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Ripperologist

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The Quest for Jack the Ripper

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and other East End Reminiscences
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with
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Rhymes of the Canting Crew
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Quote for June

You can thank Jack the Ripper for that. It's the only nice thing he ever did.

Patricia Cornwell, on spotting a copy of John Smith's will at a museum in Jamestown, Virginia, USA. She found the original will while doing research on her book proposing Walter Sickert as the Ripper.

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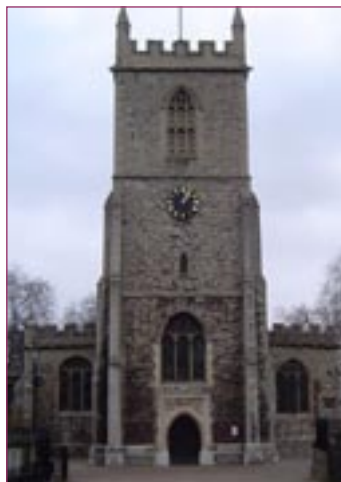
What's it all about, Alfie? A Tale of a Troubadour Tailor and other East End Reminiscences

Andy Aliffe digs up Ripper gold from the life-story of Alfie Maron, tailor, thespian and all-round EastEnders.



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Contributors to this issue

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Andy Aliffe is a former BBC Radio Producer, residing in High Wycombe. He has conducted important research on many aspects of the case, including D'Onston, Gurney and the Seaside Home. He is an Organiser of the UK Ripper conferences.

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Rob Hills's interest in the Ripper case developed after he read *The Complete Jack the Ripper* by Donald Rumbelow. He is currently researching a book on his favourite suspect: James Hardiman.

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Adrian Stockton lives in Essex. He retired from Essex County Council about five years ago after working there for many years in various IT related roles. Adrian has been researching his family tree for about ten years. He is an active member of the Essex Society for Family History and uses his computing skills to program and operate the Society's membership database.

ADAM WOOD

Adam Wood is director of a design and print company in London's West End. He translated and republished Carl Muusmann's *Hvem Var Jack the Ripper?*, and looks after the production of *Ripperologist*. His interest in the case is rooted in family history; his Great-Grandfather Benjamin Wood lived off Brick Lane during the murders.

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You won't believe what we have in store for you!

We would like to acknowledge the valuable assistance given by the following people in the production of this issue of *Ripperologist*: Cindy Collins Smith and Stephen P Ryder. Thank you!

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EDUARDO ZINNA

The Quest for Jack the Ripper

In religion, in myth, in art, in literature, there is a recurring theme, which is that of the quest. A man, a woman or a child, perhaps a group, perhaps a whole nation along with a mixed multitude, and flocks, and herds, even very much cattle, set out on a long and perilous journey. They seek freedom or shelter, they seek riches or peace; they wish to achieve saintliness or to still desire. As they proceed on their gruelling voyage, their ranks are thinned by external menace or inner dissension. They approach their destination but seldom attain it.

Gilgamesh seeks but does not find immortality. Moses leads his people to the Promised Land but dies within sight of it. Jason and the noblest heroes of Greece seek the Golden Fleece but find treachery and death instead. The knights of the Round Table consecrate their life to the quest of the Holy Grail. As years and centuries go by, as many voices sing of their feats of arms, their names fade and meld, the contours of their faces waver and melt and the object of their quest becomes unclear. Perceval succeeds Lancelot; Galahad, Gawain. The Grail is the dish in which Jesus and his disciples ate the paschal lamb; it is a magic platter that can furnish one thousand feasting guests with whatever sustenance they prefer; it is the cup where Jesus drank ruby-red wine and where his ruby-red blood was later gathered; it is the Eucharist itself, a chalice, a ciborium, a golden bowl, a stone fallen from the sky, or is - through tainted and tortuous etymologies - the royal blood of an imagined line. The knights ride on, searching the Grail with their every breath. Yet the smallest weakness, the slightest temptation - human love or human wrath - will render them unworthy and snatch away from them the prize they seek.

A 12th-century Persian poet, Farid ud-Din Attar, related in *The Conference of the Birds* how all the birds gathered to begin a quest for the fabulous Simurgh, the king of the birds. Most of them decided not to make the prolonged and strenuous journey. Still, thousands of birds set forth across the seven valleys that lay on their way. After many trials and tribulations, thirty of them, made pure by their sufferings, reached the great peak of the Simurgh. As they acceded to his presence, they realised that 'si' means thirty, 'murch' means birds, and hence si-murch means thirty birds. Attar continues: *There in the Simurgh's radiant face they saw with awe themselves, the Simurgh of the world. They gazed, and dared at last to comprehend. They were the Simurgh.*

In *Ripperologist*, in the other Ripper magazines, in the Forums, in books and films, in archives and libraries, in the streets and alleyways of London, we also seek. Our quest is not for material wealth or spiritual achievement, for honour, fame or glory. We want a name and a face. We want to reach into a vanished world and conjure up the hand that holds the knife, the voice that snarls and the eyes that show no warmth. We want to know.

We want to know. Do we want to understand? The man who killed those lost, frail women, must he be hated or pitied? What seethed in his heart, evil or madness, cruelty or pain?

We want to know. Did he take his own life, unable to bear his secret guilt, did he go mad, his brain ravaged by illness, did he die an old man in his bed, the memory of his hideous crimes bringing a last smile to his thin, dry lips? Was he carried away by small pox or cholera, was he killed as he had killed, was he run over by a speeding carriage as he crossed the road? Was he a soldier who left his life in the remote battlefields of the Empire? Was he a seaman who was buried at sea? Do his bleached bones still lie at the bottom of the ocean, driven here and there by the cold currents of the deep?

We search for a brittle letter, a yellowed photograph, a half-forgotten news item or a report that has languished unread for a hundred years. We bicker and squabble among ourselves, we extol theories or disparage them, we proclaim truths and denounce lies. We become disillusioned and disheartened. We persist and we endure. We go forth on our chosen quest.

When we find the Ripper and look into his long dead eyes - what will we see in them?

Eduardo Zinna



ANDY ALIFFE

What's it all about, Alfie?

A tale of a troubador tailor and other East End reminiscences

It always surprises me where Ripper stories manifest themselves. Glancing through back issues of the *Stage* in my local library, I came across the headline *A Real Ripper of a Yarn*, written by Simon Blumenfeld for his regular column on the show business and theatre *Heydays* page. Blumenfeld was following in the wake of the journalistic waves made by Patricia Cornwell's book *Portrait of a Killer*. Picking up on the fact that Walter Sickert was famous for his portrayals of scenes from East End life, Music Hall and the Circus, Blumenfeld noted that this was not the first time that the world of the arts and entertainment had been linked to London's criminal underworld and Ripper myths. As an example, he mentioned novelist George Gissing's rumoured association with the Whitechapel murders.

More important, Patricia Cornwell's 'definitive' work on 'Jack' prompted Blumenfeld's memory to recall a Ripper-related conversation he'd had, more than half a century before, with one of the then outstanding characters of Hanbury Street, a Jewish tailor by the name of Alfred Maron:

I was choosing a suit length in Alfie's place in Hanbury Street. On top of his three-storey Huguenot house was a sweatshop he had set up with his highly skilled Polish craftsmen and a cutter Savile Row would pay a king's ransom for. At the time of my visit, another volume of Ripper revelations had just appeared. "Did you read it? What do you think?" Alfie asked. A load of rubbish I told Alfie who nodded in agreement. Even then the endless speculation was beginning to bore somewhat.



"Wot way ter Surrey Docks mate?"
Alfie in *The Angry Silence*

But Alfie had a secret life. He was an actor and a familiar figure in British movies. As a supporting player and featured film extra, he'd notched up a record number of performances playing a typical British working man. In films of the 1950s and 60s, whenever a screen lorry drew up in an East End street and a hoarse voice issued from the cabin's open window, 'Wot way ter Surrey Docks, mate?', the speaker was more than likely Alfie. I was intrigued to find more about Alfie Maron, fellow thespian, Ripper enthusiast and commentator.

Alfie became a familiar face in the early 1970s. He was known to thousands as 'Ernie - The Premium Bond Postman', as seen on TV and billboard posters everywhere. But his acting career had started back in 1954. He had a brief scene set in an East End junk shop in the TV film *Case of Diamond Annie*, featured in the series *Stryker of the Yard*. During the 1950s and 60s, he acted in a string of TV programmes and black and white 'flicks', including *The L Shaped Room* - where he played a Cab Driver - *League of Gentlemen* - where he played Wilkins, batman/orderly - *I Was Monty's Double* - where he played 'second soldier in tent' - and *Angry Silence* - where he played a lorry driver.



Everyone's a Fruit and Nut Case!

He also appeared in many advertisements. He was a 'Polo Playing Jockey' in the Cadbury's Chocolate 'Fruit and Nut Case' campaign. In addition, he was a regular cast member in the TV comedies *Sykes* and *Harry Worth* and played a series of Cockney types in cult TV shows such as *The Sweeney*, *Minder* and *The Gentle Touch*. Alfie was also seen in Danny La Rue's film *Our Miss Fred* and the Dick Emery film *Oh You Are Awful*. In *Noon Doomsday*, an episode of *The Avengers*, he played a 'cabbie' dropping off Linda Thorsen

apparently in the middle of nowhere. Coincidentally, and spookily, this was part of a double-featured video release alongside the Ripper-inspired *Avengers* offering, *Fog!*



Alfie as Edward Spooner in
Barlow and Watt: Jack the Ripper

as Alfie explains: 'One day I was walking along when a man sidled up to me and whispered "Excuse me for asking, but wasn't I doing bird (a prison sentence) with you?" He said he thought he recognised me. It was only after I questioned him that I realised what had happened. They were showing a batch of Edgar Lustgarten crime stories on TV at the time and I was always the old convict coming out of jail. He must have mistaken me for the character. But it was always happening. I often got funny looks from the law!'

Throughout the 'fashionable' London of the late 1950s and 'Swinging 60s', Alfie combined acting with being a celebrity East End tailor. He had a run in with the young and arrogant Rolling Stone Mick Jagger over queue jumping, telling Jagger to go forth and multiply or he'd kick him up the a*se!

Alfie also created the trademark 'striped waistcoat' for West Country Jazz clarinettist, Acker Bilk, at the suggestion of Acker's publicist Peter Leslie, who thought they needed some kind of gimmick. Acker wanted something that was smart but left the arms unrestricted. They both remembered seeing pictures of 19th Century New Orleans 'Jazz Players' wearing their high-buttoned 'vests'. The Paramount Band's 'sound' was, as Bilk called it, 'working man's music' and the working man in the first decades of the 20th century frequently wore a 'derby' or bowler hat, a style the band also adopted as part of their stage wear. The less than formal title of 'Mr', as Acker was known from then on, was taken from Victorian Music Hall billings.

With this concept in mind they all traipsed off to see Alfie in his Hanbury Street tailor's shop where he was to give the 'look' its final Edwardian feel. Based on the lyrics of a Billie Holiday song, 'Fine and Mellow ...stripes are really yellow', Alfie outfitted Acker in black and yellow stripes and the rest of the band in blue and white, red and white, and green and white striped waistcoats. The costume was completed with white shirts with rounded collars, narrow black ties and tapered black trousers.

Two years before Screaming Lord Sutch stalked the streets of Whitechapel posing for promotional pictures for his 1963 record release of *Jack the Ripper*, Acker Bilk was in the East End creating his own publicity photographs as 'Ack the Ripper - The Sole Existing Likeness'. These photographs were part of a book called *The Book of Bilk - 41 Characters In Search Of Ack*. The images were supported by biographical details which read:

Ack the Ripper (or Ack the Knife as he was sometimes called) was a near legendary figure who terrorised the borough of Highgate some years ago. That which he did to his victims, inevitably Impresarios, Theatrical Agents, Managers of Playhouses and the like, may not be revealed in these pages. His face was never seen, save by his victims, and they, of course, inevitably perished before they could tell the tale...

In 1973, Alfie portrayed a real life character, Edward Spooner, in the *Barlow and Watt - Jack the Ripper* series. Spooner was a horse-keeper who lived at 26 Fairclough Street. Between 12.30 and 1.00am on the night of Elizabeth Stride's murder, he stood outside the Beehive pub with a young woman. At 1.00am he saw Louis Diemschutz and another man running towards him shouting, 'Murder!' and 'Police!' He accompanied them back to Berner Street where he saw blood flowing from Stride's throat. Spooner was a witness at the Stride inquest. In his statement he mentioned the flower on her jacket and the cachous in her hand, but not the grape stalk.

Alfie was seemingly typecast as a lower-class period character. In 1974 he played 'the carpenter' in *Heroes Farewell*, an episode of the Victorian/Edwardian series *Upstairs, Downstairs*.

While these regular cameo appearances made Alfie a recognisable face in a crowd, this had its disadvantages,



Acker Bilk, sporting waistcoat designed by Alfie Maron

Film work continued. Alfie appeared in the dream sequence of *Fiddler on the Roof* as a 'Previous Rabbi', one of the 'beloved departed' even more revered than a living one. He got the part after a first refusal, fooling director Norman Jewison by dressing up as a Rabbi!

In Julien Temple's film adaptation of Colin MacInnes's novel, *Absolute Beginners*, Alfie played 'Bert the tailor', an almost biographical cameo role. Set in London during 1958, *Absolute Beginners* is a vibrant musical about youth culture played against the background of prostitution, racial tension, the world of advertising and neo-Nazism. Released in 1986, it starred David Bowie, Eddie O'Connell and Patsy Kensit.

But Alfie's association with the story went back nearly thirty years. In an interview he gave to the *New Musical Express* in March 1986, Alfie tells of his first meeting with Colin MacInnes, who dedicated *Absolute Beginners* to him. It was in the 1950s, when Alfie was running his thriving tailor's business at 34 Hanbury Street. He recalled:

Colin was introduced as a celebrity but at that time personalities meant nothing to me because I was serving the most extraordinary people everyday. I even made clothes for the Kray Twins.

Alfie had never heard of MacInnes. But he did have a spare studio flat above the Hanbury Street shop into which MacInnes subsequently moved. The next time they met, MacInnes was in an extremely intoxicated stupor on the pavement outside. This meeting was to set the tone for their relationship. The young, aspiring journalist and illustrator Roy Kerridge visited MacInnes in the Hanbury Street attic and described it as 'one enormous bare room with a tiny hard bed and no other furniture; only two books, one of which was the autobiography of Tommy Steele.'

Sometime after MacInnes had moved in, he began work on *Absolute Beginners*. He obviously drew on Alfie's background and character for some of the people who turn up in the novel. Indeed, he subsequently told Alfie that three of the characters were composites of him. Alfie believed that MacInnes wrote most of the book based on conversations they had in his Hanbury Street tailor's shop. On publication, *Absolute Beginners* sold fairly well. But it wasn't enough to lift MacInnes, a notorious spender, out of debt. In the three years he spent in Alfie's Hanbury Street house, MacInnes never once paid any rent.



Colin MacInnes in the Hanbury Street one room studio flat



Alfie takes the moth-killer to his shop in Hanbury Street in Just One Kid

In the 1970s, Alfie wound up his tailoring business and took up acting full time. During this period he replied to an advertisement from Associated Television, which wanted to make a programme about an old East End London house. Alfie offered his centuries-old home, a dwelling that was steeped in history and Ripper lore. ATV producer John Goldschmidt visited Alfie and found him more interesting than the house itself. Goldschmidt read a manuscript about Alfie's childhood which would lead to an hour-long dramatised biographical documentary. Before the bulldozers finally flattened the area, filmmakers wanted to capture what life was like for a typical immigrant family in the Jewish ghettos off Commercial Street. Alfie Maron's manuscript and background seemed to reflect this past vibrant era and the present day demise of the area. At the time, Alfie remarked: 'I wrote the material about ten years ago. It never dawned on me that they would want to make a film of my life story. After all I'm not a great actor or anything.'

Just One Kid, as it was eventually called, was the first documentary of its kind produced by ATV. It was scripted by a fellow East Ender, playwright Bernard Kops, and made in five weeks of filming in 1973 at a cost of £50,000. The sequences taking place in the past were shot in sepia and the present-day sequences in colour. The documentary, which was broadcast on 11 June 1974, followed Alfie's life in the 1920s as he grew up in Ruth House and Flower and Dean Street's tenement blocks,

the Rothschild and Nathaniel Buildings.

The main characters of the documentary are Alfie and his family, and its locations, the environs of Flower and Dean Street, Thrawl Street and Hanbury Street. This came as a bit of a surprise to two Indian men living in Flower and Dean Street who were invited by the TV company to take up temporary residence, all expenses paid, in an hotel. Their flat, when vacated, was re-furnished as the Jewish household it was when Alfie lived there as a child.

Alfie appears in *Just One Kid* as himself. With the film crew, he walked the streets where as a child he played with future theatrical impresarios Lew Grade and Bernard Delfont. He narrates the film and acts as a guide through every aspect of his life: the humiliation of the cleansing department elbowing its way in to his home to carry out the summer extermination of the bugs which ran rampant in the hot weather; the time he acted as lookout for Ada the prostitute who plied her trade in the tenement doorways; the 'charabanc' trips to the seaside at Hythe; and many more incidents from his childhood.

Commenting about the programme, Alfie said, 'Playing me is the best part I have ever had, but it is a very strange and emotional experience appearing with actors who are portraying your real parents and family'. Yvonne Bonnamy played Alfie's mother and Howard Goorney his father. Children of class 1CW from the Jewish Free School played school friends and siblings. One of them, 11yr old David Sassieni, starred as the young Alfie. On the strength of this role, he was signed up by an agent who had two major film companies interested in the talented youngster.

By the early 1970s, the original vision of the 'Four Per Cent Industrial Dwellings Co. Ltd.' of clearing away the 'rookeries' in and around Flower and Dean Street and replacing them with cheap and habitable accommodation for the lower classes had gone full circle. At the time of the Whitechapel Murders, the tenants of the Rothschild Buildings - where Alfie would later live - were caught up in a world of tense excitement. During the daytime the streets round the area were filled with morbid sightseers, newspapermen and angry, scared locals. For the residents of the Buildings, the murders had a special significance. They lived very near the scenes of the crimes and were virtually neighbours of the women who died. Some would have possibly known one or more of them, by sight at least.

Opened in 1887, the Rothschild Buildings were two parallel blocks of flats, six storeys high above semi-basements. The two main buildings fronted both Flower and Dean Street and Thrawl Street, joined by a narrow block fronting Lolesworth Street. All five Ripper victims were well acquainted with the neighbourhood. Polly Nichols lived at 18 Thrawl Street, a registered common lodging house, shortly before she was murdered. Annie Chapman lived in many accommodations nearby. Liz Stride stayed at 32 Flower and Dean Street, opposite Rothschild Buildings, where she had lodged 'on and off' for six years. Catherine Eddowes lived at 55 Flower and Dean Street with her common law husband John Kelly, having stayed on the same road for a previous seven years. Finally, Mary Jane Kelly lived for some time with Joe Barnett in Lolesworth Street prior to moving into her room in Millers Court. It's also probable that some of the victims had at one time 'charred' at the Rothschild Buildings, cleaning for a few pennies.

Large-scale redevelopment and transformation were the Ripper's most important contribution to the Flower and Dean Street neighbourhood. His murders accomplished more than fifty years of unabated pressure from police, Poor Law Guardians, Vestries and sanitary officers had. Such was the legacy of Alfie Maron's childhood home and surroundings. But the demolition of the Rothschild and Nathaniel Buildings as part of a newer twentieth century 'slum clearance' scheme to regenerate the area began amidst tremendous local opposition and media attention.



Flower and Dean Street. Alfie lived in Ruth House, behind the cars on the right



John Allin's painting

At the same time as Alfie Maron was being immortalised for the small screen, a different memory of an East End childhood was being captured, on canvas, in verse and in prose. Artist John Allin was born and grew up in Dalston. After serving in the Royal Navy he returned to the East End and took various jobs, including pastry cook, swimming pool attendant and Spitalfields Market lorry driver. While serving a prison sentence for minor theft in Wormwood Scrubs and Ford Open Prison, Sussex, he learnt to paint. He wanted to capture what he remembered from his formative years, growing up in what he described as 'Jack the Ripper's Territory'. His depiction of East End scenes formed the basis of a portfolio of paintings and subsequently a book of prints called *Say Goodbye: You*

May Never See Them Again, which were exhibited at the Whitechapel Art Gallery and the Portal Gallery, Bond Street. The title for the book was taken from an overheard remark to a parent at Liverpool Street Railway Station during the wartime evacuation of East End children, but carries the same sentiment when applied to the buildings.

Famed playwright Arnold Wesker's childhood playground was Flower & Dean Street and the courtyard of the Rothschild Buildings. He was born in Fashion Street only a mile or so from John Allin, whom he accompanied on a trip of reminiscence. Wesker was appalled at what had become of his former neighbourhood. He recalled:

I was writing the text for John's paintings and was in the area showing friends around the district, among them a TV documentary film maker. Demolition had begun and although I'd expected the entire block to be razed to the ground, three sections still remained. Not only that, but a man was emerging out of one as though he lived there. "You're Arnold Wesker" he said to me. That was another surprise. It seemed he'd known my grandparents - who lived there in 1888 - my aunts and parents. His name was Percy Kelter.

Kelter remarked: "I was born here, in this room, with my parents and six brothers and sisters. We used to sleep three in a bed and wake up with a black eye because someone turned over in the night." Wesker continued: He took out old sepia photographs of his family. Paper hung from the ceiling. Plaster was loose. It was greasy with age. Meths drinkers slept on the landings and excreta had to be cleared away each morning.

The demolition began and domestic supplies were cut off. It was thought that the stubborn ones would move out once the building started coming down. They didn't. One woman committed suicide and an old woman was raped. But they all hung on.

For three years, Percy Kelter maintained a lonely vigil as the last person in Rothschild Buildings. Alone in his third floor flat he stopped the demolition crews knocking down the dwellings. His main concern were the 'pimps' who brought their women in to use the empty flats for immoral purposes and protected himself with an iron bar and a piece of wood against unwelcome strangers. He lamented the rough and ready elements of a long lost era when good neighbourliness rebounded from flat to flat. 'These were marvellous places' he said, 'full of life. With some modernisation they could still have been useful.'

His defiance won the support of Wesker, who took the story to human interest TV programmes such as *Nationwide* and *World in Action*. Following up on the situation in December 1973, the *London Evening News* quoted: 'Mr Kelter said "Of course the council have offered me other accommodation. This is no paradise. The place has been flooded and it's cold and damp. On top of that I have the noise, the dirt and dust from the demolition work going on around me. But this is where my roots are. They won't get me out. I've lived here for 54 years and I am prepared to be evicted. The choice of where I live next is mine".'



A saddened Alfie looks on as his former home is demolished



34 Hanbury Street today

And so back to Simon Blumenfeld and the Ripper connection. Simon's Uncle Samuel owned a small, six-table restaurant in Brick Lane. He got his young nephew a job round the corner at 34 Hanbury Street, Alfie Maron's tailor's shop. Simon takes up the story:

"You know," said Alfie, "there's a door in my basement locals say was actually used by the Ripper. The door leads to a web of tunnels linked to the old sewers." He fingered a map he had drawn in chalk. "This tunnel leads north. Fifty yards and you're right inside the old cellars off Truman's Black Eagle Brewery in Brick Lane. East, a hundred yards and you pass under Black Lion Yard and onto Mile End Road and the cellars of Mann and Crossman's Albion Brewery. South leads to the Tilbury Docks goods warehouse, onto St George's Street and the quays of the River Thames. That's how the Ripper made his getaways," Alfie concluded triumphantly.

At any rate, at our private unveiling of the Ripper door, I let Alfie ramble on with my eyes still glazed from the experience. He could have continued all night recounting Ripper sightings, guaranteed genuine (but veiled in official secrecy) by one of his regular customers, a sergeant of H Division at the Metropolitan Police station a "copper's" beat away in Commercial Street.

In fact, Alfie could well have been right. Ripperologists are more than aware of the numerous theories concerning 'Jack the Ripper's escape by underground means'. The maps reproduced here definitely show a maze of sewer systems and tunnels in the locale. But this is as far as we'll go this time. Alfie's tunnels are a subject for a research article by someone else at some other time. Alfred Maron died on 28 September 1986.



The Curse Upon Mitre Square

Book I: The Tragedies in the Church of Holy Trinity, Aldgate

JOHN FRANCIS BREWER, 1888

Chapter I: The Neophyte

It was curious that, notwithstanding their power and wealth, their well acknowledged munificence, and their good fortune in other respects, the monks of Holy Trinity Church, Aldgate, were but ill at ease in the year of grace 1530. All that monks wished for they possessed. The Priory was, with the exception of Westminster, the most superb monastic institution in Middlesex. In its revenues were included the whole ward of Portsoken, four parish churches acknowledged its authority, and its privileges far exceeded those of any institution of the like kind, with the one exception named above.

It is true that its wealth had been in former times even greater, and its sway over a portion of the city more undisputed; but still so much remained, so much glory and magnificence still adhered to the monastery, that it was strange the forty monks should have cause for apprehension.

These monks were of the order of canons regular, and with greater power and greater wealth than fell to the lot of other monasteries, they, notwithstanding, escaped the open hostility of the king and his nobles. This being the case, it is plain that they were charitable and popular with their parishioners. Had any scandal attached to the Priory or its inmates, had its revenues been ill-managed, or the poor of the district adjoining cause for complaint that their wants were not attended to, then certain is it that the rapacious King Hal and his still more rapacious nobles would have marked it for destruction. Such, however, was not the case; neither king nor nobles dared lay hand on so useful and popular an institution, and Prior and monks reigned supreme, safe from the temporal power which feared to touch them.

The monks were, however, unhappy, and knew well the cause of their uneasiness. In the beginning of the year a rumour had reached the Prior that one of the forty had been seen in an adjoining church under very suspicious circumstances.

What these were the Prior did not deem fit to mention; all he attempted was to discover the delinquent who was so likely to bring discredit on his fellows. This was no easy matter, and the conduct of the forty being, as a rule, so exemplary, the Prior—easy-going, weak-minded man that he was—soon abandoned his search, and dismissed the rumour as unfounded.

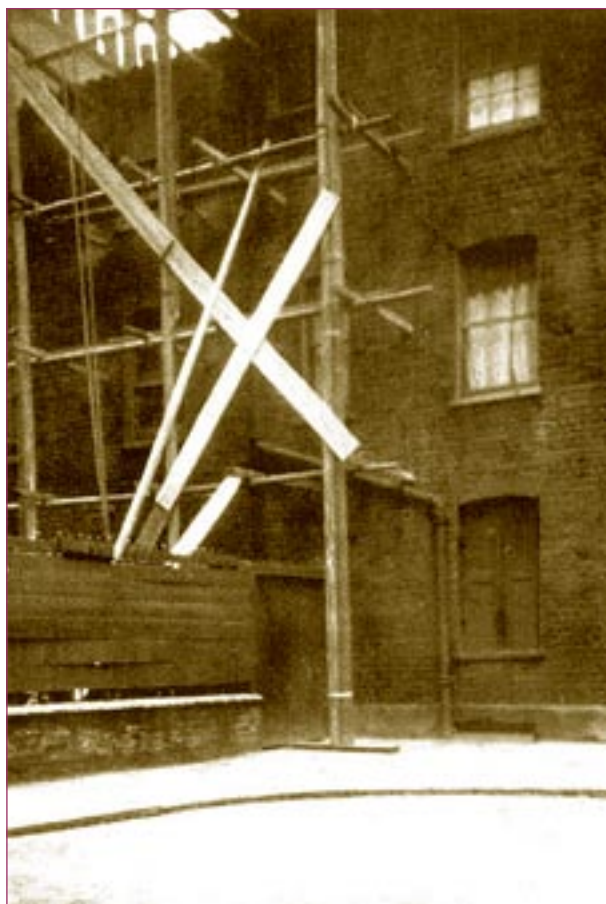
Viewed from the events which afterwards occurred, it was a great misfortune to the monastery of Holy Trinity that Prior Handcock was at this juncture its chief. Not that the Prior was a bad man; his faults were not those which would disgrace an ordinary individual, but they were eminently such as incapacitated him for rule. He was very unsuspicious, very frightened of an intellect superior to his own, and very liable to favouritism. The forty monks were, taking them as a body, a strong-minded, intellectual, and hard-headed set, and consequently he feared making his authority felt. It is, however, but fair to Handcock to mention that the men were apparently as good as they were clever, and performed cheerfully the by no means easy tasks allotted to them.



*Ripper's Corner, Mitre Square
from William Stewart's Jack the Ripper*

The Prior's favourite was generally the man who had last entered the monastery, and who came fresh from the pleasures, cares, and turmoils of life. There was much that was cheering in this habit of the Prior, and it often turned out well. The tranquillity, the freedom from petty worries, the probabilities of future reward, the even tenor of the monkish life, were put before the young man with no little eloquence by the kind Prior, and the youth felt satisfied, and stifled any wish to return to the world and its wicked ways. But there was also a danger in this partiality.

Handcock would never recognise that of all his flock the latest comer was the most liable to err; never could he bring himself to believe that the neophyte might not be a saint; the young man was never suspected, a cloak of protection was thrown over him, and he felt secure from punishment. Now if the neophyte was a good man, as of course was generally the case, all was well; if, however, as must sometimes happen in every institution, he was a black sheep, his misdeeds were often undiscovered and, if possible, overlooked, and thereby likely to bring great disgrace on the monastery.



*Ripper's Corner, Mitre Square
taken by Leonard Matters, 1920s*

In the year before this narrative commences a young man of great promise entered the Priory of Holy Trinity. His appearance attracted attention, and when he conversed he infatuated his hearers with the eloquence and charm of his discourse.

Of spare frame, though not short, he looked delicate, but the head bespoke great power, and told of strong passion, and no unusual capacity for good or evil.

Martin, for such was his name, was very dark, with thick black hair, eyebrows that met and gave to the face a somewhat sinister look, which was partly corrected by the perfectly straightforward-looking blue eyes, which is occasionally seen in very dark persons. The nose was aquiline, but too thin, and the mouth, the worst feature in the face, firmly closed and not unfrequently hidden by the hand. This was the more curious, as Martin possessed the whitest teeth imaginable, beautiful in their regularity and perfection.

When not conversing Martin's appearance gave the impression of an intellect debased by cunning and evil passion; when, however, he spoke, his eloquence and manner dispelled this, and intellect only was discernible.

Such was the neophyte and favoured protege of Prior Handcock. Great pains were taken to interest Martin in his new duties, but at first no special work was allotted to him. The monks realised that he was no ordinary man, and though, as a rule, they did not favour new comers, they for once approved the Prior's selection of a favourite, and regarded him as the coming light of the monastery.

It was soon evident that Martin's career would be that of a preacher, and so well did he work and so exemplary was his character, that the Prior, after consulting the other monks, decided that the more onerous duties should be waived in order that he might pursue such studies that would befit him for an orator.

Martin progressed very rapidly under the treatment of the good monks, and made himself a great master of rhetoric. His natural polish of manner and silvery voice held him in good stead, and his expressive face emphasised the thoughts that he uttered.

The Prior, however, discovered that his young protege took but little interest in the works of the Fathers, and made tardy progress in theology. Everything was done to make Martin conversant with the burning questions of the day; no pains were spared to enlist his sympathy and talents in the religious cause in which all were interested, but to no avail. Martin listened to his instructors, apparently pondered over what they said, but was dull and sullen when theology, dogma, or the great cause were subjects of their counsel. The Prior perceiving the uselessness of his instruction at last gave way, and allowed his pupil to pursue his study of rhetoric according to his bent, but insisted that he should possess a fair knowledge of theology before being allowed to preach in public in the great church of Holy Trinity.

Martin's companions were, as we have stated, intellectual and good men; they performed their routine duties, both religious and temporal, in a manner which brought credit on themselves and happiness on their flock; but at the time in which this narrative is cast an unscrupulous and very able monarch hungered for the wealth of this most wealthy monastery, and it was said that he was only waiting for a fitting opportunity to stretch forth his greedy hand and grasp the prize.

The king employed dirty men to do his dirty work, and many of his tools possessed the wily cunning and insatiable thirst for gold which distinguished their master.

Foremost among these men was Thomas Audley, Speaker of the House of Commons, to whom the king was in debt and anxious to repay. Audley had an old grudge against the Priory of Holy Trinity, and had bargained with the king that should an opportunity occur and the monastery be suppressed, the proceeds should go to paying off this old debt.

The enmity of Audley was well known to the monks, who recognised in him their secret foe; but they felt no alarm so long as their reputation stood high with the people of the city.

Such was the condition of affairs when the strangest rumour reached the ears of the Prior. The monks were not told the nature of this rumour at first; all they knew was that, if true, it boded ill to them, and Prior Handcock, like all unsuspicious and weak men, stuck obstinately to his insane determination of keeping the information secret from the monks, and after awhile dismissed the rumour as unfounded.

In such fashion was laid the foundation for the ghastly tragedies and inhuman wickedness which have stamped one small portion of the site of Holy Trinity Church with the curse of Cain.

Chapter II: The Stolen Meeting

Almost facing the Abbey Church and spacious monastic buildings of Holy Trinity, Aldgate, but separated from them by Houndsditch—at the time of this narrative a broad stream of water—was a row of dwelling-houses, with gabled roofs and gardens at the back.

In one of these there dwelt a woman of about thirty, whose manner was so reserved, and ostracism from her neighbour so complete, that she was viewed with suspicion, and would certainly have been forced to live elsewhere but for the fact that she was reputed to be under the special protection of a high official of the Court.

This woman's life appeared to be quite purposeless, with the exception that twice week she received messages from the hands of a page, to whom she delivered answers for her mysterious correspondent. The people in the neighbouring houses watched the woman's movements with intense interest, and argued rightly that she was the accomplice in some fell purpose; the livery of the page, however, protected her, and whatever may have been the scheme in which she was engaged, it was matured without interruption from the neighbouring inmates.

This prying curiosity, though it stopped short of open enmity, left no stone unturned to discover the reason of the mysterious woman's secrecy and the nature of her scheme. She was watched night and day, but beyond the advent and departure of the page nothing was found out.

After awhile, however, their watching was rewarded by an event which, though it increased their curiosity, protected the woman still further from insult.

One evening in January, in the year 1530, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, it was noticed that a man, after leaving his horse in a neighbouring hostelry, approached the dwellings by a circuitous route as if to avoid notice, and after a careful searching look to see that he was unobserved, let himself into the house where the strange woman lived. Notwithstanding his precautions, every circumstance of the visit was noted by the neighbours, the stealthy appearance, the length of the interview, and the height and general appearance of the man himself. His departure was effected in the same stealthy manner, but on arriving at the hostelry a surprise was in store for him; the trapping and saddle of his horse had been removed, and no particulars of the robbery could be given by anyone.

The visit was repeated at irregular intervals, and always in the same stealthy fashion, the only difference being that the man altered his attire to that of a peasant; whereas on the first occasion he had been richly apparelled. He also came on foot—a precaution evidently considered necessary from the robbery of the saddle. Owing to the poor lighting of the road and the fear to approach too near, none had seen the man's face sufficiently well to enable them to again recognise it; a fact which the inhabitants greatly deplored, but consoled themselves with the possession of the stolen saddle, and thought that by its means the name and position of the singular visitor would be made known to them.

After the fourth visit, which took place in broad daylight, the man and woman left the house together, and, avoiding the bridge opposite the monastery and Ald Gate, turned to the right and crossed Houndsditch by the bridge of Bishop's Gate, some little distance off.

This circumstance, though apparently not of great importance, greatly exercised the minds of the watchers, and suggested to them that whatever the secret was, the pair wished to avoid the monks.

That this may not be unintelligible to readers, they must know that Ald Gate was an approach to the monastery, through a courtyard of which it would be necessary to pass in order to gain access to the city. Now, the fact that the pair avoided this route and took the longer one over Bishop's Gate Bridge, was proof that they did not wish to be seen by the inmates of the monastery. After crossing Bishop's Gate Bridge the pair escaped the vigilance of the watchers.



*Ripper's Corner, Mitre Square
taken by Tom Cullen*

Bearing to the left, the route taken was along Bishopsgate Street, through St. Mary Axe into Leadenhall Street, passing the stately tower of St. Mary Undershaft, when finally they approached the little church of St. Catherine Cree, adjoining the Abbey buildings.

The man showed a warrant and was allowed to ascend the tower of this church, which commands a good view of the cloisters and outbuildings of Holy Trinity. The singular part of the affair was that the woman was allowed to accompany him; a very rare privilege, and one which could only have been granted by reason of the importance of the warrant or the high official position of the man himself.

The monks were at recreation in the cloisters, but after awhile emerged into the open court, and the man who had impatiently awaited for this event pointed them out to his companion and bade her watch intently. In little groups the monks marched slowly to the transept door of the great church, which, when opened, emitted the solemn strains of the distant organ.

The man again grew impatient. It was evident he was watching for one who had not yet appeared. As far as was possible, from the distance he scrutinised the face of each monk, and as the last two figures emerged into the court he awoke the flagging interest of his companion, and bade her mark the younger of the two.

Martin was engaged in serious converse with the Prior. The strongly-marked features were quite visible from the tower, and the woman, after gazing at him earnestly for about a minute, satisfied her companion that she could not forget the face. On descending the tower the pair immediately separated and went in opposite directions.

After the event just recorded the woman frequently attended the services in the great monastic church, and had the worshippers been less devout and attended less to their prayers, they might have noticed that her gaze was invariably fixed on the neophyte whenever he was present, all his movements being watched with unflagging interest.

Not only did the woman attend the church in service time, still more frequently was she there on less public occasions especially in the mornings and evenings, when the monks were reciting their offices, such as Prime, Mattins, etc. But whether the church was full or empty, her interest was centred on Martin. For him and him alone did she attend the Church of Holy Trinity.

Several months elapsed before the scheme progressed one jot. Many times did the mysterious man visit his accomplice. Long consultations they had together, but apparently nothing came of them. Evidently the intention of the woman was to get Martin by himself, probably to speak to him; but this was difficult to accomplish.

When engaged in their temporal duties the monks went their respective ways, one to one occupation and a second to another, and so on. But Martin being the youngest, and in training, had no mission entrusted to him. The monks were generally together when in church; one hour a week, however, each spent in solitary prayer before the altar, and the woman when she discovered this resolved to note the hour and wait till Martin's turn came, and thus obtain an interview.

She found, in addition, that these hours for solitary prayer were fixed, that is to say, each monk knew beforehand when his time would come to betake himself to the church to offer up his devotions before the high altar. Six times did the woman enter the church to be disappointed, but on the seventh she was more fortunate, and saw Martin in the sanctuary alone, but to her dismay a few people remained in the church and frustrated her design. And after waiting patiently for an hour, longing for them to depart, she saw the neophyte go back into the monastery, and thus again was she foiled in her purpose.

For a week the church was free from her evil presence, but in the following week, on the same day and the same hour, she betook herself to the place of quest, confident now of ultimate success.

It was late in the evening, nearly eight o'clock and quite dark, but the woman needed no light. She knew her way as well as the most saintly of worshippers, and as she approached the church, the moon, which had been obscured, suddenly reappeared and lit up the stately magnificence of the building, and in spite of herself the woman paused and gazed upon the scene. As big as a cathedral, cruciform in shape, and of perfect symmetry, the monster church of Holy Trinity was, with the exception of the Abbey of Westminster and the Cathedral of St. Paul, the finest building of the metropolis.

Mysterious and solemn it looked on this night, and the great tower, with that almost human expression, seemed to bid her to depart and not disturb its venerable presence. The woman wavered a minute in her resolution, but stifling her scruples she entered the church and saw the young monk kneeling in the sanctuary. Again she wavered, so awe-inspiring were the surroundings; the great massive pillars supporting the rounded arches of the Norman nave, the symmetrical grace of the late Gothic clerestory, the long decorated chancel, with the solitary figure bending in prayer just visible in the gloom, composed a picture of such impressiveness that she could but wish that another had been entrusted with the work.

She approached the sanctuary, and the rustle of her dress disturbed Martin, who looked round, displeased at the interruption; she beckoned to him, and, his curiosity awakened, the monk responded and went to the steps of the sanctuary. Perceiving, however, that the woman was not in want of help, and suddenly remembering his duty and the suspicious nature of the woman's approach, he was about to retire, when she removed the head-dress which had partly concealed her features, and Martin was instantly struck with the remarkable similarity of her face to his own.

The same black hair, the same aquiline nose and firmly sealed lips, and, still more remarkable, she had that habit of shielding the mouth before and after speech which he had so vainly tried to cure himself of when studying rhetoric. He asked her what she wanted of him, when, taking from her mantle a small scroll of parchment, she handed it to him, and bade him attend her on the morrow in the church of St. Catherine Cree hard by. Having delivered her message, the woman disappeared, leaving Martin astonished and nervous at so curious an interruption to his meditation.

The monk felt it his duty to take no notice of the summons and destroy the scroll, but he was seized with overmastering curiosity to read it, and then determined to attend the woman on the morrow—a fatal resolve, pregnant with terrible consequences to himself, and still more terrible consequences to others.

On the following day the inhabitants of the gabled houses, ever on the alert whenever the doings of their mysterious neighbour were concerned, descried her again leaving her home with her companion, and this time they resolved that the pair should not escape them. The saddle and trappings had given rise to great discussion, and more than one person had suggested a name for the owner, but the discussions were conducted in secret, a necessary precaution in those troubled times. The liberty of the subject was little understood in those days, the power of the king was almost unlimited, the Court was subservient and corrupt, the nobles plotted one against the other, and the party favoured by the king invariably gained the upper hand. The people wisely held aloof from politics, were time-serving to a degree, and accepted changes without murmur. Woe to the man who questioned the doings of a king's favourite. If noble, his estate was in danger; if commoner, his life! Bluff King Hal ruled with an iron hand, and was not too scrupulous in his dealings.

In fear and trembling one or two of the boldest followed the mysterious couple and tracked them to the church of St. Catherine Cree, where the woman had arranged to meet the monk. None dared to follow into the church, and were about to depart, when a muffled figure brushed past them and stealthily took the same direction as the other two. Though the people stood in awe of the man who visited their silent neighbour, judging him to be some noble or State official, they did not fear this muffled figure, so quickly going back to the entrance of the church, they traced him before he could evade them.

Notwithstanding his attempts to shield his features, they recognised the monk, whose appearance was well known to them, though they were ignorant of his name.

Now that an inmate of the monastery should be so evidently in league with the suspicious pair much puzzled them; perhaps after all no harm was meant. Had they not better abandon their watchings? But why had the monk shielded his features and avoided their scrutiny? They went home and pondered over these things, and concluded to warn the Prior, and after discussing the best means of doing so, decided that the meeting of the monk in the church of St. Catherine Cree should be told, but no mention made of the strange man, as it might bring trouble upon them.

In such fashion, and not very intelligibly stated, this meeting was a day or two afterwards made known to Nicholas Handcock, and for a time caused him grave anxiety. The forty monks were assembled together and questioned. Handcock informed them that one of the number was reported to have entered the neighbouring church under circumstances such as would bring disgrace and scandal on them all.

The wrong-doer was earnestly exhorted to confess, in order that further trouble might be avoided. The monks looked grave and troubled at the news. Their feeling of security left them. Was it possible that they harboured a black sheep among them?

They could not believe it; each was so earnest and attentive to his duties. After awhile, however, their suspicion rested on Martin, for no especial reason except that, being the youngest and least known, he was most liable to err. As usual, the Prior refused to suspect his favourite, and forbade the monks to harass Martin with their questions, and thus to the folly of one man and the curiosity of another were to be traced the ghastly tragedies which so soon occurred.

Chapter III: Passion Exultant!

After his first year's training Martin became curious in manner. His mind wandered. His interest in study slackened. No progress was made. He was subject to shaking fits, which weakened the by no means strong frame. His face twitched, and the expression changed in a sudden, almost unnatural fashion. One minute his heavy brow was bent as if in sinister thought; the hand instinctively stole up to the mouth, and tried to hide that telltale organ. The blue eyes wandered as if frightened to fix their gaze on any object, and at such a time he looked the incarnation of evil. Another minute and this was changed. The brow, though heavy, looked that of a clever, not a base man, the blue eyes looked straight at their object, and if he spoke, the beautiful voice disarmed suspicion and adverse criticism. Had a man possessing a knowledge of physiognomy studied Martin's face and its changes of expression, he would have arrived at one of two conclusions—either that he was a clever dissembler or a man possessed of fierce passions not yet quite under his control; a man who might turn out a saint, but would stop short of no crime if evil got the upper hand, the almost convulsive changes denoting that at present neither good nor evil claimed the man, but that each was struggling for the mastery.

Prior Handcock knew nothing of physiognomy, and regarded his favourite as a man of weak health, at present overworked. The kind but injudicious man knew his pupil not one jot, and prescribed for him the worst of all things—rest. When working hard and his powerful mind interested, Martin's nobler passions lent weight to the intellect, and



Great Synagogue, Dukes Place

gave to it a daring most like genius. When at rest and the mind relaxed, the baser passions were liable to seize the imagination and fill it with unholy thoughts, and change the genius to the fiend.

One power, however, the Prior possessed—the power of kindness. Of his inner self and the recent interview the monk did not tell the Prior; but with these exceptions, all other matters were discussed between them.

Oh, terrible pity that all was not told! Unutterable woe that now, when not too late, Handcock was not enabled to guide aright the passionate man to ward off temptation! Many a time was the neophyte minded to tell all, and almost did so after his interview with the woman in St. Catherine's. There was then not much to tell.

Mere curiosity begot the fault which Martin was too weak to confess. Formerly the Prior's kindness to his pupil might have lent him greater strength, but infinitely more was now required. A new and great temptation now assailed the man. The good resolve put off became more difficult to accomplish. The terrible passions had now begun to gain the upper hand, and were pointing out the pleasing downward course that ends in sin.

The one bright episode in this narrative of woe may now be recorded. The Prior's kindness met with some return. Martin grew to revere him much in the light in which a son regards his father, and it was at this time that the Prior questioned him on his former life before entering the monastic career.

A tale of poverty it was—of a boyhood without parents; but in his youth a change occurred. A man of high position caused him to be educated, and, unknown to him, doled out sufficient money for the purpose. Who this benefactor was he had no suspicion, but was told that when he should be old enough he was to become a monk at Holy Trinity, Aldgate.

This was all he knew concerning himself, and of his relations one only did he remember—a sister, a little older than himself, whom he had not seen for years.

The Prior and Martin took long rambles together, and, notwithstanding the disparity in years and station, entertained for one another sincere regard. But, with many and varied duties to attend to, Handcock did not see his pupil more than once or twice a week. By his orders Martin was put on the sick list, and spent the greater part of his time alone, and having been now over a year in the monastery, was allowed greater freedom, and could go much where he liked, provided he was present at the various services of the church. And so the time passed on until he again met the dark woman who had given him the scroll, in the same place—St. Catherine Cree, and this time alone. The scroll was produced, and Martin, flattening it out, read the contents and asked the woman what she had to tell him. She temporised, and the keen intelligence of the monk perceived that other designs occupied her mind—another object had prompted her to seek the interview. Had he left on discovering this, the terrible events which this narrative chronicles would never have happened; but he lingered, and looked at the woman who had dared so to deceive him.

This was the climax in Martin's life; the conflicting emotions which raged his system, the mighty passions which swayed the mind, and prompted it now to good and now to evil, put forth all their opposing strength; virtue and vice engaged their forces in a final, fierce fight, from which one or other would emerge the victor.

Formerly the conflict had been waged in the imagination only; no great visible temptation had assailed the senses. Now came that mighty strain on the will, which the mind had foreseen and knew to be inevitable.

The woman had intended to keep up an interest in the scroll, but had failed, and faltered under the keen, penetrating gaze of the monk, and, with that subtle cleverness which often accompanies a depraved but high intelligence, realised that the time was ripe to show her hand and appeal directly to the passions of the man. Like on the first occasion of their meeting, she threw off her head-gear and returned Martin's passionate gaze. That look was all that passed between them, but it told of guilty passion, of a secret sympathy, of the success of her scheme to the woman, and of the victory of evil in the man.

Chapter IV: The Cell

Had the prying curiosity of the people been able to penetrate into the house occupied by their silent neighbour in the evening of the event just re-corded, they would have seen her in evident grief; tears, perhaps of compunction, stole down her cheeks, and sorrow at the guilty part she was playing was no doubt felt by the woman.

Could she now in safety have abandoned her wicked course she would have done so, but the villain who hired her was not to be balked of his purpose. Whatever her reflections were she was not long allowed to pursue them undisturbed; the door of her room was opened, and, without any further introduction, her employer entered.

Angry words passed between them; the woman wished to retire from the hateful plot, but the man was obdurate, threatened her with every punishment if she deserted the cause, and finally gained the upper hand. Being reassured of her allegiance, he ordered her, when quite certain of Martin's love, to make him leave the monastery and for her to be seen in his company at certain public places, which were specified, and finally to leave him, it being the object of the man to bring disgrace upon the monastery.

The victory of evil passion in Martin's strong character at first deadened in him every right feeling, and led him to gloat over the thought of leaving the monastery, and eloping with the woman whom he loved with a fierceness only possible in a man of such passionate temperament. He longed for the week to pass and the day to arrive when he was again to meet her. Should he achieve his purpose then, and quit the monastery and the restraint now so loathsome to him? The conflicting emotion being silenced, outwardly Martin was calm, greatly to the delight of the Prior, who thought his pupil had recovered from an illness, and considering that the time had now come for him to resume his duties, placed him under the instruction of Father Anselm. This was the oldest monk in the monastery, and by far the ablest. With a kindness equalling that of Handcock, he possessed a keen intellect, a great knowledge of character, and a vast experience of the world. Had Martin been placed under this holy father from the first, it is probable that his difficulties and temptations would have been foreseen and danger ward off; but now it was too late; a fiend possessed his soul and held it with an iron grip.

That sense of quiet following a decision even to sin, which Martin had felt, left him under the saintlike eloquence and charity of Father Anselm. This holy man discovered the peculiar temperament of his pupil, and with a fire and genius equal to Martin's, and a tact gained from experience and knowledge of the passions of men, he poured forth arguments and exhortations of the right kind to appeal to such a temperament. The result of this to Martin was curious; his determination to sin did not leave him, but the thought of it brought untold misery. In a few days he would meet the object of his passion in the great church at the hour put down for him to make his solitary prayer. Would he fly with her and break his priestly vow? Would he bring such scandal on the monastery? Was that to be the return for all the kindness shown him? Yes. Again, did he realise the greatness of the sin? Was his faith still active? Was he to be the one black sheep in all the fold? Again, yes! Oh! mighty passion, like the torrent, regardless of all obstacles, ignoring all attempts to say thy headlong course; oh, fierce, all-consuming fire!

But the eloquent words of the aged priest went home, and though they did not cure Martin of his sinful desire, produced a misery so intense that he feared his mind would get unhinged. Four more days of suspense! He longed for the time to pass, yet would he fain put off the day.



Mitre Square taken by Leonard Matters, 1920s

One evening the monk fell ill, a burning sensation seized him, his brain seemed on fire, his mind conjured up strange and awful scenes, Hell seemed to open beneath him, and a laughing fiend to stretch out its bony arm to seize him. Was his reason giving way? His excitement became intense, he beat his brow and clenched his teeth, then, as if suddenly struck with an idea, rushed to the church and paced the lofty nave and aisles, muttering curious, incoherent words. In his abstraction he did not notice the Prior, and started when that kind man, who had been disturbed at his devotion by Martin's strange manner, came up to him and tried to soothe him and bid him go to rest.

That evening the Prior asked Martin to remain alone in his cell for a day or two, and arranged for a man to supply him with his wants.

Cooped up in that little cell the monk grew worse. For hours together he paced the room like a caged beast, and as each day began to wane, a look of exultation, of fiendish delight overspread his countenance. The nights brought him no rest; he did not cease his wanderings. He dared not sleep; his object was to count the hours, and time his appearance in the church. He did not eat, and the feeble frame got wasted; nor did he sleep, and the mind got no rest. The raging passion told on the wasted frame and the excited brain—the man was going mad! He knew it, but it gave him no concern. One anxiety only did he feel—to meet the woman at the hour and place appointed.

The monk had method in his madness, and knew that if seen before that fatal hour his purpose would be foiled. Those wild eyes, that excited expression, that wasted frame, spoke of insanity. Martin felt it, and longed for his time to come. Hour after hour he paced the room until the end of the day before that appointed for the meeting, when a strange thing happened. Peering out into the dark corridor to see if he was unobserved, and waiting until the deathlike stillness convinced him that no one was about, he softly closed his cell and sped down the corridors and flights of steps. The monk was absent for about an hour, and when he returned his eyes gleamed with a savage and a mad delight. What was that hidden object which gave him so much concern? Why did he stay his wanderings to gaze at it with such a fierce interest?

Chapter V: The Tragedies At The High Altar

Again the gabled house, and the man and woman in earnest conversation. This time they managed to elude the watchers, and depart entirely unobserved. They took the same direction as before, and as they approached the monastery the clock of the great tower chimed the half hour after five, full an hour too soon, but they decided to go on and wait at their respective posts. The man had at first decided to leave before the woman's meeting with the monk, but changed his mind, and resolved to be at hearing distance, in case the woman faltered in her design. He asked her if she was quite assured she could induce the monk to leave, and her answer satisfying him, the pair arrived at the entrance of the church and peeped in. There were no worshippers; all was still, and the man looked about the church for a place from which he could watch the interview and be himself unseen. He found what he wanted in the nave, behind the monument to the first Lord Mayor of London, a long distance off from the place of meeting in the chancel, but the only spot which suited his purpose.

The hour of waiting seemed interminable; the woman paced the church with anxious steps, and the autumn day began to wane. Darker and darker the church became, great shadows were cast over the broad nave, the size of the building seemed doubled, and one part of it began to be enveloped in deep gloom. The woman turned with a shuddering glance from the dark corner, walked up the nave, ever and anon glancing behind her to see that the black shadow was not following her. She began to tremble with nervousness, and approached the chancel, which was bathed in light from the rays of the setting sun.

Stay! What was the crimson stain on yon altar step? Horror! It seemed to move! It must be blood! Nearer and nearer it came! It almost approached her! A deep but brilliant red, at first a spot, it now increased till it seemed to flood the chancel with its sanguinary hue; then it died away again, smaller and smaller, till it lingered longest on the chancel steps. Why did it not leave, that stain of crimson? The sun gradually left the rich stained glass windows. Darker and darker the church became, but the woman thought she saw that crimson stain long after the black shadows had enveloped the great building.

Would the hour for meeting never come? How long was she to remain in that dark and eerie place? Stay! What was that? The flickering glimmer of a little candle was approaching the choir from the monastery. It became more and more distinct; a figure entered the church, holding a taper. Could that be Martin? The face was wan and ghastly, the black hair was dishevelled, a raven lock fell over the face and made its ashen paleness more apparent. The monk held out the light at arm's length and peered into the church, and the woman was terrified at the ghastly figure. The face looked like that of a fiend, not a man; the eyes gleamed with a fierce and unnatural light, and seemed bursting from their sockets; the sleeves had fallen from the bony arm, which looked like that of a skeleton. What was that tiny bright speck just appearing under the folds of his habit? She could not approach the ghost, and crept behind a pillar of the nave. The figure in the choir turned round and knelt down as if in attitude of prayer, and a gust of wind extinguished the taper, which the monk let drop with a thud.

The church was in total darkness, save for the little altar lamp, which but intensified the gloom. One, two, perhaps three, minutes passed, when a curious pale and silvery ray lit up a portion of the choir; the moon had risen to witness the fell and dreadful deed. The woman trembled, but felt that now she must perform her task.

Her eyes seemed to swim; she could scarcely guide aright her steps; but slowly and silently she approached the kneeling figure, and touched with her right hand the habit of the monk.

The man in the nave leant forward and watched the scene with terrible earnestness. How suddenly the monk had turned round! What was that bright, object which he held aloft twice, thrice? Good God, was murder being done? The man rushed forward, but, alas! too late. The monk had seized the woman by the throat; a dozen times he gashed the face; the knife descended with lightning rapidity—pools of blood deluged the altar steps. With a demon's fury the monk then threw down the corpse and trod it out of very recognition. He spat upon the mutilated face, and, with his remaining strength, he ripped the body open and cast the entrails round about.

The man who had watched this scene of carnage now feared to approach, for the murderer held up his blood-stained knife in triumph, and, in his madness, called upon his patron saint and claimed a benediction for his deed. Exhausted, the monk now threw himself upon his knees, and mumbled a confused medley of prayer and imprecation. Then he got up and faced the villain whose scheme had been his ruin.

His thirst for blood now whetted, the monk would have killed the man, but the latter stepped aside and, pointing to the corpse, bade Martin look more closely at his victim. The woman's mouth was open, the moonlight streamed through the window, and Martin looked intently at the corpse. Maniac as he was, he saw that the roof of the mouth was gone. The striking resemblance of the woman to himself he remembered; an inspiration suddenly dawned upon him; he looked inquiringly at the ruffian opposite, and read in his countenance a confirmation of the awful thought.

An agonising cry escaped his lips, he seized the knife, and plunged it deep into his heart, and fell a corpse upon his murdered sister.

Chapter VI: Annihilation Of The Monastery

The good monks of Holy Trinity, Aldgate, were regular in all their duties, and punctually at nine o'clock they betook themselves in solemn conclave to the church, to offer prayers that God might watch over the great city and protect it from disaster.

They carried lighted candles and, preceded by the Prior, arranged themselves in order for procession, and marched towards the transept door of their splendid abbey church, chanting the ancient Latin hymn,

Ye guardian spirits, protect the holy men from the awful sight, the murder, the suicide, the desecrated church, the scene of deeds which had perverted the hallowed building to a place accursed by God and man!

* * * * *

The monks shut up their church and kept the fearful deeds secret, but no happiness or rest did they know after that fatal night. Ghosts of the murdered dead haunted them; they longed to leave the accursed spot, and atone for the sin of their wicked brother.

And the man whose schemes had worked the misery, Sir Thomas Audley, afterwards to be Lord High Chancellor, what was his next step? Threats were sent to the Prior, threats of instant exposure, if he did not surrender the monastery to the king. The poor weak Prior, beside himself with grief and misery, consulted the monks, and they counselled him to hold out, and for some time there was a sort of interregnum. All traces of the murders were apparently obliterated; and the monks attempted to burn out the stain of blood, but finding this impossible, they hollowed out the stone. This done, they sent an emissary to the Pope, and in resignation awaited for the interdict. But whether their messenger was intercepted or whether the interdict was sent is not known; certainly it was never placed upon the buildings.

Sir Thomas Audley informed the king of the murders which had taken place, which he pretended to have unexpectedly discovered, and the king, glad of an opportunity of repaying Sir Thomas for the salary owed to him as Speaker of the House of Commons, gave the Royal permission for the suppression, provided Audley could by threats induce the Prior to make a show of giving up his charge.

Audley called in Thomas Cromwell, and the two sent another message to the Prior, containing renewed threats that if the monastery were not delivered to the king, all the ghastly particulars of the murder and suicide would be made known to the peoples of the city. The Prior and monks now found it impossible to hold out longer, and gave up the splendid time-honoured church and monastic buildings to the king, under a trifling pretext which Audley had invented and forced upon them.

It is but fair to Henry VIII. and Cromwell to mention that they were ignorant of Audley's infamous plot, and had no notion that it was owing to his action that the crimes had taken place.

The monastery was suppressed, the monks turned out, and somewhat later Audley was placed in possession of the building. The poor Prior's troubles were even now not yet over. A letter of his is extant in which he complains that no portion of the seven hundred pounds a year promised to him after the suppression had been received; but how he provided for himself and the monks is not known.

Audley attempted to sell the buildings, but was not able to do so, and at last he ruthlessly destroyed the magnificent architectural pile; and, with the exception of a few arches, left no trace of the church and monastic institution of Holy Trinity, Aldgate. Both during the process of destruction and many years after that event, no one, unless obliged, would approach the spot where the high altar and chancel of the church had once existed. It was rumoured that every night, between the hour of twelve and one, a dark young man appeared in the garb of a monk and always pointed to a spot, and uttered strange prophecies of terrible events that must occur there. The people got wind of the story of Martin and his sister, and for many generations the spot was considered cursed.

Woe to anyone who would live on that spot; woe to him, who remained there at night and out of reach of help!

END OF BOOK 1

Got something to say?

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

Please send your comments to contact@ripperologist.info



ROB
HILLS



ADRIAN
STOCKTON

Cousin Jack

We've had Uncle Jack - now stand by for Cousin Jack. The title of this article was inspired by an email from Adrian Stockton who originally contacted me to exchange family tree information about the Stockton line. Adrian wrote: 'My first cousin 3 times removed was Jack the Ripper - now that's something to talk about.'

Adrian was referring to James Hardiman, a Whitechapel horseflesh purveyor and cat's meat man. *Ripperologist's* readers are well aware that I believe he was Jack the Ripper. His mother was Harriet Hardiman, who lived in the ground floor front room at 29 Hanbury Street and ran a cat's meat shop out of it. On 8 September 1888, Annie Chapman's mutilated body was found in the back yard of this house.



Back yard of 29 Hanbury Street

I have chronicled James's life and exposed my theories in previous articles where I discussed the information I have so far gathered on the Hardiman family. Now, thanks to Adrian's new information on the Stocktons, I can expand on our research. Harriet Hardiman, James's mother, was a Stockton - Adrian's Second Great Aunt, in fact - and constitutes the link between the Stockton and Hardiman families.

By going back through his main Stockton line, Adrian discovered that his ancestors were cattle dealers, cat's-meat vendors and horseflesh dealers in the East End of London. In the early 19th century, Samuel Stockton - Harriet Hardiman's father - was a cat's-meat vendor in Whitechapel.¹ He was born about 1804 in Queen Ann Street, Whitechapel, and died on 23 October 1865 at 1 John's Place, Mile End New Town. Throughout his life he worked as a dock labourer, a hawker, a 'cat's-meat man' and a hopper maker; that is, a maker of usually funnel-shaped containers used for dispensing small granular materials. On 2 February 1835, Samuel married Sarah Haswell in Bethnal Green. Sarah was born about 1816 in Whitechapel and died on 24 December 1896 at 6 Glass Street, Bethnal Green; the cause of death was given as Jaundice, Exhaustion.

Samuel and Sarah lived in and around Dorset Street, which plays a key part in every account of the Whitechapel murders. They had twelve children: Joseph (Adrian's Great Great Grandfather), Samuel, Harriet Sarah (Adrian's Second Great Aunt and James Hardiman's mother), Elizabeth Jane, John Stephen, James, Martha, Jane, Mary Ann, Eliza, Emma and Sarah.

Harriet Sarah was born in Dorset Street, Spitalfields, which was her parents' address at that time, and was christened on 29 July 1838 at Christ Church, Spitalfields. She married Edward Hardiman on 6 April 1857 at St Mary Spital Sq, Spitalfields, London. In the 1861 census, Harriet was recorded as living at 2 Well Street with her husband Edward, her daughter Sarah, age 3, and James, age 1. Well Street was renamed Preston Street by the time of the 1871 census and eventually became part of what is still known today as Hanbury Street - approximately the area at the top of Greatorex Street.

¹ I had previously speculated that 'Wallah Wallah' was the street cry of the cat's meat vendors. (See my article *Wallah Wallah Cat's Meat, Ripperologist*, issue 53 (May 2004)). I have since discovered, however, that London's cat's-meat men cried out 'Beep! Beep!' as they did their rounds. 'To Londoners, "Beep! Beep!" is the familiar cry of the cat's meat men, picturesque peddlers who sell to thrifty housewives not the meat of cats but little skewers stuck with carefully diced meat for cats.' *Cat's Meat, Time*, 11 November 1929. Accessed 8 June 2006.

I believe Harriet's husband is the Edward Hardiman recorded in the 1851 census as living with his parents at 17 Hunt Street, St Dunstons, Stepney. The record lists Samuel Hardiman - age 58, born Birmingham, occupation Bone Cutter, (Head); Sarah Hardiman - age 48, born St. Luke's Middlesex, occupation Dealer in Clothes, (wife); Edward Hardiman - age 14, born Mile End, occupation Button Polisher, (son). At 12 Hunt Street there was a Mary Morris, age 68, born Coventry, occupation Narrow Weaver (blind), who is described as 'mother-in-law', although it is not clear whether she was Samuel Hardiman's mother-in-law. A Narrow Weaver is a weaver of ribbons.



St Dunstan and All Saints, Stepney High Street

Samuel Stockton and his family were also recorded in the 1851 census. They lived at 4 Silver Street, Parish of St Dunstons, Stepney. The family consisted of:

*Samuel Stockton; Head; mar 49 - vendor of cat's meat.
b Middlesex, Whitechapel.*

Sarah Stockton - wife; mar 36 - b Middlesex, Whitechapel.

*Joseph Stockton - son; unmar 16 occupation Japaner
b Middlesex, Whitechapel.*

Samuel Stockton - son; unmar 15 b Middlesex - Mile End New Town.

Harriet Stockton - daughter; unmar 12 b Middlesex, Whitechapel.

Elizabeth Stockton - daughter unmar 10 b Middlesex, Whitechapel.

John Stockton - son unmar 8 b Middlesex, Mile End New Town.

James Stockton - son unmar 5 b Middlesex, Mile End New Town.

Martha Stockton - daughter unmar 1 b Middlesex, Mile End New Town.

Jane Stockton - daughter unmar 1 b Middlesex, Mile End New Town.

Samuel and Sarah's first son, Joseph, was born some time between 1833 and 1835 in Whitechapel. He was christened on 26 July 1835 in Christ Church Spitalfields. On 31 December 1861, Joseph married Sarah Susannah Speaight, daughter of Charles Speaight and Susanna Eggington, in Haggerston. Sarah was born on 27 April 1839 at 14 Scott Street, Bethnal Green, and was christened on 30 November 1842 in St. Matthews, Bethnal Green. In the 1851 census, Sarah's occupation is recorded as a wire drawer; that is, someone who made wire from metal by drawing the metal through various holes in a template. At the time of his marriage, Joseph's occupation was cattle dealer in Haggerston.

At some point Joseph and Sarah moved to Islington, where they are recorded in the 1881 and 1891 census returns. Joseph still appears as a cattle dealer. They had nine children: Joseph, Charles Speaight, Harriet Eliza, Elizabeth, Emily Louisa, Alice, Florence Louise, John and Alfred James Millie. Harriet Eliza is recorded in the 1881 census, age 15 as a General Servant in a Beer House at 42 Scrutton Street, Shoreditch. Harriet is recorded as the niece of the Beer House Keeper, Eliza Niblett, a 29 year old widow. Eliza's three daughters and one son are also recorded at this address. All were born in Islington except Harriet, who was born in Tottenham. Tragically, Florence Louise died in February 1890, age 17. The cause of death was Pulmonary Phthisis (Tuberculosis). Her mother Sarah was present at the death at 20 Marriott Road, Islington.

Joseph died on 20 October 1896 in London County Lunatic Asylum, Ilford, aged about 62. The cause of his death was Exhaustion and Cardiac Failure, certified by Robert Jones, Superintendent of the Asylum. His occupation is listed as a meat salesman, formerly of 52 Moray Road, Islington. It is not known why he was admitted to the Lunatic Asylum, though in Victorian times it might have been for any reason out of many. It is sad that Joseph should end his days there. Throughout his life he strove to do the best for his family, migrating north of London and away from the living hell of the Victorian East End.



Christ Church dwarfs the Ten Bells, c1957

Joseph's wife Sarah, now a widow, and her sons John and Alfred James Millie appear on the 1901 census in Islington. Sarah died on 31st July 1932 at Winchmore Hill, Middlesex at age 93. The cause of her death was *Senectus*.²

Samuel and Sarah's second son, Samuel, was born 1836 in Mile End New Town and was christened on 27th November 1836 in Christ Church Spitalfields. His place of birth is given as Fashion Street, Spitalfields - yet another street name which will be familiar to Ripper researchers. Samuel died on 4th March 1891 at 141 Charles Street, Mile End Old Town, aged about 55. The cause of his death was Malignant Disease of the Liver, and Exhaustion.

Samuel married his first wife, Mary Fitzsimmons, on 26 November 1855 in St. Matthias Parish Church, Bethnal Green. Mary was born about 1839 and died about May 1868 in Bethnal Green, age 29. Her occupation is recorded as Tailoress in April 1861. Samuel had worked as a Labourer from 1855 and is recorded as such in the 1861 census in Whitechapel. He worked as a dock labourer in 1863 in Weymouth and in 1867 in Bethnal Green. Samuel and Mary lived at 4 Johns Place. They had seven children: Eliza, Louisa, Samuel, Joseph Charles, Mary, Henry and Clara. In 1871, Samuel was once again working as a dock labourer in Whitechapel. At the time of his second marriage, to Jane Botfield, *aka* Jane Adamson, in April 1878, he was a General Dealer. He was recorded as having the same occupation in the 1881 census. At some time before 1891, he worked as a cat's meat vendor. His wife Jane was a dealer in horseflesh (knacker) and is recorded as such in the 1891 census. Samuel and Jane had one daughter, Sarah.

Samuel and Sarah's second daughter after Harriet, Elizabeth Jane, was born in Whitechapel at some time before 17 January 1841, when she was christened at Christ Church, Spitalfields. Elizabeth appears in the 1861 census living with her parents and other siblings at 1 Johns Place. Her occupation is recorded as a Shoe Binder.

The third son, John Stephen, was born about 1843 in Mile End New Town, was christened on 12 February 1843 in Christ Church Spitalfields and died about May 1901 in Mile End New Town, aged about 58. About August 1861, he married Louisa Stevens in Bethnal Green. Louisa was born in Bethnal Green about 1839. John Stephen and Louisa had five children: John, Samuel George, Joseph, James and Joseph. John Stephen appears on the 1861 census as a Labourer. Both he and Louisa appear in the 1881 census at the Bricklayers Arms, 92 Collingwood Street, 3 Colts Lane, Bethnal Green. The Bricklayers Arms was very close to Cudworth Street, which was James Hardiman's address in 1885, and to Glass Street, Bethnal Green, where Sarah Stockton died in 1896. John Stephen is recorded as a Licensed Victualler. His eldest son John is recorded as a Barman at the same address in 1881. The Post Office Directory records a John Stockton as the Licensed Victualler in 1882 and 1884. In 1901, John Stephen worked as a Dealer in Horse Flesh. In 1915, the Post Office Directory records a Joseph Stockton at the Bricklayers Arms.

Samuel and Sarah's fourth son, James, was born some time before July 1845 in Mile End New Town and was christened on 6 July in Christchurch, Spitalfields. He appears in the 1861 census as a Labourer and in the 1871 census as a General Dealer. James married Mary Ann Eliza Hare on 6 October 1863 in St. John Church, Bethnal Green. They had one son, Samuel Joseph.

Martha, Samuel and Sarah's third daughter, was born between April and October 1847 in Mile End New Town and was christened on 17 October 1847 in Christ Church, Spitalfields. In December 1866, she married Edward Gillett in Bethnal Green. Edward was born in 1846 in Whitechapel. He appears as a Carman in the 1871 census, a dealer in cat's meat in 1881 and a general labourer in Haggerston in 1901. Edward and Martha had six children: Edward, Sarah, Martha, George, Samuel and James.

Jane, Samuel and Sarah's fourth daughter, was born on 28 September 1849 at 18 Chicksand Place, Whitechapel. This is very close to No. 13 Heneage Street, which was James Hardiman's address in 1888. The numbering in Heneage Street appears to be the same now as it was in the 1880s. In the 1889 Trade Directory, No. 3 Heneage Street, on the north side of the road, is described as a Beer Retailer. The Pride of Spitalfields Public House occupies that location now. Previously this pub was called The Romford Arms, and may have been known by that name as early as 1888.³ No. 13 Heneage Street was on the same side of the road as The Pride of Spitalfields is now. Map evidence suggests it has been rebuilt since the 1880s. No. 20, where Sarah's mother lived and



The Pride of Spitalfields

² Senectus means 'old age' in Latin. When shown as a cause of death on a death certificate, Senectus means 'died of old age'

³ If this was indeed the case, and the pub was known as The Romford Arms in 1888, its name could offer an alternative explanation for George Hutchinson's statement to the police: 'About 2.00 am 9th I was coming by Thrawl Street, Commercial Street, and saw just before I got to Flower and Dean Street I saw the murdered woman Kelly, and she said to me Hutchinson, will you lend me sixpence. I said I cant I have spent all my money going down to Romford. (Evans, Stewart P and Keith Skinner, *The Ultimate Jack the Ripper Sourcebook*, Robinson, London, 2000, page 376). Now let's assume that he said 'I have spent all my money going down the Romford' instead of 'to Romford'. This is perfectly plausible, as the names of public houses are often shortened in this manner in conversation. Perhaps George hadn't trekked all the way from Romford after all.

where James's infant daughter, Harriet Maria Hardiman, died on 18 June 1888, aged 1, was on the south side of the road. It no longer exists. Its site is now occupied by part of a playground.

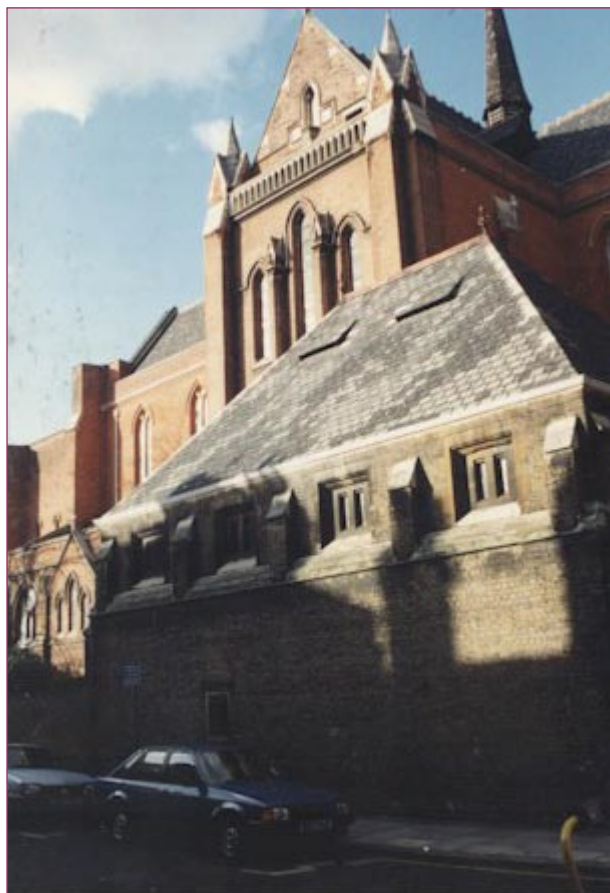
Jane did not appear in the 1861 census at Johns Place with her parents Samuel and Sarah.

Mary Ann, Samuel and Sarah's fifth daughter, was born on 5 June 1851 in Silver Street, Mile End New Town. She appears on the 1861 census, aged 10, at the Johns Place address.

Eliza, Samuel and Sarah's sixth daughter, was born on 26 October 1854 in Mile End New Town - Johnsons Place. She married George Botfield on 9 July 1871 in St Philip the Apostle, Stepney. George was born between 1851 and 1852 in Bethnal Green. His occupation was a General Dealer. George and Eliza had 11 children: George Henry, Eliza, Edward, John, Joseph, Alfred, James, Samuel, Sarah, Lizzie and Harry. Eliza was the death reportee of her mother Sarah in 1896. The death certificate records that she was present at her death. Her address is recorded as 10 Primrose Street, Bethnal Green.

Emma, Samuel and Sarah's seventh daughter, was born about 1857 in Whitechapel.

Samuel and Sarah's youngest child, Sarah, was born on 6 May 1859 in Mile End New Town, 1 Johns Court. She married Alfred Richard Goodchild on 9th December 1878 in St Thomas Church, Bethnal Green, the same church where James Hardiman had married Sarah Scott in 1876. In fact, as I learnt only recently, thanks to Adrian's kindly sending me a copy of an extract of his family tree, the Hardimans were witnesses to the marriage of Sarah Stockton to Alfred Goodchild. They both made their marks with a cross, as shown on the marriage certificate. At the time of his marriage, Alfred's occupation was meat salesman at 96 Nichols Square. Sarah's address was 40 Nichols Square, in the midst of the area then renowned for violent street gangs such as the Old Nichol Gang and the Hoxton High Rips. Alfred and Sarah had seven children; Alfred, James, Louisa, Emily, Elizabeth, Samuel and John. Alfred died round March 1896 in Bethnal Green, aged about 39. His widow, Sarah, appears in the 1901 census as a vendor of cat's meat at 6 Glass Street, Bethnal Green.



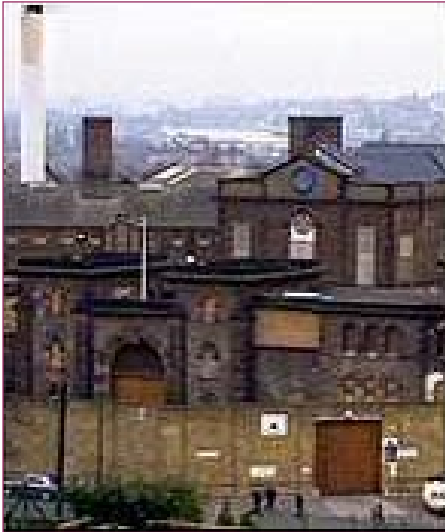
St Philip the Apostle, Stepney

Adrian is a member of the Essex Family History Society. He has written an article for their magazine, *Ripping Yarns*, based upon my email to him, which coincidentally came at a time when his own investigation into his family history had, in his own words, 'Ground, if not to a halt, to a crawl'. He had some time ago traced the Stocktons back to early 19th century Whitechapel, but had since let the trail go cold. Thankfully, his response to my email was what I had hoped for and we exchanged information that helped both of us with our own independent research. Adrian now claims James Hardiman as his most interesting ancestor - whether he was the Ripper or not.

As for me, I have progressed a bit further in my research into James Hardiman's life. Not through the Internet this time. The Internet is undoubtedly a helpful tool for research. Sometimes, however, you can't beat jumping on a train and going to places where you have never been before. This is exactly what I did recently when I visited the London Metropolitan Archives for the first time. I was trying to find more information on the period James Hardiman spent behind bars at HMP Wandsworth. In the 1881 census returns, he is recorded both as a prisoner there and as a resident at 29 Hanbury Street.

Luck was against me on the day of my visit to the LMA. Although the staff were very helpful, some of the nominal prison registers for Her Majesty's Prison Wandsworth were currently unavailable and others were being transferred into microfiche. I was able to look through two registers that covered the period from March to November 1881. This was in itself an intriguing experience, but also a somewhat disappointing one: I did not find James Hardiman's name in the fragile and musty pages.

Ideally, to search through the nominal prison registers, you need to know when the prisoner was processed through his initial reception at the establishment. Since my visit to the LMA I have learnt, as mentioned above, that in December 1878 James was a witness to the marriage of Alfred Goodchild and Sarah Stockton. This means that he was admitted to HMP Wandsworth at some time between December 1878 and the 1881 census. I can now narrow my search for a record



HMP Wandsworth

of his admission. The National Archives also hold information relating to Victorian prisoners. Perhaps in my next article I will be able to report more definite findings about my favourite Ripper suspect, the crimes that got him into prison and the period he spent there. A photograph from his file, perhaps?

I strongly believe that if a photograph of James Hardiman exists and I find it, we will be looking at Jack the Ripper's face. His forbidding countenance will then be added to the grainy, faded, black-and-white images of his victims. Or will the Ripper forever remain a faceless terror, the mysterious figure we conjure up in our imagination? Will we be finally looking at a real person - James Hardiman, woman killer - or will the wraithlike Ripper continue to haunt the streets of Whitechapel, when the sun goes down and cats begin to prowl?

Acknowledgements

Thank you to Adrian Stockton for his invaluable contribution to this article and for allowing extracts from his family tree to be used. Thank you to Malcolm Barr Hamilton, Borough Archivist, Tower Hamlets Local History Library, for information regarding Heneage Street. Thank you to the staff of the London Metropolitan Archives for their kind assistance. Thank you to the editorial team at *Ripperologist*: Paul Begg, Eduardo Zinna, Adam Wood and Christopher T George.

Sources

For more information on my continuous research on James Hardiman see my articles: *Jack a Knacker?* *Ripperologist*, issue 50 (November 2003); *The Whore Slaughterer*, *Ripperologist*, issue 52 (March 2004); *Wallah Wallah Cat's Meat*, *Ripperologist*, issue 53 (May 2004); *The Butterfly Collector*, *Ripperologist*, issue 60 (July 2005) and *From the Bars of the Cradle*, *Ripperologist*, issue 62 (December 2005).

Revelations of the True Ripper

By Vanessa A Hayes

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Revelations of the True Ripper is a true crime non-fiction work based on the historical crimes of Jack the Ripper; written from a woman's point of view. Vanessa A Hayes wrote *Revelations of the True Ripper* following years of researching all the known information available. She did not initially set out to write a book, just to test the theories. One night - or should we say early morning - her Jack the Ripper became apparent.

About the Author

Vanessa A Hayes is an avid reader and researcher with a penchant for murders. *Revelations of the True Ripper* is her first book of many in the true crime non-fiction genre. She is currently working on her second book about women who commit murder. This is due for release in 2007. *Revelations of the True Ripper* looks at the Whitechapel Murders of 1888. Vanessa asks questions and delves into the lives of the 'Unfortunates' in the East End, giving you her Jack the Ripper. She did not choose her suspect, she found him in the detail and history of the times. In *Revelations of the True Ripper* you will see why Vanessa believes her Jack the Ripper had motive, causation, drive and passion. So who was he?



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ADAM WOOD

Rhymes of the Canting Crew

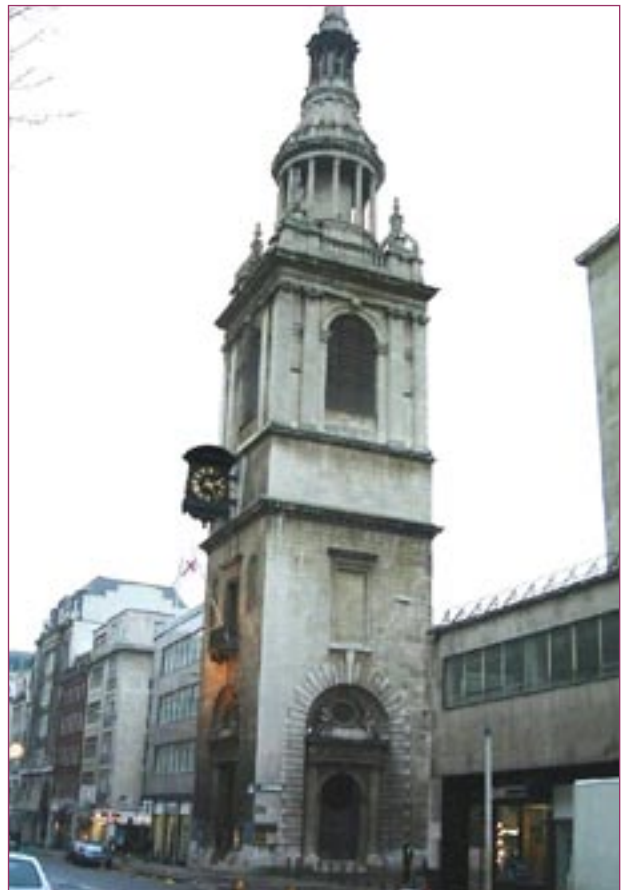
The Sound of Bow Bells and the East End Dialect

In the first scene of George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, Frederick Eynsford Hill, better known as Freddy, comes into collision with a flower girl, knocking her basket out of her hands. 'Nah then, Freddy,' she exclaims, 'look wh' y' gowin, deah.' As Freddy apologises rather cursorily and rushes off, the flower girl gives vent to her feelings: 'Theres menners f' yer! Te-oo banches o voylets trod into the mad.' Freddy's mother feels it's her duty to intervene: 'How do you know that my son's name is Freddy, pray?' she asks. 'Ow, eez ye-ooa san, is e?' retorts the flower girl, 'Wal, fewd dan y' de-ooty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than ran awy athaht pyin. Will ye-oo py me f'them?' At this point in the play, Shaw abandons what he calls a desperate attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet as unintelligible outside London.

As is well known now, the flower girl is Eliza Doolittle and within a few minutes she will meet Professor Higgins and her whole life will change, for the delight of all those who've seen *Pygmalion*, or, perhaps more to the point, *My Fair Lady*. As is also known, Shaw had his own ideas about the English language and strong likes and dislikes to boot. He was not, in fact, too fond of Eliza, though in the end he wrote a happy ending of sorts for her in the *Sequel* to his play. What's important, however, was that Eliza's dialect, which she was so eager to leave behind, was the language of London, the Cockney dialect of those who were born within the sound of Bow Bells. And when all is said and done, it is Cockney, equally despised by Shaw and his creations, which has triumphed over the proper speech they advocated.

In the modern sense of the word, Cockneys are white working-class inhabitants of London. But according to tradition the definition is those born within the sound of the Bow bells (St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside). This area takes in the City, Bethnal Green, Stepney, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, Finsbury, and Hackney.

The word was in use as early as 1600, when Samuel Rowlands referred to 'a Bow-bell Cockney' in *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine*. In 1617's *Ductor in Linguas*, John Minshew listed the first definition of the term: 'A cockney or cockny, applied only to one born within the sound of Bow bell, that is in the City of London'. The *OED* later explained the term as originating from cock and egg, meaning first a misshapen egg, then a person ignorant of country ways. A second derivation of the word was given in *Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary* of 1693, explaining that London was referred to by the Normans as the "Land of Sugar Cake" (in Old French, *pais de cocaigne*). Thus the word *Cocaigne* referred to all of London and its suburbs, and over time had a number of spellings: *Cocagne*, *Cockayne*, and in Middle English, *Cocknay* and *Cockney*. The latter two spellings could be used to refer to both pampered children, and residents of London, and to pamper or spoil a child was 'to cocker' him.



St Mary-le-Bow: Bow Bells

Cockney has a distinctive accent and dialect, containing several borrowings from Yiddish such as *kosher* and *shtumm*. Typical features include a dropped H, as in *not 'alf*; the use of *ain't* instead of *isn't*; and the pronunciation of 'th' as 'f', as in *teef*. The lengthening of the vowel sound in words such as *grass* and *bath* was a Cockney innovation which by the early 20th Century has spread to most of the southern counties.

The famous Cockney Rhyming Slang is rooted in the underworld slang of the East End; the Thieves' Cant, as described in 1862's *The Criminal Prisons of London and Scenes of London Life* by Henry Mayhew and John Binny:

There is the 'Cadgers' (beggars') cant', as it is called - a style of language which is distinct from the slang of the thieves, being arranged on the principle of using words that are similar in sound to the ordinary expressions for the same idea. 'S'pose now, your honour,' said a 'shallow cove', who was giving us a lesson in the St Giles' classics, 'I wanted to ask a codger to come and have a glass of rum with me, and smoke a pipe of baccer over a game of cards with some blokes at home - I should say, Splodger, will you have a Jack-surpass of finger-and-thumb, and blow your yard of tripe of nosey-me-knacker, while we have a touch of the broads with some other heaps of coke at my drum?'

Again, we have the 'Coster-slang', or the language used by the costermongers, and which consists merely in pronouncing each word as if it were spelt backwards: 'I say, Curly, will you do a top of reeb (pot of beer)?' one costermonger may say to the other. 'It's on doog, Whelkey, on doog (no good, no good),' the second may reply. 'I've had a reg'lar troseno (bad sort) to-day. I've been doing b-y dab (bad) with my tol (lot, or stock) - ha'n't made a yennep (penny), s'elp me.' 'Why, I've cleared a flatch-enorc (half-a-crown) a'ready,' Master Whelkey will answer, perhaps. 'But kool the esilop (look at the police); kool him (look at him) Curly! Vom-us! (be off). I'm going to do the tightner (have my dinner).'

Lastly comes the veritable slang, or English 'Argot', ie, the secret language used by the London thieves. This is made up, in a great degree, of the mediaeval Latin, in which the Church service was formerly chanted, and which indeed gave rise to the term cant (from the Latin cantare), it having been the custom of the ancient beggars to 'intone' their prayers when asking for alms. The word "patter," which is the slang for speech, is borrowed merely from the "pater-nosters" that the old-established mendicants delighted to mumble. So, too, the term "fake" (to do anything) is merely the Latin facere; and a "fakement" (anything done or written, as a beggar's petition), the classic facimentum. But a large number of foreign words have since been introduced into this species of cant, for as secresy is the main object of all cantology, every outlandish term is incorporated with the "lingo," as soon as it can be picked up from any of the continental vagrants frequenting the "padding kens" (low lodging- houses) throughout the country. Thus the term "carser," for a gentleman's house (Italian casa), has been borrowed from the organ boys; and "ogle" (Dutch, Oogelijn, a little eye), from the Hollanders on board the Billingsgate eel-boats. "Fogle," for a handkerchief, a "bird's eye wipe" (German, vogel, a bird), has been taken, on the other hand, from the German vagrants, such as the bird-cage men, &c.; "showfull," base money, which is likewise the Teutonic shoful (bad stuff-trash), has had the same origin; and "bone," which is the slang for good, and evidently the French bon, has been got, probably, from the old dancing-dog men. The gipsy language has also lent a few words to the stock of slang, whilst the British, and even the Anglo-Saxon speech of our forefathers have many a phrase preserved in it (the vulgar being, as Latham says, the real conservators of the Saxon tongue). For instance, the slang term "gammy" (bad) comes from the Welsh gam, crooked, queer; and the cant expression, "it isn't the cheese," is pure old English, signifying, literally, it is not what I should choose; for Chaucer, in the Canterbury Tales, has the line "To cheese whether she weld him marry or no."

Moreover, fanciful metaphors contribute largely to the formation of slang.

An Old Mine Reopened From *All the Year Round* (17 October 1874)

BANYAN DAYS: This phrase is employed by sailors to denote the days when no animal food is served out to them.

BOSS: The master or chief person in a shop or factory. This word, recently introduced to England from the United States, was originally used by the American working classes to avoid the word master - a word which was only employed to signify the relation between a slave-owner and his human chattel.

BRICK: This expression implies the highest commendation of a man's character. "He's a regular brick," ie the best of good fellows.

CABBAGE: To steal; originally and still applied to tailors and milliners, who are supposed to cut off for their own use pieces of the cloth, silk, velvet or other materials entrusted to them to be made up.

CAGG: To abstain for a certain time from liquor.

CORNED: Drunk, intoxicated.

FAWNEY-RIG: The trick of dropping a ring. Fawney bouncing, selling rings for a pretended wager.

GAMMON: Deception. Gammy, ill-tempered, ill-natured.

GUM: Loud abusive language. "Let us have no more of your gum"

HOOKEM-SNIVEY: To feign mortal sickness, disease and infirmity of the body in the streets in order to excite compassion and obtain alms.

RHINO: Money; the portion or share of the proceeds of a robbery, divided among the robbers.

RAN-TAN: To be on the ran-tan, to be roaring drunk.

SHINE: A disturbance, a row; "don't kick up a shine;" shindy, a domestic disturbance; a quarrel.

SKILLY: Workhouse gruel, or thin soup; sometimes called skilligolee.

TOKE: Dry bread; toc (French argot or slang), false gold, anything ugly, deceptive, or of bad quality.

From *The Seven Curses of London*

(James Greenwood, 1869)

I doubt if even the "slang dictionary" contains more than a few of the following instances that may be accepted as genuine. It will be seen that the prime essential of "thieves' latin" is brevity. By its use, much may in one or two words be conveyed to a comrade while rapidly passing him in the street, or, should opportunity serve, during a visit to him while in prison:

CHRISTENING JACK: To erase the original name from a stolen watch, and substitute one that is fictitious.

CHURCHING JACK: To take the works from one watch, and case them in another.

A DRAGSMAN: A thief who robs cabs or carriages by climbing up behind, and cutting the straps that secure the luggage on the roof.

KIDSMAN: Training young thieves.

A STRETCH: Three years' imprisonment.

HALF STRETCH: Six months.

A TAIL PIECE: Three months' imprisonment.

A JOLLY: One who assists at a sham street row for the purpose of creating a mob, and promoting robbery from the person.

GOING SNOWING: Going out to steal linen in process of drying in gardens.

SINKER: Bad money.

FLYING THE BLUE PIGEON: Stealing lead from the roof of houses.

BUG HUNTERS: Midnight prowlers who rob drunken men.

A LITTLE SNAKESMAN: A boy thief, lithe and thin and daring, such a one as house breakers hire for the purpose of entering a small window at the rear of a dwelling house.

It is upon this principle that the mouth has come to be styled the "tater-trap;" the teeth, "dominoes;" the nose, the "paste-horn;" the blood "claret;" shoes, "crab-shells;" umbrellas, "mushrooms" (or, briefly, "mush"); prisons, "stone jugs," and so on.]

George Reynolds, in *The Mysteries of London* (1848-52), gives an account of a conversation between two East End villains:

'Well, Bill Bolter, here you are at last,' cried the new-comer. 'If you hadn't sent me that message t'other day by the area-sneak (A thief who sneaks down areas to see what he can steal in kitchens) what got his discharge out of Coldbath Jug (prison), I should ha'come all the same. I remembered that you was sentenced to six months on it; and I'd calkilated days and weeks right enough.'

'Sit down, Dick, and blow a cloud. Wot news since I see you last?'

'None. You know that Cranky Jem is nabbed. He and the Resurrection Man did a pannie (Burglary) up Soho way. They got off safe with the swag; and the Resurrection Man went on to the Mint. Jem took to the Old House in Chick Lane and let me in for my reglars (gave him a share). But after a week or ten days the Resurrection Man nosed (informed) upon him, and will turn King's Evidence afore the beaks. So Jem was handed over to the dubsman (Turnkey) and this time he'll get lagged for life.'

'In course he will. He has been twice to the floating academy. There ain't no chance this time.'

'But as for business,' said Dick Flairer, 'my gropus is empty. I have but one bob left in my cly (waistcoat pocket) and that we'll spend in brandy. My mawleys (hands) is reg'larly itching for a job.'

'Someot must be done - and that soon too,' returned Bill Bolter. 'By-the-bye, s'pose we try that crib which we meant to crack four years ago, when you got nabbed the next mornin' for fakin' a blowen's flag from her nutty arm?'

'You mean Markham's up between Kentish Town and Lower Holloway?' said Dick.

'The same. Don't you recollect - we settled it all the night we threw that young fellow down the trap in Chick Lane? Dick - what the deuce is a matter with you?'

'Two months ago I was up Hackney way, expecting to do business with Tom the Cracksman (The Burglar) which didn't come off; for Tom had been at the boozing-ken (public house) all the night before, and had blowed his hand up in a lark with some davy's-dust (Gunpowder). Well, I was coming home again, sulky at the affair breaking down, when as I got to Cambridge-Heath-gate, I heerd the gallopin of horses ...'

... I never lie to a pal Bill - and that you knows well enough. I seed that young man as plain as I can see you; I fell against a post in the footpath; but I took another good look. There he was - the same face - the same dress - everything the same! I couldn't be mistaken, I swear to it.'

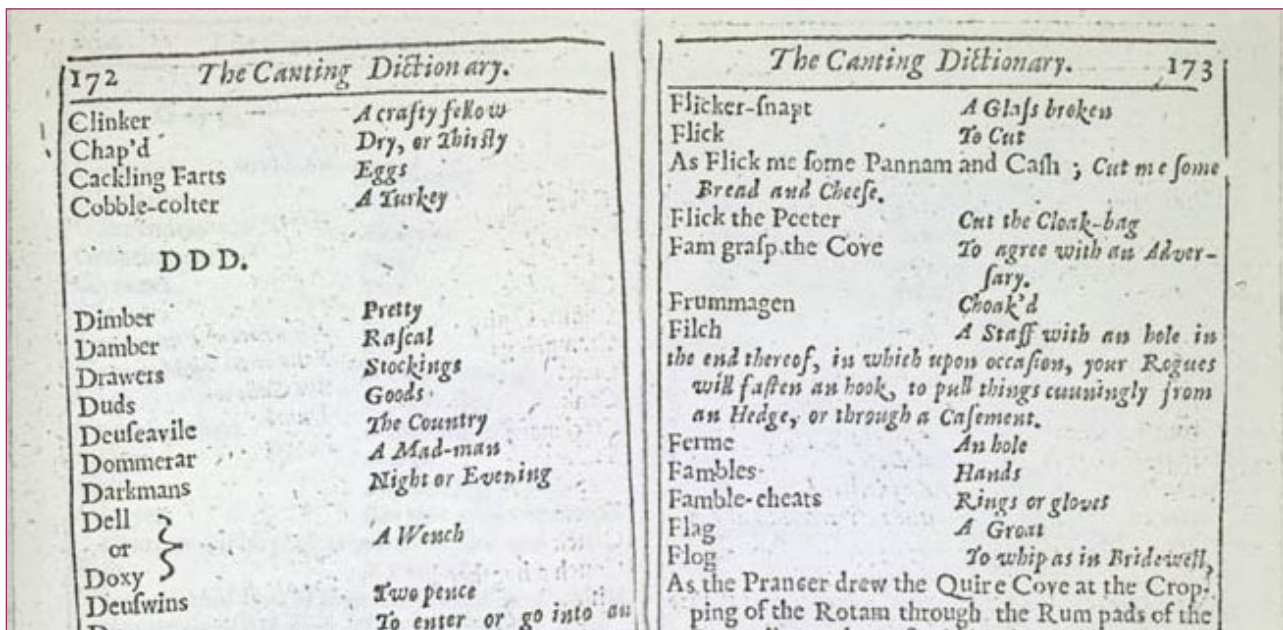
'And would you tell this story to the parish-prig (Chaplain) if so be as you was going to Tuck-up Fair (the Gallows) tomorrow morning?' demanded Bill.

'I would by G-d!!!' cried Dick solemnly.

There was a long pause. Even the woman seemed impressed by the positive manner in which the man told his tale. 'Well - come, this won't do!' ejaculated Dick. 'Ghost or no ghost, we can't afford to be honest.'

'No - we must be up to someot,' returned Bill. 'But about that Markham's place?'

'The old fellow died a few months ago,' said Dick; 'the eldest son run away; and that brought about the father's death. As for the young'un, he was grabbed this afternoon for smashing queer screens. (Passing forged notes)'



Eggs, or Cackling Farts, as given in *The Canting Dictionary*, Nathan Bailey, 1736

'The devil he was! Well, there ain't no good to be done in that quarter, then? Do you know any other spekilation?'

'Tom the Cracksman and me was going to do a pannie by Clapton, that time when he blowed his hand nearly off, larking with the benculls (friends). I don't see why it shouldn't be done now. A young swell - fond of horses and dogs - lives quiet - never no company scarecly - but plenty of tin.'

'That'll do,' observed the woman, approvingly.

'Must we speak to the Cracksman first?' demanded Bill.

'Yes - fair play's a jewel. I don't believe the Resurrection Man would ever have chirped (informed) if he had been treated properly. If the thing is to be done, let it be done to-morrow night; and now let us go to the boozing-ken and speak to the Cracksman.'

'So far so good,' said Dick Flairer. 'I've got a darkey (Dark lantern) but we want the kifers (implements used by burglars) and tools.'

'And a sack,' added Bill.

'We must get all these things of old Moses Hart, the fence and give him a share of the swag,' exclaimed the Cracksman.

'Well, now that's settled,' said Dick. 'I've got a bob in my pocket, and we'll have a rinse of the bingo.'

Today, the form of English most widely spoken in South East England is called Estuary English. It is a hybrid of accents from the London, Kent and Essex areas (ie the area around the Thames Estuary). It first came to public prominence in an article by David Rosewarne in the *Times Education Supplement*, October 1984. Estuary English uses words from both American English and Australian English, while being based on standard grammar.

In the East End, the arrival of the Bangladeshi and Afro-Caribbean communities has resulted in the slow death of Cockney as it is being replaced with their own traditional slang and *patois*.

Rhymes Of The Canting Crew by Robert Copland and the Porter of St Bartholomew's Hospital loquitor, from *The Hye-way to the Spyttel-hons*, c1536. [Read this rhyme and more thieves' cants by clicking here.](#)

Further information

Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue: A Dictionary of Buckish Slang, University Wit and Pickpocket Eloquence, compiled by Francis Grose 1785.

The Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, Francis Grose 1811.

Cockney Dictionary; Cockney convertor.



CHRIS SCOTT

Press Trawl

Daily Gleaner (Jamaica)
28 May 1988

JACK THE RIPPER RETURNS TO HAUNT BRITAIN

London, May 25 - Reuters

A hundred years on, Jack the Ripper is a growth industry. Tourists with a taste for the macabre are sipping cocktails named after him, lurid paperbacks are being published about him, and a feminist campaign has been launched to complain about people cashing in on him.

Known only by his nickname, the Ripper stalked the slums of Victorian London and killed the first of his female victims 100 years ago this August. Since then he has come to represent an archetypal murderer of the most brutal kind. He is a favourite of publishing and film industries eager to satisfy the public thirst for horror.

This year - months before the anniversary of the first murder - the Ripper moneymaking machine has shifted into top gear to launch a variety of new products. To add to the glossy new books there will be a television blockbuster later this year starring Michael Caine as a detective.

But this burst of commercial interest has prompted bitter criticism from feminist groups in Britain, who say it is morally wrong to make money out of a killer.

Jack the Ripper murdered five women, and some think more, in a reign of terror lasting less than three months.

As he claimed more victims his taste for mutilating the bodies grew, reaching a climax with the death of 24 year old Mary Kelly who was found hacked almost to pieces in the autumn of 1888. She was three months pregnant.

After that the killings stopped, the police admitted they had failed to catch the Ripper, and a legend sprang up around the mysterious knifeman.

The neighbourhood where he picked his victims, prostitutes driven by desperate poverty to solicit in a dangerous slum, is now a well worn tourist circuit.

Trips around the murder spots include a stop at the "Jack the Ripper," a drab pub frequented by one of his victims, which offers a crimson cocktail called the Ripper Tipple.

Meanwhile self styled experts and authors on the case are still coming up with new angles on the mystery of the killer's identity.

"Without post mortem examinations, fingerprinting and blood tests, the detectives had little to aid them and failure to identify the murderer has fuelled profuse and imaginative speculation among amateur sleuths," said criminologist William Waddell.

Jack has entered the realms of fiction as a swarthy gentleman in a top hat and cloak, making his getaway down gaslit alleys through swirling fog.

In this guise he has appeared in over 20 films, from a Swedish porno comedy to science fiction epics. "It has become an historical whodunnit like one by crime novelist Agatha Christie," said Donald Rumbelow, author of *The Complete Jack the Ripper*.

Except that in the real world, the Ripper got away with it.



Michael Caine as Abberline in Jack the Ripper

Suspects range from an impoverished immigrant to a grandson of Queen Victoria, and one book published this year invites the reader to a game of "Pick Your Ripper" from among the possible culprits.

But critics say such promotions are sick, encouraging aggression against women and providing a role model for copycat killer.

They cite as evidence one of the latest Ripper products - a computer game featuring graphics of a naked woman in a sexy pose, lying dead in a pool of blood.

"All this is obscene. It's definitely not a bit of harmless fun," said Annie Blue, a spokeswoman for Action Against the Ripper Centenary.

The group was formed in March this year to oppose commercial exploitation of the anniversary and violence against women. Its supporters have already staged protests outside the Ripper pub, which sells Ripper T-shirts as well as cocktails.



The Jack the Ripper (Ten Bells) c1980

The pub, for most of its history known as the Ten Bells, was renamed Jack the Ripper in 1974.

"It's paying tribute to a man who murdered women," said one critic. But Yvonne, the pub landlady, disagreed. "There's nothing gory about it. It's a great whodunnit and that's what attracts people," she said.

Rumbelow, a police sergeant, suggests a link between modern murders and the Ripper myth. In his book he mentions a number of cases possibly inspired by the Ripper killings, including one in which a convicted murderer told police he was Jack and wanted to buy a black cloak "like the one Jack the Ripper wore."

Rumbelow also examines the case of Peter Sutcliffe, from the northern county of Yorkshire who was dubbed the Yorkshire Ripper and was jailed for life in 1981 for 13 murders.

Deborah Cameron, a college lecturer and feminist who researched the Ripper case for recent book, accused Ripper enthusiasts of unwittingly trivialising violence.

"The question for society is not which individual man killed but why so many men have done it and still do," she said.

Fellow feminist Annie Blue agreed. "How can a society call itself caring when it worships killers and forgets the women who were killed?"

Southern Guardian
Saturday, January 1 1889

SAD DEATH OF A LOCAL BARRISTER

The *Echo* of Thursday night says:

"An inquiry was on Wednesday held by Dr. Diplock, at Chiswick, respecting the death of Montague John Druitt, 31 years of age, who was found drowned in the Thames. The deceased was identified by his brother, Mr. William Harvey Druitt, a solicitor residing at Bournemouth, who stated that the deceased was a barrister-at-law, but had lately been an assistant at a school at Blackheath. The deceased had left a letter, addressed to Mr. Valentine, of the school, in which he alluded to suicide. Evidence having been given as to discovering deceased in the Thames — upon his body were found a cheque for £60 and £16 in gold.

The Jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind."

The deceased gentleman was well known and much respected in this neighbourhood. He was a barrister of bright talent, he had a promising future before him, and his untimely end is deeply deplored.

The funeral took place in Wimborne cemetery on Thursday afternoon, and the body was followed to the grave by the deceased's relatives and a few friends, including Mr. W.H. Druitt, Mr. Arthur Druitt, Rev. C. H. Druitt, Mr. J. Druitt, sen., Mr. J. Druitt, jun., Mr. J.T. Homer, and Mr. Wyke-Smith. The funeral service was read by the vicar of die Minster, Wimborne, the Rev. F.J. Huyshe, assisted by the Rev. Plater.

BODY FOUND IN THE THAMES OFF THORNEYCROFT'S

On Monday the body of a gentleman was found by Henry Winslade, waterman, in the Thames, off Thorneycroft's Wharf, and has since been identified by a season ticket and certain papers. Deceased was not a resident of the district, and the body had been in the water nearly a month. Deceased was about forty years of age, and the brother of a gentleman living at Bournemouth. The Coroner was acquainted with the fact that the remains had been removed to the mortuary, and an inquest will be held today.

Richmond and Twickenham Times
5th January 1889

SUICIDE WHILST INSANE

Dr. Diplock on Wednesday held an inquest at the "Lamb Tap" on the body of Montague John Druitt, aged 31, whose body was recovered from the Thames off Thorneycrofts' Wharf, on Monday, by a waterman named Henry Winslade. The pockets of the deceased, who was a stranger to the district were found filled with stones, and after a letter had been read in which he wrote to the effect that "what he intended to do would be the best for all parties," the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide by drowning whilst temporarily insane."

Acton, Chiswick & Turnham Green Gazette
Saturday, 5 January 1889

FOUND DROWNED

Shortly after mid-day on Monday, a waterman named Winslade, of Chiswick, found the body of a man, well-dressed, floating in the Thames off Thorneycroft's. He at once informed a constable, and without delay the body was conveyed on the ambulance to the mortuary.

On Wednesday afternoon, Dr. Diplock, coroner, held the inquest at the Lamb Tap, when the following evidence was adduced:- William H. Druitt said he lived at Bournemouth, and that he was a solicitor. The deceased was his brother, who was 31 last birthday. He was a barrister-at-law, and an assistant master in a school at Blackheath. He had stayed with witness at Bournemouth for a night towards the end of October. Witness heard from a friend on the 11th of December that deceased had not been heard of at his chambers for more than a week. Witness then went to London to make inquiries, and at Blackheath he found that deceased had got into serious trouble at the school, and had been dismissed. That was on the 30th of December. Witness had deceased's things searched where he resided, and found a paper addressed to him (produced).

The Coroner read the letter, which was to this effect:- "Since Friday I felt I was going to be like mother, and the best thing was for me to die."

Witness, continuing, said deceased had never made any attempt on his life before. His mother became insane in July last. He had no other relative.

Henry Winslade was the next witness. He said he lived at No. 4, Shore-street, Paxton-road, and that he was a waterman. About one o'clock on Monday he was on the river in a boat, when he saw the body floating. The tide was at half flood, running up. He brought the body ashore, and gave information to the police.-P.C. George Moulson, 216T, said he had searched the body, which was fully dressed excepting the hat and collar. He found four large stones in each pocket in the top coat; £2 10s. in gold, 7s. in silver, 2d. in bronze, two cheques on the London and Provincial Bank (one for £50 and the other for £16), a first-class season pass from Blackheath to London (Southwestern Railway), a second half return Hammersmith to Charing Cross (dated 1st December), a silver watch, gold chain with a spade guinea



Front door of Lamb Cottage, formerly the Lamb Tap pub, Chiswick.
Photograph courtesy of Robert Linford

attached, a pair of kid gloves, and a white handkerchief. There were no papers or letters of any kind. There were no marks of injury on the body, but it was rather decomposed.

A verdict of suicide whilst in an unsound state of mind was returned.

Burlington Daily Times News
9 December 1970

WAS JACK THE RIPPER A PRINCE?

by Tom Cullen

Was Queen Victoria in reality Jack the Ripper?

The question makes a smuch sense as the recent suggestion that Queen Victoria's grandson Edward, Duke of Clarence, was the Ripper, who carved up five prostitutes in the autumn of 1888.

The killings took place in the Whitechapel slums of London and were particularly grisly. All of the victims were apparently seized from behind and had their throats cut. Four of the five women were mutilated.

The murderer was never found.

To link the Duke of Clarence, brother of King George V and heir to the throne of England, with the Whitechapel killer seems to me to be utterly preposterous.

The man behind the Duke of Clarence theory was the brain surgeon Dr. Thomas E. Stowell. In a recent article published in *The Criminologist* before his recent death, Dr. Stowell hints that Jack the Ripper had royal blood.

The story put forward contends:

That Prince Eddy, as he was popularly known, contracted syphilis as a young man, and the disease affected his brain and that on numerous occasions he managed to shake off Sir William Gull, the royal physician appointed as his watchdog, and prowl the streets of Whitechapel.

That he was a keen sportsman with skill in dissecting deer. (This would explain the Ripper's expertise in carving up prostitutes.)

That the Whitechapel murders ceased because Prince Eddy was confined to a mental home.

That the police, as soon as they learned the royal birth of the killer, concealed his identity and destroyed incriminating evidence.

After two years of research into the Jack the Ripper crimes, I decided that the Duke of Clarence theory was too far fetched even to merit mention in the book I wrote on the subject.

In the 80 odd years that have elapsed since the Whitechapel murders, Jack the Ripper has been "identified" countless times, as an unfrocked priest, a sadistic policeman and an escaped gorilla, to name a few of the theoretical killer.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, author of the Sherlock Holmes stories, was not alone in believing the killer to be a "Jill the Ripper," a woman, or a man disguised as a woman.

The Duke of Clarence has been singled out for notoriety because the British love to project all sorts of fantasies onto members of the royalty who are known to be soft in the head.

That Prince Eddy, who was sometimes called "Collars and Cuffs," was not quite bright is beyond doubt. The prince was barely 16 when his tutor, the Reverend Dalton, reported to the royal parents on Eddy's "weakness of brain, his feebleness and lack of power to grasp almost anything put before him."

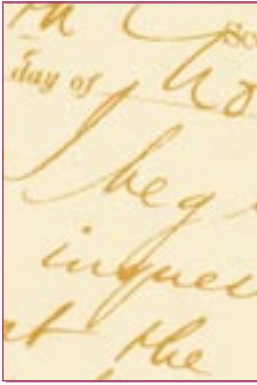
Despite the fact that he could barely read, the prince was sent to Cambridge University, where he was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Law.

As for the "case" that the Duke of Clarence and Jack the Ripper were the same person, there is no evidence of syphilis affecting Eddy's already dim wits. Nor would it be an easy matter to persuade British police to conceal the identity of a murderer, no matter how highly born.

Far from being confined to a mental home after the last of the Ripper murders in 1888, Prince Eddy continued to lead an active life. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel in his father's regiment, the 10th Hussars, and was engaged to Princess May of Teck in December 1891. A month later, he died at Sandringham of influenza that had turned into pneumonia.

My research into the identity of Jack the Ripper led me to conclude that the Ripper was a barrister named Montague John Druitt, who came from a well known Dorset family.

Druitt committed suicide by drowning himself in the Thames late in November 1888. No murders of the Ripper type occurred after that date and the police, after the suicide had been discovered, called off the search for the Ripper. From my own inquiries, I have no doubt that Druitt's own family suspected him of being the Whitechapel murderer.



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

I Beg to Report

RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS! 'America enjoys another dubious distinction in that we produce more serial killers than any other culture. Quick - name one British serial killer other than Jack the Ripper. Can't do it? I can think of one, but I don't remember his name. Name a Canadian one. A Swede? A German, not counting Hitler? I'm sure there are some, but even when they have one, they don't make him a star.'

Morgaine Swann, Defining Violence, OurWord.org, 18 April 2006

'TIS NO USE BEATING THE *STICK* THAT BEATS YOU. 'I have a great interest in crime. It's not the horror but the psychology of it.' British Actor Peter Bowles, who owns a stick that once belonged to Sir Charles Warren, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner at the time of the Jack the Ripper murders. Interview by Anita Sethi, *Pieces of me: Peter Bowles Actor, The Guardian*, London, England, 26 April 2006.



Peter Bowles

PATRICIA CORNWELL DIGS AMERICA. When Patricia Cornwell was in London doing research for her controversial book on Walter Sickert as Jack the Ripper she came across the will of John Smith of Pocahontas and Jamestown fame. She sent a copy to William M Kelso, head of the Jamestown Rediscovery Project, which in 1996 unearthed James Fort, built in 1607, and has brought to light coins, daggers and other 17th-century artefacts.

On 22 May 2006, Cornwell was in Jamestown. Together with Kelso, she toured Historic Jamestowne's new Archaerium, an artefact gallery near James Fort. As she spotted the copy of Smith's will she said: 'You can thank Jack the Ripper for that. It's the only nice thing he ever did.'



The Jamestowne dig

Cornwell came accompanied by a team of forensic science experts consisting of about 20 working crime scene investigators from the Knoxville, Tennessee-based National Forensics Academy. They demonstrated laser-mapping equipment that can electronically map the locations of the artefacts and the layers of history of James Fort. The robotic equipment isn't used by Jamestown archaeologists yet, but Cornwell said Kelso and his crews may be getting the equipment from her as a 'Christmas present.' She has pledged nearly a half-million dollars toward the dig.

Cornwell and the forensic science experts were treating the dig as if it were a crime scene. 'Jamestown is the autopsy of America,' she said. She added that, as in any modern-day crime scene, moving an artefact from where it was originally found can obscure important facts, such as where it is in relation to a body.

Daily Press, Newport News, Virginia, USA, 23 May 2006.

EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK. 'AFI is planning to include two bonus tracks exclusively to iTunes users who pre-order the band's upcoming album, *Decemberunderground*. The first is called *On The Arrow* and may or may not be the secret track on *DU*. The other track is exclusive to iTunes pre-orders and is a cover of Morrissey's *Jack The Ripper*.' Information concerning the Ukiah, California quartet [A.F.I. \(A Fire Inside\)](#), 24, 25 May 2006.



PATRICIA CORNWELL INVESTIGATES AN UNSOLVED CRIME. Patricia Cornwell has shown interest in the unsolved murder of Johnia Berry in Knox County, Tennessee. It has been 18 months since the December 2004 stabbing death of the 21-year-old at her west Knox County apartment. Still there are few concrete clues leading to her killer and no arrests have ever been made. Cornwell has suggested that someone should call the National Forensic Academy about it and 'let's all put our heads together.'

Cornwell is providing financial support to Knoxville's National Forensic Academy, a training facility specialized in new techniques in evidence gathering for top notch officers. The local TV news station Wate-6 asked Cornwell: 'What does it take to get into the academy?' 'Well,' she replied, 'it's getting harder and harder to get in. It's becoming so popular that they have a waiting list. But you have to be a police person already, a police officer. You cannot just get in like someone straight out of college who

has no law enforcement background. And then it's ten weeks of very arduous training where you learn every aspect of crime scene investigation that you could possibly imagine, everything from dealing with bombings and fires to using laser mapping of crime scenes, photography, digging up dead bodies, which they do at the Body Farm. It's a very intensive training which I think is pretty exhausting and usually small classes of about 17.'

'The reason I keep writing about it and I'm involved in it so ardously is I believe in it so strongly,' Cornwell added. 'It is so terribly important that we have good forensic training for these guys and women out in the field because a case is only as good as the evidence is brought in.' Cornwell concluded by saying that Knoxville is quickly becoming the Mecca for forensic science.

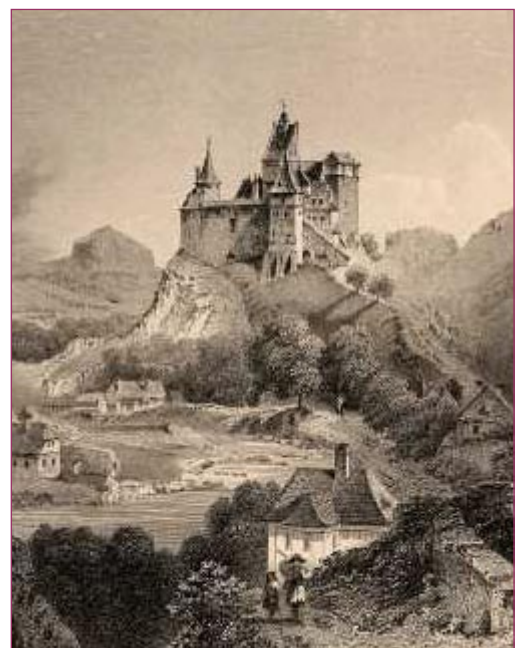
Wate-TV 6, The News Station, Knoxville, Tennessee, USA, 24 May 2006.

THE ROCK OPERA AIN'T OVER UNTIL THE RIPPER SINGS. 'If you think back to your high-school jazz band days, there were a few kids who were perfectly competent musicians but who would rather be listening to Black Sabbath and smoking in the parking lot. Fast-forward a decade, and those same kids are playing in a loud rock band called Drats!!! The sextet's rock operetta is based on a 1979 cult film; it's an album filled with growled vocals, the kind of keyboard/guitar/bass solos only former band kids could muster and, rarer still, a sharp sense of humor throughout. *New Granada* is also what would have happened in the faux rockumentary *This Is Spinal Tap* if the fictional metal band had followed through with their *Saucey Jack* rock opera based on the life of Jack the Ripper. For some, this is a good thing. For others - serious indie types, pretty much everyone's girlfriend, people who hate guitar solos - this could precipitate a migraine.'

Richard Shirk, Record releases show promise, The Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, USA, 26 May 2006.

COUSIN OF DRACULA. One of Romania's [most popular tourist attractions](#), Bran Castle - also known as [Dracula's Castle](#) - has been returned to its owners 60 years after being seized by Romania's government. A new law passed in Romania in 2005 made it possible for former owners to claim property seized during the communist era. The 14th-Century castle, located in Transylvania - where else? - was handed back to Dominic von Habsburg in a special ceremony. Now an architect based in New York, von Habsburg was ten years old when his family was put under house arrest and then forced to leave. He told the BBC he had never given up hope of getting the castle back and said he was finally going home. 'I felt like I was a misplaced person. I felt like I was at home everywhere and at home nowhere,' he said.

Bran Castle was built by the citizens of Brasov in 1377-1378 to guard the commercial road that connected Transylvania to Wallachia. From 1412 to 1419, it was owned by the Wallachian voivode Mircea the Old and by his son Dan. In 1920, the Brasov Town council donated Bran Castle to Queen Maria of Romania, who bequeathed it to her daughter, Princess Ileana, in 1938. When the communists took power in Romania, the castle was confiscated and fell into disrepair. Bran Castle has since become one of Romania's most popular tourist attractions because of its associations with Vlad the Impaler, the cruel ruler of Wallachia who inspired Irish author Bram Stoker's *Dracula*



Bran castle

character. Although he never lived there, the Impaler is thought to have visited the Castle several times.

[BBC News, 26 May 2006.](#)

JUST WAIT AND SEE. 'A guide at Goldentours, one of the London companies that conducts *Da Vinci Code* tours, says that with the opening of the movie [*The Da Vinci Code*] they'll be offering four such tours a week, far outstripping the popularity of the traditional Jack the Ripper walking tours.'

[Sarah Murdoch, *Da Vinci Code* packing them in at European cultural landmarks, Vancouver Sun, Vancouver, Canada, May 27, 2006.](#)

TURKISH DELIGHT. '[British people] value history. And so it happens that the dark corners of history, too, benefit from this interest. You can, along these lines, even take a tour in London which traces the steps of the notorious 19th century murderer Jack the Ripper. But what about in Turkey? The situation here is the exact opposite. With us, the tendency towards forgetting history tends to dominate. Turkey is a society of collective amnesiacs. Can you imagine tours in Turkey which walked you through the darker parts of our history? Tours which not only praised doings from the past, but were aimed at learning lessons from the negative sides of history?'

[Elif Şafak, *Memory-less Turkey/amnesiac Turkey*, Turkish Daily News, Sunday, May 28, 2006.](#)

FALLEN ANGEL. 'And on the outside there's Wheldon, last year's surprise winner after starting 16th and overhauling Danica with six laps to go to win. He may look like a nice Anglican choirboy, but on the race track he has the killer instincts of Jack the Ripper.'

[Kurt Van der Dussen on British Indianapolis500 race driver Dan Wheldon, *Front row from Hell' a winner*, Times-Mail, Bedford, Indiana, USA, 28 May 2006.](#)

ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE. 'A magazine ran a picture of me this week. My mum said it was fab - but I looked like Jack the Ripper. My mate said don't worry about the picture - the write-up says I'm selfish, self-involved and a horrible person. But I said I could live with that if I could still f**k people.'

[Big Brother's Russell Brand, cited by Kiki King, Eva Simpson & Caroline Hedley, *I'm A Sex Junkie*, Says BB Brand, Mirror, London, UK, 30 May 2006.](#)

PLEASE MR. POSTMAN. A European collector has paid \$750,000 (£400,000) for 26 letters sent by the French philosopher François-Marie Arouet - better known as Voltaire - to the Russian Empress Catherine the Great. According to Sotheby's auction house, the figure is a world record for handwritten correspondence from this period. The 26 letters date from 1768-1777, when Catherine was ruler of Russia and Voltaire lived in Switzerland. Some of the letters are signed 'the old hermit' while in others the philosopher simply refers to himself as 'V'. German-born Catherine, who ruled Russia from 1762 to 1796, described herself as a 'philosopher on the throne' and corresponded with several prominent European thinkers throughout her reign. Voltaire's letters discuss her foreign policy, including the partition of Poland and her first war with the Ottoman Empire in 1768-74. The Ottoman ruler, Mustafa III, comes in for ridicule throughout the correspondence, with Voltaire referring to him as 'fat and ignorant'. The collection far exceeded its estimated price of \$385,000 (£205,000). A first edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses* - which duly mentions Jack the Ripper - also sold for \$148,000 (£79,000) at the auction in Paris.



Voltaire

[BBC News, 31 May 2006.](#)

COME HEAR THE MUSIC PLAY. 'It's an adventure of a decidedly *noir* variety, populated by wolves, tigers and Jack the Ripper, and punctuated by Keith Stapleton's Marc Ribot-esque guitar fills. References - musical and lyrical - to blues standards abound. And little light is offered at the end of The Fever's tunnel.'

[Allan Wigney on New York City band The Fever's new album, *In The City Of Sleep*. *New Fever* album heats things up, Canoe-Jam! Music, Ottawa Sun, Ottawa, Canada, 31 May 2006.](#)

LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING. 'Tourism Uganda is considering potential benefits of turning sites associated with tragedy and atrocity from Uganda's past into tourist attractions... The term Dark Tourism first came into popular perceptions in 1996, when it appeared in a special issue of the International Journal of Heritage Studies; gaining wider public notice in 2000 through the publication of a book with the title: *Dark Tourism* by Professors Malcolm Foley and John Lennon of Glasgow Caledonian University... Dark tourism is the visiting of sites of tragedy, such as Auschwitz and New York's Ground Zero, or historical battlefield sites such as Bosworth and Gettysburg, or trips to the home turf of Jack the Ripper in Whitechapel.'

Dorothy Nakaweesi, Uganda to explore 'dark' tourism, Monitor, Kampala, Uganda, 31 May 2006.

HELP THE POOR STRUGGLER. Previously secret documents in the National Archives concern the rules, ethics and code of being an executioner in the 20th century. The newly released documents reveal that hangmen were selected largely through informal approaches, sometimes because of experience as an executioner in the armed forces. Papers from 1938 review the then list of seven men judged 'competent to carry out the duties'. In almost all cases they were in stable and often dull jobs, living happily married settled lives. The motivation of some candidates was however questionable. Daniel Clifford of Fulham told prison governors he wanted 'to uphold the prestige of our justice'. However, he was rejected when it was discovered he had been showing off his interview letter in pubs. Mr Clifford's mistake was not to understand the golden rule. The Regulations for hangmen, 1938, read: 'Your particular attention is drawn to rules six and nine and the Prison Commission's desire to emphasise the importance of complete reticence in regard to your official duties.' A key test for eligibility was trustworthiness. Arthur Gill, a butcher from Harrogate, was rejected when the local police chief warned that he 'is known to my officers as being a man of loose morals.'

If candidates passed police checks, they were invited to an interview with prison governors. Henry Kirk, a police officer with the London Port Authority, was one of those blocked at this stage. Following his interview, the governor of Brixton Prison said Mr Kirk 'would never be equal to the work he applies for - he appears to have a somewhat morbid interest in the work, aroused through having a friend who carried out many executions in Arabia.'

The final stage of selection was six days of technical training at London's Pentonville Prison where governors judged whether or not aspiring hangmen were competent. New additions to the official list of executioners were told that they would be contacted if needed. Offering to carry out a specific execution would result in them being struck off the list. A final Home Office list of official executioners was printed up in February 1964, and made obsolete when capital punishment was suspended the following year. Those six whose names appeared on it have long since gone to their own graves. There is nobody left in Britain with the relevant training or experience to operate a gallows, which was a far more complex piece of equipment than it looked.

The critical element was the conduct of the hangman himself. According to the rulebook, the hangman 'should avoid attracting public attention in going to or from the prison; he should clearly understand that his conduct and general behaviour must be respectable and discreet, not only at the place and time of execution, but before and subsequently; in particular he must not give to any person particulars on the subject of his duty for publication.'

Both the prison governor and medical officer were expected to keep records of the hangman's conduct which would have some bearing on his pay. As for pay, during the 1930s, it was left open to local agreement, although Prison Commission officials recommended 10 guineas per execution plus a third class railway fare. Assistants received a fixed £1, 11 shillings and six pence with the same amount again paid two weeks after the execution - providing they had not broken the code of secrecy.



Albert Pierrepoint

The released documents also fill in some missing elements in the story of Britain's most famous hangmen: the Pierrepoint family. Britain's last official chief hangman, Albert Pierrepoint, became a household name when he was sent to Germany to execute war criminals after the Nuremberg Trials. His father, Henry, and uncle, Thomas, had perfected the craft that later made Albert such an efficient hangman. Between 1931 and 1956, Albert Pierrepoint carried out up to 600 judicial hangings in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and post-war Germany, becoming the most prolific executioner in history. He hanged Derek Bentley, the mentally deficient teenager who allegedly incited his friend Chris Craig to murder a London policeman. He hanged Timothy Evans, who was then posthumously declared innocent of killing his wife and daughter. He subsequently executed the real murderer, Evans's landlord John Christie. And he hanged Ruth Ellis, the young single mother who had shot her abusive boyfriend, even while songs and howls of protest went up outside Holloway

Prison. But he reached the peak of his career, and the reluctant height of his celebrity, when he was commissioned to hang the German military prisoners, male and female, who had operated the Nazi death camp at Belsen.

Albert Pierrepoint took immense pride in his work, believing that it was his responsibility to be humane to the condemned by ensuring that death occurred swiftly. In refining the craft of the gallows to engineer 'instantaneous death', he made it his business to minimise the suffering of the condemned. On one occasion at Strangeways Prison, he led a convicted murderer through the process so quickly that the man, James Inglis, was pronounced dead on the end of the rope within seven seconds of leaving his cell. Albert Pierrepoint has been quoted as saying: 'As long as I can give in the last moments of these people, whoever they are, whatever they've done, if I can give them the respect and dignity at the last moment, That's my job and I come away satisfied.'

Hangmen had problems too. Henry Pierrepoint was driven to drink by the profession, and eventually fired for turning up for a hanging at Chelmsford Prison in 1910, 'considerably the worse for wear'. His assistant, John Ellis, later committed suicide. Albert Pierrepoint's own problems began at the end of the war. He had honoured the code of silence, but the press hounded him and his family after his name leaked out as the war crimes hangman. Albert urgently wrote to the Prison Commission insisting that he had not talked to a journalist from the *Sunday Pictorial* who was planning a major profile, saying he felt he had been set up to appear as if he was talking freely of his work. The commission was satisfied he had not given an interview, but officials quietly noted that some of the details in the article must have come from family or close friends to whom Albert may have talked.

According to the *Sunday Pictorial*, Albert had held a conversation with one prisoner, John Amery, a Nazi-sympathiser hanged for treason after the war. The newspaper suggested Amery attempted to crack a joke with Albert on the way to the scaffold. But the archive papers tell a different version. The Prison Commission official wrote: 'Amery did in fact extend his hand and said "Oh! Pierrepoint." Pierrepoint took his hand, placed it behind his back for pinioning. The conversation was entirely limited to that remark.'

Albert kept going until 1956, when he resigned over a matter of pay. He commuted far and wide to the gallows at Wandsworth or Barlinnie for the old token fee of £15 per hanging, and then returned cheerfully home to his wife Anne. They ran a busy pub called Help The Poor Struggler, on Manchester Road, Oldham, Greater Manchester, where Albert sang songs with the regulars - one of whom, James Corbitt, he hanged for murder in 1950. Albert had been landlord since he took over in 1946, having been executioner since 1931. He died, still in residence, on 11 July 1992 at the age of 87 - apparently believing that the job had been ultimately meaningless, but also entirely satisfied that he had at least done it to the best of his ability.

Dominic Casciani, How Britain made its executioners, BBC News, UK, 1 June 2006.

Confessions of a Hangman, Sunday Herald, Glasgow, UK, 12 February 2006.

The Town & Borough of Oldham In the Greater Manchester Metropolitan County, Manchester in the United Kingdom.

YORKSHIRE RIPPER'S UNKNOWN CRIMES. A report on the Yorkshire Ripper killings between 1975 and 1980 by Sir Lawrence Byford, the former chief inspector of constabulary, was released under the Freedom of Information Act on 1 June 2006, after being kept secret for nearly 25 years. Sir Lawrence's main conclusion was that lorry driver Peter Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire Ripper, probably committed more attacks against women than the murders and attempted murders for which he was jailed. The report includes details of these attacks but this section, entitled 'Description of suspects, photofits and other assaults', remains censored by the Home Office. Also partly censored is a section about Sutcliffe's 'immediate associates'.

Sutcliffe was sentenced to a minimum of 30 years in jail for the murders of 13 women and the attempted murders of seven others. After he was convicted in April 1981, Sir Lawrence was commissioned by the government to scrutinise the 'many criticisms levelled at the police in what was undoubtedly the largest-scale police investigation ever conducted in this country.' His 159-page report was completed in December 1981, but the government had hitherto held that it was 'not in the public interest' for it to be published.

A summary of the report released in 1982 said police made 'major errors of judgment' during the five-year hunt for Peter Sutcliffe, of Heaton, Bradford, who used hammers, screwdrivers and knives to kill his victims. It also suggested the police investigation suffered 'information overload' because of the massive public response to three taunting letters and a cassette tape posted to Ripper squad leader Assistant Chief Constable George Oldfield and the *Daily Mirror* in 1978 and 1979. The tape acknowledged as the most notorious hoax in British criminal history began: 'I'm Jack. I see you are still having no luck catching me. I have the greatest respect for you, George, but Lord, you are no nearer catching me now than four years ago when I started.'



Assistant Chief Constable George Oldfield

The Byford report describes the hoax as 'a red herring of mammoth proportions.' It also says that the 'complete acceptance...that the author [of the letters and tape] was the killer was not justified by the evidence available at the time and should, in any case, have been tested by rigorous analysis. 'The decision to use factors from the letters and

tape as a basis for the elimination of suspects was indefensible.'

After 24 years, the author of the letters and tape, known as Wearside Jack because of his regional accent, was identified as unemployed alcoholic John Humble, of Sunderland, 50, following DNA analysis of saliva from an envelope seal. In March 2006, Humble was sentenced at Leeds crown court to eight years on four counts of perverting the course of justice after pleading guilty. His conviction is believed to have influenced the Home Office's decision finally to publish the Byford report.

In his report, Sir Lawrence stated that 'between 1969 and the start of the known Ripper crimes in 1975, there is a curious and unexplained lull in Sutcliffe's criminal activities.' He added that, having studied the evidence, 'it is my

firm conclusion that between 1969 and 1980 Sutcliffe was probably responsible for many attacks on unaccompanied women, which he has not yet admitted, not only in the West Yorkshire and Manchester areas but also in other parts of the country'. He continued: 'We feel it is highly improbable that the crimes in respect of which Sutcliffe has been charged and convicted are the only ones attributable to him.' He added: 'This feeling is reinforced by examining the details of a number of assaults on women since 1969 which, in some ways, clearly fall into the established pattern of Sutcliffe's overall modus operandi.' Sir Lawrence also stated that he was 'sure' senior police officers were aware of the possibility that Sutcliffe was responsible for more attacks.

The five-year hunt for the Ripper took up millions of police hours. Officers spoke to nearly a quarter of a million people and took 28,687 statements. It was already known that Sutcliffe was questioned and released nine times by murder squad detectives during the inquiry, and a further two times by police in connection with a theft of car tyres and a drink-drive offence. The Byford report gives a step-by-step analysis of each interview, pointing out failures to ask important questions, investigate alibis and conduct searches of Sutcliffe's home and car which could have led to Sutcliffe being arrested nearly four years earlier than he was. For instance, officers who interviewed him in November 1977 failed to examine his red Ford Corsair - the tyres of which would have linked him with the murder of Irene Richardson nine months earlier. This was a 'vital error' which gave Sutcliffe the opportunity to commit a further seven murders before his apprehension in January 1981.

In March 1979, Sutcliffe's vehicle was on a list of 850 suspect cars whose owners had been seen picking up prostitutes. If this had been cross-checked with another list detailing cars in red-light districts, Sutcliffe would have been one of only three people on both lists. The report also reveals that although the Yorkshire Ripper had used a hammer in many of his attacks and a national conviction card on Sutcliffe showed him as having a previous conviction for 'going equipped with a hammer', this vital information was not on records kept by West Yorkshire Police.

In June 1980, Sutcliffe was interviewed for the eleventh time after behaving suspiciously and driving erratically. He was held for drink-driving, but was released after a check with the Ripper major incident room, which told officers Sutcliffe had been 'eliminated from the inquiry on handwriting' - presumably a reference to the letters sent by the hoaxer. The Byford report says: 'Elimination conducted on the basis of probability is inherently dangerous as is clearly indicated by Sutcliffe's elimination on handwriting based purely on the probability that the "Sunderland" letter was written by the killer.' The report also points out that a 'Special Notice' to the police across the country on 13 September 1979 said: 'A person can be eliminated from these inquiries if his blood group is other than B; his accent is dissimilar to a North Eastern (Geordie) accent.' It is this notice, with the eliminating factors of handwriting which Sir Lawrence thought 'were the main causes of Sutcliffe's elimination from the inquiry'. The report concludes that Sutcliffe 'should have been regarded as a prime suspect.'

FROM ACC CRIME WEST YORKS.
TO ALL DIVISIONS AND ROAD TRAFFIC.
AREA ACC'S
AREA CHIEF SUPERINTENDENTS C.I.D.
COPIES TO CHIEF CONSTABLES NORTH YORKS,
SOUTH YORKS, HUMBERSIDE, NOTTS, Lincs, DERBY,
SHIRE, LANCASHIRE, GREATER MANCHESTER,
CHESTER AND MERSEYSIDE.
AT 3.10 P.M. ON FRIDAY FEBRUARY 1978, THE
NAKED BODY OF HELEN RYTKA BORN 3/5/39, A
HALF-CASTE JAMAICAN WOMAN WAS FOUND
PARTIALLY CONCEALED IN A TIMBER YARD OFF
GREAT NORTHERN STREET, HUDDERSFIELD. THE
BODY HAD SEVERE INJURIES TO THE HEAD WITH A
BLUNT INSTRUMENT AND STAB WOUNDS TO THE
BODY. NEITHER INSTRUMENT HAS BEEN FOUND. IT
HAS NOT YET BEEN ESTABLISHED WHETHER THE
DECEASED HAD BEEN SUBJECT TO SEXUAL INTER-
FERENCE.
THE DECEASED, WHO WAS AN ACTIVE PROSTITU-
TUTE, HAD ONLY LIVED IN HUDDERSFIELD FOR THE
PAST TWO MONTHS BUT IT IS KNOWN THAT SHE
TOOK CLIENTS TO THE WOODYARD WHERE HER
BODY WAS FOUND. SHE FORMERLY LIVED IN
BRADFORD.
SHE WAS REPORTED MISSING FROM HOME ON THE
2ND FEBRUARY 1978 HAVING BEEN SEEN BY HER
SISTER, ALSO AN ACTIVE PROSTITUTE, AT 21.10
HOURS ON TUESDAY 31ST JANUARY 1978 IN GREAT
NORTHERN STREET HUDDERSFIELD, AT WHICH TIME
SHE WAS SEEN TO GET INTO A DARK BLUE
COLOURED SALOON CAR, POSSIBLY AN AUDI 100LS
DRIVEN BY A WHITE MALE ABOUT 35 YEARS OF AGE
AND OF SMART APPEARANCE. ATTENTION IS DRAWN
TO PREVIOUS OFFENCES OF MURDER OF PROSTITU-
TES WHICH HAVE OCCURRED IN THE WEST YORK-
SHIRE METROPOLITAN POLICE AREA SINCE 22/7/75
DETAILS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN CIRCULATED IN
POLICE REPORTS 634, CASE 1123/7/75—MCGOWAN)
703-1(31/10/75—MCCANN)
758-1(21/1/76—JACKSON)
1021-1(05/2/77—RICHARDSON)
1071-1(24/4/77—ATKINSON)
1113-1(26/4/77—MCDONALDI)
1123-1(10/7/77—LONG)
1234-1(14/12/77—MOORE)
ATTENTION IS ALSO DRAWN TO WEST YORKSHIRE
METROPOLITAN POLICE CRIMINAL INTELLIGENCE
BULLETIN DATED 9TH MAY 1977 AND POLICE REPORT
1189 CASE 1 DATED 15/10/77 RELATING TO THE
MURDER OF JEAN BERNADETTE JORDAN AT
MANCHESTER.
IT IS URGENTLY REQUESTED THAT SPECIAL
ATTENTION BE PAID TO THE CLOTHING OF ALL
PERSONS COMING INTO CUSTODY SINCE THE 31ST
JANUARY 1978, AS THE CLOTHING OF THE
ASSAILANT MAY BE BLOODSTAINED. IT IS ALSO
REQUESTED THAT COLLATORS RECORDS, OFFENCE
REPORTS AND TRAFFIC WARDENS RECORDS BE
SEARCHED AND THE DETAILS OF ANY DARK BLUE
AUDI 100 MOTOR VEHICLES WHICH HAVE COME TO
NOTICE DURING THE PAST 12 MONTHS BE PASSED TO
THE INCIDENT ROOM AT HUDDERSFIELD POLICE
STATION. TELEPHONE NUMBER HUDDERSFIELD 30955
EXTENSION 201 OR HUDDERSFIELD 30955 AND 81855.
IT IS ESPECIALLY REQUESTED THAT DETAILS OF
THE INJURIES SUFFERED BY THE VICTIMS IN THIS
SERIES OF ATTACKS SHOULD NOT BE RELEASED TO THE
PRESS.
AUTHORISING OFFICER ACC(CRIME)
MESSAGE ENDS.

Official police report

The report reveals more details of how the major incident room failed to cope with the weight of information it received during the course of the inquiry. In December 1980, there was a backlog of 36,000 documents waiting to be filed. 'It is estimated that this would have taken existing staff nine months to eliminate on the basis that no new crimes occurred in the meantime,' it said. Sir Lawrence made a number of recommendations, including standardising procedures in major incident rooms and ensuring that one senior officer was in overall command of large investigations, even across force boundaries. He also recommended introducing computer technology to assist major inquiries after identifying a series of short-comings in the paper indexes used by the Ripper squad. The lessons learnt from the Ripper inquiry led to a revolution in the way high-profile murders and crimes were investigated, with computerised records and systems to manage huge flows of information.

Sir Lawrence concluded that senior police officers led by George Oldfield lacked the 'flexibility of mind' speedily to address failures in their systems and failed to ensure the massive workload was distributed to make the most of individual officers' skills. 'The senior detectives of West Yorkshire were - and are - probably no better and no worse than those in other forces,' his report says. 'They were, however, not well equipped in management terms to control an inquiry of the size and scale which the Ripper inquiry proved to be.'

The Home Office published its file of correspondence relating to the Yorkshire Ripper case alongside the Byford report. It included one letter to the Home Secretary's office from Sir Lawrence which was significantly blunter in its language than his official report. The letter, dated 15 May 1981, revealed that Sir Lawrence had 'misgivings' about the head of the Ripper squad Oldfield, dating back to a visit to Yorkshire in summer 1980. 'When I inspected the force last year it was clear to me that Oldfield had run out of steam and needed to be replaced as the officer in charge,' said Sir Lawrence. 'Unfortunately, nothing was done about this until I visited the force last November.' He suggested the Ripper inquiry had suffered because of 'divided loyalties' in the wake of earlier police force amalgamations, leading to a 'schism at the top'. 'Oldfield with his lack of personality and pedestrian manner, especially towards the end of the investigation, was not the sort of officer to inspire confidence in his overall command,' he said.

In November 1980, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher summoned William Whitelaw, then home secretary, to 10 Downing Street and told him: 'The local police have so far failed totally in their inquiries into a series of murders which constituted the most appalling violence against women. It is now a question of public confidence.' Within days, Oldfield was sacked.

However, upon Peter Sutcliffe's arrest and confession, it was Oldfield who was called to the police station rather than his successor, acting Assistant Chief Constable James Hobson. 'I immediately contacted the chief constable,' recalled Sir Lawrence in his letter, 'and told him that in my view Oldfield and his followers should be instructed in no uncertain terms that their direct responsibility for the Ripper case was over.'

Sir Lawrence, now aged 80, was knighted in 1984.

[BBC News, UK, 1 June 2006.](#)

[This is Bradford, Bradford, UK, 1 June 2006.](#)

[Telegraph, 1 June 2006.](#)

[The Scotsman, Glasgow, UK, 2 June 2006.](#)

[Evening Chronicle, Newcastle, UK, 2 June 2006.](#)

[The Guardian, London, UK, 2 June 2006.](#)

[Yorkshire Post, Leeds, Yorkshire, UK, 3 June 2006.](#)

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT. 'Richard Strauss' *Salome* arguably holds pride of place as the most depraved story ever contrived for the opera stage. Other famously degenerate tales, from Alban Berg's *Lulu* about a prostitute who ends up dead at the hands of Jack the Ripper to Stephen Sondheim's *Sweeney Todd* about a murderous barber whose victims get turned into meat pies, all simply pale by comparison with *Salome*.'

[Lawrence B. Johnson on the Michigan Opera Theatre production of Richard Strauss's opera Salome starring Marquita Lister in the title role at the Detroit Opera House. Salome is based on the play by Oscar Wilde. The Detroit News, 2 June 2006.](#)

WIN THIS ONE FOR THE RIPPER. "At times, I think I had everybody on the football team but Jack the Ripper."

[Leo Cahill, former Coach, Toronto Argonauts. Toronto Sun, Toronto, Canada, 2 June 2006.](#)

THE WICKEDEST PLACE IN LONDON. 'The room in which the warden's relatives refuse to sleep is indeed rather creepy. Mainly because its former occupant appears to be a lover of real-life crime and detective stories. The walls are lined with original covers of the *Illustrated Police News*: "When Will The Whitechapel Murderer Be Captured?" Shelves are stacked with books and videos about Jack the Ripper and Richard Nixon, and about Oscar Wilde's imprisonment.'

[The down-to-earth ghostbuster gets to work, Sukhdev Sandhu on accompanying modern-day exorcist Norman Palmer on a visit to 'the wickedest place in London'; the former House of Detention at Clerkenwell. Daily Telegraph, 3 June 2006.](#)

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR. 'It would be symptomatic of psychiatric disorder if we compare illegal aliens to Bonnie and Clyde or Jack the Ripper, unless we are clowning the trauma of our immigration problem as a form of cure or therapy.'

Edwin A. Sumcad, Illegal Alien Headhunters: The Last Kick Of The Dying Breed, American Chronicle, Beverly Hills, CA, USA, 4 June 2006.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS ME! 'In India, two days after Pakistan-backed terrorists kill innocent civilians in Srinagar, we send an official delegation to talk about cooperation in the war against terrorism with the sponsors of terrorism. There is no pretence of postponing the meeting. It is as incongruous as the London Police seeking the help of Jack the Ripper to find Jack the Ripper.'

Vikram Sood, Taking a wrong turn, June 5, 2006, Hindustan Times, New Delhi, India.

INSANE MOI? 'Historically and linguistically, being left-handed has long been associated with the mark of the devil. In Latin, the word "sinister" means "left." In French, it is "gauche" - a far worse sin in France than being sinister, no doubt. There is the left-handed compliment, which is no compliment at all; the bad guy was made to sit at the left hand of God; and there has been a higher than average number of left-handed, insane villains like Jack the Ripper and the Boston Strangler.'

Beth Quinn, Good news from the left-handed liberation front, Times Herald-Record (serving New York's Hudson Valley and the Catskills), June 5, 2006. Left-handed UK Editor Adam Wood declined to comment.

PATRICIA CORNWELL HELPS ANIMALS IN NEED. Cornell University Hospital for Animals at the College of Veterinary Medicine, Ithaca, NY, USA, has announced the dedication of The Patricia Cornwell Intensive Care Unit for Companion Animals. A gift of \$1 million by Patricia Cornwell, the award-winning author and former crime reporter, will be honoured with the installation of a naming plaque on 9 June, Cornwell's 50th birthday. Cornwell's affinity for animals in need as well as her commitment and advocacy for causes such as forensic research, victims' support and animal rescue, have been well recognized through her contribution to several institutions, including Cornell's College of Veterinary Medicine.

The gift to Cornell was pledged after Cornwell brought her beloved English bulldog Booboo to the Cornell Companion Animal Hospital where he received excellent care and compassion from Cornell veterinary internist Dr. Richard Goldstein and the hospital's clinicians. Cornwell returned with another English bulldog, Okey, and was again impressed with the level of excellence at the Cornell Companion Animal Hospital. Okey was rescued with one eye blinded and totally deaf due to neglect, but his treatment at Cornell helped improve the quality of his life. "Cornell is the place to go, without a doubt, if there's something wrong with one of your animals," said Cornwell. When people ask her why go to all that trouble for one dog, she responds, "I believe you look at the life in front of you, and do what you can. That's what they do at Cornell."

Press Release, Cornell University Hospital for Animals at the College of Veterinary, 7 June 2006.

PLAY IT BY EAR. 'Jack the Ripper's murder spree. Hitler's reign. Lizzie Borden. The Charles Manson murders. The Salem Witch Trials. The list of infamous atrocities (some involving guns, some not, granted) that pre-date video games goes on and on. Grand Theft Auto and other Thompson-targeted titles cannot be traced to these acts. The only correlation in this list is perhaps Thompson's personal behavior and the Salem Witch Trials.'

'Sherri' on Florida's anti-video-game lawyer Jack Thompson. Thompson reportedly has urged Louisiana police to search for video games as evidence in a slaying case involving two teenagers who allegedly beat up a man and then shot him in the face. 'Nobody shoots anybody in the face unless you're a hit man or a video gamer,' Thompson was quoted as saying. Jack Thompson On Another Witch Hunt, Igniq.com Gaming News, 7 June 2006.

SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE. 'S Boorjian delighted the audience with his presentation on *The Lusk Kidney: Medical Student Hoax or Evidence of the Whitechapel Murders?* This occurred in the era of Jack the Ripper, the reputed killer of 5 prostitutes, who was never caught. In one of the victims, the left kidney was removed in an almost surgical manner. Hence, police considered at least two physicians to be suspects. Two weeks later, G. Lusk (an investigator) received 1/2 of a human kidney and a mocking note. First this was thought to be a hoax by students. But later a Board of 3 Doctors concluded that the kidney was from the victim, based on the anatomy of the severed artery and so forth. They also said that someone with medical training must have removed it. Still, however, the puzzling case remains unsolved.'

George W. Drach MD, AUA 2006 - Session on the History of Urology, UroToday (online publication), Berkeley CA, USA.

PATRICIA CORNWELL CREATES A NEW HERO. In her latest thriller, *At Risk*, Ms Cornwell has created a new hero: Winston Garano, an investigator with the Massachusetts State Police described as 'a stunningly good-looking, mixed-race, maverick detective who relies on his instincts to solve crimes.' Bye, bye, Scarpetta.

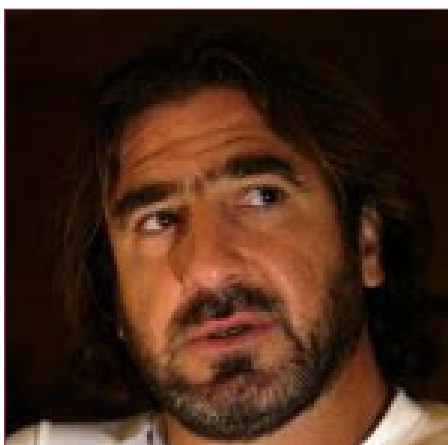
The Independent, 8 June 2006.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A FREE LUNCH. 'While there is much to look forward to, our "freebee" Tower of London and Jack the Ripper tours are a real bonus. The latter ends with a meal at a London pub but I am relieved it's at the start of our holiday. Had it been at the end I'm willing to bet hubby will be in a mood to do away with me. Several weeks of driving with me in the passenger seat is a long time!'

Helen Perry, Out & About with Helen Perry, On our way to summer sun, wine, chateaux galore, Times Online, Auckland, New Zealand, 8 June 2006.

ANOTHER ROYAL CONSPIRACY. 'Not since Jack the Ripper was stalking London streets has the Café Royal been so awash with conspiracy theories.'

Henry Winter on the selection by England manager Sven Goren Eriksson of little known seventeen-year-old Theo Walcott to be part of England's World Cup Squad, as announced at the Café Royal, London, Daily Telegraph, 9 May 2006.



Eric Cantona

CANTONA URGES 'PLAY BEAUTIFUL.' A series of Nike TV ads featuring former Manchester United and France footballer [Eric Cantona](#) has been running worldwide timed for the World Cup that began in Germany on 9 June. Cantona kicked off Nike's *Joga Bonito* ad campaign with a launch party in February at the Truman Brewery on Hanbury Street in London's East End, close to the site of the murder of Annie Chapman. On hand was a galaxy of leading soccer stars and managers. The launch was to support Nike's campaign to reduce negative tactics, play acting, and a lack of passion in the modern professional game. The phrase 'Joga Bonito' - 'Play Beautiful' - is borrowed from football legend Pele. Some might find it ironic that the man who eleven years ago was banned from playing soccer for nine months for assaulting a fan - and so not exactly a poster boy for good behaviour - should be the spokesman for such a movement. In one of the commercials, the dark-haired and bearded Frenchman appears positively Mephistophelean as he shuts down a mock German World Cup broadcast and purrs about the benefits of fair play. Cantona's nine-month ban and court-ordered requirement to do 120 hours of community service,

reduced after appeal from his original sentence of two weeks in gaol, came after Cantona was found guilty of launching a 'kung-fu' style kick against an allegedly abusive Crystal Palace fan. The incident occurred in a match in January 1995 at Palace's Selhurst Park ground after the Manchester United man had been sent off for a tackle on Palace defender Mark Shaw. At a press conference after the episode, Cantona commented on the muckraking of British journalists: 'When the seagulls follow the trawler it's because they think sardines will be thrown into the sea' - then walked out of the room. Sounds just like the press in Jack's day.

[Click here to watch the video.](#)

THE MORE THE MERRIER. 'The "war on terrorism" rests on the creation of one or more evil bogeymen, the terror leaders, Osama bin Laden, Abu Musab Al-Zarqawi, *et al*, whose names and photos are presented *ad nauseam* in daily news reports. The bloody horror and peril shown in the "Theatre du Grand Guignol" in France, no doubt also was supported by the publicity, the sensationalism surrounding "Jack the Ripper" - one of the "bogeymen" of the last century.'

Henk Ruysenaars, Foreign Press Foundation, Dead? Who created the story of Al Zarqawi?, santiago.indymedia.org, 9 June 2006.

HOWARD BROWN RECOVERING FROM HIS ILLNESS. We were sorry to hear that Philadelphia native Howard Brown, proprietor of the *JTRForums.com* website, had been taken ill. Howard contracted a serious infection in his thigh and was hospitalized on 2 June at Roxborough Memorial Hospital, Philadelphia, where he underwent surgery on two occasions. According to the diagnosis, he had untreated cellulitis which led to septicæmia, ie, blood poisoning. Yes, folks, just as serious as it sounds. After two long, long weeks in hospital, Howard was released, rather weak and 25-pounds lighter, but in good spirits. We wish him a full and speedy recovery.

RIP EDITOR HELPS SAVE BATTLEFIELD. Our North American editor, Chris George, reports that in his other major area of interest, the War of 1812, a 9-acre strip of land at the heart of the North Point battlefield has apparently been saved from the developers. Chris has been fighting for a decade to save the land, an effort which has involved him helping to lobby federal, state, and local officials. The land is at the heart of the battlefield of 12 September 1814 where Baltimore militiamen under Brigadier General John Stricker fought to stop the British under General Ross from sacking the city. The same British army had captured the US capital of Washington, DC, three weeks earlier, when both the White House and the Capitol Building were torched. Just before the battle, Ross was mortally wounded by an American sharpshooter and the British suffered 46 killed and around 300 wounded against American casualties 24 dead and 139 wounded. Stricker's troops then withdrew to the entrenchments on the eastern side of the city to face the Redcoats as they drew closer to the city. However, the British assault on the city stalled when their 24-hour bombardment of Fort M'Henry at the entrance to the harbor failed, prompting Georgetown lawyer Francis Scott Key to write the poem that later formed the lyrics to the present US national anthem, *The Star-Spangled Banner*. New British Army commander Colonel Arthur Brooke decided that retreat was the better part of valor.



Brigadier General John Stricker

Chris tells us that the nine acres of property, at North Point Road and Trappe Road, had been originally slated for a supermarket and an extension of Trappe Road. As a result of his efforts and that of other preservationists and historians, the land will now instead be purchased by the State of Maryland. The property will be managed as a historic park by the state's Department of Natural Resources, which already manages other park land on the Patapsco Neck Peninsula. In addition to his work on preserving the battlefield, Chris has been engaged in promoting the *Star-Spangled Banner* National Historic Trail to commemorate the events of August-September 1814 as well as helping to create a War of 1812 Bicentennial Commission for the upcoming commemoration of the war in 2012. Both the latter two efforts are currently under review by the US Congress. Chris tells us: 'The proposed *Star Spangled Banner Trail* needs help right now with sponsors to help it pass in the US House of Representatives, as does the Bicentennial Commission. Maryland Congressman Ben Cardin has 15 co-sponsors for the Bill to Commemorate the Bicentennial of the War of 1812 - but he still needs 50 members of the US House of Representatives to get the bill passed. Any interested US-based subscriber can help in these twin efforts by writing to their congressman and urging them to vote for these initiatives.'

LINK WRAY'S CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY. Late proto-punk guitarist Link Wray said about his beginnings in the early Sixties in Washington, DC: 'I drew all these here bikers, different gangs from different parts of the city. While I played *Jack the Ripper* they'd be down in the audience cuttin' each other. A lot of those guys coulda said, "Oh fuck, let's cut Link Wray." I guess God just had an invisible net between them and me. They loved my music. One night a stranger came in sayin', "Link Wray is tryin' to imitate Elvis." When I went outside he was layin' there. They beat the shit outta him 'cause he ridiculed me. So he was in the wrong place at the wrong time, y'know?'

Quoted in Jimmy McDonough's new 2006 biography Be Wild, Not Evil: The Link Wray Story, which just has just gone online at 'Perfect Sound Forever.'

JACK GOT A BAD RAP? Janet Evanovich and Reed Farrel Coleman, President and VP of the Mystery Writers of America, say writers of crime fiction and mysteries aren't really as macabre as their fans would think. "We look more like crime victims than detectives, we think Jack the Ripper is unfairly treated in the press and *Murder, She Wrote* is high Art," they tease.'

John Graham on the Mystery Writer's Edgar Awards held 26 April in New York City, fictionfanatic.com, 26 April 2006.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? When you hear the name Jack, what comes to mind? Well, we know what will be on the minds of our subscribers, but what about the general public? The Blogger we found in the section on 'Riding the Train of Thought' on the website *The Write Coast* is worried about it:

What is it with the name Jack? How come there are so many main characters in movies and TV series named Jack? Books, too. And there's a shitload of famous Jacks. Speaking of shit, what about all the slang terms wrapped around a jack? What's that all about?

Jack Bauer. Jack Shephard. Jack Skellington. Jack O'Neill. Jack Ryan. Jack Sparrow. Jack and Rose. Jack and Diane. Jack and Jill. Jack Off Jill. Jack Sprat. Jumping Jack Flash. Jack and the beanstalk. Jack In The Box. Jack The Ripper. Jack London. Jack Johnson. Jack Osbourne. Jack Black. Jack Kerouac. Jack Nicholson. Jack shit. Jack me around. Jack

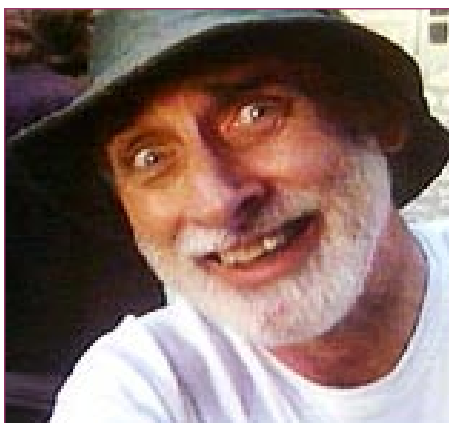
off. You don't know jack. Hijack. Lo-Jack. Just slip out the back, Jack...

Thursday we watched three very different movies in a row that all had main characters named Jack. I mentioned the coincidence to Bret, and it got us to noticing just how frequently we hear or use that word. It's crazy. That's got to be the most common name in the English-speaking world. Why? Is a Jack more appealing than a Bill or a Dave or a Jim? Is it the sound of the word? Why not a lumberjoe or a bobass? How come we don't say tom-of-all-trades or steve up the prices? On the other hand, we never slip someone a jack or jack a lock to break in. And when's the last time you referred to every Tom, Dick and Jack?

It's just weird, that's all.'

LAUGHING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. In an old *Monty Python* sketch, scientists develop the world's funniest joke, which is immediately used as part of the war effort. As the enemy fall down laughing and drop their weapons, the audience cannot but wonder what the joke was all about. Now we know. Five years ago, Professor Richard Wiseman, of the University of Hertfordshire, did an online experiment in which 300,000 people from around the world took part in LaughLab, where they voted for the best gag. The joke runs as follows:

Two hunters are out in the woods in New Jersey when one of them collapses. He doesn't seem to be breathing and his eyes are glazed. The other guy whips out his mobile phone and calls the emergency services. He gasps: 'My friend is dead! What can I do?' The operator says: 'Calm down, I can help. First, make sure he's dead.' There is a silence, then a shot is heard. Back on the phone, the guy says 'OK, now what?'



Spike Milligan

On 8 June 2006, Professor Wiseman said at the Cheltenham Science Festival he has now discovered that the joke was almost certainly written by Spike Milligan of *Goon Show* fame. 'It is very rare to be able to track down the origin of any joke but this is an exception,' said Professor Wiseman. 'There is some very rare footage from 1951 showing the Goons in their first TV appearance. Just by chance I saw it on a documentary and saw a version of the very same joke.' The material would have been written by Spike Milligan and the script reads:

Michael Bentine: I just came in and found him lying on the carpet there.

Peter Sellers: Oh, is he dead?

Bentine: I think so.

Sellers: Hadn't you better make sure?

Bentine: All right. Just a minute.

Sound of two gun shots.

Bentine: He's dead.

Professor Wiseman contacted Milligan's daughter, Sile, and she is as certain as she can be that her father would have written the gag. She said she was 'delighted that dad wrote the world's funniest joke'. Professor Wiseman said: 'I think what is interesting here is that a joke from the 1950s still works, and how it has transformed over time from a cosy sitting room to hunters in New Jersey.' He added: 'Spike Milligan was clearly into surreal humour. The sort of people who like his stuff will be people with a high tolerance for ambiguity because the sketches don't really have a sense of closure.'

[Roger Highfield, The world's funniest joke was written by Spike Milligan, Telegraph, 9 June 2006.](#)

MORE POWER TO THE CORONERS. Coroners in England and Wales will be given power to prevent details from high-profile cases being reported by the media under government proposals. Constitutional Affairs minister Harriet Harman said the restrictions would make the inquest process itself more open. As drafted, the Bill would allow rules to be created under which the entire press and public could be excluded from inquests when adults were giving evidence. The coroners will also be able to sit in private when hearing evidence from children and some teenagers. New powers to exclude the public from inquests while witnesses under 17 are answering questions would also apply to the press, with the exception of a single reporter chosen to represent the world's media.

Ms Harman said: 'Coroners have told me that when they believe it is not in the public interest, but they need to do a proper inquest, they effectively sit in private and the whole thing is a bit too much under the carpet.' She also said: 'We are putting coroners' courts in the terms of openness on the same footing as the criminal courts... more open, with some privacy safeguards.' She added: 'The criminal courts are not secret courts - they sit in public, but they have the power to impose reporting restrictions'.

Under the draft Coroners Reform Bill for England and Wales, coroners could ban the media from naming a dead person or publishing information that revealed his or her identity. People would also be able to ask for a 'second opinion' on death certificates. The changes come partly in response to criticisms of the system in the wake of the murders committed by Dr Harold Shipman. He was jailed for life in 2000 for murdering 15 patients while a GP at Hyde, Greater Manchester. An official report later concluded he killed at least 215 patients between 1975 and 1998. He hanged himself at Wakefield Prison in January 2004.

In a joint foreword to the draft Bill, Lord Chancellor Lord Falconer and Constitutional Affairs Minister Harriet Harman described the present system as 'fragmented, non-accountable, variable in its processes and its quality, ineffective in part, archaic in its statutory basis, and very much dependent on the good people working in, or resourcing it'.

Dr Michael Wilkes, chairperson of the British Medical Association's ethic committee, told the Today programme the plans were 'largely welcome' but did not go as far as the government had been advised to go. He added: 'Everything's going to hang on how much resources are provided for this particular initiative. Current procedures would have detected Shipman had they had the resources given to them to join them up.' When the government previously outlined the plans, Dame Janet Smith, chairperson of the official inquiry into the Shipman killings, said they would not prevent a similar case in future. Her report in 2003 suggested there should be radical reform of the coroners' courts as well as the registration of deaths and cremation better to detect cases of murder, medical error and neglect. Shipman managed to evade scrutiny by saying his victims had died of natural causes.

Solicitor Ann Alexander, a lawyer for relatives of Shipman's victims, said proposed changes were 'well overdue' even if the bill did not address all concerns. Shipman was a doctor who avoided the law whilst murdering his patients by exploiting all the loopholes in the current system. This bill will go a long way to close one of these loopholes, but others remain.'

But coroners disagreed on the effect of privacy rules. Michael Burgess, the former secretary of the Coroners' Society and coroner for Surrey, told MPs in February that he could reduce the number of inquests by 40 per cent if he were allowed to hold private inquests into suicides or domestic accidents. Mr Burgess will give up his additional role as coroner of the Queen's household under the Bill. It is in this capacity that he is conducting the long-running inquest into the death of Diana, Princess of Wales.



Dr Harold Shipman

However, North London coroner Dr William Dolman, who is the busiest coroner in England and Wales, said he could not think of any situations in which the new powers should be used. 'In all my years on the coroner's bench, I don't think I have ever had to have the secret inquests that have been referred to,' he said. 'It must be a very rare occasion.' He added: 'I can think of one possible case which I would have to hear in private, but that is for security reasons rather than to protect identities.'

Under the bill, Coroners will be able to break into people's homes and seize evidence. The powers of entry, search and seizure will apply where coroners suspect there may be something on the premises relevant to an investigation into a death and where they cannot otherwise obtain permission to enter. Permission will be required from the Chief Coroner, a new position whose incumbent will be appointed by the Lord Chancellor. The Chief Coroner will be under a duty to advise the Lord Chancellor about the operation and administration of the system, but the Lord Chancellor is under no duty to accept the advice given.

Coroners will be able to fine witnesses up to £1,000 if they refuse to answer questions in court or to produce evidence.

As part of a criminal investigation, they will also be given new powers to exhume the remains of someone whose death is connected with the death they are investigating. The Chief Coroner will be able to order remains to be retained indefinitely.

Families of Britons killed abroad would lose the right to an inquest in Britain, provided there had been a local investigation of some kind. That might have prevented the recent London inquests into the deaths of James Miller and Tom Hurndall, who were shot in Gaza in 2003, although their families would have had a right to appeal. Families and others with an interest in the case will have a new right of appeal to the Chief Coroner against a verdict or the decision to investigate a death.

There are now about 110 coroners, some of whom sit part-time. They will be replaced by about 60 'senior coroners' sitting full-time. These will have smaller juries: between five and seven people rather than the present seven to 11. Juries will no longer be required for deaths caused by work place accidents or diseases, or where there is a risk to public safety.

The bill is the first to be published with a 'plain English' explanation alongside the legal text.

BBC News, 12 June 2006, Joshua Rozenberg, Legal Editor, Daily Telegraph, 13 June 2006.



Christopher Plummer and James Mason in Murder By Decree

SHERLOCK & JACK - TOGETHER AGAIN. 'You're all familiar with the whole Jack the Ripper thing, right? You know, crazy guy in black goes around knocking off harlots in London's slums. Well, in *Murder by Decree* Holmes and Watson are mixed in with Jack the Ripper. The film stars Christopher Plummer and James Mason. Mason plays Watson with an excellent amount of seriousness balanced with charm, humor and patriotic fervor to the Empire he served in India. Mason's acting capability is unique in that he can convey meaning with conservative body movements, but also with excellent control over his melodic, rhythmic voice. His inflection is so near perfection, that no matter what the scene - complaining about a pea, cheering a future monarch or

bashing some scoundrel with his walking stick - he never has to raise his voice above conversation volume. It is sheer pleasure to watch Mason's portrayal of Dr. Watson. He is perhaps the most believable and honest actor to play Watson in a film version. Plummer's portrayal of Holmes is also unique. Doyle's original analytical, almost cold-hearted and very impersonable Holmes was played quite the opposite by Plummer. Plummer played Holmes with the normal attributes of great observation, analytical skills and dogged pursuit of justice. But he also played the role with a sense of humanity that isn't seen often. He plays Holmes with a sense of humor - he and Watson laugh together about Watson's ability to get himself into trouble. There is one scene where Holmes is greatly disturbed that he can do nothing for a damsel in distress and he shows an intense anger and even sheds tears... Untrue to Doyle, yes, but a good way to freshen up the staleness.'

Brandon S Morley, Unknown tales part of well-known detective's legacy, Indiana Daily Student, Bloomington, IN, USA, 12 June 2006

DEAR DIARY

Scheduled for publication during Summer 2006

ASSASSINS IN THE PARK: MURDER, BETRAYAL AND RETRIBUTION (Paperback, 192 pages, Mercier Press, ISBN: 185635511X), by Senan Molony.

BLACK DAHLIA AVENGER: A GENIUS FOR MURDER (Revised edition) (Paperback, 624 pages, Harper Paperbacks, ISBN: 0061139610, \$15.95), by Steve Hodel.

JACK THE RIPPER: THE FACTS (Paperback, 560 pages, Robson Books Ltd, ISBN: 1861058705, £8.99) by *Ripperologist's* Executive Editor Paul Begg.

LONDON: THE EXECUTIONER'S CITY (Hardcover 256 pages Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750940239 £18.99), by David Brandon and Alan Brooke.

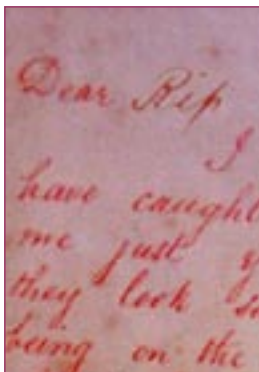
SUPPER WITH THE CRIPPENS (Paperback, 352 pages, Orion (an Imprint of The Orion Publishing Group Ltd) ISBN: 0752877720, £7.99), by David James Smith.

THE A-Z ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SERIAL KILLERS (Paperback, 341 pages, Pocket Books, ISBN: 0671537911), by Harold Schechter.

THE CAMDEN TOWN MURDER: WALTER RICHARD SICKERT, ROBERT WOOD, EMILY DIMMOCK: ARTISTS, MURDERER AND VICTIM IN ANOTHER NOTORIOUS 'RIPPER' CRIME (Paperback, 250 pages, Mandrake of Oxford, ISBN: 1869928148), John Barber.

THE FATHER OF FORENSICS: THE GROUNDBREAKING CASES OF SIR BERNARD SPILSBURY AND THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN CSI (Paperback 336 pages Berkley Publishing Group, ISBN: 0425210073, \$14), by Colin Evans.

FRANKENSTEIN: THE SHADOW OF FRANKENSTEIN VOLUME 1 (THE SHADOW OF FRANKENSTEIN) (Paperback, 275 pages, DH Press, ISBN: 1-59582-037-X, \$6.99), by Stefan Petrucha.



Dear Rip

Your Letters and Comments

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Ripperologist 67 (May 2006) I

[Email to Ripperologist](#)

Dear Rip

There's a very touching article in this issue by Neal Stubbings, who discusses his meeting with Maureen Adamson, the great, great granddaughter of Mrs Mary Ann 'Polly' (Walker) Nichols. Mr Stubbings and Mrs Adamson, along with Andy Aliffe, spent four days visiting several sites of relevance to the life of 'Polly', including the church where she married William Nichols in 1864... locations where Mr Nichols worked... going on a 'walk' with Donald Rumbelow... and the cemetery where Polly was buried.

There's a photo of Donald Rumbelow and Mrs Adamson that is touching, to say the least. Mr Stubbings, whose done great work regarding the victims, either through books, articles, or personal involvement in the consideration given the gravesites of these women, among other things, has just augmented his work with this piece.

In Chris Scott's monthly column *Press Trawl*, the first letter comes from a person known as 'About The Town'. Published on September 18th, 1888, in *The Echo*, this letter challenges the medical field to get crackin' on the differences between human and non-human blood. Mentioning, as an example, the volume of lithium found in human *vis-à-vis* swine's blood, which is significantly less, the author of this letter chastises the medical field for not working harder to delineate the differences which could be used in crime fighting. A pretty neat letter written by an advocate for blood type investigation.

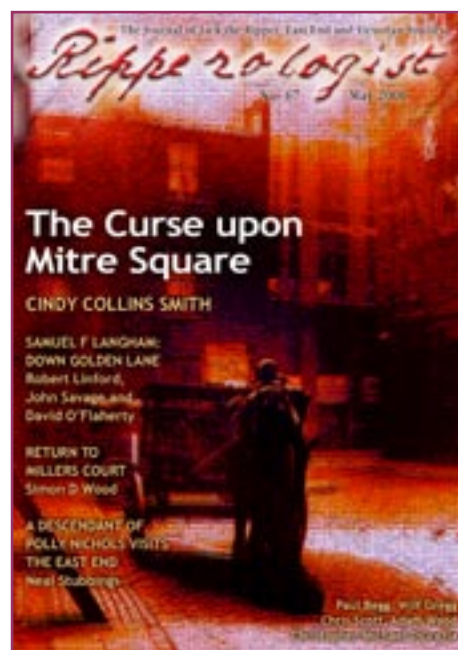
Chris also included a few articles on Charles Ludwig (Weitzel), a German whose shenanigans with both men and women involving his pulling knives on, were pretty good too.

Stephen Ryder's excellent book *Public Reactions to JTR* is reviewed. One possible typo (emboldened) in this review is within the following:

'This article (*The Stephenson* Dec.1st, "One who thinks he knows," found in the PMG) is criticized by "A Frenchman" writing in the Dec. 6th *Pall Mall Gazette* who **correctly** points out that the writer's (Stephenson) claim that the inscription said "juives" would indicate the female for "Jews"...

It may be just a typo because on page 209 of Stephen's book, the 'Frenchman' good naturedly yet firmly counters Stephenson's claim by stating no Frenchman, woman or child would ever make the mistake of gender in using 'Juives' for 'Juifs'. It is analogous to another Romance language (Spanish) where the use of 'niños' means children and is used to describe children - in general. However, 'niño', when used specifically, indicates male child, while 'niña' indicates female child.

Ms Cindy Collins Smith, the owner of *Hollywood Ripper*, the premier Ripper film website, contributes *The Curse Upon Mitre Square*. The original 1888 book by J F Brewer by the same name was written during the interval between the Double Event and Mary Kelly's murder. Ms Smith points out how society has a tendency to look outward, to the realm of monsters of all sorts, to provide reasons for murders which we have trouble dealing with. Vampires and werewolves of old all the way up to the current genre of monster... the Freddys, Jasons and Michael Myers. Ms Smith's story points out that, although the original book was short on fact and long on exploitation, it did and does serve a purpose in how we gauge the mindset of those who lived during the times of the WM. Hopefully, this won't be the last contribution by Ms Smith to the Ripper themed magazines.



Christopher-Michael DiGrazia's *The Last Word* hits home this month with a frank appraisal of how some of us, perhaps unconsciously, develop a fixation on a suspect or aspect within the case, and despite proof of a suspect's innocence or proof of the spuriousness of the evidence used against said suspect, continue to cling to our views. CMD compares this with the 'cultist' sects that have been around for ages. He adroitly uses the flat-earthers, the Zionists of the defunct Christian Catholic Apostolic Church of Zion City, Illinois... Yes, they actually believed the Earth was flat.

A few Ripperologists still on this little old sphere would fit well within that cadre. Not necessarily because they believe in a flat earth... but because of their inflexibility towards objective counter argument and flexibility when something doesn't fit within their perception of an aspect or suspect. In the latter case, they can squeeze 10 pounds of sand into a 5 pound bag... with room to spare... if need be. Arguing as to why George Hutchinson stood out in the elements for nearly an hour on the night Mary Kelly was killed is all fine and well... or defending the Goulston Street Graffiti as being evidence against the protestations of others. In these two cases respectively, no one has to invent anything to explain the meanderings of GH or bring up other examples of similar scribbles within the area of Goulston Street. In GH's case, we have to take his word for it. This, in no way convicts or takes him off the proverbial hook as a suspect. Neither does countering or defending the GSG prove anything. While Detective Halse's observation that the graffiti was fresh might mean something towards its provenance, the bottom line is that we don't know the killer(s) name(s)... and if we did, then perhaps the message's relativity would be settled. Until then, any defense of it is speculation. However, in this field you will still find those who actually perpetuate age-old claims about suspects and embellish their deeds to the point where the perception is given that they want those claims to be accepted as fact, when in fact they aren't. In fact, in some cases, they need them to be accepted.

Last, but not least, Mr Simon Wood's efforts into a reevaluation of the MJK crime scene, which in case you were not aware, are of a conspiratorial nature, continues with his *Return To Millers Court*.

In this article, Mr Wood posits the idea that a bottle can be seen in the cavity area of what was once MJK's crotch/lower intestinal area... and that the police took photos as mementos prior to the arrival of Sir Robert Anderson, Dr. Bond, *et al.* I 'see' the bottle of which Mr Wood speaks, but as with the 'knife' that I 'saw' in Mr Wood's previous story (December 2005), a problem occurs when one tries to objectively discuss this controversial work. I believe that they are photographic anomalies... but I 'see' what Mr Wood has pointed out... Perhaps someone far more qualified in photography such as Robert McLaughlin or Robert Clack would be better suited to elaborate on these issues.

Paul Begg's editorial is also noteworthy for mentioning the necessary task to question any evidence that we think is verifiable and to approach everything within the Case in such a manner. An excellent editorial.

Once again and not for the final time, Messrs. Linford, Savage and O'Flaherty build upon their massive and exceptionally researched work on coronial history in the U.K.

All in all, a very good issue this month.

Howard Brown
3 June 2006

Thank you so much for your appreciation of Ripperologist 67, Mr Brown. You are too kind. We'd like to take this opportunity to clarify the point you raise with regard to our review of Stephen P Ryder's fine book of contemporary letters about the case, Public Reactions to Jack the Ripper. Specifically, you mention our discussion of a letter from 'A Frenchman' published on 6 December 1888 in the Pall Mall Gazette in response to the article about the case and the Goulston Street Graffito by 'One Who Thinks He Knows' published by the PMG on 1 December, which many assume was by Roslyn D'Onston. You point out that there may be a typo in the review. We said 'A Frenchman' '...correctly points out that the writer's claim that the inscription said "juives" would indicate the female for "Jews." The idea therefore, the Frenchman said, was "utterly baseless and absurd. . . Perhaps 'One Who Thinks He Knows' also thinks that the uneducated Frenchman speaks of femmes when he means hommes!" (pp. 209-210).' [emphasis on 'correctly' following your emphasis]. However, what we said only follows what D'Onston himself said in his article, reprinted on pp. 216-219 of Stephen's book: 'Therefore we place a dot above the third upstroke in the word Juwes, and we find it to be Juives, which is the French word for Jews. Strictly Juives and grammatically speaking, of course, it is the feminine word of Juifs and means "Jewesses." But in practice it will be found that (Frenchmen being notoriously the worst linguists in the world) most Frenchmen who are not either litterateurs or men of science are very inaccurate as to their genders.' So the 6 December PMG letter writer 'A Frenchman' is agreeing with D'Onston that 'Juives' would mean 'Jewesses'- although D'Onston tries to wriggle out of his own error in saying the word on the wall would mean 'Jewesses' which would not match 'Men' in the Graffito by asserting that most Frenchmen use grammar poorly in terms of gender (D'Onston's arrogance in full flight here); and thus the Frenchman is correct in his statement. Rip.

Ripperologist 67 (May 2006) I

Email to Ripperologist

Dear Rip

Some information on two items in the Ripping Yarns section of *Ripperologist* 67.

In Stanley Ellin's *Star Light, Star Bright*, it is not the detective John Milano who connects Van Gogh with the Whitechapel murders. Another character, Maggie Riley, who is an art historian, is writing a book on Van Gogh and believes that Van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to a prostitute as an 'atonement' for the Ripper's mutilations of his victims. Despite the titles of the French and German translations, neither astrology nor Van Gogh and Jack the Ripper have any bearing on the main plot.

The revised edition of Patricia Cornwell's *Portrait of a Killer* appears not to have been published. *Amazon.com* cancelled my order because they could not obtain the book and there is no 2006 edition mentioned on the Penguin US website.

Ted Ball
10 June 2006

Not for the first time, Ted has drawn on his vast knowledge of Ripper-related literature to set the record straight on. No point is too inconsequential for him, no reference too obscure. Thanks, Ted. Keep a watchful eye on Ripping Yarns for us, will you? Rip.



Vincent Van Gogh, Self Portrait 1889

We love to hear from you! Please write to us at PO Box 735, Maidstone, Kent ME17 1JF or [e-mail us](#).
Ripperologist.



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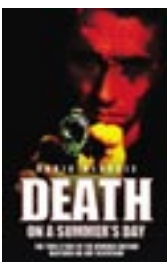
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WILF GREGG

On the Crimebeat



Death On A Summer's Day

David Blackie

Hardback, 293 pp., Illus., John Blake Publishing, £17.99

[BUY NOW](#)

In 1991, a dispute between a local council and a dogmatic, obsessive man culminated in the public killing of a planning officer in front of an audience including police, journalists and TV cameras.

Albert Dryden had been fighting the council and particularly its chief planning officer, Harry Collinson, over his erecting of a bungalow for some time. It is fair to say that the unfortunate Mr Collinson's handling of the matter had been impeccable but unfortunately the extent of Dryden's obsessiveness was not appreciated.

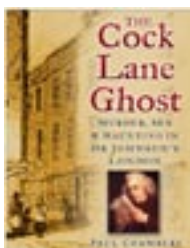
Finally, the council issued an enforcement notice for the demolition of the bungalow. A crowd gathered as the JCBs arrived on the site, but were horrified when Dryden suddenly produced a gun and shot Harry Collinson twice. He fired again wildly, wounding a policeman and two bystanders. Before retreating to the bungalow he fired two more shots into Collinson's body.

Dryden was arrested and charged with murder, attempted murder and wounding. Before his trial he rejected advice to plead guilty to manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility. Dryden was convicted on all charges and sentenced to life imprisonment.

A meticulous account by a former police officer who had a peripheral involvement in the case.



Harry Collinson and Albert Dryden



The Cock Lane Ghost

Paul Chambers

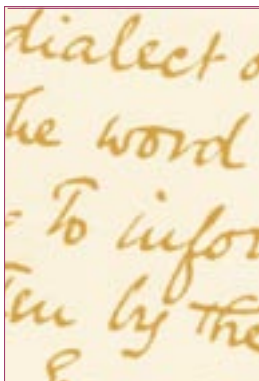
Hardback, 246 pp., Illus., Sutton Publishing, £14.99

[BUY NOW](#)

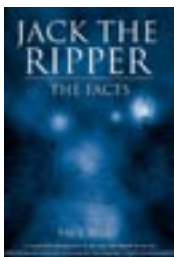
Perhaps one of the major problems in reviewing this excellent book is to summarise this remarkable story. In 1760s London there was only one topic of conversation: the appearance of a ghost to the 11-year-old daughter of Richard Parsons, a house owner in Cock Lane, which by reputation was something of a red light area. The spirit claimed to be the dead wife of William Kent, a one-time lodger at the house, and said she had been poisoned by her husband. When it transpired that Kent had eloped with his dead wife's sister, who became pregnant and subsequently died of smallpox, there were strident and prolonged calls for Kent to be charged with murder.

The furore attracted attention from worthies such as Dr Samuel Johnson, Horace Walpole, William Hogarth and Oliver Goldsmith. Fortunately for Kent, he had his supporters and eventually the 'ghost' was exposed as a fraud perpetrated by Richard Parsons after a dispute with Kent over Parsons' non-repayment of a loan made by Kent to him. Parsons and his associates were convicted of conspiracy to murder.

An amazing story, well researched and extremely well written. This is the best account of this unique affair that I have read. A splendid study of mass hysteria and gullibility.



Reviews



Jack the Ripper: The Facts

Paul Begg

London: Robson Books Ltd, 2006

Paperback, 560 pages,

ISBN: 1861058705, £ 8.99.

Where to begin?

First off, although technically a new edition of Begg's earlier *Uncensored Facts*, in truth *Facts* (2004) is a completely new and different animal. It's nearly twice as long as its predecessor, and frankly, much better written. Most importantly, it is perhaps the single most comprehensive and up-to-date overview of the Ripper case currently on the market. Ladies and gentlemen, we may very well have our first 'Sugden' of the 21st century.

(For those new to the case, Philip Sugden's *The Complete History of Jack the Ripper* has generally been considered the single-best book-length, non-suspect-oriented overview of the case since its original publication in 1994. A new paperback edition was recently released in 2002, but disappointingly it offered only a new introduction - the main text remained unchanged from the previous edition.)

Begg covers all aspects of the case with his usual eye for detail (and the occasional amusing tangent). Social conditions, police, government, suspects, coroners, doctors, victims, witnesses... every aspect of the case is laid out for the reader. Begg covers all victims from the mythical 'Fairy Fay' through to Frances Coles, but only the canonical five victims (and Tabram) get their own chapters. Similarly, dozens of suspects are discussed but only the four major police suspects (Ostrog, Kosminski, Druitt and Tumblety) are explored in depth. The Royal Conspiracy theories, along with Maybrick and Sickert, are covered more briefly in the final chapter, and lesser-known suspects are peppered throughout the earlier parts of the text.

Begg finds fault with some widely-accepted 'facts' of the case. He suggests that perhaps Charles Warren was in fact much more capable than most previous authors have allowed; at least, says Begg, he was certainly not the bumbling police commissioner many earlier books and television specials have made him out to be. Suspect-wise, Begg doesn't offer a clear-cut favorite, though contextually it is clear that Anderson's 'Polish Jew' remains his favorite.

The main selling point for *Facts*, however, and the main reason why I feel it is one of the most important books recently published on the case, is that it is incredibly comprehensive and up-to-date. If you haven't had a chance to catch up on the amazing research that's been performed by authors and researchers such as Neal Shelden, Chris Scott, Stepan Poberowski, Keith Skinner, Alex Chisholm and a slew of others over the past several years, don't worry - Begg's got you covered. It's all inside *Facts*. Every useful nugget that's appeared in print or online in the past decade seems to have been compiled into this book, making it essential reading for anyone interested in the case.

Highly recommended, and certainly not to be missed. Whether or not it stands up to Sugden is perhaps a matter of personal taste, but I would wager that the vast majority of the Ripper audience would have to concede that at the very least, Begg's *Facts* deserves to be listed as one of the most comprehensive books ever published on the Ripper case.

Casebook: *Jack the Ripper*.

(Originally published in the Casebook as a review of the hardback edition of *Jack the Ripper: The Facts*, 2004).



The Journal of the Whitechapel Society

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After the usual two pages of preamble, the first article, called 'The Hanbury Street Fiasco', is by Bernard Brown. Apart from including some useful biographical material, this article is valuable for drawing our attention to an overlooked police participant in the Hanbury Street case and forcing us to look more closely at the events following John Davis's discovery of Annie Chapman's body. However, Brown engages in some speculation which seems intended to make a mystery where none exists. In a case that's already confusing enough, this appears somewhat unnecessary and requires some clarification.

After discovering Annie Chapman's body, John Davis informed some men and they all went off in search of help. One of them, Henry Holland, found a policeman on fixed point duty who refused to return with him to Hanbury Street. Holland was so incensed at this that he made a formal complaint. The matter was raised at the Chapman inquest, where Inspector Helson said that officers on fixed point duty were forbidden to leave their points. Brown says with emphasis that this 'was a blatant lie' and adds that there was no fixed point duty between 1am and 9am, so there would have been no policeman on fixed point duty round 6am, when Chapman's body was discovered. Yet in the case of the discovery of a human arm in Lambeth Road in September 1888 a policeman who was on fixed point duty was informed of the fact at 7.30am. Brown's conjecture nevertheless leads him to speculate that the policeman who refused to accompany Holland was in fact the perpetrator and was avoiding going back to Hanbury Street because he might be recognised by navvies laying track in Commercial Street for the North Metropolitan Tramway Company. Brown also vaguely speculates that the policeman in question was one PC Pinnock, who was "cautioned" on 20 September for 'an unknown offence' which Brown says with certainty was 'no doubt due to his negligence at Spitalfields on the day of Annie Chapman's murder.'

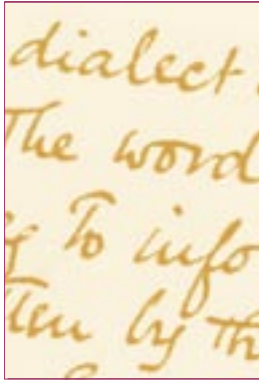
Who, you may be asking, was this PC Pinnock? Well, he's mentioned in a couple of identical newspaper reports but has otherwise been overlooked by every other commentator. According to these early newspaper accounts, 'Davis seems at once to have run out and called in police constable Pinnock, 238 H, who sent information to the station in Commercial Street. Inspector Chandler, on duty, with others, hurried to the place...' (*Daily News*, *The Times*, 10 September 1888). It isn't clear from this when or where Davis encountered PC Pinnock, but since we have a fairly clear account of what he did immediately after discovering the body (call Holland and Co), it was presumably en-route to the police station.

So was PC Pinnock the fixed point policeman? It's unlikely. At just after 6am, Amelia Richardson went downstairs in 29 Hanbury Street and found the police and several other people in the passage, but nobody in the yard. So at 6am, some ten minutes before Inspector Chandler got there, there was a policeman in the passage of 29 Hanbury Street apparently keeping people from entering the yard. That policeman has to have been PC Pinnock - who else could it have been? Furthermore, it would seem that he was there at the same time as Henry Holland was approaching the policeman on fixed point duty in Spitalfields Market.

Which brings us to the question of whether there was anyone on fixed point duty at 6am. In this respect Brown seems to have overlooked the fact that Henry Holland encountered the policeman in Spitalfields Market and that Inspector Helson specifically said at the Inquest: 'The constables in the market have instructions not to move from their posts' (my emphasis). It therefore seems that the hours for fixed point duty and the instructions for leaving the point were different in the Market to elsewhere.

Brief reference should also be made to Brown's questioning Inspector Chandler's veracity because he was subsequently demoted for drunkenness, claiming that Chandler gave contradictory stories about his actions that morning. The precise sequence of events is admittedly confusing, but there is really no conflict, only some confusion about whether Chandler was in Commercial Street or Commercial Street police station when he saw several men running from the turning from Hanbury Street. Either way, he beckoned one of them, apparently Davis, and was told, 'Another woman has been murdered' and at once returned with the man to Hanbury Street.

Bill Beadle offers a short piece suggesting that Elizabeth Stride was garrotted and John Carey suggests that the Ripper travelled by train. There are five photographs of the murder scenes and associated areas taken in 1965 by Ray Luff, some of which are very good, although they have been published before. There's a report of what appears to have been an interesting talk at the Society's meeting by Louise Raw on the matchgirls' strike in 1888, a couple of reviews, an exceedingly short bit about the US conference, and a few pages of old news.



Ripping Yarns

Books, Films, Theatre, Television,
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BOOKS: OLDIES BUT GOODIES

NON-FICTION

BY EAR AND EYES: THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS, JACK THE RIPPER AND THE MURDER OF MARY JANE KELLY (Paperback, 320 pages, Longshot Publishing, ISBN: 0955024005, £12.99), by Karyo Magellan. 'If there's any justice at all in our little square-mile corner of historical study, Magellan's book will emerge as the most controversial, if not the most important, book of 2005.' *Ripperologist*.

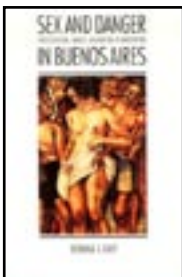


EAST END CHRONICLES (Hardcover, 320 pages, Allen Lane/Penguin, ISBN: 0713997745, £20) by [Ed Glinert](#), covers the Silk Weavers of Spitalfields, Docks, Dockers and River Pirates, Murder and Mayhem on the Ratcliffe Highway, Mystics and Myth-Makers, The Blitz and Bombs, The Jewish Ghetto and others.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

EYE ON LONDON, (Paperback, 160 pages, Capita Publications, ISBN: 0954868102, £9.99) by Colin Kendell, who chose Jack the Ripper as his specialist subject when he appeared on the BBC programme *Mastermind* ten years ago, deals with famous London landmarks and characters, such as the Tower of London, the Albert Hall, Kensington Palace and - of course - Jack the Ripper.

JACK THE RIPPER. MIT CD. PRE-INTERMEDIATE. STEP 4. 9. /10. KLASSE (LERNMATERIALIEN), by Peter Foreman. Perfect (2006/01) Langensch. Schulb., Mchn. This book, which comes with a CD and internet exercises, is used as a Pre-Intermediate, Step 4.9. /10 teaching English, history and research skills. At the end of each chapter there are several sections of questions and before each chapter the reader is asked to listen to the relevant section on the CD and answer questions. 'Overall, this was an impressive little book, good for students as well as teachers.' *Ripperologist*.

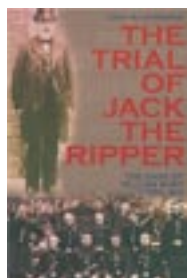
MARY JANE KELLY: LA DERNIÈRE VICTIME (Paperback, 90 pages, L'Harmattan, Collection: *Graveurs de mémoire*, ISBN: 2747525244, €9,50) by [Didier Chauvet](#), is a French-language book described as the first biography of Mary Jane Kelly, the last victim of Jack the Ripper.



SEX AND DANGER IN BUENOS AIRES: PROSTITUTION, FAMILY, AND NATION IN ARGENTINA (Cloth, ix, 261 pp. Illus., maps, University of Nebraska Press, ISBN:0-8032-2139-8, \$55; Paperback, 260 pages, University of Nebraska Press, ISBN: 0803270488, \$24.95) by Donna J. Guy, 'is... a very readable analysis of mid-nineteenth- to mid-twentieth-century Argentina from the perspective of the underworld of prostitutes, bordellos, and international white slavery rings.' *Hispanic American Historical Review*. 'Guy's study is a salutary reminder of how deeply prostitution influences the politics of nationalism, of social control and of cultural identity, not just in Argentina but in Europe as well.' *Manchester Guardian*. The period examined in the book, roughly 1850 to 1950, covers the year 1876 and its aftermath, when Hungarian petty criminal Alois Szemeredy killed Caroline Metz in a Buenos Aires hotel, escaped, was captured, stood trial for murder, was acquitted for lack of evidence and went on to a career of crime which some have maintained included the crimes ascribed to Jack the Ripper

THE AMERICAN MURDERS OF JACK THE RIPPER: TANTALIZING EVIDENCE OF THE GRUESOME AMERICAN INTERLUDE OF THE PRIME RIPPER SUSPECT (Paperback, 240 pages, The Lyons Press, ISBN: 1592286755, illus., \$ 14.95) by R Michael Gordon, posits Severin Klossowski, aka George Chapman, as the Ripper and explores his responsibility for a number of murders committed in the United States.

THE BLACK DAHLIA FILES: THE MOB, THE MOGUL AND THE MURDER THAT TRANSFIXED LOS ANGELES (Hardcover, 416 pages, Regan Books, ISBN: 0060582499, \$26.99), by Donald H. Wolfe. The mob is Benjamin 'Bugsy' Siegel, the mogul is Norman Chandler, the publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, and the murder that transfixed Los Angeles is the killing of Elizabeth Short, the 'Black Dahlia'.



THE TRIAL OF JACK THE RIPPER: THE CASE OF WILLIAM BURY (1859-89) (Paperback, 192 pages, Mainstream Publishing, ISBN: 1845960114, £9.99) by Euan Macpherson, discusses Ripper suspect William Henry Bury, who was hanged in 1889 in Scotland for the murder of his wife. 'Whether Bury was Jack the Ripper or not, Macpherson's book is a damn good read and a penetrating analysis of a nasty murder by an equally nasty little man.' *Ripperologist*.

WILL THE REAL MARY KELLY...? (Paperback, 154 pages, Christopher Scott, ISBN: 1905277059, £10.99) by Ripperologist's contributing editor Chris Scott, is a definitive take on the Miller's Court victim. 'Without question Will the Real Mary Kelly will become a "must-have" resource for any serious Ripperologist.' Stephen P. Ryder, Exec. Editor, *Casebook: Jack the Ripper*. 'Highly recommended.' Antonio Sironi. 'Best Book of 2005.' Karyo Magellan, *Ripperologist*.

FICTION

DEATH AT WHITECHAPEL (Paperback, 288 pages, Berkley, ISBN: 0425173410, \$6.99), by Robin Paige, the pseudonym of a husband-and-wife writing team, deals with a husband-and-wife detective team on the trail of Jack the Ripper. We are not be giving too much away by revealing that the authors have embraced the Masonic conspiracy theory that supposedly reached to the highest levels of the British government.

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



LE RETOUR DE JACK L'ÉVENTREUR (Paperback, 253 pages, Malko - Gérard de Villiers, *Collection: Les Dossiers de Scotland Yard*, ISBN : 2738601952, €5.20), by J B Livingstone, is a French-language thriller where Jack the Ripper returns 50 years after the Whitechapel murders.



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

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

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

BOOKS: RECENTLY PUBLISHED

NON-FICTION

DID THEY REALLY DO IT? FROM LIZZIE BORDEN TO THE 20TH HIJACKER (Paperback, 256 pages, Thunder's Mouth Press, ISBN: 1560257741, \$14.95), Fred Rosen.

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



JACK OF JUMPS (Hardcover, 400 pages, Granta Books, ISBN: 1862077703, £18.99), by David Seabrook, is an account of the murders of eight prostitutes in West London between 1959 and 1965 by a serial killer known as Jack the Stripper. Seabrook relates the crimes to various sex and corruption scandals in the 'Swinging Sixties' and conjures up the disturbing possibility that the killer may still be at large. 'Overall, once you've got into the style, *Jack of Jumps* is unputdownable. It doesn't answer a lot of questions - Freddy Mills's death remains a mystery, the alleged cover-up is largely unexplained and the case against the unnamed copper isn't really any stronger than it was when Baldock advanced it back in the 60s. But the book just grabs you and holds you and gives you a lot to think about.' *Ripperologist*.

JACK THE RIPPER - ANATOMIE EINER LEGENDE (Hardcover, 256 Pages, Illus., Militzke Verlag, €18, ISBN: 3861897539) by Hendrik Püstow and Thomas Schachner, is the first original German-language book on the Ripper. 'To whom can Jack the Ripper: Anatomie einer Legende be recommended? To every German-speaking reader who wants to venture deeper into the case and needs a comprehensive source for his further studies, or to any connoisseur interested in Jack the Ripper books and resources from non-English-speaking countries.' Michaela Kořistová, *Ripperologist*.

JACK THE RIPPER COMPREHENSIVE A-Z (Hardcover, 499 pages, Castle Books, ISBN: 078581616X, £19.98) edited by [Maxim Jakubowski](#) and [Nathan Braund](#), is a re-issue of the *Mammoth Book of Jack the Ripper* first published in paperback in 1999.

JACK THE RIPPER: THE FACTS (Paperback, 560 pages, Robson Books Ltd, ISBN: 1861058705, £8.99) by *Ripperologist's* Executive Editor Paul Begg, is simply one of the most complete and authoritative books on the subject. A must-have. Reviewed in this issue.

KIDNAPPING RONNIE!: ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR CAPERS IN BRITISH CRIMINAL HISTORY (Hardcover, 288 pages, Allison & Busby, ISBN: 0749082976), by Patrick King and Tudor Gates, recounts the story behind the abduction of Great Train Robber Ronnie Biggs in Brazil in 1981. 'The escapade was a disaster, but the story behind it makes fascinating reading and in this book the tale is told from the inside by Patrick King who organised the adventure.' *Ripperologist*

NEWGATE: LONDON'S PROTOTYPE OF HELL (Hardcover, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750938951, £20), by Stephen Halliday, relates the story of the largest and most notorious prison in London. Built during the twelfth century, Newgate held at various times Dick Turpin, Titus Oates, Jack Sheppard, Casanova, Daniel Defoe - and Defoe's fictional heroine Moll Flanders. 'Packed with information and very readable, this is a splendid retelling of our black history and is strongly recommended.' Wilf Gregg, *Ripperologist*.



PORTRAIT OF A KILLER: JACK THE RIPPER - CASE CLOSED (Paperback, 400 pp., Penguin Group (USA), ISBN: 0425205479, \$15.), by Patricia Cornwell, is a revised edition of her controversial book reportedly including more evidence for her conclusion that the killer was the artist, Walter Sickert. A British edition will follow in September.

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

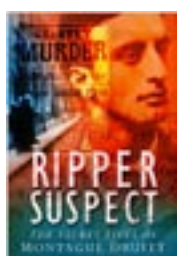


PUBLIC REACTIONS TO JACK THE RIPPER: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: AUGUST - DECEMBER 1888, Softcover, ca. 250pp. Illustrated with extensive annotations. Index, \$ 23.99), edited by *Casebook: Jack the Ripper* Founder and Administrator Stephen P Ryder, is a collection of more than 200 Letters to the Editor published in the Victorian press, presented chronologically, extensively annotated and indexed both by author and subject. Anyone interested can [email Stephen](#) at to be placed on the list for a signed copy. All proceeds from the sale of the book will directly benefit the *Casebook Press Project*. 'Letters to the editor in the London press during the murder series of 1888

probably will not help us catch the elusive murderer who has fascinated us for so many decades - but they do provide a fascinating sidelight on the society of the day. As with a number of other specialty books on the Whitechapel murders that have been appearing in recent years... Public Reactions gives us a better rounded view of the effect of the crimes on people in London and beyond and provides interesting glimpses into human psychology.' *Ripperologist*.

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

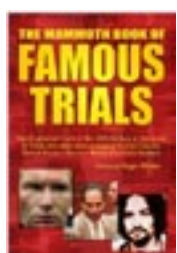
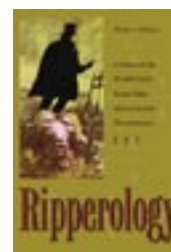
RIPPED FROM THE HEADLINES: BEING THE STORY OF JACK THE RIPPER AS REPORTED IN THE LONDON AND NEW YORK TIMES (Paperback, 139 pages, cover illustration by Gavin L O'Keefe, Ramble House, \$12) is a collection of news items published in The Times and the New York Times in chronological order (1885-1895).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



RIPPER SUSPECT: THE SECRET LIVES OF MONTAGUE DRUITT (Hardcover, 224 pages, Sutton Publishing, £18.99, ISBN: 0750943297) by D.J. Leighton, was originally self-published in 2005 and reviewed in issue 57 of *Ripperologist*. 'Apart from some tidying up of the spelling and grammar ...the book remains the same as the volume published in 2005 and is subject to the same criticisms.' *Ripperologist*.

RIPPEROLOGY: A STUDY OF THE WORLD'S FIRST SERIAL KILLER AND A LITERARY PHENOMENON (Hardcover, 288 pages, Kent State University Press, US\$24.95/£20.50, ISBN: 0-87338-861-5/978-0-87338-861-0), by veteran Ripper author Robin Odell,

with an introduction by Donald Rumbelow. 'Odell covers most of the recent theories at some length, lingers a little over the Macnaghten suspects, and provides what will be seen as sober assessment from an old hand who has been kicking around this field long enough to easily see the gems. And the joy of the book is that it is easy reading, as ideal for the newcomer to Ripper studies who wants the history of the subject in broad brush strokes, as it is for the old hand who'll find Odell's style and approach a joy.' *Ripperologist*.



THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF FAMOUS TRIALS (Paperback, 550 pages, Constable and Robinson, ISBN: 1845293045, £7.99), edited by Roger Wilkes. 'Thirty edited extracts of some of the most notable trials by many famed writers, including Tennyson Jesse, Truman Capote, Rebecca West and William Cooper, to name but a few. Cases covered include Brady & Hindley, Charles Manson and O.J. Simpson. Add to these an excellent introduction by the editor, who also contributes perceptive comments to the entries, and it all results in the bargain of the year.' Wilf Gregg, *Crimebeat*, *Ripperologist*.

THE NEW ANNOTATED SHERLOCK HOLMES: THE NOVELS (A STUDY IN SCARLET, THE SIGN OF FOUR, THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE VALLEY OF FEAR) (Hardcover, 992 pages, illus., W. W. Norton, Slipcase edition, ISBN: 039305800X, \$49.95) by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Leslie S Klinger (Editor), is the third book in a series begun in 2004. 'A must-have for any serious mystery fan, this edition will stand as the benchmark for generations to come.' *Publishers' Weekly*.

THE SCIENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES: FROM BASKERVILLE HALL TO THE VALLEY OF FEAR. THE REAL FORENSICS BEHIND THE GREAT DETECTIVE'S GREATEST CASES (Hardcover, 256 pages, Wiley, ISBN: 471648795, \$24.95. Also available in digital format.) by E. J. Wagner. 'By using the immortal and well-known Sherlock Holmes stories as her starting point, [forensic expert] Wagner blends familiar examples from Doyle's accounts into a history of the growth of forensic science, pointing out where fiction strayed from fact... While some of the speculations are thin (including a passing suggestion about a new Ripper suspect), Wagner presents a balanced view of the history of forensic science that should appeal to a wide audience.' *Publishers' Weekly*. 'Her accounts of Victorian crimes make Watson's tales pale!' Leslie S. Klinger, Editor, *The New Annotated Sherlock Holmes*.



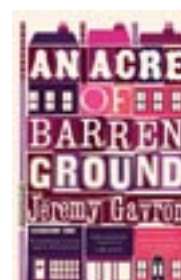
THE YELLOW HOUSE: VAN GOGH, GAUGUIN, AND NINE TURBULENT WEEKS IN ARLES (Hardcover, 368 pages, Fig Tree, ISBN: 0670914975, £18.99) by Martin Gayford. As is widely known, the cohabitation of Van Gogh and Gauguin ended when the former sliced off his left ear and presented it to a prostitute. Was he inspired by the Ripper's slicing off Catherine Eddowes's ear? 'It's a beguiling theory, the severance of the ear and the involvement of a prostitute in both cases suggesting a intentional coincidence, but there is no empirical evidence that Van Gogh ever read the accounts of the Ripper crimes in the newspapers - only two of fifteen reports published actually mentioning the ear-cutting - or that he particularly noted the ear-cutting or was in any way influenced by it. However, since we don't know what influenced Van Gogh, every suggestion is largely hypothetical.' *Ripperologist*.

TO KILL RASPUTIN: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF GREGORI RASPUTIN (Hardcover, 288 pages, Tempus Publishing Ltd, ISBN: 0752434098, £ 20), by [Andrew Cook](#), is a re-investigation of Rasputin's death which reveals for the first time the real masterminds behind the murder of the 'mad monk' who journalist William Le Queux claimed knew the true identity of Jack the Ripper.

UNCLE JACK, (Paperback, Orion) by Humphrey Price and Tony Williams, is the paperback edition of the controversial book proposing the candidacy of Royal obstetrician Sir John Williams as Jack the Ripper. '...when the primary supporting pillars of the theory tumble like a house of cards there is no real point in examining the equally unreliable minutiae...' *Ripperologist*.

FICTION

AN ACRE OF BARREN GROUND (Paperback, 352 pages, Scribner, ISBN: 0743259726 , £7.99) by [Jeremy Gavron](#), is a novel of Brick Lane, Spitalfields, from prehistory to the present. It is divided into some 40 chapters named after the buildings that line Brick Lane and told in different styles. The chapter about Inspector Abberline's hunt for Jack the Ripper reads like a police procedural, Gunther von Hagens's 2002 exhibition of plastinated cadavers at the Old Truman Brewery is evoked through newspaper coverage and a story about hard-edged, hyped-up dotcom entrepreneurs setting up business in the area their grandparents once struggled to leave is told as a graphic novel. The 'short stories are filled with memories of homelands and dreams for the future, and they pulse with the busy rhythm of everyday London living.' *The Independent*, 12 March 2006.



BLACK BY GASLIGHT (Paperback, 342 pages, Cavalier Press, ISBN: 0974621064, \$ 17.95), by Nene Adams, opens in August 1888 as consulting detective Lady Evangeline St Claire rescues prostitute Rhiannon Moore from the clutches of Jack the Ripper. The two women embark upon an investigation that soon becomes a race against a killer whose only motive is madness and, while trying to save themselves, fall desperately in love.



BROKEN (Paperback, 480 pages, Spectra (Random House Inc), ISBN: 0553588184, \$6.99), by Kelley Armstrong, combines fantasy and suspense as werewolf Elena Michaels discovers she's pregnant. Elena has never heard of another living female werewolf, let alone one who's given birth. At this point, a playful demon prevails upon her to retrieve a stolen letter allegedly written by Jack the Ripper. As a distraction, the job seems simple enough, but the letter contains a portal to Victorian London's underworld which Elena inadvertently triggers unleashing a vicious killer and a pair of zombie thugs. Now Elena must find a way to seal the portal before the unwelcome visitors get what they're looking for: Elena herself.

DEVIL GODDESS: A SUPERNATURAL MYSTERY (Paperback, 484 pages, iUniverse, Inc, ISBN: 0595380670, \$25.95 - also available as a printable e-book in Adobe Reader format from Amazon for \$6), by Robert Amsel, is a thriller concerning a modern-day young schoolteacher living in Manhattan who fears she's being haunted by the ghost of Jack the Ripper. 'Whoever the real Jack the Ripper was, Ripperologists will whistle at the author's cleverness in making connections between the Ripper's signature crimes and earlier, until now unrelated horrors. This intricately structured horror novel unfolds like a well-layered mystery in which the hapless heroine must fight for both her sanity and her life.' Perry Brass.

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

JACK THE RIPPER: END OF A LEGEND (Paperback, 316 pages, Athena Press Pub, ISBN: 1844014843, \$15.95) by Calum Reuben Knight, argues that Jack the Ripper wasn't one person but three, including a French woman who successfully masqueraded as the final victim - Mary Jane Kelly. 'The book...does not acknowledge being fiction, which makes it a little difficult to review... it isn't brilliant fiction, but ... it's a clever, well-written and recommendable spoof. If by some bizarre chance it is meant to be fact, the book is a pretty dismal affair that doesn't exactly make *Portrait of a Killer* and *Uncle Jack* look good by comparison but comes pretty close.' *Ripperologist*.

SHERLOCK HOLMES: THE BIOGRAPHY (Hardback, 240 pp., Atlantic, ISBN: 1843542749, £ 14.99) by Nick Rennison, ventures beyond Holmes's published cases to recount how the great detective prevented Fenian attacks, advised Oscar Wilde to scarp, helped Conan Doyle to solve the Edalji case and almost caught Jack the Ripper. But why wasn't the Ripper case recorded by Watson? As the Ripper skulked about Whitechapel, Mary Morstan, Watson's future wife, made her appearance in the good doctor's life. According to Rennison, Watson, busy setting forth Mary's story as *The Sign of Four*, did not think the Ripper case worth chronicling.



SOJOURN (Paperback, 369 pages, Dragon Moon Press, ISBN: 1896944302, \$19.95), by Jana G Oliver, combines science fiction, fantasy and history as Jacynda Lassiter struggles arrives in Victorian London to find an overdue 'tourist' and return him to 2057 before he alters history. As the Whitechapel murders have the city in an uproar, the shape shifters are fretting the hard-to-catch killer might be one of their own. To prevail, Jacynda and Dr Alastair Montrose, a shape shifter who is denying his heritage, must outwit a madman whose legacy will endure for centuries. 'Sojourn's a rare, well-researched and entertaining tale set against the backdrop of Victorian England and the Whitechapel Murders.' *Casebook: Jack the Ripper*. 'Ms. Oliver has done her research. I had no trouble imagining the vivid settings, from the overly heavy gowns to the rat-infested rotting tenements. And all references to Jack the Ripper are in keeping with historical notations.' [Nanette Littlestone](#), Amazon.com.

THE SEDUCTION OF MARY KELLY: FINAL VICTIM OF JACK THE RIPPER (Hardback, 591 pp, Coulsdon, Surrey: D'Arcy Collection, 2005, ISBN: 0954977009, £17.95) by William J Perring, is a novel recounting 'the "known" career of Mary Kelly with all the familiar faces emerging as flesh and blood characters instead of the often one-dimensional figures they appear in the non-fiction books... You should like this book and it'll keep you occupied and out of trouble for a while.' *Ripperologist*.

BOOKS: FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

JUNE 2006: NON-FICTION



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

from Brierley Hill, Kingswinford, who on the evening of 8 October 1888 jumped at a young couple brandishing a trowel and yelling 'Jack the Ripper!!! Jack the Ripper!!!' at the top of his lungs.

JACK THE RIPPER (Paperback, 160 pages, Pocket Essentials, ISBN: 1904048692, £4.99), by Mark Whitehead and Miriam Rivett, is described as the Essential Guide to 'Jack the Ripper', contains an introductory essay and considers many of the Ripper's proposed identities, a summary of his crimes, victims and the ill-fated investigation, plus a guide to the Ripper's many fictional outings, from Hitchcock's *The Lodger* to Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell's *From Hell*. Published 30 June.

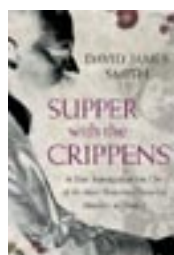
SUMMER 2006: NON-FICTION

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

BLACK DAHLIA AVENGER: A GENIUS FOR MURDER (Revised edition) (Paperback, 624 pages, Harper Paperbacks, ISBN: 0061139610, \$15.95), by Steve Hodel, identifies the mysterious killer of Elizabeth Short, the Black Dahlia, as the author's own father, Dr George Hodel.

LONDON: THE EXECUTIONER'S CITY (Hardcover 256 pages Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750940239 £18.99), by David Brandon and Alan Brooke, is described by its publishers as 'a vivid picture of capital punishment in a capital that seems to have thrived on executions.' The book 'reveals the capital as a place where the bodies of criminals defined the boundaries of the city and heads on poles greeted patrons on London Bridge.'

SUPPER WITH THE CRIPPENS (Paperback, 352 pages, Orion (an Imprint of The Orion Publishing Group Ltd) ISBN: 0752877720, £7.99), by David James Smith, concerns American Dr Hawley Harvey Crippen, his wife, a music-hall artiste who called herself Belle Elmore, and his mistress, Ethel le Neve, against the background of Edwardian England. Crippen murdered his wife, buried her remains in the cellar and escaped to Canada in an ocean liner with Ethel disguised as a boy. They were arrested on arrival by Inspector Walter Dew, of Whitechapel fame, thanks to the wireless telegraph newly installed on the ship. The lovers went on trial for murder. Ethel was acquitted but Crippen was convicted and hanged .



THE A-Z ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SERIAL KILLERS (Paperback, 341 pages, Pocket Books, ISBN: 0671537911), by Harold Schechter, consists of brief articles examining serial killers, their crimes and victims, and the methods they used to kill people and dispose of their bodies.

THE CAMDEN TOWN MURDER: WALTER RICHARD SICKERT, ROBERT WOOD, EMILY DIMMOCK: ARTISTS, MURDERER AND VICTIM IN ANOTHER NOTORIOUS 'RIPPER' CRIME (Paperback, 250 pages, Mandrake of Oxford, ISBN: 1869928148), John Barber. 'I know the book will be of interest.' Karyo Magellan, *Ripperologist*.

THE FATHER OF FORENSICS: THE GROUNDBREAKING CASES OF SIR BERNARD SPILSBURY AND THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN CSI (Paperback 336 pages Berkley Publishing Group, ISBN: 0425210073, \$14), Colin Evans.

SUMMER 2006: FICTION

FRANKENSTEIN: THE SHADOW OF FRANKENSTEIN VOLUME 1 (THE SHADOW OF FRANKENSTEIN) (Paperback, 275 pages, DH Press, ISBN: 1-59582-037-X, \$6.99), by Stefan Petrucha. [Frankenstein meets Jack the Ripper](#). 'Following his lab's explosion, Henry and Elizabeth Frankenstein head to London for a rest (and to avoid possible criminal charges). The monster, still alive, follows, but winds up in the Whitechapel district. There, he's mistaken for a disfigured, mentally disabled man and befriended by local prostitutes. When one of the streetwalkers is horribly murdered, the creature roams the area, hoping to protect the survivors. This brings him in contact with the real killer—Jack the Ripper. After 47 years, he's back in action. The Ripper's string of brutal killings in 1887 [sic] were actually sacrifices, dark rituals that extended his life. Now he's aging again and desperate to remain alive, and sees in the reanimated corpse of the Frankenstein monster a possible new way to live forever. Henry, the monster and Jack the Ripper's fates become entwined as Jack the Ripper hatches a plan to frame the monster for the killings, to force Henry to reveal his secrets of life and death.' DH Press. Frankenstein, the Ripper, London. What could be missing? Old-timers and day-time TV addicts might wish for Abbott and Costello.

AUTUMN 2006: NON-FICTION

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

PORTRAIT OF A KILLER: JACK THE RIPPER - CASE CLOSED (Paperback, 416 pages, Time Warner Paperbacks, ISBN: 0751537225, £8.99), by Patricia Cornwell, will be the British edition of her revised book.

JACK THE RIPPER: THE COMPLETE INVESTIGATION (Hardback, 320 pp., Sutton Publishing. ISBN: 0750942282. £20), by Stewart P. Evans and Donald Rumbelow. Need we say more? Unquestionably, this is one to buy and treasure.

THE CRIMES OF JACK THE RIPPER: AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE WORLD'S MOST INTRIGUING UNSOLVED CASE (Hardcover, 208 pages, Arcturus fowlsham, ISBN: 0572032854, £9.99) by Paul Roland. According to the publishers, 'This impartial investigation focuses on the forensic evidence. For the first time, Paul has had access to official police reports. Myth, misconception and speculation are stripped away here. Uniquely, he judges the investigation by our contemporary standards. How would the profilers describe the Ripper today? Which of the usual suspects would they have prosecuted? For the first time in the history of books written about Jack the Ripper, the author is able to make a proper assessment of the forensic evidence that was available at that time. Paul Roland builds up a profile of the most infamous serial killer. By looking at the injuries and mutilations to the various victims, he is able to build up a profile of the killer and make deductions about the weapon and his state of mind at the time. All the evidence is carefully weighed and the case is brought before the reader to act as judge and jury - is the Ripper really an evil psychopath or is he the first modern monster of our times?' Indeed. We'll see what we see when we see it.

LATE 2006

THE QUEST FOR JACK THE RIPPER: A LITERARY HISTORY 1888-2000 by acclaimed Ripper author Richard Whittington-Egan, has been eagerly expected for quite some time now. Let it happen soon, say all.

UNCOVERING JACK THE RIPPER'S LONDON, by [Richard Jones](#). Mr Jones's documentary, *On the Trail of Jack the Ripper*, was described by *Ripperologist* as 'Perhaps the best documentary to have been produced in recent years.'

FEATURE FILMS

BLACK DAHLIA (USA, 2005) Written, produced and directed by Ramzi Abed, starring Kristen Kerr as Lisa Small/Beth Short, Lizzy Strain as the Black Dahlia/Elizabeth Short and Khris Kaneff as Fatty Arbuckle. The cutting-edge tagline: 'One woman, two lives. One knife, two halves. The eternal murder mystery...' According to [Mr Abed's website](#), *Black Dahlia* is reportedly still in post-production.

ROHTENBURG (Germany, 2006). Also Known As *Butterfly: A Grimm Love Story*. Directed by Martin Weisz, written by T.S. Faull, starring Thomas Kretschmann, Angelika Bartsch and Thomas Huber, is inspired by the real-life story of cannibal killer Armin Meiwes. The release of this film was prevented by a German court decision resulting from Meiwes's successful lawsuit. Following Meiwes's recent conviction for murder, this decision might be reversed.

THE BLACK DAHLIA (USA, Universal Pictures, 2006). Directed by Brian De Palma, based on the novel by James Ellroy and the real-life murder of Elizabeth Short, the 'Black Dahlia', screenplay by Josh Friedman, starring Josh Hartnett as Officer Dwight 'Bucky' Bleichert, Scarlett Johansson as Kay Lake, Hilary Swank as Madeleine Sprague, Aaron Eckhart as Sgt. Leland 'Lee' Blanchard and Mia Kirshner as Elizabeth Short. In an article in the June issue of *Premiere* magazine, director Brian De Palma has been quoted as saying: 'I love dark noir, these femmes fatales, the twisted noir hero. The hero is basically put through hell.' De Palma viewed the gruesome shots of the crime scene, where victim Elizabeth Short's body was discarded. 'The photos of her displayed out in the field, they are all over the Internet,' he said. 'Once you see them, you will never forget them.' Universal has announced that *The Black Dahlia* will open in cinemas in the United States on 13 October 2006 - a Friday.

TORSO (USA, Paramount, 2007). Following *Zodiac*, David Fincher will direct *Torso*, a thriller based on a graphic novel written by Brian Michael Bendis and Marc Andreyko, for Paramount. Ehren Kruger is writing the adaptation, which will be produced by Pandemonium's Bill Mechanic, Angry Films' Don Murphy and comic artist Todd McFarlane. Fincher is

expected to start work on *Torso* once he wraps production on Paramount's *Benjamin Button* adaptation. *Torso* will tell the true but relatively unknown story of Treasury Department agent Eliot Ness after his Al Capone days, when he became Cleveland's director of public safety in 1934. He launched a successful campaign against crime and corruption, but his record was marred by a series of gruesome, motiveless murders. The 'Torso Murderer' was responsible for at least 13 victims, all decapitated and dismembered. Ten of them were never identified. Ness, who had no experience in police work, put together a team of ex-officers to apprehend the serial murderer. Despite their efforts, the killer was never found. *Dark Horizons*, 12 January 2006, *The Hollywood Reporter*, 17 January 2006.

ZODIAC (USA, Paramount, Warner, 2006). Directed by David Fincher, based on the Robert Graysmith books, with a screenplay by James Vanderbilt, stars Robert Downey Jr. as Paul Avery, Jake Gyllenhaal as Robert Graysmith, Mark Ruffalo as Dave Toschi, Anthony Edwards as Armstrong and Gary Oldman as attorney Melvin Belli. The film deals with the real-life serial killer Zodiac, who terrorized San Francisco with a string of seemingly random murders during the 1960s and 1970s. Its release has been announced for autumn 2006.

DOCUMENTARIES

SUMMER 2006

JACK THE RIPPER'S SWEDISH VICTIM is a documentary by Daniel Olsson and Wulvarich shot on location in Store Tumlehed, Gothenburg and other places frequented by young Elisabeth Gustafsdotter, better known as Long Liz Stride. It will consist of the following sections: 1. THE LONDON MURDERS, 1888; 2. LIZ: CHILDHOOD AND TEENAGE YEARS; 3. LIZ'S MOVE TO GOTHENBURG; 4. PROSTITUTION AND THE 'REGISTERS OF SHAME'; 5. LIZ'S MOVE TO LONDON; 6. LIZ'S MURDER; and 7 THEORIES ABOUT JACK THE RIPPER. The original schedule for the release of the Swedish and English-language versions of VICTIM has been slightly affected by the health problems currently experienced by its co-director, *Ripperologist's* friend and contributor, Daniel Olsson. Readers will be happy to learn that Daniel is responding favourably to treatment and keeping his morale high.

TELEVISION

SUMMER 2006

LONGFORD, Channel 4 - One-off drama starring Jim Broadbent as the title character battling to win parole for Moors murderess Myra Hindley (played by Samantha Morton). With Andy Serkis as Ian Brady and Lindsay Duncan as Elizabeth Longford. An HBO Films presentation in association with Channel 4 produced by Granada. Directed by Tom Hooper (*Prime Suspect 6*, HBO's upcoming miniseries *Elizabeth I*), written by Peter Morgan (whose credits include *The Deal*, *The Queen*, *Henry VIII*). Andy Harries (*The Queen*, *Prime Suspect 6*) and Peter Morgan produce. The film's original soundtrack will be composed by Rolfe Kent (*About Schmidt*, *Sideways*).

STILL UNSCHEDULED

JACK THE RIPPER, BBC1. *EastEnders* star Shane Richie stars as 'opium-addicted Victorian detective Inspector George Frederick Abberline' in an eight-part drama about the hunt for the Victorian murderer. When? Not known yet. At least the BBC got Abberline's name almost right.

JEKYLL, BBC1. James Nesbitt stars in a modern take on the story of Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde described as more Spooks than Robert Louis Stevenson. It is 2006 and there's a new Dr Jekyll with an old problem: Mr Hyde. What Hyde doesn't know is that Jekyll is married. The series begins filming in September and is written by Steven Moffat (whose credits include *Coupling*).

DVD

THE MONSTER OF LONDON CITY/SECRET OF THE RED ORCHID (Image Entertainment, Germany, 1964, Black and White, Full Screen, Unrated, \$ 19.95). The first in this double-feature disk is an English-dubbed version of *Das Ungeheuer von London City*, a German film produced by Artur Branek, directed by Edwin Zbonek, starring Hansjörg Felmy, Marianne Koch, [Dietmar Schönherr](#), [Hans Nielsen](#) and [Chariklia Baxevanos](#) as the wonderfully named Betty Ball. Monster was scripted by Robert A. Stemmle and Bryan Edgar Wallace, the son of crime-thriller novelist Edgar Wallace. *The Monster*

of *London City* is perhaps more interesting for its “ahead-of-the-curve” use of drug addiction and syphilis as plot elements than for its rather derivative Ripper plot.’ Cindy Collins Smith, *Hollywood Ripper*. The second feature in the DVD, *Secret of the Red Orchid*, stars Christopher Lee as an FBI Captain and Klaus Kinski as an American gangster.

COMPACT DISCS

JACK THE RIPPER, DIE GESCHICHTE EINES MÖRDERS, (Audio-CD, Luebbe Verlagsgruppe, ISBN: 3785711999), by [Frank Gustavus](#), [Dietmar Mues](#), [Dagmar Puchalla](#) and [Heinz Lieven](#), is a German-language account of the murders.

JACK THE RIPPER’S REIGN OF TERROR is a [London Audio Walk](#) tour of the murder sites recorded on MP3 or Audio CD which sells for £5.99. The 3-mile (4 km) walk covers from Whitechapel Underground Station to Aldgate, visiting the five murder sites with a stop at the Ten Bells in Commercial Street. Sights include Spitalfields Market and Brick Lane. The full audio lasts 50 minutes and the walk usually takes round 1.5 - 2 hours.

MILLER’S COURT, a two-person drama by James Jeffrey Paul about the Ripper’s encounter with his last victim, is available on CD from Actors Scene Unseen, a Live Internet Radio Theatre company broadcasting live from Charlotte, NC, USA. ‘The play’s dialogue is convincingly written, Mary coming across as a hardened woman of the streets who has a gentle centre - yes, I know that sounds that the cliché-ridden “tart with a golden heart” but author James Jeffrey Paul manages to get round it. The only complaint one really has is Mary’s strong Irish accent, which sounds fake to me, and which it’s doubtful she would have had if, as she claimed, she’d moved from Ireland to Wales when a child.’ *Ripperologist*.

SAUCY JACK, an original radio drama by James Vita focusing on the Ripper murders originally broadcast on 19 June 2004 is also available from [Actors Scene Unseen](#).

CD-ROM

CASEBOOK: JACK THE RIPPER CD-ROM - NEW 2006 EDITION RELEASED. ‘Brand new, fully revised and uncensored 2006 Edition of the *Casebook* CD-Rom! Ever want to take the *Casebook* with you, on the plane, in the car, or to the library? Have a slow internet connection, or hate having to pay per-minute download charges? Know someone who wants to see the *Casebook*, but doesn’t have an internet connection? Now you can purchase a complete copy of *Casebook: Jack the Ripper*, including all message board content, for just \$19.99, plus shipping. You will be able to browse the site in your favorite web browser at your leisure, anywhere you like, without ever having to connect to the internet.’ *Casebook*. For more information or to buy it using your Visa, Mastercard, Discover or AMEX credit card via Paypal, go to the [Casebook](#).

In Future Issues...

Future issues of *Ripperologist* will feature... Robert Linford, David O’Flaherty and John Savage’s concluding article in their superb series on the office of Coroner in England and Wales: *The Green of the Peak Part VI: The Sunshine and the Shadow*, Joe Chetcuti’s *The Belle of Philadelphia*, John Francis Brewer’s *The Curse Upon Mitre Square, Book II*, Antonio Sironi and Jane Coram’s *Mary Jane Kelly*, Andy Aliffe’s *Sadie Orchard*, Tim Mosley’s Boris Karloff’s 1960s TV Series *Thriller*, William Michael’s Ripper victims’ photographs, John Ruffels on *The East End Murderer - I Knew Him*, Colin Roberts’s geo-political divisions of Jack the Ripper’s territory: Civil and Ecclesiastical Parishes, Parliamentary Boroughs and Metropolitan Police Force Divisions, Karyo Magellan on the Victorian Medico-legal Autopsy, Claudia Aliffe on the Wicked Women of Britain, Jeffrey Bloomfield on the Charles Bravo murder case, Zoraida Dunne on William Palmer, Christopher T George on Neil Cream, Eduardo Zinna on Buck Ruxton, Howard Brown on Privies and Outhouses in Victorian Times, Nicholas Smith on St Patrick and the Crown Jewels, Leslie A Klinger on Jack the Ripper and Sherlock Holmes, Stanley Dean Reid on the Most Wanted Criminals in World History, John Crawford on Algernon Haskett-Smith, Robert McLaughlin on *Vacher l’Eventreur*, Stepan Poberowski on Russian perceptions of Jack the Ripper, *The Last Word* by Christopher-Michael DiGrazia, *Crimebeat* by Wilf Gregg, *Cyberjack* by Monty, *Press Trawl* by Chris Scott, *East End Life* by Adam Wood, Ripper Fiction, In Brief, I Beg to Report, Dear Rip, Ripping Yarns and more, much more... can you afford to miss out on any of it?



Castle Bran - Dracula's Castle -from
La Grande Roumanie, Album Édité Par L'Illustration, 1929.
See I Beg to Report