

**Cousin
Lionel's Life
and Career**

Adam Went

THE CASEBOOK
Examiner
issue six
February 2011

Enter The Matrix

D. M. Gates and
Jeff Beveridge

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

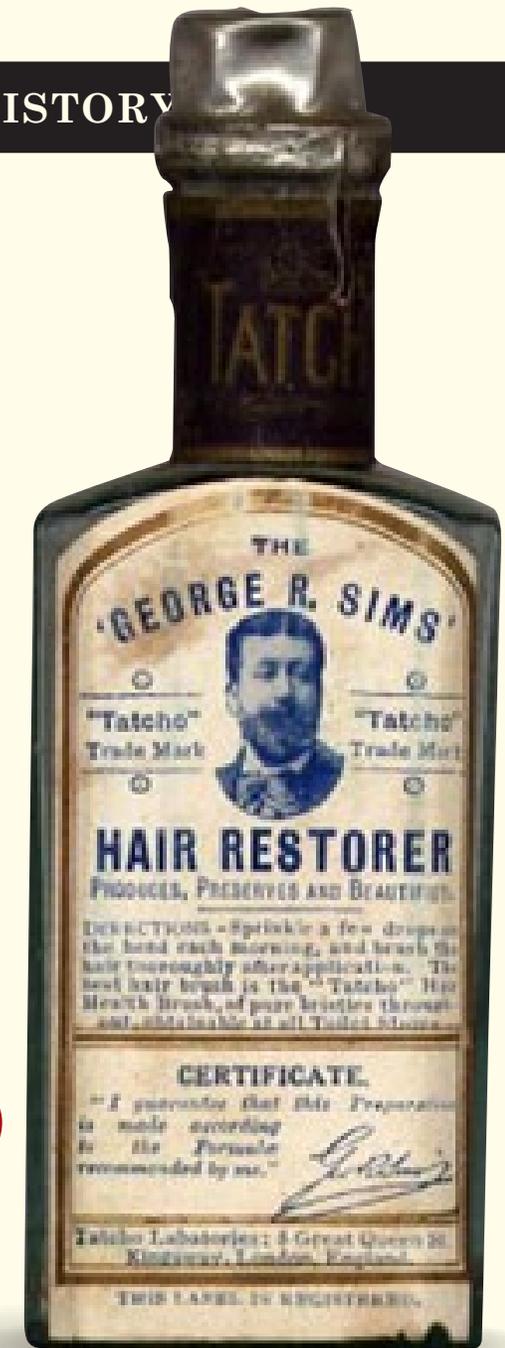
**FRIDAY
THE 13TH!
in Whitechapel**

a blow by blow account from
J.G. Simons and Neil Bell

Did George Sims

LOSE IT?

Jonathan Hainsworth investigates



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REEFER MADNESS: JTR AND REFRIGERATED RAIL CARS

DON SOUDEN

There are many reasons for the enduring popularity of the Jack the Ripper crimes and prominent among those is the sudden confluence of many separate elements of late 19th Century technology that helped make Jack the first global celebrity criminal. And, sad as it is to label a murderer of helpless women a “celebrity,” that is what he was at the time: a household name (albeit one to instill fear in everyone) from one hemisphere to the other and from England to the Antipodes and all points between.

Most of these advancements have been proposed previously, but it can only help our understanding of the tumultuous period to consider the great changes wrought by the Industrial Revolution. We might well begin with what, in “The Adventure of the Naval Treaty,” Sherlock Holmes called “Lighthouses, my boy! Beacons of the future!” He was referring to the new board schools, which he further likened to “Capsules with hundreds of bright little seeds, out of which will spring the wiser, better England.”

Considering the past century plus of English history Holmes may have been guilty of overweening optimism, but there is no question that the board schools began to narrow the literacy gap between England and its neighbor to the north (in the 17th Century only two places in the world had anything approaching modern standards of universal literacy—Scotland and New England). And, because of increasing literacy, there followed the creation of the penny—and later ha’penny—press. With enough potential readers it made economic sense to publish inexpensive newspapers.

Of course, such newspapers were only possible because of other inventions that expedited the entire production process. Instead of setting type by hand, the same way Johannes Gutenberg had four-and-a-half centuries previously, the Linotype machine allowed copy to be prepared almost as fast as the operator’s fingers flew over the keys. In the same way, instead of the old flat-bed press that might yield two pages a minute,

the new rotary web-presses could churn out 100,000 issues (not just pages) of an entire paper an hour.

Finally, not only could reporters telegraph the latest details of fast-breaking stories to their editors to ensure up-to-the-minute news was available, but the inter-ocean cables that linked the many continents allowed those same stories to be passed on to newspapers in North America or Australia almost as easily and quickly as they emanated from Fleet Street. It was a wonderful time for the press and lacked only the widespread use of half-tones rather than wood-cuts to approach modern newspaper standards and it all helped make Saucy Jack known world-wide.

Yet, there is one more factor to add to this equation and one that often draws scowls of puzzlement from those in the audience when I discuss the topic. That extra element is refrigerated rail cars (or refrigerated rail *vans* for those in the Mother Country) and without which the lure and lore of Jack might never have penetrated further than a few urban

centers. Indeed, it was the refrigerated rail car that helped create the universal image of Jack the Ripper.

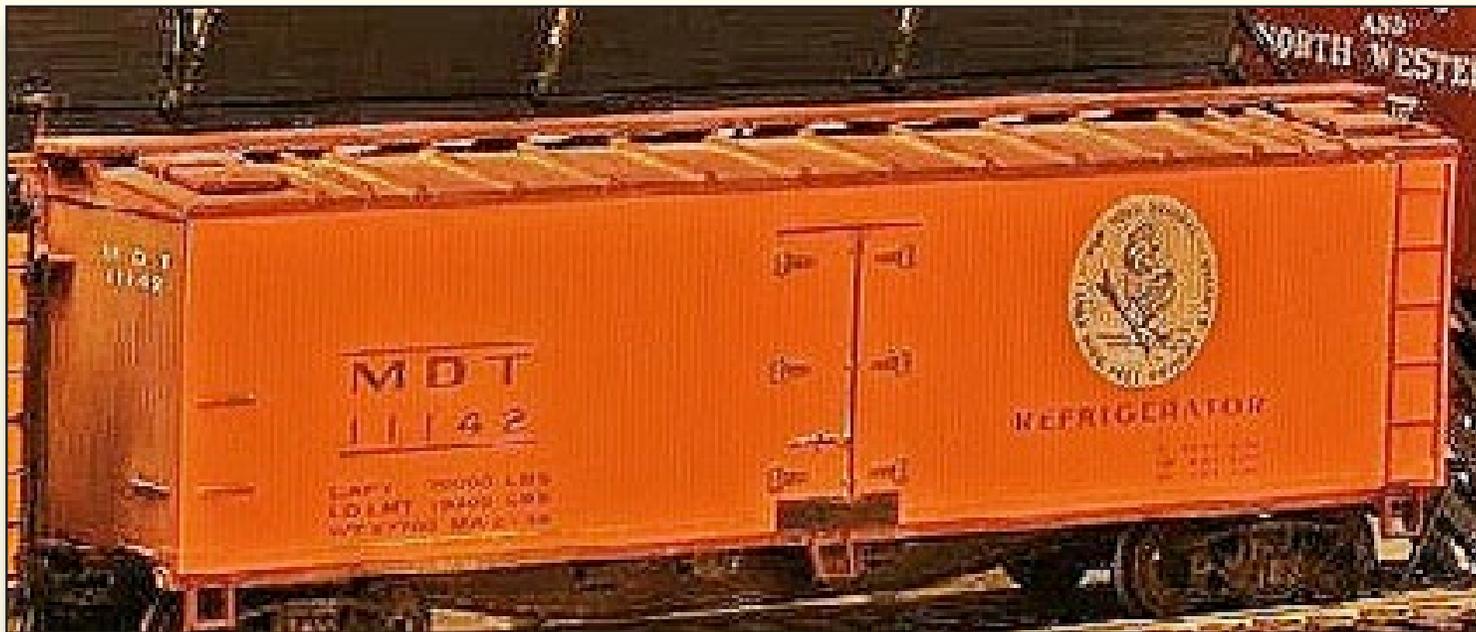
The problem is that milk has always been a very perishable commodity under most circumstances. Such that into the 19th century cities like New York or London actually had dairies—well milking facilities, anyway—within their urban confines. Oh, they may once have been in rural areas, but expanding city limits soon subsumed them. I may be overly fastidious, but the idea of drinking milk from cows kept in some filthy urban warehouse is not high on my list of gustatory treats and I doubt I am alone in that.

But then, in the latter third of the

19th century the refrigerated rail car, using ice in storage bunkers for cooling, was developed. That suddenly meant that, along with other perishable commodities like meat, vegetables and fruit, fresh milk could be collected daily from farms well out in the country. Not only did that expand the marketing options for agriculturalists everywhere, but it also introduced something new to railroads—the phenomenon of the “milk train.” The milk train would set out from an urban rail center very early and once it got into the country it would make many stops at many small stations to pick up the new cans of fresh milk and to leave behind yesterday’s now-empty cans.

That was all well and good, but

there was another role the milk train performed besides that to do with milk or the occasional pre-dawn passenger. The milk train would also bring with it bundles of the early editions of the daily newspapers and they were dropped off at every stop along the way as well. Thus, folks on the mid-western prairies, without a neighbor for miles, or those in isolated New England villages, got to read the latest news—about both commodity prices and Jack the Ripper’s depredations—almost quickly as those in Aberdeen, if not London. It was the refrigerated rail car that enabled this to happen and to it goes much of the credit for having made Jack the Ripper a fiend known universally.



A REFRIGERATED RAIL CAR.
© ARTHUR HOUSE.

Melville Macnaghten Revisited

Part I: Tatcho's Tale

BY JONATHAN HAINSWORTH

By the height of the Edwardian Era there was hardly a Jack the Ripper *mystery* at all, in contrast to how it had obsessed people in the previous late Victorian Era. True, the public were denied the name of the Whitechapel assassin — but then what good would it do to know? For the fiend was long, long dead, and could never defend himself in a court of law — if he had ever been found sane enough to stand trial. Shockingly for the 'better classes' the vile killer was one of their own, rather than some foreign wretch professing an alien creed; a respectable West End physician, a Gentile and a Gentleman no less!

When did Scotland Yard tumble to this 'demented doctor', whose last victim was himself?

Tragically, for earthly justice, the police — though very successful at narrowing dozens of dead-end suspects

down to seven, then to a promising trio, and then to 'the one and only Jack' — took the decision to arrest the rich recluse seemingly on the very day he vanished from where he lived. This was in a well-to-do suburb six miles from the crime scene, and 'the police were in search of him alive when they found him dead' (*The Referee*, July 13th 1902).

In a final, orgiastic, spasm of ultra-violence the English gentleman murdered and mutilated his youngest victim, and then immediately killed himself (well, after quite a long hike, actually). Had the suspect been collared — and it was apparently a very close run thing — a nimble defense lawyer might have made a great deal of this murderer's previous incarceration, 'twice', in a madhouse, having manifested a homicidal rage, though one apparently only directed against harlots (*The Referee*, February 16th 1902).



MEVILLE MACNAGHTEN

A fearless advocate — perhaps somebody like that young and tragic Mr. Montague Druitt — might have shifted the blame for the East End atrocities to the penny-pinching state; for scandalously letting out so many dangerous lunatics onto the streets, his own client being little more than a ticking bomb!

The mad doctor had been free from the asylum for a whole year, living the quiet life of a reclusive invalid. Unable to work, yet so affluent — as a ‘man of birth and education’ — that he spent his time idly riding around on buses, and the Underground, and eating at cafes (Sims, 1906). Idle, that is, until the compulsion to kill overcame his Christian conscience and he travelled by train all the way to Whitechapel to take out his bloodlust against “unfortunates”. Then he walked all the way back to his, no doubt palatial home, in Blackheath (*Pearsons Weekly*, July 24th 1915) remarkably without a single witness noticing his bloody apparel then or when he had them laundered (*Lloyds Weekly*, September 22nd 1907).

You would think the fiend’s family might have suspected something amiss by his all-night jaunts, plus his previous diagnosis — and incarceration

— as a violent harlot-hater, but apparently he had no close relations. Living alone he was, nevertheless, monitored by concerned friends who somehow tried to keep a vigilant watch on their troubled chum. How did they maintain such a relentless surveillance? Perhaps they bribed his servants to let them know when their master was late returning from one of his aimless jaunts on the public transport.

However it was done, when the doctor disappeared from his home, and another poor woman had been horrifically eviscerated, the frantic friends tried in vain to find him and to have the doctor sectioned back into an asylum, presumably permanently. Unable to locate the unemployed doctor — not knowing of course that he was already dead by his own hand — the pals contacted Scotland Yard to inform the authorities of their terrible suspicions regarding their missing friend, and no doubt also of his madhouse record as a prostitute-loathing maniac.

There was no need, as it turned out.

For the Ripper-hunters of the police were *already* fast-closing upon the doctor suspect, inexorably closing around him in a super-efficient

dragnet as tight as the hangman’s noose. This inquiry, which was apparently within mere hours of arresting the mad medico, was ‘systematic’ and ‘exhaustive’ (Sims, 1907). The next time the pals and the police learned of the doctor’s whereabouts he was so much human flotsam being hauled out of the pitiless, polluted Thames. Well, that’s some kind of ‘closure’ as the Ripper could never again harm another ‘fallen’ woman, and he had, after all, gone on to face the ultimate ‘court’ for his monstrous crimes.

Strangely, it was not quite clear exactly what day the doctor was found bobbing in the Thames, an incongruously well-dressed, rotting corpse. Was it the last day of 1888, or much earlier — less than a month, in fact, after the final paroxysm of violence? A keen Edwardian reader would have noted that the authoritative scoop oscillated between both dates, over the years (e.g. Sims in *The Referee*, March 29th 1903 vs. Sims in *Lloyds Weekly*, 1907).

The murder of Mary Kelly, on November 9th 1888, or the early hours of the following morning, caused the doctor’s last vestiges of sanity to completely give way. After all, how could any human mind not crack under the

strain of that infernal charnel house cooked up in that tiny room at Miller's Court? For precious little remained of the respectable doctor and English gentleman, except an imbecilic husk with just enough of the energy of an automaton to stagger all the way to the Thames — quite a feat really — and hurl himself into the icy depths: 'a shrieking, raving fiend' (*Lloyds Weekly*, 1907).

Once the doctor's body was recovered, Scotland Yard closed the book on Jack the Ripper. Yes, there were further Whitechapel murders of harlots, but the idea that they were anything to do with 'Jack' — as late as 1891! — was nothing more than a press beat-up. Perhaps the only major mistake the police made was not reassuring the public that they were confident, in 1888/9, that the fiend was no more. That would be dangerous, however, in terms of the libel laws (the dead cannot sue but the living surely can) and also unsafe in terms of natural justice; how distasteful would it be for the state to be seen convicting a corpse, 'for the dead cannot defend themselves' (Sims, 1917).

Understandably, Edwardians would be well within their rights to

ponder the extraordinary coincidence between the real Jack the Ripper and Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886), and how prophetic that classic work of macabre fiction had turned out to be. Both tales involved middle-aged, medical gentleman, ones of considerable independent means — without patients, without families, but *with* concerned, hovering friends — overwhelmed by a monstrous, homicidal alter-ego, and who tragically exit this mortal coil by a desperate act of penitential suicide.

Revealed, though only after a decade, this Blackheath Jekyll and Whitechapel Hyde was extraordinary proof of the maxim that 'life can imitate art'.

Or so Edwardians were misled to believe.

Though denied the name, for obvious reasons of propriety, yet the public did know what the fiend looked like.

He looked exactly like the very famous — and very eclectic — George R. Sims.

They knew this because Sims told them so, almost proudly.

Journalist, playwright, novelist, poet, a Liberal gadfly born to wealth



DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE

and privilege yet a champion of the poor — and an amateur criminologist — George Sims is almost forgotten now. In his heyday, however, Sims could mould and shape popular opinion rather like some of the opinionated, poisonously bombastic radio and TV personalities of the 21st Century (Sims was cheekily nicknamed 'Tatcho' amongst his well-to-do pals due to an anti-baldness lotion the writer shamelessly promoted).

For example, Sims helping in the campaign to free a wrongly convicted Norwegian (the Adolf Beck miscarriage of justice which led to the creation of the English court of appeals) earned the writer an honorary knighthood from the King of Sweden, no less. Sims often wrote under the pseudonym 'Dagonet', for the plebeian, sports-mad readers of *The Referee*, for decades, and styled himself — without the slightest irony — as a leading expert on crimes and criminals, though he totally lacked any policing or forensic credentials beyond a gentleman's dilettante interest in the subject *and* having top police contacts.

The opening of this article, in which the Edwardian profile of Jack the Ripper as 'Demented Drowned Doctor' is laid out, are all from Sims' writings about the case from 1899 to 1917 stitched together. To a large extent, he did this himself with his longest Ripper piece, for *Lloyds Weekly* magazine in 1907, under his own name.

The Sims material is all taken from the indispensable internet site: *Casebook: Jack the Ripper*, specifically the 'press reports' section.

Here is Sims/Dagonet on July 13th

1902 in *The Referee*, praising the practically herculean Scotland Yard for nearly catching the Ripper:

If the authorities thought it worthwhile to spend money and time . . . by the same process of exhaustion which enabled them at last to know the real name and address of Jack the Ripper.

*In that case **they had reduced the only possible Jacks to seven, then by a further exhaustive inquiry to three, and were about to fit these three people's movements in with the dates of the various murders when the one and only genuine Jack saved further trouble by being found drowned in the Thames, into which he had flung himself, a raving lunatic, after the last and most appalling mutilation of the whole series.***

*But **prior to this discovery the name of the man found drowned was bracketed with two others as A Possible Jack and the police were in search of him alive when they found him dead.*** [Emphases added.]

In Sims' book, *The Mysteries of Modern London*, the omnibus-loving Ripper makes a memorable cameo:

Some of us must have passed [Jack] in the street, sat with him perhaps at a cafe or a restaurant. He was

a man of birth and education, and had sufficient means to keep himself without work. For a whole year at least he was a free man, exercising all the privileges of freedom. And yet he was a homicidal maniac of the most diabolical kind. [Emphases added.]

This is Sims from the Sept 22nd 1907 issue of *Lloyds Weekly* titled:

My Criminal Museum: Who was Jack the Ripper?

*It is betraying no state secret to say that the official view arrived at after the **exhaustive and systematic investigation of facts that never became public property** is that the author of the atrocities was one of three men.*

The third man was a doctor who lived in a suburb about six miles from Whitechapel, and who suffered from a horrible form of homicidal mania, a mania which leads the victim of it to look upon women of a certain class with frenzied hatred.

*The doctor had been **an inmate of a lunatic asylum** for some time, and had been liberated and regained his complete freedom.*

The horrible nature of the atrocity committed in Miller's-court pointed to the last stage of frenzied mania. Each murder had shown a marked increase

*in maniacal ferocity. The last was the culminating point. The probability is that **immediately after committing this murderous deed the author of it committed suicide. There was nothing else left for him to do except to be found wandering, a shrieking, raving, fiend, fit only for the padded cell.***

What is probable is that after the murder he made his way to the river, and in the dark hours of a November night or in the misty dawn he leapt in and was drowned. [Emphases added.]

Unrecoverable behind this ‘shilling shocker’ profile, of course, is the historical figure of Montague John Druitt: a 31-year-old barrister and assistant schoolmaster, a champion cricketer with a father deceased, a mother institutionalized, with siblings and cousins, and who drowned himself — inexplicably — at the beginning of December 1888, his body fished out of the Thames on the 31st of the same month.

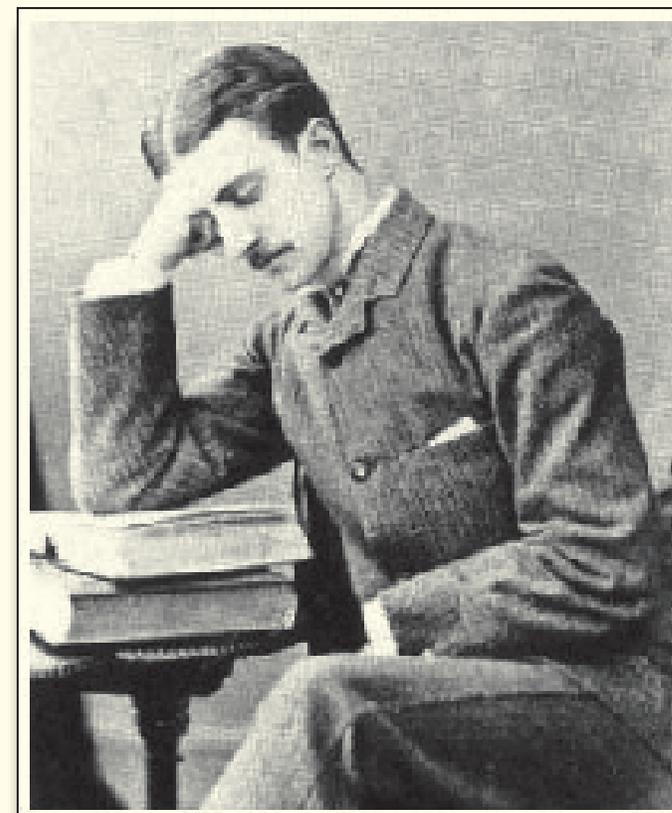
Here is the *Southern Guardian’s* account of Saturday, 1 January 1889. It differs from the more detailed account, included here a little further on, by not mentioning Druitt being dismissed from the Valentine School, at all, and also that the ‘suicide’ letter

was addressed to the headmaster, not his brother. There is certainly nothing here to indicate a deteriorating *trajec*-*tory* in his public or personal life:

SAD DEATH OF A LOCAL BARRISTER.

The *Echo* of Thursday night says : — *An inquiry was on Wednesday held by Dr. Diplock, at Chiswick, respecting the death of Montague John Druitt, 31 years of age, who was found drowned in the Thames. The deceased was identified by his brother, Mr. William Harvey Druitt, a solicitor residing at Bournemouth, who stated that the deceased was a barrister-at-law, but had lately been an assistant at a school at Blackheath. The deceased had left a letter, addressed to Mr. Valentine, of the school, in which he alluded to suicide. Evidence having been given as to discovering deceased in the Thames — upon his body were found a cheque for £60 and £16 in gold — the Jury returned a verdict of “Suicide whilst of unsound mind.”*

*The deceased gentleman was **well known and much respected** in this neighborhood. He was a **barrister of bright talent, he had a promising future before him, and his untimely end is deeply deplored.***



MONTAGUE JOHN DRUITT

The funeral took place in Wimborne cemetery on Thursday afternoon, and the body was followed to the grave by the deceased’s relatives and a few friends, including Mr. W.H. Druitt, Mr. Arthur Druitt, Rev. C. H. Druitt, Mr. J. Druitt, sen., Mr. J. Druitt, jun., Mr. J.T. Homer, and Mr. Wyke-Smith. The funeral service was read by the vicar of die Minster, Wimborne, the Rev. F.J. Huyshe, assisted by the Rev. Plater. [Emphases added.]

Though there is nothing in any

of the meagre primary sources on Montague Drutt to indicate that he was suspected of being Jack the Ripper yet he seems to have been the chief suspect for the Whitechapel murders by Sir Melville Macnaghten, Assistant Commissioner between 1903 and 1913. Macnaghten is the Ur-source for the incorrect information, so enthusiastically disseminated by Sims, that Drutt was middle-aged, that he killed himself within hours of the Kelly murder, and that he was a physician.

A veritable ‘hat-trick’ of errors, to use a cricketing analogy.

To get such utterly basic, biographical information wrong about a suspect — *the* suspect according to Macnaghten — understandably means that this police chief’s alleged solution to the Whitechapel mystery is undermined, arguably fatally.

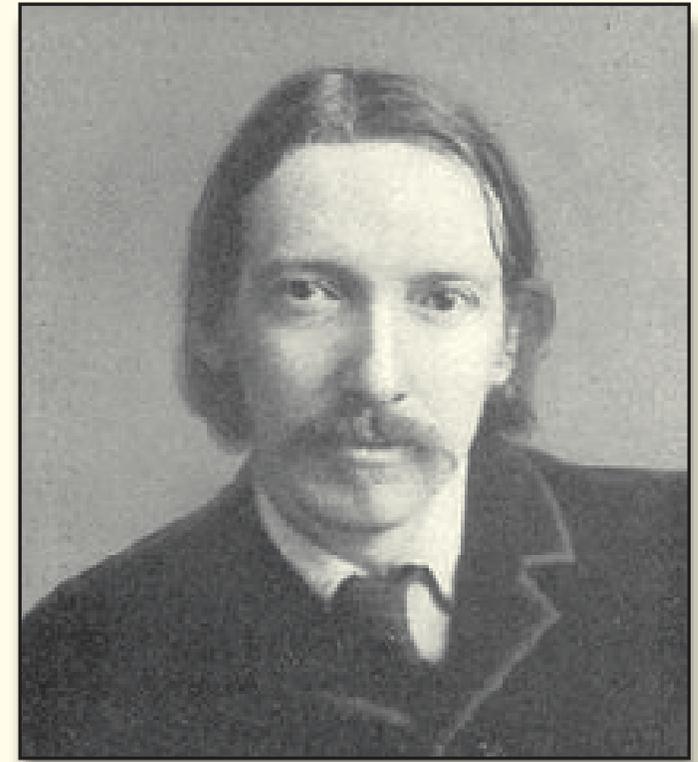
It is not as if Macnaghten even makes a case, based on some sort of chain-of-evidence, beyond the timing of Drutt’s suicide — which allegedly fits the theory of a blasted mind due to the ‘awful glut’ of the Miller’s Court ghastliness. In fact, Drutt was continuing to function, for weeks, as a barrister and a school teacher right up until his self-murder. None of the

sympathetic obituaries mention him being ‘a shrieking, raving fiend’ as he argued, presumably calmly, a civil appeal on behalf of the Conservative Party with his brother William Harvey Drutt (Morris, 2007).

The very fact that Macnaghten turns the young barrister into a middle-aged physician sounds as if he is too bedazzled by Stevenson’s hit of the page and stage, and has absorbed the erroneous idea as fact; that the fiend had to have ‘anatomical knowledge’. This ‘Jack the Surgeon’ tosh is even more excruciating because Drutt, as even a cursory examination of just the press story on the inquest into his death would show, was *not a doctor* at all!

Yet this essay will argue that the writings of Sims, for all their further melodramatic fictionalizing of Drutt, arguably show that Macnaghten must have known — at least originally — that his preferred suspect was a barrister, that he was relatively young, and that he killed himself three weeks after the final murder.

That George Sims’ writings of the 1900s are a window, or at least a narrow portal, into what Melville Macnaghten first discovered about his



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

preferred suspect in early 1891.

Actually the ‘Drowned Doctor’ scoop did not begin with Sims, but instead with another of Macnaghten’s literary cronies.

Loads of stories turned up in the press, over the years claiming to reveal the truth about the Ripper. The reason this version quashed all the others — it is the origin of the pop image of the top-hatted toff with medical bag and opera cloak emerging sinisterly from a thick London fog — is because of *who* was claiming it to be definitive. For

the ‘Drowned Doctor’ Super-suspect had made its unexpected debut in 1898 in *Mysteries of Police and Crime* (reprinted in 2010) by an unimpeachable establishment worthy, Major Arthur Griffiths, the no-nonsense “Czar” of England’s prison system.

Griffiths’ dense, two-fisted tome had a section devoted to ‘undiscovered murders’ (meaning unsolved) by Scotland Yard, yet the Ripper was not to be found there — he’s in the introduction — as that, much criticized, investigation was now claimed to be, well, almost a success:

The outside public may think that the identity of that later miscreant, “Jack the Ripper,” was never revealed. So far as actual knowledge goes, this is undoubtedly true. But the police, after the last murder, had brought their investigations to the point of strongly suspecting several persons, all of them known to be homicidal lunatics, and against three of these they held very plausible and reasonable grounds of suspicion ... The third person was of the same type, but the suspicion in his case was stronger, and there was every reason to believe that his own friends entertained grave doubts about him. He was also a doctor in the prime

of life, was believed to be insane or on the borderland of insanity, and he disappeared immediately after the last murder, that in Miller’s Court, on the 9th November, 1888. On the last day of that year, seven weeks later, his body was found floating in the Thames, and was said to have been in the water a month. The theory in this case was that after his last exploit, which was the most fiendish of all, his brain entirely gave way, and he became furiously insane and committed suicide . . . [Emphases added.]

Griffiths’ championing of this to the public, an entirely new version of the duration of the Ripper mystery — virtually over as soon as it began rather than going on for years — and the idea that there was a chief suspect in 1888, is all the more extraordinary because of what he had written in *Windsor Magazine* in an article (found by Nick Connell) titled:

Unsolved Mysteries of Crime:

No real solution has been offered as yet of the notorious Whitechapel murders; that no reasonable surmise made of the identity of that most mysterious monster “Jack the Ripper”. Either he was at sea . . . or he was a man with a double personality;

one so absolutely distinct from, and far superior to the other, that no possible suspicion could attach to him when he resumed the more respectable garb. It was, in fact, a real case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. Granted, also, that this individual was afflicted with periodic fits of homicidal mania, accompanied by all the astuteness of this form of lunacy, it was easy to conceive of his committing the murders under such uncontrollable impulse, and of his prompt disappearance by returning to his other altogether irreproachable identity. No doubt this was a plausible theory, but theory it was, and nothing more, It was never, even inferentially, supported by fact. [Emphases added.]

And not two years later, after meeting with the smooth operator with the flippant public schoolboy manner, Melville Macnaghten, the CID deputy — characterized in the same book as ‘essentially a man of action’ and ‘more intimately acquainted, perhaps, with the details of the more recent celebrated crimes than anyone else’ — the Major executed a perfect 180 degree pirouette.

Not only did the police, the Major now wrote, have a prime suspect for ‘Jack’, he was, indeed, ‘a real case’ of

Jekyll and Hyde — even to the coincidental detail of being a doctor (perhaps Griffiths' embarrassing about-face was shielded somewhat by the article being written under his pseudonym, Alfred Aylmer).

As has been pointed out, first by the hard-nosed journalist, Marxist hustler and talented wordsmith, Tom Cullen, in 1965's *Autumn of Terror*, Griffiths was adapting, virtually line for line, his Ripper scoop from a copy of an internal police report by Melville Macnaghten — nicknamed the 'Aberconway' version after his youngest daughter, Lady Christabel Aberconway, who carefully preserved it:

Personally, and after much careful and deliberate consideration . . . I have always held strong opinions regarding No. 1 and the more I think the matter over, the stronger do these opinions become. The truth however, will never be known, and did, indeed, at one time lie at the bottom of the Thames, if my conjections [sic] be correct.

No. 1 MR M. J. DRUITT, a doctor of about 41 years of age and of fairly good family, who disappeared at the time of the Miller's Court murder, and

whose body was found floating in the Thames on 3rd December, i.e. seven weeks after the said murder. The body was said to have been in the water for a month, or more—on it was found a season ticket between Blackheath and London. From private information I have little doubt but that his own family suspected this man of being the Whitechapel murderer; and it was alleged that he was sexually insane. [Emphases added.]

What a shambles?! Druitt was *not* a doctor, *not* 41, *not* missing immediately after the Miller's Court murder and whose body was *not* found floating on Dec 3rd 1888 — rather it was Dec 31st. We can see that Griffiths, in his book, has correctly changed the date, possibly because the one he was shown made no mathematical sense if you added up the seven weeks. Furthermore, Macnaghten gives the impression that M J Druitt lived with family at Blackheath — which is also wrong.

Another crucial detail the Major has altered, no doubt because he and his publisher were wary of the draconian libel laws, is that the Druitt 'family', who 'suspected', are now the 'friends' of his published account.

How awkward and unlikely. Are these friends supposed *live with the demented doctor*?

Awkward it may be, but better than being sued by the family — who are, be warned, only *fairly* good — for the potentially slanderous implication that they may have harboured the fiend and done nothing about it!

But Griffiths was wrong, anyhow, about 'Dr Druitt' because he was relying on Macnaghten who was, himself, hopelessly mistaken about any of the important details about his chosen suspect — unless the discreet police chief had *already begun* changing some of the details about M J Druitt?

Of all the secondary sources, Paul Begg in *Jack the Ripper—The Facts* (2006) puts the case *against* the CID administrator being a reliable source on Druitt most judiciously —and most devastatingly:

...almost everything [Macnaghten] has to say about Druitt is wrong ... that neither Macnaghten nor his source could have been acquainted with the evidence given at the inquest into Druitt's death, where Druitt's occupation was clearly stated. (Begg, p.328) [Emphases added.]

Yet in the Aberconway version there is a nagging nugget of a detail — one not in the official, filed version of Macnaghten’s Report at Scotland Yard in 1894 — which shines brightly amidst the inaccurate dross. Macnaghten records that upon Druitt’s body was found a season train pass between Blackheath and London.

That is correct.

Here is an excerpt from the only detailed account of the inquest into Druitt’s demise from the *Acton, Chiswick & Turnham Green Gazette*, Saturday, January 5th 1889. It is a frustratingly flawed source as the dead man’s name is never mentioned, his brother *seems to be lying* about there being any other living relatives, nor is it clear if Druitt was dismissed from his teaching post whilst alive:

William H. Druitt . . . heard from a friend on the 11th of December that deceased had not been heard of at his chambers for more than a week. Witness then went to London to make inquiries, and at Blackheath he found that deceased had got into serious trouble at the school, and had been dismissed. That was on the 30th of December. Witness had deceased’s things searched where he

resided, and found a paper addressed to him (produced). — The Coroner read the letter, which was to this effect:- “Since Friday I felt I was going to be like mother, and the best thing was for me to die.” — Witness, continuing, said deceased had never made any attempt on his life before. His mother became insane in July last . . . P.C. George Moulson, 216T, said he had searched the body, which was fully dressed excepting the hat and collar. He found four large stones in each pocket in the top coat; £2 10s. in gold, 7s. in silver, 2d. in bronze, two cheques on the London and Provincial Bank (one for £50 and the other for £16), a first-class season pass from Blackheath to London (Southwestern Railway), a second half return Hammersmith to Charing Cross (dated 1st December), a silver watch, gold chain with a spade guinea attached, a pair of kid gloves, and a white handkerchief. [Emphases added.]

Thus the implication is quite bizarre; a high-ranking, well-regarded police chief becomes aberrantly incompetent regarding Jack the Ripper, so much so that he does not possess the deceased suspect’s correct age or occupation yet does know — accurately

— this bit of public transport minutia!

Begg provides a persuasive explanation that fits his view, accepted by most researchers, that Macnaghten’s knowledge about the real Druitt was only of the most limited kind; totally at odds with the professed certainty with which he must have convinced his misled cronies.

Analysis of Macnaghten’s writing suggests that his source of information about Montague Druitt was PC Moulson’s report about finding the body in the Thames. Macnaghten knew about the season ticket . . . inaccurate biographical information shows that he had no knowledge of the evidence given at the inquest. [Emphasis added.]

This seems very reasonable, yet Begg struggles with how, in Aberconway, Macnaghten came to the age of 41, when Druitt was *exactly* ten years younger. Begg cites the *West London Observer*, which inaccurately described the [un-identified] corpse as that of a man aged about 40. But Begg, very fairly, scratches his head offering that 40 is *not* 41; that it does look as if Macnaghten has misremembered Druitt’s correct age — by a decade.

But if he knew Druitt’s age, surely

Macnaghten must have, originally, known correct biographical information about Druiitt and yet there is nothing to suggest — in either version of his Report — that he knew more than what was in the constable's report about the body's retrieval and the contents of its pockets.

Begg is one of the very few secondary sources to analyse and absorb, in any depth, the meaning of Macnaghten's cagey yet candid 1914 memoirs. Here are Macnaghten's [almost] opening lines on p. 54 in the evocatively titled Chapter IV of *Days of My Years*:

Laying the Ghost of Jack the Ripper

Although, as I shall endeavour to show in this chapter, the Whitechapel murderer, in all probability, put an end to himself soon after the Dorset Street affair in November 1888, certain facts, pointing to this conclusion, were not in possession of the police till some years after I became a detective officer.

Several years after Druiitt killed himself, incriminating information was discovered which caused the police, or at least Macnaghten, to believe that 'in all probability' this had

been the Ripper. Thus, Begg is dismissive of Frederick Abberline's 1903 debunking of the 'Drowned Doctor' tale — whom the retired detective keeps inaccurately calling a 'young medical student' — as the latter was out of the loop by the time this extra information about Druiitt must have arrived.

Yet Macnaghten has made so many glaring errors about Montague Druiitt that Begg is left honestly perplexed; did Macnaghten, or his source (or both) confuse Druiitt with perhaps another dodgy medico — maybe the insane John Sanders who *was* a young 'medical student' suspect from late 1888 — and then combining him with Moulson's report about Druiitt, thus inadvertently creating a 'Drowned Doctor' — who never literally existed? (a brief yet informative article was written about this tantalizing suspect by Jon Ogan.)

During the long intervals between Whitechapel murders, from 1888 to 1891, there were many tabloid stories about suspects being investigated, often quickly cleared, or just repeating gossip about suspicious characters; frustrated tabloids digging around hopefully for another fissure into the Whitechapel mother lode.

Then, on February 11th 1891, there was a tiny article in *The Bristol Times and Mirror* that might be more substantial because it, allegedly, involved an un-named Member of Parliament, and thus an officer of state. Apparently this 'West of England' MP had somehow stumbled upon the fiend as a surgeon's son who had, some time previously, killed himself.

There was no sequel to this bizarre fragment as, not two days later, the Ripper seemed very much alive.

The best secondary source on the underappreciated events of 1891 is *Scotland Yard Investigates* by ex-Constables, and veteran Ripper researchers, Stewart P Evans and Donald Rumbelow. They devote a whole chapter to the Frances Coles murder and its messy, unsatisfying and, at least from the Yard's point of view, quite humiliating aftermath.

Evans and Rumbelow make it clear that the Ripper investigation was carried out, with varying degrees of intensity, for years, with no cognition by the police that the fiend was probably dead or incarcerated — both notions first contributed by Macnaghten in his unreliable Report(s) and then propagated by Griffths and Sims.

That Macnaghten was ‘six months too late’ for the Ripper investigation is only true of the 1888 murders. He *was* there from mid-1889, and thus in plenty of time to deal with a prime — if stone dead — suspect who would only emerge in the very midst of the most intensive manhunt for the fiend, probably since Dr Francis Tumblety jumped his bail (see R J Palmer’s recent trilogy in *Casebook Examiner* about Inspector Walter Andrews investigation of the wily confidence man).

. . . *the police at first thought [the Coles] murder might be another in the Ripper series and, therefore, that Sadler might be the Ripper. On Saturday 14 February 1891, the day of Sadler’s arrest, The Daily Chronicle reported: ‘At three o’clock the authorities circulated an announcement that the crime was supposed to be the work of “Jack the Ripper”, and ordered all docks, wharves, and stairs to be searched. . . It is unlikely that the police would have risked causing another panic in London if they did not seriously think that the Ripper might have been at work again.*

(Evans/Rumbelow, 2006, p. 250)

Macnaghten, for all his infamous errors, is much more reliable about the

duration of the Ripper investigation, and the ignorance of the constabulary, than Anderson.

Once more from Chapter IV, Macnaghten writes:

At the time, then, of my joining the Force on the 1st of June 1889, police and public were still agog over the tragedies of the previous autumn, and were quite ready to believe that any fresh murders, not at once elucidated, were by the same maniac’s hand. Indeed, I remember three cases — two in 1889, and one early in 1891, which the press ascribed to the so-called Jack the Ripper, to whom, at one time or another, some fourteen murders were attributed — some before, and some after his veritable reign of terror in 1888. [Emphases added.]

The murder of Coles and the excruciating failed attempt to nail the sailor Tom Sadler for even this homicide, let alone the earlier Whitechapel horrors — due partly to the failed identification by a prime witness — was the desultory anti-climax to the police hunt for this elusive killer. Whilst Macnaghten acknowledges the length of this frustrating inquiry, up to the un-named Coles, he carefully weights the response to that murder towards

tabloid hysteria, when, in fact, it was the police who were briefing the press that ‘Jack’ might be back.

As for the tantalizing morsel about a loose-lipped MP and a homicidal surgeon’s son, it had already been swept away as just so much tabloid detritus.

Whereas we know, since Andrew Spallek’s bombshell of an article (*Ripperologist* 88, February 2008) that the un-named politician was Henry Richard Farquharson, a backbench Tory in the incumbent government. The family of Montague John Druitt, son of the late Dr William Druitt Sr., lived a few miles from this upper-crust member. Plus, the Druitts were active in constituency Tory politics, the brothers Montie and William Druitt, for example, winning a civil case involving franchise rights being dependent on payment of local rates. Their victory on November 22nd 1888 was a not insignificant boost for the Tories (Morris, 1996).

MP Farquharson also had the perfect connection of class and background to communicate with a sympathetic Macnaghten: both were Etonians. Thus the ‘Old Boy Net’ undoubtedly came into discreet play once the story leaked to the press.

As Spallek argued, the ‘West of England MP’ source is almost certainly the bridging source — the missing link — between the sympathetic obituaries about the tragic young barrister of ‘bright talent’ with ‘a promising future’, in 1888, and his unexpected re-emergence, a few years later, as a post-humous police suspect in, of all things, the Jack the Ripper murders.

Frustratingly brief as it is the, MP

*with so much emphasis that it might almost be called his **doctrine** — is that ‘Jack the Ripper’ **committed suicide on the night of his last murder. I can’t give details, for fear of a libel action; but the story is so circumstantial that a good many people believe it. He states that a man with **blood-stained clothes** committed suicide on the night of the last murder, and he asserts that the man was the **son of a*****

this fundamental error, which winds its way through the Macnaghten Report(s), Major Griffiths, George Sims, and the same police chief’s memoirs, like a main circuit cable, seems to begin here.

Yet, this error or rumor is linked with ‘blood-stained clothes’ being found.

Perhaps ‘blood’ here has become mixed up with the water-drenched

I GIVE A CURIOUS STORY FOR WHAT IT IS WORTH.

tip contains vital glimpses of the mammoth iceberg lying just out of reach, and *The North-Eastern Daily Gazette* of Feb 1891 gives this story the eye-catching headline it deserves:

A Strange Story of ‘Jack the Ripper’— Reported Suicide of the Fiend

*I give a curious story for what it is worth. There is a West of England member who **in private** declares that he has solved the mystery of ‘Jack the Ripper.’ His theory — and he repeats it*

*surgeon, who suffered from homicidal mania. I do not know **what the police think** of the story, but I believe that before long a clean breast will be made, and that the accusation **will be sifted thoroughly.** [Emphases added.]*

As already noted, Montague John Druitt killed himself three weeks after the murder of Mary Kelly, on about Dec 3rd 1888, perhaps a day, or two days before that. The point is that he most certainly did not kill himself mere hours after the ‘final murder’ and

state of Druitt’s clothes when he was fished from the Thames. Water-logged does not, however, suggest a crime, not even that of suicide — as a person might have fallen in. The wary reporter of the MP article does not seem to possess the colorful Thames detail, for if he did he would know that this does not quite fit; the river would have thoroughly disposed of blood-stains after a month’s worth of decomposition in the unforgiving seawater.

On the other hand, if the reporter

does possess the method of suicide he has chosen not to include it — perhaps shying away from the libelous potential it might engender amongst surviving relations.

Separating the contradictory bits from comparable primary sources — incriminating garments and the suicide weeks later — Druitt may have left behind blood-stained clothes, though obviously not the ones he was wearing when he killed himself. These bloody garments were associated with the Kelly murder by the family, or at least by the brother who apparently found his belongings still at the Blackheath school, because that was the last Ripper murder and subsequently their Montie had killed himself.

Somehow, back in 1891, the Druitt family's terrible secret had leaked in Dorset, perhaps along the local constituency grapevine, and consequently the breath-takingly indiscreet Farquharson excitedly told 'a good many people' about his 'doctrine'. According to the MP article Scotland Yard is at present not involved, but will no doubt investigate and then make a 'clean breast' of it all.

Actually, the MP story had no sequel, and the un-named Druitt

would not again be correctly identified as a surgeon's son — rather than one himself — until 1959 and *still* with his name withheld from the public for another six years due to Dan Farson's very English reticence about upsetting Lady Aberconway's wishes (Farson, 1972, p. 16).

In fact, it is possible that within just a couple of days in February or March 1891, even a single, rather plush afternoon with 'Farquy' at the Garrick Club — over brandy and cigars? — Macnaghten had, at least to *his* satisfaction, solved a case which had baffled his more experienced peers. Of course, the solution was handed to Macnaghten on a silver plate, since belief in Druitt's guilt seems to have originated within the murderer's immediate circle; the family who 'suspected' and then 'believed', the latter, stronger characterisation according to the official version of his Report (I will deal with Macnaghten's *non-identical* twin Reports in Part III).

Dagonet (Sims), in *The Referee* of March 1st 1891 may have learned some kind of garbled version of Macnaghten's breakthrough, regarding Druitt, in the shadow of the Sadler debacle — though the future 'Drowned

Doctor' apostle was originally an unimpressed skeptic:

The newspapers which, thanks to the outburst of public indignation, found it advisable to leave off trying to hang Sadler for the crimes of Jack the Ripper, without trial, and on the unsworn and inadmissible evidence of his wife, have fallen back upon mysterious hints as to the real Jack being a well-known man. It has been freely stated in more than one serious journal that the police know perfectly well who Jack is, and that they have been shadowing him for years, but have had great difficulty to keep up with him "owing to his frequent visits to the Continent". [Emphases added.]

As Druitt's lifeless body, his pockets filled with rocks, began its slow ascent back to the surface of the Thames, his cricket club sacked him, in absentia, because they thought — for some reason — that being unaccountably AWOL as the club's treasurer meant that he had left England.

On 21 December the minutes of the Blackheath Cricket, Football and Lawn Tennis Compnay record, "The Honourary Secretary and Treasurer, Mr M J Druitt, having gone abroad, it was resolved that he be and he is hereby

removed from the post of Honourary Secretary and Treasurer” ... On 7 February [1889] at a board meeting of the Blackheath Cricket Club, “It was resolved that the Directors had heard with much regret of the death of Mr M J Druitt **who had zealously fulfilled the duties**” . . . (Begg, p. 326) [Emphasis added.]

Once more, we see the theme of the inexplicable nature of Druitt’s demise.

Paul Begg, on p. 331, is equally perplexed by Macnaghten’s claims regarding the drowned barrister; why does he suspect the latter when he obviously knows so little about him which is accurate? On the other hand, Macnaghten, as a police administrator, was not known to be incompetent or callous:

It seems unreasonable to suppose that Sir Melville Macnaghten was so irresponsible as to base an accusation on such flimsy connection as the mere fact that Druitt committed suicide several weeks after the murder of Mary Kelly.

I agree, and the identification of the Tory MP strongly argues in favor of Macnaghten *originally* knowing the suspect’s correct age, vocation and date of suicide, but that, as the years passed

— either by accident or design — these details began to fade and then reassemble themselves into the Blackheath Jekyll and the Whitechapel Hyde.

Nothing, after all, was filed in 1891, as there was nobody to arrest. In fact, Macnaghten cheerfully confesses — in the preface of his memoirs — to have been too restless to keep a notebook, relying only on his memory, and so maybe the details began to blur (I will deal with Macnaghten’s claims to have destroyed documentary evidence in Part II).

Whether the assistant chief constable conferred not only with the Tory MP but also with members, or a member, of the Druitt clan is unknown yet there are indications in Sims, as we shall see, that he may have done just that.

It is very instructive too that the ‘West of England’ MP titbit of 1891 does not have the Thames drowning detail, and is about a suspect *unknown* to the authorities, yet when [the unnamed Druitt] returns, in 1898, as Major Griffiths’ best bet to be the fiend, he is allegedly suspected by police *before he killed himself*.

Also, the accurate Thames-drowning detail, missing in 1891, will



GEORGE R SIMMS

now be front and centre, yet simultaneously balanced -- in this shell game -- by the surgeon’s son having morphed into a middle-aged doctor whilst his ‘family’, as already noted, have become suspicious ‘friends’; facts turned into fiction.

Whether by accident or design (to be analyzed further in Parts II & III)

the historical, un-named Montague DrUITT is being very successfully hidden at the very moment he makes his stunning Victorian sunset comeback — via Macnaghten’s credulous writer chums — as, allegedly, the leading Ripper suspect.

In 1888, George Sims as Dagonet had been scathing about the police investigation into the Whitechapel murders even in witty verse:

**THE BLOODHOUNDS. -
(BY A LUNATIC LAUREATE)**

*The brow of Sir Charles it was gloomy
and sad,
He was slapped by the Tory and kicked
by the Rad.;*
*His inspectors were all of them down
in the dumps,
And his staff of detectives were clean
off their chumps.*
*The populace clamoured without in the
yard
For Matthews, Home Sec., to be feath-
ered and tarred;*
*When Matthews peeped out of a
window hard by,
And grinned at the mob with a leer in
his eye.*
*“Do something - do something!” Lord
Salisbury cried*
“We’ve done all we can!” Worried

Warren replied;
*“We keep on arresting as fast as we
can,
And we hope soon or late we shall get
the right man.”*
*Then, goaded by taunts to the depths
of despair,
The poor First Commissioner tore at
his hair,
And fell upon Matthews’s breast with a
sob —*
*But the Whitechapel Vampire was still
on the job.*

And so on, for another eleven stanzas.

The significance of this is that, starting in 1899, Sims was totally signed-up to the Macnaghten view of the [publicly un-named] ‘Dr DrUITT’ as the Super-suspect most likely to have been the killer. Thus Sims had also done a 180 degree about-face, and like Griffiths never acknowledged, in print, that he was even doing this acrobatic maneuver.

Friendship and charm aside, how did Macnaghten convince the Tory Major and the Liberal writer that what they had originally believed from 1888 to 1898 was dead wrong? Not only that ‘Dr D’ was the best suspect, but that the police had been hunting him *before*

he topped himself.

The answer seems to lie in the way Sims responded to the retired detective Frederic Abberline who — understandably — was bewildered by the ‘Drowned Doctor’ suspect emerging phoenix-like in the press, as was the even more caustic and also retired, Edmund Reid. He is the fascinating subject of the nifty volume: *Edmund Reid Victorian Detective—The Man Who Hunted Jack the Ripper*, by Nicholas Connell and Stewart P Evans. The authors record Reid’s 1903 dismissal in the press of Sims’ ‘Drowned Doctor’ paradigm, which rigidly locked in due to the *inconvenient* timing of DrUITT’s suicide, Mary Kelly rather than Frances Coles as the final victim:

*I was not aware that the last horror
was committed in Miller’s Court. I was
always under the impression that the
last of the so-called ‘Ripper murders’
was committed in Swallow Gardens
. . . [the murder of] Frances Coles on
February 13th 1891. It is certainly news
to me that the last of the murders took
place in 1888.*

Are not these the same police Ripper hunters who were an integral part of the ‘systematic’ and ‘exhaustive’ inquiry which zeroed in on the alleged

middle-aged doctor and were about to arrest him? Not according to them.

Sims deals with Abberline (whilst Macnaghten will debunk the unnamed Major Henry Smith in his memoirs) with great pomposity, by pointing to an allegedly omniscient document: a Home Office Report, written by the Assistant Commissioner — though which one; Warren, Anderson, Monro, or even Macnaghten, is left unclear.

On March 29th, 1903 Dagonet wrote:

*Jack the Ripper” committed suicide after his last murder — a murder so maniacal that it was accepted at once as the deed of a furious madman. It is perfectly well known at Scotland Yard who “Jack” was, and the reasons for the **police conclusions** were given in the **report to the Home Office**, which was considered by the authorities to be **final and conclusive**.*

*How the ex-Inspector [Abberline] can say “We never believed ‘Jack’ was dead or a lunatic” in the face of **the report made by the Commissioner of Police** is a mystery to me . . . The genuine “Jack” was a doctor. His body was found in the Thames on December 31, 1888. [Emphases added.]*

And again, on April 5th of the same

year an affronted Sims let his detractors have it with both barrels:

*I am betraying no confidence in making this statement, because it has been published by **an official who had an opportunity of seeing the Home Office Report, Major Arthur Griffiths, one of Her Majesty’s inspectors of prisons.***

*I have no time to argue with the gentlemen, some of them ex-officers of the detective force, who want to make out that the **report to the Home Office** was incorrect. [Emphases added]*

So, that’s that.

We know, of course, that the ‘Home Office Report’ is actually the ‘Aberconway’ version, which was either a rejected draft or a backdated rewrite of a Scotland Yard document. Though it was probably prepared for that department of state, it was never sent there and so far as we know, never requested either.

Whether Griffiths and Sims had misunderstood, or whether Macnaghten had puffed himself up by exaggerating the document’s importance, is unknown. We do know that it was not considered by the authorities to be ‘final’ and ‘conclusive’! In

fact, just imagine the reaction of Griffiths and Sims if they had actually seen the archived version of Macnaghten’s Report, and what the police chief, apparently and *officially* judged Druitt’s worth to be as a Ripper suspect:

*No one ever saw the Whitechapel murderer; many homicidal maniacs were suspected, but **no shadow of proof** could be thrown on any one. I may mention the cases of 3 men, any one of whom would have been more likely than Cutbush to have committed this series of murders:*

*(1) A Mr M. J. Druitt, **said to be a doctor & of good family** -- who disappeared at the time of the Miller’s Court murder, & whose body (which was **said to have been** upwards of a month in the water) was found in the Thames on **31st December** -- or about 7 weeks after that murder. He **was sexually insane** and from private information I have little doubt but that **his own family believed** him to have been the murderer. [Emphases added.]*

The gruff Griffiths might have felt vindicated about the date of the body’s retrieval, but utterly betrayed over the revelation that Druitt was, apparently, a nothing suspect — about whom

SURELY THIS WAS FOOLHARDY 'PLAN'?

Scotland Yard hadn't even bothered to ascertain whether he was a physician or not? Whereas the writer of populist scenarios, Sims, might have noticed that (a wholly) 'good' family's belief in the culpability of their, now *definitely*, sexually insane member, is indeed 'proof's shadow', and that 'said to be a doctor' is classic upper class evasion for might-not-be-a-doctor?!

Macnaghten was a member of another gentlemen's association: The Crimes Club. Robin Odell in *Ripperology* on p. 50 makes reference to this further well-heeled connection between the police chief and his literary peers:

According to the club's records, S. Ingleby Oddie, coroner for Central London and a founding member of the club, arranged a meeting on April 19th 1905, when fellow members were taken on a tour of Ripper murder sits, led by Dr. Gordon Brown, City of London Police Surgeons, and escorted by three City detectives.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was also a member of the party. Among the earliest members was George R Sims, a

widely respected journalist known as "Tatcho" to his friends on account of his endorsement of a hair-restoring product . . . Other contemporary members included Major Arthur Griffiths and Sir Melville Macnaghten . . .

An objection to what Macnaghten is doing is that he is a bit like Dr. Doolittle's Pushmi-Pullyu, the gazelle-unicorn beast with two heads — but at either end. On the one hand, Macnaghten wants to improve the Yard's reputation regarding the fiend by publicizing the un-named Druitt, yet he also seeks to hide Druitt to avoid scrutiny, or a libel suit, or harm to the surviving family, whilst surely knowing that field detectives, like Abberline and Reid, will call his bluff.

And his means for this public dissemination is not himself, not his own words, his own prestige, but a celebrity journalist — who might immediately suspect he is being conned by doing just minimal research into this 'Drowned Doctor'?

Surely this was foolhardy 'plan'?
I think this is looking at what happened through the wrong end of



the telescope. Druitt was not recovered by anybody until Lady Aberconway showed Farson the draft or copy of the so-called 'Home Office Report' (not knowing what it was supposed to be she titled it a 'Memorandum') in the late 50s. Macnaghten was confident that in choosing Griffiths and Sims that they would do no independent research, whatsoever, and, so far as we can tell, they didn't. In fact, nobody did. The doctor's name could not be published and so why bother to tediously comb through press reports from 1888, or at the Royal College of Surgeons?

For the Major and the playwright, talking with Macnaghten *was* the research. They were now part of the privileged 'inner circle' who, supposedly, knew the truth behind what happened in 1888.

To put it bluntly, Macnaghten deceived his handpicked propagandists into believing that they were seeing a copy of a definitive document of state, when it was nothing of the kind (nor presumably did he inform that there were two versions of this 'Report' which were significantly different?) The police chief, anonymously, wanted to give the impression to the public that an efficient, unkindly maligned

Scotland Yard had been right onto the suicided suspect, but in his memoirs Macnaghten conceded – in a document under his *own* name — that this was not true.

Yet comparing the primary sources on Druitt with Sims' smug prognostications about Jack the Ripper we can see that the latter is an *exaggeration* of much, though by no means of all, that is in 'Aberconway'; presumably by Macnaghten in cosy chats with his pal at the Crimes club.

For example, the dead Druitt was found with some substantial cheques and so he becomes, in Tatcho's tale, fabulously wealthy.

Druitt was let go from the lesser of his two vocations, and so, in Sims, the Ripper becomes a full-blown unemployed recluse.

A single police chief — Macnaghten — had stumbled upon the fiend's potential identity in the press, and then from a fellow Etonian, but over two years too late. This becomes, in Sims, the Yard's top field detectives closing upon the doctor before he hurled himself in the Thames, and that this suspect was believed to be the killer *by all* the top brass at the Yard.

Druitt killed himself three weeks

after the Kelly murder, whereas in Sims he kills himself mere hours after Mary Kelly, except for the incredibly challenging quest to bloodily stagger, screaming and shrieking — without being noticed by a soul — until finally reaching the Thames for the fatal plunge!

Yet is there a single detail, amongst these mythical amplifications which shows that the real suspect was *not hidden from* Macnaghten? That he really knew more than just PC Moulson's Report. There is one; yet another gleaming nugget.

Sims writes, several times, about the friends of the missing doctor frantically trying to find him. We know that 'friends' is really standing-in for 'family' — whether Sims knew that or not.

Here is Dagonet on February 16th 1902:

The homicidal maniac who Shocked the World as Jack the Ripper had been once — I am not sure that it was not twice — in a lunatic asylum. At the time his dead body was found in the Thames, his friends, who were terrified at his disappearance from their midst, were endeavouring to have him found and placed under restraint again.

[Emphases added.]

The following is from Sims' magnum opus on the Ripper, in 1907. That he now has the corpse being retrieved around early December suggests that, at last, he too has the copy of the 'Home Office Report' in his eager hands.

*After the maniacal murder in Miller's-court the doctor **disappeared from the place in which he had been living, and his disappearance caused inquiries to be made concerning him by his friends who had, there is reason to believe, their own suspicions about him, and these inquiries were made through the proper authorities.***

*A month after the last murder the body of the doctor was found in the Thames. There was everything about it to suggest that it had been in the river for **nearly a month.*** [Emphases added.]

The detail, about the frantic chums trying to find the doctor, is clearly a fictitious version of the brother, William, trying to find his missing sibling at both his legal chambers and at the Blackheath school, wherein he resided.

But this element of the story is not in P C Moulson's report on the retrieval

of the corpse. How could it be?

At the very least, Macnaghten had read — though not until 1891 — the press account of the inquest on Montague Druitt' suicide, a death due to being 'of unsound mind'. Let us examine those critical lines again:

*William H. Druitt . . . heard from **a friend on the 11th of December that deceased had not been heard of at his chambers for more than a week. Witness then went to London to make inquiries . . .*** [Emphases added.]

That means that if Macnaghten had that information in front of him he could also see what we can see: that Druitt was a young barrister — and a sacked school teacher — who killed himself in early December 1888.

Thus Macnaghten, arguably, did once know the nuts and bolts of Druitt's biography and, as the years passed, he played around with it either deceitfully or imaginatively — but the semi-fiction was once based on hard fact.

For example, the father died a respectable, middle-aged physician and this detail, by 1898, is moved across to the son, who had

much less prestigious jobs. The mother was institutionalized — which is also in the inquest article — and this becomes another detail moved across to her son, presumably in conversation with a Sims hungry for more, as it is *not* in Aberconway. Perhaps Macnaghten's fading memory subsumed the Druitt parents into their allegedly maniacal spawn?

So far as we know, Montie Druitt was never in a madhouse for being 'sexually insane'. How do we know that Macnaghten did not simply get this detail wrong too, about Druitt having been institutionalised — maybe 'twice'? Because in his 1914 memoirs the safely retired police chief specifically denies that the un-named Druitt had ever been 'detained' in an asylum — which is correct.

**...NEVER IN
A MADHOUSE
FOR BEING
'SEXUALLY
INSANE'.**

Yet surely Macnaghten needed to speak with the family, who ‘believed’, or at least the brother, as Farquharson and his self-proclaimed ‘doctrine’ may have been vivid but completely unreliable gossip picked up on the local, Tory grapevine? In fact, could he have stopped himself from investigating further, knowing Macnaghten’s ‘man of action’ Super-cop persona?

Remembering that Sims is a Macnaghten source, by proxy, and that ‘Tatcho’s’ tale the real story refracted through veiled fiction, moreover fiction which improves the story — and everybody’s reputations — we see a glimpse of perhaps just such a meeting between Macnaghten and the Druitts, or a Druitt:

A little more than a month later the body of the man suspected by the chiefs at the Yard, and by his own friends, who were in communication with the Yard, was found in the Thames. (Sims April 5th 1903) [Emphasis added.]

The real, embarrassing, much less exciting — and arguably less heroic truth — being that it was not a friend, but a brother, and he had not been in voluntary contact with the police at all, until, more than two years later,

the story leaked, and William had, presumably, a private, perhaps very awkward meeting with the discreet and smooth Melville Macnaghten.

Thus even the seemingly unlikely element of Sims’ story, that the Super-cops of 1888 already knew about the ‘demented doctor’ *before* they spoke with his frantic friends, may be essentially correct. In the sense that it really refers to Macnaghten’s off-the-record investigation, of 1891, when he had a ‘quiet word’ with Farquharson and thus was briefed on the extraordinary story — and M J Druitt’s identity — *before* he moved on to see brother William.

Even the ‘blood-stained clothes’ of the MP story make a mythical appearance in Sims’ piece for *Lloyds Weekly* in 1907, though *in reverse*, as if to exonerate the family who did not really live with him, and only found bloody clothes after he had killed himself:

[Jack] *had a home somewhere, he slept somewhere, ate somewhere, changed his linen somewhere, sent his linen to the wash somewhere, kept his clothes and lived his life somewhere, yet never during the series of murders did he arouse the suspicions of any person who communicated with*

the police. [Emphases added.]

In Chapter IV of Macnaghten’s 1914 memoirs there is a strangely redundant line about the murderer being out of his home to kill the harlots of Whitechapel. But *he had to* be as the prostitutes of Whitechapel did not make house calls — let alone in Blackheath. The fiend did not live in a prison, nor surely did he live with chums.

Behind that myth of the anguished friends is, of course, the Druitt family. But if Macnaghten *wrongly thought* that Druitt lived with his relations then the suspect would surely be out and about — it’s hardly illegal. The myth of the middle-aged, invalid recluse is just that, as the real suspect had two demanding jobs to balance, as well as being a promising athlete.

And, Macnaghten acknowledges correctly that the suspect had never been in a madhouse, and therefore was probably not unemployed either — which he wasn’t.

This is how Macnaghten vaguely puts it on p. 62 of Chapter IV:

. . . *the individual who held up London in terror resided with his own people; that he absented himself from home at certain times, . . .*

[Emphases added.]

What it suggests is that Macnaghten was originally cognizant that Druitt lived not with friends, nor with family — nor was an ordinary lodger free to come and go as he pleased — but rather ‘resided’ in some official way which meant that he had to be accountable for his movements at night. That he was out when he was supposed to be in, as he had a professional obligation to be at ‘home’.

This dovetails, once again, with the report of the inquest in which Druitt was allegedly sacked whilst alive — not allowed to resign — for some infraction; for getting into ‘serious trouble’. And that the brother knew nothing about this unsettling development until he went desperately looking for his missing sibling.

An awful lot of ink has been spilt speculating that Druitt was a homosexual or a child molester, or showed symptoms of mania which got him instantly cashiered. In fact, he seems to have finished the school term with generous severance cheques in his pockets. Therefore, George Valentine had to be seen, by his fussy, deep-pocketed clients, to be making an example of Mr Druitt, yet the sporty assistant

master had not committed an illegal act which required the Bobbies or, conversely, for the whole affair to be covered up.

Since the family, the local MP, and the deputy head of CID all believed, rightly or wrongly, that Druitt was the Ripper, and since he lived at a school, the much more likely ‘serious trouble’ was that he had ‘absented himself’ to commit the murders in Whitechapel. Not that this would have been known to anybody at the school. Rather, Mr Druitt was supposed to be minding the boys at night, and one, or more of his young charges discovered that he was out and did not return until the morning.

Once more, an argument can be mounted that Macnaghten originally had at least seen the press report of the inquest took note of the suspect’s dismissal for ‘serious trouble’ and made the connection to Whitechapel, based on other information unofficially received.

Finally, there is the jaunty claim by Sims that he was the Ripper’s double.

He links his likeness to the assassin to the 1891 rumor that the police have been investigating a ‘well-known’

gentleman, one who makes frequent trips to the Continent — and he thinks that the suspect is himself, in yet another example of a clueless constabulary. This is how the rest of that Dagonet piece continued in *The Referee*.

When I read this startling piece of news, and in a grave and sober daily, I was, as the old ladies say, “quite taken aback. “ Was it possible that - I really hardly like even now to put into cold print the thought that flashed across my mind. And yet why should I not? I can prove an alibi, and I want the fullest inquiry. You have guessed it now. The thought that came like a bolt from the blue and nearly stunned me was that I myself, moi-meme, moi qui vous parle, was the person suspected by the police of being Jack L’Eventreur!

A tickled pink Sims has a lot of fun with an un-named coffee-stall owner who claims that he spoke with a suspicious character the morning after the ‘double event’ — and that the latter correctly predicted two harlot murders before it was public knowledge. The excited coffee man then saw a progressive pamphlet by Sims, *The Social Kaleidoscope*, with the author’s face on the cover and proclaimed that this was

famous writer; they share a long face, a centre parting of the hair, a smallish chin, noticeably low foreheads and matching aquiline noses.

Sims writes that he was the Ripper's double *at that time*: that is 1879, not 1907.

It is suggestive that Macnaghten had once known that Drutt was not a middle-aged murderer, not 41 but 31, for to be Sims 'double' is only plausible regarding the younger version of the writer. Unless by the time he hurled himself into the Thames, Drutt had become stout, even hirsute, but his demonstrable athletic prowess — and Lawende's description — strongly indicates that he remained lithe and beardless.

I am not suggesting that the coffee stall owner ran into the real murderer. Rather that Melville Macnaghten must have seen a picture of Montie Drutt in 1891 and that — sans the beard — there was, indeed, a co-incidental resemblance between his literary chum, when younger, and that 'remarkable man' whom he believed was Jack the Ripper, and so he fed Tatcho's peculiar vanity.

This is speculative, for sure, but would Macnaghten, of all the officials

obsessed with Whitechapel, and a police chief too late to be there for there for the murders — which was apparently 'the greatest regret of his life' — really settle for just PC Moulson's report, when he could, no doubt discreetly, track down a picture of Jack the Ripper?

To be able to answer that question we need to better understand the enigmatic figure of Sir Melville Leslie Macnaghten, whose enduring, 'Cheshire Cat' grin hovers over the mystery to this day.

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Biography

Jonathan Hainsworth

Jonathan Hainsworth, 47, is the History Teacher at a Senior College in Adelaide, South Australia. He became fascinated with the Ripper mystery, a few years ago, after seeing a documentary on Dr Tumblety, and reading *The Lodger* by Stewart Evans and Paul Gainey. He

teaches a unit on the case as a way of showing students the importance of primary sources. He admits to having an embarrassing man-crush on Sir Melville Macnaghten, and is seeking to publish his book, *Etonian Sleuth: The Police Chief who laid to rest the Ghost of Jack the Ripper*, in August.

Next issue: Part II - The Honourable Schoolboy



Tom Sadler

“48 HRS”

BY J.G. SIMONS AND NEIL BELL

Tom Sadler was undoubtedly away at sea when Polly Nichols, Annie Chapman, Liz Stride and Catherine Eddowes were murdered, but did the wounded, drunken and belligerent Tom Sadler run into Frances Coles in the vicinity of Swallow Gardens that fateful Friday 13th?

At two o'clock that Friday morning Sadler was slowly making his way back to Spitalfields Chambers, White's Row from the Royal Mint, and a tired, penniless Coles was on her way to the docks to find Sadler, who had told her that he was returning to his ship the *SS Fez*, and had wages coming his way.

With the aid of the police and the press, then, let us follow Tom Sadler and the events that unfolded from the docks to the dock.

WEDNESDAY 11 FEBRUARY 1891:

7 pm: Sadler is discharged from his ship the *S.S. Fez* at the London Docks. He walks to Williams Brothers on the corner of Goulston St and Whitechapel High St and has a Holland's gin.

8.30pm: Sadler walks to the Victoria Working Mens Home on Commercial St.

8.45pm: Sadler crosses the road to The Princess Alice for a drink. He recognises Frances Coles and calls her over.

9 pm: Coles tells Sadler that she will have to share any money she has amongst some of the other customers so they decide to leave The Princess Alice. They visit other public houses finishing up at The Britannia, on the corner of Dorset St, where they are joined by Annie Lawrence. Coles stops Sadler buying Lawrence a drink and they leave.

10 pm: Landlord's daughter, Florence Davis of The White Swan, 20 High St, serves Coles and Sadler half a pint of whiskey in a bottle, which they take out with them.

10.15 pm: Sadler and Coles take a double bed at Spitalfield Chambers, 8 White's Row. Coles speaks to the

nightwatchman, Charles Guiver and deputy keeper, Sarah Fleming in the office while Sadler waits at the bottom of the stairs. Coles pays Fleming 8d. for a bed. Guiver shows them to their room. Spitalfields Chambers has 51 beds and a third of them are generally taken.

THURSDAY 12 FEBRUARY:

7 am: Sadler has asked Guiver to call him at 7 am but he cannot rouse the pair.

9 am: Guiver notices that Sadler and Coles are still in bed.

11 am: Sadler and Coles leave Spitalfields Chambers and head for the White Swan to return the bottle for two pennyworth's of drink. The pair then go drinking in a number of public houses.

4 - 5 pm: Head Barman, William Steer serves Sadler and Coles gin and clover in The Bell, 106 Middlesex St.

5 pm: Coles is waiting for Sadler in Shuttleworths Eating House 4 Ann St, Wentworth St. As Sadler arrives Coles complains to Annie Shuttleworth that Sadler had said he would only be fifteen minutes. The couple sit down and have something to eat.

5.45 pm: Sadler and Coles leave in

the direction of Petticoat Lane. As she leaves, Coles tells Annie Shuttleworth that she would see her later.

6 pm: Ellen Callagher sees Sadler and Coles out and about the pubs.

6.30 pm: Landlady of the Marlborough Head, 5 Pelham St, Sarah Treadway, serves Sadler and Coles three quarterns of gin and peppermint.

7 pm: The couple leave the Marlborough Head and head for a milliner's at 25 Nottingham St. On the way Sadler gives Coles a penny to purchase a pair of ear rings from a little huckster's shop at the corner of Brick Lane and Browne's Lane. [This was the old name for Hanbury Street, which Sadler used in his police statement.]

7.30 pm: Whilst milliner Peter Hawkes is serving Coles, he sees Sadler standing outside the shop looking in the left hand corner of the window. Coles enquires about a bonnet costing 1s. 11½d. Hawkes notices she is very drunk. The elastic on the bonnet requires altering so Coles and Sadler head for a pub on either White's Row or Bakers Row to wait. Coles returns alone two minutes later, paying Hawkes 2s. for the bonnet and receiving a half penny in change.

8 pm: Sadler and Coles return to The Marlborough Head. They are served beer and whiskey by Landlord Charles Treadway. Sadler buys eight lottery tickets for 2s. and gets a round in for some men he had met earlier.

8.30 pm: Sadler leaves Coles in The Marlborough Head arranging to meet her later in a pub and heads off to Spital Street to meet with a man called Nichols.

10 pm: Sadler meets up with Coles and as they are about to walk down Thrawl St. Coles warns Sadler that it might be risky but he continues and is suddenly assaulted by a woman in a red shawl who hits him around the head with a bottle and two men kick him to the floor and rob him of his watch and all his money, seven or eight shillings before running back inside their houses. Sadler is injured and has *gravel rash* on his face. On the corner of Thrawl St the couple have a row as he thought Coles might have helped him when he was knocked down and the two part company.

10.30 pm: Coles returns alone and very drunk to the kitchen of Spitalfields Chambers. Charles Guiver sees Coles take a bonnet from the folds of her dress and throw it on the fire

before sitting down and resting her head on the table. A woman quickly picks the bonnet out of the fire, stamping on it to extinguish the flames and hanging it up on the hat rail.

11 pm: Sadler appears at Spitalfields Chambers and pleads with Guiver to allow him to speak to Coles to give her 1s. to pay for her lodgings. Sadler is allowed in and sits next to Coles but she is very drunk and not responding so Guiver helps Sadler clean up in the backyard. Sadler then comes back into the kitchen and sits next to Coles asking her if she has her lodging. Coles lifts her head to look at him but says nothing and lays her head back on the table.

Sadler thinks Samuel Harris is the *guv'nor* and asks him if he can go up and get a bed if he gives him his wages cheque to mind till the next day but Harris cannot help him. Sadler becomes argumentative with some of the other lodgers in the kitchen.

11.45 pm: Guiver goes to turn Sadler out of Spitalfields Chambers but Sadler leaves quietly.

FRIDAY 13 FEBRUARY:

Midnight: Guiver tries to rouse Coles by asking her to have a wash and

freshen up but fails. A woman wipes Coles face with a wet cloth. Coles wakes and without saying a word to anybody pins her old bonnet in the folds of her dress and leaves. Sarah Fleming sees her pass her office window as she walks out into the street.

00.30 am: Ellen Callagher and Coles are walking up Commercial St after coming out of the White Hart on the Whitechapel Road when they meet a man, dressed in a sailor suit with a pea jacket and cheesecutter hat, who approaches them and offers Callagher half a crown. Callagher refuses and the man catches hold of her, tearing her jacket and striking her in the eye before walking off with Coles down Commercial St in the direction of Leman St.

1 am: PC William Bogan 222H finds Sadler lying drunk in the gateway to the London Docks and pulls him to his feet by the collar. Sadler requests to be let into the Docks so he can return to his ship.

1.30 am: Joseph Haswell serves Coles 1½d of mutton and bread at Shuttleworth's Eating House, Wentworth St.

1.30 am: The keeper of Gate 1, London Docks, Constable Henry

Sutton allows Sadler through the gates. Sadler tells Sutton that he is a *donkeyman* returning to the *SS Empusa* (or *Enthusa*) which belonged to the same company as the *SS Fez*, both vessels lying in the St Katherine Docks. When Sutton sees how drunk Sadler is he turns him back. Two dock labourers, John Dooley and William Harvey, who are being searched by Dock Sergeant Frederick Sessions as they leave work take pity on Sadler and offer to take him with them to their lodgings but Sadler is abusive calling them dock rats, and strikes out at Harvey. Harvey tells Sadler that he would treat him if only the Constable would turn his back. PC Bogan asks Sadler to leave the area or he will take him in. Sadler refuses and the Constable walks away. Sadler is then beaten to the floor and kicked in the ribs by the dockers. Constable Sutton comes out of the gates to break them up and the men walk away up toward East Smithfield, leaving Sadler to get to his feet and head off in the direction of the Minories and Nightingale Lane where he rests for ten minutes nursing his wounds.

1.40 am: Sadler walks to the Victoria Working Men's Lodging House

at 40 Upper East Smithfield, but because of his condition he is refused a bed by a *stout, fat man*. Deputy Keeper John Johnson.

1.45 am: Coles is asked to leave by Haswell so he can close the shop. He has to ask her three times and she tells him to "*mind his own business*" and is shown to the door. She turns right towards Brick Lane. Haswell notes that Coles is tipsy "*but knew what she was about.*"

1.45am: Sadler appears in the lobby of the Melbourne Chambers Common Lodging House in East Smithfield. He arrives only ten minutes after the two dock labourers Dooley and Harvey. Harvey has gone straight to bed and Dooley, while making himself some tea in the kitchen, sees lodging house keeper, George Peakall, refusing Sadler a bed and urging him to go to the Hospital. Sadler leaves, remarking "*You're a pretty lot of beauties. You call this a Christian country.*"

2 am: PC Bogan 222H and Sgt Wesley Edwards 7H speak to Sadler opposite the Mint. Sadler complains to Sgt Edwards of being beaten up outside the Dock gates and that PC Bogan had turned his back. Bogan denies seeing the incident and Sadler replies

"No. You dirty dog. You took particular care not to see it. If I am an old sailor and drunk I ought not to be treated like this". Sgt Edwards and Sadler walk on for thirty yards and stop opposite Lockhart's Coffee Rooms at the corner of King's St and Tower Hill where Edwards checks Sadler's ribs.

2.03 am: Washing up at Lockhart's Coffee Rooms, Fred Smith hears groaning from outside and from an upstairs window he can see Sgt Edwards and Sadler, who is bent over holding his side and swearing. They are then approached by PC Frederick Hyde 161H who also checks Sadler's ribs. Seeming to recover upon the reassurance of the two policemen Sadler walks towards the Minories, later claiming that he thought he was heading towards Leman St and on to the Hospital.

2.12 am: Great Northern Railway shunter Solomon Guthrie leads his horses through Swallow Gardens and sees nothing suspicious. He is followed through the arch by another shunter, named Barnes.

2.13 am: Michael Redding, another Great Northern Railway shunter passes through Swallow Gardens with his two horses and sees



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:
LONDON DOCK GATES
LITTLE TOWER HILL,
LOOKING SE
QUEEN ST, LOOKING SW
SHARPE'S BUILDINGS,
ROYAL MINT STREET



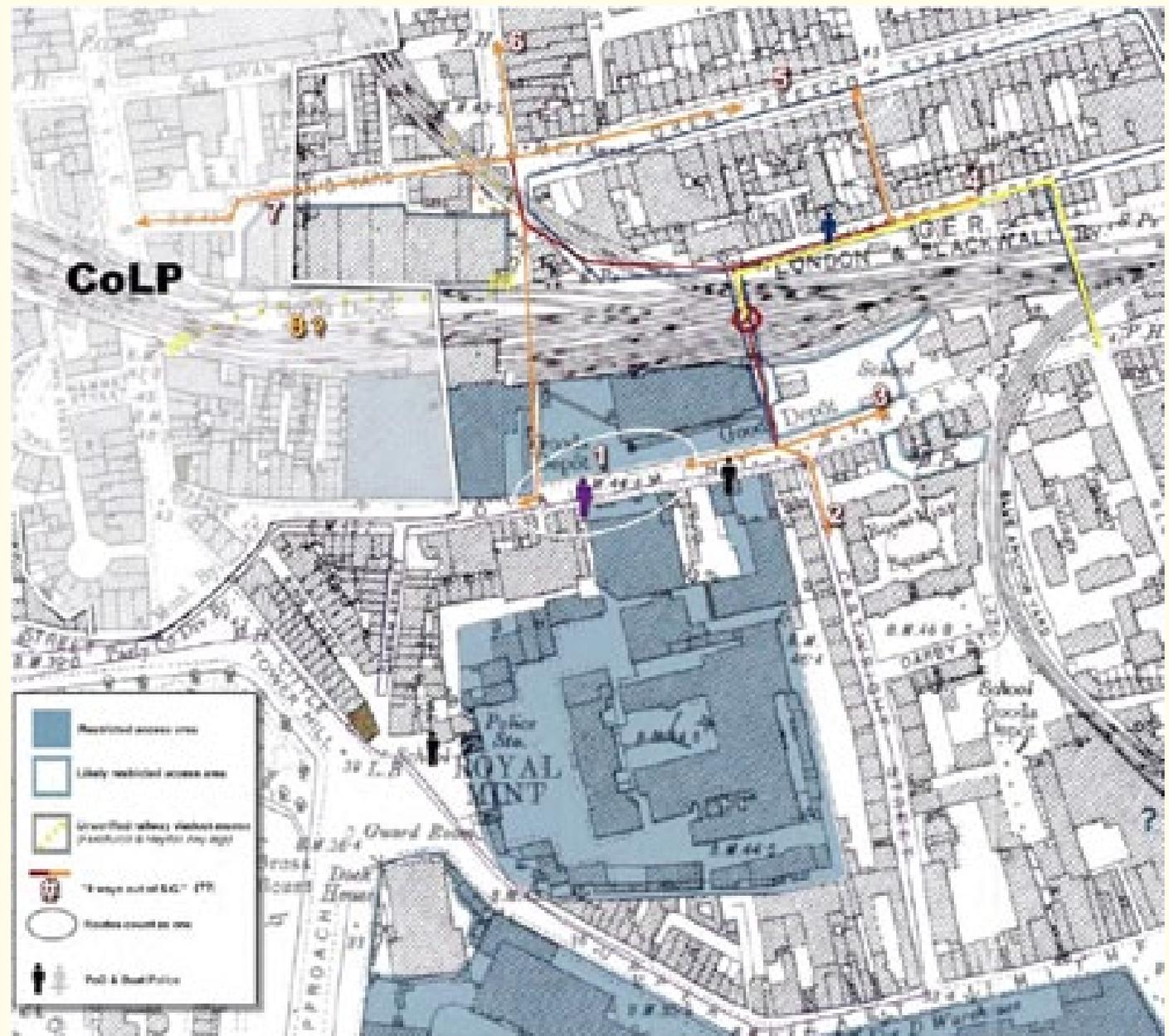
nothing suspicious.

2.14 am: PC Thompson 240H had started his shift at 10 pm and it was the first time out on his own. His beat was Mansell St, Leman St, Prescott St and Chamber St and it took fifteen to twenty minutes. At around 2.14 am he is in Chamber St approaching Swallow Gardens and hears footsteps walking in the opposite direction towards Mansell St.

2.15am: PC Thompson 240H walks down Chamber St towards the three archways, noticing the time on the clock on the Tower. Turning into the first arch he can see the body of a woman lying in the roadway. Thompson shines his bulls-eye lantern upon her and notices the blood oozing from her throat. Her eyes briefly flicker and he blows on his whistle. The body is lying on its left side, 79 feet from Royal Mint St and 42 feet from Chamber St, the head towards Chamber St.

2.17 am: PC Hyde 161H, who was 250 yards away in Royal Mint St, arrives turning his lamp on he sees Coles throat is cut and runs to fetch Dr Oxley in Dock St.

2.18 am: PC George Elliott 275H, on plainclothes duty outside Baron Rothschild's Refinery on Royal Mint



8 WAYS OUT OF SWALLOW GARDENS

St, arrives at the murder scene. He has a quick look around and runs to Leman St Police Station to inform Inspector James Flanagan, who sends for Dr Bagster Phillips, Supt Arnold, Chief Inspector Swanson and Inspector Reid.

Carman Frederick Clarke is taking a load of fish to Billingsgate Market when he passes under the arch. Asking PC Thompson if he has found a drunken woman, Thompson tells him the woman is dead and sends him for help.

PC Benjamin Leeson 282H, arrives from the direction of the Mint. Amongst others arriving to help are PC Ralph Scott 355H, PC Thomas Williams 327H and PC Frederick Porter Wensley 402H.

2.45 am: PC Hyde returns with Dr Oxley, and the Doctor asks PC Thompson whether he has moved the victim's head, to which he replies, "Yes". The gathering carmen, amongst them "Jumbo" Fryday and the Knapton Brothers, are unable to pass through the arch and witness Dr Oxley probing Cole's neck wound with his fingers.

2.50 am: Inspector James Flanagan arrives to find Dr Oxley on the spot examining the body.

3 am: Sadler returns to 8 White's

Row asking for Coles, and pleading with Guiver, who is sweeping the hallway, to let him into the kitchen. Deputy keeper Sarah Fleming is in her office, and tells Sadler that she would be fined 5s if she let him stop in the kitchen. Sadler tells Fleming "*Well. You are a very hard hearted woman*", to which Fleming replies "*I can't help that. I must do my duty and you must go out*". Sadler is reluctant to leave and hangs around the folding doors, Fleming asks Guiver to put Sadler out and Sadler leaves on his own accord.

Inspector Reid arrives at Swallow Gardens.

3.15 am: Dr Phillips arrives at Swallow Gardens by cab. Whilst Phillips is examining the body, Insp Flanagan notices the old bonnet in the folds of the skirt.

3.30 am: P.C. Arthur Sharpe 522J sees Sadler staggering along the Whitechapel Rd opposite the London Hospital and, having received information of the murder, stops and searches him but finds nothing. Sharpe offers to help him cross the road to the hospital but Sadler refuses and carries on up the Whitechapel Road.

Superintendentt Arnold arrives at Swallow Gardens

Inspector Reid gives the order for the body to be removed by two constables on the ambulance to the mortuary at Eagle Place, Old Montague St.

3.50 am: Inspector Flanagan and Supt Arnold make an examination of the archway. In an opening behind a pipe, four feet up on the wall Inspector Flanagan finds a piece of folded newspaper, *The Daily News*, dated Sunday, January 11, and within it is another piece of folded paper containing two shillings.

4.05 to 4.15 am: Sadler enters a coffee shop at 19 Whitechapel Road explaining to manager Joseph Richards that he has no money but has wages owing to him. Sadler then produces some tobacco to exchange for a coffee but Richards refuses and turns him out.

4.45 am: Sadler enters the Receiving Room at the London Hospital and is seen by night porter William Fewell. Sadler has a lacerated scalp and a small cut over his left eye. As the injuries are not deemed serious the Receiving Room nurse, Helen (Ellen) Cooper, tends to his wounds. Sadler is left to sleep for an hour and a half on a sofa near a gas stove until

he is awakened by Fewell who gives Sadler a penny and tells him he must leave as he is going off duty.

5.45 am: Chief Inspector Swanson and Inspector Moore arrive at Swallow Gardens and with Detectives search the area where the body was found and look for writing on the walls of the arch and the wooden hoarding. Swanson then gives the order for the blood to be washed away and the arch be opened to traffic, a sample of the blood being taken for analysis before it is washed away. All there is left for the curious to see is the rough mark of a cross cut into the hoarding by a Policeman where the deed was done.

6 am: Sadler walks to the Victoria Home in Upper East Smithfield to beg unsuccessfully for a few halfpence. He apologises to the Deputy Keeper, John Johnson for his behaviour earlier that morning and leaves his bag in room 36.

6.30 am: Charles Littlewood, a waiter at Stephen Longhurst's coffee house, 73 Whitechapel Rd, serves Sadler a cup of cocoa. Sadler is refused a second cup as he is drunk.

Littlewood notices that Sadler smells like he has been "*in a Doctor's shop*". Sadler reads a newspaper and talks to

manager Stephen Longhurst.

8.30 am: Sadler leaves the Coffee House in Whitechapel Rd.

10.15 am: Duncan Campbell is standing by the fire in the hall at the Sailors Home, Wells St. Sadler sits next to him and tells Campbell that he has been out all night, been robbed and needs a drink. Sadler takes out a knife from his right-hand packet and sells it Campbell for a shilling and some tobacco. Sadler is also seen in the Sailors Home by Thomas Johnson, able seaman of the *SS Mandalor*.

10.25 am: Sadler leaves the Sailors Home in the direction of Leman St.

10.30 to 10.50 am: Sadler enters the Shipping Office on Tower Hill and cashes his £4 15s. 1d. wage cheque with deputy superintendent Edward Gerard Delfosse.

11 am: Sadler returns to the Victoria Home at 40 Upper East Smithfield and stays there all day, leaving only to visit the Phoenix Public House twelve doors away.

Duncan Campbell hears of the murder in the neighbourhood and goes into the lavatory of the Sailor's Home to inspect the knife. He notices the "salmon" colouring of the water

when he soaks the knife in water for a minute in one of the clean basins. He puts the knife in his pocket and goes to his room to sleep.

2.30 pm: Spitalfields Chambers lodger Samuel Harris is at work on Virginia Rd, Shoreditch, when he reads about the murder and that the victim had a bonnet pinned in the folds of her dress. He runs back to the lodging house and asks if anyone has seen Frances. Then he, Sarah Fleming and Florence Monk go to Leman St where they are taken by a detective to the Mortuary at Eagle Place where they identify Coles. Back at Leman St, Harris tells the police that he can identify her companion and accompanies Sgt John Don 309H and PC Gill for the rest of the day searching around Whitechapel Rd, Commercial Rd and then finally home.

3.30 pm: Duncan Campbell wakes up in his room at the Sailors Home and leaving through the Dock St entrance walks across the street to marine stores dealer Thomas Robinson who buys Sadler's knife from Campbell for 6d. The agreement being Campbell is to buy back the knife on the Monday for 9d.

SATURDAY, 14 FEBRUARY:

9 am: Harris resumes the search with Sgt Don and PC Gill. They visit the Victoria Home, the Minories and the Docks.

12.00pm: At midday Harris finds Sadler *half and half* and drinking alone in the Phoenix, Upper East Smithfield. Harris does not say anything to Sadler in case he bolts but goes back outside and tells the waiting Detectives. Sadler is called outside and taken directly to Lemn St Police Station. Upon his person is found a pipe, tobacco, an advance note, a postal order for 2s, several cards and memoranda. His kit bag, collected from *The Fez* contains spare clothing.

Sadler is kept in a cold ante-room and, for the purpose of lineup, is made to change his clothing. The police keep his clothing for inspection. Sadler complains that the clothes he is given are cold and damp.

Milliner's assistant Peter Hawkes picks Sadler out of a lineup at Lemn St as the man who accompanied Coles and stood waiting outside his shop window.

Sadler spends the night at Lemn St Police Station sleeping on a plank in his makeshift cell.



THE SAILORS HOME,
WELLS STREET AND
DOCK STREET

SUNDAY, 15 FEBRUARY:

Deputy Keeper, Sarah Fleming identifies Sadler in a lineup.

10.30 pm: After talking amongst other sailors at the Home, Duncan Campbell walks to Leman St Police Station and is seen by Sgt Record and Sgt Alfred Ward. He tells them of his encounter with Sadler and the knife. They immediately take him to Robinson's Marine Store in Dock St to retrieve the knife. They return to Leman St to have Campbell identify Sadler.

11.00 pm: Sadler appears in a Police lineup in the gas-lit cellar of Leman St Police Station. There are sixteen men standing in a semi circle and Sadler is standing to the left. Duncan Campbell and then Thomas Johnson pick Sadler out. Sadler complains that during the lineup a policeman stood opposite, staring directly at him.

11.30 pm: Dock Constable Henry Sutton and Sergeant Frederick Sessions identify Sadler in a lineup.

11.45 pm: At Leman St Insp Henry Moore charges Sadler with the murder of Frances Coles.

MONDAY, 16 FEBRUARY:

7 am: Sadler has two slices of

bread and butter for his breakfast.

At Dr Phillips request, Dr Edmund King Houchin, who had examined Aaron Kosminski at the Mile End Workhouse only ten days previously, visits Sadler at Arbour Square Police Station to treat his bruised rib.

2 pm: Sadler appears before F. Mead QC at the Police Thames Court and is formally charged with Frances Coles murder by Det Insp Moore. During proceedings Sadler states that his clothes have since been changed. From his kit bag retrieved from the *Fez* he is now wearing a blue peaked cap, greasy blue serge fireman's jacket, a dirty brown soiled tweed waistcoat, brown shabby trousers and a grimy black and white plaid scarf. Sadler appears alive to the charge against him and is ready with his own questions. He speaks in rough, grating tones and complains of being cold and hungry.

6 pm: At Arbour Square Police Station Dr Phillips examines Sadler and concludes that the blood on the clothing taken from him is consistent with his injuries. Sadler is then taken in a draughty Black Maria to Holloway Prison.

WEDNESDAY, 18 FEBRUARY:

From Holloway Prison Sadler writes to Mr Wildgoose of the Sailor's and Fireman's Union at 17 King's St, Tower Hill asking for help. Sadler requests a reporter from either *The Seafaring* or *The Star* to watch over him as "*the police will hurry on my case to suit their own ends.*"

The *Daily Telegraph* would report today that the police had arranged for the Mitre Square witness, Joseph Lawende, to confront Sadler but he had failed to recognise him.

TUESDAY, 24 FEBRUARY:

Afternoon: Sadler appears before F. Mead Q.C. at the Thames Police Court dressed in a brown suit with a claret coloured scarf, his hair and beard have been trimmed. Henry H. Lawless, instructed by Messrs. Wilson and Wallis on behalf of the Sailors and Fireman's Union, appears for the defendant. The case is adjourned until the completion of the Inquiry.

TUESDAY, 3 MARCH:

Sadler again appears at the Thames Police Court. He is discharged by the magistrate in consequence of the prosecution having been withdrawn. Sadler waits in gaoler Sgt Baker's

room, with his solicitor, to avoid any demonstration by the waiting crowd. Eventually a cab draws up in the adjoining yard and Sadler, his solicitor and a *Star* reporter climb in and drive away. In Charles St, Sadler—a free man again—sticks his head out of the cab window and waves his hat to the crowd.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tom Sadler: He is 53 years of age. Born in Stepney. Stout. 5-5 tall. Grey moustache with four-inch long, pointed grey goatee beard since 1890. Large prominent nose and bleary eyes that half close when he listens, and ears that stick out. His complexion is dark and sunburnt. He is wearing a black cap with a shiny peak, a light pilot coat and dark trousers. Separated from his 41-year-old wife, Sarah Maria, who lives in Chatham with two of their children, six-year-old Primrose and 11-year-old Daisy.

Frances Coles: She was 25 years of age. Born in St Olave, Southwark. 5-0 tall. Hair and eyes brown. Pale complexion. Dressed in a black diagonal jacket trimmed with braid, black gown, black satin bodice, brown petticoat, white chemise, grey stays,



SADLER IN THE DOCK

striped stockings, draws, button boots and a black ribbon around her neck. She is wearing one black vulcanite earring (the other is in her pocket as she has a four-year-old tear in her left ear lobe). Her left hand is marked by a callous from bottle stopping and labeling at Mr Hoare's (Hora Whinfield) Wholesale Chemist at 58 the Minories, where she earned 6s.2d to 7s. a week. In her pocket are three pieces of black crepe, one old striped stocking and a comb. Coles lodged on and off at Spitalfields Chambers, 8 White's Row.

Newspaper reports gave her lodgings as Sterry's Single Women's Lodging House, 5 Thrawl St, Wilmot's Lodging House, 18 Thrawl St and the Alexandra Chambers, Brick Lane. Her father and sister believed she was living with an old lady and her daughter at 42 Pritchard St (Richard St), Whitechapel.

William "Jumbo" Fryday: A 21-year-old, born on St George Street, Hanover Square, and a railway carman. Lodged at 23 Chamber St with the Knapton family, and worked with the Knapton brothers, Joseph and John A, both railway carmen. In 1901 he is married to Harriet from the Mile End and living at 13 Story Street Islington.

Has worked for the Great Northern Railway since he was 11 years old. His nickname then was "Fourfoot" and when he grew bigger he was called "Jumbo". His job was to rise early to meet the fish trains and take the fish to Billingsgate Market.

That evening Jumbo had been to the Foresters Music Hall. Returning to his lodgings at 12.30 he called out brothers Joe and John Knapton and they all walked to the Station Goods Yard but on finding the gates were closed they went for a walk down the Minories, along Aldgate and into the Whitechapel Rd. At the corner of Great Garden St Jumbo stops to listen to two men arguing while the Knapton Brothers continue on to the Goods Yard. Jumbo follows via Union St, across the Commercial Rd, into Backchurch Lane, along Cable St and down Royal Mint St.

At 1.45 am, as Jumbo is passing the Crown and Seven Stars public house at 47 Royal Mint St he notices a couple talking in a street doorway a few feet from the public house. Five minutes later he would pass them again as he made his way to the stable to harness the horses. At 2.05 am he would walk his horses past the same spot,

but the couple were gone. He went on to the goods yard and was talking to some fellow carmen when at 2.20 am he saw a policeman run past the yard gates. Joe Knapton then arrived and told Jumbo of the murdered woman under the arch and they headed off to have a look, but are stopped from getting too close by a policeman. Jumbo tells the officer that he may have seen the woman a few minutes ago talking to a man and the policeman suggests that Jumbo should go to the mortuary to identify the body. Detectives arrive by cab and Jumbo gives his information to a Scottish Inspector.

Jumbo returns to the yard and after taking two loads of fish to Billingsgate Market he retires to his lodging at 23 Chamber St to sleep. Later in the day Jumbo is awakened by Joe Knapton who tells him a policeman wants him. He is taken to Leman St Police Station to give a statement. He is asked how tall the man was and Jumbo tells them that the man was 3 inches taller than he is. Jumbo is then measured against a rule on the wall and is found to be 5-5. Jumbo tells them he can recognise the bonnet the woman was wearing so the Inspector from Scotland Yard shows Jumbo two

bonnets and asks which one she was wearing; he picks the correct one. Jumbo is then taken to the mortuary off Old Montague St and identifies the body lying on the table by her clothes as the woman he saw. Whilst he is there he sees a detective lift her head with a stick and part the hair on the back of her head to look at a wound asking another detective why if she fell on the back of her head, her face was all bruised.

On the 25th Feb, Sgt James Nearn would witness the statement given by Thomas Fowles stating that it was he and his lady friend Kate McCarthy who had been seen by Jumbo Fryday and other carmen whilst standing talking by her house next to the Crown and Seven Stars in Royal Mint St.

Interestingly, Fryday would correctly identify Coles bonnet and her clothing, and he described her companion, that he could only see from the back, as having ears that stick out, like Sadler.

Five minutes before the murder there is a report of a sighting by Fryday of a couple near Blind Alley close by the Great Northern Station and only 15 or 20 yards from the murder spot. Did Fryday see Coles in Blind Alley

with someone and later identify the couple as Kate McCarthy and Fowles, who he had seen in the area?

Charles Guiver: He is 34 years old. Guiver, a night watchman at Spitalfields Chamber, 8 Whites Row. He has been lodging there the past four years. On the evening of Wednesday, 25 February, 1891, he would die suddenly of natural causes. Dr William Dukes of Brick Lane was called to Whites Row to attend to him.

Sarah Fleming: A 57-year-old from Chester, she is the deputy keeper at Spitalfields Chambers. Separated from husband, the 64-year-old plasterer William Fleming, although both were lodging at 8 White's Row.

Florence E. Davis: A 24 year-old barmaid at The White Swan, 20 Whitechapel High St. Daughter of landlord Frederick Davis and his wife Emma. Three years earlier, Martha Tabram was seen entering The White Swan on the night of her murder.

William Steer: Head Barman at The Bell, 106 Middlesex St. In 1888 Steer was a beer house keeper at 7 Dock St.

Annie A. Shuttleworth: She is 31 and an eating-house proprietor at 4 Ann St, Wentworth St. She is married

to 35-year-old husband, James. They moved their wholesale Egg and butter shop into Wentworth St in May 1888 from 14-15 Mill Row, Kingsland Road. Annie recalled Coles falling down outside her shop three weeks earlier and having her head bandaged.

Joseph Haswell: Employee at Shuttleworth's Eating House, Wentworth St. At the time of the inquest he is working as a fish porter and living at 91 Wentworth St.

Ellen Callagher: A friend of Frances Coles, lodged at Theobold's Lodging House, Brick Lane. At the time of the inquest she was staying at 3 North East Passage, Cable St.

Sarah Treadway: A 25-year-old. Married to 30-year-old Charles Frederick. Together they ran the Marlborough Head, 5 Pelham St. When Charles was a child his parents ran The Castle public house at 19 Quaker St.

Matilda Ringer: She was 47 years old from Rotherithe. Landlady of The Britannia 87 Commercial St. The 23-year-old Kate Lidkard, from St George in the East, is the barmaid.

Peter Lorenzo Hawkes: A milliner's assistant at 25 Nottingham St, Bethnal Green, he is 17 years old.

In 1901 he is a coffin maker living at 99 Vallance Rd. His mother, Sarah Hawkes, 43 years of age, owned the business. In 1881 they were living next door at number 23.

Samuel Harris: He was the fish curer for William Abrahams, 50 Virginia Rd. Shoreditch. He lodged at Spitalfields Chambers for six months before the murder. Harris went to work at work at 8.30 am the next morning and read about the murder in the newspaper at 2.30 pm.

PC William Bogan 222H

A 30-year-old Irishman, he would be later criticised for not bringing in the bloodied Sadler and thus had his wages reduced from 29s a week to 26s. He was also transferred to Lambeth as PC 286L for insubordination to Sgt Wesley Edwards. In November 1891 he was dismissed from the Police Force for being under the influence of drink, refusing to pay for fried fish and assaulting a lady shopkeeper.

John Johnson: A Scotsman, he is 59 and deputy manager at the Victoria Home, 40 Upper East Smithfield.

George H. Peakall: The 30-year-old was from Southwark and lodging house keeper at Melbourne Chambers, 18 Upper East Smithfield. At the time

he was married to his 29-year-old wife, Rhoda.

John Dooley: A 22-year-old dock labourer from Limehouse. Lived at Melbourne Chambers. 18 Upper East Smithfield.

William Harvey: A 24-year-old dock labourer from Whitechapel. Resided at Melbourne Chambers, 18 Upper East Smithfield.

Sergeant Wesley Edwards 7H: He was from Kelsale, Suffolk, and was 27. Married to Margaret from Cardiganshire and living at 29 Senrab St, Stepney. In 1901 they were living at Eltham Police Station, Woolwich.

PC Ernest William Thompson 240H: A former miner from the north and just 23, he joined the Force on 29 December, 1890. Thompson died on duty on the December 1, 1900, when he was stabbed in the neck by Barnet Abrahams near a coffee stall at the junction of Commercial Rd and Adler Road. A relief fund for his widow and children was set up by the people of Stepney.

PC Frederick W.H. Hyde 161H: He was 29 years old and from Pentonville, London. He was married to 32-year-old Charlotte and lived at 40 Royal Mint Square with their three

children. In 1901 they were living at 16 Mountford St, St Mary's. Also referred to as PC Frederick Hart 101H. His beat was Royal Mint St, Cartwright St and Trinity Sq

PC Benjamin Leeson 282H: From Maidstone and just 21. He lodged with the Wells family at 26 Princes Square, St George in the East. By 1901 he had married and he and wife Elizabeth lived at 52 Sidney St.

PC Frederick Porter Wensley 402H: The future Chief Constable was 26 years old at the time of the murder..

Dr Frederick John Oxley: A 24-year-old from Islington. His surgery was at 1 Dock St. He began as assistant to Dr Francis John Allen. Lived with his father, the 52-year-old solicitor, Frederick, and his, sister, 20-year-old Lucy.

Sgt John Don 309H: A Scotsman, he was 34. Married to 33-year-old Caroline from Ratcliff and living at 21 Albion Square, Greenwich.

Chief Inspector Donald Sutherland Swanson: Another Scotsman, he was 42 at the time. Married to 37-year-old Julia and lived at 5 Camden Villas, Lambeth.

Duncan Campbell: An Able Seaman. At the time of the inquest he

was staying at 55 Leman St. There is a 62-year-old Able Seaman Duncan Campbell, from Perth, Scotland, in the 1891 Census at the District Seaman's Hospital, Greenwich East. Sadler referred to Campbell as an old man.

Thomas Johnson: Able Seaman of the *SS Mandalar*. There is a 49-year-old Seaman, Thomas Johnson, listed at the Mile End Workhouse when the 1891 Census was taken.

Thomas Robinson: From Whitechapel, he was 26 and a marine stores dealer who lived at 11 Dock Street. Married to 24-year-old Selina from Bethnal Green. In 1871, Robinson lived at 2 Dock Street where his father ran a marine stores shop. By 1881 the Robinson's were at 4 Dock Street and Thomas was a 17-year-old rag sorter. Robinson sharpened his newly purchased knife and used it for his Sunday dinner.

PC Ralph Henry Scott 355H: A 32-year-old from Sunderland, he was married to Elizabeth Susan, 28, from Gloucestershire and lived at 58 Stepney Green, Mile End.

Inspector Henry Moore: From Hollowell in Northamptonshire, he was 42 and married to 41-year-old Elizabeth from Northumberland.

They lived at 11 W Russell Road, Camberwell.

Dr Edmund King Houchin: A 43-year-old from Colchester, his practice was at 23 High Street, Stepney, and he lived at 151 Stepney Green with his 27-year-old wife, Amy. In 1901 they were living in Ilford.

Inspector James Flanagan: The 38-year-old Irishman lived with his 26-year-old wife, Emily, at 407 Commercial Rd. By 1901 he was keeper of the Sessions House, 32 Newington Causeway.

Henry H. Lawless: A 35-year-old Irishman, the barrister of law was at 2 Harcourt Buildings, St Dunstan West.

Florence Monk: She was a 28-year-old tailoress from St Botolph's. A fellow lodger of Coles' at Spitalfields Chambers, 8 White's Row, she had only known Coles by sight until the afternoon of Thursday, 12 February, when one of the lodgers, Catharine King, fell down the stairs. Coles was amongst those gathered when they were discussing whether to take King to the London Hospital, and Coles mentioned she had been kept in at the London Hospital for five weeks when her ear was torn.

Catharine King: An Irish

charwoman, 42, she resided at *Spitalfields Chambers*, 8 White's Row, and was the lodger who on the afternoon of Thursday, 12 February, fell down the stairs.

William Fewell: The hospital porter at the London Hospital was 46 and from Chelmsford. Married to his wife, Mary, 46, from Hornsey. In 1901 they were living at 11 Ainsley St, Bethnal Green. In 1871 he was a railway porter.

Charles Littlewood: From Enfield, the 17-year-old, was a waiter at Longhurst's Coffee Rooms, 73 Whitechapel Rd. Charles Southgate and Harry Kemble were also waiters at the establishment.

Stephen Longhurst: The coffee house keeper was 37 at the time and lived at 73 Whitechapel Road with his 27-year-old wife, Alice. Both were from Sussex. In 1881 he was a railway signalman in Morpeth, Northumberland.

Joseph Richards: He was 38, from Whitechapel, and coffee house manager for a Mr Huggins at 19 Whitechapel Road. A 16-year-old, Rose Sherman, is the waitress.

Edward Gerard Delfosse: A 39-year-old Welshman. He was deputy superintendent at Merc Marine, Tower

Hill. Married to 42-year-old Lucy Farnsworth. In 1881 they were living at 9 Lamprell Street Bow.

PC Arthur Sharpe 522J: From Harby in Leicestershire, he was 23 and Lodged at 15 St Peter Street, Mile End with the Liettling family.

Supt Thomas Arnold: From Brentwood, Essex. Lived at 36 Arbour Square, Mile End. He was 53 and his wife was Mary Ann, 59, from Clerkenwell.

Dr George Baxter Phillips: The physician from Camberwell was 56 and wed to wife Eliza, 52, from Chard in Somerset. Lived and worked from his surgery at 2 Spital Square. Surgeon Dr Henry D. Halliday was Locum Doctor. Mary Adams and Selina Duncan are the servants.

Frederick W. Gill: Landlord of the Phoenix 24 Upper East Smithfield. He was 35 and from Lambeth. His 13-year-old son Augustus E. was barman, along with George E. Willers, 19, and Walter H. Swainson, 15.

Inspector Edmund John James Reid: A 45-year-old from Canterbury. He was the local Police Inspector. Married to 44 year old Emily. In 1891 they are living at the Commercial Street Police Station.

Sergeant James W. Nearn: A 32-year-old from Woolwich in Kent. Married to Ellen, 40, from Warwickshire. In 1901 he is an Inspector and living at 24 Chilsholm Road, Stoke Newington

Thomas Fowles: Lives at 13 St George Street. His mother resides at 10 Split Street, Backchurch Lane, and that is where his letters were addressed at the time. Worked as the doorman and hall porter at the United Brothers Club from 6 pm to midnight.

Kate McCarthy: She was 18 and from Whitechapel. Kate lived with her father, John, brother Michael and sister Jane at 42 Royal Mint St, which was between the Crown and Seven Stars public house and the goods depot. She worked as a bottler at Stowers Wine Merchants, Commercial Street E, opposite the club where Fowles worked. At 7.30 pm that evening she had been to the United Brothers Club. At 12.30 pm Kate and Fowles left the club to walk back to her house, arriving at 1.15 am. She recalls seeing the Knapton brothers pass them, followed by Jumbo Fryday, who was carrying a whip.

Joseph and John Knapton: Joseph, 20, and John A, 24, the

Knapton Brothers lived with their parents at 23 Chamber Street. Along with their lodger, Jumbo Fryday, and another brother, 28-year-old William, they worked as railway carmen.

Matthew Curley: A 51-year-old seaman born to Irish parents in Aldgate. In 1841 they were living in Cartwright Square and his father was a coal porter. In 1901 he is staying at 18 Upper East Smithfield.

Frederick Bowen: The 36-year-old ship's fireman was born in Spitalfields and was living at 1A Crown and Shears Place, St Botolph's, with his 37-year-old wife, Emma, and their six children.

Bowen and Matt Curley were named by Sadler as fellow seamen who could vouch for him.

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founded to provide for the merchant seamen trading to the Port of London healthy accommodation and to bring them into immediate contact with those agencies calculated to advance their temporal, moral, and spiritual welfare.”

Debrett's House of Commons

SWALLOW GARDENS

Swallow Gardens was a dank archway situated in the area east of the Tower of London. In 1888 it was owned by the Midland Railway Company and led from Chamber Street southwards onto Royal Mint Street. The archway was largely used by railway employees, carters and those engaged at the Midland and Great Eastern goods depots, forming a sort of back entrance to the depot.

Along the Eastern side of the arch, at about a third of the width across and running the full length, was a wooden hoarding. This hoarding formed a storage facility that was hired by Mr Reuben Cull & Son, brick and tile merchants, and it was a notorious haunt for prostitutes. In fact, two women would be arrested for loitering at this spot earlier in the night by one of the police constables who would



SWALLOW GARDENS 2009

later assist in removing the body of Frances Coles. At an early period of the Whitechapel scare, Leman Street officers had turned their attention to Swallow Gardens and a plainclothes officer was appointed to *special watch* duty thereabouts. This thoroughfare was about 50 yards in length and was lit by wall mounted gas lamps at each end but midway was enshrouded in darkness.

COULD TOM SADLER HAVE KILLED FRANCES COLES?

He could have. He was within five minutes walking distance of Swallow Gardens when he parted company with Sergeant Edwards, but he had badly bruised ribs and was so drunk he could barely stand and Doctor Oxley did not think that a man incapably drunk could control the muscles of his hand and arm sufficiently to cause the wound.

Was Sadler pulling the sailor's cap down over our eyes when, within 45 minutes of the murder, he turns up at White's Row Chambers asking for Frances, and the next day, when he finally gets his wages, he doesn't try to run, but is found in a nearby pub waiting

for the inevitable and once in custody he asks for an outside agent to observe the case on his behalf as he is concerned that the police hurry on the case to suit their own purposes? The irony is that the whispers of Jack the Ripper drew the eyes of the world towards the case and under such scrutiny the wheels of justice could do nothing but run smoothly and with no evidence against him the charges were dropped.

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My Funny Valentine – Bernie Brown

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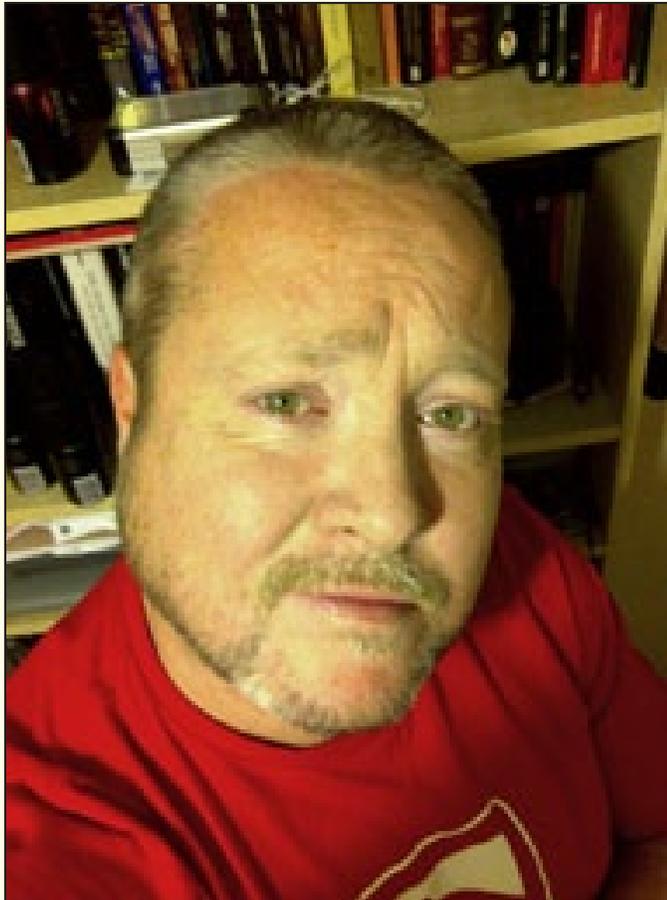
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Biographies

Neil Bell



Neil Bell makes his first appearance in the *Examiner*, but we hope it is not the last. He has written many articles for *Ripperologist*, including a series last year on City police officers with Rob Clack. He spoke on Mitre Square at the 2007 conference in Wolverhampton, has helped organize several “London Jobs” and was an advisor for the recent *Jack the Ripper: The Definitive Story* documentary as well as appearing in it. A resident of Leicester, Neil was—until his back deserted him—a well-respected wicket-keeper in that city’s cricket circles.

J.G. Simons

Jonathan G. Simons is 45 years old and lives in Cheshire, England, a city as famed as the cheese that carries its name. This is his second article for the *Examiner* using the timeline framework, but we hope there will be more.

“Cousin Lionel”

The Life And Career Of Lionel Druitt

BY ADAM WENT

Lionel Druitt: husband, father, doctor, preacher, traveller—and whistle-blower on Jack the Ripper as well? So some researchers, at least, would have us believe. Many of my readers will be familiar with the story of the elusive Australian document, a red herring shrouded in mystery, allegedly written by Lionel Druitt to implicate none other than his own cousin, Montague John Druitt, in the Whitechapel murders. Debate has dragged on for decades now, but all the while how much do we really know about Lionel Druitt? Who was he? What did he do? What’s his life story? Can answering these questions help us to answer the controversial questions about the document?

I never intended to undertake a full-scale research into the life of Mr. Druitt. It all began at *JTRForums.com*, where I agreed to try to track

down a book entitled *A Quinology Of Tasmanian Crime Cases, Plus The Tasmanian Connection To Jack The Ripper* by Tasmanian author, Mr. Reg A. Watson. Naturally, as a Tasmanian, I was curious to find out what this connection was. The book, like the previously mentioned document, proved elusive as well, but eventually, upon tracking it down, the section devoted to this “connection” turned out to be no more than a few pages long—certainly not what I had expected. Nonetheless, it pointed me in the direction of a doctor who had lived and practiced in a small coastal village called Swansea in the 1890s—one Lionel Druitt.

This inevitably led to phone calls and visits to Swansea, the scouring of newspaper archives, phone calls across Australia and even to the UK, correspondence among fellow Druitt researchers, and many moments of

happiness and delight at a new discovery combined with many moments of disappointment and heartache when something wasn’t as I had hoped, but ultimately, I believe I have assembled the information needed to be able to give a representation of the life of somebody who was, in fact, a very intriguing character, with or without “that” document added to his résumé.

EARLY YEARS

Lionel Druitt, the youngest son of Dr. Robert and Isabella Druitt, was born in May 1854 in St. George Hanover Square, London. He was born into a large family, and would become one of eight children—aside from Lionel, there was: Robert (b.1847), Charles (b.1848), Cuthbert (b.1850), Isabella (b.1852), Emily (b.1856), Katherine (b.1858) and Gertrude (b.1862).

Though the ancestral home was

in Wimborne, Dorset, most of the children were born, raised and spent much of their time in London. Dr. Robert Druitt was a very well known, respected and successful doctor and author in his own right, having written, among other things, the famous *Surgeon's Vade-Mecum*, a standard work for budding doctors and surgeons in the Victorian era, and he had been editor of the *Medical Times and Gazette* from 1862 to 1872, aside from maintaining his practice in the city.

It was common among the Druitt family to have pet names, or nicknames, for one another, and Lionel was dubbed "Ghost". It is clear that from a very young age, Lionel was close to his father. He had immediately been taken under his wing and groomed to follow his footsteps by entering the medical fraternity. As a young boy, he would often take interest in his father's medical work and liked to have input upon and contribute to the editorship of the *Medical Times*. He also took a very early liking to music and amateur theatricals, and was appearing in these as early as the 1860s—it was something he would follow for the rest of his life.

While the young Lionel idolised his father, his mother worked very

hard in raising the family. Dr. Robert Druitt would be forced to resign the editorship of the *Medical Times* and abandon his medical practice in 1872 due to ill health. He then spent much of the following three years in Madras, India; (at the invitation of no less than Lord Hobart), in order to improve his health, whilst Isabella was left at home to bring up the younger children. Robert Druitt eventually settled down in London again in 1875, at 8 Strathmore Gardens, Kensington—by which time Lionel was on his way to Edinburgh University.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT

In 1871, the young doctor was mentioned in *The Standard* as having passed his preliminary education examinations at the Apothecaries' Hall, London:

*At the preliminary examinations in arts preparatory to registration, held at the hall of the society on the 29th and the 30th September, 159 candidates presented themselves, of whom 66 were rejected and the following 93 passed and received certificates of proficiency in general education . . .*¹

Lionel Druitt is listed as having

¹ *The Standard*, October 4, 1871.

passed at No. 17 out of the 93.

The following year, Lionel enrolled at King's College as a medical student. On December 3rd, 1872, at the age of eighteen and listing his address as 41 Craven Road (London), he wrote to his father, who had by that time taken his trip to Madras:

41 Craven Road

S.W.

December 3rd 1872

My dear Father,

I wish you many happy returns of your birthday, which I suppose will have passed by the time you get this. I hope the voyage has done you good by this time, and that Ella is now accustomed to it.

The college is getting on pretty well. I am now one of Mr. H. Smith's "dressers." I like it pretty well, but I do not think it is a very instructive post. I am often glad to leave off dressing and look on as as [sic] a common spectator. Mr. S. and the other professors often enquire very kindly after you.

I am glad to find that a very powerful anti-tobacco movement is taking place at the college and hospital. Smoking used to be practised in corridors and in the reading room. Now it

is strictly prohibited and a reward is offered for information concerning one so doing. There will be no standing against such a law as that.

Prof. Partridge has gone for a week's holiday, leaving his duty to Prof. Burrow.

Mr. Stone, who I met at the R.C.S. when taking a cabful of pamphlets there, has promised to send me some of their examination papers to practise upon.

With love to Ella, I remain

Your affectionate son

*Lionel Druitt.*²

This early letter established what would become something of a pattern in Druitt's later communications with his father—always beginning with “My dear Father” and “Your affectionate son” respectively, and largely being filled with news and gossip concerning the various professors with whom he was dealing—many, (if not all) of whom would undoubtedly have been known to Robert Druitt.

Lionel was quick to demonstrate his abilities as a doctor and, in 1875, he passed his diploma and became a member of the Royal College of

² DRUITT MS-9 (79), West Sussex Records Office

Surgeons (RCS). From there, the next step was to leave England and enrol at Edinburgh University: many famous Victorians either taught or studied at Edinburgh, including Sir Charles Darwin, Dr. Joseph Lister, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the inspiration for Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Joseph Bell, among many others.

On November 2nd, 1875, Lionel wrote to his father again to tell him of his arrival and immediate impressions of the University:

At Mrs. McClure's

20 Lauriston Gardens

Edinburgh

Nov. 2nd 1875

My dear Father,

I arrived at Edinburgh as stated in a previous communication at 9.30 p.m. I was received with every possible kindness by Dr. Laycock and lived in luxury at his house until today. I am now settled in very nice clean airy lodgings, on a third floor, overlooking some meadows, and ten minutes walk from the university. Dr. Wood had sent the wrong address, and I was not half so well satisfied with the appearance of the lodgings in Oxford St.

Yesterday morning I matriculated at the university, for which I paid the

sum of 1.0.0, and in the afternoon I went to hear the introductory lecture by the principal, Sir Alex Grant. I think the Edinburgh students behaved considerably worse than the Kings College ones do under such circumstances. I cannot give an account of these lectures, but I believe it consisted chiefly of the statistics of the financial condition of the university in past ages.

I have taken out two courses of lectures, material medicine, and midwifery. That is by the advice of Prof. Laycock, but I have not yet been able to see the dean, who may possibly recommend me to something besides.

My chemistry, I am told, will be counted as sufficient, but I shall have a practical course in the summer. I am also attending the infirmary, and have been elected clinical clerk under Dr. Maclagan.

That is a very different sort of thing from being a clerk at Kings. A clerk here is only allowed one patient, and his duties occupy something less than twenty minutes daily. There is no competitive examination, but it is given by favour.

Dr. Laycock has introduced me to his banker, who will change my cheques when I want him to.



EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

“Cousin Lionel” Adam Went

I forgot to say that the cost of my lodgings, which includes coals and gas, is 13/- per week. That is 6d more than the Oxford St. ones, but I think they are worth it. The landlady is a very respectable woman whose son is studying science at the university. She was recommended by Prof. Macleod—I think that was his name.

On Sunday, I first of all explored the town; young Laycock going with me for that purpose, we then went to All Saints Church together, and afterwards to the infirmary. In the evening Prof. Mackintosh and his daughter came to tea, and helped to keep up a very interesting scientific discussion till nearly 11.

Prof. Laycock recommends me not to engage a coach for the preliminary till the last two months, but I do not feel sure about taking his advice.

I think I have nothing more to say at present.

*With love to all, I remain
Your affectionate son
Lionel Druitt.³*

Prof. Thomas Laycock would feature several times in Lionel's communications with his father—he even referred to him at one stage as “the

³ DRUITT MS-9 (80), West Sussex Records Office

best teacher that I have met with as yet.” He had been the Professor of Medicine at Edinburgh since 1855, though he was certainly not immune to controversy—there had been eight applicants for the same position, and the appointment of Prof. Laycock was known not to have been necessarily very popular, so that in some quarters he was known as “the unwelcome professor.” Sadly, Prof. Laycock would pass away in 1876, just months after this mention of him by Lionel Druitt, and Lionel further mentions of him in another letter to his father of February 9th of the following year:

*20 Lauriston Gardens
Edinburgh Feb. 9th
My dear Father,*

I was very glad to hear of your safe arrival, and establishment in comfortable quarters, the other day. I hope that your stay this time may lead to permanently beneficial results. I thought by the tone of your letter that you seemed to be in tolerably good spirits, whatever the natives may say.

The evil effects of my snow-balling have quite subsided by this time, there was in fact no snowballing at all, but the blow I received was from a stray cad in the street. The terrible threats

and awful penalties denounced against all students who should break the college discipline in that respect was quite sufficient to suppress any riots that might otherwise have taken place.

I find the people here very amiable and civil, having been introduced to many of them, and noticed by a few. The first was Prof. and Mrs. Sellar, to whom I was introduced by the Wm. Smith's, and with whom I dined shortly afterwards. They are very grand people and I have not seen very much of them since, as they are not at home on Sundays, and I have not much time for calling on other days.

A short time ago I went to Prof. Simpson's class dinner, which he gives to all the students who attend his lectures, and while there, I took the opportunity of making his acquaintance by mentioning Dr. Playfair's name, who is a great friend of his. He has been very polite to me ever since. Perhaps I shall win the diploma of S.M., which he gives to those who are most successful at his class examinations, but it is said to be a curious coincidence that those happen to be his personal friends.

I have also been introduced to Profs. (?) Brown and Sir R. Christian Bart, but in these cases our

acquaintance has stopped very near to where it has begun. Finally, through the medium of the Hares at Norwich, I have made the acquaintance of Bishop Cotterill, and his brother, the vicar of Portshells, the latter of whom has been particularly kind and civil. I have been to dine with him two or three times, and he has introduced me to one or two more of the aristocracy here. I went to the Bishop's house for the first time last Monday, when there was a small dinner party, after which I adjourned with some of the company to a concert, returning in time to have a little amateur music afterwards. I am at no loss for music here, as the musical men very soon find each other out and form a little clique amongst themselves.

Just before Christmas I took part in an amateur concert given by the students in the large kitchen of the Royal Infirmary, as I dare you say have heard which was eminently successful.

With regard to my work, I am still grinding on for the preliminary which I hope to pass in March, and I have not much doubt as to the result.

Since the beginning of January I have been working with a coach for two hours daily, and I think that has done me some good, though in that way I am

obligated to devote more time to it than I should do otherwise, rather to the hindrance of my projects and studies. I have found the Royal Medical Society a great help, and have there learnt a little confidence in speaking, and airing my views, and hearing them repeated if they admit of repetition. The library of the society is also a great resource.

Dr. Laycock continues to be so kind as ever and lavish with his advice. It is at present his turn to have charge of the clinical wards in the Infirmary, so I closely follow his practice. I think he is about the best teacher that I have met with as yet.

I remain

Your affectionate son

Lionel Druitt. ⁴

Here we can see an increase in Lionel's self-confidence as a person and in his abilities as a doctor. He was also known to have been critical of the University's rationing of alcohol supplies, perhaps influenced by his father's views; Robert Druitt was among the medical men who suggested that a bit of wine occasionally could be beneficial to a person's health.

Whatever the case with Professor Simpson, in 1877 Lionel became a

⁴ DRUITT MS-9 (81), West Sussex Records Office

Master of Surgery at Edinburgh, and also a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. The long road of tutoring, travelling and studying was finally completed, and, at the age of twenty-three, he was now a fully fledged doctor ready to enter practice.

Like so many before him, Druitt chose to return to London and ply his profession there. His father, though in ill health, was still residing in Strathmore Gardens along with the rest of his family, and this would have been an added incentive to return to London.

At one brief stage upon his return from Edinburgh, he was an assistant to one Dr. Thomas Thynne in The Minories. Shortly afterwards, however, he began practicing in Strathmore Gardens, his home suburb (possibly to be closer to his father, both for assistance, advice and concern about his illness). It was here that he was registered as practicing in both 1878 and 1880. How successful he was is a matter for speculation at this stage, though it was clear that despite now being a doctor in his own right, he was not averse to using his father's name and position in society to try to snare more lucrative positions. He also

practiced from 122 Clapham Road, and it was from here that he wrote this brief note to his father on January 22nd (no year):

122 Clapham Road S.W.

Jan. 22nd

My dear Father,

I hear that there that there [sic] is likely to be a vacancy for a divisional surgeon to the police through the retirement of Dr. Corbett Blades.

Can you give me an introduction to Mr. Timothy Holmes, such as will recommend me to his notice in case this vacancy occurs?

Your affectionate son,

*Lionel Druitt.*⁵

Whether or not this request was fulfilled, Druitt's bid to become a divisional police surgeon was unsuccessful, and he continued to practice in London.

It was at Strathmore Gardens, in May 1883, that Dr. Robert Druitt passed away at the age of sixty-eight. It had been a tough few years for the Druitt family—Lionel's older brother, Cuthbert, had died prematurely in 1876 at the age of twenty-six, while Lionel was still studying in Edinburgh. His mother, Isabella,

⁵ DRUITT MS-9 (82), West Sussex Records Office

aside from having to raise the children, also had to look after Dr. Druitt in his final years, and the death of his mentor and the man he idolised undoubtedly had a huge effect on Lionel, along with the rest of the family.

He continued, however, to push on, and was involved in several amateur theatrical performances for the Bethlehem Royal Hospital, including playing the role of Dumont in *Robert Macaire* as late as November 1885.

The year 1886, however, would see a great change in the life of Dr. Lionel Druitt. As he would demonstrate in later years, he was never one who liked to settle down in one place for any considerable length of time, and so it was that in that year he made the decision to sail to the other side of the world and take up practice in Australia. It could be suggested that perhaps the passing of his father influenced this decision, or that he had grown tired of London and wanted to see a different part of the world, or that he had relatives already living in Australia, but it would seem probable that all these factors played a role, and, added together, they would soon start a fascinating new chapter in his life.

DRUITT IN AUSTRALIA

In May 1886, Lionel Druitt set sail from London, bound for Australia, on board the S.S. *Lusitania* (not to be confused with the Cunard liner *R.M.S. Lusitania*, torpedoed off the Irish Coast in 1915—this *Lusitania* was an 8,825 ton steamer owned by the Orient Line and under the command of Captain J.F. Ruthven. She would unfortunately be wrecked off the coast of Newfoundland in 1901, though unlike her namesake, with no loss of life.

To say that Lionel didn't pack lightly would be a gross understatement. There still exist several pages of records of the goods he took out to Australia with him, ranging from everyday, mundane objects such as books (including a set of Wordsworth's poems), towels, linen, clothes and so forth, to some more interesting items, including amongst them:

Chloroform

Microscope

Phosphoric pills

Truncheon

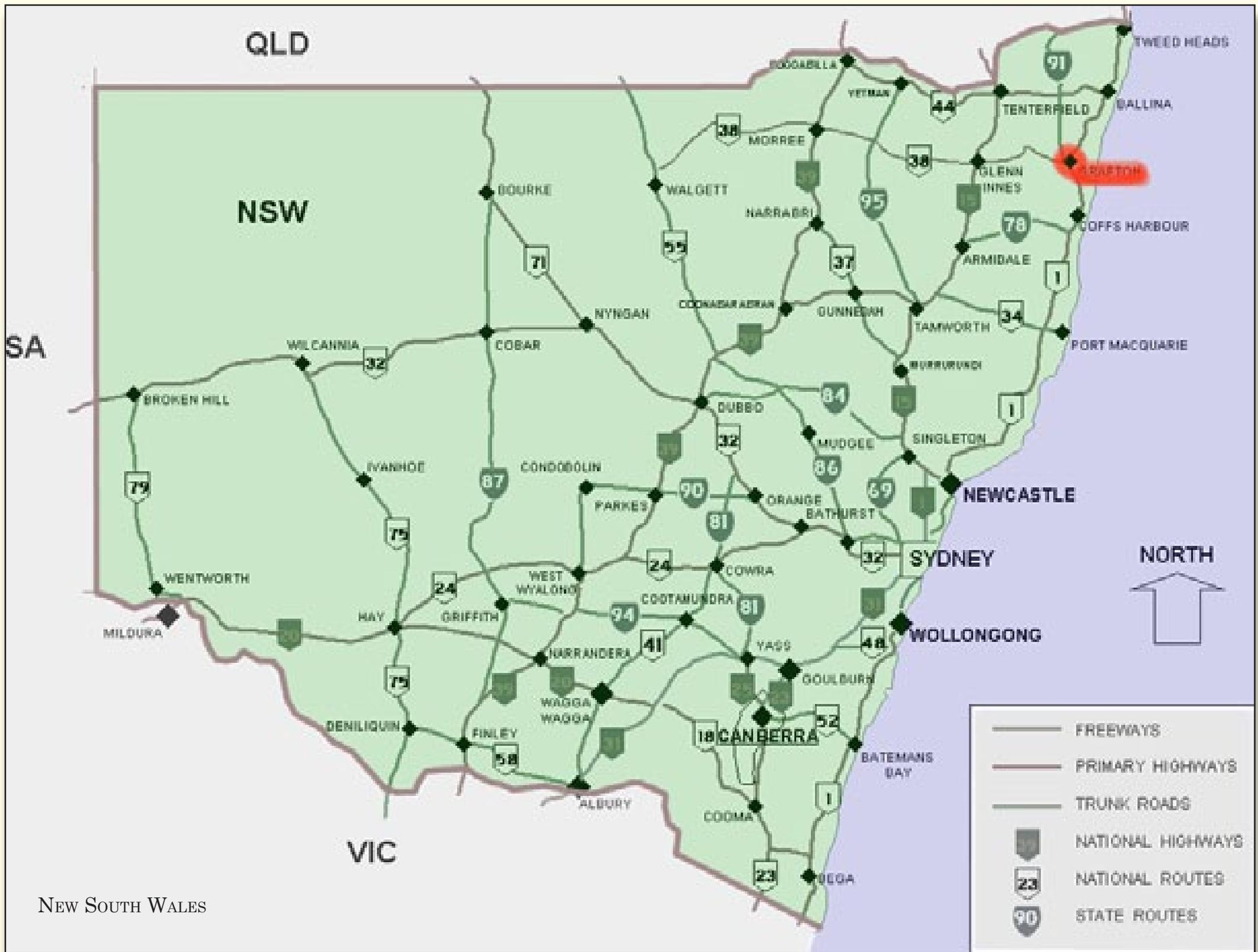
Fire screen

Mosquito net

8 tooth brushes

Tool box

Whip & Saddlery (Among his



“Cousin Lionel” Adam Went

many other pursuits, Druitt was also a keen horseman.)

Despite this, however, there are some indications that Lionel was leaving the door open for a possible return to his homeland from Australia sooner rather than later, should things not work out for him. That is, he was still receiving shipments of his belongings from London as late as July 1888, more than two years after his departure and by which time he was married and had settled in Australia.

Almost two months after his initial departure, Dr. Druitt arrived on the shores of New South Wales on July 1, 1886. *The Sydney Morning Herald* gave detail to the journey he had undertaken to get him there:

*From London via Plymouth May 11, Port Said May 26, Suez May 28, Diego Garcia June 9, Adelaide June 25, and Melbourne June 29. Passengers – From London: Mr. and Mrs. F.O. Pussy and child, Miss W. Evans, Miss Bessie Noble, Dr. Lionel Druitt, Rev. J.F. Jones, Messrs. A.E. Calley, R. Littlejohn, J.J. Dunlop, F. White, 40 in the second saloon, and 182 in the third cabin and steerage.*⁶ From the port, Lionel travelled to

⁶ *The Sydney Morning Herald*, July 2, 1886

Cooma, New South Wales, and spent some time with his uncle, Archdeacon Thomas Druitt. He plied his trade in the area before moving to Wagga Wagga, NSW.

It was here that he met Susan Cunningham, daughter of a Scotsman named Andrew Murray, and the two very quickly fell in love. It would become a bond that lasted a lifetime—even after Lionel's death, Susan preferred to be known as Mrs. Lionel Druitt than by any other name.

On April 2, 1888, the couple were married at St. John's Church in Wagga Wagga. *The Sydney Morning Herald* contained a brief summary of this marriage in its April 9 edition:

*MARRIAGES: Druitt-Murray. - April 2, at St. John's Church, Wagga, by the Ven. Archdeacon Pownall, Lionel Druitt, M.D., of Wagga Wagga, youngest son of the late Dr. Robert Druitt, of London, to Susan Cunningham, eldest surviving daughter of Andrew Murray, Esq., of Crieff, Scotland.*⁷

While the Ripper murders engulfed London and the life of Lionel's younger cousin Montague spiralled downhill in the late 1880s, the same period of time was one of new opportunities

⁷ *The Sydney Morning Herald*, April 9, 1888.

and happiness for the Druitt's in New South Wales.

On October 20, 1889, Lionel and Susan's first child, a daughter named Susan Katherine, was born in Wagga Wagga.

The very next month saw Dr. Druitt appointed as the caretaker replacement for Dr. Hillas, house surgeon at Wagga Hospital. This duty, having been completed, Lionel sought another change in his life—tired of Wagga Wagga, he relocated to St. Arnaud, Victoria in mid-1890.

His stay in St. Arnaud, however, was to be very brief. Registered to undertake practice in Victoria in August 1890, and running his practice out of his own lodgings in McMahan St., by March 1891; he was on the move once again, this time even further south—to Tasmania. Despite his short stay, it is clear from a report in the *St. Arnaud Mercury* that the doctor had become very popular amongst his patients and friends. Though the *St. Arnaud Mercury* is now defunct and the surviving microfilm reels lie in Victoria, fortunately Lionel's mother, Isabella, transcribed the text of an article relating to Dr. Druitt's departure in a note, which reads as follows:

“From St. Arnaud newspaper.
*Enclosed in letter of 26th March
To Miss Murray*

*This is surely a (?) of exchanges ----
--- We are now on the eve of witnessing the departure of Dr. Lionel Druitt, who goes to take charge of the Swansea Hospital, in Tasmania; we are always unwilling to lose a townsman, who has shown a worthy desire to interest himself for the good of his fellow men, & the deep expressions of regret at his departure, received from many of his thankful patients & large circle of friends ample testimony of the respect in which he was held during his short stay amongst us. Dr. Lionel Druitt, qualifications acquired under the tuition of his father, Dr. Robert Druitt, who we understand is the author of The Surgeon’s Vade-Mecum, will pre-eminently fit him for the highest of positions in the profession.*

*The kindly sentiments repeated at the private farewell dinners, which have been held in his honour, will give him many pleasant recollections of St. Arnaud. We can only add “bon voyage” to Dr. Druitt and his amiable wife, & with them the prosperity & happiness they so well deserve.*⁸

8 DRUITT MSS/406, West Sussex Records Office

By the time Lionel departed from Victoria and made his way to Tasmania, his wife was heavily pregnant with their second child. His experiences in Tasmania would prove among the more interesting of his career, but for the legacy he would leave in the minds of researchers, as he left Victoria, he could not possibly have imagined that his short stay in St. Arnaud, and the *St. Arnaud Mercury*, would later play such a large role in the story of the mysterious Australian document.

DRUITT IN TASMANIA

On May 5, 1891, *The Mercury*, the newspaper of the Tasmanian capital, Hobart (which continues to operate to this day), gave notice that the Tasmanian Board of Medical Examiners had approved Dr. Druitt, along with one Dr. Hugh Armstrong, for practice in Tasmania.

Meanwhile, in Swansea, Dr. Arthur Naylor, local physician for the preceding five years, had decided to take up a new appointment in Hobart, leaving vacant the medical practitioner position in Swansea. It was here, then, that upon his approval to practice, Dr. Druitt was to locate himself.

Swansea is a small village that

lies on the East Coast of Tasmania, a picturesque spot very popular with tourists and travellers. It has a population of only approximately 500 people today and is a very close-knit community, of the variety where everybody knows everybody else—in the 1890s, the number was of course far smaller than this but the situation with its inhabitants was very similar. Swansea had only been settled in the 1820s, having originally been named Great Swanport, and was still very much a tiny rural community when Dr. Druitt settled down there.

It was in Swansea, in the same month they arrived, that Susan gave birth to their second daughter, Isabella, named after Lionel’s own sister and mother (after their first daughter had been bestowed with the same name as Lionel’s wife.)

It did not take long for Dr. Druitt to warrant himself a mention in the columns of the newspaper. One local resident, giving a report from the area in June 1891, mentioned that while the residents missed their former doctor, Dr. Naylor, Dr. Druitt had been very quick to impress the community not only with his personality, but also with his music playing and passion for

involvement in community activities and groups – he was particularly fond of playing the violin and would often entertain residents at local meetings, functions and at the Masonic lodge.

He took up residence in a two-storey building known as “Resthaven,” which was also where he practiced. The home was situated on 2.5 acres of land, with the rates valued at £30, and the proprietor was one Mrs. Makepiece of Sandy Bay, Hobart. (This building is still in existence today, though it has long since changed its name, been renovated and gone under private ownership.)

By the end of 1891, Dr. Druitt was doing well enough for himself to be able to call in some assistance, and he placed the following advertisement in the *Hobart Mercury*: *WANTED: Young man as Groom and Gardener, and to make himself generally useful. Duties easy. Board and lodging provided. References required. Apply, stating age and wages, to Dr. Druitt, Swansea.*⁹

This honeymoon period was soon over for the doctor, however. In early 1892, an outbreak of diphtheria seriously threatened the community, and some victims succumbed to the

9 *The Mercury*, December 16, 1891.

disease. Mr. Stephen Gamble and his wife lost three of their four children within a week of one another, and Dr. Druitt was under pressure to treat the affected patients with what medical supplies were available to him.

He reported on the situation in March 1892:

DIPHTHERIA AT SWANSEA

*Dr. Druitt reported that diphtheria had broken out at Swansea in two families, in one of which three deaths had already occurred. There were no trained nurses available, but acting under instructions the afflicted families were doing their best. One woman who had been nursing at a house left it. She was disinfected and isolated. He asked for disinfectants which the secretary reported were forwarded by rail a week ago.*¹⁰

In April 1892, following the death of a young female relative, Mr. John Cotton began to publicly criticise the medical treatments of Dr. Druitt for diphtheria, including to no less than the Glamorgan Municipal Council.

However affected he may have been by this sudden outbreak of illness, Dr. Druitt was not about to accept anything which could be detrimental to his

10 *The Mercury*, March 16, 1892.

professional pride. He quickly fought back by writing a letter to the editor of *The Mercury* regarding the incident, which was published on April 7, 1892:

DIPHTHERIA AT SWANSEA:

Sir,- As Mr. John Cotton seeks to console himself and his relatives in their bereavement by having a public slap at me, as the medical attendant, I must ask you to allow me to state my version of the case, and I will do so as briefly as possible. Mr. Cotton is quite correct in saying that the patient had no relapse. There was no relapse. The patient went on steadily from bad to worse during the whole course of her illness, and when I reluctantly came to the conclusion that a fatal termination was inevitable, and informed her relatives of my opinion, they very wisely and properly decided to have further medical advice and sent for Dr. Tofft on the morning of March 21, and he arrived that same evening by the coach, and departed again the following morning. After Dr. Tofft had come and gone, Mr. John Cotton and the other relatives, the wish being father to the thought, fancied they saw considerable improvement in the patient. I, however, never saw any. If the patient had improved at 10 a.m. on the 22nd

the improvement had completely disappeared by 11 a.m., when I paid my visit. In fact, she was obviously sinking, though she did not expire till the next day.

I must now say a few words as to my treatment of the case, as Mr. John Cotton obviously considers that it is the immediate and remote cause of the patient's death. The disease in this case came on very insidiously, but as soon as the characteristic throat symptoms appeared I freely applied to the throat a solution sulphurous acid diluted with glycerine. This is well known as a powerful cleaner and disinfectant, and it has the advantage of being perfectly painless in its application. I have used it frequently with success in previous cases, and I may state parenthetically that deceased's older sister, who was ill at the same time, though less severely, with the same disease, recovered perfectly under its use. Also, I endeavoured to support the patient's strength with such tonics as she was able to take, together with peptonised food, and wine and brandy at regular intervals. She had an excellent, kindly, and attentive nurse, and I am absolutely certain that nothing was left undone that should have been done. It

would take up too much space to detail all the plans by which I tried to give relief, such as steam inhalation, with and without eucalyptus, etc., etc., and had to discard as useless, only increasing the patient's discomfort. In spite of everything the false membrane in the throat spread with unexampled rapidity, blocking the nostrils, and threatening at last to block the wind-pipe itself

On the evening that Dr. Tofft was expected I took care to be in time to meet him. On my entering the sick room the patient said to me, "Oh doctor, I do feel so much better," and on examining the throat I saw that the membrane had a pulpy, disintegrated appearance, and whenever she coughed small pieces of it were expelled. This looked like a hopeful sign, but taking into account the patient's general condition I was unable either to indulge or to impart any false hopes as to the result.

Dr. Tofft arrived in due course, and after consultation with me, advised the substitution of oil of peppermint for sulphurous acid as an application to the throat. To this I consented, and he accordingly supplied some that he had brought with him, and he expressed himself hopefully as to the result. The immediate effect of this application

was to give the patient considerable pain, but this passed off in a few minutes, and we went outside for further consultation. We had not been outside many minutes when the nurse called us in again, saying that the patient was very bad indeed. So we went in again, and found her apparently in danger of collapse from stoppage of the heart, which is well known as a dangerous complication in diphtheria. This, however, passed off by degrees. Dr. Tofft then remarked to me - "I don't feel quite so hopeful about her now." She then remained in the same condition, getting neither better nor worse, till about 11 p.m, when I departed, leaving Dr. Tofft in charge. When I called again at 11 o'clock next morning I found the patient's condition unaltered, save for a great increase of weakness: but I faithfully carried out the instructions left by Dr. Tofft, which were for an application of oil of peppermint largely diluted with olive oil, and an application of sulphurous acid alternately every four hours. That same afternoon the patient's difficulty in breathing increased to such an extent that I was (?) to try one of the "placebos" suggested by Dr. Tofft, and I caused a tent of blankets to be erected round the patient and

filled with steam from a kettle, but the effect of this was worse than useless; it only increased the distress and the apparatus had to be hastily removed in a few minutes. One quasi-comical episode remains to be mentioned. That same evening Mr. John Cotton, finding medical aid of no avail, took upon himself to try a quack “remedy,” and set a soup-plate full of burning pitch in the middle of the room, almost under the patient’s nose, so that when I came to pay my last visit that evening, I could neither see nor breathe in the room, which was full of thick black smoke. Anything more calculated in increase the distress of a patient on the verge of suffocation can hardly be imagined. Of course, to do the thing properly, he should have solemnly danced round the soup-plate with a wand, and chanted an incantation, but he took good care not to remain in the smoke himself. I do not think, however, that this had any material effect on the course of the disease; the patient lingered on till 4 p.m. on the following day, when she quietly expired.

This letter is very much longer than I intended it to be when I began, but it is the only one I intend to write. I am quite willing to let the profession

and the public judge between me and Mr. John Cotton, and he is welcome to the last word if he wants it. Dr. Tofft is a gentleman for whom I have the greatest regard professionally, and with whom I have the privilege to be on terms of intimate friendship, and therefore I regret very much having to make use of his name in the way I have done, but it is inevitable, and I feel sure that he will pardon me under the circumstances. Besides, it is not I who began it.

*Yours, etc.,
LIONEL DRUITT M.D.,
Swansea, April 1.¹¹*

Whether or not DrUITT’s treatment of the patient could be deemed sufficient under the circumstances or otherwise, he certainly stayed true to his word and had nothing further to say on the matter — at least not in the newspaper columns. What exactly he may have said or done the next time Mr. John Cotton approached him for medical advice or treatment, however, is perhaps best left to the reader’s imagination.

There are several points that are perhaps worth mentioning in regard to that particular letter.

¹¹ *The Mercury*, April 7, 1892.

Firstly, Dr. Tofft was Dr. Walter Henry Tofft, physician for Campbell Town, one of the closest neighbouring villages to Swansea, the two being approximately 70 kilometres apart. Incidentally, Campbell Town is today the home of the “Convict Walk,” a memorial to those who were transported for various crimes, a large portion of them very petty by today’s standards, to Tasmania from England, many of whom later settled on the island and became the ancestors of those who have lived there for several generations since. Dr. DrUITT, then, would certainly not have been alone as a foreigner to the country — in fact, he was likely surrounded by many of his former countrymen.

Secondly, according to local Swansea history, there could well be a story within a story for this letter. At the time of this public spat, Mr. John Cotton was sixty years old and his family had spent their lives in and around Swansea. The very first doctor to ever practice in Swansea was Dr. George Storey, who had been there for all of 55 years from 1829 — 1884. Mr. Cotton, therefore, along with his family, had always been treated by Dr. Storey. So, the theory goes that

when this self-confident, still quite young doctor named Lionel Druitt came onto the scene, he was considered as, to borrow a term, “the new kid on the block,” and older residents like Mr. Cotton were unsure of him — the diphtheria outbreak, so soon after his arrival in Swansea, simply added fuel to the fire.

Despite this relatively early setback in his Tasmanian medical career, it is clear that he was doing quite well

reward in Tasmania unless his name is on the register of the court, or to dispense medicines unless he has the licence of the court. The by-laws of the court provide that a holder of any British diploma may be registered, or of any colonial or foreign diploma on proving that he has received a medical education equal to that prescribed by the Royal College of Surgeons in England.

The registration fee for a legally

the Government at the rate of fees given below, which is fixed by law:-

For giving evidence at an inquest – One Guinea.

For making a post-mortem examination – Two Guineas.

For travelling to the inquest – One Shilling a mile one way, for each mile after the first ten. Ten miles or under, no fee allowed.

For giving evidence in court of law – One Guinea a day.

...HE WAS DOING QUITE WELL FOR HIMSELF,

for himself, both on the professional and financial fronts. The medical section of Welch’s Almanac of 1895 gives us an idea of the various payments for medical practitioners in Tasmania:

The practice of medicine in the colony is under the supervision of a Court of Medical Examiners, appointed by an Act of Parliament. Their chief duties are to register the diplomas of persons practising medicine, and to issue licences to dispense medicines. No one is entitled to practise for fee or

qualified medical practitioner is one guinea. Registered fee for licence to dispense medicines as a legally qualified chemist and druggist, one guinea. The court can grant licences as dealers in poisons to any person providing certificate of fitness from a medical practitioner of a stipendiary magistrate, fee 1 (pound). The meetings of the court are held as occasion requires.

Medical practitioners who register their diplomas in Tasmania may be called upon to give their services to

For travelling to the court – 18s. a day, and coach or railway fare.

Medical officers who are in receipt of an annual allowance from the Government for professional attendance on destitute persons will receive remuneration according to the following scale:-

Attendance within one mile from Police Office, gratis; beyond one mile and not exceeding three miles, 5s. per visit; beyond three miles and not exceeding five miles, 7s. 6d. per visit;

beyond five miles, 7s. 6d. per visit, and mileage of 1s. one way.¹²

Lionel Druitt was listed among the Tasmanian medical practitioners in the medical almanacs of both 1893 and 1895. At one stage in 1892 when he attended to a murder case outside of Swansea, Druitt had complained about the amount of remuneration that he had received for his trouble. Subsequently, he was compensated a sum totalling just over £4.

Clearly, then, Druitt was doing well for himself. So much so that by the end of 1893, with two young daughters and his wife also quite a busy woman, Mrs. Druitt had advertised for a “good general servant” in *The Mercury*.

1893 had begun in interesting enough circumstances for Dr. Druitt. A report, again from *The Mercury* of February 22 that year, details this occurrence:

“COUNTRY NEWS FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS SWANSEA.

Swansea has been considerably stirred lately by a succession of disastrous events, the chief of which the Llandaff murder case is still fresh in the mind of your readers. Diphtheria, which

¹² *Tasmanian Medical Almanac*, 1895 edition

seemed to have quite died out, has again made its appearance, the first case being a boy named Edwards, one of the witnesses in the above trial, who came from town so ill that he had, upon his arrival here, to be examined by Dr. Druitt, who pronounced it diphtheria, and had him placed in an empty cottage. Since then the child has been seized with the same complaint, but it is hoped that no further development of the disease will occur.

While a poor man named Edward Duncombe was felling a tree on a place of ground about a mile from the township, it fell on him terribly crushing both legs. At the time he was alone, but fortunately did not lose consciousness, and his cooees at last brought a neighbour, who obtained help and brought the sufferer to his cottage. After some hours' delay, caused by Dr. Druitt being away at Lisdillon, the sufferers' left leg was skillfully amputated just above the knee, and his right, which was broken just below the hip, was put into long splints and bandaged. Mr. Rust, Superintendent of Police, kindly assisting the doctor in the operation. The poor fellow is still alive and quite cheerful. He is greatly esteemed, being a very steady and hard-working man,

*but also unfortunately stone deaf, which last affliction, no doubt, caused his accident, as he could not be aware of the exact time the tree would fall.*¹³

Edward Duncombe would go on to be known by the Swansea locals, and in particular the youths, as “Old Deafy” Duncombe, and he is well known in local folklore. Unfortunately, though saved by Dr. Druitt on this occasion, he would suffer a rather tragic end to his life almost thirty years later — in 1922, he was murdered.

The year 1894 would see Dr. Druitt involved in yet another public spat in the “Letters To The Editor” column of *The Mercury*. This time, it was in regard to sewage disposal and the system then being used in Hobart. On June 7, his letter was published:

SEWAGE DISPOSAL

SIR. - I was much interested to read in your issue of May 30 a report of a meeting of the Sanitary Association, at which one gentleman (Mr. Chesterman) said, “If Melbourne were content with the pan system, Hobart might be also,” i.e. if big Melbourne is content to foul her water supplies and poison her population with typhoid and other filthy diseases, there is no harm in little

¹³ *The Mercury*, February 22, 1893.

Hobart doing the same. Dr. Giblin also “considered underground drainage an urgent necessity, etc.” The fact is, these gentlemen of the Sanitary Association are all on the wrong track. Melbourne should be a warning to us, and not an example to be copied. Any system of sewage disposal, which involves the dilution of excrement with large quantities of water is radically wrong, and can only lead to disaster. Earth, and earth alone is the proper receptacle for such refuse. To cast our excreta into the river or the sea, whether directly, or by means of a costly sewer, is both wasteful and dangerous; wasteful because we thereby starve the earth and throw away that which, when properly treated, becomes our food and clothing, and dangerous because we are poisoning our water and sowing wholesale the seeds of diseases.

I have before me a little work by Dr. George Vivian Poore, one of the highest and best-known authorities on sanitary science, which it behoves every one interested in sanitation to read. The evils and fallacies of the water-carriage system are fully and forcibly exposed and explained, and the supposed healthiness of London and other large English towns which are hopelessly

committed to this system is shown by a few forcible facts and figures to be nothing more than a myth. Indeed the present deplorable state of London should be a warning to us. Some 60 years ago London was abundantly supplied with pure water by the numerous small tributaries of the Thames. Since the introduction of the water closet, these have one by one disappeared, having first been fouled till they became open sewers, discharging their poisonous filth into the Thames, then becoming a nuisance, having been covered over, hidden from sight, and their very existence forgotten. Now, the question how the vast overcrowded population of London is to be supplied with non-poisonous water is one of the most difficult and perplexing problems of the day, and in the meantime the foul water and foul gases emanating from the miles of sewers (which have been constructed at most appalling public expense) are causing typhoid and diphtheria to increase at a rate which is baffling the efforts of sanitary science to arrest it. As Dr. Poore remarks, “London is becoming daily less habitable.” Hobart is but a small town compared with London, and while our sanitary arrangements are yet within manageable proportions

something should be done to prevent the curse of London from falling on our city. The means of prevention are easy and plain. The “water carriage system” must be abolished in toto. In suburban houses, the water closets should be replaced by dry privies placed at a sufficient distance from the house, the content being daily covered over with dry earth, and periodically removed and buried in the garden, where they will soon pay a handsome dividend in flowers, fruit, and vegetables. In the more closely-packed houses of the city which have no curtilage the water closets should be replaced by earth closets, and the saving in water rates thus effected may be applied to keeping a sufficient supply of dry earth on the premises, and a system of scavenging by which the content of the closets, both solid and liquid, may be removed daily to the country and buried. This change will involve some expenditure, no doubt, but it will be less costly than Dr. Giblin’s underground sewer. Moreover, it will be the first and only expense, while in the case of the sewer an expenditure of public money and public health will be begun, of which no one can see the end.

Yours, etc.; SWANSEA, May 31.
L. DRUITT, M.D.

*P.S. Dr. Poore's work to which I have referred is entitled "Rural Hygiene," and is published by Longmans, Green & Co., London. For the perusal of it I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Meredith, of Cambria.*¹⁴

Druitt, having been a resident of London for many of his earlier years, was of course in a good position to comment on the water and sewage systems in his old city. One particular respondent, however, was not so pleased with the doctor's assessment of the situation. Signing himself only as "Up To Date," he fired back a letter harsh in tone to the columns of *The Mercury* on June 19:

SEWAGE DISPOSAL

SIR,- In the public interest I beg a short space to protest against persons writing to the press letters, stating what is the position in regard to this matter and that, in England, and suggesting that we over here should do likewise without adequate information. In many instances which have come under notice, I have thought that correspondents were deliberately lying; they were certainly trying to pose as knowing when they did not know. The

¹⁴ *The Mercury*, June 7, 1894.

other day a correspondent said that the weighbridge for the sale of stock by weight was not in use in England, whereas cattle are sold by weight now in several of the largest cattle markets in the old country. Last week I noticed a letter from "L. Druitt, M.D.," presuming to give the Hobart people, from his rural retreat in the bush, information and advice in favour of reverting to the old state of things in Hobart when everybody made cesspools in their gardens, and as every doctor who was then in Hobart informs us, a pretty state of things was the result. This advice would no doubt be taken with a good spoonful of salt by all who read it, but where the evil comes in is where the writer, on the authority of a book, not quite up to date, says London is in an unhealthy and deplorable state, through underground drainage; that the drains discharge their poisonous contents into the Thames, and pollute the water for domestic consumption, "till London is becoming daily less habitable." I do not take part in advocating his system of sewage disposal, or that, for Hobart, but I do protest against such a statement as this. As to the London water supply, it is the marvel of the whole civilised world on account of

its abundance and its purity. The consumption is 183,859,000gal. per day, and although a Royal Commission have recently had to report as to the means of increasing the supply in the future to meet demands, they had no fault to find with the quality. As to the London sewage draining into the Thames, as the bush M.D. out here alleges, none at all is allowed to do so. Perhaps I cannot do better than give extracts from a description of the London system of drainage published towards the end of last year, as follows — "The reasons for this greater length of life are, no doubt, various, but the most potent is, unquestionably, better drainage. Under the Metropolitan Board of Works a gigantic new scheme, called 'the London main drainage,' and proposed by the later Sir J.W. Bazalgette, was brought into operation, comprising the northern high level, middle and low level, and the southern high level and low level sewers. In 1888 the Prince of Wales set the engines in motion which began to lift the outfall sewage at Crossness.

At present the disposal of London sewage is none other than the treatment of the whole of the sewage of London with lime and sulphate of iron" (at Barking and Crossness) "to produce

precipitation and deodorisation, and the conveyance of the precipitated portion, called 'sludge,' far out to sea by tank steamers, whilst the clear and purified liquid runs into the Thames." The description goes into full details, which of course you would not find space for. I may add this is the system in operation in numerous towns in England, large and small, especially those situated on the banks of rivers which are noted for their fish. The now "old times" to which Dr. George Vivian Poore refers must have been when the contents of 30,000 cesspools were turned into the Thames, and open sewers existed to carry off all refuse water, whilst the death rate was 30 per 1,000, and in some years many more. Now, the death rate in London is 20-2, and is steadily decreasing; that of England and Wales is 17-8. The present system of treatment of London sewage and drainage is said to have "solved one of the most pressing and serious problems of modern London." So what Dr. L. Druitt has been telling us is ancient history, and is misleading; he has been criticising without knowing what the London sewage disposal system is.

It must be a great boon to the public that your columns are thrown open to

correspondents to ventilate grievances and opinions, many of the latter being often most useful, but, for goodness sake, let us have the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Yours, etc.,

June 8.

UP TO DATE¹⁵

Looked at from a modern viewpoint, this debate on the best method of sewage disposal and the condition of London's water is particularly fascinating, and history would be the judge of which of these two debaters were probably closest to the truth. Unlike his previous newspaper communication on diphtheria, however, Druitt was not satisfied to let the matter rest. On June 23, another letter from the doctor was published in response to "Up To Date":

SEWAGE DISPOSAL:

SIR,- In my turn I beg leave to protest against the writing of muddle-headed letters to the press, with no other apparent object than to obscure the question at issue. I do not as a rule take any notice of such anonymous criticism, but the letter signed "Up to Date," in your issue of the 19th inst., is too assuming to be passed over. Your

15 *The Mercury*, June 19, 1894.

correspondent's naïve assumption that dwellers in towns are mentally and intellectually superior to dwellers in the country, as shown by his sneering at my "rural retreat" and courteously dubbing me "bush M.D.," is, I venture to think, a mistake, and I fail to see where the "presumption" on my part comes in. Certainly in the matter of sanitation we, in the country, are far in advance of the town. I have for many years carried out the plan of refuse disposal which I advocate (I do not call it sewage, for we have not any, and God grant we never may); and I have good reason to be satisfied with the result, both from an hygienic and an agricultural point of view. It is not the case in this village, nor in any other township that I have visited, that "everyone makes a cesspool in their (sic) gardens." Such a state of things can only exist in towns which are slaves to the hateful poisonous water-closet. Were your correspondent as much up-to-date as he affects to be, he would know that the wasteful and costly process recently adopted in London is but an experiment, in all probability doomed to failure on account of the enormous quantity of liquid to be dealt with, and the enormous expenses involved in

dealing with it. Already other schemes are being mooted, amongst others the construction of a huge tunnel through which the whole of the London sewage may run into the sea off the Essex coast without touching the Thames at all. Another is the electrolysed sea-water fad which is being tried with a certain measure of success in the reduction of mortality from epidemic diseases, induced by their previous water-closets, at Worthing, a small town on the south coast. When these have been tried and failed, no doubt other schemes will crop up to keep the pot boiling.

The eagerness with which young communities rush to imitate the vices and mistakes of the mother country is very remarkable. Does your correspondent really wish to induce in Hobart the same condition which has necessitated the vast and unprofitable outlay on sewage works in London? Unless he be a proprietor of some patent up-to-date water closet, or a participator in the profits of some big prospective sewage scheme, his answer must surely be in the negative.

*L. DRUITT, M.D.Swansea, June 20.*¹⁶

Aside from his pursuits as a doctor

¹⁶ *The Mercury*, June 23, 1894.

and medical correspondent, as previously mentioned, Druitt was very much interested in involving himself in many local clubs and societies. When the Swansea Visitors & Tourists Bureau was established in May 1895, Druitt was one of the board members.

He also never forgot his upbringing and Anglican faith — he attended and was an occasional lay preacher at the Anglican Church in Swansea (which also still stands and is, ironically, situated next door to the Historical Society, where some information on him is kept).

Aside from his entertaining of locals at various gatherings, he was also a member of the Swansea Dramatic Club and, as he did in England, continued to take part in amateur plays and productions — which he features in from this review in June 1896:

SWANSEA

On Friday evening, 29th ult., the Swansea Dramatic Club gave a successful entertainment in the Council chamber in the presence of a large audience.

*The curtain rose on the opening scene of *The Coming Woman*, a capital little three act drama, which from start to finish was played with a dash and*

*spirit not often noticeable in amateur performances. The cast was as follows: Wolverine Griffin, Miss Wortham; Judge Wigfall, Mrs. Salier; Mrs. Badger, Miss Chambers, Victorlue, Miss Effie Amos; Mr. Wigfall, Mr. W. Best; Tom Carberry, Dr. L. Druitt. The dresses of the ladies and their careful attention to all small details added not a little to the success of the piece. The costume of Wolverine Griffin (if it is to be taken as a specimen of the dress to be worn by the “new woman”) must have struck terror to all the feminine hearts in the audience, and no doubt they were much relieved by the appearance of Mrs. Badger, the female tax collector, in her smart official uniform of blue cloth and gold braid. The after piece, a farce entitled *Dearest Mamma*, did not go quite so smoothly, the voice of the prompter being heard rather too often. Still it made a very fair wind up to an excellent evening’s amusement. The performers in this were the Misses Wortham, Morris and N. Smith, Dr. L. Druitt; Messrs. L. Lyne, R. Meredith and W. Dossetor. *The Coming Woman* was repeated on Saturday night, with the addition of the screaming farce *Found in a Four-Wheeler*, in place of *Dearest Mamma*. Most of the performers*

before mentioned, including Mr. James Davidson, took part in this piece. The proceeds are to be used in defraying expenses connected with the new stage, which is a great improvement and one that has been long needed.

June 1.¹⁷

Mrs. Druitt had also undertaken her own pursuits in Swansea. She was very keen on horticulture and many crafts, and was a member of the Swansea Horticultural Society. She helped to organise a variety of fairs and events, and submitted her own creations to them, for which she regularly won awards – including for bowls of roses, wine making and flower growing, among others. Bearing all of this in mind, it is little wonder that by 1896, the Druitts had become much beloved members of the community, well liked and respected by all. It was with much local disappointment, then, that rumours began to surface in mid-1896 that they were intending to leave Swansea and return to mainland Australia. Attempting to quell these rumours, on June 3, Druitt had the following brief advertisement published in *The Mercury*:

Dr. Druitt notifies by

¹⁷ *The Mercury*, June 3, 1896.

advertisement that he has no intention of relinquishing practice in Swansea.¹⁸

Clearly, however, he did. Just two months later, Druitt made his intended departure final by having a further notice published:

All persons indebted to me are requested to pay the amount of their debt to Mr. Mirrion, shop-keeper, Swansea, whose receipt will be a sufficient discharge.

*L. Druitt, Swansea, August 13, 1896.*¹⁹

So popular was Dr. Druitt with the locals that a special meeting of the Glamorgan Municipal Council and others concerned had determined to give the Druitts a farewell event at the council chambers, and to have Dr. Druitt presented with an illuminated address as a show of gratitude for his time in Swansea:

SWANSEA

On the evening of Friday, 21st inst., a number of Dr. Druitt's friends met at the Council chamber, for the purpose of presenting him with an illuminated address prior to his departure from the district, as a mark of their respect for him and gratitude for his services as

¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁹ *The Mercury*, August 17, 1896.

lay-reader in the Church of England, and also for his willingness and ability to assist at any of the social functions held at Swansea during the period of his stay among us.

Mr. A.W. Smith, as senior warden of the English Church, occupied the chair, and after announcing the object of the meeting, stated that the proceedings would commence with a short musical programme. This was carried out in a most successful manner by Mesdames Edwards, Rust and Graham; Misses Moore, Morris and Graham, and Dr. Druitt; Messrs. F. and A. Morris.

Then followed the presenting of the address, which was beautifully engrossed and most artistically illuminated on a large sheet of vellum, by Mr. Albert Reid, of Hobart. It was presented by Mr. Smith, with a suitable speech to which Dr. Druitt as suitably responded. The proceedings terminated with a coffee supper which everyone enjoyed, and which, to the young folks at least, seemed the most enjoyable part of the evening.

I must add, though, that the pleasure of those who had come prepared to listen to music, and the reading of the address, was greatly marred by the

rowdyism of a number of young persons, I regret to say of both sexes, who had apparently come for the purpose of making a noise. Swansea has hitherto been noted for the quiet, orderly behaviour of its inhabitants when at any public entertainment, so I trust this has only been a temporary divergence from the paths of decency and sobriety, and that they will on a future occasion behave in a proper manner.

*Dr. Druitt's place in Swansea will be filled, we have every reason to believe, with great efficiency, by Dr. Graham, who is well known in other parts of the island.*²⁰

Druitt was still able to create controversy to the last — shortly after this article was published, a note was published from a resident of Swansea who denied that there was any truth in the story that there had been misbehaviour at the event.

Whatever the case, in the files of the Historical Society in Swansea, there is a letter from a descendant of the doctor, who stated that the illuminated address was still in “mint condition” and was in the possession of another relative in Australia.

Dr. Albert Graham would indeed

20 *The Mercury*, August 26, 1896.

replace Dr. Druitt as medical practitioner at Swansea — though it would be brief. He lasted only one year.

On September 3, 1896, Lionel, his wife and two young children boarded the *S.S. Pateena* (a very popular and quick steamer in the late 19th century, serving the Bass Strait route and belonging to the Tasmanian Steam Navigation (T.S.N.) Co. — she would go on to serve more than forty years in various locations before being broken up in the 1920s) at Launceston, Tasmania, and sailed for Victoria once again. The following day they arrived there, and their chapter in Tasmania had come to a close.

LATER YEARS

It is at this point, unfortunately, that the information on Dr. Druitt begins to thin out slightly.

Following his departure from Tasmania, he moved into a property on Dandenong Road, in the Melbourne suburb of Oakleigh. It was here in November 1896 that *The Mercury* tells us of an unfortunate accident:

OAKLEIGH—A singular and painful accident occurred on Saturday to a boy named Gilbert Colwell, six years of age. The lad was fixing a swing at Dr.

*Druitt's residence, Dandenong-Road, when he slipped and fell, breaking both his wrists.*²¹

In June 1897, Druitt was listed as the Chemist for Koroit, Victoria. He would go on to reside in Koroit, and it was here, in February 1899, that his third and final child, named Dorothy, was born.

Though new life was being welcomed into the household of Lionel Druitt, back home in England, his family suffered a succession of tragedies.

In 1899, his mother Isabella passed away at the age of seventy-six. His younger sister, Katherine, had passed away earlier (in 1887), and now the year 1900 saw the premature deaths of two more of his siblings, his older brother Charles and his younger sister Gertrude.

Druitt continued to maintain his faith, however, and as in Swansea, was an occasional lay preacher in Victoria. By the turn of the century, his two eldest daughters had been sent back to England to receive their educations there.

It was during this period that there is record of Druitt attending a

21 *The Mercury*, August 26, 1896.

number of shooting accidents, including this one in 1901:

SHOOTING ACCIDENT

KOROIT, Thursday.

*Mr. F. C. Morriss, of Spring Creek Road, on Monday went out for an afternoon's shooting, and while opening a gate into a bush paddock the gun accidentally went off, sending the charge into his left thigh. He was alone at the time, and had great difficulty in proceeding far enough to obtain assistance. Dr. Druitt was at once called in, and found the charge had made a perfect tunnel through the upper part of the thigh, passing right through the flesh. Mr. Morriss is progressing favourably.*²²

And this particularly tragic one in 1904:

SAD SHOOTING ACCIDENT

A BOY KILLS HIS BROTHER

DROUIN, Friday.

– A sad shooting fatality occurred at Drouin to-day, when a boy, aged 7 years, the son of Mr. C. W. Smaley, coachbuilder, Drouin, was accidentally shot dead by his elder brother, with a pea-rifle. Mr. and Mrs. Smaley and their family went away to the Tarago River for a picnic, Mr. Smaley taking

22 *The Argus*, May 17, 1901

*a safety pea rifle with him. He laid it against a tree, and his eldest son picked it up, and the rifle went off. The bullet entered near the younger boy's ear, and penetrated his brain. Death occurred instantaneously. Dr. Druitt, of Drouin, was summoned, and pronounced life extinct.*²³

In 1902, Druitt had been the representative for Koroit at a meeting of the Australian Medical Congress. 1903, however, would see him relocate once more to Drouin, a community in West Gippsland, Victoria.

He continued to practice in Victorian towns throughout the 1900s, but gradually his health began to deteriorate. He had been struggling with diabetes and though he liked to stay as involved in the community as he possibly could, the illness began to take its toll in Lionel's later years.

In 1907, he packed his family and belongings up for the last time and moved to Mentone, a suburb some twenty kilometres [twelve miles] from central Melbourne. He named his property here "Wimborne" after his family's home back in Dorset.

His condition gradually worsened until he passed away on Tuesday,

23 *The Argus*, April 2, 1904.

January 7, 1908 at his home in Mentone, at the age of just fifty-three years. He left behind his wife of almost twenty years and his three daughters, the eldest of whom was only eighteen years old.

He was interred in the Church of England section of the Cheltenham Cemetery in Melbourne on January 9th. The following day, *The Argus* carried a death notice:

*. . . The death of Dr. Lionel Druitt occurred at Mentone on Tuesday evening [January 7, 1908], at the age of 53 years. Dr. Druitt was born at London, and was descended from a family which practised medicine for generations. He was the youngest son of Dr. Robert Druitt, author of Surgeons Vade-Mecum, &c. Dr. Druitt came to Australia about 21 years ago, and practised in different towns in this state [Victoria]. A couple of years ago he removed to Mentone, but gradually failed in health, the ultimate cause of death being diabetes.*²⁴

Back in Tasmania, *The Mercury* also carried a brief mention of Dr. Druitt's passing and his time practicing in Swansea.

Following her husband's death,

24 *The Argus*, January 10, 1908.



S.S. PATEENA

Mrs. Druitt moved back to the state in which she had originally lived, New South Wales, before returning to Victoria. She continued to be involved with various local events and activities, particularly of the craft and horticultural variety, including this one with her youngest daughter Dorothy in 1918:

SWEET LAVENDER

*Mrs. L. Druitt was one of the speakers when a deputation from the Association for Cultivation of Flowers for Scent and Essential Oils waited upon the Victorian Minister for customs recently. With her youngest daughter (Miss Dorothy Druitt) Mrs. Druitt resides on a beautiful old-fashioned apple orchard among the foothills of the Dandenongs. Another daughter is working with other volunteers for the Land Council in England on a farm in Warwickshire (says our Melbourne correspondent.)*²⁵

Outliving her husband by almost thirty years, Mrs. Druitt passed away in February 1937 in the town of Beaumaris, Victoria. The Mercury also felt that her passing warranted a mention:

Mrs. Lionel Druitt died last month in Beaumaris (Victoria). She was the

25 *The Sydney Morning Herald*, March 20, 1918.

*widow of Dr. Lionel Druitt, who was medical practitioner [sic] at Swansea more than 40 years ago. Mrs. Druitt leaves three daughters.*²⁶

Her daughters went on to be married and have families of their own, and some of the descendants of the couple still reside in Australia to this day.

CONCLUSION

Having completed the preceding biography section, I would be happy to leave “Cousin Lionel” at that and finish up. However, for the sake of Ripperology, it is perhaps necessary at this point to take this article full circle and return to where we began – the mysterious document.

As I mentioned earlier, many readers will already be familiar with the story — it is a complex and lengthy one, but just to refresh memories and for the sake of those who aren’t so familiar with it, the short of it is that in the 1950s and 1960s, following production of a television documentary on *Jack the Ripper*, British researcher Daniel Farson began to collect information and correspondence relating to the case, eventually publishing a book titled *Jack the Ripper* in 1972.

26 *The Mercury*, March 12, 1937.

One of these letters was from a Mr. A. Knowles, living in Australia, who claimed that there was a document privately published in 1890 titled *The East End Murderer: I Knew Him*, which had been written by one Lionel Druitt, Drewett or Drewery.

At a similar time, a copy of an 1894 memorandum draft pertaining to the case written by Sir Melville Macnaghten (who became Assistant Chief Constable of the CID in 1889, and who would later become head of the CID), came to light via his daughter, Lady Christabel Aberconway. This memorandum had been intended for private and internal perusal only, and had been written in response to newspaper claims that Thomas Cutbush was a likely candidate for the killer — Macnaghten was attempting to list suspects who should be deemed more likely to have committed the murders. His three suspects were Montague John Druitt, Aaron Kosminski and Michael Ostrog.

In his memorandum summary of the case against Druitt, he states that: . . . *From private information I have little doubt but that his own family suspected this man of being the*

*Whitechapel murderer.*²⁷

Though official copy of this document at Scotland Yard, discovered later, would vary in certain parts, and was in some ways a watered down version of the draft, this part about Druitt remained virtually the same: . . . *From private information I have little doubt but that his own family believed him to have been the murderer.*²⁸

Further communications from Australia pointed Farson in the direction of the Dandenongs, Victoria, and the search for this incriminating document had begun. What looked initially like a fantastic breakthrough, however, soon proved to be anything but. The document proved incredibly difficult to find despite the efforts of, among others, the BBC. The death of Mr. Knowles also didn't help the search.

In 1987's *The Ripper Legacy*, Martin Howells and Keith Skinner chronicled their own research into the subject and their search for the document. After much effort, they concluded that they had tracked it down to be little more than a mish-mash of

²⁷ Sugden, Philip, *The Complete History of Jack the Ripper*, (Robinson, Revised Ed., 2002) p. 379

²⁸ *Ibid.*; p. 380.

confused memories and tangled facts, possibly involving yet another Ripper suspect, Frederick Bailey Deeming, who was hanged in Melbourne in May 1892 for murdering members of his family, and who had been known to use the alias Mr. Drewen. As for this incriminating "privately printed document," it was alleged to have been a supplement from the November 29th, 1890 issue of the *St. Arnaud Mercury* (during which time Lionel Druitt did indeed live in St. Arnaud), and was simply another bogus "I knew Jack" lodger story, unrelated to the matter at hand.

Despite this, there have still been researchers in recent times who have delved deeper into the mystery of the document in the hope that there may still be some truth both in it and the theory that it was written by Montague's cousin, Lionel Druitt.

I don't intend to re-write history here and I have little to add about the document itself other than what has already been said — however, having researched Lionel Druitt and his time in Australia, I believe we can now be in a position to deal with a few points relating to this tale by using a combination of factual and logical points.

Firstly, the Macnaghten Memorandum must not be used as a reliable source of information. In the original draft, which was one of the first leads to this supposed family suspicion, Macnaghten could not even get the age and occupation of M.J. Druitt correct (he claimed he was 41 and a doctor, as opposed to the facts which are that he was 31 and a teacher), and the entire memorandum has simple errors scattered throughout. It is inexplicable that there could be this many errors from a man of Macnaghten's position, and there is therefore no reason to further believe that the information relating to family suspicion was correct. In any case, should there be any truth in it at all, there are numerous instances of families who suspected one of their own, it certainly is not limited to M.J. Druitt.

Secondly, there is no evidence to suggest that Lionel and Montague were particularly close to one another. The argument has previously been made that they would have associated with each other when they were both living and working in London in the early 1880s — this may indeed be true. However, the Druitts were quite a large family and there is nothing

to suggest that Lionel and Montague were closer than any of the rest. Like most families, they would surely have been acquainted with one another, even if it was only through family gatherings and events, but this is hardly enough to say that they had intimate knowledge of one another's doings. In any case, when Lionel left London for Australia in 1886, Montague was teaching at Mr. Valentine's School, where he had been for the previous five years, was playing cricket and was presumably in a relatively stable position, as opposed to the crumbling of his life some two years afterwards.

That brings us to our third point. When Lionel left for Australia, he never saw his cousin alive again. Just over two years later, during the autumn of 1888, the Ripper murders and the suicide of Montague in December, Lionel was half a world away in Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, newly married and doing reasonably well for himself. Presuming for a moment that he would have written such an incriminating document, how could it be possible for him to do so while he was in Australia? Did he receive some inside information

from other members of the family? If so, why did the task fall to him to write the document — why not one of the many other members of the Druitt family still living in London? One of Montague's own siblings rather than one of his cousins? What was the necessity of writing such a document in the first place? We've seen a transcription

...SURELY HAS TO SLIP BEYOND THE REALMS OF LIKELIHOOD.

of a report from the *St. Arnaud Mercury* upon Druitt's departure in March 1891, the same newspaper which had printed the supplement just four months earlier. If there had been any suspicion against Dr. Druitt's family or of his writing such a document at that time, would the newspaper then have printed such a glowing report of the doctor so shortly afterwards?

These questions considered, the

existence of the allegedly missing document surely has to slip beyond the realms of likelihood.

There are further points that could have added to the confusion over the author and origin of *The East End Murderer*. As we've established, Druitt did for a time live in Dandenong Road following his departure from Tasmania, where the document could supposedly be tracked. Yet this was almost a decade after the document was supposedly published. There are more reasons why the names could have been confused in the involvement of Lionel Druitt — aside from the Deeming connection and the search for a document by Druitt, Drewett or Drewery, we've also established that he did, for a

time, practice in a community named Drouin. Also, though unrelated to the document, his original state of New South Wales is home to a community named Mount Druitt. Take all of the above factors, add in a tangled web of places and people, plus the passage of seventy years or more, and you have a recipe for a rather confusing wild goose chase.

Finally, during the course of this

article, we've seen correspondence, both private and public, from Dr. Druitt himself, covering everything from snowball fights to sewage disposal. Indeed, the latter topic surely demonstrates that he liked to keep up to date with what was happening in his old city, and he surely would have kept himself informed of the Whitechapel murders as well. Despite this, from the man who supposedly wrote such an incriminating document, from all of his correspondence unearthed to this point, I have not managed to come across one single reference to the Whitechapel murders of any kind — and fellow Druitt researchers have concurred with me on this point.

All things considered, the story of the Dandenong document is a fascinating chapter and a really interesting tale, be there truth in it or not. There is no doubt that discussion and debate will continue on the candidacy of Montague John Druitt as a Jack the Ripper suspect, and who knows, perhaps a hidden document may one day come to light. We can rarely be certain of these things. There is one thing I believe we can be certain of, however, and that is that should such a document ever surface, the ink that has written it will not have belonged to the pen of Dr. Lionel Druitt.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

There are several organisations and individuals who have been instrumental in piecing together this article. I would like to thank Maureen Martin Ferris and the Glamorgan & Spring Bay Historical Society; the West Sussex Records Office and the Devonport Maritime Museum for their assistance and kind permission to reproduce documents, images and information. Thanks also to the State Library of Tasmania and the Tasmanian Archives. Also, special thanks to John Ruffels, a long time Druitt researcher whose correspondence, assistance and willingness to share information has been greatly appreciated; and to Nina Brown, for once again delving into the newspaper archives for my benefit.

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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 second article for *Casebook Examiner*.



The 1888 Old Bailey and Press Criminal Matrix

BY D. M. GATES AND JEFF BEVERIDGE

You will notice that this paper has a co-author. Mr. Beveridge generated the astounding dataset that is this paper's foundation. Without his efforts this paper could not exist, and his many years devoted to accumulating the data and (more important) his willingness to share the data before he publishes his results, are to be held as the standard for Ripper scholarship in the future. As you read this paper and contemplate its relative value to your understanding, remember this: The guarded approach to data sharing, and the vitriolic responses to new data that have previously marked the Ripperologist, have

done immeasurable harm to this field of study in my opinion. Mr. Beveridge and his contribution belong to that elite sub class of Ripperologist the true Ripper scholar. A sub-class that has as its goal a proper understanding of the events we study. We owe him many thanks for his efforts and generosity: Thank you Mr. Beveridge.

MR. BEVERIDGE'S COMMENTS:

"Why hasn't anyone else tried this before?" I had thought to myself many times during the last three and a half years of documenting crimes in and around the Whitechapel area, circa

1888. My first thought was that maybe they *have* but either it isn't widely known or they simply only collected a relatively small number of interesting cases and left it at that. At about the three-year mark of my research I think I now know why, at the very least, no one has tried to catalogue "hundreds" of cases like I have—either they think the task is a waste of time, or they aren't as obsessive (or possibly as "foolish") as I am! Or to put it more succinctly, "Do you *really* think you are going to catch Jack the Ripper by doing this research after 120 some years and thousands of others trying to solve the great mystery?" My answer to that

question is simply this: do you really believe you are going to strike it rich by purchasing that lottery ticket?

Of course I know that it is like finding a needle in the proverbial “haystack” but I still think it is a worthwhile project. Why? Two reasons—one Ripper related and the other not. Firstly, I have never believed for a second that the “Ripper” crimes were ever solved nor do I believe that the sorry lot of “suspects” that were of interest to investigators during the time were ever worth their weight in salt. And I always believed that because the Ripper seemed to operate in a very small area, he probably had some connection to that area (lived there, worked there, etc.). And though serial killers who are finally caught are not always found to have extensive criminal records, many do. Therefore I hope to at the very least to point out some “people of interest” that might warrant further investigation. And surely a look at those of the criminal class during this period are worthy of scrutiny are they not?

The other reason is simply to gain an understanding of crime during this time period in one of the more poverty-stricken areas of the capital of the

British Empire. During most of my time doing this research I found myself becoming much more interested in the behavior of these people and less so on anything having to do with Jack the Ripper. The more I learned about life in London’s East End and the struggles of the poor and working class during this time period the more it felt like reading a modern day newspaper or journal and the less it felt like reading about something that happened in the past. The archetypes at the forefront of my mind relating to poor, Victorian London began to fall away—Jack the Ripper, the works of Charles Dickens, and even the “people of the abyss.” I can only describe this feeling as the difference one feels at actually visiting or even living in a famous city or country that you had only read about for part of your life. Not that this research makes me any kind of expert by any stretch of the imagination, but I do feel that such research is meaningful in itself in providing context to time and place, regardless of the discovery or lack thereof of any of the hidden “chestnuts” of history, like the identity of Jack the Ripper.

Here is a very short summary of my research method. The primary

sources of my research were the *Old Bailey Online* website which represented about 40 percent of the cases I recorded, and contemporary newspapers of the era, including the *Times* (of London), *Lloyd’s Weekly*, the *Illustrated Police News*, the *Daily News* (of London) and, to a lesser extent, several other newspapers (newspapers accounted for the other 60 percent). I focused on crimes committed in the years 1875-1895, with a particular focus on the years 1887-1889. Suspects had to be between the ages of 15-75 during the year of the Ripper murders, almost exclusively male (with a few exceptions), had been convicted of or been charged with someone who was convicted of a crime, and had some connection (site of the crime, where they lived and other criteria) to a geographical area around the Ripper murder locations. This *area* was not set in stone, but generally encompassed about a mile to a mile and a half around the center of Whitechapel. I excluded suspects who committed crimes I felt were not indicative of what modern criminologists would associate with a serial killer (gambling, sodomy, business violations, etc).

I was also more “lenient” about

what crimes I selected when getting further from the Ripper crime locations. So, for example, I might record a relatively minor crime of passing bad money, or fraud in a place like Whitechapel or Spitalfields, but I would not in an area like Shoreditch or Poplar. Crimes were recorded in a database with information about the crime, the suspect, the location of the crime, and the sentence of the crime when it could be determined (in about 20 percent of the cases I could not find the result of the trial). An attempt was made to “link” suspects of separate crimes, though this can be difficult.

I plan to expand the database in the future by photographing some of the actual police court cases from the London Metropolitan Library instead of solely relying on blurbs from newspapers, which only report a small fraction of such cases and often get some of the details wrong. I have shared some of the data I have with David Gates for this article. I plan to eventually put the database online for everyone to access.

MY METHODOLOGY

Having received a bulk data infusion, the first task was to plot the crimes on a map. Two maps were used in this

process, the 1894 Ordnance Survey [OS] map and 1888 Kelly Directory map for those points not covered by the OS map sheet. This, in conjunction with the *Kelly Directory* street listings, allows for a level of precision within 50 feet or so of the actual position. This is of course when the data was specific enough for such a location to be determined, as when a address is given for the event. Some of the data contained no such information. In those cases a street name was given but no address, and the point plotted was the result of stochastic processes. Additionally, I am using an overlay that is less than precisely defined, and contains some error in placement (unavoidable) within the mapping program. This is a non-actionable set of data boundaries and results in an unquantifiable margin of error in plot placement. I cannot say if the various dividing lines correspond with 100 percent accuracy to the physical reality. I can say that the overlays are laid in as best as can be done with the program used, and I expect the physical deviation to be within 50 feet. Therefore, when a crime is described, for example, as in Brick Lane, stochastic processes determine whether the resulting plot is in Spitalfields or

a surrounding area. Thirteen-and-a-half percent of sites plotted correspond to boundary streets. Additionally, there is a 1.85 percent margin of error that exists when the road in question crosses a boundary and no exact location is to be had. This error, when combined with the previously described error, results in a total margin of error for the macro dataset of 15.35 percent, which in turn results in dataset accuracy of 86.65 percent in regard to the placement of plots within the correct geographic area. As mentioned, these errors are multi-causal and non-actionable and this must be borne in mind when reviewing the dataset. It should also be understood this is the 1888 subset of Mr. Beveridge’s data, and as such has signature elements not present in his macro investigation of East End criminality. When the 1888 subset deviates from the macro picture it is mentioned here, and serves as a reminder of the value of the publishing of Mr. Beveridge’s data in total.

THE SPITALFIELDS SUBSET

Spitalfields in 1891 had a population of 22,859¹. The Spitalfields Old Bailey

1 “Demographics - Casebook Forums”, forum.casebook.org (accessed 11/1/2010, 2010).

dataset consists of six (6) plots. These six consist of a pair each (2) of violent thefts and burglaries and, one (1) each of breaking and entering, and counterfeiting. Two of these plots arise from a pair of offenders launching a violent attack in Wilkes Court on April 12, 1888.

The Spitalfields' press dataset consists of nine (9) plottings. Six (6) of these plots are distinctly violent in nature. These violent plots consist of a pair (2) each of felonious wounding and assault. Additionally, there are one each (1) of assault on a policeman and violent theft. The average age of the Spitalfields press reports' violent offender is 32.66 years. The other press events are two (2) thefts and one (1) charge of abduction of an underage female.

THE WHITECHAPEL SUBSET

Whitechapel in 1891 contained 32,326 people.² The Whitechapel Old Bailey dataset consists of 21 separate defendants. Eleven (11) of these defendants committed acts that are violent in nature and they consisted entirely of violent thefts. In addition, the data contains four (4) burglaries, four (4) thefts,

² *ibid.*

three (3) incidents of picking pockets, and a charge of breaking and entering. The average age of the Whitechapel Old Bailey violent offender is 21.72 years in a set of 11.

The Whitechapel press dataset contains sixteen (16) defendants. This includes a four defendant violent subsection consisting of two (2) violent thefts, one (1) each of assault on a police officer and a threat of violence. The average age of the Whitechapel press violent offender is 33.25 years. In the data there are six (6) theft defendants, stemming from five events. The remaining six plots consist of a pair (2) each of charges of picking pockets and burglary, and one (1) each of breaking and entering and receiving stolen goods.

THE ST. GEORGE'S EAST SUBSET (SGE)

St. George's in the East contained 10,551 people in 1891.³ The Old Bailey Dataset for SGE contains 11 defendants. One (1) charge each of breaking and entering and burglary make up the data outside of the violent subsection. The violent subsection contains four (4) violent thefts, and one (1) each

³ *ibid.*

of the following: felonious wounding, unlawful wounding, assault, assault on a police officer, and attempted murder. The average age of the SGE Old Bailey violent offender in 1888 is 26 years.

The SGE press dataset consists of 10 plots. Of these ten (10), seven (7) are violent in nature. The average age of the SGE press violent offender is 25.16 years. The SGE press dataset contains: a pair (2) each of violent theft and theft. There are four (4) assaults, one of which was on a policeman. There is one unlawful wounding and one (1) report of an abduction of an underage female.

THE CITY SUBSET

I have no data on the population of the City of London for 1891. These figures represent approximately 1/4 of the geographical area (extreme east) of the city. The Old Bailey Dataset for the city contains six (6) defendants. Three (3) of these events are burglaries, two (2) of which stem from a singular event. The remaining consist of one (1) each counterfeiting, receiving stolen goods, and theft.

The city press dataset consists of eleven (11) persons. Thefts account for seven (7) of these. The remainder is a

pair (2) each assaults on police officers and burglaries.

THE MURDER DISTRICT SUBSET

The murder district, the area roughly within which the Whitechapel Murders occurred, had no fixed population total at this time (this is an excellent research question). The Old Bailey dataset for the district contains 16 defendants. One half of this set is covered in eight (8) violent thefts. The remainder are three (3) each burglaries and breaking and entering, one (1) each counterfeiting and picking pockets. The average age of the district Old Bailey violent offender is 22.16 years.

The district press dataset contains 18 plots. Four of these are violent in nature and consist of one (1) each for violent theft; threat of violence; assault, and an assault on a police officer. The average age of the press violent offender is 31.25 years.

DIFFERENTIAL REPORTING

The age discrepancy in the last dataset regarding violent offenders demonstrates the value of Mr. Beveridge's contribution. Without *both* datasets

(Old Bailey and that generated from the press accounts) no comparison would be possible. Without the holistic approach employed by Mr. Beveridge we would be at the mercy of a singular dataset (Old Bailey) and would not be able to see the reality with as much clarity, or the discrepancy between sets.

To demonstrate the importance of this let us take Spitalfields as an example. In the images that follow you will also see the margin of error discussed at the outset regarding boundaries.

Note the dotted lines on the Booth map sheet. These are defining boundaries. Note that they do not correlate at 100 percent with the blue line, the defining line used in the creation of this dataset. The reason is two-fold. The Booth maps I have are not of sufficient detail to allow a perfect placement within the program used, and The Booth maps I have are not of sufficient detail to allow a perfect placement within the program used, and a map like that generated by "Septic Blue" posted on this thread on Casebook .org⁴ would have been

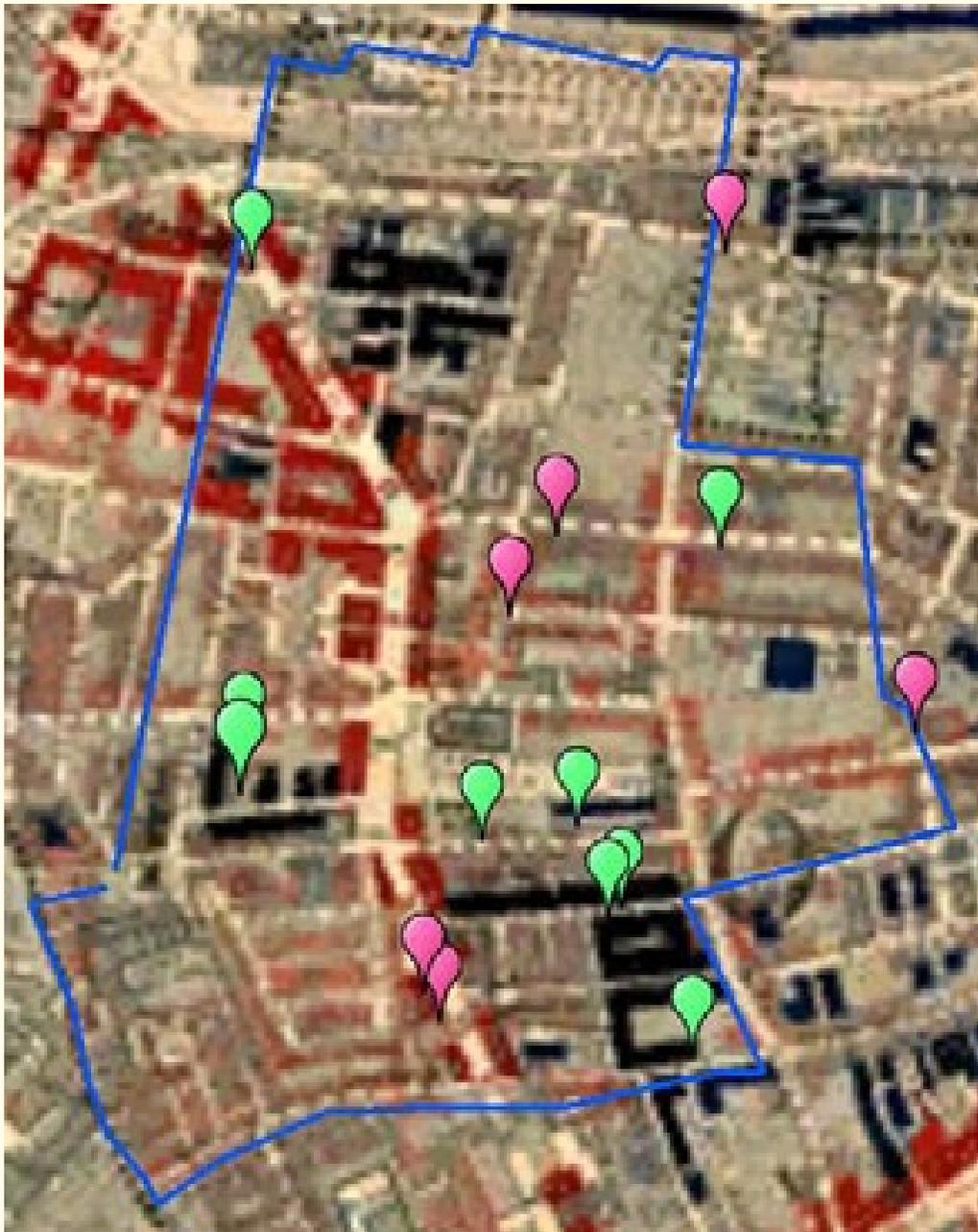
⁴ "Exact Boundaries of Whitechapel and Other Boroughs - Page 2 - Casebook Forums", forum.casebook.org (accessed 11/29/2010, 2010).

more accurate. The pink balloon at top right is the attempted murder in the Spitalfields Old Bailey data. Pink Balloons are Old Bailey data, green are press data. Of note is the affinity of press data for areas shaded black in the Booth map sheet. This indicates differential reporting that corresponds to known class identity, and suggests press reporting was class-sensitive in nature. **(See map 1 overleaf)**

While on the subject of differential reporting, and the benefit Mr. Beveridge's work has brought to us all, we should consider the makeup of the Spitalfields press data. The *Times* accounts for 77.7 percent of Spitalfields Press Reports. **(See map 2 overleaf)**

An overwhelming affinity for Booth classifications can be seen. In large measure, the *Times* is the reason behind the current reputation of Spitalfields among novice Ripper scholars. The scope of this differential reporting in the *Times* is staggering. Fully 83.33 percent of *Times* reports are in Booth semi-vicious and criminal areas. Compare this with just 0 percent of Old Bailey plots in Spitalfields in 1888.

Spitalfields is also regarded as violent by many Ripper scholars. I



MAP 1



MAP 2

submit that this is because 100% of violent crime reported in the press and occurring in Spitalfields in 1888 belongs to the *Times*. When we couple this with earlier scholars' reliance on *Times* material as an accurate gauge of endemic criminality and violence and the widespread distribution of the *Times* mythos regarding Spitalfields, you get the basis for the widespread modern, pernicious, and erroneous belief that Spitalfields in 1888 was a surreal Thunderdome-like soup of criminality and violence. This is one area of this topic that differs from the Macro data (hopefully appearing soon). The effect of this differential reporting can be seen early in Ripper studies, and I submit that in large measure is responsible for Dorset Street being labeled the worst Street in London.⁵

While there were certainly other factors involved in the generation of this conception, the full impact of *Times* differential reporting cannot be ascertained, and is very widespread in its distribution as a Google search of "Dorset Street, London" will readily evidence. The *Times* recording of violent events in Spitalfields can be seen

⁵ "Casebook: Jack the Ripper - the Worst Street in London", www.casebook.org/ (accessed 11/7/2010, 2010).

below. **(see map 3 overleaf)** While I can explain the scope of *Times* input in terms of newspaper size (resources expended on coverage), there are some aspects of Spitalfields press reporting I cannot explain. The widespread perception of Spitalfields as overwhelmingly violent has a root in contemporary press coverage. Violence reports in the press for Spitalfields are in the photo below. If we combine differential reporting with the understanding that the more violent you paint the area, the less aberrant these killings become you will gain an understanding for how the conception was born and fostered. This is another area where the macro picture is different from the Spitalfields specific data. When street length is taken as a variable, Dorset Street does emerge as one of the worst streets. Street length, however, was not a variable used by the Victorians, as the ample secondary sourcing will attest to with nary a mention of it as an operative variable. If it was a variable in the Booth analysis, the subsequent secondary-sourced material has taken Booth out of context in regard to Dorset Street. In terms of 1888 events, Dorset Street contains but one. I am not implying

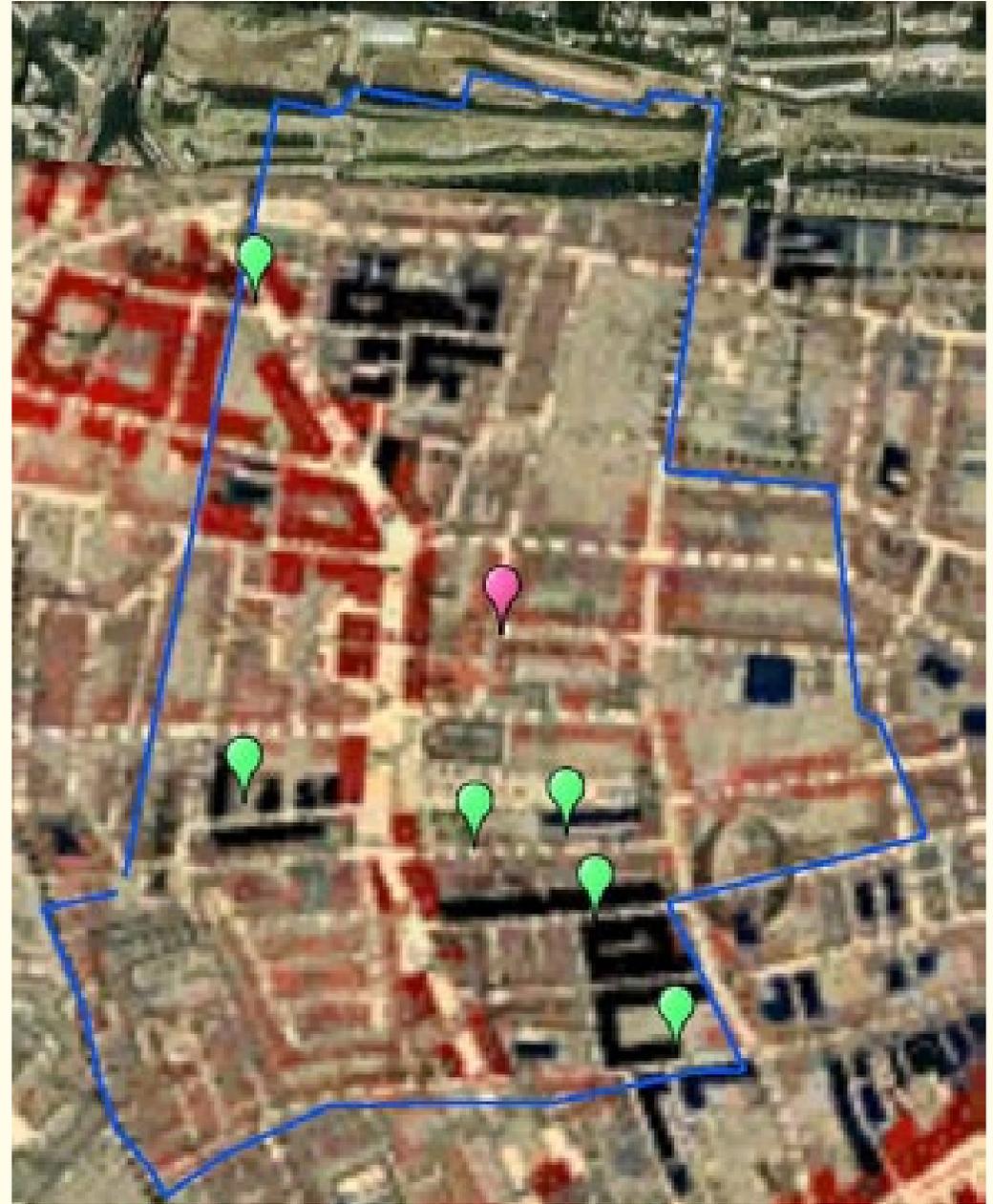
the *Times* focused on Spitalfields over other areas in recording crime, I am illustrating the crime reports of the *Times* for Spitalfields in 1888 differ markedly from the Old Bailey recordings of the same criteria and also appears to heavily favor a Booth classification category as it pertains to the 1888 data. The macro data does indeed indicate that Spitalfields was more criminal in nature than surrounding areas, but the temporal environment in which the murders occurred (1888) does not. *Times* reporting is differential because it differs markedly from official data with a significant affinity for a certain class. The photo below shows recordings of 1888 violent events, Old Bailey in pink and the press in green. The pink balloon is actually two balloons from a singular event. **(see map 4 overleaf)**

INTERESTING TIDBITS

There are some notable discoveries stemming from this widespread and holistic approach to east end criminality. One is that a group mugging occurred at the intersection of Whitechapel High Street, Leman Street, and Commercial Street on the



MAP 3



MAP 4

10th of January 1888.⁶ This is also a location given by the 1888 *Dickens's Dictionary* as an H division fixed point.⁷ This brings into question the efficacy of visible police officers as a deterrent mechanism for criminal behaviors.

The second involves one of the Stride witnesses, James Brown, who on 2 July 1888 faced between three years and life at penal servitude for a royal coining offense.^{8 9}

Crimes closest to Macnaghten victim recovery sites are likely to be of interest to some. They are given here for the Macnaghten sequence and are presented regardless of press or Old Bailey origin with the closest both temporally (T) and geographically (G).

Mary Ann Nichols (G) 445 ft threat of violence (on 9/18/88) (T) 12 days theft

6 "Old Bailey Online - the Proceedings of the Old Bailey, 1674-1913 - Central Criminal Court", www.oldbaileyonline.org (accessed 11/1/2010, 2010).

7 Charles Dickens, *Dickens's Dictionary of London, 1888: An Unconventional Handbook*. (Moretonhampstead, Devon: Old House Books, 1993), 103.

8 *Old Bailey Online - the Proceedings of the Old Bailey, 1674-1913 - Central Criminal Court*, t18880702-621

9 "Coinage Offences - LoveToKnow 1911", www.1911encyclopedia.org (accessed 11/8/2010, 2010).

Annie Chapman (G) 85 ft counterfeiting on (6/16/88) (T) 4 days theft

Elizabeth Stride (G) 225 ft B&E on 6/20/88) (T) 12 days threat of violence

Catherine Eddowes (G) 265 ft counterfeiting on (12/02/88) (T) 12 days threat of violence

Mary Kelly (G) 126 ft felonious wounding on (12/26/88) (the sole press crime on Dorset in 1888, and compliments of the Times) (T) 8 days assault on a police officer.

It may also help some to contextualize by knowing the data regarding criminality within the Macnaghten sequence both temporally and geographically. Again this data subset is comprised of both Old Bailey and press reports. This dataset contains four (4) persons regarding thefts, three of which stem from a single event. There are also four (4) violent crime sites consisting of one (1) each, threat of violence, violent theft, felonious wounding, and assault on a police officer. The average age of the Macnaghten sequence violent offender was 31.5 years.

Mile End New Town has been maligned in Ripper studies also. The area bounded by the Macnaghten sequence has been touted by many Ripperologists as being homogeneously criminal. This painting of the

background of our crimes, however, is in error. Approximately 10 percent of the Macnaghten sequence area, marked by the white balloon in the photo below, is occupied by Mile End New Town. **(see map 5 overleaf)**

This area suffered *no* observable crime in 1888. There exists neither a press report nor Old Bailey proceeding for the area indicated in the photo below. Every Ripper writer who has asserted district criminal homogeneity in 1888 has been in error. The modality of this error is ignorance. If any one of these experts had stopped secondary source interpretations and invested the effort to gather the data, they would have seen this facet of the 1888 reality. This can be added to the list of valuable understandings that the holistic dataset has brought to light through geographic correlation. It is also an area that illustrates what the macro data indicates, namely the Spitalfields differed markedly from surrounding areas.

Thank You Mr. Beveridge for sharing your hard won data prior to publishing and providing an admirable example of scholarly behavior! It has helped me greatly in assigning a value to the truly aberrant nature of the killings we study.



MAP 4

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Biography

David Gates

My name is Dave. I was born in Kansas and still reside there. I have been an airborne soldier and a carpenter. I then suffered a stroke at age 33, and, after several years of rehab, recently graduated from the University of Kansas with degrees in Anthropology and History. I genuinely enjoy both, and they marry together well. My concentrations in both areas have been centered on the First Nations of North America. I am now looking seriously for work, preferably a job that would allow me to use my finely honed research skills. My sense of humor is very dry, and usually on prominent display. Since coming to the case, I have been, and continue to be, fascinated by both the anthropological and historical issues

involved, I wish my fellow students of this phenomenon well and I urge them to look outside the “facts” of the case to increase their understanding of these events more fully.





Undercover
Our regular read between the lines.
Investigations

Jack the Ripper – The Definitive Story

Written by Paul Begg & John Bennett
Produced and Directed by Jeff Leahy

2 x 45 mins, broadcast 11th and 20th January 2011 Channel Five (UK)

Documentaries about Jack the Ripper are curious things. Usually promising the viewer some wonderful revelation as to the killer's identity, or maybe promising to reveal some previously unseen evidence. They are the TV equivalent of the tabloid press. They use sensationalism to attract audiences and in turn, generate advertising revenue for the broadcasting companies. The story of Jack the Ripper, his crimes, and the subsequent police investigation, has often been skewed one way or another in order to fit a particular suspect theory, often leaving viewers who are new to the case under false impressions of the true established facts behind what actually happened back in 1888.

With this in mind, Jeff Leahy, Paul Begg and John Bennett have spent several years producing a documentary that sets out to tell the story of Jack the Ripper as accurately as possible, and without descending into the wild speculation



normally associated with suspect based programmes.

I had high expectations for this programme, with its use of computer generated reconstructions of the murder sites, and its linear storytelling approach. I'm happy to say that I wasn't disappointed. Covering the whole story of the Whitechapel murders from 1888 to 1891, but concentrating in particular on the crimes attributed to Jack, the pro-

mention in particular showed Mary Ann Nichols writing the letter to her father, so familiar from its inclusion in numerous books on the case. However, I felt this gained additional poignancy simply through it being read out by an actress. Little touches like this, which highlighted the lives of the unfortunate victims, helped to give a much more balanced and "human" story than would otherwise have been the case.

Similarly, the Miller's Court reconstruction really came into its own when the "camera" suddenly rose up from outside the door to Mary Kelly's room to show a kind of aerial view over the roof of numbers 25 and 26 Dorset Street. An impressive view that really brought home how close Mary's room, the scene of her horrible and depraved murder, was to the hustle and bustle of the street outside. Other recreations, such as Buck's Row

...AMAZING CGI RECREATIONS OF THE MURDER SITES.

gramme used a good combination of live action and computer graphics. Worthy of mention was Paul Begg, widely known as a leading Ripper author, who I felt really excelled himself as the documentary's narrator.

Some of the live action scenes were filmed in Chatham Dockyard, using actors that as closely as possible resembled the original people in the case. This showed real dedication on the part of the programme makers to bring the characters we've all read about so many times to life on the screen. One scene worthy of

One of the main draws of the programme was Jake Luukanen's amazing CGI recreations of the murder sites. The scenes of Mitre Square and Miller's Court took my breath away when I saw them. Today, Mitre Square is quite open and spacious, but through Jake's reconstruction we were shown just how small and claustrophobic it all looked when surrounded by warehouses and lit only by three dim gas lamps. The 360-degree camera pan, showing PC Watkins shining his lamp over the rain slicked setts of the square was particularly memorable.

and Berner Street, were shown with overlaid maps, computer markings and crosshairs included, in order to illustrate the work involved in getting the dimensions just right, in order to accurately bring 1888 East End London to our screens.

A few suspects were covered in the very last part of the documentary, although these were restricted to those investigated by the police at the time of the murders, rather than any of the more modern theories; but aside from that, the programme concentrated on the story itself.



I did feel that the programme suffered a little at the hands of Channel Five, as apparently there were certain parts of the story that had to be edited out at the behest of the broadcaster in order to fit the two 45 minute broadcast slots. An extended version is to be shown on the History channel in the near future, with a full length two and a half hour version to be released on DVD later this year. This will include the scenes that were edited out of the televised version and will also include DVD extras and a “making of” feature on a second disc.

Since the programme was broadcast, it has been the subject of a great deal of debate on the Casebook: Jack the Ripper and jtrforums message boards. Some have been critical of the less suspect

based approach, whilst others have questioned factual errors in the narrative, or perceived visual inaccuracies in the reconstructions, such as the level of visible light in Mitre Square. With such a multi-faceted subject as that of the Whitechapel murders, it’s inevitable that the occasional error will have crept in whilst making such an intricate production as this. These are, I feel, minor points which are to be addressed in time for the History channel and DVD versions.

Whilst the documentary will not satisfy any seasoned Ripperologist wanting to see their own personal “likely suspect” featured prominently, it will please those looking for a good quality, well-made reconstruction of the Jack the Ripper story. This is the kind of programme that

is likely to attract new people to study the subject of the Whitechapel murders, which as Jeff Leahy has stated recently, was one of the main reasons for making it.

After years of watching half-hearted documentaries filled with inaccurate portrayals of the victims and the streets of the East End, at last we have a documentary for those who appreciate a well made and well presented, accurate telling of the story of Jack the Ripper. Highly recommended.



My Rating
Andrew Firth

Jack the Ripper: The German Suspect

**Based on the research of Trevor Marriott
Directed by Ian A. Hunt**

Broadcast - National Geographic Monday 3rd January 2011 (UK)

Jack the Ripper: The German Suspect was originally broadcast on the National Geographic channel in the UK on Monday, January 3rd, at 9 pm. The documentary, which focused on research undertaken by Trevor Marriott, promised to reveal the identity of Jack the Ripper as being that of Carl Feigenbaum, a German merchant sailor who had also committed murders in New York.

The documentary begins with a surprisingly sparse introduction to the case, complete with screaming women, fog-filled alleys and a shadowy killer wielding a knife. Then we go straight to New York. The program makers draw comparisons between London's East End and the Lower East Side of New York, before focusing on the Carrie Brown murder of 1891. Marriott believes there are significant similarities between the Brown murder and the Ripper murders. Most notably,

he compares the crosses etched on Brown's back and abdomen to the crosses on Catherine Eddowes' face (according to Marriott, Eddowes had two crosses carved into her cheeks, a piece of evidence no other Ripperologist has noticed until now; note, however, the position of the crosses, as we shall refer to them later). A question this raised for me about the likelihood of Brown being a Ripper murder is that since she was found in similar circumstances to Kelly (in a room, her killer allowed to do whatever he pleased with the body), why was a similar level of violence and brutality not present?

Marriott then investigated similar murders in the area and he believes that Carl Feigenbaum, the perpetrator of the local murder Juliana Hoffman, in 1894, was responsible for both the Brown murder and the Ripper murders due to the similar knife used. While Marriott notes that Feigenbaum was a

more likely suspect than some others as he has actually killed a woman in a "Ripper like fashion" with a knife, surely being able to prove he was actually in London during the autumn of 1888 would be an important piece of evidence that would decide on his candidacy as a suspect. Unfortunately for Marriott and his theory, he is unable to find such evidence, simply as the files in question are missing and you do genuinely feel sorry for him as his disappointment is clear, he speculates that this is because Feigenbaum's lawyer had the same theory and took the files. At this point the narrator states that Marriott believes he now has enough evidence that Feigenbaum is Jack the Ripper. Since Marriott is an ex-police officer that he considers this to be enough evidence is a disturbing concept!

Finally, the documentary takes us to Whitechapel to examine the murders.

The recreations are not very accurate (including errors in the geography and layout to locations and how the bodies were discovered). One of particular note is Diemschutz walking into Dutfield's Yard, rather than riding in on a pony and trap. The recreations are interspersed with other aspects of Marriott's investigation — speaking to historians, psychologists, pathologists, etc. The psychologist in particular raises an eyebrow as he states he “can kinda think like these guys, I can just walk in their shoes” raising questions if his analysis is based on solid scientific evidence and analysis (as psychology should be) or just gut feeling.

The scenario of the computer images showing Eddowes' injury is fascinating, but claims to be “balanced and objective” and shows crosses where the V's or triangles are on Eddowes' face that every other report, diagram and autopsy photograph seems to neglect, which raises serious questions about the objectivity of this recreation, but even more interestingly puts them on a different part of the face than that pointed out by Marriott earlier! During his virtual autopsy, Marriott consults different experts from the medical profession on the mutilations and the

likelihood of organs being removed at the scene (to support Marriott's theory that the Ripper did not take the organs but that they were stolen later). The major failing of this is that these men in their professional work are used to removing organs with care, but the Ripper may not necessarily have taken care. Perhaps consulting a butcher on the time scale would have been more accurate.

Overall, Trevor Marriott has made an intrepid attempt to identify the Ripper, but has taken several leaps of logic in his investigation, taken certain “evidence” to be irrefutable, while the investigative “team” featured all seem to have been briefed to just support Trevor's theory, calling into serious question serious the objectiveness of the presentations.



My Rating
Jon Rees

**...THE RIPPER
DID NOT TAKE
THE ORGANS BUT
THAT THEY WERE
STOLEN LATER...**

In Pursuit of Jack the Ripper: An Introduction to the Whitechapel Murders

Robert A. Snow

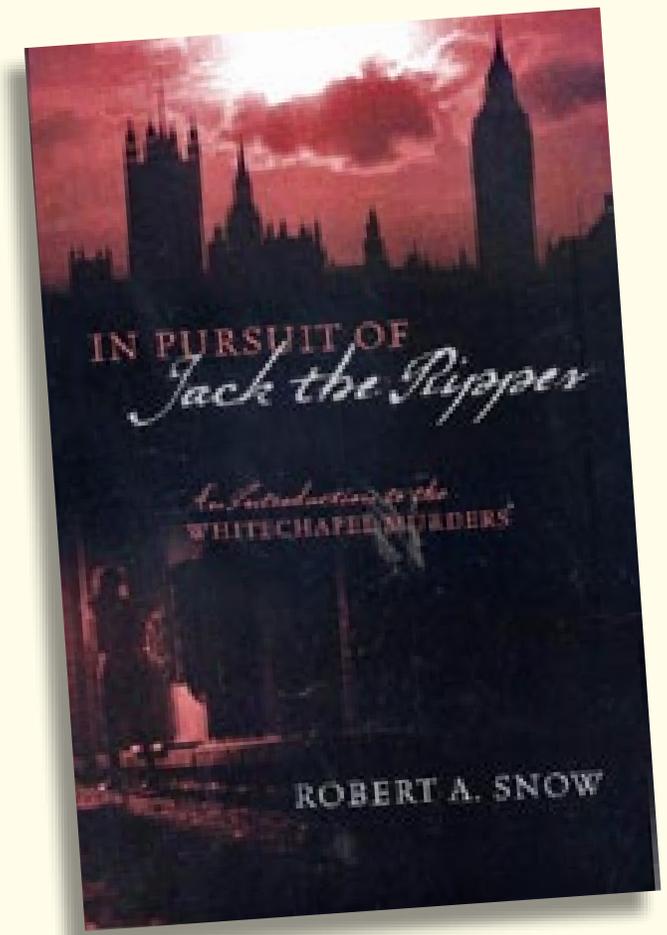
2011 Outskirts Press Paperback 238 pp, 1 map, 1 illu. £13.95/\$17.95

This book, by the former Deputy Chief of the Suffolk County (N.Y.) Police Department and a now nationally recognized cold-case investigator, is just what the subtitle suggests—a primer on the murders in Whitechapel from 1888-91. Mainly using contemporary news reports, Snow moves the narrative from the murders of Emma Smith to that of France Coles and then looks at the victims, crime scenes, suspects and so on. And within that framework he does an exemplary job.

I have some minor niggles with presentation, which I will get out of the way immediately as there is much to like about the book. To begin with, the type-face is difficult to read. Not quite so monumentally bad as that in the hardcover version of Martin Fido's

The Crimes, Detection and Death of Jack the Ripper, but not a felicitous font choice. Perhaps, a book intended primarily for non-Ripperologists should have had crime scene diagrams at least.

Now to the good things about the book. First and foremost, it is a no-nonsense presentation built on contemporary newspaper reports and a few more modern books and that cuts down significantly on the errors within the book. Some still creep in, though, like the assertion that Mrs. Emma Green, whose room fronted on Buck's Row, was a "light sleeper." She was not—she was a *self-proclaimed* light sleeper who in truth might well have slept through a brass band concert beneath her window. The suspects, however, are all treated quite objectively, which



is a big plus. Most laudable, though, is that the author explains such disparate words and terms as *ecchymosis* or *side-spring boots* that are apt to be unfamiliar to most readers.

In what might seem an odd observation, I would suggest that Snow wrote the book too objectively. Of course, he did express an “opinion” of sorts by giving uncritical attention to profiling—criminal and geographic—and by effectively dismissing all the known suspects. Still, it would have been interesting to hear from someone with Snow’s background some of his ideas about the way the investigation was conducted and what possible leads might yet be pursued. It would be hard to believe that an investigator like Snow did not often have ideas as to suspects and police procedure as he investigated — he should have shared them.

Anyone new to the field of Jack the Ripper would well be advised to consider this book; certainly it is less daunting as an introduction than Sugden and would only whet the appetite for more information. For Ripperologists, because there is really nothing new within the pages I give it 3½ stars, but as a possible gift for a non-Ripperologist it deserves a full four or a mite more.

**...EFFECTIVELY
DISMISSING ALL
THE KNOWN
SUSPECTS.**



My Rating
Don Souden

The Roses of Whitechapel

By Jonathan Kaufman and Martin Stiff
Director Juliette Grassby

Sunday 7th November 2010 Greenwich Playhouse

Like many other amateur Ripperologists, my ears always prick up at the mere mention of the word 'Whitechapel' within the media, always hoping that it might relate to the infamous events of autumn 1888. So when the phrase 'The Roses of Whitechapel' emerged from my car radio one Sunday afternoon as I was about to turn off the engine I paused to listen and was rewarded when the BBC London show interviewed the writers of a forthcoming play about Jack, as well as one of the actresses.

The production, originally staged 10 years ago as *Proper Red Stuff: Deconstructing Jack the Ripper*, was scheduled for a short run at Greenwich Playhouse in South East London and so, prompted by my newly discovered love of theatre (sparked by the brilliant, recent Sherlock Holmes one-man performances), I booked tickets for the Sunday matinee.

When the day arrived, accompanied by two friends, I eventually managed to locate the theatre, despite a lack of signage and clear instructions. We ascertained it was situated above a pub in the corner of a courtyard and that access could only be found via the side bar, this was very confusing. Once inside the theatre it was clear that the performance was to be a 'studio' production and we took our seats in the tiny rectangular space fronted on three sides by seats. For those of you who may not be aware, studio performances have an incredible intimacy with the performers generally on the same floor level as the audience and quite often *very* close to the viewing public. Looking round, I was interested to observe that, as is strangely often the case with Jack the Ripper events, the vast majority of the audience were women.

The stage was sparsely lit, with minimal set decoration; little more than

a bench and a few stools. After a matter of minutes, and with an almost full house, the lights dimmed and introductory music played from the PA.

By the slightly 'romantic' title I'd guessed that *The Roses of Whitechapel* would focus primarily on the victims of Jack — in this case the five canonical women — and it is to Mary Jane Kelly that we are first introduced as she staggers into the performance space, falls to her knees and vomits very convincingly mere inches from my feet, accompanied by an Irish twanged drunken rant. The language is ripe and littered with Victorian slang and swearing. Gradually, we are introduced to all five women and immediately we are presented with an impression of what their personalities may have been like. Cleverly, although probably not entirely accurately, each woman, including the feisty and drunken Kelly, displays her

own unique idiosyncrasies: Polly Ann Nichols – solemn and pensive, Annie Chapman – vulgar, slightly rotund and cackling, Liz Stride – haunted, elegant and with a soft Swedish lilt, Catherine Eddowes – confident, sassy, comedic and lumbered with a broad Brummie accent. Costumes were sparse and to my untrained eye, not particularly accurate. It seemed that these details were kept to a minimum so as not to

and you are suddenly struck by the humanity and femininity of the five women. The play clearly aimed to draw the audience into the women’s conversations (spoilt only by the almost inevitable ‘Cor’ blimey Guv’nor’ cliché that all East-End drama seems to insist on including) and their very existence within the grim Whitechapel environment. At times it was easy to forget that they will eventually all meet a

has died they occasionally reappear as ‘ghosts’ commenting on their situation in a concept that isn’t as corny as it may appear. Back on this mortal coil, though, we are also party to the remaining women’s panic as gossip and news of the murders spreads throughout the Whitechapel prostitute community and we are witness to how terrifying this must have been to them. Once their character dies, each of the

...THAT ISN'T AS CORNY AS IT MAY APPEAR.

draw attention from the five personalities being portrayed on stage.

The women are depicted as friends, or at least ‘working’ colleagues (something that, of course, in reality was highly unlikely) and are shown drinking together and sharing stories in a pub. A pecking order amongst the women is evident as each individual indulges in lengthy monologues — some amusing and some sad — about their lives as a prostitute. The large doses of Victorian vernacular give the performances an air of authenticity

grisly demise. This dramatic strategy was only partly successful, however, and was really only dependent on the strength of each actresses’ performance. Studio productions with their close relationship between performers and audience are very unforgiving and any air of unbelievability in either the script or delivery is accentuated.

Gradually, the murders occur, although none are represented on stage, again, as if the very details of the acts would detract from the humanity they affected. Once each woman

actresses then also takes on other roles (although, curiously, now they are all men) amongst them a policeman, Frederick Abberline and George Lusk.

Jack himself also appears and is represented in symbolic form only, with no attempt to make his character real and tangible. He is played with menace by Keith Chanter and portrayed as an anonymous, tall and elegantly foreboding gent. But don’t be mistaken, in the *Roses of Whitechapel* Jack the Ripper only plays a supporting role.

Most of the performances were good, especially Rebecca Livermore as Catherine Eddowes who was exceptional and really breathed life into the role. Fortunately, the producers didn't go down the usual route of hiring very young, very pretty women (apologies to the actresses!) to play the victims, although a couple were possibly a little younger than they should have been and ironically Laoisha O'Callaghan, who played Mary Jane Kelly was actually a little older. The only weak performance for me was that of Sara Mason, who played Polly Nichols, and unfortunately as her role as the first of Jack's victims developed into her pretty much leading the entire play, offering narratives and monologues throughout, her acting style became a problem for the production.

The first 'half' of the play was much longer than the second and all in all the performance lasted about an hour and a half with the second part lasting a mere twenty minutes. Whereas the first half was a little hit and miss with its emphasis on character building and attempting to give the audience a flavour of life as an East End prostitute in the 1880s, the second part was heart pounding, crackling with tension

and suspense as the production's focus switched to the enigma of Mary Jane Kelly and her inevitable horrific death.

I'll refrain from going into any more detail about how the climax of the murders is portrayed, but it was gripping and emotional. And, to be honest, it was the emotional impact of the play and its effect on me as someone who has digested countless books, documentaries and dramas about Jack the Ripper that really took me by surprise. On reflection, it was clear that this was the whole purpose of the play.

It was all about the women. Forget top hats and Gladstone bags or any investigation into whether Jack was Tumblety, Kosminski or Gull. In the *Roses of Whitechapel* these details are superfluous. What the play aims to do is show that five *real* women with histories, families and a right to exist lost their lives and that this fact shouldn't be forgotten and buried under a stylish, melodramatic London fog.

Rather than being simply secondary (although albeit essential) characters in the Jack the Ripper legend, the *Roses of Whitechapel* gives the victims the lead roles in the tragic tale. This premise is summed up at the end of the performance, where in an incredibly

moving and thought-provoking bit of theatre, the five women, post mortem, surround and confront Jack, accusing him of killing for fame and legendary status. They then proceed to point out that in fact, it is only the names of the women he killed that have become known to the world. Today nobody knows the real name of Jack the Ripper but the names of Polly Nichols, Annie Chapman, Liz Stride, Catherine Eddowes and Mary Jane Kelly have been passed down through history.

Would I recommend *Roses of Whitechapel* to any Ripperologist? Well, as a study of the murderer's technique, his motives and possible strategy with the view of offering a solution to the eternal question of his identity, I would say no. But as a theoretical snapshot into the existence of the five women who had their right to live cruelly removed, and as an attempt to remind us that they were real people rather than just grainy, grotesque mortuary photographs, I would say most definitely yes.



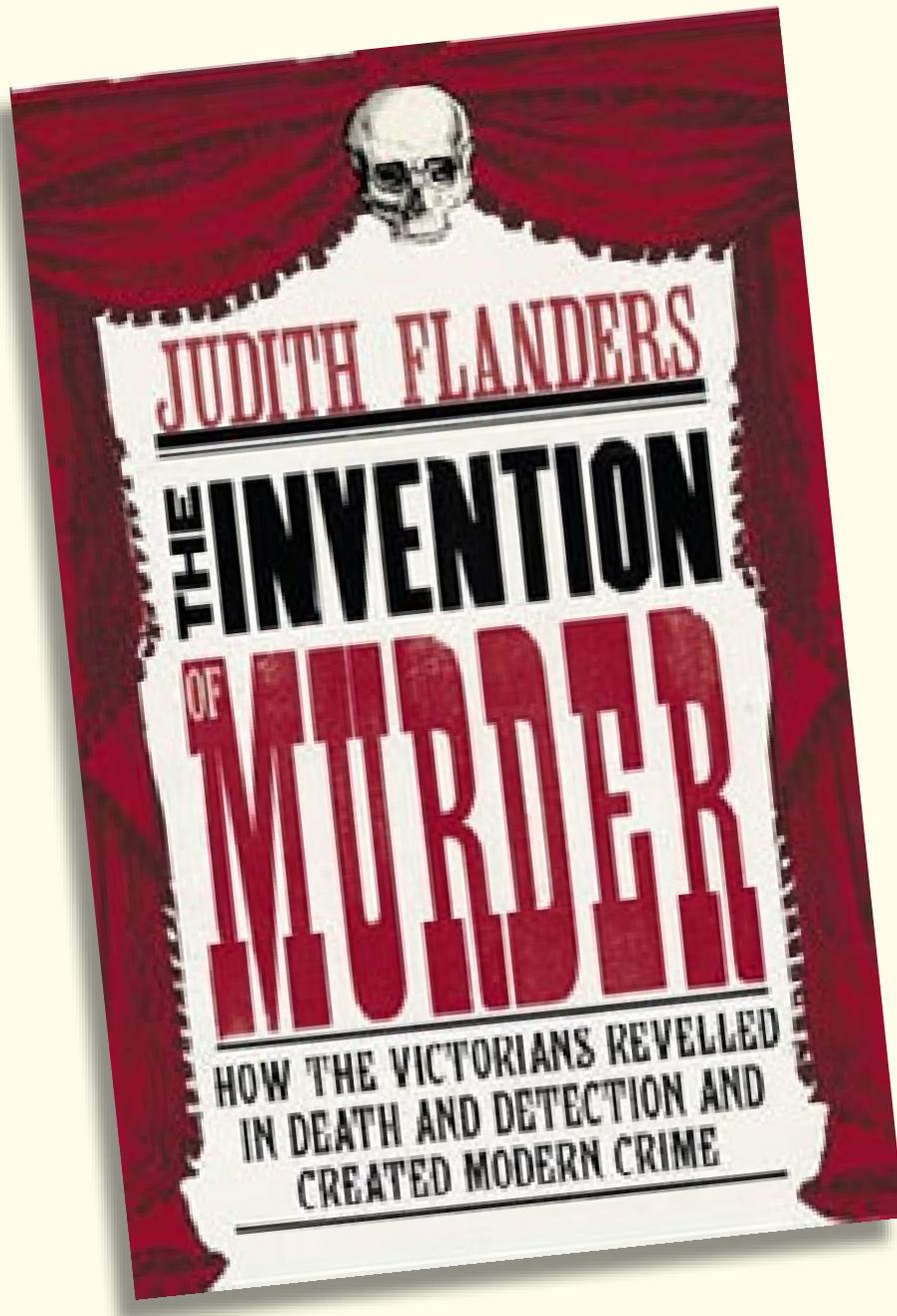
My Rating

John Devlin

The Invention of Murder: How the Victorians Revelled in Death and Detection and Created Modern Crime

Judith Flanders

2011 Harper Press Hardback, 556 pp, biblio, illus., index £20



This book explored the interesting concept of the seemingly morally uptight, Victorians' interest in murder. Flanders looks at some of the most famous cases of the day and uses them to explore the industries surrounding true-crime journalism, such as plays, novels, penny dreadfuls, their visiting Madame Tussauds and, of course, newspaper reporting. Flanders, who has previously been highly praised for other books about the Victorian era, proved once again that she is a highly capable and entertaining

writer. The book touches on Jack the Ripper in the chapter 'Modernity', at its end. Like the other chapters, it provides a brief overview of the crimes; in this instance starting with Martha Tabram and ending with Mary Kelly. It manages this well enough, though the author did annoy me slightly by calling the victims Mrs Eddowes and Mrs Kelly more than once (these actually being their maiden names). Flanders then outlines the contemporary coverage and industry built up around this case. She makes no discussion of suspects or other related matters but focuses purely on the aspects that relate to the book's stated scope, such as the public reaction and the beginnings of a crime industry. The book covered many other crimes that readers would

recognise, such as the Mary Ann Cotton case, the Constance Kent case and the Israel Lipski case. It was frustrating, however, that although the book provided a good commentary on the crimes, the way they were reported, used pamphlets, plays and novels and how panics about certain types of crime (such as female poisoners) were created, it came to no overall conclusion that might be seen to tie up all the loose ends. I therefore felt that the book ended abruptly, and I would have liked to have some more general analysis thrown in about how the Victorians were, as the title suggests, responsible for the creation of modern crime. Nonetheless, this was a most interesting read.

...THE BOOK ENDED ABRUPTLY



My Rating
Jennifer Shelden

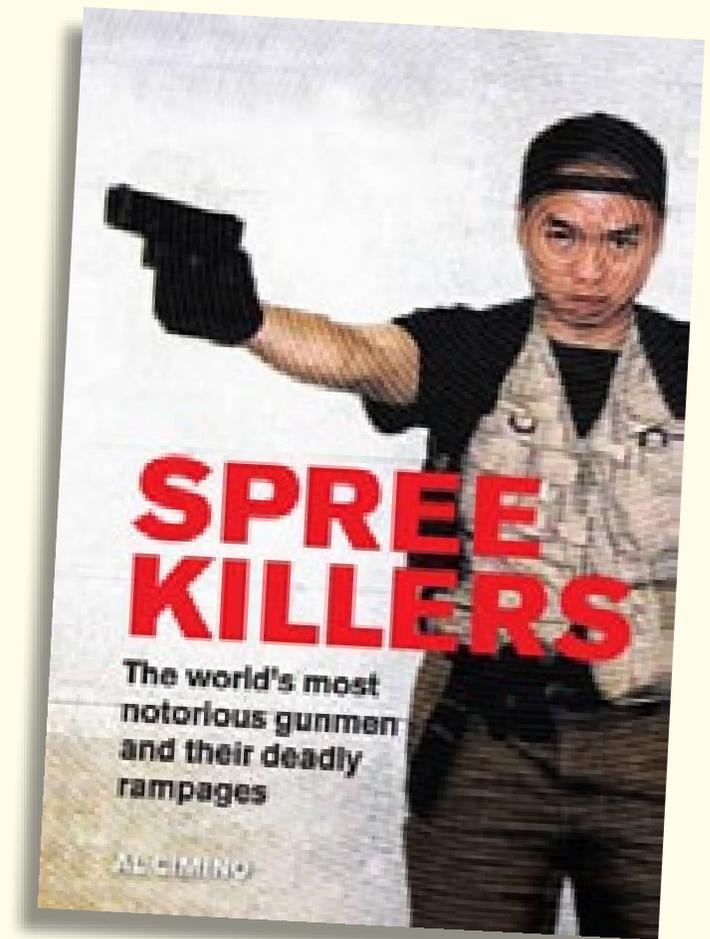
Spree Killers: The World's Most Notorious Gunmen and Their Deadly Campaigns

Al Cimino

2010 Quercus Hardback, 192 pp, illus, index

It was hard not to be interested in this book's topic in light of the fairly recent spree killing by Derek Bird in the UK (June 2010). The book profiles over 40 cases starting in 1913 and ending in 2010. Although it does not profile Bird himself, he does get

I would have liked to know more. Nonetheless, the profiles themselves were interesting and it was fascinating to learn about such people and how little seemed to be known about what causes them to go on a spree of killings. The box-outs within each



...DISRUPTING THE FLOW...

a mention in the introduction, so one assumes the case happened to near to the publishing deadline to be included. The sheer number of cases profiled was a surprise to this reader, as I had heard of very few of them and it seemed to be a phenomenon that was more prolific than I had imagined. However, none of the cases were examined in great depth and in some places

chapter, whilst containing interesting pieces of information about peripheral issues, were sometimes placed out of sequence to the text, disrupting the flow and sometimes giving away information before that part of the story had been got to in the main text (of course this is not the author's fault). For anyone interested in this type of crime it is a good introductory piece.

However, be warned that you may start wondering if everyone you see could potentially be a gun-wielding murderer about to commit a spree killing after reading this book!!



My Rating

Jennifer Shelden

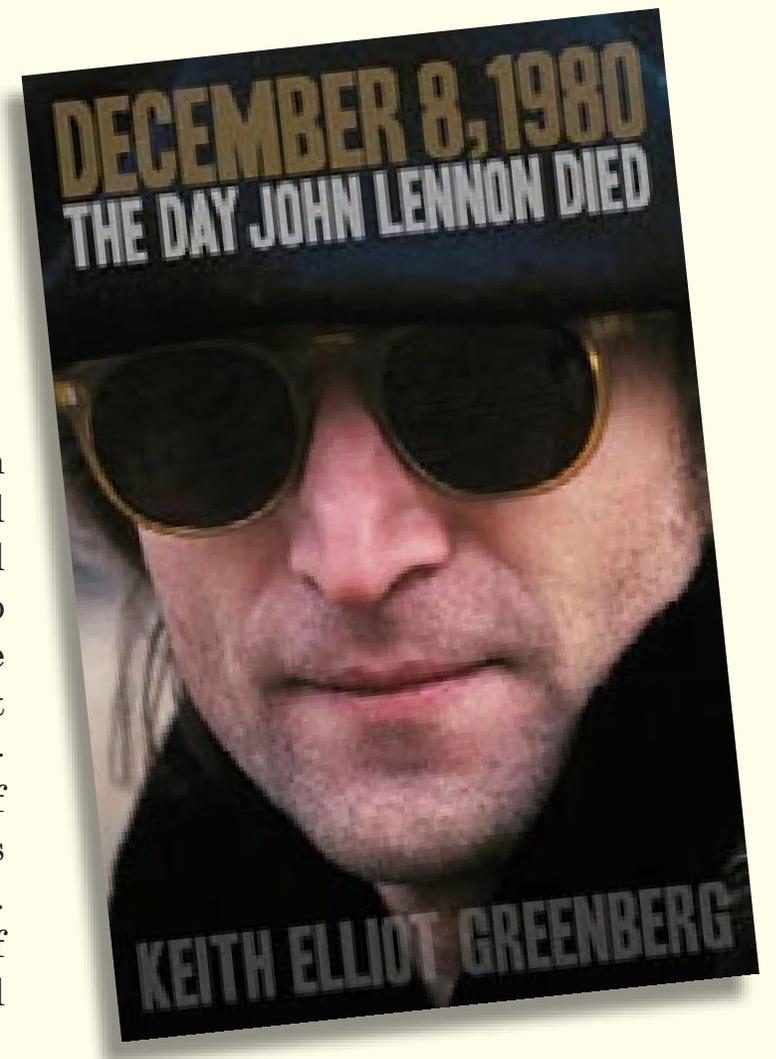
December 8, 1980: The Day John Lennon Died

Keith Elliott Greenberg

2010 Backbeat Books Hardback, 240 pp, biblio, illus., index £16.99

This book should, perhaps, satisfy those with an interest in Beatle-mania more so than those interested primarily in a true-crime angle. Though purported to be an account of the day, it was more than this and, in fact, did not dwell on the day in question too much at all. This inevitably will serve to disappoint those who, on reading the blurb, assume that it “follows the day’s events”. Instead, it interweaves the day’s events with the biographical back-story, including

the break-up of the Beatles, John Lennon’s experiences in childhood and his relationship with Yoko Ono and his children. The author attempts to understand what forces collided on the fateful day when Mark Chapman shot and killed John Lennon. It was interesting to read about the background of Lennon in terms of the place he ‘was at’ in his life when it was cut short. This is a clear and concise overview of John Lennon and the events that led Mark Chapman to shoot him to death.



**...WHAT FORCES
COLLIDED...**



My Rating

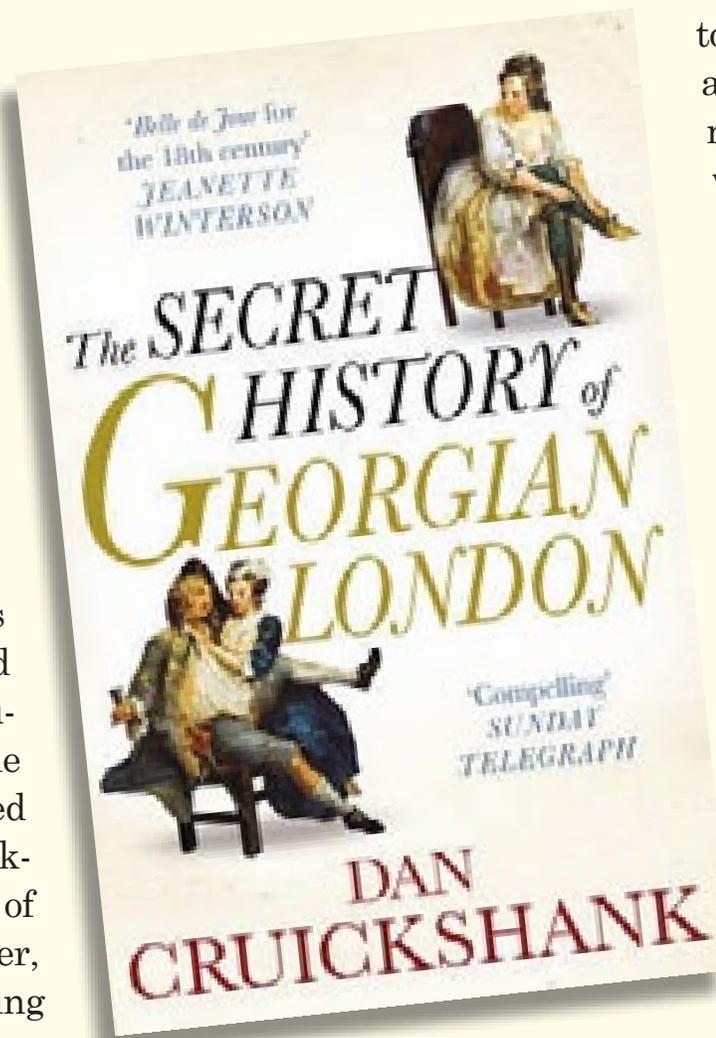
Jennifer Shelden

The Secret History of Georgian London: How the Wages of Sin Shaped the Capital

Dan Cruickshank

2010 Windmill Books Paperback, 654 pp, biblio, illus., index £9.99

It's hard to be unimpressed by the sheer size of this book (at 654 pages, reading did become literally hand-achingly good by the end). The vast depth of the research Cruickshank has undertaken mirrors the book's actual size. He leaves no stone unturned in his look at the Georgian sex industry and the Georgian's attitudes towards this, specifically in London. Though the book is large, it was never a drag to read as it is written in Cruickshank's usual entertaining manner. One could almost hear his voice speaking enthusiastically to you as you turned the page. The tales of the people involved are both interesting and thought provoking, although in places, these stories of are shocking and depressing. However, Cruickshank makes it clear that during this time period — despite what may seem to us very backward views of society



towards women and their desires and sexual appetite (as well as their nature in general) — not all the women involved in the sex industry were passive.

Cruickshank must be congratulated, not only for his in-depth academic research, but also for the fact that he was able to present this vast research in an easy to read way that was not patronising or difficult to understand for those with less of a working knowledge of the subject than would be held by those within academia. Nonetheless, his book still provides a useful academic research tool. All in all, this book is a must read for anyone interested in the development of the sex industry, not only in London, but in England itself. It is a thoroughly good read and is, therefore, recommended.



My Rating

Jennifer Shelden

Ian Hislop's The Age of The Do-Gooders

BBC 2 Director/Series Producer - Deborah Lee

First Broadcast 29th November 2010 – Episode One – ‘Britain’s Moral Makeover’

6th December 2010 - Episode 2 – ‘Suffer the Little Children’

13th December – Episode 3 – ‘Sinful Sex and Demon Drink’

Ian Hislop sought to celebrate those who had tried to do some good in Victorian Britain. Perhaps unsurprisingly, a few names familiar to those of us interested in the Ripper case came up. Dr Barnado was cited in episode two, for his work helping vulnerable children. In the same episode William Stead also put in an appearance for his work highlighting and campaigning against child prostitution. In Episode three Frederick Charrington was included for his work trying to stop “the demon drink”. Leaving aside these interesting and Ripper-free discussions about these characters, the programme in itself was a fascinating insight into the Victorian era, its skewed morals and a celebration of those who tried, with varying degrees of success, to reform the system. I was also startled, but fascinated to learn, whilst watching this programme, that

William Gladstone, Prime Minister at several points during Victoria’s reign, had, on his way home from parliament, tried to help those on the streets engaging in prostitution by giving them money or other assistance, even taking them back to his home for his wife to feed and giving them a bed for the night. I sincerely hope that a DVD and/or book based on this series will be released. Otherwise I thoroughly recommend looking out for it being repeated, as it was a very good documentary series.



My Rating

Jennifer Shelden



Edwardian Farm: Rural Life at the Turn of the Century

Alex Langlands, Ruth Goodman & Peter Ginn

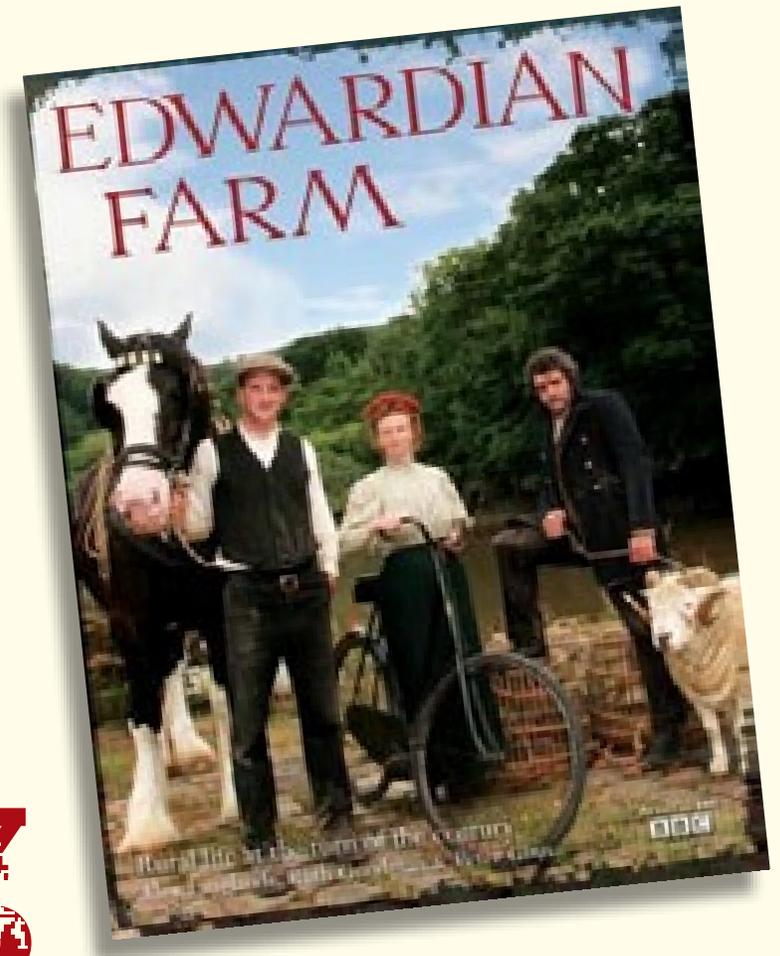
2010 Pavilion Hardback, 288 pp, illus., index £25.00

This book was written to accompany the BBC television series of the same name; it is the follow up to the *Victorian Farm* series. The authors, the stars of the show, offer first hand insights into what life was like as they recreated the *Edwardian Farm*, as well as providing insights to the era. The book is full of facts and insights and is easy to read. It is lavishly produced in a coffee-table style using many colour photographs of the farm and the team working on it to illustrate the various sections. The Edwardian period, which directly followed the reign of Queen Victoria, is, as the authors point out, one that is perhaps neglected, but an era in which much progress was made. The book is a good primer on farming, and rural life in general, during Edwardian Britain. It will be of particular interest to those who may have had ancestors who lived rural lives during Edward's reign.



My Rating
Jennifer Shelden

**...LAVISHLY
PRODUCED
IN A COFFEE-
TABLE STYLE...**



Undercover Investigations: From The Library Shelves

DR H. H. CRIPPEN

Welcome to our fictitious library, containing all the best books on all the subjects that are of interest to true crime enthusiasts. For this edition we have decided to take a look at the books that are on our shelves featuring the well-known case of Dr Hawley Harvey Crippen. We hope you find amongst these items, something to tickle your fancy.

Ethel Le Neve: Her Life Story

Ethel Le Neve

1910 Daisy Bank Printing and Publishing 64 pp

The autobiographical account of her life by Ethel Le Neve, the woman with whom Crippen fled. She famously disguised herself as a boy.

The Great Crippen Horror Tracked By Wireless

Reginald B. Jones

1911 Daisy Bank Printing and

Publishing 32 pp

This book is described as a fictional but biographical portrayal of the case.

The Trial of Hawley Harvey Crippen – Notable British Trials

Filson Young (Ed.)

1920 William and Hodge 211 pp

Doctor Crippen

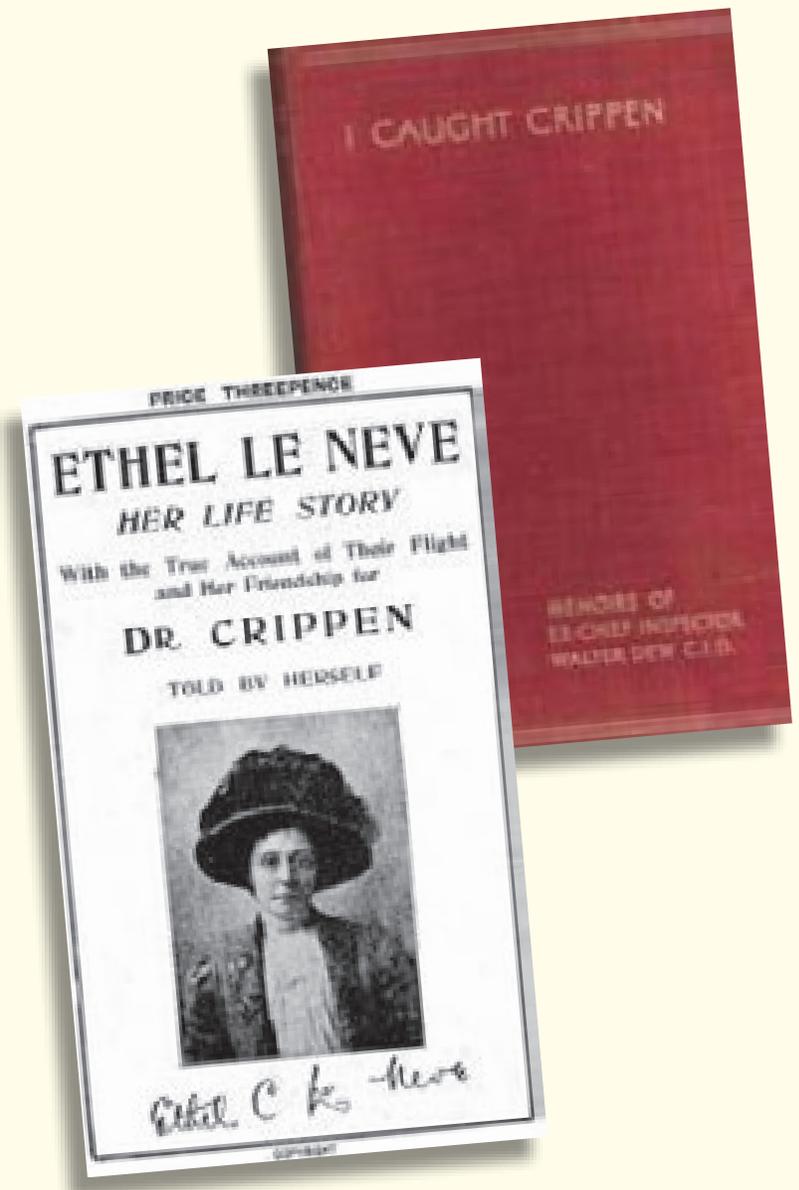
M. Constantine Quinn

1935 Duckworth Hardback 224 pp

I Caught Crippen

Walter Dew

1938 Blackie & Son Co 242 pp
Inspector Dew's own autobiographical account of his life, including his involvement in the Crippen case and his thoughts on Jack the Ripper.



Undercover Investigations: From the Library Shelves

Famous Trials – First Series

Harry Hodge (Ed.)

1941 Penguin

Doctor Crippen

Leigh Vince

1959 Digit

Crippen: The Mild Murderer

Tom Cullen

1977 Bodley Head Paperback

224 pp, illus.

Ripperologist Tom Cullen's account of the crime.

Question of Guilt: The
Curious Case of Dr Crippen

Richard Gordon

1981 Atheneum

The Private Life of Doctor
Crippen

Richard Gordon

1981 Heinemann

This book is described as biographical
fictional portrayal of the case.

The Crippen File

Jonathan Goodman

1985 Allison and Busby Paperback

96 pp, illus.

Dr Crippen's Diary:
An Invention

Emlyn Williams

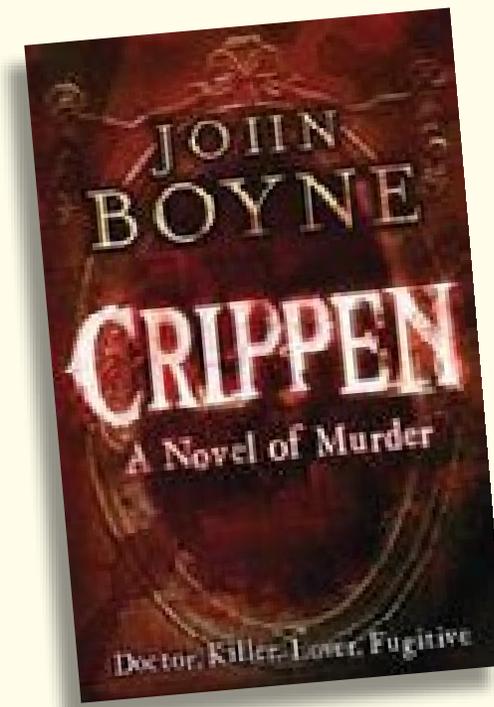
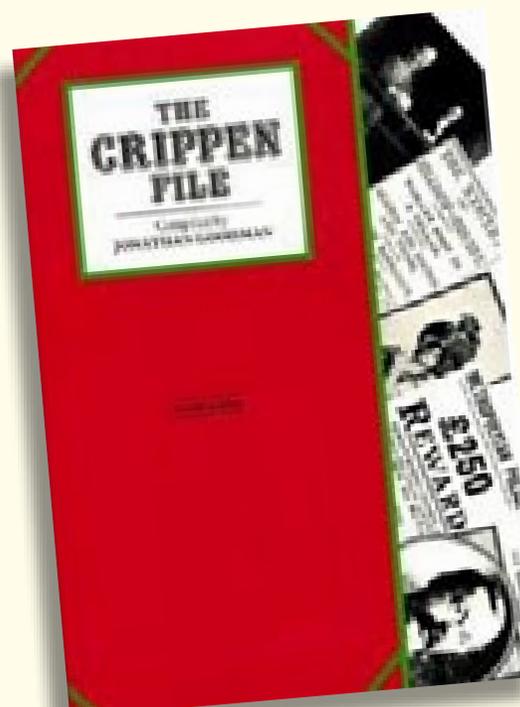
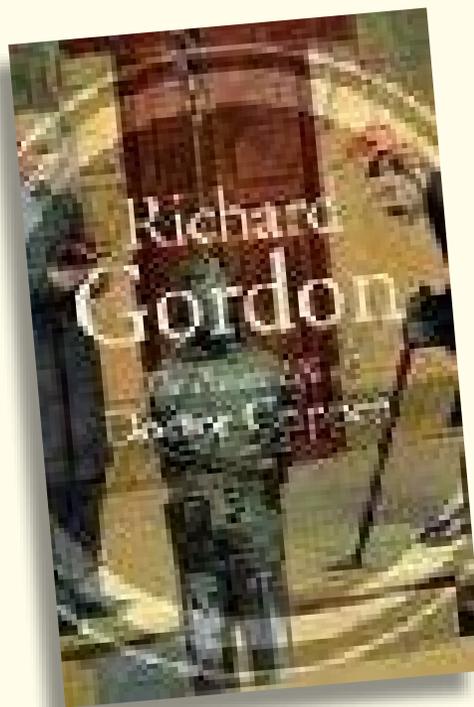
1988 Futura

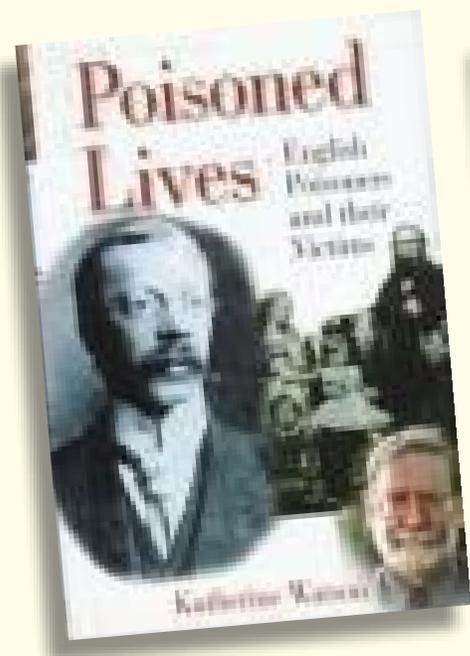
Crippen: A Novel of Murder

John Boyne

2004 Penguin Books Paperback

512 pp





Poisoned Lives: English Poisoners and Their Victims

Katherine Watson

2004 Hambleton and London
Hardback 268 pp

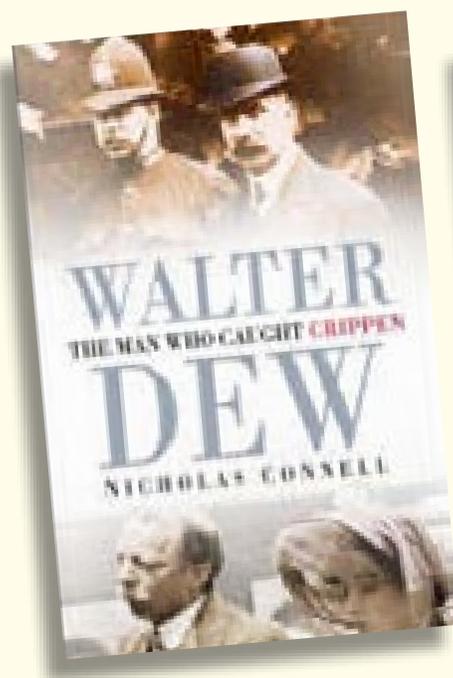
This book on famous English poisoning cases naturally, includes information on Crippen.

Walter Dew: The Man Who Caught Crippen

Nicholas Connell

Hardback 2005 and paperback 2006
Sutton 244 pp, biblio, illus., index

This is a five star account of the life of Inspector Dew by Nicholas Connell, a



name that is well known in Ripperology circles. The book is a biography of Dew and includes Crippen's case, as it was one of the most notorious cases with which Dew was involved.

Supper With the Crippens

David James Smith

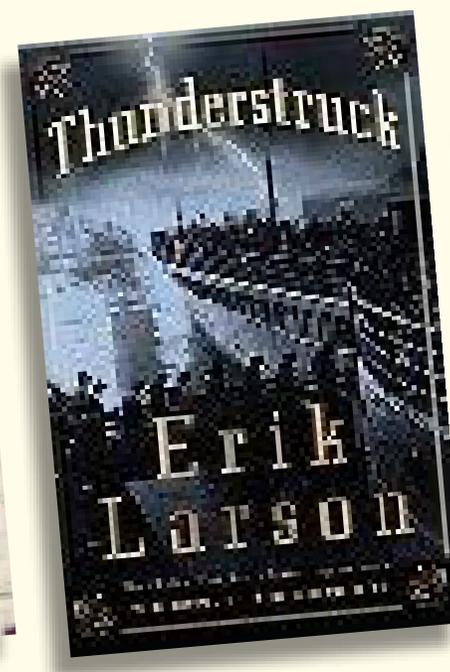
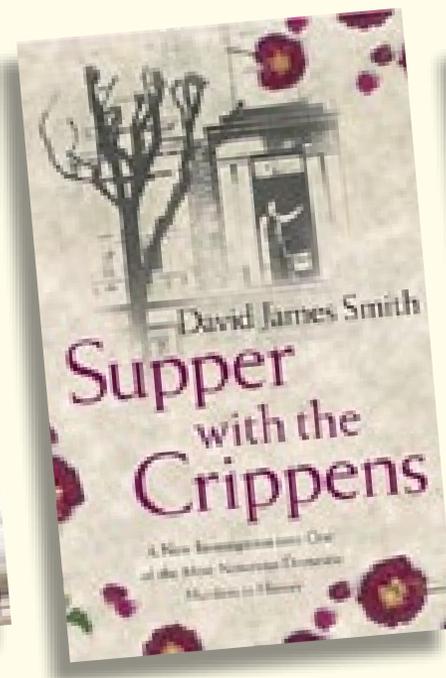
2005 Orion 344 pp, biblio

Thunderstruck

Erik Larson

2006 Doubleday Hardback
352 pp, biblio, illus., index

This interesting book is an interwoven biographical account of Marconi, inven-



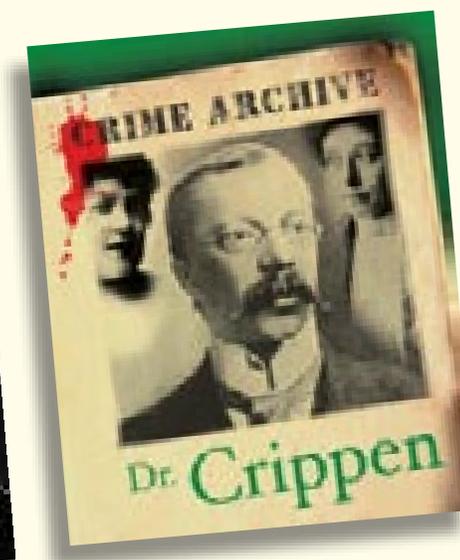
tor of the wireless, and Crippen, who was said to have been caught as a direct result of the former's invention. It is an interesting way of looking at both stories, if a little laboured in places.

Dr Crippen

Katherine D. Watson

2007 National Archives Hardback
112 pp, biblio, illus., index

This book is one in a series of books on notable criminal cases whose records are in some way at the National Archives in Kew. Katherine Watson tells the story for Crippen's turn in their infamous spotlight.



Did You Miss?...

Jack the Ripper The Whitechapel Murderer Tales of Mystery and the Supernatural series **Terry Lynch**

Wordsworth Editions First edition paperback published 5th April 2008
369 pp, illus., index, £2.99

Lynch proclaims in his introduction that this book “represents the strongest and most comprehensive book ever written on the subject of Jack the Ripper”. This is indeed quite a claim, and one he manages to fail to live up to in dramatic style. How a book of just over 350 pages, including illustrations, could be said to represent the most comprehensive book about any subject is also beyond me. One has to also assume that the fact that the images, familiar to *Casebook* viewers, on the front cover include artistic renderings of two victims and none of the victims that Lynch ascribes to the killer (as he excludes Elizabeth Stride) is an oversight on the part of the person who designed its

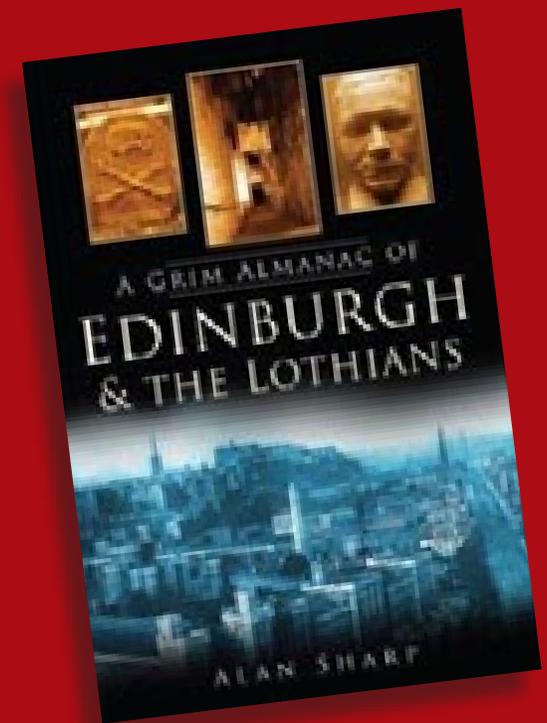
cover rather than the author’s fault. It is, however, still rather amusing. To my mind this book was written as though the author believed *his* book, *his* research and *his* theories to be better than they are. Believing one’s own hype, it turns out, is dangerous. For a book that was claimed to be comprehensive, certain statements did not ring true. I also found that some of the text was muddled. The book’s conclusions about suspects are not only brief but also, in places, pretty ludicrous.



My rating
Jennifer Shelden

They Also Wrote...

Did you know that Alan Sharp, the author of 2005’s *Jack the Ripper* and *The Irish Press: London Correspondence*, also wrote *A Grim Almanac of Edinburgh and the Lothians*? This is a Scottish true crime collection and was first published by Sutton Books in 2009.



Open Book Exam: A continuing look at detective fiction

TWO CENTURY PLANTS BUT JUST ONE BLOOM

DON SOUDEN

The basement cleanup project continues, though hardly apace. Still, the contents of one box did yield two books, each published just about a century ago, that seemed to provide a fair test of the detective literature available 100 years ago. The first was *Cleek of Scotland Yard: Detective Stories*, by T.P. Hanshew and the second *Average Jones*, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Of the two authors, Adams is certainly the better known and Hanshew perhaps not even known to his own publishers.

That is, while the book clearly states the author is T.P. Hanshew, it was in fact one Thomas W. Hanshew who wrote the book and someone who,

at the time of his death in 1914, was reputed to be “the most prolific writer of sensational fiction that ever lived.” In fact, so great was his output that there was speculation that he had also written the “Bertha M. Clay” books and therein lies a tale that by itself is most interesting and certainly worthy of note.

The books ascribed to “Ms. Clay” were actually written by Charlotte M. Brame, of Hinckley, Leicestershire, who died in 1884. In a prime example of sexist and patronizing prose, the *New York Times* wrote nearly a century ago of the Brame/Clay works: *During the last half of the nineteenth century were published . . . some ninety or a hundred*

paperbound novels announced as the work of Bertha M. Clay. They were sensational tales of the sort dear to young women who smell of musk and spearmint, and they were amazingly popular. A mid-twentieth century American academic was less kind, calling Clay’s output “. . . mushy love stories for the English lower classes.” Maybe, but as the *Times* noted, they were stunningly successful.

The books were, in fact, almost wholly written by Mrs. Brame but in an era before international copyrights her serials that appeared in England’s *The Family Herald* were reprinted—without compensation—in *The New York Family Story Paper*. Later, Street

Open Book Exam: A continuing look at detective fiction

and Smith published the Brame stories under the name of “Bertha M. Clay,” likely without any compensation either. After Brame’s death, other authors continued the Clay series, but all the publishers involved and Thomas Hanshew’s sister denied he was involved.

As it was, Hanshew churned out enough prose under his own name. Based in England for the last few decades of his life, he arranged with the London publishers Ward, Lock & Co. to write four novels a year and three short stories a month while also producing the same volume of verbiage for publishing companies in the United States. And he reputedly did all the typing himself, with nary a complaint about carpal tunnel syndrome. They made them tough in those days.

Perhaps Hanshew’s writing had seen better days long ago or then again maybe his output was always “all hat and no cattle” (as they say in the American west) but the sad fact is that *Cleek of Scotland Yard* is just not very good. Oh, the writing is facile enough, but the stories hold no interest. Instead, we are treated to Hamilton Cleek,

CHARLOTTE BRAME



Open Book Exam: A continuing look at detective fiction

former cracksman turned straight, who is a master of disguise, knows everything, has a devoted companion, is helpful toward—but contemptuous of—Scotland Yard and loves his flowers. Sounds rather like a Holmes knockoff, with a bit of Sergeant Cuff thrown in. Then, just for jolly, there is his arch enemy “Margot,” a female “Napoleon of crime,” and her Parisian *Apache* army of thugs. And, as if that were not already enough painting of the lily, there are the Baroness Orczy elements of a Count Waldemar and the King of Maurvania who are also ever-plotting against Cleek. Finally, there is a chief of Scotland Yard with the extremely unlikely name of Maverick Narkom—isn’t there a Maverick Narkom or three mentioned in the Domesday Books? No? I didn’t expect so.

It should come as no surprise that many of Henshaw’s books, including Cleek, are available on-line. For reasons that say nothing about me beyond knowing some interesting people, I was privileged to hear one of the first pieces of digitized music. My comment at the time was “I suppose someday we will be ‘lucky enough’ to hear the real

Sex Pistols sound as well.” While an effort at sarcasm rather than prescience, I was proved amply correct. Such that today we must contend with the digitized sounds of the *Trashmen*, the *Joiner*, *Arkansas*, *Junior High School Band*, and probably those of the garage band with which I once terrorized the old neighborhood.

Thus, it is no surprise Cleek is available in electronic form, there being no accounting for taste or literary masochism (many of Mrs. Brame’s books are also available for those with an interest). However, *Cleek of Scotland Yard* was recently reissued in actual paperback form and that is quite scandalous. If even one recycled Christmas tree died toward that end the “eco-police” ought charge the perpetrators with a capital crime. Understand, it is not that Cleek is so stupefyingly bad—it isn’t. Rather, it is just a boring waste of time.

In contrast, Adams’ book of short stories are just off-beat enough and just well written enough to make them worth reading. They involve one Adrian Van Reypen Egerton (A.V.E.R.= Average) Jones. An heir in

waiting, Jones starts out in the book as an idler at a club just this side of Bertie Wooster’s Drones in terms of worthlessness, but challenged to do something decent with his life while awaiting the legacy, he becomes the “Ad-Visor.” That is, he investigates the more intriguing of the personal advertisements appearing in newspaper “agony columns” that were still popular a century ago.

This activity naturally leads to some very interesting criminal activities, that include attempted murder by a “B-flat trombone,” an effort to drive a man mad with “pin pricks,” death by means of giant butterflies and other inventive plots. My favorite, however, was “The Man Who Spoke Latin” that involves the appearance of this job-wanted ad in a Baltimore publication: *L. Livius M.F. Praenestinus, quodlibet in negotium non inhonestum qui victuum meream locare velim. Litteratus sum; scriptum facere bene scio. Stipendia multa emeritus, scientarium belli, praesertim muniensi, sum peritus. Hac de re pro spondibit M. Agrippa. Latine tantum scio. Sequis me velit convenire, quovis de mane adesto*

Open Book Exam: A continuing look at detective fiction

in pulicis hortis urbis Baltimoriana ad signa apri.

Granted the story was written at a time when schools like Yale still required mastery of Greek and Latin from applicants, but the suggestion that Marcus Agrippa (who breathed his last in 12 BC) should be sought out as a reference for this job seeker is a nice touch indeed. Naturally, there is more to the advertisement than that a Latin monoglot in the 20th century

was desperately seeking employment, but I shan't spoil the story for those who may seek it out.

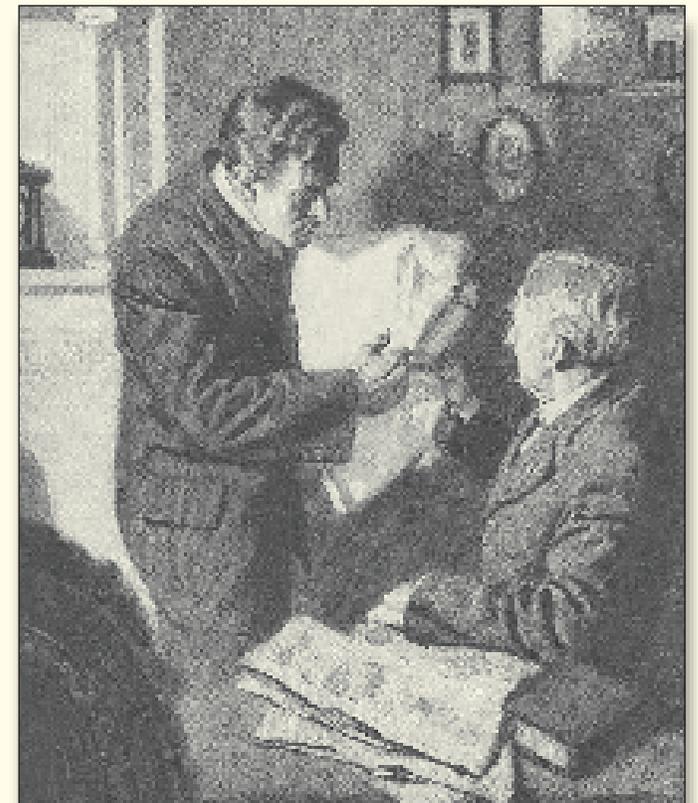
It is unfortunate that Adams only turned out the one volume of Average Jones mysteries, but he, too, was a prolific writer on many themes. He was one of the original "muckracking" journalists and his articles in *Collier's* magazine influenced the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906. A later short-story, "Night Bus,"

provided the basis for the Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert classic film *It Happened One Night* and the Judy Garland film *The Harvey Girls* was based on his book of the same title. Adams died in 1958 at age 87.

The verdict, then, is to avoid Cleek at all costs but a profitable spare day can be well spent tracking down Average Jones stories on the Internet.



JONES



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...

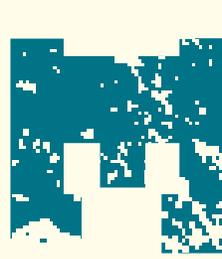
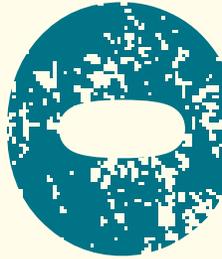
"I have plenty of newspaper clippings of Ripper related items from over the years, including some supplements. Is it worth keeping any of these?"

Old newspaper clippings relating to the subject of 'Jack the Ripper' are always of interest and, in my opinion, worth keeping. It is probably best to arrange them in chronological order and to keep them in polythene pockets in folders for ease of reference. I have actually seen a collection of old Ripper clippings sold on eBay.

"I saw some Jack the Ripper figurines, are these likely to be of any value?"

There have been many Jack the Ripper figurines produced over the years, some of which are collectable and worth a bit to collectors. As a general rule of thumb, the older the figurine is, and the fewer of them that were produced, dictates upon the value. To a collector they must also be damage free and of decent quality. It would be difficult to place a specific value on any old figurine as that would depend upon its condition, desirability and availability. [See also the answer to question 4 below].

"Two people bought me Patricia Cornwell's book last Christmas. I used one for research purposes, making notes in it and marking pages for ease of reference etc, whilst the second I have not read and it is in pretty good condition. I am quite well known in the field. Is it possible my used copy is worth more than my mint copy?"



COLLECTORS

Unfortunately Patricia Cornwell's Ripper book was produced in large quantities, is easily available and will never command any great price. A used and annotated copy would, generally, be less desirable to a collector than a clean and virtually unused copy. However, if the annotations were made by a well-known author or authority in the field then that might make the copy more valuable to a collector of Ripper items. Again this would depend upon who the annotator was and the nature of the comments.

"I want to sell something on eBay. I am worried I do not know what is a fair price for the item, can you give me any advice?"

eBay is a very good market place to sell collectable items but pricing can be difficult. The situation appears to be that if you put too high a price on it you won't sell it but with too low a price and you might miss out on a better profit (if there is not more than one

keen bidder). Personally speaking I have found that putting a reserve price on an item is not a good idea as it seems to put a lot of bidders off bidding. Therefore with items I sell I always base the starting price on the lowest amount that I would be prepared to accept for the item. This, then, allows that there might be only one bidder and the item may go for that lowest price. If there is bidding then any higher amount is a bonus. I once put a first edition book from my collection on eBay at a starting price of £165 (I had actually paid £195 for the book when I bought it but thought that such a high price would put bidders off). In the event two collectors wanted the book and it sold for £592.

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!



On The Case...

THE NEWS FROM RIPPER WORLD

ON TESTING TIMES

Interesting news reached our ears from Australia. It concerned a skull that some believe to be that of Frederick Bailey Deeming, the Ripper suspect, who was hanged for murder in Australia after murdering his family in Liverpool and then doing the same to his second wife in Australia. The skull has previously been on display at Old Melbourne Jail, as has that of notorious outlaw Ned Kelly. The skull, found during the redevelopment of Melbourne Jail in 1929 and then put

on display, was stolen in the 1970s. On its return in 2009, it was determined that it might well belong to Deeming, due to the pair of criminals having been buried close to each other and them being of a similar build and physical proportion. Now, the Victorian Institute of Forensic Medicine in Australia, is asking for anyone in the UK who believes that they are directly related to one of Deeming's siblings (specifically his sister's female line or brother's male line) to come forward in the hope that DNA analysis may yet solve the case of the unknown skull.

WWW.HERALDSUN.COM.AU

WWW.DAILYMAIL.CO.UK

WWW.BBC.CO.UK

ON A MURDER HUNT

New York Police are comparing a modern set of murders to Jack the Ripper after the skeletal remains of four women, were found on a beach in Long Island. The grisly discovery is

thought to be the work of a serial murderer and was made towards the end of last year.

WWW.NYPOST.COM

WWW.THEDAILYBEAST.COM

ON TRIAL

The trial of Stephen Griffiths, the criminology PhD student, accused of the murders of several women last year in Bradford, West Yorkshire, was held at Leeds Crown Court in December. Griffiths, the self-proclaimed "cross-bow cannibal", pleaded guilty to the murder of three women, Suzanne Blamires, aged 36, Shelley Armitage, aged 31, and Susan Rushworth, aged 43. The shocking murders were carried out between June 2009 and May 2010. He was sentenced to life in prison.

WWW.BBC.CO.UK/NEWS

Have a comment about something you read in this issue? Write a letter now to the Examiner at examiner@casebook.org

On The Case...

THE NEWS FROM RIPPER WORLD

ON A DATE

23rd February 2011 – ‘Policing and Social Order in Jack the Ripper’s London’, a lecture by Victor Bailey, Miami University, Richter Library, 3rd Floor Conference Room, Coral Gables Campus. For more information on this event go to: WWW.MIAMI.EDU

1st Saturday in April - Whitechapel Society 1888 Meeting.

Mid-April 2011 – scheduled for release Rob House’s book *Jack the Ripper and the Case for Scotland Yard’s Prime Suspect*.

ON THE RADIO

On *Casebook*, forum member Kate Bradshaw, posted this link to a Radio Four documentary by Dan Cruickshank revisiting *The London Nobody Knows*. For those interested the link she provided is WWW.BBC.CO.UK

ON THE MARKET

The privately owned Old Spitalfields Market has won a national honour and has been crowned Britain’s best, by the National Association of British Markets Association. It is home to around 200 independent traders, and holds markets six days a week.

WWW.EASTLONDONADVERTISER.CO.UK

WWW.BBC.CO.UK

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.

ON A LIGHTER NOTE

Spitalfields bound Ripperologists will now be able to gaze upon a hand-sculpted goat. The goat, standing on top of packing cases reaching three and a half metres into the air, is called “I Goat”. It is located in Bishop’s Square. Sculptor Kenny Hunter beat a shortlist of seven to win the coveted forty-five thousand pound prize. The goat is said to be symbolic of the different waves of migration that have settled in the area, finding sanctuary. Meanwhile, the crates are also a reference to the market

WWW.ARTDAILY.ORG

On The Case Extra

THE NEWS FROM RIPPER WORLD

THE JACK THE RIPPER CONFERENCE 2011

By Colin Cobb

At the end of last year I announced my plans on *Casebook*, *jtrforums.com* and *Facebook*, for the Jack the Ripper Conference to come to my hometown of Belfast, Northern Ireland this year. I am happy to say that our plans are now in full swing, with the official Conference website fully updated for our 2011 event (WWW.RIPPERCONFERENCE.COM). I also have a *Facebook* group that is regularly updated with news (WWW.FACEBOOK.COM).

The Conference will be held over the bank holiday weekend of the 27th and 28th of August at the Pump House in the *Titanic* Dock in Belfast. With things kicking off at 10 am on the Saturday morning and scheduled to finish at approx 5 pm on Sunday evening. The cost of the Conference is £70 per person for two days. As well

as a host of speakers, the price of the conference will include a Belfast Bus Tour, Tour of the *Titanic* sites, *Titanic* Boat Tour, Irish Night at the Pump House as well as the usual book room and raffle. The price also includes lunch, tea and coffee and snacks as well as a full Saturday evening meal in the Pump House plus a live Irish band.

Conference delegates do not need to book their own hotel accommodation. We have a deal with the brand new Premier Inn in the *Titanic* quarter. Just a mile from the conference venue, and on our walking tour route, the hotel are offering a deal for delegates of £60 per room per night. This is based on two delegates sharing a room and including an all you can eat breakfast (the same deal for single

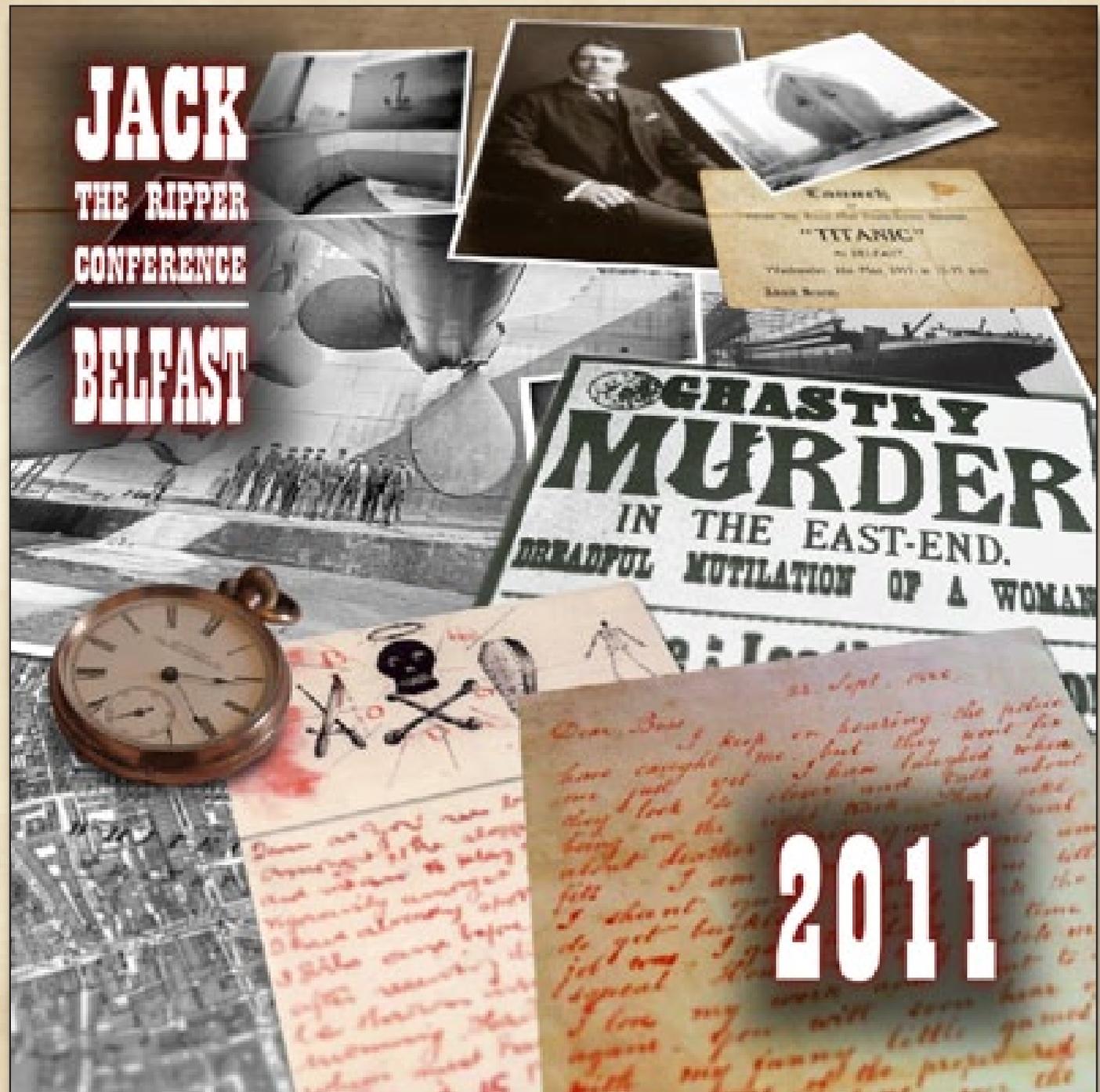
room occupancies being £55). For those wishing to stay until Monday a reduced rate of £29 per room is on offer for Sunday night. But please see our website for full details and make hotel bookings through myself to make sure you take full advantage of these great prices.

It is fitting that the building that basked in the mighty shadow of *Titanic* now plays host to the 2011 Jack the Ripper Conference. Jack and the *Titanic*'s are two important stories on their own merits, but there are also historical connections between these two fascinating events. Ripperologists will be interested to note also that the beautiful Pump House, a Victorian/Edwardian building, was opened by Prince Albert Victor in 1889. In its prime this building was used to pump

23 million gallons of water out of the dry dock that housed *Titanic*. It could do this in just 100 minutes.

Belfast was originally a quiet village at the mouth of the River Lagan but it grew to become one of the most prominent cultural, industrial, and political cities in the whole United Kingdom. Belfast is the proud homeland of the Harland and Wolff Shipyard, once the world's largest producing shipyard. It played an important role in World War Two. In over 141 years of shipbuilding nearly two thousand ships were built in the historic dockyard.

I am happy to help with any questions or travel queries, please use the email link on the website. We are now taking deposits. Full payment is not needed until 29th July. We are excited about the event we are holding and hope to see you there!



On The Case Extra

THE NEWS FROM RIPPER WORLD

THE WHITECHAPEL SOCIETY JACK THE RIPPER CONFERENCE 2011 By Adrian Morris

The Whitechapel Society, in association with the History Press, will be organising a Jack the Ripper conference in London's East End this year, right at the epicentre of the location where the murders took place during that Autumn of Terror in 1888. It will be a two-day event covering the first weekend in October which would traditionally be the Whitechapel Society meeting that has for the past couple of years incorporated the now much anticipated charity fundraiser, The Jeremy Beadle Lecture.

We are grateful for the tremendous effort that certain people have made in making this conference happen. We refer especially to the Whitechapel Society's Development & Publicity Officer, Frogg Moody and Secretary & Treasurer, Susan Parry. Special thanks must go to Steve Forster who has come on board and

helped negotiate and organise this event, making sure that it has the best possible basis for success.

WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT TO SEE?

On Friday 30th September there will be an informal evening get-together at a location yet to be decided.

SATURDAY 1ST OCTOBER

RIPFLIC

The day's events will essentially be dedicated to feature films involving Jack the Ripper and London's East End. Lectures will be 'In Conversation with David Wickes & Sue Davis, the director, writer and researcher of the 1988 film *Jack the Ripper* starring Michael Cain. This is to be followed by a presentation and showing of the film *Montague Jack* by the

writer, researcher and director Ray Joyce. Professor Clive Bloom presents *Jack the Ripper at the Movies*. Writer and noted commentator on films Kim Newman discussing the world of Ripper films (to be confirmed). The Jeremy Beadle lecture 2011: *The History of the Music Hall* presented by the one and only Roy Hudd – also to include special guests.

SUNDAY 2ND OCTOBER

Jack the Ripper – The Suspects

Sunday's events will continue to look at the world of Jack the Ripper but will also look at the media representation of the murder series. The History Press book launch of the new publication by the *Whitechapel Society: Jack the Ripper – The Suspects*. There will also be a chance to hear as many of the authors as possible give a presentation and question

and answer session concerning the above publication. Then we will have the book launch of *Robin Odell's* new book *Written & Red*. Afterwards, The Whitechapel Society Short Story Competition winner will be announced, plus there will be a reading of the winning entry.

The delegate rate is £90 per person which includes a two day conference with the speakers as above and evening entertainment, tea and coffee, lunch and an evening meal on Saturday. Hotel accommodation is available at the venue, The City Hotel at a negotiated rate if required; prices are per person and are £67.50 for twin/ double sharing for one night (£119.00 for single occupancy for 1 night). For Friday and Saturday night the rates are for twin/double room based on two

sharing £135.00 (238.00 for single occupancy). Therefore, based on two delegates sharing a twin/double room for 1 night and including the 2 day conference, the total cost per delegate is £157.50 based on two delegates sharing a twin/double room for 2 nights and including the 2 day conference, the total cost per delegate is £225.00. Although the delegate rate only of £90 is to be paid to the Whitechapel Society - we will reserve the required City hotel place for you, but you will have to settle the bill with the hotel during the conference at the special conference rate of the desired room requirements.

There are other local hotels around the East End area that might offer cheaper deals if someone wishes to simply pay the £90 delegate rate and stay

nearby. The choice is yours. For booking enquiries email Susan Parry on SUSAN-MARIEPARRY@HOTMAIL.COM Or send cheques to Mrs S. Parry, Ezra Cottage, Sunset View, School Road, Whissonsett, Norfolk, NR20 5TE

Deposit of £30 to be paid by 2nd April. The remaining £60 is to be paid by 6th August. All cheques should be made out to The Whitechapel Society. Please write London Conference on the back. Or you can visit our website go to www.whitechapel-society.com and pay using the *PayPal* facilities that will soon be up and running. It might be an idea to send a confirmation email to Susan Parry if paying by *PayPal*. Check our website for more details and updates at WWW.WHITECHAPELSOCIETY.COM

FOREVER AUTUMN - A CONVERSATION WITH JAMES WILKINSON

By Jennifer Shelden

Thanks for talking to the *Casebook Examiner* about your upcoming Art Exhibition *Forever Autumn*, focusing on portrait paintings of the victims of Jack the Ripper, which is being held in July at 'The Bar' Chelmsford, Essex.

JS - You are known for your portrait painting, but how long have you been a painter and what got you started?

James – **"I have always painted and always sketched for as long**

as I can remember, my father was a great draughtsman and he encouraged me greatly. I do recall that at primary school my drawings made me popular with the other kids so I guess I thought it was a cool thing to do and

continued with it. So about 40 years.”

JS - I suppose that the obvious question to ask next is what made you inspired you to paint the victims of Jack the Ripper?

James - “I have had a keen interest in London’s history and as the murders were a significant part of the history of London, it seemed inevitable that at some point the two points would collide. I was massively influenced by the Hughes brother’s direction in the film, *From Hell*. Their attention to detail and, of course, their inspiration, Moore and Campbell whose work I cannot fault, all four were integral in starting these portraits.”

JS - Did you find it daunting to paint the victims and did doing so change your perceptions or feelings about them or the murders?

James – “I already knew from the amount of books that I had read before starting the paintings how the killings brought about a social upheaval and therefore I was aware of the abject poverty of the victims at the time of death but I learnt a lot more about their backgrounds and beginnings and

how circumstance led them ultimately to their doom. It was a little daunting painting them. I felt that I wanted to do them some kind of justice and convey them as just people of their time, but of course the manner of their death had to be prominent in the paintings as it was the thread that joined the collection and ultimately their lives together.”

JS – What did you use as sources; did you have to rely heavily of on their mortuary pictures?

James – “I did use the mortuary photographs but I swore to myself at the outset that I would not make this a gratuitous set of portraits because I think that would make it and the subsequent exhibition, about the Ripper, and not the victims. Each time I felt the painting was starting to lean that way I would stop and think again and learn a little more about their lives. *The Victims of Jack the Ripper* by Neal Stubbings Sheldon was obviously an invaluable influence on the paintings and I relied heavily on it but so was the on-line

site *Casebook.org* for cross reference when I was out and about or if I forgot my notes whilst in the studio, I would tap into my I-Phone and sit and read the casebook for a while. In the case of Annie Chapman’s painting this was the easiest because there was a living reference but I wanted to try and age her to the end of her life to fit with her background.”

JS - What did you know of Jack the Ripper before you began to investigate the topic for your paintings?

James- “I thought I was pretty well informed and I had trod the route of the murder sites alone without a guide many times to try and get a feel of where they were and what they might have seen and how helpless they must have been. I guess, like many people, I had been fed the queen’s surgeon, royal connection theory, which initially inspired me but after reading dozens of theories I started to realise just how impossible it is now to determine who Jack the Ripper was or if he even existed as an individual. Pretty much every book I read had me

convinced until I read the next.”
JS - I understand that you have woven in some intricate details of period items into the paintings. This sounds very interesting, what items did you choose and is this the kind of thing that you would usually do?

James – “When I began painting portraits seriously I visited Hever Castle in Kent, residence of the Boleyn family and marvelled at a portrait of Henry VIII by Holbein. I was totally in awe of the fact that when Holbein put brush to canvas, Henry was sitting just feet away. I decided then, that I would always ask my subjects to go one step further and leave a piece of themselves in the canvas, which luckily for me, most have indulged my wish and done so. Since approximately 1984 nearly everyone I have painted has done this in varying degrees, with signatures, messages and lyrics etc. Recently I started to include Life masks into painted canvasses with memorabilia and so when it came to the Ripper victims I had a dilemma, as there really is nothing I can add that belonged to them. I

decided to put items that were of the immediate world around them and so after nearly cutting my fingers off making frames (curse of...) I got a great local carpenter to make frames that contain shelves/pockets that will hold the artefacts. For the past two years I have had a shopping list of items I needed and I have just continued to collect. From period surgeons knives from London Hospitals to mustard tins and period buttons and combs, all of the victims’ personal items to facsimile items like the coroners’ reports (very handily supplied in the excellent *Casebook: Jack the Ripper*) book. I have also added items that allude also to the killer and the police.”

JS – What made you decide to include suspects/clues to suspects in the paintings? And why did you choose the five suspects you did?

James – “I believe that the ongoing intrigue in to the Ripper’s crimes exists entirely because his identity is unknown. I think we all secretly hope to find the solution and so I thought it would also be interesting

to add a little puzzle for the non-Ripperologist. I also felt that part of their lives should also include their deaths and so I decided to include the end of their lives in a less obvious but shady/vague way and so each painting contains the not so obvious portrait of the suspect too. I chose a different suspect for each based on what I felt was the most likely from the research I had done. I know that literary Ripperologists vehemently disagree with each other over who the killer was and I have no doubt that I will be told the same but I suppose at least the exhibition takes on a more diplomatic solution, I’m five times more likely to be right than most authors!!!!”

JS - Was it difficult to fit a suspect to each victim?

James – “As I have said I chose what I felt was the most likely suspect for each victim in my own opinion and some that just fitted with circumstances more than others.”

JS - Do you think you will keep any interest in the case once your exhibition

is over? What's next for you?

James – “I think I will always have a keen interest in any developments I hope that the paintings prove educational in some way and that another generation of Ripperologists take a look but this time I hope that even if they don't become as involved as some have, they will, at least, know the names of these poor women.

Regarding my next project I have been lucky enough to meet many of my heroes through my paintings not least some of the heroes of Normandy that were portrayed in Band of Brothers. There are a couple of new dynamic musicians that I want to paint and so as I've lived in the dark of this project for a while I'm going to lighten things up a bit and paint a young girl from Essex who's about to set the world on fire...Jessie J. should be fun.”

Thank you for your time and we wish you good luck in your exhibition and future endeavours.

PUZZLING CONUNDRUMS

Just how good a detective are you?

Inspector Abberline has five suspects seen in the Whitechapel area on different days of the week, each with a distinctive object. Each has an alibi. 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!

*Go to the next page
for the puzzle*



On The Case... PUZZLING CONUNDRUMS

- William has a walking stick.
- The one wearing a cloak wasn't at home.
- Clarence was earlier in the week than William.
- The person with the sack is not Robert.
- The person in gaol is not Clarence.
- Robert was later in the week than the person with the cloak.
- Edward said he was in Liverpool.
- The person with the sack was later in the week than the person with the cloak.
- Of Edward & the person who enjoys opera, one was seen on Friday and the other had a walking stick.
- Either the person seen on Monday or the person seen on Friday was in the pub.
- The five people were the person in gaol, the person seen on Wednesday, the person with a top hat, Edward and the person who was at home.

		Name					Alibi					Object				
		William	Walker	Robert	Clarence	Edward	Opera	Liverpool	At Home	Gaol	Pub	Bowler Hat	Sack	Top Hat	Cloak	Walking Stick
Day	Monday															
	Tuesday															
	Wednesday															
	Thursday															
	Friday															
Object	Bowler Hat															
	Sack															
	Top Hat															
	Cloak															
	Walking Stick															
Alibi	Opera															
	Liverpool															
	At Home															
	Gaol															
	Pub															

Ultimate Ripperologists' Tour:

Wolverhampton

By Jennifer Shelden

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



BRITANNIA HOTEL, WOLVERHAMPTON

This issue's leg of our 'Ultimate Tour' takes us to the outskirts of the Black Country and Wolverhampton. With good train and airport connections from nearby Birmingham, and good road and bus connections, Wolverhampton is within easy reach of most places. Wolverhampton was at the time of the Ripper's terrible killing spree, in the county of Staffordshire. However, it is now in the West Midlands, of which it has been part since the creation of the county in the 1974 reorganisation of administrative areas. When entering the dreary surroundings of Wolverhampton train station, visitors might wonder what they have let themselves in for. However, it is fair to say that the train station is far from the town's best feature.

WELCOME TO WOLVERHAMPTON

The town was founded in 985 AD and it is named after Lady Wulfrun and the word originates from the Anglo-Saxon for a high or principal farm enclosure. The city grew from a market town specialising in the woollen industry and it still has a woolpack on its coat of arms today as a memory of this. During

the industrial revolution, it grew and became one of the industrial centres of the country. The Victorian period saw it become wealthy town. Though some houses signifying this wealth can be seen today, however, many more were, sadly, demolished in the 1960s and 70s. It was granted city status in the year 2000 (as a so-called Millennium City). It was about time, Wolverhampton is ranked the thirteenth-largest English city! Today, its principal industries are those based around engineering.

Wolverhampton was the home to England's first automatic traffic lights, installed in 1927 in Princess Square. There are black and white striped poles on the lights at the site today, in order to commemorate this historic fact.

Famous local faces include, the gold medal winning athletes Denise Lewis and Tessa Sanderson; the actress Frances Barber; comedian and star of Monty Python, Eric Idle; British soul singer Beverley Knight; rock group Led Zeppelin's Robert Plant; former England Football captain Billy Wright, and actress, comedienne and novelist Meera Syal. Incidentally, Wolverhampton also has the longest ever serving Member of Parliament in English history. Sir Charles Pelham

Villiers who served the area for sixty-three years in total from 1835 to 1898!

JACK THE RIPPER AND WOLVERHAMPTON

The Jack the Ripper case has two notable connections to Wolverhampton. The most important of these is that it was where Ripper victim Catherine Eddowes was born on 14th April 1842 and later lived with relatives for the years approximately 1859-1863. This is the reason why the 2007 Jack the Ripper Conference took place in Wolverhampton, and was organised in Catherine's honour.

Perhaps less well known is the City's connection to Ripper suspect, and wife murderer, William Henry Bury, who lived in Wolverhampton for several years and who returned to the town during 1888. Bury also stayed with relatives, possibly his uncle, whilst in Wolverhampton. With these salient points in mind it is time to begin our tour of the sites.

OUR ROUTE

Starting at the train station, a place many would be likely to arrive, we can begin a relatively circular tour of the Ripper connected sites in the City.

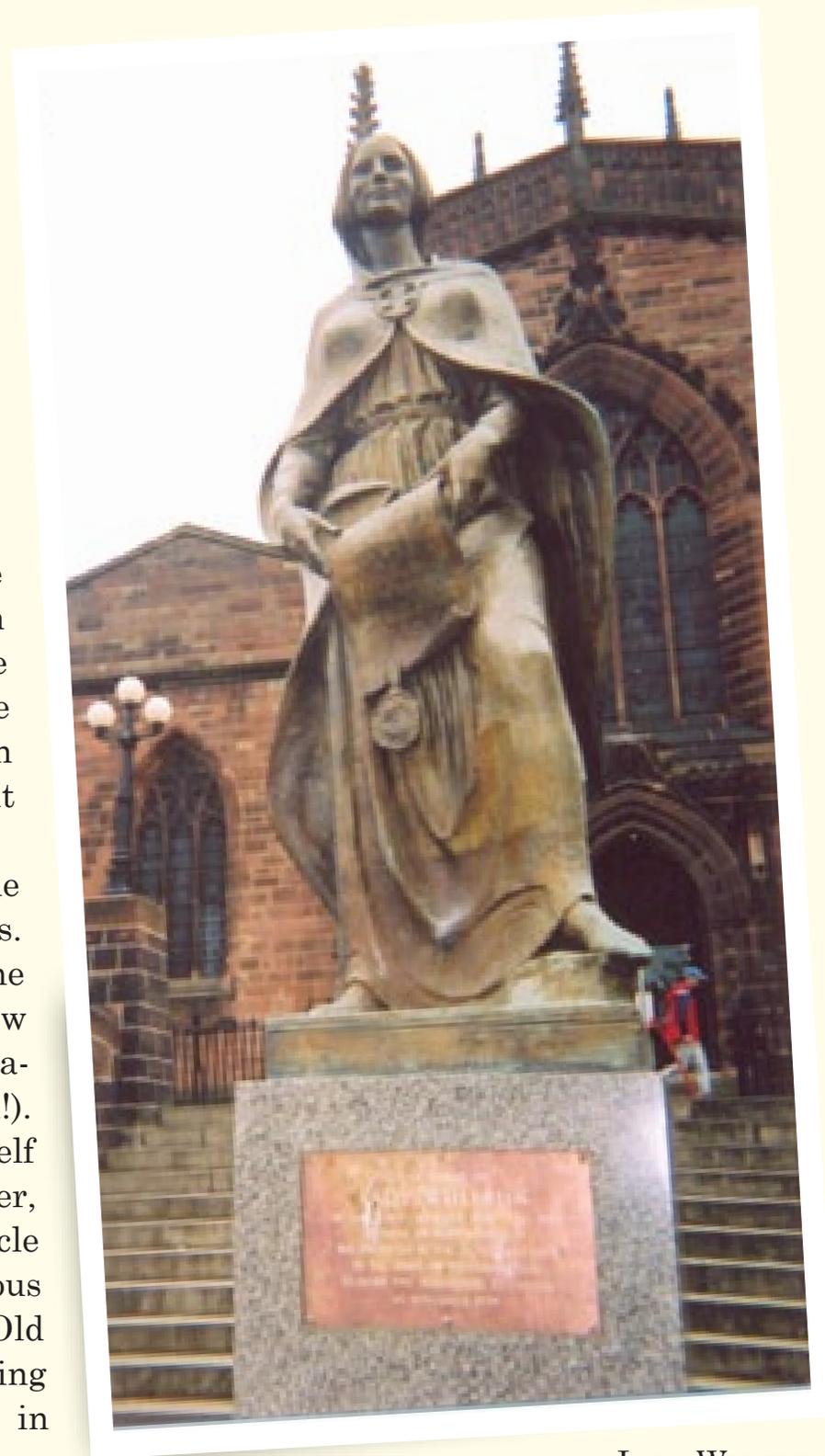
From the train station head down Railway Drive and straight towards the Britannia Hotel on Litchfield Street, clearly visible from the bottom of the street you are on. Anyone stopping off in Wolverhampton for the night, might consider here as a place to rest one's head, as it was the venue of the 2007 Ripper Conference. Others may not be so nostalgic. However, it is a handy starting off point for our circular tour of the city.

Nonetheless, we need to first take a slight diversion east, towards, Horseley Fields and our first snoop into the life of William Henry Bury. From the hotel head back down Railway Drive and take the second right you will reach Horseley Fields a large street, just off the ring road. When William Bury was aged sixteen he worked here in a warehouse for a Mr Biswell. It's not clear if Biswell was the warehouse's owner or just Bury's immediate supervisor. Nor is it known for how long Bury worked here.

From there we need to head back inside the ring road to Bilston Street, our first Eddowes location. From Horseley Fields take a short walk down Middle Cross Street, you will then reach Bilston Street Island and

see the tram terminal on Bilston Street itself. It was at number 50 where Catherine was living at the time of the 1861 census. She lived with her aunt and uncle, Elizabeth and William Eddowes. Sadly, her grandfather Thomas Eddowes also died in Bilston Street. With its tramlines and modern buildings, the street is much changed from the one a young Catherine would have known. At the end of the street turn in Garrick Street and follow it until you get to....

...Old Hall Street, the site of the Old Hall Works. The Works were where the present central library is now located (and so an ideal location for a spot of research!). Catherine Eddowes herself worked here, as did her father, George Eddowes and her uncle William Eddowes at various points in their lives. The Old Hall Works was a Japanning factory (originally built in the sixteenth century, it was



LADY WULFRUN

converted from a wool merchant's manor house) and was used by a succession of Japanners between 1767 and 1882. Japanning involves applying heavy lacquer or enamel-like paint decoratively to tin plate artefacts. Benjamin or Frank Walton were likely to have been in charge when the various members of the Eddowes family worked there. The building was demolished in 1883.

The next stop on our circular trip is Snow Hill, where the Peacock Hotel (known as the Swan and Peacock from 1877) was located. Catherine Eddowes' mother, also called Catherine (nee Evans) worked here, according to contemporary newspapers. Sadly, the building was demolished in 1961.

From Snow Hill we head towards the Graiseley Green area to the southwest. It was in this part of the city that Catherine was born. Unfortunately, we cannot be sure of the exact location today. Having had a look around and thinking of the young Catherine we can leave the Graiseley area and head back towards the city centre. Our next stop is Lord Street where William Bury worked as an employee of a lock manufacturer, Osbourne's. This was his next known employment after working



ST. PETER'S CHURCH WOLVERHAMPTON

at Horseley Fields. When employed with Osbourne's, according to Euan Macpherson, Bury was described as "of a restless and unsettled temperament". A little way over from Lord Street is North Street, where Mary Ann Colbourne lived; she was a cousin of Catherine Eddowes, and the mother of Christopher Robinson. Catherine Eddowes is said to have sold chapbooks at Christopher's hanging when he was executed in 1866.

It is here that we end this leg of our tour. Simply head back to your hotel or make your way back to the journey's beginning at Wolverhampton train station. From there we can head home or on to the next leg, next issue...

LOCAL DIALECT - TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THE BLITHERING HECK THEY ARE GOING ON ABOUT THERE!

Strictly speaking, Wolverhampton is on the edge, and not within, the Black Country, nonetheless some of it is said to lie within the border. So we decided to take the opportunity to provide a dialect guide to the Black Country "language", just in case you encounter someone!

Ave we paces – to go and have sandwiches

Buz – bus

Brummidge – a resident of Birmingham, a nearby city

Caerke'ole – mouth

Franzy – to be in a grumpy mood

Kite off – run away

Op 'n' a catch – now and then

Ow do – hello!

Saft as a biled taernip – a silly person

Tarra a bit – goodbye!

Yampy – a mad person

TO CHECK TRAIN AND TRAVEL INFO VISIT: -

WWW.TRAVELINE.ORG.UK

WWW.NATIONALRAIL.CO.UK

WWW.TOURUK.CO.UK

WOLVERHAMPTON AND ITS CONNECTIONS TO JACK

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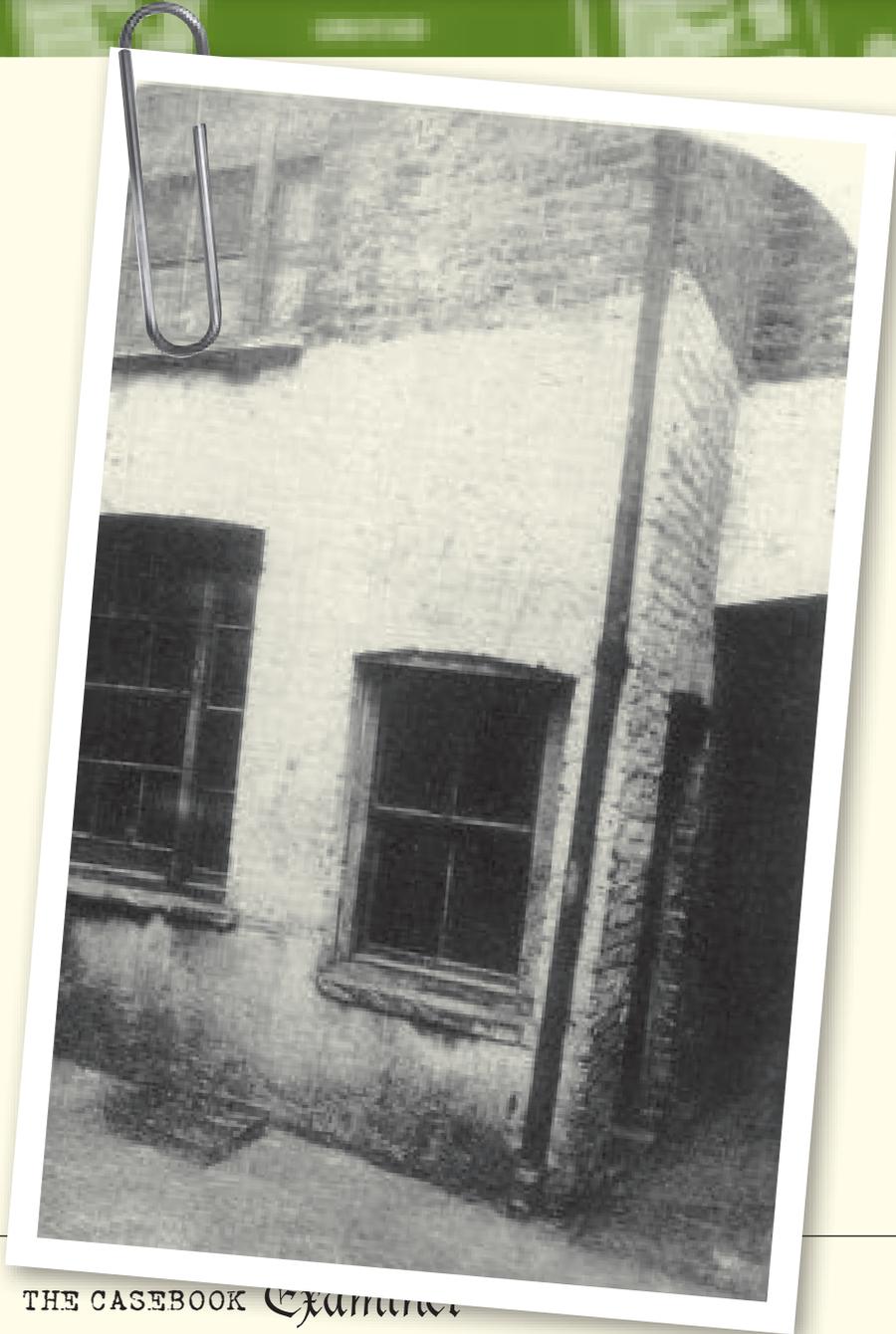
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

With thanks to Neal Shelden for his help in putting together this piece. Photos courtesy of Neal Shelden.

CSI: WHITECHAPEL



NOVEMBER 9TH 1888
MILLER'S COURT

LOCATION: Miller's Court, Dorset Street, Spitalfields.

DATE: 9th November, 1888.

TIME: 10:45 am

THE VICTIM: Mary Jane Kelly, aged approximately 24 years, was identified by Joseph Barnett, her partner.

VICTIM DISCOVERED BY:

Thomas Bowyer employee of Mary's landlord, John McCarthy, had been sent to collect the rent that McCarthy was owed. Bowyer knocked on the door but on gaining no response pulled back the curtain to see inside and on doing so discovered her body. He told McCarthy of the appalling discovery.

FIRST POLICE ON SCENE:

Bowyer was sent by McCarthy to Commercial Street police station, where he spoke to Inspector Walter Beck (McCarthy himself subsequently followed Bowyer to the station). Beck accompanied Bowyer back to Miller's Court and on doing so closed access to it. Inspector Frederick Abberline had arrived at the scene by 11:30 am. Under orders from Superintendent Thomas Arnold, at 1:30 pm, several hours after the police and medical attention had arrived at the crime scene, John McCarthy smashed the door down with an axe.

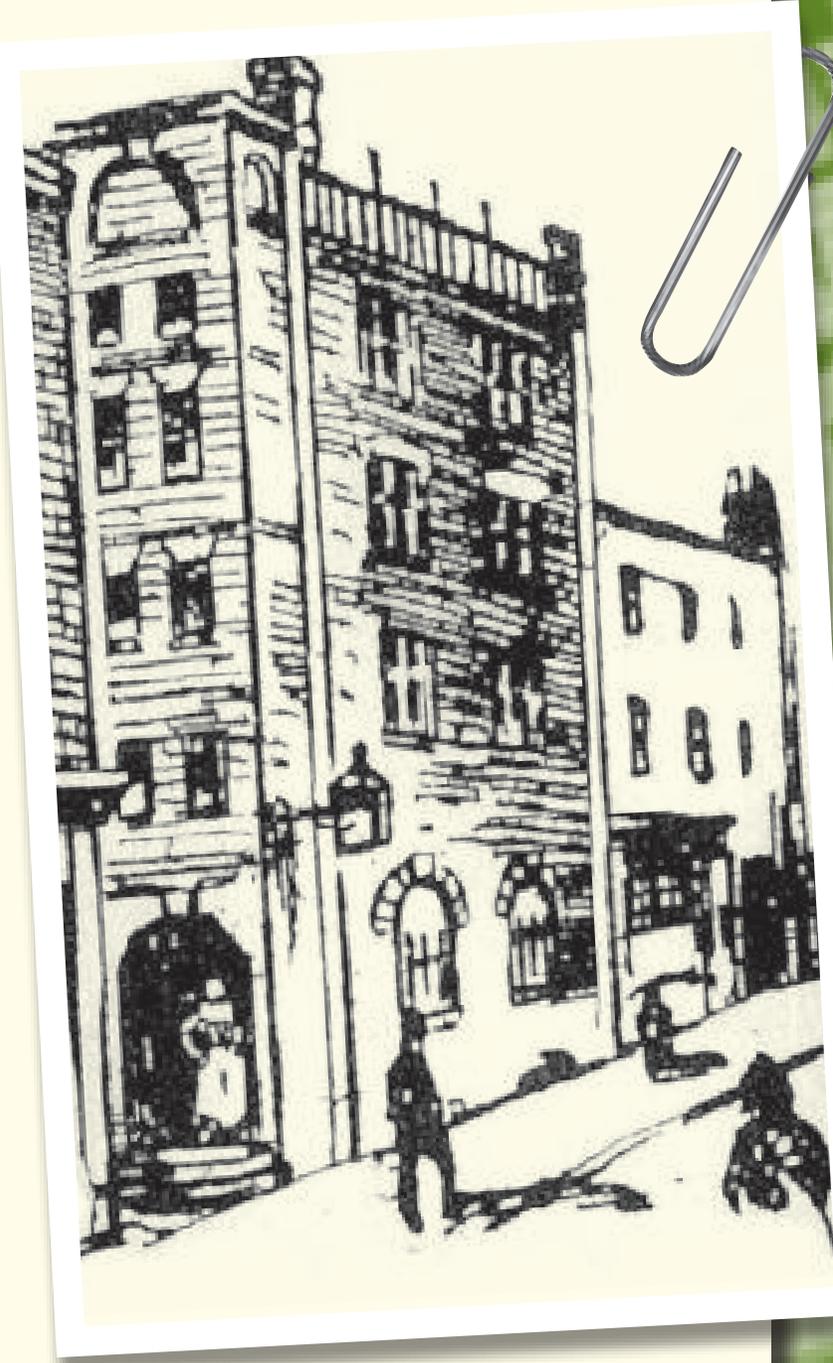
MEDICAL ASSISTANCE:

Dr George Bagster Phillips arrived at the scene at 11:15 am; he was the divisional surgeon. Dr Phillips was the first person to enter the room once

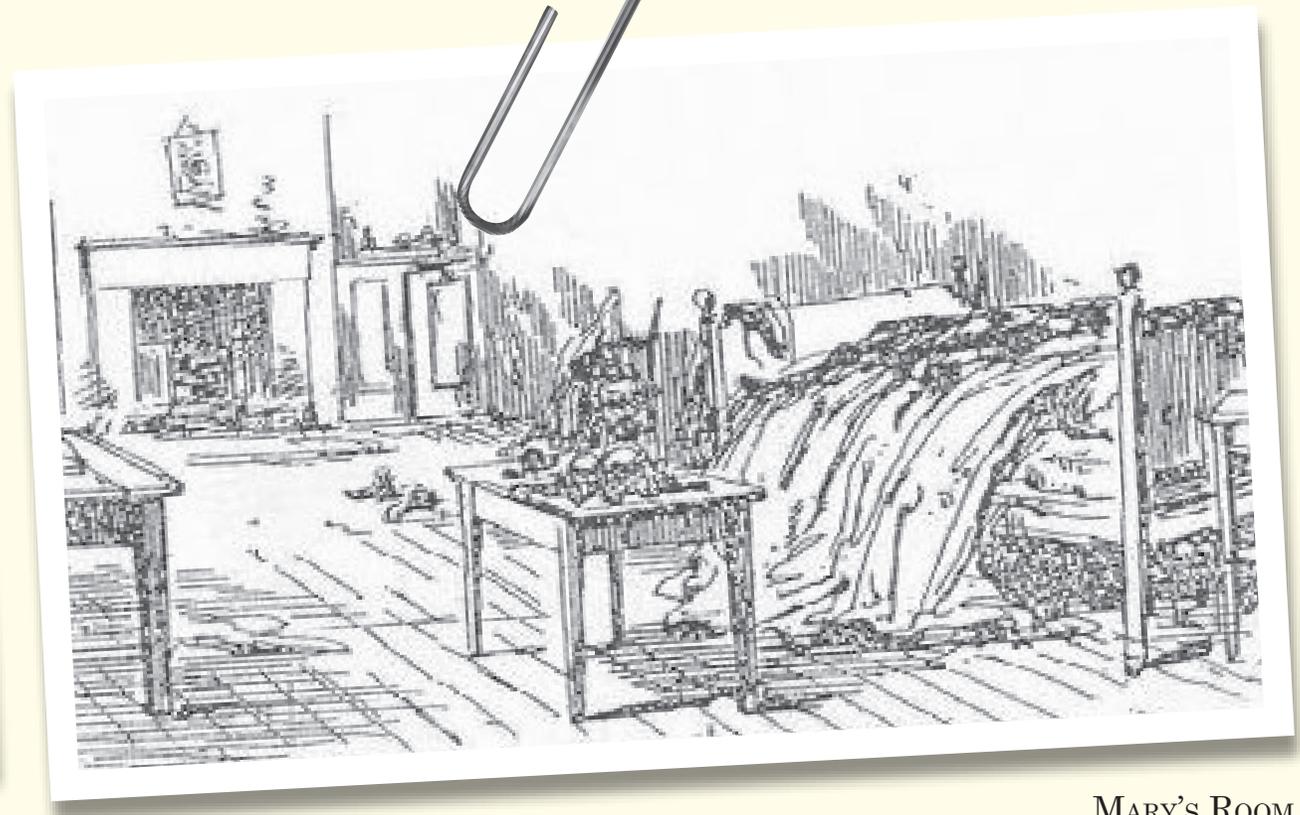
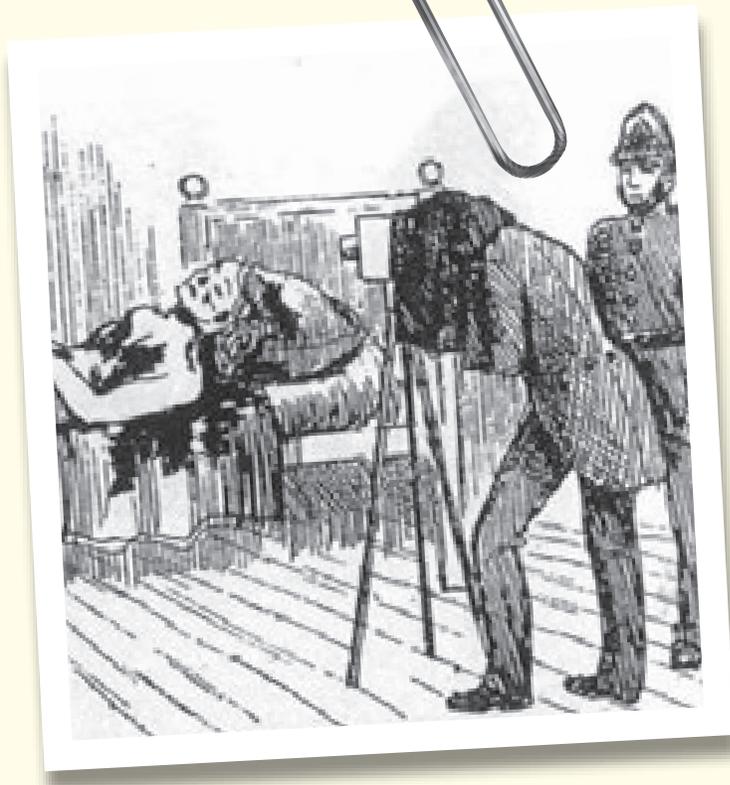
the door had been broken open. Dr Thomas Bond, police surgeon from A Division, conducted the post-mortem alongside Dr Phillips; Dr Gordon Brown was also present. Dr Bond had previously been called in by Robert Anderson, Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, to review the medical evidence. Mary Kelly's death was the first suspected Ripper murder since he had been asked to do so.

THE CRIME SCENE:

Dorset Street was known to be one of the worst streets in London. It was seen as an area of vice and was occupied mainly by common lodging houses, one of which was directly opposite the entrance of Miller's Court. There were several courts leading off the main street, built into the back yards. One such place was Miller's Court, Number 13 of which, was where Mary Kelly had resided and been murdered. The chandlers shop of John McCarthy, Mary's landlord, occupied the neighbouring property at number 27 Dorset Street. The Court was accessed from the street via a passage three feet wide and about twenty feet long. This narrow passage led to a yard that was faced into by six buildings. The area was known



ENTRANCE TO MILLER'S COURT



MARY'S ROOM

colloquially as McCarthy's Rents, the buildings that surrounded the Court were mainly divided into single rooms and let by him.

Number 13 was a ground floor room and was the back parlour of 26 Dorset Street; it was portioned off from the front of the building and had separate access. The front room of Number 26, which faced Dorset Street, was over a shed or warehouse that was used for storing costers' barrows. The entrance to her room was the second door on the right as one entered the Court (the first of the doors led to the upper floor of the house). Kelly's room had two

windows; these faced the yard, and the smaller of the two, near the door, contained two panes that were broken. Joseph Barnett said Mary had been putting her hand through this broken windowpane in order to open the front door and access the room, as the key had been lost.

The inside of 13 Miller's Court was small and sparsely furnished. The room measured no more than fifteen feet square. There was a bedside table, which the door (that opened inwards) had knocked against when the police entered; it was close to the left side of the bed. The right side of the bed was

up against a wooden partition; this partition sealed Number 13 Miller's Court from the rest of 26 Dorset Street. The other furnishings were another table, a chair, a cupboard, a washstand and a fireplace. There was only one piece of candle in the room.

On Saturday 10th November Inspector Abberline went back to the crime scene and investigated the ashes found in the grate in Mary Kelly's room. There had been a large fire that had caused the spout of the kettle that was there to fall off. He also found the remains of some woman's clothing. Shortly after he had

finished conducting the post-mortem, Dr Phillips, together with district coroner Roderick MacDonald went to the scene to sift the ashes for traces of burnt human remains.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY:

Dr Phillips stated that the mutilated remains of Mary Kelly were lying two-thirds over towards the edge of the bedstead nearest the door. She had only her chemise on. He felt that the body had been moved, subsequent to the injury which caused her death, from that side of the bedstead that was nearest the wooden partition; he thought this because of the large quantity of blood under the bedstead and the saturated condition of the sheet at the corner nearest the partition and of the palliasse and pillow. The sheet at the top right corner of the bed was cut. Mary's body was lying naked in the middle of the bed, her shoulders were flat but the axis of her body was inclined to the left side of the bed. Her head was turned on the left cheek and her left arm was close to the body with her forearm flexed at a right angle and lying across the abdomen. Her right arm was slightly abducted from the

body and rested on the mattress. Her elbow was bent and her forearm was supine with the fingers clenched. She had her legs wide apart, with her left thigh at right angles to the trunk and her right forming an obtuse angle with her pubis.

When police entered the room they found Mary Jane Kelly's clothes neatly folded on a chair. Her boots were in front of the fireplace.

THE EVIDENCE:

The whole of the surface of Mary's abdomen and thighs had been removed. The killer had emptied her abdominal cavity of its viscera. Mary had had both breasts cut off. Her arms were mutilated by several jagged wounds. The viscera of her abdominal cavity were found in various parts. Her uterus and kidneys were with one breast under the head, her other breast by the right foot, her liver between her feet, her intestines by her right side and her spleen was by the left side of her body. There were flaps, removed from her abdomen and thighs, on her table. Both her breasts were removed by circular incisions, with the muscle down to the rib cage being attached to the breasts. The skin and tissues of the abdomen

from the costal arch to the pubis were removed in three large flaps. The right thigh was denuded in front to the bone, the flap of skin, including the external organs of generation, and part of the right buttock. The left thigh was stripped of skin fascia and muscles as far as the knee. The left calf showed a long gash through skin and tissues to the deep muscles and reaching from the knee to five inches above the ankle. Both her arms and forearms had extensive jagged wounds.

The intercostals between her fourth, fifth, and sixth ribs were cut through and the contents of the thorax visible through the openings. The tissue in her neck had been severed all round and down to the bone. Mary's neck was cut through the skin and other tissues right down to the vertebrae, the fifth and sixth vertebrae being deeply notched. The skin cuts in the front of her neck showed distinct bruising. Her air passage was cut at the lower part of the larynx through the cricoid cartilage.

On opening the thorax it was found that the right lung was minimally adherent by old firm adhesions. The lower part of the lung was broken and torn away. The left lung was intact. It

was adherent at the apex and there were a few adhesions over the side. In the substances of the lung there were several nodules of consolidation. The pericardium was open below and Mary's heart had been removed and may have been taken from the scene by her killer. In the abdominal cavity there was some partly digested food of fish and potatoes, and similar food was found in the remains of the stomach attached to the intestines.

Her face had been hacked beyond recognition and so the features were difficult to see. Her face was gashed in all directions, her nose, cheeks, eyebrows, and ears being partly removed. Her lips were blanched and cut by several incisions running obliquely down to the chin. There were also numerous cuts extending irregularly across all the facial features.

The right thumb showed a small superficial incision about one inch long, with extravasation of blood in the skin, and there were several abrasions on the back of the hand was showing the same condition.

Her bed clothing at the right corner of the bed was saturated with blood. On the floor beneath it was a pool of blood covering about two feet

square. The wall by the right side of the bed and in a line with the neck was marked by blood; this had struck it in a number of separate splashes.

Dr Phillips concluded that it was the severance of the carotid artery which was the immediate cause of Mary's death and that she had been killed while lying on the right hand side of her bed with her head and neck in the top right hand corner.

ON HER PERSON:

Mary was found naked according to Dr Bond but according to Dr Phillips she had on a chemise or some other undergarment.

WITNESSES:

George Hutchinson, resident of the Victoria Home Working Men's Club, Commercial Street, said that he returned to the area after going to Romford, Essex. He said that at about 2:00 am he was walking along Flower and Dean Street where he met Mary Kelly. Mary asked him to lend her sixpence, but he declined to do so. Then she met a man whom Hutchinson said he had previously passed on the corner of Thrawl Street. Kelly and the man entered into a brief conversation before

Hutchinson saw the man put his hand on Kelly's shoulder and they headed towards Dorset Street.

While standing under a street light outside the Queen's Head public house, Hutchinson was able to clearly see the man with Mary Jane Kelly and was able to provide a description. Hutchinson said the man had a pale complexion, a slight moustache turned up at the corners (he stated this was in fact a dark complexion and heavy moustache in the later press reports). The man had dark hair, dark eyes, and bushy eyebrows. Hutchinson stated that the man was of Jewish appearance. He was wearing a soft felt hat pulled down over his eyes, a long dark coat trimmed in astrakhan, a white collar with a black necktie fixed with a horseshoe pin, and dark spats over light button over boots. He had a large gold chain in his waistcoat with a large seal and a red stone hanging from it. He was about five foot six or seven inches tall and approximately 35 or 36 years old. The man held a small parcel in his left hand.

Kelly and the man crossed Commercial Street and turned down Dorset Street. Hutchinson followed them. Kelly and the man stopped

outside Miller's Court and had a conversation of about three minutes in length. The man put his arm around Kelly who then kissed him. Hutchinson reported that Mary said, "I've lost my handkerchief," and that the man then handed her a red handkerchief. The couple then headed down Miller's Court. Hutchinson waited opposite the entrance to Miller's Court until the clock struck the hour. At this point it was 3:00 am.

Elizabeth Prater, of room 20, 26 Dorset Street, was standing in the entrance to Miller's Court at approximately 1:00 am. She stood there for about half an hour before going into McCarthy's shop. She saw no one going in or out of Miller's Court; nor could she hear any singing. Shortly after this she returned to her room and went to sleep. She was woken by her cat Diddles crossing her neck at about 4:00 am, and she heard a cry of, "Oh murder," but she stated that as the cry was common in the district she paid no attention.

At 11:45 pm, Mary Ann Cox of 5 Miller's Court, on returning home during the night, saw Kelly talking to a man of approximately five foot five inches in height wearing shabby dress, an overcoat and a billycock hat. She described him as having a blotchy face, small side



DORSET STREET

whiskers and a carrot moustache. He was carrying a pail of beer. Mary Cox followed them as they entered Miller's Court, and saw they were standing outside Kelly's room. Cox wished Mary Kelly goodnight and she replied that she was going to sing. Minutes later, Cox heard Kelly singing "A Violet from Mother's Grave". Cox went out again at midnight when she could still hear Kelly singing the same song. She returned home at 1:00 am to get warm. Cox went out again shortly afterwards, and at this time Kelly was still singing and there was light coming from her room. It was raining hard at 3:00 am and Mary Cox returned home for the last time that night. At this time there was no light or sound from Kelly's room as she passed. Mary Cox was awake but did not go out again. She stated that she heard men go into and out of the court throughout the night. She also heard someone go out at about 5:45 am.

Caroline Maxwell, who knew Mary Kelly, gave evidence at the inquest that she had seen Mary Kelly alive at 8:30 am; this directly contradicted the time of death given by the doctors.

It was supported however, by the evidence of Maurice Lewis, a resident

of Dorset Street, who told newspapers he had seen Kelly and Barnett in the Horn of Plenty pub on the night of the murder, and, more importantly, that he saw her about 10:00 am. He was not called to the inquest and was virtually ignored by police because of the discrepancy with the timings.

CRITICISMS:

The police waited for two hours before breaking into Mary Kelly's room to examine her body and the crime scene. This delay was said to have been because there was confusion about whether bloodhounds were to be deployed. Dr Phillips, correctly believing it best not to walk on the crime scene as this would hinder their picking up a scent, and it being obvious from the state of Mary Kelly's body that she was dead and that nothing could be done for her, suggested they should wait before entering. When Superintendent Arnold arrived he knew that no bloodhounds were to be deployed and so gave orders to break in.

Bloodhounds served as tracker dogs due to their highly sensitive sense of smell. The suggestion from various quarters that bloodhounds

should be used to track the killer first surfaced as early as in the aftermath of Annie Chapman's murder. The police contacted Edward Brough, a breeder of bloodhounds, who resided in Scarborough, Yorkshire, in October 1888. Brough doubted that any dogs were trained sufficiently to track a scent in Whitechapel's busy streets as they would more easily go on the wrong trail in such circumstances. The dogs Brough brought to Whitechapel were called Burgho and Barnaby and they were subjected to a trial run at Regent's Park and subsequently at Hyde Park with a view to testing their effectiveness. Their use was widely publicised. Wagner (2006, pp 27) noted "when it became known that Burgho and Barnaby had been located, they and their handlers were subjected to many clever remarks. But the fact is while the public believed them to be roaming free in London there were no Ripper murders." Brough had returned the dogs to Scarborough prior to Mary's murder after the police refused to pay for their services, hence the confusion about their availability for use tracking the murderer of Mary Kelly in early November.

CONCLUSION:

The murder is likely to be one in a series, connected to those of Mary Ann Nichols, Annie Chapman, Elizabeth Stride and Catherine Eddowes (see our reports in Issues #1 – #5). Despite numerous suspects being investigated in the 122 years since the crime was committed the case remains unsolved and the files are still open.

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WWW.CASEBOOK.ORG/VICTIMS/

[MARY JANE KELLY](#)



DEMOLITION OF MILLER'S COURT JUNE 1928

from the casebook archives:

Matthew Packer

This issue's look at the *Casebook's* extensive archives focuses on witness Matthew Packer. He was controversial and often talked about witness who said he sold grapes to Jack the Ripper and Elizabeth Stride on the night of her murder. How much of what he said should we believe? We have found opinions from the archives to help you decide (or stay open minded if you prefer!).

What better place to start our hunt for information on a witness in the Jack the Ripper case than the *Casebook's* witness section? This section gives an account of what Packer said he saw, based on various newspaper reports and can be found [HERE](#):

The wiki section is usually a good place to find biographical information on people connected to the case. Matthew Packer's segment includes an overview of the facts we know about him and what he said he saw on that fateful night. It can be accessed [HERE](#):

On *Casebook* is a copy of Chris Scott's e-book *Jack the Ripper A Cast of Thousands*. This is an overview of information about people who are connected to the case. Chris Scott says of Matthew Packer and his place in Ripper folklore, "Packer's grapes have become an icon of the Ripper story and feature significantly in the 1988 Lorimar version of the story and the film *From Hell*. In the latter version of



events, these grapes become the means whereby Gull entices the victims into his coach on the basis that no one in the East End would have been able to afford them! If that were the case, it makes one wonder why Packer would have bother[ed] selling them.” The segment on Packer can be seen [HERE](#):

Researcher David Yost, who has researched the Stride murder extensively, has written a dissertation on the subject of Packer, reproduced on *Casebook*. It is entitled ‘Matthew Packer – Final Thoughts’ and uses the known weather conditions in Whitechapel on the night of the double event to try and establish what time Packer closed his stall on the night and whether he therefore could have seen Stride with the Ripper. For the link see [HERE](#):

For some connected research into Le Grand, who interviewed Packer in his role as private detective, see Gerry Nixon’s excellent piece ‘Le Grand of the Strand’ [HERE](#): This should be familiar to regular *Examiner* readers as Tom Wescott recently referred to it in an article on Le Grand for us (*Casebook Examiner* Issue 2, June 2010).

The testimony of Packer is a topic much discussed on the *Casebook’s*

Message Boards. One thread that discusses an interesting Packer related topic is that below, focusing on his claim to have seen the man who was with Stride shortly before her death for a second time. As well as this, it touches on claims he is said to have made at the time of the Pinchin Street Torso case. [THREAD](#)

Next, we turn to the Ripper Podcasts and the episode that focuses on the night of Elizabeth Stride’s murder. On this occasion host Jonathan Menges, was joined by fellow Ripperologists Mike Covell, Ally Ryder and Robert McLaughlin. It can be found [HERE](#):

Last but not least, we turn to the extensive press reports area where we find this *Irish Times* account of Packer’s story, published [15TH NOVEMBER 1888](#)

Next issue we will have a look at Montague Druitt



The Aldgate East Tavern

FRAGMENTS OF THE EAST END

Andrew Firth

All too often, when buildings of historical interest are demolished and new structures are put up in their place, all remnants of the old structures disappear for good. An excellent example of this is the north side of Hanbury Street, site of the murder of Annie Chapman. All traces of number 29, and indeed that whole row of weavers' houses were swept away in the early 1970s for the building of an extension of the Truman, Hanbury and Buxton brewery.

At this moment in time, however, we do have a rare opportunity to look upon what is left of two buildings that used to stand a short distance away, at the southern end of Goulston Street. Normally, the attention of Ripperologists is focused on the Wentworth Dwellings for obvious reasons, but there are other parts of the street worth looking at in order to gain a unique glimpse into the past.

On the opposite side of Goulston Street from the modern day Aldgate Exchange pub (the venue for meetings of the Whitechapel Society) is located a patch of waste ground, surrounded by metal railings. Upon closer inspection of this area, the former use of this land can be deduced. Here used to stand the

original pre-1938 Aldgate East station, and alongside it, the aptly titled Aldgate East Tavern.

Both the station and the pub were grand looking buildings, with ornate stonework finishes to help entice travellers and drinkers to enter and partake of the facilities within.

The station closed in 1938, when its modern day replacement opened a few hundred yards further east. The original platforms were badly sited, in very close proximity to a number of rail junctions in the Aldgate area, with the result that, prior to re-siting, stopping trains had caused congestion and delays to other services. The station building remained in non-railway use until demolition. The Aldgate East Tavern, owned by Truman, Hanbury and Buxton, closed around the early fifties. Certainly, by 1954 both buildings had succumbed to the demolition wrecker's ball.

Today, the old platform area can be seen parallel to Whitechapel High Street. A few tell-tale metal brackets that originally supported the staircase still protrude from the wall. A relatively modern red brick wall runs along what was originally the platform edge, shielding the view of passing trains on

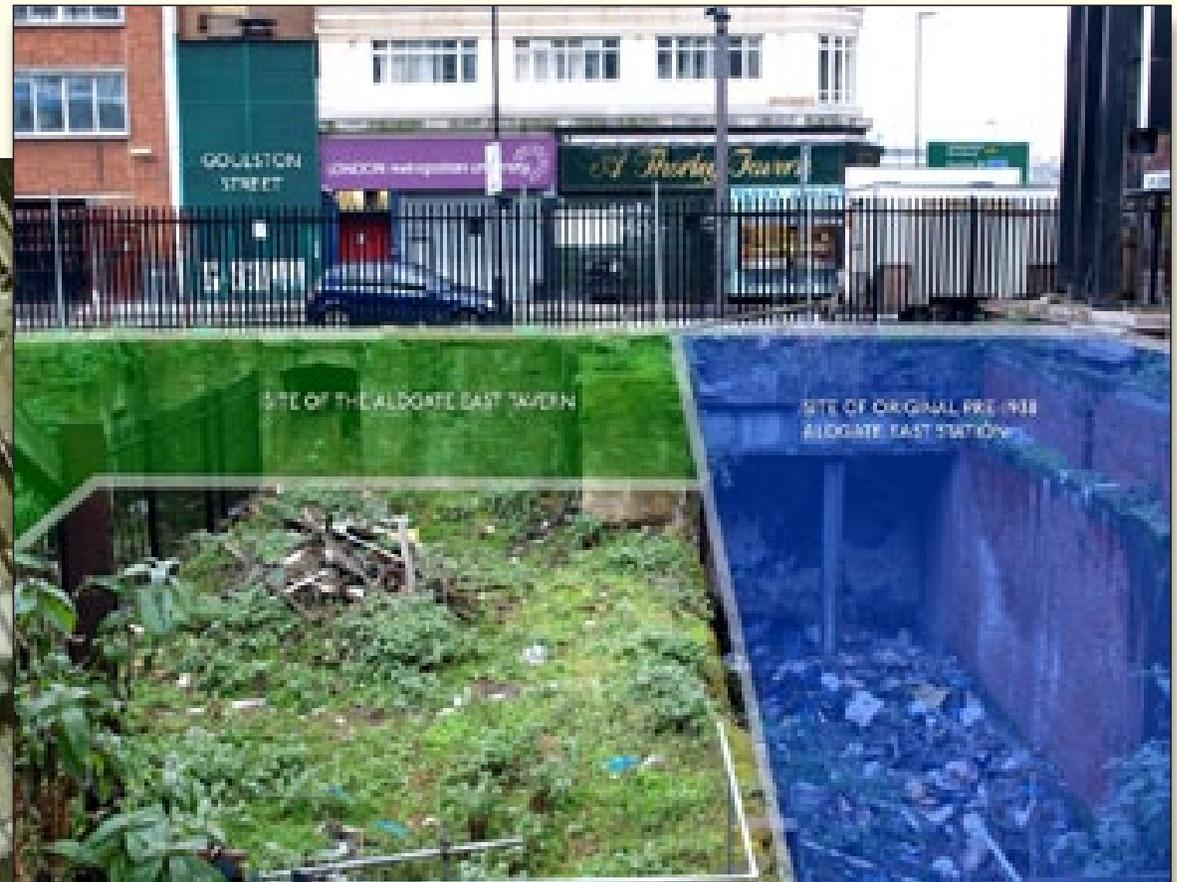
the District and Hammersmith and City lines from curious eyes.

North of the platform area lies what appears to be the cellars of the old pub, with a few ornate brick archways set into the cellar walls running along the line of Goulston Street. With just a little imagination, it is possible to recreate the scene of passengers catching underground trains to Southend, whilst on the other side of the wall, barrels of Truman's beer stand in the cool cellar, awaiting consumption by thirsty customers.

This article is an extract from Andrew Firth's forthcoming book *Fragments of the East End*, due to be published later this year.

PREVIOUS PAGE:

A PHOTO MONTAGE SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE ALDGATE EAST STATION AND TAVERN IN RELATION TO THE MODERN DAY ALDGATE EXCHANGE PUB. © ANDREW FIRTH, 2011



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE WASTELAND SHOWING THE “FOOTPRINTS” OF THE PUB CELLAR AND PLATFORM AREA.

AN OVERLAY OF THE SOUTHERN END OF GOULSTON STREET, USING AN 1894 OS MAP, AND A MODERN DAY VIEW FROM GOOGLE MAPS.

Biography

Andrew Firth

Andrew Firth is an Assistant Editor of Casebook Examiner and became interested in the case back in 1991 after reading a special edition Marshall Cavendish magazine which included a facsimile newspaper from 1888. In recent years Andrew's interest in the case has been centred on the geographical history of the east end, and in particular on the changes to the streets and buildings in the Whitechapel and Spitalfields area that have occurred in the last 120

years. He is a keen photographer; always on the look out for an unusual angle of a familiar Ripper related location, and has produced a number of photomontages showing old buildings placed into their relevant modern day views. In 2009 Andrew published *PAST TRACES*, his first photographic book on the case. A second volume, to be entitled *Fragments of the East End*, will be published towards the end of this year.



THE END