

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

Ripperologist

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August 2006

Smith's Beat

Did PC William Smith
see Jack the Ripper?
asks GAVIN BROMLEY

TIM MOSLEY examines
Boris Karloff's *Thriller*

CHRIS SCOTT's Press Trawl
WILF GREGG's Crimebeat

Christopher-Michael DiGrazia
Christopher T George, Don Souden

RIPPEROLOGIST MAGAZINE

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QUOTE FOR AUGUST:

'Plus, like Bush, he's an out-of-touch, arrogant, sanctimonious, self-righteous sack of crap whose bogus morally superior stance puts his chances of leading this nation close to that of Jack the Ripper's getting hired to make balloon animals at a kid's bar mitzvah party.' Blogger M Kane Jeeves (aka Ed Naha) in regard to veteran US Senator and former Democratic vice presidential candidate Joseph Lieberman (D, Connecticut), who was defeated in the Democratic Primary in his home state by anti-war candidate, businessman Ned Lamont. During the campaign, Lamont accused Lieberman of being too supportive of President George W Bush's Iraq policy. mkanejeeves.com/?m=200608

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Gavin Bromley times PC Smith on his beat around Berner Street and asks whether he saw more than we assume.

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John Francis Brewer brings his narrative up to date - in 1888.

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We would like to acknowledge the valuable assistance given by the following people in the production of this issue of *Ripperologist*: Stewart P Evans, Philip Hutchinson, the late Adrian M Phypers, and Eduardo Zinna. Thank you!

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Ripperology and the East End

EDITORIAL by CHRISTOPHER T GEORGE

Is the East End of London 'Ripper-friendly'? Sounds like a stupid question, doesn't it? Why should the residents of the area feel warm and fuzzy toward the cold and callous serial killer who 118 years ago terrorized the East End? And yet the question is cogent given the increasing popularity of Ripper tours led most famously by Ripperologist Donald Rumbelow but also by numerous other licensed tour guides and in view of occasional reported incidents of hostility that greet such tours.

Such reactions to Ripper tours have ranged from the shouting of 'Don't listen to him! It's all bollocks' on a Rumbelow walk, as witnessed recently by Canadian journalist Ellen Raine-Scott ('I Beg to Report', *Rip* 69) to more serious challenges like the beating up and robbery by ten thugs of tour guide Dr John Pope-de-Locksley in front of his tour group in Gunthorpe Street on the evening of Friday, 13 January last - possibly, Pope-de-Locksley theorized, because the assailants thought from his Victorian top hat and black frock coat that he was an Orthodox Jew ('I Beg', *Rip* 63). In this issue, we report on how the Bangladeshi community in Shoreditch mobilized to stop filming of the movie 'Brick Lane' based on the novel of the same name by Monica Ali. Granted, that incident had to do with concerns of Bangladeshi culture, but what if East End ethnic interests or the local council move against Ripper tours?



Philip Hutchinson ©Christian Jaud

Tour guide Philip Hutchinson told me in a recent email, 'The mood towards Ripper guides in the East End is very mixed and such reactions are dependant on several factors - the weather, the actual location, the amount of people on the tour and the amount of other people on the street.' He confirmed his personal experience of hostility from local youths. 'About once every six months [my tour] group will be pelted with water bombs if we should stop on the street [though] I have personally never had trouble if we have been on the move. Nearly all these teenagers keep themselves hidden - we have had eggs thrown at us from windows, just seeing the arm with the thrower hidden behind a curtain and water bombs thrown from the balconies of buildings in succession from boys we have seen ducking down again. Their parents must be very proud of them. We called the police on a group once and when they were caught they admitted to it immediately but replied that they were "bored". Actual physical violence has never happened to me. If you keep your eyes as well as your mouth open and are streetwise, you avoid it. You do not stand opposite a gang of teens in baseball caps and start shouting loud enough to be heard two streets away.'

From the perspective of preserving local history, the Ripper tours are important. Because the murder sites are not marked, the only way the visitor would know about them is from their own reading or from taking one of the tours. There are no official 'blue plaque' markers as there are for other historic locations in London such as, say, the West End house at 34 Tite Street in Chelsea where wit and playwright Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) lived. Philip Hutchinson confirmed, 'There is indeed no marking

of the sites in any way (some of the graves have plaques though). Such a marker [though] would not last for a week. It would be uprooted by any number of groups - souvenir hunters, pressure groups, locals. I understand that the Council and some residents do not want any Ripper industry in the East End.' The late Adrian M Phypers ('Viper'), himself a tour guide, wrote to me in December 2002: '...the local council is very unsympathetic to Ripper walks... and [it] sided with the locals in an attempt to ban them a few years ago. The attempt failed (I'm very glad to say), but guides running the gauntlet of illegal and potentially dangerous hazards will get little sympathy from that quarter.'

The burgeoning number of tours itself causes problems. 'When I'm walking around I tend to see about half a dozen [tour] groups a night,' Hutchinson explained. 'There will probably be about ten lots [of tour groups] at each site every night, so I can imagine the residents' disdain when you get things like I saw last night - two different groups had their guide with a headpiece microphone and an amplified speaker at 9pm. That's out of order. I do not yell in residential areas and that might be why I have got off relatively lightly.'

Viper wrote similarly: '...there are far too many [tours] and in some cases the groups are much too big. Some of them can have 150+ people. However you manage a group of even 50 people it is disruptive - whatever some guides choose to tell you. Narrow East End pavements get blocked as the group snakes through the streets, passers-by have to walk round stopped groups and there is no alternative but to shout, because if you don't the

people at the back of the group cannot hear you. I can understand their grievance to a degree - if guides stop outside your house every night and yell out gory details whilst the kids are in bed it can't be too pleasant. However, what the residents don't understand is that these tours are some of the few that make money - especially in winter.'

In regard to the community attitudes to the tours, Viper said, 'On the route you have old-style East Enders, you have an increasingly militant Bangladeshi youth on the streets and then there are all the yuppies who have moved into the area in the past few years. Generally speaking the first mentioned are the most tolerant and the last mentioned the least tolerant of all the groups, but all are increasingly ready to voice their objections to the tours.' Hutchinson noted, however, that 'some people are lovely. I have spoken to some of the residents in Wilkes Street as we pass and they have a good-natured joke with me. The guy who runs Happy Days in Goulston Street, his family and I have a great relationship. We are on good terms. His son always throws his apron behind the door jamb when we turn up!'

What will be the future for the Ripper walks? More of the same year in and year out? Will the hostility remain the same or grow? Shouldn't the sites that tell the story of Jack the Ripper be known to the public, not for salacious reasons but because it is important to know about them? It would seem that something should be done from the top to sanction such tours, to mark the sites - after all this is history, just like the bloody execution block at the Tower of London is history. Why not therefore, for example, put a permanent blue plaque on the parking garage in Dorset Street where Miller's Court stood? Why not regulate the size and frequency of the Ripper Walks to make them more friendly to the community? And why shouldn't Ripperologists mobilize to encourage the East End community and the local council to be friendlier to the Ripper story? If the tour leaders can regulate the tours to suit local needs, the local community and government should accommodate them.



Philip Hutchinson in Goulston Street ©Christian Jaud



Smith's Beat

by GAVIN BROMLEY

In the early hours of 30 September, 1888, the body of Elizabeth Stride was discovered in Dutfield's Yard adjoining the International Working Men's Educational Club at no. 40, Berner Street, in the area covered by the beat of PC William Smith 452H. The time was about 1am and PC Smith had passed Stride talking to a man at a time stated by the constable to be between 12:30 and 12:35am. The accepted belief is that Smith saw Stride and this man 25 to 30 minutes before her body was discovered.

At the inquest, Smith said that the man he saw with Elizabeth Stride was about 5 ft 7 in and about 28 years old. He could not see much of his face, but could see he had no whiskers. He said the man was of respectable appearance, wore a hard felt deerstalker hat of dark colour and dark clothes - an overcoat (a cutaway coat according to the account in the *Telegraph*) and dark trousers - and had a newspaper parcel in his hand about 18 inches in length and six to eight inches wide.

In Swanson's report of 19 October, the description of the man attributed to Smith is given as: aged about 28, height 5 ft 7 in, complexion dark, small dark moustache, wearing a black diagonal coat, hard felt hat, white collar and tie. As with many aspects of the case, there appears to be a contradiction in the records available. The 'small dark moustache' in Swanson's report seems to contradict the account of 'no whiskers' given in the newspaper reports of Smith's inquest testimony (both the *Times* and *Telegraph* reported Smith as saying that), unless by 'no whiskers' Smith just meant no beard or sideburns. If he could not see much of the man's face, then perhaps he could see from the side that he did not have a beard or sideburns, but was maybe unable to clearly see if there was a moustache or not, particularly if it was 'small'. However, this does not account for the certainty in Swanson's report that Smith said the man had a moustache. It could be that the newspaper accounts of the inquest testimony missed out some crucial words and Smith actually said 'no whiskers on his chin' for example, or it could be that Smith said in his original report that he thought the man may have had a moustache, but the uncertainty was lost in Swanson's summary of the description.

However, the significance of Smith's sighting has been diminished because of reported sightings of Stride with another man or men at the later time of about 12:45am.

But let's take a closer look at the events in and around Berner Street that night.

First of all let's examine the route that PC Smith took on his beat.

The Route

From the account at the inquest, his beat started from Gower's Walk (marked '1' on Map 1), went eastward along Commercial Road as far as Christian Street, south down Christian Street as far as Fairclough Street, eastward along Fairclough Street as far as Grove Street, turning round and back westward along Fairclough Street, as far as Backchurch Lane, then up to Commercial Road taking in the interior roads including Berner Street and Batty Street. Presumably, the circuit was then completed by heading westward along Commercial Road to the start point at the corner of Gower's Walk. This route is shown in Map 1 below.

But where did Berner Street and Batty Street fit in? It could be that he went up one road and then down the next; for example, up Batty Street from Fairclough then briefly westward along Commercial Road as far as Berner Street then down Berner Street. However, Smith said 'having gone round my beat, [I] was at the Commercial Road corner of



Map 1: Smith's beat as described at Stride's inquest

Berner Street again at one o'clock' as though that was the only visit to Berner Street on a circuit of his beat and he approached it from Commercial Road. On the other hand, when he talked about passing Stride and the man she was with, he said that he then headed up Berner Street toward Commercial Road. So, it appears that the Berner Street part of his beat started from Commercial Road, went down as far as the junction with Fairclough Street, then back up again to Commercial Road. For him to pass Stride and the man nearly opposite Dutfield's Yard on his way back to Commercial Road means he would have walked as far as the junction with Fairclough Street. As we will see, this appears to be the only route to make sense in terms of what he said and what he did not see or hear in the immediate aftermath of the body being discovered. He could not first have gone up Berner Street from Fairclough Street before coming back down from Commercial Road as then he would have heard the commotion of people running up and down Fairclough Street. This route is shown in Map 2 below.



Map 2

The same probably applied to Batty Street, as well, in that he would have walked up and down that street. However, we do not have any information to infer whether he walked down Batty Street from Commercial Road then back up, as we can with Berner Street (see Map 3a), or walked up from Fairclough Street as far as Commercial Road and then turned around to return to Fairclough Street (see Map 3b).



Map 3a



Map 3b

Another 'interior road' not covered so far is Sander Street which ran east to west between Berner Street and Backchurch Lane. If Sander Street was included, then he possibly went along it from Berner Street - walking westward and then turning and walking back. If he had walked along it from Backchurch Lane then again he would likely have heard the commotion following the discovery of the body as he approached Berner Street five or so minutes before he first saw the crowd outside Dutfield's Yard from Commercial Road. He could have walked along Sander Street as part of his southward walk down Berner Street or as part of the northward walk back to Commercial Road. This would probably be on the southward part as he would approach Berner Street from the west and therefore be walking on the western side of Berner Street going down and as Sander Street was on the western side of Berner Street, it would make sense for him to walk along it then. See Map 4 below.

There are also the side streets and courts off Berner Street, Batty Street and Backchurch Lane. At the point in Smith's testimony, as reported by the *Times*, where he said he passed Stride and went directly up Berner Street to Commercial Road, he continued with a seemingly irrelevant statement about a court half way along Berner Street that went all the way across to Backchurch Lane. This court appears to start between nos. 30 and 32 Berner Street and after a few twists and turns becomes a wider 'path' leading to Backchurch Lane (marked in yellow on Map 5). The testimony as reported in the papers was not always accurate and at times the answers seemed inappropriate to the questions. It is not clear why this court is mentioned unless Smith said that he actually went across it from Berner Street before returning to Berner Street to continue to Commercial Road, but if so, this was not reported properly. It may be that he also went into the

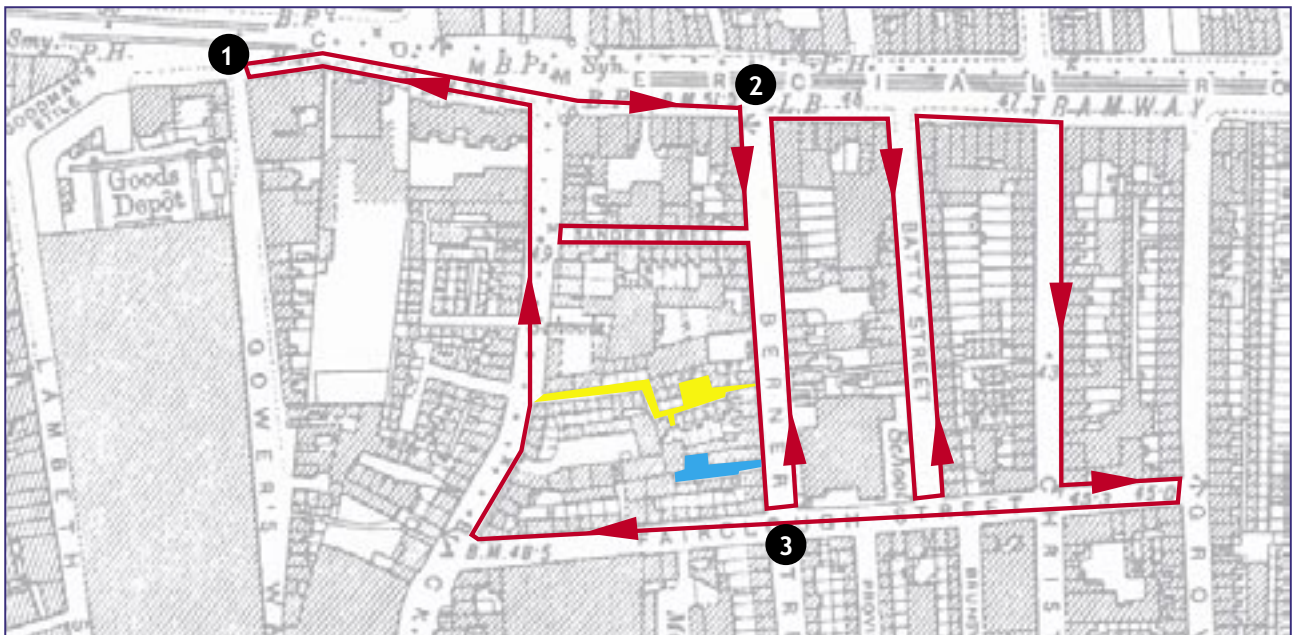


streets and courts that were on the western side of Backchurch Lane between Fairclough Street and Commercial Road. Also, there are courts between Batty Street and Christian Street.

There is no way of knowing exactly how his route worked with the side streets and courts, or how many were actually included on his beat. Remember, there were houses in Dutfield's Yard but Smith did not patrol there, presumably as it was private property and there was a gate that would block his path if the residents or club closed it. So not all of the courts seen on the map may have been patrolled by Smith. A slow walking pace is considered to be about 1m/s (2.24 mph) or less, and an average pace is considered to be about 1.5m/s (3.36 mph) with a policeman on his beat generally considered somewhere between these but nearer the slower pace, about 1.12m/s (2.5 mph). By contrast a soldier quick marches at about 2.24m/s (five mph). As we will see later, the route without the courts and side streets on the western side of Backchurch Lane, would have Smith walking at about 0.83m/s (1.85 mph), which I thought may have had him walking a bit slowly. However, when I looked at the beat of PC Watkins who discovered the body of Catherine Eddowes, I found that he was walking an average of about 0.73m/s (at best) to cover his beat (about 575m) in twelve minutes (he actually said it took twelve to fourteen minutes). So it may be that Smith walked none of the courts or side streets off Backchurch Lane.

On Map 5 below, point 1 is the starting point of his beat as given in the report, the corner of Gower's Walk and Commercial Road; point 2 is where Smith started walking down Berner Street; and point 3 is where he passed within 15m of Dutfield's Yard (marked in blue) along Fairclough Street.

So what times did Smith give regarding his beat? He said the whole of his beat took 25 - 30 minutes to complete. He said that he passed Stride and a man at sometime between 12:30 and 12:35. He also tells us that he returned to Berner Street from Commercial Road at 1am and saw a crowd of people outside Dutfield's Yard. When he got to the yard he said that he saw Police Constables 252H and 12HR already there with the body. He said that he had returned to Berner Street as part of his normal beat and not because he had been called. The gates to the yard were still open at that point. He saw that the woman was dead and then left to fetch an ambulance. As he was leaving, the assistant of the doctor who had been called arrived.



Diemshutz, however, said that he returned to Dutfield's Yard in his pony and cart at 1am. He said it was exactly 1am because he saw the clock at the baker's on the corner of Berner Street with Commercial Road. Though, whether the clock read one o'clock at that point or it was about a minute before and he inferred that it was exactly 1am by the time he discovered the body he did not say. Moreover, it would have been a few minutes before the other policemen arrived. So what time did PC Smith arrive back at Berner Street?

Louis Diemshutz came down Berner Street from Commercial Road with his pony and cart. As he came through the gates into Dutfield's Yard, his pony seemed to shy to the left. He looked down to see why and noticed the ground was uneven. He prodded it with his whip and then got down to see what it was. He struck a match to get a bit of light to see. It was windy but he saw enough to realize it was a woman. He could not tell if she was dead or drunk. Diemshutz immediately went into the club and found his wife and some club members in the front room downstairs and told them there was a woman lying outside in the yard, but that he did not know if she was dead or drunk. He then got a candle and returned outside to take a better look. He saw that there was a stream of blood from the body towards the club door. At seeing the blood he ran off to get the police along with a man named Isaacs.

and another' who ran from the yard. Isaacs appears to be a different person than Isaac, the man Eagle ran downstairs with, but they could have been the same person. Kozebrodsky said that he ran out of the yard with Diemshutz towards Fairclough Street and then along there as far as Grove Street. Diemshutz said that they ran past a couple of streets and not seeing any policeman started to shout 'Police' and 'Murder' as loudly as they could. Edward Spooner stood on the corner of Christian Street and Fairclough Street with a woman and said he saw a couple of men running towards him shouting 'Police' and 'Murder' and they ran past him as far as Grove Street. They then turned round and came back. Spooner stopped them to ask what the matter was. They told him and he said that he returned with them to Dutfield's Yard. However, Kozebrodsky said in the press report that he did not return to the yard. Instead, he ran to Commercial Road to see if he could find a policeman and came across two of them (on the corner with Grove Street according to him), who then returned with him to Dutfield's Yard.

In the meantime, Eagle had run to Commercial Road and turned eastward. He gave a similar account about finding a couple of policemen at the corner of Grove Street who returned with him to Dutfield's Yard. PC Henry Lamb 252H said he saw two men running toward him as he was between Christian and Batty streets. So from these three accounts it seems that Kozebrodsky ran up Christian Street or Batty Street after leaving Diemshutz and Spooner, and then met Eagle as the latter ran along Commercial Road from Berner Street. The other policeman with Lamb was a fixed point officer PC 426H, whose point of duty was between Christian Street and Grove Street.

Lamb says he was between Christian Street and Batty Street (and not Grove Street as stated by both Eagle and Kozebrodsky) when the men approached, so Kozebrodsky more likely came up Batty Street. Eagle and Kozebrodsky both say they saw the policemen at Grove Street, which was where PC426H was on fixed point duty. So it could be that Lamb was wrong about his location when the club members approached him. Incidentally, Lamb said he had passed the top of Berner Street six or seven minutes earlier, which would have been between 12:55 and 1:00. Eagle and Kozebrodsky told the officers that there had been a murder and Lamb asked where. They got as far as the corner of Berner Street and then Eagle and Kozebrodsky indicated towards the club. Lamb then ran down Berner Street with PC 426H following.

In the meantime, Diemshutz had got back to the yard with Spooner. According to several witnesses, including Spooner himself, Spooner lifted Stride's chin and they saw the big gash in her throat. Diemshutz said it was at that point that the policemen arrived. However, when Lamb and the others got there no one was touching the body. Lamb would have prevented anyone apart from another police officer or a doctor from touching it once he was there, so Spooner and Diemshutz must have got back before Lamb. Spooner said it was four or five minutes after they arrived that the police arrived, but this was probably an exaggeration. Comments were made in the press that there was quite a delay ('a considerable delay' according to the *Morning Advertiser* 1 October, 1888) after the body was discovered before the police got to the yard, with Diemshutz saying it was seven minutes (as stated in the *Star* 1 October, 1888). Another explanation is that Kozebrodsky returned to the yard with Diemshutz and Spooner and then set off with Eagle. There are contradictions in the story in that one account by Diemshutz said that the police arrived as they got back, but Spooner said it was four or five minutes later that the police arrived. Kozebrodsky then leaving with Eagle would fit with Spooner's account, but Eagle says that he left straight after seeing the blood. On balance, the last account seems the most likely with Eagle setting off not much longer after Diemshutz and Kozebrodsky, with Kozebrodsky separating from Diemshutz and then meeting Eagle in Commercial Road.

When they got to the yard, Lamb shone his light on the body. He then sent PC 426H for the nearest doctor and sent Eagle for the inspector at Leman Street. Lamb then blew his whistle. PC Albert Collins 12HR came at the sound of the whistle. This I deduce from the fact that he was not one of the policemen initially on the scene, but was there by the time Smith got there. Diemshutz refers to more than one policeman coming after the whistle. The second could have been Smith, although he did not come because of hearing the whistle.

James Brown, a witness who lived at 35 Fairclough Street, said he saw a PC at the corner of Christian Street who was then called to Berner Street. This was possibly Collins. If Brown lived at no. 35 he was probably on the northern side of Fairclough Street (as houses in Ellen Street were numbered with the odd numbers on the northern side). Also in his testimony, which will be looked at more closely later, he had to cross the street past a man and a woman to get to the chandler's shop on the southwest corner of the junction of Berner Street and Fairclough Street. So he would not have been able to see the PC from his window if the PC was at the northern side of the junction. Collins would therefore probably have been at the southern end of the junction of Christian Street and Fairclough Street, so he was possibly on a beat that covered the streets south of Fairclough Street.

The gates were still open when PC Smith arrived. Smith said Lamb and Collins (12HR) were there when he arrived. Smith looked at the victim, and then went to get an ambulance for the body. As he was leaving, he said, the doctor's assistant arrived. PC 426H had been sent by Lamb to get the doctor and at about 1:10 am (or between 1:05 and 1:10 am according to one account) he called on Dr. Blackwell at 100 Commercial Road, which was on the eastern corner of

or so after Kozebrodsky and Diemshutz. Eagle implies that he set off directly after Diemshutz and Kozebrodsky. He certainly saw them run from the yard. He may have looked at the body for a few seconds and deliberated whether to go and find the police as well. Or, he may have decided to leave straightaway and go in a different direction to cover more ground and increase the likelihood of finding a policeman. He may even have waited a bit, since the other two had gone to find one, and when he heard them having to shout maybe he decided to look for one in another direction. It could be that Eagle did get to PC Lamb first and Kozebrodsky met up with them a few seconds later. Lamb then broadly described the events as two men running towards him which implies the men were together, when actually they may not have been. Obviously the timings given are rough estimates and there may be a bit of leeway one way or another.

Lamb did not mention running to the end of Berner Street, only that he ran down Berner Street. But they would have gone swiftly to the end of Berner Street. So it could have taken another 50-90 seconds from when the policemen were located to get to the end of Berner Street, given that the police would have taken a bit of time to assess the men's story. At this point it was between four and 6½ minutes after the discovery of the body and this point is important as this is the position that Smith was at when he said it was 1:00. To run back down to Dutfield's Yard from the corner of Berner Street would be 35-50 seconds. So when the police first arrived at the scene it would have been about 4½ to 7½ minutes after the discovery of the body. Diemshutz himself gave a time of about seven minutes after the discovery for the police to arrive at Dutfield's Yard.

Lamb touched the body and warned the people around not to get too close. He sent PC 426H to fetch the doctor and Eagle to fetch the inspector before he blew his whistle. This would probably have been another 30 seconds to a minute after reaching the yard. PC 426H would have set off shortly before the whistle blew, so he would have got to the end of Berner Street, assuming he was running or at least walking quickly, 35-50 seconds after that. 100 Commercial Road was about 50m from the end of Berner Street so this would take another 20-30 seconds. So PC 426H would have got to Dr. Blackwell's six to ten minutes after the discovery of the body.

Smith had heard none of the shouts by Eagle, Kozebrodsky and Diemshutz. He did not see any of them running. Neither did he see Lamb and PC 426H going with Eagle and Kozebrodsky to Berner Street, nor did he see PC 426H running from Berner Street to Dr. Blackwell's in Commercial Road. He had only returned to Berner Street as part of his beat, not because he was called. Presumably, he was walking somewhere up Backchurch Lane or Commercial Road





Corner of Fairclough Street and Berner Street;
cartwheel mounted on wall indicates
entrance to Dutfield's Yard

between Backchurch Lane and Gower's Walk when the club members had run off shouting 'Police' and 'Murder', which he did not hear. Nor did he hear Lamb's whistle. The policemen Smith saw when he got to the yard were PC 252H (Lamb) and PC 12 HR (Albert Collins), not 426H, who had initially arrived with Lamb. The doctor's assistant arrived just as Smith left to fetch the ambulance. So Smith got to Dutfield's Yard while PC 426H had gone to fetch the doctor from Commercial Road. Smith did not say that he had seen a constable coming the other way as he went down Berner Street to see why there was a crowd outside Dutfield's Yard and he did not say he saw a police officer hurrying (as surely PC 426H was) in Commercial Road. So, by the time he was in a position to see the end of Berner Street, PC 426H was out of sight on the way to, or already at, 100 Commercial Road, or at least, if Smith *could* see him, then Smith would have seen him when it would not be apparent that the constable had run from Berner Street.

Where would PC Smith have been while all this was happening in the aftermath of the discovery of Stride's body for him not to hear any of the shouts or the police whistle and not to see anything? Had he still been on the part of his beat prior to reaching the junction with Berner Street along Fairclough Street then he would have seen and heard people running or crowding outside Dutfield's Yard from that junction before he got to the Berner Street junction with Commercial Road. Presumably he was walking somewhere up Backchurch Lane or Commercial Road between Backchurch Lane and Gower's Walk. Had he been walking up Backchurch Lane, then he surely would have heard Eagle's shouts in the next street. However, if Eagle had not started shouting until he had got part or most of the way up Berner Street and Smith had been nearer the Fairclough Street junction of Backchurch Lane which is further away from Berner Street at that point, Eagle would have been shouting away from the direction of Smith and Smith may have only heard some indistinct shouts that were getting fainter and he may not have thought them important. Other sounds in Backchurch Lane could also have blocked out the sound of the shouts. To not hear Lamb's whistle, Smith would have had to have been nearer Commercial Road if not actually on it walking between Backchurch Lane and Gower's Walk. Not only that, he would have had to have reached the top of Berner Street after PC 426H passed that point on his way to fetch the doctor, but before PC 426H returned with Johnston.

PC 426H left the yard to fetch the doctor 5 to 8½ minutes after the body was discovered. It would have taken him about 55 to 80 seconds to get to 100 Commercial Road. Johnston said that the PC arrived at just before 1:10. By the time he reached the end of Berner Street and was heading towards no. 100 Commercial Road, it would be 5¾ to 9½ minutes after the discovery of the body.

Assuming he was walking with a clear view ahead of him and he was not distracted, how far away would PC Smith have been not to have seen the PC running from Berner Street? The lighting in Berner Street was as good as in other side streets it was stated by a juryman (there were four streetlights down Berner Street between Commercial Road and Fairclough Street) and PC Lamb thought that when he was at the top of Berner Street he would have seen someone if they had run from Dutfield's Yard, which is 113m away from the Commercial Road end of Berner Street, though he said they would have appeared indistinct and he would not have seen any details. The main thoroughfare of Commercial Road would have been better lit and so had PC Smith been nearing Berner Street along Commercial Road he would have been in a position to see PC 426H running from Berner Street. He would therefore have realised something was wrong and so would presumably have gone to see what it was and would have mentioned this at the inquest. If Lamb

felt he could have seen someone running from Dutfield's Yard 113m away, then a figure of at least 120m would not be unreasonable to see someone running on a better lit thoroughfare, especially if they wore the distinctive headgear of a policeman. So how long would it have taken Smith to walk about 120m?

Route Distance and Timings

The 'measured heavy tramp' of the policeman (quoting Mrs. Mortimer, a resident living in Berner Street two doors away from no. 40) would describe a slow but steady and deliberate walk. Measuring the route using the 1894 Ordnance Survey map displayed and Google Earth, the whole basic route is about 1370 metres long. This is the route shown in Map 5 excluding Sander Street. This is about 0.85 miles. If this was the extent of his route, Smith would be walking at a pace of about 0.76m/s (1.7mph) to 0.91m/s (2.04mph), the range derived from completing the route in 25 minutes and in 30 minutes. This would mean Smith was walking at a very slow pace, especially when compared to the generally accepted speed for a policeman on the beat of about 1.12m/s (2.5 mph). However, as noted earlier, Watkins progressed at a slower rate on his beat covering Mitre Square, while the figure of 1.12m/s has been used as a guide to test that the average speeds calculated for Smith for the various alternative routes of his beat are not too extreme or too far removed from this figure, I have not used it as the approximate speed Smith at which Smith would necessarily have been walking.

Including all the side streets and courts off Backchurch Lane and between Berner and Backchurch and allowing for the fact that he may not have walked all the way along them, or not walked along some of them at all would give a distance of about 1730 metres. Taking 25-30 minutes would give a speed of between about 0.96m/s (2.15mph) and 1.15m/s (2.58mph). Including the courts between Berner Street and Batty Street and between Batty and Christian streets and again allowing for the fact that he may not have walked all the way along them, or not walked along some of them at all, would give a distance of about 1800 metres. This would give a speed of between about 1m/s (2.24mph) and 1.2m/s (2.68mph). Assuming that he walked up all the courts that I could recognise as such from the map and the full distance in each, would give a distance of about 2090m and mean he walked at a speed of between about 1.16m/s (2.6mph) and 1.39m/s (3.12mph).

The tables below demonstrate how the various distances which can be attributed to Smith's beat are derived.

The first table shows the list of side streets and courts, which are lettered A-G on Map 7 below. These side streets and courts are unnamed on the map I have seen (1894 Ordnance Survey), but some are named on the 1862 Stanford Map. I have listed these names in the table.

STREETS/COURTS (LETTERS FROM MAP 7) DISTANCE (m)	
<i>Names from 1862 Stanford Map</i>	
A (appears to be 'Brunswick-')	58
B (Williams Rents)	46
C	27
D (Batty's Gardens)	82
E	36
F	33
G	18
Total	300
Total (both ways for each)	600

ROUTE 'C'

This route also takes into account the Batty Street courts but again assumes that Smith may not have walked the full length of some or all of them.

ROUTE 'D'

In this route I assume that he walked the full length of all the courts and side streets I have identified. Of course, there may be others I have missed or wrongly excluded - the large areas off the streets are sometimes stables, though Smith could have patrolled or stopped to check some of these.

The table below gives the range of times to cover 100m and the average speed for each of these four routes using Smith's own range of 25-30 minutes to cover his beat.

ROUTE	DISTANCE (m)	TIME TO COMPLETE ROUTE (minutes)	AVERAGE TIME TO COVER 1m (seconds)	AVERAGE TIME TO COVER 100m	AVERAGE SPEED (m/s)	AVERAGE SPEED (mph)
A	1490	30	1.208	2 mins 1 sec	0.83	1.85
A	1490	25	1.007	1 min 41 secs	0.99	2.22
B	1730	30	1.04	1 min 44 secs	0.96	2.15
B	1730	25	0.867	1 min 27 secs	1.15	2.58
C	1800	30	1	1 min 40 secs	1	2.24
C	1800	25	0.83	1 min 23 secs	1.2	2.68
D	2090	30	0.861	1 min 26 secs	1.16	2.6
D	2090	25	0.718	1 min 12 secs	1.39	3.12

Overall, I think I have looked at a reasonable range of distances for his beat and established a reasonable walking speed for Smith of between just below two and just over three mph.

I realise that we cannot hope to get such accuracy suggested by exact timings (such as one minute and 23 seconds) but the figures give us a rough idea of the time it would take for Smith to walk certain distances. For all the time or distance ranges given, Route A is not taken into account. However, timings/distances are given as a side note (in parentheses) in each case just to cover the longest time possible assuming he only walked Route A. Walking 100m would take him somewhere between one minute and 12 seconds and one minute and 44 seconds (two minutes if taking the basic route with Sander Street). For the 120m I estimate as the minimum that Smith must have been from the end of Berner Street not to see the constable running for the doctor, it would take between one minute 26 seconds and two minutes and five seconds (two minutes 25). This is roughly 1½ to two minutes (2½ minutes). Given PC 426H would have been just running into Commercial Road from Berner Street 5¾ to 9½ minutes after the discovery of the body, then PC Smith would have arrived at the top of Berner Street 7 to 11½ minutes (11¾ minutes) after the discovery. PC Smith had to arrive at the top of Berner Street after PC 426H had left for the doctor but before he returned with Johnston. If Stride was found at 1am, then PC Smith would have returned to Berner Street between 1:07 and 1:11.

However, given the proximity of Blackwell's residence to the end of Berner Street (about 50m), Johnston and PC 426H would not have been long in returning to the end of Berner Street on their way to Dutfield's Yard. Estimating the time to answer the door, then more time for the officer to tell of the discovery and then time for Johnston and Blackwell perhaps to decide that Johnston should go ahead (while Blackwell would follow in a few minutes) and for Johnston to get his bag, it could have been at least a minute, and maybe as much as two, before Johnston left with the constable. With the extra time for the constable to run some of the distance along Commercial Road possibly out of clear vision of PC Smith, then this could amount to the time I suggest for Smith to get to the end of Berner Street from a position where he would perhaps not see PC 426H as he ran to Dr. Blackwell's. Of course Smith's vision could have been blocked as he walked along Commercial Road towards Berner Street, so he could have been nearer. There is a small window for Smith to get to the top of Berner Street between PC 426H getting there from Dutfield's Yard and then returning with Johnston.

Assuming PC 426H's progress would be slower with Johnston, it would take perhaps 70 to 100 seconds to return to Dutfield's Yard walking quickly. Using Johnston's time of getting to Dutfield's Yard at between 1:12 and 1:13am, they would have left 100 Commercial Road just after 1:10am. Smith would have got to the top of Berner Street no more than two minutes before this (else he would surely have seen or even met PC 426H), so from this timing he got there between 1:09 and 1:10am. Also, Smith did not suggest that he was at Dutfield's Yard for very long before leaving to get an ambulance and as he left Johnston arrived. So taking timings from the two extremes we end up with Smith being at the top of Berner Street sometime between 1:07 and 1:11am. The earliest time does not fit with Johnston's timings, so to allow a bit of leeway with Johnston's estimate of how long he was at Dutfield's Yard before Blackwell arrived, it is likely that Smith returned to Berner Street between 1:08 and 1:09am.

Rather than just using the times given by Johnston, the point of working out how long Smith would take to walk certain distances is useful when looking at the relative timing of events. This is because it could be the timings given by the witnesses are not consistent. For example, was the clock used by Louis Diemshutz to note the time at exactly 1am when he returned to Berner Street consistent with Dr. Blackwell's watch? So when Dr. Blackwell noted his arrival at Dutfield's Yard at 1:16am was this actually 16 minutes after Diemshutz came down the street?

The following table summarises the timings of the various events following the discovery of Stride's body. Noted by each event is the previous event number to which the time is added to keep a cumulative total of the time elapsed following the discovery of the body.

	EVENT	TIME ELAPSED (SECS)	TOTAL TIME FOLLOWING DISCOVERY (SECS)	APPROX. TIME *
1	Diemshutz discovers Stride's body			1:00am
2	Diemshutz & Kozebrodsky leave yard to find policeman	(add to 1) 40 - 75	40 - 75	1:01
3	Diemshutz & Kozebrodsky get to Grove Street	(add to 2) 65 - 85	105 - 160	1:01 - 1:02
4	Diemshutz & Kozebrodsky stop to tell Spooner	(add to 3) 30 - 45	135 - 205	1:02 - 1:03
5	Diemshutz & Spooner return to Dutfield's Yard	(add to 4) 40 - 60	175 - 265	1:03 - 1:04
6	Kozebrodsky finds PC Lamb by running up Christian Street	(add to 4) 60 - 80	195 - 285	1:03 - 1:05
7	Kozebrodsky finds PC Lamb by running up Batty Street	(add to 4) 80 - 100	215 - 305	1:03 - 1:05
8	Eagle gets to Lamb leaving 10 seconds after Diemshutz	(add to 2) 80 - 130	120 - 205	1:02 - 1:03
9	Eagle gets to Lamb leaving 60 seconds after Diemshutz	(add to 2) 130 - 180	170 - 255	1:03 - 1:04
10	Lamb gets to top of Berner Street with PC 426H, Eagle & Kozebrodsky	(add to 6 and 7) 50 - 90	245 - 395	1:04 - 1:06
11	Police (Lamb & PC 426H) first arrive at the scene at Dutfield's Yard	(add to 10) 35 - 50	280 - 445	1:04 - 1:07
12	Lamb assesses situation & blows whistle	(add to 11) 30 - 60	310 - 505	1:05 - 1:08
13	PC 426H gets to top of Berner Street (setting off just prior to whistle)	(add to 12) 35 - 50	345 - 555	1:06 - 1:09
14	PC 426H gets to Dr. Blackwell's	(add to 13) 20 - 30	365 - 585	1:06 - 1:10
15	PC Smith gets to top of Berner Street from 120m away at beat walking pace	(add to 13) 85 - 125 (145)	430 - 680 (700)	1:07 - 1:11
16	PC 426H leaves Dr. Blackwell's with Johnston	(add to 14) 60 - 120	425 - 705	1:07 - 1:12
17	PC Smith gets to Dutfield's Yard	(add to 15) 35 - 50	465 - 730 (750)	1:08 - 1:12
18	PC 426H gets to Dutfield's Yard with Johnston	(add to 16) 70 - 100	495 - 805	1:08 - 1:13

* Assuming Stride was discovered at 1:00



If Smith was eight minutes away from the top of Berner Street at the time Stride was found, he would therefore have been about 460-670m (400m) away. If he was seven minutes away, then he would have been about 400 - 585m away (350m). If he was as much as ten minutes away, then the distance would be about 575-835m (500m). This would place Smith somewhere on the lower part of the stretch of Backchurch Lane between Fairclough Street and Commercial Road, perhaps even just approaching Backchurch Lane from Fairclough Street, but having gone round the corner by the time Diemshutz and Kozebrotsky came running out of Dutfield's Yard. He could have been patrolling the side streets on the western side of Backchurch Lane or maybe venturing halfway up the court between Backchurch Lane and Berner Street at the moment of discovery.

So what does all this tell us?

Smith said that his route took him from 25 to 30 minutes to walk around it. He said that he saw Stride with a man at sometime between 12:30 and 12:35

and that he returned to Berner Street at 1:00. The time range that he provided for this sighting corresponds with the range he gave for the time it took to complete the route. It appears, therefore, that he was using 1am as his reference point and so he deduced that his previous visit to Berner Street would have been 25 to 30 minutes earlier. But, Smith actually returned to Berner Street no earlier than 1:07 and probably nearer 1:10. So his estimate of returning to Berner Street at 1:00 is seven to ten minutes too early and probably nearer the latter end of the range. Therefore, if he was using that at his reference point for when he last passed down and back up Berner Street and saw Elizabeth Stride, his estimate of that time is as much as ten minutes too early. Therefore he did not see Stride at between 12:30 and 12:35, he saw her at some time between 12:35 and 12:45 and more likely between 12:40 and 12:45.

Also, as Berner Street is 126m long, Dutfield's Yard 13m from the junction with Fairclough Street and Stride and the man were roughly a couple of doors further up from Dutfield's Yard on the opposite side of the road (say another 10m), it would take Smith roughly two to 2½ minutes (three minutes) to reach that point from the top of Berner Street. If the top of Berner Street is our reference point for the time of both visits then the extra two to 2½ minutes (three minutes) needs to be taken into account. In other words, his sighting of Stride would be 23 to 27½ minutes prior to his return (and not 25 to 30 minutes). If he returned to the top of Berner Street at 1:08, then the time would have been about 12:41 - 12:45 when he passed Stride and the man.

This actually ties in with an account given to the press by Fanny Mortimer, as reported in the *Daily News* and the *Evening News* of 1 October, 1888. There are actually two accounts that both seem to come from the same woman. In one account, she is mentioned by name, but in the other she is not named. Where she is mentioned by name, the report said that she lived four doors away from the club. Fanny Mortimer lived at no. 36 (as acknowledged in the report) so someone may have mistakenly believed that was four doors away from the club at no. 40. However, since the street was numbered evenly on the western side, she actually lived two doors away from the club. The report said that she stood at her door for nearly the whole of the half hour between 12:30 and 1:00 and had just come inside when she heard the commotion from the club. The report said that the only person she saw pass in that time was a man with a black bag who had glanced up at the club as he passed before turning by the board school into Fairclough Street. Mrs. Mortimer also said that she had seen a young couple on the corner by the board school at the junction with Fairclough Street. She said that they must have been there before and after the murder occurred (she assumed the murder must have been committed just prior to Diemshutz going into the yard, as she had not seen anyone leave the yard while she had been on her doorstep). After the body had been discovered, Mrs. Mortimer said that the young woman had commented that she and the man she was with had heard nothing.

The other account, in the same report, did not name the woman, but said that she lived two doors from the club, which of course applied to no. 36. This account said that this woman had heard the 'heavy measured tramp' of a policeman passing her door at shortly before 12:45, whereupon she had gone to the door to put the bolts across, but had first stood on her doorstep for no more than ten minutes before coming inside to get ready for bed. Four minutes later, she had heard the pony and cart of Diemshutz pass by. The fact that this woman lived two doors away and gives

a similar story to Fanny Mortimer suggests they were the same person. Mrs. Mortimer's account is often overlooked because if she claimed to have been at her door from about 12:30 to 12:55 there were other witnesses who claimed to be in the street or returning to the club in that period that she should have seen, but she did not say she had seen anyone except the couple and the man with the black bag who did not go into the club. As the time of Smith passing has been accepted as being about 12:30 to 12:35 then this seemed to support the timing of her standing at her door from about 12:30 or possibly from a bit later than 12:35. However, if PC Smith did not pass until about 12:40 - 12:45 then this ties in with the part of the report where the unnamed woman (likely to be Mrs. Mortimer) said that she went to her door just after the policeman had passed at shortly before 12:45. So this supports the readjusted time of PC Smith's previous visit to Berner Street, which in turn supports the statement by Mrs. Mortimer (or, at least, the unnamed woman). Also, her timings seems accurate in that she said she went to her door at about 12:45, stood there for no more than ten minutes, and then four minutes later heard Diemshutz go by. Diemshutz said he came down Berner Street at 1:00, and Mrs. Mortimer said she had gone in about four minutes before this, so that would be 12:55 to 12:56, which supports the assertion she had stood at her door for no more than ten minutes (give or take a minute). Also, the accuracy of her statement to the press is supported by the fact that the man with the black bag that she saw subsequently came forward to account for himself. He was Leon Goldstein, of 22 Christian Street, and he said that he had walked down Berner Street at about 1:00 on his way home. Mrs. Mortimer had gone back inside at between 12:55 and 12:56 so it was probably sometime between 12:50 and 12:55 that he went past.

Even though Mortimer mentions seeing the young couple at the corner with Fairclough Street, she does not mention seeing Stride, either alone or with anyone else. So, as soon as Smith had passed them, it is possible that Stride and the man went to Dutfield's Yard, if they were not in the street by the time Mortimer went to her door. Smith said that he saw them on the opposite side of the road to Dutfield's Yard and a few yards further up the road, so they could have been almost directly opposite Mrs. Mortimer's house. They could have gone somewhere else, but, in this case, Stride could not have returned to Berner Street until after Mrs. Mortimer had gone back inside at 12:55. Mrs. Mortimer does not mention seeing Smith, so had he already reached Commercial Road by the time Mortimer got to her door? But it would be a minute or two before he reached Commercial Road (the latter if Smith walked along the court between Berner and Backchurch, and walked along Sander Street as part of his beat going up Berner Street back to Commercial Road), in which case she would not have gone 'immediately' to her door. It may be that Mortimer did see him when



she went to her door, but just did not mention it as she'd already referred to hearing him pass her house. Either way, by the time she got to her door, Stride and the man were not in the street. So did they wait until Smith had passed, and, with his back to them, enter Dutfield's Yard? Or maybe, if Smith did go into the court between 30 and 32 Berner Street, the couple then took advantage of Smith being out of sight to go into the yard.

Who else was around in the half hour prior to the discovery of the body?

At sometime between 12:30 and 12:40, Joseph Lave walked out of the side entrance to the club into Dutfield's Yard and went as far as the street, where he stood for about five minutes and returned to the club through the yard. He did not see a body and did not see anyone in the street. Morris Eagle returned to the club through the yard at 12:35 - 12:40. There could have been people in the street, but he could not remember. However, he said that he did not see anyone in the yard. Mrs. Mortimer said she had not seen anyone go into the yard, so she did not see Lave or Eagle and thus could not have been on her doorstep at that time. Sometime between 12:39-12:43 Smith probably started down Berner Street and then turned to walk back up, passing Stride with a man at about 12:41-12:45.

At about 12:45, James Brown walked from his home at 35 Fairclough Street to get his supper from the chandler's at the southwest corner of the junction of Fairclough and Berner streets. He was in there for about four minutes and then returned home. He saw a man and a woman standing by the board school in Fairclough Street near to Berner Street. He heard the woman say 'not tonight, some other night'. He said he was fairly certain the woman was Elizabeth Stride, but he said she was not wearing a flower, which Stride had on when her body was discovered and that other witnesses had seen, including PC Smith. The woman's phrase 'not tonight, some other night' has often been interpreted as suggesting she was a prostitute turning down a prospective client, but it was a snippet of conversation not heard in context. It could have been a young woman and her boyfriend and he made a suggestion for doing something that night that the woman obviously did not want to do. I can think of a number of things (!), but it may just simply have been a suggestion to go somewhere else that she didn't want to do that night. Anyway, this couple sound like they could be the couple Mrs. Mortimer saw and spoke to after the discovery of Stride's body. Brown was not sure of the time and only guessed it based on the fact that he had returned home (before going out to the chandler's) at 12:10. After his return from the chandler's, he said he had been home about 15 minutes and was finishing his supper when he heard Diemshutz and Kozebrodsky run past shouting.

Also at about 12:45, Israel Schwartz told the police he had come into Berner Street from Commercial Road and saw a man ahead of him who walked as far as the gates to Dutfield's Yard. Then he saw a woman, whom he later identified as Stride, standing at the gates and the man threw her to the ground. Stride screamed three times, but not very loudly. Schwartz had walked to the other side of the road to keep out of the way but turned to look at what was going on. The man who attacked Stride called out 'Lipski', apparently at Schwartz, who then walked away. Just then, he said, he saw a second man standing outside the beershop (three doors down from the club on the corner with Fairclough Street). This second man appeared to follow him, so Schwartz ran away as far as the railway arch. The second man did not follow as far. This appears to describe the onset of the attack that resulted in Stride's death, but some have commented that the indiscrete nature of the attack, without the attacker seeming to care whether there were any witnesses, does not appear to be typical behaviour of a serial killer. Schwartz did not see what happened afterwards, so could not confirm that the attacker was her killer. Also, he was not sure if the two men were known to each other, so he did not know if the second man was chasing him or if he too had fled from the attacker.

Coming back to PC Smith, it has also been shown that he would have also passed the junction of Berner Street and Fairclough Street (and so would have been about 15m from Dutfield's Yard) between his walks down Berner Street. What time would this have been?

The distance from this point on his beat to the top of Berner Street would be about 500m if he did not walk up any courts or side streets off Backchurch Lane, or as much as 850m if he walked up the side streets on the western side of Backchurch Lane and walked halfway along the court between Berner Street and Backchurch Lane. I do not believe he could have walked along Sander Street from Backchurch Lane as it would have been difficult for Smith to miss the activity and shouts in Berner Street after the discovery of Stride's body if he walked as far as the junction of Sander Street with Berner Street. To walk this section of his beat would, therefore, take anywhere from six minutes to 14 minutes and 45 seconds. The upper extreme assumes that he walked up all courts and side streets from Backchurch Lane (except Sander Street) and that his whole beat took 30 minutes to patrol. The lower extreme assumes he went up no side streets or courts along Backchurch Lane and that his whole beat took 25 minutes to patrol. (Assuming just the Sander Street basic route timings would mean only having to account for walking 500m anyway and this time would fall within the range already given.)

ARRIVAL AT POINT 2*	MINIMUM TIME OF ARRIVAL AT POINT 3*	MAXIMUM TIME OF ARRIVAL AT POINT 3*
1:07	12:52	1:01
1:08	12:53	1:02
1:10	12:55	1:04

* See Map 5

So, if he was at the top of Berner Street at 1:08, he would have last been at the junction of Berner Street and Fairclough Street at some time between 12:53 and 1:02. A time before the later extreme seems more likely because if he passed at 1:02 he would surely have heard Diemshutz and Kozebrodsky as they ran out of Dutfield's Yard and even if he had passed the junction by the time they ran out of the yard they would not have been far behind him as he walked along Fairclough Street towards the junction with Backchurch Lane. Therefore the upper time in the range cannot be extended beyond 1:00, but the lower end of the range may not be early enough if Smith had arrived at the top of Berner Street earlier than 1:08. 1:08 was given as the more likely rough time for his arrival at that point taking everything into account. However, it was concluded that he would have got there no earlier than 1:07. So taking this earlier time, he would be at the junction of Berner Street and Fairclough Street no earlier than 12:52. Mrs. Mortimer did not report seeing him pass again so while I think it would be reasonable to say he passed this point sometime between just before 12:55 and just before 1:00, the time would more likely be after 12:55 and nearer that time than 1:00. Also James Brown did not mention seeing a policeman and he would have been walking along Fairclough Street back to his house from the chandler's at around 12:50. Brown would perhaps have been returning home a minute or two earlier, but if Smith reached the junction at 12:52 he would have been visible further along Fairclough Street for a minute or so before hand, and so Brown would possibly have seen him further along Fairclough Street as he returned home. Of course if Smith took the route shown in Map 3b, Brown may have missed him if Smith had been walking along Batty Street.

The following table demonstrates how long it would have taken Smith to walk up and down Batty Street possibly including all the courts off Batty Street for each of the routes identified.

ROUTE	TIME TO COMPLETE ROUTE (mins)	TIME TO WALK 1m (seconds)	BATTY STREET COURTS INCLUDED IN ROUTE (E/F/G)	DISTANCE WALKED DOWN BATTY STREET (m)	TIME TAKEN TO WALK UP AND DOWN BATTY STREET
A	30	1.208	NO	244	4 mins 55 secs
A	25	1.007	NO	244	4 mins 6 secs
B	30	1.04	NO	244	4 mins 14 secs
B	25	0.867	NO	244	3 mins 32 secs
C	30	1	YES (part)	330	5 mins 30 secs
C	25	0.83	YES (part)	330	4 mins 34 secs
D	30	0.861	YES	418	6 mins
D	25	0.718	YES	418	5 mins

From this table it can be seen that to walk up and down Batty Street, possibly including all the courts identified would have taken between 3½ and six minutes. However, for it to take six minutes would mean Smith walked along the full length of court E from Batty Street as far as Berner Street (see Map 8). This would have brought Smith within possible view and, more probably, earshot of Mrs. Mortimer during her ten minute vigil (marked in blue), but Mrs. Mortimer did not mention this. While it is possible that he did walk as far as Berner Street along this court, it is more likely that the route he walked did not include going this far and so the maximum time it would have taken him to walk up and down Batty Street would have been 5½ minutes.



Map 8

Assuming he would have had a reasonable view of the Berner and Fairclough streets junction from 100m away, he would have had a reasonable view of the junction for about 50m before reaching Batty Street. To reach Batty Street from this point would take him from 30 seconds to a minute. If Smith did walk this route (as shown in Map 3b), then his view would have been interrupted while he walked up and down Batty Street, which would have taken 3½ to 5½ minutes. On returning to Fairclough Street, he would have been about 50m (and so 30 seconds to a minute) from the Berner Street and Fairclough Street junction.



PC Smith

Whether he took the route shown in Map 3a or in Map 3b, he would still have reached the junction of Berner Street and Fairclough Street at the same time. However, if he had already walked along Batty Street from Commercial Road he would have approached the Berner and Fairclough streets junction with an uninterrupted view of it for one to two minutes before reaching it, whereas if he walked along Batty Street from Fairclough Street this view would have been interrupted for 3½ to 5½ minutes.

PC Smith did not mention passing the junction between his visits to Berner Street in his inquest testimony, but from the account of his route he would have done so. Why was this not mentioned then? It was probably because there was nothing to relate about that part of his beat at that time. His visit to Berner Street at just before 12:45 was mentioned because he saw Stride with a man, and his subsequent visit was mentioned because that covered his role in events following the discovery of the body. However, no mention of him passing was made by the couple on the corner of the street, though we have very limited witness testimony from them. Following the discovery of the body, the couple made some passing comment to Mrs. Mortimer, which was reported by Mrs. Mortimer to the press, and the woman appears to have given a press interview herself saying she had been standing in Fairclough Street for about 20 minutes 'talking with her sweetheart but neither had heard any unusual noises'. However, the fact that Smith passing by was not mentioned does not mean that he did not. Mrs. Mortimer, as already stated, may well have gone back inside her house to get ready for bed by the time Smith passed. Also, it should be borne in mind that as he passed the junction he would only have been in Mrs. Mortimer's line of sight for a few seconds, and she may well have been looking away as he passed. Still, she would likely have noticed his 'heavy measured tramp'.

A recap of who was in the street and the rough timings

12:30-12:40	Joseph Lave walks through the yard to the street and remains in the street for about five minutes before returning to the club through the yard.
12:35-12:40	Morris Eagle returns to the club through the yard.
12:39-12:45	PC Smith walks down and back up Berner Street passing Stride and a man.
12:45-12:50	James Brown walks along Fairclough Street to the chandler's shop on Fairclough/Berner Street junction and stays for about four minutes before returning home.
12:45	Israel Schwartz sees an attack on Stride by a man at the gates to the yard and flees.
12:45-12:55	Mrs. Mortimer stands on her doorstep for ten minutes
12:54-12:58	Smith passes the junction of Fairclough Street and Berner Street with reasonable to good visibility of the junction for a minute or so before (with a possible interruption of 3½ - 5½ minutes if he walked up Batty Street). Nothing is reported regarding any observations from Smith at this point on his beat, so it seems likely that Smith saw nothing of note.
12:50-12:55	Leon Goldstein passes down Berner Street and does not report seeing anyone.
12:40-01:00+	Young couple at the corner of Berner and Fairclough streets stand there for some of the time visible to Mrs. Mortimer and just round the corner in Fairclough Street for the rest.
01:00	Diemshutz comes down Berner Street and into the yard and discovers the body.

There is one account there that does not sit well with the others at all, certainly for the timing given of the event. That is the statement of Israel Schwartz.

So when could Schwartz have seen the assault on Stride with the assailant calling out 'Lipski' leading to Schwartz and the Pipeman running from the scene? There are very few windows of opportunity for this to have occurred with no other witnesses of the event in the half-hour prior to the discovery of the body. None of the witnesses in the area in this half-hour period saw or heard any of the events that Schwartz described. If it happened between Smith passing Stride and Mortimer coming to her front door, the man Smith saw with Stride would have had to have left immediately and Smith would probably have still been in Berner Street albeit approaching Commercial Road (in fact he would have had to have passed Stride's assailant and Schwartz as they were walking down Berner Street) and could possibly have heard the cry of 'Lipski'. If he had turned around to at least check it out, he would have seen Stride on the floor. However, Smith may have walked along the court between Berner Street and Backchurch Lane and could have just missed the events that Schwartz related. But, for this to happen (as I have already said), Stride would have had to part from the man Smith saw with her almost as soon as Smith passed by and Mrs. Mortimer would not have got to her door yet, else the drama would have been played out in clear view of her. Even if Mrs. Mortimer was not yet stood on her doorstep, it is likely that her door was open or at least ajar if she had heard the policeman walk past. She said she went to her door to put the bolts across but instead stood on her doorstep a while. She does not mention having to open the door first. If the door was open she would likely have heard the call of 'Lipski' and also the three screams (albeit not very loud screams), though she may have put this down to 'goings on' at the club if she had heard something. But why would Stride and the man hang around if he was just about to go anyway? If they had concluded their 'business' surely he would just have left prior to Smith seeing them, rather than stand and talk. This seems an unlikely window in which Schwartz's events could have unfolded.

Had Schwartz's incident happened *before* Smith got into Berner Street, then again Mortimer may have heard something if her door was open at that point. If this were the case, though, the fact that Smith saw Stride afterwards with a different man would mean Schwartz's testimony is less important even if he described events that did occur. Also consider that Eagle, on his return to the club, and Lave, out for a breath of fresh air, did not see anything in the period from 12:35 to 12:40.

There was a brief time gap after Mortimer went back in at about 12:55, but Stride was not in the street when Mortimer was looking, so she would have had to have come out of Dutfeld's Yard or from further down Berner Street or from round the corner in Fairclough Street. And Smith would not have been that far along Fairclough Street and could possibly have seen Schwartz and 'Pipeman' if they were running across Fairclough Street. He may not have noticed anything suspicious if they did not break into a run straight away as Schwartz says he walked away from the assailant, but on finding that the Pipeman was following he broke into a run, which may therefore have happened only when he was in the southern part of Berner Street, which would not be visible from further along Fairclough Street. Alternatively, PC Smith may simply have had his attention drawn elsewhere at the crucial time as he walked along Fairclough Street and finally, there is the possibility that he walked up Batty Street from Fairclough Street and his

view of the junction of Berner Street with Fairclough Street would have been interrupted for a few minutes. However, consider that the couple Mrs. Mortimer spoke to did not hear anything suspicious and they were on the corner of Berner Street visible to Mrs. Mortimer for at least part of that ten minute period. This was a short window and also ten minutes after Schwartz said the events happened. This is not an issue in itself, as witnesses do sometimes get the time wrong. If it did happen at that time, then it is certain that he witnessed the beginning of the attack that led to her death as she was found dead within four to five minutes.

Killer leaving Dutfield's Yard

If the events that Schwartz described have a narrow time frame in which they could have occurred, then these small windows of opportunity also give the killer, if he was not Schwartz's man, little time to leave Dutfield's Yard without being observed. This is especially so if he was running away, which would have attracted attention.

However, the events Schwartz described in terms of the assault and him then fleeing would take more time to unfold than someone just running from Dutfield's Yard and therefore someone simply fleeing the scene would more likely be missed by potential witnesses than the events that Schwartz described. Also, if the killer had left Dutfield's Yard quickly but without running to avoid attention, then he may have escaped more easily without being noticed more easily.

Did the killer leave when Diemshutz went inside the club? Or, if he *had* been there, would he have tried to immediately run away or just get past Diemshutz and his pony quickly before Diemshutz knew there was a body there? All the time he waited it increased the chances of his being trapped. On seeing that the 'uneven ground' was a woman, Diemshutz could have called for help from where he was without going inside, for all the killer knew. But, maybe the killer waited to determine a course of action. If Diemshutz had shouted for help, maybe the killer only then would have run out the yard, possibly attacking or stabbing Diemshutz as he ran past. But, on seeing Diemshutz go into the club house, he took his chance and fled from the yard. In this case, he was acting a bit coolly when events could have conspired against him and left him trapped in the yard. He would have been better advised to exit the dark yard as soon as Diemshutz entered. Diemshutz would not have known about the body then and would not realise the significance of the man passing him. Also the darkness of the yard would mean that Diemshutz would not have got a good look at him.

So maybe the killer was interrupted before Diemshutz arrived, perhaps by someone who did not realise that they had interrupted the killer. Someone may have approached the side door from the kitchen of the club so they could be heard by the killer, but who did not actually go outside. And maybe this was ten minutes or more before Diemshutz arrived. Mortimer saw no one enter or leave the yard while she was on her doorstep between 12:45 and 12:55. Could the death have occurred in the narrow time frame between Smith passing Stride and a man, and Mrs. Mortimer going to her front door, with the killer having been interrupted and fleeing from the yard in this short period? As I said, this would take less time to elapse and so be more easily missed than the events that Schwartz described.

Reassessment of the importance of Smith's sighting

Given the difficulties with Schwartz's statement and the reassessment of the time that Smith passed Stride, the sighting of the man Smith saw with Stride becomes more important, being just 15 minutes or so prior to the discovery of the body, rather than at least 25 minutes. Smith's sighting becomes more interesting as the reassessment of the timing brings it almost in line with the time given for Schwartz's sighting. Were Stride and the man waiting for Smith to pass so they could then go into Dutfield's Yard? Remember, Smith would have had them in sight for up to two minutes prior to passing them and he would have passed them twice, once going south down Berner Street and then a few seconds later as he returned towards Commercial Road. Similarly, they would have seen him, possibly hearing his 'measured heavy tramp' first, a sound that Stride was probably accustomed to listening for. Once he was safely past, they might have gone into Dutfield's Yard. Possibly Stride was using the stable or one of the empty buildings at the back of the yard to conduct her 'business'. As they walked up the passage did this man take out a knife and attack her?

Accuracy of Clocks and Watches

To return to a question raised earlier, can the timings of the witnesses be trusted? Was it really 1am exactly when Diemshutz came down Berner Street? Was it really 1:16 when Dr. Blackwell arrived at Dutfield's Yard?

Clocks may not have been accurate and some people's idea of time was obviously way off (for example, Spooner believed it was 12:35 when he got to the yard with Diemshutz), but nonetheless there are some consistencies between various witnesses. Eagle said he returned to the club at 12:35-12:40 and about 20 minutes later Gilleman told them of the murder. This may have been a minute or so after 1:00, as Diemshutz came down Berner Street at 1am, so it would have taken up to a minute or so to examine what had made the pony shy and then go inside and find his wife and return outside. Witnesses said the doctor arrived ten minutes after they returned with the police. Blackwell looked at his watch and saw it was 1:16 and the police first arrived at the scene at about 1:04 to 1:07. Mortimer heard

the policeman's steps outside her house at just before 12:45, stood on her doorstep for ten minutes, and then heard Diemshutz go by four minutes later. This ties in with Diemshutz's account of the time, and even ties in with Smith's movements (even though he said he went past at 12:35 by his latest estimation, but as we have seen, he seems to have been up to ten minutes off in his calculation). The witnesses may have been a minute or so off in their estimation of the time, but there is a general consistency.

The police and the coroner were prepared to accept the timings as accurate. However even if we assume Diemshutz was wrong in saying he came back at 1:00 (or the clock on the corner of Berner Street was wrong), then the relative timing of events still holds. Smith must have seen Stride no earlier than 20 to 25 minutes before her body was found and more likely 20 to 15 minutes before hand.

Time: X Diemshutz finds body

X+7	Minimum time for Smith to be back at top of Berner Street
X-23	Earliest time Smith was previously at top of Berner Street assuming 30 minute beat
X-18	Earliest time Smith was previously at top of Berner Street assuming 25 minute beat
X-21	Earliest time Smith passed Stride assuming 30 minute beat
X-16	Earliest time Smith passed Stride assuming 25 minute beat

Remember, this is assuming Smith was back at Berner Street only seven minutes after Stride's body was discovered. It was possibly at least a couple of minutes after that (even excluding comparisons with the time Johnston and Blackwell said they arrived at the yard).

From this I believe Smith saw Stride 15 to 20 minutes before her body was discovered, whatever time that actually was. This is in comparison to the opinion held at the time that it was 25 to 30 minutes before the body was discovered, and indeed an official noted against Swanson's report of 19 October that Smith's sighting was obviously less relevant than Schwartz's because of the time he gave for his sighting. As a result of this, I believe Smith's sighting is of greater importance and the man he saw with Stride is more likely to have been her killer than previously considered.

Smith's description of the man

Combining the two accounts we looked at earlier, the man was described by Smith as being about 28 years old, 5 ft. 7 in. in height with a dark complexion, and perhaps with a small moustache but possibly clean shaven. He wore a dark, hard felt deerstalker hat, a black diagonal or cutaway coat, dark trousers and a white collar and tie. He carried a newspaper parcel in his hand about 18 inches in length and six to eight inches wide.

Given the revised timings of Smith's sighting of this man with Elizabeth Stride, far more importance should have been given by the police to this description.

Acknowledgements

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Smith's beat shown on a Google Earth shot of Whitechapel, 2006

Sources

Inquest testimony of PC Smith, Morris Eagle, Louis Diemshutz, PC Lamb, Edward Johnston, Dr. Blackwell, Edward Spooner and James Brown from *The Times* (as reproduced in *The Ultimate Jack The Ripper Sourcebook* by Stewart P. Evans and Keith Skinner) and the *Daily Telegraph* (as reproduced on Casebook: Jack The Ripper) of 2 Oct - 6 Oct, 1888. Extra details from Diemshutz and statements from Isaac Kozebrodsky, Joseph Lave and Mrs. Mortimer from the *Daily News* and the *Evening News* (1 Oct 1888), and the *Irish Times* (1 Oct 1888).

The location of 100 Commercial Road was worked out by Robert Linford and Colin Roberts by looking at the 1881 and 1891 censuses and seeing that the even numbers of Commercial Road went as far as 114 before being interrupted by Christian Street. They both came to the conclusion that if this represented the enumerator's round, no. 100 was seven houses from the corner with Christian Street, which put its location on the eastern corner of the junction of Batty Street and Commercial Road.



The Curse Upon Mitre Square

Book III: The “Year of Grace,” 1888

By JOHN FRANCIS BREWER in 1888

Chapter I: Whitechapel Road By Day

If a foreigner were now to visit this great metropolis with the object of studying it as a vast social problem, he would find it, broadly speaking, divided into three parts—the abode of wealth, the world’s mart, and the abode of poverty.

Further, he would discover that the abode of wealth knows nothing of the abode of poverty, scarcely recognises its existence, and even tries to take from it the common name of London; that the West would if it could ignore the East, and succeeds in suppressing all knowledge of the appearance, conditions of life, and difficulties of its unfortunate brother.

If he hunted up old books, and was interested in archaeology, he would see that this used not to be. That wealth and poverty once built together, that the poor man could approach the rich, and that benefit resulted to the former from the contact. That the rich, if unselfish, gave money to the poor to improve their dwellings, and if selfish tried to remove the eyesores, filth and crime, which existed so near to their own doors.

He would discover that gradually, but more particularly lately, the rich divorced themselves from their poorer brethren, whose needs became neglected because unseen; that the two went their separate ways, and drifted farther and farther apart, until at present they had almost forgotten one another’s existence.

Then, probably, he would seek the rich, and discover to his surprise that they were not uncharitable, and were the most enterprising people in the world. He would remember to have seen them everywhere in all the poor streets and back slums of foreign cities. He would be told of their mighty grants to the poor of other countries, and their untold exertions to better the condition of the savage. He would hear them describe such and such a foreign city as poor and miserable, though they would not mention the far greater poverty and squalor of the East of London.

If he went into society, he would be led to believe that the City bounded London in the East, that no one had ever been further in that direction than the Tower, that the vast outlying districts were never mentioned; and if he stated that he had travelled in the unknown region, he would be frowned at as though guilty of a social fault. Did he force the subject of the East upon the denizens of the West, and remind them of their starving London brother, they would refuse to recognise the latter, and speak of him as if he were a bastard.

Then probably he would go and seek the people of the East, and try to find what they had done to deserve such wholesale neglect. He would find a people of good natural character, but hampered by their wretched dwellings, who found it hard to escape from their hideous surroundings; who had waited long for the help that never was forthcoming, and paid too highly for the little which they got; who did not know what pleasure meant, and had sunk into a deep despair.

The ward of Aldgate has perhaps seen more changes than any other portion of the old metropolitan area. The site of the glorious church and monastic buildings of Holy Trinity, it was, in the time of the first narrative, distinguished for its architectural interest. Few, on gazing at the monastery in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, could have thought it possible that so important and splendid a pile of buildings would in so short a time have almost wholly disappeared. Had it not been for the foul crimes which took place on the most sacred spot in the church of Holy Trinity, probably some part of that building would now exist and be used for the purposes of worship, as is the case with St. Bartholomew



the Great, Smithfield, a church contemporaneous with Holy Trinity, though only about a fourth its size. But this was not to be; Monk Martin stamped the once hallowed edifice with the curse of Cain, and a revenging power decreed that it should be destroyed, and its site become the scene of other fearful crimes.

Good men there always are, however, who carry on an unceasing struggle against evil, and in the reign of James I. an old Lord Mayor of London remembered with sorrow the destruction of Holy Trinity, and erected on a portion of its site the little church of St. James, Duke's Place. St. James's was indeed a poor affair in comparison with the former stately building, but we praise the spirit of the mayor who erected it, "as a Phoenix rising out of the old church," and as the quaint old epitaph has it - "He never ceased in industrie and care, From Ruins to redeem the house of Praier."

St. James's was destroyed in the eighteenth century; it was, however, rebuilt, but finally disappeared about twenty years ago.

A small portion of the tower was still standing, surrounded by gravestones torn up and flung about in wild disorder. The church door was lying flat upon the ground, and bits of the pews were seen mixed up with fragments of window glass and brickbats. St. James's Church stood over a part of the site of the nave of Holy Trinity.

It is interesting to note that the whole neighbourhood of the Tower to Aldgate once presented a succession of religious houses established by our kings and queens. There was the great Hospital of St. Katherine, founded by Matilda, Queen of Stephen, and rebuilt by the good Philippa; Eastminster Abbey, founded by Edward III.; the Abbey of the Minnies, or Minorities, founded by Richard, King of the Romans; the Friary of the Holy Cross, Crutched Friars; Millman's Almshouses; the Hermitage, in Aldgate; the Papey for Aged Priests, close to Holy Trinity Priory; and others. Where are all these now? A dock covers the site of one - St. Katharine's. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1829, when this change was effected, pointed out that "The worship of God was sacrificed to that of Mammon." A huge railway runs over the site of another. A third is covered by giant warehouses, and the rest are built over with squalid tenements, where the poor are huddled together like beasts in a pen.

There are a few - though very few - small institutions where religion is taught, and from which charity is spread, but "What are they among so many?"

The Whitechapel Road, in the "year of grace" 1888, is a sort of portal to the filth and squalor of the East. Here begins that dreary region from which healthful and legitimate pleasures seem banished, and hard and ill-paid toil to be the lifelong fate of the inhabitants. Stand in the one broad thoroughfare, Whitechapel Road, and watch the constant stream of passers-by, and try and find a happy-looking face! How dismal they all look; what a weight of care they seem to carry!

Early in the morning thousands pass along, to earn their daily bread. Half-starved clerks, with shiny coats, shabby hats, and pinched-in faces, presenting an appearance of beggarly gentility, that most pathetic sight of modern civilisation. Could we look into the tail-pockets of many of their black coats we should see, carefully ensconced with all privacy and care, a slice of bread which, with the addition of an apple, and eaten in some sly corner of the streets, frequently constitutes the dinner of these respected and worthy souls.

And such as these, with successful tradesmen, form the aristocracy of a population as large as many a stately city! Then, lower in the scale, we see the skilled mechanics, the most useful men of all; but these look gloomy now the foreigners are stepping in and making rotten goods, getting employment by working longer hours for shorter pay.

And then the factory hands, the lowest class, limping to the badly-ventilated rooms to work, perhaps for fifteen hours for a wretched little pittance. Look at their wan faces, and thin, ill-fed bodies; what a tale could they tell of misery and over-work!

And the vast army of the unemployed who loaf about the streets, stand outside public-houses, and level curses and obscene language at innocent passers-by!

Lastly, the girls. "What are they like? Are they the types of purity and sweetness that poets love to talk of?—made by the Creator to guide the rougher natures of men unto the realm of light and love? Is this group of factory girls dressed up in ribbons and feathers of garish, screaming colours, shouting foul words, and laughing loud at every man they pass, likely to refine a home?

Is this other group of shabbily-dressed girls, with care and labour stamped upon their injured faces, likely to do more than provide bare crusts for the little ones at home?

Yes, the Whitechapel Road is not a tempting place for a refined Londoner or foreigner, for it is a place where innocence no longer dwells; where the young in years are old in knowledge, though, alas! not of good, but of evil.



Chapter II: Aldgate At Night

A Saturday evening in the East-end of London! Who that has seen this sight can ever forget it? Crowds upon crowds of dissolute men and women jog and jostle each other upon the pavements, and the roads are nearly impassable from the costers' carts, containing every conceivable article of diet, apparel, and mechanical contrivance. The men shout out the rare value of their goods in exultant tones, as if to defy comparison with their rivals further on.

How depressing is the scene! But what is that singing we hear? Two big young girls with dishevelled hair, arm in arm, brush past us—excited by drink, screaming from lungs of iron the song last heard at the 'Cambridge' hard by.

As we walk on we pass a church with two huge lamps, vieing with the public-house lights in importance and attractiveness—and these reveal a picture by one of our greatest allegorical painters. See that dear young child awe-inspired, wonderingly staring at the mosaic which he cannot understand, but vaguely feels is telling of a life widely different from that of his own debased surroundings.

But as the commemoration of the Resurrection dawns upon us, the streets suddenly become dark, for the bright lights are extinguished and the duped ones are ejected from the glittering palaces, some to stumble and totter through innumerable alleys to what is called home, and others to lounge about with apparently no object in life. Life itself seems dead in them as they live. Half-starved many of them, and homeless; without wishing it or wanting it, falling

into sin—apparently unintentionally. How can we blame them? Should we be better?

But let us hurry out of this pandemonium into purer air. We breathe once more as we approach Aldgate's comparative quiet, and proceed westward. But why that whistle and hurrying of men to Mitre Square? Let us join them, and find out for ourselves.

There with the aid of the policeman's bulls-eye we see a sight so horrible that full particulars cannot be printed, but it is a counterpart of that which the monks of Holy Trinity saw when they arrived at that identical spot in the year 1530.

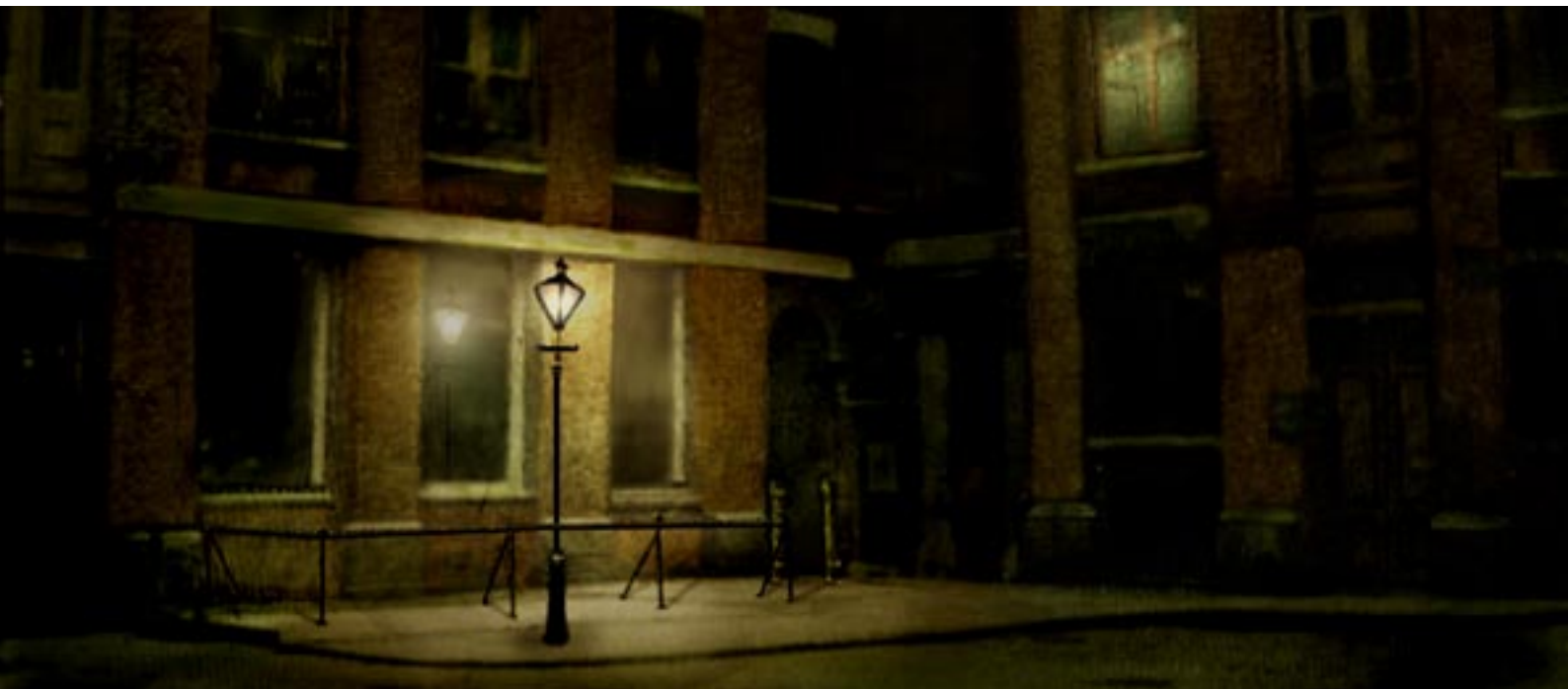
Measure this spot as carefully as you will, and you will find that the piece of ground on which Catherine Eddowes lies is the exact point where the steps of the high altar of Holy Trinity existed, and where the catastrophe to the ten foolish gallants occurred two centuries later.

Oh, what can we do that these horrors may be stayed? What CAN we do? This is now the cry of public lamentation and woe!

Is the ghost of Monk Martin still hovering over the scene of his crime? Is the power of the Evil One still active? or is it the vengeance of the Almighty that has cursed this spot with a curse so awful in its results that no age can with certainty evade punishment?

Who is there so bold as to say that the one bit of ground that has sustained the weight of countless lifeless bodies, during more than three centuries, is not accursed — that there is no *Curse upon Mitre Square*?

* * * * *



As the pen drops from the hand cramped with writing this fearful historical narrative of crime and retribution—the brain in very sympathy and overwrought with recounting the ghastly tragedies of present and bygone times, seeks ease and rest in slumber, and in sleep the veil of the future is unfolded.

What is that white-robed procession bearing tapers and singing the Miserere? O blessed sight, behold a stream of Magdalens, with, flowing hair and downcast eyes, winding their way, as did the forty monks of old, to the accursed spot. And as they approach it, carrying their precious ointment, behold a radiant light is in the air, reflecting a benediction on the spot below; and I see aloft the choir of Holy Trinity as it was before the curse fell upon it, restored by the Divine Architect to its old beauty and splendour, the rounded arches and the carved stalls on either side the altar. Instead of monks, I see, through the wreath of incense, a choir of angels waving their palm branches to the rhythm of the heavenly antiphon — so full of favoured promise to all wanderers in this troublesome world:—

V: "THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET,
THEY SHALL BE AS WHITE AS SNOW!"

R: "THOUGH THEY BE RED LIKE CRIMSON,
THEY SHALL BE AS WOOL!"

This... Is A *Thriller*

by TIM MOSLEY

*"As sure as my name is Boris Karloff,
this... is a THRILLER!"*

Boris Karloff, Thriller tagline

As a child of the 1960s, I was fortunate enough at the tender age of eight to be present for a milestone in television history when, on September 13th, 1960, a new hour-long NBC anthology series premiered. Titled *Thriller* (aka *Boris Karloff's Thriller*), it was hosted by legendary horrormeister Boris Karloff.

In over sixty years of commercial television history, no other program has ever so effectively realized the enormous potential of cinematic horror. That this black and white hour of weekly television so perfectly captured the unimagined terror and literacy of some of the greatest works in modern horror literature is an enduring testament to the power and legacy of Boris Karloff's *Thriller*. Sadly, the world of weekly commercial television has seen nothing approaching the quality and integrity of this nightmarish series either before or since its remarkable, gothic-inspired inception.¹

The above sentiments notwithstanding, *Thriller* originally presented little more than quite ordinary tales of crime and mystery, the content and format (including a host and his opening narration) being in apparent imitation of the popular contemporary

program *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*. However, it soon became a showcase for gothic horror stories, many of which were based on works by authors who were among the greatest writers in the genre, such as Edgar Allan Poe, Cornell Woolrich, Robert Bloch, Robert E. Howard, Richard Matheson, and Charlotte Armstrong.²

As would also occur later during the 1960s with the gothic daytime television series *Dark Shadows*, *Thriller's* producers quickly came to realize that television viewers of that era had a pronounced taste for horror and the supernatural, as opposed to mere mystery and crime drama, and there came a sea change in *Thriller* as a result. Suddenly, instead of mere mystery and 'cops and robbers' intrigue, there appeared a host of zombies, witches, demons, vampires, ghosts, ghouls, sorcerers, voodoo practitioners, and other unworldly beings and things, with a much greater thematic emphasis on supernatural *horror*.

The effect was astounding. *Thriller* quickly became one of the first, if not *the* first, 'must-see TV' programs of the 1960s, and it has since garnered a cult following that is active to this day. Small wonder, with the arresting *imagery* seen on this television series, examples being:



¹ www.karloff.com/tributes/SteveVertlieb.html

² www.us.imdb.com/title/tt0053546/usercomments?start=10

- * a dead man walking down stairs, brandishing the bloody hatchet that killed him
- * the view from a moving child's swing that has just been used to kill a man
- * a man morphing into a living skeleton with glowing eye sockets
- * a possessed woman who has bitten the heads off her pet birds
- * the stark realization that one is, quite literally, a monster
- * a melting wax statue revealing a skeleton within
- * a sorcerer's decomposing corpse being burned
- * a laughing skeleton morphing into a corpse
- * disembodied hands that move and kill
- * a mirror swallowing a woman
- * tormented zombies in a crypt
- * *Psycho*-type human remains
- * a genuine medusa's head

On the *Internet Movie Database* (IMDb), fan Ron Panarotti describes *Thriller* as follows:

Thriller is simply the best horror program ever done on TV - better than The Outer Limits, The Twilight Zone, One Step Beyond, Night Gallery, Tales From the Darkside, Tales from the Crypt, etc. It's a shame this classic only ran two seasons; it deserved far better.

The show took time to find its niche, and maybe this accounts for its premature demise. But once the show came into its own, nothing else could touch it.

The show obviously owed a lot to the legacy of E.C. Comics, and the better episodes include The Hungry Glass, Pigeons From Hell, The Cheaters, A Wig for Miss Devore, and (an episode to be named later on). The series often gave us intelligently written stories and, just as important, frequently succeeded in truly frightening its viewers.³

Mr. Panarotti's praise is well-placed; indeed, in his non-fiction book on horror, *Danse Macabre*, contemporary horror author Stephen King calls *Thriller* "the best horror series ever put on TV".

However, as with most television series, there are numerous episodes that do not measure up to the rest, including a few actual clunkers. These are generally those episodes that were produced at the beginning of *Thriller*'s first season. In *Thriller*'s defense, however, it must be said at once that the Hollywood writers' strike of 1960 was probably the main reason that the early scripts weren't living up to the name of the series⁴. When compared with today's graphically gory productions, such as HBO's *Tales From the Crypt* (ironically, based upon the same E.C. comics that had in part inspired *Thriller*), *Thriller* might seem to be quite tame to modern audiences, but overall, the show has withstood the test of time and can, even today, still inspire chills and goose bumps⁵, as we see here in a testimonial from another satisfied customer on the IMDb:

Recently I saw a Thriller episode on video entitled The Premature Burial and man, even at age 30 plus, it scared the pants off of me and made the goosebumps rise! ⁶

I used to watch *Thriller* regularly as a child and many of the episodes scared the bejesus out of me too. I distinctly remember watching at least one such episode, I can't remember which just yet, from the safety of behind the couch. Yet, this was also solid "family fare" - "the family that was afraid together stayed together" - and my father liked the program as much as his adolescent son did.

And it's not just me, either; *Ripperologist*'s own Eduardo Zinna offers the following, excerpted from a *Thriller* discussion that we recently had on jtrforums.com:

I remember Thriller from way back when. They were scary - no doubt about it. I still remember vividly Boris Karloff playing a doctor who brought his colleagues back from the dead to force them to apologise for not having recognised his genius; I remember John Carradine playing a hillbilly vampire; I remember a fat, bald character actor with a five o'clock shadow who played an executioner that has been poisoned trying to get across Paris in time to guillotine a condemned man; I remember Pigeons from Hell; I remember A Wig for Miss Devore; I remember Boris Karloff in The Premature Burial; I remember a dummy that came alive, and a host of others. I remember all right.⁷

3 www.us.imdb.com/title/tt0053546/usercomments?start=10

4 members.aol.com/terrortv/thrillerlist.html

5 www.thrillerguide.net/

6 www.us.imdb.com/title/tt0053546/usercomments?start=10

7 www.jtrforums.com/showthread.php?t=1012



Although *Thriller's* main emphasis had become supernatural horror, not all of the later episodes were of that bent. The producers covered practically all genres, and often covered several in parallel. Take humor, for instance; if you think that there can be nothing funny about someone being buried alive, then you haven't ever seen *Thriller*. Categories of the genres explored, with exemplary episodes for each, are as follows:

- Irony - *Guillotine*
- Crime - *Fingers of Fear*
- Drama - *Flowers of Evil*
- Poignancy - *Mr. George*
- Intrigue - *Man in a Cage*
- Horror - *Pigeons From Hell*
- Surprise - *Parasite Mansion*
- Mystery - *Girl with a Secret*
- Humor - *A Good Imagination*
- Poetic justice - *The Weird Tailor*
- Suspense - *Knock Three-One-Two*
- Happy ending - *The Closed Cabinet*
- Romance - *The Bride Who Died Twice*
- Creepy - *The Return of Andrew Bentley*
- Tragedy - *God Grante That She Lye Stille*

The whole *Thriller* experience bears some discussion here, for over time the program became more than the sum of its parts. The series was filmed in black-and-white, as were all contemporary television programs then, but, as Alfred Hitchcock proved so very well on his own television series and in *Psycho*, black-and-white graphics had the effect of emphasizing the message rather than the medium. That, plus the black-and-white visuals were just downright *eerie* when viewed at *Thriller's* late evening time slot. The *Thriller* theme music was brief but intense and set the mood perfectly for what would usually follow.

At the beginning of each hour, Boris Karloff's somber intonations would prime and prepare the viewers for the frightful and chilling dramatizations to come. Each episode offered at least one story, with a few episodes dividing the hour between two or even three shorter stories. The music score for individual episodes was always appropriate and sometimes brilliant. *Thriller's* trademark was a series of irregularly crossed lines that would appear incrementally in groups across the screen at the end of Karloff's introduction, at commercial breaks, and usually at the episode's very end, as we see opposite.

It wasn't until decades later that I learned just what it was that these lines represented - the fracture lines in a shattered pane of glass, through which the viewers are looking at the proceedings. The appearance of these lines was always somewhat disquieting, but not exactly *frightening* (although today my wife finds them genuinely disturbing). However, they did get one's attention, and the drama of their sudden appearance and rapid accumulation always gave one pause.

Thriller featured many "distinguished players", as Karloff was wont to refer to them, and the list of contemporary actors and actresses who made an appearance in the series is impressive indeed, familiar names from the 1960s such as William Shatner (*Star Trek*), Donna Douglas (*The Beverly Hillbillies*), Russell Johnson (*Gilligan's Island*), Mary Tyler Moore (*The Dick Van Dyke Show*), Ron Ely (*Tarzan*), Ursula Andress (*Dr. No*), Werner Klemperer (*Hogan's Heroes*), Dick York (*Bewitched*), Natalie Schaefer (*Gilligan's Island*), Elizabeth Montgomery (*Bewitched*), Alejandro Rey (*The Flying Nun*), and a host of others, including, of course, Boris Karloff himself.

Boris Karloff evidently came to relish his role as series' host and occasional 'distinguished player'; he quite obviously enjoyed himself during many of the introductions (eg *The Grim Reaper*) and some few episodes. Although he was typically dead-serious during his opening narrations, Karloff could and would frequently display a surprisingly droll and waggish sense of humor. However, he sometimes seemed to take the proceedings personally, delivering uncharacteristically nasty lectures to the audience in a few episodes, such as after the opening grave desecration scene in *The Terror in Teakwood*.

But, it was in the episodes themselves that Karloff really excelled. He always put on a good show, and his stellar performance in the title role of *The Incredible Doktor Markesan* was of Emmy award winning-caliber. In the episode *Dialogues With Death* (consisting of dual stories), he portrayed in one segment a demented, elderly 'Southern Colonel' who is convinced that his visiting nephew, and the nephew's wife, are actually dead, but unwilling to accept the fact. So he and his equally demented sister do their duty by them and entomb them - alive, of course - in the family crypt. Karloff's performance throughout is a hoot and a welcome change of pace from the pure *horror* that was so often presented.

As was also the case with Alfred Hitchcock's contemporary television work, *Thriller's* intermittent juxtaposition of horror and droll black humor proved quite effective in this and several other episodes such as *A Good Imagination*. Boris Karloff's hitherto unsuspected talent for black comedy would continue to serve him well in numerous of Roger Corman's films of the 1960s, such as 1963's *The Raven* (also notable for starring a then 26-year-old Jack Nicholson as the son of Peter Lorre).

As I began watching *Thriller* religiously during my formative years, I naturally learned a lot from it, so much so that these memories remain virtually intact after 45 years. Borrowing a device from one of my favorite websites, badmovies.org, I now present:

Some of the Things I Learned From Watching *Thriller*

- * Curiosity killed the wife too
- * Be careful what you wish for
- * Not all fairy tales end happily
- * Never intrude on an occult ritual
- * The dead are surprisingly talkative
- * People really *can't* handle the truth.
- * Old legends are always based on fact
- * Doctors can be remarkably vindictive
- * Dabblers in sorcery come to no good end
- * Musicians take their work really seriously
- * Being cuckolded truly inspires one's imagination
- * You never know where you might meet a vampire
- * Ordinary people can cast curses that last for centuries
- * Animated scarecrows and wax figures have skeletons
- * Women will go to extraordinary lengths to look good
- * Locked rooms are often locked for very good reasons
- * France in the 1800s had strange capital punishment laws
- * In the company of the right woman, men can be real pigs
- * Never murder a magus or an artist, or try to murder a little girl
- * Aunts, uncles, nieces, and nephews are always after your money
- * Ghosts are usually unhappy about something, but are really, really patient
- * Wealthy and beautiful young women can have more problems than one might imagine
- * Women have a thing for mirrors, but aren't nearly as squeamish as one would expect

And, on a more serious note,

- * Good scripting can amply compensate for a low budget
- * Commercial television can be genuinely frightening without being graphic



The most memorable *Thriller* episode from my childhood would have to be *Waxworks*. This particular episode had it all for a young boy who found *Thriller*, well, thrilling: a spooky opening sequence that quickly became the stuff of nightmares, ear-piercing screams, a quite startling and dramatic introduction by Karloff, a wax museum of horrors, bizarre and bloody murders, necromancy, implied necrophilia, exotic and beautiful women, altercations, guns, a fire, and a skeleton. What's not to like? *Waxworks* was based on a short story by - who else? - Mr. Thriller himself, Robert Bloch.

There is always a sense of anticipation when watching a program based upon a Robert Bloch story - you never know what is going to happen. The horrors are always unique, chilling, and yet, in an odd sort of way, fun. Bloch's horrors are small, personal horrors involving a few people faced with

mounting terror. They are everyday terrors - the abnormal mingling with the normal. As such, his works were perfect to adapt for *Thriller*, and it is no coincidence that many of the classic *Thriller* episodes were derived from Robert Bloch stories.⁸ Bloch himself explained his success at writing short horror stories such as *Waxworks* and novels such as *Psycho* in a unique fashion:

"I discovered, much to my surprise - and particularly if I was writing in the first person - that I could become a psychopath quite easily. I could think like one and I could devise a manner of unfortunate occurrences. So I probably gave up a flourishing, lucrative career as a mass murderer."

Shortly before his death in 1994, Robert Bloch reminisced happily about his excitement and pride at having been so closely associated with this legendary series.⁹ *Thriller* episodes based on his works include:

- * *The Cheaters*
- * *The Hungry Glass*
- * *The Devil's Ticket*
- * *A Good Imagination*
- * *The Grim Reaper*
- * *The Weird Tailor*
- * *Waxworks*
- * *Til Death Do Us Part*
- * *Man of Mystery*

So here we have, out of 67 total *Thriller* episodes, a full spectrum ranging from the mediocre (*The Big Blackout*, *Worse Than Murder*) to the sublime (*The Cheaters*, *The Incredible Doktor Markesan*), with many stops in between. Also encompassed are multiple genres ranging from humor through horror. As such, just how *does* one go about doing *Thriller* justice when describing it to someone who was probably not even born when this series was first aired?

To solve this problem, I have listed below, in no particular order, fourteen of my personal childhood favorites from the series (there are plenty of other episodes worth watching, such as *The Terror in Teakwood* and *The Purple Room*), with appropriate commentary for each, also accompanied by illustrative screen shots captured mainly from DVD. The content summaries and images provided should serve to give the uninitiated a better idea of what *Thriller* was all about.

⁸ mgpfeff.home.sprynet.com/weinberg_weird.html

⁹ www.karloff.com/tributes/SteveVertlieb.html

The Cheaters

An alchemist with occult connections creates a pair of spectacles that possess a peculiar power: Looking through the glasses reveals the truth underneath the masks and lies people hide behind, but there are risks involved. The hallucinatory side effect brought on by the acute perception of infidelities has a tendency to influence the wearer to react without restraint and ultimately leads to madness. *This* is the episode where Karloff first delivers the immortal tagline, "This... is a *THRILLER!*" ([click to listen](#)). At last, the waiting was over. Viewers were about to experience something truly extraordinary. Finally the series would quit treading water. There are some slow moments in the middle, perhaps, but don't get too comfortable! The visual effects for the final moments of

The Cheaters are among the most nightmarish ever made for commercial television.¹⁰ In case you didn't know (and you may otherwise never figure it out if not), "cheaters" is an old slang term for eyeglasses. Now the title makes sense, right?

My Most Memorable Moment:

This would have to be the episode's climax. The last few minutes are genuinely chilling, a perfect combination of audio and visual stimuli, and the audience is left wondering about the protagonist's ultimate fate. I surely never would have suspected that a *guy* could ever scream like that, though.



The Hungry Glass

A haunted cliff-house, where undead souls lurk in a collection of mirrors. Very scary special effects. Excellent performances by William Shatner and Russell Johnson. Karloff makes a grand entrance dressed in Edwardian clothing. A young Donna Douglas appears dressed up in pre-*Beverly Hillbillies* finery.¹¹ This episode is often confused with *The Prisoner in the Mirror*, as both plots involve spirits inhabiting mirrors over time.

My Most Memorable Moment:

Well, the sight of a mirror swallowing a woman [as seen on the left] is memorable enough for a young boy. Watching this again 45 years later, though, in a post-*Star Trek* time frame, I would have to vote for the scene of William Shatner committing suicide. I *should* be ashamed to say I was cheering.

¹⁰ members.aol.com/terrortv/thrillerlist.html

¹¹ *Ibid*



Mr. George

A guardian from beyond the grave saves a young heiress from her wicked relatives. A bittersweet tale that plucks at the heart strings.¹² Although *Thriller* owed much to the legacy and tradition (horror, irony, poetic justice) of the legendary E.C. horror comics of a decade earlier, there was at least one instance where the episode plot used was apparently a direct steal from them. The *Thriller* episode *Mr. George* is a very close copy of the E.C.'s *Vault of Horror* No. 20 story *Grandma's Ghost*, the primary differences being the substitution of the ghost of a male family friend (the pending stepfather) for that of the child's grandmother, and the manner in which said ghost kills off the child's avaricious relatives.

My Most Memorable Moment:

What I remember most from this episode is the unique camera work employed in one scene, as we watch the prone, lifeless body of the girl's uncle from the vantage point of the moving child's swing that has just been used to kill him.

The Weird Tailor

A bereaved amateur-sorcerer father attempts to resurrect his deceased wayward son using the *De Vermis Mysteriis* (Mysteries of the Worm), a rare book said to have been burned with its owner centuries before. If you didn't trust used-car salesmen before, then you surely won't after watching *this* episode.

My Most Memorable Moment:

Definitely the opening scene of the occult ritual-in-progress, where the drunken ne'er-do-well son learns too late that old dad really did know what he was talking about here. But, I still get the giggles when watching the scene at the used-car lot – every time.



Pigeons From Hell

This is arguably the best known *Thriller* episode in the series, although it is certainly not the best of the adaptations. The original story by Robert E. Howard is hard to beat - Stephen King called it "the finest short horror story of the 20th century". The episode is dreamier than it is terrifying, with its sense of night suffocating the daylight even outside an old house. Subtle little moments, such as the kerosene lantern that keeps going dim whenever it's carried upstairs, are memorable indeed.¹³

¹² members.aol.com/terrortv/thrillerlist.html

¹³ Ibid



Is it just me, or does the *zuvembie* (left) look more like a bag lady than the horrific voodoo creature described by Robert E. Howard? The 1930s *Weird Tales* magazine short story from which this episode was adapted is now in the public domain and may be viewed at arthursclassicnovels.com. Read it and you will understand the problems involved in adapting it to 1960s television, which is probably why the *Thriller* adaptation is decidedly inferior to the original source material.

My Most Memorable Moment:

No doubt about it - like Stephen King, I found the scene of the dead man walking down the stairs in that old house, with blood and brains oozing down his face, truly mind-boggling. Howard knew his horror, that is for sure.

The Grim Reaper

Gruesome legend about a cursed painting so evil that whoever owns it will meet his fate by the scythe of the Grim Reaper. *Thriller*'s first season ended not with a bang, but with a whimper (the one caught in the throat of a terrified William Shatner). Rod Serling's *Night Gallery* never displayed any art this sinister! ¹⁴

My Most Memorable Moment:

This episode has several memorable scenes, all of which involve the cursed painting, but, again, my favorite now has to be that at the end when William Shatner gets his just deserts. If not for *Star Trek* and *Barbary Coast*, not to mention his abominable singing, I might have actually felt sorry for him.



The Devil's Ticket

Robert Bloch's teleplay is salted with bits of irony and is a very enjoyable variation on the old making-a-deal-with-the-devil theme. No exaggerated make-up job here, as John Emery's voice and gestures alone are suitably satanic. MacDonald Carey plays the poor and hungry artist who pawns his soul for a decent meal. Once he has a full stomach, however, he tries to wriggle out of the contract.¹⁵ Definitely more humorous than horrible, with the typical Robert Bloch surprise ending to his droll screenplay.

My Most Memorable Moment:

From childhood it would have to be the hell-smoke wafting up from under the doors whenever the Devil collects his debts. Today, it is Robert Bloch's punch line at the very end. Feminists, prepare to be outraged.

¹⁴ members.aol.com/terrortv/thrillerlist.html

¹⁵ Ibid

Waxworks

Wax figures coming to life in order to kill is an oft-used theme in horror, though a new twist is offered in Robert Bloch's teleplay. There is an outstanding performance by Oskar Homolka.¹⁶ This one has it all, folks, and is surely the most underrated of all *Thrillers*. And one of the most horrific.

My Most Memorable Moment:

Too many to list, as we saw in the earlier discussion. If I really have to choose a favorite, then it must be the opening sequence up to and including Karloff's narration. My wife had to leave the room when she saw that there would be a hatchet murder at the episode's very beginning. Myself, I took it as a harbinger of great things to come.



A Wig For Miss Devore

A witch's wig made from the hairs of victims transforms frumpy has-beens into ravishing beauties in seconds. And vice versa, but of course! The macabre make-up is masterly and the slow-motion effects are unusual and interesting, subtle and unsettling, even though low budget. With more subdued lighting, those claws might have been a lot creepier. Good cast and a snappy script keep things rolling.¹⁷

My Most Memorable Moment:

I remember more of the opening of this episode than anything else, with the witch cheerfully taking command of her own execution, as seen left, in a historically-accurate hanging. She's wearing the famous wig, which makes several more appearances on other heads. And, yes, the make-up *is* macabre all right.



The Incredible Doktor Markesan

Host Boris Karloff stars as a slighted professor obsessed with revenge on his peers, even though they are all now inconveniently dead. Dick York co-stars as the impoverished nephew who's none too particular about his room and board. This episode might rank as the most macabre of all *Thrillers*. Karloff delivers a *tour-de-force* performance in the title role.¹⁸ One of several episodes with a really, really unhappy ending.

My Most Memorable Moment:

The ending again - dramatic, horrifying, and yet sad. But, hey, Doktor Markesan *told* her not to open that door. Unforgettable visuals throughout this episode, especially at the very end. Karloff once more shows why his name had by then become synonymous with horror.

¹⁶ members.aol.com/terrortv/thrillerlist.html

¹⁷ Ibid

¹⁸ Ibid

God Grante That She Lye Stille

Ghost of a vampiric witch attempts to possess the body of a descendant 300 years after being burned at the stake. Any other program would probably have lapsed into a predictable formula here, as there is a budding love interest with the dedicated family doctor, but not *Thriller*. Suffice to say that the episode ends with a *very* unhappy ending, the lesson being that not all fairy tales end happily, and the princess does not always get her prince. Refreshingly different, that is for certain. The final cemetery scene, where we see the witch's ghost disappear back into her grave forever, is solemn and unreasonably sad.

My Most Memorable Moment:

Another toughie. I guess I'd have to say the scene illustrated right, where we learn that the woman shown is all bloody around the mouth from having bitten the heads off her pet birds to get at their blood, all the while in the throes of witch-possession.



Flowers of Evil

Take a class in Murder 101 at the Academy of Arvonne. A somewhat dreary period piece that really could have been better written, but definitely worth watching nonetheless. Certainly one of the scariest and most arresting opening sequences in *Thriller*.

My Most Memorable Moment:

The last 15 seconds of *Flowers of Evil* are among the most memorable of my childhood *Thriller* viewing - a man who has just committed suicide after a long, despairing soliloquy is in close quarters with the corpse of a woman he had murdered shortly before and two skeletons belonging to men that they had both previously murdered, all set to the most intense, eerily dramatic score that I have ever heard on television. Unforgettable.



The Premature Burial

Thriller's version of the classic Poe tale, which also takes a few cues from the pulp magazine *Weird Tales*, where Robert Bloch first cut his teeth as an author. Good performance by Karloff, who stars as the wise doctor who plays on the guilt and hysterical fears of a gold digger and her lover to see justice done. One of the more *thrilling* episodes.¹⁹

My Most Memorable Moment:

This is one of the scarier *Thriller* episodes, no doubt about it, as related in the earlier excerpt quoted from IMDb. I suppose the most memorable scene for me is the first appearance of the buried-alive husband in his flapping shroud. 'Spooky' doesn't begin to cover it, and is it the real deal or not? With *Thriller*, either situation is equally probable.



¹⁹ members.aol.com/terrortv/thrillerlist.html

The Return of Andrew Bentley

A sorcerer haunts the resting place of his rival. John Newland (who hosted *One Step Beyond*) stars as the heir selected to confront this disconcerting development. Terrence De Marney is also superb, playing Bentley's arch-rival in the black arts. Don't miss his wild solo on pipe organ that ends on a rather sour note!²⁰ For me, this was the creepiest of all *Thriller* episodes, although *The Incredible Doktor Markesan* is a close second. Imagine trying to make a home in an old Gothic mansion with your recently dead sorcerer-uncle buried in a crypt in the cellar, *knowing* that some unworldly entity was going to make repeated attempts to break into the crypt in order to possess the corpse. Yeah, right; you're really going to sleep well under *those* circumstances. Foreboding, *creepy* visuals throughout, with an uncharacteristically graphic climax.



My Most Memorable Moment:

The first confrontation with sorcerer-ghost Andrew Bentley at the door of the crypt is my most vivid memory, as it really *is* chilling, but the burning of his rotting corpse at the end is an eye-opener too. The latter may also be a nod to the E.C. horror comics and *Old Witch* artist Graham Ingles, who definitely knew his way around rotting corpses.

* * * * *

Now this is all well and good, you say, and some may even find it interesting, but what does any of it have to do with Jack the Ripper? The answer is simple and straightforward. On April 11, 1961, there aired a *Thriller* episode titled *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper*, adapted from the famous 1943 Robert Bloch short story of the same name. Back then, there hadn't been anywhere near the sort of exhaustive amount of research on the Whitechapel Murders as there is today, and Bloch obviously did some very impressive homework for his story, which becomes evident upon viewing this episode. Bloch referred to 'sacred geometry' and (black magic) ritual killings long before anyone reading this could even spell Roslyn D'Onston.



Ripperologist's Eduardo Zinna has in the past reviewed Bloch's story²¹, which continues to hold up well, even after more than 60 years of subsequent Ripper research. It adapted very well to *Thriller*, and, using references from the *Hollywood Ripper Filmguide*, I now present the germane details of this *Thriller* episode of interest:

Credits

Producer: William Frye; Director: Ray Milland; Teleplay: Barré Lyndon (from the story by Robert Bloch); Music: Jerry Goldsmith; Production Company: Hubbell Robinson Productions and Revue Studios

Cast

Boris Karloff (Host); John Williams (Sir Guy Hollis); Donald Woods (John Carmody); Edmon Ryan (Captain Pete Jago); Adam

²⁰ members.aol.com/terrortv/thrillerlist.html

²¹ www.casebook.org/dissertations/dst-bloch.html

Williams (Hymie Kralek); Nancy Valentine (Arlene); Ransom Sherman (Lester Baston); Sam Gilman (Police Official); J. Pat O'Malley (Street Busker); Gloria Blondell (Maggie Rattivic); Miss Beverly Hills (Herself)



Synopsis

Through the ritualistic blood sacrifice of his victims, Jack the Ripper has survived and remained young for some 70 years beyond the last Whitechapel slaying. This gruesome fact makes Jack probably the worst serial killer possible, one that will stay active indefinitely. Now, the women of Chicago serve his need for sacrifices. But as Sir Guy Hollis (an obsessed Ripper expert from England) ever more accurately tracks his prey, the killer is finally in danger of capture and justice.²²

As usual, Karloff's opening discourse sets a somber tone for this episode. Being born in South London a year before Mary Kelly's murder, Boris Karloff was no doubt personally quite familiar with the Whitechapel Murders, although he interjects several popular misconceptions about them throughout his narrative. Karloff is also at his most waggish here, as seen at the end of his opening narration, reproduced below in full:

<Karloff displays scalpel> "A surgeon's scalpel... an instrument of mercy in the hands of a skilled physician, a lethal weapon in the hands of a madman... a murderer such as the subject of our story for tonight. Now, no one knows who this man was; no one ever saw his face. His identity has always been one of the world's great mysteries. He killed only women, and only a certain kind of women, but his murders were often accompanied by strange and forbidding rites. For months on end he terrorized London, defying whole divisions of police, and it was they who nicknamed him "Jack the Ripper".

Well, he disappeared from the scene as suddenly as he had come, but similar murders began to occur at regular intervals in other countries. There are many who believe that Jack the Ripper still walks the earth, still continues his diabolical activities. That's a chilling thought, especially when it's accompanied by highly convincing proof that it may be true.

Let us discover the facts for ourselves in the company of such distinguished players as *<Karloff introduces principal cast>*. I suggest that you viewers draw just a little closer together - the Ripper always struck down solitary victims, you know; it would be a pity if a member of our audience became ...dismembered."

By way of explanation for Karloff's apparent reluctance to say 'prostitute' in his narration ('a certain kind of women', indeed), one must realize that the early 1960s were relatively innocent times in the United States. It was in 1962 that Jack Paar, the original host of *The Tonight Show*, was censored by NBC, *Thriller's* network, for the 'high crime and misdemeanor' of uttering that quaint British phrase "water closet" on commercial television. *O tempora! O mores!*

With such a mindset, it is no wonder that *Thriller* was considerably hampered in its efforts to adapt such grisly works as *Pigeons From Hell*, and to incorporate themes such as the historical murder and mutilation of prostitutes by a

22 www.hollywoodripper.com/Filmguide/films/yourstruly.html

Victorian serial killer. It is the latter that no doubt prevented the screenplay from revealing one of the most important aspects of Bloch's story - that the Ripper's nemesis was in fact the son of one of the prostitutes that the Ripper had murdered in 1888.

Despite any perceived shortcomings, *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper* is probably a better adaptation of the original source material than was *Pigeons From Hell*, but it still lacks the latent power found in Robert Bloch's story. Basically, it is a quick rehash of a 'typical' Ripper murder in 1888 (not at all convincing, and certainly not factually accurate. Is that *really* supposed to be Mary Kelly?), complete with some rather misplaced, albeit politically correct, street buskers. It then fast-forwards to modern time (1943 for the short story, 1961 for the series) where it seems that our 'Light-hearted Friend' is still at it.

The premise of the story and episode is that the Ripper has a nemesis who has correctly deduced his motive for the murders and mutilations and is now tracking him through the decades, knowing that Jack must kill in a prescribed time and pattern in order for the ritual murders to be effective at prolonging his youth. It is here that Bloch is at his best - "*then he becomes an ageless pathological monster, crouching to kill, on those evenings when the stars blaze down in the blazing patterns of death*". Sadly, the episode does not utilize this powerful verbiage, nor does it capture the intensity and terror as it should, even though the body count continues to escalate throughout.²³

Most of the latter part of the episode is little more than a series of modern Ripper murders and police chases, with the police and Jack's nemesis always just a step or two behind: Too late to save any of the numerous victims and certainly too late to apprehend the Ripper. This is where the adaptation is at its weakest and, frankly, Robert Bloch's original story did a much better job in this area. I won't say how the episode ends, in case some potential viewers have not read Bloch's story and want the surprise that they know must be coming. Suffice to say, Saucy Jack does escape and is undoubtedly still at his bloody business somewhere around the world, probably in the Middle East, where he can work unnoticed.²⁴

It is not until the very end of the episode that we suddenly learn why Robert Bloch's distinctive style for crime and horror stories was the punch-line approach; he basically told a twisted joke that built to a final outrageous sentence that brought



²³ www.jtrforums.com/showthread.php?t=1012

²⁴ Ibid



the story to a close. The punch line in *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper*, both story and *Thriller* episode, is terrific and many admit that when they first read Bloch's story, it made their jaws drop open with a thump.²⁵

That said, is *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper* worth viewing? I would have to say yes, but opinions vary widely as to its quality, depending on one's background and interests. The *Hollywood Ripper Filmguide*, undoubtedly representing the layman's position here on most all things Ripper, praises the episode as follows:

"Just take a look at those credits, and then realize that 'Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper' actually lives up to the talent that made it happen. Robert Bloch wrote the story - one of the first mass-market pieces of American Ripper fiction - back in the 1940s. Barré Lyndon provided an excellent adaptation, and Jerry Goldsmith an outstanding score. Ray Milland successfully tried his hand behind the camera."²⁶

However, in his book on *Thriller*, Alan Warren states: "In all, *Yours Truly Jack the Ripper* must be judged a disappointment and one of the few times [Robert] Bloch was poorly served by *Thriller*". These sentiments echo my own. While I do believe that *Yours Truly Jack the Ripper* is still worth viewing, I confess that I too am personally disappointed in it 45 years later as an experienced adult Ripperologist and *Thriller* buff, for there is a lot of useless fluff filler (with beatniks yet) taking up time and space that could well have been used to better advantage. Once again, a *Thriller* adaptation just isn't as good as it could or really should have been. More's the pity, for anticipation ran high here, considering my own personal interest, the prime subject matter, the quality source material, and the profusion of excellent episodes elsewhere within the series.

So far as memorable moments are concerned, I really don't recall much from watching *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper* as a child (this fact alone should tell us something), except for the long shot at the end, as the Ripper glances backward at his last victim (and us) before disappearing forever into the fog (see left). GRADE: C+²⁷

Although knowledgeable Ripperologists with high expectations may find this vaunted *Thriller* episode underwhelming, at least it disregards altogether the overwrought 'Royals Theory' and other popular primetime nonsense (*a la* Patricia Cornwell) that has since continued to infest

25 community-2.webtv.net/BaronHermes/bloch/page2.html

26 www.hollywoodripper.com/Filmguide/films/yourstruly.html

27 www.jtrforums.com/showthread.php?t=1012

contemporary ripper media, and it is certainly among the best Ripper dramatizations ever presented on commercial television. Most important for me, however, **this episode of *Thriller* was my introduction to Jack the Ripper**. Little did I realize that this casual hour of exposure 45 years ago would snowball across the decades to become a consuming passion, and for that I suppose I am forever indebted to *Thriller*.

But wait; there's more! It seems that *Ripperologist* editor Don Souden (Supe) has a cousin, Nancy Valentine, who, in her Hollywood days, portrayed Arlene, the female lead in *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper*! Her name is found among the episode cast credits from the *Hollywood Ripper Filmguide* that were listed earlier and she is seen top right as she was when being introduced by Karloff as one of the episode's 'distinguished players'.

Unfortunately, Donald's cousin did not survive the episode, as seen in the image right, even though she was *not* portraying a 'Lady of the Evening' therein. At least we know now that the Ripper wore gloves when committing all those murders!

In spite of *Thriller's* status as the premium program of its kind (more on that shortly) and its popularity among viewers (especially among the coveted 18-35 year old male demographic), it was, unfortunately, cancelled after only two seasons. I remember being saddened and angered by this event, for *Thriller* was one of my favorite programs at a time of my life when I used to spend several hours a day watching television. Today, one might naturally attribute such a seemingly poor decision to mere network executive buffoonery, the type of which would definitely occur six years later when NBC cancelled another immensely popular series, *Star Trek*, likewise after a run of only two years. The truth of the matter, however, is one of the television industry's dirtiest little secrets.

As was mentioned earlier, *Thriller* began life as an imitation of the successful program *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, which since 1955 had been carried by CBS, the chief rival to *Thriller's* network, NBC. Like Walt Disney, Hitchcock viewed his competition as parasites, but with an air of benign contempt. He was, after all, the acknowledged 'Master of Suspense', and everyone else - well, they were just second-rate imitators.

However, Alfred Hitchcock switched his affiliation to NBC at the beginning of the 1960 television season, the same season that *Thriller* began, and this event set the stage for what would soon become a disaster for *Thriller* and its production staff. Once *Thriller* hit its stride in the middle of its first season, and literally became slicker and better week by week, its ratings began to consistently surpass those of *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*. According to William Frye, the one producer most responsible for *Thriller's* success, this fact was not lost on Hitchcock. As Frye was later quoted on the matter, "Don't think that Hitchcock and Joan Harrison [the producer of *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*] weren't watching *Thriller*".

The end came quickly. Alfred Hitchcock, irked by *Thriller's* consistent high quality and superior ratings, then issued a Machiavellian ultimatum to NBC: he wouldn't continue unless *Thriller* was withdrawn for one year. This act would be tantamount to canceling *Thriller* outright, and Hitchcock undoubtedly knew that. The network hesitated, but as Frye ruefully recalled, "Hitchcock's clout at NBC was greater than Karloff's." The decision was thus made to axe the series.

As anticipated, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* benefited immediately from *Thriller's* demise during the 1962 television season. Now retooled and retitled *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour*, the series began presenting unabashed horror episodes, something that Hitchcock had always previously eschewed. Frye observed this shameless metamorphosis with



undisguised annoyance. "Not only did they begin using similar stories," he points out, "but they started using the same directors."

At least *Star Trek* received another year's reprieve when hordes of angry fans besieged NBC by mail after its cancellation was announced, demanding that the series be reinstated. Probably at least as many fans would have supported *Thriller* as well (remember, they knew nothing of Alfred Hitchcock's behind-the-scenes machinations), but, unfortunately, no such organized letter-writing campaign was implemented on its behalf, and it just went gently into that good night. One might wonder why, if *Thriller* was so popular, that one of the other two major networks didn't pick it up from NBC. We'll probably never know for certain, but one can readily surmise that the television industry was as incestuous in 1962 as it is today. Surely the executives at ABC and CBS knew the true reason underlying *Thriller's* surprise cancellation, and they weren't about to run afoul of an industry heavyweight like Alfred Hitchcock. *Thriller* had, for all practical purposes, become radioactive, and would henceforth be doomed to syndication.

In my humble opinion, the producers of *Thriller* missed a golden opportunity to cash in on its popularity when they might have released a *Thriller* feature film shortly after cancellation of the series. After all, the time was ripe for such an event; *Psycho* had by then recently whetted the public's appetite for psychological horror, and, quite significantly, Hitchcock had made *Psycho* on a shoestring budget, mainly, and most importantly, *by utilizing the production crew from his own television series*. Had *Thriller's* producers done the same thing in a timely manner, this story might well have had a different ending. Again, we'll probably never know for certain, but it is possible, even probable, that Alfred Hitchcock foresaw the possibility of such an event and took additional measures to ensure that such a *Thriller* film would never be made. At least this supposition would explain why Hitchcock was so keen to hire away as many of *Thriller's* creative personnel as he could, following its demise.

Personally, I find the truth behind *Thriller's* cancellation disgusting, even though more than 45 years have elapsed since the deed was done. While I will continue to admire Alfred Hitchcock's work, I will certainly never look upon him as a man in the same way again - ever. He is one 'Hollywood God' who has been proven to have feet of clay, and this whole sordid business between him and *Thriller* is as anticlimactic as it gets. That one man's bloated ego could be allowed to destroy *Thriller*, which had risen to the top by blazing its own trail, is as gross an injustice as has ever been perpetrated in the entertainment industry.

When Boris Karloff died in February of 1969, a memorial service was held in his honor at St. Paul's Covent Garden, known simply as the Actors' Church. A commemorative plaque was placed inside the church, containing a quotation from Andrew Marvell's Horatian ode *Upon Cromwell's Return From Ireland*. It reads...

*He Nothing Common Did or Mean
Upon That Memorable Scene
We shall not see his like again.*²⁸

A fitting epitaph for one of Karloff's stature, it also applies equally well to *Thriller*, which preceded him in death by less than seven years. For, surely, we shall not see its like again either. *Requiescat In Pace*.

As was mentioned earlier, there are 67 *Thriller* episodes in all, and the complete series run follows. These episodes are listed in the order in which they were televised, although this is not necessarily the order in that they were produced. For your viewing pleasure, I have also provided episode rankings that are a combination of my own rankings and those found in the DVD Episode Guide and at members.aol.com/terrortv/thrillerlist.html

Thriller Episode Reviews - rated 1 (unremarkable) to 4 (incredible) asterisks: Season 1 (1960 - 1961)

"The Twisted Image **	"Knock Three-One-Two **	"Trio for Terror **
"Child's Play *	"Man in the Middle **	"Papa Benjamin *
"Worse Than Murder *	"The Cheaters ****	"Late Date **
"The Mark of the Hand *	"The Hungry Glass ****	"Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper **
"Rose's Last Summer *	"The Poisoner **	"The Devil's Ticket ***
"The Guilty Men **	"Man in the Cage **	"Parasite Mansion ***
"The Purple Room ***	"Choose a Victim **	"A Good Imagination **
"The Watcher **	"Hay-Fork and Bill-hook **	"Mr. George **
"Girl with a Secret *	"The Merriweather File **	"The Terror in Teakwood ****
"The Prediction *	"The Fingers of Fear ***	"The Prisoner in the Mirror ***
"The Fatal Impulse **	"Well of Doom ***	"Dark Legacy ***
"The Big Blackout *	"The Ordeal of Dr. Cordell **	"Pigeons from Hell ***
		"The Grim Reaper ***

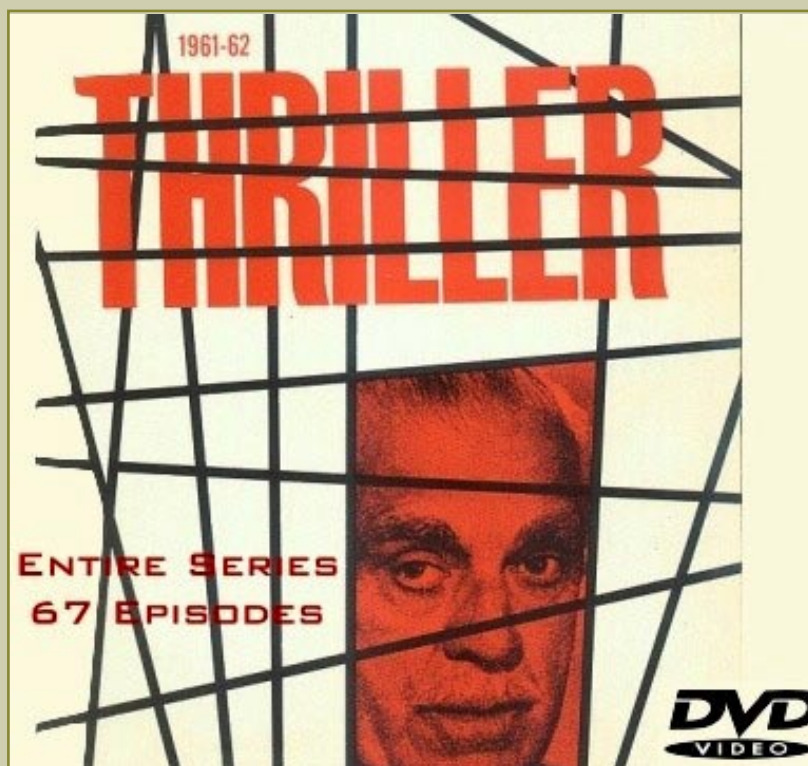
Season 2 (1961 - 1962)

"What Beckoning Ghost? **	"Dialogues with Death **	"Cousin Tundifer **
"Guillotine **	"The Return of Andrew Bentley ***	"The Incredible Dr. Markesan ****
"The Premature Burial ****	"The Remarkable Mrs. Hawk ***	"Flowers of Evil **
"The Weird Tailor ***	"Portrait Without a Face **	"Till Death Do Us Part **
"God Grante that She Lye Stille ***	"An Attractive Family ***	"The Bride Who Died Twice **
"Masquerade **	"Waxworks ****	"Kill My Love **
"The Last of the Sommervilles *	"La Strega **	"Man of Mystery ***
"Letter to a Lover **	"The Storm ***	"The Innocent Bystanders **
"A Third for Pinochle *	"A Wig for Miss DeVore ***	"The Lethal Ladies **
"The Closed Cabinet **	"The Hollow Watcher **	"The Specialists **

Epilogue

I ordered my *Thriller* DVDs for this article from a dealer on eBay, going for low price since there was really no detailed description given on any of the sets available. While they are certainly serviceable and viewable in general, the images captured therefrom are not of the best quality and several of the DVDs refuse to function in the DVD drive on my desktop computer where I capture screen shots (although they work perfectly well in my DVD player and on my laptop). Also, since so much of *Thriller's* action, especially the 'money shots', took place in relatively poor lighting (darker is scarier, you know), many of the screen shots captured were really too dark to be suitable as illustrations. As I am a connoisseur of such things, and a bit of a perfectionist in these matters, I subsequently ordered a presumably better quality (considerably more expensive) DVD set from www.skaryguyvideo.com, as seen below, and it is from these that the accompanying screen shots were mainly captured. If you want the *Thriller* DVDs for your very own, buy the best set that you can find; you won't regret it.

Be advised, however, that DVDs recorded from the 'Scream' source, presumably a locally syndicated program of old TV series, contain several defects, the most annoying and critical of which are the garbling of part of Karloff's introduction to *Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper* and [sob] the truncation of the last 15 seconds of *Flowers of Evil*. I continue to search for DVDs without these defects.



Notes

The original set of *Thriller* DVDs obtained through eBay contained an episode guide with no title, copyright, author, or references, although much of its content is similar or identical to that found at members.aol.com/terrortv/thrillerlist.html. Select extracts from this document were used in the episode summaries found in this article, and consequently these are not credited.

Got something to say?

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

Please send your comments to contact@ripperologist.info

My Cousin Nancy by DON SOUDEN

That my cousin Nancy (more accurately, my mom's first cousin) may now become something of a minor Ripperology cult figure is quite fitting when considering the many twists and turns of her life and film career. That is, her life was always ever more interesting and richer than her intermittent career before the cameras.

She was born Annette Valentine, but quickly changed it on her own to Nancy when the kids in her St Albans, NY, neighborhood started calling her "A Nut." And it was as teenaged model and "cover girl" Nancy Valentine that she began to get mentioned by gossip columnists like Walter Winchell and Dorothy Killgallen as she made her mark on the the New York nightclub scene. At various time she was "linked" with Orson Welles, Frank Sinatra, Tony Martin and finally Howard Hughes.

It was Hughes who "discovered" her and brought her and her parents to Hollywood in order to make her a movie star. However, her dad soon became of greater interest to Hughes and the two became great drinking buddies, spending many a "lost weekend" together. Of course, this was when Hughes was still the "wild man" of Hollywood and Uncle Dick Valentine was one of the world's great characters, with an endless fund of stories about his earlier escapades, so the pair had a lot in common.



At age ten, Dick ran away from home and was found in the Chicago freight yards armed with a small knife, telling the police he was headed west "to fight the Indians." That the Indians had long ago been pacified didn't seem to dawn on him, but then he had never been much for attending school, far less paying attention when he was there. The wanderlust, however, remained and along with two stints in the US Army cavalry, he roamed much of the globe by signing on to tramp steamers headed anywhere. Luckily, he also had a great artistic talent that enabled him, when he somewhat belatedly married and started a family, to become a very successful commercial artist.

"Jilted" by Hughes in favor of dad, Nancy's career sputtered through a few uncredited film appearances, but her social life continued to blossom apace. After many flings with most of the playboys of the western world, she finally married the Maharajah of Cooch Behar (who, there being no accounting for coincidences, was a relative of iconoclastic Ripperologist AP Wolf). It was a wildly exciting time for Nancy (she even posed for pictures wearing what was supposedly the world's largest ruby), but the marriage did not sit well with the Indian government.

Nancy converted to Hinduism in an effort to still criticism within India, but the marriage nonetheless was eventually annulled by the government under Prime Minister Nehru. Remaining from that interlude, however, are a number of Indian artifacts. The ruby, alas, was not among them, but they did include two tiger-skin rugs (the tigers supposedly shot by Nancy) that totally fascinated me as a kid when I visited Uncle Dick's home many years later.

After the annulment, Nancy put her movie career on hold, had another religious experience and entered a Buddhist convent. Clearly, convent life didn't compare to the high-life of Hollywood, and she soon returned to the movies and appeared in a horror film, *Black Castle*. In another coincidence, looking ahead to *Thriller*, one of her fellow performers in that film was Boris Karloff.

There followed another marriage, to oil heir Frederick Tillinghast, and the birth of her first daughter, Darin Elizabeth. Her career picked up as well and she did a lot of television work, appearing in series like *Dragnet*, *Sea Hunt*, *Surfside 6*, *Have Gun, Will Travel* and *77 Sunset Strip*. It was her creditable work with Jack Webb in several *Dragnet* episodes that led to her best credit, a leading role in his film -30- (released as *Deadline Midnight* in Britain).

That film was built around one night at a big-city newspaper set against background of several sub-plots. Nancy played a runaway Philadelphia Mainline heiress determined to make it on her own as a reporter. Biased as I may be, she actually gave a convincing performance (aside from lingering traces of her Queens accent). Coupled with her undeniable physical assets (though, within the family, sister Betty was always acknowledged the real knockout), -30- should have led to bigger and better opportunities.

However, Nancy was never one to let her cinema aspirations interfere with her personal life. She divorced Tillinghast, had yet another religious epiphany (I forget just what that sect was), married producer Everett Chambers and subsequently had a second daughter, Alicia Katterine. There were a few more roles, like her appearance in *Thriller*, but she was increasingly settling into the role of being a mother, especially since her husband did not want her working. He did, however, get her started doing voice-overs for TV shows.

In a letter to me a few years ago, Nancy confided that Chambers was the one husband she'd really loved, but that marriage foundered as well, in large part to his reluctance to have Nancy appear in more films, and Nancy more or less retired to raise her daughters. Her last appearance before the cameras was in the 1970 TV movie *Night Slaves*, but she did continue the increasingly lucrative voice-over work, starting with the *Columbo* series.

As it is, motherhood may actually have been the role for which she was truly destined. She was quite comfortable raising her family and is now a proud grandmother many times over (five at last count I believe). For all that, I know any renewed interest in her career thanks to *Yours Truly*, *Jack the Ripper* will please her mightily.



The State of the East End...

The Salvation Army... A Murder in Gateshead...

all in CHRIS SCOTT's

Press Trawl

Manitoba Daily Free Press
4 April 1903

HOW YOUNG THIEVES ARE TRAINED

The story of Oliver Twist could well have been a prototype from which a case heard at the Clerkenwell sessions during the past week was taken.

It was a charge of picking pockets preferred against a young, tall, cadaverous looking Polish Jew named Isaacs and a tiny lad of eleven named Cohen, whose head scarcely reached the dock rail. The latter was detected stealing a purse from the pocket of a lady in Stoke Newington road a few weeks since, and on the way to the station he pointed out to the police constable on other side of the street the man who had trained him to pick pockets. This individual, when arrested, stoutly denied all knowledge of the lad, but a threat uttered under his breath, heard by a constable, convinced the officer that the lad was speaking the truth. The boy's story, upon investigation, was found to be true, and the result was that his trainer was sentenced to five years' penal servitude the other day by Mr. McConnell at the North London sessions. The lad was put back to be brought up next sessions, and as that means an interval of a month or two, it was decided to send him to the Hackney workhouse, where he is now detained.

Later, by permission of the master, Mr. Mason, an opportunity was afforded of hearing from the lad's lips the story of the methods adopted in training him - a story which sheds a strange light on London life in the twentieth century.

This little lad is the son of a Jewess who resides in Baker's row, Whitechapel, and who has to struggle hard to support a family of six. He has attended the Jewish school until quite recently, but a slight attack of some skin disease led to his being sent for treatment to the London Hospital. The boy's mother lets lodgings and about two months ago the man Isaacs became her lodger. In this way he came in contact with the lad. The mother, however, not liking the ways of her new lodger, gave him notice to quit and he left. Being aware that the boy went to the hospital to be treated, Isaacs waylaid him, and offered to show him "how to make a lot of money."

Little Cohen is an exceptionally good looking little fellow, with fine black eyes and dark, sweeping lashes. He is a very sharp little chap, and showed only too much aptitude under Isaac's tuition. Isaacs told him that he could teach him how to pick pockets and "make at least half a sov. a day." The boy fell in with the suggestion and, two days later, unknown to his mother, his tuition began.

"Isaacs," said little Cohen, "was nicknamed 'Lexlaws' and he told me that he had showed a lot of boys how to get purses and they were making a lot of money. I said I should like to take some money home to my mother, and he said I should be able to take 'quids' home. My mother thought I was going to the hospital, but instead I was going to 'Lexlaws's' every day. I used to go to his place, where he was living with a young girl named R____. She used to help to teach me how to pick pockets.

'Lexlaws' used to put a purse with some coppers in it in her pocket, and I had to go behind, and take it out without her knowing. I had to practise two hours each day. He told me to open the pocket with one finger of my left hand and to 'go down' with my right hand, and to take the purse out quickly. I could do it all right when she was standing still, pretending to be looking in a shop window; but I could not do it so well when she was walking along - 'on the trot' it is called. A purse is called a 'skin,' and if there's lot of money in it, it is called a 'fat skin.'

'Lexlaws' said if I got on well he would teach me how to take a 'clock and tackle' - that's a watch and chain. If it's a gold watch it's called a 'red lot'; if silver, a 'white lot.' The first day 'Lexlaws' taught me he said I should make a very good 'dip' - that's what they call a pickpocket. I practised for two hours for close on a week, and then he took

me out. He said he would point out the pockets, and I was to 'go down' them. The first time I did anything that way was on a Sunday, and Isaacs took me to Petticoat lane, and I had to go. I tried one or two pockets, but I did not get anything; but I had better luck a little later.

As we was going along 'Lexlaws' sees a crowd in Commercial street and he gives me the tip to look out. There was a row on, and he said, "It's all right; 'go down' the first one you catch sight of." I did. I pulled the woman's pocket open with my finger, and with my right I got a fine 'fat skin.' Lexlaws sees me take it, and made me give it to him. The next day he said there was only fivepence halfpenny in it. and he gave me threepence. We went about a lot, and I had a go at seven or eight pockets, but six of them had nothing in them. I began to do it quite easy, and out of one purse he gave me three shillings. I could not stop out late at night and 'Lexlaws' said that, after I got more used to the game, he would take me away from my mother and then I should go out at night with him and get 'clocks' (watches). He told me he and another had a lot of boys working for them, and, if I liked, when I grew up he would show me how to break into houses. He said it was best to work down in Whitechapel at first until I could do it all right.

"Once I asked him how to take a 'clock' and he showed me. He went up by the side of a gentleman and took his watch out, put his thumb under the catch what holds it, and off it came. I said I wanted to do that, but he said I should want a lot of practice.

When asked if he knew how many times 'Lexlaws' had been convicted, the lad replied:-

"Yus, I heard all about them at the police court. He had fourteen days' just for being boozed, and then he got a month for fighting a copper. A little while after that he got three months' for a 'kettle' - that's a watch - and twelve months' for another job I don't remember."

Isaacs is well known in the East end of London. On one occasion he was found in a cellar with boys and girls teaching them how to dispose of counterfeit coin.

Little Cohen will be taken care of by Mr. Wheatley of St. Giles Mission and taught an honest trade.

Galveston Daily News
2 October 1888

GRAPHIC PICTURE GIVEN
OF THE SEETHING SLUMS OF THE GREAT CITY OF LONDON
The Whitechapel Murders Direct Attention to a Place Where Vice and
Utter Degradation Hold High Carnival - Gin Soaked hags - Revolting Language

London, October 1 (Special)

The horrible crimes committed in Whitechapel of late have attracted attention to that quarter of the city where crimes predominate. A walk through the place is worthy of description. The best idea of the degradation of men there can be gathered from the description of the women, whose ability to keep alive proves the existence of men so low as to consort with them. These wretched women swarm the streets by thousands even now, but keep closely together and look sharply around for murderers, even while pretending to laugh and asking whose turn it is to be cut up.

The language in which they speak of the fiend who has made it his business to murder them it is impossible to reproduce. Such profanity and piteously filthy language as may be heard coming from a group of women on a Whitechapel corner can probably not be heard anywhere else. Some of these women have actually grown old in their misery - shrivelled, horrible,

GIN SOAKED HAGS,

who fight and quarrel on the gutter's edge, and to approach within a yard of them is simply torture. The younger women, the queens of these slums, are even more distressing to look at. Some are mere girls, almost children; but all celebrate any stroke of fortune by getting drunk.

Bright colors distinguish them. Light blue is their favorite color. Cheap brocades dragging in the mud and ostrich feathers as sadly out of curl as the dissipated owner's hair are favored outward signs of such prosperity as may be attained at Whitechapel. The poor creatures when born were dropped upon the surface of the filthiest pool of human degradation that can be boasted of by any great city on earth, and all they can do is

TO SINK DEEPER DOWN

into it, fighting and drinking cheap gin as they go. The maniac who is murdering them is a benefactor to those whom he cuts short in their downward journey, and if he could only act in such a way as to destroy every one of the creatures that swarm there in London he would be a most useful man. But this fact the Whitechapel residents do not appreciate.

Infants brawling through heaps of refuse in the slums, never having been made jealous by a sight of robust babyhood, were fairly contented, and their parents evidently found their lives much enlivened by the sensation which has come upon them. The scenes of both murders were swarming with curious crowds, preference being given to the place where the most savage murder occurred, and up to midnight morbid citizens were busy lighting wax matches in the dark corners of Mitre square trying to discover bloodstains.

NO NEW THEORY

worth entertaining has been put forward. That first advanced on September 8, namely, that the murderer, whether a maniac or not, must possess some knowledge of surgery, is accepted as proven. The attempt to connect the crimes with some American medical student who is supposed to have offered large sums to various hospitals for a certain part of the female body which was missing in a recent victim, has been given up as ridiculous. The anatomical specimen in question can be easily obtained for a few shillings. It is suggested that the murderer must be a respectable looking individual, as in the present state of terror the most degraded Whitechapel women would not dare to trust themselves with a rough. But that is rubbish, for every social law in Whitechapel is based on want and hunger, and the low(est) brute on earth with means to buy gin would as quickly find a Whitechapel woman to help drink it. The murderer must be very strong since he appears to have been able in each case to

OVERCOME HIS VICTIM

with ease and to stifle any loud outcry. Besides being strong, the murderer had a terribly sharp knife, for a visit to the mortuary where the first of last night's victims lies with a gaping wound in the throat shows plainly the division of the jugular vein and the notch caused by the knife coming in contact with the vertebrae. the wounds on the throat of the Mitre square victim are almost identical. It is evident that the police are not going to do much, and if the legendary detective instinct which sniffs out criminals still exists in America its owner had better come over here, humiliate Scotland Yard, earn the thanks of England and also earn £5000 reward, which would pay his expenses. A detective leaving New York now might arrive just in time for the next bad murder.

Galveston Daily News
19 July 1889

A NOCTURNAL NEMESIS

MORE ABOUT THE LATEST VICTIM OF THE WHITECHAPEL FIEND

Sensational Theories and Wild Rumors Without End - Police, as Usual,
Paralyzed - The Carver Interrupted in His Work - Other Crimes

London, July 18. (Special)

After holding the inquest tonight on the body of the latest victim of the Whitechapel fiend, the police appear to be as hopelessly in the dark as ever, and to have as little prospect of catching the criminal as when the first of the murdered women was found bleeding in the street.

This time the woman's body was scarcely cold before she was discovered. The warm blood was flowing from the gashes in her body. A policeman was stalking about within about fifty yards of the spot. Lights were moving in the windows of the adjacent tenement houses, but the murderer did his work so swiftly and silently that no one heard the victim's cry. He was allowed to escape, and will remain unmolested till he gets ready to commit another butchery. Thus far Chief Commissioner Munro's tactics have been practically the same as those of Sir Charles Warren. He has supplied the Whitechapel district with police who, acting under special orders, kept the newspapers in the dark as much as possible.

As in the case of the previous murders, suspected men have been dragged into the police stations all day long, simply because they wore rags or had no home, and were immediately let go again. Some of them were so ignorant that they did not know that there had been a murder. One effect of this policy is to fan into fierce flames the public excitement. Of false news, of arrests, of wild rumors and of sensational theories there are no end. Of useful facts, which may lead to a clew to catch the murderer, there are but very few. It is true that there was no such revolting mutilation, but everything goes to show that is simply because the assassin had been interrupted in his work, being frightened by a drunken peddler who had stopped to wrangle with the policeman on the beat. The World's correspondent saw the body of the victim today in the mortuary. The throat was cut in the same manner as the case of the Berner street women by plunging a knife just under the left ear and cutting toward the right ear sufficiently to completely sever the windpipe.

The woman probably never had time to utter a cry. The only other wound in the body was a deep cut in the stomach, extending from the waist to the pit of the abdomen. The intestines were not disturbed. Not till tonight were the police able to find out who the woman was. Her name is Alice Mackenzie, and, as in the case of Jack the Ripper's other

victims, she was one of those unfortunate creatures who find their living on the streets. The World correspondent talked to two women who saw her at 11.30 last night. She was sober then, At 12.30 when all the public houses are closed by law, the barkeeper of a "pub" situated a quarter of a mile from the scene of the murder, says that he turned her into the street, and that she had been drinking some, but was not actually drunk.

Making her way home the woman turned into Commercial street - the exact region where most of the other murders had been committed. Here all traces of her were lost till the body was found in Castle alley at 12.50 this morning. Four policemen patrol the vicinity of Castle alley. It is considered one of the worst places in London. The officer whose special duty it is to watch the alley swears that he passed the spot ten minutes before he found the body, and that there was nothing there then. There are four entrances to Castle alley. It is about 50 feet wide and 400 feet long. At night costermongers living near are allowed to store their wagons and hand carts there.



Statue of William Booth outside the Salvation Army headquarters in Mile End Road

The Echo
21 September 1888

THE SALVATION ARMY

Sir - I live in a street which might be a very quiet one but for the ear splitting sounds emitted by a band of Salvationists who occupy a hall therein. The street, having no thoroughfare, is exceptionally handy, through the absence of traffic, for these people to hold their open air meetings in, which they do pretty often. On Sundays they prefer to hold a kind of festival, or rather festivals, for they disturb the street three or four times each Sunday. A dozen or so of the worst instrumentalists it is possible to imagine parade the street, followed by a crowd of roughs, who indulge in wanton horseplay, while a horde of dirty children of every age tumble about the gutters, and yell in most discordant unison with the strains of the music (?) discoursed by the members of this so called religious body, and which the police - whose functions I have always been led to believe are to keep order and restore tranquility - profess themselves powerless to stop. Therefore the householder must, forsooth, bear this unseemly procession, and be preached at in front of his house; and why? Because the police do not possess the requisite authority to stop such nonsense.

It is high time summary powers were conferred upon the police to stop all such things, and although the Salvation Army may mean very well, still their constant attendance about one's doorstep is not calculated to be a joy for ever. Hoping some other and better pen than mine may have a word to say on this growing evil, and trusting you will be able to grant me a corner in your valuable paper, I remain, Sir, yours truly, Student

The Echo
22 September 1888

THE SALVATION ARMY

Sir - I have carefully read your able and impartial review of the pamphlet by "ex-Captain" Redstone, and also the pamphlet itself in regard to the "seamy side" of the Salvation Army. It is not at all likely that a man like Dr. Geikie would have written an introduction to the pamphlet, such as he has, without he had fully proved all the circumstances connected with the revelations of the treatment received by "Captain" Redstone at the hands of those in authority in the Salvation Army. In spite of the letter of "Commissioner Railton," "Nonconformist," and "A.D.638," there still remains most serious allegations, and, undoubtedly, genuine letters from Ballington Booth, Bramwell Booth, &c., in the pamphlet, which are unanswered by either of your Correspondents, and which (if the Salvation Army wish to retain any status) they should feel it their duty to see to at once; and, if the allegations and statements contained in the pamphlet are false, refute them. I enclose my card, and remain,

Sir, yours, &c., Fair Play.



London Docks c1909

The Echo
22 September 1888

OUR DOCK LABOURERS

Sir - Permit me to call attention to the cause of the labourers in the East end Docks, who are known as a hardworking class of men, with small earnings, compelling them to live in low and dirty lodgings, amidst disgusting surroundings, whose sufferings during the winter months it is deplorable to behold. Being constantly on the spot I notice that, from early morning until past midday, these poor creatures are to be seen attending in the roads and corners, amidst wind, rain, and snow, often stockingless, with clothes in tatters that are past repair, without food, patiently and submissive to fate, awaiting employment outside the Dock gates; and when some of their number are needed, to see them rush, thrusting aside the older and weaker ones, is a sickening sight to behold.

My object in drawing public attention is, firstly, that these wretched beings shall, before the winter sets in again, have some shelter provided for them, either within the Dock gates or near by, in order that they may have protection from the inclement weather, and where a cup of tea or coffee, with bread, or soup, can be provided at the cost of one penny; and secondly, that they might have their names or numbers called when the managers of the Dock Company have work for them, and prevent that unseemly rush for work, in which doubtless those who deserve it most have not the strength to struggle for it. I would most earnestly invite all those who are interested in suffering humanity to see for themselves the above facts. Some years since, my friend, the Rev. Mr. Greatorex, of St. Paul's, Dock street, failed to induce the managers of the London and St. Katherine Dock Company to provide this much needed shelter. I shall therefore be glad of the names of those who are willing to co-operate.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Moses Davis, Chairman, Dietz, Davis, and Co. (Limited), London Docks.

The Echo
25 September 1888

GATESHEAD TRAGEDY THE VICTIM'S LOVER MISSING LONDON OFFICER INVESTIGATING RESEMBLANCE TO THE WHITECHAPEL CRIME

It is impossible to adequately describe the excitement which prevails in Birtley and the surrounding district. A terror seems to have seized the little village, and to have paralysed its ordinary energy. Further particulars by no means diminish the fiendish brutality of the crime, and the circumstances disclosed are sufficient justification for the thought which was uppermost in everybody's mind when the news first became known, that the Whitechapel murderer had been at work. The local police, however, cast their suspicions upon a man who is an ironworker at Birtley, who for some time past has been, it is said, endeavouring to force his attentions upon the deceased. This man was very seldom seen in Beetmoor's company, and certainly no one saw him on Saturday night. He has, however, absconded and the police in all parts of the country have been furnished with his description. He is described as a man about 5ft 9in in height, with a sallow complexion, high cheek bones, and generally sharp features. He has a slouching, stooping gait, and a furtive expression. No reason can be assigned to suggest why he should have committed the outrage upon the unfortunate girl, but the police are anxiously searching for him, and the circumstances of his departure in connection with the murder are regarded as rendering his disappearance suspicious.

SEARCHING THE PITSHAFTS

The most vigilant search so far, however, has failed even to discover the slightest trace of him. There is now an impression that if he has been guilty of the terrible crime he may also have taken his own life, and acting on the theory the police are making an investigation of some disused pitshafts in the neighbourhood, in which he may have committed

suicide. As yet, however, the belief that Beetmoor may have been killed by her sweetheart is not supported by any tangible evidence, but rests entirely on the suspicion aroused by his mysterious disappearance at the very time of the murder. A search has also been made by the police for the weapon with which the murder must have been committed, but without result.

"THE WHITECHAPEL THEORY" NOT ABANDONED

The police in the neighbourhood have not abandoned the theory that the Whitechapel murderer may have continued his dreadful work there. Dr. Phillips, who made the post mortem examination of the body of Annie Chapman, the victim of the last Whitechapel murder, is today in Durham in connection with the crime. He has examined the body of the young woman with a view to ascertaining whether the injuries inflicted on her resemble those inflicted on the Whitechapel victim. Inspector Roots, of the Criminal Investigation Department, also left London last evening for Durham with the object of ascertaining whether any of the facts connected with the murder of Jane Beetmoor on Saturday night are likely to be serviceable in elucidating the Whitechapel mysteries.

LATER DETAILS

DR. PHILLIPS'S EXAMINATION

A Newcastle on Tyne Correspondent telegraphs:-

Dr. Phillips, of Scotland yard, this morning met Colonel W. White, Chief Constable of the county of Durham, and Superintendent Harrison, of the Birtley district, and visited the scene of the murder. The body of the deceased was examined by Dr. Phillips, but the result of the examination has not transpired. The work of exploring the old pitshafts in the neighbourhood continues, the police being assisted by several miners. The impression gains ground that Waddle, or Tweddle, the supposed murderer, may have committed suicide. Search for the knife or other weapon is also being continued.

THE SWEETHEART TO BE ARRESTED

A Newcastle telegram states that the police issued notices today for the apprehension of a young man named Waddle, the sweetheart of the murdered woman at Birtley, and who has disappeared from the district since the tragedy.

The Echo
22 September 1888

AMATEUR DETECTIVES AT WORK THEIR SUCCESS IN THE EAST END

There is occasionally a comic side to the worst of crimes. Since the last murder in the East end, two men became suspicious, the one of the other, and spent their days and nights in following one another about.

Such a proceeding could only have the effect of increasing the suspicion on both sides. A few days ago one became so convinced that his distrust was well founded that he pointed out the other to a constable, whereupon the second man, thinking that this was a favourable opportunity, gave the first one into custody. The policeman took both to the station, where the Inspector, so the London correspondent of the Sheffield Independent has been told, could with difficulty listen to the men's statements for laughter. What their opinions were of each other when they were sent about their business is not known, but they probably resolved to play no more at amateur detectives. The police themselves are occasionally victims to similar mistakes. Only recently a plain clothes officer, investigating a murder in the northern part of London, was taken into custody by an inspector, who deemed his appearance and movements suspicious.

On one occasion, it is stated, Superintendent Littlechild was arrested by one of his subordinates.

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

I Beg to Report

WOODY ALLEN TAKES ON JACK. 'The Phantom of Fleet Street meets Jack the Ripper in Woody Allen's farce *Scoop*.. [but] Allen so terribly condescends to his heroine, Sondra Pransky (Scarlett Johansson), that she has to be told who Jack the Ripper was and [she] wouldn't know Fleet Street from Carnaby Street, even though she's a journalism student. This left-foot-forward effort is Allen's latest failed attempt to regain comic form.'

Michael Sragow, 'Scoop is old news: Allen isn't funny'. Baltimore Sun, 28 July 2006

ARREST IN JONBENET RAMSEY CASE. Could a sensational arrest in the decade-long mystery concerning the murder of Boulder, Colorado, USA child beauty queen JonBenet Ramsey prove the answer to this vexing case that has riveted America and the world? JonBenet Ramsey, then aged 6, was found beaten and strangled in the basement of her home early on 26 December 1996.



John Mark Karr



JonBenet Ramsey

The suspect was identified by US media on 16 August as John Mark Karr, 41, a former teacher of second-grade children (ie, children seven to eight years of age). Karr was being held on unrelated sex charges in Thailand. It is not known whether the man has any connection to the Ramsey family. However, the suspect is from suburban Georgia where the Ramseys also owned a home. Karrs is reported to have lived in Conyers, Georgia, around 30 miles from Dunwoody, where the Ramseys lived before they moved to Boulder. Boulder District Attorney Mary Lacey said the arrest followed 'several months of a focused and complex investigation'. The Ramsey family lawyer, Lin Wood, said the Ramseys had learned about the suspect at least a month before JonBenet's mother, Patsy, died of cancer in June. American media reported that the case was developed after Karr had bragged by email to a contact in Colorado that he had killed Ramsey. He admitted being with her when she died but maintained that the death was an accident. It is known that the DNA of an unknown male was found in Ramsey's underwear. Investigators therefore possibly hope that Karr's DNA can be matched to the DNA at the crime scene.

A number of questions have been raised by Karr's claim. For example, he claims he drugged the girl before her accidental death, yet no drugs found at the victim's autopsy. Karr's former wife claims he was with her in Alabama when the murder occurred and has never been to Colorado. Karr has stated that he picked the victim up from school on the day of the murder. However, the murder occurred during the school vacation period and JonBenet Ramsey is known to have been at a family party preceding her murder.

The case was at first treated as a kidnapping. In the early morning of 26 December 1996, mother Patsy Ramsey said she found a three-page ransom note in the family's home. The parents discovered 6-year-old JonBenet is missing and called police. Later, they found the girl's body in a basement room. There were no immediate signs of a break-in. Muddying the case was that John Ramsey, the murdered girl's father, removed her body from the basement crime scene and brought it upstairs. With no immediate suspects apparent the media focus fell on the parents who hired a public relations firm to represent them and persistently denied the rumors that they had killed their child. The Colorado police and prosecutor's office denied that the Ramseys were suspects and stated that they were working on the theory that the young beauty queen was killed by an outsider. However, in summer 1998, an investigator with the district attorney's office questioned JonBenet's 9-

year-old brother, Burke, for some six hours. It is also understood that the Ramsey's were in the habit of giving the keys to their home to dozens of people.

With the breaking news of an arrest in the case, John Ramsey, said in a statement: 'Patsy was aware that authorities were close to making an arrest in the case and had she lived to see this day, would no doubt have been as pleased as I am with today's development almost 10 years after our daughter's murder.'

BBC News 17 August 2006

MONTAGUE JOHN DRUITT TALKS. Suspect Montague John Druitt's home town of Wimborne, Dorset, was the scene for several talks by Ripperologist David Andersen on 22 and 23 August as part of a 10-day festival 'A Sting in the Tale: A Festival of Stories.' Andersen appeared as part of a presentation entitled, 'Buried Treasures of Wimborne & Jack the Ripper - the Wimborne Connection' performed by the TIC Company to commemorate the 150-year anniversary of Wimborne Cemetery. Those in attendance were promised 'the quirky tales of some former Wimborne residents.' Andersen told 'the macabre story of one of Wimborne cemetery's most famous "residents"' - ie, failed barrister and schoolmaster Montague Druitt who committed suicide by throwing himself in the Thames several weeks after the 9 November 1888 murder of Mary Jane Kelly. Anderson also gave an adults-only talk on 'Jack the Ripper - Questioning the Myths.' He told us, 'I gave three talks over two days. They were all very well attended, about 200 people attending in all, and well received. I was invited to tea at Westfield House [the former Druitt residence in Wimborne] and was able to photograph the interior as well as the garden. I also was allowed to read James Druitt's memoirs which are kept at the Priest's House in Wimborne.' David Andersen has promised that for next month's issue he will provide 'a full report of my visit and of my discoveries.'



David Andersen at the grave of Ripper suspect Montague John Druitt.



Depp and Burton on the set of Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

DEPP SIGNS UP TO PLAY SWEENEY TODD. Actor Johnny Depp, the man who is currently on screen playing Captain Jack Sparrow in the blockbuster *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest* will collaborate once again with filmmaker Tim Burton, this time to play the demon barber of Fleet Street, Sweeney Todd, in a screen treatment of Stephen Sondheim's hit musical about Todd and his collaborator and lover Mrs Lovett, maker of the famous pies made of the meat from the victims killed by Todd.

Although it is sometimes claimed nowadays that *Sweeney Todd* was a real life criminal, the story is doubtful. The tale has it that Todd was tried at the Old Bailey and hanged at Tyburn in January 1802, before a large crowd. However, no record of the trial exists in the Old Bailey sessions papers or the Newgate Calendar. Lacking as well are any contemporary press reports of the trial or the hanging. The Sweeney Todd story has been the subject of a book by author Peter Haining, who though does not provide verifiable facts.

Sweeney Todd will mark the sixth time that Burton and Depp have collaborated on screen. They began with *Edward Scissorhands* in 1990, and since worked together on *Ed Wood*, *Sleepy Hollow*, *Tim Burton's*

Corpse Bride and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. It is understood that the film on the demon barber of Fleet Street will be set for release late in 2007, perhaps in time for Hallowe'en. Meanwhile, *Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest* has raked in \$858 million (£536) which will keep Depp in doubloons for some time to come.



Monica Ali

'BRICK LANE' FILMING BLOCKED. Film makers cancelled plans in late July to film in Shoreditch the exterior scenes for a movie entitled *Brick Lane* in response to protests from the local Bangladeshi community. Ruby Films said that the film company has been advised by police and Tower Hamlets council not to film in the area of Brick Lane. Brick Lane Business Association chairman Mahmoud Roug told BBC News it was a 'victory for the community'. Members of the Bangladeshi community have stated that they find the novel by Monica Ali on which the film is based to be 'insulting'. The novel is about a Bangladeshi woman who is sent to London for an arranged marriage.

A spokeswoman said for Ruby Films stated: 'We have been advised by the police and Tower Hamlets council that it is probably best not to film there. We wouldn't want to go anywhere where we are not wanted, or put anyone at risk.' It is understood that the film makers will seek alternative locations to shoot exterior scenes for the project.

Mr Roug said he felt that Ms Ali's novel said 'a lot of wrong and bad things about the community.' In December 2003, Bangladeshi community leaders from The Greater Sylhet Development and Welfare Council - which represents Bangladeshis in the UK - called the book a 'despicable insult'. At that time, the publisher, Random House, said the company did not believe the views expressed in the novel to be offensive. Ms Ali's novel was shortlisted for the Booker Prize in 2003. While admitting that Ali's book 'is a good work of literature, Mr Roug said 'Monica Ali does not belong to the community. She has written a book that is just guesswork. People are disgusted about the film, and while the authorities have given permission for it to be filmed here, it does not mean they have permission from the community. They have no right to [film] it in Brick Lane.'



The Bangladeshi community demonstrates against the making of Brick Lane

DR TUMBLETY AND PALS. The Rochester, New York, USA, *Democrat and Chronicle* noted on 1 August: "'A Ripping yarn.'" That was the headline in 2002 when *Democrat and Chronicle* colleague John Pitcher wrote about a possible breakthrough in the most infamous murder case of all time: the murders and mutilations of prostitutes in the East End of London in 1888, attributed to an unknown assailant known only as Jack the Ripper. Pitcher's article explained that a letter, written by a former chief inspector for Scotland Yard [Chief Inspector John George Littlechild], had been discovered, indicating that Dr Francis Tumulty (aka Tumblety) - who is buried at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery [Rochester] - was a prime suspect in the case... So was Tumulty indeed Jack the Ripper? Must the Rochester area add a 19th-century quack doctor/eccentric to its list of serial killers, which includes Arthur Shawcross, Rochester natives Angelo Buono and Kenneth Bianchi (the infamous California "Hillside Stranglers"), and whoever perpetrated the infamous "double initial" murders of young girls here in the early 1970s?"

TUMBLETY GHOST WALK IN ROCHESTER, NY, USA. 'Was Francis Tumulty (aka Tumblety), who grew up in Rochester and is buried here, really Jack the Ripper? The Landmark Society of Western New York has fun exploring the possibility on its annual Ghost Walk each October. "Actors in period dress re-enact true, gory tales from Rochester's past." The script featuring Tumblety "has been one of the most popular in past years," notes Cindy Boyer, director of museums and education for the society. And yes, Tumblety will be featured again this year, the 13th for the event, when the ghost walks are conducted Oct. 20, 21, 27 and 28. About 2,400 people attend each year, Boyer said. For more information, contact the society at (585) 546-7029 or [go to its website](#).'



The Domesday Book

DOMESDAY BOOK NOW ONLINE. The famed Domesday Book commanded to be compiled by King William I, known as the 'Conqueror', after his defeat of the Saxons in the Battle of Hastings of 1066 is now online it was announced earlier this month. The Norman king's order of Christmas 1085 entailed a massive survey of the lands in newly conquered England. It served as a mean for the monarch to keep tabs on the lands that his barons had accumulated in the twenty years since the defeat and death of the last Anglo Saxon king, Harold II. The book is one of the iconic documents of British history.

The *Domesday Book* is the oldest public record at the National Archives at Kew and was voted the nation's finest treasure in 2005. All of its pages are now available to be viewed, along with a translation from the original Latin, to anyone with an internet connection. Searching the site for a place-name is free, but to download the information costs £3.50.

Domesday specialist Adrian Ailes, based at the National Archives, told BBC News: 'It's an historic day for the Domesday Book because it's the first time it's gone on the world wide web. It's also historic for the country, because now people can go on the web and discover a snapshot of 11th Century England. There was nothing like this done in the country until the 19th Century census.'

The Domesday Book - actually two books known as the Great Domesday and Little Domesday - were compiled between January 1086 and September 1087. The books accumulated data on 13,278 places giving a vastly comprehensive valuation of the kingdom when it was put together following its commission in 1085. Whole value of places surveyed was £78,000 - equal to £3 trillion today. One commentator said that 'not one ox, or cow, nor one pig was left out'. Although it took a small army of historians, IT engineers and experts to get the Domesday Book online, the original document was almost totally written by just one anonymous scribe - in little over a year.

BBC News, 4 August 2006

ARCHIMEDES' WRITINGS REVEALED BY X-RAY. A series of texts written by the influential ancient Greek mathematician Archimedes have been discovered by scientists in the United States under paintings and texts laid down on top of the original writings. With the use of a non-destructive technique called X-ray fluorescence, they have been able to penetrate below these later works to read the underlying text. Among the goatskin parchment records that have been found is the only Greek version of *On Floating Bodies* known to exist, and the only surviving ancient copies of *The Method of Mechanical Theorems* and *the Stomachion*. In such treatises, the 3rd Century BC mathematician developed numerical descriptions of the real world.

The imaging project used to reveal the scientist's ancient writings has been carried out under the supervision of Will Noel, curator of manuscripts and rare books at the Walters Art Museum in Baltimore, Maryland. Mr. Noel told BBC News, 'Archimedes was like no-one before him. It just doesn't get any better than re-reading the mind of one of the greatest figures of Western civilisation.'

Each page of Archimedes' writing has taken 12 hours to reconstruct as highly focused X-ray beams, each the width of a human hair, sweeps across the page. The original texts were transcribed in the 10th Century by an anonymous scribe on to parchment. Three centuries later a monk in Jerusalem called Johannes Myronas recycled the manuscript to create a 'palimpsest'. The technique of palimpsesting involved scraping away the original text so the parchments can be used again. To create a book, the monk cut the pages in half and turned them sideways. The monk Myronas also used recycled pages from works by the 4th Century Orator Hyperides and other philosophical texts. Mr Noel described the palimpsest as "the eighth wonder of the world". 'You never get three unique palimpsested texts from the ancient world together in one book,' he said. 'That's just completely unheard of.'

When they are finally revealed, Archimedes' words are displayed glowing on a computer screen, giving the researchers the first glimpse of the text in nearly 800 years. 'It's like receiving a fax from the 3rd Century BC,' said Mr Noel. 'It's the most sensational feeling.'

BBC News, 2 August 2006



A fake medieval painting hides the Archimedes text
©Archimedes Palimpsest Project

WIKIPEDIA SCRUTINIZED. In the *New Yorker* of 31 July, the controversial Internet encyclopedia *Wikipedia* is discussed by Stacy Schiff, author of the prize-winning book *A Great Improvisation: Franklin, France, and the Birth of America* in an article entitled 'Know It All: Can Wikipedia Conquer Expertise?' *Rip* readers will recall that several months ago this magazine protested two *Wiki* behind-the-scene editors' removal of a link to this publication, and, more seriously, others have protested *Wiki* entries and have made suggestions of libel. As we have previously discussed, anyone who has a computer can edit entries in *Wiki*, regardless of what type of expertise or ulterior motives they might have. One result has been that there have been numerous instances of vandalism of *Wiki* entries, something that has to be constantly corrected. [Other additions that are corrected are innocuous or a matter of opinion. On the *Wiki* 'Jack the Ripper' entry in late July, someone added *From Hell*, the graphic novel by Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell. But a *Wiki* editor with the screen name 'BunchofGrapes' removed the citation saying, 'That's not a reference.']

On the plus side, according to Ms Schiff, 'Because there are no physical limits on its size, *Wikipedia* can aspire to be all-inclusive. It is also perfectly configured to be current: ...the article on the "2006 Israel-Lebanon Conflict" has been edited more than four thousand times since it was created, on July 12th, six hours after Hezbollah militants ignited the hostilities by kidnapping two Israeli soldiers. *Wikipedia*, which was launched in 2001, is now the seventeenth-most-popular site on the Internet, ...The number of visitors has been doubling every four months; the site receives as many as fourteen thousand hits per second. *Wikipedia* functions as a filter for vast amounts of information online...'

'The site has achieved this prominence largely without paid staff or revenue,' says Ms Schiff. 'It has five employees in addition to Jimmy Wales, *Wikipedia's* thirty-nine-year-old founder, and it carries no advertising. In 2003, *Wikipedia* became a nonprofit organization; it meets most of its budget, of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with donations, the bulk of them contributions of twenty dollars or less. Wales says that he is on a mission to "distribute a free encyclopedia to every single person on the planet in their own language," and to an astonishing degree he is succeeding. Anyone with Internet access can create a *Wikipedia* entry or edit an existing one. The site currently exists in more than two hundred languages and has hundreds of thousands of contributors around the world. Wales is at the forefront of a revolution in knowledge gathering...'

On the down side, she says, 'It is also no more immune to human nature than any other utopian project. Pettiness, idiocy, and vulgarity are regular features of the site. Nothing about high-minded collaboration guarantees accuracy, and open editing invites abuse. [US] Senators and congressmen have been caught tampering with their entries; the entire House of Representatives has been banned from *Wikipedia* several times... Curiously, though, mob rule has not led to chaos. *Wikipedia*, which began as an experiment in unfettered democracy, has sprouted policies and procedures. At the same time, the site embodies our newly casual relationship to truth. When confronted with evidence of errors or bias, Wikipedians invoke a favorite excuse: look how often the mainstream media, and the traditional encyclopedia, are wrong! As defenses go, this is the epistemological equivalent of "But Johnny jumped off the bridge first."

Ms Schiff concludes, 'Part of the problem is provenance. The bulk of *Wikipedia's* content originates not in the [library] stacks but on the Web, which offers up everything from breaking news, spin, and gossip to proof that the moon landings never took place. Glaring errors jostle quiet omissions. Wales, in his public speeches, cites the *Google* test: "If it isn't on *Google*, it doesn't exist." This position poses another difficulty: on *Wikipedia*, the present takes precedent over the past. The (generally good) entry on St Augustine is shorter than the one on Britney Spears... *Wikipedia* remains a lumpy work in progress. The entries can read as though they had been written by a seventh grader: clarity and concision are lacking; the facts may be sturdy, but the connective tissue is either anemic or absent; and citation is hit or miss. What can be said for an encyclopedia that is sometimes right, sometimes wrong, and sometimes illiterate?... As was the *Encyclopédie* [of the French Enlightenment], *Wikipedia* is a combination of manifesto and reference work. Peer review, the mainstream media, and government agencies have landed us in a ditch. Not only are we impatient with the authorities but we are in a mood to talk back. *Wikipedia* offers endless opportunities for self-expression. It is the love child of reading groups and chat rooms, a second home for anyone who has written an *Amazon* review. This is not the first time that encyclopedia-makers have snatched control from an élite, or cast a harsh light on certitude. Jimmy Wales may or may not be the new Henry Ford, yet he has sent us tooling down the interstate, with but a squint back at the railroad. We're on the open road now, without conductors and timetables. We're free to chart our own course, also free to get gloriously, recklessly lost. Your truth or mine?'



Dale Hausner and Samuel Dieteman

ARRESTS IN ONE OF TWO ARIZONA SERIAL KILLER CASES. Two men have been charged in connection with a series of shootings that have terrorized citizens in Phoenix, Arizona, USA, for the past. Dale Hausner, 33, and Samuel Dieteman, 31, have also been charged with 16 counts of drive-by shooting. 'These alleged crimes have caused carnage and terror in our community,' County Attorney Andrew P Thomas said. The men are suspected of being behind the so-called 'Serial Shooter' case. Sixteen attacks have been blamed on the 'Serial Shooter'. Another man who is still at large and who has been dubbed the 'Baseline Killer' is blamed for eight other murders. The 'Baseline Killer' is credited with a series of murders, armed robberies and sex attacks. Fear has gripped the Phoenix area in recent months as police linked more and more seemingly random shootings, raising fears

that two separate serial killers were competing with one another to see who could take the most lives.

Hausner and Dieteman, who are friends, were arrested in early August at a gated apartment complex in Mesa, Arizona, less than three miles (5km) from where a 22-year-old woman was killed. After his arrest, Hausner said in an interview from the jailhouse that he was innocent. Officials have said the random nature of the murders has made investigations difficult.

The offender who is still at large nicknamed the 'Baseline Killer' after the Baseline Road area of the city, where he committed his first murder, is believed to have killed at least another five people, as well as raping and kidnapping 20 more. The police have issued a photo-fit of a black man with dreadlocks, but they admit they do not know how accurate the picture is. The assailant wears many different disguises. The crimes in both cases have made citizens of Phoenix wary about venturing out at night.

BBC News, 9 August 2006



Robert Browne

CONVICTED COLORADO KILLER CLAIMS 49 OTHER MURDERS. 'A man serving a life sentence in a Colorado, USA, state prison for a 1991 murder says he is responsible for 49 other murders, and investigators say they believe his claims are credible, law enforcement authorities revealed Thursday,' wrote Katie Kelley in the *New York Times* of 28 July 2006. 'A four-year investigation has linked the man, Robert C Browne, 53, to murders in Colorado, Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas...' The murders occurred from 1970 until Browne's conviction in 1995 'for the murder of 13-year-old Heather Dawn Church, who was abducted from her home in the Black Forest area in September 1991 while she baby-sat for a younger brother. Her remains were found in 1993.'

Browne 'contacted investigators from prison in 2002 with claims of the other killings. Since then, seven killings have been linked to him, including that of a 15-year-old girl, Rocio Delpilar Sperry, who was found dead at a Colorado Springs apartment in late 1987.' On 27 July, Browne pleaded guilty to her murder, and Sheriff Terry Maketa of El Paso County stated at a news conference: 'His letters, his taunting letters, indicated that there were others and basically challenged us to find them.' In interviews with detectives, Browne gave details of the murders that only the police and the killer would have known, the sheriff said. Of the confirmed deaths, all of the victims were female, ranging in age from 13 to 26 years. The victims were either strangled or stabbed with a knife, screwdriver or ice pick. Browne indicated that he used chloroform or ether to subdue his victims, the sheriff said. Browne also told investigators that he had consensual sex with some of the victims.

If Browne's claims are true, he will rank among other high victim-count American serial killers such as Gary Leon Ridgway, aka the Green River Killer, who admitted to killing 48 women, and John Wayne Gacy, who was convicted of murdering 33 young men and boys. Sheriff Maketa said that while police had not so far specifically termed Browne a serial killer, the number of victims was hard to deny. 'He fits the definition,' the sheriff said.

BRITISH SCHOOLBOY MURDER SOLVED BY DNA? The Associated Press reported on 1 August that British detectives using DNA evidence have arrested two men in the slaying of a 12-year-old boy who was stabbed with a kitchen knife and left beside a bridle path in southern England nearly 40 years ago. 'Police arrested a 55-year-old man from the northern city of Manchester and a 56-year-old man from the southern city of Brighton on suspicion of murder, [stated] Sue Heard, a Sussex police spokeswoman... The men were teenagers at the time 12-year-old Keith Lyon was killed. Police also want to contact an English family who had a teenage son and that abruptly emigrated to Canada soon after the slaying, said Detective Inspector Tim Nunn... The breakthrough in the investigation came when workmen stumbled on a locked storeroom at a Brighton police station and discovered key evidence and the knife used to kill the boy, Heard said. The evidence had been misplaced, he said... Lyon left his home in Brighton to buy a geometry set on a Saturday afternoon in May 1967. He never returned. He was found wearing his school uniform on a grass bank near a rural bridle path between the nearby villages of Ovingdean and Woodingdean, about 60 miles south of London. He had been stabbed 11 times in the chest, back and abdomen with a serrated kitchen knife. Witnesses claimed there had been a scuffle between an older group of boys and Lyon, but no arrests were made. Police theorized that Lyon, a student at the posh Brighton and Hove Grammar school, was targeted by local youths because of his uniform. Both suspects have been released under conditions that require them to return for more questioning on Nov. 14, police said. Neither man has been charged with any offense.'

WTOP, 1 August 2006



Keith Lyon



Obituary

Monty Berman, Film Producer

1912 to 20 June 2006

Film producer and cinematographer Nestor Montague "Monty" Berman died in June at age 93.

Berman was a native of Whitechapel in London's East End, who would make use of his roots in 1958 when he produced the film *Jack the Ripper*. Following his graduation from University College school in Hampstead, Berman went to work at Twickenham studios. He soon became a cameraman there and received an early credit for his work on the critically acclaimed 1937 documentary *The Edge of the World*.

In the late 1940s, Berman teamed with Robert S. Baker to co-produce a pair of low-budget comedies *A Date With a Dream* and *Melody Club*. Berman was cinematographer for the former film and directed the latter. The two movies were notable for giving Terry-Thomas his first opportunities to display his unique comedic talents in front of the camera.

The Berman and Baker team then turned its energies to churning out Grade B thriller and horror films. Among those produced by the pair were *Three Steps to the Gallows* (1953), *Bond of Fear* (1956) and *Blood of the Vampire* in 1958. In the same year they also turned out *Jack the Ripper*. Despite Berman's Whitechapel background, however, the film leaves much to be desired by Ripperologists.

Like many in the film business, Berman turned to television work in the 1960s where he teamed with Dennis Spooner. His most enduring work in that genre is probably *The Champions* about a trio of secret agents with superhuman powers. This was followed by several more similar series, each less inspired than the previous one, though *Jason King* achieved a certain cult status in Europe and the United States. Berman ceased active work in 1978.

He is survived by his wife.



Loretta Lay Books

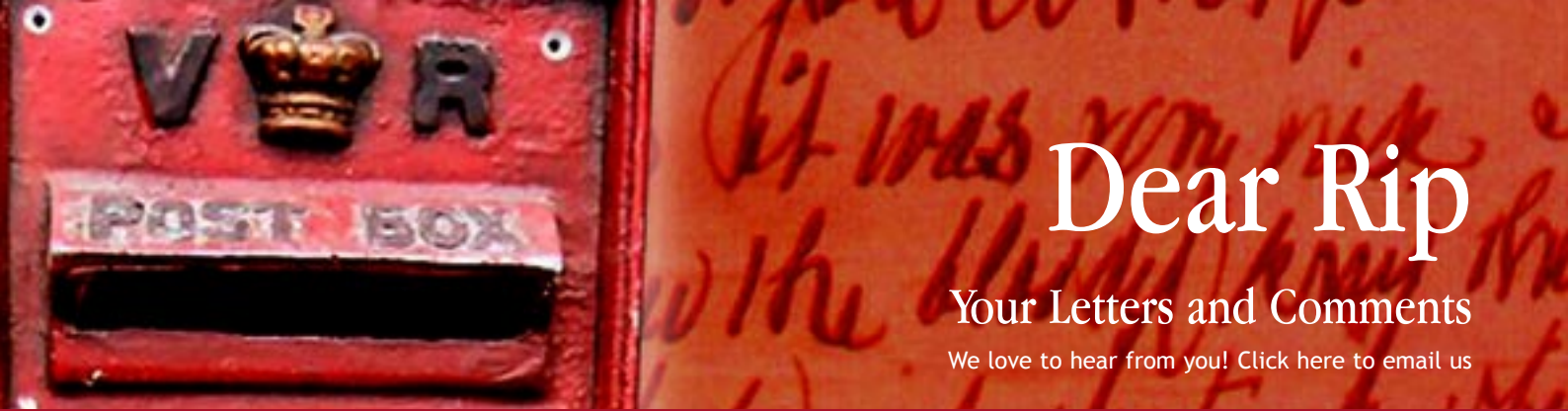
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Dear Rip

Your Letters and Comments

We love to hear from you! [Click here to email us](#)

Ripperologist 69

Email to Ripperologist

Dear Rip

Received and downloaded, with thanks. Entirely endorse Eduardo's commendations: the series on coroners could usefully be put in front of all law students. Just read Adam's magnificent life of Baxter, too [*Rip 61*]. Sorry Eduardo's leaving the masthead. Many thanks for services in getting the online Rip up and running and me back on the recipients list.

MARTIN FIDO

9 August 2006

Francis Baxter

Email to Ripperologist

Dear Rip

Having spent 18 months researching the life and career of Wynne Baxter, culminating in my article in *Rip 61*, I was intrigued to read the final part of *The Green of the Peak*, in which David O'Flaherty, Robert Linford and John Savage tracked down what happened to Baxter's papers in the months following his death in 1920.

It came as no surprise that youngest son Francis William Baxter had been responsible for the safe deposit of his father's files.

While conducting my research it soon became apparent that Frank was going to be a great help. It was he that collected and donated the enormous file of Baxter related papers to Hackney Archives; this file (35 D/F/BAX: W E Baxter and F W Baxter. Antiquarian Papers and Notes, 1863-1924) contains a goldmine of information in the form of notebooks, photographs, newspaper cuttings and lecture papers.

To quote from my article: *Frank was a keen historian, writing many columns for local newspapers such as the Hackney and Stoke Newington Recorder. One such item, dated 16 July 1923, extols the virtues of the Stephen family, whom Frank seems to have known personally. Private letters from Sir Herbert Stephen, JK's eldest brother, offered family information, which Frank incorporated into the article. He hosted, and was Secretary of, the Stoke Newington Literary and Scientific Society, which met at 170 Stoke Newington Church Street to read plays until Wynne's death in 1920.*

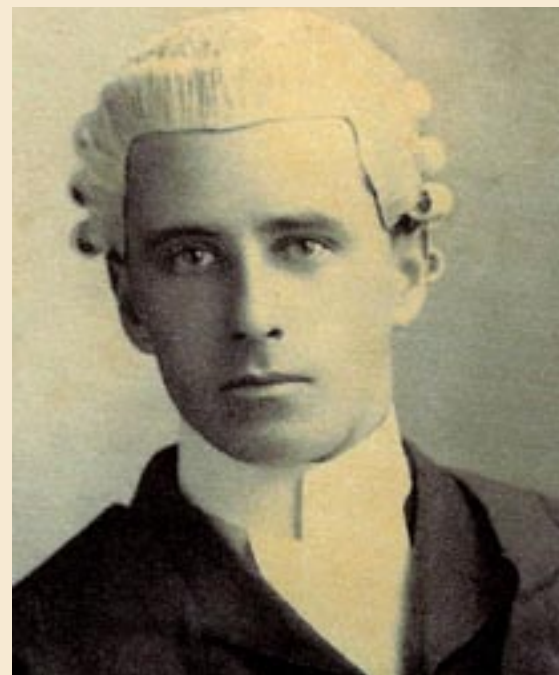
The reported 840 foolscap volumes, estimated by the authors to have weighed about two tons, is a staggering amount of paper, and it seems amazing that Baxter's home at 170 Stoke Newington Church Street could have housed them. An article in a 1909 issue of *The Bibliophile*, discussing Baxter's impressive collection of Milton works, gives an insight into his home, and it certainly seems to have been a huge property.

Fine work by Dave, Robert and John, and it's to be hoped that someone picks up the trail to discover whether the papers survived or perished.

Either way, I suspect that Wynne and Frank Baxter, meticulous record keepers that they were, would be pleased that the authors of *The Green of the Peak* have followed in their footsteps by documenting history. As David O'Flaherty said on a *Casebook* post: "...the Ripper case is just a car that gets me around the East End and allows me to visit with a wide assortment of figures I'd otherwise have known nothing about but who really deserve to be remembered."

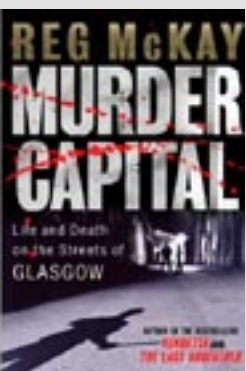
ADAM WOOD

15 August 2006



On the Crimebeat

WILF GREGG reviews this month's additions to the True Crime bookshelf



MURDER CAPITAL

Reg McKay

S/B, 244 pp., Illus., Black & White Publishing, £9.99. [BUY NOW](#)

It is difficult to imagine how those responsible for promoting tourism to Glasgow, the one-time European city of culture, have responded to the publication of this book. Mr McKay, albeit reluctantly, claims there is a dark side to the city, which now makes it the murder capital of Europe. Anyone is more likely to be murdered in Glasgow than London, Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Amsterdam, Dublin or Belfast. To bolster this claim he retells the stories of some of the worst murders in the city in recent years.

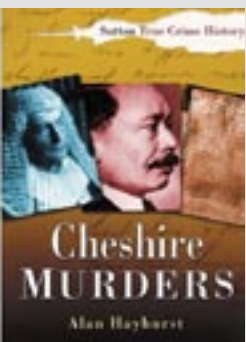
Organised crime killings, sex and child murders and sadists abound. Apart from the murder rate what is really shocking is the mindless brutality of many of the crimes. For example, take Edith McAlinden, who with two teenagers - one her son - butchered three men in what was popularly known as the House of Blood murders. Not content with battering and stamping on them, they finally poured boiling water over them.



Edith McAlinden, John McAlinden and Jamie Gray

Darren Jenkinson who suffocated his two baby sons; Christopher Hutcheson, double murderer, who boasted that when dismembering one victim (his cousin), he got bored and played football with his head; and eleven-year-old Richard Keith, who killed a four-year-old boy and attacked another.

It is in many ways a disturbing book. Mr McKay, one of Scotland's top true crime writers, has been quoted as saying that this was the most difficult, even upsetting, book of his career. Gruesome and grisly certainly but nevertheless a graphic coverage of human evil.



CHESHIRE MURDERS

Alan Hayhurst

S/B, 152 pp., Illus., Sutton Publishing, £12.99. [BUY NOW](#)

A first class selection of murders from this county. Well known cases include Samuel Thorley (1776), the Congleton Cannibal, the Gorse Hall Mystery (1909) and Lock Ah Tam (1926), the inscrutable but crazed Chinese man, who murdered his wife and two daughters. Additionally, there are ten other cases seldom if ever covered but no less interesting for that.

I was particularly taken by his extensive coverage of the case of Robert Travis (1886), which is a real Victorian "whodunit". Also the murder of Mary Malpas, (1835), to which Mr Hayhurst puts forward his own ingenious and plausible solution which is quite at variance to that recorded at the time.

This series goes from strength to strength. Mr Hayhurst is to be congratulated on his excellent research which is backed up by a very readable writing style.

Strongly recommended.

Ripping Yarns



POISONS: FROM HEMLOCK TO BOTOX AND THE KILLER BEAN OF CALABAR

Peter Macinnis

New York

Arcade Publishing; 2005

www.arcadepub.com

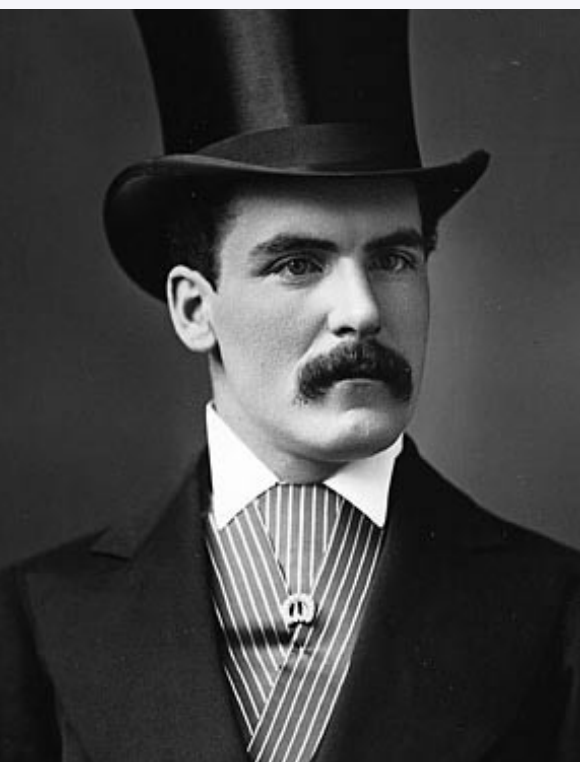
hardcover, 183pp, illus

glossary, biblio, index

ISBN: 1559707615 Hardback / 1559708107 Softback

\$13.95 Softcover; \$25.00 Hardcover

Australian Peter Macinnis says he was inspired to write his book about poisons after he'd considered the character Mr Pugh in Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood* who dreams of bumping off Mrs Pugh while poring over a book called *Lives of the Great Poisoners*. Macinnis decided though that he could hardly write *Mr Pugh's Breakfast Table Book* since the greatest poisoners are those that are never detected. Not those we know about: the Borgias, Neill Cream, Crippen *et al*. He paraphrases Balzac that the clever poisoners 'got away with it, eluding both punishment and fame'. (p.xvi)



Famous poisoner Thomas Neill Cream

Macinnis states: 'People find a delicious fascination in viewing at a safe distance the acts of psychopathic murderers and terrorists, but the most effective wielders of poisons around humans are bacteria and those who manipulate them. They, in truth, are the best of the Great Poisoners, but we cannot understand them without understanding the more traditional poisons as well. And so this book... is a tiptoe among murderous herbs and minds, a chance to taste-test in complete safety some of the more interesting poisoners - and their poisons.' (p.xviii)

The book provides an unusual and informative trek through poisons and poisoners real and fabled throughout history. Macinnis writes, '...there are the folk tales, now on the Internet but which have been circulating for many years, of poison rings used by white slavers to drug young girls, envenomed needles dripping HIV, ATM envelopes and stamps treated with deadly poisons, and poisoned candies dropped by German zeppelins over Britain and France in World War I. Poison is everywhere in the real world. We are generally unaware of the real poisons that surround us, and, given our reactions to the fictional ones, that is probably just as well.' (p.3)

Thus, in addition to looking in an entertaining manner at famous poisoners, Macinnis examines the topic of poison and food, the science of poison, poison in the medicine chest, cosmetics and domestic poisons, the question of poison in the workplace, the use of poisons in war, and so on.

Not only does Macinnis's book prove an informative and attractive read but the author has a bit of a hang-up on old Jack, which can't be bad. Not that Jack was in any way a poisoner (as far as we know for certain), but

Macinnis begins the book with a kind of six degrees of separation to show the connectedness of poisons and poisoners and that happens to connect with the Ripper saga at a number of points. In truth, the list is a bit silly but interesting nonetheless for us Ripperphiles - and it does help to bring to light how terrifyingly ubiquitous were various poisons in Victorian society just as they are today:

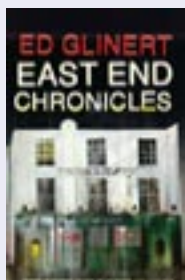
'You can take almost any starting point and trace a trail of poison,' the author informs us, '...[George Bernard] Shaw met Madeleine Wardle, formerly the famous or infamous Madeleine Smith, who had been cleared of the arsenic murder of her lover by a "Not Proven" verdict. She had then married the pre-Raphaelite painter George Wardle. Shaw's friend [H G] Wells exposed the evils of lead poisoning in the potteries of England, where plumbism was rampant, while [fellow socialists] Leonard Woolf and Clive Bell were married to the Stephen girls, Virginia and Vanessa.

'Virginia Woolf and Vanessa Bell had an uncle who was the judge in Florence Maybrick's trial for the murder by poison of her husband. Some people say that James Maybrick may have been Jack the Ripper; another unlikely suspect was the judge's son, the cousin of Virginia and Vanessa, the poet J K Stephen. Yet another Ripper suspect was the doctor and convicted poison murderer Neill Cream. Cream was a medical student with Arthur Conan Doyle, himself recently accused of a poison murder, almost a century after the death in question.' [Macinnis leaves out J K Stephen as tutor to another suspect, Prince Eddy, as well as another would-be-Ripper, the Borough Poisoner, Severin Klosowski aka George Chapman - a couple of other links in the chain. Ah well...!]

He continues: 'Florence Maybrick's husband and Madeleine Smith's lover were both reported to be addicted to arsenic, and another Pre-Raphaelite, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, married his model, Elizabeth Siddal, who used arsenic to make her complexion paler. She later poisoned herself with laudanum...

'The poison chain can go on and on - we might mention yet another alleged candidate for Jack the Ripper, Lewis Carroll who wrote (disapprovingly) of children drinking poisons in *Alice in Wonderland*: "if you drink much from a bottle marked 'Poison,' it is certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.'" (pp.xvii-xviii)

ALSO OUT NOW



EAST END CHRONICLES (Hardcover, 320 pages, Allen Lane/Penguin, ISBN: 0713997745, £20) by Ed Glinert, covers the Silk Weavers of Spitalfields, Docks, Dockers and River Pirates, Murder and Mayhem on the Ratcliffe Highway, Mystics and Myth-Makers, The Blitz and Bombs, The Jewish Ghetto and others. 'While only a small portion of the book, some 15 pages or so, are directly devoted to the Ripper case, scattered references to the crimes occur throughout, and the book overall provides enthralling and sometimes lurid reading ...highly recommended for those who would like a grounding in East End lore.' *Ripperologist*.

ERASTE FANDORINE, TOME 5: MISSIONS SPÉCIALES (Softback, 475 pages, 10/18, Collection : Grands détectives, ISBN : 2264036796, €7.80) by Boris Akounine (Boris Akunin) is a French translation of the fifth volume in the best-selling adventures of late nineteenth-century Russian detective Erast Fandorin. It consists of two adventures: in the first one, Fandorin confronts a daring confidence man; in the second one, Jack the Ripper - not a copycat, not a red herring, not a Tsarist conspiracy, but the real Ripper, who is pursuing his life avocation in Moscow. 'As of now, only four of [Akunin's] novels have been translated into English, though quite a few more are available in French or German. If you can read either language, rush to get the Fandorin-meets-the-Ripper book. Otherwise, publication of its English translation has been announced for February 2007 under the title *Jack of Spades and The Decorator*. It's worth the wait.' *Ripperologist*.



LE RETOUR DE JACK L'ÉVENTREUR (Paperback, 253 pages, Malko - Gérard de Villiers, Collection: Les Dossiers de Scotland Yard, ISBN : 2738601952, €5,20), by J B Livingstone, is a French-language thriller where Jack the Ripper returns 50 years after the Whitechapel murders.



MY GRANDFATHER JACK THE RIPPER (Hardcover, 208 pages, Herodias, ISBN: 1928746160) by Claudio Apone, was widely acclaimed in its original Italian as an atmospheric thriller aimed at a young adult readership. Young EastEnders Andy Dobson uses his psychic powers to travel to the past - where he witnesses Jack the Ripper's grisly murders - and to detect a modern-day killer. Be warned that a stilted, uncredited translation is often unintentionally hilarious and militates against the author's attempts to build up suspense.

STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT (Paperback, Ballantine Books, ISBN: 0345285417) by Stanley Ellin, was translated into German as *Jack the Ripper und Van Gogh*. The Ripper connection is apparently limited to six pages where Ellin's protagonist, private investigator John Milano, establishes a link between Van Gogh and the Whitechapel Murders.

THE WHITECHAPEL CONSPIRACY, (Paperback, 352 pages, Ballantine Books, \$6.99, ISBN: 0449006565), by Anne Perry, is an intricate, fast-paced, atmospheric Victorian mystery cum political thriller featuring Inspector Thomas Pitt undercover in the East End slums chasing anarchists, finding out about the Whitechapel conspiracy and uncovering Jack the Ripper's true identity.

EAST END MEMORIES (Hardcover, 352 pages, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750939966, £14.99) by Jennie Hawthorne, is an account of the author's early life in the heart of the East End told with passion and humour - even though her drunken father struggles from crisis to crisis and illness and crime are part of everyday life. Her captivating anecdotes, poignant and entertaining, are suffused by the sights, sounds and smells of the East End in the 1920s and 30s.

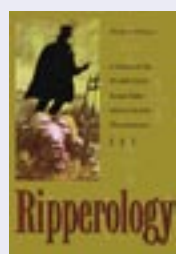
PRINCE EDDY: THE KING BRITAIN NEVER HAD (Hardcover, 272 pages, Tempus Publishing Ltd, ISBN: 0752434101, £20) by Andrew Cook, is a revisionist account of Eddy's life. 'Overall Cook makes a valiant attempt to rehabilitate Prince Albert Edward Victor and deservedly so, and his book is highly readable, even when not discussing the Ripper and Cleveland Street.' *Ripperologist*.



PUBLIC REACTIONS TO JACK THE RIPPER: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: AUGUST - DECEMBER 1888, Softcover, ca. 250pp. Illustrated with extensive annotations. Index, \$ 23.99), edited by Casebook: Jack the Ripper Founder and Administrator Stephen P Ryder, is a collection of more than 200 Letters to the Editor published in the Victorian press, presented chronologically, extensively annotated and indexed both by author and subject. Anyone interested can [email Stephen](#) to be placed on the list for a signed copy. All proceeds from the sale of the book will directly benefit the Casebook Press Project. 'Letters to the editor in the London press during the murder series of 1888 probably will not help us catch the elusive murderer who has fascinated us for so many decades - but they do provide a fascinating sidelight on the society of the day. As with a number of other specialty books on the Whitechapel murders that have been appearing in recent years... Public Reactions gives us a better rounded view of the effect of the crimes on people in London and beyond and provides interesting glimpses into human psychology.' *Ripperologist*.

REVELATIONS OF THE TRUE RIPPER (Paperback, 293 pages, Lulu.com, ISBN: 1411697413), by Vanessa A Hayes, presents a suspect who, according to Ivory Moon literary agents is 'a fully plausible suspect, non-related to the Author or Royalty'. The author adds: 'Although Jack the Ripper has been remembered for over a century I think we should spare a thought for his victims. These women were living day to day trying to escape starvation and death. They did not have a choice how they lived. "Jack" gave them no choice in death. *Revelations of the True Ripper* introduces you to my "Jack the Ripper". I did not choose him, I found him in the detail, hidden behind the history of the times.' 'Overall, Vanessa Hayes's book carries you along, her enthusiasm is infectious and her writing style, a little gushing at times, is personal and has a charm that overcomes the book's deficiencies.' *Ripperologist*.

RIPPED FROM THE HEADLINES: BEING THE STORY OF JACK THE RIPPER AS REPORTED IN THE LONDON AND NEW YORK TIMES (Paperback, 139 pages, cover illustration by Gavin L O'Keefe, Ramble House, \$12) is a collection of news items published in The Times and the New York Times in chronological order (1885-1895). 'Although marred by a rather garish and unpleasant cover and the absence of an index, and whilst it would have benefited from an introduction and notes by someone who knows the subject, overall this is a nicely produced little volume.' *Ripperologist*.



RIPPEROLOGY: A STUDY OF THE WORLD'S FIRST SERIAL KILLER AND A LITERARY PHENOMENON (Hardcover, 288 pages, Kent State University Press, US\$24.95/£20.50, ISBN: 0-87338-861-5/978-0-87338-861-0), by veteran Ripper author Robin Odell, with an introduction by Donald Rumbelow. 'Odell covers most of the recent theories at some length, lingers a little over the Macnaghten suspects, and provides what will be seen as sober assessment from an old hand who has been kicking around this field long enough to easily see the gems. And the joy of the book is that it is easy reading, as ideal for the newcomer to Ripper studies who wants the history of the subject in broad brush strokes, as it is for the old hand who'll find Odell's style and approach a joy.' *Ripperologist*.

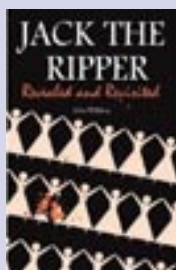
JACK THE RIPPER: A CONFESSION (Paperback, 257 pages, ripperArt, ISBN: 0954660331, £9.99) by Geoff Cooper and Gordon Punter, is (according to the publishers) 'the chilling account on why the murders occurred and why they ceased so abruptly. It also reveals the identity of the man, known as Jack the Ripper, who, towards the end of the nineteenth century, held the entire district of Whitechapel, London, England, in a grip of unparalleled terror.'



EPIPHANY OF THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS (Hardcover, ISBN:1425934153, Paperback, ISBN: 1425934161) by Karen Trenouth, is a self-published book which purportedly 'details the reasons behind the Whitechapel Murders of 1888, how the murders occurred, who was responsible, and how this series of murders was linked to another infamous scandal that rocked all of England a year later. The identity of "Jack the Ripper" will be revealed as this previously untold story unfolds.' The blurb adds: 'What is the true story of the Whitechapel Murders? You have seen the films; you have read the various books on the subject. Now, 118 years later, is the time for the truth.' According to the book's preface, the truth seems to be somehow related to Alfred Pearson, a 27 year old moulder from Brierley Hill, Kingswinford, who on the evening of 8 October 1888 jumped at a young couple brandishing a trowel and yelling 'Jack the Ripper!!! Jack the Ripper!!!' at the top of his lungs.

ASSASSINS IN THE PARK: MURDER, BETRAYAL AND RETRIBUTION (Paperback, 192 pages, Mercier Press, ISBN: 185635511X), by Senan Molony, deals with the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Thomas Burke in Phoenix Park in May 1882 by men wielding surgical knives, the police investigation and the attempts to infiltrate the Fenians.

COMING SOON



JACK THE RIPPER: REVEALED AND REVISITED (Hardcover, 224 pages, Express Newspapers Plc, ISBN: 0850793238, £14.99) by John Wilding, is an extensively revised and updated version of the author's 1993 *Jack the Ripper: Revealed*. Due to be published on 4 September.

JACK THE RIPPER: SCOTLAND YARD INVESTIGATES (Hardback, 320 pp., Sutton Publishing. ISBN: 0750942282. £20), by Stewart Evans and Donald Rumbelow. Need we say more? Unquestionably one to buy and treasure. Due October.



THE CRIMES OF JACK THE RIPPER: AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE WORLD'S MOST INTRIGUING UNSOLVED CASE (Hardcover, 208 pages, Arcturus fowlsham, ISBN: 0572032854, £9.99) by Paul Roland. According to the publishers, 'This impartial investigation focuses on the forensic evidence. For the first time, Paul has had access to official police reports. Myth, misconception and speculation are stripped away here. Uniquely, he judges the investigation by our contemporary standards. How would the profilers describe the Ripper today? Which of the usual suspects would they have prosecuted? For the first time in the history of books written about Jack the Ripper, the author is able to make a proper assessment of the forensic evidence that was available at that time. Paul Roland builds up a profile of the most infamous serial killer. By looking at the injuries and mutilations to the various victims, he is able

to build up a profile of the killer and make deductions about the weapon and his state of mind at the time. All the evidence is carefully weighed and the case is brought before the reader to act as judge and jury - is the Ripper really an evil psychopath or is he the first modern monster of our times?' Indeed. We'll see what we see when we see it.

In Future Issues...

Future issues of *Ripperologist* will feature... Antonio Sironi and Jane Coram's *Mary Jane Kelly*, Andy Aliffe's *Sadie Orchard*, William Michael's Ripper victims' photographs, John Ruffels on *The East End Murderer - I Knew Him*, Colin Roberts's geo-political divisions of Jack the Ripper's territory: Civil and Ecclesiastical Parishes, Parliamentary Boroughs and Metropolitan Police Force Divisions, Karyo Magellan on the Victorian Medico-legal Autopsy, Claudia Aliffe on the Wicked Women of Britain, Jeffrey Bloomfield on the Charles Bravo murder case, Zoraida Dunne on William Palmer, Christopher T George on Neil Cream, Eduardo Zinna on Buck Ruxton, Howard Brown on Privies and Outhouses in Victorian Times, Nicholas Smith on St Patrick and the Crown Jewels, Leslie A Klinger on Jack the Ripper and Sherlock Holmes, John Crawford on Algernon Haskett-Smith, Robert McLaughlin on *Vacher l'Eventreur*, Stepan Poberowski on Russian perceptions of Jack the Ripper, *The Last Word* by Christopher-Michael DiGrazia, *Crimebeat* by Wilf Gregg, *Cyberjack* by Monty, *Press Trawl* by Chris Scott, *East End Life* by Adam Wood, Ripper Fiction, In Brief, I Beg to Report, Dear Rip, Ripping Yarns and more, much more... can you afford to miss out on any of it?

CHRISTOPHER-MICHAEL DiGRAZIA has...

The Last Word

I heard a voice from the grave today.

No, I haven't been tinkering with a Ouija board or indulging in some cabalistic ritual. I've just been listening to a record - you know, those round vinyl things we used to listen to before compact discs were invented? Specifically, I was listening to a "Lux Radio Theatre" broadcast from 1936, an hour-long radio adaptation of the movie *The Thin Man*, with William Powell and Myrna Loy repeating their roles as Nick and Nora Charles, debonair socialites and amateur sleuths.

But that wasn't what interested me. After the *Thin Man*, the MC hosted a short interview with my current inamorata, the silent screen actress Theda Bara. It wasn't much of an interview - just a puff piece where the host and guest traded compliments and Bara spoke hopefully (but, as it turned out, vainly) of new script offers. Then, to a burst of choreographed applause, away she went out of the studio and back into legend.

And what did she sound like? Disappointingly, she didn't sound like...well, like anything. No throaty catch, no lascivious purr, no elocutionary tricks. Her voice was ordinary, with that slight "Yanklish" upper-crust tone so favored by movie stars of Hollywood's golden age. She sounded like a solid, middle-class matron. A woman of dignity, certainly. But a movie star? Not in the least. She didn't sound at all as I expected her to.

And that's the subject of this month's column.

It's fascinating to listen to early sound recordings and actually put a voice to historical figures. The Michigan State University Libraries, for example, have an online archive of US Presidential speeches, beginning with Benjamin Harrison in 1894 and going all the way to George W Bush. You can marvel at the cadences of William McKinley, whose orotund delivery makes him sound like a ham actor, or shake your head at the nasal New England twang of Calvin Coolidge, whose northern Vermont accent is, I promise you, like nothing you've ever heard in your life.

Then, of course, there are historical recordings put out by a galaxy of record labels. Pearl Records, for example, lets you hear Gustav Holst himself leading an orchestra through *The Planets* or Sir Edward Elgar conducting the *Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1*. Nimbus puts you in the stalls at La Scala to hear Enrico Caruso in *Pagliacci* or Amelita Galli-Curci in *Rigoletto*. And, most wonderfully, the August 2004 issue of *BBC History Magazine* ran a short article on a project carried out jointly by Southampton University's School of Engineering and the University of California, who are attempting to resurrect early sound recordings from the 1870s and 1880s. Using reflected white light and laser beams, the team is able to 'scan' wax recordings and tinfoil cylinders that have lain mute for years because playing them would have damaged or destroyed the recordings. Scanners can provide much greater sound definition than has been possible in the past with metal styluses, which means that hundreds of hours of currently enigmatic sound could suddenly transform into important historical documents:

One significant recording - 90 per cent of which is currently incomprehensible - was made by Queen Victoria in 1888. At present nobody knows what is on the recording except for a few words ...[t]he new technology may also allow us to hear recordings made in 1857 [sic] by a Frenchman, Leon Scott de Martinville. He invented the world's first sound recording device,



Myrna Loy and William Powell in *The Thin Man*

but never realised the recordings could potentially be played back.'

But as I said before, one of the intriguing things about historical recordings is that, very often, the voice of a person doesn't at all match the image one has of that person. And while that shouldn't change our perception of them, we do wonder what our ancestors made of their vocal pyrotechnics. Americans, for example, raised on years of hagiographic portrayals, expect Abraham Lincoln's voice to be a deep, sonorous rumble; in fact, contemporary accounts describe him as having a nasal Kentucky drawl, sounding more like Gabby Hayes than Orson Welles! And while it's common knowledge that Queen Victoria had a Germanic accent, one wonders, if the 'significant' 1888 recording is ever cleansed, what it will be like hearing her intone 've are not amuzdt' (I'm picturing Michael Palin as the good Queen in the *Monty Python* "Michael Ellis" episode)!

So what does this have to do with Jack the Ripper? No, I'm not suggesting that Victoria's 1888 recording (hum! And why is that particular year 'incomprehensible'? Cue the eerie music!) contains the solution to the Great Victorian Mystery™. I'm suggesting that my reaction to the voice of Theda Bara - a presumption confounded by reality - is very often reflected in the world of Ripperology. Let's try an experiment with a budding Ripperologist. We'll call her... oh, I don't know - Patricia Knight?

In Patricia's case, the Ripper is the world's most famous serial killer, nearly as much a part of London as Tower Bridge, who slew five women in the space of three months without being caught. He must have been extraordinarily lucky. Or extraordinarily intelligent... or, perhaps, she thinks, extraordinarily fortunate. How could he escape, time and time again, from certain discovery? And, she wonders, why did Sir Charles Warren sponge away the infamous Goulston Street writing? What did Kate Eddowes mean when she said "I think I know him"? Who was the woman claiming to be Mary Jane Kelly on the morning of November 9, when by all forensic right Mary Kelly should long since have ascended to her eternal reward?

You see where Patricia's going. She's going to end up as a particularly dotty participant at the next Ripper Conference, the sort of nutter who posits an ever-more-rickety card house of theory and supposition in order to explain away the confounding 'mysteries' of the Whitechapel Murders and who, if ever confronted with contrary evidence, will crumble in defeat or rage in frustration. But had she begun without presumption and examined the context of the 'mysteries' - the Ripper generally killed in dark locations, Warren was trying to prevent an anti-Semitic riot, nobody can prove Eddowes ever said such a thing and Kelly... well, perhaps the jury's still out on that one... well, then, her take on the case would be entirely different. Grounded with an understanding of 1888 police methods, social custom and cultural mores, Patricia can come away not convinced that somebody is covering up the truth about Jack the Ripper, but marveling that the police were never able to catch a killer who, by all rights, should have been caught long before he drew a blade across the throat of poor Mary Kelly.

I should have expected Theda Bara to sound like the "nice Jewish girl from Cincinnati" that she only ever claimed to be, not like an exotic, perfumed, silky-breathed seductress. Patricia - or you, or me, for that matter - should expect Jack the Ripper to be a squalid, perverse, tatty little nonentity, not a master criminal mind.

Not Sickert. Christie.

Theda Bara



"Good-bye for now. Do Call Again."
Boris Karloff in *Thriller*.

