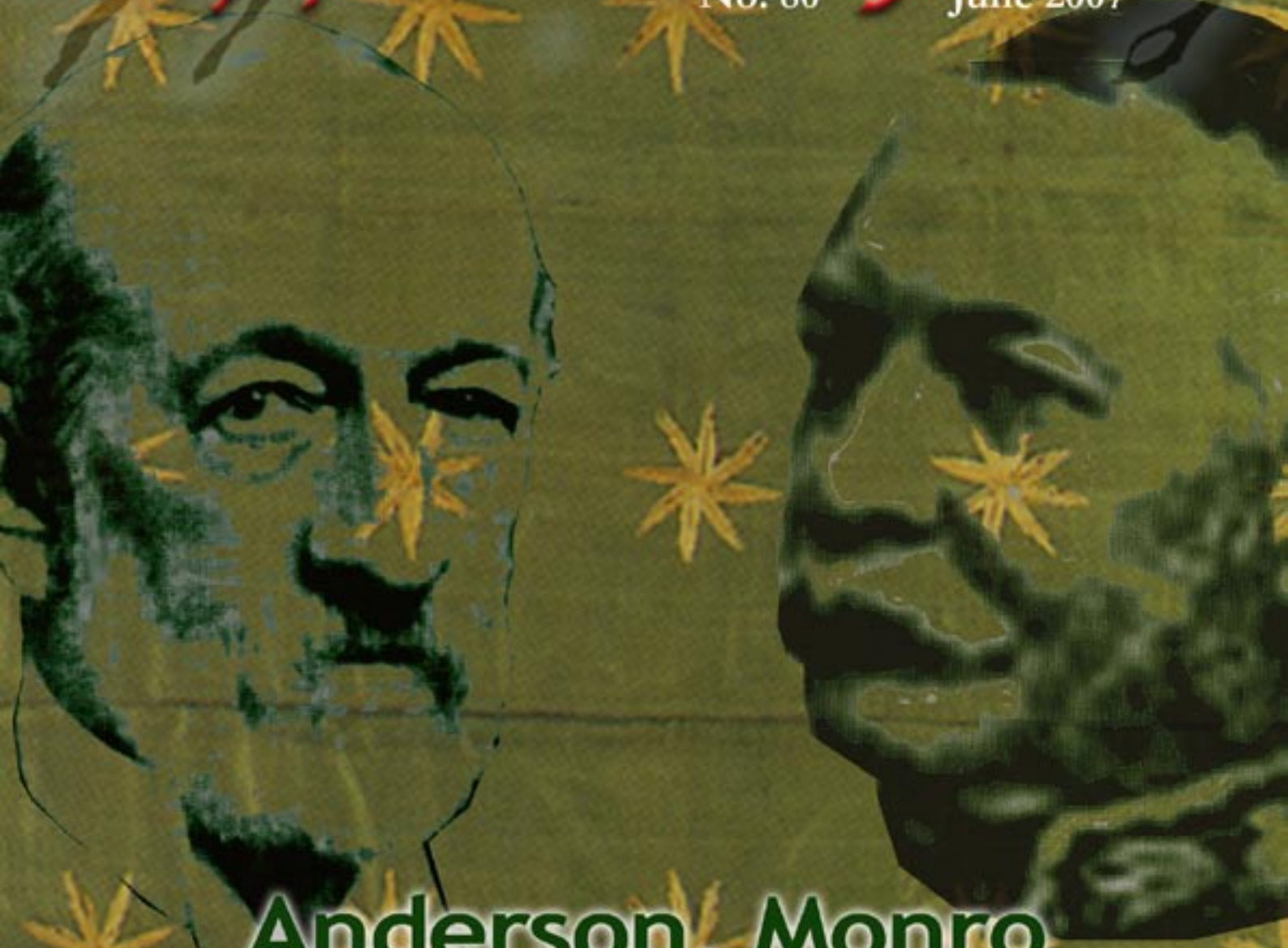


The Journal of Jack the Ripper, East End and Victorian Studies

Ripperologist

No. 80

June 2007



Anderson, Monro and Jsfmboe

MARTIN FIDO on Sir Robert Anderson and
the uprising of the Fenian Brotherhood

What is a Ripperologist? ask JENNIFER PEGG and DON SOUDEN

WILLIAM MICHAEL on Photographing Miller's Court

ADAM WOOD and KEITH SKINNER with more from PC 225H

CHRIS GEORGE WILF GREGG CHRIS SCOTT EDUARDO ZINNA

RIPPEROLOGIST MAGAZINE

Issue 80, June 2007

QUOTE FOR JUNE:

Ginger haired people have been associated with violence and anti-social behaviour throughout history.
A historian told our reporter "Vikings, many of whom had red hair, plundered England for centuries.
One of Genghis Khan's sons had red hair and there are reports that Jack the Ripper may have had red hair."

Noshing Mink , "Gingivitis" caused by red haired people, The Spoof, UK, 19 June 2007

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I Beg to Report

From a headstone for Inspector Abberline to Victorian whales, if it happened, you'll find it here.

I Beg to Report: Inspector Helson's Tobacco Pot

The Head of J Division's pot is purchased by the Friends of the Metropolitan Police.

I Beg to Report: Newly-published Whitechapel Photographs

A subscriber to the Rip opens her photo album at 1971.

I Beg to Report: Frogg Moody's

Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper in Washington DC

We report on how the musical fares on its Atlantic crossing.

I Beg to Report: Another Peabody Library Suffers Damage

A fire ravages the collection in the Peabody Room in Georgetown's public library.

Books

On the Crimebeat

Wilf Gregg reviews the latest additions to the True Crime bookshelf.

Ripperologist magazine was founded in 1994 by Mark Galloway.

We would like to acknowledge the valuable assistance given by the following people in the production of this issue of *Ripperologist*: Maggie Bird, Melissa Garrett, Valerie Hockley, Frogg Moody, Keith Skinner, Michael Stead and Eduardo Zinna. Thank you!

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Subscriptions

Ripperologist is published monthly in electronic format. The cost is £12.00 for six issues. Cheques can only be accepted in £sterling, made payable to *Ripperologist* and sent to the address above. The simplest and easiest way to subscribe is via PayPal - send to paypal@ripperologist.info

Back issues

Single PDF files of issue 62 onwards are available at £2 each.

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Advertising in *Ripperologist* costs £50.00 for a full page and £25.00 for a half-page. All adverts are full colour and can include clickable links to your website or email.

Submissions

We welcome articles on any topic related to Jack the Ripper, the East End of London or Victoriana. Please send your submissions to contact@ripperologist.info. Thank you!



Who's At Bat?

EDITORIAL by CHRISTOPHER T GEORGE

The plethora of named suspects in the Whitechapel murders seems never ending. The Victorian period, it appears, offers a veritable cornucopia of individuals who can be named as suspects. If certain authors and, yes, fiction writers and Hollywood are to be believed, any number of people could all have been the Whitechapel fiend. Included to date are well-known 'suspects' such as Prince Albert Victor, the future Duke of Clarence, the Royal physician Sir William Gull, cotton merchant and alleged 'Ripper diarist' James Maybrick, artist Walter Sickert, black magician and raconteur Roslyn D'Onston, Irish-American quack Dr Francis Tumblety, and cricketer and barrister Montague John Drutt. On a tier below come lesser lights such as George Hutchinson, Joseph Barnett, and, recently, another Royal physician, Sir John Williams, and Jewish pimp and globetrotter Joseph Silver.

Virtually anyone who drew breath in 1888 can, it seems, be named as a suspect. Even philanthropist Dr Thomas Barnardo, former Prime Minister William Ewart Gladstone, and Lewis Carroll (the Rev Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) have all been mentioned as possibilities by certain authors.

Got an ancestor who acted a bit strangely in 1888? Well, why not write a book and 'out' him as the Ripper?

At the recent Trial of James Maybrick at the Liverpool Cricket Club on 19-20 May, veteran Ripper author and crime historian Donald Rumbelow - who roundly dismissed the Maybrick Diary as a hoax - deplored the fact that the graves of Maybrick and Gull have been vandalised - on no basis at all since there is no evidence that either man committed the crimes.

I have sometimes fantasized about the possibility that a number of these guys might all have been the Ripper and that they were all wandering the East End at the same time with their handy knife and with eyes gleaming with murderous intent. Like the Monty Python sketch with the multiple Long John Silvers each with crutch and parrot on shoulder. Or I have thought, in a suggestion I made once to fellow *Ripperologist* editor Adam Wood, that Adam might devise a cover for the *Rip* using a Victorian cricket team and replacing the actual cricketers' visages with the faces of named Ripper suspects. Maybe not so crazy since we know Montague Drutt actually did play cricket, James Maybrick belonged to the Liverpool Cricket Club, and D'Onston drank at the Cricketer's Arms in Brighton!

Still, levity aside, the naming of utterly anyone as the Ripper is a serious issue, and perhaps should be addressed. We all know why it has happened - it is partly publisher-driven with publishers looking to profit from the public's interest in the Ripper and also dependent on authors who rush into print without sufficient evidence. A certain madness appears to grasp writers and publishers alike when the possibility of another book on 'Jack' beckons. Indeed, after the naming of Prince Albert Victor as a possible suspect in the 1970s, it seems the stable door was opened and almost anyone could be put forward as the Ripper. This is indeed an unfortunate and lamentable situation and reflects badly on those diligent and careful researchers in the field who refrain from pushing out books on possible suspects because the necessary evidence of their man's guilt is lacking. Where will it all end? We might think that the public might become sated if not disgusted with the number of named suspects but it doesn't seem likely. The lure of 'Name the Ripper' - to quote the title of the series that the late prolific author Des McKenna wrote for *Ripperologist* some years ago - appears as strong as ever.



M J Drutt: Come in, number 5...

Anderson, Monro and Jsfmboe

By MARTIN FIDO

Jsfmboe?

Change each letter for its predecessor in the alphabet, and you have Ireland.

This not very challenging cypher was one of the great secrets of the Fenians in the 1870s. Fenians were Irish nationalists who plotted against the British government, and it was active government work against them that brought Dr Robert Anderson into the business of policing and allied him with James Monro. Commentators who wish to undermine the weight some of us give to Anderson's opinions on the Ripper case almost invariably cite Liberal and Irish Nationalist politicians who detested (or, in Winston Churchill's case, were embarrassed by) Anderson's entrenched Unionism. But very few have understood exactly what was at issue: why Anderson was accused of hubris or duplicity, and how he managed to persuade himself that he had always acted with integrity. To understand Anderson and Monro and the extraordinary Jubilee plot they agreed they had foiled, one needs some knowledge of Jsfmboe.



Dr Robert Anderson

The complex and confusing history of the competing underground organisations and the covert spies working within and against them has been most fruitfully unravelled by Christy Campbell in *Fenian Fire*¹ and Leon O'Broin in *The Prime Informer*², to which books most of the following is owing.

In 1858 the Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB) was founded in Dublin with the establishment of Irish independence by violence as its avowed aim. Since granting Catholics civil rights in 1828, the Westminster Parliament had done nothing effective about Irish grievances: that led to an impoverished economy, exploitative and often absentee Protestant-ascendancy landlords, and a do-nothing *laissez-faire* policy of letting the free market allow people to starve during the great potato famine. When legitimate grievances are cavalierly disregarded by government, terrorism is a reasonable response. The British misrulers of Ireland had finally brought it into being.

In 1859 the Fenian Brotherhood was founded as the American wing of the IRB, to raise funds and volunteers for the cause. Since the majority of Irish Americans at this time were exiles who had been forced to leave home by the potato blight, their resentment of the British government that had done nothing for their country was intense and, then as now, there was more vehement and aggressive anti-English nationalism to be found in Massachusetts and New York than in Armagh and Cork.

Francis Millen, a soldier of fortune who had achieved general's rank in Mexico, joined the Fenian Brotherhood, and in 1864 accepted a paying position to go to Ireland and draw up strategic plans for a violent rising supported by trained American volunteers. But two years later, after falling out temporarily with the Brotherhood's leader, Millen went to the British consul in Mexico City and sold a complete outline of the IRB and Fenian Brotherhood setup. This material was passed to Dublin Castle where the young Robert Anderson was appointed to examine and collate reports on the Fenians. He listed Millen as 'Informant M' and carefully inked out his name from all documents.

1 Campbell, Christy, *Fenian Fire: The British Government Plot to Assassinate Queen Victoria*. London: HarperCollins. 2002.

2 O'Broin, Leon, *The Prime Informer: A Suppressed Scandal*. London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1971



Home Secretary Gathorne Hardy

In 1867 Millen came to England, unsuccessfully seeking appointment as a permanent spy at a salary of £500pa. Samuel Anderson (Robert's elder brother and the attorney-general in the Irish viceregal government) arranged for him to meet Sir Richard Mayne, the founding commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. But Millen was given no appointment, and Mayne and the Met were gravely discredited by a series of Fenian bombing outrages that culminated in the destruction of half a street in Clerkenwell in an attempt to free a Fenian leader from the prison exercise yard. In consequence Conservative Home Secretary Gathorne Hardy formed a Counter-Revolutionary Secret Service Department under Col. William Fielding, with Inspectors Adolphus Williamson and James Thomson seconded to it from Scotland Yard, and Robert Anderson brought from Ireland to act as its civilian secretary. The department was closed after five months, when the scare following the Clerkenwell bombing subsided, but Anderson remained at the Home Office and received reports from (among others) Thomas Miller Beach who had been recruited as a spy that year.

In 1868 Millen and Beach joined some breakaway Fenians who formed the new violent organization *Clan-na-Gael*. At the same time, Millen's reports to London were dropped.

In 1876 the violent independent Fenian O'Donovan Rossa started "Skirmishing", (ie active terrorism). But the election of Charles Stewart Parnell, a politician of genius, as MP for Meath in 1875, made Irish Nationalism with the limited goal of 'Home Rule' (rather than

complete independence and severance of the Union with Great Britain) politically effective at Westminster. Parnell's visit to America in 1879 and adoption of Land Redistribution demands (with rent strikes and 'boycotting' instead of violence as practical weapons) led the Clan to support him temporarily. Rossa's competitive violence with a new bombing campaign, however, forced the Clan to reject the parliamentary approach as well.

In 1880, Beach came to London and gave Anderson a full and somewhat damning account of Parnell's actions in America the previous year, including his private endorsement of complete independence as a political goal, and his private acknowledgement that Nationalist aims could not be achieved without violence. Of course, as Sinn Féin MPs from Constance Markievicz to Gerry Adams and Martin McGuinness have recognized, demanding complete independence from Britain is incompatible with making laws for England, Scotland and Wales, though a constitutional separatist may usefully win election to a seat he chooses not to use, thus cheating Unionists of an extra vote in Parliament. Parnell was having his cake and eating it: acting the pacific constitutional agitator for Home Rule within the Union when in England; declaring himself an independent separatist who condoned violence when appealing to firebrands in America. Anderson took and retained very full notes of this information.

In 1882 in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Irish Nationalists assassinated Lord Frederick Cavendish and Thomas Henry Burke, the new (Liberal) Chief Secretary and Permanent Undersecretary in the vice-regal government. Parnell denounced the murders. Liberal Home Secretary Sir William Harcourt appointed former Cyprus Police Chief Col. Henry Brackenbury to organize secret police work in Dublin, and ordered Anderson to cooperate with him in London. Before the year was out, Brackenbury had been replaced by Edward Jenkinson, previously private secretary to the Liberal viceroy, Lord Mayo.

Meanwhile, in Scotland Yard the Special Irish Branch, or Section D was established with Adolphus Williamson in command. He was to liaise daily with Anderson and send all reports to him. In 1883,



O'Donovan Rossa



Thomas Henry Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish, assassinated by Irish Nationalists in Dublin's Phoenix Park

however, Jenkinson was transferred to London and as a fellow-Liberal had the ear of Harcourt. He told him that Williamson was the only worthwhile man at Scotland Yard, and they agreed that Anderson was merely 'a second-class detective'. The reports from Williamson were re-routed to Jenkinson, who set about building up his own network of spies and informants. In 1884 Anderson was told that he was to have no further responsibility for Fenian activities in London. Although Beach continued to report to him and pointblank refused to trust anyone else in London, Anderson was officially downgraded to Secretary to the Prison Commissioners, and given a grant of £2,000 in 1886 to compensate him for the reduction of his salary. It was clearly Jenkinson's intent to establish himself as a permanent Liberal presence in the Home Office where Anderson had hitherto been a permanent Unionist presence.

Anderson found, however, a new ally in Scotland Yard when James Monro was appointed Assistant Commissioner in charge of the CID and set about building his own Special Irish Branch. Monro was disconcerted to find Jenkinson *in situ* with a spy ring that he refused to share. But like Anderson, Monro was an Irish Protestant millennialist and a firm Conservative Unionist. The two formed a friendship and cooperated to avoid being supplanted by Jenkinson. In the short run things went Jenkinson's way. A power struggle in the Clan-na-Gael led to increased bombing and a growing supply of increasingly high-level dissatisfied informants that included General Millen. Jenkinson also used a network of disaffected IRB members and *agents provocateurs* to promote subversive activities that he could then uncover, making arrests which impressed Sir William Harcourt. Even so, he overreached himself by his repeated failures to let Monro know where his spies were operating, and was reprimanded for this. Some authorities began to perceive Jenkinson as reckless and scandal-prone, and he became increasingly eccentric, adopting wigs and false whiskers to practice his own amateur sleuthing. But Lord Mayo still trusted him, and Jenkinson continued to send reports to him even when the Liberal administration was replaced by a Conservative one.

This happened in 1885 when the Conservatives adroitly outmanoeuvred Gladstone, winning Parnell's temporary support for a caretaker government with a promise to reduce the harsh coercion measures introduced in Ireland after the Phoenix Park murders. Conservative leader Lord Salisbury's secret hope, which succeeded, was that Gladstone would try to win back Irish support by promising Home Rule: a move that he correctly perceived would win a short-term election victory and a long-term split in the Liberal party. But in 1885 Jenkinson had already converted to Home Rule. He met Millen in France, and he tried unsuccessfully to persuade Salisbury that Home Rule was the only way to secure peace in Ireland. Salisbury was, however, very interested in retaining Millen as an informant, and his short-lived caretaker administration agreed that Millen should be given £100 down and a monthly stipend of £40.



Charles Stewart Parnell

In 1886 Gladstone and Parnell won the general election and the parliamentary approach to Home Rule was in the ascendancy. At this point the Metropolitan Police Commissionership fell vacant, and Jenkinson hoped to be appointed. It went, however, to the Liberal general Sir Charles Warren, who was just as disconcerted to find himself by-passed by Monro's secret Irish section reporting directly to the Home Secretary as Monro had been to find Jenkinson doing the same to him. Nonetheless, this was the year of Jenkinson's downfall. Rounding up 'the usual suspects' when an Irish threat to the Prince of Wales's life was reported, Monro uncovered Jenkinson's network of dissidents and barmaids, which he described as 'a school of private detectives working as rivals and enemies of Scotland Yard.' Liberal Home Secretary Hugh Childers told Jenkinson there were to be no more unofficial spies in London.

1887 was the year in which Anderson's alleged duplicity occurred. Gladstone's failure to get Home Rule past the House of Lords was followed by his defeat in the general election. Jenkinson was caught working behind Monro's back once again, and all his Home Office responsibilities were transferred by the Conservatives to Monro. Anderson was appointed Monro's "Assistant in Secret Work" at an increased salary, and was permitted to retain the £2,000 he had been awarded the previous year. Early in the year *The Times* began publishing a series of features called *Parnellism and Crime*. These were written by the journalist Wolf Flanagan, and included a letter purportedly from Parnell that approved the murder of Burke in Phoenix Park. Similar letters had appeared in a libel suit brought by an Irish Nationalist MP the previous year. All the letters had been supplied by Dublin journalist Richard Piggott. Despite Anderson's knowledge that Piggott was a shady

character, Anderson and Monro apparently agreed that the articles were useful, and Anderson subsequently claimed (while Monro denied) that in the course of their conversation Monro approved the idea that Anderson should reveal his knowledge of Parnell's activities and comments in America, gained from Beach in 1880.

In June 1887 Queen Victoria's 50th Jubilee was celebrated, and various newspapers reported that a plot to assassinate her with bombs planted in Westminster Abbey had been discovered. In fact, there were several groups with an interest in seeing a revived bomb scare or bombing incident. Sullivan, the Fenian Brotherhood and the diametrically opposed Conservative government all wanted parliamentary Irish Nationalism discredited, and evidence of continued terrorist plotting would go far to undermine Parnell's claim of peaceful constitutional politicking. Jenkinson hoped that bomb threats might force the Conservatives to agree that Home Rule was the only way to achieve peace in Ireland. O'Donovan Rossa always welcomed violent action. Conversely, the Parnellites and Gladstonian Liberals were desperate to avoid any more violence.

At this stage General Millen accepted money from at least three mutually conflicting sources. The British government was paying him as an informant. A would-be Clan leader called Alexander Sullivan paid him to negotiate with potentially violent parties in France. And a Fenian Brother called Patrick Cassidy paid him £500 to engineer a bomb outrage. Author Christy Campbell thinks it possible that Jenkinson also asked Millen to set up a spurious bombing incident that could be exposed.

Somebody in authority sent the recently retired Scotland Yard Inspector Johnson and his wife to strike up acquaintance with General and Mrs Millen in France and keep an eye on them. Mrs Johnson revealed later that she believed this person to be Anderson, though it might equally have been Jenkinson or agents of *The Times*, since the government was keeping that newspaper *au fait* with a good deal of the covert activity going on, relying on it to produce more anti-Parnellite propaganda as the occasion arose. Lord Salisbury's name on memoranda showing that he was aware of some contact with Millen is used by Christy Campbell to justify *Fenian Fire's* extraordinary and somewhat overstated subtitle: *The British Government Plot to Assassinate Queen Victoria*.



James Monro

Monro, after receiving reports of Fenian plotting in France, sent Adolphus Williamson to France to head off the conspirators, and was apparently genuinely astonished to discover that the principal bomb plotter, General Millen, was in Jenkinson's pay. Anderson, on the other hand, had received Millen's reports back in 1867, and knew perfectly well who he was. He may not have shared this information with Monro immediately, since there was a curious coda to the plot in October. An American called Joseph Cohen died in South London, and either because his landlady found it worth notifying the police, or because Millen or some other Fenian had betrayed him, the police watched his lodgings and arrested two men named Callan and Harkins who came to visit him and who proved to have smuggled dynamite into England. At Cohen's inquest Monro denounced him as the financier of the plot to bomb Queen Victoria's Jubilee. At the magistrate's court hearings on Callan and Harkins, Monro exposed Millen as the organizer. But at their high court trial the following year Millen's name was scrupulously withheld. This suggests that either he was still in British pay, or Anderson did not want his prior dealings with him to be known.

In the meantime Parnell bestirred himself to demand a Parliamentary Special Commission to investigate the libels in *The Times*. The Salisbury government decided to use the opportunity to discredit Irish nationalism. The start of the Special Commission coincided exactly with the Whitechapel murders, and may well explain the stress and 'overwork' that led Dr Gilbert Smith to prescribe rest in Switzerland for Anderson. He was to appear as a witness himself, and he had to avoid being exposed as author of some of the *Parnellism and Crime* articles at the same time as he avoided exposing any of the spies infiltrating the Fenians. In the first instance, however, there seemed no danger in naming Millen as a notorious dynamiter (whose plotting had never actually involved him in planting dynamite: an activity he claimed to deplore).

In December Beach offered to testify against Parnell for £10,000. According to Anderson he insisted on doing so, even though it would end his usefulness as a spy. Christy Campbell, however, believes that Beach's ambiguously worded letters indicate that Anderson was pressing him to testify. In the event, his testimony in February was a great success for the government. Few people doubted his claim that Parnell had privately advocated complete independence for Ireland and acknowledged the necessity for some violent campaigning. But it was immediately overshadowed by the exposure, confession, flight and suicide of William Piggott, the man who had forged the letters purporting to express Parnell's approval of one of the Phoenix Park murders. In a subsequent libel action *The Times* had to pay Parnell £5,000 damages, and history tends to have forgotten that Beach's accusations stuck and were accepted as findings against Parnell in the committee's final report. It has been suggested that Anderson might have made contact with Piggott in France, though to what end is not clear.

There was every possibility that the government might choose to produce Millen as another witness against Parnell and a distraction from the Piggott scandal. This, however, might have been embarrassing for Monro and Anderson after they had publicized his involvement in the Jubilee Plot. Still, Parnell's chief of intelligence, Michael Davitt, knew that Millen had accepted British pay and could have exposed the deviousness of the spymasters by revealing this knowledge. It seems that the Clan desperately wanted this covered up. Beach (under his pseudonym 'Henri le Caron') had been very close to Sullivan and other Clan leaders: it would have ruined their credibility if it became known that yet another spy had completely duped them for years. So everyone was quietly relieved when Millen, who seems to have hoped there might be lucrative pickings in becoming a Commission witness, died at his desk in the *New York World*. The pleasure it gives writers to say, 'apparently of a heart attack' disguises the fact that there is no evidence whatsoever of foul play.

Both Parnellites and Conservatives claimed to have 'won' their case before the Commission, but Parnell was destroyed within a year when Captain O'Shea named him as co-respondent in his divorce suit, and the nonconformist Liberal and devout Catholic votes essential to Parnell's political strength were withdrawn from him. Still, the Fenian troubles and succeeding Irish Question were so dominant in English politics for the next 30 years that Anderson's part in these affairs as revealed in his memoirs became the most highly publicised feature of his life, and hostile political comment has remained the principal source from which Ripperologists wishing to discredit him have drawn ammunition.



Thomas Miller Beach (aka Henri LeCaron)

Who Are We and How Did We Get Here? A Ripperology Introspection

By JENNIFER PEGG and DON SOUDEN

Methodology

We conducted a questionnaire over a three-month period this spring. This was a short survey of 17 questions that we constructed between us. This questionnaire was sent to respondents via email. We conducted a short pilot study with one person to test the questionnaire and found no problems (this response was included in the final analysis). Those given the questionnaire were in all cases responsible for returning them with the answers.

The questionnaire used a mixture of open and closed questions, allowing us to generate both statistical and qualitative data. This enabled us to both draw simple comparisons and make more complex observations. The use of qualitative data allowed us to let the respondents speak for themselves. The response rate was however, fairly high, (about 67 percent) despite the fact that we offered no rewards for filling in the survey and we did not systematically or extensively chase people for uncompleted forms. We respected the issues of confidentiality and anonymity at all times.

We were not setting out with a scientific hat on, but rather to make observations about the field. However, it is worth noting the following drawbacks; our study was only small scale, involving 34 respondents. Our survey sample was not random but was instead limited to people whose email addresses we knew (and also to people who had access to email). We also targeted people whom we ourselves perceived to be Ripperologists; this means an inevitable amount of personal bias was introduced into the field of potential respondents. However, we did make a conscious effort to be as inclusive as we could. Despite these drawbacks we feel the results of our survey are of interest.

'I'm a Man'—The Average Ripperologist

If you were to chance upon the average Ripperologist standing, say, at the bar at the Ten Bells, he wouldn't look any different than the rest of the patrons. Indeed, you might well introduce yourself, buy him a pint and as you began to chat you would take a closer look at your companion with an interest in Jack the Ripper. In addition to being male he would almost certainly be white, aged between 41 and 50 and probably British, though possibly an American. You would find that he is educated to degree level and is employed in some sort of white-collar job. He will admit to a 16-20 year interest in the Ripper case, with his interest beginning in the 1980s. And, if the conversation should stray in other areas, you would find the man has an interest in sports and music as well as an ability to converse entertainingly on topics that might range from history to coin collecting or woodworking. Surely, he would shatter many of the stereotypes you may have held about the genus Ripperologist.

'In the Beginning'

We wanted to write about ourselves, only not literally about ourselves. Rather, we wanted to find out more about Ripperologists as a group—both collectively and as individuals. We wanted to know: who they are, what they think, what they do, how they got here, why they stay here, how they act while here and ultimately what is it that makes them a Ripperologist? (It's a bit like trying to find the meaning of life it seems, only with Ripperology and that makes it much harder).

We realised that something that really fascinated us was what drove people to become Ripperologists in the first place and therefore if there were any common characteristics amongst them. We wondered, as well, if other Ripperologists think about Ripperology and Ripperologists as we do or, for that matter, if we thought like any other members of the field. Was there something about Ripperologists that made them noticeable and distinctive besides a seeming passionate interest in a decades old series of murders?

It seemed as if we spent vast hours of our lives with Ripperologists, emailing them, IM-ing with them, sometimes meeting up with them and communicating on internet message boards with many, many, Ripperologists. Yet for all this, we didn't feel we actually knew Ripperologists at all. Sure, we might know some Ripperologists extremely well, have their phone numbers, know the names of their children and pets, know some of their interests or jobs and genuinely like a significant amount of them. But, that didn't mean that we necessarily knew them in the way we wanted to investigate and we certainly didn't know why they were Ripperologists! We felt that there might be trends and patterns and tales to tell that could give some illumination upon the people with whom we seem to spend so much time.

We found an interesting, and in some cases unexpected, picture build up and emerge about Ripperologists as a group. We found that Ripperologists still fascinate us; in fact, they fascinate us more than at the start of our quest because our perceptions of them have altered significantly. The seventeen questions that we asked of our respondents covered a broad subject area from seemingly trivial life details, such as age, to more in-depth questions about their feelings toward others and their experiences within the field. We found the answers to these questions often surprised and delighted us, though sometimes they baffled us and sometimes even made us laugh. We hope that you will find them equally interesting—and possibly baffling as well.

‘What I Am’

We learnt some interesting statistical data about what makes up the Ripperology group from our respondents. *Figure 1* shows that 88 percent of respondents were male, while only 12 percent were female. It was also the case that 94 percent of respondents were white. Only one respondent fitted into a different category, whilst one chose not to answer (see *Figure 2*). Most of the respondents whom we questioned came from western industrialised nations, with the majority either British (38%) or American (a further 32%). Of the 9 percent of respondents with dual nationality, one held this jointly between Britain and Australia, one between Britain and Ireland and one between America and Britain. Only 3 percent of respondents (actually only one respondent) came from a country that would not appear to fit this general trend (see *Figure 3*). This means that people from minority ethnic backgrounds or from non-western countries do not appear to tend towards an interest in the field.

It might not seem surprising at first glance that the murders of a small number of London prostitutes in 1888 would provide limited appeal for those outside the Anglosphere or western Europe. Yet, as the *I Beg* section of this magazine proves every month, not only is ‘Jack the Ripper’ part of the global popular culture, but serial killings almost anywhere in the world are often compared to the Whitechapel murders of 1888. Moreover, in countries like Japan there is a strong interest in Victorian culture (Sherlock Holmes studies in particular). This global interest was not reflected in our sample; perhaps because this popular cultural interest has not been turned into a more sustained study of the particular events of 1888 by individuals. However, it could have more to do with the study’s admittedly narrow research base than reality and further studies may provide answers.

A cluster of Ripperologists is found in the 41-50 age bracket and this makes up 32 percent of our sample, whilst a further 29 percent are aged 51-60 (see *Figure 4*). When trying to understand the age of Ripperologists in a more broad sense it is possible to calculate that only 38 percent of the sample were over the age of 51, yet 71 percent of the sample were over the age of 41 and a mind blowing 91 percent of the sample were above the age of 31. Perhaps the clearest way of understanding all this is to say that 76 percent of respondents fall into the much wider age bracket 36-60. We were baffled as to why so many Ripperologists seemed to be over the age of 31 with a concomitant dearth of those in their 20s. We also wondered why the largest of our categories was for those aged 41-50. As it was, however, there did not appear to be a significant or noticeable correlation between the age of Ripperologists and the number of years that they had been interested in the case. Was it simply the case that for middle-aged men Ripperology provides some kind of intellectual fulfilment or was there a more underlining cause that meant being of a certain age enabled a deeper study of these crimes that is, after all, not a full-time occupation for most people? Perhaps it was just the case that without the added pressure of studying, starting family life, house buying, etc, in the 20s that more time became available for a sustained interest when people hit the big ‘Three-Oh’.

The majority of respondents held at least one degree, with 26 percent educated to degree level, a further 15 percent to MA/equivalent level and a further 9 percent holding a PhD (see *Figure 5*). There are some problems in

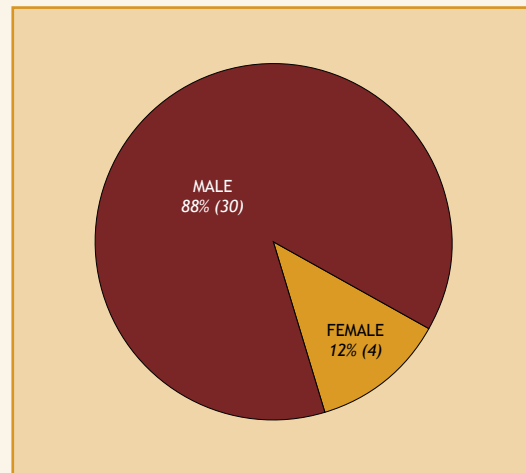


Figure 1: This graph shows the gender of our respondents

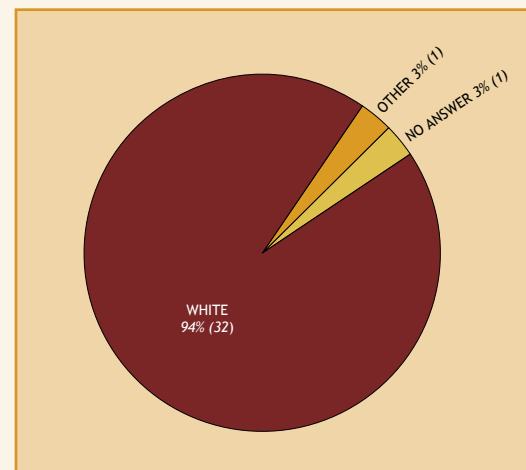


Figure 2: Here we can see the ethnic origin of those who took part reveals most respondents are white

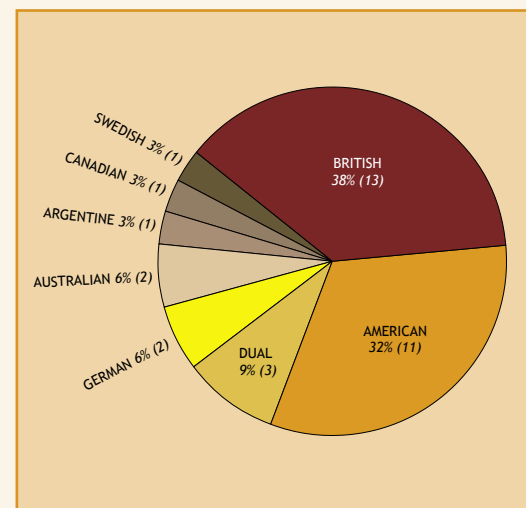


Figure 3: their nationality shows that most respondents come from western industrialised countries

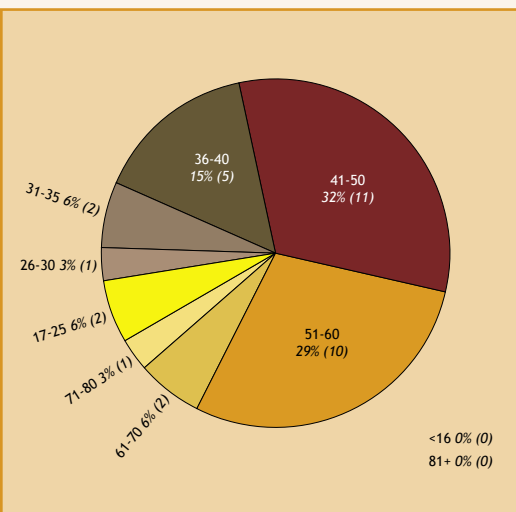


Figure 4: This breakdown of age reveals most respondents were over 31 years old

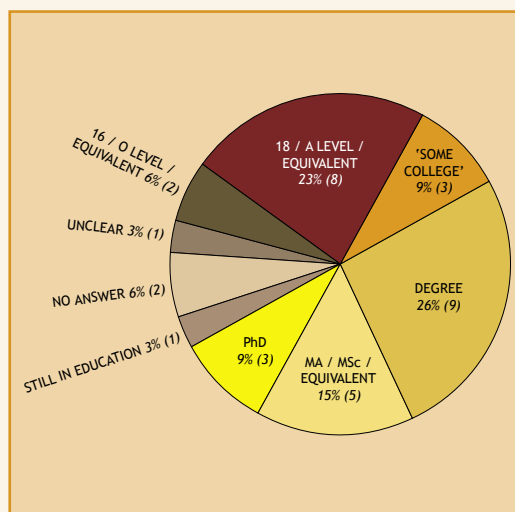


Figure 5: Most respondents were well educated

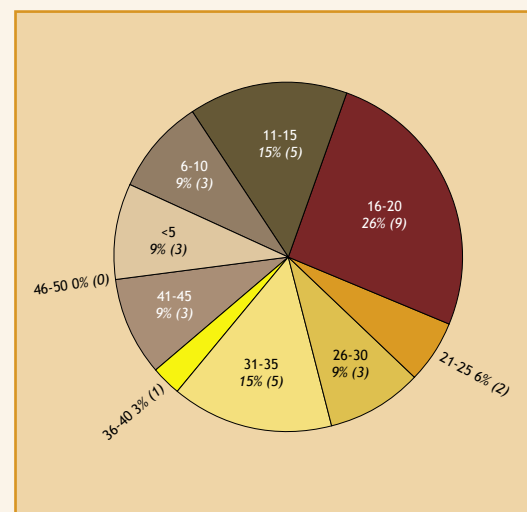


Figure 6a: This shows the number of years respondents have studied the case

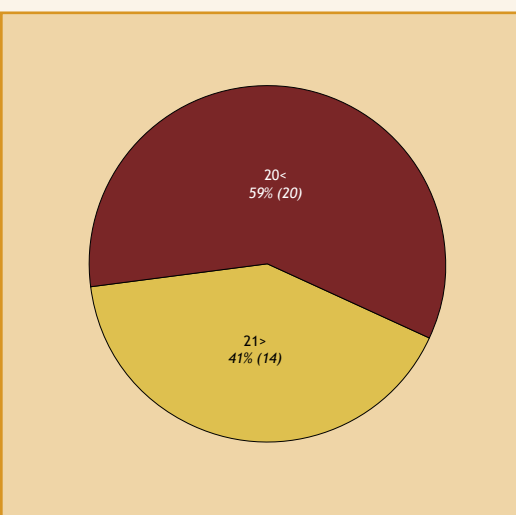


Figure 6b: This further breakdown reveals the amount of respondents whose interest spans over 21 years.

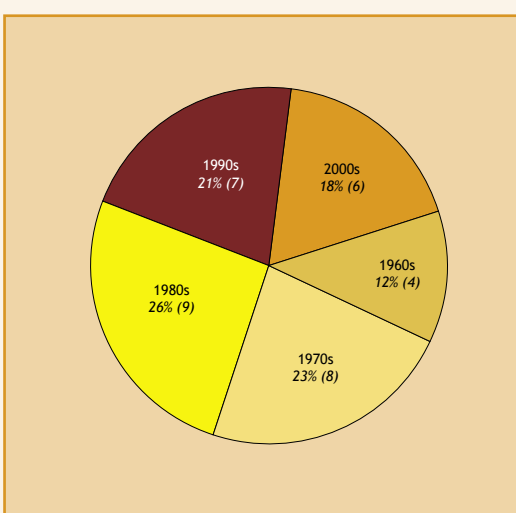


Figure 6c: The decades that our respondents first took an interest in the case

making meaningful understandings in terms of education below this level due to the differing schooling and exams in different countries. For example, the minimum age at which one can leave school in Britain is currently 16 and the GCSE examinations are taken at this point whilst in the USA you can leave school at 16, but there are no exams at that age. Instead, there is a strong cultural bias that one stay in school for the four years of high school (freshman, sophomore, junior and senior years) to receive a diploma, even among those who are not in the least academically inclined. In most US employment markets, except for the most menial jobs, a high school diploma is required.

A significant amount of respondents had an interest in the case of less than 20 years (59%). A major starting point for one's interest appears to have been around the Ripper centenary period (1988) with 26 percent having a 16-20 year interest in the case (see Figures 6a, 6b and 6c).

Our respondents had a variety of jobs without any seeming common connection, although there did seem to be a slant towards white-collar work or what might be considered more middle-class jobs (unsurprising considering the level of education of respondents). The only slight trends were that four respondents worked in IT, four were retired, four listed 'writer' as at least part of their occupation and an additional two were civil servants. The largest answer in this category came from those who did not wish to divulge their jobs (five respondents) (see Figure 7).

We asked people to tell us what some of their interests outside of Ripperology were. We ended up with a list of 54 different interests (see Figure 8), that just goes to show what a variety of other fascinating pastimes and interests Ripperologists enjoy and just what else there is out there to occupy one's time that fits well with an interest in Ripperology! With this in mind we did note that 16 respondents listed some kind of sporting interest (either participating in or just watching sports), 14 had an interest in music, 10 in reading/literature and an unsurprising 9 in history, making these the top other-interests amongst respondents. We were however, amazed by the variety of interests on show from antiques to the sea, from chess to convivial drinking and from woodworking to ballistics; it seemed to us that Ripperologists took on a vast range of other interests.

'Who Do You Think I Am?'

A question that we thought might engender some controversy, "How would you define a Ripperologist", instead produced something of a consensus. For most of our respondents a Ripperologist is someone who makes a "serious study of the case". Time and again we got answers like:

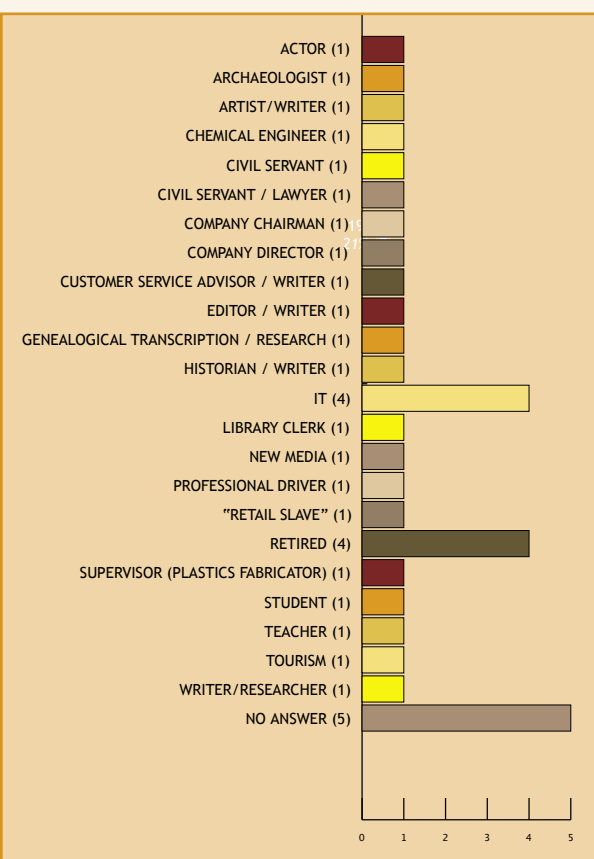


Figure 7: What Ripperologists do for work

- *I think the term carries the burden of intensive study...*
- *Someone who is serious about studying the facts of the case and hopefully will bring something new...*
- *A true Ripperologist is someone who takes a serious interest in the case...*
- *Anyone who genuinely studies the case.*
- *Someone who has an interest in the case and makes an effort to improve our knowledge of the case.*
- *Someone who strives to understand the case in all its ramifications...*
- *Someone who makes a serious study of the Whitechapel murders.*
- *Anyone who cares to dig below the surface of the myths and misconceptions.*
- *One whose interest in the Whitechapel murders is deep, sincere and obsessive—or nearly so...*

A few saw the situation as being a little more complex. One respondent wrote that a Ripperologist is 'Anyone who has an interest in multiple aspects of the case which is serious enough for them to conduct research, generate theories and get involved in discussions.' Another divided the field, as Caesar did Gaul, into

three parts:

[T]hose who want to solve the case, those who see the Ripper crimes as a lens into a larger study of Victorian London (and don't give a whit who he was) and those who simply love the mythology and modern cultural traditions that have sprung up about Jack.

Another respondent cast Ripperologists into three categories much more succinctly as 'dedicated researchers, historians or nutbags.'

One person who answered our questionnaire wrote an extended and eloquent essay on the question that might almost have qualified as an article in itself. Still, quoting one short paragraph should give some of the flavor at least:

It seems to me that we ought to be historians seeking to understand this particular point in history and all of its aspects, the events that shaped the time, and all of the consequences and benefits that flowed from it. Instead of trying to solve an unsolvable case, we ought to seek historical context, documentation, and restoration as best we can.

Finally, there were several invidious answers that defined 'real Ripperologists' by suggesting that they are quite unlike certain notorious individuals in the field. Lots of fun, but unfortunately the dictates of taste and the laws of libel will keep those answers our secret. However, there was one person who said a Ripperologist is 'someone who knows his Harris from his Rumbelow.' And finally, there was the perceptive respondent who defined a Ripperologist as the 'Top mag in the field!'

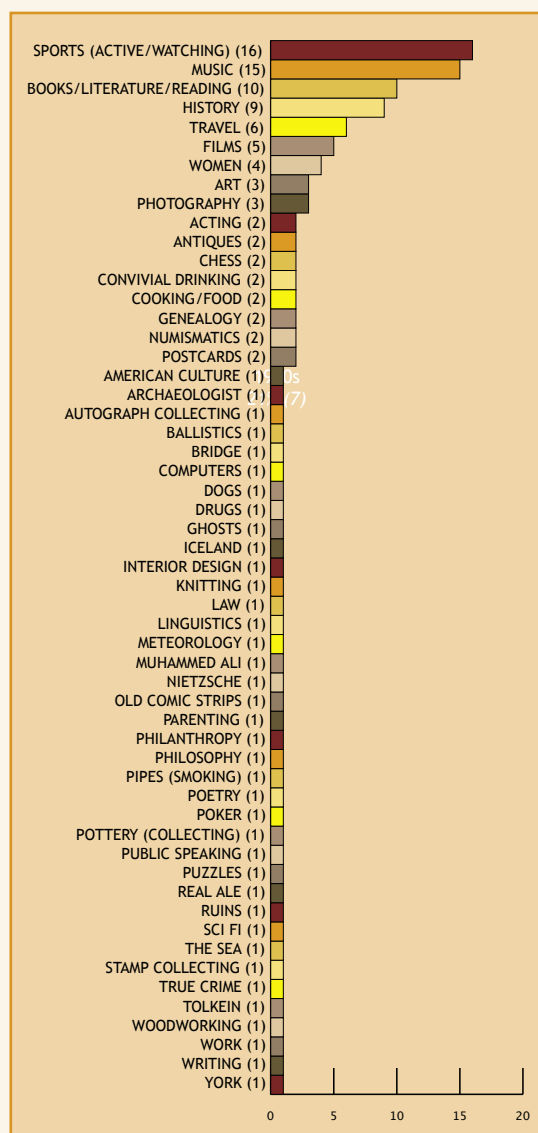


Figure 8: The varied interests of Ripperologists

'Light My Fire'

We are advised in *As You Like It* that 'sweet are the uses of adversity' and as far as the making of Ripperologists is concerned that may be a surprisingly apt aphorism. And no, so far as we know, none of our respondents found a jewel in a toad's head or heard 'sermons in stones' but more than a third of them were turned on to Ripperology because of books or movies that the "in crowd" consider feeble fare at best.

The *bête noire* of almost everyone in the field, Patricia Cornwell, and her book that fingers Walter Sickert, *Portrait of a Killer*, was responsible for luring two people into the fold. Stephen Knight's exercise in Royal conspiracy silliness *Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution* netted three more respondents, the much reviled Maybrick Diary first piqued the interest of an additional duo and another respondent simply ascribed his original interest to 'a very bad book' he was too embarrassed to name. Finally, the quite entertaining if factually flawed movie *Murder by Decree* was the Ripperology catalyst for yet three more people.

Bearing out the notion that Ripperologists are generally verbally oriented, seven other, more respected, authors and their books received credit for sparking an interest in Jack the Ripper. They were Don Rumbelow's *The Complete Jack the Ripper*, *The Identity of Jack the Ripper* by Donald McCormick, *Autumn of Terror* by Tom Cullen, *The Meaning of Murder* by John Brophy, *Jack the Ripper in Fact and Fiction* by Robin Odell, *Jack the Ripper* by Dan Farson, and *The Mystery of Jack the Ripper* by Leonard Matters. A further two respondents credited articles in true crime magazines for turning them on to Jack.

Aside from books and films, however, there were no truly unifying themes. Rather, the answers included such things as a Jack the Ripper walking tour, the shock of seeing the Mary Jane Kelly photograph, a great-grandfather's peripheral involvement, research on another topic entirely, publicity about the 'Reign of Terror's' centennial, the culmination of years of interest in famous crimes and plain old 'word of mouth.'

One interesting note, however, is that while we were disappointed by our relatively poor response rate from female Ripperologists and there is a perceived under-representation of women in the field, five of our respondents did report

their interest was sparked because of women. In two cases aunts first told them the story of Jack the Ripper and for a third person the tale was "told by my Nan" and all those women did it sufficiently well to have a lasting effect. In another instance it was a girlfriend who got her companion interested and while the relationship foundered the fires of Ripperology remained (which may or may not have been a worthwhile swap). Finally, it was a mother's true crime magazines and a story about Jack that kindled interest for a fourth person.

In summary, it would seem that we might be too quick to condemn some of the fantastically popular and incredibly inaccurate Ripper tomes available. They may be the literary equivalent of junk food that satisfies the hunger of most, but for those with an inquiring mind and palate they can serve as the starting point for a more nourishing Ripperological diet.

'I Only Have Eyes For You'

Question 16 asked if those in our survey had any interest in other true crimes besides those in Whitechapel in 1888 and the respondents were pretty much split evenly, with a certain amount of fudging on either side. That is, people were either quite faithful to solely studying the Ripper crimes or were quite happy reading about any number of other murderers and miscreants. Indeed, we received several very simple answers on the order of "Yes!" or No!" (See *Figures 9a and 9b*).

Several of those, however, who liked to 'play the field,' so to speak, were quite expansive about their true-crime interests. Like the person who wrote:

Yes, I read up on the more famous ones (Berkowitz, Ridgeway, BTK, Zodiac, Bundy, Dahmer, Chikatilo, etc.). My favourite non-JTR crime books are Peter Vronsky's Serial Killers: The Definitive History of the Phenomenon of Serial Murder and Ann Rule's The Stranger Beside Me.

Another with wide-ranging interests replied 'Yes. Black Dahlia, the Wallace Case, the Cleveland Torso murders, etc.' A third simply threw out the challenge 'Name one I haven't studied!'

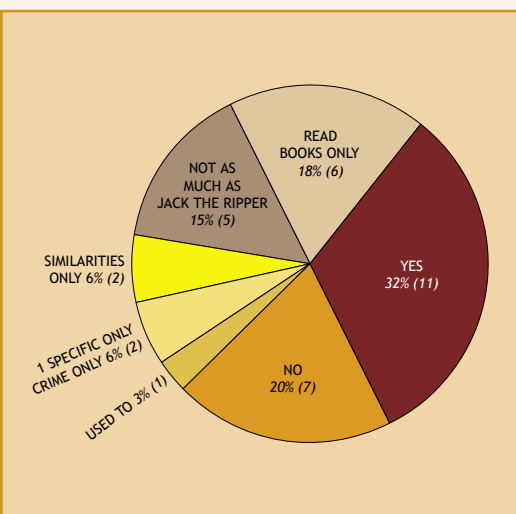


Figure 9a: Attitudes towards studying true crimes in general

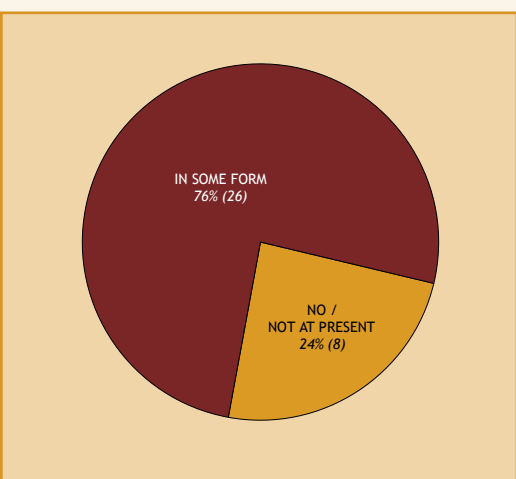


Figure 9b: Whether respondents study other true crimes

Others were more limited in their crime interests beyond the Ripper and gave answers like 'D.B. Cooper'; 'Yes, the Armstrong poisoning case', and 'The Ratcliffe Highway murder. Otherwise I can't stand murder and mayhem.'. Finally, there were several with regional interests; two answered they were only interested in German murders, another replied 'Yes. National and local Swedish crimes' and a fourth wrote 'Yes, mostly the British variety: bodies buried in the garden rather than strewn over the countryside'.

Those who eschewed any interest in true crimes besides those by JtR tended to be much less verbose, settling for replies like 'Not any more', 'Can't say I do', 'Not as rule' or 'Nope', though one did explain 'No. Murderers tend to be boring people.' Still, even among those with little or no interest some think that the study of other crimes could help to explicate the Ripper murders. This viewpoint was neatly summed up by one respondent as follows: 'Not really. BUT I rather think that keys to the personality of the Ripper may be found in studies of modern serial killers'.

Looking a little deeper into the answers revealed no significant correlation between those who do or do not study crimes besides Jack the Ripper and their age, sex or occupation. Besides, that is, the slight correlation—for the obvious reason—between age and those who suggested they no longer had an interest in other crimes. But otherwise, it would seem Ripperologists study other crimes solely on personal whim.

'You Just Keep Me Hanging On'

Becoming interested in Jack the Ripper is one thing, but sustaining that interest over many years (80% in our sample have been involved for ten or more years) is something quite different and our ninth question sought to explore that phenomenon. Nor did the answers disappoint as they provided several insights into Ripperology. Generally, the answers seemed to fall into two categories, with a certain amount of overlap between the two.

As might be expected, the puzzle aspect of a series of murders that have remained unsolved for nearly a dozen decades animated many. As one person wrote 'This is a classic mystery that has challenged people for over a century'. These sentiments were echoed by another respondent who said 'The mystery and imagination of the whole thing, refuelled occasionally by the publication of good Jack the Ripper books'. Finally, a third person was a lot blunter about the mystery aspect and wrote in no uncertain terms 'Why the solution has been kept from us. There must be a good reason.'

Along with the enduring questions about the murders, the prospect of new information sustained interest for many. This viewpoint was neatly expounded by a respondent who said 'There are always new things to discover, more parts of this ever fascinating but incomplete—and perhaps insolvable—jigsaw to be found.' Those sentiments were mirrored by another who wrote that the lure was 'the constant retrieval unknown documents that still seem to be able to be found that always add an extra piece to the puzzle.'

For still others, it was the overall learning experience, not just about Jack but the entire social milieu of the area and age and we received many answers like 'learning more' and 'the prospect of finding out something new'. One respondent explained his continuing interest to be a result of 'the social history context and the constant new revelations about the people there'. Indeed, another in the sample saw his focus changing: 'Over the years this [JtR interest] has turned into a general fascination with Whitechapel and Spitalfields'.

From our samples it would seem that there is a burgeoning interest in the social history of the era at the expense of the old nuts and bolts whodunit approach. In fact, several respondents made that quite plain. One wrote 'NOT suspect theories' and another chimed in 'I'm really beginning to dislike suspect theory'. Those last points of view are not apt to deter authors and publishers, but with the richness of reasons for sustained interest in Ripperology the opportunities for different approaches to the subject seem bright.

'Help!'

It was no great surprise that the one question that caused the greatest amount of uncertainty and ambivalence among respondents was that which asked whether there was generally cooperation or non-cooperation within the field. If nothing else it is better it was that question that so few were so sure about than, say, gender identification. As it was, only six percent felt that there was overall real cooperation among Ripperologists, 26 percent felt quite strongly there was a real lack of collegiality and nearly two-thirds—65 percent—felt that both answers applied to a greater or lesser extent (see *Figure 10*).

Amongst those who felt the field was marked by cooperation was a respondent who wrote 'I would say it's a cooperative atmosphere for the most part. It's getting better every day'. Those sentiments were more than echoed by another who opined 'The levels of cooperation are impressively high. Many selfless people try to help others and answer queries'. Still, as we have indicated, those with a high regard for the cooperation among Ripperologists were in a distinct minority.

In contrast, those who saw no cooperation pulled no punches in their disdain for what they considered the boorish behaviour of many. One respondent likened the situation to a classroom with '...friends, helpers and a high proportion of bawling brats. It saddens me to see people I assume to be intelligent and mature prove they are anything but'. Another was even blunter, writing 'In a word—uncooperative. There are too many people who are tunnel-visioned and will not accept anyone else's theories or ideas'. Further, those who felt there were no discernible areas of cooperation were particularly disdainful of behaviour on the various forums message boards and, in some cases, of the behaviour of certain individuals.

The vast majority, however, found elements of both cooperation and non-cooperation. As one respondent neatly summed it up:

On a par with any other field. You have people who are helpful, spiteful, mature, immature, egocentric, selfless, etc. It runs the gamut. Unfortunately, it's the a-holes who generally get the most attention (same as in any other field).

Another person felt that things were:

generally good on personal levels... Unfortunately you can't avoid nasty and weird people... and quick money-makers with silly theories... Too many personal attacks involved.

This good/bad theme came up many times, as with 'There are a lot of helpful people in the field. However, there is a strong attitude of rivalry among some and that is not healthy'. One respondent felt that '[t]he helpful cooperation of Ripperologists is the most pleasing aspect of Whitechapel research' only to add 'Ripperologists who compulsively initiate public disagreement...deserve no respect or financial support'. Indeed, one respondent succinctly summed up the situation as 'The good, the bad and the ugly'. We did not do a follow-up to determine just who fit into the third category.

As we have said, most of those who answered the questionnaire found there was considerable cooperation among Ripperologists, at least on a personal level. As one person put it 'I think the best cooperation and sharing of information is happening behind the scenes...' Unfortunately, however, most also found a great degree of rancour and hostility on message boards. In fact, a sub-theme to this question that emerged was the many negative comments about feuds and out-right 'flame wars' occurring on the various Ripper message boards.

A goodly number, however, felt that the situation within Ripperology was no worse than in other fields of study. Nonetheless, there may be more than just conflicting opinions at work. As our sample shows, Ripperologists tend to be well educated—more than 50 percent with college degrees—and nearly 80 percent have studied the subject seriously for more than ten years. Alas, very few, if any, Ripperologists ever make a dime out of their efforts and the only real reward would seem to be the satisfaction of *being right*—or at least arguing as strongly as possible that you are *right* and anyone who disagrees is a fool at best. And that, of course, is a perfect recipe for vehement discord.

Finally, though, we would like to say that our personal experience with this study revealed a truly heartening level of cooperation, support and even encouragement from our fellow Ripperologists. We only had one flat refusal to participate while the majority of those who replied did so promptly and thoroughly. Even among those who did not answer the questionnaire quite a few explained they were unable to do so for reasons that included the pending deployment to Afghanistan, being in the middle of a move and no longer having a working computer of their own.

'End of the Road'

Over the course of the last few months while developing the survey behind this article and then conducting and analysing it we have had a lot of fun finding out more about our fellow Ripperologists. We are grateful to everyone who took the time to answer the questionnaire and thereby prove that sometimes Ripperologists do co-operate quite willingly with each other!

At the outset of this quest to 'know' Ripperologists we weren't sure what to expect (although Jennifer expected Ripperologists would turn out to be weird, which was after all a bit rich!). How wrong that was, but it is probably the assumption of many people outside of the field too. After all, if one did not really know any of us one might feel a borderline obsession with a 120-year-old murder mystery was not something undertaken by people who are 'normal' (still who wants to be normal!) In actual fact Ripperologists seem distinctly normal; they are in general well-educated, middle-aged men, and they could even be sitting next to you right now—oh wait you are one!

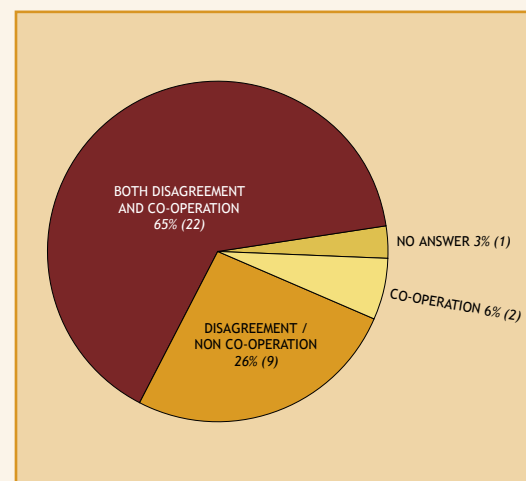


Figure 10: How Ripperologists feel about co-operation within the field

The people surveyed had a lot of varied interests and occupations and this was coupled with a general desire for co-operation and disdain towards those who were generally responsible for creating a climate of hostility in places like message boards. This surely means that if people could get over their disagreements something very fruitful might be brought to the table by their combined wisdom and experience.

We feel that this survey yielded interesting results, but equally we feel that rather than having all our questions answered we found new ones. Perhaps there were areas that we had missed asking about that we should have and perhaps there were follow-up questions to some of those advanced that could be asked and further insights gained. If we had asked other Ripperologists or different people had responded might our conclusions have been different? Possibly. As it is, although we feel we know our fellow Ripperologists better and can now be a lot less judgmental about them by basing our understanding on facts instead of preconceptions, we still find that Ripperologists and their seemingly outwardly normal state fascinate us greatly and we want to know more!

Acknowledgments

We want to thank everyone who took part in our survey, we really are grateful that you took the time to help us out.

Ripper Awkwardness

Among the questions we asked was "do you find it awkward explaining your interest in the case to friends or family"? Ripperologists are evidently hardy souls and by just about 2-1 reported no problems sharing an interest in JtR. However, among those who did report difficulties these were some of the more amusing answers.

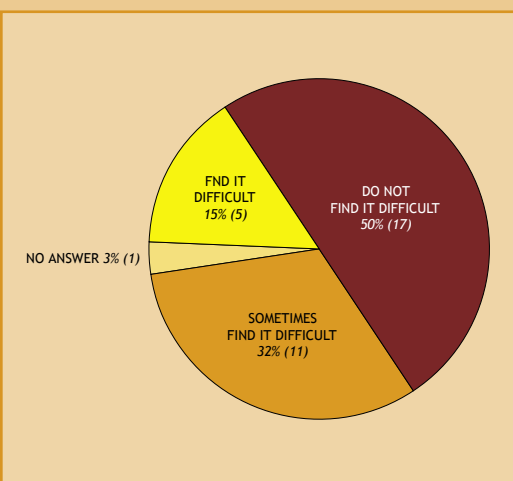


Figure 11: The way respondents feel when they explain their interest in the Jack the Ripper murders

Sometimes... Oddly enough, my ex-next door neighbour found out only last year about my interest in JtR and looked at me as if I was some unbelievably sordid pervert.

Yes. I usually end up saying I'm interested in the 'history of crime'.

Mind you, I tend not to wear my interests like a badge of office, so not too many people know. I have had one or two odd looks, though, but I'm used to that by now—and not just in connection with Ripperology either!

Very. Are you kidding? The average person in the States is interested in Victorian London because most of us are Anglophiles, but when they hear "Ripper", they'll associate you with someone who mutilates women. If you're speaking with an academic... forget about it. Mention that you're writing about the Ripper, you'll put yourself a disadvantage straight taway.

I seem to remember someone asking me my interests, and I said "Jack the Ripper. I want to know who he was." Then I said "Do you know who he was???" They took a couple of steps back and assured me that they didn't.

Sometimes. It has made introductions to girlfriends' parents a bit of a sticky chore.

My dad thinks I'm crazy (he says I'm a serial-killer in training!), my mom loves the mutual interest. Some of my friends think it's cool, others think it's strange/creepy...but I don't really mind what they think.

Anecdotes

Hoping for a few laughs, one our of survey questions asked for funny personal anecdotes. Here are some of the better answers.

Yeah, when I did most of my writing... at a place called 'The Italian Club' that I used to frequent after work and get stuck into writing articles with a stack of books and photos etc. One day an Italian bloke came over to me and his curiosity got the better of him and he asked what I was writing about. I told him I was writing about unsolved murders and he said "So you like murder, come and join my friends". I politely declined the offer and was later told by the management that some of these guys were involved with Mafia 'families' and not to get involved with them.

A hideous old woman sitting on the steps of Fournier Street once yelled out "What are you looking at, you lanky c**t!" as I was conducting a brief tour of the murder locale for friends.

I once searched throughout the United States for the great granddaughter of San Francisco Police Chief Patrick Crowley, and when I found her she was living less than three blocks from my mom's house! Unfortunately, her household didn't have the Crowley-Anderson correspondences from the autumn of 1888.

I had my bag searched, every image on my camera viewed, and my purpose in life questioned in great detail by two police officers dressed like they were part of a SWAT team, because I took several pictures of the Leman Street Police Station.

Don't know if it's funny, or much of an anecdote really, but I have noted the expressions on some people's faces change dramatically from "genuinely impressed" that I recently had an article published in a magazine, to a perfect mime of "get me outta here!" when I tell them that the piece was about the wounds inflicted on Jack the Ripper's victims.

Once a student assistant asked what I was about with the microfiche reader (I'd been coming in regularly over a long period and using equipment that hadn't been used for a while), I told him that I was working on an article for Ripperologist. He heard "Ripper" and literally ran away! He just made an about-face and scooted away. I've heard that you can chat up women by telling them that you're a Ripperologist but I don't believe it. Most I know would spray you with mace.

I have a collection of arms, including antique guns, swords, knives, and bayonets and was once trying to work out a feature of a Ripper murder with some friends. I got one of my older knives out and started to describe how it could have been used to address our dilemma, and when I looked around to watch how they reacted, I had to break out laughing. Everyone had moved their chairs back from the table...

When in college a criminology professor asked me to grade some Jack the Ripper papers that were submitted in one of his courses. One of them was a copy-and-paste job of the Casebook's "Introduction" and I informed the professor... of course the kid flunked the paper. What luck eh? Of all the websites in all the world, he chose to plagiarize from the one owned by the guy who was grading his paper.

I often get friends and family members buying me books based on the Yorkshire Ripper, or referring me to upcoming programmes on him. I never have the heart to tell them they've got the wrong guy. I normally just say, "Awesome! That's great. Thanks very much!"

During a TV interview in the 1960s, I saw the interviewer's autocue which was headlined, Jack the Kipper. I think it was a ploy to test the interviewee's nerve!

What are your views?

Send us your comments or anecdotes
to contact@ripperologist.info

Photographing Miller's Court

By WILLIAM MICHAEL

Gaslamps, fish & chips and pit stops in Ripperland

I ultimately grew quite fond of George. Back in 1952, he gurgled and gargled and grumbled unlike the other discreetly hissing gas lamps encircling Queen's Gardens. He stood outside the door of my ground floor bedsitter and helped guide me back to safety on the night of the Great Fog days after my arrival in London.

The Great Fog descended on London on 4 December 1952, a little more than a month after the 64th anniversary of Mary Jane Kelly's demise. Only a few days new to London, I was not aware that fog this thick was neither commonplace nor a diabolical conspiracy and despaired of ever surviving my tour of duty as a United States Navy photographer. But I still ventured out into it in search of a cultural experience, i.e., a pub. I promptly started coughing and, unable to even see my feet in the improbable mist, was forced to retreat after repeatedly straying off the pavement or colliding with a building. Dear old George's aural guidance led me back home again, 'back' no longer self-evident when fog obscured all sense of direction.

The Great Fog did not fully dissipate for nearly a week but abated enough for me to start exploring my curious new surroundings the next day, traversing streets dotted with occasional bomb craters or the shells of buildings whose interiors had been cored by 'Jerry' bombs or missiles. Everywhere strange sights and sounds and smells! Shoes and chocolate were still rationed, and plenty of street parking was always available for often pre-war, feebly engined saloon cars and spring-forked vintage motorcycles on which lumbering, sagging, swaying 2-adult sidecars were often hung. Predecimal coinage, including the occasional farthing, had quickly become clinking ballast in a trouser pocket. Ubiquitous shops dispensed coarsely battered fish with coarsely cut chips, all served on newspaper and exotically laced with vinegar by the natives. (The vinegar-doused chips were not too bad, but I never worked up enough courage to try the whelks or the jellied eels.) And a man without a face, a battle-seared veteran of the recent Great War, sold newspapers in Piccadilly Circus.

A bookshop in nearby Praed Street across from St Mary's Hospital had bins of stock parked outside. Inspecting the mouldering titles one day, hoping, of course, to find some tome of intellectual distinction rather than one of the vaguely naughty titles in which the store specialised, I spotted a paperback copy of *Jack the Ripper* by Leonard Matters originally published in 1929. The pages were foxed, yellowed and printed on self-destructing chlorine-bleached newsprint. It had no copyright information or publication date, but the marvellous *The Jack the Ripper Handbook* by Ross Strachan subsequently advised me that this edition had been published in 1948. Two shillings was the price on the cover, but I bought it for a 'bob' (5p in today's money, to the predecimally challenged). I still have it.

I read the book with great fascination. I had *heard* of Jack the Ripper, of course, but knew nothing about him. So immensely curious I set off for Whitechapel on my next day off, accompanied by a *Premier Map of London and Suburbs* (Geographers' Map Co Ltd, purchased for 7 shillings and sixpence). It unfolded into a great lateen sail-like expanse of paper when I consulted it in making my way to the East End on foot from Paddington. It was evidently an ordinance survey map compiled years before I bought it. Durward Street was still Buck's Row, Henriques Street was still Berner Street and Miller's Court could be discerned off a street still called Dorset Street. Only after periodically retreating to one of the many pubs, large and mostly small, I passed along the way, was I able to conveniently consult Matters and my map, unfurling it onto one of the universally dark brown, almost black tables found there. I daringly lubricated

myself at these pit stops with half pints of a tepid, watery, partly cloudy liquid called 'bitter.' It was not actually very bitter or very beerish, compared to the fizzy, frigid American lager to which I was accustomed. But, going native, I forced myself to down the stuff anyway. And my 19-year-old, perpetually famished stomach even survived frequent complementary encounters with thick-crustured meat pies of dubious antiquity at these stop, invariably served by buxom, good-natured, middle-aged barmaids who startlingly called me 'Luv.'

I finally found Mitre Square, after passing St Paul's, rising improbably from a sea of rubble and flattened terrain on every side, and other famous places (the Bank of England failed to impress) but was uncertain where Catharine Eddowes had been killed in that place much changed since 1888. My memory of Church Passage, the route I took when leaving Mitre Square, is of deep gloom. Literally only a narrow 'tunnel' in those distant times with no buildings opening onto it, it was dank and dark even in daylight. I knew that the Ripper and Catharine may have passed that way. The eerie thought crossed my mind that a nearly 90-year old Jack might still be alive, hobbling his way through Ripperland, no longer consumed by the passions of younger years but still a menace, even to a 6 ft 2 in., 15-stone non-unfortunate like myself whose weight and height had surged improbably after the Navy had got him into the agreeable habit of eating three times a day - every day. However, with evasive skills and instincts honed by survival in the south Bronx ghetto of my birth and conditioned by the motto: 'Cowards live to flee another day,' I assumed I would be able to outrun the old codger if he did mount an assault. He never did!

Aldgate had not been developed into the present swirl of roadworks, and I followed one of the two probable routes the murderer must have taken from Mitre Square to Goulston Street, depositing the only piece of physical evidence the Ripper ever left behind beneath the infamous graffito and apparently taking an inordinate amount of time to do so.

In 1952, there was no 'Banglatown' of course, as yet. No colourful Whitechapel market. No National Front to march the streets of Tower Hamlets. The old BBC Light Programme served up indispensable solace and entertainment on the 'wireless' in shows like *The Archers* (still going strong after 55 years, now on Radio 4), *The Goon Show* (continually being rerun somewhere in the world since the 1950's) and *The Charlie Chester Show* (Charlie who?). Sigh!

A London saddlemaker in a narrow, archaic shop on the corner of Oxford Street and North Audley Street opposite Marks & Spencer had made a lovely, suede-lined leather case for my bulky 5 x 4 in. Crown Graphic camera (Fig. 1), arguably the greatest press and field camera of all time. Ubiquitous in its day! But I kept it firmly holstered as I timidly passed through Whitechapel and Spitalfields, too shy on this and later trips to extract it and document the scenes with professional grade photographs. There was much shabbiness in the streets, and although impeccably and tweediiy attired in products newly purchased from 'Burtons - the Tailor of Taste,' including exotic cuffless trousers without belt loops and a draughty duffel coat, I felt impossibly out of place, dark skinned in a sea of pale faces, glared at, the subject of seemingly resentful stares by cloth-capped men with long scarves covering the necks of collarless shirts, men whose unfamiliar body language seemed to make them radiate the villainy and hostility the more affluent often perceive in the less affluent. Yet, I could not stop for a minute, struggling with the unruly map and a crumbling *Matters*, without one of the 'villains' approaching me, a bobbing, reeking, 'fag' glued to his lower lip, and cordially enquiring: "'Ere, wha's up, mite? Whatcha lookin' for?" (or semi-intelligible words to that effect).

Somehow, I never found my way to Miller's Court on this initial excursion into Ripperland. But I still recall approaching the faintly ominous, derelict Board School, being forced to thread my way through the detritus-strewn road and the cluttered, open space on the building's west side. One sofa, too stained, too torn, too ill-used to be salvageable had been dumped there along with other rubbish. Entering Buck's Row, I found only the shell of Essex Wharf on the north side. All the land in the *waste market* (as it had been called) between Vallance Road and Brady Street and stretching all the way to the disused Jewish Cemetery to the north had been completely flattened. I later found out that a V2 rocket had struck the Hughes Mansions in Vallance Road, the location of 'Fort Vallance,' the home, then unbeknownst to me, of those notorious gangsters, the Kray twins. The brothers and I were the same age, and their naughtiest days still lay ahead. The rocket had plummeted noiselessly out of the sky in 1945, killing 120 people, but it seemed unlikely that 'Jerry' rockets or bombs could have wreaked such perfect, seemingly bulldozed havoc. I never discovered what did. Nor was I ever able to find the heart to unleash my camera on this sad and dreary scene!



FIG. 1: An American-made Crown Graphic press and field camera from about 1955.

The stretch of pavement where Cross and Paul discovered the body of Nichols was drearily mundane and did not invite the deployment of a flashy camera, especially in the presence of several 'sullen' locals who had paused to see what this 'blackfella' was up to. As I recall it, the row of cottages on the south side of Buck's Row still looked shabbily respectable. Was it possible that Jack the Ripper, now degraded and debased by old age, had been living in one of those houses all along?

My interest in Jack the Ripper waned for a time but was rekindled years later by the appearance of several authoritative books on the case and publication of the Miller's Court photographs. There was always something about the photographs which made my photographer's nose tickle. Having 'messed about' with photography in various ways since about 1947 and being a graduate of the US Navy's Photography School in Pensacola, Florida, and a subsequent professional photographer, I've used and misused virtually every kind of photographic equipment and camera type there is - from my first plastic Box Brownie to view cameras, aerial cameras with front elements as big as dinner plates to professional-grade digital SLR's and Mitchell 16 mm movie rigs, etc. - for about 60 years. Not to mention almost every kind of image storage material from microfilm spy strips to 200 ft. rolls of 18 x 9 in aerial film in black & white, colour and infrared, everything from glass plates to digital 'film' (memory cards), and flash powder to electronic flash. Not to mention photogrammetry, photointerpretation, photo repair and retouching! I also proved the accuracy of the adage 'If you can screw up (*in photography*), you will sooner or later' - and I *did*.

With time and further study, I became curious about how the Miller's Court pictures were taken.

McLaughlin's The First Jack the Ripper Victim Photographs

However, it was not until the good people at Rupert Books helped me track down a copy of Robert J McLaughlin's splendid but hard-to-find *The First Jack the Ripper Victim Photographs* that I was able to take a closer look at some of the many different versions of the now familiar bed photograph of Mary Jane Kelly all in a single publication. (Unfortunately in its original printing, only 300 copies of Mr McLaughlin's book were printed, and they were quickly sold out everywhere.) Included was a reproduction of the sepia print of the famous photograph discovered by Donald Rumbelow. McLaughlin used the designation MJK 1 and 2 for the different versions in his book. He was good enough to send me a 10 x 8 in. enlargement of the photograph showing the victim on the bed. For the sake of simplicity, I shall henceforth refer to this view as 'MJK1.'

McLaughlin also published the second surviving Miller's Court photograph, i.e. the angled shot taken from a position between the bed and partition and aimed across Kelly's body towards the bedside table. Like MJK1, it has been published many times elsewhere as well. For the sake of simplicity in this article, I shall refer to it as MJK2.

His remarkable book additionally contains several mortuary photographs of Catharine Eddowes.

We do not know how MJK1 and MJK2 were taken, which photographer took them, which equipment he used, exactly when he arrived at No. 13 or the sequence in which they were taken. We can assume, on reasonable grounds and as McLaughlin and others have surmised, that the photographer of at least MJK1 was probably Joseph Martin, a photographer and sometime musician who had a studio at 11 Cannon Street Road at the time of Kelly's murder and whose services the police had utilised in the past. Let us therefore assume for the purposes of this article that the photographer was '*Joseph Martin*.'

Let it be said at once that I have never had an opportunity to study any print of MJK1 or MJK2 and have only had access to screened versions printed in books plus the 10 x 8 enlargement of MJK1. The actual photographs would yield somewhat more information than printed sources. Many versions appear to be multiple generation copies. The image is invariably degraded in every generation and by the print screening process. None of the scans appears to have been made with professional-grade, high-resolution equipment (6000 dpi). A good amateur scanner has a resolution of about 2400 dpi.

The cameras/lenses which would have been available to Martin would have been capable of producing a higher quality image of MJK1 than any print I have seen. As a matter of fact, any present-day, *100 2 MP digital point-and-shooter* or even many *camera phones* would probably be capable of delivering results at least as sharp at the print sizes in question. Prints purported to be first generation contact prints may one day surface, but we will never be able to be certain of their provenance, even if they are stamped on the back with the photographer's name, until we can compare them to the original glass plates.

Unfortunately, even if the photograph had been taken with my Crown Graphic with its superlatively sharp Zeiss Tessar lens or with an expensive Swedish-made digital Hasselblad with resolution approaching that of film, the ensuing, high-definition images, even blown up large enough to paper the exterior of 26 Dorset Street, would not have been any more helpful to the police in identifying Kelly's murderer than a smaller lower-resolution contact print made of MJK1 from the original glass plate. Simply because the killer left no evidence, photographically recordable or otherwise, at the scene of the crime!

How were the photographs taken?

In a case which was cold at the time of the murders and for which the police never had a single suspect against whom they had enough evidence to support a criminal prosecution for, e.g. wilful murder, determination of the manner in which the Kelly photographs were taken can only add to peripheral knowledge about the case's circumstances and background. I do not question whether or not the corpse in No. 13 was Mary Jane Kelly or even if Kelly was the victim of Red Jack. Nor do I have any favourite suspect. I shall merely attempt to convey my perception of possible answers to the question in the heading. For the sake of simplicity, I shall refer to the victim as *Mary Jane Kelly*.

Well, how *were* the photographs taken? The answer is actually quite simple: No one knows for sure! But we can make still some reasonable guesses and assumptions. Some of them follow.

Here I will make an irrelevant aside. When examining the 10 x 8 in. enlargement of MJK1 with a magnifying glass, I found a distinct moiré pattern which used to be commonly seen, e.g. in slides mounted in glass. It can sometimes occur in the interface between glass and the emulsion of a transparency or negative in a copy setup. This suggests that the print had been copied/scanned without the fault being noticed. It can be difficult to avoid but is easy to remove/reduce with a program like Photoshop or Photoshop Elements, albeit at the expense of image resolution. However, some far more interesting and relevant things were apparent in the print.

Doom and gloom in Miller's Court

Fig. 2 shows detail from one of the broadsheet maps in Charles Booth's *Descriptive Map of London Poverty* (1889). Co-workers did not visit every house in London but did visit every house in Tower Hamlets, including Whitechapel and Spitalfields. They colour-coded each house according to the level of 'poverty' found and certain criteria for 'poverty.' The map shows that there was surprisingly great affluence in houses along the main thoroughfares, including Commercial Street and the building housing 'Ringer's' (the Britannia), i.e., rated red or 'Well-to-do to Middle class.' But buildings around the corner in Dorset Street, including Miller's Court and Crossingham's across the road, were uncompromisingly coded black, i.e., classified as the most poverty-stricken: 'Lowest class to Vicious, semi-criminal.' Everything in Tower Hamlets was apparently not doom and gloom. But the map confirms that Miller's Court most certainly was!

No. 13 Miller's Court has often been depicted in two dimensional line drawings. Rick Geary's splendid, claustrophobic rendition in simulated 3D gives an excellent picture of No. 13 with every *major* item in its proper place. The illustration is from his book *Jack the Ripper*, well-researched and worth having, even if you disagree with his conclusions. Unfortunately, no documentation akin to the splendid drawings prepared by the City of London Architect Frederick William Foster for the Eddowes' inquest or any police notes appear to have survived for Miller's Court. Let us briefly review the timeline of events surrounding the discovery of Kelly's body and the taking of the photographs.

Timeline on Friday, 9 November 1888

10.45 AM. Thomas 'Indian Harry' Bowyer goes to 13 Miller's Court to collect the rent Kelly owed to John McCarthy, a Chandler and Mary Kelly's landlord. Receiving no answer after knocking on the door, Bowyer reached through a broken pane, pulled back the 'an old man's coat behind a muslin curtain' and saw the slaughtered body of Mary Jane Kelly.

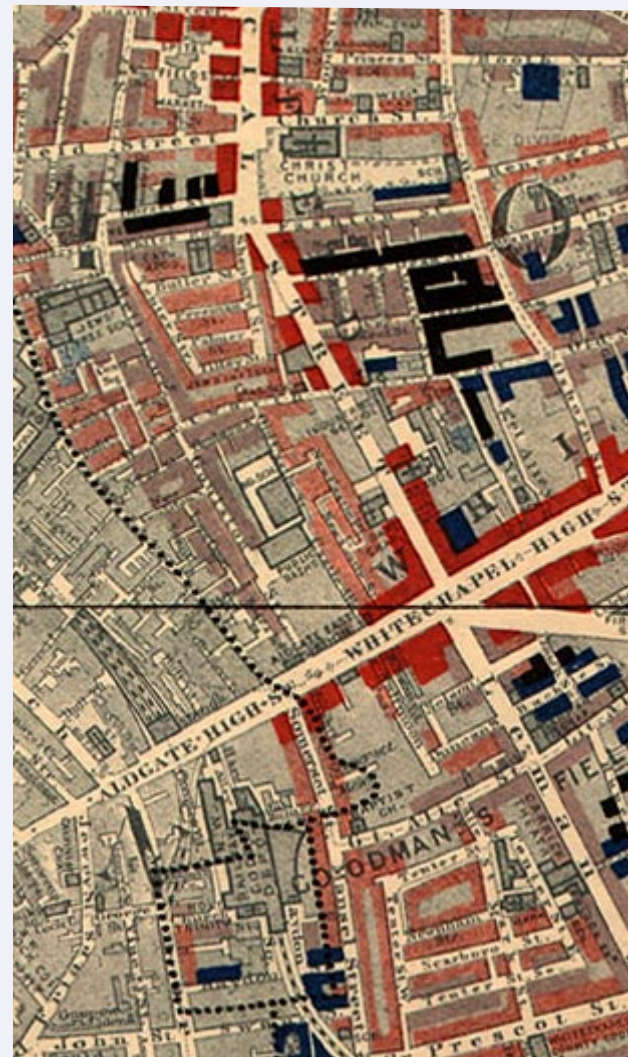


FIG. 2 A section from one of the broadsheets in Charles Booth's "A Poverty Map of London" from 1889.

He reported this to McCarthy who went to see for himself. He and Bowyer then hurried to Commercial Street Police Station and saw Inspector Walter Beck.

About 11.00 AM. Bowyer, McCarthy, and Inspector Beck, accompanied by several constables, reach 13 Miller's Court. Inspector Beck summons a doctor.

11.15 AM. Dr George Bagster Phillips, H Division (Whitechapel) police surgeon, arrives on the scene and determines, after looking through the broken window, that Mary 'was beyond help.'

11.30 AM. Chief Inspector Frederick Abberline of Scotland Yard arrives.

1.30 PM. Superintendent Thomas Arnold, head of H Division, orders McCarthy to force open the door of No. 13. (Why didn't someone simply open the door from the inside through one of the broken panes of window glass, one wonders?) The delay in forcing entry was because the police were waiting for bloodhounds which never turned up, as the order for them had been rescinded - although 1988's Thames-Lorimar film *Jack the Ripper* starring Sir Michael Caine as Chief Inspector Abberline mistakenly shows bloodhounds outside No. 13.

1.30-2.00 PM. Joseph Martin's probable arrival at Miller's Court, although the exact time of his arrival, the location from which he was summoned and the officer who summoned him are not known.

2.00 PM. The police surgeon to A Division (Westminster), Dr Thomas Bond arrives to conduct a personal examination.

4.00 PM. Kelly's body was removed in a shell or crude coffin, covered with a tarpaulin and taken to Shoreditch Mortuary on a one-horse carrier's cart.

The Photographs



The interior of room 13 Miller's Court from Rick Geary's book 'Jack the Ripper'.

The size of the first generation prints of MJK1 or MJK2, i.e. those taken from the original plates, is not known. The photos in McLaughlin are not reproduced 1:1. But Mr McLaughlin referred me to a photograph in Shirley Harrison's *The Diary of Jack the Ripper* (1st ed., 1993) which shows the MJK1 and MJK2 prints, returned in 1988, side by side. The ratio of the area of MJ2 to MJK2 in these pictures is 1:0.33. If a half-plate (6.5 x 4.75 in.) camera had been used for MJK1 and a quarter-plate camera (4.25 x 3.25 in.) for MJK2, the ratio of their areas would have been 1:0.45. This disparity proves absolutely nothing. It does not even show that the two prints must have been made from different-sized *original* plates or that the plates were necessarily exposed in two different cameras and/or using the same or different lenses. Again, we need to see first-generation prints made from the original plates to make that determination. Of course, this determination will tell us nothing about the photographer(s) and or camera(s).

Another aside. Some prints in McLaughlin and other sources are sepia-toned. Sepia toning can be used with any black and white photograph. It is a dual component chemical bath consisting of bleach and a toner, the latter replacing blacks with a brownish tone. But sepia toning does not necessarily relate to the proximity of the toned prints to prints made from the original plates. Before the advent of mass-marketed colour film, sepia toning, and other toning were commonplace and persisted for a long time after the introduction of Kodachrome reversal (slide) film in 1936 and Kodacolour negative (print) film in 1942.

Taking the photographs

MJK1

McLaughlin published multiple versions of this photograph. Many different versions of MJK1 and, to a lesser degree, MJK2 have been published over the years in different works in different sizes. A reconstruction based on MJK1 was briefly flashed on the screen in the 1988 Thames-Lorimar film *Jack the Ripper* although the reconstruction depicts the body falsely skewed in relation to the view 'Indian Harry' could have seen from the window in the northwest. Many printed versions display differences in processing. Some are 'correctly' exposed and developed while many others are obviously underexposed, and underdeveloped, overexposed and overdeveloped, etc., in many processing permutations. The contrast and density of the images, all degraded by multiple generation copying, also differs somewhat due to differences in the choice of paper, developer etc. But this is what I had to work with, including the 10 x 8 in. enlargement of MJK1, with no access to a microscope, densitometer, or unscreened first-generation prints!

However, much information could still be gleaned from the material available to me. I might add that the indefatigable Robert J McLaughlin has posted two, somewhat higher resolution versions of MJK1 on the Casebook, i.e., the Lamoureux image from 1894 and the Lacassagne image from 1899. They appear to be earlier generation versions, differ in print processing but not in content and display prominent artefacts, suggesting they were scanned from a screened printed original at some point in time rather than from original first generation prints.

Preconceived notions

I wrote to fellow Swede Daniel Olsson about an article he had written in the *Ripperologist* on Elizabeth Stride and her illnesses in Sweden. The article was unclear about the details of her illness and treatment. So I asked Daniel about this. He was unable to answer my questions, as he had not been able to decipher some information in her handwritten medical records. He was kind enough to send me photostat copies of them and asked me to have a go at deciphering them. I was initially equally unsuccessful in reading the notes, written in spidery mid-19th century Swedish on coarse-grained paper with a scratchy steel-nibbed pen dipped in ink, until it dawned on me that a 19th century Swedish doctor would have written his diagnoses and treatments in Latin. That then made it easy for me to identify Stride's illness and treatment.⁽¹⁾ Of course, nothing that happened to her in Sweden even hints at the subsequent confluence of destinies which led to dreary events in Dutfield's Yard some twenty-two years after she moved to London. But her illnesses, like so much else in Ripperology, constitutes interesting background.

That experience reminded me to shelve my preconceived notions about photography and to try and envisage what it would have been like if I had been given the assignment to document No. 13 Miller's Court, not with fancy modern day equipment but with the hardware and procedures available to Martin in producing MJK1 and MJK2.

Joseph Martin at Miller's Court

When summoned to Miller's Court at some point in time, purportedly from a music venue in the Ratcliffe Highway but more probably from his studio at 11 Cannon Street Road, Martin collected his equipment and left for Dorset Street, probably accompanied by the constable who went to summon him. His field equipment at the studio would have been too heavy to tote around to music venues and would be packed and ready for collection at the studio when needed. The equipment probably consisted of one or more cameras folded into a compact box-shape, lenses mounted on lens boards, glass plates, plate holders or a changing box holding 12 plates, a changing bag and a dark cloth. It was probably stowed in a convenient ready-to-go carrying case with a wooden tripod strapped on top. Itinerant photographers often carried their equipment in a box to which a wooden tripod and sometimes a rolled-up, scruffy muslin backdrop painted with some pastoral scene to photograph paying members of the public were also strapped. Everything was loaded onto a wheelbarrow (see Fig. 3).

No. 11 Cannon Street Road was coincidentally close to Berner Street, the location of the Stride murder, and to the original railway arch on Pinchin Street where the naked, mutilated torso of an unidentified woman was found in September 1889. The railway arches were subsequently converted into garages or workshops, and replaced by arches adjacent to Cable Street.

The distance from Martin's studio in Cannon Street Road to Dorset Street was relatively short - about 3/4 mile as the *Corvus corax* flies. Most probably he took a creaking, lurching two-wheeler to Dorset Street via Commercial Road, with an uncomplicated run through the then unrevised streets of Aldgate. You probably could not make the trip any faster today in an Aston-Martin. A constable may have helped Martin carry his kit, possibly the heavy wooden tripod, through the throng that had gathered outside Miller's Court.

It had rained the previous night, but the ground was dry and the weather was overcast when Martin arrived, obviously at some time after the police gained entry at 1.30 PM. The winter solstice was only weeks away, and the sun would have been closing on the horizon at that time of day and latitude, well past the narrow confines of Miller's Court. It would have taken Martin's eyes a few seconds to adjust to Kelly's gloomy, grimy, grisly room. We can only speculate about the horror he must have felt when he was able to see the scene he had been called upon to document. It would have caused epinephrine (adrenalin) to surge into his bloodstream, making his hands shake, his palms sweat and his breathing shallow and rapid. Even the smell of blood and depredation in that small room must have contributed to the nausea he must surely have felt.

Despite his probable trembling hands and nervousness, Martin set up his camera on the tripod, guided by automation invoked by habit, and would have quickly discovered that the *vertical format* camera and lens/lenses he had with him were unable to capture the entire bed from a position opposite the middle of the bed, the ideal on-axis position. A horizontal format camera might have been able to cover the entire bed from an on-axis position and kept the focal plane parallel and perpendicular to the longitudinal axis of the bed without the need for a wider angle lens. That would also have enabled him to keep the camera's focal plane parallel to the image's vertical axis, i.e., the lines of the partition door. Some vertical format cameras had a tripod socket on the side of the camera, enabling the camera to be mounted on its side and deliver a horizontal format. Others had to be partially dismantled for a horizontal view. Later, revolving backs provided the same capability. But Martin's camera used a vertical format, the undoubted legacy of portrait photography. To this day, the *vertical format* is referred to as the *portrait* format. The horizontal format is referred to as the *landscape* format.

To remedy the limited coverage of his camera lens from an on-axis position, Martin therefore did what every holiday photographer does when photographing a broad or tall object. He backed away from his subject as far as he could in the small room, i.e., clearly into the northeast corner of the room, and aimed his camera at the bed from an oblique, off-axis angle. But the vertical image format and lens he employed still did not allow him to capture the bed from headboard to footboard even from that position. Since he undoubtedly used some kind of tripod-mounted view camera (see 'Type of Camera Used' below), he also needed to leave enough space for him to squeeze in behind the camera and tripod and hunch down, head, shoulders and camera back draped in a dark cloth to keep extraneous from degrading the dim, upside-down focussing screen image. In 1888, focussing screens were not equipped with any image-brightening Fresnel lens (standard today). All the while, he strived to retain his composure in that awful setting! The off-axis angle of view brought the feet of the corpse closer to the camera than the head, posing a problem in finding the hyperfocal distance, i.e., the distance at which the entire field (head and feet) is in reasonably sharp focus, with a lens which almost certainly had limited depth-of-field. The old golden rule in portraiture of always focusing on the subject's eyes or at least the eye nearest the camera still **applied, even** in a shot whose aim was to document a horizontal subject in context. However, I have still never seen any version of MJK1 disclosing any detail in the left eye.

The camera was also tilted down a little, as is discernible in MJ1. When the focal plane of a camera is not parallel to the image's horizontal and vertical lines, as is the case for MJK1, some *perspective distortion* invariably occurs. Measuring the width of the door jamb on the partition behind the bed shows that it tapers slightly towards the bottom, measuring about 9.2 mm at the top and about 8.6 mm at its intersection with the disused washstand(2) in the 10 x 8 in. print. The absolute width of the jamb is irrelevant, and the figures cited here are merely intended to illustrate the distortion-induced taper. The subject's horizontal plane is not parallel to the camera's focal plane either. So it is distorted as well. See for yourself! Extend the line of the bed frame to the right and it will be found to intersect the extrapolated right bed post (not visible in the image) at a point too far to the right.

With no illumination in the room except the light filtering in through the windows and the open door, the image on the focussing screen (also known as a ground glass) would have been dim indeed and difficult to focus. I always used a magnifier (a kind of loupe) placed against the focusing screen. The limited depth-of-field offered by view/field camera lenses also means that images snap in and out of focus very quickly, making critical focus difficult when the image is dim. Martin may have used a magnifier placed against the focusing screen but probably did not. The slightly unsharp MJK1 image may have even been due *in part* to poor focussing by a rattled photographer - in addition to the image degradation occasioned by multiple generation copying, sometimes with scanners offering less than professional grade resolution capture. We can only know for sure by studying a print made from the original plate.



Fig.3 An itinerant late Victoria photographer carting his equipment on a wheelbarrow.

Yet another aside. Detailed examination of MJK1 failed to disclose any FM or M written on the partition as shown in some books. The letters are not discernible in the Lamoureux version (1894) or the Lacassagne version (1899) either. This suggests that they were either retouched out of these early photographs or were never there in the first place. This also suggests that their appearance in subsequently printed photographs has an hitherto unexplained provenance. That particular location for the killer's jottings always struck me as being awkward and inconvenient in any event.

Similar examination of the bedside table failed to find any knife, as some people have claimed to see in MJK2 but never mentioned in any account, at least to my knowledge, of the room's inventory.

Type of Camera Used

No information about the camera(s) used or any other photographic information has been recovered about 13 Miller's Court. I felt buoyed by the excellent review of the evidence provided by Antonio Sironi in 'The Mysteries of Miller's Court' in *Ripperologist* 72. However, I was mindful of the problem caused by preconceived notions in my efforts to decipher Stride's medical records. Thus, I tried to envisage what equipment I would have had at my disposal in photographing MJK1 and MJK2 if I had been a photographer in Whitechapel in November 1888. What kind of camera(s) could Martin have had in his studio to be picked up for use when called upon to document a crime scene?

We can safely assume that Martin did not use a large studio camera mounted on a wheeled stand. The combination would have been far too bulky, too heavy, too inconvenient to transport. He would have needed something lighter and more portable.

The concept of *portable* is relative, of course. Svelte alloy Ernas or Plaubels with fast lenses lay decades in the future. Broadly speaking, there were two main types of cameras Joseph might have used, and both were available in a wide range of models from numerous manufacturers in the United Kingdom, France, Germany and the United States (but not Switzerland, Japan, or China as yet).

Detective Cameras

This shoebox-sized camera type was considered less intrusive than a *field camera*, and most of its components were housed inside a black box with a nearly featureless exterior. The box was sometimes made of teak (Fig. 4). But the camera did not fold and was not the most convenient type of camera for field work.

Field Cameras

The field camera was basically the same as a studio camera but smaller and somewhat lighter. It was designed to fold into a compact box shape, with the lens removed or still attached. It was for use on a tripod, which in those days was invariably made of wood. Camera bodies were also made of wood, i.e., often of exquisitely fashioned mahogany, walnut, oak, cherry and bird's-eye maple, making it very sturdy and *heavy*. However, the weight also increased the camera's inertia, making it more resistant to wobble with their centre of mass located high above the tripod attachment point. Fittings were made of solid one-piece brass, finely dressed on all sides. Many of these cameras survive to this day, but even more have succumbed to the punishment inflicted by low indoor humidity and central heating.

My guess is that Martin used a wooden *field camera*. Or he may have used *two* cameras. See 'MJK2' below.



Fig 4. A teak-bodied Steinheil detective camera from 1888.

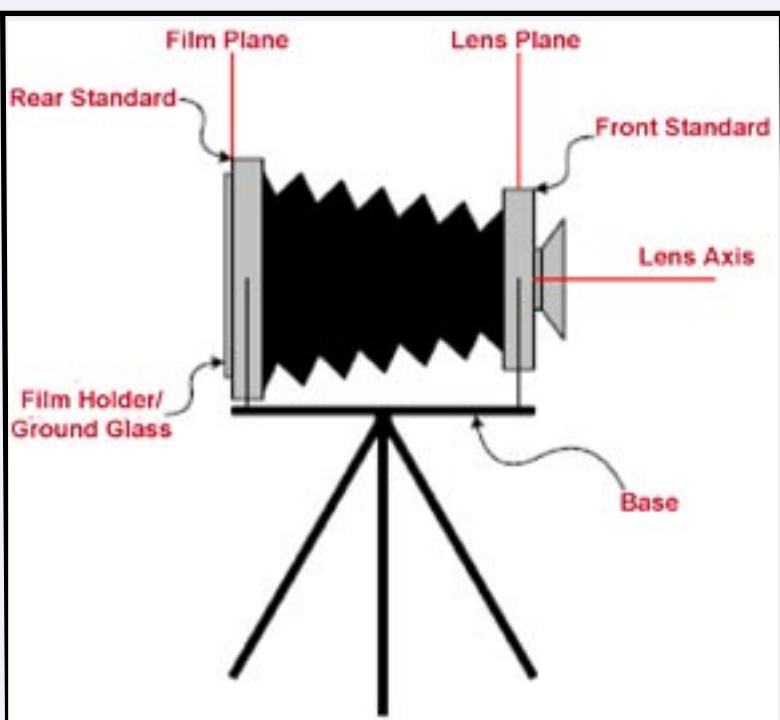


Fig 5. Diagram of a basic view camera design.

Basic Studio/Field Camera Design

The studio camera or field camera of 1888 had the same basic design features as the field or studio view camera of today (Fig. 5). This type of camera consisted of the following three main components:

1. A *front standard* attached to a
2. *Leather bellows* attached to a
3. *Rear standard*.

A fixed focal length interchangeable lens mounted in a lens board is attached to the front standard. No zoom lenses would be commercially available for still cameras for more than 70 years. The front standard could be moved back and forth, usually with a rack and pinion. A pleated *bellows* formed a flexible, light-tight connexion to the rear standard. This back and forth movement focused the image formed by the lens onto the *focussing screen*.

The rear standard has a spring-loaded focussing screen (ground glass) upon which the upside-down image is viewed and focussed. Because this image is usually dim, the photographer draped a dark cloth over

the focussing screen and his or her shoulders to minimise image-degrading extraneous light. In many cameras, the lens could also be focussed by shifting the rear standard. Focussing could be achieved with both the front and rear standard in other cameras. Field and view cameras of today have the same basic design. As a matter of fact, *all* cameras have the same basic design, including the simplest digital point-and-shooters, although their front and rear standards have been fused and the bellows has been replaced by moving lens elements.

In Joseph Martin's day, the exposure is made on a light-sensitive emulsion coated on a *glass plate*. The plate is loaded into a light-tight holder inserted into the rear standard between the focussing screen and the opening in the rear standard. When the time comes to make an exposure, a so-called *dark slide*, i.e. a light shield, is removed from the holder. The lens is then opened in different ways, e.g., by removing the lens cap or opening a primitive shutter, allowing light to pass through the *lens* and *bellows* and strike the unshielded emulsion. The photographer determined the exposure duration by counting off the seconds or using a stopwatch. He then replaced the lens cap or closed the shutter. In modern cameras, the glass plate has been replaced by roll film, sheet film or digital 'film', e.g., sensors and memory cards.

Field cameras came in many sizes and some had facilities for making multiple exposures on a single plate. Many of the surviving field cameras are made of cherry wood, and many still display the typical warm lustre of this wood. One British-made example is a Lancaster Instantograph from 1888 (Fig. 6). Compare it to the Japanese-made Tachihara - a beauty made from brass and 300-year old cherry wood from 1998 (Fig. 7). When you remove the latter's modern lens, you will find no major functional differences between it and its 110-year-old cousin. So field cameras, no longer advertised in photo magazines, have changed little in over a hundred years and have had no need to do so. The Swiss and Germans manufacture superlative field and view cameras B although made of light alloy, carbon fibre and polycarbonate B costing 3 times more than their oriental counterparts. Only the Japanese, Chinese, and - surprisingly - the Americans (Wisner) still make them out of luscious wood. When equipped with equivalent lenses they perform as well as their exclusive European counterparts and with indistinguishable results.



Fig 6. A British Lancaster Instantograph half-plate field camera from 1888.



Fig 6a. A British Lancaster Instantograph half-plate field camera from 1887 with a circular, rubber band-powered 'shutter' on the front of the Lancaster-made lens.

Camera Manufacturers

Back in 1888, view camera and field camera were made by numerous manufacturers. But the cameras were often badged with the name of the retailer rather than of the manufacturer. Many such cameras are available at auctions to this day. The most common formats were whole plate (8.5x6.5 in.), half plate (6.5x4.75 in.), and quarter plate (4.25x3.25 in.) But many other formats were found, such as 6x4.5 in., 10x4.5 in., 9x6 in., 13x6.9 in., 13x9 in., 15x10 in., 16.5x12 in., 30x24 in., and 40x30 in. The popular *carte de visit* photograph was 3.5x2.25 in. and cost only sixpence. See the *carte de visit* of US Army Col (subsequently brevet Lt Gen) George Armstrong Custer (Fig. 8).(3)

Joseph Martin or an unknown photographer may have used a quarter-plate camera like the Eclipse from 1888 (Fig. 9) or the mahogany-bodied Lancaster Instantograph (Fig. 9A) from 1886 to take MJK2, if indeed different cameras were used for MJK1 and MJK2 (see **discussion** under 'MJK2' below). The mahogany Eclipse folded into a compact box without removing the lens.

Lenses

The distinguishing feature of cameras in Martin's day was the lens. The cameras themselves were essentially just plain wooden boxes to which a lens on a lens board was attached at one end and a plate-holding device/viewing screen was attached at the other. This box did not contribute anything to image formation. The lens made the image. Most lenses had beautiful brass barrels. In 1888, all were uncoated, most without any diaphragm or genuine shutter. Other lenses had primitive shutters that opened and closed by squeezing a rubber bulb causing air to activate the shutter. Others had primitive shutters with *B* and *T*, i.e., time exposure and instant settings, respectively. 'Instant' was a fixed, rather unreliable speed of about 1/50 sec. The shutter speed of 1/50 sec became useful outdoors or indoors with bright studio lighting from a skylight when lenses grew faster and faster dry plates became available. Some cameras had shutters activated by rubber bands (Fig. 6A). Speeds were changed by switching to rubber bands with different tensions. Lancaster made its own, not terribly distinguished, lenses for many of its models.

I believe that Joseph Martin's camera(s) may well have used a Lancaster-made lens.

A Petzval-formula optic was also a common lens in Martin's day. It could be fast (as much as $f/3$) and was designed by Josef Max Petzval as a portrait lens for Voigtländer as early as 1841 without the aid of a computer, aspheric elements or the nifty ED optical glass available to later designers. It was capable of delivering decent results, even by modern standards, when carefully used. It consisted of two sets of widely separated groups of lens elements, each group achromatised, with positive power. The design, tweaked here and there over the years, was used for still photography well into the 20th century and can still be found in some projector lenses.



FIG. 7 A Japanese-made Tachihara field camera from about 1998. Lancaster-made lens.

Martin's camera(s), might have used a Petzval lens.

In general, there is no way to determine which lens was used to take a particular photograph, as lenses do not leave optical 'footprints.'

Photosensitive emulsions

Glass plates

Wet plates predominated until the early 1880s. In this process, the photographer coated glass plates with a photosensitive emulsion in a darkroom or a changing bag. Wet plates had to be exposed and developed while still damp. The emulsions were not very 'fast' and required relatively long exposures. A small band of enthusiasts in Britain and North America continue to pursue wet plate photography to this day.

The introduction of *dry plates* in 1878 by Wratten and Wainright (at 3 shillings a dozen for the 4.25 x 3.25 in. quarter-plate size) was a significant step forward. As the name implies, these plates did not have the wet plate's messy limitations. In the United Kingdom, there were shortly 14 manufacturers of dry plates.

Most of the British firms did not survive, but one went on to become a world-class competitor to Kodak: the Ilford Photographic Company. But the real breakthrough for dry plates came when George Eastman's Eastman Dry Plate and Film Company began mass-producing them in 1884 using Eastman's patented coating machine. They were so fast (light-sensitive) that some photographers found that minute holes and cracks in the bellows of their older cameras admitted enough light to fog the fast new plates without previously having affected less light-sensitive wet plates.

Joseph Martin almost certainly used dry plates to make his exposure(s) in Miller's Court.

Orthochromatic emulsions

Dry plate emulsions were *orthochromatic* in the 1880s. This means they were only sensitive to actinic light (blue/green), *not* non-actinic (red/orange), light. The little red remaining in the dried blood at Miller's Court, or anything else red in the room, would not have registered on the emulsion (negative) and would therefore have been rendered very dark on a print (positive). Panchromatic emulsions (sensitive to all the primary colours) did not become commercially available until a few years later. Even if Maxwell had actually succeeded in making the first permanent colour print way back in 1861, no colour emulsions were



FIG. 9 A folding, quarter-plate Eclipse field camera from 1888. Probably a wet-plate image.

commercially available to Martin in 1888. The Autochrome colour process lay decades in the future.

Joseph Martin thus must have used black and white plates which must have been orthochromatic.

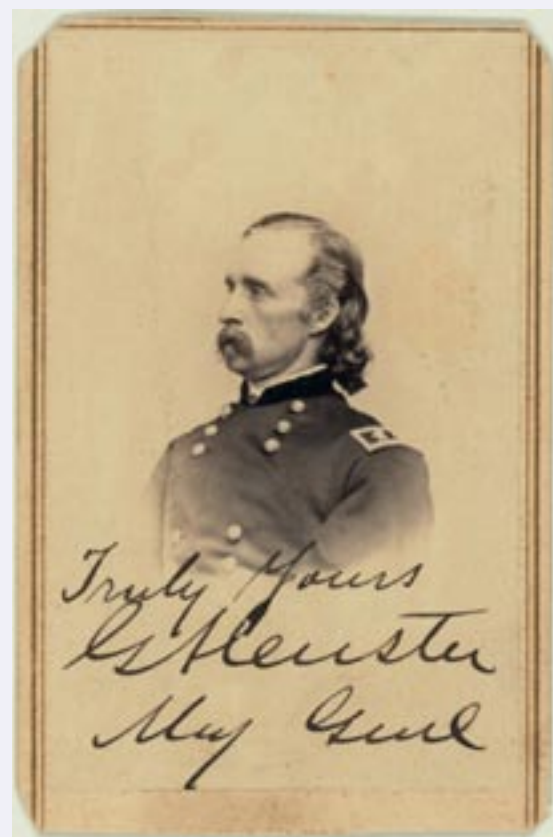


Fig 8. A carte de visite for General George Armstrong Custer made in the late 1870's. A typical exposure at this time was 2-3 seconds. Probably a wet-plate image.

Alternative to glass plates in 1888

Glass plates of all kinds had at least one distinct advantage over all roll film. The light-sensitive emulsion was coated on a *flat* non-absorbent substrate. An enduring problem with roll-film camera has always been and continues to be film curl which can impact on the ability of a lens to deliver a sharp image out to the corners of the image field. High-end analogue cameras like the Nikon F6 have therefore devoted considerable efforts to keeping the film flat at the focal plane, thereby combating film curl. But non-curling glass plates also have obvious disadvantages, such as fragility and weight.

In 1888, a small camera utilising a revolutionary new film, i.e., roll film, was introduced by George Eastman and available in London by September: the Kodak Original No. 1 (Fig. 10). This first Kodak camera was factory-loaded with roll film for 100 exposures. When all 100 frames had been exposed, the camera was returned to the factory where the film was removed and developed. The reloaded camera and a set of prints were then returned to the customer. The camera had no viewfinder but later models did have a 'V' engraved on the top to approximate the lens's field of view. It was therefore the first genuine point-and-shoot camera small enough for making handheld snapshots. The Kodak Original No. 1 cost 5 guineas (i.e., 5 pounds 5 shillings) in 1888. Developing the film cost 2 shillings and 10 pence. Expensive for the time! An advertisement in the *London Illustrated News* from 1889 (Fig. 10) shows how small the camera was. The procedure for using the camera was simple: 'Hold it Steady; Pull a string; Press a Button. This is all we ask of YOU, the rest WE will do,' the ad stated. This was the forerunner a few years later of the famous Kodak slogan: 'You press the button and we'll do the rest.' The string, by the way, was for cocking the one-speed shutter for 3-4 consecutive exposures, and a key was used to wind the film.



FIG. 9A Another folding quarter-plate camera, a Lancaster Instantograph in mahogany from 1887. This version sports a lens made by Lancaster itself.



FIG. 10 An 1888 London advertisement for the first Kodak camera, the No. 1. It was factory-loaded with roll film for 100 exposures.

In theory, Martin might have acquired this innovative, extremely portable camera for his field work. But I *know* he did not. How can I be so sure? Extrasensory perception? Not really! Actually, the camera only produced *circular images*, 2 1/4 in. in diameter (Fig. 11). The images are circular because the camera incorporated a built-in circular mask, since the primitive periscope-type f/9 lens was incapable of delivering 'sharp' images out to the corners of a square format. To be quite frank, it was not capable of delivering really sharp images to the centre of the field either. **The lens was not** well corrected for optical faults. For example,

notice the way the fence curves as a result of an optical fault called 'curvature of field,' common in poorly corrected lenses.

Martin's images had a rectangular format. So he must have used glass plates.

No camera employing user-loadable roll film became commercially available until 1889. This was the Kodak Original No. 2 which featured an improved lens that still made round images. But it was a year after Miller's Court. Roll film did not kill off glass plates for a long time. Glass plates were in use well into the 20th century. Indeed, well into our time, e.g., in astronomy. The plates were indeed fragile, but provided a very stable, non-curling, non-shrinking, non-absorbent substrate for photographic emulsions. I've used them myself. They work just fine! The Imperial Plates advertisement (Fig. 12) in the September 1929 issue of *American Photography* shows that plates were still a major product on the eve of the Great Depression.



FIG. 11 A Photograph made with a Kodak No. 1 in 1888. An optical fault, 'curvature of field,' in the primitive lens caused the fence to curl.

Illumination: Size Does Matter - Sort Of!

Here's where things get a bit tricky. Well, let's say *trickier*. The room at 13 Miller's Court was *not* '12 feet square', '12 or 15 feet square' or '15 feet square,' as has been stated by just about every author who has cited some figure for the room's size right up to the present day. Everyone, that is to say, except the authors of the indispensable *Jack the Ripper A-Z* and M J Trow. Evans and Gainey do not mention a figure in *Jack the Ripper: First American Serial Killer*, but Evans and Skinner usefully quote the *Daily Telegraph* article of 10 November 1888 in their *Jack the Ripper Source Book* instead of citing a figure. This article is presumably one of the original sources of the erroneous figure. Police notes on the room have apparently been lost, so no information has survived on the size of No. 13.

There is no official record of Mary Jane Kelly's height and 'nourishment' (the term used in many British post-mortem examination reports), i.e., her physique (Fig. 13). They are not mentioned in Dr Bond's report on MJK nor in his speculative report to Anderson. But Mrs Elizabeth Phoenix, the sister-in-law of informant Mrs Carthy, described Kelly as 'about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and of rather stout build.' Kelly was described as 'slim' in the before mentioned *Daily Telegraph* article,

POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION.	
Name <u>Elizabeth</u>	Stated Age <u>66 years</u>
At <u>London Tortuary</u>	Date <u>August 10th, 1880</u>
EXTERNAL EXAMINATION	
Nourishment --	Of a general physique is keeping with the age.
Marks of Violence --	Old upper abdominal operation scar - and internal evidence
Identification, etc.	of older gastro-enterostomy
Height 5ft 10in	<u>scar</u> <u>subdivision of scar</u> encircling neck, lying at about
	upper thyroid level across the front of the throat and
	around the 3 side of the neck, rising to a suspensory
	point behind the 2 ear - a single line, most deeply im-
	printed under the 2 lower jaw.
	Well marked vital apical changes along the line of
	constriction, not in the head and neck above it.
	No other mark of recent injury.
How long dead 24 hrs	
(Approx)	

FIG. 13 Part of a post-mortem examination form from 1880 with information on, e.g. the decedent's height and physique.

x 10 ft' (i.e., 120 feet square). As a check, I made my own estimate, based on anthropometric values listed in pathology tables, and arrived at a value close to the A-Z figure (for which no source is cited by the authors). In any event, the exact size of the room is not important, but the size does have some modest relevance, as will be discussed below. Whatever its true size, the room was undoubtedly small, thereby requiring relatively little light for photographic illumination. But how was the room illuminated in 1888 without the benefit of electricity or even gaslights?

Illuminating 13 Miller's Court

There were only about six different sources of illumination that would have been available to the photographer. To light the room, Martin could have used, in addition to natural light, candle light and virtually useless non-actinic light from the fireplace. The possibilities for lighting are listed below in ascending order of probability. Most were seldom used in the studios except when daylight from a skylight or north window (the lighting usually employed for portraits) was unavailable.

1. *Electric arc lamps* were used as early as 1877 by Henry Van der Weyde in his studio on Regent Street. These electric arc lamps were powered by 92 batteries charged with a gas-driven Siemens dynamo. Fig. 14 shows one of his excellent arc light portraits, here of the famous East Prussia-born strong man and bodybuilder Eugen Sandow (real name Friedrich Wilhelm Möller). Only a few photographers used electric arc lamps in the studio. Martin probably never utilised such a cumbersome rig, and it would have been impractical to haul and set up in Miller's Court. There would not have been enough room for it all in No. 13 anyway.

2. *Limelight* provided another lighting option. Mainly used in the theatre, this system of lighting directed an oxyhydrogen flame at a cylinder of calcium oxide (lime). The white-hot lime then glowed with an intense bright light. Ibbetson made a daguerreotype illuminated with limelight as early as 1839. But this was another lighting option that was not very portable or practical for photography in the field.

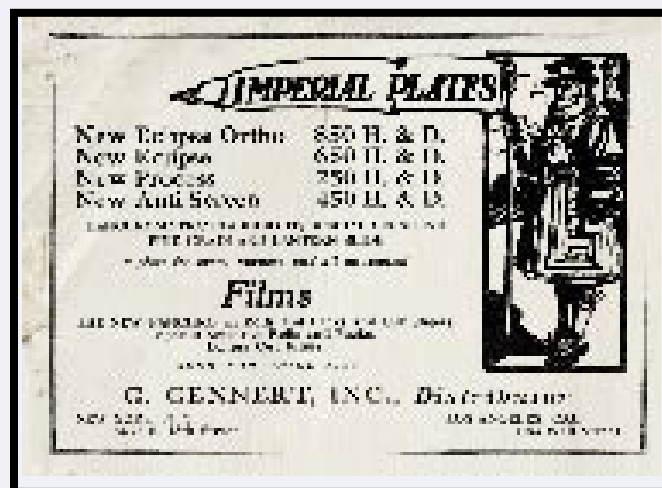


FIG. 12 An advertisement in the September 1929 issue of *American Photography* illustrating the prominence of glass plates even at that late date.

3. *Gas lamps* could be used when available and were employed for the apparently doctored mortuary photographs of Eddowes, but gaslights had low intensity, demanded long exposures and were not always available or conveniently situated for photography outside the studio. In any case, the nearest gas lamp to No. 13 was outside on the wall opposite the entrance and would not have been capable of illuminating the bed area of No. 13. It and the privy are often omitted in illustrations of the exterior of No. 13.

4. *Magnesium ribbon* was widely used for lighting in 19th century indoor photography. The magnesium ribbon burned relatively slowly, produced a bright light and could be cut off to a length producing the desired burn time. Some devices stored the ribbon on reels and advanced fresh ribbon as old ribbon burnt off. The ribbon burned so slowly that many photographers could and did hand-hold it while it burned. Martin may have used this source of light, but it was a rather expensive, punctate source of light and would tend to produce an illumination hot spot not discernible in MJK1. Magnesium ribbon was often burnt as indoor illumination for contact printing when it was raining or very overcast outdoors, daylight otherwise being the normal source of illumination for this kind of print-making.

5. *Magnesium powder* was an alternative to ribbon but harder to ignite than ribbon. It had to be blown into a flame (usually from a spirit lamp) to ignite. Martin may have used it, or some other form of powdered metal. Magnesium powder was expensive, however, even after the price dropped from 15 shillings per ounce to 2 shillings 4 pence per ounce in 1887.



FIG. 15 A typical, folding flash powder gun with a device for triggering a spark.

6. *Flash powder* is made of very finely granulated metal, usually magnesium or aluminium, to which an *oxidiser*, such as potassium chlorate, has been added to speed combustion. A measured amount of flash powder, e.g., a capful, was sprinkled into a horizontal pan with a folding vertical reflector/lid with a handle on the bottom and a device for generating a spark (Fig. 15).

Ignition of the flash powder produces a brief but brilliant flash of white light and a 'whumph!' It also produces something else which always accompanies the rapid oxidation of metals, such as magnesium. An Agfa advertisement from 1929 (Fig. 16) shows that flash powder was still popular at that late date. And flash powder is still commercially available today, although supplied in binary form. For safety's sake, two separate components must be mixed before modern flash powder will ignite. It was also sold in

pre-measured paper cachets. In early flash powder guns, a candle or a match was sometimes used to ignite the powder instead of a mechanically generated spark. Flash powder (usually aluminium) is today primarily used for pyrotechnics and special theatrical effects. Many formulas for making it at home can be found on the Web. Many are also formulas for potential disaster, as home-made batches are easily ignited by static electricity, percussion or 'demons,' thereupon emitting a loud noise and inconveniently demolishing appendages, blinding the maker and setting things on fire, including hair. The sensitivity of the stuff is occasionally demonstrated by its accidental detonation at fireworks plants.

Exposure in flash powder illumination is governed by the amount of powder used and the distance to the subject. But using too much flash powder could cause the powder to explode, rather than 'flash.' Fig.17 is an early German cartoon showing what happens when too much powder was employed, here demolishing the camera and flash powder gun, reducing the tripod to twisted rubble and soundly scorching photographer and subject. I once used it in a photo school exercise to illuminate the high-ceilinged, large-volume interior of an aircraft hangar.



FIG. 14 A studio portrait of Eugen Sandow made with arc lighting by Henry Van de Weyde about 1887.



FIG. 16 A 1929 advertisement for a compact Agfa 'flashlamp' and 'flashlight' powder. The flash was triggered with a clockspring device wound up with a key on the back.



FIG. 17 A German cartoon showing what happens when a photographer uses too much flash powder.

Multiple flashbulb units or 'painting' with light were normally the techniques of choice, of course, but flash powder worked just fine. In 1883, John McClellan suggested that magnesium wire ignited inside a glass sphere filled with oxygen might be a useful source of illumination. But nothing came of his idea, and flashbulbs did not become commercially available for another 40 years and electronic flash for many years after that.

Joseph Martin probably illuminated the room at No. 13 with ignited flash powder to take MJK1.

Determining Exposure

Examination of MJK1 shows even illumination from a broad light source which, judging from the bedframe shadow, was held above and to the right of the optical axis of the lens. This direct illumination was augmented, as always, by light bouncing off even grimy walls and furnishings. A densitometer would

probably confirm the image's obviously narrow dynamic range in all the various versions of MJK1.

Because no camera lens had flash synchronisation in 1888, exposures were made by opening the camera shutter or removing the lens cap, igniting the flash powder and then closing the shutter or reattaching the lens cap.

Although Martin probably illuminated MJK1 with flash powder, there is a problem with any light source utilising the rapid oxidation (burning) of a finely granulated metal, and this is illustrated in a motion picture many readers of will have seen, as I will now explain.

The 1988 Film *Jack the Ripper*

The 1988 film Thames-Lorimar film *Jack the Ripper* mentioned earlier contains numerous factual errors (despite the claim that 'our story is based on extensive research'). It also has several scenes depicting photography. Unfortunately I was not able to obtain authorisation to use stills from this film as a photographic illustration. But many Jack the Ripper enthusiasts will have seen the film and recall one scene showing a quite reasonable reproduction of the rear of 29 Hanbury Street. But, dear me, in it Annie Chapman's body has been moved from its correct position between the steps and the fence. By contrast, let me mention here that Jane Coram's stunning, atmospheric and accurate depiction of the scene in Antonio Sironi's 'The Mysteries of Miller's Court' in *Ripperologist* 72 is a marvel. The filmmakers instead chose to place the corpse in the middle of a yard teeming with police officers. Her body has been covered with a blanket, demurely lifted at the *head end* by a constable. The photographer, using what appears to be a quarter-plate camera, then takes one flash powder picture of the little that can be seen of Chapman's body under the raised blanket - *from the head end*. And immediately departs.

The depiction of photography outside No. 13 is almost as curious. The photographer never actually takes any photograph at all, with or without flash powder. His camera is pointed *away from* No. 13 down the court. The camera appears to be aimed at the dustbin or the privy. Several people are depicted who were never there, such as Sir Charles Warren. As noted above, the two unexplained, unused, bloodhounds depicted were never there either.

To my knowledge, no crime scene photographs were ever taken at 29 Hanbury Street or *outside* No. 13 while the victims' bodies remained in place.

But have a look at Fig. 18 - a shot of a professional photographer, Mr Joe Young, gingerly holding a flash powder gun (too close to the flash pan actually) and warily demonstrating the ignition of a small amount of flash powder! You would not need acute powers of observation to notice a similar feature in both the movie's Hanbury Street scene and in Fig. 18 when flash powder ignites: It generates clouds of *white smoke* - lots of it.



FIG. 18 Joe Young gingerly demonstrates the ignition of flash powder for a gathering of American professional photographers.

Smoke, Anyone?

Smoke is an inevitable by-product of the rapid oxidation (burning) of a very finely granulated metal, such as the magnesium in favour in 1888, and an oxidiser. The smoke consists of metal oxide, i.e., magnesium oxide when the metal is magnesium; aluminium oxide when the metal is aluminium. Stuff you do not want to get into your lungs! Magnesium oxide is a white powder irritating to eyes and nose and capable of causing metal fume fever. It is also the main ingredient in the antacid 'Milk of Magnesia'. Aluminium oxide is an abrasive. The oxidation reaction does not produce any gasses, only particulate matter, e.g., magnesium oxide smoke, making the reaction a poor explosive.

Now here is the catch that you have probably never heard of: Smoke resulting from the oxidation of magnesium deposits a fine dusting of magnesium oxide on everything. The worst of it might have been removed with one of the hand-cranked Hoovers available in London in 1888, although none was probably available in Dorset Street.

In 1887, Arthur Langton, a Belgravia photographer, described flash powder as follows in one of his many advertisements: 'a nasty substance, a pyrotechnic powder which gives off poisonous fumes.' By the way, he was touting the virtues of the smokeless arc lighting he used at his studio.

Outdoors the 'fumes' would disperse fairly quickly. Indoors, particularly in a poorly ventilated room like No. 13, it would take quite a while for them to dissipate. Given the narrow time frame available for photography, precious minutes would have been wasted waiting for the room to clear of smoke, reducing the amount of time available for photography in the approximately two-hour time slot available before the body was removed from Miller's Court.

'Smokeless' Smoke, Anyone?

By 1910, Agfa was marketing 'noiseless, smokeless flash powder' which actually generated exactly the same amount of noise and oxide smoke as before, although the smoke here was contained in a fire-proofed muslin bag. Many formulas were and are available for fireproofing cloth at home. Some flash powder guns capable of capturing flash powder smoke were available in the late 1880's but were cumbersome, expensive and awkward to use. None was likely to have been deployed in Miller's Court. Martin may have used a 'smokeless' option, but we have no way of knowing.

'Film Is Cheap'

The phrase 'film is cheap' has long been an adage for professional photographers and has a counterpart in digital photography. That means you make lots of exposures, even with static subjects to ensure you get usable results, as some subjects, like crime scenes, cannot be replicated once dismantled. And even when setups can be replicated, the expense of so doing usually far exceeds the cost of the extra film frames (or their digital equivalent). In 1888, a dozen Eastman quarter plates (4.25 x 3.25 in.) sold for 3 shillings (threepence a plate) in London, so the cost of exposing a few additional plates would not have been prohibitive even back then. It is hard to believe that Martin would have been content to make a single overview shot of No. 13, even with a static scene like MJK1 whose subject was unlikely to move at a photographically inopportune moment. He would also been keenly aware of all the ills he knew could befall a glass plate, e.g., breakage, fogging, processing errors, unsalvageable exposure and focussing errors, scratches, spotting, and air bubbles. There were not very many significant items to photograph in No. 13, but most photographers of the day would certainly have made multiple exposures of the most salient ones just to be on the safe side.

Mortuary and Other Photographs of Mary Kelly

No mortuary photograph of Mary Jane Kelly has ever been found, although one is rumoured to have been taken. But mortuary pictures (some badly deteriorated) of Nichols, Chapman, Stride, and Eddowes have survived, as well as of such other Whitechapel murder victims: Martha Tabram, Alice McKenzie and Frances Coles. So there may be one of Mary Jane - out there somewhere, awaiting discovery! There would be no problem in recognising the corpse as the victim from 13 Miller's Court, even if the mortuary photograph were uncaptioned.

But since no relatives of Mary Jane ever came forward at her funeral or otherwise, the great researcher Neal Shelden and others have nowhere to start in tracing any of Kelly descendants in a search for other photographs of her, such as a popular sixpenny *carte de visite* she may have taken when flush. The authenticity of any other photograph purported to be Mary Jane Kelly would be open to question, even if it bore the name of the photographer and, improbably, the name of the subject. Who could authenticate it these many years after Mary's death? My old Ripper maxim: 'If it's too good to be true, it probably is' would be as applicable to any such photograph as to many other Ripperological 'discoveries.'

How Many Photographs 'Turned Out?'

Forty years ago before cameras had automatic everything, amateur photographers collected their processed material from a chemist's or photo shop and eagerly checked them to see how many had 'turned out.' Martin would have been no different, although he did the processing himself. Having used flash powder for MJK1, he would not have been as concerned about poorly exposed plates. He would have known, for example, that one-half ounce of one formulation used to expose a particular plate, at a lens-to-subject distance of 8-9 ft in a small room, processed with a particular developer at the temperature normally prevailing in his unheated darkroom would invariably yield a usable negative. Experience would have told him how to adjust the quantity of flash powder to accommodate conditions deviating from the standard, such as surroundings greater or lesser reflectivity.

He would still have made multiple exposures of the same motif, to guard against various mishaps, and rushed back to his studio to develop his plates, dry them and make contact prints of the ones that had 'turned out' or were salvageable. He probably made the contact prints with the light from a strip of burning magnesium, since overcast daylight would have been waning by, say, 5:00 PM. In those days, contact prints were usually made by placing photo paper in contact with the plate negative, emulsion to emulsion, in a frame and exposing the frame to daylight through the back. The prints would then be developed in a tray, washed and dried. An impatient constable may have been standing by to collect the prints as soon as they were dry to rush them off to his superiors, perhaps at Commercial Street Police Station. No time would have probably been wasted on sepia toning, intensifying, or reducing at this stage, but these operations may well have been performed later on first-generation prints or negatives. We will probably never know.

Martin is unlikely to have delivered just one copy of each of each view in his initial delivery. If Martin's nerves had betrayed him in Miller's Court and afterwards and he botched up several plates, it is possible that only MJK1 and MJK2 were the only usable plates from which prints could be made. A *lot* could go wrong. But we have no way of knowing if this is the case for Martin and the prints from Miller's Court.

So prints made from the original plates, and even from original plates of heretofore unseen views from 13 Miller's Court, may still be out there somewhere awaiting discovery. A second photographer, if there was one, undoubtedly processed his plates in parallel elsewhere. Unfortunately, the best prints in the world, toned or untoned, would not have told the police anything, then or now, about the man who murdered Mary Jane Kelly or if he had anything to do with the murders of any other victims.

The MJK Photographs: Summary

A photographer, assumed to have been Joseph Martin, photographed at least MJK1 (and/or MJK2) with a folding, probably half-plate field camera set up on a tripod in No. 13, and made his exposure(s) on orthochromatic dry plates, apparently exposed with light from ignited flash powder.

We cannot know if MJK2 was the first or the second of the two surviving photographs from Miller's Court. We do know that the police summoned Martin after they gained entry to No. 13 at 1.30 PM. Or they may have sent for him while still cooling their heels outside No. 13 (and keeping the doleful bloodhounds company, if we are to believe the aforementioned film). We will probably never know if MJK2 was taken by Martin or some other photographer.

How Was MJK2 Taken?

This curious shot was taken across the bed towards the bedside table. One author insisted quite categorically that the bed had not been moved in taking MJK2. Another referred me to the gap between the far side of the bed and the partition wall. On the off chance that this gap might have been wide enough to accommodate a tripod-mounted camera and photographer, I set about trying to gauge the width of the gap from an estimate of the size of the room. The room's absolute size was unimportant, but my own estimate verified that the spacial area estimates made by others were of about the right general magnitude. With that as a starting point, it was then easy to mathematically determine that the width of the gap would have been too small for a tripod (even if its legs were not fully spread, making the rig unstable for any time exposure) and a photographer. See 'Size Does Matter - Sort of' above.

The bed *must* have been moved and the disused washstand, indistinctly pictured in MJK1 opposite Mary's right shin, must have been removed in order to take MJK2. We will probably never know why this view was so important or what it was intended to depict that could not have been depicted at least as well from the foot of the bed without moving the bed and washstand. As noted, a photograph taken without moving anything but covering virtually the same subject matter would not have made the police any wiser about the identity of Mary Kelly's murderer.

What Camera Was Used to Take MJK2?

Your guess is as good as mine! As with MJK1, nothing is known about the photographer or equipment used in taking the picture. But we do not know if the camera used for MJK1 was the same one used for MJK2, a different camera and/or lens, or a different plate size.

What does MJK2 tell us?

Well, a few things are obvious in MJK2, even without access to lost documentation, an early generation print or a divining rod:

1. MJK2s was a *time exposure* and was *not* illuminated with flash powder like MJK1.
2. Ray tracing suggests that the *main source of illumination* was from the window (the one with the two broken panes) and, to some extent, indirect light through the open door.
3. The exposure was long enough to capture a *bar of light* from the crack of the door and intensify the apparent brightness of light from the window.
4. MJK2 has a wider *dynamic range* and greater contrast than MJK1.
5. MJK2 is a *vertical format* photograph.
6. The higher contrast of the image makes MJK2 seem sharper than MJK1.
7. The lens displays little *flare* (flare-reducing lens shades were not commonly used at that time, and other obvious optical aberrations, such as astigmatism, coma, spherical aberration, and curvature of field, appear to be reasonably well-corrected in the lens used for MJK2, even though the lens is pointing in part toward the main source of illumination. Some perspective distortion is apparent.
8. The exposure and printing are spot on.

Determining Exposure

Thus, I can state unequivocally that MJK2 was a time exposure. Unlike MJK1 with its relatively predictable exposure with flash powder, determining the exposure for MJK2 was much harder. No exposure meters were commercially available in 1888. As a rule, photographers determined exposure by experience. Before I acquired my first professional exposure meter way back when, a Weston Master II, I had learnt to approximate exposure with the naked eye in relation to a standard, e.g., afternoon daylight = f/8 at 1/100 s on Super XX film, and made appropriate adjustments when other films were used or lighting conditions prevailed. I even learnt to gauge colour temperature and pick about the right colour correction filter with colour film. But I still checked with an exposure meter to be on the safe side.

Hurter and Drifffield patented the slide-rule-type Actinograph exposure calculator in 1888. Decoudin patented an improved extinction-type exposure meter in August 1888 (Fig. 19). See the 1929 advertisement (Fig. 20) for a Lios extinction-type exposure meter guaranteed to have been 'shipped by Graf Zeppelin.' But an extinction-type meter, my very first exposure meter, would not have been very effective in the dim lighting conditions in No. 13, even if Joseph Martin had had access to one.

W S Limbeck patented a selenium-based photovoltaic meter for measuring illumination levels as early as 1881. But this concept, as advanced as it was, had no influence on photography at the time. It was not until 1931 that the first photovoltaic light meter was sold on any scale, i.e., the American Rhamstine Electrophotometer. Many others were to follow. Photoresistive meters were an even later development, but no exposure-measuring device available in 1888 had any practical impact on photography, and we can safely assume that none was used at 13 Miller's Court.

The first camera with a *built-in* photovoltaic light meter was the Super Kodak Six-20 in 1941. I recall being faintly amused and contemptuous of this new-fangled device in its successors at the end of the 1940's and was certain that the silly fad would never catch on. Real photographers used separate light meters! Well, professional photographers still use separate exposure meters, especially in the studio or outdoors in difficult lighting conditions, because a photographer is still smarter than the smartest exposure meter, and no film (or its digital counterpart) has the same dynamic range as the human eye.



FIG. 20 A 1929 advertisement for a Lios exposure, guaranteed to have been shipped to America on the Graf Zeppelin. The more efficient photovoltaic and, later, photoresistive exposure meters did not become commercially available until the mid 1930's.

Still, most photographs are not taken by pros, and the built-in meters in most cameras for amateurs and semi-pros still do a good job of setting exposures and have improved amateur photography immensely.

Bracketing

The photographer of MJK2 did not have access to any such gadgetry, of course. He had to rely on experience in determining the correct exposure for his lens/film combination in the difficult lighting conditions in No. 13. One thing about relying on experience in situations which deviate in some way is that you can get it wrong. A photographer documenting a crime scene with a time exposure would almost certainly make multiple exposures of the same scene, bracketing exposures on either side of his estimate, to be on the safe side.

Many modern digital cameras have an auto bracketing function which automatically makes two or more exposures above and below the nominal exposure established by the camera's built-in light meter, as the meter can be 'fooled' in different ways or deliver an exposure with more or less saturation than desired, more or less highlight and shadow detail, etc.

Bracketing was less important for MJK1 than MJK2, because determining the correct exposure for the latter was much more difficult.

The photographer would also have been keenly aware of the dangers which could befall glass plates. Yet only one version of the MJK2 motif appears to have surfaced. And it appears to be 'perfectly' exposed, processed and printed. This would have been easy (well, *almost* easy) to achieve with the multi-segment matrix exposure measurement offered by my Nikon. But Martin could not have known that MJK2 was 'perfectly' exposed until the plates had been developed. Before the advent of digital photography, many pros used Polaroid to preview their studio shots. But how did Martin 'nail' the right exposure without access to such a nifty preview capability? Sheer guesswork and luck? Perhaps.

Martin could not have *known* he'd got it right the first time. Therefore, it is extremely unlikely that this perfectly exposed, perfectly processed and perfectly printed capture of such a difficult scene was Martin's sole version of MJK2. However, there may be a more mundane explanation of how the photographer seemingly got it right in one try.

MJK2 may be so 'perfect' because it was the only exposure - of several Joseph Martin would have been foolish not to have made - to yield a 'perfect' negative. Underexposed, overexposed, badly focussed or damaged plates may have been discarded. MJK2 may not have been a lucky guess after all but the only survivor. See 'How Many Turned Out' above.

One Camera or Two - or One Photographer or Two?

Several authors have claimed that different cameras were used for the shots in No. 13. Different cameras sizes and/or different lenses might well have been used, but this cannot now be established with certainty. Martin may have taken MJK2, and some other unknown photographer may have taken MJK1 or vice-versa. Or Martin may have taken both. Victorian field cameras are of extremely simple design. That means there are fewer things that can go wrong out in the field, and Martin would therefore not have felt as great a need for a backup camera as a modern photographer who lives with the adage that 'If something can go wrong, it will, sooner or later, usually at an inconvenient moment.' A backup camera would also have added to the considerable weight the Victorian photographer had to carry on assignment, even if he had used a small quarter-plate camera as backup.

The modern-day professional photographer also carries multiple cameras in the field to facilitate speedy switches to different focal length lenses (and films in the analogue pre-digital days when photographers universally used this medium).

We will probably never know who took MJK1 and MJK2, i.e., the same or different photographers, unless some hitherto unknown documentation turns up.

There is no way to tell which of the photographs was taken first. It is possible that MJK2 was taken first, before slowly cleared flash powder smoke fouled the scene. The two pictures could also have been taken with the same camera, possibly with different lenses. Troubled by the slow going in evacuating smoke from the small room, Joseph Martin may have switched to time exposure with the same or a different (possibly faster) lens for MJK2 or even re-taken that way.

The differing sizes of the MJK1 and MJK2 prints returned in 1988 do not prove that two different cameras were used, only that the size of these prints differs, not the *original plates*. As noted above, we will only be able to tell one way or another by examining the *original plates* and comparing *their* sizes. Until the plates turn up, the provenance of MJK2 will have to remain an open question.

Conclusion and Summary

Much of what has been said above about MJK1 also applies to MJK2. The only significant difference between the two views lies in the fact that MJK2 was a time exposure. The contrastier lighting and greater dynamic range make MJK2 look sharper than MJK1 and gives the impression that the photo was taken with a different camera/lens than for MJK1. There is no way to determine whether this is the case without access to the original glass plates. If the plates are the same size, there is no way to tell if they were exposed in different cameras with different lenses. Most of the MJK2 prints in circulation may also be earlier generation versions than MJK1 and, thus, less degraded by various generational artefacts.

The side-by-side photograph of the MJK1 and MJK2 prints returned in 1988 show two different print sizes, both vertical format. But this does not mean that the two views were shot with different cameras/lenses and/or by different photographers.

Hitherto unknown documentation will be needed to unequivocally identify the photographer(s) who took MJK1 and MJK2. All in all, more exposures must have been made in No. 13 than the two we know of, i.e., MJK1 and MJK2. They and the original plates may still survive in some attic or basement somewhere.

Postscript

Mr McLaughlin also supplied me with a 10 x 8 in. enlargement of one of the Eddowes mortuary photographs. Close examination of the print disclosed a curious reticular pattern of unknown provenance. It and all the other mortuary photographs of Eddowes are time exposures made with illumination from gas lamps - probably a ring-shaped chandelier of the kind that often hung over autopsy tables in late 19th century post-mortem rooms. But they appear to have been so heavily doctored that I will make no attempt to perform a photographic analysis of them as well.

Acknowledgements

My sincere thanks to the ever-helpful Stewart P Evans for clarifying some points about the size of No. 13 Miller's Court, to Rick Geary for his kind permission to use an illustration from his excellent *Jack the Ripper*, to Christopher T George for many useful, knowledgeable comments, and to Robert J McLaughlin for reading this manuscript and taking the trouble to offer many wise and helpful suggestions.

About the Author

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Notes

- 1 Stride was suffering from genital (venereal) warts. Genital warts are caused by the human papillomavirus and were treated in her case with the topical application of caustic silver nitrate. Other treatments are now used, including liquid nitrogen. 'Virus' was an unknown concept until the late 1880's when Dimitri Ivanovski isolated the tobacco mosaic strain.
- 2 The "disused washstand" is seldom mentioned in the literature. Sugden includes it in his inventory of No. 13 but omits it, and the chair(s), it from his diagram of the room. Other diagrams of No. 13 usually omit it as well. Sugden's diagram also leaves out the privy next to the dustbin in the yard opposite the north wall. of No. 13.
- 3 In 1876, General Custer and his US Army detachment was dealt a fatal defeat at the Little Big Horn, Montana, at the hands of a confederacy of Lakota and Cheyenne warriors led by the Sioux chief Crazy Horse. However, the Great White father's revenge was subsequently swift, savage, and severe.

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P.C. 225H Reports

A Real Whitechapel Journal Part II - 1889 to 1891

By ADAM WOOD and KEITH SKINNER

In the last issue of *Ripperologist*, we revealed how the notebook of PC 225H Charles Roberts had been rediscovered, giving us a unique insight into the daily routine of a copper on the beat in Whitechapel at the time of the Ripper murders.

Here we present Part II, 1889 to 1891. Again, spelling, punctuation and grammar is Roberts's own.

Dispute February 12th 1889. PC225H Reports that at 8.45pm being called to the Horse & Leaping Bar P.H. 56 High St Whitechapel. by Jacob Seidler 128 Old Montague Street, Whitechapel who informed me that he went in there for ½ pt of stout & tendered a shilling and only received 4d ¼ charge, the barmaid Miss Marsh said that she gave him 6d and 4d in bronze. I referred him to the County Court when he left without taking change.

Collision February 13th 1889. P.C. 225H Reports that a collision occurred in High St. Whitechapel at 5.30pm between tram-car Plate No 2365. Driver Badge no 18312 and a cart belonging to Thomas Morrison Fairclough Street. Christain Street St Georges and driven by John Kipping, 10 Old Church Row Stepney, slightly damaging the dash board of the former. Witnessed by P.C. reporting.

Collision February 15th 1889. P.C. 225.H Reports that a collision occurred at 6.30Pm in High St. Whitechapel between a H.C. Plate no. 3651. Badge no 6542 and a cart driven by James Denton 82 Cartwright St. Hammersmith slightly damaging the dicky of the cab. witnessed by P.C.

Summon February 16th 1889. P.C. 225H Reports the conductor Badge no 4096 for delaying M.S.C. Badge no 1530 for 2 minutes, viz from 11.18am to 11.20am in High St Whitechapel longer than necessary in taking up and setting down passengers, also for not wearing his badge in a conspicuous place witnessed by PC. 40. Fined 2/d the cost of summons for delaying.

Charge February 25th 1889. Hannah Warwick no 1 Queens Place High St. Whitechapel age 38 for fighting. disorderly conduct & assaulting me in High St. witnessed by P.C 60H. 7 days H.L.

Charge March 9th 1889. John Morrallee 35 Tower Buildings Wapping age 18. & Frederick Sheperd 10 Artichoke Hill. St Georges St. Age 17 for unlawful posession of 9 fresh haddocks in Royal Mint Street Discharged. Magistrate giving them another chance.

Charge April 28th 1889. PC 225H Reports being on duty at 6.30am in the New Road when I saw a man hanging about in a suspicious manner opposite the railing of 29 New Road. I watched him for about 20 minutes when he walked into Varden Street, Philpot St. Walden St Fordham St then into he New Rd, where he stood for about 5 mins and made an attempt at no 29 New Rd. to open the gate. I got the assistance of a private person "George Hughes" when he walked into Varden Street again and took a can of milk from off the door of no 17. and went to the corner of Philpot Street where he drank the milk and placed the can up under his coat. I then went up to him and asked him what business he had with the can but he made no reply, I then told him that I should take him into custody for stealing a can of milk, when he said no. I then drew his attention to the drops of milk on his coat and trousers & boots. I then took him to Arbour Square Police Station. He was remanded for a week. Month H.L. Michael Leonard no home.

Charge April 10th 1889. Ellen Collins age 16. of no 7 Mayfields Buildings. Drunk & incapable. = no appearance.

Charge April 23rd 1889. Thomas English age 30 of no 5 Pell Street, St Georges Street. E. a coal-heaver. Drunk. Disorderly. and assaulting me. = 2 months HL.

Assault & Damage April 23rd 1889. P.C. 225H Roberts begs to report that at 1.a.m. whilst taking into custody a man named Thomas English, by whom I was assaulted, he broke the chain of my whistle and slightly damaged my lamp no 1230.

Furniture Removed April 27th 1889. P.C. 225H Roberts begs to report that at 5.30an. furniture being removed from the Blue Anchor P.H. Cable Street E by a van belonging to Jn Ockwell 51 Cable Street. E.

Charge May 5th 1889. Catherine Murphy age 30 no home Prostitute. Drunk Dis.ly & Obs. Language and assaulting me in Leman St. 14 days H.L.

Charge May 9th 1889. Charles Scarr home refused age 25. Drunk & Disorderly in Leman St. 2/6d or 3 days.

Removal May 15th 1889. P.C. 225H Reports that at 8.55am seeing a crowd on Tower Hill and upon going there was informed by Charles Rowlinson age 52 of 34 James St. Lower Marsh Lambeth, that he had been knocked off his van which he owned and was driving through colliding with a van owner and driver unknown hurting his left thigh and breaking the near shaft of his van, I conveyed him to the London Hospital where he was seen by the house surgeon, and was found to be suffering from a compound fracture of the left thigh, and was admitted no expenses incurred. friends informed by wire. not witnessed by P.C. or any other known person, van taken away by the injured man's son.

Dog found June 4th 1889. P.C. 225H Reports that at 6.30 pm finding a white bull dog in Leman Street.

Charge July 12th 1889. Thomas Clare age 39 of 39 High Street Ratcliff a Labourer Drunk Dis.ly Obs Language. 5/d or 5 days.

Charge July 15th 1889. Williams Denning 59 no 1 Austen Place Brick Lane, a cooper for unlawful possession of 2½ gross of Christmas Cards stolen from St Katherines Docks. Value 1/6d. PS2&PC129 Dk.Police. Fined 20/d or 14 days.

Charge July 26th 1889. Michael Collins age 56 of 12 Charles Street Lambeth a costermonger for assaulting Albert Walesby, barman at the Rose B.H. Dock Street. 14 days H.L.

Distraint on goods for rent July 26th 1889. PC 225H Roberts begs to report at 12.30pm being called by Mr S. Crocker, certified bailiff 43 President Street St Lukes, to no 15 Little Furness St, who stated that he had got a warrant for distraint on some goods for rent, and that he should like me to stand by, in case he got assaulted. P.C. done as requested and saw that there was no violation of the law committed.

Man found in Thames September 4th 1889. PC225H Reports reports that at 11pm 4th inst. being called to the Irongate Stairs, Little Tower Hill, by Edwin Knight 18 Peabodys Buildings Royal Mint Street. E. who stated that he was in his boat off the above named stairs when he heard a splash and saw a man swimming in the water, he at once rowed to the spot and rescued him and brought him to the shore. PC225H asked him how he got int othe water, and he said I dived in, and then became insensible. P.C. send for Dr. North 140 Minories. E.C. who attended and at once ordered him to the Whitechapel Infirmary where he was at once taken by PCs 225H & 85H on the Police Ambulance and was seen by the House Surgeon who stated that was suffering from epileptic fits and immersion and was admitted. Description age about 27 hgt 5ft 8ins. Comp fresh, hair. eyes and moustache, dark. Dressed black coat & vest cord trousers, white shirt & stockings lace boots black neckerchief black hard felt hat.

Charge October 11th 1889. Mary Banks age 45 of 22 East St Stepney. Drunk & Disorderly. Fined 3/d or 3 days.

Door open. October 27th 1889. P.C. 225H Roberts that at 2.15am finding the first floor door open of warehouse no 18 Gt Alie St. occupied by "the Cunningham & De-Fourier Compy. P.Cs. 225H & 13HR searched the premises and found apparently all correct door supposed blown open by the wind. P.C. kept observation till 6am, and informed day duty.

Infirmary November 3rd 1889. P.C. 225H Roberts reports that at 3.15am finding ill and destitute in Great Alie Street, James Bailey (no home) a farrier age 64 Complexion fair, hair and whiskers grey. height 5ft 7ins dress brown overcoat, black diagonal jacket, cord trousers, white shirt, odd boots, black hard felt hat, right left short. P.C. conveyed him on Polce ambulance to the Whitechapel infirmary, and detained H.S. stated he was suffering from weakness.

Charge Nov 7th 1889. John Hagan age 22 no home or occupation for stealing 3/0d from James Berry a sailor, and for assaulting me, remanded to the 12th inst. Prosecutor did not appear against him. Fined 2/6 or 3 days for assaulting me.

Injured on duty Nov 13th 1889. I beg to report that at 4.30pm being on duty in the Whitechapel Road and seeing a disturbance I went there and tried to stop it, when I was assaulted by Frederick Jones & Joseph Arrow 1st age 20 of 26 Palmer Street Old Ford 2nd age 21 of 18 Quilter Street Bethnal Green by them knocking me down and kicking me, injuring my right knee-cap and cutting my upper lip. with assistance they were both taken into custody and were sentenced at the Thames Police Court by F Lushington Esq. the 1st to 1 month H.L. the 2nd to 6 weeks H.L. I attended before the divisional surgeon at 8pm 13th who placed me on the sick list.

Charge Nov 14th 1889. Frederick Jones age 20 of 26 Palmer Street Old Ford. Labourer for disorderly conduct & fighting and assaulting me 1 month H.L. Josph Arrow age 21 of 78 Quilter Street Bethnal Green, for assaulting me 6 weeks H.L. Charles Jones age 32 of 26 Palmer Street Old Form for assaulting Willie Euston 7 Mulberry Street 6 weeks H.L. and attempt to rescue 20/ or 10 days. Thames. Previous Convn. against first 2.

Charge November 26th 1889. John Gafga (Jacob) 52 Rockaby Street Stratford East Ham, age 19 a carman. Walter Woolley age 21 130 Old Church Road, Stepney a labourer, William Burns age 19 27 Firmin's Place Coml. Rd a labourer for unlawful possession of two large cheeses each weighing 70 lbs value at £1.15.0 each. remanded to Nov 30th then to Dec 7th then committed for trial at the London Sessions Dec 16th 1889. A previous conviction against John Gafga in the name of Jacob Gafga of 3 months H.L. for larceny (watch) on the 22nd Aug 1887 proved by P.S. Charles Dolden C.I.D. and a previous conviction against Walter Woolley in the name of John Williams of 2 months H.L on the 15th Sept 1888 proved by PC91H Patrick for felony (coat) and was sentenced by Judge Lily. Gafga & Woolley to 9 months Hard Labour & Burns to 6 months hard labour on the 19th of Dec 1889. the Judge & Jury commended me for for zeal and activity displayed in apprehending and bringing to justice 3 men and recovery of the property. See PC. 1st Jany. 1896. Burns See 2-10-90 = 10 months H.L & in default surety months. 4.11.91 = 6 wks H.L. Thames PC. 19.12.92. 8 Calandar months HL. NL Session.

Charge December 1st 1889. Jimmy Carney age 40 a stoker no home. Drunk & Disorderly in the Whitechapel Road. Discharged.

Charge December 12th 1889. William Hook age 30 a fishsaleman 91 New Road. Disorderly conduct and causing a crowd to assemble bound over in his own recognizances to be of good behaviour for 6 months.

Charge December 13th 1889. Augusta Haas age 30 of no 5 Fardells Buildings Cartright St. Violently assaulting George Haas her stepson, remanded to the 21st 1889. bailed out on her own recognizances to appear. Discharged.

Door open March 24th 1890. P.C. 225H Roberts reports that at 6.30am finding the door open of the Victoria Coffee Shop, 264 Whitechapel Road. the occupier Mr Edward Willis came and in company searched the premises and found everything correct and who stated that the lock was very weak, and that no doubt some of his customers had pushed it open, and also that he had informed the night duty to the state of the lock.

Charge March 31st 1890. Michael Driscoll 5 Mary Place Wapping, gambling at Red Mead Lane, 2/6 or 3 days.

ardells Buildings Bartwight St.
Violently Assaulting George Haas her
stepson, remanded to the 21st May.
bailed out on her own recogni-
tances to appear. Discharged.

March 24th 1890.
P.C. 225^H Reports that at
3.30 am finding the door open
of the Victoria Coffee Shop, 264
Whitechapel Road. the occupier
Mr Edward Wallis came and in
company searched the premises
and found everything correct
and who stated that the lock

Wapping, gambling at Red Mead
Lane, 2/6 or 3 days.

~~Disputed~~ May April 2nd 1890
P.C. 225^H Reports that at 8.15 pm
an accident occurred in the
Commercial Road, to Robert Feather
age 11 of 46 Jane Street Coml Road
caused by a one horse van
belonging to A Juliers 54 Leman
Street and driven by Samuel
Marston 26 Walburgh St Shadwell
running over his left leg. PC conveyed
him to the London Hospital in the
above van and was seen by H. Sn.
who stated that he was none the

Accident May 2nd 1890. P.C. 225H Reports that at 8.15pm an accident occurred in the Commercial Road, to Robert Feather age 11 of 46 Jane Street Coml. Road caused by a one horse van belonging to A. Juliers 54 Leman Street and driven by Samuel Marston 26 Walburgh St Shadwell running over his left leg. PC conveyed him to the London Hospital in the above van and was seen by the He. Sn. who stated that he was none the worse for it and was able to go home no expenses incurred. Witnessed by Wm. Anderson 1 Hope Ct Denmark St & Hy. Hills 24 Yarton St Poplar, not witnessed by P.C. reporting.

Collision June 17th 1890. PC 225H Reports that at 6pm a collision occurred in High St Wapping between a horse and van belonging to Henry Vile 84 Tower Hill and driven by Richard Murphy 3 Wapping Wall and a hand truck belonging to the New Crane Wharf Compy. Wapping which was being driven by Thomas Shore 9 Lefevre Road Old Ford, breaking the handle of truck witnessed by Daniel Donovan 57 Jubilee Builds. Wapping, not by PC reporting.

Charge June 19th 1890. John Casey age 53 a labourer Drunk & incapable in Nightingale Lane. Discharged.

Collision July 5th 1890. PC 225H Report that at 12.20pm an accident occurred in Nightingale Lane cause by a horse and van no 3 belonging to Gold Bros & Nash 47 & 49 Shoreditch E and driven by James Dacey 31 Tilson Rd Tottenham which bolted from outside of no 7 gate St Katherines Dock and collided with H.C. Plate no 10787 Drivers Badge No 11939 slightly damaging the springs and off side lamp of H.C. not witnessed by P.C. information obtained from driver of H.C.

Charge July 5th 1890. John Wilson age 25 Boatwains of 88 Grecian Royal Albert Docks. for attempting to commit suicide by jumping into Hermitage Lock. Remanded for a week then discharged.

Charge August 20th 1890 See 1st Sept 1890 Thomas Smith no home, labourer for stealing 6½ lbs of tea from a van in Trinity Square. Remanded to the 27th then sent for trial at the London Sessions and sentences to 12 months H.L. by Judge Edlin on the 1st Sept 1890 at the Royal Court of Justice.

Dispute August 21st 1890. PC225H Reports that at 4.30pm being called to a dispute between H.C. driver and a sailor (in Little Thames Street) who asked the driver what he would charge to drive him and a box and bag to Paddington Station the driver said 5/ and the fare thought it too much. PC asked the driver for his badge but he made no reply after he said that he had left it at Barton's PH. he detained the fare and went to fetch it and came back with badge no 8552. PC examined the distance board and found that it was 5 miles 115 yards from St Katherines Wharf.

Charge August 28th 1890. John Barratt 8 North East Passage age 28 a labourer, Disorderly Conduct and obscene language 2/6d or 3 day. Thames Police Court.

Accident August 30th 1890. P.C. 225H Reports that at 11am has Alexander Mier 42 Selby St. Bakers Row Whitechapel was driving a horse and van no 171 belonging to the South Western Railway along Little Thames Street the horse fell down breaking the off-shaft a piece which flew off and struck William Sullivan 4 Philip Street Back Church Lane on the left leg grazing the skin off, but refused any assistance. Witnessed by James Hayes 5 John Hill St Georges. & Henry French 11 London Street Bethnal Green also by PC reporting.

Charge Sept 1st 1890. see aug 20th 1890 Thomas Smith alias Arthur Hearn sentenced to 12 months H.L. by Judge Edlin Esq at the Royal Court of Justice. convictions of 1 month on the 27th of June 1889 of unlawful possession of salmon at the Mansion House, also 6 weeks 17 Aug 1889 for stealing cheese Mansion House, also 1 month 22nd October 1889 for stealing kippers at the Guildhall, also 3 months 10th Dec 1889 Rough & Vagabond Mansion House, also 21 days. H.L. for stealing sweets from stall on the 22nd March 1890, and a further conviction of 3 months H.L. for stealing lamp glasses on the 17th May 1890 at the Thames Police Court was proved by P.C 442 Richardson, the previous ones by Warder Cooke. in name of Heard.

Charge Sept 4th 1890. Eliza Cowell age 35 of 2 Matilda Street for being drunk disorderly and making use of obscene language and assaulting me. 10/d or 7 days.

Charge Sept 23rd 1890. Thomas Briant age 34 for being drunk, disorderly and using obscene language. 5/d or 5 days.

Charge Sept 29th 1890. John Walker age 25 of 44 Grove Street for assaulting me. 6 weeks H.L.

Charge Sept. 29th 1890. Mary Ann Dady age 24 of 26 Grove Street for assaulting me 5/ or 5 days.

Accident October 20th 1890. PC 225H Reports that at 5.15pm, as Charles Bass age 39 of 4 Darwin St Old Kent Road, was backing a pair horse van no 224 belonging to the L.B.&S.C. Railway, when a van belonging to William Chamberlain 18 Octagon St Bethnal Green Road, and driven by Samuel Ross 9 Pollard Row Bethnal Green Road, ran over his left heel but refused any assistance. witnessed by PC reporting.

Runaway horse October 21st 1890. PC 225H Reports that at 8.15am a horse attached to a hay cart owned by Richard Bannister (farmer) Mountnessing Essex and driven by George Polley same address, was passing the London Hospital when the horse took fright at the road being under repair on the tram lines and bolted, and when opposite St Marys Street I ran out into the road and caught hold of the reins when it was going at a furious rate and after considerably difficulty I stopped it at Gt Garden St. a distance of about 200 yds. having just recovered from a severe injury of my testicles caused whilst on duty, the running and the jerk in stopping the horse has caused me pain there again, witnessed by John Beale 40 Underwood St Mile End New Town & Arthur Ray 14 Bell St. Spitalfields.

Charge November 25th 1890. Edward Smith 23 of 14 Dean St organ-grinder. Disorderly and obscene language, bound over in the sum of £5 to keep the peace and to find a surety for the same amount, or in default a week.

Water bucket damaged December 9th 1890. PC 225H Roberts reports at 9.10pm finding the handle of the water bucket in use at High Street cab rank broken. PC made enquiries but failed to find out how it was done.

Charge December 14th 1890. John Morris of George Yard Whitechapel, a dock labourer, for being Drunk. Dis. Obscene Language assault & wilful damage 7 day H.L.

Charge December 20th 1890. Thomas Anderson of 38 Samuel Street St Georges. Drunk and Incapable. No appearance.

Charge December 24th 1890. Arthur Stockwell. SS Upapa. Drunk and incapable. No appearance.

Man knocked down. December 26th 1890. PC 225H Reports that an accident occurred in the High St. Whitechapel at 4pm whereby Joseph French 40 Upper East Smithfield was knocked down by a horse and cab Plate no 8621 Drivers badge no 6245 and who got up and stated that he was not hurt and refused medical assistance. Witnessed by Morris Sarfasky 37 Gowers Walk & James Salter 31 Grove Street St Georges. Not by PC reporting and kept observation.

Door open January 26th 1891. PC 225H Reports that at 3.15am finding the door of 43 Commercial Road insecurely fastened. PC called the occupier Carl Schweitzer and in company with him and PS 11H searched the premises and found apparently all correct.

Door open February 5th 1891. PC 225H Reports that at 6.20am finding the door open of 18 Commercial Road, PC called the occupier N Sablewitz who examined the same, and stated that everything seemed alright and that he had no doubt that the lodger had left it open as he goes out all hours.

Dog found February 22nd 1891. PC 225H Reports finding at 4.15pm in Wellclose Square a black & white tan dog unmuzzled & without a collar.

Charge February 25th 1891. Thomas Beech 76 The Mount Brick Lane for being drunk whilst in charge of a horse & van 10/d or in default of distress - 7 days.

Charge April 7th 1891. Dennis Fahey age 24 labourer 5 Philip Street King Street Canning Town for drunk & assaulting me off duty. 10/d or 7 days. A.R.

Collision April 10th 1891. P.C. 225H Reports that at 3.30pm being informed by driver Badge no 11343 of HC Plate no 11586 that a van no 5 belonging to Thomas Allen Gt Hermitage Street Wapping and driven by William Donovan 12 Plough Alley, Gt Hermitage Street Wapping had ran into his cab in Nightingale Lane and smashed the dicky and scratched the paint off on near side. Witnessed by Mrs Winslow 80 Jubilee Buildings High Street Wapping and George Russell 146 School-house Lane Ratcliffe E. not by PC reporting.

Charge April 16th 1891. Daniel Foley 32 Labourer. Melbourne Chambers. Drunk Dis. Assaulting me in Dock Street. Fined 10/d or 7 days.

Assault April 18th 1891. PC 225H Roberts reports that at 10.40am being called by Lewis Neiberg 60 Lambeth Street to take name and address of George Seals 60 Royal Mint Street for assaulting him by striking him with his hand in the face in Upper East Smithfield. Witnessed by PC reporting.

Charge April 20th 1891. Henry Froy 27 labourer of 9 Chamber Square Upper East Smithfield for assault on Dock Constable 44. Fined 10/d or 7 days.

Collision April 28th 1891. PC 225H Roberts reports that at 12.15pm being informed by William Clark 183 St Katherine's Buildings that as he was throwing sand from a hand-truck, down in the roadway Upper East Smithfield, (hand truck) belonging to Thomas Stones & Co Great Hermitage Street Wapping, when a loaded van no 4 belonging to R. Marks 8 Wharf Amberley Road Paddington and driven by William Bennett 38 Claringdon Street Harrow Road collided with the above truck breaking the handle. Not witnessed by PC reporting.

Charge May 2nd 1891. Frank Montague seaman S.S. Magda London Docks. Drunk Dis & assaulting me. 10/ or 7 days.

Charge May 11th 1891. John Parker, age 49 of 144 Cambridge Road for unlawful possession of 13ozs of currants in the London Docks. 10 day H.L.

Charge May 11th 1891. Annie Richardson 32 no home Drunk & incapable in Upper East Smithfield. No appearance.

Charge May 19th 1891. Gaetano Margo 35 seaman 210 St Georges Street. Drunk Disly. Obs. Language. 2/6d or 3 days.

Abusive language May 21st 1891. P.C. 225H Roberts reports that at 9.50am being called by Joseph Nathan (Inland Revenue Officer) 14 Stepney Green who complained of David Silverberg 40 Whitechapel Road of greatly annoying him each time he passed. PC gave name & address and referred him to the magistrate Silverberg using abusive language in my presence during the time of obtaining the same.

Charge May 25th 1891. Frank Wilkinson age 25 fur dyer Victoria Home Whitechapel Road Samuel Pegg age 41 labourer 20 Thrawl Street & Elizabeth Smith age 19 prostitute. 19 George Street Commercial Street. concerned together together in stealing £1.10.0d and a ladies overcoat value £4.10.0 from Grace PAge Oakley House, Oakley Chelmsford, at the White Hart P.H. High Street Whitechapel. Discharged Worship Street Police Court.

Charge June 1st 1891. Micheal Driscoll (John) 48 no home Drunk. Dis. Obs Lange. & assaulting me in High Street Whitechapel. 10 days.

Door open June 15th 1891. PC 225H reports that at 12.30am finding the shop door of 40 Mansell Street insecurely fastened. PC called Alfred Blunsum and in company searched the premises and found apparently all correct and who also secured the same.

Collision July 17th 1891. PC 225H Roberts reports that at 9.20am being informed by James Scott 4 Brisby Street Bethnal Green driver of a pair horse van (loaded) belonging to B. Bunkley & Son Mitre Street City that he was driving along the Commercial Road the wheels of the van skidded along the tram metals which was very bad which caused him to collide with a pony and trap belonging to Tho. Robins 225 Gt Dover Street, which was standing by the side of the kerb breaking the off-side splash board of latter. Witnessed by Joseph Biggs 37 West Street Mile End. PC examined the metals and found they were in bad condition.

Slight fire July 19th 1891. PC 225H Roberts reports that at 9.30am a slight fire occurred in the front room top floor of 92 High Street Whitechapel occupied by Arthur Cheeney, damaging the window blinds and curtains etc cause unknown, extinguished by the inmates. PC informed the fire brigade authorities.

Charge July 30th 1891. Herman Kreit 1317 Old Church Road Stepney a porter & John Thorn 42 Boyd Street Back Church Lane a carman age 19 for unlawful possession of a pair of trousers. Remanded to the 6th Aug, and were then discharged.

Slight fire August 2ns 1891. PC225H Roberts reports that at 11.15pm an alarm of fire was raised at 209 St Georges Street the second floor front room of same being slightly burned caused by a lamp being accidentally knocked over. Extinguished by the inmates. Fire authorities informed by PC. occupied by Mrs Bohlem.

Shop shutter insecure Augst. 5th 1891. P.C. 225H Roberts reports that at 10.30pm finding the shutter insecurely fastened which leads into the shop of 130 Cable Street (unoccupied). P.C. secured the same and kept observation. owners unknown. PC informed day duty at 6am.

Charge August 6th 1891. John Harris 22 Pell Street St Georges age 22 a labourer drunk disly. assaulting me. 10/d or 4 days.

Door open August 6th 1891. P.C. 225 H Roberts reports finding the door of 44 Princes Sq open. PC called the occupier George Grothaar and in company searched the premises and found apparently all correct. occupier could not account for the door being open.

Sept 21st 1891. PC 225H reports that at 7.15pm that as Ann Englethorpe age 72 an inmate of Mile End Old Town workhouse was crossing the Commerical Road opposite Berner's Street, she was knocked down by a horse and cart (uncovered & loaded) driven and owned by William Rippingale Green Lane Ilford. PC conveyed her on Police Ambulance to the London Hospital, where she was seen by the H.S. who stated that she was suffering from cut head, after dressing same PC conveyed her to the above workhouse. Witnessed by George Perkins 2 Exmouth St Commercial Road and Charles Flynn 46 Samuel Street, Cannon Street Road, St Georges. Not by PC reporting.

Sept 22nd 1891. PC 225H reports that at 12.30pm a van loaded with manure drawn by 3 horses belonging to Clements Mead Downhall Farm Ilford and drive by Charles Mazen Chadwell Heath broke down through the off hind wheel coming off at the top of Betts Street, Cable Street causing obstruction for 1 hour and half. Viz from 12.30 to 2 pm.

October 6th 1891. Sylvester Leach age 34 of 28 Royster Street Bonner Street Bethnal Green, a sawdust dealer. Drunk Dis Obs Lange. 5/ or 5 days.

October 8th 1891. Henry Hagney 38 of 13 Farling Street St Georges. Drunk & Assault. Discharged. PC 218H

October 10th 1891. PC 225H Reports that at 2.15pm being called by Harry Billinge 37 Copley Street Stepney who stated that he went into the "Two Bells" P.H. 6&7 Whitechapel Road and called for drinks which came to 5d and tendered a sovereign and only received 17/1d change. PC exchanged name and addresses and referred him to the County Court.

October 11th 1891. PC 225H Reports that at 1.15pm finding the drinking cup and chain attached missing from the drinking fountain Whitechapel Church. PC informed the Board of Works Gt Alie Street, who stated that they would see to it.

October 12th 1891. Alice Jones, 30, no home. Drunk & Disorderly. 21 days H.L.

October 26th 1891. John Cook (alias Brummett Jack) Cooneys lodging house, Old Montague Street no occupation. Robbery & assault Discharged.

October 27th 1891. Thomas Jones 55 Drunk & incapable no appearance.

October 28th 1891. PC 225H Reports that an accident occurred in the Whitechapel Road at 11.10am whereby John Brown SS Rosendale Surrey Docks was knocked down and ran over by a cart loaded belonging to Thomas Stubbings Portland Avenue Upper Clapton and driven by Charles Jobson 17 Union Road, Upper Edmonton. PC conveyed him to the London Hospital in a cab Plate no 3663 Driver's Badge no 6542 and was attended by the house surgeon who stated he was suffering from abrasions of legs and was not admitted. Witnessed by Henry Barlow 24 Underwood Street and Thomas Ives 211 High Street Stratford also by P.C. reporting.

October 21st 1891. P.C. 225H reports that at 9.30am a collision occurred in the Whitechapel Road between a one horse van (covered) belonging to Frederick Day 47 Palm Street Grove Road and driven by Arthur Earp 11 Hill Street Hackney Road, and a one horse cart (loaded) belonging to George Medcalf 74 Woodgrange Road Forest Gate and driven by George Beckwith same address breaking the near side shaft of former, witnessed by Henry Humphreys 77 Whitechapel Road & Henry Hillers 17 Maroone Street Limehouse. Not by PC reporting.

October 31st 1891. PC 225H Reports that at 9pm an accident occurred in High St Whitechapel whereby Lewis Levy 4 Little Duke Street Brushfield St was knocked down by a bicycle driven by John Hilliard 32 Burrard Road West Hampstead and who complained that it had hurt his right hand but refused any assistance. Witnessed by John Hardman 9 Louisa Street Mile End not by PC reporting.

November 14th 1891. PC 225H Roberts reports that at 7.10pm finding Joseph Mac'kay age 40 SS Bramar Millwall Docks, lying on the pavement in Wellclose Square, bleeding freely from two cuts on face. PC conveyed him to the London Hospital in cab no where he was attended to by the H.S. who stated that he was suffering from lacerated forehead and side of right eye but was not admitted. cab fare paid by Mac'kay, and who stated that he had fell down.

November 14th 1891. Henry Stevens 21 Gt Hermitage Street Wapping. Inciting the crowd and assaulting me. Remanded to 23rd and then sentenced to 1 month H.L.

November 18th 1891. PC225H Reports that about 12.50am being on duty in St George's Street and hearing a police whistle blow. I went there and saw PC 233H Wells struggling with a man named William Chaplin. I assisted him and as we were coming through Wellclose Square a man named Henry Stevens came up on my right side and struck me with his left hand in the stomach he then made a kick at me which I avoided by getting on one side, he then shouted out to the crowd lets settle them, pull out your hooks mates (wool hooks) and lets have a go three of the crowd then pulled out there hooks and made a rush at me, and one man unknown made a shike at me with his hook and I pulled out my truncheon and knocked it on one side and the same blow struck Stevens on the head assistance came and I took him into custody and charged him inciting the crowd and assaulting me and was before Mr F. Mead at the Thames Police Court and was remanded to Monday ----- 1 month H.L.

November 21st 1891. Timothy Malone 11 Mill Yard Leman Street age 51 Drunk & Disoly. 10/d or 7 days.

November 22nd 1891. P.C.225H Reports that at 12.15am being called to the Angel & Crown PH Ship Alley by the occupier John Ackerdyke who stated that his barman had seen someone at the back of the house. PC with assistance of PCs 233 & 373 searched the presmises and found all apparently correct.

November 25th 1891. Ann Rickie 4 Star & Garter Yard St Georges a dealer and Ellen Lyons 38 no home an unfortunate for disorderly conduct for fighting and for assaulting me & P.C. 145H Presswood. 1 month H.L. each.

December 28th 1891. Thomas Watts - drunk & assault 5/ or 3 days. Mansion House.

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December 28th 1891.
Thomas Watts. drunk & Assault
5/ or 3 days. Mansion House

January 4th 1892.
P.C. 225H Roberts Reports that at
3am finding Louisa Jordan at
Mansion Court Lodging house

George Yard Whitechapel lying
on the pavement in High St
Whitechapel and who stated
her husband George Jordan
assaulted her by kicking her
in the ribs. P.C. conveyed her
on Police ambulance to
London Hospital where she
attended to by Dr Farmer who
stated that she was suffering
from two broken ribs on
side, but was not admitted
no expenses incurred. Jordan
declined to take any process

January 9th 1892.
P.C. 225H Reports that at 3am finding
side door of 99 High St Whitechapel
P.C. called the occupier Joseph Hermann
in company searched the premises and
found apparently all correct supposed
open by lodgers.

CHRIS SCOTT'S

Press Trawl

The Echo

12 October 1888

SHELTERS FOR THE HOMELESS.

Sir,

Many thanks for your notice of our shelter just opened. It is wrong to suppose that we purpose soliciting or bringing in any unfortunate women, or, in fact, any one. The police have orders that if they find anyone without a shelter, or the means to obtain it, they go to our shelter. The readiness with which the police have all accepted the duty is an answer to the objectors. They are all very pleased that there is such a place, and many a one will be sheltered from the next bitter winter. How many are made thieves and prostitutes from having no shelter or means of obtaining it? The Bishop of Bedford will do well to open his home for fallen women and may bring thousands back to the good path and do mountains of good. We only profess to open the door to a poor wretch and let he or she rest in the warm until the day comes. On Tuesday night - our second at the shelter - we had fifty men, eight women, and two children, who, but for the shelter, would have had to wander about all night, or attempt to sleep on a doorstep or in a corner. They were all well behaved and grateful. Can any argument be needed that the movement is a good one, and wanted, and capable of doing great good? It is in no way an opposition to any movement to help the poor. All good movements in this direction are wanted, and deserve encouragement.

I am, yours faithfully,

Samuel Hayward.

212 Devonshire Road, Forest Hill.

Oct. 10.

WOMEN AS DETECTIVES.

Among the countless suggestions that have been made for the present assistance or future guidance of the powers that be, is one from Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who asks, "Why should such a thing as a female detective be unheard of in the land?" She goes on to say:- "A clever woman of unobtrusive dress and appearance (she need not be 5ft 7in) would possess over masculine rivals not a few advantages. She would pass unsuspected where a man would be instantly noticed; she could extract gossip from other women much more freely; she would move through the streets and courts without waking the echoes of the pavement by a sonorous military tread; and, lastly, she would be in a position to employ for whatsoever it may be worth that gift of intuitive quickness and 'mother wit' with which her sex is commonly credited."

Miss Cobbe is usually an extraordinarily well informed women, but in this matter she is not "up to date." I am aware that Government does not recognise the sex in connection with the police force, and that Scotland yard does not include a contingent of plain clothes - by the way, this sounds as if it would be a very unkind restriction - policewomen. But at the present moment there are scores of female detectives in London, either in the regular or casual employ of the Private Inquiry and Investigation Offices. It is one of the most curious fields of female labour that there that there is; and so, Miss Cobbe's letter in hand, I went to two of the most eminent firms, one in the City and one near Charing cross, to hear their opinions as to the practical worth of the idea in connection with recent horrible events.

In the first, the principal began by saying, "We do nothing in common criminal investigations, but only in the

complications and refinements of transgressions against the laws. Women are often useful to us here; if they have certain qualifications. A good female detective is the cruellest, the most devilish creature under the sun, and I am paying a compliment to the sex in saying that she must drop all her beautiful womanly attributes to be of any service. She must not have a spark of gentleness or pity in her nature, and be fiendishly calculating and foreseeing. I employ numbers of them in, say, divorce or money cases, and I can meet the wants of all classes by providing them with women of all ranks, from a Russian princess or a Polish countess down to a factory girl. I pay some of them two hundred a year, and they are always provided with unlimited money in cases of emergency. One of my staff is indoors at this moment. Would you like to talk to her?"

She came down. She wore a neatly made black dress and jacket and a pretty black bonnet with a few well chosen coloured flowers. Altogether she would have passed muster anywhere as a typical shop girl or a middle class governess. In age she said she was about 25. "What sent you into the profession?" I asked, and she replied, "I came here to Mr. _____ as a copying clerk, and I thought that the detective work seemed interesting, and would be easy to me. On one occasion, when he was in very great straits to find a young woman, I offered to try. He sent me down to Nottingham, where I had to go into a lace factory and ostensibly learn the trade of lace making, while I kept my eyes and ears open to collect the evidence, which would be of enormous value in our case, in which £25,000 was at stake. I was successful and since then I have been in houses as companion, as lady's maid, or as nursemaid. I have been in all sorts of domestic scenes, some of them terribly rough ones. I have tracked guilty parties to Berlin, and have often been dogged myself by detectives on the other side. Only a night or two ago I found I was followed to an Underground station, and had to give the pursuers the slip by taking a ticket in an opposite direction, and making them think my day's work was over." "Have you no compunction in telling the secrets, or convicting the guilty one?" I asked. "Not the slightest," was her quiet reply. "It is my business to do so."

My next informant considered that the scope in which a woman was of value as a detective was extremely limited. "She can go," he began, "into a house, a shop, or a factory, or anywhere else where a woman may reasonably be employed. But for outdoor watching and tracking she is of little use, for there are so many situations in which it is common and usual to see a man, but noticeable to find a woman once, remarkable twice, and alarmingly suspicious the third time. Not long ago, I received orders to observe the not always satisfactory movements of a lady who lived in a London suburb. It was suggested that a female should be employed, as the lady believed that she was watched by men. But, in spite of my female agent's quick changes and resource, the lady soon saw reasons for suspecting espionage, when she observed how often another woman had to go to the same places in town as she had. And, despite her dread of male detectives, it was they who obtained all the information needed. I do not think women would be of the slightest use in the East end, while I cannot imagine that any one of them would undertake the work. But, putting that aside, there is no reliance to be placed on women who are not respectable and self respecting; while I wonder how Miss Cobbe imagines a woman, who was morally all that she ought to be, would behave as if she was on night duty as a plain clothes detective? A man comes along and offers her a drink - if she refuses it, why should she be out alone after dark? There is something suspicious at once. If she accepts it, in the exercise of her calling, it places her in company that is possessed of the keenest eyes in the world, and who would certainly 'spot' her. No; for criminal investigation of the ordinary kinds it is far less productive of suspicion to employ men, who can go into public houses, give and take quantities of drink, and act the blackguard among blackguards, as criminals generally are, if necessary, in the interests of justice. Women have been tried enough already as detectives to enable us to say that, save in investigations of domestic nature, men of small or average stature, ordinary appearance, cool head and rapidity of action, are the best at this class of work.

IRIS.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT IN WHITECHAPEL. SCENE OF EXCITEMENT.

An exciting scene was today witnessed in Whitechapel. Shortly before noon a Polish journeyman butcher, named Alec Schiolish, employed at 139 Wentworth street, was cutting a piece of beef, when the knife, very sharp and tapering, slipped, and inflicted shocking abdominal injuries. His cries and groans, as he lay helpless in the shop, soon attracted attention, especially as the premises are within a few yards of the corner of Goulston street, where the piece of apron belonging to the Mitre square victim was discovered. Police Constable Frederick Medhurst, 22HR, together with other officers, at once repaired to the spot, where several hundred persons had already assembled, a false rumour speedily spreading that the unfortunate occurrence had some connection with the recent crimes. The sufferer, who lodges at 7 Pelham street, Brick lane, was removed in a cab to the London Hospital, crowds of excited persons running alongside the vehicle until it reached its destination. The patient's injuries, which were of a serious character, at once received the attention of the surgical staff.

ROBBED IN A LODGING HOUSE.
FOUR MEN ATTACK A FOREIGNER.
SCENE IN FLOWER AND DEAN STREET.

Mary Hawkes, 18, and James Fordham, 21, the latter with several aliases, were charged, on remand. at the Worship street Police court today, with having been concerned, with others not in custody, in assaulting Carl Edwin Neuman, and robbing him of a pair of trousers and a sum of £4.

Mr. Phillips appeared to defend Fordham.

The prosecutor, a Scandinavian, who described himself as student, met a woman, with whom he went to Flower and Dean street, Spitalfields. He was taken by her into a common lodging house there, where he paid 8d. for a 'double' bed, and was shown to a room. He found fault with the accommodation, and the woman left the room. Almost immediately afterwards her companion was attacked by four or five men, who burst into the room, and seized him, throwing him on the bed, and rifling his pockets of a purse containing £4 in gold, as well as stealing his trousers. Two police constables heard the prosecutor's cries, and entered the place just as he was thrown down the stairs. The room he had been in was searched, and in the adjoining room the prisoners were found in bed. The trousers and purse were also found there, the purse being minus £2 10s. of its contents. Fordham denied having taken part in the assault on the prosecutor but the latter identified him.

THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE.

Margaret Brown, a young woman, now deposed that she acted as "deputy" of the house in question, No. 34 Flower and Dean street, erroneously stated last time by the witnesses to be No. 35. The house was owned by a Mr. Coates, who kept a chandler's shop in Dorset street, and lived in Whitecross street. Replying to the Magistrate, the witness said that there were nineteen "double" beds, and seven "singles" in the place. She did not know the four men who attacked the prosecutor - there were no other men that she knew of up there. She had sole charge of the place, and was paid six shillings a week. Police Constable Dennis, 57 H, recalled, said that when he entered the place the deputy was not to be seen. After going in a second time she came from the kitchen. The witness explained that the "single" beds were undivided, and stood in rows in a large room, the "double" beds being in small rooms partitioned off. The partitions did not touch the floor or the ceiling, a space of about eighteen inches being left top and bottom. A person might pass from one room to other "rooms" by a good squeeze.

6,000 PEOPLE LIVING IN 127 HOUSES.

Police sergeant 32 H, said he had, with an inspector, to inspect the registered lodging houses in the district. These were 127 in number - common lodging houses, accommodating about 6,000 persons. These were all visited once a week on an average. The house, 34 Flower and Dean street, had hitherto been a well conducted house. Of course, it was frequented by thieves and women. He doubted if a single registered lodging house would be found without thieves among its lodgers.

The prisoners were then committed to the Sessions.

The scare in East London is seriously affecting the profits of the keepers of the common lodging houses. On the night before last a lodging house, which usually accommodates nearly five hundred persons, only let out twenty beds. The effect upon the streets is even more conspicuous. The nocturnal rowdy is clearly in a state of depression, and has prudently made his way to "pastures new" for the present.

EAST END TRAGEDIES.
THE ARREST AT BELFAST.
A MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER.
EVASIVELY ANSWERS THE POLICE.

At the Belfast Police court, today, John Foster, who was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the Whitechapel murders, was brought up.

Constable Carland said - From information I received I proceeded to No. 11 Memel street. The prisoner was not there when I went first. I went back about half an hour afterwards, when I found the prisoner in, and went upstairs to the room occupied by him and rapped at the door. The prisoner said "Come in." I went in and found the prisoner in bed. I asked him his name, where he had come from and how long he had been in Belfast. He gave the name of William John Foster, and said he had no fixed address. He arrived in town on Sunday from Greenock, where he had spent two

days, but he could not say where he stopped. Previous to that he was in Glasgow for four days, and, before that, in in Edinburgh; but he did not know how long he was there, nor did he know anyone living there.

FOSTER'S POSSESSIONS.

I found a clasp knife (produced) in his coat pocket, a purse containing £19 4s. 5d. halfpenny, and the chisel and handle (produced, which were lying on the table in the bedroom. They, when separated, fit into the bag (produced). In the bag I found three razors, a table knife, a small knife, and a number of watch making appliances. He said that he was a watchmaker, but that he did nothing at the trade, as he had an income of his own, which he got from his father, who lived in London. He said his father was a brewer, but could not give the address. I found the silver watch and chain and locket (produced) in his pockets. He said the watch was his own. It bears the monogram "A.M.R."

The watch and chain were then handed to the Bench for examination.

Witness (continuing): There was a piece of broken necklet in his coat pocket. I got the keys (produced). The watch is a lever, without the maker's name. Examined the clothes of the prisoner, and found he was wearing boots similar to those worn by military men.

The prisoner was remanded for a week.

A PENSIONER ARRESTED.

Police sergeant Gibbery took into custody this morning, at the Duke of York public house, Clerkenwell road, a man who had asked a person to sign some papers with reference to a pension. The name appearing on the papers was that of Conway, and they referred to a man who had been in the Hussars. The supposition was that the man was the husband of the woman Eddowes, who was murdered in Mitre square. He was conveyed to Bishopsgate Police station. Thence he was taken to the Old Jewry. There, however, it was found that he was much younger than the woman's husband must have been. The police, therefore, did not think it necessary to send for Mrs. Phillips, the murdered woman's sister, and the man was allowed to go away.

A "SUSPECT" IN HOSPITAL.

A report was current late last night that the police have good reason to suspect a man who is at present a patient in an East end infirmary. He was admitted since the commission of the last murder, and, owing to his suspicious behaviour and other circumstances, the attention of the authorities was directed to him. Detectives are making inquiries relative to his actions before being admitted to the infirmary, and he is kept under constant and close surveillance.

"COLORADO CHARLEY'S" EXPLANATION.

On Monday *The Echo* published descriptions of nine men, concerning whom the police were said to require information. One of these was a young fellow designated by his sobriquet of "Colorado Charley," who was formerly attached to the "Mexican Joe's" Company at the Albert Palace. He was said to have been seen in the Battersea Park road, and to answer the description of a portrait of the supposed murderer. "Colorado Charley" called at our office today. A smart, well knit fellow, he was very indignant at the idea of any suspicion attaching to him. He stated that he had himself called at Scotland yard, that his explanation had been deemed satisfactory, and that they had made no effort to detain him.

"You can't do less than repeat this for me," said he. "It's an insinuation which hasn't the slightest justification" - and his sincere manner gave additional strength to his assertion.

SIR C. WARREN'S POSITION.

The *Leeds Mercury* London Correspondent believes that a Metropolitan Member will, after the meeting of the House, give notice of address for the dismissal of Sir Charles Warren.

THE MORAL OF THE MURDERS.

Sir,

Kindly forgive any seeming presumption in adding to your correspondence on this subject; but it appears to me a fair case for hearing suggestions from those who have dedicated their lives to the service of the poor. I will try to make my remarks at once trenchant and tender. The difficulties suggested range themselves immediately under two heads - social and moral. Socially, the whole affair points unmistakeably to the regulation and comparative suppression of vice by the State, unflinching and absolute equality being dealt out to both sexes. So called "degraded" women are the result of equally degraded men, and vice versa. But there is not an atom of difference in the guilt of either. The men who morally assert the contrary are not men, whoever they may be, and whatever the position they may occupy. The drink traffic is at the bottom of half this misery and vice. Let it be dealt with as it deserves, and let the blow be struck at the fountain heads, on whom will fall the curse when justice is meted out. The poverty is in the end traceable to the most despicable and common sin, "love of money," on the part of landlords and sweaters, who ought to be heartily ashamed of thus grinding the faces of their poorer brethren. The dismal, unhealthy, overcrowded and underlighted streets, with cul de sacs inviting to evil, should be dealt with by each Vestry separately, and drastic measures, however expensive and apparently stern, should be taken for the eventual good of the community, by means of a rate levied on ground rents throughout the metropolis generally. The burden would thus fall on the proper shoulders. Nothing is more instructive than the difference between the East and the newer parts of South London in this respect. In the latter locality such events as the recent murders could never have occurred without prompt discovery.

It is, however, an absurd thing to throw the blame on the police who, as known to us clergy, are amongst the most hardworking and hardly tried of the populations, and it shows a still grosser lack, both of taste and reason, to cast the slightest innuendoes against Sir Charles Warren or the Home Secretary in this particular. The fault is with the State, and the cause must be looked for at St. Stephen's, where such a question should absorb our legislators in place of this eternal wrangling about Ireland. Morally, the keynote is, "the piecework of individual sacrifice," which is repellent to theorists, of whom the majority is composed. One "Home" is but a drop in the ocean. One "parish" is a cipher, though it gain a spurious notoriety for the moment. So long as men and women are selfish, and so long as they live in luxury, or break the law of purity, they have not the slightest right to cast a stone at the single incident throughout the transaction. In plain language, it means that the rich must confine themselves to necessities, or some day there will be a revolution, which is only a matter of time, and which will have the best hearts in the country on its side. It means that ladies should personally befriend and raise their down trodden because fallen sisters, if not by actual contact at least by money and sympathy. Above all it means that the young men of the present day should themselves abstain from vice, and that our would be statesmen should learn a little more of what they intend to talk about by living for a time on the spot, or else they should be decently silent.

No man can be a saviour without being crucified. This is the whole business in a nutshell, and we must set our faces like flints to live out this truth if we would not be ashamed. "The remedy of all blunders, the cure of blindness, the cure of crime, is love."

I am, Sir, &c.,

Hugh B. Chapman,

Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell,

117 Camden grove North, Peckham, S.E.,

Oct. 11.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON IN GREAT PORTLAND STREET.

Last week a woman made a statement to the effect that she was accosted in Great Portland street by a man answering the description of the murderer, and that he informed her that he had just then come from the scene of the Whitechapel murders. She noticed he had a knife in his possession. She then ran screaming away. She, yesterday, made another statement to the police. This was to the effect that at half past two, when in Great Portland street, she was again accosted by the man, and, on noticing he was the same man, told him she would communicate with the police. He then ran away.

THE "JACK THE RIPPER" HOAX.

The City Police received, last night, a postcard, on which the following was written:-

"Dear Boss - On Saturday night I will do two more murders, on a man and a boy. I am - Jack the Ripper." The police at Rotherhithe received a letter, which has been found in Anchor street. It contained the following:-

"I'll be over here soon. I'll have you. My knife is a sharp one. Jack the Ripper. I am up in the City and Bermondsey every day. Good old Leather Apron."

THE AUTHORITIES HOPELESS.

It would now appear that the police are absolutely hopeless of any practical result attending their inquiries. No attempt is made to disguise the fact that arrest following upon arrest, and all equally fruitless, have produces in the official minds a felling almost of despair. A corps of detectives left Leman street yesterday morning, and the officer under whose direction they are passing their investigations, had in his possession quite a bulky packet of papers, all relating to information supplied to the police, and all, as the detective remarked, "amounting to nothing." "The difficulty of our work," he said, "is much greater than the general public are aware of. In the first place, there are hundreds of men about the streets answering the vague description of the man who is wanted, and we cannot arrest everybody. The reward offered for the apprehension of the murderer has had one effect - it has inundated us with descriptions of persons into whose movements we are expected to inquire, for the sole reason that they have of late been noticed to keep rather irregular hours, and to take their meals alone. Some of these cases we have sent men to investigate, and the persons who, it has proved, have been unjustly suspected, have been very indignant, and naturally so too. The public would be exceedingly surprised if they were made aware of some of the extraordinary suggestions received by the police from outsiders. Why, in one case (the officer laughingly remarked) it was seriously put to us that we should carefully watch the policeman who happened to be on the particular beat within the radius of which either of the bodies was found. You might as well suspect the Press as suspect the police."

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

The authorities, however, have by no means abandoned their efforts, and are pursuing their work with relentless pertinacity - their efforts, however, being rewarded by no hope of success. There is a suspicion now that the crime was committed by one of the numerous foreigners by whom the East end is infested. The opinion the authorities deduce from that mysterious writing on the wall at the spot where the Mitre square murderer threw away a portion of the murdered woman's apron. The language of the Jews in the East end is a hybrid dialect known as Yiddish, and their mode of spelling of the word Jews would be "Juwes." It would appear, however, that Sir Charles Warren has finally decided that it would be useless to use bloodhounds - at least, in connection with the present crimes.

"SHALL RECEIVE DUE ATTENTION."

The Home Office has again been urged to offer a Government reward. Mr. Lusk has proffered this request on behalf of the inhabitants of Whitechapel. Mr. Lusk calls attention to the fact that the only means left untried for the detection of the murderer has been the offer of a Government reward. Rewards have been offered from other quarters, including the Corporation of the City of London, "but neither the vigilance committees, the Corporation, nor private individuals can offer a pardon to an accomplice, and therefore the value of such offers is considerably less than the proclamation of a reward by Her Majesty's Government, with a pardon for such accomplice." To this an official reply has been received, stating that the matter "shall receive due attention."

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

I Beg to Report

A HEADSTONE FOR ABBERLINE. *Ripperologist* readers will be delighted to learn that the Bournemouth Governing Council has erected a headstone over the grave of Chief Inspector Frederick George Abberline and his wife, Emma Abberline née Beament. Mr Matt Williams, a local stonemason, generously donated the headstone honouring the policeman most readily identified with the investigation into the Whitechapel murders. The Council plans to hold a memorial service for Abberline and his wife at their gravesite on 6 July 2007.

PORTRAIT OF A KILLER: CASE REOPENED? As news surfaced of author and researcher Keith Skinner's involvement in a major revision of Patricia Cornwell's Walter Sickert-accusing 2002 book, cynical commentators suggested that the end result would be the same and that Keith's work for Ms Cornwell would consist purely of seeking supporting evidence of the artist's guilt. The truth couldn't be more different. Keith told *Ripperologist* how he examined a wealth of original documents collected by Ms Cornwell during a visit to her home in Massachusetts in late May. Not all of these documents are related directly to Ms Cornwell's theory and the historical value and significance of some of them are yet to be determined. Although Ms Cornwell's belief in Walter Sickert's guilt remains totally sincere and intact, nevertheless, the brief given to Keith is to 'seek the truth'; to find firm evidence on the case, even if that means ruling Sickert out. Besides, Keith's personal goal is to establish once and for all the truth about Joseph Gorman Sickert's alleged links with Walter Sickert. The results of these efforts will be incorporated in Ms Cornwell's new book. No deadline for its publication has been given yet.



The Headstone, made by stonemason Matt Williams of Williams Monumental. www.williamsmonumental.co.uk

STAGE-STRUCK ONE: THE RIPPER CROSSES THE FIRTH OF CLYDE. In our previous edition of *I Beg to Report* we mentioned that the Arran Music and Drama Club at Brodick, Isle of Arran, was staging a play based on the Jack the Ripper legend for its annual musical production. We didn't know then the decision to stage a Ripper musical, even though it was the venerable version written by Ron Pember and Denis de Marne years ago, would turn out to be so controversial. Said play producer Maureen Smith: 'How do you follow *The Sound of Music* from last year? We chose the play in September and were looking for something different. There was a very welcome influx of younger members and we suddenly had the right cast for Jack. It is very non-politically-correct and we wondered, "Is Arran really ready for this?"'

Those who have seen one of the many productions of Pember and de Marne's *Jack the Ripper* will remember that the play has two interlinking plots, one set in the alleyways of Whitechapel and the other set at the Steampacket Music Hall. The music hall audience become the gang members and whores of the East End and vice versa. Ms Smith remarked: 'As the action jumps back and forth the theatre audience wonder if it is reality or a dream. This play exposes the Victorian hypocrisy which pretended that disease, poverty and deprivation did not exist. Yes, there is bad language and innuendo but nothing worse than you would see in Eastenders on television.'

The play's action starts with a gang composed of colourful thugs Mendoza, Dinky Nine-Eights, Bluenose Stack and Slop Wallace being thrown out of the Ten Bells. They have a bawdy banter with the local prostitutes on the lookout for a

punter. In a departure from the far sadder reality, Long Lizzie keeps a rooming house for the whores when they can afford a bed. Polly Anne Nicholls is the first victim of the Ripper, who appears as a shadowy figure up a dark alley and does her to death. The same actor plays both Jack and an illusionist in the Steampacket Music Hall who discovers Polly's body as he performs a trick. Said Ms Smith: 'At times the audience weren't sure whether they should laugh or not... Even the cast members were a bit bemused at rehearsals until the scenery and lights went up. I just kept telling them: "You'll understand it when you do it".'

Sir Charles Warren provides a measure of social comment when, after Polly's murder, he remarks: 'Polly Anne Nicholls; an Aldgate whore, five teeth missing from her lower jaw; went with strange men every night. The toothless old hag lying there on a slab was just 15 years old today.' Annie Chapman and Mary Jane Kelly meet the same sticky end at the hands of the Ripper as the music hall audience ridicule the incompetence of the police. Not even six constables in drag can catch the Ripper! The evening ends as the music hall chairman, played by the same actor who plays Warren, describes it as 'another Saturday night's scintillating performance at the Steampacket.'

The *Arran Banner* concluded: 'This was a bold departure from the normal musical but it worked. The action moved smoothly and the sets were very effective. Audience numbers may be a little down because of a perception that the play may be macabre but word of mouth should ensure a full house on the last two nights.' Our congratulations to the Arran Music and Drama Club, the cast and the audience on their daring enterprise. What are they planning for next year? *Sweeney Todd*? Or is it back to the *Pirates of Penzance*?

It was bold, brave — and a ripping good performance, The Arran Banner, Arran, Ayrshire, Scotland, UK, 1 June 2007

SMALL-BUSINESS-PEOPLE RIPPER. 'And so it is in the 21st century. Criminals today are no different than Al Capone, Poncho [sic] Villa, Jack the Ripper or the highwaymen of history books. Today, small-business people still deal with desperadoes with guns, burglars and such.'

J C Smith, Small businesses must guard against new breed of technological criminals, Gainesville Times, Gainesville, GA, USA, 29 May 2007,

RACCOON RIPPER. 'I stifled a scream, and ran up and threw open the doors of the fort, only to find all the bags inside savagely ripped open. It was as if we'd hired Jack the Ripper to take out the trash.' Peter McKay on his so far unsuccessful efforts to prevent a family of raccoons from foraging in his rubbish bins.

Showdown at the O.K. Corral, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, Pittsburgh, PA, USA, 1 Jun 2007



Johnny Depp, Stones fan, and Keith Richards

CAPTAIN RIPPER. 'And everyone thought Mick Jagger was the actor in the Stones. Not just because he's appeared in flicks: *Performance*, *Ned Kelly*, *The Man from Elysian Fields*. The Stones singer sang about being the devil, imagined he was Jack the Ripper and played the rogue - and acted like Keith Richards. Richards, you see, lived the life and did the drugs that Jagger sang about. He was the 'real deal,' not an actor. That is, until *Pirates of the Caribbean: At World's End*.' John Petkovic on Keith Richards's performance as Captain Teague, Captain Jack Sparrow's crusty old father, in *Pirates of the Caribbean 3*.

When pop stars act, Plain Dealer, Cleveland, OH, USA, 2 June 2007

BODICE RIPPER. As soon as you conclude that 'contagious enthusiasm' is a cliché you run into someone whose enthusiasm is virtually epidemic. Such is Tracy Elledge, the reviewer of Jennifer

Donnelly's Victorian novel *The Tea Rose*. Says Ms Elledge: 'Anyone the least bit interested in history, tea or romance should experience *The Tea Rose*.' Not just read, mind you. Experience.

As Ms Elledge describes it, *The Tea Rose* boasts a complicated plot. The main character is seventeen-year-old Fiona Finnegan, who works for tea merchant William Burton. The rest of her family consists of father Paddy, a docker, mother Kate, a housewife with a sideline as a washerwoman, brother Charlie, who is constantly getting into scrapes, five-year-old brother Seamus, a baby girl and a policeman lodger known as 'Uncle' Roddy. So far so good; but then Paddy dies mysteriously after taking over the leadership of the dockers' union, Charlie is found dead in the Thames, the little girl dies and Kate is murdered by Jack the Ripper. You might think that's enough suffering for half a dozen Victorian heroines. You'd be wrong.

While trying to see William Burton at his office, Fiona overhears him boasting that he ordered her father murdered for organizing the union and contemplating a strike. She bursts into the room, throws whatever she can find at the blackguard and flees the scene. In a neat plot twist, what she was hurling was stacks of money and in her haste to escape she pocketed some, thus adding robbery to at least a dozen other crimes and misdemeanours. Fiona decides to escape to America with little Seamus. Yet no passage is available for weeks, and our heroine, exhausted, desperate and presumably pursued by every constable in London, is at the end of her tether when she meets handsome, wealthy Nicholas Soames. Is romance in the air? Hold your horses. Nick is just a chivalrous gent who has booked a large cabin and is therefore able to assist Fiona in her hour of need. Ah, but what does he want in exchange for his assistance? Nothing. As Ms Elledge delightedly informs us, he is gay, so Fiona doesn't have to worry about her virtue. So on she sails for New York and a host more adventures. By the end of the novel she has built a tea empire, found true love and unmasked the Ripper.

Our raving reviewer concludes: 'The way Jack the Ripper is interwoven in Fiona's life is brilliant. Women everywhere should rejoice in this strong female lead. The writing is superb, supported by the themes of love, adventure, action, murder and friendship.' Impressed as we were by Ms Elledge's endorsement, we still checked out what others had to say. We are glad to report that the consensus is that if you like long historical romances and tales of rags-to-riches progress peppered with narrow escapes and gruesome deaths you could do worse than reading *The Tea Rose*.

Beware alleys, the Ripper is everywhere! Book Reviews: The Tea Rose, by Jennifer Donnelly, TheCelebrityCafe.com, Valley Stream, NY, USA, 29 May 2007.

FASHION RIPPER. 'My friend said my outfit made her expect Jack the Ripper to jump out and start slashing at me at any moment.' Blogger Elise Thompson on wearing a blue velvet capelet to a Grand Guignol show complete with eye-gouging and absinthe tasting.

Grand Guignolers de Paris, LAist, Los Angeles, CA, USA, 5 June 2007

KLONDIKE RIPPER. The Americas, North, South and Central, are chock-full of boom towns that came out of nowhere, flourished for a few years and vanished as quickly as they had appeared, leaving behind dilapidated dwellings, broken tools, rotting timber, and the remnants of a long-closed opera house or two. Such a town was located in the Cowichan Valley, British Columbia, Canada, where copper mining thrived for just 10 years, from 1897 to 1908. During that period, the mines at Mount Sicker lured people from all over, launched a string of fortunes and gave the future city of Duncan its biggest boost.

'Guys were leaving horses and ploughs in the field to go prospecting,' says local historian Tom Paterson. 'It was a mania the world hadn't seen.' Paterson is writing a book chronicling Sicker's mining story. 'It could be named after Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*,' he muses. 'There were two towns and virtually everything up there was in duplicate, from hotels to stores, though one provincial school was shared. That was the problem; they competed to the death.' They still 'took out millions of tons of ore but if they had cooperated it would have extended the mine's lifetime by maybe 20 years instead of 10,' Paterson adds.

His book will recount the exploits of miners and millionaires - such as American tycoons Rockefeller, Carnegie and Vanderbilt, whose signatures can be found in the once elegant Mount Sicker Hotel's registry. Colourful characters include heartbroken miner Fred Beech's murder-suicide rampage; an injured miner who starved to death for lack of medical help for a broken jaw; and a miner who was later believed to be Jack the Ripper. Hey? What was that again? We don't know a lot about this suspect but we'll see what we can find. Not that much is left to look at round Mount Sicker. By 1907, its fortunes began to fade. The site was gradually abandoned and was finally scavenged by locals for lumber and forgotten items.

Peter Rusland, Vanished boom town remembered, Cowichan Valley News Leader, Duncan, British Columbia, Canada, 6 June 2007



Miners remove copper ore from Mount Sicker circa-1900

THE HORRORS, THE HORRORS. Should Ripperologists everywhere adopt the English group the Horrors as their favourite grunge-Goth-psycho-punk-rock band? Consider. Their most recent release, *Strange House*, features songs like *Jack the Ripper* and *Sheena is a Parasite*. Their professional names are Faris Rotter, Joshua von Grimm, Tomethy Furse, Coffin Joe and Spider Webb. They claim to offer 'Psychotic Sounds for Freaks and Weirdos.' They were banned from MTV for being too gruesome. They have caused thousands in damages at clubs from New York to Newcastle. Naomi Rougeau, a reviewer at the *Daily Texan*, describes them as 'something like the love children of Dior Homme's Hedi Slimane and Morticia Adams.' She adds that their 'couldn't-care-less attitude is reflected in their wardrobe of slimly-tailored black and white separates and hair that could only have been achieved through high-voltage electric currents. Top it all off with heavily kohl-rimmed lids, haven't-seen-the-sun-for-years complexions and pointy boots suitable for roaming London's back alleys long after dark.' Promising, right?



Consider further. On 11 June the Horrors appeared at the Mod Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Said Caitlin Hotchkiss of *Chart Attack* in a review entitled *The Horrors Turn Mod Club into Madhouse*: 'It wasn't looking good. From the Horrors' point of view, however, it must have been excellent – an entire roomful of the mohawked, pierced and eyeliner-smeared, all on edge to see the British goth-punk quintet.' She remarked of Frontman Faris Rotter that he was 'a born performer.' 'From the moment he threw himself onstage,' she elaborated, 'the lead Horror showed he was prone to jerky movements and spastic twitching, and he often simply paced around in a rapid circle, muttering incoherent nonsense into the microphone. The

really creepy thing about it was that none of it seemed like planned theatrics – he honestly seemed pretty freaking unhinged up there, and the crowd loved it.'

'It wasn't all doom and gloom,' went on Ms Hotchkiss. 'Surprisingly bouncy songs *Death At The Chapel* and *Crawdaddy Simone* balanced out the foreboding darkness of *Jack The Ripper* and just went to show that The Horrors aren't entirely rooted in Edward Gorey and Victorian gothic.' Punk wasn't dead, thought the lady from *Chart Attack*. 'More than once, a person was able to make it onstage, only to have Rotter "assist" them in their stage-diving techniques. (In other words, there was a whole lot of audience-member tossing going on).'

The concert ended with Rotter being carried back into the pit on the shoulders of a bar patron. A long silence was interrupted with an 'atomic-bomb effect' when Rotter suddenly howled: 'And I can't take it anymore!' Concluded Ms Hotchkiss: 'This audience, however, could. Horrors, please feel free to bring it back anytime.'

During July 2007 the Horrors will appear in Istanbul, Turkey, Turku, Finland, Oxegen Festival, Punchestown Racecourse, Naas, County Kildare, Ireland, Balado, Scotland, Dour, Belgium, Berlin, Germany, Manchester, UK, and Benicassim, Spain. In August they'll hit Sydney and Melbourne, Australia, Tokyo and Osaka, Japan, and Reading and Leeds, UK. For more information visit their website at www.thehorrors.co.uk.

Naomi Rougeau, Musical talents deliver unapologetic sounds, visions, The Daily Texan, University of Texas, Austin, TX, USA, 4 June 2007; Caitlin Hotchkiss, LIVE: The Horrors Turn Mod Club Into Madhouse, Chart Attack, Canada, 13 June 2007

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA. 'The day they announced Bob Woolmer was murdered, there were nearly 40 police officers at the Pegasus Hotel. It looked like we were looking for Jack the Ripper.' PJ Mir, Pakistan's Cricket World Cup media manager and team's spokesman. On 18 March, following the crushing defeat of Pakistan by Ireland, 58-year-old Mr Woolmer, the team's head coach and former England Test batsman, was found dead in his hotel suite. The Jamaican police initially described Mr Woolmer's death as murder, but subsequent information revealed he had died from natural causes.

Pakistan Fury After Woolmer Reports, Eurosport, 7 June 2007; Pakistan cricket team demand apology over Bob Woolmer's murder probe, 7 June 2007, Daily Mail, London, UK, 7 Jun 2007

RAPPER RIPPER. Binkis Recs - formed in 1997 by Flux da Wondabat, Killa Kalm and Jax - is considered as one of the pillars of the Atlanta hip-hop scene. Their latest release is Jax's fifth solo album *Sharper Images*, described as being 'soaked in classic hip-hop references.' So much so that, at one point, 'he calls himself Jax the Ripper, recalling LL Cool J's Jack the Ripper.' What's with pop musicians and the Ripper?

Mosi Reeves, Jax: Don't call him a throwback. Rapper pays homage to golden era without getting stuck in the past, Creative Loafing Atlanta, Atlanta, GA, USA, 6 June 2007



LOW PROFILE: Jax (left) gets focused with *Sharper Images*

A DIFFERENT KIND OF BLADE. You can't have Jack the Ripper's knife, but would you settle for Napoleon's sword? All you need is 5 million euros and a French address. On 14 June 1800, Napoleon, still a mere General, wore a gold-encrusted sword at the battle of Marengo, where he defeated his Austrian enemy and concluded triumphantly his Italian Campaign. In 1805 he gave the sword to his brother Jerome as a wedding gift. The sword, said to be the last of Napoleon's blades still in private hands, never left the family. Its eight owners had it auctioned on 10 June at one of Napoleon's retreats, the castle of Fontainebleau, south of Paris. Initially expected to fetch some 1.2m euros, it was sold for 4.8m euros (£3.3m or \$6.5m). 'It's a world record for a souvenir of the emperor, for a sword and for a weapon in general,' said Bernard Croissy, a spokesman for the auction house, Osenat. Jean-Pierre Osenat said that a lady bought the sword for her husband, calling it a 'very nice Father's Day gift', and that she wanted to remain anonymous. He added that the sword would remain in the hands of Napoleon's descendants. 'Napoleon's family is big, after all,' he remarked.

The sword's intricately decorated blade is just under 100cm (40in) in length and has a distinctive gentle curve. The inspiration for its design is said to have come during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, when he noticed that the curved swords used by the Arabs were very effective in lopping off the heads of their French enemies. Strong enough for battle, the sword is uncommonly ornate, with geometric designs in gold covering the hilt and most of the blade. 'It's at the same time a weapon of war and a very beautiful work of art,' said Mr Osenat. 'It symbolizes more than anything else the power, the force and the incontestable strength of the Emperor Napoleon.' In 1978 the weapon was classified as a national treasure and may be sold to foreign buyers only if they have a French address and keep it in France for six months a year.

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Paul Legg, Napoleon's sword to be auctioned , BBC News, 10 June 2007; Napoleon sword sells for millions, BBC News, 10 June 2007; Sword Napoleon wore into battle in Italy sells at auction for \$6.4 million, International Herald Tribune, 10 June 2007



Jitsuwa Knuckles

RUMP RIPPER. According to our source, the English-language *Mainichi Daily News*, an old Japanese saying goes 'Sake katte shiri kirareru,' which apparently translates as 'buy sake and your butt will be slashed.' No, they don't know exactly what it means either, but they used the saying to start off a report on the activities of an unusual type of assailant, and therefore so do we. On the morning of 2 April 2007, Norio Tsuji, a 34-year-old member of the riot police squad, was walking to work in Tokyo's Bunkyo-ku area when he was suddenly attacked from behind. A man wielding a sharp instrument slashed his left buttock, leaving a wound that needed over a dozen stitches. Tsuji described his attacker as of Asian or part-Asian descent, with a swarthy complexion, 30 to 40 years old.

But, might you ask, why do we report this crime in the pages of *Ripperologist*? In Japanese, Jack the Ripper's name is rendered as 'Kiri-saki Jakku.' Since officer Tsuji's assailant slashed his posterior, the magazine *Jitsuwa Knuckles* named him 'Shiri-saki Jakku,' which means 'Jack the Rump Ripper.' Now you know.

Twelve days after officer Tsuji's run-in with the Rump Ripper, a 47-year-old South Korean man was assaulted in a similar manner just 400 meters from where the first attack took place, suffering a deep cut on his right upper thigh. The police suspect the same person is responsible for both attacks.

Knife assaults by 'tori-ma,' or random slashers, have a long history in Japan. The *Jitsuwa Knuckles* discovered that rump rippings, particularly against women, were much more frequent before and during World War 2. In the Kameido district of Tokyo, a man hacked the buttocks of 15 women over a period of several months in 1938. The perpetrator was never caught. In 1940, a 16-year-old youth sliced the behinds of seven women in Mukojima, a section of Sumida-ku known for its red-light district. Teenage boys were responsible for similar incidents in 1936, 1937 and 1942. The victims of the recent attacks, however, were both middle-aged males and the area where the attacks occurred is close to Ueno Park, a popular gay pick-up spot. Both elements suggest the assailant's motives were different from those of his predecessors.

Yet another intriguing aspect of the story is that officer Tsuji heard his assailant whisper what sounded like 'Kortabundasu' while cutting him. The phrase might actually be 'corta-bundas,' which means butt slasher in Portuguese, suggesting that the Rump Ripper may be Brazilian. In June 2002, an assailant armed with a cutter knife slashed the buttocks of five men in a similar manner in Taubaté, São Paulo, Brazil. Can the 'Rump Ripper' be the same man? One thing for sure, warns the *Jitsuwa Knuckles*: if you hear the words 'Corta-bundas' whispered in your ear, it's probably already too late.

Masuo Kamiyama, Random rump ripper leaves unkindest cut of all, Mainichi Daily News, Japan, 7 June 2007

BLITHE SPIRIT. Queen Elizabeth's husband, Prince Philip, turned 86 on 10 June last. We don't know how his birthday was celebrated at home but the most wholehearted commemoration may have taken place on the far-away shores of the South Seas. According to BBC correspondent Nick Squires, villagers on the island of Tanna in Vanuatu, formerly the Anglo-French territory of the New Hebrides, considered the occasion as a very special one indeed and marked it with a feast, drinking kava - an intoxicating brew made from the roots of a pepper tree which makes your mouth go numb - and running a large Union Jack up a bamboo flag pole. You see, the villagers think Prince Philip is descended from a mountain spirit and worship him as a god.

Mr Squires travelled by Land Cruiser to the jungle village of Yaohnanen, where he was introduced to the chief, 80-year-old Jack Naiva. Asked about the Prince Philip cult, the chief dispatched a villager to fetch three framed pictures of the Prince. The first, in black and white, was taken in the early 1960s. The second was dated 1980 and showed the Prince holding a traditional pig-killing club given to him by the islanders. The most recent was from 2000. All portraits were reportedly sent from London with the permission of Prince Philip, who apparently is well aware of his status in the islands. An ancient tradition concerns the pale-skinned son of a mountain spirit who ventures across the seas to marry a rich and powerful woman. During the 1960s, the legend became associated with Prince Philip, who had indeed married a rich and powerful woman. The villagers saw his portrait and that of the Queen in colonial government outposts and police stations. Their beliefs were bolstered in 1974, when the Queen and Prince Philip made an official visit to the New Hebrides. They felt their ancestral spirit had come back, resplendent in a white naval officer's uniform, to show off his bride. 'He's a god, not a man,' Chief Jack told Mr Squires.

According to anthropologists, cults such as this were a highly sophisticated response by South Pacific islanders to the arrival of colonialism and Christianity. By combining the fundamentals of their ancient beliefs with new elements gleaned from their contacts with the West, they were able to preserve their culture.

Is Prince Philip an island god? BBC News, Vanuatu, 7 June 2007



PSYCHIC RIPPER. 'Question: What is the murder case you'd most like to investigate?' 'Answer: Jack the Ripper. I'd want to see what Jack did.' 'Q: Why not do it?' 'A: I don't get involved unless I'm officially invited. I don't have time to indulge myself.' From an interview with psychic Carla Baron, star of Court TV's *Haunting Evidence*. Ms Baron would also like to investigate the Zodiac Killer and Lizzie Borden. Provided someone invites her, we take it. Asked to describe what it feels like to contact the dead, Ms Baron replied: 'To me, it's exactly the same as communicating with the living. I don't see them as "dead." They have the same energy as a living person. They sound the same. No difference.' The new season of *Haunting Evidence* started on 20 June in the USA. We are informed that producers, press and media agencies, network representatives and others wishing to contact Ms Baron directly should do so by visiting her official website: www.carlabaron.net. Just go ahead. No need to be alive.

Court TV Goes One-On-One with Carla Baron, star of 'Haunting Evidence', Press Release Newswire, PRWeb, Los Angeles, CA, USA, 18 June 2007

THE GREAT LETTER COLLECTION. Austrian national Albin Schram amassed a collection of nearly 1,000 letters which he kept for decades in a dusty filing cabinet wedged between a washing machine and a tumble dryer in the basement of his house in Lausanne, Switzerland. At first sight, there is nothing unusual about it. But upon Mr Schram's death in 2005, at the age of 79, his family discovered that the collection included such items as a love letter from Napoleon, a note from Elizabeth I, a message home from school by Winston Churchill and letters and notes by Dickens, Beethoven, Lewis Carroll, Charlotte Brontë, Robert Burns, Cromwell, Einstein, Queen Elizabeth I, Mahatma Gandhi, Newton, Tchaikovsky and JRR Tolkien (What, no Jack the Ripper?). The collection will be auctioned by Christie's on 3 July.



Letter from Oliver Cromwell *Matt Roper, History in a Filing Cabinet, Daily Mirror, 9 June 2007*

Among the gems in the collection is a letter dated November 1890 from schoolboy Winston Churchill to his mother requesting the help of his nanny, Elizabeth Everest. As readers of these columns will remember, Ms Everest is buried in the City of London Cemetery, not far from Polly Nichols and Kate Eddowes. In a letter dated 17 June 1650, Oliver Cromwell presents his excuses to Richard Mayor, his son's father-in-law, for not having written sooner. 'The exceeding crowd of business I had at London is the best excuse I can make for my silence this way,' he writes. He had just had Charles I executed. Always popular Napoleon Bonaparte is also represented. In March 1796 he wrote a letter to Josephine following a lovers' quarrel the previous evening. He ends it: 'I kiss you three times, once on your heart, once on your lips and once on your eyes.' Remember that next Valentine's Day. In a letter dated 9 November 1849, Charlotte Brontë, the authoress of 'wild, wonderful and thrilling' *Jane Eyre* (her own words) had a few scathing remarks about critics: 'I perused all the newspapers attentively - *The Spectator* and *Athenaeum* amused me - the critics of these papers are - I doubt not - acute men in their way - theirs is not the shallow weakness of the *Observer* and the *Daily News* - but - called on to criticise works of imagination - they stand in the position of deaf men required to listen to music - or blind men to judge a painting.'

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION AND JUNGLE GYM. Norwich-based British company Right Angled CSI offers crime scene investigation experiences to children. The company head is Steve Gaskin, 50, a former detective chief inspector in London and senior prison manager, who has been a qualified teacher and for the past seven years. Youngsters who attend its special events get the chance to investigate a made-up crime. They take and find fingerprints, find out who left the shoe prints and the blackmail note, discover where the bullet was fired from, learn what tools the burglars used to break in, and analyse handwriting and ink. There's also the chance to wear the judge's wig and be part of a mock trial to see who is guilty or innocent.

Mr Gaskin said: 'Our experiences are unique, informative, fun and give an insight into the intriguing world of crime and forensics. 'All our activities are grounded and validated by qualified forensic scientists and colleagues have a wealth of experience covering areas from anti-terrorism to Jack the Ripper. And we have a comprehensive data bank for you to choose from.' His wife Kate Gaskin, 50, was a uniformed police sergeant in London. She added: 'We were looking to provide an experience that young people could get involved in. Like adults a lot of young people are very interested in crime and forensics. And other than TV and books, there is no way of accessing it. So we thought it would be great if we could have a go. We run this themed-play scheme in conjunction with Broadland District Council in two age groups - 10 to 13 and 14 to 16. The youngsters get grubby, have a go, and they love it. It's about having fun. We even do a mock trial when they put on a wig. They do learn a lot but it's more about having fun.'

Every junior detective receives a full CSI kit (overalls, face mask and gloves) which they can keep, as well as an 'exhibits' bag containing CSI tape, fingerprint 'lifts', exhibit labels and other authentic items actually used by professionals. Clients also discover how FBI photo-fit is used and each junior detective receives a certificate.

For information on Right Angled CSI and its programmes call 01603 864647 or 01603 869740 in England or email info@rightangledcsi.co.uk.

Dominic Chessum, When business is just child's play, Norwich Evening News, Norwich, England, UK, 13 June 2007

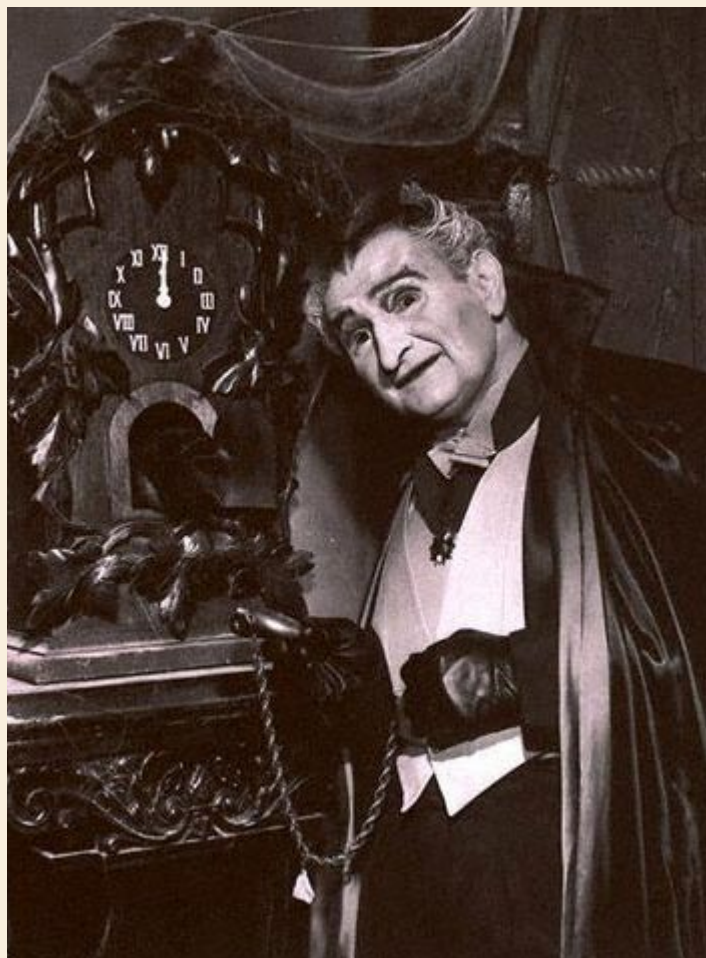
THE OLD, OLD WHALE. Scientists have retrieved a weapon fragment from a whale killed by indigenous hunters off Alaska as part of the quota established for them as an exception to the existing commercial whaling moratorium. The fragment is part of a time delay bomb that was introduced in 1879 and manufactured until 1885. Experts think the wound was inflicted in about 1890. The whale may therefore be over 100 years old. The BBC's Catherine Utley says that 19th Century hunters would not have bothered with a young whale, so it could have already been around for some time before that date. It is believed that some whales may reach 200 years of age. The conical fragment, about 9cm

(3.5 in) long, was embedded in the whale's shoulder blade. Ms Utley said that having the weapon lodged in its shoulder might have been uncomfortable for the whale, but it must have got used to it.

BBC News, London, UK, 19th century bomb found in whale

POKER-FACED RIPPER. 'Beleaguered spouses have been complaining about their in-laws since the beginning of time, but Herman Munster had a point: his father-in-law ended arguments by turning into a bat or wolf, and liked to reminisce about the good old days when he played poker with Jack the Ripper.' In an article on how TV and movies portrayed dads, Glenn Garvin and Rene Rodriguez described Grandpa, the vampire-like character played by Al Lewis in the 1964-1966 sitcom *The Munsters*, as the father-in-law from hell. Practically everything about son-in-law Herman set Grandpa's fangs on edge. 'Even something as simple as a camping trip,' observe Garvin and Rodriguez, 'could touch him off. When Herman was putting up the family tent, Grandpa clutched his heart and shouted: "Herman, please! How many times have I told you not to pound stakes while I'm around? You know it gives me heartburn."' Other TV and movie dads recalled on the occasion of Father's Day included the emotionally distant dad: Calvin Jarrett (Donald Sutherland) in *Ordinary People*; the career-oriented dad: Chris Gardner (Will Smith) in *The Pursuit Of Happiness*; the temperamental dad: Jack Torrance (Jack Nicholson) in *The Shining*; dad as an irredeemable slob: Al Bundy (Ed O'Neill) in *Married...with Children*; the stay-at-home dad: Jack Butler (Michael Keaton) in *Mr. Mom*; dad as ineffectual bag of hypocritical bluster: Tony Soprano (James Gandolfini) in *The Sopranos*; the single dad: Ted Kramer (Dustin Hoffman) in *Kramer vs. Kramer*; and dad as the epitome of post-modern cool: Keith Mars (Enrico Colantoni) in *Veronica Mars*.

Father knows best: How TV and movies portrayed dear old dad, Miami Herald, Miami, FL, USA 15 June 2007



Al Lewis as the father-in-law from hell, Grandpa in The Munsters

SPORTING RIPPER. 'Well, clearly Todd must be something of an authority on football history to make such a statement. Of course in his infinite wisdom, I wonder if Todd realises that a super-power country with a (current) population of 301 million would obviously have a much more advanced, better followed league to that of the English top flight in its early days. But let's face it, when our own league was a mere 11 years old, the only claret and blue you were likely to see down the East End would be the handy work of Jack the Ripper rather than a mob of Hammers fans out on the p*ss. The year was 1899 and our population was only around 38 million but I'd wager we still had more fans at matches than your Super Power Ranger FC clubs currently do. Oh and we also had no television or internet back then. Did I also mention that we invented the sport? Have some respect.' English commentator Rob Thomas's indignation was fuelled by Todd Olsen's remark that the American Major League Soccer (MLS) was 'definitely a higher level, more advanced and better followed then the English top flight was when it was only 11 years old.'

Football365.com, Mailbox, 18 June 2007

BUSH AND THE RIPPER - ONE. 'This is the same Bush who once described Sharon as "a man of peace". That's like calling Jack the Ripper a man of non-violence.'

Kaleem Omar, What can be done about the US-backed terrorist state of Israel? The News, Karachi, Pakistan, 20 June 2007.

PUZZLING RIPPER. 'The front cover for this brain bender features a silhouette of Sherlock Holmes, presumably because if the DS had been around during Sherlock's lifetime then he'd get stuck into Slitherlink instead of trying to catch Jack the Ripper and having his way with Watson. It's elementary, dear reader.' From a review of Slitherlink, a digital version of a 'loop the loop' type of puzzle for sale in Japan only.

Slitherlink, Games Asylum, 17 June 2007

BUSH AND THE RIPPER - TWO. 'On the moral side too as if the above crimes were not [enough] to condemn them, Jack the Ripper and his European orchestra of murder and mayhem in expensive suits have been running rape, torture and murder concentration camps to satisfy their lust for blood and psychopathic excitement - all in the name of the War against Terror.'

Fereydun Hilmi, Planet of the crocodiles, Kurdish Media, 19 June 2007 (originally published on 31 July 2006)

PIRATES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. Avast me hearties! Shiver me timbers! Let's fly the Jolly Roger up the mast and give them a taste of cold steel! Aaarrrghh! So cried out fearsome pirates as they went to battle off the Barbary Coast of North Africa in 1780. But Lieutenant Richard Curry, a naval officer who later became an Admiral, routed the pirates and captured their flag, made out of red wool and bearing a painted cotton fabric skull and crossbones roughly stitched onto one side. Pirate ships flew Jolly Rogers largely as a form of psychological warfare, aimed at inspiring their own men during battle and intimidating their victims into surrender. If a ship's crew knew they were under attack by pirates, they might be more willing to surrender without a fight, handing the pirates an intact ship with all its cargo. A Jolly Roger with a red rather than a black background - like the one captured by Lt Curry - was most feared as it meant no life would be spared in a ship's capture.

The present owner of the flag, a descendant of Lt Curry, recently asked the Textile Conservation Centre at the University of Southampton, Hampshire, UK, to restore it. American student Bonniyo Chervenock took six weeks to complete the assignment. She found gunpowder and small holes with charred edges on the flag, which appeared to have been cut out of another piece of fabric. Ms

Chervenock cleaned the flag to eliminate dirt and an excess of acidity, but did not remove the gunpowder, considered as an important part of the flag's history. Having cleaned each little painted fragment individually, she attached each piece onto dyed silk crêpe and stitched the consolidated skull and crossbones onto the flag. She then stitched the Jolly Roger onto a fabric-covered acid-free board so it can be framed and displayed.

Student restores rare Jolly Roger pirate flag to former glory, Daily Mail, London, UK, 20 June 2007



CHIAROSCURO RIPPER. 'I warned Take-Two months ago that there would be huge problems if it went ahead with *Manhunt 2*. Who was right about that, kiddies? Secondly, the BBC and the world are now laughing at Take-Two Chairman Strauss Zelnick for his idiotic statement yesterday that *Manhunt 2* is "a fine piece of art." Find the BBC story on that! Right, and Jack the Ripper was his generation's Rembrandt.' Jack Thompson on the preliminary Adults Only rating given by the Entertainment Software Ratings Board (ESRB) to the video game *Manhunt 2*.

Endorsement: Jack Thompson Says ESRB Ratings Work, Addict 3D, 21 June 2007

VAIN RIPPER. 'But come on, Carly, as great mysteries go, this ain't no Stonehenge, or Jack the Ripper, or Who Shot J.R.' The great mystery in this case is the identity of the man targeted in Carly Simon's 1973 hit, *You're So Vain*. The wise money used to be on Warren Beatty, Kris Kristofferson or Mick Jagger - who actually sang backup vocals in *You're So Vain* - but Ms Simon has always refused to reveal the source of her inspiration. Good to know someone still cares.

Loren Stanton, Carly, there's no need to be secret:

A birthday letter to legendary singer/songwriter Carly Simon, The Kansas City Star, Kansas, KA, USA, 21 June 2007

FRIENDLY RIPPER. 'Often there are things about these guys that are genuinely likable, and it's disappointing that they can't be genuine friends. It often comes down to the icky realization that someone motivated by sexual self-interest is perhaps not truly a friend. The insightful author Anton Chekhov broke it down this way more than a century ago: "A woman can become a man's friend only in the following stages — first an acquaintance, next a mistress, and only then a friend." Guess Victorian women had pervy friends too, besides Jack the Ripper.'

Samantha Bonar, Guy pals just can't seem to take the hint, Los Angeles Times, Los Angeles, CA, USA, 21 June 2007.

STAGE-STRUCK THREE: THE RIPPER GOES TO WASHINGTON. The Landless Theatre Company is currently performing the American premiere of *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper*, the musical written by David Taylor and Jeremy 'Frogg' Moody, of the Whitechapel Society 1888, in Washington DC, USA. 'We are delighted by this latest development in the history of our show,' said Frogg. 'There are those in Salisbury who have asked the question, Why have we kept on performing *Jack*? Well, perhaps this goes some way to giving them the answer.' The American production director is Andrew Lloyd Baughman. 'When I first discovered *Jack* online and learned of its cult popularity in the UK, it was sort of a no-brainer that Landless should produce it,' he said. 'Our audience will love it and DCAC (the theatre) lends the perfect atmosphere for the grungy goth-rock piece. Frogg saw the potential to reach his target audience in the US, and we couldn't be happier to produce his US premiere of *Jack*.' See review on page 66.

Anne Morris, Capital US staging for Ripper musical, Salisbury Journal, Salisbury, England, UK, 21 June 2007

* * * * *



AND FINALLY, A TEST OF YOUR RIPPER KNOWLEDGE.

The question last month was: Which British comedy star played a uniformed Frenchman who didn't know who (or what) was Jack the Ripper? The answer: Cary Grant. In Howard Hawks's *I Was a Male War Bride* (Twentieth Century-Fox, 1949), Grant played French Army Captain Henri Rochard. The following lines are excerpted from the dialogue of this film: Lt Catherine Gates (Ann Sheridan): 'I think it only fair to warn you that Jack the Ripper is up that alley before you head into it. ... Capt Rochard: 'Tell me, who is Jack the...' ... Lt Eloise Billings (Randy Stuart): 'Captain, Jack the Ripper was a famous...' Capt Rochard: 'Thank you!'

This month's question: Who gave Ernest Hemingway a book on Jack the Ripper? The answer will appear in next month's edition of *I Beg to Report*.



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I Beg to Report

Inspector Helson's Tobacco Pot

It was recently brought to the *Rip's* attention that a tobacco pot belonging to Detective Inspector Helson had surfaced and acquired by the Friends of the Metropolitan Police.

Bought in an auction many years ago by a female historical pottery expert as part of a collection, the pot's owner had apparently identified the Ripper link and approached the Crime Museum's Alan McCormick for information, being advised to sell it as a separate item.

The seller was then put in touch with the Friends of the Metropolitan Police, who agreed to purchase the pot for £300. It is now housed in their historical collection, and was dusted off earlier this month for inspection by the *Rip's* roving reporter.

The *Police Review* of 18 January 1895 had this to say on the Inspector's retirement:

RETIREMENT OF DET. INSPR. HELSON - Det.-Insp. Helson, of the J Div Metropolitan Police, has just retired from the Force on pension, having completed 27 years' service. He was born at Tavistock, in Devon, in 1845, and joined the Metropolitan Police at 23 years of age. He was attached to the A Division, but in the following year was transferred to the B Division, where he remained till 1872, when he was promoted to Sergeant. On the the collapse of the old Detective Force in 1878, he was transferred as a second-class Sergeant to the C.I.D. and sent to the L Division. In 1887 he was promoted to Inspector, and took charge of the J Division, where had remained ever since. During that time Insp. Helson has been connected with between 3,000 and 4,000 cases, and has received numerous rewards and commendation from Judges.

On the subject of Helson, five years ago his descendants contacted the Friends... offering the loan of a photograph album containing contemporary photos. The family apparently felt that one of these showed Inspector Abberline; despite efforts by Keith Skinner, contact has yet to be re-established.



I Beg to Report

Newly-published Whitechapel Photographs

Long-time *Ripperologist* subscriber Valerie Hockley contacted us recently with an offer we couldn't refuse: copies of her previously unseen photographs of Whitechapel taken in the 1970s and 80s.

We're pleased to publish them here for the first time, with Valerie's own memories alongside.

Readers may like to compare these photographs with those taken by Stewart Evans, published in *Rip* issues 53 and 61. If you have your own photos of the area, why not share them with us, and our readers?

In the late Sixties, Spitalfields was a totally different place to what it is today. I can remember trying to find Bucks Row, now Durward Street, but not getting any further than Brady Street because I felt so threatened by the 'low life' and what seemed like criminal element of people that were hanging around on corners and streets. There seemed to be a complete air of degradation and deprivation about the place. Admittedly I was only 17 at the time, and now I kick myself that had I been a little braver I would have seen Durward Street with far more original buildings surviving than when I went back some 15 years later.

In the Eighties I went back again to Durward Street... and was luck enough to be able to take the photographs of Essex Wharf and the remaining house opposite the place where Polly Nichols was found. The cottages had gone but the old Board School was empty and the original cobble stones were still there.



Durward Street 1986 ©Val Hockley



Durward Street 1986 ©Val Hockley





Church Passage 1971 ©Val Hockley

My mother, who worked for Kearley and Tonge, says that [the 'bridge'] was put in just after the war as people were fed up with coming out of one building (the accounts department, she says) to go into another so the 'bridge' connected them.

'Ripper's Corner, Mitre Square 1971 ©Val Hockley

[The fire escape] was situated to the right as you came in from Mitre Street. I wish I had been able to use a wide angled lens in those days but I was armed with a very cheap Brownie! To my knowledge the whole square complete with fire escape was pulled down in 1979/80 whereas my photos of Mitre Square were taken in 1971.



I Beg to Report

Frogg Moody's Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper in Washington, DC

By CHRISTOPHER T GEORGE

The Landless Theatre Company at the District of Columbia Arts Center (DCAC) is presenting the Frogg Moody-David J Taylor rock musical, *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper*, in Washington D.C.'s artsy Adams Morgan district through mid-July. The show, with music by Moody and narration by Taylor, has been a hit with audiences in England. It is great to see an American company give the show an extended run. The production is being billed as the 'U.S. premiere' of the rock musical, although that claim is not exactly true since Frogg and his English cast flew over to give a one-time show at the first U.S. Ripper convention in Park Ridge, New Jersey, on the weekend of 8-9 April 2000.

I drove down from my home in Baltimore to attend 'Press Night' of *Yours Truly, JtR* on Saturday, 23 June.

The theatre was not easy to find. I had the address in hand: 2438 18th Street, NW. I spent some minutes scanning numbers on the street of busy restaurants, bars, and art galleries. And it was already 7:30 pm - starting time! Eventually I found DCAC through a door next to a carry-out pizza joint, with the DCAC art gallery above the pizza place and the theatre itself behind the gallery, accessed from a deck, down some wooden steps. *Yours Truly, JtR* was already turning out to be an adventure!

As I took my seat, the audience was just settling into the small studio theatre, a computerized black and white slide show of images of the case being projected on a light-coloured brick wall. Shortly, a recording of Frogg's atmospheric overture played: *Breath of an Angel* with vocal supplied by Sue Paramor. Then entered the narrator of the show, a barman, played by Dave Bobb, to begin his account of how the Whitechapel murders held the East End in thrall. Bobb's Cockney accent was passable as he set the sensational crimes within the context of the East End of the day. As Director Andrew Lloyd Baughman states in the programme, Taylor's narration doesn't seek to tell us who was Jack, rather the show gives the audience 'a reflection of the Ripper's society as seen through the eyes of a common man.'

The 10-member cast and three-man band of live musicians (guitars, moog synthesizer, and drums) performed with panache. Director Baughman, who also acted as musical director for the production, ably played keyboards and, toward the end of the show, a roaring rock lead guitar in *The Writing on the Wall*. Although Frogg informs me that he has considerably developed the show in the last seven years since I saw it in Park Ridge, because of the small rock band available for the D.C. production, they used the original script of the show.



Courtesy Landless Theatre Company



Courtesy Landless Theatre Company

The theatre company appears to specialise in horror (their next show will be *Carrie Potter and the Half-Blood Prom*) - thus, I wasn't sure how violent or bloody the evening might prove. Baughman had warned me beforehand 'there is some gore and partial nudity.' As it was, the gore and the nudity proved to be brief. When 'Jack' stabs Polly Nichols, a scarlet ribbon is ingeniously jerked out from her throat, simulating a spurt of blood. I was surprised that more such effects weren't employed for the other murders. Maybe that one 'gush' of erstwhile blood was enough for the audience to imagine blood in the rest of the killings.

Jill Vanderweit, Managing Director of the company, sang the part of Polly. Ostensibly the eldest member of the otherwise largely young cast, Vanderweit's voice seemed weak in the opening of *Souls in Pain* but it improved and strengthened as the song went on.

The director chose to show the killer (termed in the programme 'The Shadow of Jack') silent and wearing a stark white ancient Greek or Japanese kabuki mask with a leering smile as he despatched Polly and the other victims. The actor in the role of the killer, Nick Upchurch, was otherwise garbed in a black head-to-toe outfit. As a counterpoint to the way Jack was depicted the prostitutes appeared late in the show in clear plastic masks, mouths smeared with lipsticked smiles mocking the killer's fixed absurd grin, making for a bizarre answer to Jack's mayhem.

Jason Wilson, a fine tenor, portrayed a believable muscular John Pizer, the local Jewish artisan who was early in the murder series suspected to be 'Leather Apron.' Wilson sang in the impressive and memorable *No Prayer for the Dying*, along with Annie Chapman, portrayed by Renee Rabban and the company. Wilson also did well in *Catch Me When You Can*, *Mr. Lusk*, singing with the Victims, with Upchurch as George Lusk in *Is the Murderer a Stranger?* and again with Ms Rabban in *Lies*. If Upchurch as Lusk seemed the least persuasive actor and singer in the bunch (he was better as the silent Jack) the other strong performers made up for what he lacked. The murder of Mary Jane Kelly (K J Jacks) with the actress screaming out in terror at the stabbing strokes of the killer was genuinely disturbing and effective, the other murders being done in silence.

The slide show during *A Regular Farce* (on the ineptness of Scotland Yard at finding the killer) displayed among the images the Scotland Yard E-fit of Jack side by side with the face of the late Freddie Mercury of the rock group Queen(!) followed in rapid succession by other images of possible suspects, ending with a multi-colored abstract clown face. Toward the end of the show, images were flashed of photographs of the recent victims and of newspaper headlines from the Ipswich 'Ripper' hunt of late last year. The effect of the dizzying pictorial barrage was to make the 1888 murders seem relevant to today, showing us that 'sex workers' and society at large are as much at risk as ever. The slide show, put together by Baughman, was hauntingly effective in conveying that message. As this durable rock opera emphasises, the mysterious Whitechapel murderer kept the East End terrorised for a relatively short time, but the memory of 'Jack' and his modern-day counterparts live on.

The appeal to view the Whitechapel murders in modern terms made Baughman's prominent appearance as a rock guitarist in *The Writing on the Wall* acceptable - the musicians up until that point remaining unobtrusive. The choreographed movements of the Victims in synch with his guitar licks came across well, too - although the 'air guitar' motions made by the women seemed somewhat anachronistic!

The British show proved as persuasive in this first American production as when it has been presented in England or when I saw it at the U.S. convention seven years ago. Baughman and his cast plus the Landless Theatre Company deserve credit for bringing off the show so well. The production is short and sweet with no dead spots, taking up around 70 minutes by my watch but well worth the \$15.00 price of admission. Of course I got in for free as a press man - although I did have to fork out \$16.00 for parking in a nearby parking garage. The garage is across the street from the theater between Belmont and Columbia Roads. For those who prefer to use the Metro, the theatre is a ten-minute walk from the Woodley Park - Adams Morgan Metro station. The Landless Theatre Company presentation of *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper* will continue at the District of Columbia Arts Center, 2438 18th Street, NW, through 15 July, each night at 7:30 pm. For tickets and information visit www.landlesstheatrecompany.org

I will lead a discussion of the Ripper case after the performance on Thursday, 12 July. If other Ripperologists would care to join me for the 25-minute discussion on 'Who was Jack the Ripper and why was he never caught?', there is a ticket to see the show in it for you - but first come, first served and based on availability on the night. If you are interested in taking part, email me at chrisdonna@comcast.net



I Beg to Report

Another Peabody Library Suffers Damage

Readers may remember that back in 2003 (Ripperologist 49,) we reported that the collection in the historic Peabody Library in Baltimore was damaged by a water leak. On 30 April, a three-alarm blaze damaged the collection at the Peabody Room in the Georgetown branch of the Washington DC Public Library (dclibrary.org/branches/geo/peabody.html). The afternoon fire burned for doing damage to the building and the collection, a key source for original historic materials on DC local history. The second-floor room in the library was named after American merchant and financier George Peabody who in 1867 provided seed money for the library. Peabody is also known for his benevolence in new housing for the poor of London's East End and Liverpool.

We understand that as with the damaged Peabody Library in Baltimore, books from the Georgetown library were boxed up and freeze-dried under a novel process to preserve them from mildewing due to water damage from the fire department hoses used to extinguish the blaze. To counteract the water damage, the books have been subjected to vacuum freeze-drying, a controlled method of sublimation that prevents the physical distortions associated with air drying.

In a press conference in early May in front of the library in the 3000 block of R Street Northwest, Washington DC Mayor Adrian M Fenty announced that \$15 million to \$20 million has been earmarked to repair the library. Mr Fenty has identified \$7.2 million in capital funds for the repair project, which library officials said will take years to complete. 'The administration's No. 1 point here is that we are committed to rebuilding Georgetown's historic library 100 percent,' the mayor said.

washingtontimes.com/metro/20070502-111145-2766r.htm

George Peabody (1795-1869) (see [Wikipedia en.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_Peabody](http://Wikipedia.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_Peabody)) got his start as a businessman as a dry goods merchant in Baltimore and later became a banker in London. For the good works he carried out in his later years, amounting to over \$8 million (£4.5 million), Peabody was rewarded with an elaborate funeral in Westminster Abbey - but he is not buried there. With the approval of Queen Victoria, Peabody was given a temporary burial in the Abbey but then, in accordance with Peabody's own request in his will, he was buried in the town where he was born, Danvers, Massachusetts - which was renamed Peabody in his honor.

*Statue of George Peabody in Mount Vernon, Baltimore.
(Photograph by Christopher T. George)*





George Peabody (1795-1869)

In an 1891 article entitled 'Society's Exiles' (www.gutenberg.org/files/19110/19110-h/19110-h.htm#article_4) in the American periodical, The Arena, editor B O Flowers discussed how Peabody's philanthropy transformed the lives of the poor in the slums of Liverpool and London. Specifically, Flowers describes how the Peabody Fund helped build Victoria Square Dwellings in Liverpool (1884) as well as making reference to the Peabody Buildings in London:

Realizing that little could be hoped for from individuals or their offspring, who were condemned to a life in vile dens, where the squalor and wretchedness was only equalled by the poisonous, disease-breeding atmosphere and the general filth which characterized the tenement districts, the trustees Mr. Peabody selected to carry forward his work, engaged in the erection of a large building accommodating over two hundred, at a cost of \$136,500. This apartment house [Victoria Square Apartments, Liverpool], which is substantially uniform with the seventeen additional buildings since constructed from the Peabody fund, is five stories high, built around a hollow square, thus giving plenty of fresh air and sunshine to the rear as well as the front of the entire building. The square affords a large playground for the children where they are in no danger of being run over by vehicles, and where they are under the immediate eye of many of the parents. The building is divided into tenements of one, two, and three room apartments, according to the requirements of the occupant. There are also nine stores on the ground floor, which bring a rental of something over \$1,500 a year for each of the buildings. By careful, honest, and conscientious business management, the original sum of \$2,500,000 has been almost doubled, while comfortable, healthful homes have been procured for an army of over 20,000 persons. Some of the apartments contain

four rooms, many three, some two, others one. The average rent is about \$1.15 for an apartment. The average price for three-room apartments in the wretched tenements of London, is from \$1.45 a week. In the Peabody dwellings, the death rate is .96 per one thousand below the average in London. Thus it will be seen that while large, healthful, airy, and cheerful homes have been provided for over 20,000 at a lower figure than the wretched disease-fostering and crime-breeding tenements of soulless Shylocks, the Peabody fund has, since 1862, grown to nearly \$5,000,000, or almost twice the sum given for the work by the great philanthropist. No words can adequately describe the magnitude of this splendid work, any more than we can measure the good it has accomplished, the crime prevented, or the lives that through it have grown to ornament and bless society. In the Liverpool experiment, the work has been prosecuted by the municipal government. In the Peabody dwellings, it has, of course, been the work of an individual, carried on by a board of high-minded, honorable, and philanthropic gentlemen. To my mind, it seems far more practicable for philanthropic, monied men to prosecute this work as a business investment, specifying in their wills that rents shall not rise above a figure necessary to insure a fair interest on the money, rather than leave it for city governments, as in the latter case it would be in great danger of becoming an additional stronghold for unscrupulous city officials to use for political purposes. I know of no field where men with millions can so bless the race as by following Mr. Peabody's example in our great cities. If, instead of willing every year princely sums to old, rich, and conservative educational institutions, which already possess far more money than they require,—wealthy persons would bequeath sums for the erection of buildings after the manner of the Victoria Square or the Peabody Dwellings, a wonderful transformation would soon appear in our cities. Crime would diminish, life would rise to a higher level, and from the hearts and brains of tens of thousands, a great and terrible load would be lifted. Yet noble and praiseworthy as is this work, we must not lose sight of the fact, that at best it is only a palliative measure: a grand, noble, beneficent work which challenges our admiration, and should receive our cordial support; still it is only a palliative.

Victoria Square Dwellings, Liverpool (1884),
founded with Peabody money



On the Crimebeat

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

RACHEL: A STOLEN LIFE

Wanda Moran

H/B, 287 pp., Illus., John Blake Publishing, £17.99

The loss of a child to a parent is tragic in itself, but when that loss is occasioned by murder the trauma is manifestly multiplied. In this book Wanda Moran honestly chronicles the traumas and anguish of her and her family when her 21-year-old daughter Rachel disappeared over the New Year Holiday in 2003, and then a month later when her body was discovered stuffed into a cupboard in a nearby house; she had been raped and murdered. This was followed by the arrest and charging of Michael Little, who lived in the house where Rachel's body was found.

Wanda Moran and her family then had to endure the wheels of justice grinding towards a 13-day trial at Hull Crown Court in October 2003. During this they had to listen to Little's defence, admitting that he was on drugs and claiming he was suffering from clinical depression. The final horror must have been to listen to him saying he had consensual sex with Rachel and that another man had burst in on them and killed Rachel before forcing him to hide her body in the cupboard. Thankfully, the jury did not accept this farrago and Little was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. Wanda Moran did at least have the satisfaction of hearing the judge say, in passing sentence, that there was no evidence that Rachel had consensual sex with Little and that in his case life could mean just that.

This is not an easy book to read - however the emotion and understandable anger are both portrayed with courage and great honesty, and it is to be hoped that writing the book has helped Wanda Moran deal with this appalling tragedy.

There have been other books by parents faced with attempting to come to terms with similar tragedies. Among these, perhaps most notably, are Sara Payne *A Mother's Story* (2004), dealing with the abduction and murder of her daughter Sarah by the paedophile Roy Whiting; *Goodbye Dearest Holly* (2005), by Kevin Wells, father of one of the Soham victims of Ian Huntley; *Pure Evil* (2007) by Maureen Harvey, whose son Lee was stabbed to death by the ghastly Tracie Andrews, and *And Still I Rise* (2006) by Doreen Lawrence on the murder of her son Stephen.



Michael Little



Rachel Moran



Wanda Moran

Got something to say?

Got comments on a feature in this issue? Or found new information?

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A silent Jack, portrayed by Nick Upchurch, kills Mary Jane Kelly (K J Jacks) in the Landless Theatre Company production of Frogg Moody and David Taylor's *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper* in Washington, D.C. (Courtesy Landless Theatre Company).