

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

Ripperologist

No. 82 August 2007

Pardon Me?

DON SOUDEN asks if there was a spot of spin control
at the Home Office

STEWART EVANS reflects on the recent Tumblety finds
ANDY ALIFFE on the first rock band

RIPPEROLOGIST MAGAZINE

Issue 82, August 2007

QUOTE FOR AUGUST:

'No doubt Jack the Ripper excused himself on the grounds that it was human nature.'

A. A. Milne (author of Winnie the Pooh).

Features

Editorial:

Christopher T. George on The Ripper and Gang Violence

Pardon Me: Spin Control at the Home Office?

Don Souden examines the 'certain circumstances' in the pardon offer

A Slouch-Hatted Yank

A Few Thoughts on the Newly Found Interview With Dr. Tumblety
by Stewart P. Evans

The Original Stones

Andy Aliffe gives us a look at Rock Bands as you've never seen them before.

The Hound of Heaven

Richard Patterson on Francis Thompson and Wilfrid Blunt

Regulars

Press Trawl

Chris Scott returns with more from the news from the 19th century

News and Views

I Beg to Report

From Edvard Munch to Mary Poppins, if it happened, you'll find it here

Books

On the Crimebeat

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

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RIPPEROLOGIST MAGAZINE

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The Ripper and Gang Violence

Editorial by Christopher T. George

In my home city of Liverpool, an 11-year-old boy named Rhys Jones received a mortal gunshot wound while returning from football practice outside the Fir Tree pub in Croxteth around 7:30pm on Wednesday, 22 August. The boy's death was the lead item on the BBC national news that evening (news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/england/6959562.stm). The killer took deliberate, two-handed aim with a pistol at the boy from a BMX bicycle, firing three shots, hitting the boy in the neck. Taken to hospital, Rhys Jones subsequently died in his mother's arms. Unfortunately shootings have become regular occurrences in Liverpool and other British cities, a phenomenon that greatly saddens me. This is not the Britain I knew when I emigrated to the United States in 1968 - an era when gun violence was rare in Liverpool and the United Kingdom overall. While the police investigation is still underway, it appears that the murder of Rhys Jones may be related to gang activity that has been occurring in Liverpool over the last few years.

On 25 August, the *Guardian* ran an interview with a 17-year-old 'soldier' (www.guardian.co.uk/gun/Story/0,,2156010,00.html) in one of the Liverpool gangs. The article, by Audrey Gillan, is entitled 'The Nogzy, the Crocky and the bizzies - a teen "soldier" speaks.' With the slang terms used by the teenager, his speech hardly seems to be English, although widespread use of slang is of course an earmark of gang culture. The Liverpool council estates of Norris Green and Croxteth, it seems, have bred rival gangs known, respectively, as the 'Nogzy' and 'Crocky' - two organisations who attack opposition gang members using guns or other weapons. The unnamed 'soldier' was interviewed by Ms Gillan after a trial in which three members of the Crocky gang were convicted of the murder of Liam 'Smigger' Smith, a Nogzy leader who was shot in the face with a shotgun at close range a year ago. While expressing regret at the murder of 11-year-old Rhys Jones, and remarking that the boy 'had nothing to do with this,' the Nogzy gang member took obvious pride in his gang's use of guns and their ongoing rivalry with both the police (the 'bizzies' as the boy termed them) and the Crocky gang.

While utterly modern in many respects, such gangs are nonetheless reminiscent of the 'High Rip' gangs of Liverpool and London in the nineteenth century and the reputed 'Old Nichol' gang from the Old Nichol district of the East End. Such a criminal organisation might have had some as yet undetermined relationship to the Jack the Ripper case. In some fictional and nonfictional treatments of the Whitechapel murders, gang involvement figures in the crimes. In the film *From Hell*, based on the graphic novel of the same name by Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell, the 'Nichol gang' is shown extorting money from prostitutes. At least one of the Whitechapel murders, the brutal April 1888 slaying of Emma Smith, may have been gang related. She died after she was assaulted in Wentworth Street and had a blunt object thrust into her vagina. It has also been suggested that the name 'Jack the Ripper' might have come from the 'High Rips.'

The High Rip gang of Liverpool gained notoriety for their savage violence in the 1880s. Dr Michael Macilwee, a librarian with Liverpool John Moores University has chronicled their activities in his book, *The Gangs of Liverpool* (Milo Books, 2006). The High Rip gang is known to have stabbed a sailor to death in 1884 and they specialised in robbing and intimidating



Police outside The Fir Tree public house where 11 year old Rhys Jones was shot

dockers. This gang, made up of teenagers and young men based around the Scotland Road area of north Liverpool, had their own codes and hand signals and an oath. Such was the public's obsession with the gang that at one point in Liverpool, every violent crime seemed to be attributed to them. Headlines in the *Liverpool Daily Post* screamed out about 'High Rip Terrorism' and 'The High Rip Outrage at Aintree' - the latter being the awesome sight of some 150-200 'High Rippers' who marched to Walton Prison in the hopes of kicking a 'grasser' to death.

Less clear is whether London had its own High Rip gangs in the 1880s, although it is known there was a later Hoxton High Rip gang. Also not clear is whether the Old Nichol Gang was operating in 1888. There is passing mention of such a gang in Arthur Harding's memoirs but the first mention of any involvement of an Old Nichol Gang in the Whitechapel murders seems to be in Donald McCormick's *The Identity of Jack the Ripper* (Jarrolds, 1959).

Certainly, though, the newspapers of the day spoke about the 'High Rips' as if they did exist in the city. Early in the Autumn of Terror, particularly, the press men wondered if such gangs could have done the Ripper crimes. For example, on the day following the murder of Polly Nichols on the night of 31 August 1888, the London *Echo* wrote:

'One of the chief theories of the police with respect to the matter is that the sort of "High Rip" gang exists in the neighbourhood which, blackmailing women of the same class as the deceased, takes vengeance on those who do not find money for them. They base their surmise on the fact that within twelve months two other women have been murdered in the district by almost similar means, and left in the gutter of the street in the early hours of the morning . . . Though a "High Rip" gang is suspected of the deed [the murder of Polly Nichols], most of the detectives who are investigating the case believe that it was the work of a maniac.'

(www.casebook.org/press_reports/echo/18880901.html)

The *Lloyd's Weekly News* of 9 September reported a curious attack on a woman in Whitechapel on the prior Saturday night:

'The victim was leaving the Foresters' music-hall, Cambridge-heath-road, where she had been spending the evening with a sea captain, when she was accosted by a well-dressed man, who requested her to walk a short distance with him, as he wanted to meet a friend. They had reached a point near to the scene of the murder of the woman Nicholls, when the man violently seized her by the throat and dragged her down a court. He was immediately joined by a gang of women and bullies, who stripped the unfortunate woman of necklace, earrings, and brooch. Her purse was also taken, and she was brutally assaulted. Upon her attempting to shout for aid one of the gang laid a large knife across her throat, remarking, "We will serve you as we did the others." She was, however, eventually released. The police have been informed, and are prosecuting inquiries into the matter, it being regarded as a probable clue to the previous tragedies.' (www.casebook.org/press_reports/lloyds_weekly_news/18880909.html)

We might wonder whether there really was gang involvement in the Whitechapel crimes that have come to be attributed to 'Jack the Ripper.' If there was a fraternity of men who did the crimes, why didn't the police get wind of them? One of the best strategies in tracking criminals that was available to the Metropolitan Police of the late Victorian period would be to penetrate the criminal underworld and hope that fellow criminals would give up the killer or killers. It appears that no such information ever came their way. This suggests that the murderer actually was, as many students of the case assume, a lone killer and not part of a gang: the classic serial killer that we know in modern times. The fact that the Nichols, Chapman, and Eddowes murders are known to have been committed in eery silence might also mitigate against the idea that a group of individuals was responsible and suggest that instead that it was a single, stealthy killer who committed the canonical murders.

(My thanks to Paul Begg for his input on this editorial.)



Pardon Me:

Spin Control at the Home Office?

By DON SOUDEN

One of the fallacies to guard against when doing any sort of historical theorizing is that of applying modern concepts to centuries-old problems. What seems clever and even natural to us today may not only be misplaced when applied retroactively but actually quite counter-factual in practice. This fallacy also applies to any speculation about Jack the Ripper and is one reason that profiling, when applied to the events of the fall of 1888 in Whitechapel, may be little more than a dodgy parlor trick. That said, however, there is one group of people whose basic instincts and behavior has changed little over the course of human history—and no, I am not talking about serial killers but rather about politicians.

Oh, the issues may change with the times, though among the British variety of politician the old cry “We have to teach those *demmed* [insert here a word like *colonials*, or *foreigners* or *lower classes* or *upper classes*] a good lesson!” resonated well for centuries and the notion of spending other people’s money in big bundles to buy popularity is a perennial favorite everywhere—even in places like Zimbabwe where the money is literally not worth the effort to print it. In the same way, the perquisites of power may vary over time, with \$400 blow-dry hairstyles and a helicopter at one’s beck and call topping the charts today, just as powdered perukes and personal sedan chairs were once the favored preserve of politicians.

Nonetheless, if there is one guiding principle to which all politicians have subscribed from the time of the first proto-folk moot to that of multi-national parliaments it is the simple notion of CYA (cover your butt in less graphic language). Crises and even scandals may come and go, but so long as a politician can protect his power base and cling to office by whatever combination of smoke and mirrors...well that is all that really counts. And it is that universality over time and from place to place of politicians that leads me to consider the belated issuance of a pardon for any of Jack the Ripper’s accomplices as nothing more than an LVP exercise in “spin control.”

Of course, the government of the moment and the Home Office officials would not have understood the term (thinking, perhaps, it referred to an uprising of “whirling dervishes”), but if the phrase might have seemed strange the purpose would have been quite clear. The public, the press and even the monarch were growing ever more disenchanted with the inability to catch Jack the Ripper and the governing party—rightly or not—was getting increasing criticism for the string of murders in the East End of London. Clearly, something had to be done and, as ever, the prime imperative was CYA!

But, before taking a long look at the end result of the government’s exercise in spin control it would be wise to take a look at the whole issue of Crown rewards and pardons as unfolded in the late 1880s. In fact, government rewards of anywhere from £200 to £2,000 (even going as high as £15,000 for the infamous Phoenix Park assassinations in Dublin) were accepted policy for several centuries. But that all changed in 1884 when some innovative criminals arranged for an explosion at the German Embassy and then framed an innocent man as the culprit in order to collect the posted reward. This, naturally, suggested the possibility of future such conspiracies so the then Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, ended the practice and even though he was from the other side of political divide his action provided the governing Conservatives with a precedent to cite in denying appeals for a reward in the Ripper case.¹

As it was, Metropolitan Police Commissioner Sir Charles Warren and many of his subordinates didn’t think that a reward was likely to be efficacious anyway, so that aspect of Home Secretary Henry Matthews’s hewing to a policy of no rewards was no cause for concern. However, overshadowing any question of a mere police investigation of a murder was that of politics—the elephant in the room that was never remarked upon but which forever loomed silently in all policy considerations in the LVP. The Conservative government of Prime Minister Lord Salisbury had been elected with a safe majority in 1886 (and would remain in office though 1892 and again from 1895 to 1902) was under increasing



political pressure throughout the period, especially from the radical press that had become very important with the advent of cheap newspapers.

Aside from the ever-festering Irish question at the time, among the favorite targets of the radical press was Warren who was considered the bloody architect of the 1887 Trafalgar Square riots that saw the Metropolitan police use the bodies of the protestors like so many bongo drums. From Warren, the opprobrium flowed upwards to his superior, the Home Secretary and from there the criticism moved on and embraced the entire Salisbury government. And, politics again entering the equation; however much Salisbury might have liked to ease Matthews out of office the fact that he was the lone Roman Catholic in the cabinet made him something of a protected “minority token” at the time.

The Bloody Sunday riots in Trafalgar Square 1887



Moreover, this dangerous brew in a political cauldron stirred by the anti-government elements in the press truly threatened to boil over when prostitutes began to be eviscerated on the streets of Whitechapel. As far as the press and public were concerned, after the so-called “Double Event” six women had been cruelly murdered that year in the East End (despite any evidence to the contrary they included Emma Smith and Martha Tabram in the total) and so far the Metropolitan Police, responsible for investigating five of those killings, had proven remarkably inept. Indeed, Warren’s (and ultimately the government’s) minions were fair game for newspapers like the *Star*, which would editorialise:

The police, of course, are helpless. We expect nothing of them. The metropolitan force is rotten to the core, and it is a mildly farcical comment on the hopeless unfitness of Sir CHARLES WARREN that when red-handed crime is stalking the streets he has assigned his men the fresh duty of sharing with providence the looking after drunken men. But there is one scandal about this business so gross as to cry to Heaven. Mr. MATTHEWS - “helpless, heedless, useless” Mr. MATTHEWS as the Telegraph calls him to-day - is philandering with pot-house Tories at Birmingham while GOD’S poor are being slaughtered wholesale in London. Where is this man, and what is he doing? He must be sternly interpellated in Parliament. As to the men under him and Sir CHARLES WARREN’S directions, they could have done one thing which might even now have caught the

murderer. They might yesterday morning have drawn a cordon round the Hanbury-street district - which is plainly the Thug's headquarters - searched every nook and cranny, and examined every suspicious character. Meanwhile, we suggest (1) more Vigilance Committees, (2) the shadowing of East-end unfortunates, (3) further rewards. Further, there must be an agitation against Sir CHARLES WARREN, who is now beginning his old bad work of breaking up, or allowing paid Tory roughs to break up, the meetings of the unemployed in Hyde-park, and detaching more men from regular police and detective duty to political work. Above all, let us impress the moral of this awful business on the consciences and the fears of the West-end. The cry of the East-end is for light - the electric light to flash into the dark corners of its streets and alleys, the magic light of sympathy and hope to flash into the dark corners of wrecked and marred lives. Unless these and other things come, Whitechapel will smash the Empire, and the best thing that can happen to us is for some purified Republic of the West to step in and look after the fragments.²

The language is more than a little lurid and the suggestions to remedy things questionable in several instances. Just what made the *Star* decide Jack called Hanbury Street his home base is a bit puzzling at this remove in time, but what the editorial may have lacked in actionable evidence it more than made up for in nearly actionable invective—"philandering with pot-house Tories" surely struck below the belt with power. But this is the sort of derision the police, Warren, the Home Office and—by extension—the entire Conservative government was facing daily.

Nor was it just such radical groups like the editorial board of the *Star* that was pecking, so to speak, at Warren's liver. The series of horrendous murders in the East End had seemingly shaken the fabric of British society. As Thomas Babington Macaulay once famously opined "We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality." That once more seemed the case and everyone was getting into the act of telling Warren and the government how to do its job. Even so mainstream an organization as the Board of Works had seen fit to excoriate Warren and the police and he was obliged to respond. That reply is appended below; not because it is so important but because it is a grand example of the political class trying to smooth over criticism by saying nothing in as many palliative words as possible. Indeed, a close reading could serve as a non-narcotic (and surely non-addictive) sleeping aid.

4, Whitehall-place, S.W., Oct. 3.

Sir, - In reply to a letter of the 2nd inst. from the Clerk of the Board of Works for the Whitechapel District transmitting a resolution of the Board with regard to the recent atrocious murders perpetrated in and about Whitechapel, I have to point out that the carrying out of your proposals as to regulating and strengthening the police force in your district cannot possibly do more than guard or take precautions against any repetition of such atrocities so long as the victims actually, but unwittingly, connive at their own destruction.

Statistics show that London, in comparison to its population, is the safest city in the world to live in. The prevention of murder directly cannot be effected by any strength of the police force; but it is reduced and brought to a minimum by rendering it most difficult to escape detection. In the particular class of murder now confronting us, however, the unfortunate victims appear to take the murderer to some retired spot and to place themselves in such a position that they can be slaughtered without a sound being heard; the murder, therefore, takes place without any clue to the criminal being left.

I have to request and call upon your Board, as popular representatives, to do all in your power to dissuade the unfortunate women about Whitechapel from going into lonely places in the dark with any persons—whether acquaintances or strangers.

I have also to point out that the purlieus about Whitechapel are most imperfectly lighted, and that darkness is an important assistant to crime.

I can assure you, for the information of your Board, that every nerve has been strained to detect the criminal or criminals, and to render more difficult further atrocities. You will agree with me that it not desirable that I should enter into particulars as to what the police are doing in the matter. It is most important for good results that our proceedings should not be published, and the very fact you may be unaware of what the Detective Department is doing is only the stronger proof that it is doing its work with secrecy and efficiency.

A large force of police has been drafted into the Whitechapel district to assist those already there to the full extent necessary to meet the requirements; but I have to observe that the Metropolitan police have not large reserves doing nothing and ready to meet emergencies, but every man has his duty assigned to him; and I can only strengthen the Whitechapel district by drawing men from duty in other parts of the metropolis.

You will be aware that the whole of the police work of the metropolis has to be done as usual while this extra work is going on, and that at such a time as this extra precautions have to be taken to prevent the commission of other classes of crime being facilitated through the attention of the police being diverted to one special place or object.

I trust your Board will assist the police by persuading the inhabitants to give them every information in their power

concerning any suspicious characters in the various dwellings, for which object 10,000 handbills, a copy of which I enclose, have been distributed.

I have read the reported proceedings of your meeting, and I regret to see that the greatest misconceptions appear to have arisen in the public mind as to the recent action in the administration of the police. I beg you will dismiss from your minds, as utterly fallacious, the numerous anonymous statements as to the recent changes stated to have been made in the police force, of a character not conducive to efficiency.

It is stated that the Rev. Daniel Greetorex announced to you that one great cause of police inefficiency was a new system of police whereby constables were constantly changed from one district to another, keeping the ignorant of their beats.

I have seen this statement made frequently in the newspapers lately, but it entirely without foundation. The system at present in use has existed for the last 20 years, and constables are seldom or never drafted from their districts except for promotion or from some particular cause.

Notwithstanding the many good reasons why constables should be changed on their beats, I have considered the reasons on the other side to be more cogent, and have felt that they should be thoroughly acquainted with the districts in which they serve.

And with regard to the Detective Department - a department relative to which reticence is always most desirable - I may say that a short time ago I made arrangements which still further reduced the necessity for transferring officers from districts which they knew thoroughly.

I have to call attention to the statement of one of your members that in consequence of the change in the condition of Whitechapel in recent years a thorough revision of the police arrangements is necessary, and I shall be very glad to ascertain from you what changes your Board consider advisable; and I may assure you that your proposals will receive from me every consideration.



Sir Charles Warren

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"CHARLES WARREN."³

Amidst all the criticism of the government what was rapidly becoming the real "hot button" issue was that of rewards and it became even hotter when the City of London, not bound by any Home Office strictures, announced on October 4, 1888, that it was offering a £500 reward in regard to the murder of Catharine Eddowes, which happened (albeit just) within its boundaries. As might be expected, the *Star* saw this as a very sanguinary move and also took the occasion to once more heap scorn on Warren and Matthews.

LOOK at this question of the offer of a reward. At this moment the City proper is placarded with notices of a £500 reward, offered by the municipal authorities. Outside that magic area, the authorities believe that such an offer is useless, or worse than useless, and are so strong in that belief that they reject all proffers of private aid in the matter. Whether the City is right or the Home Office is right, what more convincing demonstration could be offered of the necessity of placing the whole police of the metropolis under the control of a genuine municipal authority?

IN our opinion the City is right. The very fact that the City police believe in the possible efficacy of a reward shows that there is room for doubt on the subject, and where there is room for doubt the benefit ought to be given in the direction of long-established and well-tried practice. It is the duty of Mr. Matthews and his subordinates, as we said the other day, to show that they have left no stone unturned, no resource unexhausted. But there is a special reason for offering a reward in this present case. London is in daily danger of a repetition of the recent butchery. Ordinarily, a reward is merely designed to bring the perpetrator of a past crime to justice; but here it may have the effect of preventing a repetition of the crime. The prospect of a reward is enough in a district like the East-end to convert every other resident into an amateur detective. The criminal must know that it increases his risk a hundredfold, and who knows how many a life may be saved by that knowledge alone? Have our red-tape bound officials in Whitehall looked at this special feature of the present case?⁴

Less red-meat for its ravenous readers in terms of invective, perhaps, but the *Star* would seem to echo the sentiments of many at the moment.

Of course, not everyone and every publication fell into line and supported the notion of rewards. For example, the *Law Journal* (described by a contemporary as “extremely cautious”) had this to say in an editorial.

*The Whitechapel murderer, if such there be, has by invading the City boundary given rise to a curious illustration of the anomalies of local government which are now in process of being reformed. By slightly widening the circle of his crimes he has had brought to bear upon him a resource of barbarism of late years relegated to the past. The Home Secretary, in spite of clamor, has been steadfast in maintaining the practice inherited from his predecessors of refusing to try to catch criminals by offering large rewards. This is a policy which has now been adopted for the whole country, and it is obvious that if once broken in upon the whole mischief of information being held back by those who are waiting for the offer of a reward is revived. Unfortunately, the understanding which has prevailed has only the sanction of the comity of the police authorities throughout the country, and has no legal force. The City authorities, having the control of their own police, can revert to exploded expedients by dealing with crime from the commercial point of view with some show of right, but in point of law every private person may offer a reward for information leading to the detection of crime, and would be held to his promise in a court of law. An Act of Parliament is necessary to save the administration of the law from the periodical reversion to quack remedies to which it is exposed.*⁵

Nonetheless, the opinion of the *Law Journal* was definitely in the minority as far as most of the popular press and, it would seem, a good portion of the populace. So much so that organizations and individuals came forward offering to augment any rewards offered by the government.

In fact, as far back as early September—just two days after Annie Chapman’s murder—the MP for Whitechapel, Samuel Montagu, wrote to the police that he would personally underwrite a reward:

Dear Sir,

Feeling keenly the slur cast upon my constabulary by the recent murders & the non discovery [sic] of the criminal or criminals I hereby authorise you to print & distribute at my expense posters offering £100 reward for the discovery & conviction of the murderer or murderers, which reward I will pay.

Samuel Montagu

Member for Whitechapel

Sept. 10th 1888⁶

This letter led to Charles Edward Troup, a clerk in the Home Office, to research and write what would be the basis of Home Office policy in regard to rewards throughout the Ripper’s reign:

The H.O. rule is against offering rewards and, even if exceptions to the rule are to be allowed, I think this case is the last in which it should be done

It is generally agreed that the Whitechapel murderer has no accomplices who could betray him.

Any person, other than an accomplice, who possesses information, would be certain, in the present state of public feeling, to give it without prospect of reward.

On the other hand, the offer of a reward would be almost certain to produce false information.

Even if the case were a proper one for a reward, the M.P. for the district is not the proper person to offer it. Of course SoS cannot forbid Mr. Montagu to publish the offer, but he can forbid Police to give their authority to it.

Say that, had the case been considered [a] proper one for the offer of a reward. SoS [would] at once have offered one on behalf of the Govt., but the practice of offering rewards was discontinued some years ago because experience showed that in their general effect such offers...produce more harm than good, and the SoS...thinks the present case one in which there is special risk that the offer of a reward might hinder rather than promote the ends of justice.

*Add that the offer of a reward while any person is under arrest on suspicion, is open to special objections and has...not at any time be [sic] allowed.*⁷

Troup’s draft was forwarded to Edward Leigh Pemberton, Home Office Legal Assistant to the Under-Secretary, who then drafted a letter to Montagu that said, in effect, “thanks, but no thanks.”

And it was then that an essentially simple matter became yet another major political thorn in Warren’s side. The message from the Home Office to Montagu was evidently delayed and moreover the Member for Whitechapel was aggrieved that his letter about a reward, first sent to the police, was not handled immediately by the force. After disputing the wisdom of the Home Office decision, Montagu went on to complain:

On Monday the 10th inst. about mid-day I made my offer to Inspector West. He stated he would submit it to you. On Tuesday he called here & said that te proposal had been submitted to the Home Office & he thought it would be favourably received. I regret that you did not obtain the decision of the Home Secy. at once by telegram, because on Tuesday my proposal must have transpired & was published in the daily papers on Wednesday last. Under these circumstances it is too late to withdraw my offer & in case information is received, leading to conviction of the murderer or murderers, I must pay the £100 to the person entitled to receive.⁸

Forget about a woman scorned, Hell truly hath no fury like a politician embarrassed (politically and financially). Nor did Warren help by churlishly replying to Montagu that if he had wanted a telegraphic reply he should have said so.

Warren, a very maligned fellow in many ways, did have an absolute knack for creating public relations disasters. At about the same as he was irritating an M.P., J.S. Sanders, the assistant to the private secretary to the Home Secretary, reported that Warren:

[R]emarked to me very strongly upon the great hindrance, which is caused to the efforts of the Police, by the activity of agents of Press Associations & Newspapers. These “touts” follow the detectives wherever they go in search of clues, and then having interviewed persons with whom the police have had conversations and from whom inquiries have made, compile the paragraphs which fill the papers. This practice impedes the usefulness of the detective investigations and moreover keeps alive the excitement in the district and elsewhere.⁹



George Lusk

There may well have been a kernel of truth in Warren's complaints about the press, but in the course of just two days he had managed to alienate further members of Parliament and members of the Fourth Estate, actions that would only exacerbate the problems the government was facing in connection with the Whitechapel murders.

And meanwhile, the clamor for a government reward as well as offers of private rewards kept coming. In September, George Lusk and his Vigilance Committee had considerable—and increasingly acrimonious—correspondence with Warren and the Home Office over the matter of rewards. Ever one with an eye for publicity, Lusk eventually went quite public with the following letter to the *Daily Telegraph*:

SIR - As members of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, who communicated without result with the Home Secretary with the view of obtaining, on behalf of the public at large, the offer of a Government reward for the apprehension and conviction of the assassin or assassins in the recent East-end atrocities, we shall be glad if you will allow us to state that the Committee do not for one moment doubt the sincerity of the Home Secretary in refusing the said offer, as he apparently believes that it would not meet with a successful result. If you would, however, consider that in the case of the Phoenix Park murders the man Carey, who was surrounded by, we may say, a whole society steeped in crime, the money tempted him to betray his associates, in our opinion if Mr. Matthews could see his way clear to coincide with our views the Government offer would be successful. The reward should be ample for securing the informer from revenge, which would be a very great inducement in the matter; in addition to which such offer would convince the poor and humble residents of our East-end that the Government authorities are as much anxious to avenge the blood of these unfortunate victims as they were the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke. - Apologising for trespassing on your valuable space, we beg to subscribe ourselves, faithfully yours,

GEORGE LUSK
JOSEPH AARONS.¹⁰

Nor did Lusk and his Vigilance Committee cavil at raising the ante yet more. This it did by involving Queen Victoria, directly sending her a letter of petition:

To Her Most Gracious Majesty

The Queen

The Humble Petition of George Lusk

Of Nos. 1, 2 & 3 Alderney Road in the Parish of Mile End Old T[own] in the County of Middlesex, Builder and Contractor, a mem[ber] of the Metropolitan Board of Works, a Vestryman of the above named Parish and the Presidenht and Chairman of the Vigilance Committee formed for the purpose hereunder mentioned....

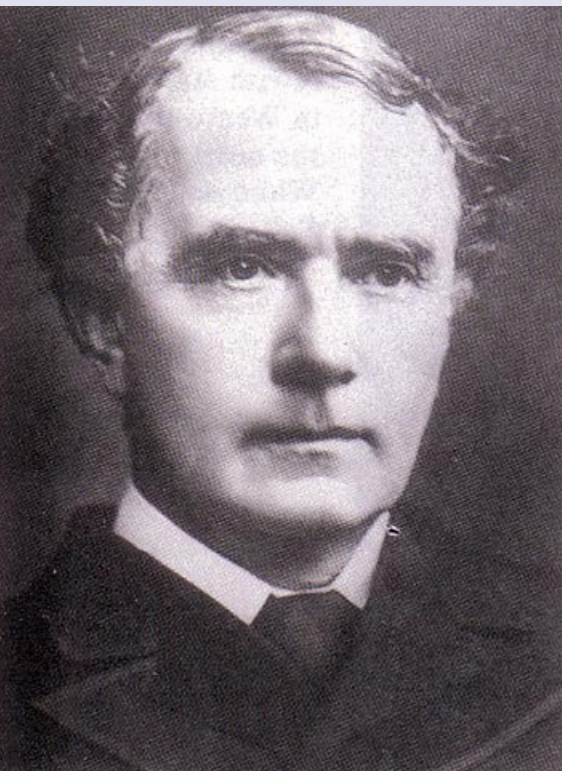
Sheweth

- 1. That Your Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department has for some years past discontinued the old practice of offering a Government reward for the apprehension and conviction of those offenders against Your Sovereign Majesty Your Crown and Dignity who have escaped detection for the crime of Murder.*
- 2. That in the course of the present year (A.D. 1888.) no less than four murders of Your Majesty's subjects have taken place within a radius of half a mile from one point in said district.*
- 3. That notwithstanding the constitution of the Scotland Yard Detective Office and the efforts of the trained Detectives of such office, the perpetrator or perpetrators of these outrages against Your Majesty will remain undiscovered.*
- 4. That acting under the direction of Your Majesty's liege subjects your petitioner...caused to be sent to Your Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department a suggestion that he should revert to the original system of a reward looking at the fact that the present series of murders was probably the work of one hand and that the third and fourth were certainly the work of that one hand and that inasmuch as the ordinary means of detection had failed and that the murderer would in all probability commits other murders of a like nature such offer of a reward at the earliest opportunity was absolutely necessary for securing Your Majesty's subjects from death at the hands of the above one undetected assassin.*
- 5. That in reply to such suggestions your Petitioner received from Your Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department a letter of the following is a copy...[There followed what had become the standard "Thanks, but no thanks" letter from Pemberton in regard to offers of rewards.]*
- 6. That the reply above quoted was submitted to the inhabitants of the East End of London in meeting assembled and provoked a considerable amount of hostile criticism and that such criticism was re-echoed throughout Your Majesty's Dominions not only by Your Majesty's subjects at large but, with one or two exceptions the entire press of Great Britain*
Your Petitioner therefore
Humbly prays Your
Majesty as follows:

*That Your Majesty will graciously accede to the prayer of Your Petitioner preferred originally through Your Majesty's Secretary of State and direct that a government reward sufficient in amount to meet the peculiar exigencies of the case may immediately be offered, Your Petitioner and these loyal subjects whom he represents being convinced that without such reward the murderer or murderers of the above four victims will not only remain undetected but will sooner or later commit other crimes of a like nature.*¹¹

Naturally, the Queen did not respond; rather, her staff immediately forwarded it to the Home Office. In any case, the fat was truly in the fire now and even the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, was involved if not active. After all, parliamentary democracy that Great Britain may have been at the time, when the reigning monarch says "Jump!" even (or rather especially) the prime minister can only reply "How high?" The result was a spate of internal Home Office correspondence on the question of rewards, with ever more obscure examples of the usefulness or lack of same of the practice being dredged up by such legal researchers such as the aforementioned C.E. Troup. And in the end the result was always the same, the policy precedent established by Harcourt should stand.

Throughout the month of October there was a volume of correspondence between Warren and Matthews on the reward/pardon issue. It should be borne in mind that the pair did not like each. Indeed, Matthews was rather unpopular with many within the government and was viewed as a rather weak vessel who certainly was not at his best defending the government in parliamentary debate. Still, his status as the lone Catholic in the government (and the first since Elizabeth I was on the throne) kept him protected. For his part, Warren always chaffed at being subordinate to



Sir Henry Matthews

anyone (throughout his military career he had always performed best in far corners of the empire that saw him removed from the normal chain of command and thus able to act on his own initiative) and was thus not the best of public servants on behalf of the government.

Lending his part to ongoing debate was once more George Lusk. Just how much he was motivated by the public weal and how much by a lust for publicity remains an open question, but having gotten no satisfaction in the matter of a reward, he began to call publicly and privately for the issuance of a pardon. These efforts prompted a letter from Warren to the Home Office on October 9.

Sir,

In reply to your immediate letter just received on the subject of Mr. Lusk's proposal as to a pardon to accomplices in the Whitechapel murders, I have to state, for the information of the Secretary of State, that during the last three or four days I have been coming to the conclusion that useful results would be produced by the offer of a pardon to accomplices. Among the variety of theories there is the possibility that the murderer is someone who during the day-time is sane, but who at certain periods is overbalanced in his mind; and I think it possible in that case that his relatives or neighbours may possibly be aware of his peculiarities and may have gradually unwittingly slid into the position of being accomplices, and may be helpless of any escape without a free pardon...

As a striking commentary on this matter I have today received a letter from a person asserting himself to be an accomplice, and asking for a free pardon; and I am commencing a communication with him through an advertisement in a journal. The letter is probably a hoax, for we have received scores of hoaxing letters, but on the other hand it may be a bona fide letter, and if so I feel what a very great loss it would be to the discovery of the murderer by omitting to offer the pardon; and I cannot see what harm could be done in this or any future case by offering a pardon.¹²

It is worth noting that even now, before the Kelly murder, Warren, at least, was willing to entertain the notion of accomplices. This would contrast greatly with the Home Office position when a pardon finally was offered.

In contrast, the Home Office Permanent Under-Secretary, Godfrey Lushington, wrote to Matthews advising against a pardon.

Mr. Matthews,

This letter from the Commissioner [Warren] and letter from Mr. Lusk on which it is founded, give you an opportunity to offer a pardon if you are so inclined. Offering a pardon is not open to the same objections as offering a reward, nor has the S. of S. done anything to commit himself to refuse to offer a pardon. The mere lapse of time occasions no difficulty, for in a crime of this atrocious character it is desirable that if possible no person, even an accessory after the fact, should receive a pardon. A pardon, therefore, is only offered when it is pretty clear that the efforts of the Police to detect the crime have been unavailing, and if the S. of S. does not now offer a pardon his action will of course be open to the criticism that he has declined to take a step recommended by the Commissioner. On the other hand the Commissioner's letter does not appear to me to throw any new light on the case or to suggest the probability that the offer of a pardon will lead to discovery. His recommendation is based on a mere supposition, one of many suppositions that have occurred to everybody from the beginning.

Then, as to the offer of a pardon on the public mind. The offer of a pardon will not allay the excitement of the public who on the contrary will wrongly infer that the view of the Home Office is that the murderer had an accomplice and this will make the outrages appear of a far more grave character. Nor will the offer of a pardon restore confidence in the Police. It will be accepted as an admission of their failure to detect the crime; it will provoke renewed attention to the action of the Home Office and hostile critics are sure to say that the step if taken ought to have been taken earlier.

In my opinion it would be better for the S. of S. not to...offer a pardon taking his stand on the ground that he has held from the first that it is not a case in which the offer of a pardon is appropriate.

It is quite possible however that you may be of a different opinion.¹³ [Emphases in original]

The reader will note that throughout the memorandum from Lushington has a political cast. The arguments advanced, for and against a pardon, are not so much concerned with what might prove useful in finding the murderer, but rather



Newspaper Illustration of Mary Kelly entering No 13, Miller's Court

what will resonate best with the voters. Just as President Nixon's advisers were said to ask "Will it play in Peoria?" so, too, does this analysis worry most about the political effect of a pardon. Also worth remembering is Lushington's caution that a pardon issued at this late date would draw criticism as to why it was not done much sooner.

In any case, the correspondence between Matthews and Warren for the rest of October and early November returned to the question of a reward. Warren was of the opinion that while the efficacy of a reward was doubtful, there could be little or no harm done. For his part, Matthews clung to the "no reward" position and further argued that it was not likely to produce any positive results. In this regard, Matthews was being proven correct: since the first week of October more than £1,400 in reward money (worth considerably more than £100,000 in today's money) was available and yet no worthwhile claimants had come forward with useful evidence.

Moreover, for the same period of time the murderer (who by then had been christened Jack the Ripper) had been quiet. And if the public had not quite relaxed its obsessive fascination with and fear of the fiend, there was doubtless an increasing hope on the part of the police and government that the series of murders had ended and while bruised a bit, both had survived without much damage. And then, on the morning of November 9, 1888, landlord John McCarthy's hired man, "Indian Harry" Bowyer went to collect some rent from Mary Jane Kelly.

What Bowyer saw when he peeked through a window was the result of yet another Ripper murder and without doubt the most horrendous to date. Kelly's murderer had

literally flayed her body and left skin and body parts strewn around her little room at No. 13 Miller's Court. The news quickly spread and quite upstaged the Lord Mayor's Parade the same day. Even more, it reopened the long festering wounds the government had suffered throughout the earlier Ripper outrages. It raised the spectre of a political catastrophe and the government moved quickly to apply the best political solution available. The cabinet met post haste and voted to issue a pardon. Nor did it come any too soon. The *Star* had yet another rabid editorial and moreover one that tore into not only Warren (even reprising Trafalgar Square) and Matthews but the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, as well, suggesting that things augured poorly for the Conservatives' majority:

Meanwhile this seventh murder ought to rid us of Mr. MATTHEWS, and also of Sir CHARLES WARREN. The proclamation of a reward by the City authorities shows that the criminal apathy and indifference of the HOME SECRETARY have not been echoed even in quarters where interest in the lives and welfare of the people is small indeed. What effect the issue of a reward may ultimately have on the capture of the murderer it is impossible to say, but there cannot be the slightest doubt of the result which the withholding of all tangible Ministerial sympathy has had in the poor quarters of London.

We have heard the wildest stories as to the reasons which popular opinion in Whitechapel assigns for Mr. MATTHEWS'S obstinate refusal to offer a reward. It is believed by people who pass among their neighbours as sensible folk that the Government do not want the murderer to be convicted, that they are interested in concealing his identity, that, in fact, they know it, and will not divulge it. Of course this is rank nonsense, but it is nonsense which may end in a panic, while for the Government it is particularly dangerous nonsense.

Already the folly of Lord SALISBURY, in sticking to his discredited colleague, will cost the Government every seat which they hold in the East-end of London. For our part, if it were not for higher considerations even than the winning of two or three seats for Mr. GLADSTONE, we should say - By all means let Mr. MATTHEWS go on and fill the cup of his follies

full to the brim. But we remember Trafalgar-square, and the danger of fresh assaults on the unemployed this winter.

Therefore, we say MATTHEWS and WARREN must go, and the sooner the better. The first is a pitiful creature, a poor and spiritless specimen of the race of smart adventurers who creep into politics by back doors. Above all, he is a tactless, heartless red-tapeist, and probably nine out of ten of the clerks at the Home Office would be better fitted to look after the lives and property of the citizens of London than the right hon. gentleman who takes £5,000 a year for doing nothing.

As for the second, there is but one cry from Tory and Liberal - "WARREN must go." At the Show yesterday his name was execrated from Aldgate to Pall Mall. He has become impossible. He is doomed.¹⁴

And so, the cabinet meeting on the morning of November 10, 1888, voted to issue a pardon to any accomplices of the Ripper not actually involved in the murders. As those things work, the cabinet sent Warren a copy of the letter (appended below) that had already been sent to the press over his name.

*The Commissioner of Police
Metropolitan Police
Murder
Pardon*

Whereas on November 8 or 9, in Miller-court, Dorset-street, Spitalfields, Mary Janet Kelly was murdered by some person or persons unknown: the Secretary of State will advise the grant of Her Majesty's gracious pardon to any accomplice, not being a person who contrived or actually committed the murder, who shall give such information and evidence as shall lead to the discovery and conviction of the person or persons who committed the murder.

CHARLES WARREN,

*Commissioner of Police
of the Metropolis.
Metropolitan Police-office, 4, Whitehall-place,
S.W., Nov. 10, 1888.¹⁵*

It was accepted practice that subordinates like Warren would agree to whatever words the Home Office put in his mouth (or penned to paper), but in this instance it was truly a formality as Warren had resigned the day before, effective the end of the month. His action had nothing to do with the Ripper murders or even Trafalgar Square. Rather, never able to take direction well, Warren resigned because he refused to allow the Home Office to scrutinize beforehand any articles he submitted to journals. In a way, though, Warren's resignation was a blessing as it provided a handy, and now out-of-office, scapegoat should the need arise.

Lord Salisbury



Meanwhile, as a dutiful public servant, Lord Salisbury himself informed Queen Victoria of the cabinet's decision, hoping of course the action would still some of her recent misgivings.

Decypher

Novr: 10.1888

*Marquis of Salisbury
To
The Queen*

Humble duty:

At Cabinet today it was resolved to issue a Proclamation offering free pardon to anyone who should give evidence as to the recent murder except the actual perpetrator of the crime....¹⁶

There was one last public act in the pardon saga that occurred in the House of Commons on November 23, 1888. The member for Aberdeen, North, a Mr. Hunter asked Matthews "whether he is prepared, in the case of the Whitechapel murders, other than that of the woman Kelly, to offer a free pardon to any person not being the actual perpetrator of the crimes?"

In reply, Matthews said: *I should be quite prepared to offer a pardon in the earlier Whitechapel murders if the information before me had suggested that such an offer would assist in the detection of the murderer. In the case of Kelly there were*

certain circumstances which were wanting in the earlier cases, and which made it more probable that there were other persons who, at any rate after the crime, had assisted the murderer.¹⁷ [Emphasis added.]

That phrase “certain circumstances” has bedevilled Ripperologists for more than a century now as they seek to uncover its meaning. For some it means that the Ripper and his clothes had to be such a bloody mess after he had hacked her to bits that wherever he called home there must have been someone who saw him in such an incardine state. For others it has been suggested that the police may have thought that the man seen by Sarah Lewis loitering across the road from Miller’s Court was an accomplice (though, Israel Schwartz’s “pipeman” might also have filled that bill). Then there are the conspiracy buffs whose febrile imaginations conjure up all manner of secret evidence involving Fenians, Royals or rogue elements the Knights of Pythias.

In fact, they are most assuredly all wrong. On the morning of November 10 the Salisbury cabinet was faced with a political crisis of frightening proportions and as politicians they sought an expeditious—and political—solution. Given time, they doubtless would have fallen back on the politicians’ favored answer to any looming problem: the appointment of a Blue Ribbon Commission. Indeed, commissions are an ideal way to deflect adverse public criticism. They give the impression those in charge really care, they can suggest the “best and brightest” are on the job (especially if a few prominent and seemingly disinterested citizens can be persuaded to serve) and by the time a commission finally issues a report it can be hoped that the original problem will no longer seem important. Commissions are the ideal way to handle a political crisis, but they do require time and above all the Salisbury cabinet must have known they had very little time to assuage public opinion.

Still, there was a need for the government to be seen as doing “something” and moreover a something that suggested a rapid response to the Ripper’s latest murder that might actually help run him to ground. Popular as it still was in the public mind, a reward was impossible after all the previous refusals to offer one. A pardon, however, had many of the same advantages (e.g. a strenuous bid to discover the Ripper) and having never been dismissed out of hand like a reward it could be proffered with a straight face.

Ah, but what about Matthews’s phrase in answering Mr. Hunter in the House, the business about “certain circumstances”? To understand that, we must go back to Godfrey Lushington’s minute about pardons in early October in which he advised Matthews that a pardon “will provoke renewed attention to the action of the Home Office and hostile critics are sure to say that the step if taken ought to have been taken earlier.” This objection to a pardon would be obviated, however, if it could be suggested that the Kelly murder was somehow different than the others. Since Mr. Matthews was not known as a great debater in the House one suspects he was primed with the “certain circumstances” response (perhaps by Lushington) if the question ever did come up. In fact, the phrase was a very clever rejoinder because it provided the government with plausible deniability in the event anyone wondered why the pardon was so late in coming. As it was, the pardon offer succeeded. It looked as if the government was concerned enough to try something daringly different, it bought time and, except for a couple momentary frissons of fear after the murders of Alice McKenzie and Frances Coles, the Ripper scare subsided enough that the government also survived its own scare.

Boys will be boys and politicians will always be politicians—even at the height of the Ripper terror. The pardon was an exercise in spin control.

¹ Evans, Stewart P. and Donald Rumbelow, *Jack the Ripper: Scotland Yard Investigates*, Sutton Publishing (2006), pp. 146-7.

² *Star*, October. 1, 1888.

³ *The Times*, October 4, 1888.

⁴ *Star*, October 4, 1888.

⁵ As reprinted in the *Star*, October 6, 1888.

⁶ Evans, Stewart P. and Keith Skinner, *The Ultimate Jack the Ripper Companion*, Carroll & Graf (2000), p. 113.

⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 111-2.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 114.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 117.

¹⁰ *Daily Telegraph*, October 1, 1888.

¹¹ Evans & Skinner, op.cit., pp247-8.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 255.

¹³ *Ibid.*, pp, 253-4

¹⁴ *Star*, November 10, 1888.

¹⁵ Evans & Skinner, op. cit., p. 349.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 348-9.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 349.

A SLOUCH-HATTED YANK

A Few Thoughts on the Newly Found Interview With Dr. Tumblety

By Stewart P. Evans

It is not very often these days that anyone turns up a truly relevant contemporary newspaper report that relates to the Whitechapel murders. With his discovery of an article in the *New York World* of Tuesday January 29, 1889 American researcher Roger J. Palmer has made a valuable find relating to one of the genuine contemporary police suspects. It is an interview with Dr. Francis Tumblety described in the piece as 'the celebrated Whitechapel suspect'. Suspect he certainly was, as is confirmed, in the 'Littlechild letter', by ex-Detective Chief Inspector John George Littlechild of Scotland Yard's Special Branch who unequivocally describes Tumblety as 'amongst the suspects.' Perhaps the oddest aspect of this 'celebrated' suspect is the fact that his name was not even mentioned in the British press with regard to the murders, albeit there were at least two references to him in which his name was not given.



This sketch of a suspect wearing a 'soft felt or American hat'
- *Daily Telegraph* of October 6, 1888,

This article is very important for more than one reason and it is a great pity that we were not aware of it twelve years ago when the initial research on Tumblety was conducted. In developing a viable case against a named suspect it is, of course, necessary to speculate and hypothesise to a degree. Thus much of a case built up in such a manner will consist of personal opinion and interpretation. It is for this very reason that authors' arguments made for various suspects are easily attacked and often disparaged. In the case of Tumblety, I was put into the position of basing much of the case against him on such personal interpretation and opinion. It was therefore very nice to see that some of the ideas I had were bolstered by Tumblety's own words in this article. In my opinion, no evidence will ever emerge that will conclusively lead to a positive identification of 'Jack the Ripper'. It is very much a case of the interested reader assessing all the evidence that has been revealed over the years and deciding for himself which suspect he favours as the strongest. For me, the Tumblety interview in this article has greatly added to Tumblety's status as a suspect. This essay is merely a personal retrospective on the case against him as regards points raised in the interview.

First off, and probably most important of all, Tumblety confirmed that he was actually arrested as a Whitechapel suspect, rather than for the misdemeanours of gross indecency with which he was eventually charged. This is enlightening, for it would seem that the London police were sanguine of obtaining a confession from Tumblety, probably the only way in which they could prove his guilt (if indeed he was guilty) as there was no witness to any of the murders. And it does not matter if someone is suspected of murder, he still cannot be legally held unless there is hard evidence to justify that detention. According to Tumblety, the main reasons

for his arrest were that he was an American and he wore a slouch hat. Thus his description fitted one of those the police had for the alleged murderer, although undoubtedly there were other reasons that Tumblety was either not aware of or did not want to mention.

Tumblety had arrived back in New York aboard the French liner *La Bretagne* on 3 December 1888, and had immediately 'gone to ground.' As the *New York World* described, his name had immediately become a 'household word' in the USA in connection with the recent London murders and 'from the moment he set foot in New York he was under surveillance.' The piece also confirmed that 'An English detective, whose stupidity was noticeable even among a class

not celebrated for their shrewdness, came over specially to shadow him...' Tumblety was a slippery customer, of that there can be no doubt when reading all the accounts of him. He went directly to the house of a Mrs. McNamara at 79 East Tenth Street and remained there under the protective eye of the old Irishwoman who was remarkably loyal to him. According to the *New York World* '...it was due to her vigilance that all efforts to see him personally failed. She was able to throw reporters and detectives completely off the scent...'

It is recorded elsewhere that Inspector Andrews of Scotland Yard, who had recently escorted a Canadian prisoner to Toronto, arrived from Montreal in New York during December in an effort to locate Tumblety. The then head of the New York Detective Department was Inspector Thomas Byrnes. As an Irish American, Byrnes, whose regime was reported to be corrupt would have had little sympathy for an English policeman but, one suspects, would favour a fellow Irish American who was of wealthy means. Be that as it may, Andrews's attempts to locate Tumblety proved a failure and he soon returned to England empty handed. The American police then 'lost interest' in Tumblety and it would have taken some sort of solid evidence against Tumblety before Scotland Yard would have ever contemplated a return trip to trace him. Such evidence, I believe, never existed.

So, by the time the *World* reporter saw Tumblety at the end of January 1889, they were able to report that 'The [American] police long since ceased to take any interest in the case, as it became evident that the English authorities had no evidence to hold the doctor.' True Tumblety had fled bail, but that was in relation to offences of gross indecency which were misdemeanours and not felonies and thus did not come under the international extradition laws. Only in Canada would legislation in regard to fugitive offenders for less serious offences and breach of bail be appropriate. Tumblety could not be touched by the English police while in the USA - and he knew it.

The piece mentions the fact that 'The pictures that have been published of Dr. Tumblety in London and New York give a very good idea of him', and this could mean that there are still some reports yet to be found. The next important point in the article is an updated description of the man himself. They wrote -

He is a powerfully built man and stands 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings. His long black mustache has been trimmed close and reaches down in the shape of a thick growth of beard around his chin, which he keeps smooth shaven. His face is ruddy and he has blue eyes.

This is most interesting and confirms an argument that I proposed years ago that his moustache may not have been so prominent in 1888, for it shows that at that time Tumblety was not sporting the huge 'handlebar' moustache of the popular image that has been published, but was wearing a close-cut droopy moustache that bordered either side of his clean-shaven chin. The description continued with his clothing -

If he ever dressed sensationally in the past, he does not do so now. Yesterday he wore a dark suit which was by no means new, and a little peaked travelling cap. Altogether he gave the appearance of a prosperous Western farmer. He wore no jewelry.

Again this is fascinating and confirms what I proposed in 1995, that Tumblety in 1888 was not dressing flashily or ostentatiously. This would be confirmed by Tumblety himself. The article continued with fascinating points about this strange creature -

Dr. Tumblety talks in a quick, nervous fashion, with a decided English accent, and at times, when describing his treatment by the English police, he would get up from his chair and walk rapidly around the room until he became calm.

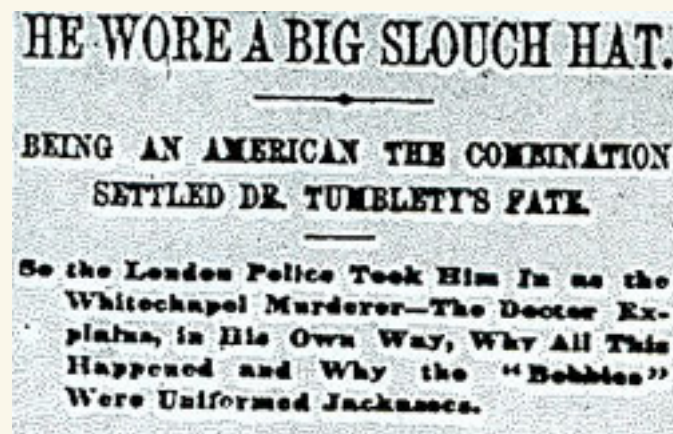
The report then moves on to the actual words of this prominent Jack the Ripper suspect, actually talking about Jack the Ripper and the murders! -

"My arrest came about in this way. I had been going over to England for a long time - ever since 1869, indeed - and I used to go about the city a great deal until every part of it became familiar to me."

This is also very relevant, for in his own words Tumblety admits a great knowledge of the geography of the whole of London, gained over a period of visiting for the past twenty years. He continued -

"I happened to be there when these Whitechapel murders attracted the attention of the whole world, and, in company with thousands of other people, I went down to the Whitechapel district. I was not dressed in a way to attract attention, I thought, though it afterwards turned out that I did. I was interested by the excitement and the crowds and the queer scenes and sights, and did not know that all the time I was being followed by English detectives."

This is quite amazing, for here we have a genuine 1888 Ripper suspect actually admitting that he was in Whitechapel



The header of the interview as it appeared in The New York World of January 29, 1889.

at the time of the murders. He gives his reasons for being there and obviously piqued the interest of his interviewer who asked, "Why did they follow you?"

Tumblety replied, "My guilt was very plain to the English mind. Someone had said that Jack the Ripper was an American, and everybody believed that statement. Then it is the universal belief among the lower classes that all Americans wear slouch hats; therefore, Jack the Ripper must wear a slouch hat. Now, I happened to have on a slouch hat, and this, together with the fact that I was an American, was enough for the police. It established my guilt beyond any question."

Tumblety is surely disparaging the London police here, but it does show that he felt confident that they could not build a solid case against him. As we know the idea of an American Ripper, or an American connection had been aired in the English press during October 1888. Tumblety was developing the idea that he was a scapegoat. From an inside pocket he produced a two magnificent diamonds, one 13 carats and the other 9 carats, together with a superb cluster ring set in diamonds. He felt that his arrest was partly due to the police desiring his diamonds and thinking they could force him to give them to him. Undoubtedly when stopped and searched as a suspect these items would have been found in his pockets if he was carrying them. But it is unlikely that the police would have thought that they could get them off him, and, in the event, they didn't.

The interviewer then questioned Tumblety as to the length of his detention, saying, "How long were you in prison?"

Tumblety replied, "Two or three days; but I don't care to talk about it. When I think of the way I was treated in London it makes me lose all control of myself. It was shameful, horrible."

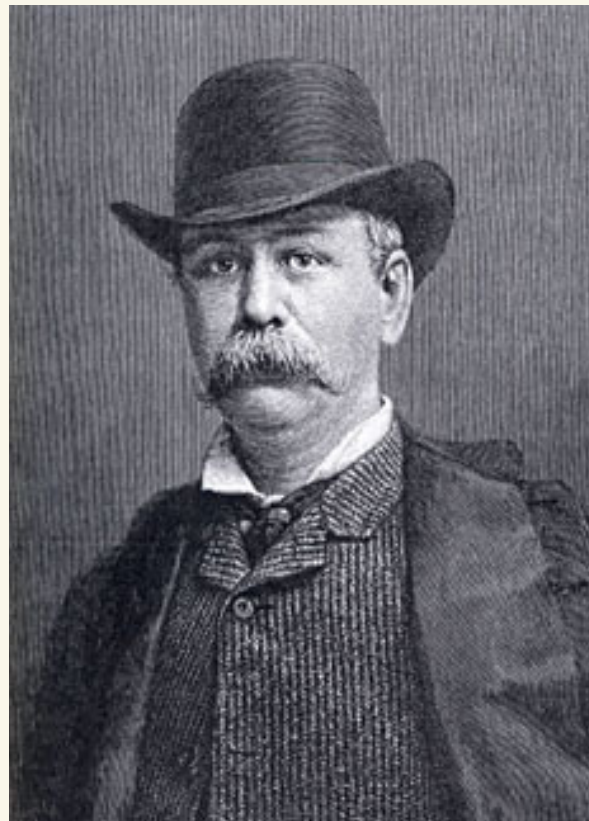
This is another important point. It supports my contention that Tumblety, after arrest, was not held for over a week until his police court appearance of Friday 16 November. What now seems likely is that he was initially taken in on suspicion of involvement in the Whitechapel murders, for which the police could adduce no hard evidence, and, a day or so later, was re-arrested for the gross indecency offence(s), on Wednesday 7 November, which they could prove. However, as a misdemeanour a gross indecency charge would mean that Tumblety could not be held for more than a day or so and would qualify for a week's police bail. This too, of course, would tie in with a newspaper report that a warrant was issued for him on Wednesday 14 November. What does seem rather relevant, in retrospect, is the fact that the London police make no mention of Tumblety's arrest on suspicion of the murders, whilst Tumblety makes no mention of his arrest and subsequent charging for the gross indecency offences.

There is no doubt left by Tumblety as to what he thought of the English police. He was emphatically scathing and abusive -

"I think their conduct in this Whitechapel affair is enough to show what they are. Why, they stuff themselves all day with potpies and beef and drink gallons of stale beer, keeping it up until they go to bed late at night, and then wake up the next morning heavy as lead. Why, all the English police have dyspepsia. They can't help it. Then their heads are as thick as the London fogs. You can't drive an idea through their thick skulls with a hammer. I never saw such a stupid set. Look at their treatment of me. There was absolutely not one single scintilla of evidence against me. I had simply been guilty of wearing a slouch hat, and for that I was held, charged with a series of the most horrible crimes ever recorded. Why, if Inspector Byrnes was over in London with some of his men they would have had the Whitechapel fiend long ago. But this is all very unpleasant to me, and I would prefer talking about something else."


In this vicious attack on the London police, Tumblety makes it clear that they had no evidence against him for the murders and that he had no confidence in their intelligence. His nod to Inspector Byrnes of the NYPD echoes Byrnes' own words about the Whitechapel murders and, perhaps, indicates that the two men had probably met. The interviewer was not finished however, and said, "You are accused of being a woman-hater. What have you to say to that?" Tumblety, in denial, replied with a story about meeting a duchess in Torquay and recited a poem she had devoted to Dr. Tumblety. "Now, that doesn't look like a woman-hater, does it?" he concluded. However, that despite many newspaper reports of his hatred of women, especially fallen women, and the words of Littlechild in his letter, "...but his feelings towards women were remarkable and bitter in the extreme, a fact on record."

Tumblety then, in his usual manner, displayed letters from well known people certifying his character. In doing so he stressed, "I am a frequenter of some of the best London clubs, among others the Carleton Club and the Beefsteak Club. I was the victim of circumstances when this horrible charge was first brought, and since then I have been attacked on all sides and no one has had a good word to say for me. It is strange, too, because I don't remember ever to have done any human being a harm, and I know of a great many whom I have helped."



Inspector Byrnes

We could almost feel sorry for Dr. Tumblety - almost.



Rolling Out the Stones – The Original ‘Quarry Men’.

The Story of 19th Century ‘Rock Bands’
Compiled and Edited by Andy Aliffe

Returning from a local history research excursion in London’s East End several years ago, I ventured into *‘Stone-Eaters, Sea-Serpents and other Sensations’*, an exhibition of Victorian Theatre Posters, on show at the City’s Guildhall Library. There, I was astonished to see advertising material for a ‘Rock Band’ dated 1845.

The vision of Victorian ‘Rockers’ travelling in a fleet of ‘stretched’ horse-drawn ‘Growlers’ with an entourage of roadies and groupies, trashing hotel rooms and smashing their instruments in the congenial atmosphere of a marbled, palm-tree lined, Temperance Concert Hall appealed to me! What were the origins of this phenomenon? Further investigation was required. With that in mind, I was enthralled to discover the following story.

Ex-Naval Commander, Peter Crosthwaite was born at Dale Head, Thirlmere, in the Lake District in 1735. After a brief and unhappy venture into his family’s woollen business he joined the British East India Company, becoming the Master of the gunboat *Otter*, protecting the Company’s ships against Malay pirates. He returned to England in 1765 and undertook customs duties on the coast before returning to Keswick in 1779, where—starting in 1780—he set up and ran a museum.

Crosthwaite was an incredible eccentric and a very keen inventor. His inventions included a fire-escaping machine, a cure for smoking chimneys, a swinging machine for the benefit of health and a cork-bottomed lifeboat. He never patented any of his inventions, however, and in the case of his lifeboat someone else took the credit for the device.

The inquisitive Crosthwaite noticed that rocks along the River Greta produced a surprisingly musical tone when struck. These rocks are a unique local variety of ‘hornfels’ slate, and Crosthwaite eventually assembled and tuned a set of sixteen musical stones, thus producing the first professional ‘rock instrument’.

With his interest in invention, his love of novelty, and his eagerness to attract more people in to his museum, Crosthwaite’s discovery of music within the stones around Skiddaw must have been met with great excitement. In his memorandum book he records the day of his find. The entry reads: *June 11th, 1785 found my 6 first music stones at the Tip end or North end of long tongue.*

He told people that the stones he found on that day were in perfect tune; the remaining ten of the set took six months to find, with Crosthwaite working twelve hours a day, carefully chipping away until the desired note rang true.

He carved into each stone the letter corresponding to the note sounded. The result was a sort of xylophone,



85 June 11th 1785 found my 6 first music stones
at the Tip end or North end of long tongue

known as the 'Musical Stones'.

Within his museum, which was situated at Museum Square at the bottom of Keswick's Market Place, Crosthwaite set up a series of mirrors near the windows so that he could see whenever a carriage was approaching. When a carriage neared, he would bang out a rudimentary tune on his Musical Stones and his daughter and an old woman banged a drum, rattled a Chinese gong and a played a barrel organ.

This cacophony of noise pouring out of the museum was meant to attract the attention of the passengers and any people passing on the street so they might come and look round.

However it is unlikely that Peter Crosthwaite could have predicted how, 55 years later, his initial discovery led to international fame and royal acclaim for the next exponent of the Musical Stones, another Keswick local, Mr Joseph Richardson.

Joseph Richardson



Joseph Richardson

Joseph Richardson was born in 1790. He was something of a musical genius and made numerous instruments in his youth. He was familiar with the local Crosthwaite Stones and started his own experiments.

During his career as a stonemason, Richardson noticed for himself the curious musical ring given out by some stones when struck. Consequently, he began to test the various rocks of the Lake District for their notes and collected ones that gave a pure, resonant ring, forming them into a musical sequence.

In 1827, while building houses at Thornthwaite, he found that the rocks of Skiddaw had the best tone of all and, spurred on by this discovery, he endeavoured to produce an instrument on a larger scale than Crosthwaite's that would have every musical note.

It took Richardson almost thirteen years to collect and shape enough individual notes of 'hornfels' to make an eight-octave range.

By day he would search the hillside looking for suitable stones and then bring them the long distance home where he would work tirelessly into the night to cut and shape them. It was a colossal task; Joseph experimented with each stone before accepting or rejecting it as worthy of the instrument he was constructing.

The massive task of assembling this instrument consumed so much time that Joseph and his family were reduced to poverty. He found it hard to carry on at times but eventually, in 1840, the instrument was finished, and the world's first rock band, the 'Richardson Rock Band', was formed.

Utilizing more than seventy pieces of rock, played by wooden mallets with leather covered striking ends, *'some the size and shape of a cricket ball'*, the 'Rock Harmonicon', as it was named, required up to four players.

Joseph enlisted his three sons and they began practising with the instrument and giving concerts locally. Joseph was a gifted self-taught musician who was proficient on the violin, flute and pipes.

He was able to use his musical abilities to get the most out of his Musical Stones and train his sons to assist him in building an impressive repertoire. Having gained support and acclaim in the Keswick region they set off on a three-week tour of the major northern towns of England. Their reception and immediate triumph meant that they did not return home again for several years!

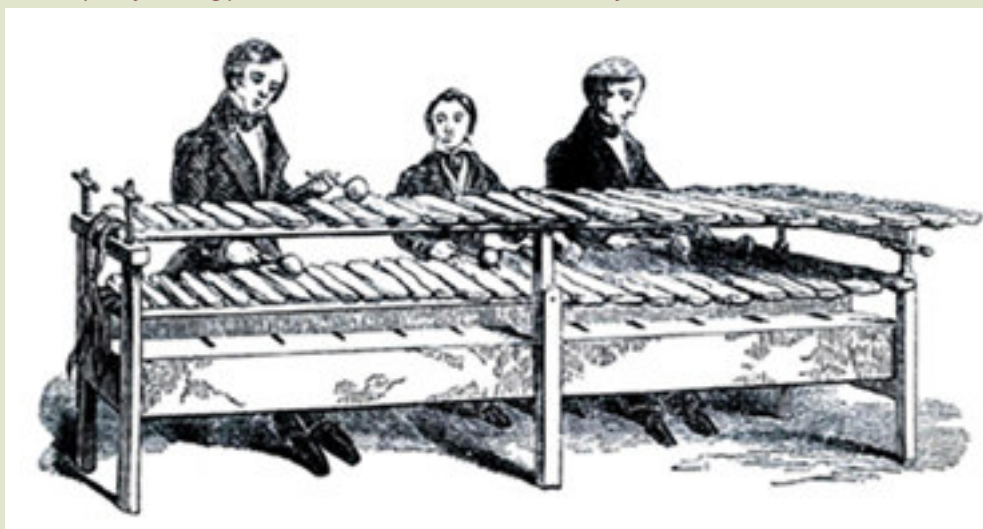
One local newspaper noted *"everyone appeared much delighted with the sweet sound elicited from the rugged and uncouth looking and unique instrument"*.

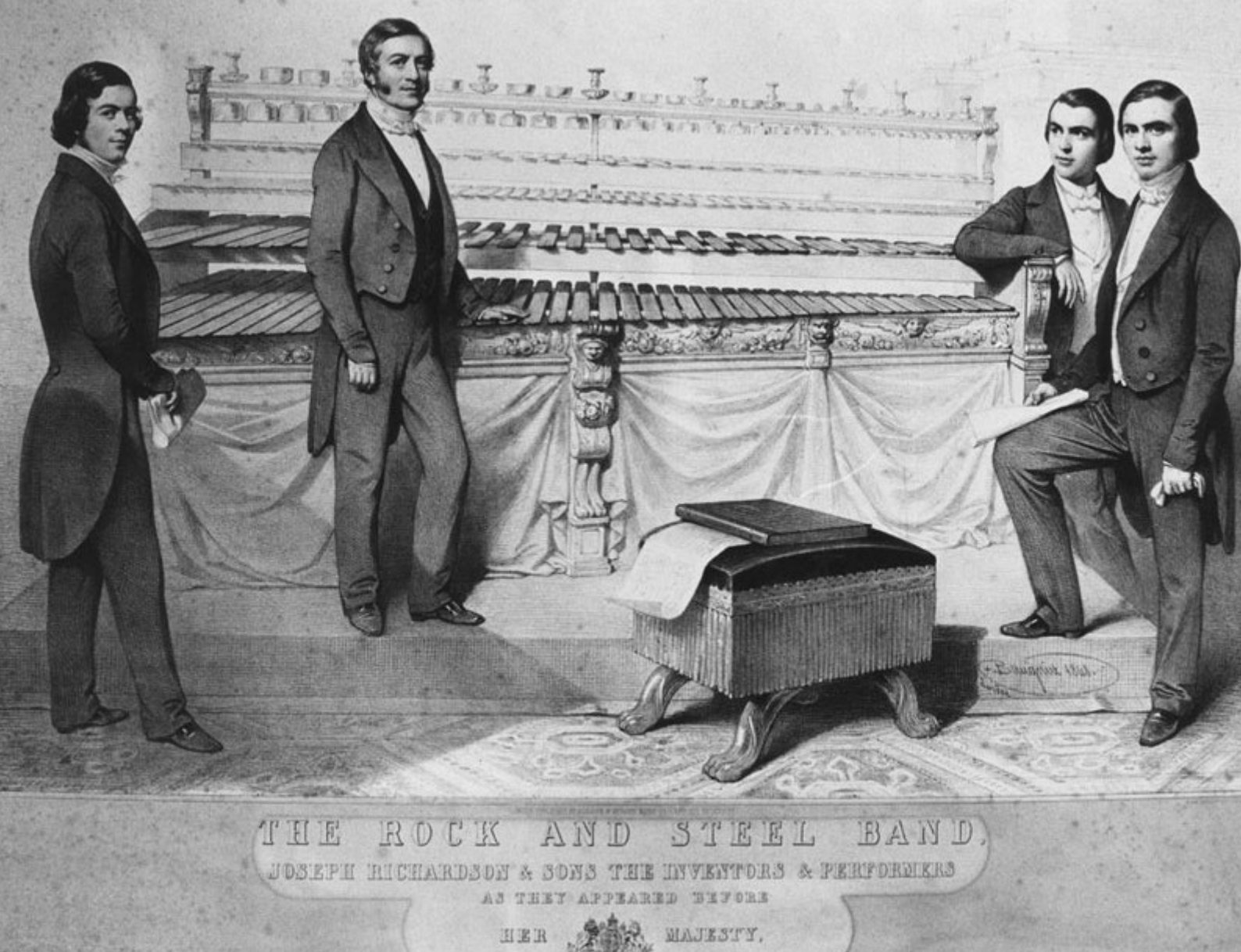
So in 1841, encouraged by their major success, they headed for the capital, where they arrived as *'Messrs. Richardson and Sons Original Rock Band'*, lodging originally at the Moorlands Hotel, Dean Street, in the heart of London's Soho area.

A press endorsement, printed after their first performance at 'Stanley's Rooms', Old Bond Street, stated *"The wonderful merits of your admirable instrument cannot fail to be well received by the London public who are very musical people"*.

Their concerts were immensely popular and seemed to excite and astonish all who heard them. The repertoire included selections from

A contemporary drawing from the Illustrated London News 28th May 1842





Joseph Richardson's Rock and Steel Band

Handel, Beethoven and Mozart and arrangements of waltzes, quadrilles, gallops and polkas.

Considerable variation in tone was achieved by using different methods of striking the notes, creating a blend of organ, piano, harp and flute sounds, though the full power of the instrument had to be withheld because of the fear of shattering the concert hall windows!

A piece written at the time by journalist Minnie Broatch explained that: *'Richardson's set of Musical Stones looks more or less like one of those toys children play with, which are called dulcimers in the toy shops, but on a gargantuan scale'.*

The *'Athenaeum'* newspaper echoed these comments, remarking that *'the effect of this primitive dulcimer must be more than commonly picturesque and engaging'*. The Richardson *'Harmonicon'* was later described as looking like *'the resource of a shipwrecked Mozart!'*

The instrument was updated in the mid 1840s to increase the musical range. Octaves of steel bars, Swiss bells and kick drums were added to achieve a fuller orchestral sound. With the line-up reformed they changed their name to *'Richardson & Sons, Rock, Bell and Steel Band'*.

But fame and fortune soon created rivals. Fellow Keswick stonemason William Bowe debuted his own sixty-rock instrument in Edinburgh, while the Harrison Rock Band staged daily *'Rock Concerts'* at the Royal Surrey Zoological Gardens.

Despite these imitators, the *'Richardson Rock Band'* promoted itself even harder, climaxing with a *'headlining'* performance at Egyptian Hall, in London's Piccadilly, where the band triumphantly played to packed houses. The publicity announcement carried the following:

'The instrument must be heard to be appreciated. No person who has not heard the Rock Band can conceive the perfect emphasis, and what may be termed the light and shade of their performances. The sonorous roundness of the lower notes, the exquisite sweetness of the middle tones and the sparkling brilliancy of the upper treble notes, combined with the perfect command of the piano and fortes, produce an almost magical effect.'

At the height of their fame in 1846, the Richardsons announced they were to hold a *'Monstre'* UK Rock Band Concert Tour, before departing for dates in Paris, Brussels and Vienna.

In September 1847, now back in England, they were *'on the road'* again. Their two week, ten venue, *'Suburbs and*



Posters for Joseph Richardson's tours



Shires Tour' took them as far north as Watford, south to Windsor, west to Barnet and east to Barking, promising to add more dates 'due to popularity'. A newspaper report for a later performance in Luton, records that 'the range of the instrument went from the alleged warble of a lark to the deep bass of a funeral bell'.

On 23rd February 1848, by command of Queen Victoria, the Richardson's played the ultimate gig at Buckingham Palace. Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was present, and a large assembly of English and foreign noblemen and women. The band was well received; two of the pieces were requested as an encore. According to the *Times*, 'Mr Richardson and Sons had the honour of attending with their Rock and Steel Band on Wednesday evening at Buckingham Palace and performed the following pieces: Opera selections from *William Tell*, concluding with the last movement in the overture—Rossini; *The Harmonious Blacksmith*—Handel; *The Nightingale*—Voigt. Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert were pleased to express their appreciation.'

Indeed it proved one of the most extraordinary and novel recitals of the Metropolis. As a result, the Queen requested two further performances. However, although very impressed overall, it was noted that Her Majesty was not amused by the sound of the Alpine bells!

More than sixty concerts were given in London alone and the Band toured all over Britain and the European countries of France, Germany and Italy, being transported by train.

But the 'rock & roll lifestyle' proved too much for the founder of the band, Joseph Richardson, who was found dead at his home at 134 Edgware Road in 1855. However his sons carried on performing as a group for several

The remains of an original Till's Musical Stones or 'Rockaphone'



more years. In 1862 a concert trip to America was planned, but tragedy struck again when Robert, the youngest and the most talented player, became ill just before the date of departure and died of pneumonia, and the tour was abandoned.

Subsequently the instrument was packed away and was given to Keswick Museum in 1917 by the great-grandson of Joseph Richardson. It still stands there today, as a symbol of his natural musical talent and his tremendous drive to achieve the goal of creating an instrument from rock, which had every musical note.

But the 'The Novelty Rock Craze' was to continue. Like the 'Mersey Beat' groups of Liverpool in the 1960's, the Lake District continued to produce its homegrown talent.

However, it would be almost 20 years before the next generation and exponents of the 'Cumberland Sound', reappeared on the touring circuit in the form of the Till Family.

The Till Family

Working as an engineer on a local reservoir, Mr. Daniel Till noticed the musical tones produced by labourers striking the rocks with their picks, and with curiosity investigated further.

A letter to Mrs. J. Crosby Brown, dated Nov 20th 1903, from William, explained more of the group's origins:

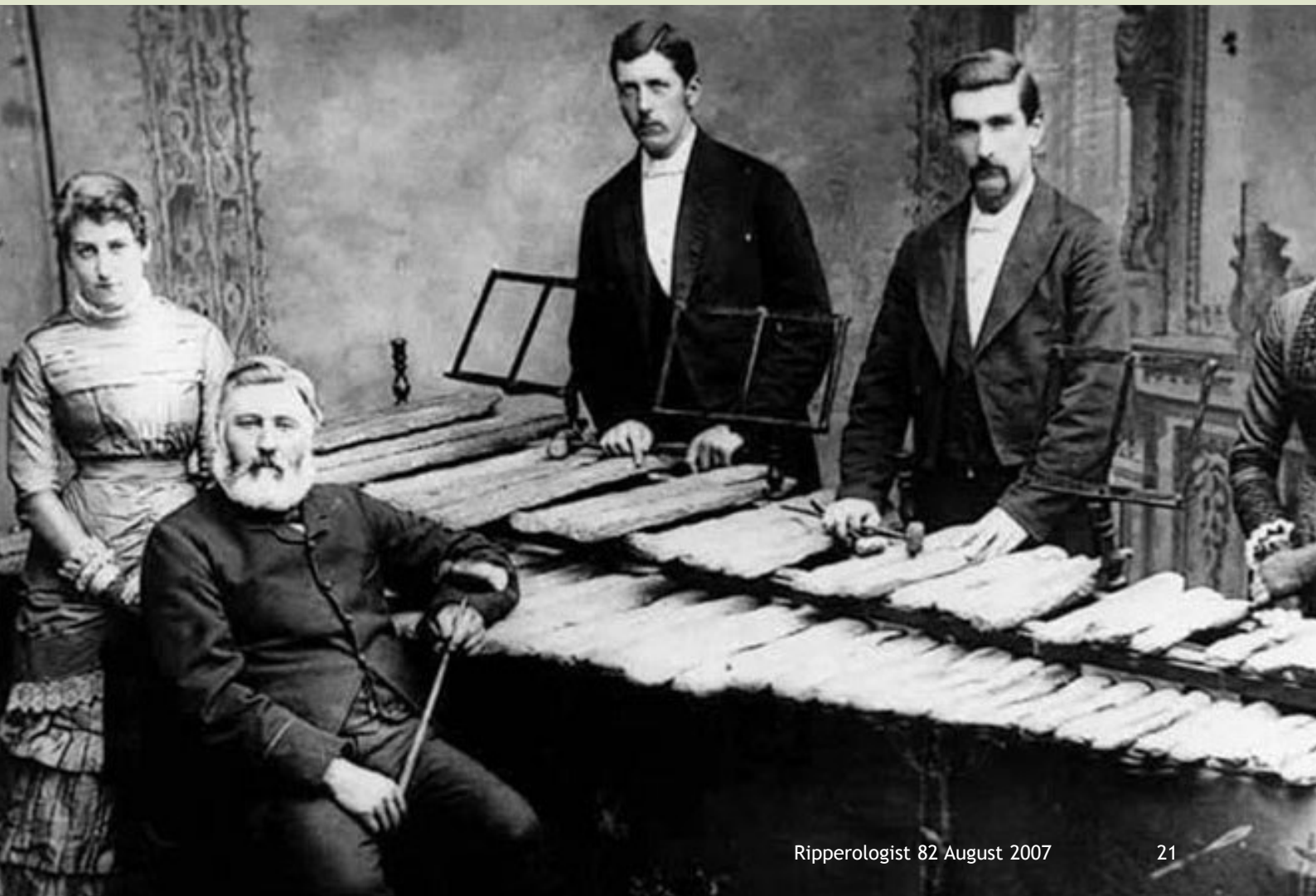
'Mr. Till commenced to collect these stones by way of amusement, and by the end of the year he had gathered enough to form an instrument of an octave and a half on which simple airs could be played. The idea of a perfect instrument followed as a natural sequence. Mr. William Till and his father, Mr. Daniel Till, continued to work on it and devoted eleven years in bringing the instrument to its present complete form. The stones are from six inches to four feet long, arranged on a frame 12 feet long. It has a scale of five octaves.'

Till named his instrument the 'Rockaphone'. The keys weighed nearly half a ton, and were held together by an insulating straw rope on a stand made of pine.

The Tills, staged a London revival of the 'Rock Band' at the Royal Polytechnic, Regent Street in 1881, where they gave over one hundred concerts.

Many testimonials were always received following their recitals. This was from the Rev. Charles Garrett, President of the Wesleyan Conference:

'The Till Family' - Father Daniel with his sons and daughters.



'Allow me to thank you for the pleasure I derived from your performance. I have long heard of "Sermons in Stone" but I never imagined there was so much "Music" in them. Of course very much of the pleasure was the result of your skill in evoking the music, but that so much melody should be lurking in such unpromising looking materials is a marvel to me'.

Fellow Cumbrian, the art critic, writer and social reformer John Ruskin took great interest in the instrument, and like a Harvey Goldsmith of his time, actively promoted the 'Till Family'. It was mainly due to his encouragement and interest that they were persuaded to exhibit publicly its wonderful musical qualities. Indeed, the Tills produced a working model of the 'Rockaphone' for Ruskin himself, and a letter of thanks was duly received.

Brantwood, Coniston. Lancashire 9th September 1884.

Dear Mr Till,

I am extremely grateful for the specimens of Skiddaw Rock, and congratulate you most heartily on the wonderful instrument you have composed of such materials, no less than on the admirable skill of execution with which you have learned, aided by your Father, to exhibit its peculiar qualities. You may have given me, with a new insight into the nature of crystalline rock substance, also a musical pleasure.

Believe me always faithfully,

Yours John Ruskin

The Tills toured England and Scotland, where they played to vast crowds. More than 4,000 'fans' attended the Town Hall Birmingham and 5,000 were at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. At the City Hall in Perth they had the honour of appearing under the distinguished patronage of the Right Honourable, the Earl of Breadalbane, the Right Honourable, the Earl of Kinnoull, Colonel Macdonald Macdonald of St. Martins and Andrew Coates Esq.

Over the next few years they played extensively in the UK and Europe, including a reported 136 concerts at the Crystal Palace in Sydenham, South London.

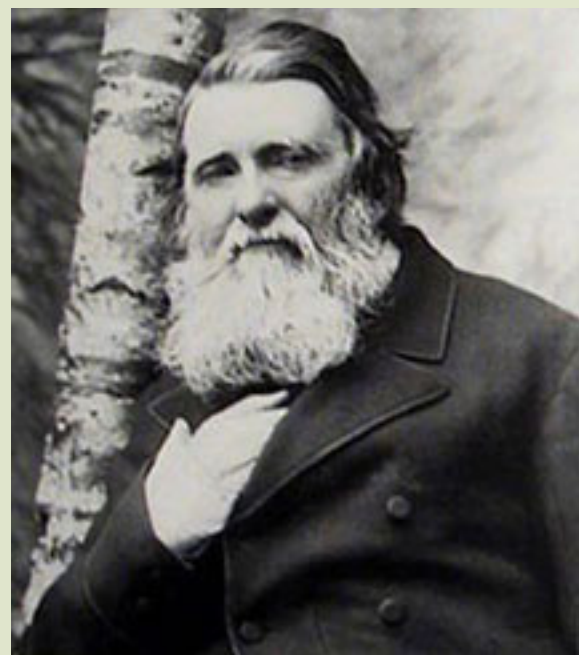
By 1885, the family, now joined by William's young daughters and his sisters, decided to tour the United States and Canada.

'Brit-Rock' took North America by storm. It is recorded that in total the Tills performed nearly 2,000 concerts and never failed to fulfil a booking!

Having visited all the principal towns and cities, the family retired from active touring work to Bayonne, New Jersey, and confined their concerts to the Greater New York area, where they gave over 300 performances.

But after five years of 'rocking the nation' they decided to disband. In 1890, the band broke up when William and his wife chose to stay in America to raise their children. The original line-up played one last local date, before Daniel and his two sisters returned to the UK and their home in Lancashire.

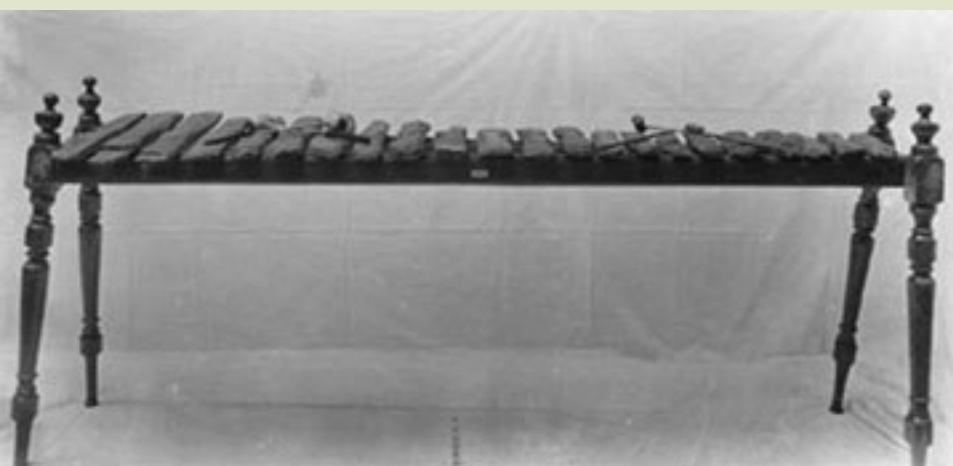
The group had become prominent citizens and the news of this 'break' attracted considerable press attention. From the *Office Journal of the City County and State*, Bayonne City; Hudson Co., N.J. Saturday June 21, 1890.



Rock Promoter - John Ruskin

THE TILL FAMILY

An early version of the Till family 'Rockaphone'



Farewell Concert at the Reformed Church.

'After years of Association, Members of the Family Sail for Europe-traversing the American Continent- Five seasons of success etc.

On the 12th Inst the Till Family gave their farewell concert in the First Reformed Church to an immense audience. The church was literally crowded to the doors by our very best people, as well as by many friends from New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and other places, who had braved the storm (one of the

THE ROCK BAND CONCERT COMPANY.



WILLIAM TILL, MANAGER.
715 AVE. C. - - - BAYONNE, N. J.

The Till Family - Publicity Card

worst of the season) in order to be present. The Till Family are too well known here to make it necessary to criticise the performance, suffice it to say, that it was, as usual, a grand success in every way.

On the 17th Inst. Miss Till, Miss Annie Till and Daniel Till sailed on the steamship "Arisona" for their home at Keswick, Cumberland, England, from which they have been absent much longer than they had contemplated when they left it for our shores. Coming here with the intention of staying but a single season, they found their welcome so cordial and their success so pronounced that, instead of one, they have remained for five seasons, during

which time they have traversed the greater part of our continent playing (from Florida to Prince Edwards Island, and from New York to the Rocky Mountains) their engagements embracing thirty one of the United States and the whole of the Canadas, and necessitating an amount of travel exceeding 100,000 miles.

In these five seasons they had given over eleven hundred concerts, entertaining over half a million people, and neither during this time, nor during the five years previous, when they were giving their concerts in Europe, have they ever missed a single engagement, a very singular and creditable fact which will be best appreciated by those who understand the accidents of travel, and the exigencies and possibilities of the amusement world. The best wishes of their friends and the thanks of the many thousands who have listened to their sweet music will go with them to their native shores.'

At the conclusion, Mr Daniel Till remarked that the family were grateful to the people of Bayonne for their kindness and consideration, and thanks were due to the members of the Academy for their co-operation in promoting the success of the concert, which was given on behalf of the Ladies Aid Society of the Church.

For the remaining US family members, interest and popular demand for their music continued. So like any successful ageing 'Rock Star', William 'rolled' out a new band in 1899, for a series of 'come-back' concerts, ably assisted by his daughters.

The American press were extremely enthusiastic about the group and excellent reviews followed. After a performance in Ithica, N.Y., the *Daily News* reported: -

'The most surprising and pleasing musical entertainment of the year was heard last night in Library Hall. The Till family play as sweetly as can be imagined. Professors and students from Cornell University vied with blacksmiths and carpenters from the city workshops (of course the ladies were all proud and delighted, too) in the volume and warmth of applause for every number. Old musical critics and young teachers of music laid aside their reserve and gave vent to their delight and surprise. To tell the truth, we did not expect such music. Ithaca did not believe the strong praise that preceded this family. The selections were very popular and the artistic side of the entertainment was high. The singing of Miss Mildred Till was exquisite, while the recitals of Miss Esther Till were simply charming. The grace and modesty of the young ladies were captivating. A return date to Ithaca will again pack the hall with our best musical and intellectual people.'

But the group were always most appreciated playing to a 'home crowd', as noted in a report from the *Bayonne Herald*, 7th Nov 1903: -

Programme Advertisement

MARVELOUS MUSICAL STONES,
FROM THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, ENGLAND.

The Rock Band Concert

By the **Till Family** of London, England.

THE ONLY ROCK BAND.

The extraordinary Concert consists of virtuosity on the

RINGING ROCKS or MUSICAL STONES.	SWINGING HARPS, MUSICAL GLASSES.	ZITHERS, ORGANERA, &c.
-------------------------------------	-------------------------------------	---------------------------

Also, SONGS AND READINGS.

THE TILL FAMILY owe their increased reputation to the fact that they are the only musical organization who play upon rocks. The *Standard* (London) says: "This is not a mere musical curiosity, but an effective instrument, producing some delightful music. The very rocks and stones are harmoniously possessed of a latent spirit of delicate melody, and touched on by the magic wand of an archangelic voice sounds as rich, full and sweet as they have the air and heart gloriously charmed with a power of fascination perfectly irresistible."

Mr. WILLIAM TILL, Musical Director and Originator. Miss ESTHER G. TILL, Vocalist.
Miss MILDRED TILL, Contralto Soloist. Mr. D. ADNA BROWN, Manager.

For Terms and Dates, address WILLIAM TILL, Bayonne, N. J.



William Till with daughters Mildred, Greta and Esther

ROCK BAND CONCERT.

'The concert of the Till Rock Band, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society, in the First Reformed Church, Thursday evening, attracted an audience that filled the church. The refined and versatile entertainment of very high order, the Till Family is without a peer in the country. The renditions on the rocks, glasses and swinging harps are as beautifully sweet and as harmonious as ever. The singing of Miss Mildred Till, like good wine, improves with time and the humorous readings of Miss Esther Till, continuous irresistible laugh provoking. Mr Till and his talented daughters form a quartet of entertainers of international celebrity in whom Bayonne, their hometown, is justly proud.'

However, after years of travelling, William decided to retire.

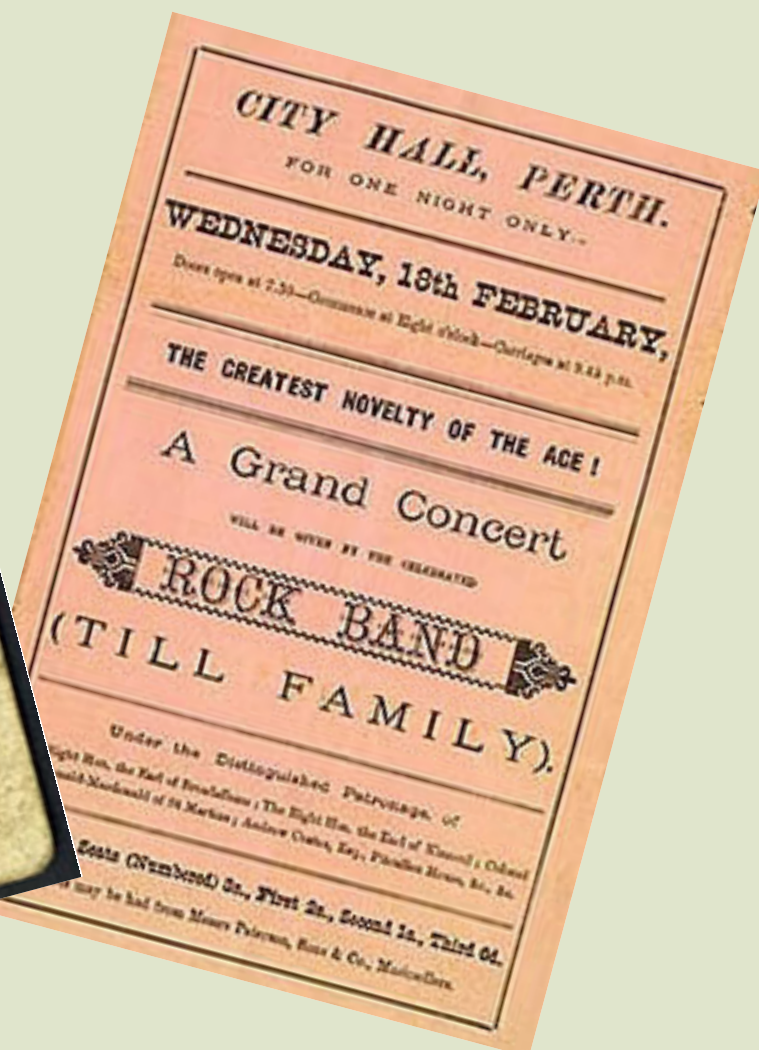
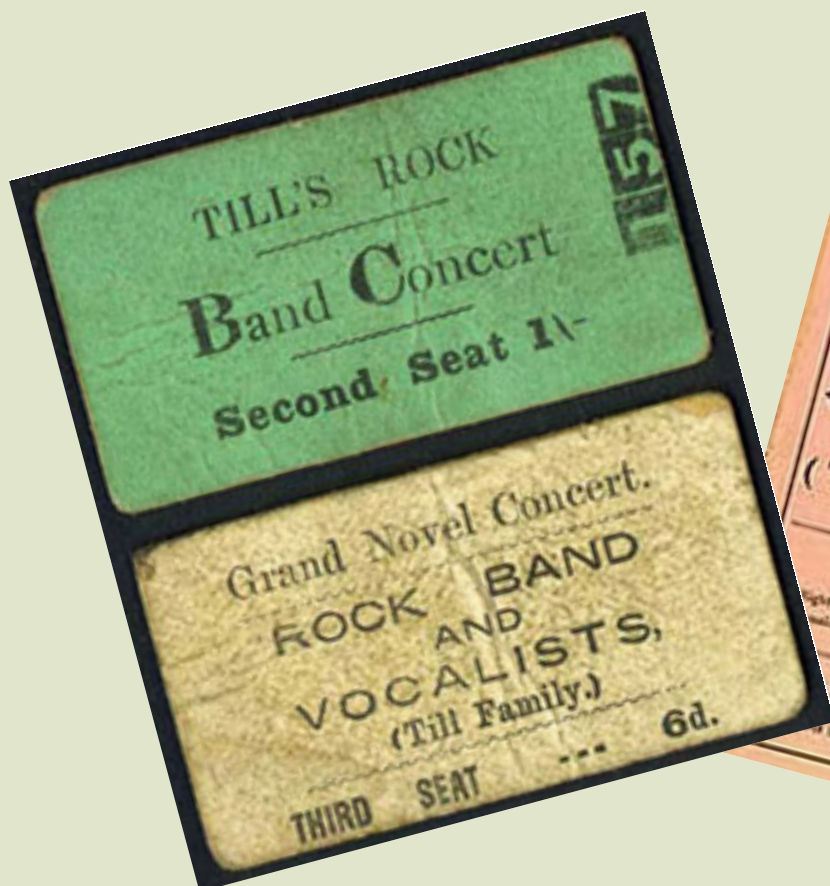
After this announcement, many requests were received from all parts of the country for William to give his 'positively last remarkable Rock Concert', which, under William's leadership, 'Handel's great oratorio the 'The Messiah', was rendered with large chorus, orchestra and distinguished soloists.'

In old age, William was engaged as organist and choirmaster of the First Reformed Church and musical director of the Bayonne Musical Society, where he remained for 27 years.

For nearly a hundred years the 'Cumberland Sound' seemed forgotten.

However, like discovering decades old, unreleased tracks of today's legendary rock greats, renewed UK historical interest in Richardson's Harmonicon, and musical collaborations have meant that the 'Stones' have started to tour once more, and a further series of concert appearances, by an excellent, self styled 'Tribute Band', are planned over the next few years.

Tickets and poster for a Till Family Concert





Classical percussionist Evelyn Glennie, with Keswick Museum and Art Gallery's Curatorial Assistant and House Manager, Jamie Barnes

In January of 2006 the sound of the instrument reached a large national audience in the Britain when they became the subject of a BBC Radio 4 documentary, presented by the top classical percussionist Evelyn Glennie. The programme was entitled 'The World's First Rock Band'. In June 2006 the Harmonicon went global when it was featured on National Public Radio across America.

Keswick Museum and Art Gallery hopes that all these new projects will help bring the Musical Stones to new audiences and keep this fascinating story of 'Rock Music' alive for another 220 years at least!

Notes

A Musical Stones CD is now available. It has 13 tracks incorporating the best recordings from the 2006 and 2007 sessions. The styles of music on the CD range from traditional folk to uplifting contemporary percussion and experimental pieces. It features the well-known American musician Brian Dewan, the brilliant up-and-coming marimba player Emma Welsby and Keswick Museum's own Jamie Barnes. Price £3.00 plus P&P, from Keswick Museum and Art Gallery, Fitz Park, Station Road, Keswick, Cumbria, CA12 4NF

References: -

INTERACTIVE - Personal correspondence and thanks to Jamie Barnes at the Keswick Museum & Art Gallery
www.myspace.com/musicalstones

INTERACTIVE - National Public Radio - CLICK on 'Listen' to hear the NPR report - CLICK on 'Harmonicon Performance & Part 2' to watch the videos.

<http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=5445541>

INTERACTIVE - 'The Original Rock Music-The Stones that Sing' - CLICK on Video -

<http://www.neatorama.com/2007/01/28/the-original-rock-music-stones-that-sing/>

Personal thanks to Lisa Attanasio, Reference Librarian, Bayonne Public Library, New Jersey.

Personal correspondence and thanks to Dr A. M. Till & 'Till Family Rock Band' Web site.

Jack Campin - 'Till Family Rock Band'. Via Web site

Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopaedia. Via Web site

Paul Collins 'A Brief History of Rock Music' Via Web site

Personal thanks to Michael Melia and John Fisher, Prints and Maps Librarians - Guildhall Library

'The Shows of London' by Richard D Altick.

'Images of America - Bayonne' - Kathleen M. Middleton.

'Bayonne Times' -1930

(Andy Aliffe - June/July 2007)

andy@aliffe.freerve.co.uk

Got something to say?

Got comments on a feature in this issue?

Or found new information?

Please send your comments to contact@ripperologist.info



The Hound of Heaven:

Richard Patterson on Francis Thompson

Francis Thompson was born of a Roman Catholic family in Preston, Lancashire, in 1857. He was destined to the priesthood, but a lack of vocation led him to seek other paths. After trying unsuccessfully to qualify as a doctor, he left home in 1885. He spent the next three years in London, living homeless and addicted to opium in the East End. Publisher Wilfrid Meynell rescued him from destitution and secured for him literary recognition. Thompson never married and never freed himself fully from his addiction, which, together with tuberculosis, caused his early death in Southwater, West Sussex, one hundred years ago in November of this year. Thompson first came to Sussex when Meynell persuaded him to move into a priory in Storrington where he would try to give up opium. He later lived with Meynell's friend Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, a poet, diplomat, anti-Imperialist, Arabic scholar, stud owner and notorious womaniser.



Francis Thompson

On 4 August 2007, the *Argus*, a newspaper from Hollingbury, Brighton, UK, reported that the Horsham Museum had bought a pamphlet celebrating Thompson written by Blunt after Thompson's death. The pamphlet, which is an appreciation of Thompson's poetry and an account of his life story, cannot be put on permanent display because it would fade under the museum lights, but may be brought out as part of a temporary exhibition on Blunt within the next few years. Museum curator Jeremy Knight said he was amazed to discover that Thompson was mentioned in connection with the Ripper murders. He said: 'I don't believe he was guilty, but it's all very interesting. His accuser has gone into a great deal of detail about why he might be the killer.'

Mr Knight's 'accuser' - though he wouldn't use that word of himself - is Australian author and researcher Richard Patterson, who has made a compelling case for Thompson as the Ripper. First of all, Patterson has recalled Thompson's medical training, opium addiction and physical presence in the East End at the time of the Whitechapel murders. More specifically, he has pointed to Thompson's habit of using a surgical scalpel to shave, the strong resemblance between his handwriting and the handwriting in some letters attributed to the Ripper and various 'clues' in his verses. Furthermore, Thompson's short story, 'End Crowning Work', is a first-person account of the stabbing to death of a woman by a poet.

Asked to comment on the *Argus* report, Mr Patterson wrote:

Thompson's association with Blunt was short-lived. When Blunt met Thompson the poet was old before his time and physically wasted away, and his intellectual powers seemed all but vanished. Blunt wrote in his diary of his first impressions of Thompson:

'a little weak-eyed-red-nosed young man of the degenerate London type...a poor frail spirit, in body terrible in its emaciation, a mere shred of humanity, fading visibly into the eternal shadow.'



Wilfred Scawen Blunt

...a poor frail spirit, in body terrible in its emaciation, a mere shred of humanity, fading visibly into the eternal shadow.'

Wilfred Blunt on Francis Thompson



Francis Thompson

Blunt kindly allowed Thompson to stay at Newbuildings, his Sussex estate, as a favour to Thompson's publisher Meynell. Blunt and Meynell shared more than first names. Both were Roman Catholic converts and Blunt's poetry often appeared in Meynell's magazine *Merry England*, the same magazine that fostered Thompson's poems. From the start Blunt was doubtful that Thompson stood a chance of regaining his health, recording in his diary on 24 August 1907:

'The poor poet seemed to be in the last stage of consumption, more like death than anything...He is emaciated beyond credibility, his poor figure a mere skeleton under clothes lent for him for the occasion by the Meynells.'

It would be difficult to see in Thompson anything that would denote him as an active force in poetic fame and even more difficult to see in such a man the villainous Whitechapel murderer, the legendary Jack the Ripper. It is my assertion that Thompson was the Ripper and that he carried out the Whitechapel murders as a complex ritual that required his skills as a trained surgeon, his knowledge of arcane religious rites and his studies of nearly forgotten maps of Whitechapel housed in London's Guildhall library, where he spent a great deal of time while homeless immediately prior to the murders.

The sickly Francis Thompson as encountered by Blunt hardly fits the image of such a fiend - if it were not for the incident of the wasp. Blunt happened to note a strange event during Thompson's stay. If we were talking of only a poet, this event might seem merely an unexplained oddity, but with the added insight that Thompson may have been the Ripper it carries with it a chilling thought. Blunt's diaries took the form of a series of volumes that were sealed by the executors of his estate for decades for fear of what secrets they might reveal. In them Blunt wrote of Thompson:

'...he was much annoyed by the wasps, which were particularly numerous...At last one bit him...it raised a blister which remained an interest to him...His whole interest in the last few days has been his wasp bite, which has been made worse by the ammonia.... I doubt his living over Christmas.'

His doubt was proved correct when Thompson died on 12 November 1907. Blunt would later reveal:

'it was so arranged that nothing was known of Thompson's death till mine and a number more articles about him were ready to print.'

Thus marked the end of Thompson. But what of the wasp that bit Thompson? Blunt prefaced his record of its fate with a sort of apology:

'...to leave things out in a book merely because people tell you they will not be believed, is meanness...'

Blunt went on to relate that immediately after being bitten by the wasp Thompson spoke a curse upon it and its kin and consequently all the wasps vanished from the garden for three years. Typically a wasp colony would breed 30,000 wasps in a three-year period. A few words from Thompson killed them all. No mean feat from a man on the edge of death. Now consider this: if we were to take Blunt's claim as truth, what might Thompson have been capable of in 1888, when he was at the height of his powers?

CHRIS SCOTT'S

Press Trawl

Portland Press Herald (Maine)

17 December 1947

Famed Retired Chief of Scotland Yard Dies.

London, Dec. 16.

Walter Dew, retired chief inspector of Scotland Yard who won fame for his 3,000 mile pursuit of one of England's most famous killers, Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen, nearly 40 years ago, died today. He was 84.

Mild mannered Dr. Crippen poisoned his wife in 1910. He fled toward Canada aboard the liner Montrose with his mistress, Ethel Le Neve, who was disguised as a boy.

The master of the ship saw through the disguise and radioed Dew at Scotland Yard. Dew boarded the liner Laurentic which sped across the Atlantic while the Montrose slowed its pace. The liners came abreast near the Canadian shore and Dew boarded the Montrose, disguised as a pilot, to apprehend Dr. Crippen.

Public Ledger (Philadelphia)

25 September 1888

THOSE MYSTERIOUS MURDERS.

London, Sept. 24.

There is absolutely nothing new in the Whitechapel murders, and the police are as much at sea as they were two weeks ago. Theories are as thick as blackberries in season, but facts are nil. The murder of a young woman at Gateshead, Saturday night, which is as far from Whitechapel as Boston is from New York, had no connection except the fact that it was a murder. An inoffensive Hebrew, named Piser, nicknamed "Leather Apron," has sued the Star and Telegraph for heavy damages for connecting him with the murder. He claims that when it happened he was confined to the house with an attack of illness. The Echo tonight says that a suit for damages has also been brought against a New York newspaper for making the same accusation against him.

New Zealand Tablet

5 October 1888

The London murders continue to be the crowning horror of the period. Another body has been found still more dreadfully mutilated than those previously discovered. And as yet there is no clue to the mystery. The suggestion that the crimes have been the result of an offer made by an American for certain parts of the human body may probably be dismissed as unsatisfactory. The uncertainty and apprehension caused, meantime, must necessarily be excessive.

New Zealand Tablet

21 September 1888

The force of evil example seems to have received a grim exemplification in London. the police there have been so long watching the exploits of their brethren in Ireland, that they appear to have imitated them to some purpose. The people of the city have been horrified and terror stricken by a series of murders, committed with extraordinary barbarity and unusual boldness at Whitechapel, and a failure to discover the murderers has led to a strong suspicion

that they are in league with the police. But if so, there is nothing very extraordinary in that. The Government, one of whose ministers employs organised bands of assassins and outrage mongers in Ireland may well see another of its ministers presiding over a similar body in London. If Mr. Balfour is applauded for the doings of his myrmidons at Michelstown or Woodford, why should Mr. Matthews be blamed for the associations of his police at Whitechapel? Perhaps a slight experience of what a police force may become under a system of brutal tyranny, may lead the people of London to sympathise with the victims of police rule in Ireland. When, at least, they see what the force may be under the control of an unfeeling and inefficient minister like Mr. Matthews, they may form some judgement of what it is capable of being in the hands of a cruel and unscrupulous minister like Mr. Balfour. And anything which throws light on the situation should prove of use.

New Zealand Tablet
16 November 1888

That the murders at Whitechapel, London, by which five unfortunate women of the abandoned class have each in turn come to a terrible end, have anything to say in the matter in which the navigation of the period is conducted would be an assertion for which a lunatic only might seem accountable. And yet we find certain statements made that in some degree bring the consideration of both these matters at the same time before us. In connection with the Whitechapel murders the *Morning Post*, a high Conservative organ, and the newspaper which of all others has always been that of the aristocratic world of England, summarises in a very telling way the condition, as it says, of thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow creatures. Referring to the house where one of the murders was committed, it speaks thus, "There is a continual coming and going. Precepts of decency are not observed, the standard of propriety is low, the whole moral atmosphere is pestilential. Poverty in its direct form haunts some dwellings, ghastly profligacy defiles others, and this in street after street, alley after alley, cul de sac after cul de sac, garret after garret, and cellar after cellar. Amid such gross surroundings who can be good? With this atrocious miasma continually brooding over them and settling down among them, who can rise to anything better?"

Morally these people are not only lost - they are dead and buried." Even high life then, we see has been startled from its composure and brought face to face with the horrors that exist in its neighbourhood.

New Zealand Tablet
23 November 1888

COERCION NOT OUT OF PLACE.

The atrocities of Whitechapel astonish the world, and men stand aghast at their recital. The atrocities themselves, however, horrifying as they are, are hardly more terrifying than the impunity with which their perpetrator walks abroad amidst his fellow human beings, mixing with them in all the ordinary relations of life. The police force and the detective force of the mightiest Empire in the world, in the capital of that Empire, are unable to detect the criminal or criminals who, whilst doing deeds of wickedness unparalleled, are bringing contempt on the statesmanship and administration of the British realm. Were these fearful crimes committed in any other country or city - were even one of them committed in Ireland, for example - what would the British public and the British press say? - how great would not be the outcry in England? - how loud the denunciations in the British Legislature, and how rapidly would not a new Coercion Bill be passed through both Houses of Parliament? It would be said that the ordinary law was insufficient, and that the Executive should be armed with new powers. But we hear of none of these things now, although the most atrocious crimes are being committed in London itself with absolute impunity. Does this arise from the fact that the victims in Whitechapel belong to an unfortunate class whom society has so grievously neglected? Would it be otherwise were the victims of a higher class - did they belong to the landlord class or to the upper ten thousand? Be this as it may, the present state of things in Whitechapel is discreditable, disgraceful, and a censure on the British Parliament and the Ministry, which is not only unable to detect crime, but powerless to protect human life in the midst of the chief city and seat of government of a great nation. Surely means could be adopted to save life, even though the detection of crime might not be possible. Why is it not a little of the coercion which is employed in Ireland to muzzle political opponents applied to Whitechapel to prevent the perpetration of horrible and revolting and sickening murders? This is a question which is now in every man's mouth, and that foreign nations will not fail to ask. Would it not be better, more becoming and wise in the Salisbury cabinet to exert its energies in preventing the murder of the unfortunates of Whitechapel, than in aiding the Marquis of Clanricarde in driving unfortunate tenants from the houses they or their fathers built and from the land they had reclaimed from the bog and the mountain? Or is it that the heartlessness displayed in so many dreadful evictions in Ireland has reacted on the patrons of these evictions, and rendered them callous to deeds of blood so frequently

occurring in Whitechapel? We have only now given expression to thoughts that are floating in many minds, the result of which will be that the Government which, assuming to govern a great empire, is unable to save life in Whitechapel or detect the criminals there, will be ignominiously driven from power amidst the execration of mankind. Is it to be permitted that a Government possessing almost illimitable resources and pretending to overwhelming strength in Ireland, shall continue to hold power whilst absolutely unable to cope with the terrible state of things now obtaining in Whitechapel? If the law does not arm them with sufficient power, who do they not apply to Parliament for the necessary power? In the case of a political brawl in Ireland they would not hesitate to ask for a Coercion Act, and the British Parliament would hasten to grant their request. What is the reason of the neglect? A hesitation to apply for a Coercion Bill for England in the present instance? Here coercion would not be out of place.

New Zealand Tablet
30 November 1888

TIME FOR A CHANGE OF TUNE.

The circumstances attending on the murders in London hardly become less terrible because it seems evident that more than one man has been engaged in them. Nine murders have so far taken place, of which three or four were not so committed as to authorise the conclusion that all had been the work of the same hand. Five or six were dexterously, and even scientifically, carried out but three or four others were less skilfully accomplished. The probabilities seem to be therefore, that there is more than one man concerned, and it is not quite impossible that there may be a whole gang. The police, meantime, have, thus far, proved themselves incapable of dealing successfully with the matter. They have not been able to arrest one of the criminals, and they do not appear even to have gained a clue to any of them. Sir Charles Warren, the Commissioner of Police, so active when there was a question of interfering with what the more humble citizens of London claimed as their right of public assembly, in this other matter proved himself so inactive and inefficient that his resignation became necessary. And a demand, although it has not yet been complied with, has been also legitimately made for the resignation of Mr. Matthews, the Ministerial head of the department. The London police, however, appear to have generally fallen off in fitness for their office, and whether it is that the city has outgrown the possibility of being properly watched and guarded, or that Government, being so much occupied with the preservation of the interests of certain classes, have allowed all other branches of their administration to decline, London criminals have now a much better chance of following their pursuits without detection than they had a short time since. The Pall Mall Gazette, for example, proves that certain felicitations based on recent statistics as to the diminution of the criminal element in London were groundless, and rested only on the fact that the police have become less vigilant in watching the dangerous classes, or less sagacious in detecting their members and keeping them in view. Instead of felicitations, in fact, condolences would have been more to the purpose as more suitable to a very discreditable or a very unfortunate state of affairs. But, as to the murders, they seem to be quite without precedent. They have certainly earned for the city in which they have been committed a reputation that stands alone in the civilised world - and, taken especially in connection with a good many other infamies that have lately occurred there, they should go some way to give a lesson in humility to the nation whose capital London is. We have long been accustomed to hear the Pharisee's boast from those national lips: - "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are." Look at France; look at Italy, at Spain, at Ireland. It is now time we should hear the boast replaced by the Publican's prayer, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." There is not in the civilised world, in fact, a city more worthy of the fate that of old overtook the Cities of the Plain than is today the city of London. And who can tell what the end shall be that unspeakable wickedness deserves?

Reno Evening Gazette
28 September 1888

The London Murders.

London, Sept. 28.

A man calling himself John Fitzgerald, a bricklayer, has given himself up to the police, confessing the murder of Annie Chapman, the last of the women murdered at Whitechapel. The story that a confession had not been made was spread by the police, who doubted whether the real murderer had been found. Medical men ridicule the story about the murders being committed for the purpose of securing anatomical specimens. They say it is easy to procure such specimens for £1 each after inquests have been held upon paupers.

The Times
28 August 1936

OLD BLACKHEATH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,

I congratulate you upon taking up "Old Blackheath" and the recollections of those who lived there about the 1880s. I was there for many of my young days and might add my quota. In my days it was a village, but since has become a town. I doubt if any place near London is bristling with more past history than Blackheath. I wonder if the present civic authorities realize what can be done and have collected old data. To make such a collection means trouble, but if comprehensive would be of great public interest.

One of the letters speaks of Terrick Williams, R.A., landscape painter, a great artist, but he is not the only great artist Blackheath has produced. Onslow Ford, R.A., sculptor, was quite his equal. He lived first near Morden College, later in Blackheath Park, where in his studio he produced some of his fine early work. Later when big jobs fell to his lot he had to move to a big studio in London. An over life size statue of Gladstone was one of these. And there are other artists who have made their mark and were associated with Blackheath. They want finding. I myself after many years there left before I took up art professionally. Yet it was there I made my start. When 14 - 15 I made sketches in oil, one of Morden College, another of a group of Scotch firs close to the Observatory in Greenwich Park. The others I have destroyed, but these two I should not be ashamed of even now. The art master at my school and Onslow Ford urged me to become an artist, but I was destined for a civil engineer, and only after years of training for such was I able to throw it over and become an artist. I would gladly contribute to a worthy Blackheath collection. There are many old engravings of Blackheath in the past to add interest to the collection, first editions of books by old Blackheath boys, and records of famous men who lived there. Such a collection would add great public interest to Blackheath, but only if properly displayed. Surely there must be some publicly spirited person willing to provide a gallery for their display.

It is interesting to hear that Disraeli was at my school in Eliot Place. In my time the Head was Valentine. A piece of the heath opposite had been cleared of gorse and there in summer we played cricket and in winter hockey. During my father's lifetime we lived near the Heath, afterward at Lee Terrace, near St. Margaret's church. It was from there that I went daily to and from school, through Love Lane, which became notorious, for there the garroters and Spring-heel-Jack worked. It ran all along the beautiful Penn property, on the one side. At that time there was a great run of crime. Pook the butcher was hanged for the murder of a servant girl on Blackheath. Then the garroters. The magistrates of that time were strong men, and by imposing very severe orders of the cat for any of the gang caught stopped it in a short time. (A lesson our present magistrates might take to heart when dealing with "hold ups," "smash and grab" robberies, and motor stealing. The criminal does not mind risking a year in a comfortable prison, but he hates pain.) Then Charles Peace came to the front. Peace cannot have been altogether bad, for children and animals loved him; his hobby was violin playing. He was hanged for shooting a policeman, no doubt his only chance to get out of a scrape. But he loved the excitement of pitting his wits against his victim and the police with his robberies. One of the most famous of his robberies took place near us at the Penns' house. He planned and succeeded in getting jewels from a room on the first floor while the family were at dinner. In those times dinner was early. One of the sons, feeling unwell, left dinner, and went out on to the terrace. At the corner, seeing a man on a ladder, said, "What are you doing there?" Peace busied himself with a hammer upon the creeper. "New under gardener, sir," and young Penn passed on. Well do I remember "Old Charlie" who had a corner stall near Blackheath Station. We schoolboys got more for our 2d. there than at the shops, sweets, apples, and, in season, hot chestnuts. Charlie was a real character. the skating rink, also near the station, has been referred to; there many of us learned roller skating, which later was to make us proficient upon the ice. I must not say more of my personal recollections, but I hope the authorities are taking advantage of your letters and will do something serious to form a recording gallery, where new items of real interest may be added from time to time.

Most faithfully,
William Reynold-Stephens.
St. John's Wood, Aug. 24.

Des Moines Daily News
6 February 1908

THE JEW BRINGS PEACE TO WHITECHAPEL.

Whitechapel has been reformed. The scene of the Jack the Ripper murders and other famous crimes was last year more free from violence than any part of London. London has the lowest murder record of any great city, an average of forty eight murders a year, but in 1907 the East End district, which includes Whitechapel, had not a single murder, nor even a case of manslaughter. During the past fifteen years there has been a steady inflow of Jews into Whitechapel so that today it is largely a Jewish community and Jews do not commit violent crimes. Jack the Ripper would not know his old haunts if he came back in them.

HE KILLED THIRTY EIGHT.

A Peasant Jack the Ripper Did Murder For the Love of It.

Lyons, Jan. 28.

Vacher, the French shepherd, under arrest on the charge of having murdered 38 persons within three years, was attacked by one of his periodical fits last night and tried to kill a prison warden.

Vacher had been tractable and apparently of peaceful intent for some time, and vigilance was relaxed. As the guard entered Vacher's cell last night the insane man leaped from his cot and picking up the heavy prison chair whirled it over his head and brought it down with crushing force. The dazed prison keeper tried to ward off the rain of blows, but was beaten to the floor, when Vacher stood over him, jabbing fiercely at the unconscious man's body.

Half a dozen wardens sprang upon Vacher and dragged him to the cell floor. He fought with wonderful strength and could only be made powerless by the piling up of the men on top of him. Vacher, the French Jack the Ripper, whose crimes have surpassed in number and atrocity those of his Whitechapel prototype, has confessed to 12 murders. He has puzzled every magistrate and scientist before whom he has been examined. He is described as an individual whose ideas are quite lucid.

Since he made his confession shortly after his arrest he has been continually proclaiming irresponsibility at one moment, declaring it is not his fault if his blood is vitiated; at another protesting that he is but an instrument of God on earth. He only consented to be photographed on condition that he be allowed to hold the jailer's keys in his hand, saying, "The public will understand these keys represent the keys of paradise."

Vacher was once confined for some months in a madhouse, and once when doing military service he attempted to shoot himself owing to a love affair. Vacher himself says, which statement has been proved to be true, that in his youth he was bitten by a mad dog, and a concoction was given him by the village herbalist, after drinking which he grew strange, irritable and brutal.

Waterloo Courier (Iowa)
13 April 1892

DEEMING WAS THERE.

The Australian Wife Murderer in London at the Time of the Whitechapel Murders.
A Dressmaker Identifies His Photograph as That of a Man Who Was Courting Her Then.
A Significant Remark Which He Made to Her Just After One of the Murders.

London, April 8.

A dressmaker of London has identified the portrait of Deeming as that of a man who, in the autumn of 1888, was paying attention to her with a view to matrimony. He showed great excitement over the Ripper murders, of which several were perpetrated in that year, and left her company a few hours before the murders of Mrs. Chapman, whose body was found in Hanbury street, Whitechapel, the next morning.

If the dressmaker is as correct as she is positive in her recollections Deeming was in London during the autumn of 1888, when several of the murders occurred. On the seventh of August in that year, Martha Turner was found dead with thirty nine stab wounds, on a landing in the model dwellings known as George Yard buildings, Commercial street, Spitalfields. Aug. 31, another woman belonging to the unfortunate class, and known as Mrs. Nicholls, was murdered and mutilated in Bucks row, Whitechapel. Then on Sept. 7 came the murder with which the dressmaker connects Deeming. Mrs. Chapman was the fourth victim, and her body was found after daylight on the morning of Sept. 8. Her throat had been cut from ear to ear, and the body cut open as if by a dissector. The heart lay on the ground, and a portion of the remains had been tied around the neck.

Like the other women killed, she was a dissolute character, and lived in a wretched and densely populated part of the city. There never was any doubt that her murder was committed by the same man who had perpetrated the other three, the victims all having been killed by a knife, in an identical manner. The dressmaker says that the time Deeming left her company on the evening of Sept. 7, was about an hour before the time at which medical testimony indicated that the Chapman woman was probably murdered. A few days after the crime the man she believes was Deeming disappeared, and she never saw him again.

In the course of her statement the dressmaker says she met Deeming, or Lawson, as he was known to her, on the afternoon of Sept. 30. They had a long conversation on the subject of the Whitechapel murders, and Deeming showed that he was conversant with every one of the horrible details. A remark was made concerning a suggestion in a newspaper, that the murders of Whitechapel were committed shortly after midnight. Deeming seemed to forget to whom he was

talking, and said to her:

"Look at the time. I could not have committed the murders."

She was very much struck by this uncalled for remark, and has often since thought of it. Throughout the afternoon, Deeming was very much agitated and eagerly read the newspaper comments on the crimes. A few days later he vanished and she never saw him again. Though the remark inadvertently dropped by Deeming and his subsequent actions aroused suspicions in the girl's mind that Deeming, perhaps, was the murderer, she did not until now communicate her suspicions to the police. It is thought that with the clue furnished them by the girl some startling developments may be looked for, and that the Whitechapel mysteries may at last be solved.

Oakland Tribune
11 February 1959

"Jack the Ripper" Named by Cousin.

London, Feb. 11.

A powerfully built old man in a shabby overcoat shuffled into a London district police station this week and asked to speak to an inspector.

"It's about some old murders," was his soft reply to the inquiring sergeant.

A few minutes after George Henry Edwards, an 82 year old retired blacksmith, said he knew the real identity of "Jack the Ripper" he was being sped to Scotland Yard where an inspector said his almost casual recital "has the ring of truth." "Jack the Ripper," one of the most celebrated murderers in the annals of world crime, killed five women with a knife on gaslit London streets in the late 1880's. Yet despite the length of his crime spree and the grotesque methods he employed, "Jack the Ripper" was never caught and never identified.

WAS HIS COUSIN.

Edwards told Scotland Yard officers "Jack the Ripper" was his cousin, Frank Edwards, now dead. George Edwards said he remembered his cousin Frank, an accountant, well. And it is likely he would. Here is one of his memories: Late one August night in 1888, Frank Edwards arrived at the home of young George Edwards, then 11, carrying an attache case and out of breath.

Inside the attache case, the inquisitive young George saw a huge razor and a bloodstained collar. The next morning London awoke to read of the brutal murder of Mary Anne Nicholls, whose body had been dissected with surgical skill and the parts laid neatly on a curbing in London's dank Whitechapel District. It was the first of a series of similar gruesome slayings that kept London in a reign of terror for the next three years.

SCENE OF MURDERS.

"Jack the Ripper" selected for his victims only prostitutes and chose for his arena of carnage a narrow strip of East End London a mile long on Whitechapel Road.

The Whitechapel district was composed mainly of squalid tenements, grim factory sweatshops, warehouses and coal yards. In these surroundings it was simple for "Jack" to lure his victims beyond the range of a scream for help.

"Jack's" second victim was an unfortunate woman named Annie Chapman, whose mutilated body was found in the rear of a factory. While killing his third victim, Elizabeth Stride, in the rear of a coal yard, he was interrupted by a man in a pony cart who supplied police with the only description ever obtained of the sadistic killer. The cart driver said Jack was 34 or 35 years of age, five feet six inches tall, of dark complexion, and wore a dark mustache turned up at the ends. He also wore a bowler and gold rimmed spectacles.

ITEMS CHECK.

George Edwards told Scotland Yard inspectors that his cousin Frank did wear a bowler, gold rimmed spectacles and a dark mustache turned up at the ends.

He said his cousin Frank hated women and quarrelled easily. Mrs. Bertha Parkhurst, 75, another cousin, told police Frank Edwards did indeed hate women.

"Women in his opinion were just no good," she said. "I have a vague memory he was supposed to have murdered a woman in London but I can't remember the details."

The body of Jack's next victim, Catherine Eddowes, was found in an alley in 1890. And his last victim, Jeanette Kelly, was the only one he killed inside a house. And his last was his most gruesome crime.

OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

Sir Melville Macnaughton, a Scotland Yard official, had this to say of the crime:

"The operator must have been at least two hours over his hellish job. The madman made a bonfire of some old newspapers and his victim's clothes and by this dim and irreligious light, a scene was enacted which nothing witnessed by Dante in his visit to the infernal regions could have surpassed."

The murders suddenly ceased in 1891.

For the next several years, London police had as many confessions of "Jack the Ripper" as Los Angeles police did following the slaying of the "Black Dahlia."

But despite the passage of more than half a century the name of "Jack the Ripper" still stirs sinister fascination.

Washington Post

16 April 1907

RICH GIFTS FOR PRELATES.

Big Estate of Dr. Tumilty Is Soon to Be Distributed.
Supposed Pauper, Who Once Lived Here, Left Cardinal Gibbons and
Archbishop Ireland \$10,000 Each.

By the will of a supposed pauper, Dr. Francis T. Tumilty, who died in St. Louis in 1904, two distinguished Catholic prelates, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, are beneficiaries in the sum of \$10,000 each. Owing to the death of Michael Fitzsimmons, one of the other contestants, the will will soon be soon probated.

Old Washingtonians remember Tumilty, who was one of the most picturesque of the many vagabonds who have at different times made this city their stamping ground. He started life as a newsboy in Rochester, and later entered the employ of a physician as an office boy, where he picked up a smattering of medical knowledge. For some years after he traveled about making much money as a doctor, but was regarded by members of his own profession as a quack. When he turned up in Washington he said that he held a commission as a colonel in the United States army, and that he was attached to the staff of Gen. McClellan.

He appeared everywhere and claimed to enjoy the friendship of many prominent government officials. His coat was well plastered with decorations, which he said had been bestowed upon him by European sovereigns, who were grateful for his services in the leading continental hospitals. But the day of reckoning came, and Tumilty, unable to bear the storm of ridicule which was raised against him, fled to St. Louis.

He returned to Washington, however, in time to become associated in the public mind with the Lincoln conspirators. Herold, who was convicted on the charge of being a confederate of Booth in the assassination and was hanged, was said to have been Tumilty's valet, but this the "doctor" stoutly denied.

Once again the "doctor" was to come before the public in an unenviable light. This was at the time of the Whitechapel murders, twenty years ago, when Tumilty, because of his predilection for collecting female anatomical specimens, became an object of suspicion to the detectives of Scotland Yard. Sufficient evidence to justify his detention could not be secured and he was eventually released. An effort was made to arrest him on another charge, but he disappeared before this could be done and later reappeared on this side of the Atlantic.

From the extreme of ostentation, Tumilty passed to the extreme of niggardliness, his habits and apparent necessity leading to the prevalent belief that he was a pauper. He was found dead in the grounds of a small hospital, where he had been a charity patient, and was supposed by the officials of the institution to be penniless. In reality his check was good for \$130,000, and he possessed diamonds which, it is said, were valued at the time at \$25,000. His entire estate amounted to about \$200,000.

The beneficiaries of the will are:

Mrs. Thomas Brady of Liverpool, England, a niece;

Mrs. Jane Haynes, Vallejo, Cal., a sister;

Mrs. Patrick Barrett and Mary Fitzsimmons, of this city, nieces,
\$10,000:

Mark A. Blackburn, formerly coachman and valet to Dr. Tumilty, \$5,000:

and Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, \$10,000 each, for
charitable purposes.

Oelwein Register (Iowa)
25 January 1889

"Jack the Ripper." Is He Tumblety's Man Friday?

It has been known for some days past that the detectives have been quietly tracing the career in this city of Dr. Francis Tumblety, one of the suspects under surveillance by the English authorities, and who was recently followed across the ocean by Scotland Yard's men. From information which leaked out yesterday from police quarters, the inquiries presented here are not so much in reference to Tumblety himself as to a companion who has attracted almost as much attention as the doctor, both on account of oddity of character and the shadow like persistence with which he followed his employer.

The investigation in this city is understood to be under the direction of English officials now in New York, and based upon certain information they have forwarded by mail.

One of the officers whom current reports connects with this local investigation is James Jackson, the well known private detective. When seen last evening at his home, on John street, Mr. Jackson was not disposed to talk about the matter, but after some urging consented to tell his personal experience with the doctor.

"It was back in the spring of 1870," he said, "when I first met Tumblety in Pittsburg. He was a tall, handsome man, exceedingly dignified and polite, with a military bearing. We met on the street, and after a few words he invited me to have a cigar at the Monogahela House. It was a cold, snowy evening, and smoking our cigars, we walked down to his office. In the meantime he had introduced himself by showing a heavy gold medal which purported to have been presented to him by the citizens of Salt Lake, Utah, for some service. The doctor carried a gold headed cane, so heavy that it would tire your hand. Arrived at the office, he insisted on examining my physical condition and freely gave his advice as to a line of habits which would in a few years make me a perfect specimen of manhood. I frequently called on the doctor and we became great friends. He always had on tap at his office a barrel of ale, and we used to sit and drink until both of us were feeling somewhat jolly."

"Did he at the time have a companion called Jack?"

"What's that?" said the detective.

The question was repeated.

"Well, yes," replied the detective in a hesitating, suspicious tone. "I believe he did. But why do you ask?"

On being frankly told by the reporter of the rumors in circulation respecting the inquiries of English officials, Detective Jackson responded that it might be so, but with a smile, added that he could not say. "To tell you the truth," the detective continued, "he did have such a companion, or rather bodyguard. The shadow was with him wherever he went, and was known only by the name of Jack. His last name I never heard spoken. This Jack was a tall, giantlike fellow, whose head somewhat bent over. His face was as white as a ghost's. And his deep blue eyes had a snakey appearance. Jack wore long hair and a very small mustache. I understand he came from Texas, where he was a cowboy or something of the kind. He rarely spoke, and hardly made any noise when he walked. In fact, he had a sneaking movement about him that I did not like. Usually he wore a velvet suit, and was a man who, from dress and general appearance, would attract attention anywhere. There were reports in Pittsburg which went to explain the colorless appearance of the shadow's features, but of their truth I cannot say. Anyhow, the doctor was not thought very highly of. Jack looked like a man that was insane and desperate - a man who would do anything. In 1875 I was at Aurora, Ind., and, boarding a train, found the doctor and Jack occupying seats. Both recognized me at once and I had a long talk with Tumblety. I understand that Jack accompanied the doctor when he went abroad."

"Is there any possibility that Tumblety's Jack and Jack the Ripper might be some way connected in the recent mysterious murders of London?"

"Well, I have heard suspicions that they might be one and the same," remarked the detective guardedly, "but I don't care to talk about it for certain reasons. I may say, however, that the suspicion is very strong in my mind, and if the inquiries were rightly pushed they might lead to startling developments. I can't say more to you at present."

The officials at police headquarters declined to talk about the matter or to answer any questions bearing on this supposed discovery of "Jack the Ripper's" identity.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

San Antonio Daily Light (Texas)
27 October 1890

The woman murdered in South Hampstead was not a victim of Jack the Ripper. The woman's name was Hobbs and her husband, from whom she was separated, is suspected.

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

I Beg to Report

JACK THE RIPPER AND THE EAST END. From May to November 2008, the Museum in Docklands, a member of the Museum of London Group, will host a major new exhibition, *Jack the Ripper and the East End*. This exhibition, the first to explore the Jack the Ripper murders and their legacy, will look at the lives of the people involved in his crimes, how the crimes changed police methodology and the lasting impact of the events on Londoners.



It will bring together for the first time surviving original documents, including police files, photographs and letters from the public, as well as artefacts, such as Charles Booth's poverty maps and oral history recordings by contemporary East Enders. *Jack the Ripper and the East End* will explore how the murders were a huge catalyst for change, creating public revulsion at the desperate state of life in the shadows of the world's richest city.

The story of Jack the Ripper has shaped the way London and, in particular, the East End, are imagined. The exhibition will ask why the story of the Whitechapel murders continues to resonate over 120 years after the events and why Jack the Ripper, this unknown, has become so iconic and so much a part of London's

cultural landscape. It will display many objects attesting to an undimmed public appetite for the telling and retelling of this story, from letters sent to the police by the public and self-claimed Jacks, to the veritable library of claimed solutions which have consistently failed to close the case ever since.

Julia Hoffbrand, curator of the exhibition, says: '*Jack the Ripper and the East End*' will take visitors deep into the labyrinth of late-Victorian Whitechapel. It will reveal the lives of those who inhabited the streets and courts where the murders took place - lives which are obscured in so many accounts of the Ripper murders. With the original surviving case reports and photographs, and artefacts from late 1880s Whitechapel on public display for the first time, visitors to Museum in Docklands will have the chance to examine the contemporary evidence first hand, enter the world in which the crimes took place and reach their own conclusions about a London story which continues to fascinate and shock.'

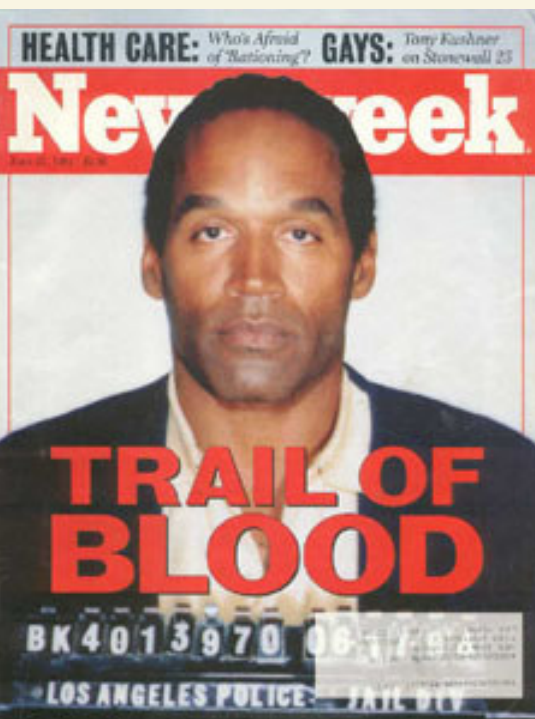
For more information go to the Museum's website at www.museumindocklands.org.uk or just keep reading these columns. We'll keep you informed.

YOU GOTTA SIN TO BE SAVED. On 14 July 2007, former Lone Justice front woman Maria McKee performed at the United Methodist Church, Normal Heights, San Diego, California. Sporting a loose-fitting, powder-blue frock, Miss McKee told the audience she would forego her usual 'Victorian era, Jack the Ripper victim' ensemble in honour to the venue. But somebody up there didn't appreciate her remark and when Miss McKee attempted to plug in her amplifier during sound check she sustained several electric shocks. She ended playing a few classic tunes on the church piano. Either the Methodists or the Victorian era killers are not to be mocked.

Pat Sherman, *McKee receives divine reprimand in Normal Heights, San Diego* *Union-Tribune*, San Diego, CA, United States, 19 July 2007.

http://www.signonsandiego.com/news/outthere/2007/07/mckee_receives_divine_reproach.html





MR SIMPSON TO YOU. In an Internet interview streamed live by the Dallas-based Web site Market News First (www.MN1.com) on 31 July 2007, former football star, actor and celebrity defendant O J Simpson discussed his memoir *If I Did It*. He said that the imaginary account of his killing his ex-wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, and her friend Ron Goldman in June 1994 was crafted by a ghost writer. According to Simpson, he reluctantly agreed to include a chapter containing a 'night-of-the-crime' account as told by him in the book only after the publishers stated they would label it clearly as hypothetical. 'Because I didn't do it... I will not justify the evidence they had...' said Simpson. 'We got to that chapter, and I said, "Hey, I can't participate in that."' He answered the ghost writer's questions but otherwise played a passive role in describing the killings. 'I read what he wrote, and I saw all of these major holes, all of these impossible things,' he continued. 'All of these other parts of the book I would correct, but I told myself, "If I correct this, there are going to be people out there that say, 'Oh, look how accurate this is.' Right?"' Simpson said he never thought the book would get published, and consented to it mostly because he needed the money.

Regan Books, an imprint of HarperCollins, which is owned by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp, was slated to publish the book. But its publication was scrapped amid public outrage shortly before its release due late last year. All 400,000 copies of the book were recalled and destroyed.

On 30 July 2007, rights to the book passed to Ron Goldman's family. Simpson was acquitted of criminal charges in a sensational trial in 1995. Two years later,

however, a civil court found him liable for the deaths of his ex-wife and Goldman and ordered him to pay \$38 million to Goldman's family. Goldman's father Fred, who originally opposed the book, now wants it published as he views it as 'an indictment of a wife-beater, of a murderer, written in his own words.'

Mr Goldman's wishes may still come true. New York publisher Beaufort books has announced that will publish *If I Did It*. While the Goldman family and the publishers have pledged to contribute portions of the proceeds to the Ron Goldman Foundation For Justice to help victims of violent crime, Denise Brown, Nicole Brown Simpson's sister, immediately called for a boycott of the book.

That was not all. On 7 August 2007, a Los Angeles Superior Court judge ordered Simpson to pay to Goldman's family any money he earns from *All-Pro Football 2K8*, a video game featuring Simpson's likeness among 240 former football greats. The judge also ordered Simpson to turn over all correspondence, documents and contracts with the video game's publisher, Take-Two Interactive Software, to Goldman's family. The court's order did not detail how much money Simpson might have earned from the deal.

Steve Gorman, *OJ Simpson blames ghost author over murder book*, *Washington Post*, Washington, DC, USA, 31 July 2007

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2007/07/31/AR2007073102255.html>

O.J. Simpson ordered to turn over proceeds from video game, Court TV, 8 Aug 2007

http://www.courttv.com/people/2007/0808/oj_simpson_ap.html

International Herald Tribune, Neuilly, France, 17 August 2007

IN PRAISE OF OLDER WOMEN. Readers of these columns will remember *Sanctuary*, the Canadian Web series developed by Damian Kindler, the chief executive officer of Stage 3 Media. To refresh your memories - if you are not yet a fan of the series - *Sanctuary* follows the adventures of Dr Helen Magnus, as she seeks out monstrous creatures to reform, protect or capture. She's no bimbo; she's highly intelligent, she's a doctor and she's a mature, grown-up woman - all of 157 years old. She was once engaged to Jack the Ripper, but then, nobody is perfect. Dr Magnus is played by Amanda Tapping, an attractive British expatriate who looks years younger than her character's age. She is helped by her reckless daughter Ashley and her reluctant assistant Will Zimmerman. In an interview with Marx Pyle of SyFy Portal, Damian Kindler listed among his influences *The X-Files*, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, the graphic novel *League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* and Caleb Carr's novel *The Alienist*. Says Kindler: 'So I had kind of a gothic steampunk ... X-Files sort of "The truth is out there," except the truth is out there, but you don't want to find it.'

Sanctuary basic plot revolves round what it would be like to be a woman who runs a private hospital for monsters when a new doctor joins the staff. The show is all about its characters and their conflicts. While Dr Magnus and her team hold the centre of the stage, Kindler has a soft spot for John Druitt - also known as Jack the Ripper - who is played by Christopher Heyerdahl. Kindler has a story arc planned for Druitt over the next two years. 'He's not going to stay quiet and stay uninvolved,' he says. We wonder what Jack the Ripper does when he is not staying quiet and uninvolved. Well, we'll soon find out. The sixth Webisode of *Sanctuary* premiered on 30 July 2007. To find more about it, and to watch it, go to the *Sanctuary* website at <http://sanctuaryforall.com/home.php>.

Marx Pyle, *A Trip Inside The 'Sanctuary': EXCLUSIVE: Damian Kindler gives peek into world of Sanctuary*, SyFyPortal - St Petersburg, FL, USA, 29 July 2007 - <http://www.syfyportal.com/pagetogether.php?id=3970&page=1>



THEY CAN TAKE THAT AWAY FROM YOU. A Magistrates' Court at Francistown, Botswana, granted bail to 35-year-old Baena Ntshabeng, who had ripped off the penis foreskin of a man he caught having sex with his wife. Inspector Mazibani told the court that the victim, Sehularo Rakgwasi, who was admitted to hospital after the attack a month ago, was recently released and was recovering at home. The magistrate warned Mr Ntshabeng not to tamper with police investigation and ordered him to sign for a 1000 pula self-recognition bond.

Following his release, Mr Ntshabeng said the whole thing had ruined his image before the eyes of the public. 'The incident was a very big embarrassment to me,' he added. 'Just imagine finding someone having sex with your wife. Life is not fair and truly speaking I have serious bad luck. Seeing your wife having sex with some man is not a good experience, [especially] when you are later thrown behind bars.' What hurt him most was that his victim was a friend with whom he used to drink beer. Mr Ntshabeng also said the charges levelled against him were ridiculous and dismissed allegations that he had used a knife to circumcise Mr Rakgwasi.

'I found them sleeping on the floor in the kitchen after my woman told me that she was retiring to sleep leaving me at a nearby shebeen in the village,' said Mr Ntshabeng. (For those of our readers who live a sheltered life, a shebeen is an unlicensed liquor-selling place, in Botswana as in Ireland.) Confronted with his wife's infidelity, Mr Ntshabeng instinctively wedged his hand between her and her lover and got hold of his penis. 'I then pulled hard and since the penis had a healed scar caused by a fire burn, the foreskin just peeled off,' he explained. Mr Ntshabeng underlined that he did not mean to injure the man. Yet he felt it was going to be difficult for him to reunite with his wife after the incident, especially since she never visited him in prison. We wonder what Mma Ramotswa would have made of the case.

Chenjelani Baraedi, *Botswana: Foreskin Ripper Bailed Out*, *The Voice*, Francistown, Botswana, 31 July 2007

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD. A team of researchers led by Dr Clyde Francks from Oxford University have identified the left-handed gene, called LRRTM1. The gene helps determine which parts of the brain control specific functions, such as speech and emotion. The brain is set up in an asymmetrical way. In right-handed people the left side of the brain usually controls speech and language, while the right side controls emotions. In left-handed people the opposite is often true. The researchers believe the LRRTM1 gene is responsible for this. They also believe people with the LRRTM1 gene may have a slightly greater risk of developing psychotic mental illness such as schizophrenia, a condition often linked to unusual balances of brain function.

Dr Francks said left-handed people should not be worried by the links between left-handedness and schizophrenia. He added: 'There are many factors which make individuals more likely to develop schizophrenia and the vast majority



of left-handers will never develop a problem. 'We don't yet know the precise role of this gene,' said Jane Harris, of the mental health charity Rethink. 'No-one really understands what causes schizophrenia yet. It is probably a combination of factors, including genetics, problems in childbirth, viral infections, drug use, poverty and urbanisation.'

Reactions to the announcement have been varied. Said Grant Warkentin: 'That's bad news for me. I'm a lefty. A southpaw. Sinister. Gauche. And now, apparently, I'm at risk of turning into a raving loon. Some people might tell you that's not news for me, but I'm worried. I just looked up a list of famous left-handers in history and I'm in pretty rough company. Billy the Kid. The Boston Strangler. Jack the Ripper. Napoleon. Julius Caesar. Ramses II. Fidel Castro. It gets worse. George Bush Sr. Bill Clinton. Bob Dole...ewwww. Oh no, Billy Ray Cyrus - could it get any

worse?' Billy Ray Cyrus is an American country singer and film and television actor, whose number one hit single was *Achy Breaky Heart* (1992). Not many people know that.

Added Ron Ferguson: 'The reason left-handers feel superior to right-handers is because we are. Sorry, folks, but that's the way it is. Those of you who regularly write angry letters to me should reflect on the fact that Jack the Ripper and the Boston Strangler were left-handers. And I know where you live.'

On the other hand, good lefties include Joan of Arc, Alexander the Great, Aristotle, Jeremy Beadle, Ludwig Van Beethoven, Lenny Bruce, Lewis Carroll, Leonardo Da Vinci, Clarence Darrow, W C Fields, Benjamin Franklin, Judy Garland, Mahatma Gandhi, Jimi Hendrix, Kermit the Frog, Michelangelo, Paul McCartney, Albert Schweitzer, Ziggy Stardust, Terry-Thomas, Mark Twain, Queen Victoria, and Ripperologist's own Adam Wood.

Gene for left-handedness is found, BBC News, London, UK, 31 July 2007 - <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/health/6923577.stm>

Grant Warkentin, *Left out and almost nuts*, *Campbell River Mirror*, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, 3 August 2007.

<http://www.campbellrivermirror.com/portals-code/list.cgi?paper=6&cat=48&id=1037834&more=0>

Ron Ferguson, *Cower at the sinister left hand of the Lord*, *The Herald*, Glasgow, Scotland, UK, 6 August 2007

<http://www.theherald.co.uk/features/featuresopinon/display.var.1597019.0.0.php>



THE VERY FIRST MOSQUE IN BRITAIN: What comes to mind when you think of Liverpool? The Beatles, Dicky's Meadow, the Liverpool Football Club, the River Mersey, the *pot-au-feu l'hiver poule*, syrup of squills, the cold winds blowing from the Irish Sea, newly arrived immigrants huddling at the docks, all my eye and Betty Martin and the birthplace of James Maybrick, Ramsey Campbell and Christopher T George. But there is more to it than meets the eye. A derelict, crumbling, semi-detached at 8 Brougham Terrace, West Derby Street, once housed Britain's first mosque. The man who founded it on Christmas Day 1889 was not an Arab Sheik, a Kashmiri magnate or a Turkish diplomat but an English solicitor: William Quilliam. He was, however, no ordinary solicitor - and no ordinary man. His countrymen did

not particularly revere him - but powerful friends throughout the Muslim world honoured him for his devotion to Islam. The Shah of Persia made him a consul to his country in 1894; Sultan Abdul Hamid II, the last Ottoman emperor, gave Quilliam the title of 'Sheikh al-Islam of Britain', leader of British Muslims; and the Sultan of Afghanistan gave him a £2,500 'personal gift', to help him continue his good works.

Born in 1856, Quilliam was the son of a wealthy watchmaker and a successful solicitor in his own right. In 1882, he travelled to Morocco and Algeria, where he discovered Islam. At the age of 31 he became a Moslem, changed his name to Abdullah and acquired a marmoset that would accompany him everywhere he went. Other animals that later joined the monkey at his home included a jackal, a wolf, a fox and even a crocodile.

But spreading Islam was Quilliam's calling and his life's work. He first began holding lectures on his new religion and then founded the Liverpool Mosque and Institute in Brougham Terrace. Within 10 years, he was the spiritual leader of some 150 Moslem converts, almost all of whom were British. They included his sons and his mother, along with scientists, professionals and others. Quilliam wrote a book of Muslim hymns in English as well as a book, *The Faith of Islam*, which was published in 1899 and translated into 13 languages. Among its readers were Queen Victoria and the ruler of Egypt. Quilliam printed two journals, *The Crescent* and *The Islamic Review*, in the mosque's cellar. He also set up the Muslim College and a weekly debating society. To help ease Liverpool's social ills, he founded the Medina Home, which cared for illegitimate children and found them foster parents. In 1908, however, Quilliam abruptly decided to leave Britain, heading back to the east and not returning until shortly before his death in 1932.

Following Quilliam's departure, the institutions he had set up declined, including the mosque, which eventually ended in the hands of the Liverpool City Council. When the authority moved out, the building fell further into disrepair. But, with Liverpool gearing up to be European Capital of Culture next year, the forgotten mosque could finally be about to be restored to its former glory. The Bishop of Liverpool, the Right Rev James Jones, is now patron of a fundraising campaign to finance a restoration project that would cost £2.4m. The governments of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait have also offered to help with the project.

The Bishop of Liverpool admits that being asked to take up the cause presented him with a 'theological challenge', but he was compelled to accept by Quilliam's example. 'One of the challenges in today's world is concentrating on the best examples of each other's religions and finding common ground,' he said. 'Quilliam was a man who did a huge amount of good work that all religious leaders should appreciate and the campaign to restore his institute is worth supporting, both nationally and locally.'



Sheikh Abdullah Quilliam (1851 - 1932)

Michael Savage, *Forgotten champion of Islam: One man and his mosque*, *The Independent*, London, UK, 2 August 2007
http://news.independent.co.uk/uk/this_britain/article2826203.ece

CRIME DOES NOT PAY. 'But I take some consolation in the fact that my badness is quite small on the cosmic scale of wrongdoing — on which, after all, we have to somewhere place Jack the Ripper, and Hitler, and whoever told Celine Dion to keep at it. Because, if the penalty for filing late is one per cent on whatever tax you would have paid, I won't be forking out much more than I would for an autorickshaw ride to the train station.' Mitali Saran on forgetting 31 July was the last date for filing individual tax returns in India.

Death and taxes, *Business Standard*, New Delhi, India, 4 August 2007

<http://www.business-standard.com/lifeleisure/storypage.php?leftnm=5&subLeft=10&chlogin=N&autono=293259&tab=r>



THREE JACKS AND A KING. 'Now Jack, how about you? Do you maintain that yours is an original name? Well it's not. It was used long before you were born. Offhand, I can think of two Jacks — Jack of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and Jack the Ripper, who cut quite a figure in his day.' Julius Henry 'Groucho' Marx on Jack Warner in a letter to the Warner Brothers film studio. In 1948, Warner wrote to the Marx Brothers threatening legal action if they did not change the title of a film they had in preparation: *A Night in Casablanca*. Warner considered the film's title too similar to its own *Casablanca*, released in 1942. After several letters were exchanged, Warner dropped the subject. When the studio later announced the production of the Cole Porter biopic *Night and Day*, Groucho wrote to it complaining that the title was stolen from two Marx Brothers films: *A Night at the Opera* (1935) and *A Day at the Races* (1937).

LADY OF THE PRESS. Charles Owens, City Editor of the *Bluefield Daily Telegraph* of Bluefield, WV, USA, asked several of his colleagues at the *Telegraph* newsroom: 'If you could cover any news event in history, which one would it be?' They variously chose the birth of Christ, the crucifixion of Christ, the assassination of President Kennedy, President Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg Address, the Nuremberg trials after World War II and Elvis's death. Managing Editor Samantha Perry chose the case of Jack the Ripper. 'First you have the aspect of such a sensational series of crimes,' she said, 'but I think it would be interesting to delve into the human drama, how this affected the people of London, the fear, the horror; and I think interviewing a family member of one of Jack the Ripper's victims would be one of the most unbelievably poignant stories that a reporter could ever have.' Her second choice was the eruption of Mount Vesuvius which destroyed the city of Pompeii.

Of all of history's headlines, which would you have liked to write about most? Bluefield Daily Telegraph, Bluefield, WV, USA, 8 August 2007
http://www.bdtonline.com/columns/local_story_220170008.html

WHAT'S IN A NAME? We've been told many times that the habit of giving criminals colourful nicknames glamorised them and inspired young people to commit murder and mayhem, take liberties with their betters' property and play loud, discordant music late at night. But now comes no less an authority than the Federal Bureau of Investigation to tell us that hanging metaphoric monikers round miscreants' necks is actually a good thing. By coining memorable *noms de crime* for serial delinquents, law enforcement officials are increasing the odds that crooks are caught. Descriptive, picturesque and idiosyncratic nicknames generate more media coverage, more public interest, more tips and more opportunities to apprehend suspects. By planting a mind-picture in those who follow the news, these nicknames make it more likely that criminals will be spotted and reported.

'Nicknames are wordplay that captivates people's imaginations,' said Paul Leslie, a sociology professor at Greensboro College, North Carolina. 'Seems like the FBI may have hit onto something.'

Agent Bill Rehder spent most of his 33 years with the FBI as a bank robbery squad member and became the FBI's bank robbery coordinator in Los Angeles in 1981. Mr Rehder, who retired from the agency in 1999, decided that bandits should get code names as soon as they hit a second bank. He has said that the tradition of assigning memorable monikers to criminals goes way back. 'The nicknaming system could be traced back to Jack the Ripper, probably the most famous of all. That was probably the most interesting and imaginative code name in criminal history.' It was also apt, because it described what he was doing, killing and mutilating prostitutes in late 19th century London. 'Had they called him Prostitute Killer No. 104, no one would have remembered,' added Mr Rehder.

Nicknames can create a sense of familiarity with a person, said Professor Leslie. But when it comes to criminals, catchy titles make the subject perversely intriguing. The names also drive home the point that the person's act is aberrant, immoral and unethical. 'It makes that person stand out for negative reasons.'

The FBI's Sacramento Violent Crimes Task Force recently publicized more monikers for serial bank robbers, including Merchant Bag Bandit, Bag Lady Bandit, Billfold Bandit, Sports Cap Bandit, Spiderman Bandit - and the Skunk, Ponytail and Grandpa Bandits, who are still at large. Since increasing the use of nicknames, area FBI agents said, they have noticed a measurable increase in the number of tips received.

Chelsea Phua, Catching crooks with colorful names: FBI says nicknaming often leads to an arrest, Sacramento Bee, Sacramento, CA, USA, 6 August 2007 -
<http://www.sacbee.com/101/story/310667.html>





BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS. A panel of expert judges crowned Hobsons Mild as the 2007 Champion Beer of Britain at the Great British Beer Festival (GBBF) held at Earl's Court in London during the month of August. Second place overall went to Mighty Oak Maldon Gold, winner in the Golden Ales category, and third place to Green Jack Ripper, which won the Winter Ale category earlier this year.

Michelle Perrett, *Champion Beer of Britain 2007 announced*, *The Publican*, London, UK, 7 August 2007, <http://www.thepublican.com/story.asp?sectioncode=7&storycode=56439&c=1>

FREDDY KRUEGER WANNABE DEAD AT BROADMOOR. Readers of these columns will remember Daniel Gonzalez, 26, of Woking, Surrey, who knifed two men and two women to death over three days in September 2004. His victims were Derek Robinson, 76, and his wife Jean, 68, from Highgate, north London, Kevin Molloy, 46, who was killed in Tottenham, north London, and Marie Harding, 73, who was murdered near Worthing in Sussex. He also attacked Peter King, 61, in Portsmouth, Hampshire, and Koumis Constantinou, 59, in north London. Both survived.

On 9 August 2007, a Broadmoor Hospital spokesman said Gonzalez was found dead at 0830 BST. 'Police attended the hospital to investigate, as is normal procedure when there is a death in custody,' he added. 'We will not comment further until a post mortem examination has been carried out.'

Gonzalez was considered one of the most dangerous patients at the maximum security hospital. He had told police he wondered what it would be like to be Freddy Krueger, from the *Nightmare on Elm Street* films, for a day. Defence witness Dr Edward Petch, a psychiatric consultant at Broadmoor Hospital, said during the trial that he was a schizophrenic capable of 'extreme, unprovoked and unpremeditated violence'. Jurors at the Old Bailey decided he killed in cold blood and was not suffering from a mental illness. They took just 90 minutes to convict him. Gonzalez received six life sentences for his crimes.

Inquiry over serial killer death: A serial killer who knifed four people to death within three days has been found dead at Broadmoor Hospital, BBC News, London, UK, 9 August 2007.

http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/england/southern_counties/6939722.stm



LET'S THROW IT IN A FOOTBALL FIELD AND SEE IF IT GETS KICKED. 'It is an interesting argument: on this basis, a number of colourful characters would have theoretically been cleared to own a football club, including Pol Pot, Adolf Hitler, Attila the Hun, Genghis Khan and Jack the Ripper. None of them were convicted of any crimes, either.' Des Kelly on the purchase of Manchester City football club by former Thai Prime Minister Thaksin Shinawatra, who has been charged with corruption in his country and accused of human rights abuses by organisations such as Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch. The Premier League reportedly said that it would not be proper to bar Thaksin from the League because 'he has not been convicted of anything'.

Football really did stink this summer, *Daily Mail*, London, UK, 6 August 2007 http://www.dailymail.co.uk/pages/live/articles/columnists/columnists.html?in_article_id=473634&in_page_id=1951&in_author_id=344

WHAT'S ENTERTAINMENT? 'There is almost nothing that can't be made into entertainment. Jack the Ripper is part of our folklore and presumably if enough time passes, it will be acceptable to laugh at the likes of Ian Huntley. But I don't think the passage of time suddenly makes it alright to say something not acceptable at the time.' Golders Green novelist and stand up comedian Mark Watson on his latest book, *A Light-Hearted Look at Murder* (Chatto and Windus, £11.99), whose protagonists are German Hitler-impersonator Andreas Honig and his unusually tall English girlfriend Rose.

Bridget Galton, *Watson takes an elementary look at murder, just for laughs*, *Hampstead and Highgate Express*, London, England, UK, 9 August 2007 <http://www.hamhigh.co.uk/content/camden/hamhigh/whatson/story.aspx?brand=NorthLondon24&category=whatsonfeatures&tBrand=northlondon24&tCategory=whatson&itemid=WeED09%20Aug%202007%2012%3A21%3A48%3A570>

NO MUTTON FOR THE RIPPER. New Kiwis rugby league assistant coach Phil Prescott was feeling pride, rather than disappointment, after missing out on the top job. He was one of four candidates short-listed for the position alongside new head coach Gary Kemple, James Leuluai and Sam Panapa. 'As a footballer they were three blokes you always aspired to be like,' said Prescott. New Zealand Rugby League football director Graham Lowe had made the point to them that they did not want Jack the Ripper among the group. 'And I don't think Jack the Ripper's here, you know,' added Prescott, who works on the mutton chain at a freezing plant. The Kiwis' centenary test is against Australia in Wellington in October and afterwards the team will tour England.

Tim Dunbar, *Prescott proud to assist*, *The Press*, Waipara, New Zealand, 18 August 2007 <http://www.stuff.co.nz/stuff/thePress/4168671a14896.html>

MARYLAND 'RIPPER' GETS LIFE. On 6 August 2007, Charles Eugene Burns, 35, a labourer accused of attacks on several women near Aberdeen, Maryland, was sentenced to life without parole for killing Lillian Abramowicz Phelps, whose body was found in June 2006 in shrubs next to a cornfield. Her jaw had been ripped off, her ribs broken and there were two large puncture wounds in her skull. The hyoid bone in her neck was also broken, a characteristic of strangulation. Police arrested Mr Burns after six prostitutes came forward alleging he had attacked and sexually assaulted them in remote locations. The bodies of four women were later found, and prosecutors said during Mr Burns's trial that they had recovered the blood of at least two of them, including Ms Phelps, from the bottom of Mr Burns's Dodge Neon. They gave the jury their version of what had happened. First, Mr Burns had driven Ms Phelps to a secluded location. After attacking her, they continued, Mr Burns left her on the ground and ran her over. A strand of hair found under a front wheel of Mr Burns's car was attached to a bolt that was similar in size to two holes on the right side of Ms Phelps's skull. Dr Carol H Allan, an assistant state medical examiner, testified that this type of holes could only be caused by an object that could apply extreme force, such as a moving car.

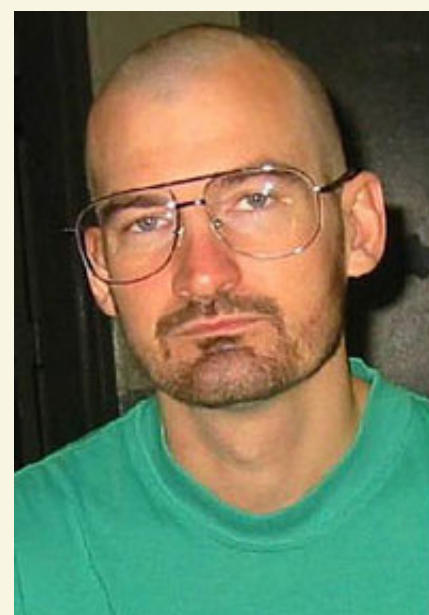
Public defender Lloyd G Merriam argued that Mr Burns could not be found responsible for Ms Phelps's death. 'They have one piece of evidence and lots of conjecture,' he said. 'They have a spot of blood and lots of theories.' On 24 April, Mr Burns was found guilty of first-degree murder in the killing of Ms Phelps. The defendant, described by those who knew him as a troubled man who was fascinated with serial killers, did not react as the jury forewoman announced the verdict.

ABC2news.com, Baltimore, MA, USA, 6 August 2007 -

http://www.abc2news.com/news/local/story.aspx?content_id=df8f5c3f-1b84-4a03-b665-62bdac8d253c

Justin Fenton, *Baltimore Sun*, Baltimore, MA, USA, 25 April 2007.

<http://www.baltimoresun.com/news/local/harford/bal-md.ha.burns25apr25,0,2622873.story>



GRIP IT AND RIP IT. 'As though his life isn't fraught with enough indulgences, vices and temptations, Daly has a personal line of table wines in production, which sounds like such a bad idea on so many fronts, we don't know where to begin. With regard to endorsements and infamous name-association deals, it seems roughly akin to inking Jack the Ripper to a chainsaw endorsement deal.' Steve Elling on crowd-pleasing, two-time major winner, four-time married, compulsive gambler, chain-smoker, alleged alcoholic, overweight golfer John Daly, whose motto is 'Grip it and rip it'.

Steve Elling, *Out-of-control Daly arrives at improbable 67 at Southern Hills*, CBS News, New York City, NY, USA 9 August 2007 -

<http://www.cbsnews.com/stories/sportsline/main10288567.shtml>

HERE GOES THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. Gone are the good old days of gunfights at the O.K. Corral, blood feuds between the Hatfields and the McCoys and gang warfare in Chicago. But if you want to witness savage fighting over territory, armed gangs and long-drawn-out bad blood you can always go to east London, where the best traditions of the High Rip Gang, the Old Nichol, the Bessarabians and the Krays are alive and flourishing. Nobody knows for sure how the deadly feud between the Beaumont Crew and the Oliver Close Crew started. It last manifested itself in 2002, when a member of the Oliver Close Crew robbed a key member of the Beaumont Crew - who control the drug market, and still rages on. The Oliver Close gang allied itself to other gang opposed to the Beaumont, which draws members from other parts of Leyton, and all hell broke loose.

But there is little glamour in the lives of those who are affected by constant gang warfare, despite colourful nicknames like Ripper and Jessie James. The teenagers and young people who live on both the Beaumont estate and Oliver Close are expected to join the local gangs. And expected means there is no choice but to join. The young man who called himself Jessie James was shot because he refused any gang allegiance. Joining a gang, however, offers no real security, as the friendship of one gang is offset by the enmity of the other. Gang members can't get jobs or train. They move about together because it is safer that way. 'Most don't want to do



it,' says the black teenager known as Ripper. 'They run with their boys just to get by. It's protection. If someone is scared of you then in a way they respect you.' Many gang members wear hoods in the hope of going unrecognised. They can't go to areas under the sway of the rival gang but they are not safe elsewhere either. They can't walk because they don't know who might drive past and mob them. They can't take the bus because there is nowhere to go if someone attacks them. People have to take cabs everywhere - an expensive proposition at the best of times. 'Even driving is dangerous,' says Ripper's friend Aron. 'If you drive through the wrong area, you better drive fast.' He concludes: 'That's what it is like.'

A report by the BBC published earlier this year referred to 'Postcode gangs' intimidating East End youngsters on the basis of which postcode they live in. Teenagers marked as 'E5' or 'E9' risk being attacked for straying into the wrong area; simply crossing to the other side of a street which borders two postcodes could end in violence. A teenager identified only as Wez said: 'During the day it's alright, but when it gets late at night you start getting a bit anxious. I'm just worried about getting mugged... anything can happen out there.'

Superintendent Leroy Logan, a police officer with more than a decade's experience on the beat in Hackney, said the postcode rivalries were just a new way of creating boundaries. Some teens are so intimidated they take long detours in order not to cross into 'rival' postcodes. 'If they know they have to go to another part of the borough and have to go through another postcode they'll take a bus looping round that area, or get people to drop them.' He puts it down to peer pressure and said police have been enlisting the help of teens to confront those trying to create the rivalries. 'It's not endemic in Hackney - it's in various boroughs across this country, and we've got various proactive initiatives,' he added. 'We've got gang outreach workers really starting to find out what this beef is all about.'

Hugh Muir, *If you show up in the wrong place at the wrong time, that could be it*, The Guardian, London, UK, 9 August 2007

'Postcode gangs' stalk East End, BBC News, London, UK, 26 January 2007, http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/england/london/6304345.stm



AND I'M NOT JACK THE RIPPER EITHER. Roger Woodgate, a homeless Briton living in New Zealand in a battered Land Rover with Snowy the cat, Redfern the possum and Camilla the goat, has denied he is Lord Lucan. "It's a load of old



poppcock," he said. His neighbours in the country town of Marton believe Woodgate is Lord Lucan because of his upper-class English accent and military bearing. Lord Lucan was educated at Eton and served in the Coldstream Guards. There is also the well-kept salt-and-pepper moustache, which gives Woodgate more than a passing resemblance to Lucan. Margaret Harris, one neighbour, said she had seen a photograph of the fugitive peer in an old magazine and been struck by the similarity. 'I spotted this piece and thought "Oh my God, don't tell me that's who he is?"' she says. 'I'm sure that is who he is because he is trying to make out he's a very poor man; poor my foot.' Local journalists rushed to interview Mr Woodgate, who said he was not Lord Lucan but a former photographer who left the UK five months before the peer went missing. Mr Woodgate pointed out he was five inches shorter than Lord Lucan and, at 62, 10 years younger than the aristocrat would be now.

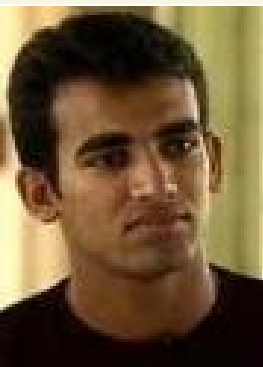
Since Lord Lucan vanished in 1974 he has allegedly been seen more than 70 times in countries across the world including Australia, Ireland, the Netherlands and South Africa. The peer, born Richard Bingham in 1934,

disappeared the day after Sandra Rivett, nanny to his three children, was found murdered at his Belgravia home. His blood-soaked car was found abandoned in Newhaven, East Sussex. The High Court officially declared him dead in 1999.

UK expat denies he is Lord Lucan, BBC News, London, UK, 9 August 2007, http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/6938131.stm

New Lord Lucan suspect: 'I should be so lucky', Daily Mail, London, UK, 10 August 2007, http://www.dailymail.co.uk/pages/live/articles/news/news.html?in_article_id=474194&in_page_id=1770

Paul Chapman and Nick Squires, Lord Lucan 'living with possum in Land Rover', Daily Telegraph, London, UK, 14 August 2007, <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/main.jhtml?xml=/news/2007/08/10/wlucan110.xml>



JACK AND THE JELLY-BEAN STALKER. 'Sadly, we still don't know the identity of the jelly-bean prankster. Now that some character in New Zealand is under suspicion of being Lord Lucan (although if being wild-eyed, badly in need of a haircut, and looking as though you've been sleeping rough are the criteria you can't entirely rule out Ryan Sidebottom) this is destined to join the Mary Celeste and Jack the Ripper on the list of the world's great unsolved mysteries.' Sports commentator Martin Johnson. The prankster concerned is an unidentified England player who allegedly chucked jelly beans at India batsman Zaheer Khan during a Test cricket match on 29 July 2007. India went on to secure its first series win in England since 1986. Ryan Sidebottom is an England player. And you've just read about the Lord Lucan suspect.

Choirboys hit false note at the Oval, Daily Telegraph, London, UK, 10 August 2007.

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/sport/main.jhtml?view=DETAILS&grid=A1YourView&xml=/sport/2007/08/10/scjohn110.xml>

AND DON'T FORGET THE KITCHEN SINK. Bob Huestis, who has spent 21 years overseeing the items that move in and out of the evidence room in the Police Department at Lakewood, Colorado, likes to say that evidence is forever, noting that Scotland Yard still has evidence from the Jack the Ripper investigation. Does it? Well, not an awful lot, at any rate, considering there was never too much to begin with. Mr Huestis has a staff of nine to oversee roughly 68,000 stored items, some dating back to the early 1970s. Besides the storage facilities at the police station, there is a warehouse for up to 200 vehicles outside the city. The current storage facilities are being stretched further as the constant, never-ending stream of evidence flows.

'The volume of evidence continues to grow,' said Mr Huestis. 'Some of the evidence we only have for a short time, but the nature of some of the cases requires us to hold onto the items...forever.' The oldest items in evidence storage are slacks, belts, a cigarette lighter and shotgun shells related to an unsolved shooting death in 1973. 'You never know when a body may turn up or someone may be arrested for the crime,' said Mr Huestis. 'We have to have these materials if there's a trial.' Even in the case of a murder conviction, police must keep the evidence until the appeals process is exhausted.

Six or seven years ago, Mr Huestis came into contact with what he deems the strangest items ever to make it into the evidence room: Hitler's pewter, engraved silverware. A blind widow hired a handyman who ended up stealing items from her house. In the back of her closet was a box of items her husband had brought back from World War II. He had been General George Patton's driver, and he was present when allied forces raided Hitler's mountain stronghold in the Austrian Alps, known as the Eagle's Nest, in 1945. After Patton and others ransacked the home for Hitler's belongings, the husband brought back silverware marked with the swastika symbol and the initials 'A H'. 'It felt eerie to hold those things,'

said Mr Huestis. 'It was such an evil chapter and such an evil person... it affected me emotionally. I think that's the one thing that will stick with me well into retirement.'

One of the five evidence rooms holds more than 800 handguns, rifles, machine guns and other guns. 'There's every kind of gun in here you could imagine,' said Mr Huestis. The array of firearms ranges from automatic weapons, such as an Uzi, to Saturday-night specials, sawed-off shotguns and even World War II handguns. Although many of the guns eventually are destroyed, Huestis rues the day when one particular gun ceases to exist: a pearl-handled Texas Ranger Colt. 'It's truly a collector's item,' he said. 'It'll be a shame to see that one go.'

The contraband room contains plastic bags stuffed with heroin, crack, cocaine, methamphetamines, miscellaneous pills and, most of all, marijuana. 'Some of

this has been here since the early '70s,' said Mr Huestis. 'Given that marijuana is a plant, some of these samples are probably dust.'

The contraband evidence room also houses between \$75,000 and \$100,000 in cash. Some bags contain several \$100 bills. One contains \$480 in singles. Some contain a huge quantity of coins, and Huestis pities the agents who had to count them. The coins result from the cases in which people root around in fountains in hopes of a coin payday. Unclaimed money goes into the city's general fund.

The property evidence room contains items not considered as serious as guns and drugs, but still connected with criminal investigations. There are bikes, computer hard drives, stolen property ranging from big-screen televisions to garden statuettes, beer, transients' sleeping bags and an array of non-firearm weapons, including baseball bats, samurai swords and a primitive device held together by rope that could best be described as a brick on a stick. Near the property evidence room is a 20-by-20-foot walk-in refrigerator containing rape kits and samples of semen and blood, made necessary from the emerging role of DNA in criminal investigations.

Preserving the evidence: Guns, drugs and Hitler's dinnerware in storage, MileHighNews.com, Jefferson County, CO, USA, 15 August 2007,

<http://www.jeffconews.com/1editorialbody.lasso?-token.folder=2007-08-16&-token.story=200145.112112&-token.subpub>



MORE DEADLIER THAN THE MALE. On 16 August, Mr Chuei Hsing-hua, a taxi driver, was arrested on suspicion of having murdered a woman whose mutilated body had been found dumped in a graveyard in the outskirts of Taipei. The suspected murderer was described by police as 'Taiwan's Jack the Ripper' because he cut open the woman's body from the heart down to the lower abdomen.

Mr Chuei admitted to killing the woman, identified as Liu Liqing, out of anger over a financial dispute. However, the police maintain that Mr Chuei killed Ms Liu mainly at the request of his girlfriend Lee Chuanchuan. Both women came from Fujian Province, China, but were at odds for a long time as Ms Liu had spread rumours against Ms Lee in their hometown, saying that she had been engaged in the sex trade in Taiwan. The police later sent Ms Lee back to Fujian Province for her alleged participation in the sex trade. As a result, Ms Lee reportedly asked Mr Chuei to kill Ms Liu. On 14 August, Mr Chuei called Ms Liu for a meeting at a motel in suburban Taipei using the excuse of trying to get Ms Lee's address in Fujian. The two quarrelled and Mr Chuei killed Ms Liu with a sharp knife. He then mutilated the body before dumping it at the graveyard.

Taxi driver arrested in woman's brutal murder, China Post, Taipei, Taiwan, 17 August 2007.

<http://www.chinapost.com.tw/taiwan/2007/08/17/118689/Taxi-driver.htm>

THROW IN A COUPLE OF RIPPEROLOGISTS AND WE'VE GOT A DEAL. 'Spitalfields is a treasure trove of time. It lies outside the original city walls, and has been a home to migrants, drifters, vagabonds, cutpurses, lepers, Jack the Ripper, Fagin, discharged military men (Samuel Pepys writes about the artillery ground, now Artillery Passage), women of the night, and refugees of all kinds. The Huguenots fleeing persecution in France set up the silk industry here, and after them came the Jews, the Bengalis, the Muslims. It used to be so poor that even the rats that ran through the market wore signs round their necks saying "Please Help".' Jeanette Winterson on Rachel Liechtenstein's *On Brick Lane* (Hamish Hamilton, £20, 352pp.)

Her word: Jeanette Winterson, The Times, London, UK, 18 August 2007,

http://entertainment.timesonline.co.uk/tol/arts_and_entertainment/books/article2277138.ece



WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS. 'The people who turn up to these things look like they reanimate at night, from the sides of churches. Women wearing leggings that appear to have been stuffed with dead rats, singing *Pull up to the Bumper* with hideously specific mimes. Spindly boys with eyes the size of tennis balls, leaking insanity from every orifice, singing *Woman in Love* and clutching at invisible bats. Brothers from Sunderland with sebum-soaked hair, matching satin jackets and *My Heart Will Go On* acting as Jack the Ripper to the unfortunate prostitutes of timing, pitch and appropriateness.' Caitlin Moran on the people who attend the audition episodes of *The X Factor*, a UK and Irish reality show searching for the next big singing act.

Deaf wish IV, The Times, London, UK, 18 August 2007,

http://entertainment.timesonline.co.uk/tol/arts_and_entertainment/tv_and_radio/article2258437.ece

A DIFFERENT KIND OF RIPPER MUSICAL. Older Ripperologists and late night television watchers will certainly remember those movies where Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland needed to raise funds for some worthy cause. At some point, one of them would light up and say: 'Hey! Let's put on a show in the barn!' We don't know what makes theatrical producers light up and say 'Hey! Let's put on a Jack the Ripper musical!' but something undoubtedly does, since virtually no month goes by we don't hear of yet another production where cheerful unfortunates, warm-hearted policemen and fine-voiced serial killers belt out a showstopper or two. The latest we've heard of is not called *Jack the Ripper: The Musical*, or any such name. It's called *Jack Rozparovač*, which is quite logical considering it's a Czech musical put on at the Kalich Theatre in Prague. The music is by Slovak composer and musician Vaso Patejdl, a member of the rock group Elán.

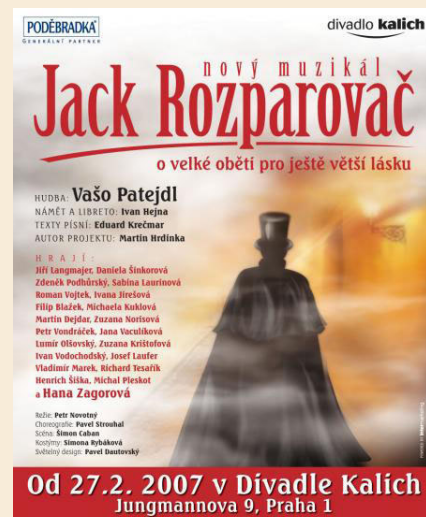
Renowned Czech singer Hana Zagorová plays Elizabeth, an



unfortunate. 'Elizabeth is an unhappy woman who has lost her son, so she has become a little deranged,' said Miss Zagorová. 'It is an emotionally charged dramatic role. That is the first reason why I accepted the part. The second reason is that the character is a woman of a certain age - therefore it doesn't matter that I have long ceased to be young.'

In the play, Jack the Ripper is a medical student who hates women because they laugh at his impotence. Inspector Robert Anderson is hot in pursuit but Jack eludes him by jumping into the Thames. It is not clear whether he survives. Yet *Jack Rozparovač*, we are told, is not about discovering the identity of the murderer. Its main theme is love, sacrifice and the deep internal struggle experienced by each individual. And, according to photographs of the production, lovely young women doing knees-ups in Whitechapel.

If you're thinking about spending an evening with *Jack Rozparovač*, the play will be at the Theatre Kalich, Jungmannova 9, Prague 1, Czech Republic, from 8 September to 28 October 2007. Ticket prices range from 219 to 719 Czech korunas - a bargain. For more information go to the Divadlo (Theatre) Kalich's website at <http://www.kalich.cz>.



AND FINALLY, A TEST OF YOUR RIPPER KNOWLEDGE.



The question last month was: Which Ripper suspect is named in one of Oscar Wilde's works? The answer: Sir William Gull. Oscar Wilde's *The Canterville Ghost* contains a passage where the ghost reminisces about his brilliant and uninterrupted career of three hundred years frightening people. Among the victims he terrorised during those years was 'the rector of the parish, whose candle he had blown out as he was coming late one night from the library, and who had been under the care of Sir William Gull ever since, a perfect martyr to nervous disorders.'

This month's question: What American sleuthing duo met Jack the Ripper? The answer will appear in next month's edition of I Beg to Report.

Some Like It Hot:

An Impossibly Difficult Quiz Question by Jeremy Beadle

Nobody is expected to know the answer but researching it might be fun.

Which Ripper suspect is linked to . . .

Paul Edward Dehn, screenwriter of 'Goldfinger', 'The Spy who Came in from the Cold', three of the 'Planet of the Apes' films and 'Murder on the Orient Express';

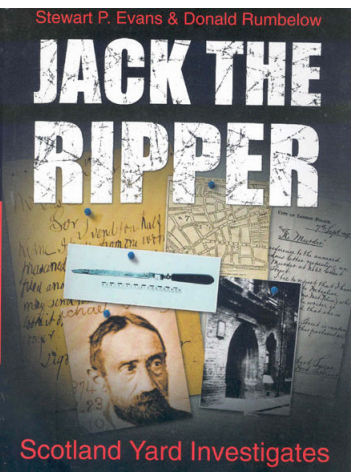
A J P Taylor, controversial historian who once argued that the major cause of the First World War was the wrong turn taken by the chauffeur of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo in 1914;

Kenneth Wolstenholme, football commentator famous for 'Some people are on the pitch ... they think it's all over ... it is now!'

John Peel, radio presenter one of the first to play reggae and punk on British radio and was the longest-serving of the original DJs of BBC Radio 1, broadcasting on it from 1967 until his death in 2004.



Book Reviews



Jack the Ripper: Scotland Yard Investigates,

by Stewart P. Evans and Donald Rumbelow
Sutton Publishing, 2006.

Certainly one of the most highly anticipated Ripperology books in recent years was *Jack the Ripper: Scotland Yard Investigates* by Stewart P. Evans and Donald Rumbelow. After all, a book on which two of the most respected voices in the field combined their talents and views had to create a lot more interest than the usual Ripper literary fare of late. And this time, at least, the anticipation was amply rewarded. The book is an absolute delight on all its several levels. Not so many levels, perhaps, as *Moby Dick* (which novel American college students, at least, are led to

believe has as many interpretations as *Salome* had veils), but enough to provide interest for the general public as well as the most serious students of Saucy Jack.

The first level encountered is the visual as the book is so full of pictures and drawings as to qualify as a Ripper “coffee table book”—except that the accompanying text is readable, reliable and refreshing (all features that lift it well above the realm of the coffee table genre). Still, the images were well chosen and, as we were promised, there are some that may not have seen the light of day for a century or more. Among these are photos of a young and athletic Sir Charles Warren as well as a somewhat blurred image of the mysterious “Le Grand of the Strand.” The enigmatic Le Grand, a con man, convicted criminal and self-proclaimed “private detective,” figured prominently in the Matthew Packer interviews that seemed to undermine police diligence and he has garnered increased interest in the past few years, so the publication of his visage was definitely something of a coup for the authors.

Still, as stunning and often unique as the images are, this book was meant to be read and not merely looked at. And it is in the reading that the real strength of *Scotland Yard Investigates* emerges. It is certainly an enjoyable overview of the murders that held London’s East End in the grip of terror during the fall of 1888 and beyond, but as the book’s subtitle suggests it does so from a decidedly different perspective. Both Evans and Rumbelow are retired policemen so it was natural that together they would take this new tack in examining the events forever enshrined as the Jack the Ripper murders. By focusing on the murder investigations by the Metropolitan Police (and, to a lesser extent, the City of London Police) the authors not only provide a novel vantage from which to examine the events that ensued, but it also, as will be discussed later, provides an interesting new way of handling the endless list of suspects who clutter so many contemporary books.

Central to the police investigations at the time was the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, Sir Charles Warren, and as the authors explain in their preface “Warren’s character and the effect he had on the investigation form the spine of this book.” In terms of his character and early exploits, the opening chapter provides some real surprises. Likening him to a real-life “Indiana Jones,” the authors reveal that early in his military career as a Royal Engineer Warren had an interest in and aptitude for archaeology. This interest became reality in 1866 when he was lent by the War Office to the Palestine Exploration Fund and spent four years in Jerusalem excavating (largely in secret and at peril for his life) the Temple Mount. Displaying great daring and initiative, Warren made a number of important discoveries (coming as close, perhaps, as anyone to finding the Ark of the Covenant) and his reputation remains high among archaeologists even today.

Later, then Captain Warren was sent to South Africa as a special commissioner and showed great foresight and negotiating skills in settling a series of vexing land disputes. This was quickly followed by several stints commanding troops of volunteers and irregulars in a series of bloody border skirmishes. As a military commander, Warren once more manifested a great degree of martial acumen and personal bravery. Moreover, the authors reveal that in contrast to the formal, stiff

appearance projected in later photographs. Warren retained a streak of boyishness that even into middle age and beyond would bring him to stand on his head or perform other impromptu athletic feats.

Yet for most today Warren is seen as a figure of derision and failure. One might have hoped that Warren would have applied some of his skill at unraveling archaeological mysteries to the Ripper's depredations, but then as Commissioner he was locked into an administrative position that saw him forever worrying about things as petty and time consuming as ordering paper and inkwells for the police force. Moreover, Warren was always at his best when he was on his own and far from the reach of hierarchical authority, something that was impossible within the Home Office bureaucracy in London. Nonetheless, one comes away with the strong sense that, even among Ripperologists, Sir Charles Warren deserves to have his place in history assessed on the basis of his entire life and not just those unfortunate years when he served as Metropolitan Police Commissioner.

The authors provide interesting histories of the formation and growth of both the Metropolitan and City police forces. It was a chequered history at best for both organizations, especially in the early years. The story has been told elsewhere, of course, but scarcely with the dextrous dispatch displayed in the book. Warren again takes center stage when he is appointed Commissioner and the ill-will he met from above and below within the bureaucracy is detailed as well as his suppression of the Trafalgar Square riot. Even now, where one stands in the political spectrum often determines one's feelings about that latter event, but more to the point it is worth remembering that Sir Charles Warren was the *bete noire* of much of the local press long before the Ripper's reign began.

As entertaining (and important to the book's development) as the first few chapters are, the main course for Ripperologists always begins with the presentation of the murders. In this instance, the fare is largely meat and potatoes (though definitely of the prime rib and pan-roasted *pomme de terre* variety). It is also somewhat C5-centric. In both instances, however, this is largely the result of making the focus that of the police investigations into the crimes. Thus, while the lurid passages and macabre undertones are missing (which are hackneyed stylistic flourishes in the hands of all but a prose master anyway), the facts are there in abundance.



Scotland Yard 1888

Instead, there are separate, highly readable chapters devoted to each of the C-5 murders that pack as much punch per page as we are likely to find among the Ripper canon. The presentation is largely mainstream, which means there is little fodder for the "wheels within wheels" crowd, far less the more fevered fringes of so-called Ripper scholarship, and this is a definite plus for the book—and reader. That is not to say there are no surprises or that there are no judgements made upon the facts presented. They are there, but presented in a suitably understated manner.

For instance, in discussing the Martha Tabram murder, the authors write: "Although there is no consensus of opinion among authorities on the case, it is probable that this was not a Ripper killing..." Certainly little solace there for those who believe Martha had been a trial run for the Ripper. Moreover, as one reads the narrative of

Martha's death and the incompetence or duplicity of the witnesses involved, the reader is left with the strong impression that when the authors used the word *probable* it really translates as "no way!"

Indeed, that sort of *unspoken* emphasis becomes even subtler in the chapter on Annie Chapman's murder. There is a short but complete explication of the ways in which the time of death can be calculated and the use of these indicators by Dr. George Bagster Phillips. This is followed by a few observations.

By modern standards, therefore, the methods Dr. Phillips used in his time-of-death estimate were questionable. His conclusions are certainly not reliable enough to warrant dismissing witness evidence. Dr. Phillips took no temperatures, merely relying on touch, and did not detail the location and extent of the stiffness that was 'commencing.' These points may have been covered in the post-mortem report but it has not survived. Even if it had, it would merely supply more detail on how his conclusions were reached rather than improving their accuracy.

A to the point analysis and yet enough to cause a gnashing of teeth among those who argue the notion that Annie has been killed many hours earlier and that John Richardson lied when he claimed he saw no body when he checked the yard at 4:45am.

In regard to Richardson, the authors also add that not only would the body have been clearly visible to anyone on the steps, but that "[a] strong smell is usually present with a freshly disembowelled body and Richardson would prob-



Sir Charles Warren

ably have noticed that too.” That last observation resonated with me since I came to the same conclusion several years ago. For that matter, one might imagine a body lying for several hours untended and with organs exposed would have attracted rats and other feral carnivores the flies lay siege to a picnic cake in mid-summer.

In the same quiet, matter of fact way, the authors answer many other nagging questions. A plausible reason for Israel Schwartz’s non-appearance at the Stride inquest is provided in a footnote. It also is strongly suggested that PC Long and DC Halse most likely missed the apron half on Goulston Street and that it had been left there by Jack in the immediate aftermath of Eddowe’s murder. Likewise, Mrs. Maxwell’s sighting of Mary Kelly long after she was supposedly murdered is dismissed as mistaken identity by someone who knew her hardly at all. In the same way, the authors seem more than satisfied that the identifications of the body in No. 13 Miller’s Court by Joe Barnett and John McCarthy should have been sufficient. In short, then, the narratives of the murders are a welcome palliative to those “theorists” who see black as white and all the accepted evidence as a whitewashing of what “really happened”—nudge, nudge, wink, wink,

And throughout the chapters on the murders there is a wealth of other information that adds to our understanding of the events without losing the reader in a welter of digressions and arcana. As it is, those chapters should have a wide appeal. For someone new to Ripperology they will provide as strong a grounding in the subject as available anywhere. Yet, for the old hand, there are still nuggets to be mined and points to be

pondered. As an example, just before the Chapman murder, Sir Charles Warren was on vacation and he saw no reason why several subordinates might not take some time off as well. As it was, that became an example of misbegotten benevolence on his part but it is instructive to learn that his primary policing concern at the moment was the possibility of more riots like those in 1887. If the top policeman in London was concerned only with rioting rather than the as yet unremarked upon and unnamed Ripper it would seem that all those who excoriate Albert Cadoche for his lack of curiosity about the noises next door owe him an apology.

In the same way, those who are quick to label the efforts by the police to run to ground the Ripper as being “worthy” only of the Keystone Kops or Inspector Clouseau might change their minds after reading some of the investigation details provided in the book. So, too, may those with a “class-conflict” chip on their shoulder who suggest that had the murders been committed in the West End, rather than East End, more work would have been done by the authorities. Not only were several careful house-to-house inquiries conducted in the area of the murders (one of which did discover the witness Joseph Lawende), but much more was done as well.

The authors report that: *The Thames Police made inquiries regarding sailors on board ships in dock or on the river and tracked down “asiatics” present in London homes and opium dens. About eighty suspects were detained at Metropolitan police stations. Their statements were taken and verified. More than 300 people about whom the police had received information were also investigated. Some 76 butchers and slaughterers were visited and the characters of the men they employed looked into; this included all those who had been taken on within the last six months...By the time of Swanson’s report, 944 dockets had been started in addition to the police reports. It is not surprising that*

Sir Robert Anderson *Inspector Abberline said the police nearly broke under the strain.*

For all that, though, they did fail to find the Ripper. Still, one must always keep in mind that even today, with all the great advances in communications technology and the forensic sciences, serial killers remain the most elusive of murderers. Rare is the serial killer who is unmasked—if at all—before his victim total soars well into double digits. As it is, anyone reading this book with an open mind can only come away from it convinced that the police and Sir Charles Warren exhausted almost all the ideas available at the time to catch the Ripper.

And, truly, Sir Charles Warren does play the key role in the book, just as the authors suggested, and it is interesting that with his resignation coinciding with Mary Kelly’s murder everything begins to slow down. True, the investigations continued for some years afterward, if on a smaller and smaller scale, and there were at least two more murders that excited the public as possible Ripper deeds. But, without Warren driving the engine (and drawing the sustained fire of his many opponents) there is a definite slackening of steam in the Ripper saga. And it should also be noted that while the joy was unconfined in many circles that Warren was finally gone, he was sorely missed by the officers and men of the police force he led for three tumultuous years.

The aftermath of the Kelly murder as well as subjects like the Ripper letters, the



Lusk kidney and the Fenians are discussed in the book, but the final three chapters are of particular interest. In line with the book's theme of looking at the events from a police perspective, the matter of Ripper suspects is dealt with in a novel manner by focusing on the statements in later years by the police officials and detectives who were involved in the investigations. Not only is the reader spared from having to cope with the latest Lakes District vicar with a peculiar way of carving the Christmas goose who has been advanced as yet another suspect, but it may have been a wise decision by the authors as well. As a recent survey of the field ["Who Are We and How Did We Get Here?" *Ripperologist* 80, June 2007] indicated, the endless parade of new and ever more obscure suspects has begun to pale with a growing segment of Ripper readers.

The chapter, *Was There a Police Solution?*, ranges from an October 23, 1888, statement by Assistant Commissioner Dr. Robert Anderson to a 1956 book by Douglas G. Browne in which he wrote that Sir Melville Macnaghten identified the Ripper "with the leader of a plot to assassinate Mr. Balfour at the Irish Office." In between, all the usual suspects are named by a number of the investigation participants with nothing approaching a plurality, far less a majority, favoring any particular suspect. The entire effect is to suggest strongly that the statements of some officials notwithstanding, no one involved really knew who Jack was.

A further chapter is devoted to the "Swanson Marginalia" that was written by former Chief Inspector Donald Swanson in his copy of Anderson's *The Lighter Side of My Official Life*. After carefully considering all sides of the question (and giving evidence of other examples of memory confusion by Anderson), the authors feel there is a good chance Anderson turned his recollections of Joseph Lawende's failed identification of James Sadler (in the Frances Cole murder investigation) into something much different. "At best," the authors conclude, "the story is very unsatisfactory. It certainly cannot, and should not, be taken to mean that the police knew the identity of Jack the Ripper—surviving police files indicate there was no certainty."

The book proper ends with a chapter debunking a few of what the authors term "popular Ripper myths" that is interesting and thought provoking, though only touching on a few questions. There follows a short epilogue by each author and among Rumbelow's thoughts is the suggestion that were he in charge of the investigation Timothy Donavon, the lodging house deputy at 35 Dorset Street, most assuredly would be brought in to assist the police in their inquiry. As he wrote "Donavon neatly fits in the frame...But proof? That's something else." And that is always the catch when it comes to Ripper suspects.

While there is so very much to really love about this book, I had a few quibbles, the foremost being that it was not quite what I had hoped for—but then whatever the subject I tend to dream big and in my heart of hearts even Santa Claus occasionally disappointed. In this instance I had hoped that with Stewart P. Evans and Donald Rumbelow finally collaborating that every niggling little question about Jack would be considered and a judgement rendered. Well, I said I dream big and I still do—though now those flights of fancy envision gathering Stewart and Don and three or four other Ripperologists of gargantuan stature in a catered suite with a tape recorder running and letting them ruminate at length on the Ripper. I would gladly supply the tape. Otherwise, I was disappointed there was so little discussion of the possibility that Kelly's was a copycat murder, especially because both the authors have strong feelings about that. I was also surprised that the newspaper stories that Chapman and Kelly were friends and that Eddowes slept in a shed on Dorset Street the night before her death were given any credence at all. Surely, the latter tale is based on "evidence" as evanescent as the morning dew.

Finally, a few words on the book's physical appearance are in order. As befits a tome with so many stunning images the use of slick but matte paper is ideal. Further, in an age when it seems one way for publishers to cut costs is to eliminate any proofreading and simply settle somewhere along the way for a computer spell-check, the production values for this book were clearly given a high priority and the typographical and editing errors could be counted on one hand by the old baseball player Mordecai "Three-finger" Brown. For that matter, the end boards are sturdy and the binding secure, which means the book should hold up to frequent use for many years—and that is exactly the treatment it will get. The book is not only a delight to read the first time, but—as I found out—it is even more informative the second and third times it is read (and that doesn't include all the times it has served as a ready and reliable reference on particular matters). The book is already an indispensable part of any Ripperologist's library—if you have not yet bought a copy do so at once. As I learned early on, you can't always depend on Santa Claus.



Sir Melville Macnaghten

Jack The Ripper Val Horsler

London: The National Archives, 2007

www.nationalarchives.gov.uk

ISBN: 9781905615148

112pp, index, selected (and somewhat out-of-date) further reading, illus.

£7.99

The National Archives have, with Jack the Ripper, launched what promises to be an excellent series of pocket sized books called 'Crime Archive' on which we'll definitely be keeping an eye in future.

The author of Jack the Ripper is Val Horsler, the former Head of Publishing at English Heritage and a writer on a range of historical and heritage themes. Apparently she has a particular interest in the dark side of human history, but apart from this and also a possible desire not to see the name of Begg or Evans or Rumbelow on the spine of yet another Ripper book, one wonders what qualifications recommended her to the editors of the series to write the launch title on a case that is a minefield for the unwary and under-informed.

This said, Horsler's narrative is tolerably free of errors—a few creep in here and there; Sgt. Thick was named William, not John (pg.85); the Seaside Home was a convalescent home, not an asylum (pg.88)—and is perhaps the best introduction and overview of the case now available. And at £7.99 this is an affordable title.

After a general introduction, there are five chapters giving a good recounting of the crimes and associated events, such as the receipt of the so-called Jack the Ripper letters, Lusk kidney and so on. The penultimate chapter discusses witnesses, concentrating in particular on George Hutchinson, the post-Kelly Whitechapel murders, and various Ripper suspects.

The final chapter gives an overview of the main points of evidence, such as it is, briefly looks at the core theories, and assesses why the Ripper story fascinated and continues to fascinate.

Uncovering Jack the Ripper's London Richard Jones

Photographs by Sean East

London: New Holland Publishers, 2007

www.newhollandpublishers.com

ISBN 9781845376116

128pp, index, selected further reading, illus throughout in colour and b/w/

£14.99

This is another overview of the case, although it eschews examination of the suspects and, to a degree, deep analysis of the crimes themselves, focusing instead on the historical and social background against which the murders were committed.

However, Richard Jones's text will inevitably be overshadowed by the illustrations, many contemporary but also some absolutely superb ones by Sean East of modern Whitechapel. Those alone make this an absolutely must have book.

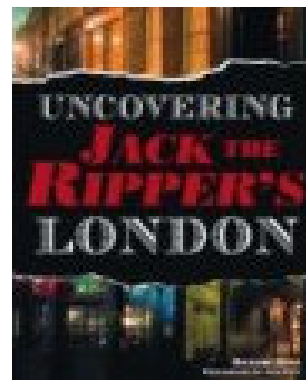
After an introduction, Jones begins his exploration of the social conditions of the time with an unsourced quote from Jacob Adler—the great Yiddish actor who was resident in London for a few years before settling in New York in 1889: 'Here [in the East End] live the poor, the shamed, those whom Fate, seeing how shrunken and bent they are as they creep through the gates of life, spat in their face for good measure... [and] not content with the spittle, Fate send them on their way with a blow, a kick, and their hats shoved over their eyes.'

It's a typically tongue-slightly-in-cheek piece of Jewish ironic writing that sets the scene for Jones' brief account of the poverty of the East End.

Incidentally, Adler was for some time involved with a theatre at 3 Princes Street (now Princelet Street), Spitalfields, which was the scene of a tragedy in early 1887 when somebody in the gallery yelled "fire!" and caused a panic in which seventeen people were crushed to death as the 400-strong audience made an effort to escape. Among those who died were a husband and wife, Isaac and Gertrude Levy, two brothers, Solomon and Lewis Krotofsky, aged 15 and 13 respectively, a mother and son, Milly Gulbert and 12 year old Isaac Gulbert, and a 9 year old girl named Eva Marks. [An article by Andy Aliffe about this fire appeared in Ripperologist 74, Dec. 2006.]

Several names associated with the Ripper crimes were involved, among them Dr Philips and Dr Dukes, Wynne Baxter, who conducted the inquest, and Superintendent Arnold and Inspector Abberline who watched the proceedings on behalf of the police. Also by a curious coincidence, among those who gave evidence at the inquest was 'Philip Lepski', actually Philip Lipski, the landlord of 16 Batty Street where Israel Lipski murdered Miriam Angel.

But back to Discovering Jack the Ripper's London: three short chapters describe living conditions in the East End, the doss houses and how prostitution was often the only means a woman had to put food on the table. Jones then moves into an account of the crimes, concluding with the murder of Kelly, the emphasis to some extent being on the geography, as one might expect given the author's twenty years or more as one of the leading tour guides to the area.



Overall, those long in the tooth with the Ripper mystery probably won't get much new information from this handsome book, but the illustrations alone are well-worth the purchase price and some of the contemporary photographs might be new to them, notably the interior of the house in Hanbury Street where Annie Chapman was killed. Those less immersed in the Ripper will undoubtedly find that the book delivers a social background to the crimes in understandable, bite-sized chunks. Altogether, excellent stuff. The book is coffee-table sized, printed on glossy paper, and, as said, lavishly illustrated with contemporary illustrations and modern photographs.

Jack the Ripper or The Crimes of London W.J. Hayne

Chicago, Illinois: Utility Book and Novelty Co., 1889

Reprinted by Thomas Schachner, with a Foreword by Stephen P. Ryder

€60

I believe it was *Jack the Ripper: A Bibliography and Review of the Literature* (1972) that first mentioned Jack the Ripper or The Crimes of London as being catalogued by the Library of Congress, but was untraceable there. Subsequent investigation indicated that this short account of the Ripper murders by W.J. Hayne and published in 1889 by the Utility Book and Novelty Company of Chicago was also untraceable anywhere else. The book therefore became a curiosity to be wondered about from time to time.

It remains a book demanding research. Who was W.J. Hayne, described on the book's title page as 'A London Detective'? What was a London detective doing writing for a publisher based in Chicago? Who was the Utility Book and Novelty Company? And who—apart from being the publisher—was H.A. Hamlin who entered the book in the Library of Congress? Whilst these questions tickle our curiosity, the book itself has at least now been located.

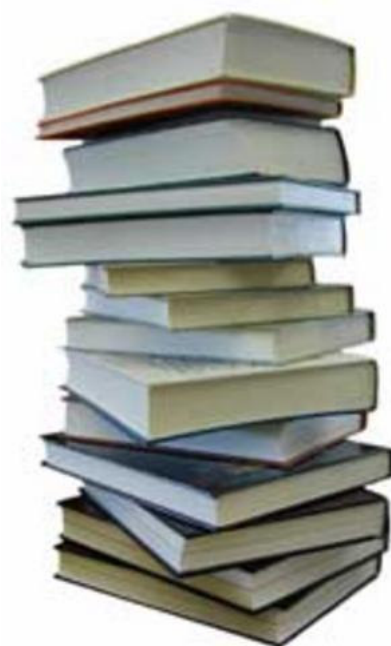
As Stephen Ryder relates in his introduction to this wonderful reprinted edition, on 2 February 2002 a copy of the book was auctioned on the internet site eBay and was sold for \$2,325. Ripperologist described the book as 'the rarest and most valuable Ripper book in the world.'

Ryder's introduction does not identify the seller or how the book came into his or her possession, and there is no indication whether or not this copy was the copy that appears to have vanished from the Library of Congress—presumably sometime before 1972, when it was reportedly untraceable there, not in the early 1990s as a pencilled note on the Library's index card suggests; the early 1990s being when attention was drawn to the book by the *Jack the Ripper A to Z*, not when it vanished.

The book was in due course bought by Thomas Schachner, co-author of *Jack the Ripper: Anatomie einer Legende* and editor of www.jacktheripper.de, who generously made this limited reprint edition available. And sadly it is a very limited edition - only 50 numbered copies—and I have no idea whether any are still available. If they are, get one.

This said, the narrative offers no new information and, despite the author being described as a London detective, there is no evidence of internal insights or access to information not generally available in the newspapers. Indeed, large chunks of text are verbatim lifts from the press reports. This said, it's interesting to see what a contemporary plucked from the press and presumably thought relevant to his narrative.

I have often wondered what the content of this book would be and I extend my warmest thanks to Thomas Schachner for investing in this volume and making it available.



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On the Crimebeat

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

LETHAL WITNESS

Andrew Rose

H/B, 296 pp., *Illus.*, Sutton Publishing, £20.00

For almost four decades, arguably one of the most dominant figures in British murder cases was the pathologist Bernard Spilsbury. He acquired an almost infallible reputation and his very appearance on the scene of an investigation was enough to secure headlines in the media of the day. There have been previous books on Spilsbury that have helped sustain this reputation, but this book for the first time opens up not only his cases but also his life, which was—probably because of his obsession for work and maybe his belief that he was always right—was extremely sad.

Andrew Rose has researched fascinating details on Spilsbury's early life, including his surprising struggles to obtain medical qualification. As is well known, he first came into prominence with his evidence at the trial of Crippen, which launched his career. Mr Rose very fairly states that his reputation was founded on the ability to be able to describe cause and manner of death in language that was readily understandable by both the courts and—particularly—juries.

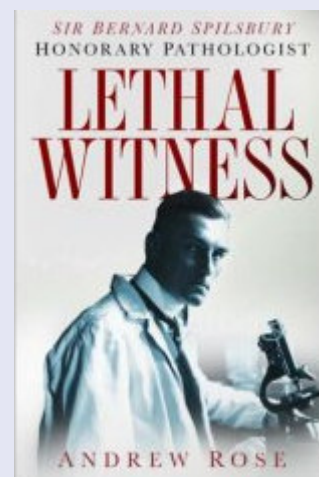
In his reviews of the cases, Andrew Rose presents an analytical appraisal of Spilsbury's evidence and demonstrates that he frequently applied a spin to it that demanded his theories being taken as fact. This was particularly noticeable in the cases of Norman Thorne (1924) and Sidney Fox, (1929), (both of whom may have been guilty), but their convictions and executions were “dodgy” (to use a modern expression) to say the least. In the trials of David Greenwood (1918), for what was known as the ‘Button and Badge Murder’, and the strange case of Gunner Albert Dearnley, (1923), with its overtones of homosexuality, both were convicted but fortunately reprieved. Mr Rose makes a powerful case that were gross miscarriages of justice. These are just examples of his cases that are now open to doubt—where there is no doubt. due credit is given. Spilsbury's reputation continued to grow—he was appointed Honorary Pathologist to the Home Office, (the only recipient ever of this title) and later Knighted.

Lauded by the judiciary and the police, he even scored well in a public popularity poll. An additional attraction to this book is that it does feature references to the great legal luminaries of the day: Avory, Darling, Travers Humphreys, Rigby Swift, Marshall Hall and Richard Muir to name but a few and Mr Rose adds his own pithy comments on these giants of the bar and bench. Sadly, it seems the legal system does not produce their equivalent today.

Spilsbury did not often appear as a defence witness, but two cases when he did are worthy of mention. The first, in Scotland, involved John Donald Merrett (1926) who, was found Not Proven on a charge of murdering his mother. Some years later, when known as Ronald Chesney, he murdered his wife and mother-in-law before committing suicide in Germany. The second case involved Harold Loughans, (1943), who was acquitted of murdering a pub landlady. Loughans later admitted that he was guilty.

In his latter years Spilsbury's life was very sad. Though seemingly a remote figure to his family, the loss of two of his sons due to enemy action must have affected him. A greater factor, however, may well have been a growing realisation that due to failing health, he was no longer able to sustain the heavy work load he had for so long maintained. In December 1947, he gassed himself in his laboratory, thus ironically becoming the subject of a post mortem and an inquest that returned a verdict of suicide.

This is a splendid biography and in my opinion will become a classic of true crime. In addition to its central theme it is an excellent chronicle of the golden age of British murder.





Czech this out -
Jack the Ripper in Prague?