

The Journal of Jack the Ripper, East End and Victorian Studies

Ripperologist

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The Man Who Saw

The face of key witness
Joseph Lawende revealed

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responds to Tumblety's
knocking on Pall Mall's Door

CHRIS GEORGE
on the difficulty of
body identification in the
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MICHAEL CONNOR
with more revelations
on Charles Cross

JENNIFER PEGG
starts her new column
on world events in 1888

RIPPEROLOGIST MAGAZINE

Issue 87, January 2008

QUOTE FOR JANUARY:

"I want nothing more than to slaughter them more convincingly than a ravenous Jack the Ripper tucking into a roast dinner with samurai swords."
Ed Bottomley on English football team Chelsea, *The sheer arrogance that exposes Chelsea's lack of class*, *Sportingo*, UK, 11 January 2008.

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RIPPEROLOGIST MAGAZINE

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We Are, After All, A Community

EDITORIAL
By DON SOUDEN

There is a certain sad irony, I suppose, that Ripperologists, who daily ponder the brutal deaths of at least five prostitutes back in 1888, can be so moved by deaths among us. Yet, that is exactly what has happened this past month. First, *Ripperoo* founder and editor Julian Rosenthal died, followed by crime historian Jonathan Goodman and then today, on the eve of publication, the incomparable Jeremy Beadle succumbed to pneumonia.

For some of us each had been a personal friend and mourned all the more for that. Still, there is no question that those deaths have in some way touched all of us in the field. And, with their passing, our little community has been diminished. Indeed, that ought to be one concept that we all acknowledge—that we are a *community*.

Anyone who grew up in a village, as I was so blessed, well understands a sense of community but even if you have always called London or Los Angeles your home you will also know what it is to have your own neighborhood and an identity within that “community.” It is something special, a place where you feel you belong and where you know most of the people.

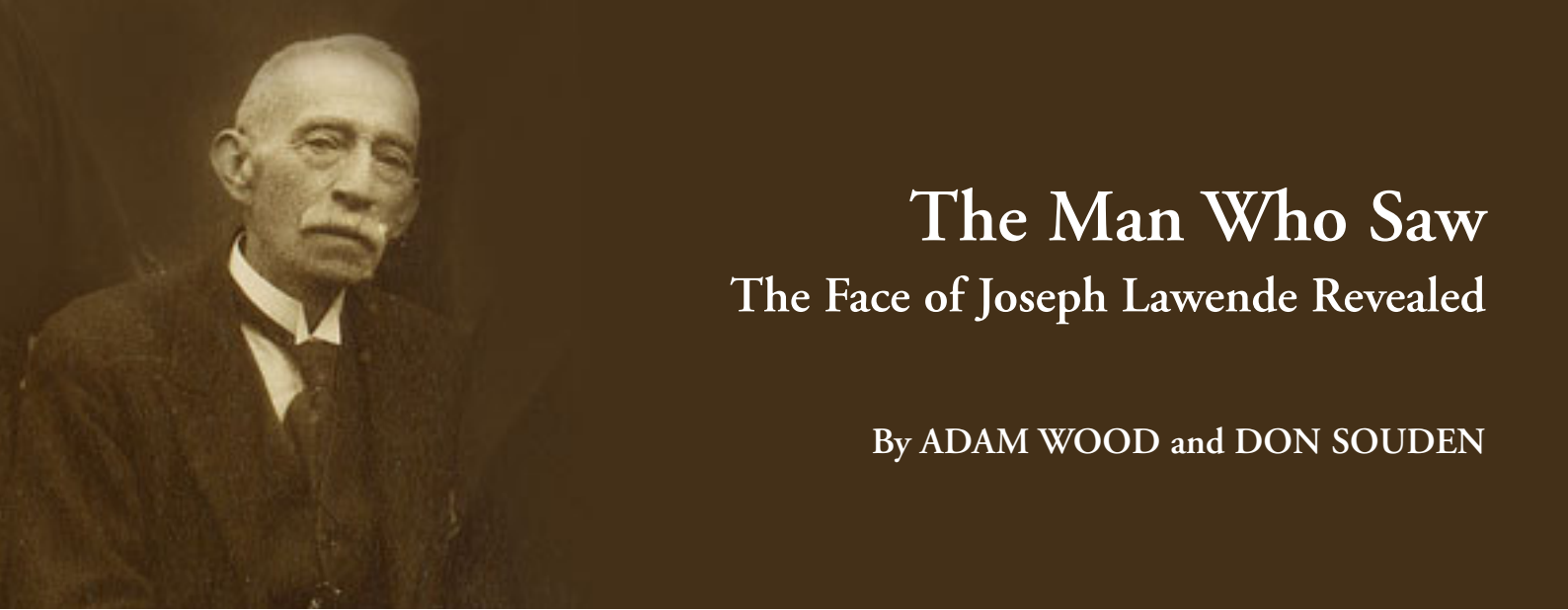
There is the store on the corner, the places where you go meet friends, the little park where you played as a kid and you also know most of the community’s little secrets—the good ones and the bad ones. You know the people you want to be with and ones you want to avoid. Yet, even those you may not favor are a part of the community experience and, should the need arise, you will champion them against those from the next village or neighborhood.

Where I lived we had an old grouch, who for the sake of convenience I’ll call Fred Bissing, and Fred was the sort who would pre-emptively call the police as soon as he saw a single teenager on the street after dark. Yet, the time he fell and broke his leg we all pitched in to help until he was back on his feet and chasing us again. As the old line goes, he may have been an SOB, but he was *our* SOB. Besides, life would have been a whole lot duller without old Fred ranting and railing at us.

I would hope, as we look to the next 11 months of this year, that the idea that ours is a community will grow. As it is, the level of cooperation is remarkably high, even among those who hold to differing theories. Moreover, it is no secret that new friendships (and sometimes even more than just friendships) are constantly being created among Ripperologists. Granted, there may be a few Fred Bissings out there as well, but instead of taking personal umbrage perhaps we should simply accept them as a small price to pay for being part of a generally great community.

If we are, then, to take something besides the many fond memories we have of Jules, Jonathan and Jeremy let their passing give us an appreciation that we are all members of the Ripperology community. We have our friends and our really special friends. We have those we don’t like and those we may seek to avoid like the plague. There are those whose ideas strike us as sheer lunacy and those whose ideas we consider close to gospel (the latter generally being those who agree with us). There are those who rain imprecations upon us as soon as we appear and those who will praise us even when we are wrong. And for the most part there are a great number of people whom we know not at all but with whom we share the same fascination about Jack the Ripper.

We are Ripperologists all and we are all members of a community. We are all in this together—the good, the bad, and those toward whom we are indifferently disposed—so let us keep that in mind for the future as we bid farewell to Jules, Jonathan and Jeremy.



The Man Who Saw The Face of Joseph Lawende Revealed

By ADAM WOOD and DON SOUDEN

On Sunday morning, 30 September, 1888, at a little past 1.30am three men left the Imperial Club on Duke Place in the City. The trio comprised furniture dealer Harry Harris, butcher Joseph Hyam Levy and commercial traveller Joseph Lawende. As they exited the club, the three noticed a couple standing by the entrance to Church Passage. Harris was made uncomfortable by their presence and Levy gave them scant attention, but Lawende took one brief, though good, look at them as he passed. And, as the three men walked away into the night, little did they realize they were soon to enter a place of prominence in JtR lore.

No more than 10 minutes after the three men left the Imperial Club the badly mutilated body of Catherine Eddowes was discovered in nearby Mitre Square. It is widely believed that the couple was actually Eddowes and Jack and that the men who left the club, especially Lawende, had a real look at the face of the Whitechapel murderer. Yet, for all the attention Joseph Lawende has received in the past 119 years no one but his family has ever seen a photograph of the man who saw the Ripper—until now.

It's always the dream of a researcher to uncover new evidence or illustrative material, but when something of great importance literally lands on your doormat, it's a dream indeed.

That's exactly what happened when Adam Wood received an email out of the blue earlier this month from a lady named Melanie Dolman explaining that she was a descendant of Joseph Lawende, and would he like to see a photograph?

After a brief, understandably exciting, exchange of emails, Melanie volunteered some family information and agreed to send the photograph for publication in *Ripperologist*.

The original photograph was taken in 1923 to commemorate Joseph and Annie Lawende's Golden Wedding, and was taken by Wakefield's Photographers of Chiswick and Brentford.



Contemporary newspaper sketch showing Catherine Eddowes and a man standing at the entrance of Church Passage. In the background are Joseph Lawende and Joseph Hyam Levy

'The woman was standing with her face towards the man, and I only saw her back. She had one hand on his breast. He was the taller.'

Joseph Lawende

On the back are handwritten captions, in black and green pencil, of the childrens' names. They tie in exactly with the results of the 1891 and 1901 censuses:

Eli, listed in the 1891 census as 'Ellis' and in 1901 as 'Eleazar' was 39 at the time of the photo being taken;

Poppy, listed in 1891 and 1901 as Pauline, was 43;

Harry, listed in 1891 as Henry and 1901 as Harry, 46;

Ruby, not born in 1891 but listed in 1901, 28;

Jack, listed in 1891, but as 'Julius' in 1901, 41;

'Ray', for some reason not listed in 1891 but named as Rachael in 1901, 37;

Eva, listed in both censuses and aged 49 in 1923;

Lily, aged 35;

Leonard, born on 22 November 1896, aged 27 in 1923;

May, aged 33;

Fanny, aged 37;

and Rose, aged 45 in 1923.

Joseph Lawende was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1847, but by 1891 has become a naturalized British Subject. According to the family, he spoke excellent English, and was a very quiet man, while wife Annie was more forthright.

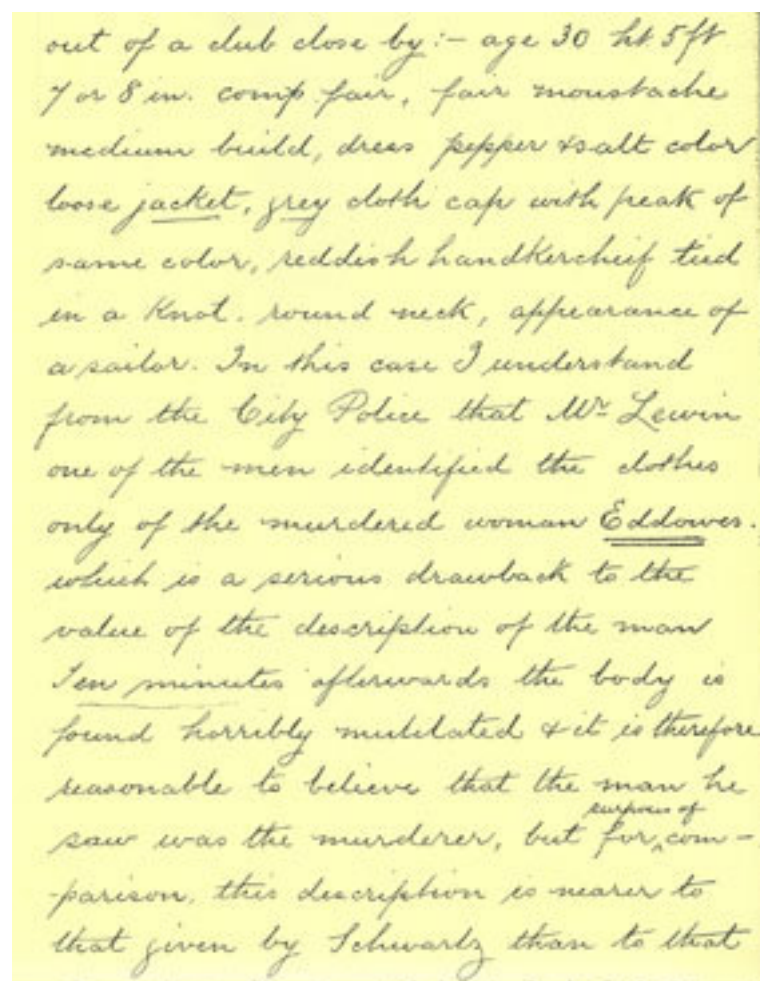
It is understood by the family that while Joseph married Annie, brother Leopold married her sister.

Joseph remained a happily married cigarette salesman in relative obscurity until the fateful morning at the end of September 1888. Following the discovery of Eddowes's body, the City Police conducted house-to-house inquiries and received a report of a couple that Lawende, Levy and Harris saw. Of the three, Harris said he saw nothing worth repeating, Levy opined the man was about three inches taller than the woman, but Lawende admitted to getting a look, however transitory, of the man's face.

His description of the man, in a memorandum from Chief Inspector Donald Swanson in Home Office records, was: 'Age 30 ht. 5 ft. 7 or 8 in. comp. fair, fair moustache, medium build, dress pepper & salt colour loose jacket, grey cloth cap with peak of same colour, reddish handkerchief tied in a knot, round neck, appearance of a sailor.' But, even that identification is in doubt because Lawende was only able to identify Eddowes by her clothes.

Moreover, Lawende maintained at the time of his initial interview and throughout his inquest testimony that he would not be able to identify the man he saw with the woman outside Church Passage. Nonetheless, the police continued to press him for an identification and many in the field believe that Lawende was the witness taken to the 'Seaside Home' to view a suspect.

Swanson would later suggest that the witness did recognize the suspect, but refused to swear to that because of a disinclination to help send a fellow Jew to the gallows. There seems little but Swanson's own opinion (sparked perhaps by frustration) to sustain that position and for many Ripperologists Joseph Lawende was a honest man who swore to seeing no more than he actually did. He lived a long and fruitful life after his brush with destiny and if he truly was the man who saw Jack the Ripper with a victim scant seconds before a murder, he never sought to make more of that moment than it was.



out of a club close by :- age 30 ht 5ft 7 or 8 in. comp fair, fair moustache medium build, dress pepper & salt color loose jacket, grey cloth cap with peak of same color, reddish handkerchief tied in a knot. round neck, appearance of a sailor. In this case I understand from the City Police that Mr. Lewin one of the men identified the clothes only of the murdered woman Eddowes. which is a serious drawback to the value of the description of the man. Ten minutes afterwards the body is found horribly mutilated & it is therefore reasonable to believe that the man he saw was the murderer, but for ^{surprise of} comparison, this description is nearer to that given by Schwarzky than to that

The description of the man seen with Catherine Eddowes in Church Passage just before her murder as given by Joseph Lawende

Joseph Lawende died in January 1925 aged 78. Shortly afterwards Audrey Lavender, youngest of two daughters, was born to youngest son Leonard Lipman Lavender. Audrey is the mother of Melanie.

Melanie advises that Leonard died on 31 October 1983 aged 86. "He was very, very deaf and could barely see. I tried to show him a book mentioning his father and I think he could take it in, but it was hard to communicate."

It's interesting to wonder whether Leonard Lavender, and his siblings, were aware of their father's involvement in the Ripper case. What of other descendants of other witnesses, or suspects? It's probable that whole families are sitting on dusty photograph albums, wherein lie elusive snaps of those involved, however briefly, in this case nearly 120 years ago.

Joseph Lawende age 76

© Melanie Dolman





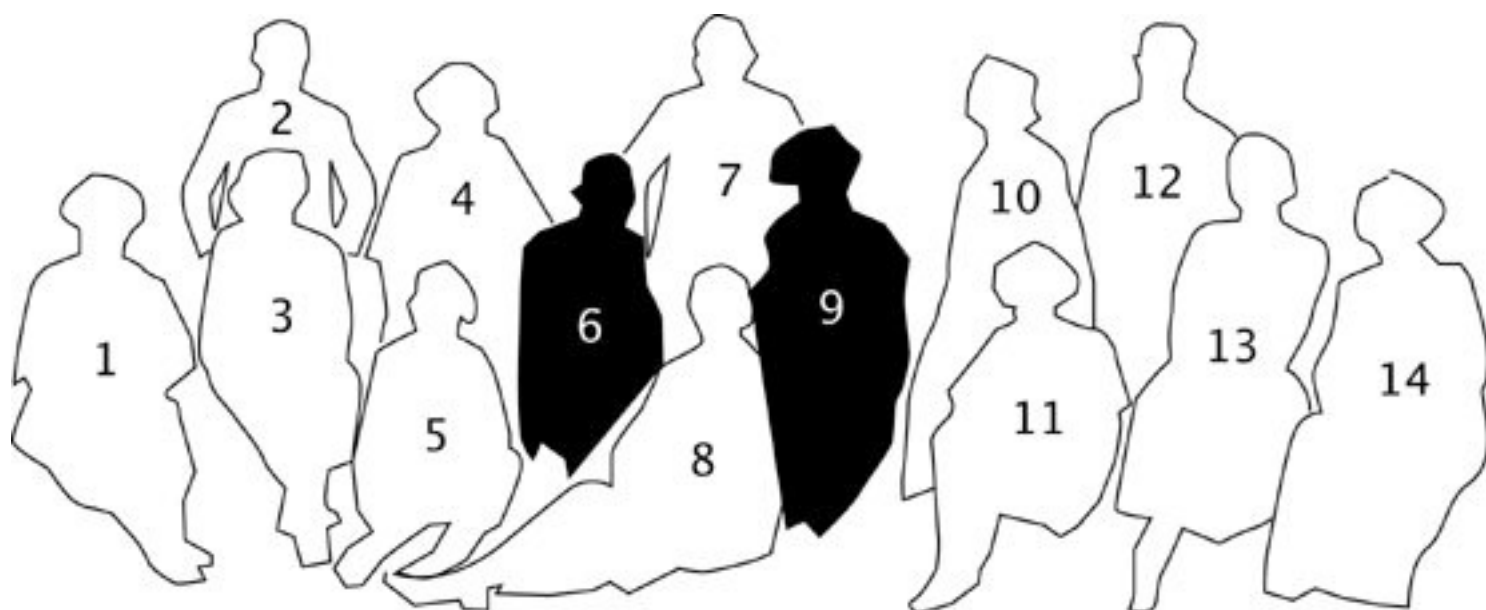
The Lawende Family in 1923

© Melanie Dolman

1 Ray
2 Eli
3 Eva
4 Poppy
5 Lily

6 Joseph
7 Harry
8 Leonard
9 Annie
10 Ruby

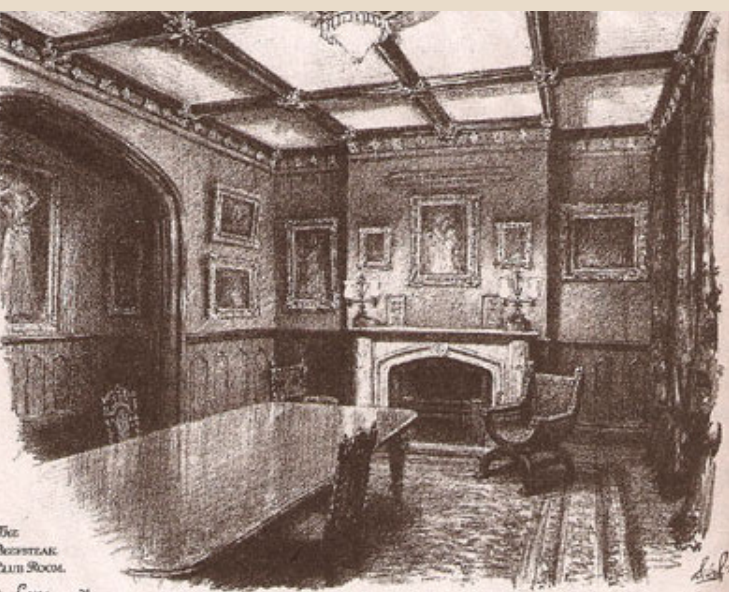
11 May
12 Jack
13 Fanny
14 Rose



Knocking on Pall Mall's Door

By JOE CHETCUTI

Shown below is a rare illustration of the Beefsteak Room. This private dining area was located inside the famous Lyceum Theatre in London's West End. Beginning in early August 1888, American actor Richard Mansfield performed in 'Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' on the Lyceum stage, and the thriller was witnessed by thousands of Londoners. But the vast majority of these patrons were never given the opportunity to step foot on the carpet of the exclusive Beefsteak Room. Entry into this chamber was by invitation only - an invitation sent by Sir Henry Irving himself - the manager of the theatre.



The Beefsteak Room

In Vivien Allen's 1997 book *Hall Caine: Portrait of a Victorian Romancer*, we learn how Irving's honored guests would make their way through the rear entrance of the playhouse before proceeding to the Beefsteak Room.¹ Once seated inside the room, they would enjoy an evening filled with food, drink, and amusements. Irving often saw to it that the quality of entertainment in his private room equaled the performance level that was presented on his theatre's stage earlier on the same evening. Writer Thomas Hall Caine was part of the inner circle of this social setting and would consistently receive an invitation from Irving to enter through the Lyceum's rear entrance.

A man who dined with Irving in the Beefsteak Room was an actor named J L Toole. In 1876, Toole re-established the Beefsteak Club (a club that is still going strong today on Irving Street in Westminster). The club stood in close proximity to the Beefsteak Room, with both places being walking distance of Trafalgar Square. In his article, 'Tumblety Talks' in

Ripperologist 79, R J Palmer quoted an interview published in *The New York World* of 29 January 1889 in which Caine's former lover, Dr Francis Tumblety, candidly declared that he was a frequenter of the Beefsteak Club.² The doctor had been persistent in his pursuit of Caine in the past, so a question naturally arose: If Tumblety truly made it into the Beefsteak Club, would it have been for the purpose of encountering Caine? Tumblety would never have received a personal invitation into the Beefsteak Room, but to acquire a temporary guest status position inside the Beefsteak Club was attainable to him provided that a sponsorship had been arranged for his candidacy. The doctor was a man with great monetary means, and this financial backing enabled many doors to be opened for him throughout his life.

Looking back on it now, I would say there were three things that prompted my decision to request an investigation into the Beefsteak Club's 1888 records:

1 Vivien Allen, *Hall Caine: Portrait of a Victorian Romancer*, (1997) page 163

2 R J Palmer, 'Tumblety Talks' *Ripperologist* 79, May 2007, available at www.casebook.org/dissertations/rip-tumblety-talks.html

1. In January 1889, Tumblety boasted in that *New York World* interview that he was a frequenter of the club.

2. Vivien Allen informs us that Caine had a close association with the Beefsteakers. He dined with Irving in the Beefsteak Room throughout the 1880's and 1890's. Therefore, Caine could have been the reason why Tumblety stated that he frequented the Beefsteak Club.

3. But it was this following piece of writing from a respected American journalist named John Paul Bocock that ignited my interest the most. In early October 1888, Bocock printed an article where a Member of Parliament declared the Ripper was a clubman living in the West End. In this article, Colonel Sir Francis Charles Hughes-Hallett spoke of his belief that the Whitechapel killer was a fraudulent man of medicine. He was a murderer who the Colonel felt had studied medicine by means of a liberal education. Bocock summed up the Colonel's account with these words:

Is he [the Ripper] the loathsome, fiendish, Mr. Hyde of some highly respectable Dr. Jekyll - some man, as Sir Hughes-Hallett suggests, who moves in society, a club man, perhaps, where only the better part of his dual life is known? ³

Bocock was a well-informed and talented writer. His Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde reference provided an allurement toward the Lyceum Theatre. Did this journalist cleverly tip us off on the whereabouts of Hughes-Hallett's clubman? Bocock had just pointed us toward a play that was performed in a theatre that was synonymous with the Beefsteakers. In the same sentence, Bocock spoke of Hughes-Hallett's mindset about the Ripper being a West End clubman. The next step for me was obvious. The Beefsteak Club's 1888 records needed to be reviewed.

J L Toole as 'The Don.'



During the height of America's awareness about the doctor's connection with the Whitechapel murders, Martin McGarry addressed news reporters outside of Tumblety's New York lodgings. The doctor's protégé proceeded to recite a long rehearsed speech which included the following statement:

Usually [Tumblety] went up to the Morton House [on Broadway] where he pointed out the actors to me and told me who they were and what they did. Sometimes in the afternoons we would drop in to the matinees. ⁴

Thus the Littlechild suspect's fascination for the theatre was disclosed. As a result, the Lyceum Theatre along with the private club on Irving Street became the focal points of my Westminster enquiry.

When I first contacted Pall Mall three years ago, I experienced mixed results in terms of receiving their cooperation. The Carlton Club's historian was very helpful to me and so were the people in the Reform Club. I was making fine progress with the Naval and Military Club in St. James Square in the beginning, too. This was the military club that owned the United Service Club's historical paperwork. Back then I attempted to look into the USC's 1888 records, only to be told that the paperwork for that one particular year was unavailable. Shortly after this, the people in clubland figured out that I was a Ripper researcher and this caused them to pull the plug on all further communications between us. I tried to look into the USC's records because Colonel Hughes-Hallett had been a member there. Of course I had no right to view the records of any private club to



Thomas Hall Caine

³ *Atlanta Constitution*, 7 October 1888, available at www.casebook.org/press_reports/atlanta_constitution/881007.html

⁴ *New York World*, 5 December 1888, available at www.casebook.org/press_reports/new_york_world/18881205.html



The Morton House and the Star Theater, Broadway, New York. Courtesy of the New York Public Library www.nypl.org/digital/ (Insert Digital Gallery Number 717319f)

begin with, and it was surprising that an American civilian was able to get as far as I did with an English military club. The lesson I learned from my dealings with Westminster is that if an outsider wants to achieve anything in Pall Mall, then it would be best to first establish yourself with the people on the inside.

Mr Philip Lowrie was the first West End dignitary I contacted this past summer. The man is a trustee for the Actor's Benevolent Fund (ABF). The ABF is a charity that was founded during a 19th century meeting held in the Beefsteak Room when Sir Henry Irving and J L Toole were in attendance. Irving's secretary on that day was Bram Stoker, a man who would later become the author of the novel *Dracula*. It was said that Stoker patterned Count Dracula's mannerisms on those of Sir Henry Irving. Irving was both the Lyceum Theatre's manager and a superb actor in his own right. In fact, he was the first actor ever to be knighted. Much of this information was provided by Mr Lowrie. He also told me where to find that rare drawing of the Beefsteak Room that was previously shown.⁵ He has a genuine interest in this subject matter, and I was happy to inform him of the details of my research.

Mr Lowrie recommended that I make a request to the Beefsteak Club Secretary's Office in order to learn if the club's 1888 paperwork has survived through the years. He added that many ABF and Beefsteak Room documents were lost during World War II, and thus that I would need a bit of luck on Irving Street just to see if the paperwork I wanted still existed. I was very grateful to have as a personal reference a trustee for a charitable fund that was conceived in the Beefsteak Room. At least I wasn't going to approach the Beefsteak Club empty handed. In addition, because it was Vivien Allen's book that helped inspire this research, I informed Ms Allen about the upcoming enquiry. She expressed interest in learning the outcome of it, and I promised her that she would be the first one to know the results. Things were really falling into place.

⁵ www2.actorsbenevolentfund.co.uk/history-1.html



Sir Henry Irving

I began preparing myself to approach the Beefsteak Club with a trustee's guidance and a respected English author's blessing, as it were. I figured that the Beefsteak Club should at least hear me out!

The Carlton Club's historian told me that if a man desires to attain a full membership or a guest status position in a Pall Mall club, then he would first have to submit an application form to the club's secretary. This paper would get placed in a candidates' book. The form must state who the applicant's proposer and seconder are. It also should provide a brief description of the man's credentials. Any man who achieved a guest status position would have been called a 'Guest Member.' The 1888 candidates' book for the Beefsteak Club was my target and I wanted to see the names of the candidates who submitted their application forms to the club secretary during that year.

I figured it would be wise to make a 'test run' with the Beefsteak Club before I presented my request to them, so I had a man in England mail a friendly letter to the club's secretary with just a simple question being asked. Our test run produced many weeks of silence from the club. My goodness, if a fellow Englishman gets shunned for asking a simple question, then I could just imagine how a '1888 records search request' from a Yankee would be treated! At this point, I thought it best to bolster my position before making my debut on Irving Street.

I'm glad Mr Anthony Lejeune has been blessed with a long life. I was very happy to finally get an opportunity to speak with him. This man is an author who has attained a remarkable level of achievement. The easiest way to put this is to say that Mr Lejeune has been a leading authoritative figure in Pall Mall for many years. He is a gifted writer. I also found out through a 1997 document that he is a trustee for the Beefsteak Club.⁶

I contacted Mr Lejeune through one of his publishers, and he promptly responded. Next, I explained that I had some 19th century information concerning the Beefsteak Club which I was eager to share. It turned out that Mr Lejeune just happened to be compiling some data on the club's history so he was interested in hearing what I had to offer. I decided to go for broke. I told him about my research and how it involved the Ripper murders. I spoke of the ABF, Vivien Allen's book, etc. I pretty much laid it all on the line. I also mentioned that if he could refer me to the Beefsteak Club's secretary, I would be much obliged. I knew Mr Lejeune was a former broadcaster and journalist. I was hoping to re-kindle his old 'newsman's curiosity' with my conversation.

This was the critical juncture of the endeavor. Anthony Lejeune was in a position to hook me up with the Beefsteak Club Secretary's Office and he was also in a position to have the Pall Mall door slammed shut on me! I had come a long way to get to this point. I sure would have hated to see it all come to a crashing end. But I felt that Mr Lejeune would respect the correspondence I had with Philip Lowrie and Vivien Allen.

My eyes were glued to my e-mail for 9 days while I waited for his reply. On the 10th day, I remember telling R J Palmer that I hoped I didn't scare the man away with this Ripper talk! Fortunately for me, shortly after I said that to Roger, I received a reply from Mr. Lejeune. It turned out that during my 10-day waiting period, Mr Lejeune was busy checking to see if the 1888 candidates' book for the Beefsteak Club was still accessible. It was, thank goodness. He also informed me that I would not have to contact the club's secretary to look into this matter. Instead, Mr Lejeune said he would have the candidates' book checked and the application forms reviewed. All he needed from me was the name of the man in question. Now that's what I call a great e-mail response!

I said the man who we are looking for is Dr Francis Tumblety, and I provided all the aliases this Ripper suspect was known to have used. I asked Mr Lejeune especially to be attentive to applications submitted during the June to July 1888 period. I also let him know of the bogus credentials Tumblety may have listed on his application form. This included the

⁶ www.cigaraficionado.com/Cigar/CA_Archives/CA_Show_Article/0,2322,568,00.html

⁷ *Dr Francis Tumblety: A Sketch of the Life of the Gifted and World Famed Physician* (1889), p. 5.

phony Brittany Cross and diploma that he fraudulently claimed were presented to him during the Franco-Prussian War.⁷

I ended by stressing the importance of taking notice of who Tumblety listed as his proposer and seconder. I mentioned that these two men most likely had ties with either the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Irish National Party, or the Irish Brigade. Colonel Hughes-Hallett incurred the wrath of many enemies due to his stern anti-Home Rule stance in Parliament. And if my viewpoint in this matter is correct, then it would have been a pro-Irish entity that sponsored Tumblety's passage through the doors of the Beefsteak Club and the United Service Club during the summer of 1888.

Mr Lejeune contacted me again on 24 July to say that the Beefsteak Club would pretty much be closed through August, but he assured me that the candidates' book would be reviewed when the club re-opened. Being a researcher who was dismissed from Pall Mall three years ago, I couldn't have been more pleased to hear this.

Now that there was some time to kill in August, I decided to take this opportunity to look into the Beefsteakers more closely. Philip Lowrie recommended that I read a Bram Stoker biography written by Barbara Belford. American researcher Jonathan Menges and I looked over the Belford book and we noticed it contained a chapter about the Beefsteak Room. In this chapter it was pointed out how the Beefsteakers 'with their hearty male bonding created a homosocial world of masculine privilege in which women were used as pawns.' The chapter also quoted a literary critic named Elaine Showalter who spoke of 'the shadow of homosexuality that surrounded clubland.'

Colonel Sir Francis Charles Hughes-Hallett, MP for Rochester, Kent. Courtesy Parliament Archives Photo reference number PHO/4/1/8



Bram Stoker

spoke of how these clubmen engaged in the 'nearly hysterical terror of revealing forbidden emotions between men' and how it 'constituted the dark side of patriarchy.'⁸

While reading this, Jonathan and I had no difficulty perceiving why Tumblety was attracted to the Beefsteak Club and why he proudly claimed in a newspaper interview to have frequented the place. An interesting point is that Colonel Hughes-Hallett and his wife were amateur actors who were very aware of this private West End lifestyle in which the dramatists engaged. The Colonel had been a director in Buffalo Bill Cody's traveling show that toured to London,⁹ and Mrs Hughes-Hallett was constantly involved in hosting West End banquets which featured theatrical performances. The Colonel knew the score in clubland during this time period and he understood 'the dark side of patriarchy' that these homosocial environments can produce. Jonathan studied the Colonel's 8 August 1888 George Yard investigation and expressed the following thought-provoking remark:

Joe, when you mentioned Hughes-Hallett's comment about how '[the Ripper] must be found at his home, in his club, in the fashionable thoroughfares of the West End' a possible implication of that statement is that the Colonel was aware of some dark secret of clubland; had knowledge of the frequenters of such clubs and saw something in the Tabram murder that showed the potential of the hand of a club-

⁸ Bram Stoker: A Biography of the Author of Dracula (1996), p. 127.

⁹ Chicago Tribune, 21 September 1887.

man. Hughes-Hallett himself could be, from experience, telling us that the Ripper murders could have been perpetrated by a man who has homosexual tendencies and caroused in private with the West End 'jetset'. All the arguments against Tumblety being the Ripper based on his sexual orientation seem to have been contradicted by the Colonel's knowing statement. Hughes-Hallett was aware of something about that underworld that we do not fully understand.

What is also interesting is that this chapter of Bram Stoker's biography went on to speak of how Oscar Wilde was noticeably seen with Stoker in the Lyceum Theatre during this period. According to Barbara Belford, 'Wilde haunted the Lyceum.' Wilde was a Beefsteaker who shared in this homosocial environment along with Caine. I can still remember the first time I read the Littlechild Letter and I recall having asked myself why did the ex-Chief Inspector curiously jump from the topic of Tumblety to speak of Oscar Wilde? It makes one wonder if Littlechild was picking up on some trend of thought which correlated Tumblety and Wilde in relation to the 'shadow of homosexuality that surrounded clubland.'

Mr Lejeune contacted me again in mid-October. He had personally opened up the 1888 Beefsteak Club candidates' book and completed his review of the application forms. It turned out that all of the application forms in the book were solely for candidates who attempted to become full members of the Beefsteak Club. No records were maintained for men who applied to enter the club as guests. Tumblety never claimed that he was a full member of the Beefsteak Club. His boast was that he frequented the place. From the club's 1888 candidates' book we were unable to confirm or deny that Tumblety attained a temporary guest status position.

As I mentioned before, the Carlton Club's historian told me that an application form was needed to be submitted to the club secretary in order for a man to become a guest member. Apparently that process only held true for certain exclusive military and political Pall Mall clubs. It looks like the Beefsteak Club did not levy stringent rules for its members who escorted in a guest, nor did they feel there was a need to keep a record of it. Mr Lejeune checked once more and confirmed that no '1888 Guest Member Book' existed for the club. He also told me that 'Guest Memberships' were indeed offered by the club, and these temporary memberships would be good for a period of about two weeks. But unfortunately, no records were maintained for this program. I was thankful that Mr Lejeune dealt honestly with me, and I felt that Mr Lowrie was both courteous and helpful. My return to Pall Mall drew no complaints from me. The Beefsteak Club's 1888 paperwork simply left us with no conclusive answers.

I will now share a document that I received from Pall Mall three years ago. In January 2005, I asked the Naval & Military Club in St James's Square to help me with two enquiries. I wanted to know the duration of Colonel Hughes-Hallett's membership with the United Service Club. And I also wanted to initiate a process to search the club's records for a man who I suspected had attained entrance into the USC during 1888. I mentioned nothing about the Whitechapel murders, nor did I imply that Hughes-Hallett knew this particular man who I felt got inside the USC. The Naval & Military Club responded by informing me that their 1888 records are missing, then they emailed me this following message:

Dear Mr Chetcuti,

Having obtained permission to proceed with your enquiry, I can now report the following:

In the 1886 edition of the United Service Club membership records, the following entry appears:

1885 Hughes-Hallett, Francis C., Colonel & Lt.-Col. 2nd Brigade Southern Div. R. Arty.

(1885 refers to his date of election to the Club).

In the 1887 edition, the same entry appears.

The 1888 edition is missing.

In the 1889 edition, the same entry appears except that it says 'late of 2nd Brigade Southern Div. R. Artillery'.

I hope this information is useful.

As a matter of interest I undertook a very brief investigation of the name 'Hughes-Hallett', and seemed to come up with a connection to Jack the Ripper. Perhaps I am wrong, but I wonder (especially in view of the date) whether that is your conjecture for the identity of Col. Hughes-Hallett's guest, for whom I notice you do not give a name. If this is the case, perhaps you would be kind enough to furnish us with further details of the nature of your research, in case the Club does not wish to be associated?

E-mail to the author from the Naval & Military Club, London

I had some more correspondence with this club, then they shut down all communication with me shortly afterwards. After reading the letter they sent to me, one might wonder about the fact that ‘Jack the Ripper has been dead for decades. The Whitechapel crimes occurred 120 years ago. So why is this place still speaking so cautiously about the matter?’

I think it goes to show how the infamy of those murders still remains vivid in the hearts of the English. Even today, British establishments do not want to have their identities attached in any way with these atrocities. The USC hasn’t been in existence for over 30 years, yet the entity that maintains their records is quite sensitive about the issue. I tried to explain to them that even if we confirm that a Ripper suspect acquired a temporary position inside the USC, there is still no existing evidence that he committed the murders. But these people answered that they were familiar with Colonel Hughes-Hallett’s Whitechapel investigation and apparently that was reason enough for them to remain on their guard. What I found a bit peculiar was that I never mentioned to them that the man who I’m looking for was ‘Colonel Hughes-Hallett’s guest’ in the USC. They came up with that one on their own.

[Colonel Hughes-Hallett] is a Tory to the backbone, and his cheer has often encouraged the Irish Orangemen and brought down upon himself the scowls and muttered imprecations of the Irish Brigade. - (British) *Vanity Fair*, 18 December 1886.

Let me take a moment now to introduce some of Dr Tumblety’s writing from 1893. This hasn’t been presented before on any Ripper web site. You’ll see that the doctor’s words give us a good idea about his feelings toward Hughes-Hallett’s Tory Party and its stand against Irish efforts.

[President George] Washington himself, when he became a member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, publicly acknowledged the indebtedness to Ireland. He who has read American history has read it in vain if he does not know that had it not been for the moral and physical aid given not only by the Irish colonists but the Irish in Ireland, American independence would not have been achieved. Washington, Jefferson, Adams - all who had put their names to the Declaration of Independence, would have been hung as traitors, and the Anglomaniacs of today - most of whom are lineal descendants of the 25,000 Tories who were in arms against their country’s independence - would now be fondly gazing on the Union Jack floating from our public buildings. - Francis Tumblety.¹⁰

Tumblety claimed to have made this speech at a dinner given in his honor by the leading Irish-American citizens of Boston. He gave this address after a toast was made to the ‘Irish soldiers of America.’ Although the setting for his speech was probably fictitious, the sentiments expressed by this Ripper suspect were genuine. His disdain for Hughes-Hallett’s Tory Party was as real as can be. The doctor’s address was filled with anti-English and pro-Irish verve. It was drenched in military references and culminated with a poetic tribute to the Irish Brigade’s victory over the English forces at the Battle of Fontenoy. Tumblety praised men like himself who were proud of their ‘half American - half Irish’ nationalities. I’ll quote a passage from his speech that best demonstrates this. Tumblety made the following remarks in honor of a naval officer who was nicknamed ‘saucy Jack.’

Commodore Barry, the Wexford boy, father of the American Navy, who on encountering an English fleet, was asked by the surly English captain: ‘What ship is that?’ and replied: ‘The United States ship Alliance, saucy Jack Barry, half Yankee, half Irishman. Who in h—l are you?’ Or as the poet Collins put his answer:

*This is the ship Alliance,
From Philadelphia town,
And proudly bids defiance
To England’s King and Crown.
As Captain on her deck I stand
To guard her banner true,
Half Yankee, half Irishman.
What tyrant slave are you?*

(Applause.)

¹⁰ *A Sketch of the Life of Dr Francis Tumblety (1893)*, p. 154.

Throughout this alleged address before his fellow Irish-American citizens, Tumblety inserted numerous brackets which displayed the responses that were drawn from his audience. There were about a dozen brackets placed into the transcript which included (applause) (prolonged applause) (renewed applause) (loud applause) and (laughter). The doctor presented this scene as if it was some kind of a theatre performance in which he was the director and lead actor. Tumblety possessed a unique blend of fervent Irish nationalism and playhouse showmanship. When we study Hughes-Hallett's hunt for a fraudulent medical man in Whitechapel, we see a Colonel who also was both an amateur theatre performer and a fiery speaker concerning the Irish cause.

I'll conclude by sharing my opinion about the Beefsteakers and Tumblety's relationship with the playhouses of this era. The Beefsteakers were well known for the homosocial atmosphere going on behind the stage of the Lyceum Theatre. Knowing Tumblety's fondness for the theatre scene and his preference for a homosexual environment, is it any wonder why the doctor spoke so admirably about being a frequenter amongst the Beefsteakers? In America, the man was reported to have pranced on the Canterbury Music Hall's stage in Washington, DC. He pointed out the Morton House actors to his protégé in New York City. And he sent letters throughout the United States that proclaimed his innocence for any complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln at Ford's Theater. The doctor made sure, usually through newspaper print, that his name would be linked with the grand stage. In 1888 London, I think we would have seen Tumblety at the Lyceum Theatre during the performances of 'Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde.' We probably would have found him in the audience longing to be invited backstage into the Beefsteak Room so he could be alongside Wilde and Caine. And after the Lyceum's final curtain came down for the night, we would have found him at his home, or in his club, or in the fashionable thoroughfares of the West End.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Robert Linford for providing the Parliamentary photograph of Colonel Hughes-Hallett. I also thank Anthony Lejeune, Philip Lowrie, and Jonathan Menges for their assistance.

The Lyceum Theatre





a.k.a CHARLES CROSS

By MICHAEL CONNOR

In 1920 a 71 year old East Ender died of a cerebral haemorrhage, hardening of the arteries, and chronic bronchitis. Perhaps he carried a secret to the grave.

In two previous *Ripperologist* articles I have discussed ongoing research into Charles Cross—the man found beside the body of Polly Nichols in Buck’s Row. Ordinary, and scarcely noticeable in the streets into which he fitted so naturally, he may have been a successful multiple killer.

Charles Cross seems an unnecessary enigma. The newspaper reports of the Nichols inquest suggest a workingman whose stable employment history should mean that he would be traceable in nineteenth century census returns; however, searches have so far proved fruitless. Most recently I suggested that he could have been a man of that name present at the Victoria Home in Whitechapel Road on census night 1891. Perhaps he wasn’t, and perhaps he is difficult to find because Charles Cross may never have existed.

The basic chunks of information about Cross, taken from newspapers and police reports, are few but specific. In August 1888 he lived at 22 Doveton Street, Bethnal Green. He was a carman who worked for Pickfords in Broad Street, and had been employed by them for 20 years.

In February 1887 the interviewer for Charles Booth’s survey of the London poor visited Doveton Street.¹ Number 22, presumably a four-room house, was occupied by two families. No names were given but one of these was a carman, in regular employment. His income was 25 shillings a week. He had two school-aged children and a baby under 3. This information provides some genealogical clues that, if this is Cross, have so far proved fruitless in finding documentary evidence of his existence.

One point that has led census research astray is that the contemporary sources are slightly wrong. Doveton Street is not in Bethnal Green—it is in Mile End Old Town.² With his steady job it is not unreasonable to expect that Cross could still be living at the same address at the time of the 1891 census, as was the other Buck’s Row witness, carman Robert Paul. But in 1891 a single family lived at 22 Doveton Street and there was no mention of anyone named Cross.³

At the Nichols inquest Cross seemed unremarkably ordinary. Reporters noted that he gave his evidence wearing “a coarse sacking apron” but did not much bother with the man behind it. His testimony of finding Nichols’s body was only a prelude to the more interesting discussions which followed.

Cross was of so little importance that there was little attempt by reporters to get his name right. The original inquest papers have not survived and the newspapers offer conflicting versions of what he was called. Though these are confused, most agreed that he came equipped with a middle name, and he appears as George Cross, Charles A. Cross, Charles Andrew Cross, and Charles Allen Cross. Was it only a coincidence that the head of the household living at 22

¹ Booth Notebook B16, pp 94 - 95

² I am very, very grateful to Colin Roberts for sharing his detailed knowledge of East End streets and the organizational structure of the contemporary police forces with me. Without his assistance I would still be helplessly searching for Doveton Street - in the wrong district!

³ See 1891 Census: RG12, Piece 306, Folio 45, Pages 27 - 28. Note that the Ancestry index has incorrectly transcribed Lechmere as Lechman.



PC. Neil discovering the body of Mary Ann Nichols in Bucks Row

Doveton Street in 1891 was also called Charles Allen—Charles Allen Lechmere?

Every detail we know about Cross, except the unconfirmed claim that he worked for the carriers Pickfords, was shared with Lechmere. If Lechmere was using an alias it was not an unknown phenomenon in the East End nor in the history of this investigation.

Cross said he was a carman and Lechmere gave that as his occupation on his 1870 marriage certificate and in census returns for 1871, 1881, 1891—and also 1901. Cross said he had worked for Pickfords for over twenty years and it is currently impossible to either prove or disprove this claim. Though there is nothing to indicate who Lechmere worked for, it is possible that in 1888 he had been a Pickfords carman for twenty years.

Where was Lechmere living on 31 August 1888? Two pieces of evidence help to focus attention on this question, though without completely answering it.

In January 1888 a daughter was born to Lechmere and the birth was recorded in a certificate dated 2 March 1888. The family was generally stable and the home address given by her father Charles was in James Street, the same street as at the time of the 1881 census.

The second piece for the jigsaw puzzle is the child's death certificate. She died at 22 Doveton Street and the

certificate is dated 8 October 1890. This confirms that the family moved into Doveton Street at some time between 2 March 1888 and 7 October 1890. A detail of interest on this certificate is that Charles Lechmere's occupation has been entered as "Carman Carrier's"—and Pickfords were carriers.

Charles Allen Lechmere was born in Soho in 1849 and lived his whole life in the East End. In 1870, when he married, and in 1871, at the time of the census, he lived in Mary Ann Street and by the time of the 1881 census had moved to James Street. Both streets are in St. Georges in the East and are very close to Berner and Pinchin streets. In 1891 he and his wife and their eight children occupied the four rooms of 22 Doveton Street.

The birth of his daughter at the beginning of 1888 into an already large family may have prompted the move to Doveton Street. As the sole supporter of his family 1888 could have been a year of considerable financial stress for Lechmere, who was probably earning the average wage for carmen at the time of from 20 to 22 shillings a week. By census time in April 1891, the financial position had eased; though one child had died and another had been born, two of the children were now working and presumably contributing to the family upkeep.

Charles Allen Lechmere has left a paper trail of evidence as to his existence and other information about him may lie in East End newspapers, infirmary records, church records, or family records held by his descendents. There may even be family photographs. The Booth investigators also called at James Street and recorded details of an unnamed family living at number 20 who were clearly the Lechmeres - the family was described as "v. decent".⁴

Whatever the name of the man in Buck's Row on the morning of the Nichols murder, he deserves serious attention for four, and possibly five, reasons. The first is simply that he was found alone beside a body. The second is that though the times he reportedly gave for his actions are confusing, he had the opportunity to kill Nichols before being disturbed by Paul. Thirdly, what we know about his daily timetable places him in the vicinity when Martha Tabram was killed. Fourthly, Annie Chapman was murdered along one of his routes to work. A fifth reason, not known at the time, is that

⁴ Booth Notebook B34, pp 28 - 30

he may have given a false name at the inquest.

In what follows I am taking it for granted that we are dealing with a multiple murderer and that the idea of a list of canonical victims has been a limiting and misleading concept. I am also taking it for granted that although exceptionally violent crimes they were careless murders committed by an ordinary man and not a nightmarish figure of stage fiction. The murderer led a normal life—and one not so ordinary.

The handling of the Nichols murder investigation by the Metropolitan Police J Division was flawed. Cross's story, given at the second day of the inquest on Monday, 3 September, of how he came to find the body should have been subjected to intensive checking which seemingly did not happen. The police were apparently slow to complete the preliminary investigations for when Cross and Constable



Bucks Row

Mizen referred to Robert Paul there was no indication of his name and he was simply referred to as “another man” who “appeared to be a carman”. Though Paul was located by a newspaper reporter on the day of the murder and his name had already been published, he did not give his evidence until a resumed sitting on 17 September. By then his memories may have been influenced by reading newspaper reports of what had been claimed at the Inquest. Contacting Paul should have been an immediate commonsense check by the police investigators on Cross's claim of finding the body and there exists no evidence that this took place.

There is also no indication that J Division investigators checked the timing of Cross's story or sought to clarify why, even if he was running late that morning, he was still in the area when Robert Paul walked into Buck's Row. Cross should have been much further away if he was expected at Broad Street by 8 am and may have been “behind time”, as he claimed, because he had stopped along the way to murder Polly Nichols. His words about being late for work may have been the killer's private sardonic joke.

If Charles Cross was an alias this should have been discovered when the police checked his story in Doveton Street and with Pickfords. Perhaps the company was not approached because Broad Street was in the City Police area. On the morning of the murder Cross moved through three different areas of police responsibility and these bureaucratic divisions may have allowed him to escape between the cracks. He lived in Doveton Street and found the body in Buck's Row—J Division Metropolitan Police. The policeman he advised of the body, Constable Mizen, belonged to H Division Metropolitan Police—and when he went into Buck's Row he was entering into territory that was the responsibility of J Division. Cross walked on to work through Whitechapel—H Division. He worked in Broad Street—City Police.

Cross may also have avoided scrutiny because he was so ordinary and fitted so well into the local scene—and yet he admirably fits the idea of an unassuming local killer.

Chief Inspector Donald Swanson of Scotland Yard drew up a report on the murder on 19 October. He linked Cross and Paul and described them as carmen who found the body “on their way to work”.⁵ More accurately, Cross supposedly found the body and Paul was led to it by him. At the end of this document Swanson noted that Annie Chapman had been murdered only days later and that “both enquiries merged into one”.⁶ Tabram was mentioned at the time of the Nichols

⁵ Stewart P. Evans and Keith Skinner, *The Ultimate Jack the Ripper Sourcebook: An Illustrated Encyclopedia* (London, 2001), p 31

⁶ Evans, *The Ultimate Jack the Ripper Sourcebook*, p 33

Durward Street (formerly Buck's Row) - photograph by Adam Wood



murder by the press and the police may have done better by looking backwards to the details of that incident and closely examining Cross on his timetable and the routes he walked to work. He should have been questioned and questioned each time a body was discovered in the area between Doveton Street and Broad Street. He should have been pushed forward every time a credible witness appeared.

In the main, the previous remarks are applicable to the man in Buck's Row whatever his name. However, if that man was really Charles Lechmere then this contributes something new to an examination of Elizabeth Stride's murder.

At times Stride's death has been deleted from the list of possible Whitechapel murders because of its incomplete handiwork and because it has seemed staged outside the main geographic focus perceived in the other killings. This latter perception changes dramatically when we consider that Charles Lechmere had lived close to Berner Street since at least 1870. With this in mind, there may be similarities between the murders of Stride and Nichols.

Israel Schwartz followed a man along Berner Street who confronted Stride and attacked her. This may be how Nichols was killed. She was approached by a man who suddenly attacked her. Even the physical scenes of the two street murders were similar—outside the closed double gates of Brown's Stable Yard and the open gates of Dutfeld's Yard.

If this is a murder in the series, and not the bungling of another amateur, then Schwartz's evidence suggests that the attacks could be usefully classified as 'immediate blitz' and 'delayed blitz events'. In the case of Stride, the killer approached and began, with scant preliminaries, a murderous immediate blitz attack *in situ*. Theorists have surmised that this could be nothing more than an attack by her East End "lover" Michael Kidney but it may also be a demonstration of the method used in the attacks on Annie Millwood, Nichols and Alice McKenzie. If Nichols faced this type of attack then it reduced to a minimum the time needed by the killer to approach and kill his victim. It was an ideal method for a street attack. The victim was probably expecting the usual prostitute-customer negotiation and would have been quite unprepared for a knife attack. If this happened to Nichols, then the people sleeping around the Buck's Row murder site heard nothing because there may have been no conversation and nothing to hear, except the sound of the knife.

Suppose that Stride was killed by Michael Kidney. It is not saying very much for the prowess of the Metropolitan Police that, with a credible if non-English-speaking eyewitness, they were unable to make a positive identification and a convincing case against him. If Kidney killed Liz Stride and escaped detection, and he was surely an obvious suspect, then they had little hope of catching the Whitechapel Murderer—especially as he had already been possibly caught in the act by Robert Paul and allowed to escape.

In some attacks the violence was delayed because the prostitute victim was used to lead the killer into a place of comparative safety. Negotiations, which concerned mere pennies, were likely to have been of the briefest. A delayed blitz attack probably occurred in the case of Tabram and surely did so in the cases of Chapman, Eddowes and Kelly.

Schwartz witnessed a killer who was acting carelessly, under the influence of drink, but also gave evidence of determination and coolness under pressure. Seeing that he had been observed by Schwartz and possibly another man, he verbally challenged these witnesses and continued with his attack before escaping. If Cross was the murderer these same controlling traits can be observed in his behaviour—presumably when sober.

When Constable Neil was beside the body of Polly Nichols he saw Constable Thain in the distance crossing the junction of Buck's Row and Brady Street. Similarly, Cross would have been aware that Paul was entering Buck's Row and walking towards him when he arrived at the same point.

Consider Cross as an innocent man, discovering a woman's body and standing aside that dark morning as the unknown figure approached. Instead of calling out to the man telling him of his find, he watched him come closer and blocked his way. Paul actually stepped aside to avoid him before Cross touched him on the shoulder and spoke to him to indicate the woman's body on the pavement—it is odd that he did not make verbal contact at a distance before making physical contact with this stranger in a dark and dangerous place.

Consider Cross as a killer. Hearing and seeing someone approach, he stood apart from the body. Paul was fearful of the man who stood blocking his path. Not knowing what, if anything, the stranger had seen, Cross watched and waited for him to come closer and was no doubt prepared to kill again to protect himself. Convinced by Paul's actions and demeanour

that he had noticed nothing he reached out and touched him and turned him into a witness to his own innocence.

When together beside Polly Nichols, Cross would not agree with Paul's suggestion that they move her into a sitting position. Sensibly, he may have refused to touch her because of the stink of her emptied bladder and colon, which either occurred from fear or at the moment of death. He may also have known that moving her would have revealed the cuts to her throat. If this was what happened that morning, then the murderer showed considerable coolness and presence of mind.

At the inquest Cross answered questions politely and accurately, like an innocent man, and did not trip himself up in small lies which would have been exposed by Paul's eventual testimony. This may have been what happened when he gave his own personal details. A number of small truths and a big lie about his surname.

Suppositions about Cross's behaviour and motivations are suppositions. Facts about his address, his daily timetable and the routes he took to work were checkable and their verification should have been a normal part of police procedure. If the non-investigation of Cross is typical of the police investigation when dealing with a man found alone beside a murdered body then they had no hope of finding the killer. There was no way the murderer could be found through abstract detection. A theoretical case could have been made against any man, or woman, alive or not quite dead in 1888—pity the poor mistimed suicide Druitt. The only possibility the police had of finding the killer was if he made a mistake and walked into their investigation. Cross had done so—then walked on and up Hanbury Street and out of the investigation.

What the killer did with his knife depended on the circumstances. The Whitechapel Murderer did not leave a signature expressed in identical mutilations. Even if he had wanted to, the conditions in which his violence was carried out prevented this. Apart from Kelly, his attacks were on fully dressed women in public places in obscure light with little time at his disposal. The killer was aware of how little time he had to attack and depart to avoid capture.

The attacks were quickly completed, again apart from Kelly, and were opportunistic. Some killings fitted into his normal life. That is, the killings occurred around normal events in his life such as simply going to or returning from work. In other cases he may have acted as a hunter and sought victims.

The Whitechapel Murderer may have attacked or killed before and after 1888. It is highly likely that some women were attacked and survived and that not all attacks were reported. The killing of Kelly should be considered as marking a possible pause in his activities and not the end of a series of multiple murders. The murderer paused because he did not want to be caught.

Charles Allen Lechmere was illiterate. If he becomes a suspect then we can assume that the Jack the Ripper letters and the enormous police activity would have taken him by complete surprise. When Alice McKenzie was murdered there was immediate speculation that she had been a victim of Jack the Ripper and the police presence in Whitechapel was instantly increased. This may have worried him with the possibility that police activity was about to become as intensive as it had been in 1888 and caused him to again pause.

If Charles Cross, or Charles Lechmere, was the killer then he was in the extraordinary position of returning every day to the scenes of his crimes as he walked to and from work. The thousands and thousands of tourists who have enjoyed Ripper Walks may have been paying for a pleasure freely enjoyed by the killer himself.

Charles Lechmere lived until 1920 and at the time of his death his occupation was described as "tea samplers assistant". You could almost wish that this is the true solution to the Jack the Ripper mystery. The quintessential British murder mystery ending with a cup of tea. A working-class multiple murderer living (with all his sins) to the ripe old age of 71 and knowing what fools he had made of everyone. What an extraordinary story it would be. Would it make Charles Allen Lechmere a working class hero or an anti-hero? And if Lechmere was a multiple killer it hardly seems charitable to have accused so many innocent men of crimes carried out by an illiterate cart driver—even if he did work for Pickfords.

The Difficulty of Body Identification in the Late Victorian Period

By CHRISTOPHER T GEORGE



Was the hacked-up corpse of the woman found on the bed at 13 Miller's Court actually Mary Jane Kelly, the woman who had lived there with her lover Joe Barnett? Joe himself seemed to indicate it was, identifying her by her 'ear and eyes' - or, if other accounts are to be believed, by her 'hair and eyes.' And yet because of the testimony of Caroline Maxwell at the Kelly inquest that a woman answering to the description of Mary Kelly was seen on the street as late as 10:00 am on the morning of the discovery of the body, doubt lingers about whether Kelly was the woman killed in the shabby room. It has even been suggested that, based on what Maxwell said, when the woman Maxwell said was Kelly threw up and told the witness she had 'the horrors of drink upon her' it was a reaction to the events of the morning, i.e., perhaps she had returned home and seen a bloody corpse on the bed. Such a survival scenario was speculated by Des McKenna in 'Did Mary Kelly Survive?'¹ McKenna says that coroner Roderick MacDonald bullied Maxwell to diminish the impact of her testimony on the jury. Dave Yost, in a critique of McKenna's article finds that MacDonald's actions were appropriate, and within his remit as coroner to keep the jury to their task. He concludes:

The idea that the Miller's Court victim was not Kelly would be a modern desire that someone we have come to know was not so decimated, like a deer that has been skinned and gutted after the kill. What better way to resolve the disturbance to our sensibilities, except to accept that it was someone we do not know, and to think that she, the one we do know, has gone off to live 'happily ever after.' . . .

Albeit, the essay's underlining theme is right in that we do not know for a 'definitely ascertained fact' whose dead body was found by Bowyer, because of the extensive mutilations. But, if it was not Kelly, then someone else has been immortalized under an assumed identity, and for the same reason as the other victims - the name is not all inclusively

Contemporary newspaper sketch showing officials inspecting Mary Kelly's body



important, only that we do not forget the victims while we seek to name the nameless. So, Did Mary Kelly Survive? Until the evidence suggests otherwise, I think those who study this subject of mutual interest are quite safe in acknowledging the fifth and final canonical victim as Mary Jane Kelly.²

1 Des McKenna, 'Did Mary Kelly Survive?' originally published in *Ripper Notes*, available at www.casebook.org/dissertations/dst-desmary.html

2 Dave Yost, 'Is Truth Stranger than Fiction? Some Remarks on 'Did Mary Kelly Survive' originally published in *Ripper Notes* available at www.casebook.org/dissertations/dst-yoststranger.html

Mr Yost's conclusion is well and fine although it has to be admitted that science did not prove once and for all that the body found in Miller's Court was Mary Jane Kelly. The doubt thus lingers that it might *not* have been Kelly. Prior to the twentieth century, the problem of identification of bodies, missing the definitive proof that DNA evidence or fingerprints would provide, was an extreme problem. This is one reason that pretenders to thrones or to fortunes such as the Tichborne inheritance were rampant—it was hard to prove who was whom. In fact, before the twentieth century, eyewitness testimony provided the bulk of evidence used in inquests and criminal trials rather than the scientific testimony to which we are accustomed in the courtroom today to provide 'proof'. As Colin Beavan has written:

. . . science didn't have the foothold in the courtrooms that it does today. For most of history, the only evidence allowed at trial was the testimony of eyewitnesses. The use of physical evidence to reconstruct events had been considered too vulnerable to manipulation. The legal process had since been dragged slowly forward, but

*juries were still more used to hearing what people had seen with their own eyes than what experts said they could deduce by other means.*³

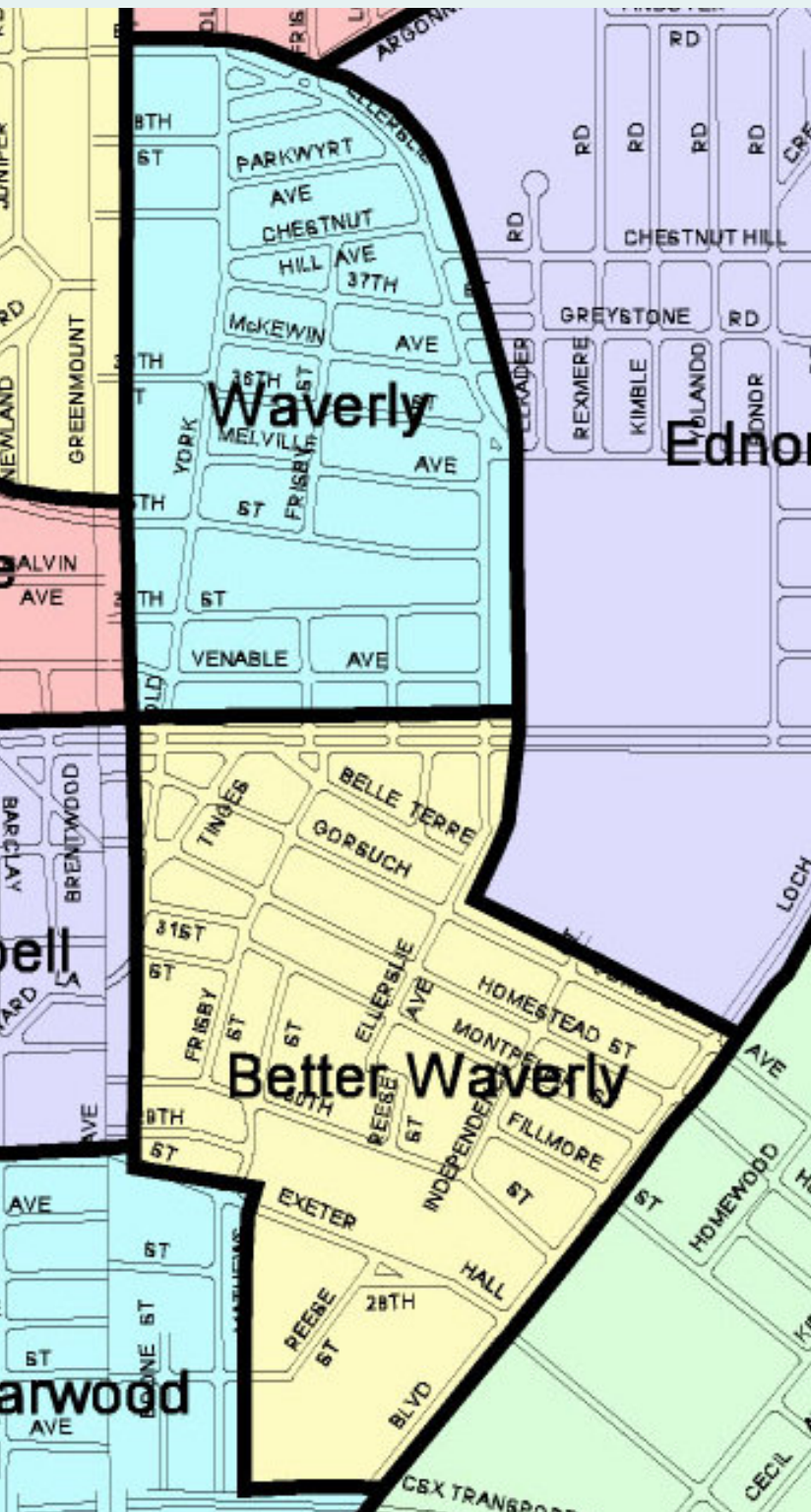
Below I discuss an American case that took place in the 1870's in which it proved impossible twice to totally prove the identities of bodies.

Trial by Fire, or the Man Who Died Twice

Udderzook and Goss. They sound like a couple of plump grocers, middle-aged *petit bourgeois* grocers who might have bickered occasionally over the price of turnips but who still maintained a certain *bon homie* to remain partners in business. But names can be deceptive. In Baltimore County, Maryland and neighboring Chester County, Pennsylvania, a twisted saga began one-hundred-and-thirty-six years ago this winter, when the names of William Eachus Udderzook and Winfield Scott Goss became inextricably linked in a tale of skullduggery, insurance fraud, and murder.

Let's set the background to the tale. Around five miles north of Baltimore's Inner Harbor lies a neighborhood called Pen Lucy between the York Road - Greenmount Avenue corridor and the site of the recently demolished Memorial Stadium (former home of Johnny Unitas's Super Bowl-winning Baltimore Colts and Frank and Brooks Robinson's World Series-triumphant Orioles). Today, Pen Lucy is an area of frame houses dating from 1870 to 1920, 1920's duplexes, and 1940's and '50's rowhouses. The community loaned its name to a local rock group of the 1970's. The present-day population of Pen Lucy is predominantly African-

Modern map of Pen Lucy neighborhood of Baltimore (top of map)



3 Colin Beavan, *Fingerprints: The Origins of Crime Detection and the Murder Case that Launched Forensic Science*. New York: Hyperion, 2001, p. 18.

American but that wasn't the case in the 1870's. Then it was a partly rural area north of the city, which at that date ended at North Avenue. Just south of Pen Lucy is the community of Waverly, celebrated by author Lizette Woodworth Reese (1856-1935) in her book *A Victorian Village* (1929). In the 1870's, when Ms. Reese was in her teens and twenties, modernity of a sort came to the area, when iron rails were laid up the York Road and horses pulled streetcars along the track linking the city to Towsontown.⁴

Fire in a Rented Cabin

The Goss-Udderzook tragedy began on the night of Friday, 2 February 1872. Around 9:00 pm, an explosion and fire destroyed a small frame cabin that was being used by middle-aged Winfield Goss as a place where he was apparently engaged in a secret experiment to concoct a substitute for India rubber. The cabin, on Steele's Lane, was owned by a Mr Lowndes and had been rented since the prior spring by Goss, a gilder by trade, who lived with his wife Eliza at 314 North Eutaw Street in the city. Apparently Udderzook, Goss's younger sandy-haired, bearded and moustached brother-in-law, a former Union Army sergeant in the American Civil War and former Baltimore City policeman, had been helping the inventor with his work but had gone to a nearby house to get a lamp, the flame of the one they had been using in the cabin having burned low.⁵

While Udderzook was away in quest of a new lamp, a fire erupted in the structure. The younger man, apparently thinking his in-law had escaped, stood by. Also in the crowd standing watching the fire were boys from the nearby Pen Lucy Academy, shortly to be joined by the school's principal, Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, who arrived as the fire subsided leaving the charred remains of the cabin. It was at this point that Udderzook told the other onlookers that his brother-in-law might not have escaped the fire - news that understandably astonished Colonel Johnston and the other bystanders. When the fire died down, indeed, a charred and disfigured body was found in the ruins. The men hauled the body out of the wreckage with an ice hook and put it in a box, leaving the corpse in a nearby barn overnight awaiting a coroner's inquest to be held on the following day.⁶

The body was badly burned, limbs burned completely off, and the skin crisp. Only the head and torso remained. A watch belonging to Goss was found near the body and seemingly confirmed that he was the victim of the fire. The inventor's supposed widow (Udderzook's sister), Mrs Eliza Goss, identified the body as being that of her husband, who had been a stout, middle-aged man with the fashionable Napoleon III goatee of the day. At the insurance trial that followed, she testified that she identified the corpse as her husband's by the size and shape of the head, neck, and body: 'I recognized it as my husband's body by the very full neck, full throat, and broad shoulders.'^{7,8}

'The Great Life Insurance Case'

Winfield Goss had been insured for a total of \$25,000, a then sizeable sum, with the policies payable to Mrs Goss. A total of four insurance policies on his life had been taken out beginning in 1868, with the last policy, for \$5,000, having been taken out only a week before the fatal fire. The insurance companies who had issued the policies were suspicious of the circumstances of the fire and death and questioned if the body was really that of Goss. The insurance payout of \$25,000 was held to be suspiciously large for Goss's limited means and resources. The clincher for the insurance men was that Goss was found to have closed his bank account and executed his will just before the fire occurred.⁹

To settle the question, just over a year after the supposed fatal fire, a judge ordered that the body be exhumed. Thus on the morning of 10 February 1873, the coffin was extracted from the soft clay of a Baltimore cemetery. The

4 'Lizette Woodworth Reese' in Encyclopedia Britannica Online www.britannica.com/eb/article-9126185/Lizette-Woodworth-Reese

5 *The Goss-Udderzook Tragedy. Being a History of a Strange Case of Deception and Murder, Including the Great Life Insurance Case and the Trial of William E. Udderzook for the Murder of W. S. Goss.* Baltimore: Baltimore Gazette, 1873.

6 *The Goss-Udderzook Tragedy*, op cit.

7 James Appleton Morgan, Esq., 'Personal Identity,' in *The Sanitarian*, January 1876, pp. 21-28.

8 John B Lewis, MD, *Stratagems and Conspiracies to Defraud Insurance Companies: An Authentic Record of Remarkable Cases.* Baltimore: James H McClellan, 1896, p. 219.

9 Ken Dornstein, *Accidentally on Purpose: The Making of a Personal Injury.* New York: St Martin's Press, 1998, p. 34.

autopsy showed that the dead man only had nine teeth and, as if in support of the insurance company's dubiousness, Eliza Goss swore that her husband had not had any missing any teeth. In fact she told the insurers that her husband's teeth were 'quite regular' and 'not artificial.'¹⁰ The exhumed corpse's teeth represented a dental disaster area. A protracted suit over the insurance money ensued in Baltimore in the summer of 1873, with the New York Mutual Insurance Company as the outfit sued by the widow as a test case. The affair became known as 'The Great Life Insurance Case.'

William Udderzook was among those who testified on behalf of his sister's claim. He told the court that he immediately recognized the burned corpse as that of his brother-in-law, using words similar to the way his sister had stated it - by the shape of the head, neck, and body: 'I recognized it as being his body, judging by the size and shape of the head, and size of the neck and breast' - thus contradicting what he had said in an affidavit for the insurance companies that he could not recognize the body. He also stated that blood flowed from the corpse when taken out of the burned building and that after the body had been transported to the nearby barn where it remained all night, icicles of blood formed on the body.¹¹ These couple of pieces of testimony about the blood could have some significance as

Baltimore lawyer Severn Teackle Wallis (1816-1894), a statue in Mount Vernon, Baltimore. Photograph by the author.



we will discuss shortly.

During the trial, a story quite different to that told by Udderzook about circumstances of the rubber experiment and the cabin fire began to appear. The idea began to develop that the corpse burned in the Pen Lucy cabin could have been supplied by a medical supplier and planted in the building before the fire and that Goss and Udderzook then set the place alight to give the impression that the would-be inventor had perished in the flames. It was known that such corpses, as one medical professor testified, could be obtained in an 'almost unlimited supply' for '\$15 to \$20 apiece.' Thomas Loudenslager, a coworker of Udderzook at a Baltimore factory, later testified that a wooden box measuring over five feet long was delivered to Udderzook on the morning of the fire.¹² The latter pieces of testimony were revealed in another trial that occurred a year later - as we are shortly to discuss - Loudenslager saying for his part that he knew about the insurance trial but that he didn't give information about the box at the time because he was afraid of being subpoenaed.^{13,14}

Witness after witness testified that Goss had a full set of teeth. It was also revealed though that he was a drinker who would go on regular binges. Hermann Blum, a gilder by trade, testified that Goss had been in his employ from April 1870 to June 1871 but that Goss showed no interest in the business. 'He used to drink intemperately during this time,' Blum told the jury. 'He

10 Op cit.

11 Lewis, *Stratagems and Conspiracies*, p. 216.

12 Dornstein, *Accidentally on Purpose*, p. 35.

13 Dornstein, *Accidentally on Purpose*, op cit.

14 Lewis, *Stratagems and Conspiracies*, pp. 275-6.

15 Ibid., pp. 227-8.

became a habitual drunkard before he left my employ.’ Dr Theophilus Steele, a physician of New York City, testified that he treated Goss for delirium tremens in January 1872. Baltimore physician Dr. James Hardy said that he attended Goss on several occasions in 1870 and 1871 and that on each occasion Goss was suffering from the effects of ‘five or six days’ intemperate drinking.’¹⁵

Among the bevy of attorneys arguing on behalf of New York Mutual was well-respected Baltimore lawyer Severn Teackle Wallis (1816-1894), a kin of Baltimore socialite Wallis Warfield Simpson, for whom Edward VIII abdicated the throne of England in 1936. Remarkably, despite the best efforts of the canny Mr Wallis and the team of advocates, on 6 June 1873, Mrs Goss won the settlement. The unexpected victory might possibly have been because of anti-insurance company sentiment among the jury or among the citizenry of Baltimore overall. She was awarded the full \$25,000 to which she was entitled per the policies.

Why was it so hard to show to prove the body in the fire was not that of Winfield Goss? The bugbear of course was that in the nineteenth century, before fingerprint and DNA evidence, it was impossible to know for sure whose body was recovered from the wrecked cabin. This circumstance helped set up both the lengthy insurance case trial and a subsequent gruesome murder of none other than Winfield Scott Goss.

The Body in Baer’s Woods

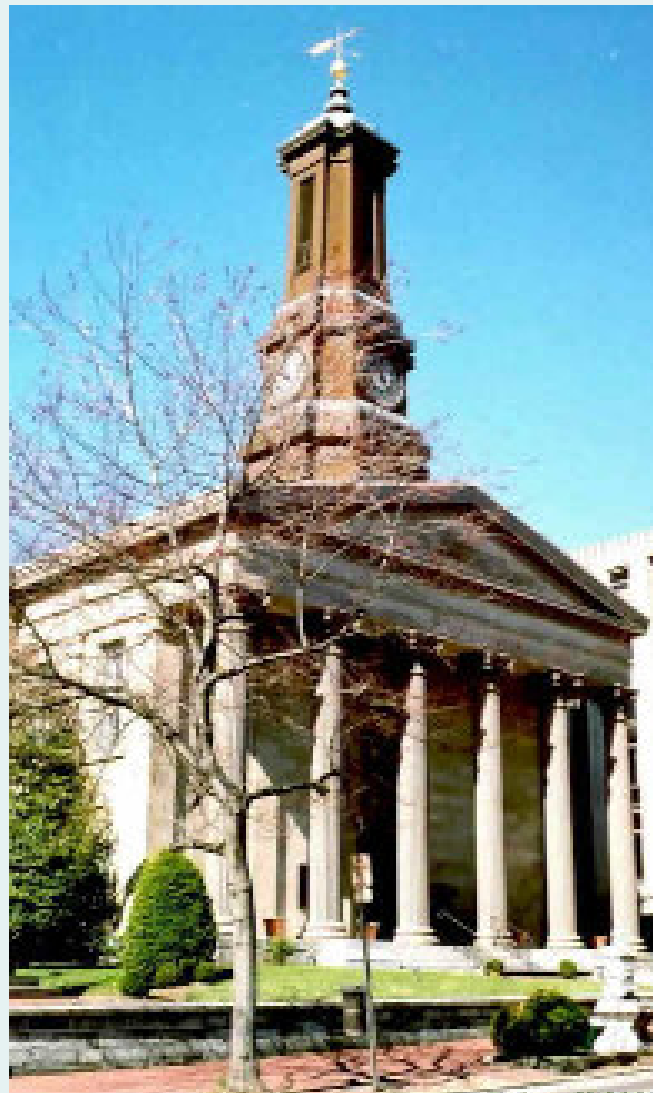
Five weeks after Eliza Goss’s happy court triumph, a discovery occurred fifty miles to the northwest, near the town of Cochranville in rural southern Pennsylvania. On the evening of 11 July, Gainor P Moore noticed buzzards circling round a copse of trees known as Baer’s Woods. Moore looked closer and discovered a partly exposed, mutilated male torso. According to the *New York Times* of 16 July, ‘The arms and limbs had been cut off, the throat cut, and there were half a dozen cuts in the chest and body, any one of which could have proved fatal, the body was beyond recognition. . . .’ The teeth of the man had been violently stoved in by some blunt object. The arms and legs of the victim were found buried about twenty-five yards away.¹⁶

The body was that of a cleanshaven man. The victim was apparently a man who had been going under the name of A C Wilson. Or else perhaps he was, as the soon-to-be-accused killer William E Udderzook claimed, an unnamed ‘commercial agent’ from Kentucky. In any case, the man, who wore a large bloodstone ring, had been seen in the neighborhood in the company of Udderzook, who had relatives in the vicinity. His description in any case matched that of Goss: a man of about five feet eight to ten inches in height, with full chest and shoulders thrown back.

News of Udderzook’s connection to this new tragedy reached the New York Mutual Insurance Company. The firm and its allies believed something stank - and the stink wasn’t just the body in Baer’s Woods.

The suspicion was that the dead man was the alleged victim of the February 1872 fire in Pen Lucy, Baltimore County: the supposedly late Winfield Scott Goss. It might be conjectured, as the *New York Times* did in pondering the complicated chain of events, that Udderzook grew afraid that the ‘dead man’ might be spotted, so he decided to bump him

Chester County Courthouse, High and Market Sts, West Chester, Pennsylvania. Courtesy of Jim Frizzell.



16 ‘Crime in Pennsylvania. The Revolting Murder in Chester County; Arrest of the Murderer.’ *New York Times*, 16 July 1873, p. 1.

off to make sure that he did not 'come back to life.' It appears that Goss had spent time in the intervening months while Mrs Goss and her attorneys were wrangling with the insurance companies over the payout drifting around various places in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, using the fake name of Wilson and various disguises

Another possibility of course is that the two partners in crime might simply have had a falling out over how to split the money from the insurance fraud. The full circumstances of the mystery were never cleared up and Udderzook refused to confess right to the end. However, whatever the cause of the crime in Chester County, Udderzook killed his brother-in-law then cut up and buried the body in Baer's Woods.

Within several days of the discovery of the mutilated corpse, Udderzook was arrested by the Chester County sheriff. The suspect was clapped in the West Chester jail.¹⁷

17 'The Pennsylvania Murder. The Arrest of Udderzook - Discovery of Important Papers.' *New York Times*, 17 July 1873, page 1.

A topographical map showing Cochranville in rural southeast Pennsylvania



It transpired that the Civil War vet and former Baltimore cop had tried to get Samuel Rhodes, a brother-in-law who lived locally in Pennsylvania, to help him kill Goss. Rhodes readily tattle-taled about Udderzook's attempted plot to the authorities. For his part, Udderzook protested his innocence. He claimed that although, yes, he had been in the company of a man from Kentucky, they had parted amicably and he had not seen the man since, the man saying he would continue on to Parkerville.

The Blood in the Carriage

Unable to persuade Rhodes to aid him in his bloody scheme, the rascal had hired a carriage to lure his former partner to his death. He and his victim were last seen driving in the carriage on the night of 1 July in the direction of Baer's Woods.

The man who had hired the carriage to Udderzook found damage to the interior of the conveyance and blood splattered on the floor. It was evident that a scuffle had taken place in the carriage and the victim had try to resist Udderzook's attack on him. A large bloodstone ring that had been observed to be worn by the missing man, and similar to a ring worn by Goss in Baltimore and elsewhere, was also recovered in the vehicle.

The trial of Udderzook for the murder of Goss opened at the Chester County Courthouse in West Chester on 29 October 1873. Abraham Wanger, the Chester County District Attorney, representing the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, attempted to show that the body recovered from the woods was more like Winfield Goss than was the body found after the February 1872 Baltimore County conflagration.

Identifying the Corpus Delicti

In judicial terms it was obvious that the man whose butchered corpse was recovered in Baer's Woods had met his end by foul means, i.e., that there was a *corpus delicti*, but the process of proving whose corpse it was, as with the Baltimore case, where homicide was not shown, proved just as difficult.

As stated by lawyer James Appleton Morgan, Esq., in the essay 'Personal Identity,' based on an address he gave before the New York Medico-Legal Society and published in *The Sanitarian* in January 1876:

This Corpus Delicti, this visible material substance once proved, a second and further step becomes necessary. This second step, in its chief phase, at least, is a medico-legal step, which it is all but absolutely impossible to take without assistance from the learned profession of medicine and surgery. This second step is the connecting of the material Corpus before us, with some personality, with some human identity known once to have lived and moved upon the earth.

As I am narrowing my remarks now solely to the domain of criminal law, I will go further, and assert that here the physician is not only indispensable, but absolutely omnipotent. The whole possibility of a criminal trial here hangs upon his word alone. It is he alone who can tell us whether this body was deprived of its life by natural causes, by accident or suicide; or whether a homicide has been committed. If the one, there can be no trial, as there has been no crime.

If the other, the law must begin its search for a culprit, for an indictment, and proceed to construct the complex machinery of an arraignment. This all-important medico-legal process of connecting a dead body or corpus delicti with a human being once known to have lived, with your permission I shall attempt to consider to-night, under the head of 'PERSONAL IDENTITY,' and under it make for convenience two sub-questions, namely:

I. How may a lifeless body and a living one be recognized as having been, at one time, the same?

And

II. How large or how small a parcel of human remains can be so safely identified by medico-legal experts, in cases involving life and death, as to entitle them to be considered as constituting a Corpus Delicti? . . .

At first this question of one's Personal Identity might seem to be the simplest that could possibly come before a court. But the fact is precisely the reverse. Even in life the question whether a living man, speaking and moving, capable of being watched and questioned, is one identity or another, has proved itself, over and over again, by far, instead, the most perplexing. . . .¹⁸

Note here that the lawyer is talking not so much about forensic means of reaching a definitive cause as to identity but eliciting the medical mens' opinion as to whether the corpse and a living person was one and the same. The same medical people or their colleagues might have been able to determine the *cause of death* but they might not have be

18 Morgan, 'Personal Identity,' 22-3.

able to say definitively if the body was the same person that they had earlier treated unless some distinguishing mark or feature could be determined to be unique to that person.

Wayne McVeagh, the Udderzook's counsel, stated that testimony by witnesses who had seen 'Wilson' in Newark was contradictory and that their testimony was tainted by the nationwide notoriety the case had received. McVeagh's arguments appeared to buoy the spirits of the accused man. The bloodstone ring was one piece of evidence that Wanger argued tied Goss to the murder victim - it was recognized by a Baltimore tailor, as was the clothing the victim had been wearing as being clothing he had made for Goss.

A Photographic Likeness

Prosecutor Wanger introduced a photographic likeness of Goss that corresponded to the stout features of the man seen with the accused. The jury examined letters written by Wilson and Goss for similarities in handwriting. Udderzook was found guilty of murder in the first degree on 9 November 1873 and sentenced to hang.¹⁹

The condemned man's appeal against his conviction was partly based on his counsel's attempt to contest the use of the photograph of Goss introduced by the prosecution during the trial. The subsequent ruling of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court on the admissibility of the photograph is to this day counted a landmark ruling in the history of American jurisprudence. In ruling that a photograph could serve the same purpose as eyewitness testimony, the court stated,

*There seems to be no reason why a photograph, proved to be taken from life and to resemble the person photographed, should not fill the same measure of evidence. . . . It is the result of art, guided by certain principles of science. . . . [The] images on the [photographic] plate, made by the rays of light through the camera, are dependent on the same general laws which produce the images of outward forms upon the retina through the lenses of the eye. The process has become one in general use, so common that we cannot refuse to take judicial cognisance of it as a proper means of producing correct likeness.*²⁰

'What is the scaffold but a short cut to paradise?' – Charlie Peace

Due to legal maneuvering over the condemned man's appeal, Udderzook's execution would not take place for a whole year. When his appeal failed, the death warrant was signed by the governor of Pennsylvania.

Despite continuing to protest his innocence, William E. Udderzook was hanged at West Chester on 12 November 1874 for the murder of Goss.²¹ Instead of the use of a conventional gallows that dropped the prisoner through a trapdoor, Udderzook's execution was by means of a method used in some states in the USA, whereby weights connected to the rope jerked upward to snap his neck, after which he was released by the hangman.

In yet another bizarre twist to the tale, as a last request, the condemned man asked that he be buried next to his former partner in crime and victim, Winfield Scott Goss.

The identity of the man whose body was found in the gutted Pen Lucy cabin that began the series of events was never learned. It might be assumed the victim was either a homeless man or a corpse that Goss and his future killer had stolen from a local cemetery or had obtained from a medical supplier. It appears significant that Udderzook testified at the insurance trial that the corpse in the cabin bled and that while in the barn after the fire, bloody icicles formed, obviously an attempt to show the body was Goss's. Perhaps the man in the fire really was freshly dead. Whomever he was.

Other Sources

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19 'The Udderzook Case; Udderzook Found Guilty of Murder in the First Degree.' *New York Times*, 10 November 1873, page 1.

20 Udderzook v. Commonwealth, 76 Pa. 340 (1874), quoted in André A. Moenssens, 'The Origin of Legal Photography,' originally published in *Fingerprint and Identification Magazine*. Available online at <http://forensic-evidence.com/site/EVID/LegalPhotog.html>

21 'Udderzook's Crime; A Remarkable and Complicated Case - The Extreme Penalty of Law to Be Carried Out on Thursday.' *New York Times*, 8 November 1874, p. 2, and 'The Crime of Udderzook' and 'The Udderzook Execution.' *New York Times*, 13 November 1874, p. 4.



WHITECHAPEL TIMES

By JENNIFER PEGG

Welcome

Well, as this is the first outing for my new column I thought I better write down a few words about it. The aim is to give social and cultural context to the murders. This month it is focused around the double event, with news stories from the 1st October 1888 covering the weekend events featuring prominently. I hope you all enjoy!

In The News - 1st October 1888

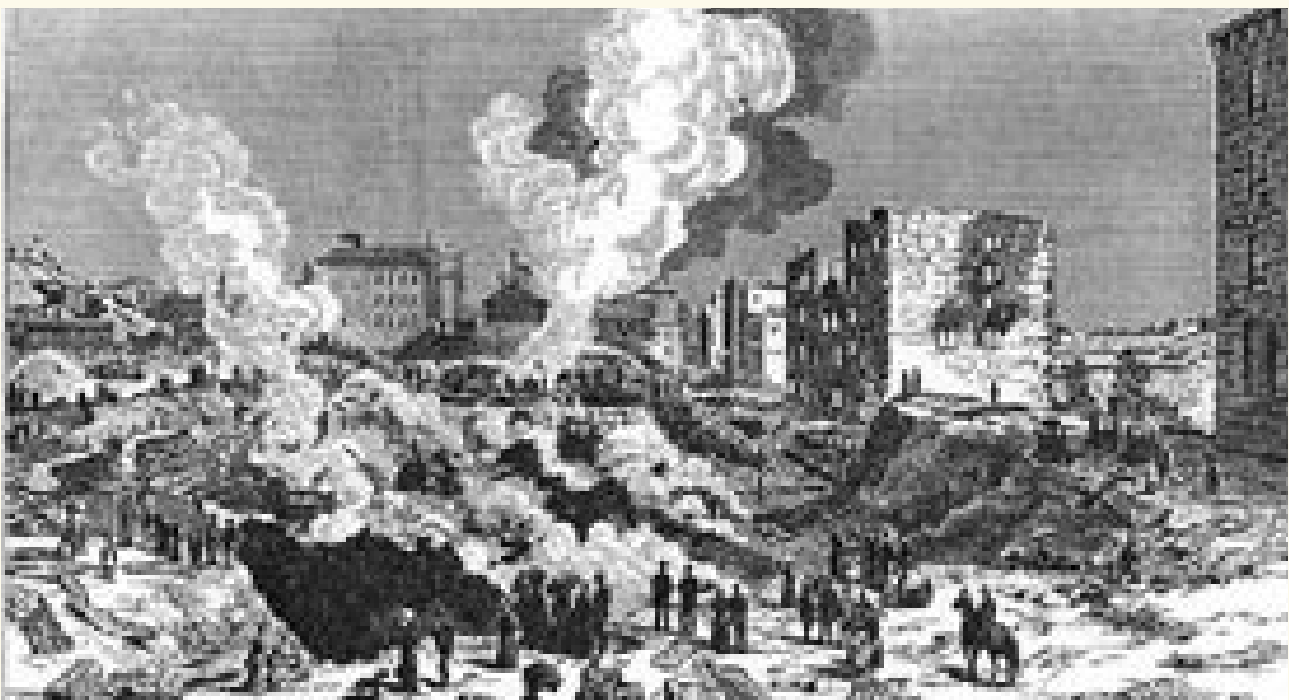
Boiler Explosion

On Saturday the 29th September, shortly after 10 o'clock, a boiler exploded in Birmingham, this killed four men and seriously injured three others. The explosion took place at a steam flour mill that belonged to Messers, Watson, Todd and Co., Ladywood. Steam power was supplied to the mill by four powerful boilers;

these were between 25 feet and 30 feet in length and 8 feet in diameter. All the boilers were weighted up to 60 pounds and were calculated to withstand a pressure of up to 100 pounds. The boilers occupied a strong vaulted subterranean chamber in the mill's yard and they were protected by roofing.

Three of these boilers were in use at the time of the explosion when the mill was in full operation. Three wagons laden with flour had just passed over the area containing the boilers when the floor of the yard opened with a deafening sound and dense volumes of

Smoking ruins of a flour-mill explosion in the USA around the same time as that in Birmingham.



steam, fragments of iron work and masonry shot into the air from the crater. None of these fragments went far, mainly falling back into the mill yard and its approaches; these areas were subsequently partially buried by the debris. Once the smoke and steam had cleared it was established that the accident was caused by one boiler exploding shattering two others and the roof, burying seven men in the ruins.

The accident caused four fatalities, these were, Thomas Harris, the slack wheeler, who was flung backwards some yards, the top of his scalp was blown off and he was bruised and scalded. When he was found his body was doubled over and his hands clasped to his head, his death was instantaneous. The second victim was David Middleton, the stoker, who was found in an outlet from the boiler house. He was found with his body underneath a pile of bricks. He was not dead, but was far past recovery as he was terribly scalded and had been crushed. He died of his injuries shortly afterwards. The third fatality was the cashier, Mr Whitehead, who had been standing around the warehouse door at the time of the explosion, which blew him back in clouds of steam thereby severely scalding him, so much so that he died of his injuries later that evening. The final victim was Charles Jones who was a boiler cleaner; his mutilated body was found under a heap of wreckage 50 feet away on the other side of the canal on which the mill was situated. There were three other men buried by the debris but their injuries were not thought to be dangerous.

The exact cause of the explosion was, at this stage, still unknown, and although the boilers were 20 years old at the time of the explosion, they had been regularly inspected by an agent from the company that insured them.



Election of Lord Mayor

On Saturday the 29th September the men of the various Guilds of the City of London assembled at the Guildhall in order to nominate the next Lord Mayor of London. The new Lord Mayor would commence their office on the 9th November 1888 when the term of the then Mayor, Alderman De Keyser, expired. De Keyser and the other Aldermen left the hall whilst the election was held. There were six eligible Aldermen, but only two would be put forward to the present Lord Mayor and Aldermen for them to choose from. Mr Alderman Whitehead said that if he had the honour of being elected, he would, whenever the circumstances arose that in his mind justified it, call the common hall together in order to consider any important questions. The choice for Lord Mayor came down to Mr Whitehead and Alderman Sir Henry Isaacs. Alderman Whitehead was elected and formally sworn in. He said that he was imbued with the feeling of the great responsibility that the office gave to him. The outgoing Mayor was then congratulated on his term in office. Later, the current Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained Mr and Mrs Whitehead at the



Alderman Whitehead as Lord Mayor.

Mansion House, where the two couples had dinner.

The Lord Mayor elect was born in 1834 in Appleby and educated at the local grammar school. He was a Liberal in terms of his politics. He was the originator of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund for aged and distressed Post Office workers. In terms of business, he was the head of Messrs. Anderson, Fairlie and Gray, a colonial brokers.



Threats

At Lambeth during this week the magistrate had received many applications with regard to threats to wives that their husbands would 'Whitechapel' them. Mr Chance, the Magistrate, felt that these threats were becoming common and had granted several summonses against offenders.



Unemployed of Rome

On the 30th September a crowd of working men who were out of employment gathered on the Piazza Dante in Rome. This was the first time that an open air meeting of unemployed people had been permitted in Rome. Several people addressed the meeting, and demanded work and assistance for those who were unemployed. After two hours a resolution was adopted that called for aid for the working classes.



Police Abuse

Constable H. Morgan 193K who was stationed at Bow Police Station was summoned to court for verbally abusing Alfred Thomson, a house agent. The Defence stated that the defendant was vexed with the complainant as he was his tenant and had left owing him rent. Morgan was accused of having called Thomson a scoundrel. A witness stated that Morgan had not called Thomson this. In summing up Mr Lushington remarked that there must be perjury on one side or the other. He noted that the words allegedly used by the defendant were not as bad as others used in the district, but it was a different thing when such words were used by a PC. Lushington saw no reason for the complainant to have invented such a story and felt he was telling the truth. Therefore, Morgan, was fined 40s and had to pay 2s in costs.



Strike Riots

In St Etienne, France, on the 30th September there were serious disturbances near the place where three leaders of a strike had been arrested. 500 strikers collected in the principal square there and the scene became so threatening that the Commissary of Police called for a detachment of dragoons to assist them. The Commissary first called for the crowd to disperse, upon their refusal the troops were ordered to charge. The strikers then attempted to resist the force of the dragoons and a conflict ensued during which several people were injured. The crowd was then dispersed by the troops.



Prince of Wales

On the 30th September the Prince of Wales visited several public institutions in Budapest, and attended the National Theatre to see a performance.

Yellow Fever

September 29th – Jacksonville (Florida). It was reported that there were 94 fresh cases and 7 deaths from the illness Yellow Fever in the last 24 hours in the district. In total 2, 403 cases and 242 deaths had been reported up to this point in Jacksonville. Yet, in New York there were relaxations made on the quarantine restrictions.

30th September – Norwegian brig Hardr on route from Guantanamo for Boston arrived at Delaware Breakwater, all the crew were suffering with Yellow Fever.



Refugees from yellow-fever stricken Florida are turned away from a neighbouring state.

Beggars Belief

Charles Carver was charged on remand with begging. Joseph Bosley the mendicity officer stated that he saw the accused in the Denmark-hill area, with pamphlets relating to the Whitechapel murders in his hands. He held these between his hands and prayed that people might be saved from cutting up men and women. On receiving money he gave blessings to the giver and made statements including 'those who give to the poor lend to the Lord'. If people refused to give him money, Carver, would resort to using foul language and would call the person a servant of the devil. It was shown that the accused was an impostor and had made a lot of money in this way. Mr Chance, the Magistrate, on giving the prisoner 3 months hard labour warned that next time the case would be sent to the sessions for trial.

(Source *Times*, 1st October 1888)

Sport



V



Football

Match Highlights from the weekend of the 29th and 30th September.

Wolverhampton Wanderers v Blackburn Rovers – the match was described as having an even character and eventually was drawn 2 – 2.

Derby County v Preston North End – the match ended 3 – 2 to Preston North End.

Nott's County v Aston Villa – it was a bad showing for County as they lost to Aston Villa 9 – 1 on this occasion.

Westminster School Past v Present – the match was played at Vincent-sq. The Old Westminsters won by 3 goals to 1.

Cycling

Saturday 29th September 1888 – the 50 miles race of the Surrey Club was held at Crystal Palace. There were four starters, with the eventual winner being, E. M. Mayes who beat C. Potter the holder.

Sculling

Saturday 29th September 1888 – due to a victory by Peter Kemp a match between him and H. Searle was arranged for 27th October. (Source *Times*, 1st October 1888)

Notices

Haymarket Theatre – Captain Swift – tonight 8.30. An original drama by Haddon Chambers. This play has been described thusly 'a smoother, more finished, or more artistic performance is not to be found in London at the present moment than that of Mr Tree and his company'.

(Source *Times*, 1st October 1888).

Weather

30th September 1888

Temperatures:-

Aberdeen – 38 F

Biarritz (France) – 67 F

Paris – 53 F

Rochefort - 65 F

Yarmouth – 45 F

York – 44 F

The temperature fell quickly as the wind shifted northwards and by 8.30pm Paris was 8 degrees colder than it had been at 8 am. In the North and East there were cold showers of sleet, soft hail and rain. At the South, South West and Central Stations the weather was fine and bright. The sea was rough in the East, North and North West.

Outlook for the 1st October 1888

The forecast was for northerly winds and cold showers and it was predicted that there would be gales on the eastern shores of the North Sea.

(Source *Times*, 1st October 1888)

The Haymarket Theatre



It Also Happened On ... 30th September



Henry IV

It was on this day in 1399 that Henry IV became the King of England. Henry was the son of John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster and he usurped the throne after Richard II abdicated.

In 1927 on this day George Herman 'Babe' Ruth became the first baseball player to hit 60 home runs in a season. This record stood for 34 years. Continuing a baseball theme this was also the date in 1947 when the World Series was first televised.

It saw, in 1960 the TV debut of the animated comedy *The Flintstones* and in 1967 the launch of BBC Radio 1.

According to Nietzsche's book *The Antichrist*, a book that sets out to denounce Christianity, published in 1895, but written in 1888, the 30th September 1888 is the day of salvation in the year one, this was recalculated, in line with Nietzsche's revaluation of

all things, with time beginning with the book rather than with the date of birth of Christ.



'Babe Ruth'

The 30th of September also marks:-

St Jerome's Day – it was St Jerome who translated the Bible from Greek and Hebrew into Latin and September 30th is thought to be his date of birth.

International Translation Day – this day was introduced in 1991 by the International Federation of translators. The day was picked because it is St Jerome's day. Although it had been celebrated as translators' day for many years in an unofficial way, it was not till 1991 that the International Federation of Translators officially announced the idea.

And Agriculture Day in Sao Tome and Principe – Sao Tome and Principe is an island country in the Gulf of Guinea.

It is the birth date of:-

Truman Capote, author of *In Cold Blood* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, born 1924,

Johnny Mathias, singer of Christmas hit *When a Child is Born*, born 1935,

Marc Bolan, singer with rock band T- Rex, born 1947

And Martina Hingis, winner of five tennis Grand Slams, born 1980.

It is also the date of Charles Richter's death in 1985. Richter was the seismologist who invented the Richter scale that quantifies the size of earthquakes.

Got something to say?

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CHRIS SCOTT'S

Press Trawl

Eastern Morning News

22 Sept 1888

THE WHITECHAPEL TRAGEDIES.

The man who was arrested at Holloway on suspicion of being connected in the Whitechapel murders and subsequently removed and detained at Bow Asylum, will shortly be released. His brother has given a satisfactory explanation as to his whereabouts on the morning of the murder. It has transpired that the authorities of the asylum would not allow the police to interrogate the patient whilst there, as it is against the rules laid down by the Lunacy Commissioners.

New York Times

20 March 1910

THE TRUTH AT LAST ABOUT JACK THE RIPPER.

London Police Had Him in Their Net But Couldn't Convict Him - Problems of the Criminal Insane.

By a Veteran Diplomat



Sir Robert Anderson

Sir Robert Anderson, for more than thirty years Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of the British Government, and head of the Detective Bureau at Scotland Yard, has at length raised the veil of mystery which for nearly two decades has enveloped the identity of the perpetrator of those atrocious crimes known as the Whitechapel murders.

Sir Robert's revelations, in an article over his signature in one of the leading London reviews for the current month, and supplemented by a letter from him in the London Times, effectually disposes of the popular stories ascribing the outrages to a peer, now dead, who despite his great wealth had rendered himself an outcast by his vices and eccentricities, not to a man, untitled, but of birth and breeding, who after manifesting unmistakeable signs of mental disorder had suddenly vanished from his accustomed haunts in London, eventually to die in a madhouse.

Sir Robert establishes the fact that the infamous "Jack the Ripper," as the unknown slayer had been dubbed by the public, and at whose hands no less than fourteen women of the unfortunate class successively lost their lives within a circumscribed of the East End of London, was an alien of the lower, though educated class, hailing from Poland, and a maniac of the most virulent and homicidal type - of a type recorded, by reason of its rarity, in medical treatises, but one with which the world at large is not familiar.

Sir Robert describes the house to house search for the man, in the district in which all the murders were committed; how the police investigated the case

of every man within that area whose circumstances were such that he could come and go, and get rid of his bloodstains in secret; how by these means the suspect was caught, and how, although the authorities were able to prove beyond a doubt his identity, they were, nevertheless, unable to secure legal evidence sufficient for his conviction.

But the most important point of all made by Sir Robert is the fact that once the Criminal Investigation Department was sure that it had in its hands the real perpetrator of the Whitechapel murders, it procured from the Secretary of State for the Home Department a warrant committing the man for detention “during the King’s pleasure” to the great asylum for the criminal insane at Broadmoor, five or six years ago.

Consigned to Broadmoor

“Jack the Ripper” was consigned to Broadmoor by virtue of a warrant of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, acting in the name of the sovereign, and not by means of any judicial process.



Broadmoor Prison Hospital

The power of committal is a prerogative of the crown. But the perpetration of any abuse of these royal “lettres de cachet” (such as was in vogue in the days of the Court of Versailles, when the Kings of France were able to consign to lifelong captivity in the Bastille nobles guilty of no other offense than that of having spoken slightly of the monarch’s fair favorite of the hour) is guarded against by the fact that it is the Secretary of State for the Home Department who signs the warrant of committal, and that he is responsible in this, as for all his other official acts, to Parliament.

If I call attention here to the manner in which the English Government dealt with the case of “Jack the Ripper,” it is because the question of the disposal of the criminal insane is one of the most absorbing problems of the hour, and is to form one of the chief features on the programme of the impending International Prison and Penal Congress in Washington, at which Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, President of the Prison and Penitentiary System of the British Government, is to be the chief English delegate; While I understand that associated with him will be Sir Edward Henry, who, after achieving great distinction as Inspector General of Police in India, where he introduced the fingerprint system, has now for the past eight years been chief of the London police.

At Berlin the Reichstag has under consideration bills, promoted by the Government, providing extensive modifications of the methods now in use in Germany of dealing with the criminal insane, and here in New York all thoughtful people have become convinced of the urgent necessity of amending the existing system, or rather lack of system, of protecting the community from those who, offenders against the law, are not wholly responsible for their actions.

If any doubt remained about the matter, it would be set at rest by the altogether extraordinary fashion in which the wealthy relatives of Harry Thaw have been endeavoring ever since his last trial for the murder of Stanford White to liberate him from the asylum for the criminal insane at Matteawan, and to turn loose this adjudged dangerous paranoic upon the public by the aid of legal technicalities.

To make matters worse, the very physicians and specialists entrusted with the keeping of the criminal insane in this State seem to consider that they are rendering themselves parties to an injustice in retaining under their custody persons guilty of crimes perpetrated during irresponsible moments, who appear subsequently to have become quite sane, and yet concerning whom they cannot feel positive that there will not be in the event of liberation a recurrence of the former momentary dementia and attendant crime.

The doctors in question, (among them Dr. Robert Lamb, the Superintendent of Matteawan, in his recently issued report to the State Prison Commission) appear to believe that criminal insane of this type ought to be liberated on parole, although they can furnish no guarantee that such a course will be free from peril to the community.

In Great Britain the guiding principle of the State in connection with the criminal insane is that its first and most important obligation is the protection of the citizens from harm, and that in all instances where through defective legislation or legal technicalities the courts are unable to furnish this protection, it should be supplied by the Government.

In order to illustrate how this scheme works out in actual practice, let me explain what would have been the fate of Harry Thaw if the crime laid at his door had been perpetrated on yonder side of the ocean instead of in the United States.

A Change in the Laws

Until the enactment of the trial of lunatics law of 1883 he would, on the ground of the evidence produced, have been, as here, held guiltless, on the ground of irresponsibility. But if tried subsequent to the passage of that Act, he would have been adjudged “guilty, but insane.”

A disposal of this kind would have rendered the conviction open, like all other criminal convictions, to revision by the Court of Criminal Appeal. In Great Britain, as in most other countries of Europe, the law is very liberal in such matters. The jury can render, as I have just explained, a verdict of guilty, but insane; or else it can acquit altogether, on the score of insanity, if it “be clearly proved that at the time of the committing of the act the party accused was laboring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or if he did not know that he was doing wrong.”

The manner in which this method works in actual practice is that an individual wholly crazy at the time of his crime is usually acquitted on the score of insanity; whereas a person whose dementia is merely temporary and whose irresponsibility is questionable and at the best restricted to the actual crime perpetrated is usually adjudged “guilty, but insane.” No matter whether there be a conviction of this character or an acquittal on the score of insanity, the presiding Judge gives orders that the prisoner “be detained during his Majesty’s pleasure.” This means the consignment of the prisoner to the great penal asylum for the criminal insane at Broadmoor, one of the most remarkable institutions of the kind in the world, which is situated near Crowthorne, in the fairest portion of the County of Berks.

If adjudged “guilty, but insane,” and there is revision of the conviction by the Court of Criminal Appeal, the latter may quash the conviction on the ground that the prisoner has been no party whatsoever to the crime. Or it may order another trial, on the plea of some technical error by the lower court; but this is very rare.

In ninety nine cases out of a hundred the court of Criminal Appeal will merely confirm the decree of “guilty, but insane,” and then the prisoner returns to Broadmoor, to share the fate of those acquitted on the score of insanity. He, like them, passes beyond the jurisdiction of the courts of law and into the power of the sovereign, acting in conjunction with his Secretary of State for the Home Department. He remains at Broadmoor “during his Majesty’s pleasure,” and can only be freed from thence by the warrant of the Secretary of State.

The Secretary of State is very chary about the grant of such warrants, and when in doubt usually follows the excellent rule of refraining from exercising the royal prerogative.

Before issuing the warrant he takes into consideration, first of all, the question as to the perfection of the cure, and the possibility of relapse on the part of the prisoner into the mental obliquity which led him to commit the deed that brought him within the clutches of the law. The greater or lesser atrocity of the crime also exercises much weight in determining his action.

He consults his own official medical advisers, also the legal and criminal authorities; and it is only when they all agree that it is advisable to set the patient concerned at liberty, and when, moreover, assurance is obtained from the friends and relatives of the man that the latter will be thoroughly cared for, and the authorities notified in case of anything suspicious, that he finally consents to issue a warrant of liberation.

He grants it in the name of the sovereign, to whose custody, technically speaking, all insane are confided, especially the criminal insane; and if he has been guilty of any mistake in the grant of a warrant of this kind, he is called to account thereof not only by the monarch, but also by Parliament, exposing himself to impeachment and punishment, at the hands of the latter in the event of his being proved to have been of undue favoritism or malfeasance in office. No judge, be he Lord High Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, or mere police court magistrate or justice of the peace, has the power to direct the removal from Broadmoor of those who have been ordered to be confined there during the pleasure of his Majesty. That is a prerogative restricted exclusively to his Secretary of State for the Home Department.

The Thaw Case in England

If, therefore, Harry Thaw had killed Stanford White in England, he would either by virtue of his acquittal as insane, or by reason of his conviction as guilty, but insane, have been ordered to be detained “during his Majesty’s pleasure” at Broadmoor, and would have spent there the remainder of his life. For while the warrant of the Home Secretary is

occasionally granted for the freedom of inmates who have been guilty of minor offenses, it has rarely, if ever, been issued in the case of one who has perpetrated homicide while more or less insane.

Several other classes of prisoners are kept in custody at Broadmoor, subject to the orders of the Home Secretary. There are, first of all, the men and women who have lost their reason while serving terms of hard labor or penal servitude. Prison life, even in the best conducted penal institutions, is often productive of insanity, and those convicts who thus become a prey to dementia are transferred to Broadmoor. They alone of the inmates are compelled to wear a distinctive dress, and when reported cured, are by orders of the Home Secretary returned to their respective penitentiaries, in order to complete the terms to which they have been sentenced.

Still another category of patients at Broadmoor, and perhaps the most interesting of all, are those who are sent there in order to avoid bringing the stigma of crime and of felony upon the escutcheon of some great house.

In Europe, as elsewhere, where are few families of note which are not burdened with one or more black sheep. Sometimes the dusky member of the flock is constitutionally bad, while in other instances he is merely reckless and thoughtless - two defects of character which, while not very serious in themselves, are likely to bring men into such embarrassing positions that they can only extricate themselves by means of an infraction of the laws of the land. It may be a solitary offense - indeed, it generally is - but nevertheless it is sure to be brought to light sooner or later, and to call for punishment.

Sometimes the latter is evaded by flight, but not often. In the majority of cases the wrongdoer is caught, and then his one object is usually to preserve the name of his family from disgrace, in which he is assisted by his relatives and not infrequently by the authorities themselves. He can be committed by a magistrate on the recommendation of any two reputable physicians either to a private asylum or to the county asylum for the insane, and then on the ground that the asylums in question have no adequate means for preventing an escape, he will be transferred, with the permission of the Secretary of State, and on the strength of his warrant, to Broadmoor, there to be detained during the King's pleasure. Or else the Secretary of State may commit him thither on his own warrant, on the strength of the opinion of his own official medical advisers, without the intervention of a magistrate.

Behind the walls of Broadmoor are hidden away in this fashion some of the grandest names of the United Kingdom and terrible secrets affecting the old houses of the nobility, which are known to few save the officials of the Home Department in London and perhaps to some of the superior officers of the London police force. Prisoners of this class seldom if ever procure their liberation. Their entire existence is passed behind the walls of the asylum, and they are classed among those graphically described by Lord Rosebery in a public address some time ago as "intellectually dead." Although strict secrecy is observed with regard to the names and identity of the inmates, I can remember during my several stays in Broadmoor as the guest of the late Dr. Meyers, who was its first director, and a very old and dear friend, (he had been an associate of Florence Nightingale in the organization of the hospital service at Scutari in the Crimean war,) to have seen and talked with a number of prisoners possessed of a certain amount of historical interest.

Chief among them was Edward Oxford, who in 1840 had attempted to shoot Queen Victoria with a double barrelled pistol when she was driving with the Prince Consort to Buckingham Palace. Oxford, when I saw him, was an old man, apparently in good health, and showed no more signs of insanity than the director of Broadmoor.

Edward Oxford imprisoned in Broadmoor for shooting at Queen Victoria



"Boy Jones" and Queen Victoria

There, too, was detained that extraordinary "Boy Jones," (when I met him an elderly and respectable looking man,) who one night, just as Queen Victoria was getting into bed, was found concealed under a lounge in her bedroom at Buckingham Palace, one of his feet peeping out attracting the attention of the Queen's dressers. To this day nobody knows how the boy got there, or what his object was in thus concealing himself in her Majesty's

bedroom. Such elaborate precautions were and always are adopted to prevent the intrusion of any stranger, and so strictly is Buckingham Palace guarded by the police and the military, that it seem inconceivable that the boy, who was unarmed, and who refused to give any account of himself, should have been able to make his way unnoticed to the Queen's bedroom. Nor would he ever afford any explanation of his intrusion, or of the methods to reach the private apartments of the Queen.

Another strange inmate of Broadmoor was old Mrs. Brough, who had been the nurse of King Edward, who, in spite of what has been said, was not nursed by his mother, the Queen. Mrs. Brough, as a reward for her services to the heir apparent, was accorded a cottage in the grounds of the royal palace of Claremont, (now the home of the Duchess of Albany, her husband being employed as one of the gardeners on the place. King Edward spent much of his boyhood there, owing to the fact of its being within reach of Windsor Castle, yet sufficiently distant to prevent any interference with his studies, through the constant state functions and gaieties which distinguished the Court of Windsor during the lifetime of the Prince Consort. He consequently saw a great deal of his old nurse's children, who were, in fact, frequently his playmates. When he was about 14 years of age, and while he was staying at Claremont House, a terrible tragedy took place.

Mrs. Brough, having quarrelled with her husband to such an extent that he left the cottage vowing never to return, became, during the following night, afflicted with homicidal mania, and before morning she cut with a razor the throats of all her six children, subsequently making a vain attempt to cut her own. All of the children, the eldest, George by name, being of the same age as the then Prince of Wales, and the latter's foster brother, were killed in their sleep. Mrs. Brough was put on trial for this sextuple murder, at the Guildford Assizes, acquitted on the score of insanity, and ordered to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure at Broadmoor, where I remember her as a kindly looking old woman of 82, who, save for that one night of homicidal mania, had never suffered from a moment of dementia in her life.

Dr. Meyers himself was killed by one of the inmates of the asylum, who one Sunday during Divine service rose from the place where he was kneeling and, using his handkerchief as a sling, hurled a large and sharp flint at the head of the kneeling doctor, striking him with great force on the temple. I can well recall seeing and chatting with this man three or four years before the murder was committed.

He was regarded as sufficiently sane to be permitted to work in the extensive gardens of the doctor, and later on to assist him in secretarial duties, being much liked and even trusted by Mrs. Meyers and her children. He was an Oxford graduate and a most intellectual and cultivated man, his conversation being brilliant and entertaining; nor could I find in him the slightest trace of insanity. Yet he was confined at Broadmoor for having coolly hacked off the head of his aged mother with a carving knife.

To cap matters he had put the head on a dish and covered it with a silver cover, engraved with the family crest and coat of arms. Then he placed it on the table before his wife and sisters, who had until that moment been in total ignorance of the fact that there was anything the matter with his mind. The only evidence of insanity which he gave at Broadmoor was shortly before he killed Dr. Meyers, when some weeks previous to that tragedy he had suggested to the doctor that it was ridiculous to detain him as the inmate of a lunatic asylum, seeing that he was perfectly sane.

Dr. Meyers, in reply, gently pointed out to him that he could not be set at liberty without a warrant of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and that the latter would probably be reluctant to take any such step in view of the unfortunate incident that had led to his being confined at Broadmoor. Whereupon the man exclaimed: "Oh! You mean that little affair with my poor dear mother? She did not mind it a bit!" It was the refusal of the doctor to take any steps towards his liberation which probably exasperated the man into killing him.

Victoria's Would-Be Assassins

Not only did Edward Oxford, John Francis, William Hamilton, and R. McLean, who had all made unsuccessful attempts to assassinate Queen Victoria, finish their days at Broadmoor, but numbers of those cranks, both male and female, who dog the steps of royalty, sometimes with harmless, but too often with murderous intent.

Few have any idea of the extent of the persecution of this kind to which the Anointed of the Lord are subjected in Europe. In London, as at Berlin and at Potsdam, it is rare that a week passes without the quiet arrest by the police of more or less unbalanced individuals who clamor for access to royalty on all sorts of extraordinary pretexts. They are

quietly taken into custody by the army of detectives that invariably hover about the sovereigns just to protect them from such persons as these, and are equally without noise committed either by a magistrate or else merely on the strength of a warrant from the Home Secretary, in England, and of the Secretary of the Interior, at Berlin, to the asylum for the criminal insane, if on observation they are shown to be in the least degree dangerous.

The duration of their detention depends entirely upon the Executive, not on the Judiciary; and it is a remarkable fact that during the debate upon the new and amended legislation for the disposal of such persons, now being concluded by the Reichstag at Berlin, no objection has been raised to the provision that the power to liberate the criminal insane should remain in the hands not of the courts, but of the Government, acting in the name of the sovereign, the guardian, there as in England, of the criminal insane.

Svensk Amerikanska (Sweden)

Translated by Glenn Anderson

30 July 1891

Jack the Ripper has once again grabbed his pen and, in the same style as before, written to the head of the Whitechapel Committee: "George Yard, Whitechapel. I am once again about to begin my operations in this district. If you and your society of hell even does the slightest attempt to find out the place of my residence, God help me, I will stab you in the heart with my knife. Beware, heed my warning and leave me alone! The police may catch me if they can. I pity them, though, because I won't let them take me alive. Twice they have been close to catch me. Faithfully Jack, the Ripper. (the initials of my name is G. W. B.)"

1 October 1891

Could the Ripper now be caught? Since about a week ago loud cries for help were heard around midnight in one of the most notorious streets of Whitechapel - the scene of the Ripper's terrible deeds. The police, this time close by, hurried to the spot and found a prostitute fighting with a man. He had a revolver in his hand, was dressed like a gentleman and claimed that he only used the weapon for his defence. Moreover, a cab was waiting for him in Bishopsgate. This last piece of information turned out to be true, but only confirmed the suspicions against the man, which further increased since a long butcher knife and a little black bag were found in his possession.

5 April 1894

Jack the Ripper has now - possibly for the twelfth time - according to the London newspaper *The Sun* been claimed to be found. He is supposed to be a young man - the paper is for fastidious reasons not prepared to name him - who used to be employed in a shop in Whitechapel and haunted by a mental illness. Under its influence he is supposed to have committed the remarkable murders, of which the first one occurred on the 7th of August. He is now in an institution for the insane and his condition is to a large extent described as sad. "Jack is worse than an animal", states the aforementioned paper. He hardly says a word to anyone; his way of living and his habits are of so frightful character, that they can't even be insinuated. Dull, with a hopeless and expressionless face he sneaks among his fellow patients. He shuns everyone and is loathed by them all.

10 March 1890:

A new Jack the Ripper. From Helena, Mont., written on April 3: A young Mexican prostitute was murdered early this morning. The murderer appears to be similar to "Jack the Ripper". The poor girl was completely chopped to pieces. There was hardly a limb that wasn't dissected. A couple of Chinese shoes were found underneath the bed and suspicions have been raised against some Chinese to have committed this terrible crime.

8 May 1890:

A horrible act of murder. To the number of mysterious murders a new one was added on Saturday, when Mrs Kathe M Butterfield was murdered in her home, no 921 So. 11th st., in a beastly manner. No money had been stolen, and every-

thing points at a new “Jack the Ripper” being responsible for it. The devilish crime had surely been perpetrated between 4-8 pm on Saturday, since nothing was discovered until about half two on Sunday.

The murdered woman was a widow, about 45 years of age. She rented the large two storey building at the corner of So. 11th st. and 9th ave. A small sign outside the door announced that rooms were available for rent, and two young men had also moved into the front room on the ground floor, namely Harry Walls, the younger business partner of the grocery firm Walls & Walls, 628 Santa Fe ave. and Lincoln Stewart, a bookkeeper in the state auditor’s office. These two young gentlemen were the only lodgers, and 4 rooms were unoccupied on the upper floor. Last Saturday evening, Mr Stewart came home from work at about 8 and rang the doorbell in order to be let inside. But no one opened it.

12 March 1891:

The last Whitechapel murder is the tenth in a row since Christmas 1887, when Jack the Ripper killed his first victim. Now, as before, all reconnaissances have been fruitless.

The police constable, who first discovered the deceased, was a beginner because otherwise he, instead of having chosen to stay with the body, immediately would pursued the murderer, whose footsteps he heard.

23 April 1891:

Jack the Ripper in Denver. Judge Ballard received a letter last Monday signed “Jack the Ripper”. The Ripper demands that the judge immediately stops his persecutions against the females accused in the Willington murder litigation. If he doesn’t comply, he will be ripped up. Jack will be going back to England once this business has been attended to.

2 November 1893:

Jack the Ripper found? Nieuwe Totterdamsche Courant reports that surgical instruments of the same type as those who must have been used by Jack the Ripper when he mutilated the female corpses, have been found in the possession of the wife murderer de Jong. De Jong refuses to give any information about the purpose of the instruments. The police is believed to have basis for their assumptions that de Jong is identical with Jack the Ripper.

9 April 1903:

A new “Jack the Ripper”? Fear and terror is spreading in the Scottish seaport Greenock because of two murderous attacks on women, whom by the perpetrator’s knife have been mauled in exactly the same way as Jack the Ripper, raging in the London suburb of Whitechapel, did to his victims about twelve years ago.

The girls, who have fallen into the hands of this new beast, belonged to the same class as the murdered London women.

However, this second Jack the Ripper appears yet to be unpractised as his first two victims both have gotten away alive, although they remain in hospital in very alarming condition.

They both tell the same story: they were accosted at night on one of busiest streets by a well dressed man between 20 and 30 [years of age], who asked them to come with him. He took them to a desolate place, completely covered in darkness, in the south part of town and there attacked them with the knife.

Correo Espanol (Mexico)

8 September 1890

(Translation)

ARREST OF JACK THE RIPPER.

The great sensation of the day is the arrest of the famous Jack the Ripper, as the London newspapers named him. At a spiritualist séance, two of the participants asked one of the spirits who the famous murderer Jack the Ripper was. The medium gave details of a butcher from Betsy Street in the noted district of Whitechapel; with this information the participants went in search of the chief of police, informed him of what had happened and they themselves went in search of the famous Jack.

The chief of police, sceptical as a good policeman, at first did not believe in the information from the spirits; but, considering that there may be basis of substance in this matter, he ordered police officers to seek out the Betsy Street butcher. They found him and took him into custody, or so is truly believed, as the London police have not kept total silence on this matter.

New York Times

8 October 1888

THE LONDON PARANOIAC

There is, of course, no question as regards the insanity of the Whitechapel murderer. In the time of the bitter vendettas of the Middle Ages, in savage border wars between the whites and Indians, and among the cannibalistic Polynesians, similar murders have been committed with equally cruel mutilation by men whose sanity could not be questioned. But in this age and in the very centre of modern civilization there could be no incentive to such horrible crimes in the breasts of sane men, however unruly their passions or revengeful their natures. In the series of murders committed by Maximilian in De Quincey's remarkable story of "The Avenger" the incentives to the deeds, terrible as were the wrongs to his family and race, were scarcely adequate to such wholesale butchery. The story is improbable, and were it true, its hero would necessarily be considered a lunatic.

The motives of homicidal maniacs are very diverse, and often difficult of analysis. Sometimes it is a melancholy mother who destroys her children under the delusion that she saves them from some threatening disaster, or because a voice commands her to sacrifice them. Sometimes it is some moral imbecile who delights in torturing innocent people to death. Often it is the victim of alcohol who "runs amuck," stabbing right and left through a crowded thoroughfare. Frenzied outbursts of violence in acute maniacs and general paretics are by no means infrequent.

But there is a class of lunatics, formerly known as monomaniacs, but to whom now the term paranoiac is applied, which constitutes the most dangerous of all the insane classes. The word monomania has been discarded because misleading from its derivation. Although the insane man may have but one dominating delusion, yet there are often minor delusions, defective reason and judgement centring about the so called imperative conception, so that he can scarcely be said to be insane on one solitary subject, as the word monomania would imply. Paranoia is a form of insanity which develops in a person who from birth has a defective mental organization. In paranoia the intellect may be unimpaired; there may indeed be unusual intellectual capacity. John Brown, Benvenuto Cellini, Guiteau, King Ludwig of Bavaria, and many others, both notorious and famous, were undoubtedly paranoiaks. Society is full of them in every class, high and low, educated and ignorant, and they vary in their characters from the mildly eccentric individuals to the most troublesome "cranks." The popular term for a paranoiac is a "crank," a person peculiar from birth in his speech and conduct. The great trouble is that most of them are so bright intellectually or so useful, and injure society in general so little by their presence that they cannot be incarcerated, although they may be a lifelong affliction to their immediate friends and companions. Happily their homicidal tendencies are upon the whole developed rarely.

The motives of homicidal paranoiaks are also various. For instance, Duborgne, who, some years ago, stabbed a number of women in Fourteenth street, had far other reasons for so doing than this Whitechapel murderer. The former had delusions of persecution and hallucinations of hearing. He fancied he heard people reviling him as he passed through the street. He heard them say, "There goes the wretch who is taking all the money out of the country."

The Whitechapel murderer is actuated by one of two motives. He kills to satisfy a religious fanaticism or because of a perverted sexual instinct, or there may be a combination of the two impulses. The fact that his victims have been selected from the lowest classes of immoral women in London certainly inclines one to the opinion that his desire is to immolate these creatures upon the altar of religion, his delusions being that they are the chief emissaries of the devil in the spread of evil. Under the fiendish penal code which he has established it seems necessary to kill and mutilate these poor creatures. If this be really his sole imperative idea, however, it will be the only example of its kind in history. The religious paranoiac is not so apt to concentrate his reforms upon one vice alone. He usually makes war upon universal evil, but by insane methods; he harangues audiences, announces himself as a prophet, is constantly quoting the Bible to his associates, and often incites rebellion and riot. John Thom, who caused the bloody Canterbury riots in

1833, is an example of a religious paranoiac.

The fact that women of this class are selected should not be taken too seriously. That he selects women is a more important point. That they should be of a base type is quite as likely due to the necessities of the case. They are the only women he can induce to follow him into dark corners in the dead of night.

When, on the other hand, the motive is excited by perversion of the sexual instinct with cannibalistic or similar insane propensities, the crimes are limited to women and the lunatic is more secretive. Andreas Bichel murdered young girls, cut open their warm bodies and ate their quivering flesh. The Westphalia murders, a few years ago, with most shocking mutilation of the bodies, of which more than twenty young women were the victims, are of similar origin. Only recently in Texas there was a series of butcheries of young women all perpetrated under circumstances so peculiar as to point to a homicidal lunatic as their author.

The remarkable cunning of the London paranoiac, his secretiveness, his ability to elude the vigilant officers of justice in one of the most crowded quarters of the globe, his careful selection of victims of one sex, the singular mutilation to which he subjects them, all indicate that he is actuated by motives partly religious perhaps, but more than likely for the devilish gratification of perverted sexual instincts, and at the same time demonstrate him to be one of the most daring and atrocious homicidal lunatics of which medical jurisprudence has any record.

Hull News

February 1889

THE WHITECHAPEL TRAGEDY.

IMPORTANT STATEMENT.

SUPPOSED APPOINTMENT WITH THE MURDERER

Later particulars as to the tragedy in Swallow Gardens state that as news of the crime spread, many people came forward with stories as to having seen a woman talking to a man near where the body was found, either late at night, or in the early morning. Many of these were obviously of little value, but the officials were careful not to disregard any suggestions likely to be of the slightest assistance. The more credible statements were made by a man commonly known in that district as "Jumbo" and by William Friday and John and Joe Knapton, in the employ of the Great Northern Railway Company, who asserted that they saw the murdered woman speaking to a man at 1.25 a.m., at the corner of Rosemary lane, near the scene of the murder. The man they described as wearing a brown coat and brown hat, his height being about 5ft 4in, and he was of strong build. The three last named men went to some stables close by, where they remained about thirty five minutes, and on returning found a constable in charge of the body. According to one man who resides in the locality, the murdered woman was seen in company with another woman drinking in a public house near Swallow Gardens at about half past twelve on Thursday night. The deceased is stated to have said, "Make haste, because I have to meet someone at the arch at the half hour." "What arch?" asked the other woman, to which the deceased responded, "With the Shedway Arch, school end." This man states that he knew the murdered woman as "Carroty Hannah," a declaration which is borne out by some other persons. The statement given goes to show that the woman kept her appointment, which in all probability was with her murderer.

The flight of the murderer seems to have been most remarkable in the completeness of the mystery surrounding it. The night watchman at the pier head of St. Catherine's Docks, named Wm. Tavis, stated to a representative of the Press Association, yesterday, that he had to call up his foreman and other men two hours before high tide. He reached Royal Mint square, which almost overlooks the scene of the tragedy about ten minutes past two a.m. He saw no one about and heard no noise. He tapped at the window of his foreman's apartments, and receiving his answer, left. As he was returning to the docks a constable turned his light on him, and recognising the watchman, said he was looking for "Jack the Ripper," as there had been another murder. When Tavis reached the scene, there were three or four policemen around the body, and Dr. Phillips was already in attendance. It was perfectly dark, and the only light shown was that from the constable's lamps. He was not permitted to go near the body, but could see that the woman was lying on her back in the centre of the road. All was quiet in the neighbourhood, and he saw no one about but the policemen. At the Royal Mint, which is close to Swallow gardens, an officer in plain clothes was doing duty. He saw nothing of the murderer,



Frances Coles and Thomas Sadler

although the latter judging from the condition of the body when found must have hurriedly escaped by one end of the thoroughfare as the officer entered at the other. By whichever end of the street the murderer escaped he must have run the risk of meeting railway workmen, the dock watchman Tavis, and the plain clothes policeman, as well as the constable in uniform.

At three o'clock yesterday afternoon the police authorities circulated an announcement that the crime was supposed to be the work of "Jack the Ripper," and ordered all the docks, wharves, and stairs to be searched. This was promptly carried out by Detective Inspector John Regan, of the river police, whose efforts, combined with those of his men, soon disposed of the theory that the murderer might be connected with the cattle boats or some steamer lying in the port of London. There were none of the former in the dock, and the men of the other vessels were satisfactorily accounted for. Having, therefore, concluded that so far as the river boats were concerned, the murderer had not left land, a conference of detective officers was summoned.

The inquest will be opened before Mr. Wynne E. Baxter, this afternoon, and after formal evidence has been taken, will probably be adjourned till Monday.

OBITUARIES



Jeremy Beadle MBE
Broadcaster, writer, presenter.
12 April 1948-30 January 2008

Do you have a memory of meeting Jeremy Beadle? We'd love to hear your comments. Please email us at contact@ripperologist.info and we'll publish them next month.

Jeremy Beadle: a Personal Celebration by Adam Wood

I last spoke to Jeremy Beadle on Friday 7 December, when he called to discuss a new website project. The conversation ended with my asking if he felt any better, as he'd obviously been in some pain at the Whitechapel Society meeting the previous Saturday. His reply was that he thought he was "coming down with something". How sad those words seem now.

As with many UK readers of a certain age, I spent part of my adolescence watching Jeremy Beadle on my TV screen, first in *Game For A Laugh*, then *Beadle's About*. Having discovered pursuits away from the small screen, I myself wasn't about by the time *You've Been Framed* came along, but by then Jeremy was well-established as one of the most famous people in the country.

So by the time I prepared to head to my first Jack the Ripper Conference at Norwich in 1998, I was filled with some trepidation. The reason for this was that Andy Aliffe had devised some entertainment for the Friday evening, into which I had been press-ganged. The 'show' was to be a live performance of the BBC Radio sketch from 1973, a Ripper skit in *I'm Sorry I'll Read That Again*.



Jeremy, Andy and I at the 1998 conference in Norwich

My fellow performers were Paul Begg, Keith Skinner, and Sherlock Holmes expert Nick Utechin, with Andy Aliffe providing sound effects. And Jeremy Beadle. It might have been down to the fact that Paul and myself had spent several hours in the Ten Bells drinking with Ross Strachan (which is another story for another day), but I felt my performance was going well – a view not shared by Mr Beadle. He constantly looked at me in disbelief, at one point completely halting the show to make me repeat my line.

At the time I must admit that I felt very small, but as I got to know Jeremy better I realised that he was simply using me for his performance within a performance. It was my first glimpse of how he would bring Mr Nobody into a situation to make them feel part of it all.

My next brush with Jeremy was around a year later, when I received a call out of the blue to discuss something called the *Beadle Project*, which turned out to be

his idea of collecting all known information pertaining to the Ripper case, entering it into a vast database, and offering it to end users on a CD. The vision was a cross between the *A-Z* and the *Ultimate Sourcebook*, completely searchable by name, date or location. There would be images, video and audio clips, with downloadable updates available from a subscription-only website.

My part in the project was to design and build the database and interface, which certainly was of great interest to me. Sadly, for all Jeremy's good intentions, the possibility of taking material freely from researchers' hard-earned archive proved impossible. The project didn't get off the ground.

However, it wasn't long before Jeremy was in touch to see if I had any ideas to enhance the visual side of his mobile quiz machine. It was the first time I was invited to his house, and I was honoured when he told me he'd have his driver collect me from the tube station. When I arrived I saw the driver and the Jaguar, but no Jeremy. A few minutes later he exited an off-licence with enough lager to sink a Ripper conference. I'm not sure whether we got anywhere with the quiz-machine designs that evening, but I do know that he and wife-to-be Sue made me extremely welcome. We'd emptied four cans by the time I'd finished looking at his library, which contained a mind-boggling number of books on an incredible number of subjects, from true crime to the Kings and Queens of Britain.

Reports over the past few days have described Jeremy's love of trivia and detail, and I could certainly see in that library what I would call an obsession. He would enter every small detail from a book into his bespoke computer system, allowing him to call up any obscure fact on demand. But I've always been of the opinion that Jeremy probably didn't need the computer. He was quite probably the most intelligent person I ever met, but I never saw him use his intelligence to belittle anyone.

His TV persona often caused people to regard him as vindictive and cruel, but the real Beadle couldn't have been further away from that.

He was kind, thoughtful, and outrageously generous with his time. Again, newspaper obituaries have pointed to his prickly relationship with the media, but to his favourite audience – the man in the street – he was welcoming, engaging and endlessly approachable.

His need for details, and access to them, was paramount and was well illustrated at the conference in Brighton when, at the official launch of Robert McLaughlin's *The First Jack the Ripper Victim Photographs*, Jeremy praised the book for its brilliance, then jokingly lambasted Robert for not including an index – the most important part of the book for him. The blame really should have been laid at my door, as I took care of the layout of the book. But it was a snapshot of Jeremy's hunger for infor-

mation. In my opinion, he could have rivalled Keith Skinner had he chosen to enter the field of professional research.

Most Ripperologists who met Jeremy would have done so at the UK conferences, where he would talk to everyone from the town's Mayor to the girl behind the bar, each with equal enthusiasm. He really had a way with people.

After the conference in Norwich, Paul Begg and I picked up the reins and organised the 2000 event in Bournemouth. One of the first decisions we took was that we needed a Master of Ceremonies, recognising the knitting-together of talks was as important for the success of the weekend as the speakers.

There was, of course, only one man for the job, and we were eternally grateful that Jeremy agreed to take on the role. From that moment, the conferences had an air of professionalism, humour, and 'togetherness'; a unique identity which always surprised first-time attendees. Of course, Jeremy couldn't help entertaining delegates at the organisers' expense, regularly highlighting the poor layout of the downstairs room at Bournemouth, or berating Andy Aliffe for the sound at pretty much any conference you care to name. All in fun.

It was Jeremy who, at my request, called Susan George from Wilf Gregg's sitting room to ask if she would open the Wolverhampton conference, and who phoned David Warner to see if Jack the Ripper would leave Norway (he was there at the time) to open Bournemouth.

But as good as he was at hosting the conferences, I was at pains to ensure that he was attending as an interested party, not just working. He was, after all, a true crime buff and knew his subject as well as anyone in the room. Once last year's Wolverhampton conference had ended, we discussed the point over a Guinness and he told me that he really enjoyed hosting the event for Claudia, Andy and myself, and would much rather do so than attend as a delegate. And he did a great job, refusing any form of payment.

Andy had previously produced some of Jeremy's radio shows, but the help and advice offered was of the highest order. If there was one piece of wisdom that Jeremy passed on, it was to 'learn by your mistakes'. So on consecutive conferences from Liverpool and Brighton to Wolverhampton, feedback from attendees was that each was better than the last. And it was all down to the guiding hand of Mr Beadle. It will be impossible to replace him.

And the conferences were just part of his blurring the boundary between work and Ripper-related pleasure. He was an advocate of friendly rivalry between the Ripper magazines, and offered advice to every title. As far as *Ripperologist* is concerned, Jeremy was a great friend to us all. He was our staunchest supporter at the time of our move to the current electronic format, realising before other readers the benefits of a searchable, immediate minefield of information. He never tired of answering questions, sending in snippets of information, helping where he could. And just as with all things, he had no favourites. He applauded the work carried out by Mark Galloway in setting up the *Cloak and Dagger Club* and its newsletter, and made a point of writing in to put on record his appreciation of Paul Daniel's achievements in turning this newsletter into *Ripperologist* magazine.

Jeremy also wrote the foreword to *Who Was Jack The Ripper?*, presented *The Trial of Jack The Ripper* for London Weekend Television, and this time last year hosted *The Maybrick Trial* in Liverpool, despite being in terribly poor health. Twice holding quizzes at the Whitechapel Society, he also surprised many by turning up at the East End's *City Darts* towards the end of Mike Barrett's Cloak and Dagger talk straight from a celebrity fundraiser, dressed in black tie and cummerband, replete with fat cigar. It really was that kind of night.

On two occasions I have been with Jeremy when he simply floored me, and others, with his true crime knowledge; the first, on a tour of the Black Museum a few years ago, when he could tell Curator Alan McCormick – on his maiden guided tour – the story behind the exhibit; the second when we attended a fundraiser for the Museum, held last November in New Scotland Yard, at which Patricia Cornwell was Guest of Honour. It was very pleasing to see him enjoy his subject without working.

But among my favourite hours spent in Jeremy's company is what happened just after the Wolverhampton conference, when Claudia and Andy Aliffe and myself joined Jeremy and Loretta Lay at an Indian restaurant to unwind. Jeremy was able to leave his TV persona behind for once, and while the idea of the evening was to unwind from a pretty solid schedule, some of the concepts and suggestions coming from the man were so electric that we pretty much nailed the 2009 conference right there and then. He was simply brilliant. Thanks to Jeremy, the event next year promises to be different to what's gone before, and very exciting.

When I look back and think about the time I spent with Jeremy, it seems that most of it was through work. But the magic of

the man meant that it never seemed as such. I'll miss chatting with him at Wilf's summer lunches, having that late-night call on a request for a CD containing all the electronic *Ripperologists*, and to run a conference idea by him.

Jeremy, you'll be missed more than you'd have ever guessed.

Throughout his life Jeremy loved lists: Lists of names; odd facts; firsts, lasts and onlys. A permanent reminder of his listing brilliance can be found in the following books, which you should have on your shelf: *The Gossip's Guide to Madame Tussauds* and his recent series *Firsts, Lasts & Onlys: Military*; *Firsts, Lasts & Onlys: Crime*; and [*Beadle's Miscellany*](#).

As an introduction to his formal obituary, I feel it appropriate to create such a list in his honour:

TEN BEADLE TIDBITS

- 1 He never met his absent father, a Fleet Street sports reporter, out of respect for his mother.
- 2 Expelled from school at the age of 16, he worked as a toilet attendant in Germany and a fruit picker in Spain.
- 3 While working on a bakery production line he relieved the boredom by hiding notes saying "Help me, I'm being held prisoner in the baker's" between the slices.
- 4 He organised 1972's Bickershaw Rock Festival.
- 5 He wrote material for Bob Monkhouse on *Celebrity Squares*.
- 6 He scripted the daily cartoon series *Today's the Day* for the *Daily Express*.
- 7 He won TV's *Celebrity Mastermind* in 2005 with a specialist subject of London Capital Murders 1900-1940.
- 8 He was a member of the Magic Circle, the prestigious society for magicians and illusionists.
- 9 He is the guest editor for the current issue of *True Detective*, the first time the publication has offered the position in its 58-year history.
- 10 He helped raise an estimated £100 million for charity, over £13 million of which benefited children's causes.

Jeremy shares a joke with the audience at the 2007 conference in Wolverhampton, where he was Master of Ceremonies



Jeremy Beadle: a Life and Career

Jeremy James Anthony Gibson Beadle was born in Hackney on 12 April, 1948, and brought up on a council estate in Kent, in a house shared with his grandmother, mother, aunt and two cousins.

His mother bought him books and taught him to read. She gave him a copy of the *Guinness Book of Records*, the start of his fascination with trivia. Easily bored, he was frequently in trouble with teachers at Midfield Road Junior School, St Paul's Cray, appearing in court aged 10 for stealing a pound note from a teacher's purse. He developed a taste for practical jokes, such as running a friend's trousers up the school flagpole, until he was expelled from Orpington Secondary Modern School at 16.

Following a girlfriend to Germany, he got a job as a lavatory cleaner but couldn't resist deliberately allowing the cubicles to run out of toilet paper and filling the urinals with tea to give the impression that they were overflowing. After more dead-end jobs, he started a listings magazine, *What's On in Brighton*, and wrote its TV column, which led to his joining *Time Out*, and an unsuccessful attempt to set up a northern office.

Jeremy became a cab driver, between shifts submitting programme ideas based on his hobby of collecting lists and little-known facts. He appeared on Michael Aspel's Capital Radio show in a slot called *Beadle's Bookshelf*, and progressed to presenting *Beadle's Odditorium* then *The Beadlebum Show*, a late-night Sunday radio slot on LBC. The phone-in and chat show gained a cult following but was short-lived: "The more outrageous I was the bigger the ratings, but the more angry the management grew, and eventually I was sacked," explained Jeremy in his autobiography *Watch Out!*

In 1981 he joined Terry Wogan's game show, *You Must Be Joking*, and worked on *The Deceivers*, a BBC2 programme about hoaxers, jokers and conmen. This was followed by *Eureka!*, another show based on facts.

Later in the same year, Jeremy got his big break when Terry Wogan turned down the opportunity to present *Game For A Laugh*. The show's producer, Alan Boyd, asked Beadle to fill the slot. The show was enormously popular and helped ITV win the Saturday night ratings battle for the first time in its history. Next was *Beadle's About*, which eventually became the world's longest continuously-running hidden camera show, from 1987 to 1996.

Between 1990 and 1997 Jeremy wrote and presented *You've Been Framed!*, which was credited with single-handedly keeping camcorder sales afloat through a recession. One programme in 1994 drew 18.7 million viewers, toppling *Coronation Street* as Britain's most popular television programme. He also hosted *Beadle's Box of Tricks*, *People Do The Funniest Things*, and *Win Beadle's Money*. It has been argued that these programmes made him a leader in the democratisation of television—via audience participation shows—while at the same time being accused of being a key figure in the dumbing-down of British television.

All the while compiling databases of facts, Jeremy held pub quizzes across the country in aid of the Foundation for Children with Leukaemia. After one such celebrity black-tie event in 1995, it is reported that he had to apologise to the Duchess of York after persuading several male guests to drop their trousers while standing on their chairs.

As well as Children with Leukaemia, Jeremy supported numerous charities but was intensely private about the work he carried out. Having been born with Poland's Syndrome, which meant that his right hand never properly developed, he became a patron of Reach, the charity for children with missing fingers, hands and arms. He told sufferers that it was not the size of their hands that mattered, "but the size of your heart". It is estimated that he helped raise over £100 million. He was awarded an MBE for his services to charity in 2001.

It was in 2004 that Jeremy's health problems began when it was discovered, during a medical check-up for another ailment, that he had a large kidney tumour. Having had the kidney removed, just three days into his recuperation his mother died. In April 2005 Jeremy was diagnosed with leukaemia. Over the next couple of years he underwent intense treatment, fulfilling all work engagements despite often being in great pain.

Towards the end of 2007 he developed pneumonia, eventually becoming hospitalized on 25 January 2008. A couple of days later he lapsed into a coma, from which he never emerged.

Jeremy is survived by wife Sue, whom he married in 2005, and daughters Cassie and Bonnie, and stepchildren Leo and Claire.

Watch Out! Jeremy Beadle's autobiography, 1998

The Times, 31 January 2008.

The Telegraph, 31 January 2008

The Guardian, 31 January 2008



Julian Rosenthal (Nicholas Smith)
1961 - 2008

Jules Rosenthal, an editor and publisher as well as a very colourful figure in Ripperology's ranks, died at age 47 on 4 January, 2008, in the West Midlands of England. The cause of death was complications that set in after he was hospitalised for a chronic condition despite the best medical efforts. He was born on 21st April, 1961, in the Wolverhampton area, just a couple of miles up the road from where Catherine Eddowes had lived in the West Midlands.

He moved, however, to Australia when he was a young child and spent all of his life there until he moved back to England in 2005.

Jules always had a fascination with learning, anything and everything, and even as a young child was an avid reader. It didn't matter what it was; he would read anything. Rather a rebel at school, he preferred to learn things for himself, and spent a great deal of the time 'bunking off' and wandering into the bush on his own to learn in his own way.

Much of his working life was spent in helping others in various branches of community and social service in Canberra, Australia. He started working with street kids that had drug problems and later aided men and women who were the victims of domestic violence. The depressing nature of this work, however, took a toll on his private life and he moved into the field of employment service, helping to find jobs for those who had been relegated to life's 'discard pile.'

He was manager of The Disadvantaged Youth Employment Program, which was funded by the Commonwealth government to assist disadvantaged young people in overcoming their problems and assisting them back into the community'. The aim of the program was to eventually help them find employment, training or further education.

He won several awards for his work on these employment programs. Among his efforts were innovative schemes that took the kids on survival-weekends that taught them both bush craft and social skills. Jules actually lived with the Aborigines at Nhullumbuy for a time, was made a member of their tribe and could make a damn fine boomerang!

Jules even was made a Kadaitchi of the tribe to which he belonged. The Kadaitchi is the 'special' person that every Aboriginal tribe has and is the 'fella' who can communicate with the Spirit World and can contact ancestors or people from the Dreamtime. As Jules once recalled the experience 'When I was taken walkabout with my Elders I wasn't allowed to touch anything I killed, they took care of it, but when I was left alone to find "my place" I lived on grubs, ants, fruit, roots and bark, things that didn't bleed. You wouldn't even think about it'.

He became interested in Jack the Ripper in the early 1990s and as he wrote: 'This whole idea started when I realised that I wasn't the only person in the world, who was interested in solving the Jack the Ripper mystery. To my surprise, there were people all over the world, who were dedicated to the same cause. Most of these people I met on the Internet site: *Casebook, Jack the Ripper* and It was there that I discovered that there was a '*Cloak & Dagger Club*' in England. It was at this stage that I thought about getting something going here in Australia and thanks to the *Casebook*', I was able to promote the idea of establishing '*The Australian Cloak & Dagger Club*'.

Soon after, with the able assistance of friend and co-editor Leanne Perry, he began publishing a bi-monthly journal called, fittingly enough for an Australian magazine, *Ripperoo*. Jules put every spare minute of his time into it and typically he put his own special touch on the finished project. As his business partner Leanne Perry recently recalled, 'he would make sure he added a warm, friendly and humorous editorial to keep such a gory periodical friendly and the subscribers happy'!

The first issue of *Ripperoo* came out in 2000 and he published 13 bi-monthly issues until poor health forced him to quit. A selection of the articles from it are available on *Casebook*. The magazine is fondly remembered by many, especially because it gave several prominent authors in the field their first opportunity to appear in print.

He continued his eleemosynary work when he returned to England and was working on a project for a children's cancer charity when he died. He was collecting the signatures of every head of state in the world that would participate and he was having great success with it. Many presidents, prime ministers and heads of state from around the world had already sent their signatures, and he had dozens of letters still out there waiting for replies. The finished project was to be auctioned at Sotheby's and the money sent to the charity, which had given the project its blessing.

He was also at the time of his death working on a new employment program for teenagers in the West Midlands area along the same lines as the one he ran in Australia. Though, there were no plans to take anyone on 'bush trips' to the wilds of Wolverhampton.

He was always a frequent visitor to the chatroom on *Casebook* and joined in the quiz nights there on a regular basis. It was during the erstwhile weekly trivia quiz there that Jules created one of the funniest, if totally surreal, moments in JtR history. When the regular quizmaster, Howard Brown, was unable to conduct the weekly session he asked Jules to replace him. Jules came armed with a fistful of stumpers like 'How many members of H Division in 1888 were left-handed'? Then, after all taking part said they had no idea, Jules responded 'Beats me too. I was hoping one of you knew'. The quiz went on in that vein for half an hour, with Jules, ever the ladies man, always gifting women with extra points simply because they were women, and by the end people were laughing out loud at their computers on three continents. He was a moderator on *jtrforums.co.uk* and was much loved there as well.

A couple of years ago, Jules came back to the West Midlands to live with his 'mum', and they were happily reunited after many years apart. He changed his name back to Nicholas Smith, which is the name some of you knew him by, and he used the name 'Diddles' on message boards.

Indeed, the message boards at *Casebook* have seen a number of tributes to him, like the following:

'From the cheery "g'day mates" that always started his posts I had a mental image of him sitting at his computer in a cork hat with a Koala sitting on his shoulder, picking his teeth with a big sharp knife and casually wrestling the odd crocodile.'

'He had very high principles and a high moral code to match and put others before himself. He was one of those special people who stood head and shoulders above the rest of us and his heart was as big as he was.'

'Jules was a character, always good for a laugh and always concerned with and interested in the well-being of his friends and fellow Ripperologists.'

He has quite a few dissertations which can be found on www.casebook.org. Jules' article 'Catalyst: Dr Findlay and the Ripper's DNA' appeared in *Ripperologist* 66 (April 2006).

His beloved mum and other family members were at his bedside when he died in hospital, and they said that he died peacefully and in no pain. The family are very appreciative of all the messages of condolence they have received from Jules' many friends in Ripperology.

The funeral took place 21 January.



Jonathan Goodman
Crime Writer,
17 January 1931 - 10 January 2008

Jonathan Walter Goodman, widely known as Britain's leading crime historian, was born on 17 January 1931 in London. He began a career in theatre in 1951, working at the Richmond Theatre first as a stage manager, then as a producer. He subsequently found jobs in the West End and on touring productions.

By the mid-1960s he was working at the Liverpool Playhouse. On hearing about the Julia Wallace case he visited the scene of the crime, a small terraced house at 29 Wolverton Street and found it unchanged since 1931, when William Wallace, a mild-mannered insurance collector, had been accused of murdering his wife in the front parlour. This visit led to the book that made Goodman's name, 1969's *The Killing Of Julia Wallace*. It was described by the crime novelist Michael Gilbert in *The Sunday Telegraph* as "the clearest, most balanced, and most readable dissection of a murder case that I have yet had the pleasure of reading".

He went on to author *The Burning of Evelyn Foster* (1977); *The Stabbing of George Harry Storrs* (1983); *The Slaying of Joseph Bowne Elwell* (1987); and *The Passing of Starr Faithfull* (1995).

In the 1970s Goodman edited the *Celebrated Trials* series, followed in the 1980s by a string of anthologies of classic true murder cases including *The Railway Murders*, *The Seaside Murders*, *The Christmas Murders*, and *The Country House Murders*.

In 1995 Jon was invited to contribute to *Who Was Jack the Ripper?* by Loretta Lay, who compiled the list of authors. His entry revealed his exasperation that his spoof suspect, Peter J Harpick, had been taken seriously in Ripper circles.

He was something of a literary sleuth, unearthing original documents and tracking down people involved in long-forgotten murders. His insistence on returning to primary sources yielded gold more than once. During his research for *The Crippen File* (1985), he discovered that the children of Ethel le Neve were still living in England and completely ignorant of their mother's true identity.

Jonathan Goodman was a genial, much-loved author and attendee of various true crime functions, from his role as Secretary of Our Society to his attendance of Wilf Gregg's summer lunches.

He is survived by Susan Wylie-Harris, whom he married in 1959. The marriage was dissolved and they had no children.

The funeral took place on 29 January.

We have just received the sad news that actor Barry Morse has died, aged 89. There will be a full obituary in the February issue of *Ripperologist*.

THE MASTER HISTORIAN: JONATHAN GOODMAN, 1931 – 2008

By Jeffrey Bloomfield

If anything has been learned by me in the years since 1987, it is that words are powerful but hard to work properly. One can imagine what one wants to write, but final results may have little or no resemblance to one's intentions. This is particularly true when there is an emotional hurt involved—when dealing, let us say, with the death of a close friend. So please forgive me for sounding maudlin at times.

The loss of Jonathan is going to hurt me for many years to come. I can already tell you one way. I will never hear his voice again over the telephone. Jon would call me frequently on Saturdays or Sundays or holidays in the morning. Due to the time differences between Ealing, near London, and Flushing in New York, he'd call while I was still asleep. He'd call me "sleepy head" when I complained. That little bit is now gone forever.

A few days ago I wrote a few paragraphs about Jon on the *Casebook: Jack the Ripper* web site. They touched very briefly on my friendship with Jon because I was still in a stage of shock. Hopefully this can fill in some more about that remarkable man.

Back in the 1970s I was just getting interested in criminal history, starting to build up a book collection on the subject. One day I noticed a book in a store near Carnegie Hall in Manhattan. It was entitled *The Killing of Julia Wallace*. I looked it over and considered buying it. Oddly enough, I did not do so (don't ask me why, but I believe I bought a book by Donald Rumbelow instead). I was aware of the 1931 Wallace murder in Liverpool, but although it was curious (and it did not seem to end very satisfactorily) it did not seem too important to me personally. It's ironic about how events in our lives twist so oddly.

I did not cross Jon's literary path again until the late 1970s. One day I came across *The Burning of Evelyn Foster*. This time I purchased it. Now, many snobby critics have been harsh on Jon for his prose style. To me, the concluding paragraphs of the book had a wonderful impact of pent-up anger that those snobby critics would never quite get. Jon had carefully concluded that Evelyn Foster had been burned to death by a would-be sexual attacker, and even considered the most likely candidate to be Ernest Brown, a man who was hanged for killing his employer two years after Foster's death.

Jon wrote this paragraph:

What I am about to say will, I know, offend some readers as being reactionary and savage; I make no apologies. I wish that there was

evidence - incontrovertible evidence - that Ernest Brown was responsible for what happened at Wolf's Nick: not only for the intellectual pleasure of a tidy solution but also for the emotional delight in knowing that a man who escaped the consequences of one heinous crime was hanged for another two years later. In the absence of such evidence, I just hope that if Evelyn Foster's murderer is still alive, he has experienced tragedies considerable enough, and with sufficient frequencies, to make him often wish that he were dead; I hope that if he is already dead, he has found out about hell-fire.

Yes it can be seen as being "reactionary and savage", but it is a real reaction to a vicious crime. Evelyn Foster was set afire in her early life-time—she was a hard-working young woman, during the Great Depression, driving her cab. She was set on fire by some fiend, and due to local police bungling the killer was not captured. Further, Captain Fullerton James, the High Constable of Northumberland, insisted it was a death by misadventure due to Evelyn attempting to set fire to the cab for insurance fraud. Despite his "best" endeavours, Fullerton James failed to convince the Coroner's jury (many of whom knew Evelyn) that it was not a murder.

Normally I will not write to an author unless there is something really important I want to say to that author. I did not write to Jon yet about Evelyn Foster. Nor about his next book I read, *The Stabbing of George Harry Storrs*. It was not until my coming upon the first of the collections of his essays that I found that I had to write to him.

In his book *The Railway Murders*, he included a piece about the 1910 murder of John Nisbet, probably by John Alexander Dickman. Jon included a postscript about Dickman's execution being arranged by a cabal including Home Secretary Winston Churchill and several others, all of whom supposedly knew that Dickman was responsible for the murder of Mrs. Caroline Luard at Sevenoaks in 1908, resulting in the suicide of her husband, General Charles Luard, whom many blamed for the murder.

This postscript included linking Churchill as a close friend of Luard. I had checked into this and found that Churchill did not know Luard, but was friendly with the African campaigner and governor General Frederick Lugard. So I wrote to Jon, questioning this so-called connection as a bit of Churchill bashing. He responded and thanked me for the information.

Normally a single letter of comment is all that would come from me to any writer, but shortly afterwards I came across *Who He? Goodman's Dictionary of the Unknown Famous*. Its breezy treat-

ment of trivia that we all accept without wondering why we do was wonderful. *Who He?* is a fun book to read. But I came across (as you out there will guess) Jon's "Ripper" joke: the biographical squib about "Peter J. Harpick". Leave it to Britain's best criminal historian to concoct such a wonderful spoof.

If you read it carefully (as Jon pointed out to me later) it contains enough points to make a skeptical person laugh. Harpick has a mother named "Adascha Harpick, nee Schmidt" who is as good a cricket player as Monty Druitt was (at least in one game in 1860). His dad is Wally Harpick (Jon's middle and unused name was "Walter"), who was descended from the Romanovs by a Brighton peer (pun for a Brighton pier). Peter J. studied under Professor Wilhelm Bunbury. You may recall how Algernon Moncrieff in *The Importance of Being Earnest* invents an imaginary invalid friend named "Bunbury" whenever he has to leave London.

Besides killing the Whitechapel victims, Harpick wrote a book about Penge and its environs, dedicating the book to his father "Mr. W.H." Shades of the mysterious friend of William Shakespeare to whom the Sonnets were dedicated. The motive ascribed to Harpick (besides a hatred of prostitutes based on his feelings towards mama Adascha) is that their names all (unfortunately for them) contain the letter "a". Furthermore Peter J. writes taunting letters to the London press using an anagram of his name!

With tongue superbly glued to his cheek Jon summarizes his new "information" thusly: "Harpick is, I submit, just as likely to have committed the crimes as are any of the people previously accused in books and articles." If one thinks (honestly) of all the leading candidates, one can see the heavy irony of Jon's comment!!

I read this in 1987, and it hit me that it was one of the weakest candidates for the Whitechapel Murderer that I ever came across. Since then one or two have cropped up. Out of politeness I won't mention who they are. At that time I was confused and wrote to Jon again. I asked if he was serious or if there was some information he was holding back. He was kind enough to explain the joke and further told me that ever since he published it he found an extraordinary number of people who believed it. When he let me in on the joke I wrote back that I should have known better.

A real correspondence then began and Jon asked if I could assist with a new book: *The Passing of Starr Faithfull*. My additions (in terms of research) had little to do with Jon's solution of the mystery of Starr's death in 1931. I was better at background information on Andrew J. Peters (Starr's cousin and lover, and one time U.S. Congressman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Mayor of Boston) as well as other figures and events. Jon had been working on the mystery for a few years and knew what he would have to say. But I added some points of interest to him. Jon was very grateful for my assistance, writing a really nice comment in my honour at the conclusion of the book.

During the work on *Starr Faithfull*, Jon informed me that he was coming to New York. I agreed to meet him for a drink in Manhattan. He was staying near Times Square at the Hotel Edison, and I brought my copy of *Who He?* with me - it had a good photo of Jon on the back cover, and he'd see the title. We took a stroll and went to the Park Central Hotel for a chat and drink. Really this was our first one on one, and things clicked perfectly.

Jon did not come out to Flushing, my bailiwick, in 1987. He did come out a year later for dinner. I'm glad he did, for my father Howard was still alive at the time. It was the only time they met. Dad was quite impressed by Jon's polish and knowledge of theatre (Jon had been a director). Jon was impressed with Dad's linguistic abilities (eight or so languages), and was aware of my involvement with reading to Dad after he became blind. Both men realized how remarkable the other one was. As I said, I'm glad they had that one opportunity to meet.

Ironically, it would not be until after Dad died that Jon was able to make use of our friendship to stay over in my apartment when in New York City. This enabled Jon to stay for a week when he visited, usually to do some research on some new matter, or to make contacts regarding publishers of his books (especially his various collections of essays). It was the essays that got him after me. I told him that I had written essays on crimes but never published any. Jon was the catalyst in my finally publishing the material. He got me to publish *In Medicine, Science and the Law*, which his friend Professor Cameron was associated with. There (in 1988) my first essay was published: *The Original Suspect*, which was my first attempt at a Ripper-related subject. In this case it was trying to build up a case (admittedly weak) for Frederick Deeming to be Jack the Ripper. Soon other essays appeared in *The Criminologist*. Also in several of Jon's own anthology series, such as my essay on the murder of novelist Paul Leicester Ford (*The Scholar And The Sportsman*) in Jon's *The Art of Murder*.

Jon frequently mentioned his friends in England. His parents had died before the year I was born, his mother very early; he had been raised by some people connected with the theatre. He spoke mostly about some of his fellow criminologists and writers, and members of Our Society, the London-based club which discusses classic crimes. Jon was honored on several occasions for his expertise and writings on criminal history. He was proudest of having won "the Golden Dagger" for his writings (which was presented to him by Princess Margaret Rose - we have a photo of the occasion that he gave us), and of being made Secretary of Our Society. He enjoyed that post, and the fun of creating dinners every couple of months. This entailed organizing the menus, and arranging the subject matter of the meetings (a guest lecturer giving a description of the details of some case). Jon also took the trouble of organizing what was left of the Society's fascinating archives (going back to its early 20th Century meetings, when membership included Arthur Conan Doyle, Arthur Diosy, John Churton Collins, and Henry B. Irving).

He would mention a few close friends from time to time, like

Professor Cameron or Wilfred Gregg or Albert Borowitz (with whom Jon and I ate lunch once in Manhattan). Naturally, Jon spoke about his wife Sue. Despite the fact that the marriage ended the relationship never did - he showed great depths of feeling there. She remained the closest person to him until his death.

In 1991 Jon came to the U.S. with a plan. He'd been in contact with Amtrak about going across country on an itinerary, stopping off at various major (or minor) cities, and describing the experience of transcontinental railway travel, while commenting on (at the various stops) famous crimes. This book was not to be published, oddly enough, for over a decade, and finally appeared as *Tracks to Murder*.

I eventually made a trip with my mother to visit England in 1992. Jon's apartment was a sight to see. I am, admittedly, too much of a book lover. My room is covered in piles of books. But it is my bedroom - not the house. Most of the rooms are free of books. Jon's apartment was wall to wall bookcases. I don't think I have ever seen anything like it. But I could appreciate his care for those treasures. I've noticed that some of the obituaries mentioned that he had the complete set of the Notable British Trials Series. I saw that. But he also had the complete *Famous Crimes* series of Harold Furniss. That series is very rare and expensive, and I have only seen one edition of it - at the 42nd Street Public Library. Jon also had various relics and collectibles associated with famous crimes and criminals, such as a small statue of Arthur Orton, the Tichborne Claimant. It was quite a notable collection.

After 1993 it was Jon who travelled across the pond rather than me. He constantly was interested in my health, asking if I was taking care of myself. I responded that I was, and increasingly asked about his. He complained about some eye problems but little else. It would not be until the 2000s that he started speaking of serious problems.

In the meantime he kept after me to continue my writing. In 1996 he approached me with writing a one page article for a collection called *Who Was Jack The Ripper?* Published under the auspices of Camille Wolff, John felt that the essay should be good practice for me at self-editing. He was right, of course. My essay was a kind of exercise in restraining my writing. It also gave me a chance to tackle the area of the Whitechapel Murders.

The funny thing about my essay on the Goulston Street graffito was that I felt that the essays should be about analyzing different clues or controversies in the case. But most of the articles were sounding boards for presenting different Ripper suspects. Jon just wrote about his experiences with Peter J. Harpick, and included his poetic effusions about his feelings regarding "hunting the Ripper". However, besides myself, I noticed that other friends of

his (Wilfred Gregg, Albert Borowitz, and Richard Whittington-Egan) wrote essays as well. In the end I found the experience of interest and of some help in learning self-editing.

Starting about 1999 Jon's health began declining. Some problem regarding a medication he was given to help get him off cigarette smoking had a side effect that caused a case of depression. This led to a period where he could barely leave his apartment. By 2002 he was beginning to come out of it, and he made one last trip to the U.S. that year. Physically he had changed - he was heavier due to his lack of activity. But he was, at least, in a happier frame of mind. In making this trip he took time to also visit his friend and mentor, the writer/philosopher Jacques Barzun, who lives in Texas. Jon had spoken of Barzun many times, and how the latter even suggested various cases for Jon to look into.

But aside from seeing *Tracks to Murder* finally published, and a volume of his essays updated and put out by Kent State Press, Jon no longer had the wherewithal to do original writing. Much of his best work were those cases centered about 1931, the year he was born. He once told me he wanted to do a study on the unsolved murder in the Forest of Dean in that year, but he lacked the stamina to do the necessary footwork. I suggested (similarly) that he look into the unsolved murder of Lt. Chevis (the "poisoned partridge" case) of that same year. He remembered the case, but seemed neutral about doing anything on that too. I couldn't really complain about this - he had tried to get me to continue writing, and in the last two years little has come from me. Then my own health problems arose from last April through October. Jon was upset that he barely heard from me, but I finally explained why. I don't know if that really helped, because his concern for my health may have taken its toll on his own stamina. He became so concerned he kept urging me not to return to my job until I was fully recovered. I assured him that I was fully recovered when I did return.

It is appropriate that his last writing that I have found was a tribute to his mentor Jacques Barzun, on the centennial birthday of Mr. Barzun last November. The website is barzuncentennial.murphywong.net/

After commenting on some postal labor problem in England, and the failure of his computer to function properly, Jon states that his invitation to the celebration arrived too late. But he says "...Jacques is VERY special. A genius - but a wonderfully gentle one."

I submit that Jonathan Walter Goodman was also a VERY special man - a talented genius and a wonderfully gentle one. I don't know if or when we will see his like again. I only know my heart is feeling low and empty. He will be sorely missed.

All the news that's fit to print...

I Beg to Report

YORKSHIRE RIPPER ATTACKED YET AGAIN. In a repeat of similar prison assaults over the years, Yorkshire Ripper Peter Sutcliffe was attacked over the Christmas period, reported *The Sun* newspaper on 24 December. Sutcliffe, now aged 61, is said to have 'screamed in terror as a knifeman tried to gouge out his only eye' according to Jamie Pyatt and Richard White. They noted that this constituted 'the fourth attack on the Ripper since he was caged in 1981 for murdering 13 women and attempting to kill seven others.'

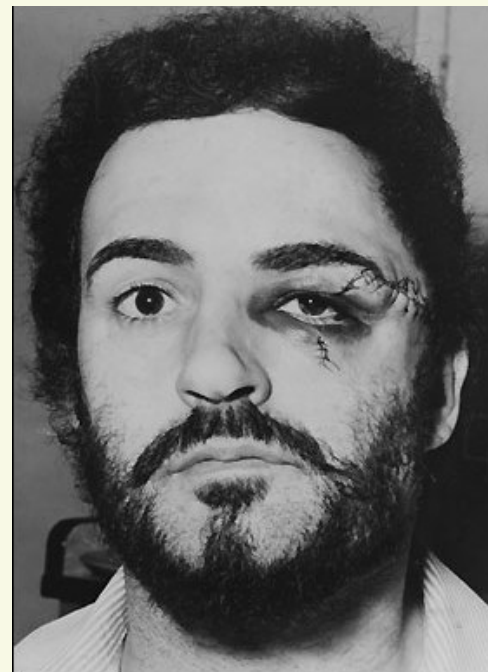
The writers said that 'crazed killer Patrick Sureda, 41, leapt at [Sutcliffe] in a dining hall at Broadmoor top security hospital' on 22 December. Just over a decade ago, in 1997, Sutcliffe was blinded in the left eye and his right eye was severely damaged when he was repeatedly stabbed with a pen in his room at Broadmoor by knife murderer Ian Kay.

In the latest reported attack, during lunch on Dorchester Ward in the Berkshire hospital, some twenty other patients looked on as Sureda - locked up for strangling his mother - took a metal cutlery knife to Sutcliffe. A source at the hospital said Sutcliffe had been talking about Christmas as he sat eating his lunch when Sureda suddenly attacked him. The source said, 'Sutcliffe is a big fat guy now but he reacted in an instant and turned his head. He was going nuts, screaming and shouting.'

It is understood that the attacker had boasted to other patients that he was going to blind Sutcliffe. The Broadmoor source stated: 'This is the fourth attempt to kill or maim Sutcliffe and his eyes are the target. He has lost one and the other is not really working well. A knife through the eye could hit the brain and kill.' The source added, 'Sutcliffe knows people want him dead - or the next best thing, living his life in darkness. He is terrified. He feels scared and alone. He survived being blinded by half an inch and realises he is still the No1 target.'

According to the *Sun*, although the attacker's 'blade went in half an inch below [Sutcliffe's] right eye, . . . medics decided Sutcliffe did not need hospital treatment.'

www.thesun.co.uk/sol/homepage/news/article616694.ece



Yorkshire Ripper Peter Sutcliffe photographed after being nearly blinded in a 1983 coffee jar attack

WIKI 'RIPPER' PAGE UNLOCKED. An administrative decision at the Internet encyclopedia site Wikipedia to lock the 'Jack the Ripper' page (en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jack_the_Ripper) has been reversed. The decision to lock the site and stop volunteer editors from adding or changing information on the page had been reached due to the failure of two Wiki editors to reach consensus on the content for the 'Ripper' page.

Of course it is well known that certain aspects of Ripperology are hotly debated so perhaps it is not surprising that the decision to 'lock' the page on the Whitechapel murders came about. As readers will know from previous discussion of Wikipedia in 'I Beg to Report' Wikipedia is controversial for the very reason that anyone with an Internet connection can add to or modify the encyclopedia entries. The policy to allow universal access to editing of the Wiki entries has led to considerable 'vandalism'. The site's editors have had to be constantly on the look-out for such troublemaking and they spend considerable time just removing what has been done by the vandals.

Nonetheless, it is good to know that this free on-line source is available. We might wish though that in future the Wiki administration, led by founder Jimmy Wales, might consider vetting of who is allowed to post on or modify the site. We would think that if Wikipedia is meant to be a resource, as it should be, it should be properly protected from harm.

RIPPEROLOGIST IVOR EDWARDS CAMPAIGNS FOR REWARD IN MISSING CHILD CASE. Isle of Wight resident Ivor Edwards, author of *Jack the Ripper's Black Magic Rituals*, is urging commercial companies to offer a six-figure reward to solve the case of missing child Damien Nettles, according to the *Isle of Wight County Press* of 16 January. Damien Nettles was 16 years old when he went missing on the island on the night of 2 November 1996. Nettles had spent the night with friends and was last seen outside a Cowes fish and chip shop just before midnight as captured on CCTV video footage. Mr Edwards is working with the boy's mother Valerie, now a resident of the United States, in order to solve the mystery. They are urging the ferry companies Wightlink and Red Funnel along with supermarket chain Tesco's to put up at least £100,000 to encourage witnesses to come forward. Mrs Nettles is also cooperating with the mother of Luke Durbin, who disappeared in Ipswich, Suffolk, in May 2006, to establish a 'March for the Missing' to take place on March 12. Mr Edwards said, 'The biggest unanswered question is where is Damien? Police seem to have assumed he is dead but, to find out just what happened, evidence is needed. To encourage that I think £100,000 would be needed and I would welcome all offers from companies and individuals. I am sure we can get to the truth.'



Ivor Edwards

Mr Edwards gave *Ripperologist* the latest update on the case:

'Since the story appeared in the IOW press Mr Alan Rossati from AMR Investigations based on the Isle of Wight has also kindly offered to investigate the case free of charge. Mrs Nettles suggested we collaborate together and I have in fact spoken to Mr Rossati over the phone and he impressed me immensely. We have arranged a meeting to discuss the case in late January. A vital piece of evidence taken by CCTV of Damien in Cowes High Street showing his last known move-

Damien Nettles



ments has unfortunately been lost by the police. Various rumours about concerning Damien's demise including one told to me by an investigating detective several years ago that he swam across the Solent shortly after midnight during a storm to visit his sister who was a student at Portsmouth University. It is suggested that he drowned and his body carried by the prevailing tides to the Hook of Holland. Just prior to his disappearance Damien, who had a camera in his possession, was seen by the bus stop at Cowes and was engaged in conversation with a man who was waiting for someone to arrive by bus. According to Mrs Nettles this witness alleged that Damien said, "They are watching us". Damien then walked into Cowes High Street and was picked up on CCTV . . . this is the tape that went missing. The witness at the bus stop picked up his passenger when the bus arrived and both left by car whereupon the car was stopped by police for allegedly jumping a red light. Anyone interested in the case can place the name Damien Nettles in the Google search engine or contact me by e-mail. A short extract of him in Yorkie's fish shop can be found on the internet. Several men in the video were traced after a national appeal but not others. The man shown on the far right of the video in the corner by the counter was a known local drug dealer yet couldn't be found and it's interesting to know that the police never put a name to his face until after he was dead.'

<http://www.damiennettles.com/>

DEPP'S 'SWEENEY TODD' RECEIVES AWARDS. The movie musical 'Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street', starring Johnny Depp in the title role of the bloody London barber and directed by Tim Burton, is garnering rave reviews. See our review of the film in this issue of the *Rip*. On 13 January, the movie, based on the 1979 stage musical by Stephen Sondheim, picked up two Golden Globes, one for best film musical or comedy and one for Depp as best actor in a musical or comedy. The usual award glittering awards show was not held due to the ongoing Hollywood writers strike as performers said they would not cross the picket lines. Around 10,500 Writers Guild members have been on strike since November. The other big winner in the stripped-down event, which comprised just the announcement of the winners by media personalities, was the romantic World War II era epic 'Atonement' which won for best film drama and best score.

Although critics have singled out for notice the gore in 'Sweeney Todd' they have also praised the artistry of Burton's conception. It seems probable, however, that Depp could miss out on the best actor Academy Award, due to be presented within a month, if we go by the way the Golden Globe for best actor in a drama went. It was scooped by Daniel Day-Lewis for the oilman drama 'There Will Be Blood.' The Oscars lack a special category for musicals or comedies unlike the Globes.

In the Oscar nominations, announced 22 January, in the best actor category, the nominees were Day-Lewis, Depp, George Clooney as a judicial 'fixer' in 'Michael Clayton', Tommy Lee Jones as a veteran cop in the crime drama 'The Valley of Elah', and Viggo Mortensen as a Russian mobster in 'Eastern Promises.' Pundits are saying that Day-Lewis will emerge as the favorite. Overall among the Oscar nominations, the Coen brothers' 'No Country for Old Men' and 'There Will Be Blood' led with eight nominations each. 'Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street' is up for three awards: best performance by an actor in a leading role (Johnny Depp), best achievement in art direction, and best achievement in costume design.

If the writers strike is settled by then, the 80th Academy Awards for outstanding film achievements of 2007 will be hosted by comedian Jon Stewart and presented on Sunday, 24 February at the Kodak Theatre at Hollywood & Highland Center in Hollywood, California. The show is due to be televised live in the USA by the ABC Television Network. Here's hoping the writers' strike *will* be over and the extravaganza (whatever you might think of it) can take place without a hitch.



Johnny Depp in director Tim Burton's film musical of 'Sweeney Todd'

Johnny Depp with Helena Bonham Carter as Mrs Lovett





D B Cooper

FBI REOPENS CASE OF SKYJACKER 'D B COOPER'. The United States Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) have reopened the case of skyjacker D B Cooper who in November 1971 parachuted from a Northwest Orient Boeing 727 at around 10,000ft with \$200,000 US in ransom money. Dan Cooper (not believed to be his real name) plunged through rain clouds and disappeared in the forests of Washington State in Pacific Northwest USA. Although the Jack the Ripper case and the Zodiac case remain mysteries, the FBI suddenly seems determined to solve this case. 'Would we still like to get our man?' the FBI stated in a release from its Pacific Northwest office in Seattle in early January. 'Absolutely. And we have reignited the case.'

The FBI invites the public to visit its website at foia.fbi.gov/foiaindex/dbcooper.htm, where, for the first time, it has displayed sketches of Cooper along with photographs both of a cheap clip-on tie he left behind on the plane before making his mid-air escape. Also shown are photographs of the remains of a few \$20 bills found in the vicinity on the ground by a boy in 1980.

Over the decades, the FBI has interviewed 1,000 people in the case, given close scrutiny to scores of possible suspects before ruling out every one. Seattle-based agent Larry Carr told the *New York Times* on 2 January. 'This case is 36 years old, it's beyond its expiration date, but I asked for the case because I was intrigued with it. I remember as a child reading about it and wondering what had happened. It's surreal that after 36 years here I am, the only investigator left. I wanted to take a shot at solving it.'

news.independent.co.uk/world/americas/article3303655.ece

DILBERT BLOG DISCUSSES 'RIPPERITIS.' Cartoonist Scott Adams, creator of the Dilbert cartoons, referenced the Ripper recently on his blog when talking about 'What Qualifies as a Mental Problem?' in regard to behaviour among Internet posters. The artist wrote, 'as many of you noted about your fellow posters, a common way of thinking goes like this: "If you think Jack the Ripper was a doctor in his day job, and you think doctors are positive role models, you must support Jack Ripper and celebrate the killing of women. Die, you woman-hater!" . . . Suppose we give this way of thinking a name. Let's call it ripperitis. Sometimes labeling things is enough to change how we deal with them. Perhaps having a name for the condition will allow scientists to get funding to find a cure. I hope so, because it would give me something new to say to end political debates. "Well, Bob, based on your rant, I'd say you have a bad case of ripperitis. I hear they're working on a pill that lets people like you appreciate the complexity of arguments." And then Bob would say, "If you think drugs are such a great idea, why don't you go marry a cocaine dealer in a civil union?"'

dilbertblog.typepad.com/the_dilbert_blog/2007/09/what-qualifies-.html



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Film Review

SWEENEY TODD

Reviewed by Christopher T George

Warning - This review contains spoilers

Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street (2007)

aka Sweeney Todd (Germany and the USA)

Directed by Tim Burton

Screenplay by John Logan, based on the musical by Stephen Sondheim

Starring Johnny Depp, Helena Bonham Carter, Alan Rickman, Sacha Baron Cohen

DreamWorks SKG In SDDS / Dolby Digital / DTS sound, 95 minutes

Let me say up front, I am no devotee of horror flicks and I dislike any surfeit of blood. Nonetheless, I knew I wanted to see this film because some years back I'd seen (though disliked) the stage musical, I knew about the legend of Sweeney Todd, and I was pleased to hear that Tim Burton's movie version of the musical was well done and was receiving accolades from critics along with awards. *But* I have to confess that I spent my time during the film's multiple throat slashings and accompanying gurgling with my eyes closed. Yes, you're correct - I'm a wuss about these things. I should also add that this review contains a number of spoilers so if you don't want me to give the game away, let me just say that in my opinion the film is a bravura period spectacle with superb acting by Johnny Depp as Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street, Helena Bonham Carter as Mrs Lovett, and Alan Rickman as Judge Turpin. Sacha Baron Cohen, Timothy Spall, and Jamie Campbell Bower are similarly excellent in lesser parts. The movie musical offers a spectacle of nineteenth century London which to my mind makes the film worth the price of the ticket.

As noted, years ago, I saw the Sondheim musical with the original Broadway leads of 1979, Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury. I found the production to be a dark and unappealing work, not helped by Sondheim's mainly tuneless and talky songs. Of course, the darkness was not surprising given the subject matter. Yet the stage production was made bleaker by a drab set and the reliance on sudden sound effects such as shrill factory whistles to ratchet up the audience's fears - or the spectators' enjoyment of the horror, whichever way you view it. However, I was pleased to find that in Burton's witty and enthralling take on the musical, the bleakness is alleviated in a fast-moving story set in an authentic-looking period background that makes the songs and story more palatable and enticing. Even despite the blood.

The Burton film has the advantage over the stage show and is superior to it because Burton is able to show us Fleet Street and the story's characters acting in context. Although what period it is supposed to be I am not sure!

Johnny Depp as Sweeney Todd, ready for cut-throat business



In the opening scene, the barber arrives in the city on board a sailing ship gliding along the Thames into the Pool of London. His arrival is illegal: he had been transported to Australia on trumped up charges. The scene shows Tower Bridge with its roadway raised to allow the tallship through. Now, as many of you will know, Tower Bridge is a late Victorian edifice and was not opened until 1894. Possibly the seminal London structure's Gothic beauty appealed to Burton so he wanted to include it. The film shows the cast in 1840's Dickensian style clothing - however, the Sweeney Todd story actually dates to the eighteenth century. So you 'takes your pick' on the year(s) the tale is supposed to occur in Burton's conception.

The barber, originally known as Benjamin Barker, is a haunted man, poisoned that his idyllic marriage and career were ruined by the lust and designs of the sexually twisted Judge Turpin (Alan Rickman) and he has come to London to exact revenge - as the phrase used in the movie goes, '*Never Forget. Never Forgive.*' In order to fulfill his mission, he turns away from a young sailor, Anthony Hope (Jamie Campbell Bower), who had befriended him on board ship. He finds his way to his old barber shop in Fleet Street, which lies unoccupied and in disrepair above the pieshop of Mrs Lovett. In a bizarre scene, she assembles the pies ('The Worst Pies in London!' as she sings) while brushing away big cockroaches. The white facial makeup of Bonham Carter and Depp, and the white streak in his long dark hair, aided by their black panda-like mascara, helps reinforce the idea that both are at the limits of their existence. She quickly realises her visitor is the man Barker who had been wrongfully transported and separated from his beautiful wife and daughter. She tells him his wife, in despair, poisoned himself, and his daughter Johanna (Jayne Wisener) has become a ward of Judge Turpin.

As he gets ready to set himself back up in the barbering business above the pieshop, Todd lovingly fingers his gleaming set of steel cutthroat razors. He extends his arm with a flashing blade and proclaims, 'At last my arm is complete again!' There is though a rival barber in town, the mountebank Signor Adolfo Pirelli, played by Cohen ('Ali G' and 'Borat') and handsomely got up in a bright blue military-style uniform. As the Signor's boy Toby extols the virtues of Pirelli's golden potion from a stage set up in the street, Mrs Lovett and Todd sniff the bottle and declare it to be 'piss.' Pirelli is outraged and vows to regain the upper hand. A shaving contest ensues, moderated by Judge Turpin's right hand man, the leering and cruel Beadle Bamford (Timothy Spall). Bamford declares Todd to be the winner and the barber takes the opportunity to invite the Judge around for a shave (wink wink). Before this can occur, however, Pirelli turns up at the barber shop and reveals himself to be a Cockney who had previously worked in Barker's shop, so threatening to blackmail Todd by revealing his past. Todd knows he has to kill the mountebank and this is swiftly and bloodily done with much blunt force trauma, with the body ending up stuffed in a trunk. A bizarre sequence with Pirelli's hand hanging out of the trunk twitching, ends with Todd cutting the barber's throat.

When Mrs Lovett questions the barber on what he is going to do with his rival's body, which is still in the trunk, Todd answers that he will take it and bury it somewhere. The piemaker begins to muse about all that good meat going to waste and they concoct the idea that Todd will kill his customers and Mrs Lovett will use the meat for her pies. The

song 'A Little Priest' - probably the wittiest in the musical - plays well as Depp and Bonham Carter look out of the windows of the shop and survey the passing scene:

LOVETT: *It's priest. Have a little priest.*

TODD: *Is it really good?*

LOVETT: *Sir, it's too good, at least!
Then again, they don't commit sins of the flesh,
So it's pretty fresh.*

TODD: *Awful lot of fat.*

LOVETT: *Only where it sat.*

TODD: *Haven't you got poet, or something like that?*

LOVETT: *No, y'see, the trouble with poet is
'Ow do you know it's deceased?
Try the priest! . . .*



Depp rigs up his barber's chair with gears and a spring mechanism so that the bodies fly down a chute into the pie shop. The corpses land on their head with a thud in a room a floor below. And here's where I think Burton could have been a bit more ingenious - actually a surprising lapse in such a macabre and innovative director. After seeing the corpses land flat on their head a few times the gag itself begins to fall flat: why couldn't the director have rigged up an apparatus to transport the body right down to the bakery in the cellar?

The Judge comes round for his shave but escapes the barber's clutches: he feels suspicious and springs out of the chair - but Todd will have his revenge. The barbering - murdering - piemaking enterprise becomes the rage of London. The boy Toby, taken into the pie shop with the demise of Pirelli (though apparently not fully comprehending that his master had been bloodily killed by Todd), acts as a barker to bring in the masses to sample the delicious pies. Mrs Lovett even begins to believe this is bliss at last as she sings 'By the Sea.' In a nightmarish counterpart of an idyllic romance, we even see Todd, Lovett, and Toby at the seaside, Depp and Bonham Carter still in their panda-like makeup, with her dreaming of how cosy it will be. But of course the barber remains haunted and unhappy, even in his black and white hooped old-fashioned swimming costume. He will still have his revenge.

Meanwhile things begin to get complicated. The young sailor Anthony spies the Judge's ward, Johanna, the barber's daughter, in a window of the Judge's residence. But is seen by Turpin: 'You gandered at my ward, Johanna. You gandered at her. Yes, sir! You gandered!' Rickman, playing the role with relish, tells him, 'Mark my words, if I ever see your face on this street again you'll rue the day you were born.' He is then severely beaten by Beadle Bamford. Nonetheless Anthony and Johanna plan to run away together, of which the Judge gets wind and sends her to an asylum.

An old crone is seen watching the barber shop - pie business from the across the street wheezing about the evil there. Anthony, having learned that Johanna is in the asylum, makes his way to Todd's shop and Todd plans to send him into the asylum to gather hair for wigs and so enable Johanna's escape. The barber sends a note to the Judge to lure him to the shop saying Johanna will be there. Both Bamford and Turpin submit to a shave and bloody revenge is duly visited on them both. More red gushing blood and corpses landing head first below. The view of the blood-streaked face of Depp after the Judge's murder, his face patterned like a tattooed Maori is disturbingly grotesque.

To distract Toby from what is going on, the boy is taken by Mrs Lovett into the basement and instructed on how to bake the pies. And this might lead you to wonder, as I did, what's he been doing all this time, just sweeping up the shop and being a barker for the pie business? That goes unexplained, though Toby by now has come to suspect that the barber is evil. He sings, 'Nothing's gonna harm you, not while I'm around. . .'

Locked in the cellar by the piemaker, the boy's realization about the true nature of the piemaking business is helped when he sees bits of humans in a vat above the furnace: hands, fingers, etc. The shot of the ground meat squeezing out of the grinder in long worms is both nauseating and striking.

The old crone who had been decrying the evil of the business bursts into the barber shop and her throat is slit by Todd. It's only then, on looking closer at her face that Depp realises it is his long-lost wife and that Mrs Lovett had lied to him - the woman had not poisoned herself. Confronting Lovett in the bakery, he flings her into the flames of the oven. As the distraught and defeated barber again bends over the corpse of his late wife, his throat is cut by the avenging Toby.

Depp's fully rounded portrayal of the troubled barber made me lament how shallow was his role as Chief Inspector Fred Abberline in the Hughes brothers' 'From Hell' - a movie in which the actor seemed to sleepwalk as if on clouds of opium (after all, as you may recall, the copper's seen being woken from a drugged dream by Godley in an opium den). But of course 'From Hell' as handled by the Hughes boys was a flimsier vehicle than the rich movie musical 'Sweeney Todd' directed by Tim Burton. The musical deserves the accolades it is receiving and is much recommended, even if you have to shut your eyes during so many of the scenes as I did!

On the Crimebeat

WILF GREGG looks at the new additions to the True Crime bookshelf

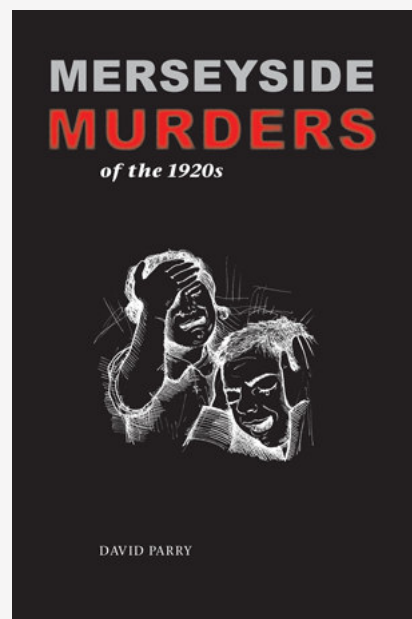
MERSEYSIDE MURDERS of the 1920's

David Parry

S/B, 110pp., Illus., Palatine Books, £7.95

This book is a very good selection of Merseyside murders from what some consider the golden decade of UK murders. Included are the well-known cases of Lock Ah Tam, a prominent member of the Chinese community, who shot his wife and daughters in a fit of rage. and Joseph Clarke, who killed his girl friend's mother and rather surprisingly pleaded guilty at his trial. The lesser-known cases are no less interesting. A particularly good account is the case of Edouard Braem, who, after killing Mary McKenzie, escaped to his native Belgium. When detained there, the authorities refused to extradite him to Britain and he was tried under Belgian law and jailed for 10 years. As Mr Parry rightly observes, he was fortunate—had he been returned to Liverpool, he would almost certainly have figured in my next book.

This is the third Merseyside Murders book by Parry. Previous titles were *Merseyside Murders of the 1950's* and *Murder in Edwardian Merseyside*.

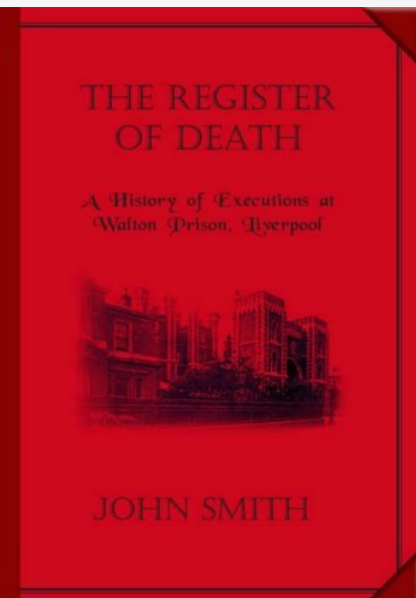


THE REGISTER OF DEATH

A History of Executions at Walton Prison, Liverpool

John Smith

S/B, 139pp., Illus., Countryvise, £7.00



This book, the first of a planned series of three, is a history of executions at Walton Prison, Liverpool. There is a list of executions from the first in 1887, when James Berry hanged his namesake Elizabeth Berry, through to 1964, when Peter Anthony Allen became the last person to die on the Walton gallows.

This initial volume details the crimes and hangings from the Elizabeth Berry murder through to the Thomas Seymour case in 1911. The accounts are quite detailed and in common with *Merseyside Murders of the 1920's*, shed light on many cases not before covered.

It is a curious coincidence that both books have been published around the same time. Both recommended.

Editor's note: For more on Walton Prison and an additional taste of the Merseyside crime stories that Wilf references above, visit www.richard.clark32.btinternet.co.uk/walton.html

