

The Fifth Victim: The Hand of a Woman?

By JENNIFER SHELDEN

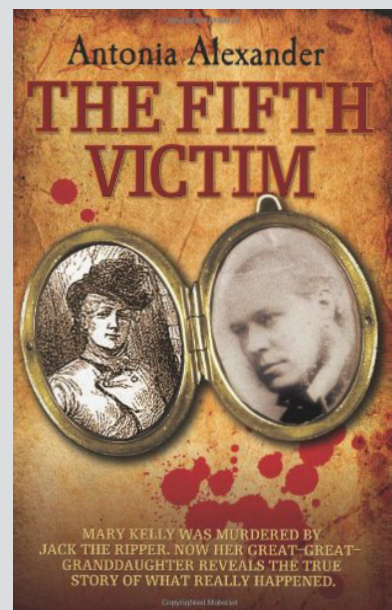
*Watch your thoughts; they become words.
Watch your words; they become actions.
Watch your actions; they become habits.
Watch your habits; they become character.
Watch your character; it becomes your destiny.*

Lao-Tze

The 125th Victim

In June 2013 Chris Scott mentioned on a post on the *Casebook: Jack the Ripper* Forums that *The Fifth Victim*, a book by Antonia Alexander, would be released in August 2013 for the 125th anniversary of the Whitechapel murders. A quick look at the cover told me all I needed to know. Sir John Williams's face was staring back at me, together with the claim that the author was a direct descendant of Mary Jane Kelly, the fifth canonical victim of the Ripper - hence the book's title. The whole tale sounded eerily familiar from the blurb: a family story that linked Sir John to the murders. In 2005 Tony Williams, a descendant of Sir John, had co-authored *Uncle Jack*, in which he fingered his ancestor as the Ripper. It was clear that once a suspect's name was out there as such, it was difficult, if not impossible, to get it back. Only last year, after all, John Morris had published *Hand of a Woman*, claiming that not Sir John but his wife Lizzie was the murderer, but relying on theories first put forward in *Uncle Jack*. Now there was a third book completing the unholy trinity.

Within a few hours of getting my copy of *The Fifth Victim*, I had read it all and puzzling details began to emerge. Page after page led me to one clear conclusion and I began to put this piece together. In her book, Antonia Alexander had written: 'Where did I start? The beginning would be good, I thought.'¹ Her words, which I had just read, seemed pertinent to my own task.



In Captain Cook's Footsteps

It was the winter of 2000 and life on the tiny island of Maina in the Cook Islands couldn't be better for one family seeking a retreat from the modern world. The clear blue water of the lagoon lapped the shore, the sand was white and the sun beamed down. The family - Dad, Mum and three kids - collected coconuts and fished off the shoreline. Michael Anthony 'Tony' Williams, born in 1961, had first realised his childhood dream of living on a deserted island in 1989 when he and his wife Cathy had gone to live on Maina for a few months. Several years later, in 1993, he returned with his entire family, including his three children, Craig Anthony, born in 1981, Matthew Ryan, born in 1985, and the youngest, his daughter Stacey, born in 1988. Tony recounted the family's adventures in his first book, *Island Of Dreams* (Signet, 1994).

¹ Alexander, 2013, p.29.

Tony Williams was the son of Thomas Graham Williams and Iris Cooper, who had been married in 1955. He grew up in a small village in the Welsh Valleys with his older sister, his older brother Alun (also known as Wyn) and his younger sister Rhian. A younger brother, Mark, had sadly died of cot death in the 1960s.²

Tony's world was turned upside down by the separation and divorce of his parents, which resulted in his living with his mother and siblings in a caravan in Swansea. When he left the Welsh Valleys he was unable to speak a word of English. He recalled:

We moved just before the street fell away. Not really because of the danger, but because our mother was seeing another man and our father wanted us out of there. The old village shut down around that time in any case. Warnings were given, most people were allocated council houses elsewhere, and one night the street six doors down from our house just gently slid into a hole. The side of the mountain, weighed down with rain and rotten inside from years of mining, opened up to the sky. The road broke like a crust and those who dared to tiptoe to the edge said you could see no end to the blackness.³

He would tell a slightly embellished version of this story in *Uncle Jack* (2005, p.3):

My family had lived in a small village built along the side of a mountain riddled with old mines. One morning we woke up to find that the street just six doors away had vanished into a large hole which had opened up in the ground. We went to have a look; it was black, down as far as you could see. We would drop some stones down it, but you couldn't hear them land.

His father, known as Graham, a gifted poet, had described his marriage to Tony's mother on his website as an 'insane decision', adding that it had been filled with 'turmoil'. In 1973 he married his second wife, Jean.

The relationship between father and son, as described by Tony Williams, comes across as extremely strained. Tony recalled how he had bumped into his father in Swansea and his father had said: 'You know bugger all about me. Your mother marched you off as soon as you could walk. You're a liar, you always were. Look at you, you shifty little devil.'⁴ Tony also gives the impression of being intimidated by his father and of resenting him: 'He was a man who would lock a six-year-old child away by itself because it had dropped something', he wrote of him in *Island of Dreams*. He added:

When I was about seven, I got a punchbag for Christmas. It was wrapped up, in the lounge, near the tree, but it had my name on and I could guess what it was. My father came in from work and there was a huge row. I was frightened.

I forgot the incident, until years later, my mother explained it. She said my real father was an amateur boxer, and that's why she'd bought the punchbag. I didn't know what was going on. It was a coded message only my father could read.

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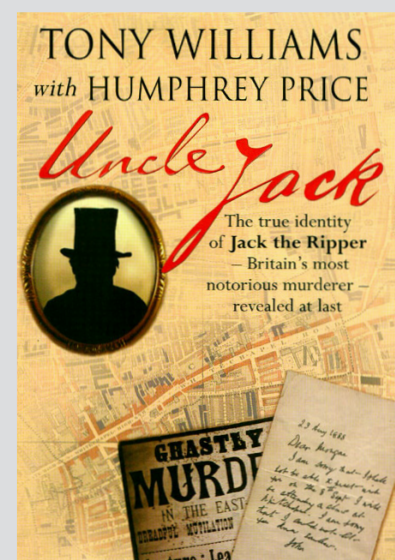
When I was on Takutea and started writing, everything I put down turned into a diatribe against my father; once I got ten thousand miles away from him I could pour out all the resentment that had been there for years.⁵

Besides the impact that his mother's disclosure that the man Tony Williams had always known as his father was not his real father may have had on a sensitive young man, it is worth noting that it disposes of the notion that he was a descendant of Sir John Williams.

Tony left his home, where he'd lived with his mother and siblings, at about the age of 16, and married his wife, Catherine, in 1980.



Tony Williams



² Williams, 1994, p.39.

³ Williams, 1994, pp.39-40

⁴ Williams, 1994, p.75.

⁵ Williams, 1994, pp.184-185.

One day in the winter of 2000, as the Williams family looked across the clear turquoise sea, they heard the unwelcome din of neighbours they had not been expecting. It was 9 January 2000 and the TV series *Shipwrecked* had begun production on the nearby and similarly uninhabited island of Moturakau, another of the Cook Islands. The tranquil quietness that the family had been enjoying for the last decade was abruptly halted by the boats of the production crew and the party lifestyle of the yobbish castaways, all aged between 16 and 24, on the adjoining island. ‘They were the neighbours from hell living next door to us’, Williams stated.

The family decided enough was enough; this would be the sad end to their dream. They left the Cook Islands and returned to Swansea in South Wales, a place from which Tony Williams had been trying his best to escape. On returning home, Williams published *Black Pearls*, an amalgamation of his earlier works *Island of Dreams* and *The Forgotten People*, together with additional stories and recollections from their life in the Cook Islands. In *The Forgotten People* Williams had told the tale of the trip he had taken with his family in 1996 to visit the Mandan, a Native American tribe of North Dakota, who are supposed Welsh heritage.



“Uncles”

Soon Tony Williams’s eye was caught by the life of Sir John Williams. An obstetrician to royalty and the founder of the National Library of Wales, Sir John is a prominent figure in Wales thanks to his saving many rare books written in Welsh. Yet this would not be the angle that Tony Williams chose to take. *Uncle Jack*, co-authored by Humphrey Price, an editor and now a notable ghost writer, was released in a blaze of publicity in 2005.

Back in 2005/06 I had identified several problems with *Uncle Jack* and written two articles highlighting some of the most important ones. The book, I am now told by Professor JDR Thomas (a relation of Sir John via one of his uncles), started with an inaccurate family tree. I had already observed that *Uncle Jack* followed a somewhat dubious course in outlining an ultimately weak case against Sir John; something of the truth had obviously become lost in the telling of the story. The research conducted into the book at the time raised many questions, the answers to which have not been satisfactorily answered by the authors to this day. The evidence that Sir John Williams had worked in Whitechapel was false and based on a mistaken belief. His alleged connection to Mary Ann Nichols was predicated on an entry in a book that did not match the other entries, did not seem to be in his hand and was seemingly not contemporaneous with the other entries. The allegation that his 1888 diary pointed to his guilt could be proved inaccurate by the remaining pages of the diary. The ‘Dear Morgan’ letter, with its odd provenance, was contradicted by the same diary. A letter that Sir John had supposedly written in Welsh to a lover could not be found at the National Library of Wales, and the reference the authors gave for it when confronted was incorrect. The ovariectomy operation mentioned in the book was not similar to the mutilations inflicted on the Ripper victims. So did the list of problems go on, seemingly forever. Sales of the paperback edition were not what the publishers, Orion, had hoped for, and the book was quietly dropped from their list.



Sir John Williams

The title would be picked up again in 2011, this time by the vanity press Pegasus Elliot Mackenzie, under the title *Uncle Jack: A Victorian Mystery*, and without Humphrey Price’s input. As part of the publishing deal, Pegasus agreed to release also Tony Williams’s novel *Shadow of an Angel*, which was published in 2011.

The articles I had written had clearly left an impression on Tony Williams. Speaking of Ripperologists in his foreword to the 2011 edition, he noted: ‘The obsession of their lives is the case of Jack the Ripper and his victims, and any book published on the subject is closely examined indeed’. He added ‘They read my book over and over again, scrutinizing every section - how could they have missed him?’⁶

6 Williams, 2011, p.18.

Like Minds

The Fifth Victim came out on 15 August 2013. I ordered it the same day and it arrived promptly. While I was at work, my husband Neal read the book. Neal is an author and researcher specializing in the genealogy of the Ripper victims. He quickly identified the Mary Kelly to whom Antonia Alexander said she was related, even though she gave only the name of the man whom this Mary married - George - but not his surname. I was relieved to get home and not have to search out the information that I had been wondering about all day!

The Mary Kelly named by Antonia Alexander as her ancestress was born in 1858 in Swansea, Wales, the daughter of Anthony Kelly and Catherine née Sullivan. In 1879 she married George Morrell, and the 1891 census recorded that they had five children born between 1881 and 1889. Mary Kelly/Morrell lived all her life at various addresses in Llangyfelach Street, Swansea, and died in 1923 aged 59. Despite Alexander's claim that Mary had gone to London to embark on an affair with Sir John Williams, there was no evidence that she had ever left Swansea. Furthermore, the births of her children in 1887 and 1889 seemed to indicate that she had not experienced marital problems. Alexander's claim that a friend who had accompanied Mary Morrell to London had taken on her maiden name and was the person who died in Miller's Court has not been substantiated.

With Mary Morrell's birth date confirmed as 1858, Alexander's story makes little sense. Her book describes how Mary met John (not yet Sir John) in Swansea and they fell in love. Yet John moved to London and, although he wanted to marry Mary Kelly, as she then was, he married someone else, Mary 'Lizzie' Hughes, because she was wealthy. This family story certainly was problematic. In fact, John and Lizzie were married in 1872, the year when he moved to London. The future Mary Morrell would have been only 14 at this time.

Just after *The Fifth Victim* was published I asked for an interview with Antonia Alexander for my blog. She did not grant me an interview but answered some questions via email on 3 October. One of my questions was 'Did you know much about Mary Kelly before you started researching the book? Was she spoken about in your family?' and she replied 'I only found out about Mary Kelly when my grandmother showed me the magazine article.' In her book, Alexander outlines that her grandmother showed her an article in Spanish about Sir John Williams and Jack the Ripper which alerted her to the alleged family connection.

I picked up Alexander's book and flicked through it. My attention was drawn to the photographs. First, there was a photograph of Sir John and another of his wife Lizzie, both widely available on the internet. Next there was a photograph of Antonia Alexander's Nan, her grandmother, whose name was not given. Then there was a photograph of Sir John's knife being held by a man, from the collection in the National Library of Wales, and photographs of the graves of Mary Ann Nichols, Catherine Eddowes and Mary Jane Kelly. I stared at the photographs. Something was odd. Immediately it clicked and I rushed upstairs to find my 2011 edition of *Uncle Jack*. I laid it open and looked at the photographs of the victims' graves.

At first I thought the photographs in both books were identical. In the photograph of Mary Kelly's grave in *Uncle Jack*, Tony Williams sits next to the grave and flowers and various trinkets surround the headstone. The photograph in *The Fifth Victim* is framed more tightly and shows the headstone closer up. I examined the photographs carefully. The flowers and the trinkets, such as a cat ornament, a plate, a flag, and several milk cartons, were the same and were arranged in exactly the same manner in both photographs. The photographs of the graves of Mary Ann Nichols and Catherine Eddowes - which are always less decorated than Mary Kelly's grave - in both books show the same flowers in nearly the same position. It was clear that, if not exactly identical, the photographs of the graves in *The Fifth Victim* were almost certainly taken on the same day as those in *Uncle Jack*.

When I forwarded to Alexander the questions for my blog, I asked 'Did you go and do any activities connected to the Ripper in London, such as a Ripper walk, or visiting the murder area or similar in the course of your research?' and she replied 'I just visited the graves of the victims (the ones I could find).' I thought it was extremely odd that, despite her claim in *The Fifth Victim* that she had only learnt of her family's connection to Mary Kelly and the Ripper crimes in 2012, the photographs she had reproduced in her book - which were presumably from her visits to the graves - were so similar to those in *Uncle Jack*, which had come out a year before she said her own investigation began.

Analysis of Photographic Content

The Fifth Victim - Illustrations	Cross referenced
1 Sir John Williams	<i>Uncle Jack</i> , 2005 (widely available)
2 Lizzie Williams	<i>Uncle Jack</i> , 2005 (widely available)
3 'Nan' (Antonia Alexander's Grandmother)	
4 Knife	<i>Uncle Jack</i> , 2005 (close up of)
5 Mary Ann Nichols's grave	Taken same day as <i>Uncle Jack</i> , 2011
6 Catherine Eddowes's grave	Taken same day as <i>Uncle Jack</i> , 2011
7 Mary Kelly's grave	Taken same day as <i>Uncle Jack</i> , 2011

When *The Fifth Victim* came out, there was no indication as to whether the locket which appeared on the front cover was the actual locket which Alexander found with a photograph of Sir John Williams in it, or if it was an artistic illustration. Alexander's interviews given to the newspapers *The Western Mail* and *Daily Mail* in September were accompanied by a photograph of the locket. It showed the real locket being like that on the cover, but the image of Mary Kelly was not in it. I assumed it must have been added by someone in the art department to show the title character of the book on the cover. I knew the photograph which was inside the locket well. It had also been in *Uncle Jack* (2005 edition). I wondered whether this was just a coincidence.

As I read the book I came across a sentence which caught my eye: 'My first duty was to ask Tony Williams for information relating to his ancestor,' she wrote. 'He was very helpful and emailed me tons of data.'⁷ Later she added: 'I knew everything I needed to know about John Williams thanks to Tony Williams's research'.⁸ I pondered whether the photographs had been supplied by Tony Williams as well.

In *The Fifth Victim*, Alexander recalls how she felt on learning that there was a connection between her ancestress Mary Kelly and Sir John Williams, who had been linked to the Ripper crimes. On pages 27-28 she writes:

The feeling that I had discovered something that I was not meant to lingered with me for the next few days. It made it harder to have a normal conversation with my family; at first, I did not want to tell even my husband, Philip, what I had learned. But eventually the information I had bottled up inside me had to come out. Not only did I need to tell him what I had found out, I also needed to have someone question it. If he was convinced by my argument, then perhaps I would be convinced as well. Or perhaps I wanted to poke holes in my findings; perhaps I wanted to be proved wrong. If so, I was wasting my time. Philip was shocked at first, but then became as carried away by the story as I had been. Neither of us knew much about the Jack the Ripper killings but we made it our business to find out. We read an array of paperbacks from our local library; and nothing we read contradicted what little I knew about it. But we also came up against a new problem; we now knew a lot about the Ripper, but comparatively very little about my relative.

I thought about what I knew from Nan, and what she had told me about the man Mary had supposedly had an affair with. I thought that if Mary had some kind of secret life, my first step must be to uncover something about it, and maybe that would shed more light on whether or not my suspicions had any foundation. I needed to find out exactly who this man was, and whether or not there could be any link to my relative. But how to go about this? Although I had spent time researching subjects before, those were fairly easy tasks; the books were in the library, nobody had anything to hide, it was all reasonably straightforward to put together. This was going to be very different; I would have to work hard to find the information I needed, and nowhere would this be true than in my own family.

⁷ Alexander, 2013, p. 29.

⁸ Alexander, 2013, p. 181.

Something seemed familiar. I noted that in *Uncle Jack* Williams and Price stated:

The feeling that I had discovered something that I was not meant to linger on with me for the next few days. It made it harder to have a normal conversation with my family; at first, I did not want to tell even my wife, Cathy, what I had learned. But eventually the information I had bottled up inside me had to come out. Not only did I need to tell her what I had found out, I also needed to have someone question it. If she was convinced by my argument, then perhaps I would be convinced as well.

Or perhaps I wanted to poke holes in my findings; perhaps I wanted to be proved wrong. If so, I was wasting my time. Cathy was shocked at first, but then became as carried away by the story as I had been. Neither of us knew much about the Jack the Ripper killings but we made it our business to find out. We read an array of paperbacks from our local library; and nothing we read contradicted what little I knew about my great-great uncle. But we also came up against a new problem; we now knew a lot about the Ripper, but comparatively very little about my relative.

I thought about what I knew from Wyn, and what Nanny had told him about the woman Uncle Jack had supposedly had an affair with. I thought that, if John Williams had some kind of secret life, my first step must be to uncover something about it, and maybe that would shed more light on whether or not my suspicions had any foundation. I needed to find out exactly who this woman was, and whether or not there could be any link to my relative. But how to go about this? Although I had spent time researching subjects before, those were fairly easy tasks; the books were in the library, nobody had anything to hide, it was all reasonably straightforward to put together. This was going to be very different; I would have to work hard to find the information I needed, and nowhere would this be true than in my own family.⁹

The above passages show that Antonia Alexander, the author of *The Fifth Victim*, has told a story identical to the story told by Tony Williams, the author of *Uncle Jack*. Both narratives are word for word the same, except for a few changes of name, eg Cathy to Philip.

Both authors quote M Jeanne Peterson's *The Medical Profession in Mid-Victorian London*. Peterson's original text reads:

pp. 84-85:

In his last year of medical studies a student was required to serve at least three months as a clinical clerk to a hospital physician or a dresser to a surgeon. These posts involved the basic care of medical and surgical patients in the wards under the supervision of the house physicians and surgeons, who were in turn responsible to the senior staff. (See Appendix C for a chart of the organizational structure of a hospital and medical school.) Such undergraduate posts provided essential care to in-patients and important experience for the student. Clerkships and dresserships brought the closest relationships a student had with the medical teachers. Students who came to the medical school with connections to the staff often severed under those 'friends' during the period of practical work.

Beyond the immediate educational value of these posts, they often had far-reaching career effects. Clerks or dressers serving under the same houseman became known as a 'firm.' They often kept close ties, both personal and professional, long after medical school. Such friends could be a source of patients or consulting work. As valuable as peer relationships may have been, connections with senior staff could be even more important. When George Makins was in his fourth year of medical study he became a dresser to Sir William MacCormac, Surgeon at St Thomas's Hospital. 'This appointment,' Makins records, 'was the commencement of a friendship which lasted the whole of MacCormac's life and materially influenced my entire career.' Makins enjoyed patronage and assistance from the senior man. His testimony reflects the experience of a number of medical students whose associations in medical school paved the way to a prosperous future. On a less elevated scale, William B. Page enjoyed similar assistance. Page served as one of Sir Astley Cooper's dressers, and Cooper, when asked to recommend someone for a junior post in a new hospital in Cumberland, nominated the young page. Senior men recommended their dressers and clerks to military posts, private medical service with aristocratic families, and a variety of other appointments that helped them start their careers.

9 Williams, 2005, pp. 17-18.

p. 87:

These early career decisions had a critical influence on a young man's professional life. If he had ambitions to rise to the 'top of the tree,' it was important to stay in London, to continue his affiliation with the world of hospitals and medical teaching, and eventually to gain appointments at the centre of English medical life. If he planned to practice generally, in London or the provinces, these first appointments could lead to the establishment of a practice. In both instances, he was dependent on the ties of family and, more and more, on the ties to his medical teachers.

p. 137:

Qualifying at age twenty-one, the aspirant to consulting status stayed in London, serving in minor hospital posts, seeking the beginnings of practice, and making what connections and income he could. At age twenty-six, he became a Fellow of his College and, with luck, by age thirty he might be appointed assistant physician or surgeon at one of the London hospitals. For most young men this decade as primarily a time of surviving and waiting for the posts that would secure their future as consultants.

Uncle Jack, pp. 53-54, quotes the text as follows:

Young doctors in those times did not expect this to be the way their careers began. In The Medical Profession in Mid-Victorian London, M Jeanne Peterson writes:

In his last year of medical studies, a student was required to serve at least three months as a clinical clerk to a hospital physician or as a dresser to a surgeon. These posts involved the basic care of medical and surgical patients in the wards under the supervision of the house physicians and surgeons, who were in turn responsible to the senior staff.

Beyond the immediate educational value of these posts, they often had far reaching career effects. Clerks or dressers serving under the same houseman became known as a 'firm'. They often kept close ties, either personal or professional, long after medical school. Such friends could be a source of patients or consulting work. Senior men recommended their dressers and clerks to... a variety of other appointments that helped them start their careers.

If he had ambitions to rise to 'the top of the tree', it was important to stay in London, to continue his affiliation with the world of hospitals and medical teaching, and eventually to gain appointments at the centre of English medical life.

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The Fifth Victim, pp. 60-61, quotes Peterson as follows:

Young doctors in those times did not expect this to be the way their careers began. In The Medical Profession in Mid-Victorian London, M Jeanne Peterson writes:

In his last year of medical studies, a student was required to serve at least three months as a clinical clerk to a hospital physician or as a dresser to a surgeon. These posts involved the basic care of medical and surgical patients in the wards under the supervision of the house physicians and surgeons, who were in turn responsible to the senior staff.

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If he had ambitions to rise to 'the top of the tree', it was important to stay in London, to continue his affiliation with the world of hospitals and medical teaching, and eventually to gain appointments at the centre of English medical life.

Qualifying at age twenty-one, the aspirant to consulting status stayed in London, serving minor hospital posts, seeking the beginnings of practice, and making, what connections and income he could. At age twenty-six, he became a Fellow of his college, and, with luck, by age thirty he might be appointed assistant physician or surgeon at one of the London hospitals.

In late July, they moved into 28 Harley Street, in the heart of London, and shortly afterwards, ‘John began doing Dr Hewitt’s work’.

It can be seen that the two books quote, as though it were one passage, the same elements of Jeanne Peterson’s book. However, *The Fifth Victim* also contains the added segment: ‘In late July, they moved into 28 Harley Street in the heart of London, and shortly afterwards, “John began doing Dr Hewitt’s work”.’ This was obviously not part of Peterson’s text, of which I have a copy. Where had it come from? The answer can be found on page 52 of *Uncle Jack*, which reads, ‘In late July, they moved into 28 Harley Street, in the heart of London, and shortly afterwards, “John began doing Dr Hewitt’s work”.’

Comparison of the text used in *The Fifth Victim* with the text used in *Uncle Jack*

The table below shows the known instances where *The Fifth Victim* directly lifts text from *Uncle Jack*, and the part of the latter from which the text is taken.

FIFTH VICTIM		UNCLE JACK	
Chapter	Page	Page	Chapter
Chapter 1			
Chapter 2	pages 1-26		
Chapter 3	pages 27-28	pages 17-18	Chapter 2
	page 28, para 3 to page 29, para 1	n/a	
	page 29, para 2 to page 38	pages 27-32	Chapter 4
	page 38, para 4 to page 39, para 1	n/a	
	page 39, para 2 to page 42, para 2	pages 34-36	Chapter 4
	page 42, para 3 to page 44, para 1	pages 41-42	Chapter 4
	page 43, para 2 to page 44, para 2	pages 39-40	Chapter 4
	page 44, para 3 to page 45	pages 42-43	Chapter 4
	page 46 (blank page)		
Chapter 4	page 47 to 49, para 1	pages 43-44	Chapter 4
	page 49, para 2 to page 51, para 1	pages 46-47	Chapter 4
	page 51, para 2	n/a	
	page 52 (blank page)		
Chapter 5	page 53 to page 57, para 2	pages 49-51	Chapter 5
	page 57, para 3 to page 58, para 3		
	page 58, para 4 to page 61, para 4	pages 52-54	Chapter 5
	page 61, para 5	page 52	Chapter 5
	page 61, para 6 to page 62, para 3	pages 118-119	Chapter 10
	page 62, para 3 to page 63, para 2	pages 54-55	Chapter 5
	page 63, para 3 to page 67, para 3	pages 77-79	Chapter 7
	page 67, para 4 to page 69	pages 55-56	Chapter 6
	page 70		
Chapter 6	pages 71-80	pages 67-74	Chapter 7
Chapter 7	page 81 to page 88, para 1	pages 56-61	Chapter 6
	page 88, paras 2 and 3		
	page 88, para 4 to page 100, para 4	pages 80-83, 84, 85-88	Chapter 7
	page 100, para 5	page 84	Chapter 7

FIFTH VICTIM		UNCLE JACK	
Chapter	Page	Page	Chapter
Chapter 8	page 101 to page 102, para 3	pages 111-112	Chapter 10
	page 102, para 4 to page 103, para 2	pages 89-90	Chapter 8
	page 103, para 3 to page 105, para 1	pages 64-65	Chapter 6
	page 105, para 2		
	page 105, para 3 to page 107, para 1	pages 166-167	Chapter 13
	page 107, para 2 to page 113	pages 129-134	Chapter 11
	page 114 to page 116, para 2	pages 165-166	Chapter 13
	page 116, para 2 to page 118, para 3	pages 170-172	Chapter 13
	page 118, para 4 to page 121, para 4	pages 134-136	Chapter 11
	page 121, para 5 to page 122, para 1	page 172	Chapter 13
Chapter 9	page 122, paras 2 and 3	pages 183-184	Chapter 13
	page 122, para 4 to page 125, para 3	pages 187-189	Chapter 13
	page 125, para 4 to page 26		
	pages 127-131	pages 184-187	Chapter 13
	page 132 to page 140, para 1	pages 194-200	Chapter 14
	page 140, para 2	page 130	Chapter 11
	page 140, para 3 to page 141, para 2	page 200	Chapter 14
	page 141, para 3 to page 145, para 1	pages 119-122	Chapter 10
	page 145, para 2 to page 146, para 2	pages 180-181	Chapter 13
	page 146, paras 3 and 4		
Chapter 10	page 147 to page 154, para 3	pages 145-150	Chapter 12
	page 154, para 4 to page 157, para 2	pages 151-152, 152-153	Chapter 12
	page 157, para 3	page 154	Chapter 12
	page 158, para 1	page 155	Chapter 12
	page 158, para 2	page 155	Chapter 12
	page 158, para 3	page 158	Chapter 12
	page 159, para 1	page 181	Chapter 13
	page 159, para 2 to page 160		
	page 160, para 2 lines 1-3	page 153 [sic only]	Chapter 12
Chapter 11	page 161 to page 162, para 1	pages 181-182	Chapter 13
	page 162, para 2 to page 163, para 1	page 188	Chapter 13
	page 163, para 2	page 195	Chapter 14
	page 163, para 2	page 200	Chapter 14
	page 163, para 3 to page 168, para 2	pages 201-204	Chapter 14
	page 168, para 3 to page 173	pages 205-207, 207-209	Chapter 14
	page 173, para 2 to page 176, para 1	pages 91-93	Chapter 8
	page 176, para 2 to 177, para 1	pages 210-211	Chapter 14
	page 177, para 1 lines 11-14	page 21	Chapter 2
	page 177, para 2 to page 180	pages 94-96	Chapter 8
Chapter 12	page 181 to page 187, para 3		
	page 187, para 4 to page 188	page 192	Chapter 14
Chapter 13	pages 189-200		

Shadows

As I looked at the list of what correlated directly with *Uncle Jack*, I noted that, perhaps not surprisingly, the first two and last chapters did not seem to have many correlations. I decided to complete my Tony Williams collection by ordering his novel *Shadow of an Angel*. While I waited for it I took a closer look at the chapters that seemed to contain the new information to see if I could find out more about Antonia Alexander.

Alexander spends the first few chapters of *The Fifth Victim* discussing her life. She explains how she met her husband and they went on a date at the beach overlooking the bay in Swansea. On page 9, she writes of her date:

The sky was completely blue - no shades, no hesitations or doubts, just endlessly, solidly blue. Yet as I stared up at it I couldn't find the source of the blueness - the part where the world ended and heaven began. I remember staring for so long that my point of view changed and I felt as though I was looking down from the sky at myself - a dun-coloured dot, insignificant yet surrounded by the most breathtaking scenery.

It sounded familiar, and I knew why. In *Island of Dreams*, Tony Williams describes how he went to live on an island in the South Pacific with his family. He writes of the sky:

*There were no shades in it, no hesitations or doubts; it was endlessly, solidly blue, yet when you stared up at it you could never find the source of the blueness, the part where the world ended and heaven began. If you gazed at it for long enough your point of view changed and you were looking down from the sky on yourself, a dun-coloured dot on the sand on an islet of coconut palms in a tiny atoll in a dark ocean on a beautiful planet, slowly revolving.*¹⁰

In *Black Pearls*, Williams describes the sky:

*There were no shades in it, no hesitations or doubts: it was endlessly, solidly blue. Yet when you stared up at it you could never find the source of the blueness, the part where the world ended and heaven began.*¹¹

In Williams's novel *Shadow of an Angel*, the lead female character, Alice, states:

On clear days the sky was completely blue - no shades, no hesitations or doubts, just endlessly, solidly blue. Yet, when they stared up at it, they could never find the source of the blueness - the part where the world ended and heaven began. Alice remembered staring for so long that her point of view changed and she felt as though she was looking down from the sky at herself - a dun-coloured dot, insignificant, yet surrounded by the most breathtaking scenery.

The text in *The Fifth Victim* was virtually identical to Tony Williams's *Shadow of an Angel*, a work of fiction, and his other books, *Island of Dreams* and *Black Pearls*, which were autobiographical.

Alexander describes her house:

*The house was Victorian, most of the original features had been taken out when the owners had refurbished it. The two bedrooms, large bathroom and living/kitchen area were all we needed for the time being, although we had talked of maybe getting something a little bigger.*¹²

Flicking through Williams's novel *Shadow of an Angel*, I noted the following:

Although it was an old Victorian building, most of the original features had been taken out when the owners refurbished it. The one bedroom, small bathroom and larger living/kitchen area were all she needed, as she lived alone.

It seems that Alexander's house was almost identical to that of the fictional character Alice from Tony Williams's novel.

10 Williams, *Island of Dreams*, p. 38.

11 Williams, *Black Pearls*, p. 6.

12 Alexander, *The Fifth Victim*, p. 11.

In *The Fifth Victim* Antonia Alexander describes how she first met her husband Philip:

It was the hen night of one of my best friends, Jessica. I always took ages deciding what to wear on a night out and this night was no exception. I finally decided on a snug-fitting black halter neck dress which I felt very sexy in. I could hear a car horn beeping outside signalling the arrival of my taxi.

Stepping into the cab I was greeted by Emily, my oldest friend and confidant; we had gone to primary school together, then comprehensive, then college and now University. Emily had arranged the hen party and was her usual boisterous happy self as I took a seat in the cab.

'Wow Tonia, you look great!' she squealed, hugging me to her ample bosom; all my close friends and family called me Tonia, all except for my Dad who always called me Antonia.

I returned Emily's compliment, 'Thanks, so do you.'

And she did with her blonde, not-a-strand-out-of-place hair, low-cut red top and black pencil skirt. She has the looks a lot of girls would be envious of.

We had arranged to meet the others at a club; Emily had been there on numerous occasions and had guaranteed us all a great night. We headed down the stairs of the club, receiving admiring looks from some of the male staff and customers; I hadn't been out socially for a long while, so I was unused to such attention and I could feel myself blush. The room was smaller than I imagined, but I liked it. There was a cosy feeling with candlelit tables around the dance floor, stools placed discreetly at each corner, and a friendly-sounding DJ churning out all the latest chart hits.

'Over there, look,' Emily shouted above the noise. 'The others.'

Emily pulled me by the arm towards a table just ahead of us. I was looking forward to the evening, it was the first time in over a year that we'd all got together, and we all got on really well despite being very different characters. There was Jessica, the bride to be, a petite blonde, who had been with her fiancée since she was 18; she was always quiet and unassuming. Then there was Brooke - a very giggly, happy-go-lucky girl, curvaceous with long, dark-brown hair. And then there was Ebony - the serious one who went out even less than me. Tall and very elegant, she has strawberry-blonde hair and the most amazing green eyes.

Emily and I ordered some drinks; the others looked as if they'd had a few already. After a lot of talking and some more drinks we were all ready to take to the dance floor.

'Come on, girls!' shouted Emily. 'Let's go show 'em what we're made of.'

Although I rarely went to clubs, I loved to dance; I was convinced that dancing around the house to the radio or the music channel was what kept me in shape. We were all having a great time. Even Ebony had loosened up and was shaking herself around as much as the rest of us.

'Wahoo!' Jessica screamed above the noise of the music. 'I'm having the best time.'

'We should do this more often!' admitted Brooke.

'Well, it's not like I haven't tried.' Emily's I-told-you--so tone left us in no doubt.

After what seemed like an eternity on the dance floor, I went back and sat down at the table. Emily and Ebony kept dancing while Brooke took Jessica to the toilet. The 'hen' was beginning to look a little the worse for drink and quite unsteady on her feet. I looked around at my fellow clubbers. Some obviously made this a weekly visit, while others looked a bit out of place.

I called out to a passing waitress. 'Excuse me; can I get some drinks, please? Two Bacardi and diet cokes, a vodka and lemonade, glass of white wine and a soda waiter with lime.'

Soda and lime seemed a good option for Jessica. She'd need to sober up a bit if she was to enjoy the rest of her night. Still dancing, Emily edged closer to the table, then bent down to speak, as quietly as the club's noise allowed, into my ear.

'Don't look now, but you've got an admirer. Over by the bar.'

Feeling a little self-conscious, I took a sneaky look anyway. Sure enough there was a guy looking at me. I turned away quickly, but knew he was still staring. I turned to look again.

'Oh my God!' I said, panicking. 'He's coming over.'¹³

12 Alexander, *The Fifth Victim*, pp. 2-5.

In Tony Williams's novel *Shadow of an Angel*, Alice meets her husband-to-be Mark for the first time:

One of her work colleagues was getting married soon and tonight was the hen party.

'What do I wear?' she thought. The party was to be at the Metra Club in Leicester Square, but wasn't that for youngsters? At almost thirty, she didn't socialise much. She'd had a few dates in the past - mostly colleagues from work - but the relationships never lasted more than a week or two. Alice quickly tried on umpteen outfits, but in the end decided on a snug-fitting, black halter-neck dress. It wasn't the type of thing she usually wore but her sister had insisted she buy it when they'd been shopping on Becky's last visit. Glancing at herself in the mirror, Alice had to admit the dress complimented her loosely curled, auburn hair, making her unusually sexy. A car horn beeping outside signalled the arrival of her taxi.

Stepping into the cab, she was greeted by Carly, her boisterous work colleague who'd arranged the hen party.

'Ali, wow, you look great!' she squealed, hugging Alice to her ample bosom. Alice hated to be called Ali, but didn't have the heart to tell Carly in case she hurt her feelings.

'Thanks. So do you.'

And she did, with her blonde, not-a-strand-out-of-place-hair, low-cut red top and black pencil skirt. If she didn't like Carly so much, Alice could have been quite envious of the younger girl.

They had arranged to meet the others at the club. Carly had been there on numerous occasions and had guaranteed them all a great night, which was just what Alice needed. Saturday night, and Leicester Square was bustling with tourists, theatregoers and clubbers. It was now one of the busiest spots in London, but it was hard to imagine that not so long ago it had been a haven for drunks and junkies, with many locals avoiding the area.

Alice and Carly headed down the stairs of the underground club, receiving admiring looks from some of the male staff and customers. Unused to such attention, Alice could feel herself blush. The room was smaller than she'd imagined, but she liked it. There was a cosy feeling with candlelit tables around the dance floor, stools placed discreetly at each corner, and a friendly-sounding DJ churning out all the latest chart hits.

'Over there, look,' Carly shouted above the noise. 'The others.'

Carly pulled Alice by the arm towards a table just ahead of them. Alice was looking forward to the evening. It was the first time all the girls at work had actually been out together, and they got on really well despite being very different characters. There was Stacey, the bride-to-be. A twenty-five-year-old petite blonde, who had been with her fiancée since she was eighteen, she was always quiet and unassuming. Then there was Carol - a very giggly, happy-go-lucky girl, curvaceous with long, dark-brown hair. And there was Isabelle - the serious one who went out even less than Alice. Tall and very elegant, she had strawberry-blonde hair and the most amazing green eyes.

Alice and Carly ordered drinks, although the others looked as if they'd had a few already. After a lot of talking and some more drinks they were all ready to take to the dance floor.

'Come on girls!' shouted Carly, 'Let's go show 'em what we're made of.'

Although Alice rarely went to clubs, she loved to dance. She was convinced that dancing around the flat to the radio or the music channel on cable TV was what kept her in shape. They were all having a great time. Even Isabelle had loosened up and was shaking herself around as much as the others.

'Wahoo!' Stacey screamed above the noise of the music. 'I'm having the best time.'

'We should do this more often!' admitted Carol.

'Well, it's not like I haven't tried.' Carly's I-told-you-so tone left the others in no doubt.

After what seemed like an eternity on the dance floor, Alice went back and sat down at the table. Carly and Isabelle kept dancing while Carol took Stacey to the toilet. The 'hen' was beginning to look a little the worse for drink and quite unsteady on her feet. Alice looked around at her fellow clubbers. Some obviously made this a weekly visit, others looked a bit out of place.

'Excuse me,' Alice called to a passing waitress. 'Can I get some drinks, please? Two Bacardi and Diet Cokes, a vodka and lemonade, glass of white wine and a soda water with lime.' Soda and lime seemed a good option for Stacey. She'd need to sober up a bit if she was to enjoy the rest of her night.

Still dancing, Carly edged closer to the table, then bent down to speak, as quietly as the club's noise allowed, into Alice's ear. 'Don't look now, but you've got an admirer. Over by the bar.'

Feeling a little self-conscious, Alice took a sneaky look anyway. Sure enough, there was a guy looking at her. Alice turned away quickly, but knew he was still staring. She turned to look again. 'Oh my God!' she said panicking. 'He's coming over.'¹⁴

It was clear that passages from the first chapter of *The Fifth Victim* had been lifted from Tony Williams's novel *Shadow of an Angel*. But what about the rest of the information concerning Antonia Alexander?

Alexander provides information about herself in the pages of her book. She says she is a medical student. Her husband Philip is seven years older than she is. They were married on a Greek island. Their children are Lana and Maddie, the younger by two-and-a-half years. Alexander's Nan, who told her the story of Mary Kelly, lives in La Cala, a resort in southern Spain.

In the acknowledgements Alexander thanks her literary agent, Cate Lewis, 'for her help and understanding'. Given our shared interest in Sir John Williams, whose biography I was now determined to write, I wondered if Alexander would agree to an interview with me. First, I decided to Google her agent, but, oddly, I could find no such agent. As I typed the name and its variations again something clicked into place in my mind. Tony Williams had been married in 1980. As I looked through my notes from previous research, I realised that his wife's maiden name was Catherine Lewis. I also discovered that Tony Williams's wife listed the Royal Queens Hotel in Benidorm as a previous workplace on social media sites. Then I noted that Benidorm was next to La Cala and wondered whether this was just another coincidence.

I also found out that the middle name of Tony Williams's youngest child, his daughter Stacey, was Antonia. A little more research revealed that the middle name of Stacey's husband, Lee Miggins, was Philip. He was born in the last quarter of 1980, making him seven years older than Stacey, whose birth was registered in June 1988.

In the dedication to *Shadow of an Angel* Tony Williams writes 'for Blake, Brooke, Ebony, Alanna, Cody and Madison'. It didn't take long for me to find out that these were his grandchildren - the children of his two sons, Craig and Matthew, and his daughter Stacey. Furthermore, it seemed likely that Alanna and Madison were the children of his daughter and not of his sons. I had established that each of the other children belonged to one of his sons but Alanna and Madison did not. The similarity between the names of Stacey's children - Alanna and Madison - and those of Antonia Alexander's children - Lana and Maddie - could hardly be a coincidence. I further noted in *The Fifth Victim* that amongst Alexander's friends on the hen night were Ebony and Brooke - the names of two other of Tony Williams's granddaughters.



Antonia Alexander

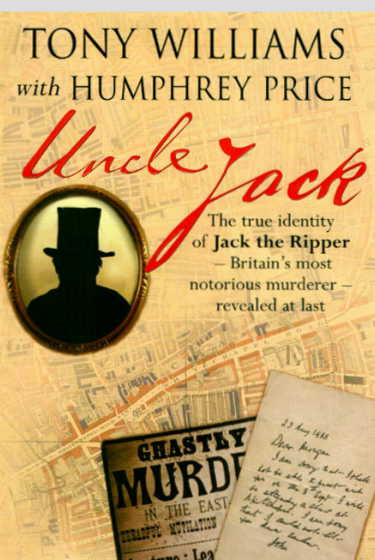
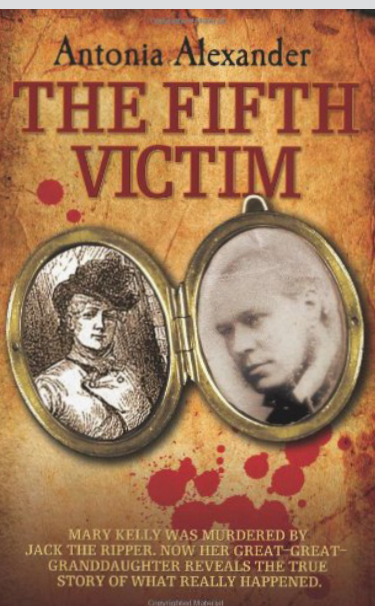


Stacey Miggins

On 18 September, *Wales Online* posted on their site an interview with Antonia Alexander in the course of which she stated that she was a nurse - although in *The Fifth Victim* she says she is a medical student. A quick search of the nurse register, however, showed no results which matched her name. This was another instance where odd similarities existed between Antonia Alexander and Stacey Miggins, Tony Williams's daughter. Stacey Miggins has several friends with degrees in nursing, but I couldn't find her on the nurse register either.

I compared the photographs in the *Western Mail* and the *Daily Mail*, first, with photographs of Stacey Miggins as a child in *Island of Dreams* and *The Forgotten People*. I thought there were similarities. I then compared the photographs to Stacey Miggins's Facebook profile photograph. I concluded that it was very likely that all the pictures were of the same person, and this person was not really Antonia Alexander but rather Stacey Miggins, the daughter of Tony Williams.

14 Williams, *Shadow of an Angel*, pp. 20-22.



Conclusion

At first glance it would be possible to assume that the author of *The Fifth Victim* has heavily plagiarised *Uncle Jack*. A more detailed analysis of the text, however, shows that there is something altogether different at play. From the acknowledgement section in *The Fifth Victim*, with its echoes of *Uncle Jack* and its thanking of an agent who does not seem to exist, but shares the same maiden name as Tony Williams's wife, to Antonia Alexander's description of her feelings on learning of the liaison between Mary Kelly and Sir John Williams matching Tony Williams's feelings, and to the heavy reliance of Antonia's life story on Tony Williams's novel, the facts speak for themselves. I wondered whether it was a coincidence that in *The Fifth Victim* Mary Kelly's parents were called Anthony and Catherine - like Tony and his wife. Was it in fact an in-joke? The lifting of elements of Tony Williams's novel into Alexander's life story, together with her photographs showing a striking resemblance to Tony Williams's daughter, left no doubt in my mind. Antonia Alexander is not a real person; she is actually Tony Williams, the author of *Uncle Jack*, working together with his daughter Stacey Antonia Williams Miggins.

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JENNIFER SHELLEN has been interested in the Jack the Ripper murders for 13 years. She has written and worked for several Jack the Ripper magazines, including *Ripperologist*. She gave a talk at the 2005 Brighton Jack the Ripper Conference and the 2011 Cardiff Job, on both occasions speaking about her research into the book *Uncle Jack* and Sir John Williams, a Ripper non-suspect. She was part of the organising committee for the York Conference and is involved with the upcoming 125th anniversary Conference to be held in London. In 2007, at the Wolverhampton Ripper Conference, she met fellow Ripperologist Neal Shelden and they married in December 2008.