered wealthy visitors the dubious attraction of viewing the patients in their cells. Conditions within the various hospitals improved in increments, but time after time they were found wanting, and new premises sought; the institution's nickname itself (Bedlam) became synonymous with chaos and disarray. If the term has not yet outlived the institution itself (now based in a fourth premises, in Bromley) it may well yet do so. As you turn right into St George's Road, a plaque commemorating the opening of the hospital (in 1815) can still be seen set into the walls of the former gatehouse building. The Latin dedication from the hospital's opening also remains above the main entrance; appropriately enough, a section of the Berlin wall stands nearby, a reminder perhaps of the days when patients within would have had their freedom

curtailed much as the citizens of that post war city.

As you walk along St George's Road, look across to the housing estate opposite Newman House. The entranceway underneath the name plaque (standing with your back to Hayles Street) stands in the rough location of the demolished Marshall Street – birthplace, in 1849, of Martha White; the future Martha Tabram, and, as of August 1888, contentious 'Ripper' victim. Should you choose (as I did) to wander around the back of the housing block, a narrow service alleyway gives a very good approximation of the former course of Marshall Street.

Turning left into Princess Street and then again into London Road, we are now nearing the area known as Elephant and Castle, nowadays named primarily after the large (and hideous) shopping centre situated on a major roundabout, but originally named after a local pub. London lore has it that the name's somewhat prosaic origins centre around a young Spanish royal – *l'infant de Castillo* – who once lived in the area, and who gave her name first to the pub and then – in brutally Anglicised form – to the area. Spanish princesses aside, there is little of interest to the area, and

we shall not dally here. Turning left into Westminster Bridge Road (and back into Lambeth), there are two buildings of interest in this road; firstly, at number 100, stands 'Century House' (now yet more luxury apartments), home of the SIS (MI6) until 1995, when during the majority of the time that the intelligence service was stationed here, it did not officially exist. Secondly, on the left side of the road a little past Lambeth North station, stands an abandoned railway terminus (now utilised as office space, although outwardly unchanged). This seemingly average piece of architecture actually stands testament to one of the most ambitious Victorian attempts at redefining social convention — and around a subject with which they were uniquely fascinated, as well; death. For this was the Necropolis station, ferrying coffins and mourners to the newly built Brookwood cemetery in Surrey, no less than 35 miles away (one way), in order to ease congestion in the capital's own cemeteries. This facade is actually the second Necropolis station, the first having been located a little further along and operational from 1854. Opened in 1902, the second station was damaged in bombing in 1941, and never re-opened.

Take the first right after the Necropolis building. Lower Marsh is reportedly one of the oldest streets in London, and its name tells of the time when this whole area would have been marshland. Traces of its former state can even still be seen in its peculiar camber. Today it is home to little more than a rather depressing street market, and the occasional glimpse of the gleaming terminus that is Waterloo Station. Continue to its end, and cross Waterloo Road into The Cut, named after the railway building process that created it, and now one of the major east–west arteries through this part of south London.

AROUND SOUTHWARK

Historically under-developed, and crucially out of the control of the London city authorities for much of its life, Southwark was once known throughout the capital as a magnet for what were considered insalubrious activities, including bear baiting and theatre – at least one of William Shakespeare’s early plays was performed at Southwark’s ‘Rose’ theatre. The rebuilt ‘Globe Theatre’, the original of which succeeded the Rose, is located on the aforementioned fashionable ‘south

bank’, not far from here, but its internationally renowned productions are a million metaphorical miles from the Bard’s more austere early career, during which he is rumoured to have lived nearby. He even has one of his characters castigate another, in *Henry VI Part II*, for being so rude as to ‘leave me at the White Hart in South-Wark’. The theatrical connection still remains, however, with both the Young Vic and Old Vic theatres located in The Cut, the latter currently run by *American Beauty* star Kevin Spacey.

In 1871, new City of London police recruit Edward Watkins was living at Number 2, The Cut; 17 years into his career he would find a night beat interrupted by the discovery of Catherine



NECROPOLIS STATION

Eddowes' body in Mitre Square. He would finally retire eight years later, after 25 years service, all at constable rank. On a non-Whitechapel Murders related note, continuing a little further along the road we come to our second closed station, Blackfriars Road Station, operational only between 1864 and 1868 but the entrance and name of which are still well preserved under a railway arch leading into nearby Waterloo East, the station which superseded it. Next door once stood a Congregational chapel, later converted into a boxing ring, above which the Marquess of Queensbury is alleged to have written the eponymous rule-book which still governs the modern fight game. Perhaps the remnants of bear-baiting and bare-knuckle fighting never entirely left the area either. The gym still survives, although little of the fabric is original; now named 'Cityboxer', its website boasts that it has grown from a single gym into a 'complete lifestyle brand'. Whatever that is.

We have now reached Southwark station, the end of our route for now – although there are plenty more delights to await you should you choose to continue your explorations from

Southwark into Bermondsey, but that is (perhaps) for another day ... for now, perhaps enjoy a well earned rest in one of Southwark's many excellent pubs, bars or restaurants (one of the best tapas restaurants in London is located in The Cut), or even take in a performance at one of the aforementioned theatres, before travelling home, either via the Jubilee line from Southwark station or via one of the area's many bus services. Alternatively, walk a short distance north to come to Blackfriars Bridge (where one urban myth claims Jack the Ripper committed suicide!) from where you can cross north to continue your journey from either Temple or City Thameslink stations, both nearby. Blackfriars station, frequented by a certain Montague Druitt, is unfortunately closed until next year!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

TN Bond is a writer and researcher, the man behind [WWW.ALL-THAT-YOUVE-DONE.COM](http://www.all-that-youve-done.com) and also the forthcoming documentary *Murder and Suspicion: the Whitechapel Murders* and accompanying book *Murder and Suspicion: the Whitechapel Murders (and more)*. He is also the director of the Frances Coles Memorial Appeal 2011, and can be contacted at TREVOR-BOND@ALL-THAT-YOUVE-DONE.COM.

TRAVEL WRITERS NEEDED!

Is there a Jack the Ripper connection to your local town or district? Why not tell us about it? We would be delighted to include a guide to your area in a future issue as we are on the lookout for would-be travel writers to tell us about the places they know with a Ripper connection. Simply email the features editor at EXAMINER@CASEBOOK.ORG with a few brief details about the place you have in mind and we'll take it from there! We look forward to featuring your area soon.

CSI: WHITECHAPEL



SEPTEMBER 1888
ELIZABETH STRIDE

Location:

Dutfield's Yard, Berner Street, St George in the East.

Date: 30th September, 1888

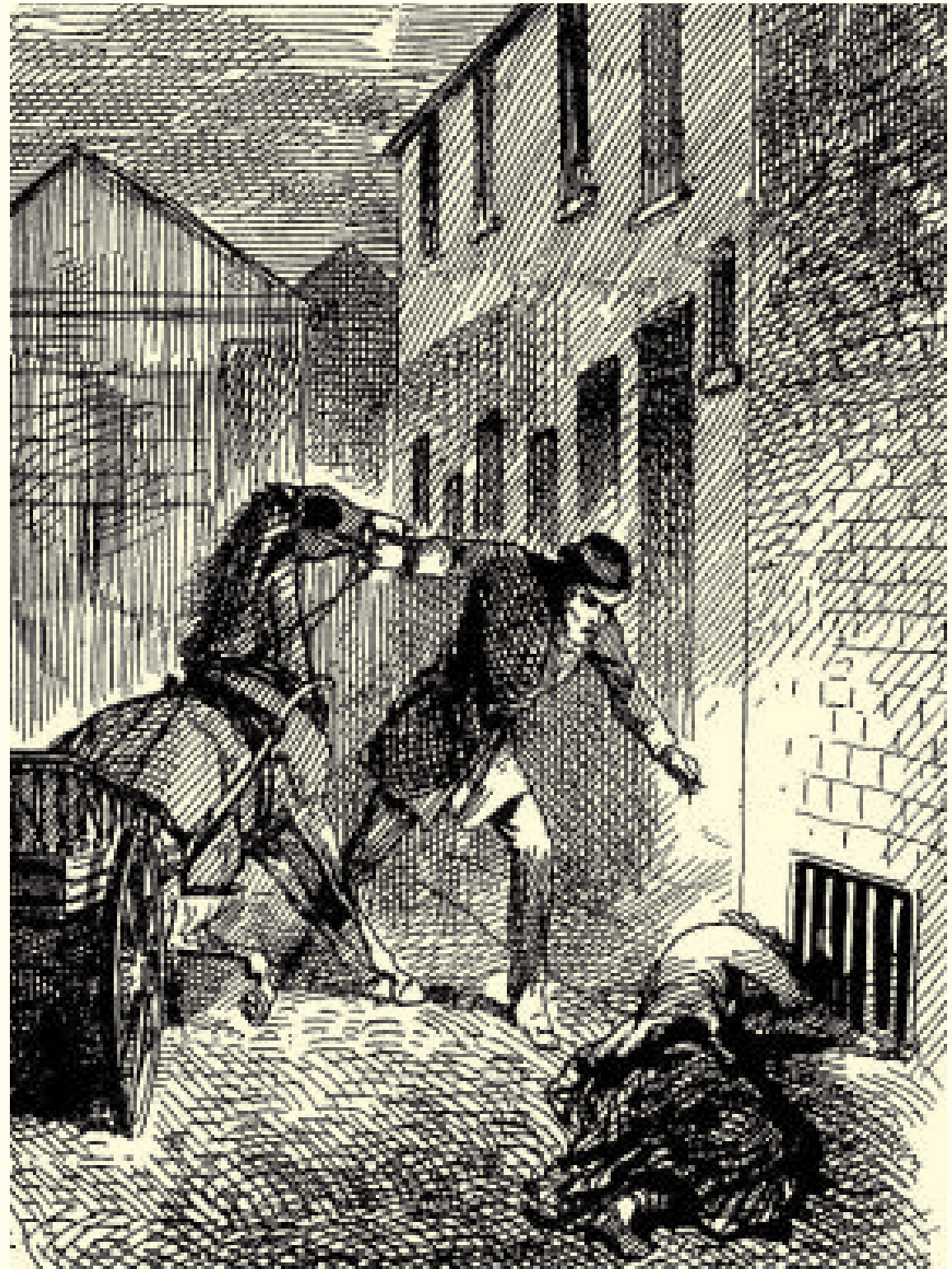
Time: 1:00 AM

The Victim:

Elizabeth Stride nee Gustafsdotter, aka Long Liz, the wife of the late John Thomas Stride was identified by her lover Michael Kidney, and also by Charles Preston, resident of 32 Flower and Dean Street. Elizabeth Tanner also of 32 Flower and Dean Street identified her as the woman that she knew as Long Liz.

VICTIM DISCOVERED BY:

Louis Diemshitz, on entering Dutfield's Yard with his costermonger's barrow drawn by a pony, through the wide open gates, discovered the body of Elizabeth Stride. It was quite dark as he drove in and his pony shied to the left as he did so. He looked to the ground on his right and saw something lying there, he then jumped from his cart and struck a match, this gave enough light to see a woman was lying there, but he was not sure if she was dead, or just drunk. He left his pony in the yard and went into the club, where he found his wife, who, together with several members of the club, he told about the discovery. He got a candle, and by its light he could see there was blood but he did not touch the body and instead went for the police, passing several streets without seeing a policeman, he returned without one, although he had called police as loud as he could.



DISCOVERY
OF ELIZABETH
STRIDE'S BODY

FIRST POLICE ON SCENE:

PC Henry Lamb 252H, who's beat was on Commercial Road was the first officer on scene. He was alerted to the crime by Morris Eagle, who was one of the people fetched from the club by Diemshitz and had similarly gone looking for the police. Eagle was then sent to the police station to fetch the Inspector.

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE:

PC Lamb sent for Dr Blackwell, who, whilst dressing, sent his assistant, Edward Johnston, with the police to Berner Street. Dr Blackwell, arriving at 1:16 AM, examined the body and pronounced Elizabeth to be dead. Doctor Phillips was also in attendance and he arrived twenty minutes to half an hour after Dr Blackwell.

THE CRIME SCENE:

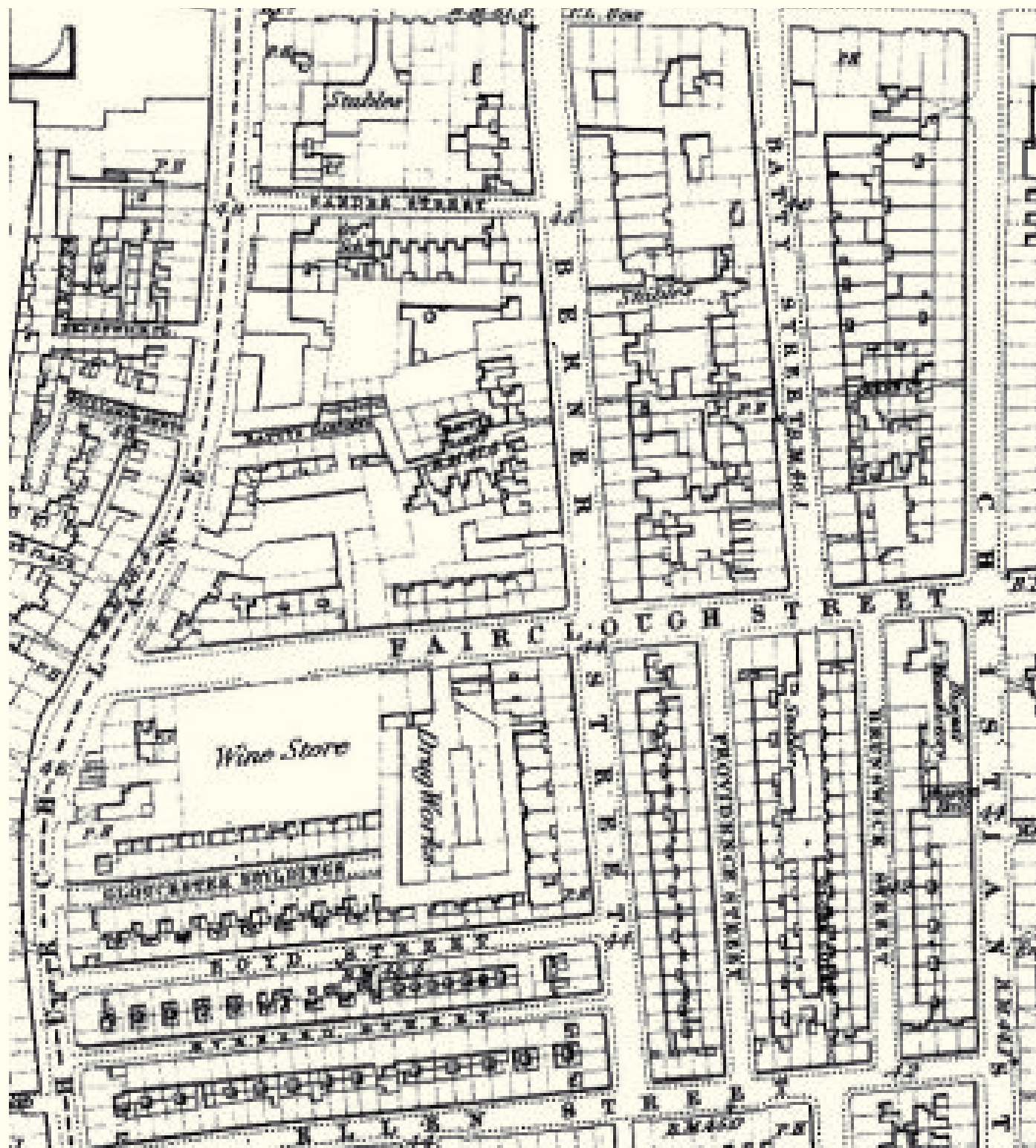
The crime scene was Dutfield's Yard, next to number 40 Berner Street, the International Working Man's Club. On the ground floor of these premises, facing the street was a window and door, the latter led into a passage. At the side of the house, before you got to the yard, was a passage leading into the yard, and at the entrance to

the passage were two wooden gates, folding backwards from the street. In the northern gate there was a little door, the gates were sometimes closed and the doorway was usually closed and locked. However, the gates were seldom closed until late at night when all the tenants had retired and no particular person looked after them. In the yard on the left-hand side there was only one house, which was occupied by two or three tenants. That house contained three doors leading to the yard, but there was no other exit from the yard except through the gates. Opposite the gates was a workshop in the occupation of Messrs. Hindley, sack manufacturers, there was not an exit from the workshop the manufacturer was on the ground floor. Adjoining the workshop was a stable and this was unoccupied, if passing this stable a person would come to the premises forming the pub. In the yard were a few paving stones which were irregularly fixed.

The club premises ran a long way into the yard. The front room of the ground floor of the club was a dining room. At the middle of the passage was a staircase leading to the first floor and at the back of the dining room was a

kitchen. In this room was window over the door which faced the one leading into the yard. The remainder of the passage led into the yard. Over the door in the passage was a small window which daylight came through. At the back of, but in no way connected with it, was a printing office consisting of two rooms. The room adjoining the kitchen was used as a compositing room and the other as the editors office. Opposite the doorway of the kitchen and in the yard were two closets.

On the first floor of the club was a large room for entertainments and from that room three windows faced the yard. On Saturday night a discussion was had in the large room with ninety to one hundred people in attendance. When the discussion ceased between 11:30 and 12 midnight the bulk of people left the premises by the street entrance, whilst twenty to thirty people remained and had a discussion, whilst some others sang. Morris Eagle occupied the chair that evening during the clubs discussion. About 11:45 PM left by the front door to take his young lady home. He returned 12:40 AM, he found the front door to be closed and he went through the gateway into the yard and through the back door leading



to the club. He did not notice anything on the ground near the gate. He passed through in about the middle of the gate. It was dark and so he could not say for sure if Stride was there, however, he did not recall seeing anybody in the yard. At approximately 12:30AM William West went to the printing room to put some literature there and then went into the yard by passage door then into office and returned the same way. He noticed that the yard gates were open, he went towards them but not up to them. There was no lamp or light in the yard and the only light was from windows of club or houses. He noticed half of the lights were on in one house on the first floor. The printing office editor was there reading. Noises from the club could be heard, but there was not much noise at night. When he went into the yard, he looked towards the open gates, though nothing specific had attracted his attention.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY:

Elizabeth was on the ground near the gateway and was in a pool of blood. She was by the side of the club wall. She was lying on her left side, completely across the yard, her feet were six to seven feet from the gate, but almost touched the club's wall. Her face was towards the wall of the club. Her head was resting beyond the carriage wheel rut, her neck lying over the rut. Her legs drawn up and her feet were against the wall on the right side of the yard passage. Her left arm was extended from the elbow. Her right arm was over the stomach and her right hand was lying in chest and smeared inside and out with blood. It was quite open. Left hand was lying on the ground and partially closed, it contained a small packet of cachous wrapped in tissue paper. There were no rings or marks of any rings on the fingers. The appearance of her face was placid and her mouth was slightly open. The clothing had not been disturbed. There was a silk scarf round her neck, the bow of which was turned to the left side and pulled tightly. The buttons of her dress were undone but it was later ascertained this had been done by Edward Johnston during his

examination. There was a red and white flower pinned on her jacket. Her bonnet lying on the ground a few inches from the head. Her body was still warm. Her neck and chest were quite warm, her legs and face were also slightly warm, but her hands were cold.

THE EVIDENCE:

Elizabeth's throat was deeply gashed and there was a long incision in the neck which exactly corresponded with the lower border of the scarf she was wearing. In the lower edge the scarf was slightly frayed as if by a sharp knife. The handkerchief was torn corresponding to the angle of the right jaw. The incision in neck was clean cut six inches in length and commenced on the left side of the neck two and a half inches below the angle of the jaw and almost in direct line with it. It nearly severed the vessels on the left side and it cut the windpipe completely in two. It terminated on the opposite side of the neck, one and a half inches below the angle of the right jaw but without severing the vessels on that side. It was cut clean and deviated a little downwards. The artery and vessels contained in the sheath were all cut

through and there were cuts to the tissues on the right side of her neck but these were more superficial and tailed off about two inches below the right angle of the jaw. The deep vessels that side were uninjured. Haemorrhage was caused through partial severance of left artery. There was an apparent abrasion of the skin about an inch and a quarter in diameter, stained with blood and under her right brow. There was mud on the left side of the face and matted in the head.

Blood from Elizabeth's neck wound ran in the opposite direction to that of her feet, in the direction of the house and also as far as the door of the club. There was one pound of clotted blood close to her body. Blood was still flowing from her throat when discovered but this had stopped by the time Edward Johnston arrived to examine the body. There was a quantity of clotted blood under the body and some blood trodden about near it. There was no blood on the clothing. There was a stream of clotted blood reaching to the gutter, but very little blood, just a patch, near the neck. When the doctors examined the body they stated Elizabeth had been dead for twenty minutes to half an hour, her clothing was not wet and it was a mild

night and not raining at the time. The doctors stated that would have bled to death comparatively slowly on account of the vessels on only one side being severed. It would have taken about a minute and a half for Elizabeth to bleed to death. The injury could have been inflicted in two or three seconds. Elizabeth could not have cried out after the injuries were inflicted due to the windpipe being severed.

ON HER PERSON:

In the pocket of her underskirt there was: a key to a padlock, small piece of lead pencil, pocket comb, broken piece of comb, metal spoon, six large and a small button, a piece of muslin, one or two small pieces of paper and a hook.

THE MURDER WEAPON:

A search was made of Dutfield's Yard and no instrument was found.

THE SEARCH FOR CLUES:

Immediately after the murder the police questioned all the members who were in the socialist club. They were searched and their clothes were examined and statements taken. No one was allowed to leave until the search was completed and their names and

addresses taken. A house to house inquiry was made in Berner Street with a view to ascertain whether any person was seen acting suspiciously, or any noise heard on the night in question, or if any persons were seen with Elizabeth Stride prior to her murder. Numerous statements were made to the police and they investigated these people, of whom there were many, and they were required to account for their presence at the times of the murders and every care was taken, as far as possible, to verify the statements.

Leaflets were printed and distributed in H Division asking occupiers of houses to give information to the police of anyone suspicious lodging with them. 80, 000 pamphlets were issued. House to house enquiries were made in the area. Common lodging houses were visited and over 2000 lodgers were examined.

Many extensive enquires were made into those people who fell under suspicion. This included those made by the Thames Police to sailors on board ships in docks or river and extended enquiry as to those present in London, about eighty people were detained at different police stations in London during which time their statements

were verified by the police. Over three hundred people's movements were investigated after communications were received by the police and enquires were followed. Seventy-six butchers and slaughters were visited and the characters of all the men employed during the preceding six months were investigate. Enquires were also made into the alleged presence in London of green gypsies but it was found than they had not been in London during the previous murders. Three of the persons calling themselves cowboys who belonged to the American exhibition were traced and they satisfactorily accounted for themselves. Enquires were made in the neighbourhood but no person named Lipski could be found. Extensive enquires were made in Aberdeen Place, St John's Wood, in order to find the insane medical student, John Saunders, as this was his last known address. However, the only information that could be obtained was that a lady named Saunders resided at number 20 with her son but had left to go abroad two years previously.

Thomas Coram found a long bladed knife with a blood stained handkerchief tied around its handle on the doorstep of 252 Whitechapel Road. He

did not touch it, he found a policeman and told him of it. It had a 9-10 inch blade. Policeman PC Dradge 282H was the policeman approached and he took the knife to Leaman Street Police Station.

WITNESSES:

PC Smith 452H stated that at 12:35AM he saw a man and a woman (with a red rose), talking in Berner Street. On seeing Stride's body, he identified her as the woman he had seen. He then described the man with her as aged 28, 5 foot 7 inches in height, of dark complexion and as having a small dark moustache. He had been wearing a black diagonal coat, hard felt hat and a white collar and tie.

Israel Swartz of 22 Ellen St, Backchurch Lane, stated that when turning into Berner Street from Commercial Road, as he got to the gateway where the murder was committed, he saw a man speak to a woman in the gateway, the man tried to put the woman into the street, but he turned her round and threw her down on the pavement and the woman screamed three times, but not very loudly. On crossing the street he saw a second man standing lighting a pipe. Then

BERNER STREET
1909 AND 2005



the man who threw the woman down called out, apparently to the man on the opposite side of the road the word "Lipski". Schwartz then ran away, finding that he was followed by the second man (who had been lighting the pipe) as far as the railway arch but not beyond it. Schwartz was unsure if the two men knew each other. He also identified Elizabeth Stride's body as that of the woman he had seen. He described the men who threw the woman down as aged 30, 5 foot 5, of fair complexion, with a dark small brown moustache, a full face and broad shouldered. He was wearing a dark jacket and trousers and black cap with a peak and had nothing in his hands. The second man was aged 35, 5 foot 11, of fresh complexion, with light brown hair, and sporting a moustache. He was wearing a dark overcoat, an old black hard felt hat with wide brim and he had a clay pipe in his hand.

Sergeant White and PC Doden from the CID made enquires at every house in Berner Street on the 30th September with a view to obtaining information respecting to the murder. At about 9AM they called at 44 Berner Street and spoke to Matthew Packer, a fruiter, they asked what time he

closed his shop, on the previous night, and he said in consequence of the rain it was no good to keep open. He was asked if he saw a man or woman going into Dutfield's Yard or saw anybody standing about the street at the time he was closing he replied that he saw no one standing about or going into the yard, he never saw anything suspicious or heard the slightest noise and knew nothing about the murder until he heard about it in the morning. White also saw Mrs Packer, Sarah Harrison and Harry Douglas residing in the same house and none of them could give information about the murder.

White was directed on the 4th October by Inspector Moore to make further inquiry and sent to see Packer and if necessary take him to the mortuary. He went to 44 Berner Street and saw Mrs Packer who informed him that two detectives had already called for Packer and taken him to the mortuary. White went there and met Packer who said the detectives asked him to go and see if he could identify the woman and that he had done so as she had brought grapes from him at 12 o'clock on Saturday. The men said they were two private detectives and induced Packer to go away with them.

At about 4 PM, White then saw Packer at his shop when two men drew up in Hansom cab and took Packer in the cab stating that they would go to Scotland Yard to see Sir Charles Warren. There is no doubt these are the two men who examined the drain in Dutfield's Yard on October 2nd. One had a piece of paper in his hand with Le Grand and Co, Strand written on it.

Matthew Packer then stated that at 11PM on the 29th September he sold half a pound of grapes to a young man. He was described as aged between 25 and 30 about 5 foot 7 in height, dressed in a long black coat that was buttoned up, a soft felt Yankee hat, being rather broad shouldered, with rough voice and Packer said the man was rather quick speaking. He was with a woman, wearing a geranium-like flower, coloured white on the outside and red inside. The man and woman went to the other side of the road and stood talking until 11:30PM and then they went towards the club, apparently listening to music. However, it was not until after the publication of the description of the man that was seen by the PC that Packer gave the particulars to the private detectives acting with the vigilance committee and the press,

who after searching a drain in the yard found a grape stem which was amongst the other matter swept from the yard after its examination by the police. As Packer was an elderly man, who, unfortunately, made differing statements, so that apart from the fact at the hour he saw the woman, and that she was afterwards seen by the PC and Schwartz, it was said by the police that any statements that he made would be rendered almost valueless.

SUSPECTS:

Leon Goldstein of 22 Christian Street, Commercial Road, called at Leaman Street Police Station and stated that he as he man that passed down Berner Street with a black bag. This bag contained empty cigarette boxes that he had left at a coffee house in Spectacle Alley a short time before.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE DAY:

Mary Malcolm wrongly identified the body of Elizabeth Stride in the mortuary as that of her sister, Elizabeth Stokes, otherwise known to her as Watts through marriage. Malcolm stated that her sister had a black mark on her leg, caused by an adder

snake bite, which she had seen on the body. Mary Malcolm went to the Stride inquest and testified as to the identification as to the body found in Dutfield's Yard being that of her said sister, whom she said was never known to her under the name of Stride, but was known as Long Liz. However, it proved to be a certain case of mistaken identity when Elizabeth Stokes herself appeared at the inquest. It was certain that Malcolm had been mistaken in her evidence that the body at the mortuary was that of her sister, but she had identified her in the way that was usual in cases of persons of unknown identity at that time, and it was only by virtue of the fact her sister was alerted to this fact and was able to testify that she was not dead that this was conclusively disproved at the inquest.

Today, the identification process for the deceased attempts to provide opinions regarding age, ethnicity, stature and other characteristics of individuals to help ascertain who they might be. Nowadays, identification by whatever means, for legal reasons, must be based on a comparison between pre and post mortem records. Nonetheless, visual identification is still the normal procedure for recent death without

complication of disfigurement or extensive trauma. This is usually by two or more people who knew the victim well who are asked to visually confirm their identity. Therefore, there is still the potential for Mrs Malcolm style cases of mistaken identity. However, then (as now) others were on hand who could correctly identified Elizabeth as Long Liz Stride, the wife of the late John Thomas Stride. This allowed investigators to determine that Malcolm was incorrect, a fact that was eventually proved right when her real sister stepped forward.

Fingerprinting is a common secondary means of identification, but it was not firmly established as a science until around 1900. DNA fingerprinting, which was first used in 1984, is now a very good way of identifying people, though it was developed a hundred years too late to assist in solving the Whitechapel murders. Another means of identification of unknown people or those who have been badly disfigured, or whose bodies have decomposed is identification via dental records. It is a scientifically reliable method as teeth outlast other tissues after death and dental repairs and restorations especially false teeth are resistant to

degradation. However, the first case where forensic odontology was successfully used to identify the deceased was in 1897 when 126 Parisians were killed when the Bazar de la Charite burnt down, one the Duchess d'Alecon, was identified by Albert Haus using early dental records.

In the Victorian era, the identifying traits of the victims of murder were carefully noted and retained by drawing or photography and the clothing was usually kept for evidence. This is why mortuary pictures of the victims of Jack the Ripper were taken. It was a means to identify who the victims were, and retain the facial details for identification and for the purposes of the police investigation, even after they had been buried.

CONCLUSION:

The murder could be one in a series, connected to that of Mary Ann Nichols and Annie Chapman (see our last files). Despite numerous suspects being investigated the case has not yet been conclusively solved. File still open.

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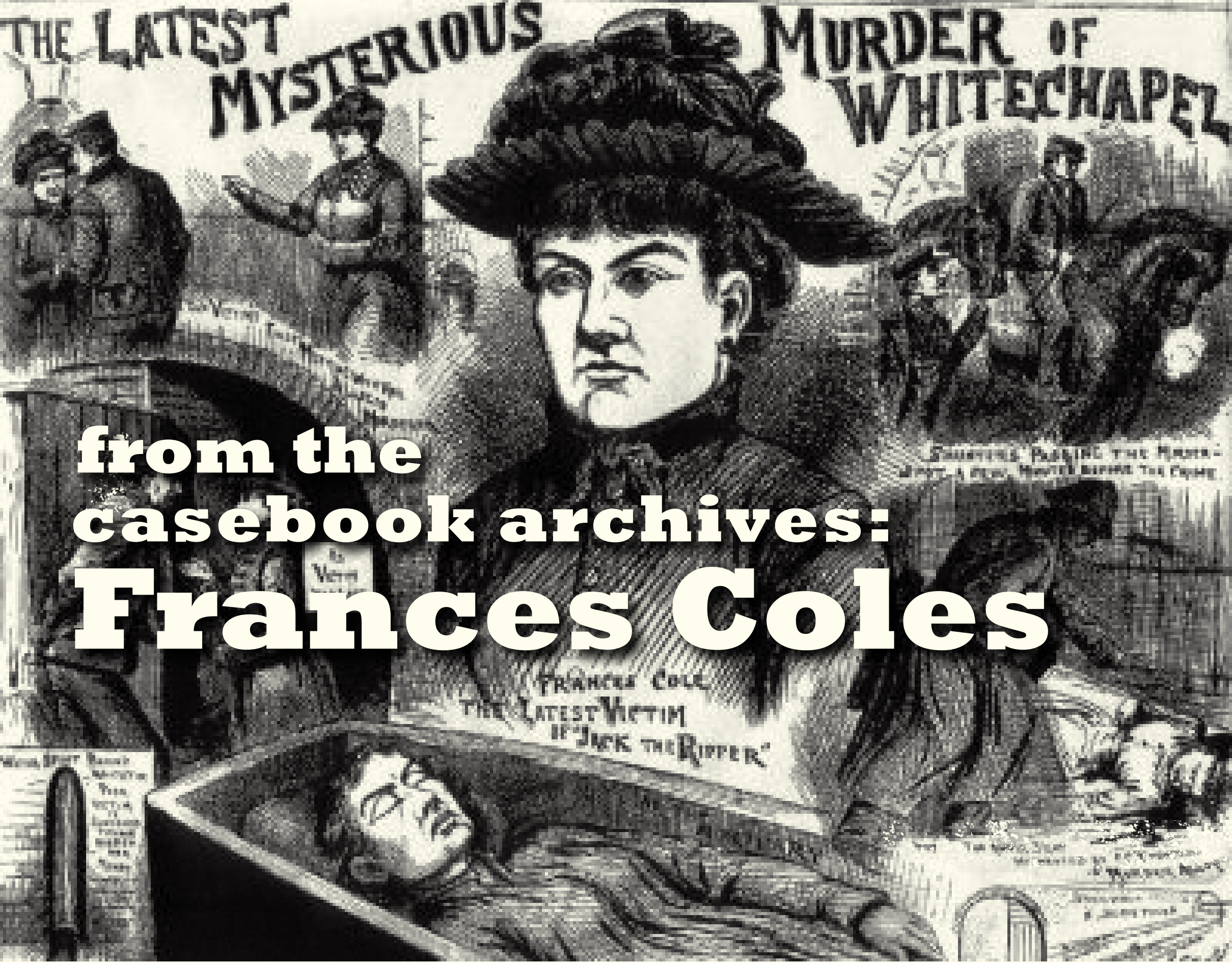
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from the
casebook archives:
Frances Coles

FRANCES COLES
THE LATEST VICTIM
OF "JACK THE RIPPER"

This issue's look at the extensive *Casebook* archive sees us focus on Frances Coles aka Carrotty Nell. Frances' murder was the last to be contained in the police and Home Office Whitechapel Murders files. The *Casebook* Index contains 47 pages that correspond to this topic.

We first find ourselves at the *Casebook* Wiki [HERE](#). This section of the Wiki has plenty of information about Frances, her last-known movements and her death. There is also some background information on Frances in the section from Chris Scott's 2004 book *A Cast of Thousands* which has been uploaded to the *Casebook* and can be found [HERE](#). Readers may well be interested by Bernie Brown's dissertation 'My Funny Valentine', viewed [HERE](#) in which he deals with events surrounding P.C Thompson's discovery of the body of Frances Coles in some considerable detail. The essay's title alludes to the fact that Frances was discovered on Valentine's Day eve. It begins *Nearly a century ago, on 9th February 1901 Police constable 240'H Ernest William Thompson was laid to rest with full ceremonial honours within Mile End Cemetery (now Tower Hamlets Cemetery) having been stabbed*

in the neck during a disturbance in the Commercial Road on the first day of December 1900. It is somewhat ironic that P.C Thompson should have been buried during February, as events that took place that very same month almost a decade earlier led to P.C. Thompson acquiring the unenviable title of 'The Man who nearly caught Jack-The-Ripper'. The only way to find out how it ends is to click on the link and take a look!

Meanwhile, a short piece of fiction dedicated to P.C. Thompson by Laszlo Bencsics in the *Casebook* fiction section is found [HERE](#).

There is an alternative report on the Coles' inquest from the *Walthamstow and Leyton Guardian* from the 28th February 1891, that is one of many press reports on the Coles'

murder to be found in the *Casebook's* press report section seen [HERE](#).

Detective Sergeant Leeson's chapter on his part in the discovery of Frances Coles' body from his memoirs *Lost London*, is reproduced on the main site [HERE](#). The section (Chapter Four of his memoirs titled 'Jack the Ripper') makes for an interesting first-hand account of events on that day, even if one that was published some years later in 1934.

There is a Ripper podcast on Frances Coles and the other non-canonical victims which post-date the Mary Kelly murder. It was first broadcast in December 2009 and can be found [HERE](#). This episode feature the voices of Chris Scott, John Bennett, Ben Holme and master of ceremonies Jonathan Menges in discussion.

'THE MAN WHO NEARLY CAUGHT JACK-THE-RIPPER'



SCENES OF CRIME
ROBERT CLACK

WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET c1890

This issue's 'Scenes of Crime' has a Martha Tabram feel about it. As this August is the 122nd anniversary of her death. I thought I would show a photograph, while not directly related to her, that is nevertheless associated with the last night of her life.

On the evening of 6th August 1888, Martha parted company with her friend Mary Connelly in Whitechapel High Street. They had spent most of the evening going from pub to pub in the company of a couple of soldiers or guardsmen. Around 11:45 p.m. that evening Tabram and Connelly separated. Tabram with one soldier went up George Yard and Connelly and the other soldier went up Angel Alley; and it is this area of Whitechapel High Street, which is the subject of this month's photograph.

The photograph was taken around the early 1890s and shows the entrance to Angel Alley. The photograph was likely to have been taken on a Sunday as all the shops are closed and boarded up. On the left of the photograph, where the two men are standing by the doorway, is the 'Ye Olde Angel' public house. The landlord in 1888 was Henry Burgess. Just to the right of the two

men, and blocked slightly by the man with one foot on pavement and one in the road, is the entrance to Angel Alley. The entrance was, and still is, very narrow and could easily be missed. Next door to the right is Number 84 Whitechapel High Street, the premises of Henry Randell, 'Hosier'. Number 83 was Philip Cohen & Co, 'Wholesale Ironmongers', Philip Moses, 'Outfitter', who had the premises when this photograph was taken in 1890, was located at 75 Whitechapel High Street in 1888, which was two doors from Osborn Street. Richard William McDermott at Number 82 was a watchmaker and he had been situated there for many years. Lastly, on the right, at Number 81, is William Wright, Photographer. There had been photographers on this site since 1859 when William Hobbs opened a studio there. William Wright took over from him in 1886 and stayed there until 1895.

With the exception of the building to the left of 'Ye Olde Angel', which was occupied by John William Stirling, a chemist, all these buildings had been demolished by 1900. Numbers 81 and 82 made way for the Whitechapel Art Gallery, which opened in 1901. The Whitechapel Art Gallery was the



ENTRANCE TO ANGEL ALLEY, c1890 & 2010

brainchild of Canon Samuel Barnett, Vicar of St Jude's Church, Commercial Street. He was keen to improve the minds of his parishioners and believed that bringing art and culture to the East End would help achieve this. The building was designed by Charles Harrison Townsend who also designed the Bishopsgate Institute and the Horniman Museum. Meanwhile, Numbers 83 to 85 were rebuilt. Philip Moses again took over the newly built Number 83.

The site of 'Ye Olde Angel' became a chemist's shop and is the only building from this group that is still standing today. Numbers 83 and 84 became casualties of World War II as can be seen from the circa 1950 photograph, which if you look close enough to the left by the bus stop you can see the entrance to George Yard or Gunthorpe Street as it was called when the photograph was taken.

Today the entrance to Angel Alley is underneath the sign to KFC. There is a fashion retailer called 'Perfume', which occupies the building, built on the site of 'Ye Olde Angel'. Angel Alley itself is home to the 'Freedom Press, Anarchist Bookshop'.



WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET 2010

Biography

Robert Clack

Robert Clack is from Surrey, England. He has been studying the Whitechapel Murders for more than 25 years. At the 2009 Jack the Ripper Conference he was presented with the Jeremy Beadle Award for his outstanding contributions to Ripperology. He is the co-author of the book *The London of Jack the Ripper: Then and Now*, with Philip Hutchinson. He also is the author of 'Death in the Lodging House' a look at the murder of Mary Ann Austin in

1901, published in *Ripper Notes* 24. He has co-authored with Debra J. Arif, 'A Rose By Any Other Name?' a look at the life of Catherine Mylett aka 'Rose' Mylett and he recently co-authored a series of articles with Neil Bell on the City of London Police Officers involved in the Whitechapel Murders. For both these articles he was short-listed for *Ripperologist's* Beadle Prize for 2009, eventually winning for his article with Debra.



THE END



WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET c1950

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